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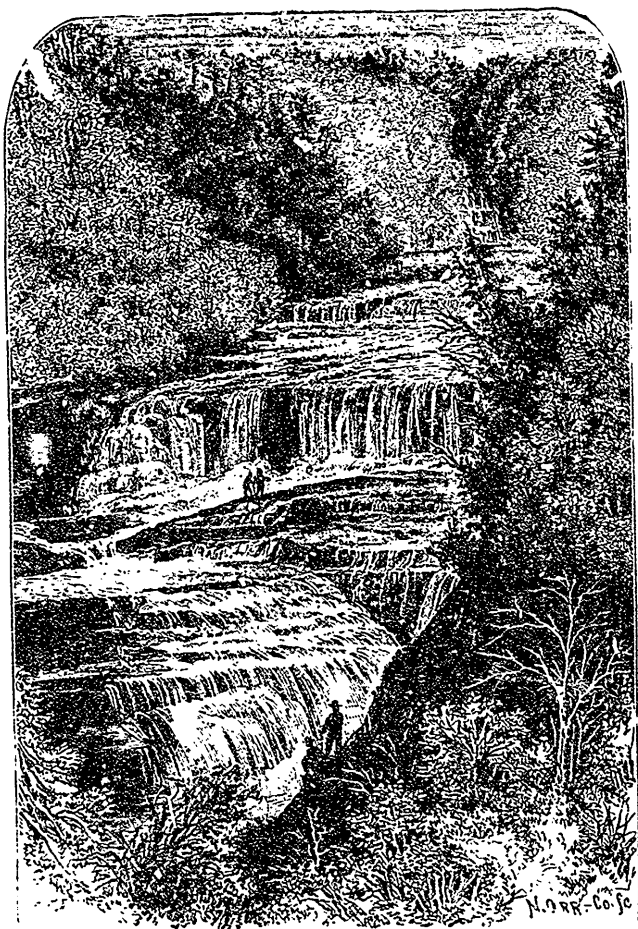
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TRENTON FALLS—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

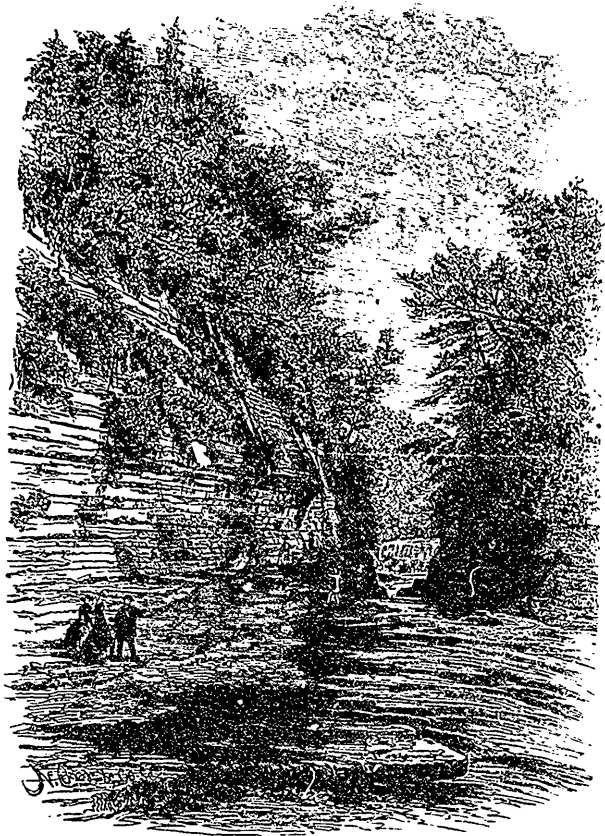
JUNE, 1878.

TRENTON FALLS.

“Of all inorganic substances,” writes Ruskin, “water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty of the clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent—in the iris that spans it, in the morning mist that rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power—the wild, various, fantastic, tasteless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.”

In few places has this wonderful element wrought such marvels of picturesqueness, or does it display such varied beauty as at Trenton Falls. It has here, with the tireless energy of perennial youth, channelled for itself a deep chasm in the rocky strata; and chiselled and fretted those strata into a thousand fantastic forms of crag and precipice and pinnacle; and deep down in its shadowy gorge disports itself—leaping from ledge to ledge, plunging headlong over wild cliffs, and dimpling and dancing in whirling eddies beneath the bosage of its verdant banks.

These charming falls, by the common consent of tourists



FOOT OF THE STAIRS, LOOKING UP.

among the most attractive in their varied beauty that nature anywhere presents, are very easily accessible from any part of central Canada. They are situated on the West Canada Creek, the principal affluent of the Mohawk River, about ninety miles due south from Brockville. From Ogdensburg, opposite Prescott; from Morris town, opposite Brockville; from Clayton, opposite Gananoque; from Cape Vincent, opposite Kingston; or from Sackett's Harbour, a run of a few hours over the Utica and Black River Railway, brings one to these far-famed falls.

The village of Trenton is not without a historical interest connecting it with one of the grandest heroes and martyrs of the Protestant Reformation in Europe. It was originally named by Colonel Boon, one of the first settlers, and the agent in the last century of the Holland Company, "Oldenbarneveld," in honour of John Odenbarnevelt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, who was beheaded in the seventeenth century for his religious principles. The story of his life and death has been rendered classic by Motley's spirit-stirring history. The grand old name was thought by the village politicians too long for dating letter-heads, so it was changed to the less suggestive one of Trenton.

The Falls were first brought into notice by Mr. Sherman, a Congregational minister and graduate of Yale College, who, settling as pastor at Oldenbarneveld early in this century, became their proprietor, and made them known to the world. His remains still sleep within sound of the cataract which he so much loved, and his name is perpetuated in one of their designations. His daughter and her husband still dispense refined and courteous hospitality at the summer home, which has entertained as guests some of the most distinguished statesmen, authors, artists, and travellers of the Old World and the New. We let one of these, George William Curtis, a man who has seen more lands and cities than Ulysses or the Wandering Jew, give his impressions of the scene :

"Trenton," he says in his charming volume "The Lotus-Eaters," "is the summer song of rest. Beauty and grace are its praises. Poets' fancies only should image the Falls, they are so rich and rare a combination of quiet picturesqueness and of a sense of resistless force in the running water. You descend from a lofty wood into a long, rocky gorge. It is walled and paved with smooth rocks, and the thronging forest fringes the summit of the wall. Over this smooth pavement slips the river, in those long, swift, still, foamless bounds, which vividly figure the appalling movement of a titanic serpent. The chasm almost closes up the river, and you see a foamy cascade. Then, as if the best beauty and mystery were beyond, you creep along a narrow ledge on the rock side of the throat of the gorge and reach the first large fall. A slight spray enfolds you as a baptism in

the spirit of the place. Before you is a level parapet of rock, and the river, after sliding very shallowly over the broad bed above, concentrates and plunges in a solid amber sheet. Close by the side of this you climb, and pass along the base of the



SHERMAN FALL.

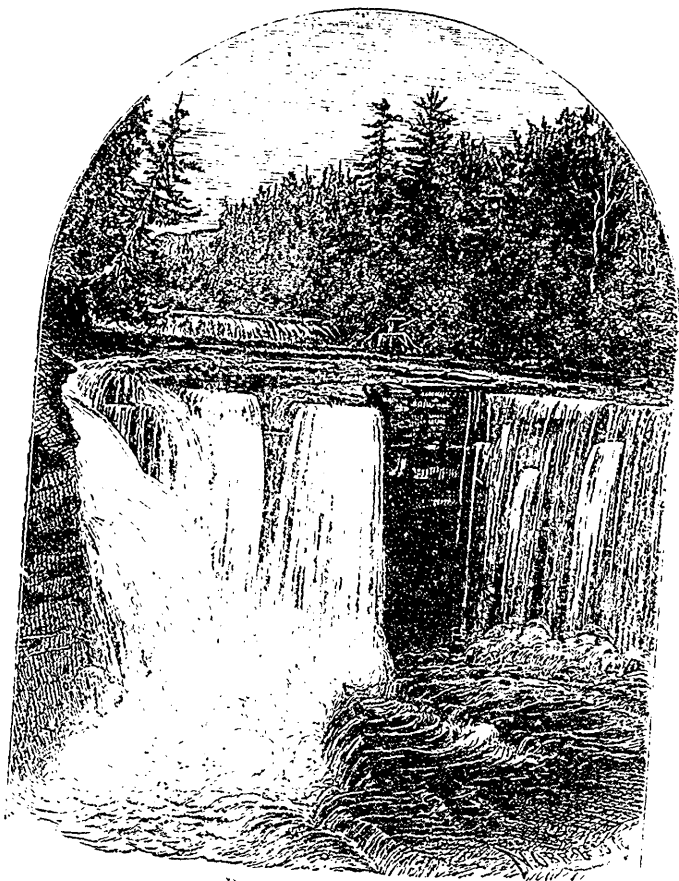
overhanging mountain, and, stooping under the foot of an impending cliff, stand before the High Fall, which has two plunges, a long one above, from which the river sheers obliquely over a polished floor of rock and again plunges. The river lends here, and a high, square, regular bank projects from the cliff, smooth as a garden terrace, and perpetually veiled and softened by spray.

It is one of the most beautiful and boldest points in the long ravine, and when the late light of afternoon falls soft upon it there is a strange contrast in your feelings as visions of Bocaccio's garden mingle with the wilderness of American woods."



A writer in that superb work on American scenery, entitled "Picturesque America," thus speaks of Trenton :

"The immediate approach to the Falls themselves is in the close vicinity of the hotel. Leaving a beautiful and extensive garden on the right, we plunge at once into the heart of a forest filled with noble trees. Suddenly we find ourselves upon the



PART OF HIGH FALLS.

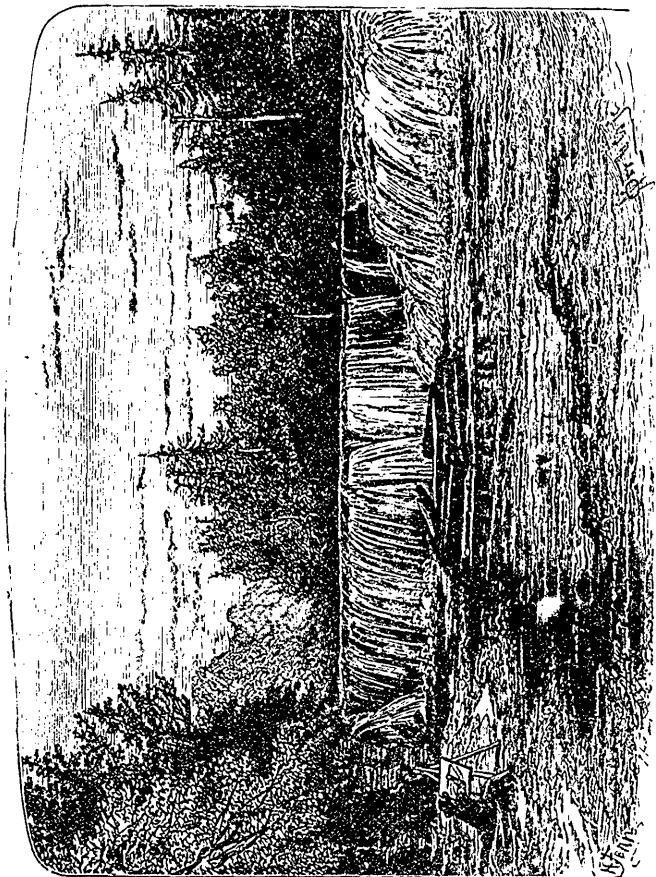
brink of a great chasm whose very existence has been hidden from us. Across upon the opposite side is a rock-wall of limestone, hard, and nearly black, that rises almost perpendicularly to a height varying from two to three hundred feet. This is crowned with great hemlocks; with fine birch, whose white trunks glimmer through the forest obscurity; and with cedars, many of which, from the yielding of the roots, hang over the abyss at a most perilous angle. Down below, the eye catches a glimpse of the Canada River rushing through its rocky bed in a tumultuous torrent. Here the first descent is made by a series

of wooden stairs. We look up and see the blue, brilliant sky, across which the cedars hang in dark lines. We look ahead and see the first of the series of falls, known as the Sherman Fall. Here the river has formed an immense excavation, and falls some forty feet into its bed below with a furious roaring. The water is a rich brown, which, touched here and there by slanting sun rays, presents the hues of molten gold. Above this fall the river boils in a succession of most furious rapids, on which the sunlight falls with most delicious effect. Suddenly we find ourselves in the presence of the High Fall. This fall is duplex; the first a descent of forty feet, broken into a succession of rocky stairway. Passing this we see the second in its full beauty. The water here rushes over a ledge of rocks, which stretches from bank to bank, with a full height of seventy-five feet. Gazing steadily upon it and letting its beauty infiltrate slowly into the mind, we realize how bold is the leap. Immense clouds of spray rise up from the boiling, seething, twisting, tormented flood below. The great chasm is full of it. Turning ungrateful backs upon the glorious topaz flow, we gaze down the gorge, lost in admiration. Two hundred yards from the great fall is another, called the Mill-Dam, from its regularity and soberness of demeanour. From this the path along the smooth, even limestone rock becomes broader, until it opens out upon the Alhambra Fall, a place which has been the despair of artists and descriptive writers."

At Rocky Heart can be witnessed in progress the process by which this gorge has, in the course of ages, been hollowed out. The rock is highly stratified, and the action of the frost on its water-saturated leaves makes it readily shale off. In the spring freshets great slabs, sometimes weighing several tons, are borne down the torrent and hurled over the falls. Near this spot is a curious phenomenon known as the Potash Kettle. It is a circular hole, three or four feet across and five or six feet deep, hollowed out by traveled boulders of harder consistency than the adjacent rock, pounding it like a chemist's pestle in a mortar, and thus wearing it gradually away. Similar pot-holes of varying size may be observed in most streams flowing over rocky beds. The limestone strata are very rich in fossils, including fine specimens of trilobites, orthosceratites favosites, nautili, terebratulæ,

producti, lingulæ, crinoids, and others, both univalves and bivalves—a rich treat to the geologist.

The cut on page 482 shows the entrance to the ravine, at the foot of the stairs. The stratification of the rocks is very distinctly marked, being as regular and horizontal as the masonry



MILL-DAM FALL.

of a wall. The echo of the falling water is reverberated from the cliff with a peculiarly subduing and awe-inspiring sound.

At Sherman Fall, under proper conditions of sunlight, a beautiful rainbow appears, or, as Mr. Sherman himself describes it, "A fairy makes her appearance at a certain hour of sunshine,



CASCADE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

and dances through the mist, modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colours when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties."

N. P. Willis thus rhapsodises over the beauty of the scene : "Most people talk of the *sublimity* of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river, in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on

the enclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock, and, with the tremendous descent of the stream—forming for miles one continuous succession of falls and rapids—the channel is worn into curves and

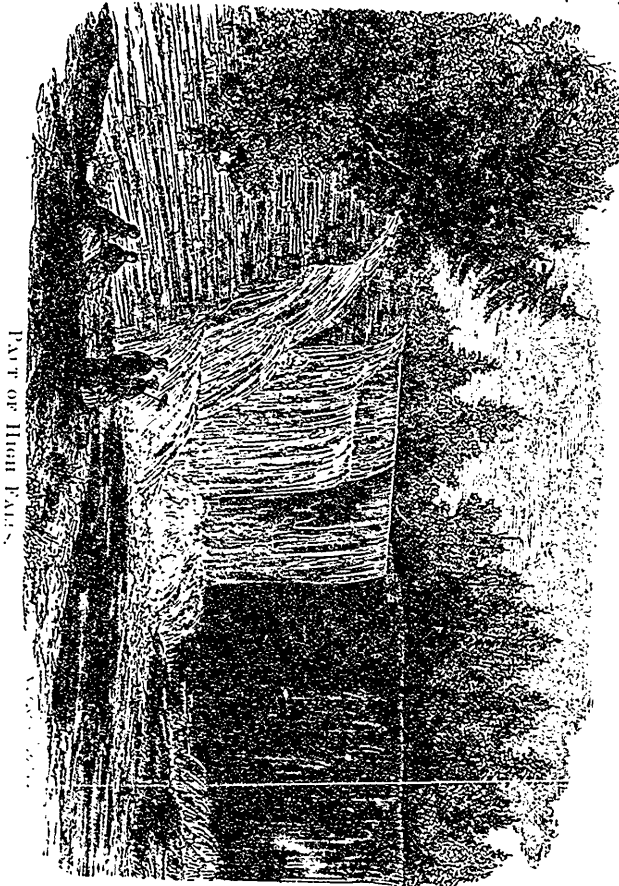


ROCKY HEART.

cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy, or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes,

‘Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,’

maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying at every step with the varying phase of the current. Cascades of from twenty to thirty feet, over which the river flies with a single and hurrying leap, (not a drop missing from the glassy and bending sheet,) occur frequently as you ascend; and it is from these that the place takes its name. But the Falls, though beautiful, are only peculiar from the dazzling and unequalled rapidity with



which the waters come to the leap. The spot in that long gulf of beauty that I best remember is a smooth descent of some hundred yards, where the river in full and undivided volume skims over a plane as polished as a table of scagliola, looking, in its invisible speed, like one mirror of gleaming but motionless crystal.

"Subterranean as this foaming river looks by day, it looks like a river in cloud-land by night. The side of the ravine which is in shadow, is one undistinguishable mass of black, with its wavy upper edge in strong relief against the sky, and, as the foaming stream catches the light from the opposite and moonlit side, it is outlined distinctly on its bed of darkness, and seems winding its way between hills of clouds, half black, half luminous. Below, where all is deep shadow except the river, you might fancy it a silver mine laid open to your view amid subterranean darkness by the wand of an enchanter."

The past two years have witnessed important changes at Trenton. Old paths have been widened, and new ones cut in the side of the ravine. New views have also been opened from the heights. One of these presents a scene that neither pen nor pencil can catch. The artist's admirable effort in our frontispiece is only a *suggestion* of the view. The paths have been extended as well, till now above two miles of rocky walk stretch out from the foot of the stairs.

The seclusion, like that of some mysterious under-world; the voice of many waters lifting their hymn of praise to their great Creator; the dark evergreens, casting their darker shadows down the steep banks; and the mysterious chasm below; the roar of the dashing waters; the amber foam and glittering spray, and the dark torrent stealing over the broad level rocks above, all form a scene

"Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul, above this sphere of earthliness."

The following pretty verses by Mrs. Fanny Kemble commemorate her visit to these beautiful Falls:

Come down from where the everlasting hills -
Open their rocky gates to let thee pass,
Child of a thousand rapid running rills
And still lakes, where the skies their beauty glass.

With thy dark eyes, white feet, and amber hair,
Of heaven and earth thou fair and fearful daughter,
Through thy wide halls, and down thy echoing stairs,
Rejoicing come—thou lovely "Leaping Water!"

Shout! till the woods beneath their vaults of green
 Resound, and shake their pillars on thy way;
 Fling wide thy glittering fringe of silver sheen
 And toss toward heaven thy clouds of dazzling spray.

The sun looks down upon thee with delight,
 And weaves his prism around thee for a belt;
 And as the wind waves thy thin robes of light,
 The jewels of thy girdle glow and melt.

Ah! where be they, who first with human eyes
 Beheld thy glory, thou triumphant flood;
 And through the forest, heard with glad surprise
 Thy waters calling, like the voice of God?

Far toward the setting sun, wandering they go,
 Poor remnant! left from exile and from slaughter,
 But still their memory, mingling with thy flow,
 Lives in thy name—thou lovely "Leaping Water."*

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

I HAVE wearied Heaven with cries
 Of beseeching and of pain;
 I have lifted up mine eyes
 Blind with weeping to the skies,
 I have wrung my hands in vain.

