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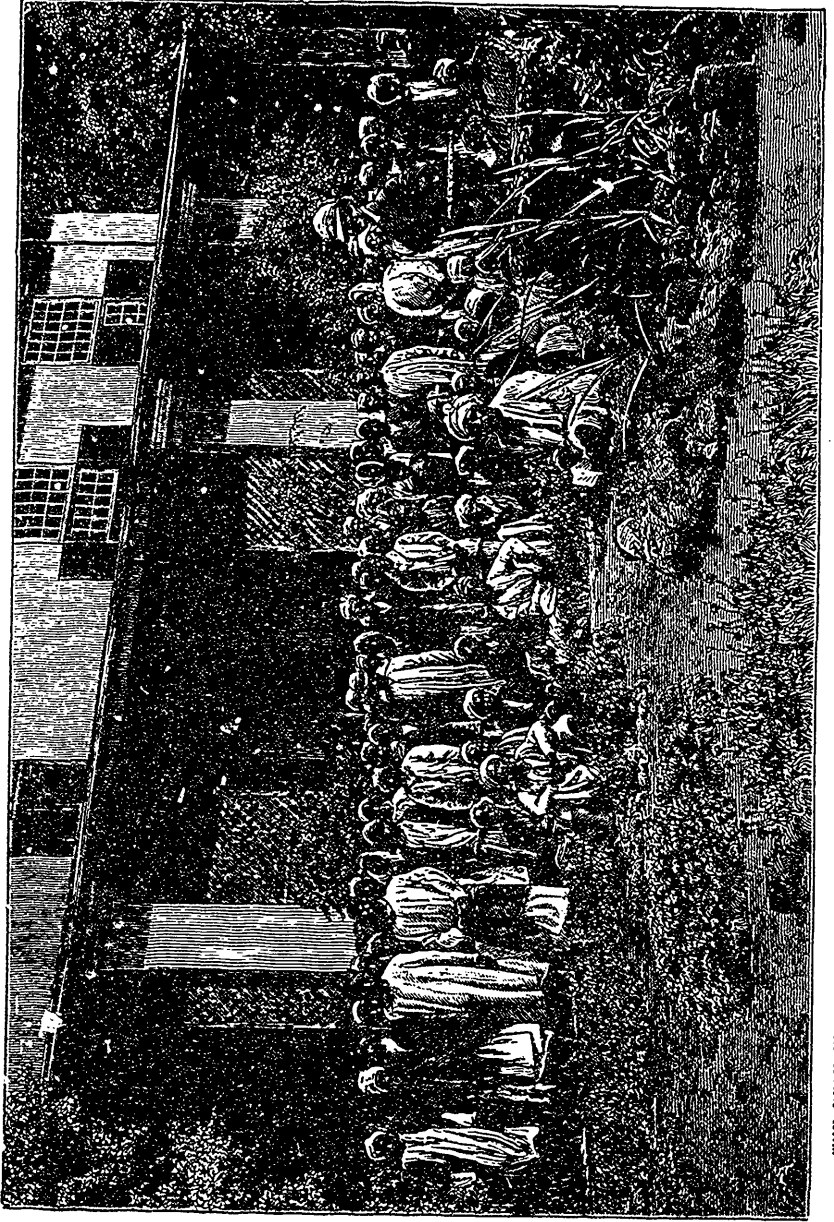
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THE RECUPERATED AND RE-CLAD EXPEDITION AS IT APPEARED AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMON'S TOWN, AFTER OUR ARRIVAL ON H. M. S. "INDUSTRY."

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1883.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XII.



UNYEYA HEAD-DRESS.

A WAYWORN, feeble, and suffering column were we when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the table-land. Nearly forty men filled the sick-list. Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries. A few, however, would not believe that within five or six days they should see Europeans. They

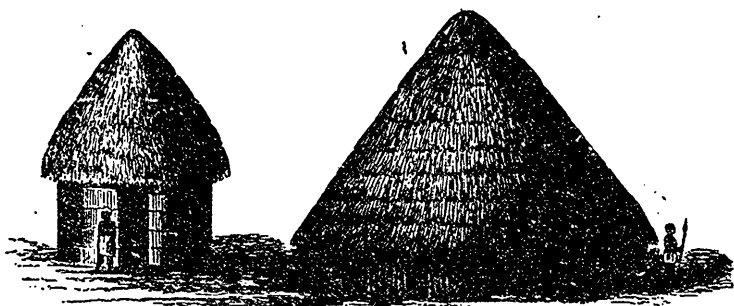
disdained to be considered so credulous, but at the same time they granted that the "master" was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief. "Mirambo," the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the table-land, but he also was too far exhausted through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame to struggle further. We could only pat him on the neck and say, "Good-bye, old boy; farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last."

Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught the glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously sea-

ward through the sombre defile. An hour afterwards we were camped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Mbongo.

The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days! only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

The next day, when the morning was greying, we lifted our weakened limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-coloured quartz,



SEROMBO HUTS.

which increased the fatigue and pain. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old, and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders and tenderly led their wives along. Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor hungry caravan. After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsanda appeared, a youngish, slightly-made man, much given to singing, being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. Of course he knew Embomma. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a letter to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner I wrote the following letter:—

“Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1877.

“To any Gentleman that speaks English at Embomma.

“DEAR SIR,—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar, with 115 souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth,

beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress; but if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief; and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

“Yours sincerely,

“H. M. STANLEY,

“Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.

“P.S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S.”

I also wrote a letter in French, and another in Spanish as a substitute for Portuguese, as I heard that there was one Englishman, one Frenchman, and three Portuguese at Embomma.

The chiefs and boat's crew were called to my tent. I then told them that I had resolved to despatch four messengers to the white men at Embomma, with letters asking for food, and wished to know the names of those most likely to travel quickly and through anything that interposed to prevent them.

The response was not long coming, for Uledi sprang up and said, “Oh, master, don't talk more; I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard.”

“And I am one,” said Kachéché. “Leave us alone, master. If there are white men at Embomma we will find them out.

We will walk, and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl."

"Leave off talking, men," said Muini Pembé, "and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men."



A NATIVE OF UHHA.

"I will go too, sir," said Robert.

"Good. It is just as I should wish it; but, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy."

"Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down," said Uledi. "Won't we, Kachéché?"

"Inshallah!" responded Kachéché decisively. "We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us."

Early the next day the two guides appeared. Uledi waxed impatient, and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch him, and said, "Give us the letters, master we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start." Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

Close to our camp was a cemetery of Mbinda. The grave-mounds were neat, and by their appearance I should judge them to be not only the repositories of the dead, but also the depositories of all the articles that had belonged to the dead. Each grave was dressed out with the various mugs, pitchers, wash-basins, teapots, glasses, gin, brandy, and beer-bottles, besides iron skillets, kettles, tin watering-pots, and buckets; and above the mound thus curiously decorated were suspended to the branch of a tree the various net haversacks of palm-fibre in which the deceased had carried his ground-nuts, cassava bread, and eatables.

On the 6th we roused ourselves for a further effort, and after filing through several villages, separated from each other by intervals of waste land, we arrived at 9 a.m. near Banza Mbuko, haggard, woe-begone invalids, with bloated faces, but terribly angular bodies. Yet not one word of reproach issued from the

starving people; they threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret, nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but with stony resignation surrendered themselves to rest, under the scant shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant, and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an older child; but the adults remained still and apparently lifeless, each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering.

Suddenly the shrill voice was heard saying, "Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"



MBINDA CEMETERY.

"What!—what!—what!" broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from amongst the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"Yes; it is true! It is true! La il Allah! Yes! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion; truly! We are saved, thank God!"

Before many minutes, Uledi and Kachéché was seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news, I translated the following letter:—

"BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

"*Embomma, English Factory,*

"H. M. STANLEY, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 p.m. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you such articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each 24 yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need to say, about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Embomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

"Believe us to remain,

"Your sincere friends,

(Signed) { "HATTON & COOKSON.
"A. DA MOTTA VEIGA.
"J. W. HARRISON."

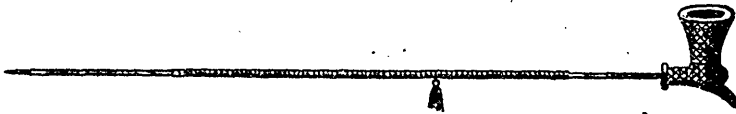
Uledi and Kachéché then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them half-way, when they deserted them. The four Wangwanna, however, undertook the journey alone. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march, they reach Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the "Ingreza" (English), were shown to the factory of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson. Kachéché then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.

By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson's factory had approached, and the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles were tossed on the ground. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's license, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang

much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the "heli of hunger." And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus—

"Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to the great sea."

"Enough now; fall to," said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp



GREAT PIPE OF KING OF CHUMBIRL.

was all animation, where but half an hour previously all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw.

With profound tenderness Kachéché handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eyes as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. Pale Ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread, wheaten bread, sufficient for a week. Two pots of butter. A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! It was only an hour before we had been living on the recollections of the few pea-nuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so

despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before my delighted eyes and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

When we felt refreshed the cloth bales were opened, and soon, instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire, the people were re-clad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want, the bare ribs, the sharp protruding bones were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze colour which distinguishes the well-fed African.

My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union which we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter:—

“BANZA MBUKO, *August 6th, 1877.*

“MESSRS. A. DA MOTTA VEIGA AND J. W. HARRISON, EMBOMMA,
CONGO RIVER.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express, just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me—wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store—and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

“Dear Sirs,—Though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my life-time to remember my feelings of gratefulness, when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, ‘Master, we are saved! food is coming!’ The old and the young—the men, the women, the children—lifted their weary and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honour of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my attempts at composure.

“Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

“Yours faithfully,

“HENRY M. STANLEY,

“Commanding Anglo-American Expedition.”

At the same hour on the morning of the 7th that we resumed

the march, Kachéché and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter. On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safn, over a sterile, bare and hilly country. On the 9th August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization.

We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills. A buzz of wonder ran along our columns. Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—ay, truly white men!

As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. The pale colour, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburnt, dark.

Yet there was something very self-possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a little self-pride mixed with cordiality. I could not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa. They spoke well also; the words they uttered hit the sense pat; without gesture, they were perfectly intelligible. How strange! They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. I looked from them to my people, and then I fear I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and that these finely-dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself upon an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and grey eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly, familiarity would beget greater confidence.

They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congratulated me with great warmth of feeling, and offered to me the "Freedom of Boma!" We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Embomma, where the "king" was at hand to do the honours. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries, rare dainties

of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts.

My friends had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well-fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate. Then over the heads of the tall grass as I lay in the hammock I caught a glimpse of the tall square box of a frame-house, with a steep roof, erected on rising ground. It brought back a host of old recollections; for everywhere on the frontiers of civilization in America one may see the like. It was the residence of those in charge of the English factory.

Looking from the house, my eyes rested on the river. Ah! the hateful, murderous river, now so broad and proud and majestically calm, as though it had not bereft me of a friend, and of many faithful souls, and as though we had never heard it rage and whiten with fury, and mock the thunder. What an hypocritical river! But just below the landing a steamer was ascending—the *Kahinda*, John Petherbridge, master. How civilization was advancing on me! Not a moment even to lie down and rest! Full-blooded, eager, restless, and aggressive, it pressed on me, and claimed me for its own, without allowing me even the time to cast one retrospective glance at the horrors left behind. While still overwhelmed by the thought, the people of the Expedition appeared, pressing forward to admire and gaze wide-eyed at the strange "big iron canoe," driven by fire on *their* river.

Our life at Boma, which lasted only from 11 a.m. of the 9th to noon of the 11th, passed too quickly away; but throughout it was intensest pleasure and gaiety. The glowing warm life of Western civilization, the hospitable civilities and gracious kindnesses which the merchants of Boma showered on myself and people, were as dews of Paradise, grateful, soothing, and refreshing.

On the 11th at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid claspings of friendly hands, we embarked.

A few hours later and we were gliding through the broad portal into the ocean, the blue domain of civilization!

Turning to take a farewell glance at the mighty river on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected

us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne.

After steaming northward from the mouth of the Congo for a few hours, we entered the fine bay of Kabinda. A glance at the annexed photograph will sufficiently show the prosperous appearance of the establishment, and the comfortable houses that have been constructed. The Expedition received a cordial welcome from Messrs. Phillips, Wills, Price, and Jones, and I was housed in a cottage surrounded by gardens and overlooking the glorious sea, while the people were located in a large shed fronting the bay, but sunk in profound lethargy.



AT BEST: MY QUARTERS AT KABINDA BY THE SEA.

"Do you wish to see Zanzibar, boys?" I asked.

"Ah, it is far. Nay, speak not, master. We shall never see it," they replied.

"But you will die if you go on in this way. Wake up—shake yourselves—show yourselves to be men."

"Can a man contend with God? Who fears death? Let us die undisturbed, and be at rest for ever," they answered.

Brave, faithful, loyal souls! They were, poor fellows, surrendering themselves to the benumbing influences of a listlessness and fatal indifference to life! Four of them died in consequence of this strange malady at Loanda, three more on board *H.M.S. Industry*, and one woman breathed her last the day after we ar-

rived at Zanzibar. But in their sad death they had one consolation in the words which they kept constantly repeating to themselves—



STANLEY AND HIS BLACK COMRADES IN TRAVEL.

"We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers, La il Allah, il Allah!—There is no God but God!" they said—and died.

It is not without an overwhelming sense of grief, a choking in the throat and swimming eyes, that I write of those days, for my memory is still busy with the worth and virtues of the dead. In a thousand fields of incident, adventure, and bitter trials they had proved their staunch heroism and their fortitude; they had lived and endured nobly. Their voices again loyally answered me, and again I hear them address each other upon the necessity of standing by the "master." Their boat-song, which contained sentiments similar to the following:—

"The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,
In cities afar, where his name is dear,
Your Arab truth and strength shall show;
He trusts in us, row, Arabs, row"—

despite all the sounds which now surround me, still charms my listening ear.

The Expedition, after a stay of eight days at Kabinda, was kindly taken on board the Portuguese gunboat *Tamega*, Commander José Marquez, to San Paulo de Loanda. The offer of the Portuguese Governor-General to convey me in a gunboat to Lisbon, and the regular arrivals of the Portuguese mail steamers, were very tempting, but the condition of my followers was such that I found it impossible to leave. I resolved, therefore, to accompany them to the Cape of Good Hope.

Upon arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, a telegram from the British Lords of the Admiralty was received, authorizing the transmission of my followers to their homes. Here the Wangwana saw for the first time the "fire-carriage," and were whirled at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which, of all the wonders they had viewed, seemed to them the most signal example of the wonderful enterprise and superior intelligence of the Europeans.

On the 6th November, H.M.S. *Industry* was equipped and ready for her voyage to Zanzibar. Fourteen days afterwards the palmy island of Zanzibar rose into sight, and in the afternoon we were beating straight for port.

As I looked on the Wangwana, and saw the pleasure which

now filled every soul, I felt myself amply rewarded for sacrificing several months to see them home. The sick had, all but one, recovered, and they had improved so much in appearance that few, ignorant of what they had been, could have supposed that these were the living skeletons that had reeled from sheer weakness through Boma.

The captain did not detain them on board. The boats were all lowered at once, and they crowded the gangway and ladder. I watched the first boat-load.

To those on the beach it was a surprise to see so many white-shirted, turbaned men making for shore from an English man-of-war. Were they slaves—or what? No; slaves they could not be, for they were too well dressed. Yet what could they be?

Then came bounding towards them their friends, acquaintances,



EXPEDITION AT KABINDA.

countrymen, demanding ever so many questions, all burning to know all about it. Where had they been? How came they to be on board the man-of-war? What had they seen? Who was dead? Where is So-and-so? You have gone beyond Nyangwe to the other sea? Mashallah!

The boats come and go.

More of the returned braves land, jump and frisk about, shake hands, embrace firmly and closely; they literally *leap* into each other's arms, and there are many wet eyes there, for some terrible tales are told of death, disaster, and woe by the most voluble of the narrators, who seem to think it incumbent on them to tell all the news at once. The minor details, which are a thousand and

a thousand, shall be told to-morrow and the next day, and the next, and for days and for years to come.

On the fifth morning the people—men, women, and children—of the Anglo-American Expedition, attended by hundreds of friends, who crowded the street and the capacious rooms of the Bertram Agency, began to receive their well-earned dues.

The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages due to the faithful dead. Poor faithful souls! With an ardour and fidelity unexpected, and an immeasurable confidence, they had followed me to the very death. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

On the 13th December the British steamer *Packumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden. My followers through Africa had all left their homes early that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness my departure. They were now, every one of them, arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. Upon inquiring I ascertained that several had already purchased handsome little properties—houses and gardens—with their wages, proving that the long journey had brought, with its pains and rough experience, a good deal of thrift and wisdom.

When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads and carried me through the surf into the boat. We shook hands twenty times twenty, I think, and then at last the boat started.