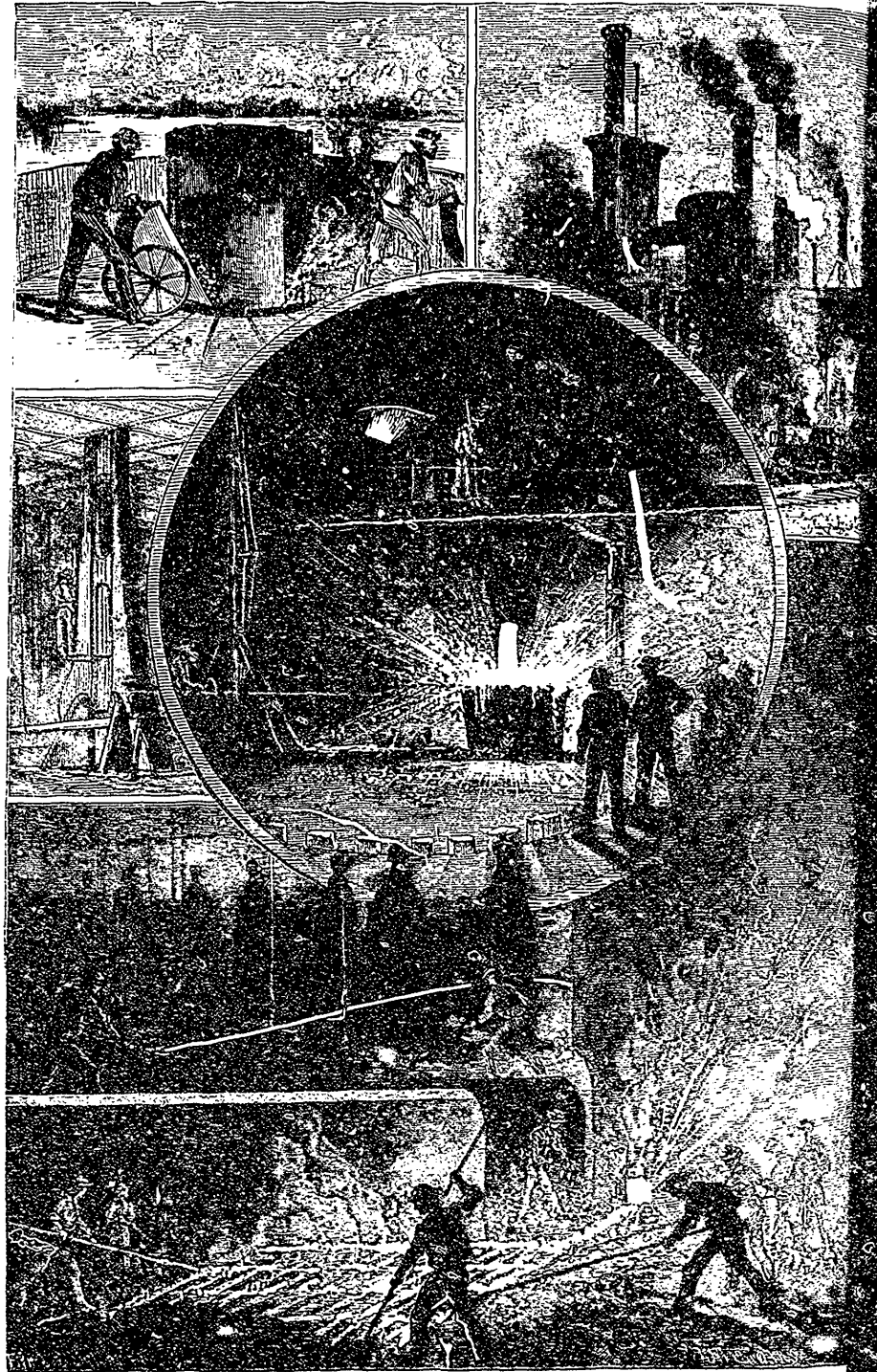
And the smiling heaven was brass
 To my pleading agony;
 When I saw my baby pass
 Through the gate of Death, alas!
 Heaven's gate was shut on me.

I am blind and slow to learn,
 But within me something stirs,
 Till the creeds I used to spurn,
 To my soul as truths return,
 Through these silent messengers.

Thou who givest uncontrolled
 Unto each his destiny—
 Me my sorrows manifold,—
 These the tender grace they hold,—
 Let them lead me, God, to Thee.

—Mary E. Bradley.

* *Kauyahoorá*, Leaping Water—the Indian name.



IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURE.

HOW IRON IS MADE.

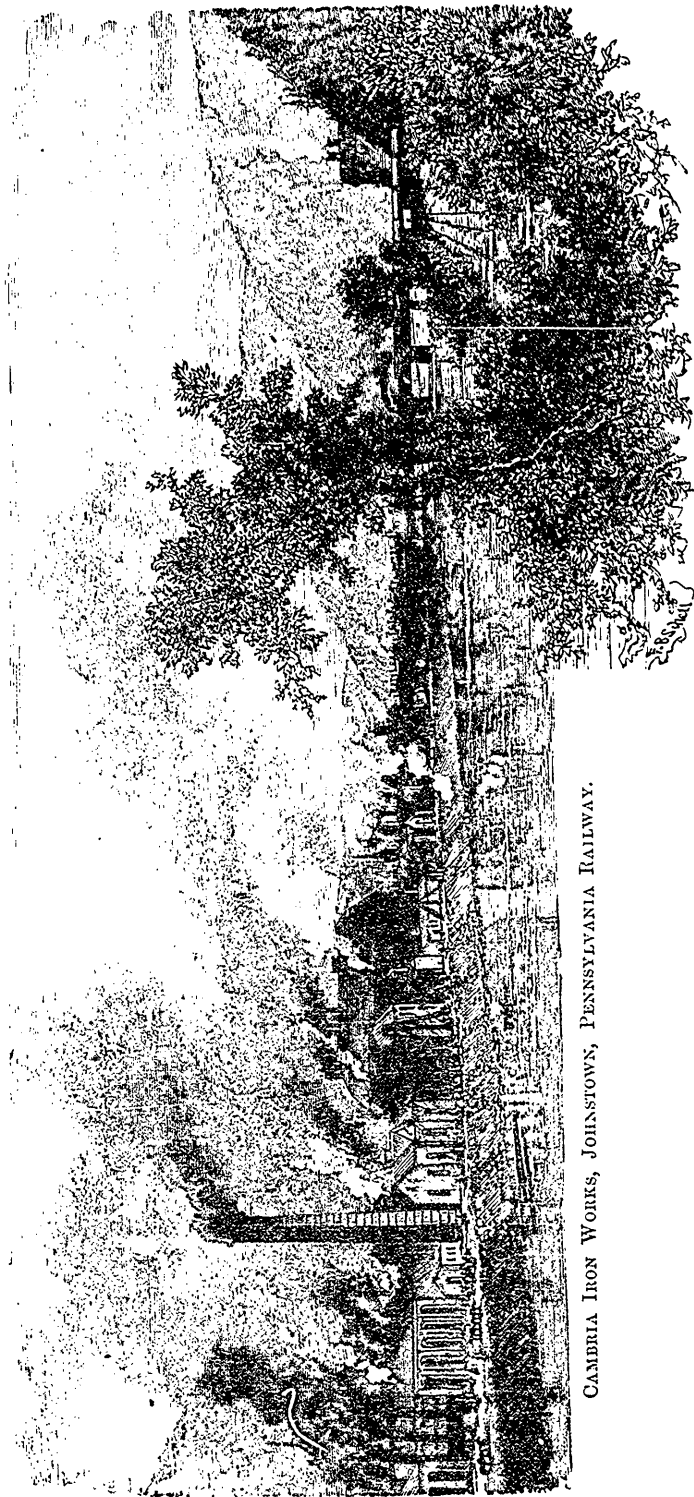
BY W. H. WITHROW. M.A.

THE manufacture of iron is, next to agriculture, one of the most ancient industries in the world. We read in Genesis iv. 23 that Tubal-cain "was the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Wilkinson says that the tombs of Memphis, dating more than 4,000 years ago, represent butchers sharpening their knives on a round bar of metal attached to their aprons, which, from its blue colour, can only be steel. According to Diodorus the Egyptians assigned the art of working iron to their great divinity Osiris, thus implying that it was known from time immemorial. Layard found evidences of great skill in iron-working beneath the ruins of Nimrod. This coarse and common metal has been infinitely more valuable to mankind than all the gold and silver and precious gems in the world. It is the great instrument of material progress, the bridge between barbarism and civilization, by which man travels from the stone age to the age of the steam engine—from the use of flint chips to the use of Rodger's surgeon's scalpel.

The most remarkable examples of ancient metalurgy exist in India. The famous Delhi wrought iron pillar, known as Cuttab Minar, is forty-eight feet high, sixteen inches in diameter, and weighs seventeen tons. How such a forging could have been effected before A.D. 319, the date of the structure of which it forms a part, is a mystery.

The birth of iron manufacture in England dates back to the days of the early Britons. This art has been the secret of her material greatness. It has enabled her to substitute for weary human muscle the tireless sinews and nimble fingers of machinery, and to become the workshop and the manufactory of the world.

The production of iron may be carried on in a very simple and primitive fashion, or in a very complex manner, involving the utmost skill and most ponderous machinery. The Hindoo, with his foot bellows and tiny forge, will squat in the sand and produce, with the aid of a little charcoal, excellent steel from the



CAMBRIA IRON WORKS, JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

rich ores of his native hills. The immense iron works of Low Moor, Merthyr Tydfil, Essen, or Pittsburg, employ thousands of workmen, and a capital equal to the revenue of a kingdom.*

The largest iron works in America are at Johnstown, on the Conemaugh River, in Western Pennsylvania, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railway. We give an engraving of the town, with the range of furnaces of the Cambria Iron Company, darkening the sky with clouds of smoke by day and making it lurid with columns of flame by night. This company employs in mining and manufacturing over four thousand men.

In order to separate the iron from the ores with which it is chemically united, it must be exposed to intense heat, generally in combination with some flux whose action facilitates this process of separation. The apparatus employed is a blast furnace of brick or stone varying from thirty to a hundred feet in height; in its greatest diameter from six to thirty feet; and in its capacity from 500 to 40,000 cubic feet. This chimney-like furnace is much larger at the middle than at either the top or bottom, and is lined with fire-brick so as to withstand the intense heat to which it is subjected. At the base is the crucible or chamber in which the molten metal accumulates as it descends, and from which it is tapped or drawn off. The furnace is charged or filled from the top with alternate layers of coke, iron ore, and the limestone flux. Coke is used in preference to coal on account of its freedom from sulphur, that substance injuriously affecting the constitution of the iron. In the upper left hand corner of the engraving on page 496 is shown the manner of charging the furnace. In the right hand upper corner is shown one of the blast furnaces, with the elevator by which the materials are raised and the gallery leading to the mouth of the furnace.

These furnaces get their distinctive name from the strong currents of air which are introduced at the base, through openings numbering from two to eight. This blast is generated by a steam-engine working a powerful bellows or air-condensing apparatus. The blast is almost invariably heated before entering

*The Krupp iron-works at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, cover 965 acres, have thirty miles of railway, 286 steam-engines, use annually half a million tons of coal, produce 125,000 tons of cast steel, and employ an army of 20,000 workmen.

the furnace to a temperature of from 500° to 1,000°, or even much higher. This not only prevents it from cooling the metal, but facilitates the chemical changes that take place, the air abstracting the oxygen from the ore and passing out of the furnace as carbonic oxide.

At regular intervals the molten iron is tapped off into moulds of sand or iron, where it cools into the solid pigs of commerce. Few scenes are more striking than this process taking place at night. The vast apartment is dimly lighted by a few gas jets or lamps, and the smoke-blackened beams are seen dimly outlined against the deep shadows of the roof. When all is ready the clay stopper of the furnace is removed, and instantly a stream of molten metal, like liquid fire, bursts forth, scattering its scintillations on every side, illuminating the whole scene, bringing into strong relief against the deep Rembrandt-like shadows the bronzed forms of the hardy Vulcans who preside over the Plutonic process. Such is the scene depicted in the lower part of the cut on page 494.

But this metal is only cast-iron—hard, brittle, unmalleable. To convert it into wrought or malleable iron it must be “puddled” in order to get rid of the carbon, silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur which give it its brittle character. The “puddling” is performed in a reverberatory furnace by stirring the iron strongly in an oxidising atmosphere. It has to be done chiefly by hand, although machinery has been employed.

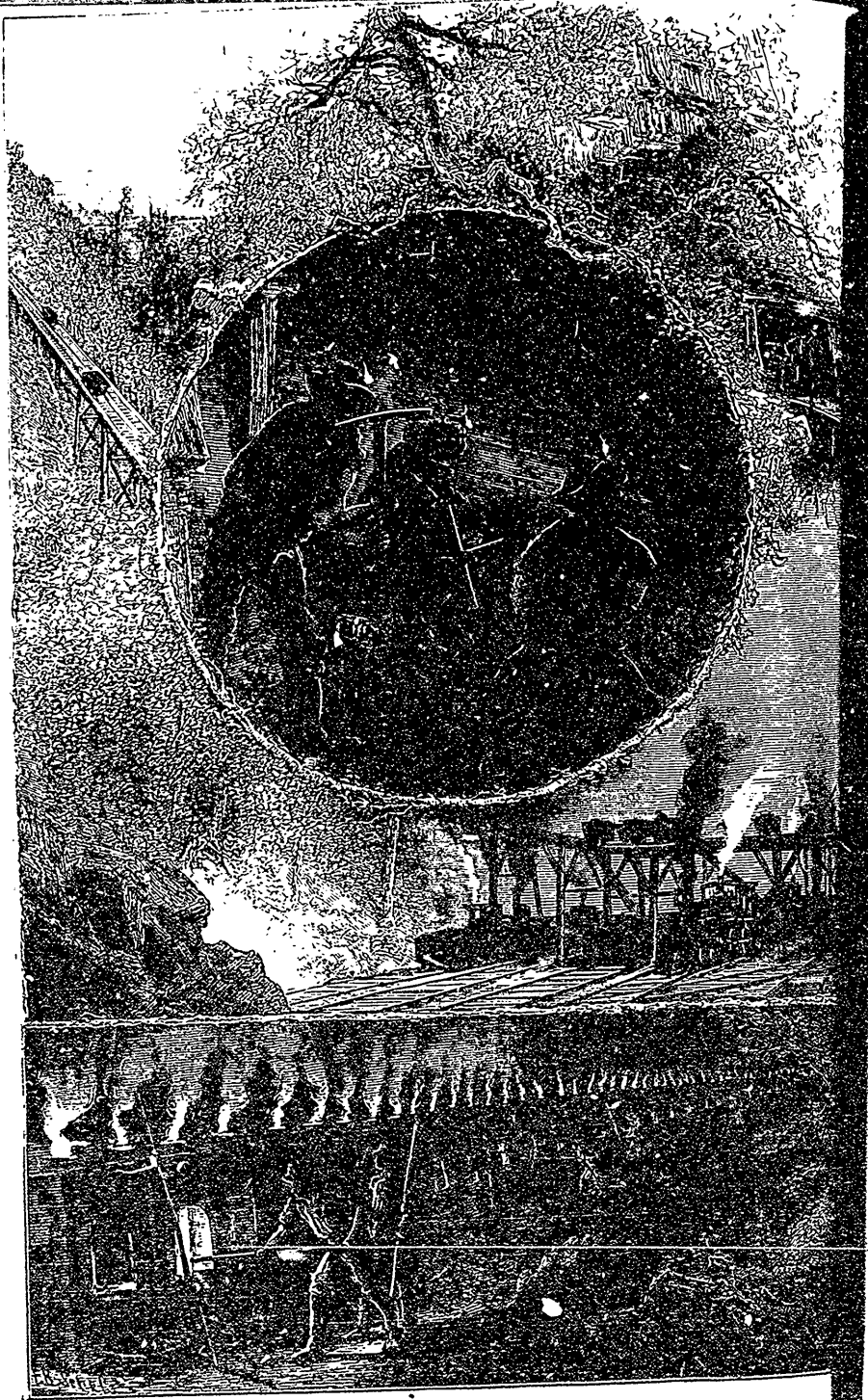
The work is generally assigned to brawny athletes, who work, naked to the waist, opposite an intensely heated furnace, kneading and rolling the pasty masses of iron of sixty or eighty pounds weight. These masses are at length withdrawn and squeezed and consolidated by a “masticator,” which rolls and chews them in its ponderous iron jaws, as an alligator would some dainty morsel. They are then beaten into ingots beneath the ponderous Nasmyth steam hammer, which can crack a nut or forge an anchor as desired, or they are rolled into long, red hot ribbons, bars, rods, or rails, as shown in the engraving. In the central compartment of the engraving is shown the Bessemer process of converting iron into steel. The huge pear-shaped vessels are the “converters” or retorts of iron, lined with some refractory silicious

material. They will hold a charge of five or six tons of molten pig iron, which, however, occupies but a small part of the vessel. This retort is swung on trunnions like a cannon or an oscillating churn. The conversion is effected by blowing air in a strong blast through the molten metal, with the addition of manganese. By this means the silicon, sulphur, and other impurities are eliminated, and the metal is "decarburized" to any desired extent.

When the blast is turned on it roars like a "young volcano," and flames burst violently from the opening—see left hand of cut. The "blow" may last from five to forty-five minutes, according to the character of the metal, when the five tons of pig iron is converted into Bessemer steel, and is poured from the retort and cast into ingots, rails, or bars. Sir Joseph Whitworth has devised a plan whereby this liquid steel may receive a hydraulic pressure of 8,000 tons, or six tons to the square inch. By this means the metal of the Whitworth guns is made so tough that scarcely any possible explosion will fracture or rupture it. In England the manufacture of Bessemer steel increased from 6,000 tons in 1867 to 540,000 in 1874. By this process the construction of railroads has been revolutionized, and steel rails are almost universally taking the place of those of iron.

Next in importance to the manufacture of iron is the production of coal. Indeed, without the coal to smelt it, the iron would be of little value. It is the proximity of these mineral deposits in Great Britain and Pennsylvania that gives them their manufacturing pre-eminence over all the rest of the world. The extraction of coal is comparatively simple, and when obtained it is at once ready for use, differing herein greatly from iron.

In riding along the Pennsylvania Railway the traveller will see numerous small openings in the hill sides, looking in the distance like mouse holes with mice darting in and out of them. They are, however, the drifts and adits of coal mines, and the mice are the mules dragging the coal cars to the light of day. See upper right hand corner of cut on page 500. In the opposite corner is shown the long incline by which the loads of "black diamonds" are let down to the staging over the railway tracks and emptied into the seemingly endless trains of coal cars that



COAL MINING AND COKE BURNING.

creep along, like enormous sinuous millepedes, on the railway tracks and sidings.

In the centre of the cut is shown the hard and dangerous process by which the coal is obtained from the heart of the earth. This is evidently a well-ventilated drift, so the gnome-like figures work with open lights fastened to their hats—each his own candlestick. In many of these dark and tortuous passages, however, lurks the deadly fire-damp and choke-damp, ready to burst into flame and consume or to strangle with asphyxia the bold miner who invades their solitary domain. Against these the precautions of Davy lamps, through whose gauze meshes the flame cannot escape, and the best possible ventilation are not always efficacious. Only too frequently we hear of fearful explosions destroying a holocaust of victims, and sometimes the mine continues to burn for months or years thereafter.* The falling in of the workings, from insecure propping, is said to be the most frequent cause of danger of any. The miners are often reckless men, who *will* smoke if they get a chance, though at the risk of their lives. Above ground they are prone to organize strikes and riots, as during the "Railroad War" of last summer, or as Molly Maguires to terrorize over a wide region. The use of compressed air for pneumatic mining will doubtless, by facilitating the process and improving the ventilation, eliminate many of the dangers attending the extraction of coal.

In the lower section of our engraving is shown the process of coke-burning. This is effected in what seem to be almost interminable ranges of coke-ovens. These vast rows of ovens, each with its blazing column of escaping gas, have by night a rather weird and eerie appearance. When the sulphur and other impurities are drawn off the glowing coke is raked out by gnome-like figures, quenched with water, and carried off in iron barrows. It is used chiefly for iron smelting.

* At Mauch Chunk is a mine which has been burning for over thirty years.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

—
A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.—CHRISTMAS AT THE LUMBER CAMP.

Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the Babe was born,
 Sang with many a change,
 Christmas carols until morn.
 Let us by the fire
 Even higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Carol, carol, Christians,
 Carol joyfully,—
 Carol for the coming
 Of Christ's Nativity;
 And pray a gladsome Christmas
 For all good Christian men,
 Carol, carol, Christians,
 For Christmas come again.
 Carol, carol!

A SLIGHT break in the monotony of the winter was made by the festivities of Christmas and New Year. The French cook, Antoine La Croix, exhausted his professional skill in preparing a sumptuous dinner, and, truth to tell, the material elements of a substantial feast were not wanting. A pair of superb wild turkeys graced each end of the long table which was erected for the occasion. A haunch of venison had the place of honour in the middle. A ham of Lawrence's bear, which had been kept frozen in the snow, was boiled in the soup kettle. Beavers' tails procured from the Indians, wild ducks, a few of which still lingered, and wild pigeons also garnished the board. Dennis regretted, however, that the modicum of potatoes was so meagre, and Yorkshire John availed himself of his national privilege of grumbling at the absence of the "roast beef of hold Hengland." He was mollified, however, by the appearance of a plum-pudding

of magnificent dimensions which was turned out of the flour bag in which it was boiled into a huge wooden platter, deftly shaped with an axe for its reception. He found fresh cause of complaint, nevertheless, in the circumstance that the short allowance of "plums" was supplemented by a quantity of cranberries from the neighbouring marsh.

"What for do ye call them plums anyway when they're only raisins afther all?" queried Dennis. "Shure even a blunderin' Irishman like me knows betther nor that."

Out of deference to Lawrence, who had become recognized as a sort of domestic chaplain, he was requested by the "boss" of the shanty to say grace at this first meal to which the company had sat down together.

"Stop," exclaimed Evans, "I'll give you the Christmas chant they sing at Old Brasenose;" and he roared out the ancient stave,

"The Boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemarye;
And I pray you, my masters, be merrie,
Quot estis in convivio,
Caput apri deferro
Reddens laudes Domino."

"Where's ye're boar's head?" interrupted Dennis. "Whatever langwidge is that ye're spaking? It sounds like Father O'Brady sayin' mass, an' if it's the howly Roman tongue it's not fit for the likes o' ye to spake it? Come, Lawrence, darlint, don't let the praties be gettin' could, what there is of them. Sing us somethin' we all can understand."

Thus adjured, Lawrence gave out that metrical grace which has inaugurated so many Methodist festivals,—

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee."

The valiant trenchermen then fell to work, and did ample justice to Antoine's cookery. His doughnuts and pudding elicited the heartiest commendation. Many a good-natured joke and jest and laugh went round the board—literally a board sup-

ported upon wooden trestles. Lawrence sat mostly silent, thinking of a little group of loved ones three hundred miles away that he knew were thinking of him as they sat down to their humble Christmas fare.

When dinner was over, Jean Baptiste, who always embraced an opportunity of exercising his skill, brought out his violin, and after sundry scrapings and tunings accompanied himself while he sang a French Christmas carol, or "Noel" as he called it, in the sweet wild beautiful refrain of which every one soon joined, even without knowing the meaning of the words.

Yorkshire John seemed to think the reputation of his country were gone if he could not cap the Frenchman's "outlandish ditty," as he called it, with an honest English stave.

"Ah!" he grumbled out with a sigh at the remembrance, "hold York's the place where they kuaw hoo to ke-ap Christmas. Hoo the chimes 'ud ring oot oor the woald an' the waissail bowl 'ud go roond, an' the waits 'ud sing! Would ye loike to 'ear it?" and without waiting for an answer he rumbled out of his capacious chest the ancient carol:

" God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's thral,
Whose souls had gone astray.

Chorus.—God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go."

"Oi thinks Oi 'ears 'em noo," interrupted Long Tom of Lancashire. "Anoother one they used to sing in the West Coontree was this:" and he trolled out the following:

" As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing,
' This night shall be born our Heavenly King ;
He neither shall be born in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.

" ' He neither shall be clothèd in purple nor in pall,
But in fair linen as were babies all ;
He neither shall be rockèd'in silver nor in gold
But in a wooden cradle, that rocks upon the mould.'"

"Yon moinds me," said Penryth Pengelly, a Cornish miner, who had been brought out to prospect for copper, a bootless task for him, "o' the toime when Oi wor a lad an' used to go a-Chris'masin', an' good yaale an' cakes we used to getten too, an' one o' the carols the fisher lads doon in oor parts—at St. Ives and yon ways—used to sing was this :

" I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

" And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ?
Our Saviour Christ and His Ladie,
On Christmas day in the morning.

" And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning."

"We didn't have thim haythin carolin's in ould Wicklow," said Dennis. "But we wint to chapel at midnight loike dacint Christians, an' moighty purty it loked, I tell yees, to see the altar all pranked wid flowers, an' the stall, an' the oxen, an' the Howly Vargin, an' the Blessed Babe an' St. Joseph, all as nat'rel as life. An' it's mesilf was one of the altar boys, no less, that used to help Father O'Shaughnessy. An' I 'member he had moighty hard work to tache me the office for Christmas Eve. What's this it was now?" he continued, scratching his head, screwing up his mouth, and squinting with one eye at the roof "Dade an' it's all clane gone but this bit,

' Adeste fideles, leti triumphantes
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem.'

Though what twas all about I know'd no more than the Blessed Babe in the manger.

"They tell a cur'us thing in thim parts. I niver saw it mesilf, though I often watched, but Father O'Shaughnessy, he was the parish praste of Inniskerry, d'ye moind, he said it was so ; an' so it had to be so even if it wuzzen't so. I'd belave his word against

my own eyesight, any day. D'ye think I'd be settin' my eyes against the praste's tongue that talks Latin loike a book? Not I, indade! I've larned my manners betther."

"What is it, any way," "Out with it, man," "What's your story," interrupted several of his impatient auditors.

"Well, his riverince declar'd," said Dennis solemnly, "that when he went to the stable to get his pony late on Christmas Eve to come to the sarvice, that the baste was down on his knees and the cows and the donkey all a-payin' obaysince to the Blessed Babe in the manger at Bethlehem."

"I suppose they were asleep," remarked the skeptical Matt Evans.

"Slapin', is it ye say? ye unbelavin' heretic," retorted Dennis, who had not yet shaken off his native superstition, with a most contemptuous sneer at the bare suggestion. "P'raps ye'd say the praste was slapin' when he saw on the flure all around his lanthern a bright light just like the glory round the head o' the Vargin?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Evans, giving a rationalistic explanation of the phenomenon, "Does not the immortal William say that then

'The bird of dawning sing-eth all night long,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

"Is it William of Orange he manes?" asked Dennis in a loud whisper as he nudged Lawrence. "It's him them Cavan fellows call Immortal."

Evans proposed to give, in contrast to the vulgar folk-songs to which they had been listening, the classic legend of "Good King Wenceslas" as they used to sing it at Brasenose. To his surprise, however, it fell as flat as the chant of the "Boar's Head."

"When I lived up to Kingston," here remarked Jim Dowler, who had hitherto kept silence, "I went a few Sundays to the Methodis' Sunday-school there. I wuz a canal boy ridin' a hoss on the tow path then, and oftens I wuz that tired I went asleep on the hoss's back. Well, one Chris'mas time the teacher larned us some verses. 'Twas the only thing I *could* larn. 'Stonishin'

how these things do stick to yer—wuss nor burdocks in a hoss's mane. Can't get rid on 'em no ways. I ain't much of a jedge o' po'try, but I thought they wuz rale purty then, when I didn't know their hull meanin'; an' now that I doos, I think they're purtier still." And he sang the sweet old hymn,

"Hark! the herald angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.'"

Lawrence took advantage of the opportunity to say a few kindly and seasonable words about God's great Christmas gift to man and the duty of living to His glory and in good-will to one another.

After dinner there were out-of-door games—lacrosse, which they learned from a band of Indians camping near; snow-shoeing, the trips and falls occasioned by which occasioned much merriment; snow-balling, shooting at a mark, and the like. The day passed very pleasantly, and, as a result of the absence of intoxicating liquor from the camp, without any of those degrading scenes of drunkenness which too often convert a Christian festival into the semblance of a heathen bacchanalian orgy.

New Year's Day had no very special celebration. On New Year's Eve, however, Lawrence held a sort of watch-night prayer-meeting with a number of the more seriously inclined shanty men. The more boisterous members of the camp went out of doors to welcome the New Year with cheers and the firing of guns. Those that remained were more impressed by the solemn silence in which the death of the Old and advent of the New Year were awaited than even by the spoken prayers. It seemed as though the trickling of the golden sands of time was heard amid the hush, as God's hand turned the great glass of eternity in which the years are but as hours and the days as moments.

CHAPTER XIII.—WEST WIND AND RED FAWN.

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

LONGFELLOW.—*Hiawatha.*

TOWARDS the close of the winter, when the lengthened days and warmer radiance of the sun caused the sap to stir beneath the bark of the trees, like the returning pulse of life in a body restored from suspended animation, a band of Indians pitched their camp in a belt of sugar maples that grew beside the banks of the Mattawa. They soon stripped great sheets of bark from the white-skinned birches; leaving the gaping wounds bleeding and raw, like some half-flayed creatures of the woods. Birchen vessels were soon sewn together by the deft fingers of the squaws. Deep incisions were made in the trunks of the maples with a hatchet and the escaping sap collected in the troughs. The kettles were swung and the process of sugar-making was soon in full operation.

Lawrence found his way together with Jim Dowler to the camp one Sunday afternoon, impelled by an ardent desire to tell these poor wanderers of the woods of a fairer land than the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-world—of the great All-Father of the red and the white alike, the true Great Spirit who will have men to worship Him in spirit and in truth. They expected to find the Indians engaged at their usual work—boiling sugar, making snow-shoes and the like,—taking no note of the Christian Sabbath. To their surprise they found everything

quiet in the camp, the only exception being two little Indian boys with their dog digging out a badger from under the root of an old hemlock.

They approached the largest wigwam, a conical structure of birch bark stretched over tent poles, and drew aside the blanket that covered the opening which served as a door. A fire smouldered in the midst, its pungent smoke slowly escaping out of the opening at the peak of the wigwam. Crouched or squatted on mats, or on bear or deer skins, were a number of Indians and squaws, young and old, with some children.

Through the smoke, at the further side of the wigwam, Lawrence saw the chief, a venerable old man with strongly marked features which looked as if carved in mahogany or cast in bronze. His iron-grey hair was bound by a wampum fillet about his brow. He wore a blanket coat, deer skin leggings, fringed with beads, and moccasins. On his breast was a silver medal which Lawrence had never seen before. Most of the squaws sat with their brightly-coloured shawls drawn over their heads and wore gilt or glass beads around their necks. A tame raven hopped about and eyed the intruders with a grave and somewhat supercilious air. He gave a loud croak as if to call attention to their presence, of which no one had yet taken any notice. An Indian near the door made room for them beside him and motioned to them to sit down. They did so in silence wondering what this strange corollary meant.

The old chief had on his knees a large leather-bound book,—the last thing Lawrence expected to find in an Indian wigwam—and was apparently reading from its pages. In a deep guttural, yet not unmusical tone he went on, his voice rising and falling like the voice of the wind among the pines. Once or twice Lawrence thought he caught the words "*Gitché Manitou*" the Indian name for the Great Spirit or God, but he was not sure. At length, to his surprise and delight he recognized the familiar names "Jesus," and "Mary," and "Martha," and "Lazarus." Thus then was an Indian translation of the New Testament, of the existence of which Lawrence had never dreamed, and this must be a band of Christian Indians, and the venerable chief was reading the touching story of the resurrection of Lazarus.

When he was done reading, the old man looked significantly at one of the younger squaws, who thereupon began to sing a sweet low plaintive strain, in which she was joined by all present.

Lawrence did not, of course, understand the words but the tune was the familiar "Old Hundred."

"That's the Doxology," said Dowler who had often heard it at camp-meeting, and they joined, in English, in singing that anthem of praise which ascends to the God and Father of us all from every land and in almost every tongue.

The old man then rose and kneeling reverently, as did all the company, prayed devoutly, concluding with an earnest "Amen," in which his white visitors heartily joined.

When they rose the chief with a frank smile gave his guests the usual salutation, "Bo' jou'," a corruption of the French "Bon jour," which has passed into the Indian language—a striking illustration, as are the French names of lake and river all over the continent, of the widespread influence of those intrepid explorers and pioneers. Kewaydin or West-wind, such was the chief's name made room for Lawrence and Dowler on the rug beside him and courteously offered them a curiously-carved pipe of tobacco with a red-stone bowl and ornamented with brilliantly-dyed heron's and wood-pecker's feathers. Lawrence politely declined the honour, having, from respect to his father's example and his mother's well-understood wishes, never learned to use the vile weed. Dowler, however, accepted it, and was soon vigorously puffing away.

Lawrence picked up the Bible, which bore, he saw, the imprint of that noble institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose various versions of the Word of God are found alike in the Indian wigwam, the Kaffre's kraal, the Hindoo bazaar or bungalow, the Tartar's wandering tent, and the Esquimaux stone cabin, and which speaks to the tribes of men the unsearchable wisdom of God in almost all of the babbling tongues of earth.

"Where did you get this?" asked Lawrence in wondering tones.

"That," said the old man, who spoke English with tolerable facility, "was the parting gift of the best friend that Kewaydin,

and many another poor Injun, ever had—good old Elder Case—God bless him.”

“Did you know Elder Case?” exclaimed Dowler. “I’ve heard him at the Beechwoods Camp-meetin’.”

“When I forget him I’ll forget to breathe,” said the old man fervently. “I owe him everything. He found me a poor miserable pagan, a-drinkin’ fire-water, and beatin’ the conjurer’s drum, and sacrificin’ the white dog, and he made me what I am.”

Lawrence was overjoyed to meet this unexpected result of Methodist labour in an Indian wigwan. They talked together long and lovingly of the zealous apostle to the Indian tribes of Canada, and Lawrence ventured on a few practical reflections on the story of the raising of Lazarus which had been the subject of the reading, and on the glorious inspirations it imparted. These were translated by the chief and the company manifested their approval by sundry ejaculations and comments in their own language.

“Whar did ye git this?” inquired Dowler laying his finger on the silver medal that decorated the chief’s broad breast.

“That,” said the old man, his eagle eye flashing proudly, “was fastened on my breast in full parade before all the red-coats by Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. See, that is King George’s head. I always wear it on Sundays. It minds me of old times.”

“Tell us all about it,” said Dowler eagerly, “My father was with Brock at Queenston Heights an’ arterwards got wounded at Lundy’s Lane.”

“Did he?” said the chief. “Well, I don’t talk much of these things, but I don’t mind telling the son of an old soldier. I entered Fort Detroit side by side with General Brock. It was for that I got the medal. Nine weeks after, I saw him fall at the Big Rapids (Queenston Heights). I helped to carry his body down the hill to the old house, where it lay—that great warrior just like Indian’s dead papoose. I stood beside his grave and helped to fire the last volley over his body. But I helped to avenge his death, as we drove the ’Merican blue-coats over the cliff,” with sudden energy exclaimed the veteran brave.

But with a tone of compunction he continued, “God forgive me, it was in my pagan days, when I seemed to thirst for blood.

It was dreadful to see blue-coats and red-coats struggling together like catamounts, and to see the 'Merican militia rolling down the rocks, torn by the jagged spruces and some of them struggling in the boiling eddies of the river. One man was just going to shoot a British captain when I flung my tomahawk right in his face. He went crashing over the bank, clutching at the spruce boughs, an' he looked right into my eyes with such a dying agony—it's thirty years ago, but I often see it still when I close my eyes at night, and sometimes even when I try to pray. I used to gloat on it in my heathen days, but ever since Elder Case taught me of the Blessed Lord who prayed for His murderers and said 'Love your enemies,' I have wished I could ask that man's forgiveness before I meet him at the last great review day when all the soldiers and braves—English, 'Mericans, and Injuns—must stand before the great Captain, the Lord Jesus. He may have had little papooses and a white squaw who wept for him just as mine would weep for me. But, thank God, I saved other lives that day. My braves were mad with slaughter, just as if they were drunk with fire-water; but when the victory was fairly won I dragged them off the prisoners they were going to scalp, though it was like tearing an eagle from a heron he has struck, or the dogs off the haunches of a deer. This killing seems to come natural to the pagan Injun of the woods, but for white men and Christians it seems strange work."

"Yet thier' wuz Chris'n men that fit thar," interrupted Dowler. "I heared father tell on a Methodis' preacher—a local, ye know, not a reg'lar—who used to preach, an' pray, an' sing, like thunder in barracks; an' he fit like a tiger when the guns was a-rat'lin', an' kep' on praying all the time. Yet he wuz gentle as a lamb arter the fight and used to nuss the wounded—even the 'Merickers, too, jist as lovin' an' tender as a woman."

In answer to the inquiry of Lawrence if the Christian converts among the Indians received much opposition from their pagan relatives the old chief told the following story:

"Did you notice that girl with the great scar on her forehead that sat yonder?" pointing to near the door, where had sat an Indian maiden lithe and graceful as one of the mountain birches, with eyes as deep and dark as a forest lake. "Well, she's

Big Bear's daughter. He had a streak o' luck winter before last and had two big moose to spare. So he hitched up the dogs and drove down the river on the ice with them and some otter and mink furs to Oka, where the priests have a seminary and a convent. Mere Marie at the convent was buying some mink skins, and asked him if he wouldn't let his pretty daughter, Red Fawn, come and work in the kitchen and she'd teach her to cook and sew. He wanted to please the nuns, so he let her go.

"Well, the nuns taught her to say the *Ave* and *Credo* and to dress the altar of the Virgin. I know their ways, I've lived among the Catholics. Very loving the nuns are when they like, and the poor girl never had any kindness showed her before. So they taught her the catechism, then the priest wanted her to be baptized. They get lots of Injun girls that way, mighty cunning them priests are, beat even an Injun for that. And they called her Marguerite des Anges, which means in the Indian language 'Pearl of the angels.' And they gave her a pretty gilt crucifix to wear on her neck.

"Well, next fall Big Bear was camping down the river, and he went to see Marguerite. He met her in the woods gathering the late autumn flowers to dress the altar. She'd grow'd so tall an' handsome he was quite proud of her.

"Come back, Ahjuk, an' share my lodge," he said, but she said she couldn't leave the kind good nuns.

"You *must* leave these Christian dogs," he shouted, "or the wily Black-ropes will make you a woman-worshipper like themselves."

"Nay, father, I like not the wild hunter's life," said Marguerite, and crossing herself, she went on, "I have already vowed to live the handmaid of Christ and His blessed Mother, whom, O father! I beseech you blaspheme not."

"What! a daughter of mine become a sister of those pale-faced nuns!" he cried. "Why did I leave you among them, I might have known they would teach you to despise the gods of your father."

"But those be no gods, father," she replied, "but evil spirits, says the priest, beguiling the souls of men to perdition."

"Good enough gods for your old father," he passionately

answered, 'and good enough they must be for his stubborn child. Know, I have promised that when the next snow comes, you shall keep the lodge-fire of Black Snake the bravest warrior of our tribe.'

"'Nay, father,' exclaimed the girl with a shudder, 'that can never be: I shrink when I see his glittering eye and gliding step, as though he were indeed a poisonous snake.'

"'It shall be, girl,' he thundered, 'Big Bear has said it, and the word of Big Bear was never broken.'

"'Father, it cannot be,' said the brave girl; 'I will die first,' and in her firm-pressed lips and flashing eye Big Bear saw that she had all his own determination in her slender frame.

"'Then die you shall if you obey not my command,' he hissed. Snatching the cross from her neck he stamped it beneath his feet exclaiming 'The accursed medicine-charm, you love it, do you? then you shall wear it in your flesh,' and seizing his scalping knife he gashed the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and dragged her off bleeding and fainting to his wigwam.

"A few weeks after, before the wound was well healed, when he wanted to give her to that scoundrel, Black Snake, she fled through the wintry snow to our camp and besought my protection, and my protection she shall have as if she were my own daughter—they are all dead now—so long as this gun can shoot game in the woods," he ended, pointing to his trusty fowling-piece.

"Is she still a Catholic?" asked Lawrence, who had been a deeply-interested listener to this tragic recital.

"She has mostly forgotten the *Aves* and *Paters* that she didn't understand," replied Kewaydin, "but, instead, she sings in our own tongue the sweet hymns,

'When I survey the wondrous cross,'

'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

and many others. And one day when I was reading in the Good Book the words of Paul 'I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus,' she smiled and laid her finger on the cross-shaped scar on her forehead and said, 'I too bear His sign in my flesh' And she is so good, and gentle, and patient I sometimes think she is like the saints spoken of in the Revelation, who have come out of great tribulation and have been sealed with the seal of God in their foreheads.

HEAVEN NOT FAR.

BY MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, A.B.

" *Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula cœlestis.*"—*Jerome.*

I.

I READ—and can but wonder as I read—
How great good men, who longed for heaven and home,
Sought alien earth, a wild unfriendly shore,
In quest of purity and heaven, to roam
Where God was born a man, for men to bleed.
They deemed the dead clods quickened by the deed,
Mighty with life they ne'er had known before.
Are peace and pardon fellows with the sod?
Must we leave home and friends to find our God?
If seas and deserts bar the soul from heaven,
Where are the promises which God has given?