They were sweet and sad moments, those of parting. What a long, long and true friendship was here sundered! Through what strange vicissitudes of life had they not followed me! What wild and varied scenes had we not seen together! What a noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited! The chiefs were those who had followed me to Ujiji in 1871: they had been witnesses of the joy of Livingstone at the sight of me; they were the men to whom I trusted the safeguard of Livingstone on his last and fatal journey, who had mourned by his corpse at Muilala, and borne the illustrious dead to the Indian Ocean. And in a flood of sudden recollection, all the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind; the whole panorama of danger and tempest through which these gallant fellows had so staunchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. What

a wild, weird retrospect it was, this mind's flash over the troubled past! . So like a troublous dream!



1. Wife of Murabo, Robert.	7. Wife of Manwa Sera.	10. Wife of Muscadi.
2. " " Mana Loko.	8. " " Chowpeteh.	11. " " Chiwounds.
3. " " " "	9. " " Muni Pembe.	12. " " Mufta.
4. Half-caste of Gamaragata, whom Wadi Rehani married.		
5. Zaid's wife.		
6. Wife of Wadi Baraka.		

And for years and years to come, in many homes in Zanzibar, there will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors

in it will be heroes among their kith and kin. For me, too, they are heroes, these poor ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru to the last staggering rush into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by their loyal hearts, the Expedition had been successful, and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's geography had been fairly solved.

LAUS DEO.

NOTE.—From the New York *Christian Advocate* we quote the following on the present state of the results of Stanley's great discovery, recorded in this MAGAZINE :—

“When Stanley descended the great Congo, which he re-christened the Livingstone, a few years ago, it was considered the greatest feat ever accomplished by an African traveller. Now, a pathway extending nearly fifteen hundred miles across the continent is open to travel and trade. Four steamers, under the auspices of the African International Association of Belgium, ply on the river. Three occupy the navigable waters between the cataracts around which Mr. Stanley has built good roads, below Stanley Pool, which is about 350 miles from the coast ; and one is for the navigation of the stream above the Pool, a magnificent stretch of 1,000 miles being open to it. From Stanley Pool to the coast many trading and missionary stations have been established, and colonies are growing up around them ; and the journey to the Pool, which the English Baptist missionaries made a year or two ago with the greatest danger and difficulty, will soon become as common as the trip up the Nile to the Second Cataract.

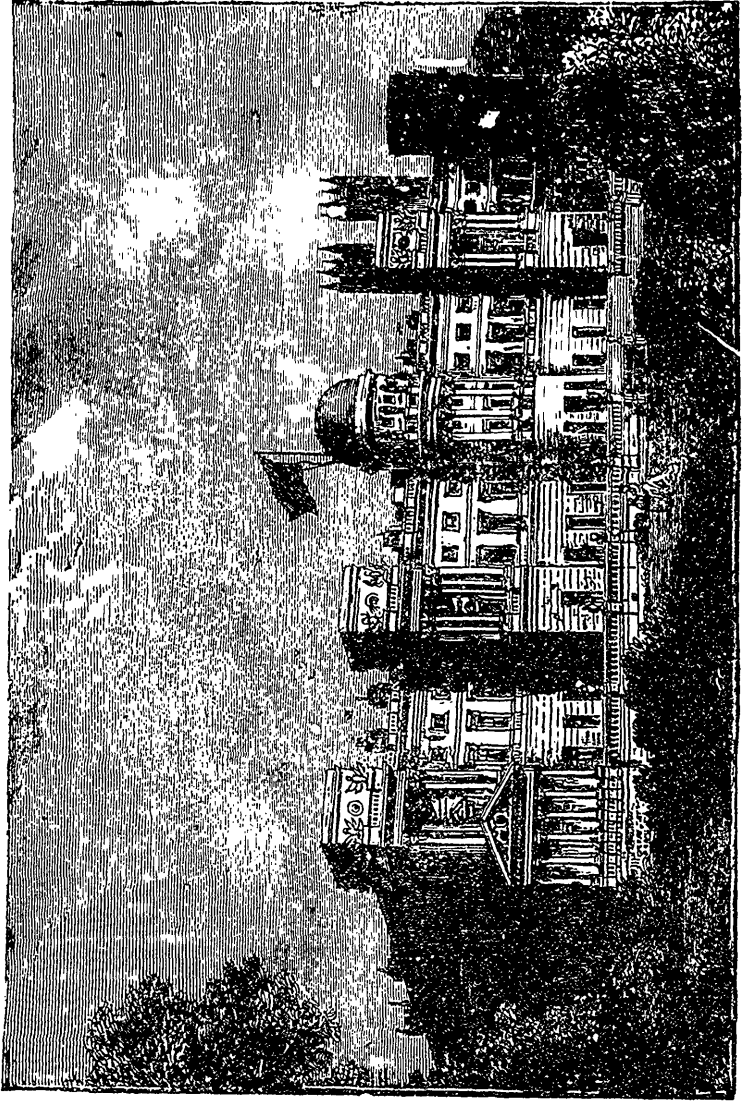
“Mr. Stanley's mission is an international one. He is opening the way to the interior, not for Belgium, whose sovereign has generously assisted the enterprise from his own private purse to the extent of \$100,000 ; not for Germany, not for England, but for the world. It is a noble, a humane, a generous undertaking, designed to develop trade, introduce civilization advance science, let Christianity into the heart of savage heathendom, and relieve human oppression and degradation.

“The great struggle, however, will be for the mouth of the river. Whoever controls the outlet controls, as a matter of course, the whole stream. Portugal lays claim to it, and asks England's support, on the ground of occupation of the whole territory in the seventh century. France proposes to seize all the territory it can lay hands on south of the equator, and French gunboats and Portuguese have aroused the natives to a high pitch of excitement. England at first seemed inclined to listen to Portugal, on the ground that a more stable government was needed along the coast than the native chiefs could provide ; but public sentiment in England sets strongly against this policy, and the Government must heed it. Portugal's colonial policy is selfish, if not rapacious. France's designs are quite as ungener-

ous. If it obtains control of the Congo, the great Protestant missionary enterprises will probably be suppressed, or be greatly hindered; and this would be extremely unfortunate, for these are only the beginning of what, we trust, will be the greatest work ever wrought in and for Africa. There are wonderful opportunities opening for missionary work, and, if the Societies improve them, the day is not far distant which will witness a chain of stations across the continent. If our Missionary Society had the funds necessary for a Mission up the Congo, it could undertake, we believe, no grander or more promising enterprise.

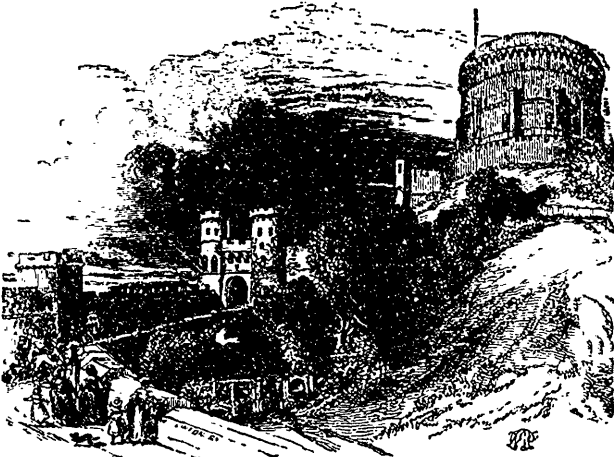
"Because, therefore, of the grand possibilities which the Congo opens to Christianity, civilization, and commerce; because it is the key to the great interior regions and population of the continent, we do not want to see it under the control of France or Portugal. Its importance to Europe is such as would justify its being internationalized, as the Danube is, in Europe. Let no national flag predominate on it. Let it be free as the ocean is, and let no flag be excluded except the slaver's flag. England is now thoroughly awakened to the importance of maintaining the Congo as a world's highway. It has subjects who want to develop trade on it. It has subjects connected with two Missionary Societies, who are labouring heroically to Christianize and civilize the people on its banks. England always takes care of her own. She believes in progress, she believes in humanity. What power has done so much on the high seas for the extinction of the slave trade? The world expects England to do her duty on the Congo.





BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

THE most famous royal residence in England, and one of the most magnificent royal residences in the world, is Windsor Castle. When weary of the rush and the roar, the fog and the smoke of London, a half-hour's ride will take one through some of the loveliest pastoral scenery of England to the quiet and ancient royal borough of Windsor, where everything speaks only of the past. Soon the mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle come in view as we skirt its noble park. The most striking feature is the great round tower, dominating from its height on Castle-hill, like a monarch from his throne, the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tourneys, and banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waves in heavy folds on the languid air that red cross banner which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding shore—whence, say the antiquarians, the name Windleshore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns of England have kept their lordliest state—the mighty castle growing age by age,

a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as this round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.

One enters first through a frowning gateway in a massive tower into an irregular quadrangle flanked by the lovely Gothic St. George's Chapel and the Dean's Close—a delightfully quiet and sequestered group of buildings with timbered walls in the old English style—and a long range of "knights' apartments." The chapel dates from 1474. In the chancel are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter emblazoned with their arms, and overhead hang their dusty banners. Adjoining the chapel is the royal mausoleum, in which, surrounded by the splendours of their palace home, repose the remains of Henry VI., Edward I., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., and other royal personages—a perpetual reminder that *sic transit gloria mundi*. The deathless love of the sorrowing Queen has made this chapel an exquisite memorial of the virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort. One is shown the room in which His Royal Highness died, a place made sacred by the loving ministration of the grief-stricken Queen, and of his noble daughter the Princess Alice.

The Upper Ward is a large and rather gloomy quadrangle, entered through a Norman gateway, surrounded by the state chambers and the Queen's private apartments. The former only may be seen. Visitors are conducted in groups by a rather pompous attendant, who feels to the full the dignity of his office. It is quite a shock to one's susceptibilities to hear such a faultlessly-attired gentleman drop his h's in such a promiscuous manner. We are led in succession through the Queen's audience chamber, and many another, filled with fine paintings and elegant tapestries. St. George's Hall, in which state banquets are held, is 200 feet long, and is gay with the gold and gules and azure of royal and knightly arms. The Vandyck room is rich in royal portraits, that almost speak, by that great painter. The noble terraces—one is a third of a mile long—command lovely views of the royal gardens and park—rich in flowers, fountains, statuary, and stately trees.

One climbs by a narrow stair in the thickness of the solid wall to the battlements of the ancient keep, long used as a castle palace, then as a prison—here James I. of Scotland was con-

fined. From the leads is obtained one of the finest views in England, extending, it is said, into twelve counties. At the base is the deep moat, once filled with water, now planted with gay beds of flowers. Like a map beneath us lie the many suites of buildings, the Royal Gardens, the Home Park, the Great Park, and the



WINDSOR—FROM THE PARK.

Long Walk and Queen Anne's Ride—two magnificent avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright sunlight it was a grand symphony in green and gold.

One of the things which one must not fail to do at Windsor is to visit the royal "mews," or stables—so called from the "mews" or coops in which the royal falcons were kept, three hundred years ago—such is the persistence of names in this old land.

Grooms in very glossy hats, and with eyes keenly expectant of fees, do the honours of the splendid establishment, built at the cost of £70,000, which is, of course, kept scrupulously neat. Many of Her Majesty's lieges would be only too happy to be as well cared for as Her Majesty's horses and hounds. I was shown the Queen's favourite saddle horse; also the superannuated charger of the late Prince Consort, whose old age is made as re-
poseful as the most careful grooming and comfortable quarters can



WINDSOR CASTLE—FROM ETON.

make it. At the "mews" are also kept a number of state carriages, most of them cumbrous, lumbering equipages. The Prince of Wales has also a number of horses here. "Does he ride much?" I asked. "He have to," said the groom; "he's getting so stout." The basket-carriages for His Royal Highness' children were very common-place affairs, at which many Canadian young folk would turn up their noses. The Thames at Windsor, a meagre stream, is converted into a canal, by means of locks, many of which are favourite subjects for the artist's pencil.

I took the train from Windsor to Richmond, and then walked down the winding Thames to Kew. Nothing in England surprised me more than the size of the parks in and near the great city, where land is more precious than elsewhere in the world. Here is Richmond Park of 2,225 acres. Windsor Park is still

larger. Bushy Park, near by, has 11,000 acres. Epping Forest, in the suburbs, contains 3,000 acres. Hyde Park and Regent's Park, in the heart of London, comprise nearly 1,000 acres.

The summit of the hill at Richmond commands one of the loveliest prospects of stately park, majestic trees, quaint old ivy-covered churches and placid reaches of the Thames, gay with white-winged pleasure-barks and joyous boating parties. This



LOCK AT WINDSOR.

scene forms the subject of one of Turner's finest paintings in the National Gallery.

Bluff King Hal and Good Queen Bess often held their court in the old palace, and here, in 1603, the latter died—clinging pitifully to the last to a life which had been to her little else than a gilded misery.

After a pleasant lounge on the old stone bridge at Richmond,

I walked down the Thames side as far as Kew, with its old palace and famous gardens. The gently sloping lawns and charming villas and old historic seats recalled Mrs. Hemans' lines :—

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land.

Near by is Isleworth, with its ivy-mantled old church tower; and a little further on, the palace of Kew, an unpretending, large red-brick house, in old-fashioned grounds, the residence for many years of George III.



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

After Windsor Castle, no palace in England possesses more historic interest, or seems a more fitting abode for its sceptred line of sovereigns than Hampton Court. It is reached in three-quarters of an hour from the heart of London, and the sudden transition from the din and turmoil of the great city to the cloistered seclusion of these quiet courts and galleries, and the sylvan solitude of these bosky glades, is a most delightful experience.

The palace itself was originally built by the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, the haughty minister of Henry VIII. The proud prelate was then in the zenith of his glory, and built and

banquetted more like a sovereign prince than like a vassal of the Crown. The palace was successively occupied by Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, George I., and George II. Since the reign of the last of these sovereigns it has ceased to be a royal residence, and is now occupied by certain noble but reduced pensioners of the Crown.

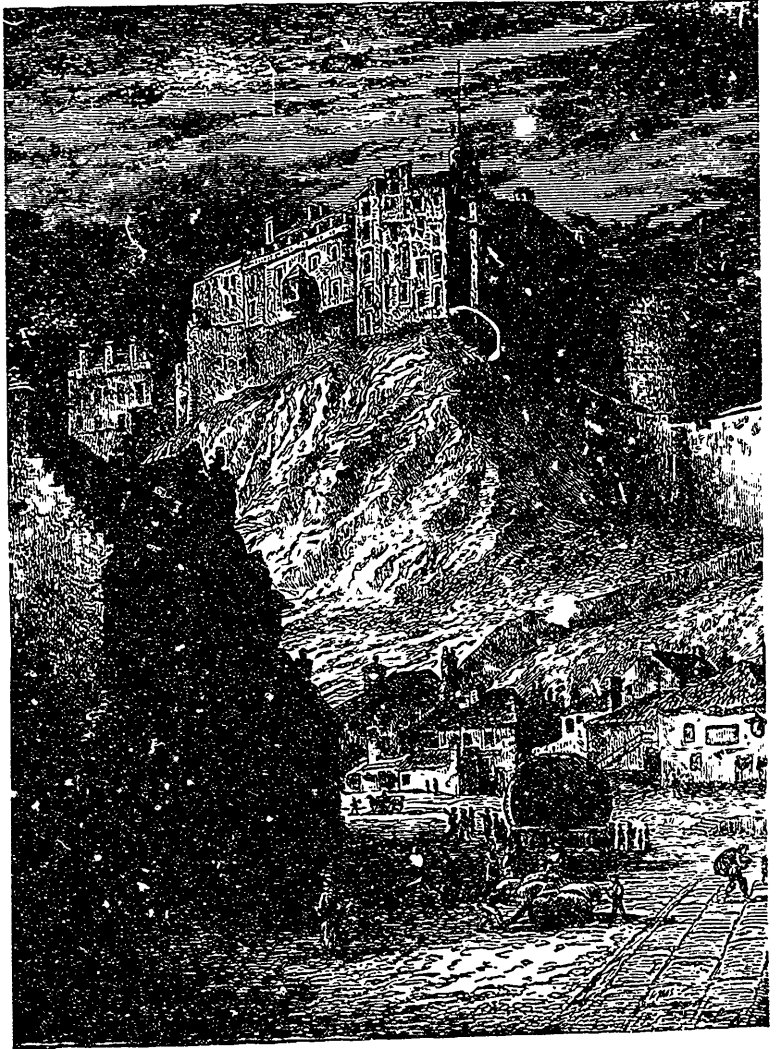
The building is of red brick, the older part in the Tudor Gothic style, with battlemented parapets. The newer portions are in the renaissance style. Over the entrance to the central court are seen the arms of Wolsey, with his motto, "*Dominus mihi adjutor*"—"God is my helper." On the walls are terra-cotta medallions of the Roman Emperors, presented to Wolsey by Pope Leo X.