II.

The sun that warms the olive and the vine,
Whose hot rays fall on Jew and Saracen,
Bathes other lands as soon. Its beams pursue
No longer course to search each Grecian glen.
The kindly blue that smiles on Palestine
Smiles as serenely on this home of mine,
And is not far away to human view.
The myriad stars, their beauty, mystery,
Are near to Britain as to Calvary.
Shall mercy from a ruthless shore be brought?
Heaven must be nearer than the pilgrim's thought.

III.

Heaven opens not alone from Galilee :
Its door is where the truth of God is taught,
And where the Holy Influence is known.
'Twas profitless, the labour which they wrought;
Futile their conflict, vain their misery:
Christ lingers not about Gethsemane.
Bends the blue canopy o'er every zone:
Even so the Son of God is everywhere
Where there are hearts to love and souls to fear.
We lose no summers when the swallows fly ;
For Christ is with us—surely heaven is nigh.

SOURIS, P. E. I.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

RAYMOND LULLI, THE MARTYR OF TUNIS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ONE of the strangest phenomena in history is the rapid spread of Mahometanism in the seventh and eighth centuries. Within a hundred years from the hegira of the False Prophet, the dark and gloomy fanaticism of which he was the founder had extended its baleful shadow from Bokhara to Cordova, from the Indus to the Loire. Its fierce and fiery energy swept away the corrupt Christianity of the East, save some lingering remnants in the secluded Nestorian valleys, in the Armenian monasteries, and among the mountains of Abyssinia.

But the rapid expansion of the caliphate exhausted the native population and led to political divisions. Hence its glory was but transient. It contained the germs of its own dissolution, and these soon began to develop. It was like some gorgeous flower, which rapidly expands, soon reaches its full bloom, and then as swiftly fades; or like the fair and fragile maidens of the East, who attain a splendid though precocious maturity, but soon become faded and withered.

Sweeping like a tornado over northern Africa on their fiery desert barbs, the cloud of Mussulman cavalry paused but briefly at the Straits of Gades, and planted the crescent on European soil, there to wage deadly conflict with the cross for eight long centuries. Filling the land like an army of locusts, they found slight barriers in the Pyrenees, but swarmed across their rugged heights, till the fertile plains of France, from the Garonne to the Rhone, became subject to the sway of the Caliphs.

It was an hour of most eminent peril to Europe. Its future destiny was in the balance. It was the crisis of fate for the entire West. Would the conquering tide roll on and overwhelm the nascent nationalities that were everywhere struggling into life, or was the period of its ebb at hand? Should European cities bristle with a grove of minarets or with a forest of spires?

Should the superstitions of the musti and the Saracenic mosque supplant the worship of Christ beneath cathedral dome? Should the son of Abdallah or the Son of Mary receive the homage of the West? Should we to-day—for the destinies of the New as well as the Old World were involved—be wearing the fez or turban and praying toward Mecca, or be Christian freemen? These were some of the questions depending apparently upon the issues of the hour.

The Moors meanwhile press on. They overspread the plains of Burgundy and Aquitaine, and pitch their tents on the banks of the Loire. They are already half-way from Gibraltar, to the north of Scotland, to the Baltic, and to the confines of Russia. But the fiat had gone forth from the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of the universe: Hitherto shalt thou come and no further! Then, broken like the waters and scattered like the spray, that wave of invasion recoiled from the shock of the Christian chivalry, and ebbed away forever from the fields of *la belle France*. Europe was safe! Charles Martel and the peers and paladins of France smote the infidels as with a hammer of destruction.

Thus checked in mid-career, and their fiery strength exhausted, the Saracens settled down behind the Pyrenean wall. Here they won laurels far more glorious than those of war. In the cultivation of literature, art, and science they led the van of Western nations. When Arabian civilization was at the zenith of its glory in Spain, the rest of Europe, except a small area around Rome and Constantinople, was in a condition of barbarism. While the Frankish Kings travelled in state in a rude cart drawn by oxen, the Saracen Emirs rode through their fair and flourishing provinces on prancing Andalusian chargers richly caparisoned with housings of Cordova leather, with golden stirrups and jewelled bridle, amid the clash of silver cymbals and flashing scimitars of the famed Toledo steel. While the European serf wore hose of straw and jerkins of ill-tanned hide, the Arab peasant was clothed with garments of linen, cotton, or woollen, and the nobles in damask stuffs and silks. London and Paris were mere congeries of wretched wooden structures, penetrated by narrow, crooked, dark and miry lanes, seven hundred years after Cordova and Toledo

abounded in well-paved and lighted streets and bazaars, adorned with noble marble edifices, mosques, baths, colleges, and fountains.

Upon the fertile *vegas* of Granada and Cordova waved the yellow corn and flashed the golden orange and citron. There, too, gleamed the snowy bolls of the cotton-plant, and glistened the silky plumage of the sugar-cane. The jasmine bowers and rose gardens of Shiraz seemed transplanted to the fairy courts and colonnades of the Alhambra.

While the strongholds of the European sovereigns were little better than stables—unglazed, bare-walled, and rush-strewn—the lieutenants of the Caliphs held their divans in palaces of oriental magnificence, with mosaic floors and ceilings fretted with gold, with shady alcoves and stately colonnades, where painted glass softened the light, Moorish music lulled the senses, musky odours filled the chambers, and fairy fountains cast up their silver spray; where caleducts in the walls cooled the air, and hypocausts underground warmed the water of the bath. Exquisite arabesques, ivory couches, graceful cabinets of sandal or citron inlaid with mother-of-pearl, softest carpets, richest silks, gold, silver, malachite, porcelain, alabaster, miracles of the loom and needle, filigree, and jewellery, attested the Sybaritic luxury of the inhabitants. Yet the lord of all this splendour confessed to have enjoyed only fourteen happy days in his life!

As one walks, to-day, through the deserted halls of the Alhambra, it appears like a scene of enchantment, and we should scarcely feel surprised were its gorgeous vision to vanish into air. The history of its former occupants seems as unreal as a fairy tale. It is remembered chiefly by that splendid ballad literature that recounts the chivalry and heroism of Ruy Gomez and the Cid Campeador. But it is a tale with a tragic ending, as we feel when we stand in imagination upon the hill from which the unhappy Boabdil took his last lingering look at the halls of his fathers. Of this pathetic scene the memory still lives in the name given by the sun-browned Andalusian peasant to this spot—*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*—"The last sigh of the Moor."

The magnificent empire of the Caliphs has long crumbled into dust. The luxury of the court and the debasing sensualism of the seraglio relaxed the nerves of virtue and of valour. A blight

and desolation fill up the scene. The Moorish kingdoms of North Africa have relapsed into barbarism. Their great cities have fallen into ruins. A baleful enchantment, like the spell of a malignant magician, seems to have withered the sinews of their strength, and to have dried up the springs of their prosperity. With all their material splendour, they lacked the great conservative influence of Christianity, and their brilliant career ended in degeneracy and decay.

The might of the Saracens, however, was yet unbroken in the thirteenth century, the time of which we are about to write. They had long held possession of the Balearic islands, as well as of Granada, Sicily, and Southern Italy. They swept up to the very gates of Rome. The *Via Sacra* was trodden by unhallowed feet, and the sword of the infidel threatened the heart of Christendom. In the East, the barriers of Europe had been broken, and the city of Constantine, of Chrysostom, of Nazianzen, the last refuge of Greek learning, was destined to become the city of the Sultan, of the seraglio, of the janizary—the haunt of intrigue and cruelty and blood.

At Palma, the capital of Majorca, about the 'middle of the thirteenth century, was born Raymond Lulli, the subject of this sketch. His parents were of noble rank, and the boy was early introduced to the court of Aragon, where he soon rose to the post of seneschal. With the accomplishments and learning, he acquired also the vices of the court. He became as notorious for profligacy as he was famous for wit and poetic genius. For thirty years, he lived a life of guilty pleasure, when he was arrested by a Divine manifestation, like that which smote a Saul of Tarsus to the ground. He beheld a vision, thrice repeated, of the crucified Redeemer, gazing reproachfully upon him, and heard a call summoning him from sin to holiness. "But how can I, defiled with impurity," he exclaims in deep self-condemnation, "rise and enter on a holier life?" "I see, O Lord," he subsequently wrote, "that trees bring forth every year flowers and fruit, each after their kind. But, sinful that I am, for thirty years, I brought forth no fruit, I but cumbered the ground, injurious to myself and noxious to all around."

Nevertheless, he gathered hope from that comfort of the hope-

less, the words of Jesus "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast him out." He resolved to give up everything for Christ, to make his life henceforth a sacrifice to Him. And faithfully he fulfilled his pledge. Soon old things passed away, and all things became new. "The flower at the bottom of the long sunless cavern," writes his biographer, "had caught at last the quickening ray of the Sun of Righteousness, and was beginning to expand and put forth its bloom."

After mature deliberation, Lulli resolved to devote his life to the task of proclaiming the message of the cross to the Saracens, the common enemies of Christendom. It will be remembered that this was the age of the crusades for the rescue from the infidel of

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

The feeling of exasperation against the "foul paynim" was intense. It was, therefore, a very magnanimous resolution of Lulli to seek by moral suasion the conversion of those "miscreant hosts" with whom the only argument hitherto had been with mace and battle-axe. With an apprehension, beyond that of his age, of the true nature of moral conquest, he writes: "It seems to me that the Holy Land can be won in no other way than that whereby thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, and thy holy Apostles won it, even by love, and prayer, and shedding of tears and blood. The Holy Sepulchre and the Holy Land can be won far more effectually by proclaiming the word of truth than by force of arms. Let then spiritual knights go thither; let them be filled with the grace of the Holy Spirit. Let them announce to man the sufferings which their dear Lord underwent, and out of love to Him, shed forth their blood, even as He shed His for them."

Lulli conferred not with flesh and blood as he took upon him this apostolate. He sold all his property, made provision for his wife and children, and, assuming the coarse serge garb of a mendicant, went from church to church seeking grace and spiritual aid in the task he had undertaken. He then secured as teacher a Saracen slave, and spent nine years in the diligent

study of the Arabic language. His studies, however, were brought to a tragic close. One day the unbelieving Saracen spoke words of blasphemy against the name of Christ. The warrior blood of his ancestry leaped in his veins, and Lulli smote him in the face. The slave, stung to fury, attempted the life of his master. For this he was cast into prison, and there committed suicide. So disastrously ended Lulli's first personal contact with the race for whose conversion he was devoting his life. The conscience-stricken man repaired to the solitude of a mountain for penitence and prayer. Here he was inspired with the design of composing a demonstration of Christian doctrine of such convincing power that the Moslem multitudes would be constrained to embrace the true faith. He diligently wrought at his book, and went to Rome and Paris, seeking to enlist the co-operation of the Pope and of the great university of Christendom. He found, however, political intrigues more in favour in high places than the conversion of the Saracens.

Failing to awaken any sympathy with his project, he resolved single-handed and alone to begin his mission among the fierce and fanatical Moslems of Northern Africa. He accordingly took ship from Genoa for Tunis, and his books, papers, and personal effects were placed on board. But now the high courage which had inspired him during long years in the face of danger failed. The perils of torture, imprisonment—perhaps some dreadful form of death—unnerved his soul. Like Jonah, he shrank from the burden of prophecy which he felt laid upon him. His books were removed from the vessel, which sailed without him.

But compunctions of keenest remorse now stung his soul. He got no rest day nor night. He felt himself a traitor to his Master, a fugitive from the work to which God had called him. So intense was his mental anguish that it threw him into a violent fever. Though weak in body, yet once more strong in soul, he demanded to be carried on board another ship about to sail. His friends, although convinced that he could not live, yielded to his demand. His strong will asserted its mastery over his feeble frame. Scarce was he out of sight of land when his fever abated and his bodily strength was restored.

On reaching Tunis, Lulli invited the Moslem doctors to a con-

ference or disputation. They responded promptly to the challenge, and a logical tournament, of great skill and persistency on both sides, ensued. The battle revolved about the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of our Lord, which the Imauns, of course, denied. One result, at least, followed—the active persecution of Lulli and his commitment to prison. If they could not confute his arguments, they could at least prevent their diffusion and silence forever in death the voice of the zealous preacher—the last resort of persecution in every age.

At the intercession of one of the Imauns, who was struck with the courage of the man, the death penalty was commuted to banishment from the country, with the admonition that if ever found in Tunis again he should pay the forfeit by being stoned to death. “But unwilling,” says his biographer, “to relinquish the hopes of a lifetime, he managed to return to Tunis unawares, and for three months concealed himself in the neighbourhood of the harbour.” As he found, however, no opportunity of inculcating the doctrines of the Christian faith, he resolved to travel from place to place, teaching and preaching whenever and wherever he could. He spent ten years in Southern Europe, Asia, and Northern Africa, lecturing and expounding philosophy in French or Italian universities, arguing with Jews and Mahometans, in Minorea, Majorca, Cyprus, and the Ægean Isles, or seeking to reclaim to orthodoxy the heretical sects among the mountains of Armenia.

At length he is found arguing in Arabic with the Moslem literati in the market place of Bugia, in North Africa. The fanatical populace clamour for his blood and surround him with imprecations on their lips, murder in their eyes, and hands uplifted to stone him to death. He is rescued for the time and admonished of the madness of exasperating the mob. “Death has no terrors,” he replies, “for a servant of Christ who is seeking to bring souls to a knowledge of the truth.” He was soon, however, thrown into a dungeon, where he languished for six months, befriended only by some Christian merchants. The Moors meanwhile, eager to gain so illustrious a convert, offered him liberty, wealth, high places, and power if he would but abjure the Christian faith. To all these temptations, this dungeon-captive proudly replied: “And

I also promise you wealth and honour and everlasting life, if you will forsake your false creed and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Lulli was soon driven from the country, and in his escape, suffered shipwreck. He was now over seventy years of age, but the ardour that animated his prime still glowed within his breast. The same high aspirations still fired his soul. "Once I was rich," he writes; "once I had a wife and children; once I tasted freely of the pleasures of this life. But all these things I gladly resigned that I might spread abroad a knowledge of the truth. I have been in prisons. I have been scourged. For years I have striven to persuade the princes of Christendom to promote the common good of all men. Now, though old and poor, I do not despair. I am ready, if it be God's will, to persevere even unto death." And thus, like Paul the aged, having fought the fight and kept the faith, and ready to be offered up, he went rejoicing to his doom.

Eager to create a new order of knighthood that should reconquer Palestine for Christ, not by deeds of bloody and brute prowess, but by a spiritual knight-errantry of toil and suffering, he urged, and in part procured, the establishment of missionary colleges in various parts of Europe, and of professorships of oriental languages at Paris, Salamanca, and Oxford, the great seats of learning of Christendom.

Although the worn and weary body might well claim repose, the intrepid spirit would brook no surcease of its toil. "Men are wont to die," he writes, "from old age, from the failure of natural warmth, from excess of cold. But thus, if it be thy will, O Lord, thy servant would not wish to die. He would prefer to expire in the glow of love, even as thou wast willing to die for him. As the needle turns to the north when it is touched by the magnet, so it is fitting, O Lord, that thy servant should turn to love and praise and serve thee, seeing that out of love to him thou didst endure such grievous pangs and sufferings."

He therefore set out on what he must have felt to be, in all probability, his last missionary journey. He crossed once more to Northern Africa, and for a year continued to labour secretly among those who on his former visits had been induced to listen to his teaching. He never grows weary of expatiating on the love of God, as manifested in the incarnation, life, and death of His Son,

—"a love," he says, "beyond all other love,"—a love which passeth knowledge. This was the ceaseless theme of his daily converse and of his meditation.

"At length," writes his biographer, "longing for the crown of martyrdom, he came forth from his seclusion, and presenting himself openly to the people, proclaimed that he was the same man they had once expelled from the town, and boldly denounced their errors." Like the murderers of St. Stephen, the fanatical mob "ran upon him with one accord and cast him out of the city and stoned him to death." But like that blessed martyr, he, too, beheld by faith the heaven open and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. As his eyes filmed with the shadows of death, he was enraptured by that beatific vision, and, above the roar of the mob, fell sweetly on his inner ear the welcome from the toils and persecutions of earth to the everlasting rest and reward of the skies. Like a sick child that falls asleep in tears and pain and wakes beneath his mother's kiss—so his world-weary spirit awoke to eternal life beneath the smile of God.

Thus ? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth can image that awaking
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew,—*my* Saviour ! *not* deserted.

The venerable martyr was in his eightieth year. His tragic death took place on the 30th of June, A.D. 1315. The mangled body was tossed contemptuously without the gates of the town and covered beneath a pile of stones. Some of his countrymen obtained permission to gather his bones and with loving care conveyed them for burial to his native land. His voluminous writings were published in ten volumes at Mentz in 1721-42—ponderous tomes of philosophy, the science of the day, and devout meditations on God. But his noblest monument, and that by which he will be longest remembered and most endeared to the heart of Christendom, is his brave life of missionary toil, and his heroic death beneath the walls of that old Moorish town between the Lybian sands and the Sicilian sea.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, R.N.

BY A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

NEARLY three years ago all the newspapers contained some account, more or less, of Goodenough's death, and many will remember how they suddenly came upon words there such as are seldom read anywhere—words that went straight to the heart and filled the eyes with unbidden tears, not of sorrow. His memoirs have now been published by his wife, and the book—one of some bulk—has doubtless carried the lesson of a noble life into many a home and many a ship; still it is probable that a considerable portion of our readers are not yet acquainted with a story which gives us a heartening glimpse of the purest Christian heroism in the midst of our most advanced civilization.

It was the manner of his death that fixed the eyes of the world on Commodore Goodenough; but men die as they live: no circumstances could have suddenly produced that display of heroism in its highest form; we must look for the secret of it in the faithful discipline to which he had subjected his spirit during more than thirty years of labour and success. When the poisoned arrows struck him on the beach of Santa Cruz, in August, 1875, Goodenough had scarcely lived forty-four years and eight months. He was nearing by rapid strides the highest place in his profession, and might very lawfully anticipate many years of usefulness and honour. Yet he left all, not only without a sigh, but with a smile. Now that we have read the record in which a worthy love has embalmed his life we understand how this came about.

Young Goodenough on the 7th of September, 1844, when he wanted still two months of fourteen years, sailed for the Pacific as midshipman in the "Collingwood," and that old two-decker was his home till the 12th of August, 1848. In the course of these four years he saw much of the world and developed the good character he had begun to show at school. He gave himself heartily to the study of his profession; he acquired a knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, which proved of great service in

after-life ; he became the favourite equally of his fellow youngsters, in whose rambles ashore he was leader, and of the naval instructor, whose cabin he frequented for quiet study. "Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything, the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and in all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions." At Juan Fernandez, when he cannot have been over sixteen years of age, an incident occurred which remarkably brought out the unselfishness and courage of his nature. He was rambling with a companion among dense foliage, and being a few steps in advance, suddenly fell over a precipice, spraining his ankle and getting very severely cut. His companion, on coming up, heard Goodenough's voice from below eagerly warning him not to follow, though he himself was lying in extreme pain in a spot from which he could not be got out for twenty-four hours. His companion never forgot that warning cry, which probably saved his life, and which added a feeling of reverence to his love for such a messmate.

No wonder that when the "Collingwood" was paid off the captain named Goodenough to the port-admiral as one of the juniors with whom he was specially satisfied, and wrote across his certificate, "An officer of promise." The promise was nobly redeemed.

The only prize of scientific merit open to him in these days was the lieutenant's commission given to the mate who passed the best examination after a year at the Royal Naval College. For this he went in, and won in July, 1851. His competitor was also his most intimate friend, and now looks back to that year of close companionship as one in which the good and great qualities which endeared Goodenough to him ripened and intensified. "We taught in the Sunday-school together ; we read and prayed together every night." His refreshment from hard work was found in attending the Bible reading which Sir Edward Parry held with the seamen in Hasler Hospital. Having won his commission he sailed in H.M.S. "Centaur" for the South American station, and spent there two years and a half ; but the only new thing told us about this period is that he interested himself in the ship's boys, teaching them on Sunday afternoons. His next ship was the "Hastings," in which he served under fire at the bom-

bardment of Sweaborg, and the chaplain tells us he found the young lieutenant his friend and counsellor in every scheme for the good of the junior officers and crew. "He was genial, kind, and sympathetic, and would help me at all times to gain the end I had in view, without violating ship's rules and naval discipline. He supported me in introducing the celebration of the Lord's Supper, then almost an unknown thing on board ship." When a youth full of spirit, talent, and professional ardour spends the critical years of life from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth after such a fashion, not ashamed of his religion either in private or public, yet allowing none to excel him in diligence and all manliness, we know what the end will be under whatever circumstances the end may come.

The way in which the following story comes to us is as significant of Goodenough's character as the story itself. In 1857 he was at the taking of Canton and was put in command of five guns and a party of fifty men. In 1874 one of these men, who had left the navy and settled in Adelaide, met Goodenough by chance in the streets of that city when he was commodore of the Australian station, the best-known and the best-liked man in that portion of her Majesty's dominions. With very excusable pride the old seaman writes to Mrs. Goodenough, telling how, "although seventeen years had passed since I last saw him, I recognized my old commander. We had a short conversation, and I begged for a visit, which he did me the honour to pay next day, and had a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife; and we had an hour's delightful conversation." He then goes on to relate how just before they went into action at Canton, he saw his leader standing with his face to a wall, a naked sword in his hand, and in the act of slowly opening his eyes, after silent prayer; how this made him think of the Bible story of Gideon and his three hundred; how, when the rush on the foe was made, Goodenough singled out and engaged a big Tartar mandarin, breaking the strap of his field-glass and flinging it away because it hindered him in the struggle; and how when they were looking for the glass after the enemy had been scared away, they came on a Tartar lying wounded in the thigh, and he saw Goodenough empty his water-bottle into the dying man's mouth. That man's look was a reward for the

self-denial ; if a painter could have painted such a look it would have created a sensation.

In May of 1864 he found leisure to marry, although it was not until ten years later, and then away in Sydney, that he was able to "form his first and only established and settled home," so constantly was he kept moving from one remote place to another. He was in America during the Civil War to gather information on behalf of our government, as to matters touching his branch of the service. After that he served as flag-captain of the Channel squadron for three or four years. He was no sooner relieved from that post on the 25th of October, 1870, than, seeing an appeal for volunteers to assist in distributing food in connection with the French Peasant Relief Fund, he offered himself, and by the 8th of November he had started with his wife for the neighbourhood of Sedan, to spend the remainder of the year in hard work of a kind for which his head and heart and habits made him eminently fit. The director of the undertaking thus expressed the delight with which he and his companions hailed Captain Goodenough as a helper :—

"In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of Novembers, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow and sleet and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken and were in sore need of encouragement, there came in answer to our appeal for volunteers a man, the very sight of whom at once communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty ; born to command, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity which characterized him ; a man before whom one could only feel inclined to bow down ; here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush."

In April of 1873 Goodenough was made commodore of the Australian station, in command of H.M.S. "Pearl;" and much useful and honourable work filled up the brief remainder of his life. Those who are interested in the annexation of Fiji, in the

missionary work going on in Polynesia, or in the kidnapping known as the labour traffic, will find much information, capitally given, in the commodore's journal, which forms the larger half of this volume. One is tempted to quote racy accounts of adventures on shore, such as that of an excursion in which he took one hundred and thirty men and officers from his ship to the top of a volcano on Tanna, getting the missionary for guide, and finding him "a famous walker and a good companion."

Just before sailing for the United States he had become engaged to be married. The following words occur in a letter sent from that country to the lady soon to be his wife :—

"It is a happy thing to begin a day with such vivid poetry, so rich and full of meaning, as that fifth chapter of Isaiah, especially in the dreamy life of a passage, when one's thoughts are not violently disturbed. How immensely humbling and still how soothing they are! How one always feels the beauty of them afresh, and in a new way from the last. . . . I have thought of death sometimes with a weary expectant wonder, and now it is all so different. It seems more like the happy crown of life. I was reading yesterday of Johnson's intense dread of death,—as death, the end—and of his saying every one feared death whose thoughts were not occupied by some stronger feeling which displaced, but did not conquer that one. I think that saying quite true, and that the fear of death can only be blotted out by looking beyond and upwards to the Hands which help us over. You don't mind my talking of death; for you would have me brave, and *the only real bravery is that which can look quite calmly and in cold blood upon it.*"

The end came thus. The commodore had come to the place where John Coleridge Patteson, first bishop of Melanesia, had fallen on the 20th of September, 1871, at the age which he himself had now reached, forty-four. It is worth while to take note of the dates of the following extracts from Goodenough's last letter :—

"OFF SANTA CRUZ,

"Thursday, Aug. 12th, 1875.

"I am going on shore to the spot where the 'Sandfly' was last year, to see if I can't make friends with the unfortunates, who seem most friendly and anxious to be civil.

"Tuesday, August 17th.—But I was disappointed. I take it they are an intractable people, without much respect for authority or for each other. I wrote the above on Thursday, *thinking that on the very remote possibility of anything occurring you should have my last word.* [After a minute and vivid account of his interview with the natives, he proceeds]: I saw Harrison up a little passage between a stone wall and the side of a hut, and went up to him to see what he was about and to be with him. He was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man who held his bow in his left hand, and was twiddling with his arrows in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes fitting an arrow to the string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace and stared him in the face, *thud* came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted, 'To the boats' pulled the arrow out and threw it away (for which I am sorry, and leapt down to the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out, and helped to push her out into deep water; and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat. . . . Messer came at once and dressed my wound, burning it out with caustic, and putting on a poultice. The arrow seemed to have struck the rib, and being pulled out at once, no poison (supposing there to have been poison on them) could have been dissolved in the time. To-day is Tuesday, just five days; it seems but a day. In five days more we shall be able to say that all danger of poisoning is over: *but from the first moment I have kept the possibility steadily before me, so as to be prepared; it is very good to be brought to look upon a near death as more than usually probable.* The weather is lovely, and entirely favourable to the little wounds, which are absurdly small. My only trouble is a pain in the small of my back, which is a little against my sleeping. I am exceedingly well. I have asked Perry to put out a statement for the papers so that we may have no outrageously foolish stories. I can only imagine the motive to have been plunder or a sort of running-a-muck. I don't feel . . ."

Here some one coming into the cabin interrupted him, and a few hours later that pain in the small of the back proved the first symptoms of tetanus. Even the frightful agony produced by that disease, convulsions bending the head to the heels and rapidly making total wreck of the nervous system, was in part overcome "by his immense force of will." In the course of Thursday, during a pause of the torment, he took leave of all his officers, assuring them how he had loved them, saying a fit word to each, telling them of his happiness in the love of God, and bidding each one kiss him as a token that no hastiness on his part was unforgiven by them. He had feared that pain might overcome his better part, and had given directions that "if bad words were heard from him, those with him were to leave him, as it would not be his spirit speaking." He had also feared that some dark picture of his past life might rise before him; but he gratefully made known that, "instead of that, God would only let him dwell on the words 'with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'" "These words," he said, "were a little window which God had opened to him in heaven;" and he said to the chaplain, "If in pain I cannot smile, let me see you smile, and do you repeat these words."

The same day he insisted on taking leave of the ship's crew, saying, "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it be but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

"He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, 'The love which God Himself will give you if you trust Him is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings.' He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations

to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. 'When you are tempted,' he said, 'think of the love of God.'

He begged the old men, who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "Will you do this for my sake?" "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learned about it." After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say 'God bless you,'" which they did; and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with His exceedingly great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me."

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then, again saying "good-bye" to all, he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to his bed he said, "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now, but to lie down and die quietly!"

And so on the next day, the Friday, he died quietly and peacefully. On the Monday morning the "Pearl," which had turned back for Sydney as soon as the commodore was wounded, steamed into the harbour with his ensign and broad-pendant flying half-mast. When his remains were carried to the cemetery they were followed by weeping thousands, his wife and two little boys (God bless them!) walking behind the coffin. When the tidings reached England, the Dean of Westminster made his cathedral ring with these words. "Englishmen! when you are tempted to think goodness a dream, or the love of the Almighty a fable, when you are tempted to think lightly of sin, or to waste your time and health in frivolous idleness or foolish vices, or to despair of leading an upright, pure and Christian life, remember Commodore Goodenough; and remember how in him self was absorbed in duty, and duty was transfigured into happiness, and death was swallowed up in victory."

SACRIFICED.

BY MISS M. R. JOHNSON.

It was four o'clock on a dull November day. The sun had been very sparing of his rays, and the scanty light which he had grudgingly allowed to enter through the one window in Mary Henry's little parlour, was now rapidly fading into darkness. Still the solitary young woman worked on. Occasionally she paused to glance up at the little clock on the wall, and then out of the window before which stood her table. Presently she heard the front door open, and listened anxiously for the footsteps upon the hall floor; they were childish steps, and heaving a sigh of relief, she called;—

"Is that you, Ada?"

"Yes, Mary, it's me."

"You should say 'I,' Ada; where is Janie?"

"Out playing," and Ada entered the room; "still working, Mary, you haven't got that old dress finished yet," she said.

"No, dear," was the answer, "and I want you to hurry off your things and help me a bit; it must be done and sent home to-night, and it has been so dark all day that I could hardly see to sew this black stuff."

"Very well, I'll help you," said Ada, not quite able to repress a little sigh at the thought of being obliged to sit down to sewing immediately on her return from school.

"Don't you sometimes wish you could be out of work just for one day, Mary?" asked Ada.

"Well, if I did, dear, I should be so dreadfully alarmed for fear my wish might be granted, that it would not be much comfort, even for a moment. No work for one day means so much less money, and it takes every cent we can earn to meet your school-bills, yours and Janie's, and to keep us all in bread and butter."

"There's one thing quite certain, Mary, if you hated sewing as much as I do, you could not keep at it so steadily—it would kill me."

Mary was silent. Ada was so accustomed to seeing her at her

work, doing it so patiently, even cheerfully, that she could not realize how distasteful Mary's occupation was to her; she did not know her longing for time to read and study and take long country walks, neither did she, nor any one else, seem to notice that her sister's health was being gradually undermined by constant application to her daily toil. Presently Ada spoke again;—

"I'm past fourteen now, and I do not see why I couldn't get a situation as daily governess to some little girls or boys; then I could study at home in the evenings and fit myself for a higher position."

"Oh well, dear, don't speak of it just now," said Mary; "you must go to school for another year at least, and then I hope between us we'll be able to keep poor little Janie from ever having to work hard."

"Janie would be a singer if she only had a chance to learn; I do wish father would support his family like other men, he could earn plenty to keep us all in comfort, there is not the least need of your having to sit in this hateful, dull room sewing all day, if he would only do what any man ought to be ashamed of himself for not doing."

Mary's face expressed deep pain, but she only said gently:—

"I'm afraid you're not getting on very fast, Ada."

Ada's fingers flew rapidly, and soon she was able to lay aside her work and prepare the tea, which she had ready just in time to appease the hunger of Janie, a child of about ten years of age, who next appeared on the scene. A somewhat worn red carpet covered the floor, a faded crimson sofa stood at one side of the room. A sewing machine, table, and a few chairs completed the furniture, while for adorning, it contained a small flower stand covered with plants, several geraniums in bloom, two or three hyacinths, a cactus, and a sweet little crimson monthly rose. For Mary was passionately fond of flowers, and they charmed her eye and soul without consuming much of her valuable time.

Mary, Ada, and Janie Henry were the children of a drunkard. Six years had passed since the broken spirit of their mother had taken its flight to the great, glad "Father's House," where

the leaves of "the trees are for the healing of the nations" and "God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces."

She had faded gradually away, and when they least expected it, had died, without a word of farewell to her sorrowing little girls, or of forgiveness to her now repentant and agonized husband, and her mantle of suffering had fallen upon the eldest daughter, Mary.

Mrs. Henry had been reared in a home of refinement and culture, and when her great trial came upon her, when she could no longer blind her eyes to the fact that her once handsome, energetic husband, of whom she had been so proud, was fast sinking into depths of vice through his one fatal habit, and winning among men, instead of the fair and honourable reputation he might have had, a name branded with disgrace, she roused herself to ward off from her children, if possible, the fate which seemed almost inevitable, poverty, ignorance, suffering, the sad lot of the drunkard's child. She managed, by laborious days of music teaching, to keep her two eldest daughters at school; her delicate frame was upheld by the strong, brave spirit until the strain became too great, the silver cord snapped, and her work on earth was done.

On her mother's death, Mary, then a girl of fourteen, giving up her attendance at school, assumed the care of the little cottage and her younger sisters, the elder of whom she still kept at school.

For about six months after this shock, Mr. Henry was almost all that could be desired in a father. He spent his evenings with his children, clothed them well, and kept them in comfort such as they had not known for years, for Mrs. Henry's slender earnings had barely sufficed to provide for them the necessaries of life.

Soon, however, their father returned to his old habits, as the first feelings of remorse gradually became less and less intense. As the result of this, there began for Mary a life of labour and painful anxiety which she was ill able to bear. With a solicitude tender as a mother's, she longed to shield her sisters from the privation and suffering she feared were before them, but how to do it, was the thought which harassed her

brain by day and drove slumber from her eyelids at night. What could she do? It was out of her power to teach music like her mother, for, though she loved and had long ago begun to learn it, their piano had been sold before she could make any proficiency in the art. Whatever her employment, it must be one which would not prevent her from discharging her duties to her father and sisters. It was a time of intense anxiety to the young girl, and now for the first time she learned something of the exceeding tenderness of her Heavenly Father and the preciousness of His promises. She learned to carry her troubles to Him who has said, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

At last, like a gleam of hope, an idea came to her, and she said to herself, "I will go to Mrs. Muirhead."

"Mrs. Muirhead was a Scotchwoman and a widow who had been a friend and confidant of Mrs. Henry. She had been very kind to the children after their mother's death, but having charge of a large dressmaking establishment, had not been able to spare much time to look after them, and Mary had not seen her for several months. Now, Mary started off in quest of her friend, in whose pretty sitting-room they soon found themselves.

"Mrs. Muirhead," said Mary, after the good woman had greeted them affectionately, "will you take me as one of your sewing-girls?"

"My dear bairn," was the answer, "your father's no—"

Mary burst into tears in spite of her efforts at self-control. Mrs. Muirhead, putting her arms round Mary and resting the weary little head on her own broad shoulder, drew from her the sad story of her father's relapse and the consequent poverty at home.

"If you could take me," said Mary, "and pay me ever so little till I learn to be a help, I could send Janie to school with Ada, and then I could take my work home when their school is out and sew all the evening. I can almost make dresses well now, I sometimes made them for mother, and I've made my own and the children's for years."

Of course, Mrs. Muirhead consented, and offered Mary a weekly salary which seemed a fortune in the young girl's eyes. For a

time, her sorrow on account of her father was almost swallowed up in her joy at earning money of her own. Still, it was very distasteful to Mary to have to go among those busy, buzzing girls in the workroom, and Mrs. Muirhead seeing this, although Mary said nothing about it, advised her when she had made herself mistress of the trade, to carry on her work at home.

"It's no weel," she said, "that the dochter o' sic a leddy as ye're puir mither should hae to sit amang thae lassies; gin I could manage it, puir bairn, ye'd no hae to wark thae pretty een out;" and then she muttered under her breath something about "that droolin', drivellin' drunkard o' a mon," as was not at all complimentary to Mary's father and would have distressed the girl very much if she could have heard it. For Mary never mentioned her father except in the most respectful terms, and nothing made her so grieved with the children as to hear them allude in any way to the subject of their father's failing.

Mr. Henry was never unkind to his children when under the influence of liquor; on the contrary, he was unusually affectionate at such times, and it sometimes made Mary's heart ache to see unconscious little Janie climb upon his knee, put her arms round his neck and call him her "dear, dear papa," when he could give in return for her caresses, only an imbecile smile and some almost inarticulate words of endearment. Many an unspoken prayer was wafted to heaven in a sigh from Mary's heart that the little child might lead him to Christ. Sometimes when her father came in late at night, Mary had great difficulty in restraining him from going to Janie's crib and rousing her out of a sound sleep to play with him. At other times, he crept softly up to his room and slept perhaps through half the next day.

The greater part of Mary's nights of vigil were spent in prayer for her father and sisters. "O God, save *him*, and don't let my darling sisters ever feel the suffering I have felt," she would cry in the anguish of her spirit; and she never failed, after one of these seasons of special suffering, to receive special comfort and strength to do and bear, and mingled with all the pain, there was at times a strange feeling of exultation in the thought that she was permitted to have fellowship in her mother's

grief, to drink of the same bitter cup of which that loved one drank so deep a draught.

At rare intervals, a remorseful fit took possession of Mr. Henry, and he would be sober for days at a time, bringing his daughter all the money he could earn. This was little enough, for having lost one good position after another through his dissipation, he had at last been compelled to accept a very humble situation. One day, shortly after the period at which our story opens, Mr. Henry came home, carrying a beautiful white rose bush in bloom, which he gave to Mary, saying as well as he could, for he was very much in liquor;—

“Here, Mary, here’s a rose for you; don’t say I never spend money on you: I paid a dollar and ten cents for that.”

Ada, who happened to be standing near, flushing with anger, said sharply;—

“You’d better have spent that, and a little more, in getting her something to wear; she hasn’t a pair of boots that are fit to be seen, just because you drink up every cent of money you earn—but you wouldn’t care if your children were all in rags and barefoot.”

Mary stopped her as soon as she could, and going up to her father, who was standing stupidly bewildered at this unexpected outburst, said gently;—

“Thank you for the rose, father; it is beautiful, and it was very good of you to think of me.”

Ada had a violent fit of weeping after this outburst, and declared that she could not remain at home any longer, her father had killed her mother, and was now killing Mary, but he should not kill her; she would go anywhere first. With much difficulty, Mary restored peace, and promised Ada that she would at once look out a situation for her, entreating her for Janie’s sake to keep her indignation to herself. Mary had long been distressed to see how Ada shunned her father and seemed to hate him for the misery he brought upon them all, and had earnestly desired to see her sister comfortably situated as governess in some school or private family; for this, she was only waiting until Ada should be old enough and sufficiently advanced in her studies. Now, however, she saw with deep pain that something must be done at once, or there would be

no more peace at home. But she was spared further trouble on this score, for the kind Father above, who had been looking with eyes full of love upon His children through all the phases of their life, saw that "it was enough," and took the matter into His own hands. But little sun had shone on Mary's path for many years, but now she was to be transplanted to that region where the sun shineth ever.

The next morning as Mary was handing her father a cup of coffee, she became suddenly dizzy, and would have fallen, had not the startled man jumped up and caught her in his arms. She smiled faintly as he lifted her, and tried to say, "I am better now," but the words died on her lips, and she fainted quite away.

The doctor was sent for, who prescribed absolute rest for a few days, and thought she might then be "round again." No sooner had he gone, however, than Mary, being assured that her father had also left the house, resumed her work, in spite of the entreaties of Ada, who had remained at home to nurse her. Mary insisted that she was "quite well now," and sewed steadily until a blinding pain in her head compelled her to lay aside her work.

"It will not be done in time," she said sadly.

Ada, determined that her sister should not be troubled or tempted to resume her work again, seized the opportunity while Janie was home for her dinner, to carry the unfinished dress home, telling the lady who had ordered it that Miss Henry was ill and would not be able to complete it.

Mr. Henry came home sober that afternoon. As he stood at his daughter's bedside and looked upon the pale, sunken cheeks and the dark rims around the large, wistful eyes, he vowed from his innermost soul, that one drop of the fatal poison should never again touch his lips. Mary, regarding him tenderly, asked him to place the white rose near her bed that she might look at it. He did so, and then amid blinding tears which fell thick and fast and choked his utterance, told Mary of his vow. Feebly, she pressed his hand, and with a radiant look, pointed upward, saying ;—

"You cannot do it *alone*, father." Then, at what was so soon to be the dying bed of his daughter, knelt the now truly repentant

man and implored the God of forgiveness and love to help him to keep his vow.

Mary seemed to recover her strength a little after this, and her father said to her, as he pressed her little thin hand to his lips, little thinking what a prophecy he was uttering,—

“My precious child, you shall never touch a needle again.”

Then they talked of Mary’s anxieties for Ada and Janie, her father promising that as soon he could recover his old situation, Ada should go away to a school where the advantages would be greater than any she could have at home, and Janie should have the best musical education he could get for her. They talked until Mary was completely exhausted, her father not having the least idea how ill she was. He left her at last, and retired for the night, with more hope than he had felt for six years, while Ada lay down on a couch she had had brought into Mary’s room.

Before morning, Mr. Henry was awakened by Ada calling in a tone of great alarm ;—

“Father, father, go for the doctor quick! Mary’s out of her head.”