The greatest attraction of the palace now is its splendid gallery of over a thousand paintings, many of them by distinguished masters. Conspicuous among these are the famous historical portraits by Van dyck; and the court beauties, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of these fair frail creatures, once the pride of courts and cynosure of every eye—all dead and turned to dust two hundred years ago—are suggestive of stern moralizings to an austere mind. We cast no stone. *Requiescant in pace.*

The favourite town residence of the Queen is Buckingham Palace—the rather dingy old red brick St James' Palace being little used, notwithstanding its famous historic associations as the chief residence of the British sovereigns from Henry VIII. to George IV. Buckingham Palace is a magnificent structure, in every way worthy of its royal tenant. It forms a large quadrangle, of which the principal façade, towards St. James' Park, is 300 feet in length. Among the magnificent apartments of this palace are the throne-room, 66 feet long, with a splendid marble frieze; the grand saloon, 110 feet long, by 60 feet broad; and the Picture Gallery, 180 feet long.

No city in Europe occupies a grander site than Edinburgh, and few cities in the world are invested with more heroic or romantic associations. The lofty, narrow, crow-stepped buildings, rising tier above tier, especially when lit up at night, have a strangely picturesque appearance. It was like a dream, or like a chapter from the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to walk up the Canongate, the High Street, the Lawn-market, between the lofty and grim-

featured houses. My garrulous guide pointed out the Tron Church clock, which he said "was aye keepit twa minutes fast, that the warkmen might na be late;" and the old St. Giles



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Church, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelate hiring "wha would say a mass in her lug."

Here are buried the Regent Murray and the great Earl of Montrose, and without, beneath the stone pavement of the highway,

once part of the churchyard, lies the body of John Knox. A metal plate with the letters, "I. K., 1572," conjecturally marks his grave—the exact position is not known—and all day long the carts and carriages rattle over the bones of the great Scottish Reformer. Near by, the site of the old Tolbooth is shown by a large heart marked in the stones of the causeway.

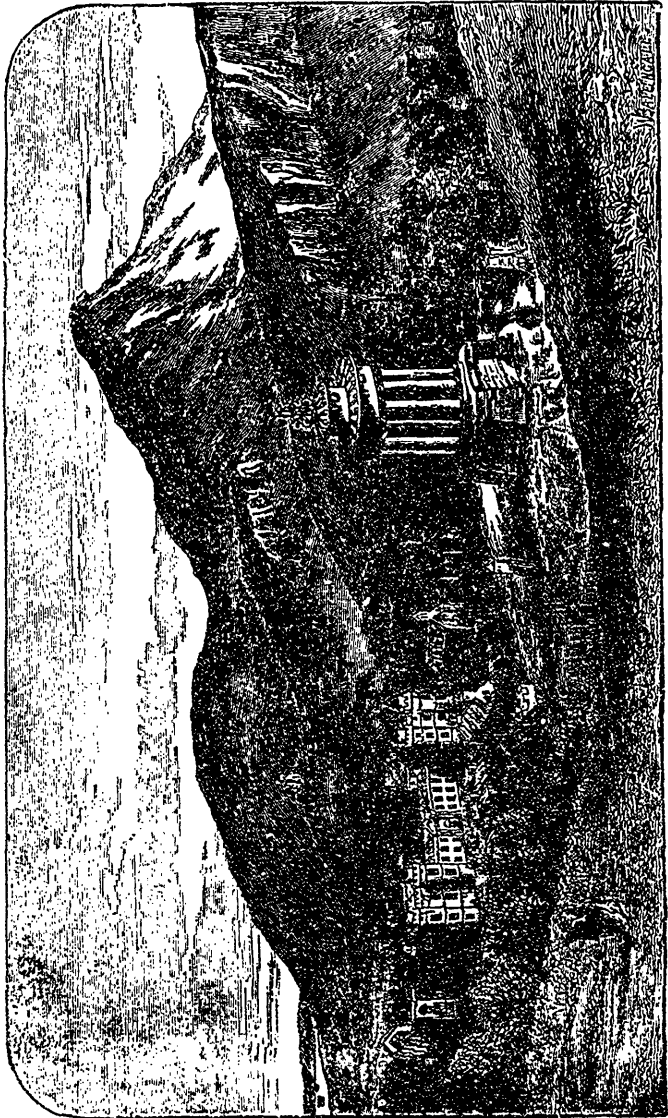
In the High Street is the quaint old house, shown in the engraving on this page, in which dwelt one who still rules men's



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

spirits from his sceptred urn with a royalty more regnant than that of kings. It was the house of John Knox. It was with feelings of peculiar reverence that I climbed the steep outer stair and stood in the room in which the great Reformer died, and in the little study—very small and narrow—only about four feet by seven, in which he wrote the History of the Scottish Reformation. I sat in his chair at his desk, and I stood at the window

from which he used to preach to the multitude in the High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the house front reads, "LVFE. GOD. ABVFE. AL. AND. YI. NYCHTBOVR. AS.



HOLYROOD—FROM CALTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

YI. SELF." There are many such pious mottoes, as: "MY. HOIP. IS. CHRIST;" "WHAT. EVER. ME. BEFALL. I. THANK. THE. LORD. OF. ALL;" "LAVS. VBIQVE. DEO;" "NISI. DOMINVS;" "PAX. ENTRAN-

TIBVS. SALVS. EXEVNTIBVS." A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a number of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair false Queen, whose guilty conscience he probed to the quick, and the beautiful Four Maries of her court. In the Museum I saw Knox's old pulpit where, says Melville, "he was sae active that he was lyk to ding it in blads and flee out of it."

The grim old castle rises on an isolated crag, four hundred feet above the Forth—half palace and half prison—a memorial of the stormy days of feudal power. In a little chamber about eight feet square, James VI., only son of Mary Stuart, and future King of England, was born, and it is said he was let down in a basket from the window to the Grass-market, three hundred feet below. On the ceiling is a quaint black letter inscription :

**Lord Jesus Christ that crowned was with thorne
Preserve the bairn quha heir is borne.**

At the other end of the long narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—is the Royal Palace of Holyrood, with its memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper-room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress' skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bedchamber, where the blood stains are still shown upon the floor. The Queen's bed with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing-room, and the embroidered picture of Jacob's Dream, wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The picturesque old palace has often been occupied by the Sovereign in whose veins still runs the blood of the Stuarts, but whose many virtues, as woman, wife, and Queen, will preserve of her a happier memory than that of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots.

WINTER HEALTH RESORTS



WINTER HOME ON THE GULF COAST.

OUR bracing winter weather in Canada, while it gives tone to the nerves and vigour to the frame of those who are well, is often very trying to those who are in delicate health. Such are often compelled to seek the more genial atmosphere of a Southern clime. Indeed, many owe their prolonged life and restored health to their winter migration, like the swallows to the South. For the benefit of any such whom there may be among the readers of this MAGAZINE, we give what information we have been able to collect as to several of the more popular health resorts of the South.

The great reputation that Florida has obtained causes many to forget that there are other places quite as eligible, and in some respects preferable. The resinous odours of the balm-breathing pine forests of Alabama and Georgia have in many instances a

more healing and invigorating effect than the more humid atmosphere of the low-lying lands of Florida. One of these places is Blount Springs, in Alabama, on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railway. It is situated in a high and mountainous region—with an equable temperature, between the chilling winds of the North and the sometimes enervating breezes of the Gulf Coast. The waters, have a fine reputation for the cure of cutaneous affections, rheumatism, etc.



RUINS OF FORT McRAE, NEAR PENSACOLA.

Thomasville, Ga., is a flourishing little city, noted as one of the greatest sanitariums of the South. It is situated in the midst of an immense pine belt, at an elevation of 350 feet above the sea, and enjoys a dry atmosphere, which proves very beneficial to those afflicted with pulmonary or bronchial troubles. In a population of over 50,000 in this region, the total number of cases of consumption reported was only *three*. In a few hours after the heaviest fall of rain the streets are dry and the atmosphere as clear and balmy as though no rain had fallen. The average temperature is 67.6°. Average relative humidity, 65 per cent. Average rainfall for the entire winter, only 11.09 inches.

Savannah, Ga., on the Atlantic Coast, is a charming city, with its long lines of oaks, that form almost a perfect archway over the streets, and gains for it the well-deserved title of "Forest City." The sails down the river and bay to Tybee and Fort Pulaski, and the drives to Jasper Spring, Bethesda, and by all means to Bonaventure Cemetery, where the Spanish moss waves from the fretted vaults of the live oak forest, like the banners of the dead knights in some Gothic cathedral, are all pleasures to be long remembered. The palmetto, oleander, olive, pomegranate, orange, banana, magnolia and laurel abound. The beautiful camelia japonica grows to a height of fifteen feet and blooms in midwinter. The mean temperature of the city is 66° Fahr.

Pensacola, Fla.; on the Gulf of Mexico, as a winter resort, is protected from the north by pine forests of miles in extent, and on the south by Santa Rosa Island, with its huge live oaks, forming a complete breastwork against the storm. Its harbour is the best on the Gulf. The tourist from the North should not return without visiting Pensacola. The Navy Yards, the ruins of Fort McRae, and other attractions, will well repay the visit, and the stirring memories of the late war, some of whose most striking events here took place, give it an additional interest.

The Gulf Coast, on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, between Mobile and New Orleans, not only possesses all the advantages claimed for its rivals, but others to them unknown. It has the even and mild climate of Florida, which has been so long the "Mecca" of those suffering from bronchial or lung affections, and in addition gives the invigorating tonic of the soft, salt-laden breeze from the warm waters of the Gulf, while from the immense forests in the north come gentle winds laden with the health-giving perfumes of the pine, which never fail to benefit. Orange groves in abundance produce the most delicious fruit; while the fig, olive, peach, and vine, flourish and yield their wealth in season. A great advantage of this coast as a winter resort, is its close proximity to the attractive cities of New Orleans and Mobile—distant only two hours' run. Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, are all attractive resorts, furnishing good hotel accommodations, or nice private lodgings, with all the social surroundings of wealth, elegance and refinement.

Jacksonville, on the east coast of Florida, is always a sur-

prise to the Northern visitor. On one side of the river, as he approaches the city, the St. John's River, with its palmetto-fringed shore, and on the other side almost a metropolitan city, greets his eyes. Fine buildings, streets crowded with elegant equipages, horse-cars, and the rush and bustle of a Northern city, is something unexpected in a portion of the country long con-



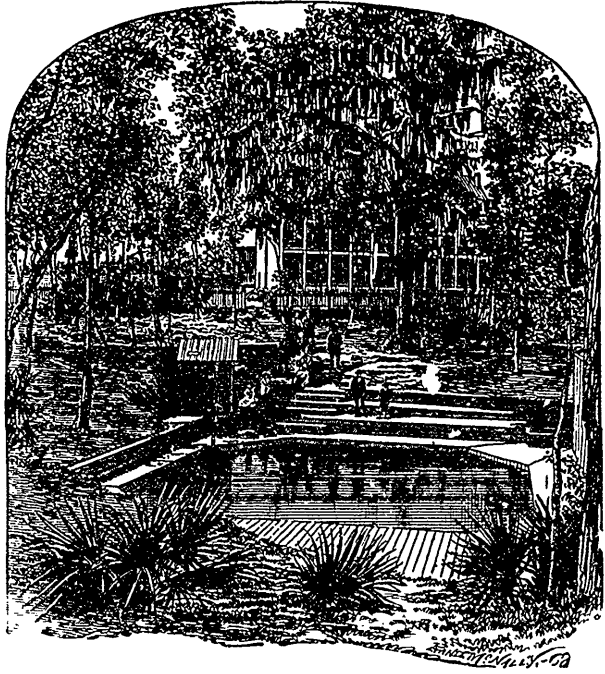
ON THE UPPER ST. JOHN, FLORIDA.

sidered almost a wilderness. There are several large hotels, and upwards of one hundred boarding-houses, with prices ranging from \$10 to \$20 a week. From Jacksonville you go everywhere in East Florida. The grand tour is to take one of the regular lines of steamers on the St. John's and Ocklawaha Rivers. In this way one can visit with more leisure Beauclerc, which claims to be the oldest settlement on the river; Mandarin, the home of Mrs. Stowe; Magnolia; Green Cove Springs, where is situated the original "Fountain of Youth," the vain quest of Ponce de-

Leon, three hundred years ago. The waters are highly recommended, and bathing can be enjoyed at all seasons of the year.

From Toccoi, by way of St. John's Railway, one reaches St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. Founded by the Spaniards in 1565, its memorable fort, city gates, sea wall, and old-fashioned Spanish Plaza, are full of interest.

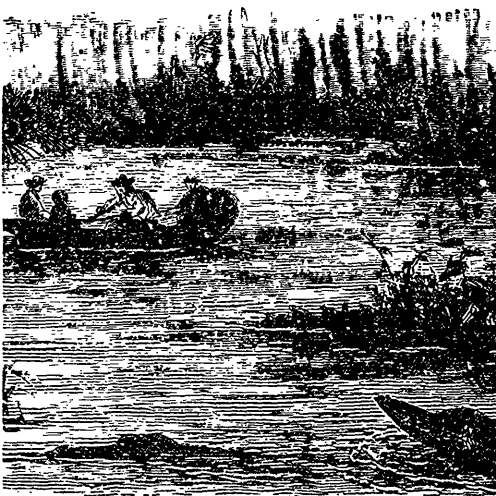
"The aspect of St. Augustine," says Mrs. Beecher Stowe, "is quaint and strange, in harmony with its romantic history. It



GREEN COVE SPRING, FLORIDA.

has no pretensions to architectural richness or beauty; and yet it is impressive from its unlikeness to anything else in America. It is as if some little, old, dead-alive Spanish town, with its fort and gateway and Moorish bell-towers, had broken loose, floated over here, and got stranded on a sand-bank. Here you see the shovel-hats and black gowns of priests; the convent with gliding figures of nuns; and in the narrow, crooked streets meet dark-browed people, with great Spanish eyes and coal-black hair. The current of life here has the indolent, dreamy stillness that

characterizes life in Old Spain. In Spain, when you ask a man to do anything, instead of answering as we do, 'in a minute,' the invariable reply is, 'in an hour;' and the growth and progress of St. Augustine have been according. The old fort stands on the sea-front at the north-east end of the town. While owned by the British, this was said to be the prettiest fort in the King's dominions. Its castellated battlements; its formidable bastions, with their frowning guns; its lofty and imposing sally-port, surrounded by the royal Spanish arms; its porteullis, moat, and drawbridge; its circular and ornate sentry-boxes at each principal parapet-angle; its commanding lookout tower; and its stained and moss-grown massive walls—impress the external observer as a relic of the distant past; while a ramble through its heavy casements—its crumbling Romish chapel, with elaborate portico and inner altar and holy-water niches; its dark passages, gloomy vaults, and more recently-discovered dungeons—bring you



THE ALLIGATOR AT HOME.

to ready credence of its many traditions of inquisitorial tortures; of decaying skeletons, found in the latest-opened chambers, chained to the rusty ring-bolts, and of alleged subterranean passages to the neighbouring convent."

Returning to the St. John River one may sail 400 miles up its stream. "The banks are low and flat," says Edward King, "but bordered with a wealth of exquisite foliage to be seen nowhere else upon this continent. One passes for hundreds of miles through a grand forest of cypresses robed in moss and mistletoe; of palms towering gracefully far above the surrounding trees, of palmettos, whose rich trunks gleam in the sun; of swamp, white and black ash, of magnolia, of water-oak, of poplar and of plane-trees. When the steamer nears the shore, one can see far through the tangled thickets the gleaming water, out of which rise thousands of 'cypress-knees.' The heron and the crane saucily watch the shadow which the approaching boat throws near their retreat. The wary monster-turtle gazes for an instant, with his black head cocked knowingly on one side, then disappears with a gentle slide and a splash. An alligator grins familiarly as a dozen revolvers are pointed at him over the boat's side, suddenly 'winks with his tail' and vanishes! as the bullet meant for his tough hide skims harmlessly over the ripples left above him. . . . For its whole length of 400 miles, the river affords glimpses of perfect beauty. One ceases to regret hills and mountains, and can hardly imagine ever having thought them necessary, so much do these visions surpass them. It is not grandeur which one finds on the banks of the great stream, it is Nature run riot. The very irregularity is delightful, the decay is charming, the solitude is picturesque."

For the trip up the Ocklawaha, you start from Palatka, on the St. John, from which place a steamer leaves every morning, passing all interesting points in daylight. The channel possesses no banks, being simply a navigable passage through a succession of small lakes and cypress-swamps; but small steamers ascend it for a distance of nearly 200 miles. An excursion up the Ocklawaha to Silver Spring (140 miles) is, perhaps, the most unique experience of the tourist in Florida. Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet says of this spring: "Presently the splash of an oar in a distant part of the spring sent a succession of ripples over the pool. Instantly it broke into a thousand-fold prism.

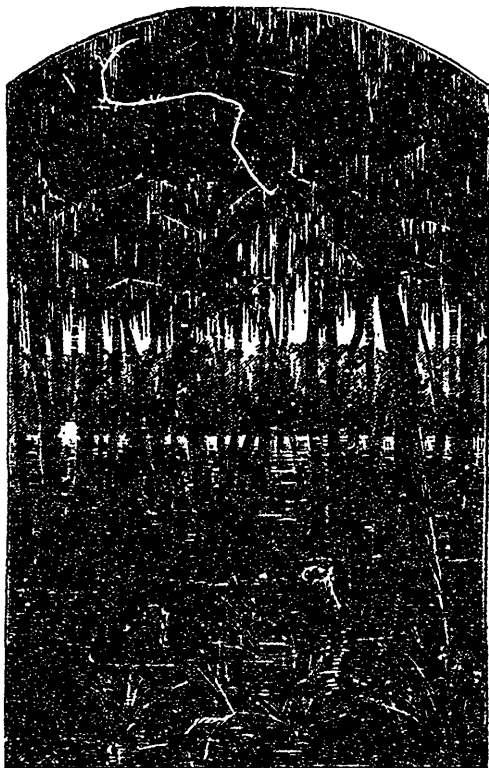
Every ripple was a long curve of variegated sheen. The multitudes of fish became multitudes of animated gems, and the prismatic lights seemed actually to waver and play through their



ON THE OCELVANNA, FLORIDA.

translucent bodies, until the whole spring, in a great blaze of sunlight, shone like an enormous fluid jewel that, without decreasing, forever lapsed away upward in successive exhalations of dissolving sheens and glittering colours."

To the stranger the most prominent living objects in these out-of-the-way places are the alligators, whose paradise is in the swamps of Florida. It is a comical and provoking sight to see these creatures, when indisposed to get out of the way, turn up



CYPRESS SWAMP FLORIDA.

their piggish eyes in speculative mood at the sudden irruption of a rifle-ball against their mailed sides, but all the while seemingly unconscious that any harm against their persons was intended. Like Achilles, however, they have a vulnerable spot, which is just in front of the point where the huge head works upon the spinal column. There is of necessity at this place a joint in the armour, and an experienced hunter seldom lets one of the reptiles escape.

To reach these winterhealth resorts from Western Canada, the best route is by way of the Credit Valley and Canada Southern Railways to Detroit and Toledo. Thence by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton R. R., to the city of Cincinnati. From this place, by the Great Southern trunk line, the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and its connections, one may reach with safety, speed and comfort, all the places mentioned in this article.

A MISSIONARY REVIVAL.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER BURNS, D.D., LL.D.,
President of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton.

II.

THE highest compliment ever paid to Methodism was uttered by the man who spoke of her as "Christianity in earnest." Her early efforts for the conversion of souls fully justified the encomium. Were the whole Church of Christ to labour for the conversion of the heathen as Wesley and his coadjutors struggled to spread Scriptural holiness through England, a decade would suffice to give the Gospel to every creature. Earth has not witnessed a purer, nobler heroism than that which is read in the earlier pages of our history. If our Church were fully alive to the wants of the heathen, she has five hundred men who would duplicate the entire annual collection for this most pressing claim. Where is the heart that to-night is heavy because of the heathen? How many in Toronto, Hamilton, or Montreal, will lose an hour's sleep because of these starvelings? I have been reading pastoral addresses from Bishops and Conference Presidents and have taken some little trouble to compare the amounts asked for Missionary work with the membership of the Churches. These amounts seem large alone, and as the urgent appeal is made it is usually accompanied by the timidly apologetic idea that the amount asked for will be a noble offering. Were one-tenth of the membership to honour the whole draft it would not be felt by them, and their Christian growth would be materially improved.

It would hardly be belived, yet it is a most painful fact, that the amounts asked for by the two most prosperous branches of Methodism on this continent—I mean the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States and the Methodist Church of Canada—will be fully met by *one cent a week* from the united membership of those branches. Such a demand is too insignificant to create the slightest interest. It is nought but a soporific, while the Church is dying for lack of something to shake her from her protracted slumber into the earnestness of expectant action. What the Church needs is a thorough up-

heaval on Missionary matters. Her policy has been too contracted, and the rut is too deep to hope for success unless from radical measures.

Let a scheme be proposed bold enough to startle every member, and to challenge the credulity of Christendom. This is emphatically an age of mammoth projects, and it is a marvellously successful one. The bolder the scheme, the more eagerly will it be embraced, and the more vigorously and hopefully prosecuted. We tire of common pursuits, we detest monotony. The Church waits to have presented to her some undertaking worthy her complete powers and energies—something with which she can measure her undivided strength. The great heart of the Church is no more touched by the appointment of a few additional Missionaries, or the erection of a few places of worship, than a nation is aroused by the ordinary enlistment for our peace standing, or by the erection of an additional fort, or the launch of a new war vessel. These things are constantly going on and not one in a thousand ever gives them a passing notice. But let the tocsin be sounded. Let army and navy be put on a proper war footing. Let the different States of the Union, or the different Provinces of our Dominion, be called on for their quota, till it is no longer simply American troops or British troops, but the 10th New York, the 4th Iowa, or here at home our 13th or 7th Battalions. The nation now moves, for every part is aroused and interested. Heroism becomes contagious. Boys soon reach the military age, and backs, that but yesterday seemed bent by taxation, are found mysteriously possessed of the strength of an Atlas. Thus will heroism, spiritual power and victory come to the Church. For ages she has been like a half-slumbering giant for want of a policy worthy her unlimited resources.

Oh! for a Peter the Hermit, to rouse the slumbering host of Christ to immediate action, not to retake from filching Moslems the stolen cradle of Christianity, but to burn into the heart of Christendom the "Go ye into all the world" of the Master, and the starving condition of the uncounted millions unreached by the Bread of Life. Here is a crusade worthy of the Cross. Here is a scheme that should secure for its successful operator an immortality that the hermit of Picardy might well envy. We want an apostle for this Holy War who shall so rouse the

Church to earnestness that not only from Christian councils, but from rank and file shall arise the cry "It is the will of God." The Church must be put on war footing and kept at her conquering strength till her standard shall wave from every hill-top on the habitable earth.

Let the watchword be, "The world for Christ in this century." For such a project men will be forthcoming. No draft will be needed. Volunteers will flock to this standard. Protestant America has over seventy thousand evangelical ministers. A high authority gives to the United States alone 69,870 for the year 1880. It were a moderate estimate to say that this should represent a force of at least ten thousand men on the foreign field—every seven churches at home supporting one abroad. As it is now, every ordained Missionary, whether foreign or native, represents about forty ordained ministers at home. I am speaking now of the Protestant Church in general in North America.

But to be more specific. The Methodist Churches of America have over 25,000 ordained ministers and over three and a half millions of members. Or, to narrow it down to the two branches already used in this paper—the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and the Methodist Church of Canada—these branches have over 13,500 ordained ministers, and over two millions of members. *They should have 5,000 men in the mission field.* If we have not that number prepared to take the field, we should at once crowd our training schools, and drill without intermission till at least 5,000 men were fully equipped for the work. Then let them go, followed by the blessing of heaven and the anxious prayers of a million hearts, to establish five hundred centres of Christian influence, from each of which might radiate the light of the city on the hill.

Five thousand Missionaries from our Church alone! "Preposterous," you exclaim. Not half so preposterous as for these five thousand to spend their ministerial life in preaching to a people whose earliest accents found utterance in the Lord's Prayer, and who will continue to hear of Him without their services, while the great bulk of humanity remain to be Christianized. This is no place for men who enlist for the spread of the Gospel. How long would Paul remain in this country while

India, China, Japan, Africa, and the Islands of the Sea have yet to hear of Christ? Think of the movements of the primitive band. In a few years after Pentecost almost the whole of the civilized world had felt the pressure of apostolic feet. Churches were established, and, when fairly under way, and indoctrinated in the essentials of Christian truth, were left to the care of the most suitable of their own number, as the Apostle's time was too precious, and the Macedonian cries too numerous and too urgent to permit of a prolonged stay. Wesley caught the spirit as he wrote to his ministers, "You have nothing to do but to save souls. Therefore spend and be spent in this work, and go always not only to those who need you, but to those who need you most."

With the great commission before us, "Go ye"—with the burning words of the Master and His apostolic followers, as well as their divinely heroic life, self-abnegation and death, how can a man with apostolic fire in his soul rest satisfied with our present efforts? There are enough Presbyterian ministers in the country to leave every soul in the land without excuse in rejecting Christ. The same might certainly be said of our own Church and of some other denominations. It is painfully evident that a large number of Christian ministers are pressed into the ranks for the sole purpose of perpetuating denominational peculiarities. In what sense of the term can we be ranked as successors of the apostles, while we give our time and energies to pronouncing shibboleths regardless of the condition of the millions for whom Christ died?

Let a Missionary afflatus come on the Church and we would find little trouble in raising our quota—our five thousand men. Let me draw on the two millions of members mentioned above. What a host of consecrated young men in that number. Thousands of them, that now shrink from a calling that has begun to gravitate to the ordinary rank of the professions, without the tempting emoluments of these professions, would gladly join the ranks of an apostolic host like that referred to. Then from our present ministerial force hundreds of young, heroic, scholarly men would gladly volunteer for such an inspiring and hopeful cause. Our revivals would add men and enthusiasm to the scheme. One year from the first announcement of such a project would find the ranks full and to spare.

Think of the effect of such a movement on the Church at home. It would be as life from the dead. Missionary zeal is among the holiest of impulses. It is the natural outgrowth, the essential concomitant of love to Christ. Then, what an interest would be created in Missionary affairs. It is no longer merely the Methodist Missionary we hear from. It is our own Montreal Conference men that are yonder advancing the standard. It is our London Conference men, or our Toronto men, that we see encircled by persecution. It is our Rock River men or our Baltimore Conference men that yonder court the conflict with Oriental superstition and idolatry. And shall these Conferences forget their sons? Will they not follow them with moistened eye and generous hand? Sooner should right hands forget their cunning, or our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths than one of our Missionaries should be forgotten. Eagerly would we watch every movement from their departure to their landing, and then follow them in their victorious and onward movements.

But you are impatient for my financial scheme. Fear not. The finances will be equal to the emergency. The response of the Church has usually kept pace with the demand. We are giving enough now, considering the narrow policy pursued. Let the Church announce an apostolic policy and call out a Missionary army, and her exchequer will be promptly and cheerfully replenished to sustain the project. I dare not torture my soul with a doubt of this. Could I doubt it I would at once be forced to believe that, whatever our claim to religious fervour and aggressive piety, we were but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Is that too strong? It is based upon what is axiomatic in religion, that the man who is unwilling to deny himself for the salvation of others is himself ignorant of the Saviour. Let us now measure the sacrifice that would be implied in this project.

I shall begin with an offering so insignificant that no sane man can believe that it would be felt by the Church. If the Methodists of America would consecrate ONE CENT A DAY for the conversion of the world it would produce over thirteen millions and a half per annum. But it may be said some of the weaker branches have all they can do to eke out an existence; their own preservation requires and exhausts all their energies,

without spending any on Missionary work. We are fully prepared to admit that saddening apology. Let us then take the two branches already named in this paper, and acknowledged to be in a most prosperous condition. A cent a day from these two bodies would give us \$7,300,000. That sum would give a thousand dollars each to the above five thousand men called for, and \$400 each for travelling expenses, and would still leave \$300,000 for Home Missions. After they have reached their field of labour, it will give seven thousand men a thousand dollars each and still leave enough for Home Missions. Now, when it is remembered that the united Protestantism of America supports only about eighteen hundred ordained Missionaries, counting both native and foreign, and that a cent a day from two branches of Methodism, containing only a little more than half the Methodists of America, would give a thousand dollars a year to seven thousand men, it will be painfully apparent how little the cause of Missions has affected the heart of the Church. A cent a day from these two branches will give a thousand a year to a Missionary army greater than that furnished by all Protestant Christendom. Were the Methodists of America to give a cent a day they would more than double all the Missionary force of the Protestant world. Were the Methodist Church of Canada to give a cent a day they could send an army five hundred strong to the foreign field. We could establish one hundred different Mission stations, leaving five men at each station.

Now, who will risk his reputation for sanity by calling that contribution a sacrifice? Were I to call for a quarter dollar a week, it might possibly suggest retrenchment, but so little as to be hardly appreciable. I will be told of the poverty of multitudes of our members. Admit it all. But are we to forget the liberality of our Moores, Sanfords, Beatties, Macdonalds, Aikins, Gooderhams, McCormacks, Ferriers, and a host of others whose ranks would be grandly swollen by the inspiration of a project so brightly prophetic of the speedy and universal prevalence of Christianity? This is not all a baseless vision, whose realization must be sought in Utopian realms. I lately visited a charge not remarkable for anything but this, that its pastor was all aglow with Missionary zeal. Its register contained not the name of a rich man. Yet its membership averaged about five dollars, or almost ten cents a week for Missions. Were

this project fairly launched by the leaders of our Israel, in the spirit of faith and hope, I doubt not that every charge in our Zion would promptly respond with an offering commensurate with the faith of our leaders.

The only possible objection to the amount I have named is, that it is shamefully, sinfully low. It implies that if the conversion of the world can be secured with the merest crumbs, we are willing; but should it involve sacrifice or self-denial, we respectfully decline. Is that the stuff of which Christians are made? Is that the policy to take the world? Does any one believe it will? On this account I dread a sum so low as a cent a day. It is hardly enough to create the impression that we are in earnest for the conversion of the world. Can there be in all the Church of Christ one soul so utterly ignorant of the genius of Christianity as to believe that a cent a week will relieve him of all responsibility for the salvation of the world? You hold up your lantern in vain. No such contradiction exists. The cent comes with difficulty because it is only a cent.

But we have our five thousand men, and have them provided for so easily that, financially speaking, the Church hardly feels that she has assumed any new responsibility.

In all this discussion I have assumed that our ministers and charges at home should remain as they are, and that our people should support their pastors as before. Yet I hold that it would not be extravagant to suggest to hundreds of congregations to release their pastors from home work, and lend them to the destitute for a few years, continuing their support as before. What would such a proposal require? Simply the calling out of the home guard, the bringing into active exercise the latent power of the Church. Who would deny that the necessities of the case justified the measure? I verily believe that if a genuine Missionary inspiration would carry the Church to such a length, a baptism of power such as has not been witnessed since Pentecost would fall upon and abide with her. When she brings her tithes into God's storehouse, He will pour upon her such a blessing as there shall not be room enough to contain. How can the Lord bless us when a cent a week measures the depth of our regard for those for whom His love is unfathomable?

Were we to weaken our force at home it might be said that

infidelity would take advantage of it, and that the opposition of science might prove disastrous. True science is with us, and Christianity can safely rely on her sons to guard her against all false deductions from nature. The scientific laymen of the Church—the Winchells and Dawsons—can fully relieve the ministry from all anxiety in that regard. A living Church will ever be impregnable. When the Church is alive and glowing with a Christian fervour for the sake of others skeptics hide their heads and skulk to their covers, laughed to scorn by a heroism that humanity will persist in honouring. Hundreds of our young and scholarly ministers would be eager to join my army. And do you think that there would be found in these ranks none but those regularly provided for by the Church? Every great national movement is aided by some whose impatient souls anticipate the call. That banner would cover many a tent-maker who, not over punctilious touching salary, would rejoice in saying, "These hands have ministered to my necessities and to them that were with me."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

How shall we begin? I dare not trust myself with details. Wiser heads than mine may here exercise their ingenuity. All I know is, that Christ commands us, and that we have both men and means in abundance. We must have a Missionary revival. We must sound all along the line, "The world for Christ in the nineteenth century." We must put it on our banners. We must proclaim it, preach it, sing it, pray for and expect it. Above all, labour for it, till our very being is possessed by it. Then may our eyes behold its realization and we may join the exultant song, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." The two grandest auxiliaries, the press and the pulpit, should strike the keynote simultaneously. What could resist their united momentum? Then the Missionary Society should prepare for action and rise to the magnitude of the enterprise. Our Missionary Secretary should fire every Conference. He should visit our revivals, for it is there that the Missionary spirit is born. It is there that we first learn to sing—

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

There should we expect our recruits. Then our Christian colleges should be thoroughly aroused on this question. In our colleges are hundreds of young men whose minds are very unsettled touching their calling. Their hearts are with the Church, but the Church holds ministers cheap and seems to have a superabundance of them. Openings for commercial and professional pursuits are numerous and offer higher remuneration than the Church. Hence, fewer of our educated men enter the ministry. But when the ministerial life is raised to its pristine glory, and separated from the sordid dross of dollars and cents, and from the profane struggle for place and preferment, it becomes the life heroic, and has a peculiar charm for the young Christian heart. "The world for Christ" is just the motto for such souls, and will soon settle their wavering minds. What a field for a Christian possessed of his first love to Christ! How Paul's heart would have danced to have had such an army from which to select his co-labourers. How long do you think it would take him to capture the world could he have even the branches of Methodism which I have mentioned at his disposal? I know not, but have certainly misread him if he would not take from our ranks two men for every one I have asked.