The doctor pronounced the illness typhoid fever of the most malignant type. All that could be done, was done for Mary, but all was fruitless. She lingered about three weeks, in a high fever, raving continually of her work, her mother, her sisters, and uttering agonised prayers for her father, which pierced him to the heart to hear.

One night she opened her eyes suddenly, and seeing only Ada, said in a hurried tone ;—

“Where’s father?”

“Here, dear; I’ll call him.”

“Call him quick.”

But the anxious father did not need to be called, he heard the faintest whisper in that darkened room, and came in softly, haggard and worn with watching and the accusations of his conscience.

“Father,” and Mary put her hand in his, “I wanted to say good-bye. I’m so happy—I’m going to mother.” She paused, and her eyelids drooped. Rousing herself a little, she continued ;—

"I feel so safe leaving our darlings with you: you'll all come bye and bye, and then we'll be so happy together"—the voice sank and they thought her spirit had fled, but once more she spoke, murmuring, while they strained their ears to hear;—

"Janie, Ada, Ada," and then slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Ada's grief was terribly violent, and it was well for her father that she was also prostrated with illness for some weeks, as otherwise his remorse would almost have bereft him of reason. He was obliged to care for Ada, and was thus mercifully kept from dwelling too painfully upon the past. For a time, fearing that she would follow her sister, and dreading lest Janie might also be snatched from him, his grief well-nigh drove him to despair.

"God will not hear me now," he cried in the agony of his soul, "my day of grace is past."

But God did hear him and gave him back his daughter, Ada, much softened and purified by the fiery trial through which she had so early been called to pass, and their fellowship in suffering drew the father and daughters closer to one another than they had ever been before.

Mrs. Muirhead had again proved herself a friend in need, and had been much with them during their trouble, sharing the long nights of watching with the sisters and their father. Still, she could never quite forgive Mr. Henry for his treatment of his family and his self-indulgence, and she remarked on one occasion, after telling a friend of Mary's beautiful life and death;—

"It's aye a wonderfu' marvel to me how God gies sic pearls into the keepin' o' sic swine as Mark Henry."

But years afterwards, when she saw how faithfully he had kept his vow, how devoted he was to the daughters that were left him, how true to the memory of the dead, she said;—

"There maun ha' been something guid about the mon, when it cost twa human sacrifices to save him."

THOMAS A KEMPIS—A HERALD OF HOLINESS.

BY THE REV. J. ALABASTER.

FOLLOWING the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, as a re-action from its formal and dialectic methods, came the period of mysticism with its devotional spirit, rich experiences, and holy communings. But the pendulum flew to the opposite extreme, and there arose heterodox mystics who gave way to unwarranted speculations, while others built their devotional life upon the Word and Creed. Among the latter were Tauler, Suso, Ruysbroek, Gerard de Groot, and Thomas a Kempis. About the middle of the fourteenth century, Gerard, a man of great acquirements and pious life, founded a society called "The Brethren of the Common Life," having for its objects pious meditation, multiplication of copies of the Scripture and other religious books, establishment of schools for the people, and the pursuit of mechanic arts. Among the best-known disciples of Gerard is he whose name heads this article.

Thomas a Kempis, or Hamerken, as the name is sometimes written, was born in the town of Kempen, near Cologne, about 1380. His father was an industrious mechanic; his mother, like the mother of all great men, was noted for her virtuous and pious life. At thirteen, Thomas was sent to school at Deventer, the most celebrated institution under the control of the "Brethren of the Common Life," where he became a pupil of the renowned John Bœhme, and afterwards was trained in the home of Florentinus, a leading disciple of Gerard, whose house was the headquarters of the "Brethren." Here he tells us, "I daily watched and observed their holy conversation, and I had joy and comfort in beholding their good manners, and in the gracious words which were wont to proceed out of the mouth of these humble men." He learned the rudiments and became a good copyist of the Sacred Records. At twenty he was admitted to the Augustinian convent at St. Agnes, near Zwoll, of which his brother was prior, where with his characteristic caution he passed five years as a novitiate, assumed the monastic dress in the sixth, and only took the vow the following year, which he ever kept with inviolable fidelity,

and was distinguished even then for "piety towards God, reverential obedience to his superiors, and charity towards his brethren."

At about thirty-three he was ordained, and such was the sincerity of his piety, amiableness of his manners, and zeal, that twelve years later he was elected sub-prior, and afterwards procurator of the convent, but to secure more time for meditation, study, and writing he fell back into the former position, which he retained until his death at the ripe age of ninety-one. "Thomas' outward appearance," says Ullmann, "corresponded to the gentleness of his inward nature; he was below the middle size, but well proportioned; his eyes were piercingly bright, and in spite of incessant use, retained their acuteness of vision to extreme old age, so that he never used spectacles."

In his deportment towards others he was modest, cheerful, and charitable; and unwearied in public and private devotions; as a preacher, always ready, clear, sympathetic, and edifying, so that many came from adjoining towns to St. Agnes to wait upon his ministry; while of his inner life it has been said, "It flowed on like a limpid brook, reflecting on its calm surface the unclouded heavens." His soul constantly upturned towards God, it was his aim and delight to be at oneness with God, and he truly dwelt in the most secret place of the Most High. In the vocation of the "Brethren," Kempis excelled as a copyist; and in a library at Cologne is preserved a fine specimen of his work in a copy of the entire Bible. He was author of some biographies, and of several pious treatises, the very titles of which are deeply suggestive of and fragrant with Christian sentiment, as: *Soliloquies of the Soul*; *A Little Garden of Roses*; *A Vale of Lilies*; and *The Three Tabernacles*; but his most celebrated work is his *De Imitatione Christi*, a production read and prized by Calvinists and Arminians, Protestants and Catholics, Churchmen and Dissenters, at once the admiration of the scholar and the delight of the saint.

So great is the fame of this little work that its authorship has been disputed by France, Italy, and Germany; while the honour has been contested by various ecclesiastical orders, but the testimony of contemporary writers, and of some ancient copies of the books written in his hand or ascribed to him, and the

style, all place it beyond reasonable doubt that Thomas a Kempis was author of this admirable Christian treatise. The "Imitation" has been translated into nearly all the European languages, and into Greek, Hebrew and Chinese, while as many as five hundred distinct editions are found in one collection at Cologne. Mr. Wesley published a translation entitled "The Christian Pattern;" and the work was among the earliest issues of the Methodist publishing house. The "Imitation" is not large, and consists mainly of religious maxims and proverbs and pious advices and reflections, drawn from the great stream of traditional experience, from the Bible, or the depths of his own religious consciousness. Its great unifying idea is Fellowship with God; and the dictum of his philosophy "Part with all and find all."

This wonderful little book seems to fairly exhaust the phases of Christian experience and search out the secret recesses of the soul; man's unworthiness and inability are depicted in connection with deepest yearnings after Christ and longing for union with God by love. "Here," says Milman, "are gathered and concentrated all that is elevating, passionate, profoundly pious in all the older mystics; no book, after the Holy Scriptures, has been so often reprinted." As might be expected, the book is not free from monachism, and nowhere do we find direct recognition of the great doctrine of justification by faith, yet everywhere do we meet with the thought that the heart is greater than the form, the spirit above the letter; everywhere are we urged to self-denial, even at times to ascetic excess, yet nowhere are we made to feel that salvation comes otherwise than by grace; never does he impugn ecclesiastical dogma, pope, or prelate, yet ever does he proclaim and urge the freedom of the soul in God. This is a prime thought, and this perfect soul-freedom is to come of perfect submission to God.

Thomas a Kempis has been justly placed among the reformers who preceded the Reformation, and who "under God" were John-the-Baptists of that better dispensation; such was Wycliffe in England, Huss in Bohemia, Savonarola in Italy, Wessel in Germany; and such was the "Little Hammer" in the convent of St. Agnes, dealing his blows upon the huge rock of the Papacy that afterwards felt the ponderous sledge of Luther, for he, too,

believed in the individual freedom of the soul, the study of the Bible, and the education of the masses.

And the pious, holy spirit of the monk of St. Agnes lived again in the student of Oxford, and worked in that other great Reformation of vital piety and Scriptural holiness, for Kempis was one of the few men, and the "Imitation" one of the few books, that under God moulded the religious character of John Wesley. In his Journal Mr. Wesley writes, "When I was about twenty-two, my father pressed me to enter holy orders; at the same time the providence of God directed me to Kempis' Christian Pattern, I began to see that true religion is seated in the heart, and that God's law extends to all our thoughts as well as words and actions; I was, however, very angry at Kempis for being too strict, yet I had frequently such sensible comfort in reading him as I was an utter stranger to before; and meeting likewise with a religious friend, which I had never met with till now, I began to alter the whole form of my conversation, and to set out in earnest upon a new life; I began to aim at, and pray for, inward holiness."

To quote Kempis is like quoting the rainbow or a sunbeam; he must be read thoroughly. Yet we may close this humble repast with a few plums from his garden dish: "I had rather feel compunction, than understand the definition thereof;" "Vanity it is, to wish to live long, and to be careless to live well;" "He is truly great that is great in charity;" "Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken;" "There is no true liberty nor right joy but in the fear of God, accompanied with a good conscience;" "Suffer with Christ and for Christ, if thou desire to reign with Christ;" "Love all for Jesus, but Jesus for Himself;" "In the Cross is life, in the Cross is protection against our enemies, in the Cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness, in the Cross is strength of mind, in the Cross, joy of spirit, in the Cross the height of virtue, in the Cross the perfection of sanctity;" "Use temporal things, and desire eternal;" and how precious this short prayer, "Grant me, O Lord, to know that which is worth knowing, to love that which is worth loving, to praise that which pleaseth thee most, to esteem that highly which to thee is precious, to abhor that which in thy sight is filthy and unclean."

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

BY REV. LEROY HOOKER.

O'ER th' thirteen banded colonies,
 As by our fathers told,
 All dark and stern the cloud of war
 In bursting thunders rolled.

The armies of the Congress met
 The armies of the King,
 And what befell I grieve to tell,
 For 'twas an evil thing.

Men of one blood, of British blood,
 Rushed to the mortal strife :
 Men brothers born, in hate and scorn
 Shed each the other's life.

Which had the right, and which the wrong,
 It boots not now to say,
 But when at last the war-cloud passed
 Cornwallis sailed away ;
 He sailed away and left the field
 To those who knew right well to wield
 The powers of war, but not to yield,
 Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left
 Full many a loyal man
 Who wore the red, and fought and bled
 Till Royal George's banner fled,
 Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,
 When Britain's cause was lost ?
 Did they consent and dwell content
 Where crown and law and parliament
 Were trampled in the dust ?

Dear were the homes where they were born,
 Where slept their honoured dead ;
 And rich and wide, on every side,
 Their fruitful acres spread ;
 But dearer to their faithful hearts,

Than home and gold and lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old
To grasp the gaudy new ;
Of yesterday's rebellion born,
They held the upstart power in scorn,
And stood to Britain true.

With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land,
And sore they wept o'er those that slept
In honoured graves that must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.

They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness ;
The stern old wilderness !
All dark, and rude, and unsubdued ;
The savage wilderness !
Where wild beasts howled, and Indians prowled ;
The lonely wilderness !

Where social joys must be forgot,
And budding childhood grow untaught ;
Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail ;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay some dear one at its will ;
Where they must lay their dead away
Without a man of God to say

The solemn words that Christian men
Have learned to love so well ;—but then,
'Twas British wilderness !

Where they might sing " God save the King,"
And live protected by his laws
And loyally uphold his cause ;
O, welcome wilderness !

Though dark, and rude, and unsubdued,
Though wild beasts howled, and Indians prowled,
Yet here their sturdy hands,
From treason clean, to labour skilled,
By patient industry might build
A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada !

These men who stood when pressed,
Not in the fevered pulse of strife

When foeman thrusts at foeman's life,
 But in that sterner test
 When wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
 And right must toil for daily bread,
 And men must choose between ;
 When wrong in lordly mansion lies,
 And right must shelter 'neath the skies,
 And men must choose between ;
 When wrong is cheered on every side,
 And right is cursed and crucified,
 And men must choose between ;
 Such was the test, and sorely pressed,
 That proved their blood the very best,
 And when you pray for Canada,
 Implore kind heaven, that, like a leaven,
 The hero blood which then was given,
 May quicken in her veins each day ;
 So shall she win a spotless fame,
 And, like the sun, her honoured name
 Shall shine to latest years the same.

HUGH LATIMER.

BY HENRY A. BEERS.

His lips amid the flame out-sent
 A music strong and sweet,
 Like some unearthly instrument
 That's played upon by heat.

As spice-wood tough, laid on the coal,
 Sets all its perfume free,
 The incense of his hardy soul
 Rose up exceedingly.

To open that great flower, too cold
 Were sun and vernal rain ;
 But fire has forced it to unfold,
 Nor will it shut again.

RELIGIOUS BOOK-KEEPING.

THE envelope system is prevailing more and more as the best mode of raising the funds of the church. It is easier to give a small sum weekly than to give a large one quarterly. The system recognizes the fact that giving is a part of the worship of God, that is appropriately done on the Sabbath and in the sanctuary. May it prevail more and more !

In one respect, the envelope system does not conform to the chief text alleged in its favour. The text (1 Cor. xvi. 2) is, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." This verse commands us to give each week as God prospers us ; the envelope system binds us for the whole year. Instead of weekly gifts they are yearly subscriptions payable weekly. Much can be said in favour of this change. The earnings of the Corinthian artisans varied from week to week, while the annual income of very many now is fixed and absolute known before the year begins. Where this is the case, the spirit of the command is observed by the yearly subscription. But in any case the command should be observed ; "as God prospered him." "Let every one of you lay by him, '*para 'caoutou,*' in store as God hath prospered him." The worshipper is to give, not as others think he ought to give, not what is expected of him, not his "fair share," but as God has given to him. And this sum he is to ascertain "by himself." Hence there arises the necessity for what may be called book-keeping for God. For no one knows exactly how he stands, "how God hath prospered him," without a careful examination of his affairs.

It is a curious illustration of the frailty of human nature that when a mistake occurs in an account, it is very apt to be in favour of the person making the account. If an error occurs, it usually benefits the person making the error. Instances of this kind will doubtless recur to the mind of every reader: And when we consider the question of giving to God, mistakes are apt to occur which will diminish the amount which is given. Very few will

err on the other side and give too much instead of too little. Hence if we would obey the command to give as God has prospered us, unless we wish to rob God, there arises a necessity for book-keeping.

In other words, book-keeping is a religious duty. God commands us to give in proportion to our income, and this can be only ascertained by some method of reckoning up the benefits and earthly blessings bestowed upon us. We do not say that any one is justified in posting up his books on Sunday morning. Such worldly matters should be confined to the six days which God gives us for our worldly business. But a survey of God's goodness to us during the six days may not be unprofitable on the first.

The advantages of book-keeping, of a systematic acquaintance with our business affairs, are very numerous. It enables us to keep our expenditures within our resources, and thus removes a strong temptation to dishonesty. Extravagance, undue expenditure beyond our means, can hardly be avoided without a thorough knowledge of our affairs. The virtues of frugality, economy, faithfulness to our engagements also have large relations with book-keeping. From the standpoint of many virtues book-keeping will be seen to be a duty. Whether our duty to God or our duties to men are concerned, it is well for us to have a systematic knowledge of our affairs, which can only be gained with the aid of arithmetic and pen and ink. The one who attempts to manage without the assistance which these can alone give, is in great danger of robbing God or wronging men.

—*Christian Observer.*

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

BY THE REV. W. B. POPE, D.D.

President of the English Wesleyan Conference.

THERE can be no question as to the Scriptural testimony to an eternal judicial visitation of sin. That cannot be eliminated from the Bible. Our Lord's words—those spoken directly by Himself—contain the severest sayings on this subject ever put into human speech. Indirectly spoken in the Apocalypse, or still more indirectly by the spirit of apostolical inspiration, they fore-announce the eternal consequences of persistent rebellion, and an eternal judgment or condemnation generally, and an eternal result of that condemnation. Mark well these three instances of the use of the term Eternal, and mark their order: it is an eternal judgment or distinction for eternity; this issues in eternal punishment as such; and that as inflicted on a specific class, who, not knowing God, are separated from Him forever, and not having obeyed the Gospel, suffer the penalty of their disobedience. You will find that the outcry against the everlasting meaning of the word eternal is entirely baseless. The word has endurance in its root. It is undoubtedly applied to the ages that run out in time, when it signifies that the duration of the promise, or the kingdom, or whatever else is the subject of this predicate, exhausts the limits defined for it. But the word is used of things beyond the succession of phenomenal existence, when "time shall be no more," and helps the poverty of human thought by speaking of eternity as if it were measured out by "ages of ages." But it never in that application signifies simply "perfect" or "absolute," or merely a duration apportioned to the being of the crea-

ture; it always signifies unchanging and unchangeable. St. Paul's antithesis gives the rule of interpretation: "The things which are seen are temporal; the things which are not seen are eternal." By that rule eternal punishment cannot be a temporal and unending doom.

Condemnation, punishment, and destruction are at once clearly understood if the term eternal, which belongs to them, retains its meaning. But this solemn trinity of words must have their Scriptural interpretation apart from the adjective which carries them out of time into eternity. The condemnation is to a punishment which is destruction. Now the condemnation is said to be the wrath of God abiding on a living soul: the act and the effect are denoted by different terms: the act of condemning is one, but the effect of condemnation remains. The punishment is expressed in the plainest language that could express not the chastisement which corrects, but the retribution which satisfies justice. The destruction, or perishing, or being lost, is, throughout the New Testament, the familiar, alas only too familiar, description of a process going on in the ungodly who are already perishing, who are already lost. Lost in this life, they may be found again; but at the appearing of Jesus Christ they will be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power." From that presence Cain went out; but that was not his extinction, nor did it as yet seal his doom. From that presence the prodigal son went out and was lost; but he did not cease

to exist, and afterwards was found. From that presence the finally reprobate will go out forever. These words are utterly inconsistent with the hope of an universal restoration of all God's banished ones to Himself.

If the word everlasting or eternal or—as the euphemism runs—Eonian bears its full significance as the only human term for a changeless state, then the popular notion of an extinction which awaits the wicked has no support. The advocates of this innovation prefer, as you know, the negative aspect of their new doctrine. Immortality is conditional life in Christ, continuous existence through union with Him; death is the penalty of being out of Christ, and only the withdrawal of existence. I recommend you to take your Greek Testament Concordance and track these words through all their uses. The result will show that neither is life in Christ mere existence, nor death out of Christ annihilation. The existing soul, the substratum of the man, has or receives eternal life if he has or receives the Son; while “he that hath not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” This is in the present world, when the human spirit either obtains a superadded life or abides in a superadded death. St. Paul gives the expression for the continuity of this life or death into eternity: it is “life unto life,” or the present eternal life reaching its consummation: it is “death unto death,” or the present death in trespasses and sins resulting in its consummation: “ye shall die in your sins,” “shall be in danger of eternal sin,” or “guilt,” or “condemnation.” It appears to me that these questions are solved by our Lord's own words concerning the two historical processes of His mission. He spoke of the hour that had already struck, when those that hear His voice are quickened and live: receiving the life that Christ hath in Himself but not for Himself alone. He also

omitting the *now is*, when all shall hear His voice, and shall come forth. “they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that hath done evil to the resurrection of damnation” or “of judgment.” Were the words of Daniel, “come to shame and everlasting contempt,” in his thoughts, and did he intend to soften them by limiting the resurrection to the resurrection of judgment? It may be granted as we have been so vehemently told, that the word damnation, with its modern conventional sense, is not the exact equivalent of condemnation. The plain fact is that it is only too feeble in its earliest and etymological meaning, which is that of the great loss or perdition of all that is man's true life. But what does our Lord signify by the resurrection of judgment? As the resurrection of life is the rising of those not really dead—for they “never die” who believe in Him—to the perfection of that life; so the resurrection of judgment is the rising of those who still live to hear His voice unto the perfection of that death. The Saviour never uses the word condemnation for anything but the sentence upon one who lives to bear it. “For judgment I am come unto the world, that they which see might be made blind.” “He will reprove of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.” “Now is the judgment of this world.” His last word on this subject was: “I come quickly; and my reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be:” to every man in justice, whether good or evil. Here would have been the place for any tender retraction: “if it were not so, I would have told you.” When the Lover of Souls first uttered the explicit declaration quoted above, He for a moment spoke out the feeling of His humanity and said: “I can of my own self do nothing; as I hear I judge; and my judgment is just.” But here at the last He has no other word than that which we heard from the beginning:

-Blessed are they that enter in through the gates into the city."
-Without are dogs . . . and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

You have often heard that the doctrine of an eternal penalty of sin rests upon a rigorous interpretation put upon some isolated passages. To this assertion you must close your ears. Though it is made by eloquent preachers, and in high places, believe it not. It is simply not true. However severe individual facts are, and however impossible it is to escape from their force by any artifice of exposition, they do not alone support the tremendous doctrine. It pervades the whole system of Gospel truth, which, whether spoken by the Author of all Gospel to man or by His accredited apostles, assumes everywhere a great alternative issue of probation. Life is the day of a possible salvation, during which therefore one thing is needful, and all else, as it were, superfluous. At the great day every man will receive "the things done in the body;" this most striking phrase, which occurs again and again, and is indeed the formula linking time with eternity, the season of reaping with the season of sowing, seems to me to determine this dread question. Everywhere we have broad antitheses and counterparts. The most comprehensive of these of course is that of "eternal life" and "eternal punishment;" if the former signifies a perfect Pantheistic absorption into God, then the latter signifies a perfect return into nonentity; if the former signifies an unchanging and consummate life in God, then the latter signifies an unchanging and consummate separation from that source of life. Throughout the Scriptures there are only those within and those without. It would occupy pages to trace these counterparts. The more carefully they are traced the more clear will be the result, that while the race of man is saved, individuals of mankind, the individual evil spirits, will be saved forever.

Our Saviour used figures to impress the realities of perdition, even as He used figures to describe the joys of heaven, which we must be careful how we dilate upon; the caution is equally necessary on both sides of the alternative. It must be remembered, also, that He never spoke of the eternal ruin of a man as man, that is, as the inheritor of the sin of the race, but of the penalty of those whose "sin remaineth" because they finally and persistently reject Himself. This is the blasphemy "which hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal guilt." The rejection of the Son of God incarnate and atoning for sin is also by the apostles represented as the consummate guilt which forfeits at once the possibility of forgiveness and the possibility of being renewed unto repentance. Moreover our Lord—we in this matter instinctively cling to Him, for He hath also the words of eternal death—repeatedly and habitually alleviates His doctrine by predicting a graduated doom, shading down to "few stripes," and "little required." All are not in the same sense partakers with the devil and his angels. While it is most plain that there is a holy indignation in His meek spirit, passing from the deep Sigh to the most terrible Woe, against His persistent enemies, we must not fail to mark the Redeemer's tears also: His sighs and His tears should distil into our preaching rather than His woes. Finally, we must never forget that anarchy, rebellion, and eternal blasphemy are all inconsistent with the supremacy of Him who will put all enemies under His feet. The eternal misery of a hopeless separation from God must be the nerve of our appeals; and concerning that we may boldly say that the permanence of such a separation is by no means more revolting to reason than the commencement of it. Both are unfathomable mysteries. But the origin and continuance of evil, which we have seen, renders it easier to conceive

its eternity, which we have not seen ; which, thank God, we need never see.

It seems to some of the best orthodox expositors undeniable that the Blessed Conqueror went into the under-world and proclaimed Himself to the spirits in prison. when the Gospel was preached to them that are dead. This revelation thus interpreted gives a most wonderful glimpse into the abyss of the under-world. The glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour to the vast region of departed generations is supposed to have been an announcement which quickened some in the spirit. There the revelation seems to them to end ; and there their doctrine ends. Keeping such a saying as this in their heart, they bless God for the consolation. They ask themselves, but in deep silence, what preparations for the desire of all the peoples known only to Himself were vivified into conscious faith by His advent, which was to that world His first advent? They go further

and ask, again in deep silence, what may be the like effect of His second coming on those to whom that also will be virtually His first coming, and who will say, "When saw we thee?" But when others with unauthorised charity expand this into a second probation, and a continuous missionary energy of the Church in the intermediate world, the light goes out upon their speculations and becomes as darkness. The teaching of our Lord descended into Hades before He Himself descended. But though we hear the "Son, remember!" the gulf is already fixed : He who "received in his lifetime his good things is tormented ; he who received evil things is comforted." This seems much like the rehearsal of St. Paul's most solemn account of the righteous judgment which will assign rest to the persecuted when they who were the persecutors shall "receive vengeance" and "give satisfaction," according to the Apostle's literal words.

SUDDEN END OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

Died suddenly of apoplexy, on the night of the third of September, 1877, Miss Mary Ann Heck, the youngest granddaughter of the renowned Paul and Barbara Heck of historic interest, and the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Heck of Augusta, aged at her death, sixty-three years.

There are few salient points in the life of one so uniform and equable as our departed friend to be expanded into any lengthened biography, who

"Pursued the noiseless tenor of her way,
Along the sweet sequestered vale of life,"

living from birth till death in the

one neighbourhood and on the one estate, never taking a journey, except a short one, to visit some relative, for a few days only. She was born in the house, ten years after her death, where her venerable grandmother, Barbara Heck, breathed her last, alone with God, while the sacred Bible lay upon her lap, and she died in another house, 'tis true, but only a few yards from the same place.

Yet, let no one say that Miss Heck's life presents no features of beauty and no lessons of wisdom, or no examples for imitation ; for the reverse of all this is the case. True, she never went away from her own vicinity to school, never acquired

fashionable accomplishments, and never mixed largely in advanced society, but she was not wanting in a pleasing exterior, a cultivated mind, an ability to sustain her part well in conversation, even in the company of well-read gentlemen, and above all, in an ability to discourse on the "deep things of God."

Miss Heck was rather less than the medium size, slight and graceful in person, with a well-developed head poised on a neck classically long and slender, and covered with flaxen hair of silken fineness. Her quick, tasteful, and retentive mind readily seized and appropriated whatever came before it of value, whether it related to the practical or the æsthetic. Though she never appeared in the recitation rooms of a boarding-school, or unpacked her trunk in a ladies' college, yet her life was one continued course of the very best education.

Her mother was strong-minded, well-informed, and lady-like; and her father was sage and well-read in theology, church-history, and general knowledge. The conversation of such parents could not be otherwise than improving. Then, her mind was brought in contact with three elder sisters, well-read and acute. Four such ladies together must be a mutual improvement society. They were furnished with a library, for size and excellence, far in advance of those of most families in the land. True, the staple was the Methodist fathers and divines, both early and late. The perusal of these, to which they gave their days and nights, gave them a taste for the fundamental and substantial. But after years furnished them with access to all the purer kinds of English literature; and Mary Ann, in particular, had a fine relish for elevated poetry.

In common with the rest of the family, she was not devoid of the most improving society. Their house being from the earliest times "a lodging-place for wayfaring men," she listened to, and joined in the conver-

sation of such men as Case, Madden, Chamberlayne, Metcalf, Healey, Black, Huntingdon, Patrick, Wilkinson, Taylor, Coleman, Jeffers, Elliott, Gray, Lanton, McDowell, Scott, and Brock, with scores of others too numerous to mention, although equally worthy to be placed in the list. She, with the rest, had the improving society of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Green, who were inmates in the family for many months. They got a relish from time to time, of the outside taste and tone, by the visits of respectable relatives and acquaintances, from Quebec, Montreal, and most of the frontier towns and cities of the two Canadas.

But not the least of her means of intellectual and religious enjoyment and improvement was the preaching of the Word; and the more massive the mind of the preacher, the better she liked him. The Rev. Dr. Elliott was one of her special favourites in the pulpit.

Her religious life was early and thoroughly developed. Brought up by God-fearing parents "according to the strictest sect of our religion," I will venture to say, she never knew the time when she was not conscientious about her actions, words, and thoughts. But being brought in girlhood to know the mercy of God in Christ, her religion became a power and a consolation. It was developed by a regular attendance on the means of grace—private, domestic, social, and public. She was a daily reader of the Bible and regularly resorted to her closet for secret devotion: she never knew the time when there was no family devotion in the Heck homestead—her earliest recollections were interwoven with her father's perusal of "the old family Bible which lay on the stand," and her brother took it up when it fell from the palsied hand of his father. There was for many years preaching and a class-meeting in her uncle's house across the way. At the first, her father was the leader of the class; and I had myself the honour of

meeting it, when travelling chairman of the Kingston District, while boarding in the family in 1845-1846. More intelligence and piety I never met with in any one class. They were all clear in their experience and ready in their utterance, and Mary Ann's were so among the rest. Of late years their meeting-place was transferred to Prescott, and she met with the venerable Mr. Mallory.

For several years before her death, our subject's privileges in these respects were abridged, and at last ended by the gradual decay, and at length the almost total loss, of hearing. After a few ineffectual attempts to still profit by public preaching and general conversation, she meekly acquiesced in her fate, and her craving mind found intelligence and spiritual pabulum in her well-read Bible, the oft-read volumes in the library, the *Christian Guardian*, and the papers generally. She was one of the first to read and to determine the value of any new book or publication to which she had access. The CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE was a delight to her mind. The affections of her heart had never been developed by the love and care for husband or children of her own; but those affections had found scope for exercise on parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and her brother's children, born and reared in the house with herself. With all her strength of mind and character, she was truly feminine. While active and competent, she was the notable housekeeper and diligent in whatever belonged to the duties of a farm homestead.

Though leading the life of a recluse, her little world was very pleasant and beautiful. There was plenty and kindness in her home. There were the familiar objects she had known and loved from her childhood. The broad stream of the ever-flowing St. Lawrence rolled its blue waters before her gaze, the beautiful lands of the Great Republic stretching away

from its southern shore. The green lanes, the broad acres, and the shady nooks of the old farm, long in the family, furnished ample room for her meditative walks, while the peaceful life of domestic animals furnished soothing subjects for the eye to rest upon. A short walk would take her to the "Old Blue Church Graveyard," where her forefathers and so many of her early acquaintances slept. Her parents, grandparents, her brother, the Rev. Samuel Heck, jun., deceased sisters, and other relatives lay there, yet speaking the while to her of immortality and the resurrection.

In the month of June last, on the way to the Ottawa Conference, I spent a night or two in the family, and renewed my acquaintance with her who had been a special favourite of mine ever since I first knew her. I found her as usual, tranquil, resigned and hopeful. Little did I then think it was our last earthly interview together.

On the evening of the 3rd Sept., 1877, about tea-time, a sudden seizure of this estimable lady just as she was about to come down to the evening meal, threw the family into commotion and solicitude. Messengers were sent for medical aid—lights flitted through the apartments of the old house—anxious watchers stood around a loved, yet unconscious form—but no skill, or attention, availed, and no tender inquiry elicited any answer; and about eleven o'clock the same evening, the flickering flame of life went out: the immortal spirit had hasted to "better company, who awaited her above."

Her funeral, as might have been expected, was largely attended; and friends and relatives were greatly cheered and profited by a most timely and appropriate sermon from the pastor, the Rev. G. H. Davis, who delivered it with great power and pathos. She was buried with her kindred, and rests in peace.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

OUR COLLEGES.

Having had an opportunity, at the recent examinations of our Theological College at Montreal, of observing the result of the year's work at that institution, we wish to express our high appreciation of the work there done. The examinations were of a very thorough and searching character, and the examiners with one accord bear testimony to the very high average standing reached by the students of the college. Their papers gave ample evidence of great industry and energy in the pursuit of their studies, and of the distinguished ability and efficiency of the instructions they had received. This was especially the case in the important departments of theology, anthropology, homiletics, and church history, which are under the charge of the learned principal, the Rev. Dr. Douglas. The young men are taught to grapple with the grave problems which are agitating modern thought, and to defend the grand verities of Christian theism against the negations of materialistic agnosticism and atheism. In the departments of Biblical exegesis; of Greek and Latin classics, especially of New Testament Greek; and in English literature, the accurate scholarship and thorough efficiency as an instructor of the Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.B., were strikingly exhibited. In the natural sciences, logic, metaphysics, rhetoric, and elocution, the young men gave evidence of the zeal with which they have availed themselves of the distinguished advantages afforded them by the classes of McGill College.

Similar is the testimony borne with reference to the theological department of Victoria University. The memory of the munificent patrons of that institution, the late Edward and Mrs. Jackson, is hon-

oured by the fitting up of a new and elegant theological hall, which bears their name. The influence of Dr. Burwash and of the other professors is felt in the highly vitalized organization of this department. The University itself, under the veteran presidency of Dr. Nelles, was never so well equipped for doing its important work. The scientific apparatus of the new Faraday Hall is in many respects unsurpassed on the continent. It is the purpose of the accomplished Professor of Science, Dr. Haanel, to keep the instruction in his department abreast of the latest discoveries of the age, and to assist the students in the prosecution of original investigations.

From the kalendar of Sackville University, we are glad to learn that the organization and equipment of that institution and of the associated theological department is thoroughly efficient. Prof. Inch, the new principal, brings to his work long experience and sterling ability. Dr. Steward, as theological professor, has no superior in the Dominion, and is rendering most important service to our Church in the maritime provinces. Profs. Kennedy and J. Burwash, we are proud to record, are old Victoria men.

Could the friends and patrons of our Educational Society but get a true conception of the importance of the work that is being done by the theological institutions and universities of our Church, we feel sure that these would be much more efficiently sustained than they are. Never was there greater need for the broadest culture and most thorough preparation for their special work that the Church can give her conscripts and standard-bearers, who shall go forth to fight her battles and defend her truths. We rejoice that our Church is addressing her-

self with vigour to this task, and trust that her efforts shall have the moral and material support of all who covet for her a place not behind any Church in Christendom, in the great moral conflict which is waging in the world.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

We had occasion last month to make a short visit to Boston, Mass. The run from Montreal through the Green Mountains was very delightful. We can corroborate from observation the accuracy of the view of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, as given in the May number of this Magazine. It is an inspiration to gaze upon the mountains, lifting their long green slopes and hoary summits high in air. The ride down the valley of the Merrimac through the thriving towns of Concord, Nashua, and Lowell, was very enjoyable.

Boston has greatly improved since we last saw it, before the great fire. The "burnt district" is built up with magnificent marble palaces of trade. The new squares and avenues of private residences are of great beauty and taste. Phillips Brooks' church, which we visited, is one of the finest in America: cost \$750,000. The internal frescoing is in different shades of brown, with broad surfaces of dead (unburnished) gold, giving it a rich Byzantine effect. The "new Old South" Church has a noble Campanile 235 feet high, and very ornate interior. We examined the ponderous pulpit Bible, used ever since 1731. The old church dates from 1670.

Methodism is less strong in Boston than in some other American cities, although here Charles Wesley, Whitefield,* and Jesse Lee preached to admiring multitudes. In Baltimore, for instance, it has

* A few miles from Boston, in the little town of Newburyport, beneath the pulpit of the humble Methodist church, slumber the remains of this greatest preacher the world has seen since the days of Chrysostom the Golden-mouthed.

about eighty churches. Here, it has about thirty. Of these, Grace Church is very handsome, with two fine spires. At the Monday morning preachers' meeting at Wesleyan Hall, we were kindly introduced. Our few words of fraternal greeting and recognition of the filial relation of Canadian to American Methodism were received with marked sympathy. We had the pleasure of meeting the venerable Dr. Trafton,—his bright sparkling eye and youthful vivacity of manner contrasting strangely with his snowy beard,—Dr. Pierce, the able editor of *Zion's Herald*, and Dr. Macdonald, whose names are known and honoured throughout Canadian Methodism. The latter gentleman read an able paper, urging the extension of the ministerial term in cities: we did not hear the discussion that followed. Methodism, we judge, is much strengthened in New England by the commanding influence and reputation which Boston University has achieved under the management of Dr. Warren, Dr. Lindsay, and a large staff of accomplished professors. Its curriculum, including a post-graduate course, is one of the most comprehensive in the world. An endowment of two million dollars by Mr. Rich, a Boston merchant, gives it a good start in its career of usefulness.

The chief interest of Boston to a visitor is its historic sites and scenes. We visited Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of American liberty,"—the lower part now degraded to a meat market; the Old State House, a quaint old structure, built 1748, a centre of revolutionary movements; the historic Old South Church; the New State House, built 1798, with its gilt dome crowning Beacon Hill, the most conspicuous object in Boston. In the latter, the legislature was in session. We were introduced by the Rev. Dr. Withrow, of old Park Street (Congregational) Church, whom we claim as a kinsman, to the floor of the House. The seats are in semi-circles, as in the Congress Hall at

Washington, without desks. We were impressed with the dignity of the House and the high tone of debate. In the Senate Chamber, opposite the Speaker, are a Hessian helmet, drum, and "brown Bess" muskets, captured at the battle of Bennington. Trophies of battle-flags, dim with the dust of a hundred years, kindled no resentment; as we, kinsmen of diverse nationalities, gazed upon them. So perish all the animosities of the dead past between two generous and kindred peoples.

One of the glories of Boston is Harvard University, founded in 1638. It has 119 instructors and 1,278 students. Memorial Hall, built largely of Nova Scotia stone, commemorates the students and graduates who lost their lives in the civil war. It cost \$575,000, and is one of the finest college buildings in the world. Here, in a noble baronial hall, which revived traditions of the ancient refectories of Oxford, we saw several hundred of the students at dinner. The chief glory of Harvard is the noble names on its professoriate. Pierce, Felton, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow are a galaxy of genius that would lend lustre to any university in the world. The latter lives in retirement in a sedate and venerable mansion, once the headquarters of General Washington. The whole neighbourhood is rich in memories of the great patriot. By the roadside, an inscription commemorates the spot where he first took command of the army that won the independence of his country.

Bunker Hill, Mount Auburn, the Navy Yard, the Free Library (of 300,000 volumes), the Athenæum, and Art Museum all deserve notice, but space prevents. At the rooms of the Historical Society, we saw the crossed swords, mentioned in Thackeray's "Virginians," that hung in Prescott's library—those of ancestors of the historian who fought on opposite sides in the Revolutionary War. In the old graveyards, in the heart of the city, sleeps the dust of

Drs. Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather, fathers of the Puritan Church, and of Faneuil, Adams, Hancock, and other founders of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Boston Common was in its glory. The Old Elm, a contemporary of Shakespeare, is gone; but many grand specimens of the ancient brotherhood remain. The parterres were bright with tulips, like golden beakers splashed with wine; the air was fragrant with the breath of the hyacinths, and vocal with the warbling of the birds—those troubadours and poets of the spring.

One of the most pleasant memories of our visit is the many courtesies of kind friends and the cordial welcome to the privacy of a cultured Boston home.

DEATH OF THE HON. JUDGE WILMOT.

It is with feelings of profound sorrow that we learn just as we go to press, of the death of the Hon. Lemuel Allan Wilmot, of Frederickton, N.B., Senator of the Dominion and ex-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick. Judge Wilmot has been for over forty years a zealous member of the Methodist Church. He was converted, we believe, through the ministry of Dr. Enoch Wood. Through all these busy years, full of political and professional activity, he devoted himself with eager energy to the cause of God and to every philanthropic work. When called to the government of his native province for which he resigned the office of Chief Justice, he still continued his faithful labours in the Sunday-school. Amid the keen political conflicts of great constitutional crises, in which he was the foremost leader, he held high his name and fame, unspersed even by the rancour of party strife. He was at once a great liberal leader, who guided his country into an era of constitutional liberty, and a man of staunchest loyalty to the person and crown of his sovereign. More than any man

we ever met, he realized our ideal of the gallant Bayard, a *preux chevalier* "without fear and without reproach." He possessed in a remarkable degree the magic gift of successful leadership—the power of inspiring confidence, enthusiasm, and devotion in his followers and associates. He will be greatly missed in his own church in Frederickton, throughout the province, and in the councils of the approaching General Conference at Montreal.

In private life, the Judge was full of vivacity, a most genial host and warm-hearted friend. He carried his religion into every act and made life as far as possible, a joyous thing to all around him. He was enthusiastically fond of music, leading the choir of his own church, and of flowers and gardening. He had a cultured literary taste, and was a ready and forcible speaker, rising at times into a commanding eloquence of style. He was a man of tall and noble presence, of mobile intellectual features lit up with keen bright eyes. The pleasant social gatherings and Sunday-school *fetes* in his beautiful grounds will long be pleasant memories in many minds. We enjoyed last June his cordial hospitalities, and as we took leave, his last words were a request to give his love, "his warmest Methodist love," to his old, tried, and true friend, Dr. Enoch Wood. His summons to the other world was tragically sudden. On Monday, 20th inst., he was out for a drive. On reaching home he walked in his garden. Feeling a slight pain in the region of the heart, he went into the house, and in five minutes he was a corpse. He never spoke after reaching his room. He was in his seventieth year. The rupture of a blood vessel was the immediate cause of his death.