You ask again, How can this plan be realized? I answer. Agitate, agitate, agitate! When? Now, and on every appropriate occasion. How? By tongue and pen, by preparing for the work, and volunteering when prepared. By consecrating yourself to this grandest of callings, and by praying the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers unto His harvest.

To some, I fear, my theme will be offensive. I will be told "We have heathen enough at home, without going abroad to find them." Those offering that objection are rarely found engaged in home Missionary work, or aiding those engaged in it.

To others, indeed to many, my scheme will appear visionary, Utopian or impertinently intrusive. "If the Lord would make windows in heaven then might this thing be." "Why not wait till bishops, superintendents, or Missionary secretaries shall have prepared and developed a plan for the guidance of the Church?" Much as I feel the force of this last sentence, I cannot allow it to suppress my most solemn convictions on this most important theme. Moreover, my estimate of these honoured men assures

me that they would be the last to suppose that such a reason could justify an enforced silence on any soul possessed of an intense conviction.

For my theme I have no apology to offer. All other questions of the day sink into insignificance compared with the Missionary theme. I do not forget the sphere that claims my own attention, and that of many of my readers. But educational pales before Missionary work as "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

My subject has special significance to the young men of the Church. It should awake their sympathy and secure their cooperation. It offers to the intelligent young hearts of the day a field for the exercise of their talent far more in consonance with an apostolic spirit than any other now courting their entrance. A true catholicism must desire to change the tendency of the times. That tendency is to multiply ministers on ground already occupied, until each shibboleth is heard in every land, while the great mass of God's starving children are allowed to pass away unblest by the slightest taste of the Bread of Life. And, to crown the folly, it is done by those who earnestly proclaim that Christ is the only Saviour.

To the young men of the Church I would say—choose apostolic ground. There will be plenty who will prefer to remain at home, and be nestled in the throng with those crying "Lo, here is Christ." Be the first bearer of the "good news and glad tidings" to some precious souls. Form part of my army of five thousand who may establish five hundred different centres, in each of which in a few years will be found native teachers of the Word of Life. You know that the home pulpits will be filled without you. Can you say the same for those in the foreign field? A lecturer in the University of Edinburgh very recently declared it as his opinion that Scotland was over-churches and over-ministered. It is equally true of many other parts of Christendom. We are every year locating or superannuating ministers. If men were much in demand this would not be a frequent occurrence.

A staple argument pressed with all keenness against the union of the Methodists of Canada was furnished by the question, "What will we do with the ministers?" A more humiliating acknowledgment of our past folly could hardly be

crowded into as many words. For what did these ministers enlist? Is the war over? These questions are not aimed at any of the contracting parties exclusively. And when in a few years, and we sincerely pray that they may be few, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists and all who hold the Head, even Christ, shall begin to see eye to eye, and shall desire to so deploy their forces as to carry the greatest good to the largest number at the least expenditure of means and energies; when these great bodies shall have become thoroughly possessed of a Christian catholicity, and shall endeavour to come together, again will be heard the question "What shall we do with the ministers?" Are the young men, who at the present day are looking forward to the ministry, prepared to be embraced in such a question as that? Are they willing to give time, energies, enthusiasm and all that is valuable in life for the emphasizing of distinctions which in the near future are inevitably doomed to oblivion?

What do we here? And how can we receive an appointment to places already Christianized while so much of the densely-populated lands remain in darkness almost Cimmerian? We have too many ministers at home, considering the condition of the world. We are constantly crossing each other's paths and getting in each other's way. Hence there is a keenness of competition that might shock profaner callings. If half of us were breaking the Bread of Life to the heathen the Word of God would be more precious at home. As it is, it is almost an idle tale, requiring in many places a large intermixture of the sensational, to secure respectful acceptance. He who can excel in thus presenting it, may price his services. He who lacks that power falls into the ranks of mediocrity. Hence we find in all the callings of life men who once assumed ministerial vows. If the located and supernumerary preachers of Methodism were to fall into line they would make a force many times as large as any that we have ever had on Missionary ground. Star preachers are not wanted for the conversion of the world. The Missionary field offers a poor market for their wares. But for the patient, plodding, logical, loving apostle who can in yearning sympathy talk Christ into the heart of those in darkness it offers its grandest honours.

Do you think my scheme Utopian? Would you suggest that a more gradual approach be made to the munificent sum of a cent a day? that we must not be too abrupt in our transition from a cent a week? There is something here that would challenge our Nasts or Bengoughs in their happiest moods. Nothing else could do justice to this objection. No living Christian would risk his manhood by suggesting that my call has in it the essence of sacrifice, or could possibly necessitate retrenchment. When the Church means to conquer, that sum will be to her the merest bagatelle. She will then give till she enjoys the luxury of feeling that she is giving. Princes will abound in Israel, and liberality will put on her lordliest robes. The present day is rich in men equal to the grandest financial projects. The Church must utilize them for the cause of humanity.

The New World has already startled the Old on many a subject. Other lands scrutinize us and are ready to expect the most startling phenomena as the spontaneous outgrowth of our idiosyncrasies. The scheme I propose has in it elements that will secure it sympathy in this day. It aims at seeing results at once, not finding them on prophetic pages. The age is naturally impatient of delays. Whatever may have been true of other nations and other times, a petty policy will never be popular in America. John Wesley started his system on a penny a week and a shilling a quarter, but this country has long ago outgrown that method. In the spirit of our day we would say that if the Missionary cause is worth anything, it merits more than we are now giving. If it is not, forgetfulness is justly convenient.

This is pre-eminently the day for action. Christian nations are better understood by the non-Christian nations than ever before. I believe that American Missionaries have less to fear from the heathen than those from the European nations. Yet we know not how soon entangling alliances or bungling diplomacy may make us an object of dread or suspicion to those peoples. The gates of the nations are now more than ajar, and the finger of Providence is pointing thither. Shall we not seize the opportunity and establish in hundreds of centres influences that shall soon multiply themselves a hundred-fold?

If there be a Church that can afford to adopt this policy, it is ours. Our very organic structure provides for such an enterprise. We have our local preachers that in most cases are degenerating through inactivity. We could spare a heavy detachment of regulars more easily than any other Church, and every man in our ranks accustomed to march in obedience to orders. But let the Missionary spirit seize Methodism, and soon every other branch of the Church would be pervaded by it. Here is a field for a genuine Christian emulation, not in crossing each other's path but in vying with each other for priority in shedding light on those "in the region and shadow of death." Imagine if you can, the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist Churches moving in their utmost might to the relief of those Oriental millions, actuated by one spirit, ignoring every name but Christ's. Shall our eyes ever behold the sight? and if not, must we still believe that Christ's is the name above every name to these bodies?

The indications of Providence would urge immediate action. While we are trifling with the matter at home, the various forms of infidelity are pre-occupying the ground with a vicious and vitiating philosophy and with "the oppositions of science falsely so called." It is easier to reach the non-Christian heart to-day than it will ever be in the future.

Even the naked principle of economy would suggest decisive action. Were we to prosecute Missionary work earnestly for a decade, we might withdraw our men if we so desired, for every Missionary would leave behind several native teachers to carry on the work till the whole human family become leavened by the Gospel.

The condition of eight hundred millions of the human family cries unweariedly with irresistible logic for the adoption of prompt measures. The Church at home demands it for her own sake. Volunteers will flock to this standard at first tap of drum. Christendom is fairly plethoric with wealth in anticipation of this draft for the evangelization of the world.

What wait we for? We believe in God, let us believe also in His children, that they will be good stewards of His manifold gifts. Have the officers of our Zion faith in the Church militant, that they are willing to support the standard? I believe that were the bishops and superintendents and Missionary secre-

taries of Methodism—were the golden-mouthed Simpson, the fearless Fowler or our own Rice, Carman and Sutherland, to beat to arms, and to signal all along the line, "Methodism expects every man to do his duty," the result would not be at all doubtful. The army would move, the exchequer would overflow, the other wings of our Christian host would fall into line, and, ere the century would close, the banner of Christ would wave from every hill-top on our habitable earth.

Do I hear the "*Cui bono?*" or its American equivalent, "Will it pay?" Of those who appreciate the Golden Rule I ask, Will its observance pay? Put yourselves in the place of my clients. To those who aspire after ambitious laurels I offer the sure word, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."*

SONNET.

BY W. KIRBY.

On the departure of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, from Canada, Oct. 1883.

FAREWELL to noble Lorne, and her whose face
Reveals the features of that gracious Queen,
England's and ours, wherein is grandly seen
The meaning of true royalty—the grace
Of nobleness and goodness. High in place,
Upholding her great empire, you have been
To all your trusts most faithful, and between
Contending parties kept one sacred space
For truce and social converse round the throne,
Where rival statesmen met to vie in praise,
And Art and Letters Rideau Hall adorn.
Our Canada upon her whitest stone
Will write the story of the "Golden Days,"
As time will call them, of Louise and Lorne.

* It is but just to the Methodist Church in Canada to say that its average per member for Missions is far in advance of that of the M. E. Church of the United States. Indeed, were the latter Church to equal the Church in Canada, she could send 1,500 Missionaries abroad, and still retain more for Home Missions than she now spends on them.

LUTHER'S SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES.

BY THE REV. E. J. BADGLEY, B.D., LL.D.,

Professor of Philosophy, Albert College.

FRANCE rejected the doctrines of the Reformation, perpetrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, kindled the fires of political revolution, and, in the frenzy of her impiety, closed the churches and established the worship of Reason. Sabbath dawned upon the villages whose silent bells sounded no call to praise or prayer, while busy mart and cultivated field were living evidences of the spiritual degeneracy of her sons. "Infancy entered the world without a blessing; age left it without a hope." "Death is an eternal sleep" was placarded on the public cemeteries throughout the land. The comedian Monort, in the Church of St. Roch, uttered the following blasphemy: "God, if you exist, avenge your injured name. *I bid you defiance*; you remain silent; you dare not launch your thunders; who will believe in your existence?"

The influence that produced the licentious atheism of France, and bold blasphemy of her comedian, were at work upon the fruitful soil of Germany, and would have come with the same sweeping devastation, but for the dauntless courage of Luther, her most honoured son.

Luther's moral courage was of no ordinary type. His was an imperial nature thrown upon an age when the tide from the sea (See) of iniquity was at its highest, and strong hands and courageous hearts were needed to rescue the Church from spiritual and intellectual serfdom. To him there could be no compromise between truth and duty. The "expediency" theory of some modern thinkers found no countenance with this stern and rugged Saxon.

With him to believe was to act, and the action was the faithful exponent of the inner convictions of mind and heart. In the providence of God, Luther's blunt and native honesty is brought face to face with the corruptions of Papal Rome. Truth, immortal, imperishable, and indestructible, must prevail.

Of necessity there will first be a crucial struggle in Luther's own bosom before the conflict is carried from the camp to the

open field. The struggle is always most intense that is fought in secret where counter passions and contending forces spend their energies each upon the other. Gethsemane, not Calvary, is where the battle is always fought, and victory either lost or won. The last is but the carrying into effect of the decisions of the previous hour. From the closet and from the wrestlings of the midnight watches we may often find the great Reformer coming forth as the sun in his strength.

Luther was a man of strong religious feelings and of equally strong moral convictions. Between religion and morality there existed for him the most intimate and sacred relations. Religion was but the highest type of morality, and never could be divided therefrom. Religion is but the fruit, and should be the natural and spontaneous outcome of the tree itself. The fruit does not alter the nature of the tree, but it does declare of what nature the tree itself is. We must look, therefore, at some of the ethical and religious teaching current at that time in the Roman Church in order to realize the spiritual struggle through which Luther passed when he decided to oppose her teaching, and to separate himself from her communion.

It will be remembered that the centuries immediately preceding the Reformation are distinctively marked by the subordination of thought and action to Aristotle in philosophy and to the Pope in theology. Men were not permitted to think for themselves. The solution of any problem was not to be found in the depths of the human reason, in the Bible as the revelation of God, or in the patient investigation of the physical sciences, but in the authority of the Church, and the contradictory conclusions of her teachers. A hand was upon every man's mouth, a bridle upon his tongue, and an anathema against the use and exercise of his reason. It was an age of authority, and if it could only be perpetuated, man was doomed to intellectual servility and religious serfdom. Protestantism was an emancipation of reason and conscience, and a declaration of the right of private judgment.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Luther's earliest teachings had not made him acquainted with the scriptural doctrine of justification by faith. Gradually this truth dawned upon his mind and warmed his heart until it became the very marrow and pith of the Reformation. Finding for the

first time a Bible when he was twenty years of age, that strong religious nature which was his by birthright is stirred to its intensest depths. "In that Bible the Reformation lay hid." Over its sublime pages as an Augustinian monk, Luther has thought and prayed until it has become the "angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell upon the earth." Distressed in spirit, and thinking he must atone for his own sins, an aged monk points him to that utterance in the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and also to a passage in St. Bernard, where reference is made to St. Paul's doctrine that man is justified by faith.

This was in joyful contrast to what he had been accustomed to hear. The doctrine that Christ was a second Moses, only a legislator of more awful rigour, was at that time the conception of Christianity. Luther says: "We were all taught that we must make satisfaction for our sins, and that Christ at the last day would demand how we had atoned for our guilt, and how many good works we had done."

The remark of the aged monk had been preceded by the instruction of the pious and influential Staupitz, and Luther's mind had been thus prepared for so gracious a doctrine as the forgiveness of sins through faith in Christ.

Shortly after ordained a priest, with power of sacrificing for the quick and the dead, as the ordination service taught, and as Luther at that time believed, he could not have realized fully that faith in Christ constitutes Him a perfect Saviour. The future Reformer is as yet a patient learner, plodding his way through many a theological bog and Papal quagmire, but gradually working toward the light that is soon to come as sweetest music to his soul.

Called from the cloister to a professorship in the newly-founded University of Wittenberg, he begins a series of lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The terrible picture of man's sin, and his utter helplessness and misery, found an echo in Luther's heart. The Pauline doctrine of justification by faith meets him again as a messenger sent from the unseen world. The bud, however, is not yet developed into full flower.

In the providence of God he must see Papal Rome from every point of view; in student life; in cloister and cell; in Saxon simplicity; and in all the pomp and vice of the imperial city;

and St. Peter's itself. If there be a holy spot on earth this pious son of the Church thought it must surely be Rome. To Rome he is sent, and when the Eternal City breaks upon his view, he falls upon his knees exclaiming: "Holy Rome, I salute thee."

No more zealous son of the Church had ever visited Rome than was Luther at this time. His devotion is unbounded. "Oh, how I regret," says he, "that my father and mother are yet alive. What pleasure should I have in delivering them from the fires of purgatory by my masses, my prayers, and by so many other admirable works." He is shocked and pained at the levity and irreligion he sees in priest and people. Rome is corrupt at her very heart, and Luther's visit is but a single chapter in that wonderful development and intense spiritual struggle out of which were born the issues of the present hour.

PILATE'S STAIRS.

The stairs up which the Saviour climbed on His way to Pilate's judgment-hall are said to have been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. Under promise of Papal indulgence, Luther is one day dragging his weary body on bended knees up the same steps. From the depths of his heart in tones of living thunder comes the utterance, "The just shall live by faith." Never before had these words seemed so full of meaning. The hour of noon had struck in Luther's spiritual life, and Rome in that same moment received her death-wound in the very heart and centre of her superstitious folly.

Luther returned to Wittenberg, feeling that by faith he had been wholly born again. As yet the spiritual struggle through which he has passed is one of personal experience only, and he has no thought of revolution or reform in the Church of which he is a zealous and devoted son.

INDULGENCES.

For centuries those who were able had been allowed to substitute a fine in money for penance inflicted upon the body. The system by degrees passed into a mere money speculation for the Church. The hair-splitting schoolmen in their subtle and fine-spun theories had found vindication for the system in the example and teaching of Christ. Indulgences could be now had

for the violation of every law human and divine. The more sin multiplied, so much the more would indulgences become necessary, and by so much would the wealth of the Church be increased. It was a license for turning earth into a pandemonium, and under the high and holy sanction of the Church to empty the home of its virtue, rob childhood of its innocence, old age of its security, make the son a moral and intellectual wreck at the very threshold of manhood, and for the blush and bloom of maiden modesty to substitute the lecherous look of the painted harlot.

Freely justified by faith, Luther had just been emancipated from spiritual thralldom. At this turning-point in the great Reformer's history the notorious Tetzal appears, crying up indulgences "as the most precious and noble of God's gifts." No repentance is necessary. Sins that have been committed, or that any person intends to commit, may all be pardoned for a trifling sum. Indulgences avail for the living and the dead. "At the instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven." The poor may have the Gospel preached to them, but the rich alone under such a system could hope for any blessing.