OUR PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

We rejoice at the marked degree of prosperity which has attended the progress of this Magazine for the half year just closing. An in-

crease of a thousand subscribers in these hard times is a very gratifying testimony to the growing appreciation of this important enterprise of our Church. We have received a great many greetings of congratulation and encouragement on the more popularized character of this periodical, and assurances that it meets with the heartiest approval, not only within the bounds of our own Church, but far beyond those limits. The London (Eng.) *Methodist* asserts that in the whole range of periodical literature it knows nothing to surpass in literary merit and mechanical execution this Magazine. A worthy Quaker gentleman at Philadelphia, in sending his subscription, writes: "I have been more than pleased with the numbers I have seen. Yours is, I think, the only Magazine I ever met with that was entirely unobjectionable in every particular. Not one of the articles but what met with my cordial approval. I have met with religious magazines of which I could not say as much. The tales they published had not the religious tendency that they ought to have had, but those in yours were all right. I feel that I must have your Magazine, and will take pains to show it to my friends and see whether I cannot induce them to become subscribers."

We hope that all our readers will imitate this example and each endeavour to procure us at least one additional subscriber. We are particularly desirous of having a large increase with the new volume which begins with the July number. This will be a very favourable time for beginning the subscription. In order that subscribers from that date may have the whole of the serial story, "The King's Messenger," which has attracted much attention for its graphic delineation of Canadian life and character, we have had that story, so far as contained in the first six numbers of the year, printed as a supplement to this Magazine in a separate volume of

one hundred and twenty-eight pages. This will be sent gratuitously to persons beginning their subscription with the July number, and will be sold to others at the exceedingly low price of fifteen cents.

The numbers for the coming volume will be the most attractive we have ever published. We hope to make each one an improvement on its predecessors. In addition to the programme for the year previously announced, we shall present other features of very great interest. We have made arrangements with the Department of the Interior of the United States Government, whereby we shall be enabled to present a magnificent series of engravings of the national explorations of the Colorado River of the West and its tributaries, with their grand canyons and majestic scenery—the most remarkable on the continent. This series, for beauty of execution and grandeur of subject, has never been equalled in this country. A graphic account of this adventurous exploration, with its "hair-breadth 'scapes" and important scientific results, will accompany these engravings.

The July number will contain a copiously illustrated article on the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly, with a new portrait of Dr. Vincent and 14 other engravings; also a seasonable article on Sea Bathing, with 9 engravings of holiday life at one of the most popular watering-places in the world. The Canadian story, "The King's Messenger," will have three graphic engravings in the July number, of lumbering operations, and future chapters will be copiously illustrated. This number will also contain a discourse, printed from the original MS., of the Rev. Dr. Punshon; an account of Brebeuf and Lalemant, the martyrs of Canada; another of those sketches of "Odd Characters" which have been so popular; and several other articles. Of special interest to readers in the Maritime provinces, will be the papers on French Acadia, by Mr.

Kirby, author of "The Chien d'or," and one on India by an accomplished daughter of Nova Scotia.

In an early number will be given a splendidly illustrated article descriptive of Stanley's recent adventurous journey across Africa. It will contain, by special arrangement with the publisher, several of the finest engravings from Stanley's suburb new book soon to be issued from the press—the most notable book of the season. We expect also to publish shortly a finely illustrated article on Japan, which will have for our readers especial interest. The wonders of Mauch Chunk and the Lehigh Valley, one of the most romantic regions in America, will shortly be depicted with pen and pencil. An illustrated article on the Telephone by Dr. Rosebrough will also be presented. Dr. Wood's memoir of Rev. Geo. Macdougall will shortly appear, as also Rev. W. W. Ross's *Annals of the English Bible*. We hope also to give papers of much interest from the Rev. Dr. Ryerson and the Rev. George Douglas, and other valued contributors.

In presenting the above-mentioned series of illustrated articles of general or secular interest, we are but following the example of the old *Arminian Magazine*, as edited by John Wesley himself. In that venerable mother magazine of Methodism, Bruce's "Travels in Africa" extended through twenty-three months; Wilson's "Pelew Islands" ran through two years; "The Mutiny of the Bounty" was continued for nearly a year. "Bligh's Voyages," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," Gillies "Historical Collections," were continued for successive years. An "Account of the Irish Rebellion" ran through an entire year. Books of travel and adventure, however, furnished the largest sources of the miscellaneous supply. With these, of course, as in this Magazine, were a number of distinctly religious articles, biographies,

and the like. We follow Wesley in presenting a proportion of articles other than those of a specifically religious and didactic character.

The following PRIZES FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS are offered :

To any one sending SIX subscribers, at \$2 a year, an EXTRA COPY of the MAGAZINE will be sent gratis.

For EIGHT subscribers at \$2 a year, will be given SIX BOUND VOLUMES of the MAGAZINE, in blue cloth, gilt, 3,500 pages, price \$9.00.

For SEVEN Subscribers, at \$2 a year, will be given a copy of DR. KITTO'S BIBLICAL CYCLOPEDIA, condensed, large 8vo., 831 pages, double columns, with a steel portrait of the author, and 235 wood engravings, several of them full

page. Price, \$4.50. This book is too well known, as probably the most popular Biblical Cyclopedic extant, to need commendation from us.

For THREE Subscribers, at \$2 each, will be given a BOUND VOLUME OF THE MAGAZINE, 580 pages, and nearly 100 engravings—(blue cloth, gilt)—or any former volume, if preferred. Price, \$1.50. Specimens for canvassing furnished on application. The Magazine will be bound for 50 cents per volume. Covers for binding will be sent for 30 cents.

The offer of this MAGAZINE and *Scribner's Monthly*, for \$4, (price \$6), or of this MAGAZINE, *Scribner's Monthly*, and the *Christian Guardian*, for \$5.50, (price \$8), remains open till the first of July.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT ?

There are now thirty-three Protestant societies in Europe, and fifteen in America, sending out more than eighteen hundred foreign missionaries, sustaining fourteen thousand and Christian labourers in foreign fields, and contributing to their support more than five millions of dollars per year, and the whole Christian Church is thrilled and kindled with the purpose of evangelizing the world.

There are now, in different parts of the world, more than fifteen thousand and Bible Societies, all of which have been organized since 1804. These societies have issued, within the last seventy years, more than one hundred and thirty-five millions of copies of the sacred Word. In

Madagascar alone, a nation of five millions of people, there has been wrought in the last fifty years, as complete a revolution as was found in the Roman empire down to the time of Constantine. Seeing that so much has been done, is it not to be regretted, that at present, nearly all the Missionary Societies are seriously crippled for want of means to extend the good work? The Presbyterian Foreign Board reports \$54,369 less income than last year, and the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society has a debt of \$170,000.

METHODIST CHURCHES.

Wesleyan.—Dr. Pope, the President of the Wesleyan Conference in England, is following the footsteps of his predecessor. Like him, he is

almost ubiquitous. Conventions have been held in various parts of England, with a view to promote the work of God.

It is gratifying to observe how that in all the conventions great prominence is given to the Temperance cause. Bands of Hope are now being formed very extensively in English circuits.

An important convention was recently held at the Wesleyan Mission House, which consisted of all the ministers and officers of the various metropolitan branches of the Missionary Society, with a view to promote the efficiency of those branches. On its suggestions, we shall have something to say hereafter.

Whilst the people of Rome were mourning over and burying their first king and last sovereign pontiff, Methodist preachers were consulting how best to reach the mass of the people with the open Bible and the living ministry, and in this grand work the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church of America and the English Methodists are working harmoniously, lovingly, earnestly, unitedly, to evangelize Italy, and God is greatly owning their labours.

The *Missionary Notices* for May of our own Church contain a number of unusually interesting letters from various parts of our extensive mission field. A number of families having left Rossville for Fisher River, Lake Winnipeg, which are to be followed by others, it is a matter of necessity that a missionary be stationed there immediately. The journals of Messrs. Ruttan and Semmens will repay perusal. At Fort Frances, S. H. Fowler, Esq., has promised to build a church this summer, if the Missionary be continued there.

Bro. Meecham writes from Numudza, Japan, and sends gratifying news respecting the work of God in that empire. A recent convert teaches sixteen of his poor neighbours what he knows about the Gospel from seven to ten o'clock

every night, and he says their conversations often last till midnight. The Roman Catholics are indefatigable in their exertions. Bro. Meecham appeals for help towards the erection of a church. Who will respond? From Fort Simpson and Naas River, British Columbia, there come communications which contain indubitable evidence that our brethren there are not labouring in vain. The Chairman of the French and Indian Mission in Montreal Conference, writes respecting the schools in those missions, one of which is at Roxton Falls, another at Canaan, two in Montreal, and two Indian schools at Oka and Cornwall Island, all of which he regards as being in a hopeful condition.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—Several of the Conferences in New England have been held, in all of which strong ground has been taken relative to the use of tobacco. Not only have the Conferences refused to admit young men on trial who use it, but they have also instructed the bishops that they will refuse to receive transferred ministers who are habitual users of tobacco.

In 1820, there was only one Methodist to one hundred and eighty-seven of the inhabitants of Western Massachusetts; in 1877, there is one to every twenty-six.

At the anniversary of the Church Extension Society, reports were read which showed that during thirteen years two thousand one hundred and thirty-two churches have been aided, and one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars disbursed, four hundred thousand dollars of which was in the form of loans for church extension. Methodism has built in five years five thousand and seventy-nine churches. Dr. McCabe said that eight hundred dollars had been added to the church property of the coloured people in the South every day since the bell of emancipation struck.

The *Christian Advocate* calls for fifty thousand dollars and fifty fear-

less and prudent men as a beginning for new occupations in Bulgaria.

Bishop Andrews, presiding at the New York Conference, decided that the licensing of women as preachers is against the doctrines of Wesley. The disappointed advocates of the new departure have taken an appeal to the General Conference in 1880.

The Episcopal Methodist Churches North and South have resumed fraternal relations, and the Northern has a permanent committee on unity with other Methodist Churches. A proposition has been made to create a legislative and administrative body, to be known as an (Ecumenical Conference, which shall have jurisdiction of certain subjects of common interest to all the Episcopal Methodists, such as foreign missions, the hymn-book etc. The plan is crude, no doubt ; but the *Central Christian Advocate* says of it : It is not impossible that something may be devised to contribute to the end for which this (Ecumenical Conference is proposed. But its power should be advisory only, and only in a narrow circle.

Dr. Lovick Pierce, the patriarch of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, now in the ninety-fourth year of his age, says in a letter respecting the two Churches : "We are becoming essentially one at home in fraternal peace and love ; but we must become absolutely one abroad. Actual fraternization in all foreign missions will issue fraternal union, peace, and good-will at home."

The Southern Church has increased three hundred and fifty thousand members since the close of the war.

The General Conference of the

Southern M. E. Church is in session at Atlanta, Georgia, while we are preparing these notes. There is an equal number of ministers and laymen in attendance, one hundred and fifty-three of each. Beside these, there will be a number of editors, agents, fraternal delegates, and other visitors, which will swell the number to near four hundred. This Conference is therefore one of the largest ecclesiastical bodies in the United States. The Conference represents a constituency of about six hundred thousand members, seven bishops, and thirty-seven annual conferences. The colleges, seminaries, periodicals, and books of the denomination are multiplying, and notwithstanding the years of desolation since the war, this body has grown and borne rich harvests of fruit to God's praise.

--A good deed has been well done by Mr. Fletcher Harper, of the firm of Harper & Brothers. He has, at the suggestion of his wife, bought the "Seashore Cottage" at Atlanticville, New Jersey, which will be used as a home for the sick and infirm persons attached to the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Harper will herself superintend the establishment.

---Rev. Charles Garrett, Liverpool, is endeavouring to raise a sum of money to provide "Houses of Rest," in different parts of England, to which ministers can retire for a few weeks in the summer and recuperate. Some may regard the scheme as not being practicable, but, we rejoice to see that efforts are being made to provide such houses, as we believe that they will be of great service to the ministers and their families.

BOOK NOTICES.

Living Epistles; or, Christ's Witnesses in the World: also an Essay on Christianity and Skepticism. By the REV. E. H. DEWART, with an introduction by the REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D. Cr. 8vo., price \$1. Toronto: S. Rose; and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax.

The author of this admirable work has rendered valuable service to the Church and to the cause of religious literature by its publication. It grapples with some of the gravest problems of the times. It discusses with keen analysis the prevailing causes which weaken the influence and retard the progress of religion in the world. In an introductory chapter the present religious condition of the world passes under review. While the potent moral influence of Christianity is duly recognized, its failure to fulfil the glorious purpose for which it is designed is pointed out and deplored. Among the causes producing this result are shown to be a degree of conformity to the world on the part of Christians unbecoming the high vocation wherewith they are called; a want of harmony between the daily life and the professed creed of many Christians; and faults of spirit and temper which injure Christian influence. With great force and fervour of language, the author urges the conclusion,—the echo of the wise preacher of Israel—that Scriptural holiness is the great want of the Church and of the world, and presents with great cogency practical motives and considerations which should inspire us to live a higher Christian life.

The second part of the volume consists of a valuable critical essay on Christianity and Modern Skepticism. It points out with clear dis-

crimination some of the main causes of the prevailing doubt and disbelief of the times. Chief among these are shown to be the agnostic and anti-theistic theories of physical science which are accepted in many quarters on very slender evidence,—or, rather, upon a few plausible conjectures. A series of cogent objections to these materialistic theories are given in such a condensed form as makes this essay the most complete and satisfactory, yet succinct, treatment of the important topics discussed that we have anywhere seen.

The mode of treatment is worthy of the importance of the subject of this volume. The successive chapters are a close-wrought argument, firmly linked as an armour of chain mail. The grace of the style is no less conspicuous than its strength,—appropriate imagery, especially bold and poetical metaphors, sparkling like the gilt chasings on a knight's coat of mail. It too often happens that religious and didactic books are so tame and spiritless in style as to present no literary attractions to the reader. There is no merit in this, but decidedly the reverse. To this, to some extent, is due what John Foster describes in his celebrated essay as the objections of men of taste to evangelical religion. In this volume, with a vigour of style no less than that of Foster, and with a grace of expression far superior, the beauty of holiness, the divineness of duty, the excellence of heavenly wisdom are portrayed and enforced. The book is cast in no narrow or sectarian mould. It treats of topics wide in their interest as Christendom, and commends itself to the Christian reader, to whatever branch of the Church he may belong. The graceful introduction by Dr. Ormiston is

another illustration of oneness of the Holy Catholic Church, and, with the striking merits of the book itself, will, we trust, commend it to many persons outside of the denomination of the author.

Nestleton Magna, a story of Yorkshire Methodism. By the REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, 10th thousand. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

There are some worthy people who have conscientious objections to any writing which savours at all of the imaginative. All such they comprehend, in one sweeping denunciation, as "novels." By such, this book will be condemned, for it is cast in the form of imaginative narrative. But, to be consistent, these persons should exclude from their libraries the Pilgrim's Progress, Esop's Fables and even the Parables of Scripture, for in all these didactic lessons are taught under imaginative forms. We might as well object to all books because some are bad. The fact that the imagination has been perverted to the writing of vicious novels is no reason why it should not be consecrated to the teaching of moral and religious truth. As Charles Wesley remarked, "The devil has no right to all the good music;" so he wrote some of his hymns to the air of "Nancy Dawson," a popular melody whose fascinations lured men to the ale-house, in order that he might woo them to heaven. In this spirit John Wesley published in the *Arminian Magazine*, Prior's metrical romance "Henry and Emma," and Brooks' "Fool of Quality," under the title of "Henry, Earl of Moreland." The latter, though far inferior of many of the religious stories of the present day, was republished by the Conference Book Room for a full generation after Wesley's death. In every one of the official periodicals, juvenile and adult, except those on missions, of the English Wesleyan Conference Office, a serial story of purely ima-

ginative character, including one copied from this Magazine, is a prominent feature. One subscriber, and only one, has objected to this feature i. e. this Magazine, and on the announcement of the very story which so commended itself to the judicious editor of the Wesleyan *Christian Miscellany* that he reprinted it in that highly select periodical, withdrew his subscription without waiting to examine the story. That story, we believe, was a means of grace to all who read it. We are sorry to lose any of our readers, but the increase of a thousand subscribers and the expressed approval of some of the oldest, wisest, and most thoroughly Wesleyan minds in our Church, clerical and lay, we accept as an endorsement of our policy in this respect. In this policy, by the way, we but follow that under which the *Christian Advocate* and other leading Methodist and religious periodicals have won distinguished success and usefulness.

We can therefore heartily approve of this book by an esteemed and eminent Wesleyan minister, which appeared first in the *London Methodist*, as a vivid and soul-stirring picture of religious life and influence. It is truer to fact, and gives more vivid conceptions of Methodism in its social relations, than any history or memoir that we know.

Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, with Art Illustrations, from the earliest settlement of the British American Colonies to the present time. By CHARLES R. TUTTLE, author of the "Dominion Encyclopaedia of Universal History," "History of the Countries of America," "History of the Border Wars of Two Centuries," "History of the North West," "Histories of the States of Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas," &c. Complete in two volumes. Vol. I. Sold only by canvassing agents. D. Downie & Co., 4, King Street West, Toronto.

The plan of this history is exceedingly comprehensive and when completed it will be the most exhaustive treatment of the subject hitherto attempted. It will fill two large quarto volumes of over five hundred pages each, costing from \$17 50 to \$28, according to style of binding. Mr. Tuttle is a remarkable example of Nova Scotia energy and industry. Though yet, we understand, a comparatively young man he has not only written this almost colossal work, as we may call it, but also several others of a similarly comprehensive character. The mechanical execution of the book is exceedingly creditable to Canadian enterprise. The portraits are lithographed by the Burland-Desbarats Company of Montreal and the wood engravings are also executed in that city. The art gems of the work, however, are the fine steel engravings selected from Bartlett's beautiful and popular volume of Canadian views.

The first volume, which is now ready, contains a History of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, from their discovery to the Confederation of 1867; sixteen pages of portraits of distinguished men of the nation; fourteen beautiful steel engravings of Canadian scenery; twenty wood engravings, representing battles, &c.; steel portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, with a dedication; full-page portraits of the Hon. Charles Tupper, C.B., Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and Dr. J. W. Dawson; and the Coat of Arms of the Dominion of Canada, in gold and colours.

A familiar acquaintance with the history of our country is the first requisite of an intelligent patriotism. Our school boys are taught the myths and legends of Greece and Rome when they are often ignorant of the authentic records of their own

country. They are familiar with the story of Leonidas and Horatius, when the equal heroism of Dulac Des Ormeaux, who, with his brave companions, defended with their lives the Thermopylae of Canada on the Ottawa River, is to many an unfamiliar tale. The heroism of the founders of empire, Champlain and Frontenac; of the adventurous explorers Marquette and La Salle; of the martyr missionaries Brebeuf and Lalemant; and of the gallant soldiers De Levis and Montcalm, Wolfe and Brock, present a record of noble exploits not paralleled in the history of any country. It is to be hoped that these magnificent volumes will make Canadian readers more familiar with the story of their native land and the development of those principles of constitutional liberty in which we are surpassed by no nation on earth.

Science and Theology, Ancient and Modern. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. *The Sovereignty of Ethics.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Toronto: Eelford Brothers.

The first of these *brochures* is reprint of an article which was announced as a very destructive criticism of modern theology. It is simply a philosophic *resume* of the progress of scientific investigation, and of the anticipation of modern theories by ancient speculations. It is by no means such a bombshell as was expected, and explodes very harmlessly against the ramparts of orthodoxy. Of greater value, we judge, is the second essay, that by Emerson. The sage of Concord, amid a vague pantheism, still holds fast to the eternal principles of truth and righteousness. Neither pamphlet throws much light on the problems of the day.

COME WITH THY BROKEN HEART.

T. E. PERKINS.

Fine.

1 Come, Oh, come with thy broken heart, Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door; Je - sus is wait - ing there;

D. C. Come, Oh, come with thy broken heart, Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door; Je - sus is wait - ing there.

D. C. for Chorus.

Wait - ing to heal thy wounded soul, Wait - ing to give thee rest; Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to His lov - ing breast.

2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,

There shall thy refuge be;

Wash thee now in the crimson fount,

Flowing so pure for thee;

List to the gentle, warning voice,

List to the earnest call;

Leave at the cross, thy burden now,

Jesus will bear it all.

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,

Feast of eternal love;

Think of joys that forever bloom,

Bright in the life above;

Come with a trusting heart to God,

Come and be saved by grace;

Come, for He loves to clasp thee now,

Close in His dear embrace.