And Luther believed this horrid doctrine. A test case will reveal the iniquity of the system, and turn all the enlightened zeal of the future Reformer against the abominable traffic. He is one day in the confessional. Pained at the recital of the many sins confessed in his presence, his surprise and indignation are unbounded when those confessing declare that they have no intention of abandoning their sins. Luther declines to absolve them, while they plead the efficacy of their letters of indulgence. His soul is stirred to its depths. He preaches against the doctrine, and declares that, "by the grace of God, he will make a hole in Tetzal's drum."

This is the *first* decisive step in the Reformation. Luther could not bring himself to believe that the Pope could give his sanction to such iniquity. In defence of the Church's honour he shortly after nails his ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittenberg. In those ever-memorable theses he attacks the system though the Pope himself may authorize it. In the thirty-fifth thesis he boldly avows that "Every Christian who truly repents of his sins enjoys an entire remission both of the penalty

and the guilt, without any need of indulgences." Justification by faith thus assumes a significant position, and the *second* decisive step is taken toward the work of reform.

Luther's opponents defend indulgences by appeal to human authority, which but drives him the more to the truth of Scripture. Summoned before his ecclesiastical superiors, he declares: "I will not become a heretic by denying the truth by which I became a Christian; sooner will I die; be burnt, be beheaded; be anathematized.

The work has begun now in earnest. In the Leipsic Disputation, which speedily follows, he avows that the primacy of the Pope is of human, not of Divine appointment. By a careful investigation of early Church history he soon after reaches the startling conclusion that the Papal rule is nothing less than usurpation.

With characteristic boldness he now makes his "Address to the Christian nobles of the German nation." He urges the following reforms: "That they should take the work of reformation into their own hands, protect the German people against the avarice and tyrannical intermeddling of the Roman ecclesiastics, deprive the Pope of his rule in secular affairs, abolish compulsory celibacy, reform the convents and restrain the mendicant orders, come to a reconciliation with the Bohemians, and foster education." A remarkable programme was this to submit to the consideration of the Pope, the priesthood and the people. The soul of the great Reformer is thus being led even by his enemies to scatter the truth whose fruit shall shake like Lebanon.

A Papal bull now condemns forty-one of his nine-fifty theses, and threatens excommunication unless he recants in sixty days. Justified by faith he now cares but little for Papal thunders. In the presence of a great multitude he burns this bull of Anti-Christ, as he calls it. Such is his answer to Rome. He has crossed the Rubicon, and cannot return. He had counted on the sympathy of the Pope in his attack upon the system of indulgences, but learns to his great sorrow that the Vatican itself is the seat and source of all the enormities of which the Church is guilty. The die is cast. Alone, if need be, he will stand against Rome. He is not unconscious of the perils that surround him. "What will happen," said he, "I know not, and I care not to know, feeling sure that He who sitteth in heaven hath foreseen from all

eternity, the beginning, continuation, and end of this affair. Wherever the blow may reach me, I know not. . . . It is a little matter to die for the Word, since this WORD, which was made flesh for us, died itself at first. We shall arise with it, if we die with it, and, passing where it has gone before, we shall arrive where it has arrived, and abide with it through all eternity." His courageous words ring out the moral heroism and Christian faith of a soul irrevocably committed to conscience and to truth.

Events rapidly follow each other. The intrepid monk is no longer a son of the Church. Excommunicated, he has committed himself and his cause to God. The doctrine of justification by faith is accepted as scriptural and fundamental, and priestly absolutions and Papal indulgences are with Luther but beliefs of the past. The youthful Charles the Fifth is on the throne. Germany and Spain are under one crown. It could not be supposed that the land of the Inquisition would quietly submit to Luther's efforts for reform. Luther is summoned to the ever-memorable

DIET OF WORMS.

Full of faith in God and of the work committed to him, he joyfully obeys the summons. Urged not to peril his life by going to the Diet, he is reminded of the fate of Huss. In his reply how plainly we read the full light and life that have dawned upon his soul. "Huss has been burned, but not the truth with him. I will go, though as many devils were aiming at me as there are tiles upon the house-tops." Ushered into the presence of royalty, of civil and ecclesiastical power, he is confronted with the books he has written. He acknowledges that they are from his pen. He is asked if he is prepared to retract the teachings contained in them. In a low voice, and with evident embarrassment, he asks time to consider. Time is given, and that night is spent in prayer. The future of Germany and of the world is in those midnight wrestlings. That poor miner's son is carrying a weight of an empire such as his imperial master never knew. The answer to the prayer has come, the decision has been reached, the morning of the 18th of April, 1521, has dawned, and with it the golden morning of the Reformation breaks full and clear upon the German sky.

Ushered again before the Diet, he is, under the Divine Spirit,

himself once more. The question of retracting his published opinions is again submitted to him. Accused by the Catholic Eck of being disrespectful in his reply, a plain "Yes, or no, without horns" is demanded of him. The taunt roused his blood. "I will give you an answer," said he, "that has neither horns nor teeth. Popes have erred, and councils differed. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. Otherwise I cannot do. God help me. Amen." Freedom of conscience and the supreme authority of the Scriptures are disclosed to be the ground on which the Reformer and the Reformation stand. If Rome had been as liberal as the First Napoleon, who claimed that his authority ceased where the empire of conscience begins, Catholic Europe might have been saved from the great convulsion by which she was thus overtaken.

Luther's courage saved him. The lay members of the Diet will not allow a hand to be laid upon him. He is taken back to his lodgings instead of being sent to a dungeon. Once there, that heroic heart can say: "I am through! I am through! If I had a thousand heads they should all be struck off one by one before I would retract." Such utterances show the crisis through which he passed, and the Divine grace by which he was upheld. For him there is no retreat in the presence of a conscience enlightened and quickened by the Spirit of God. No marvel that he sings

"A strong tower is our God."

The Diet of Worms is the central act in the drama of Luther's spiritual life. The day of conciliation with Rome, or anything but the truth, is gone forever. The hero of the Reformation commits himself and his cause, which is none other than the cause of God, to the unseen hand that raised up friends to supply his wants when begging his bread; that lifted the burden of scrow from him when his aching soul thirsted for God "as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks;" and that inspired him with martyr's courage when the destiny of the future hung upon his lips.

"Servant of God well done."

The sacred memories that gather around the history of the past four hundred years chant a requiem to that heroic soul,

whose words yet shake the world. Like Macaulay's Puritans, he went through the world "like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus, with his flail crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, . . . insensible to fatigue, to pleasure and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

ON THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. H. S. LATHAM,

Translated from the Latin.

A BOY is born in Bethlehem,
Who fills with joy Jerusalem.

He lieth in a manger low,
Whose reign the worlds and ages know.

The ox and ass were well aware
Their Lord Himself was lying there.

Sabæan kings to greet Him fare ;
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold they bear.

From virgin mother life He drew,
Nor human father ever knew ;

Without the serpent's wound and shame,
But yet of our own blood He came ;

So like to us in flesh, within
So unlike on account of sin ;

That He might render even us men
Like to Himself and God again.

Oh, let us in this birthday joy
To bless the Lord our tongues employ ;

The holy Trinity be praised,
To God our thankful voices raised !

THE DESIRE OF NATIONS.

BY BISHOP COXE.

“There went forth a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled.”—*Margin of English Version.*

ONCE, on the Imperial Palatine,
 Those arches of its pride around,
 I strove that chamber to divine
 Where once Augustus might be found,
 Putting his signet to a scroll
 That all the nations should enrol.

'Twas but his whim : 'twas done, 'twas o'er ;
 The parblind despot never knew
 That what he did forevermore
 Should sound the world-wide nations through ;
 That thus the Age of Cloud was closed,
 And Numa and his nymph deposed.

As o'er the parlour's chequered board
 The ivory troops are moved at will,
 So Cæsar sees his sov'reign word
 All lands with haste and motion fill :
 He dreams not that his own proud hand
 Moves at a mightier Lord's command.

He dreams not, he whose nod is death,
 Far off, the Syrian hills amid,
 There is a maid of Nazareth,
 In a poor joiner's cottage hid,
 For whom he sets the world astir ;
 For Him that shall be born of her.

As stretch the spider's radiant twines,
 So, from his throne of power and pride,
 The highways spread in thousand lines
 To west and east, afar and wide ;
 And at their master's beck 'tis done ;
 Through all the world his herald's run.

Goes forth that edict near and far,
 Where sceptred satraps own his sway ;
 Where Danube's fierce barbarians are,
 Where Rhone and Rhine pursue their way ;
 To Spain and Britain sound the call,
 To Parthian's East and Western Gaul.

It suakes all nations, wonder-fraught :
 It works unseen Jehovah's will,
 For thus the peasant maid is brought

From Nazareth to David's hill ;
And thus it comes—of David's stem
The Christ was born in Bethlehem !

Uplift His cross—the idols fall ;
Descends the dove - the eagles fly ;
Another Cæsar sounds His call
To men and nations far and nigh,
Proclaiming David's Son divine ;
Christ reigns upon the Palatine.

Hail, Prince of Peace ! hail King of Kings !
Who would not hail thy day of birth,
Sunshine with healing in his wings,
Light, love, and joy to all the earth !
Once more let all men be enrolled.
Thou the One Shepherd—in one fold.

THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN.

BY THE REV. TEUNIS S. HAMLIN.

THE human heart ! It is indeed an inn,
Crowded with passions boisterous and wild ;
With guests of each imaginable sin,
With no room fitted for the Heavenly Child.

Chosen resort of evils, where they find
Sweet fellowship with a congenial host ;
Home for each master that the soul will bind,
Halting-place scarcely for the Holy Ghost.

And can there be relief for this retreat
Of revellers that pollute and will destroy ?
Can any conqueror drive them from their seat,
And make this inn the home of holy joy ?

Blessed be God ! He comes ! This day He's born,
Death of all sin, and life of every grace,
To drive with whip of cords, from hearts forlorn,
The unwelcome guests that have usurped His place.

Born in a stable ! No room in the inn !
Patient He stands before the heart's locked door :
That heart's a sweet home when He's within ;
Nay, its God's temple ; can it e'er be more ?

Gather we then around the Rock of Ages ;
With holy joy welcome the Child Divine ;
Offerings we bring Him better than the sages' ;
Our hearts, our all, O Lord, be ever thine ! Amen.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"THEN you haven't brought them back with you? George hasn't gone off again?"

Jerry nodded as he sat down by the window, pale and tired and wiping his forehead as if it were July instead of February.

"I think that house'll be the death of me yet," he said. "Not but there's plenty as bad, but it's a little queer that I've been fightin' it this six year steady, and most o' the time it's too much for me. If anybody'd give me the money I'd have a hundred men haul it down. There ain't a brick nor a plank in it but what's soaked and steeped in sin and misery. I've even begun to think I'd no business to tell Padgett to hold on there, but I did think as he'd been at the bottom he'd be a kind of missionary."

"Ah, that house. I thought myself it was only as a missionary that he should be there. If the old plague could appear anywhere it would be from that den. You have shown me nothing so bad."

"There's worse than it in the alley," Jerry answered. "The water don't come in the way it did in my old place on Front Street but it might be a mercy if it would an' drown 'em all out. I'm lost sometimes tryin' to make out just why the Lord let's it go on. I've made a fresh count to-day. There's one hundred and eighty-two souls in that house, and twenty-three of 'em bits of children, swearin' an' fightin' like young gamecocks on every flight o' stairs. An' George is worse'n he's ever been, down in that basement passage drunk on the floor. They'd pushed him out that far an' there he'd fallen, an' I hadn't the strength to stir him he's so heavy.

"Where's his wife?" Mrs. McAulay asked.

"Cryin' in their room. It's a week now. He's stripped the place of everthing she didn't think to carry into Padgett's. They cleaned him out o' what money he got for 'em, an' he's that far gone he's just filled up with stale beer. There they were, nine men and three women sodden with the stuff, an' not a thing in the room but old boxes and the beer-keg. A man's pretty far

gone when he gets in there. It's fightin' hell itself, and who's goin' to shut it up?"

"Where is the owner? Can't he be reached in some way?"

"Not while he has an agent with a tongue that can lie for him faster than you can ask. It's this agent business that makes half the mischief. Bring a man with a grain o' feeling face to face with some o' these sights an' he might do something. But turn it over to an agent an' there's never any tellin what he won't do. He's used to it, an' his business is to get all he can for himself as well as the landlord. An' there ain't one in that house knows who the owner is, though Padgett done his best to find out. 'Taint too late to do something if there was anybody to do."

"There's a man will see you whether-or-no, an' I told him you'd but just come in," said the janitor's voice, and Jerry hurried down.

"One hundred and eighty-two people in that one house! Where do they put them?" I said. "I know there are ninety where the O'Brien's live, and that is crowded. This is no larger?"

"No. They're the same, but I tell how they do it," said Mrs. McAuley's quiet voice. "You've seen a good deal, but you haven't been in it as we have. Now I'll tell you what I know about every one of those floors, and there's six with the basement. To begin with, there's four families to a floor. They're packed because they have to be. The men get little work and have nothing to pay for better rooms. The top floor has a family for every room, that is if you choose to call it a family. They're rag pickers mostly. There's one widow on that floor. She has a back-room and takes seven boarders. I've seen the floor thick with them at night. That young girl that ran in crying the other night is one of them. She might have been saved if somebody had taken her in time. Now, God only knows. Just below is another widow that takes in seven girls of employment for ten cents a night. You'd never think what decent looking girls come there, but how decent do you suppose they go back into places? You see they'll spend the day in intelligence offices, and down here at night—some because they like it; some because they've just so much money, and got to make it go as far as it will. And then people let them look

after their little innocent children, and wonder after a while where they learned their wickedness. Next to her there's another rag-picker; bones and rags; he has four boys he employs, and one of the dark rooms where they sort is as bad as a slaughter-house. He's been complained of and forbidden to bring them in, but the Health Board can't come down every day so he don't mind. There's a washer-woman in front with four small children, and she has three men that lodge there and two boys eighteen and twenty. Yes, all in one room and the closet back of it. The animals do better for they have a stall apiece. I've thought many a time these poor things was far below pigs and cows. A pig does like a clean sty and knows when you give it to him, but the dirtiest sty is clean along side some of these rooms, and they're past knowing what's dirt and what isn't.

"The next floor's the same. Four families on that and they all drink. Somebody's arrested for assault and battery about every week, and the children fight day and night. Then, below, comes Padgett in front. He's sticks because he's been in the house a good many years. You've heard their story. His room was one of the worst till four years ago. Now it's clean as it can be in such a place, with the smells from the sinks and all the rooms steaming in there, and the goings on all around so't they never get a good night's sleep. The good he does is too little to make it worth while to hold on, but he's set and you can't stir him. He lived there before he served his term at Sing Sing and came straight back. Padgett saved him though this doesn't look like it—drunk for a week now and lost his place."

"How can he stand firm in such a place?"

"That's it. I know just how it feels. Haven't I been through it all. No air. The sun never gets in. Why, in that very house there are thirty-two dark rooms that never get a breath except from the ones they open into. You sleep in one once even when you're used to it, and there's a band round your head when you wake up as if you had an iron cap screwed on, and a sinking and craving at your stomach. You don't want to eat. There's nothing answers it but whiskey; and with the smell of that you forget the other smells. You do with less food after a glass of that. Darkness means the devil's own

deeds. Ah, I couldn't tell you what sights I've seen. I think sometimes how is it God Himself doesn't turn sick and sweep it all away. Men, women and children, and less sense than beasts. You see, packed in that way it's easy enough to get in a hundred and eighty or even two hundred. They don't need to be so packed but they get not to care. There are empty rooms now up these side streets but they want the excitement of hearing what all have to tell, and most of them drink too hard to have money left for anything but their own plank or two on a floor. When it comes to such a pass I say the only way left is clean destruction. There's nothing in them to appeal to. I wouldn't believe that once. I said God could save anybody and I won't deny it now, but we've found there are many we must just let alone. Now take George. His story is the story of hundreds. He has fallen half a dozen times, but he does get up again somehow. It's in him to break down, and I'm wondering if he ever will hold on steady and true with things against him so. He'd go into the country if he had a chance but there's nobody to give it, and the smell from the saloon is more than he can stand when he's once broken down."

George had nothing about him to indicate either drunkard or "prison-bird." He was a tall, powerfully-built young fellow, with a quiet, serious face with candid blue eyes and a pleasant smile. His marriage a year before to a young girl working in one of the bag factories had made an event in the mission. They had begun house-keeping in two comfortable rooms on Madison Street, but within a week the works where he had been employed as blacksmith had discharged half their hands; there was no reserve of money and for a month or two odd jobs along the docks had been all he could find to do. Even these failed him. With no money for rent in good quarters they drifted into bad, and with the inevitable liquor shops below them and the return to old associates the first night there found him in the clutches of his old enemy. For a fortnight he drank steadily, hiding himself so thoroughly that no one knew what might become of him. At last Padgett found him trembling and shivering on the brink of delirium tremens and led him home. Sick and ashamed he promised anything and everything, knelt at the bench in

the Mission, begged to be taken back and wept as he promised amendment. This had gone on for six months, till now Jerry shook his head and any hope seemed useless. He himself was in despair, and the fact of this despair was the only ground remaining for trust or effort to aid him.

"I cannot understand his case," I said at last to the good physician who had sat quietly by. "His face looks resolute enough and as if he could mend if he would, though in that house it is well nigh impossible. Suppose anyone could be found to send him into the country?"

"It might work though I am not sure. The look means nothing to build upon. It is his inheritance, and was resolution in a past generation who lived in clean ways and with a chance for God's air. I knew them all, father, mother and the six children, and it is the tenement house system that is responsible for having sent two to prison and one to the scaffold. Busy in this ward for fifteen years I count them a representative family, for their story is that of thousands to-day. The father was a drunkard, a day-labourer along the docks to begin with, and married to a woman with some desire for decency, who as he grew more helpless and useless took in washing. She was a powerful woman, able to master him usually, and they had the fiercest hand to hand fights. The children went to various schools; all knew every regularly organized charity in New York, and were on the lookout for relief, and all of them thieved from their babyhood and had been in the House of Refuge and up to the Island before they were twelve years old. I saw the mother first with her cheek cut open from a stove-lid thrown at her, and taking care of her through this gave me a certain hold upon her. She brought eleven children into the world, each one a little more burdened with vice and inherited evil than the last. Five died before they were three years old for want of nourishment and from vitiated blood. One is an idiot and in the asylum; two are serving long terms in prison; one is still a successful thief; one has disappeared, and George you know. At thirteen he was fully grown and knew every trick of evil that the nest of thieves among whom he lived could teach him. Caught in a burglary, his seven years' sentence was a blessing. He learned a trade, had better food than he ever had in his life, and came out with a desire to be respectable if possible. Padgett

helped him in that crisis, brought him to the Mission and has been his good angel, but his inheritance is too strong for him. The fact is it is an outrage on God's laws that he is in the world at all. Being here we must do what we can for him, but society has yet to learn that redemption from this frightful class is in its own hands. It is not by God's will that these creatures in the slums exist, but by man's unbridled instincts. The Jesse Pomeroy's are about you by dozens waiting their time, and this foul, festering under-life has in God's plan for the world but one purpose, to force men and women in quiet homes to open their eyes and see how the tide is rising inch by inch that must sweep all before it, unless they flee to the mountains more literally than they know. Every great city holds the elements of its own destruction, and none in the civilized world more thoroughly than New York. You are surprised. You thought me a quiet old woman going my way among these people, doing what I could and calling what I could not God's will. So it is God's will in one way; His will that we should make such life impossible; His will that 'he that will not work, neither shall he eat;' His will that something better shall take the place of this thirteen miles of gin-shops, and that men shall not be tempted at every corner and made weak to resist by the stench that is his only vital air. There are many houses, as Jerry says, with every plank in them steeped in sin and misery. Law should be strong enough to order their destruction, and if law will not do it a vigilance committee might better. The thing that appeals to everybody is done by nobody, and I think sometimes there must be another Luther preaching against indulgences—not in personal transgression but vicarious transgression. We think the time of coarse, brutal sinning is over, and that our charities, our great hospitals, our missions here and there set us apart and beyond any century that has gone before. We wonder why pauperism has become a profession, and we build stately asylums for our idiots and insane and crippled, while at the same time we allow twenty-one thousand hot-beds for the production of such species to do their work under our very eyes. If it goes on at the present rate ten asylums must rise where one stands now."

We were alone now, Jerry having been joined by his wife for whom a call had come from the chapel below. There were

tears of excitement and indignation in the doctor's eyes, but she brushed them quickly away.

"I should never give this side of the thing to these two workers," she said. "God be thanked that they have a simple, unquestioning faith that is triumphant over every difficulty. But am outraged that it cannot be supplemented by keener effort on the part of those who look on. It is one thing to come here and shed tears over the touching 'testimonies,' and look on beamingly without a question as to how these men live or what means can be taken to hold them in the new path we have chosen. God's grace can do much, but man has an equal share in the work. Jerry's business is at the roots and nowhere else. He can touch these poor souls where no one else can, but the fever in which they both live over the horrible surroundings of half the converts hampers their work day by day. And just so long as one of these plague-spots stands infesting the air, poisoning souls as well as bodies and the miasma setting about our own homes, none the less fatal because unfelt, just so long as we are guilty and may know that for us the same old words are waiting: 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.'"

"You forget that there is an awakening. The evil is so gigantic that all are beginning to feel its shadow. You will see a better time."

"I doubt it, or at least I think it will come so slowly that my generation will die without the sight. I am not so hopeless as my words sound, however, because I know the leaven is working. But you see for twenty-five years and more I have watched the progress of things. The enormous influx of foreign population was beginning here, for the old Gotham Court on Cherry Street was almost the first tenement house in New York. From that one block alone hundreds of criminals have gone out. Business has altered the location, that is all; there are dens on the west side as bad as anything to be found in the Fourth or Seventh Wards, brown-stone fronts, some of them, and so respectable outwardly that you are aghast at the disgusting condition of things within. Something besides sewer-gas is responsible for the diphtheria and other diseases which strike people as unaccountable. There is positive organic impurity enough in one of these places to poison a whole street.

Devoutly as I believe in the work here, it sometimes seems to me an insult to God to pray over these men and then send them back to the holes from which they came. From the sound I think we shall have another commentary on the same text."

There were sobs below and loud, excited voices. Then the door of the Mission opened and closed sharply, and soon the two came up to their own rooms.

"It's a bad job," Jerry said, as he sat down wearily, "an' what's more it's that very same house. It's a sixth time in a month one and another's come to me to see if I'd do something. This is a young fellow, Billy Anderson, about George's age, that's been promisin' me to come in here an' never did though I've begged him many a time, for his father an' me were mates, an' he's on my mind a good deal. He's been drinkin' pretty hard. Out on the river last night an' took enough to have a spree, an' he and McDonald got fightin', and Billy drew his pistol and shot him. They say McDonald is dying, and Billy sent down for me the minute they got him in the Tombs. His mother was a decent woman too, and died o' heartbreak over Peter an' this boy. There was five, but all died but him, an' Peter—that was the husband—was in prison fourteen years. She tried to keep him straight, but what you going to do down in those places? If there were devils in Christ's time that had to be cast out I ain't sure but there's devils now, an' all the harder to fight with because folks say there's no real devil at all. Anyhow if anything would make me believe it it'd be looks I've seen in faces this very day. I'd say there was an evil spirit for every room in that house chucklin' and laughin' over the doin's, only if you say that for one you've got to say it for all, an' then you get scared, as if God Himself couldn't put down such thousands of 'em. I know He can, an' I'm not goin' to go beyond that, an' may He give me strength to fight 'em as long as I draw a breath. There'll be stronger'n me to do it after me."

"OH that some spirit to Thy love
May through my prayers awake,
Some drooping sufferer cheerfully
The sacred pathway take;
Make me a blessing, God of love!
Bless me for Jesus' sake."

THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

" ALL hail ! " the bells of Christmas rang,
" All hail ! " the monks at Christmas sang ;
The merry monks who kept their cheer
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,
A pious elder brother sat
Silent, in his accustomed place,
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

" Why sitt'st thou thus ? " his brethren cried,
It is the blessed Christmastide ;
The Christmas lights are all aglow,
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

" Above our heads the joy bells ring,
Without the happy children sing,
And all God's creatures hail the morn
On which the holy Christ was born !

" Rejoice with us ; no more rebuke
Our gladness with that quiet look,"
The grey monk answered, " Keep, I pray,
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday."

" Let heathen Yule logs flicker red
Where thronged refectory feasts are spread ;
With mystery play and masque and mine
And wait-song speed the holy time !

" The blindest faith may haply save ;
The Lord accepts the things we have ;
And reverence, howsoe'er it strays,
May find at last the shining ways.

" They needs must grope who cannot see,
The blade before the ear must be ;
As ye are feeling I have felt,
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

" But, now, beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know, through God's exceeding grace,
Release from form and time and place.

" Keep while you need it, brother mine,
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,
But judge not him who every morn
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born !"

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY F. H. TORRINGTON.

I.

THE actual founder of music is unknown. Myths and stories attribute its discovery to Mercury, Orpheus, Terpander and others. The nations of antiquity who claim to have used music first were the Egyptians and Phrygians. Herodotus says this was a disputed point, but it is now thought the honour belongs to the Egyptians, as the oldest records point to the liberal use of music by them. Moreover, the hieroglyphics and representations upon their tombs and slabs confirm this view. Further, Plato, Herodotus, Strabo and others ascribe musical practice to the Egyptians, especially in their religious ceremonies, processions, festivals, etc. Amongst the instruments as we know them, in use amongst the Egyptians, may be mentioned the tabor, pipe, harp, sistrum, flute, lyre, trumpet, drum, bells, and a species of tambourine.

The Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans were also associated with music—the former using it largely in their religious services, festivals and social amusements. The instruments used by the Hebrews were the harp and tabret; the buggab (a kind of syrinx), timbrels, silver trumpets, cymbals, pipes and psalteries, horns (or shawms), etc. They also excelled in singing and chanting, not only in chorus, but antiphonally. Amongst Hebrew singers were Miriam, Deborah, Judith, Hannah (Samuel's mother), the sons and daughters of Heman, who assisted in the Temple, and others. The Temple services were on a large scale, especially in David's time. He appointed "four thousand Levites to praise the Lord with instruments." He also ordained "two hundred four score and eight who were cunning in song." Our knowledge of Hebrew music is mostly derived from tradition, which credits a sort of plain song (like our Gregorian tones), which was sung antiphonally and then in chorus. These performances were not of a very refined nature, judging from the prominence given to quantity, and the fact that their instruments were of the coarsest kind and blown from the mouth, or were instruments of percussion—that is, such as were struck, like the drum.

The Assyrians used the harp, lyre, asor, dulcimer, pipe, tambourine, drum, bells, and cymbals. The use of these instruments indicates the character of their musical performances, and point to effects resulting from the combination of wind, string, and percussion instruments. The Assyrian performers could play on the harp and lyre whilst walking or standing—either instrument being fixed before the breast, and the player twanged its strings with both hands. The dulcimer and asor were carried in the same way; but the strings were either struck, or plucked, with a plectrum. It is ascertained in what way the Assyrians utilized music, from the representations upon the Assyrian slabs and bas-reliefs which have been found, viz.: in musical performances at banquets, religious ceremonies, and at the triumphal return of victors from the battlefield and the chase.

The Greeks regarded music as of great dignity and importance, and practised it assiduously. It was a necessary part of education among Greeks of rank. Minerva, Mercury, Apollo, Pan, Marsyas, Harmonia, and others were amongst the Grecian musical divinities. The writers who refer to Grecian music are, Aristoxenus, Euclid, Homer (in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"), Plutarch, Xenophon, etc. The flute and lyre appear to have been principally in favour with the Greeks, in addition to which they possessed the harp and some instruments of percussion. The flute was the popular instrument, players upon which were paid extravagant sums for their performances, while the cost of their instruments precluded their purchase by any but the wealthy. The Greek notation was very complicated through auxiliary marks and signs. They made little use of harmony, or combination of notes, and the extent of their scale did not exceed two octaves. The Greek scale resembled ours, especially in the disposition of its intervals, though it was not divided into octaves, but into groups of four notes, or tetrachords. The Greeks had not the twenty-four major and minor keys as we have, but certain modes; for instance, the Dorian, Lydian, Phrygian, Mixed-Lydian and others. Music was utilized by the Greeks at the Grecian games, private gatherings, and public festivals. It was zealously practised as an accomplishment and to regulate the movements of troops. Also as an accompaniment to the extempore poesy in which the learned indulged. The strongest point, musically speaking, of the Greeks, was Harmonics, or the science and theory of sounds, which they

studied, not so much to aid music as for its mathematical interest. Our musical system is indebted to Grecian discoveries and writings, many of our conclusions and theories being founded upon those of Pythagoras, Aristoxenus, Euclid, Ptolemy, and other Greek mathematicians.

Roman music was neither extensive nor refined, consisting, as it did chiefly, of rude songs, with which the Romans worshipped their gods, celebrated their victories, and amused themselves. After the conquest of Greece, the Romans began to study music as an art, when they adopted and imitated the music and other arts of the Greeks. The instruments used by the Romans were flutes, trumpets and horns. The Emperor Nero gave a great impetus to music, appearing upon the stage both as a public singer and performer. In addition, he made journeys exhibiting his musical powers, challenging all and compelling the judges to award the palm of superiority to himself.

Music was first generally used in religious services, either heathen or Christian. The early Christians had little music beyond the traditional Hebrew or Greek melodies sung in unison to psalms or hymns. Pope Sylvester is said to have formed a singing school in Rome about A.D. 330. The Emperor Constantine encouraged music in the Church, ordered a fixed method in chanting, and decided the duties for singers. Amongst the early Christians who did much for Church music are St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and Gregory the Great, to the first and last of whom we owe the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants.

Hucbald, a learned monk of St. Armand in Flanders, was probably the earliest authority of the Middle Ages on the art of music. He left behind him writings which certainly formed the foundation for much that was afterwards said to have been invented. Pope Gregory first applied letters to musical sounds, and he fixed the seven Roman letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, to the notes of the scale. The organ was first introduced in churches between A.D. 657-670 by Pope Vitalianus. Between the years 768 and 814, Charlemagne had Gregory's system taught in France and Germany, and founded schools for this purpose. Hucbald, who lived A.D. 840-930, was the first to employ a species of harmony of fourths and fifths called *organum* or *diaphony*. Guido of Arezzo, by his method of four lines, and a disposition of notes on those lines and in the spaces, took the

next important step. About the year 1040, he originated solmi- zation to the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*. These syllables have a history, as they form the commencing syllables of the verses of a hymn to St. John, at one time the patron saint of singers. The earliest church music was preserved in the Missals, Graduals, Psalters and Antiphonaria of the early churches.

About A.D. 1022, Guido of Arezzo invented counterpoint, and in A.D. 1090, Franco of Cologne, if he did not invent notation, certainly reduced the notes to a determined and relative length. During the tenth century the organ and mixed voices began to be used in the Church services. Melody was not much cultivated at this period, most attention being directed to the combination of sounds. Amongst early harmonists may be mentioned Franco of Cologne, Odington, a monk of Eversham (A.D. 1260), Marchetto of Padua (A.D. 1280), John Ockenheim, Josquin des Prés, John de Muris, and, later on, Monteverde. Works of these writers are still extant, and scattered throughout the Continental libraries may be found many of their essays, treatises, and writings. Some are in the Vatican Library, others are preserved in the libraries of the English Universities. The style of composition encouraged by these writers was "counterpoint," which the earliest of them used in its simplest form, or that species known as simple (two part), mostly used in the service of the Church where anything like notation or indication of time was discountenanced.

The people, however, encouraged melody, as, amongst the populace there were troubadours, minstrels, *jongleurs*, and others, who adopted a freer style of melody, either for the expression of their extemporaneous songs, or to keep alive the rude traditional odes and national songs always to be found among the rustic and lower orders. A curious defect in music at this stage was that it was without "bars" and indications of "time." Franco of Cologne did much towards measuring music and dividing it into bars. He lived about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The characters used in earliest notation were a series of square black notes, called a "semibrevis," a "breve," a "long," and a "large;" and the rests—or marks for silence—were the perfect longa, the imperfect longa, the brevis, and the semibrevis.

A name associated with the invention of "time" was that of John de Muris, who was a theoretical writer, and left a treatise

entitled the "Art of Counterpoint." He lived about A.D. 1330. Melody began to receive attention at the latter half of the eleventh century, being used by the Provençal and other bards, who set airs to the poetry of their language; and, under the names of troubadours, *jongleurs*, *giullari*, etc., travelled from court to court, and province to province, receiving food, money, clothes and arms in return for their captivating effusions. Their melodies were generally quite simple, although of a sympathetic and fascinating character, and, being set to poems of religious and historical interest, their recitation proved interesting. Associated with English history was Blondel the minstrel, who discovered Richard the First in a German fortress, where he was imprisoned on his journey home from the Holy Wars in Palestine.

The troubadours died out about the fourteenth century, their popularity at one time leading so many to follow the pursuit that the European Courts were besieged with groups without talent or good manners, who so disgusted the nobles that they withheld their support. Florid melody originated from the fashion (during the thirteenth century) of embellishing the ordinary plain chants with ornaments and graces, in order to distinguish the festivals and high days, which ornaments, being liked and becoming known, were generally adopted.

During the fourteenth century music in parts came into favour, and manuscripts of such early part music may be found in the British Museum, and in the music collections at Oxford and Cambridge, where copies of music in parts, of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth centuries are preserved. The tenor voice sustained the melody in early music, which held the same important position as the soprano does now. This early music was generally in three parts, and is supposed to have originated in France, from whence it made its way into Italy. Towards the latter part of the fourteenth century music began to make a great stride onwards, and the nations who specially associated themselves with it were the Netherlanders, or Dutch, the Germans, and the Italians.

THAT very law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

GIFTS.

What shall I give to Thee, O Lord?
 The kings that came of old
 Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
 Their myrrh, and gems, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their heart's warm blood ;
 Their ashes strewed Thy way ;
 They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,
 To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee nor life nor death ;
 Our gifts to man we give ;
 Dear Lord, on this Thy day of birth,
 O, what dost Thou receive ?

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
 My store is scant and small ;
 Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,
 Lord, I would give Thee all !

Show me Thyself in flesh once more ;
 Thy feast I long to spread ;
 To bring the water for Thy feet,
 The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights :
 " Unclose thine eyes and see,
 Gifts to the least of those I love
 Thou givest unto Me."

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY BISHOP EDWARD WILSON, D.D.

"JESUS was born in Bethlehem of Judea;" how simple the announcement that God, who had previously seemed so far off from humanity, was then in reality Immanuel—"God with us."

"He came to set the captive free : O, strange mysterious love,
 That made Him share the prisoner's lot, his fetters to remove !
 That made Him bear the sinner's guilt, that guilt to cleanse away,
 And die that dying men might live, sons of immortal day !
 Compassion Infinite ! how far Thy glorious deeds excel
 What earth's most stately acts, most rapturous songs, can tell."

How unostentatious the advent, save in the glory on the plains of Bethlehem; and in the soul-inspiring carol sung by the heavenly host. Mysterious had seemed the prophecy—"Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel;" and how unmistakably the place made known—Bethlehem Ephratah. Brief was the season of melody to the shepherds, yet how exhaustless the theme; and whilst the tones still seemed to float in the air they start for Bethlehem; and fill the place with rumours respecting the tidings they brought. "Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart."

The name—Jesus; and what a name; "neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." Man, yet God! a suffering, patient, enduring man, able to sympathise with, as well as to help, all coming to Him. Yet was there ineffable "action of Presence" which perplexed and aroused hatred, because mystery. Officers, sent to entrap, returned and said, "Never man so spake." A moral magnetism attracted some; a dire envy, begotten of formalism, repelled others. "Who can forgive sins but one, even God," was the irrefragable reasoning of the astute scribes at Capernaum. The reply, "That ye may know the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins—He said to the sick of the palsy—I say unto thee, arise, take up thy bed and go unto thy house. And he arose and straightway took up the bed." So the infant of Bethlehem is the "mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." He came to a perishing world, laden with a new and imperishable life, to establish a kingdom of love and peace and truth that shall be everlasting. He came to solve that problem of humanity, Can there be reconciliation? Can man have fellowship with God? Now God is reconciling the world unto Himself. When the heavenly host left the shepherds said: "Let us now go even to Bethlehem and see this that is come to pass." This day let us do likewise—not going to Bethlehem, but by faith entering "into the holy place by the blood of Jesus, by the way which He dedicated for us."

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry—"

and there shall come to us the Christmas gift of a "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," that shall find its response in the utterance, "My Lord and my God."

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

It is fitting that Christmas should be the most joyous festival of all the year. The hour of the Saviour's birth was the most golden, the most auspicious in the whole history of the earth. To the astonished shepherds as they by night kept watch over their peaceful flocks on the Judean hills, the radiant angel, luminous in the glory of the Lord, said, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Morning came at midnight when Jesus was born. In the deep darkness of the world's despair the sunshine of heavenly hope came suddenly to glorify earth's lowliest and loftiest places, the cottages of the poor and the palaces of kings. The union of God with man is the pledge of every blessing. Redemption, immortality, glory are all implied in the advent. The great God became a little babe, clinging to the bosom of a peasant mother. The divine became human that humanity, so lost, so ruined, so heart-broken, so hopeless, might become divine. On the dome of the sky the power divine might have written large, in letters made of stars, the inscription, "GOD IS LOVE," as easily as it clasped the studded belt of Orion, and the heart of humanity would have sadly said, "Love is for the lovely, and we are altogether hateful;" but the revelation in human flesh and blood, in cradled innocence and crucified sinlessness, cannot be doubted.

"This is that night—no, day, grown great with bliss
In which the power of Satan broken is:
In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth."

God's unspeakable gift was the pledge of every blessing needed by humanity. The winter of the world was broken when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

To the early Christians the joy of Christmas was like new wine; it was hard to keep their gladness within due bounds. In the dreary middle ages, Christmas annually brought a brief fore-taste of millennial brightness and brotherhood. Even the superstitions of the season were strangely beautiful.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

The cattle in their stalls at midnight fell upon their knees, adoring Him who on that blessed night was in a manger laid.

" Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of ' post and pair.'
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

During recent years Christmas has resumed once more its rightful place as the gladdest festival of the year, and every succeeding year seems to make it brighter and more joyous. The celebration this year will doubtless be more universal and merrier than ever before. This is in itself a theme for thanksgiving. All Churches and sects in Christendom forget their unessential differences and realize more fully their essential unity as they rejoice together with exceeding great joy to greet once more the star of Bethlehem. The increasing joy of Christmas is in itself sufficient refutation of every infidel argument. Sceptical sneers do not thrive in Christmas sunshine.

The joy of gratitude for the unspeakable gift is social and unselfish ; all through the centuries Christmas joy has sought its most appropriate expression and wrought its own rich increase by giving. To receive Christmas gifts is blessed ; to give them

is more blessed still. Most blessed of all is it to give to those who cannot return an equivalent for the gift. The exchanging of gifts at home and among friends is good, is even heavenly; and yet there is a more excellent way, and that is to give where no gift is expected in return, to make some other home glad that would otherwise be gloomy, some heart light that otherwise might be heavy. Loving, unostentatious and self-sacrificing remembrance of the poor at the Christmas season will be our most suitable form of manifesting our thankfulness for the gift of the Saviour, and the one most acceptable to Him who for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

There is a kind of prayer in which no particular request is made, nor any particular answer sought. It is a *communing* with God as a child communes with its parent—a talking with him face to face, as did Abraham—a walking with Him side by side, as did Enoch. Sitting in His presence, in the fulness of filial confidence and love, the soul converses with its Father—tells its thoughts on various subjects, expresses what its fears and hopes were at particular periods of past life, and narrates the trials under which Satan has placed it, tells how these all were passed—tells how it grieves over past failures and delinquencies, and how grateful it is for present grace, and present faith and hope. In reverential admiration, and unabashed by kingly majesty, it tells of the deep love cherished for His character and for His Son Jesus Christ, and for His Church on earth; and in the unconscious ease of complete freedom, unrebuked by the faintest expression of His displeasure, in its holy boldness, inquires of the mysteries of God's own nature, and His manner of revealing Himself to men. Anything it wishes to say it says, and hears His voice "inly speak" in response. While this communion lasts, there is a sweet consciousness of mutuality of love and confidence, of reciprocated affection. Resting in the bosom of its Father, the child has no complaint to make, no prayer to offer. The child *converses* with the Father. The ineffable blessedness of the hour excludes all thought of time and toil and care. The sweetness of the communion gives the highest attainable satisfaction of soul—one step beyond is heaven itself.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

MISSIONARY FINANCE.

The soul-stirring missionary articles of the Rev. Dr. Burns, in the present and the November numbers of this MAGAZINE, merit the most serious consideration. Such a vast advance do they propose upon the present givings and doings of the Christian Churches that some might deem them chimerical and visionary, but for the irrefragable logic of figures which show how this result may be accomplished by the trivial sum of a cent a day from each member of these Churches. The only difficulty is to get all to do their share—to arouse the multitudes who do little or nothing from their guilty apathy, to induce them to feel the luxury of doing something for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. The cent a day should be the minimum—all can give this. Many now give ten times as much, and some give in our own Church a hundred, two hundred, three hundred times as much; and among our richer neighbours in the United States there are men who give over \$1,000 a day to the cause of God. If all would do their share the large sum mentioned by Dr. Burns could easily be doubled or quadrupled. The *New York Independent*, of Nov. 15th, speaking of the M. E. Church of the United States, says:—"The financial resources of the Church, with its nearly 1,300,000 communicants are scarcely touched. They never can be adequately reached under the present system or lack of system. Fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year would not be too much to expect from the Church if the Church had an opportunity to know its privilege and duty."

Money is poured out like water for the gratification of men's appetites or for frivolous pleasures. Men who spend from ten to fifty dollars a year for tobacco often plead that they

cannot afford to give a dollar to save the world. The drink bill of Great Britain and the United States alone is \$1,450,000,000 a year—with twice as much more as the cost of the traffic—while the contributions of all the Protestant Churches in the world, for the conversion of the heathen, have never amounted to \$10,000,000 a year. The value of the kid gloves imported into New York, says Mr. Croil (*The Missionary Problem*, p. 209), is ten times as much as the amount given by all the Societies in America to foreign missionaries. In that city, it is said that \$7,000,000 are expended annually in theatre-going and kindred amusements, and that \$125,000,000 are expended annually in silks, satins, laces, and other fancy goods. There is money enough and to spare.

As for men, there are in Great Britain and the United States, 114,000 Protestant ministers, preaching to 70,000,000 Christians, while only 2,293 British and American missionaries are preaching to 1,000,000,000 heathens. Yet, as the latter exhibit the greater need, they also yield the best results. During the last ten years the conversions, in proportion to the numbers employed, have been *thirty* times more numerous in heathen than in Christian lands. Lo, the fields wave white unto the harvest. Let us pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into the harvest. Let the consummation of Methodist Union be attended with a great missionary revival. Let us bring our tithes to God's store-house and see if He will not open the windows of heaven and pour out such a blessing, as shall give the seal of His approval to the thank-offering of His people.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

There are many and multiplying indications that our Father in heaven

is bringing closer together His children on earth. The increasing amenities and courtesies between Christian Churches, the kindly co-operation in Christian work, and the manifest yearning in the heart of Christendom for Christian unity are all evidences of the strength of this movement. Especially is this true in the mission field. When missionaries of different Churches find themselves face to face with a colossal heathenism, dense, dark appalling, they feel that their individual —isms are nothing, that Christ is all—that the work before them is so great that they have no time nor strength to waste in petty rivalries. For often Christianity has been disgraced by the spirit of caste, of mutual repulsion, of its teachers. Thank God that a brighter day is dawning. Let it be especially the mission of Methodism, which, as Prof. Goldwin Smith has remarked, was born not of strife or of discord, but of a religious revival—let it be the mission of Methodism, which is in Canada and the United States becoming, in point of numbers the predominant Protestant Church of this land—to become the intermediary and amalgam between the older historic Churches of Christendom. In Methodism on this continent are combined both the Episcopal and Presbyterian form of Government. Is it a dream to hope that it may furnish the common ground on which the Churches may meet and out of their diverse systems evolve the fairer, broader, grander Church of the millennial age?

One of the most pleasing features of the Luther celebration was the hearty co-operation of all the Protestant Churches in recognizing their common heritage in the life and labours of the great Reformer. Another sign of the times is the series of contributions to the discussion of Christian unity from very different sources, and representing parties supposed to be world-wide apart, in the public press.

Still another omen of good have we in the announcement we are able to make for this MAGAZINE for the coming year. We have now in hand an article by the venerable Bishop

Fuller, of the Church of England, on the subject of "Christian Unity;" one by the Rev. Dr. Laing, of the Presbyterian Church, on the "Basis of Christian Unity;" one by the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of M. E. Church of the United States, on the same subject; and one by Bishop Mc-Tyeire, of the M. E. Church South, congratulating our own Church on the consummation of Methodist Union in this country. That all these representatives of different Churches should meet upon the platform of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE to approve and promote Christian unity and brotherhood is an augury, let us hope, of the fulfilment of the Saviour's prayer for those who should become His disciples "that they all may be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.

We doubt not that, as a result of the wonderful Luther celebration, which has united the hearts of Protestant Christendom as nothing else has ever done, the great doctrine of the Reformation—justification by faith alone—will ring out from Protestant pulpits as never before. The personal responsibility of every soul to God, the vanity and futility of looking to any human intermediary or intercessor, the unassailable supremacy of the conscience, and the right and duty of every man to study for himself the oracles of God—these great truths will be taught with a new emphasis and a new power. Men have been shown the true foundation of civil and religious liberty; and the obligation of the world to the emancipating influence of the Protestant Reformation has, from thousands of pulpits and in thousands of journals, been anew demonstrated. Doubtless, also, multitudes, as they have followed the fortunes of the intrepid monk, have caught the glow of his dauntless spirit, and been inspired by his sublime heroism, and shared his lofty faith as they have sung his battle hymn—

"A mighty fortress is our God."

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

The series of Evangelistic services undertaken by the representatives of most, if not all of the Evangelical churches of Toronto, is a movement that must command the sympathy of every disciple of Jesus—of every lover of his kind. It is a protest against the narrowness and bigotry which too often have prevented Christians of different Churches from engaging together in revival work. The brethren go forth two and two, as our Lord sent His apostles. They seek to bring the unevangelized masses to Christ, not to any particular Church. Nevertheless these will be urged to make choice of some Church as their religious home. Prejudice is thus disarmed—the charge of proselytism, or poaching on other men's preserves, is prevented, and a demonstration is given of the unity of the brotherhood in the bond of peace.

Of a similar character is the work of the Canadian Evangelization Society which has had labourers employed in many parts of Canada, especially among the volunteers and sailors of the camps and ports. There are at present urgent demands on the Society. To meet them more money is needed and the committee appeal to the liberality of the Christian community. The following names of committee-men are a guarantee that the money will be well expended: S. H. Blake, Q. C., John Macdonald, George Hague and others. All contributions are to be sent to W. B. McMurrich, Esq., Treasurer, York Chambers, Toronto.

THE MONTREAL THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Just as we go to press comes to hand the report of the opening of the

new building of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. We have only space to briefly note the fact. We hope to give a fuller account of this important event, with an engraving of the building, in a future number. The enterprise reflects great credit on zeal and liberality of the Methodist people in Montreal, and of those who have assisted them. Appropriate addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Rice; the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, Principal of the Congregational College; Rev. Dr. McVicar, Principal of the Presbyterian College; Principal Nelles, of Victoria University; Rev. Dr. Cochran, Rev. W. R. Parker, M. A., Rev. Dean Baldwin, and Mr. Wm. Gooderham. The ground and buildings have cost over \$40,000. The new Convocation Hall bears the honoured name of the Hon. Senator Ferrier, to whom the college owes very much for its success. We anticipate for it, under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, assisted by the accomplished scholar, Prof. W. I. Shaw, and an efficient corps of instructors, very great prosperity.

Apropos to Methodist Union, we have just heard rather a good joke, which we must record. A Roman Catholic gentleman—a priest, we believe—speaking on the union of the Methodist bodies so happily consummated, gave a new and ingenious reading to the passage in the sixth chapter of Ephesians which admonishes against “the wiles of the devil.” This our critical friend translated thus: *τὰς μεθοδεῖας τοῦ διαβόλου*—“the diabolical Methodists!” Sound and sense, however, do not always agree.

TO OUR PATRONS.

WE beg to call special attention to the announcement of this MAGAZINE for 1884—the best it has ever made. See our advertising pages. We hope that each present patron of the MAGAZINE will kindly hand that announcement to some neighbour or friend and invite him to subscribe. We expect, through the cordial co-operation of our present subscribers, to very largely increase our circulation next year. Please remit your own subscription promptly, that there may be no interruption in the coming of the MAGAZINE.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Evangelistic Conventions are much in vogue in Britain. Recently one was held in the Adam Clarke Memorial Chapel, Lerwick, Zetland, which was a season of great spiritual refreshing. It is believed that such services give an impetus to all kinds of Christian work, and are always regarded as a grand preparation for special seasons of revival. The appointment of the Rev. H. P. Hughes, by the last Conference as a special Evangelist, has had a good effect, as his visits to various places has been attended with marked results.

The *Missionary Notices* contain abundant evidence of the rapid extension of Wesleyan Methodism in all parts of the world. Great efforts are being made to push further into the interior of Africa, so that, if possible, a new Missionary be established "further north from Pretoria, towards the Zambesi."

There are records in every monthly issue of the departure of missionaries and their heroic wives to the work among the heathen; also, of ladies who go out as teachers. In the October number the names of seven of the latter are recorded, and eleven of the former, and alas! also, there is an account of the death of two missionaries in the West Indies, and of a missionary's wife in China.

Pressing demands are made for an increase of missionaries, especially in Africa.

A remarkable revival has occurred in British Guiana, at Georgetown, where among a population of 50,000 there are three Methodist chapels, one holding 1,500 persons; 200 members have been added to the church.

A company of Italian soldiers were camping out on the hills near the village of Pallanna, when a group of them, to while away the time, com-

menced singing one of the hymns they had learned at the Wesleyan services. Attracted by the sounds their comrades began to cluster round them, and mingled with the peasants from the village. Then one or two officers came up. Encouraged by the interest thus unexpectedly awakened, the Christian soldiers mustered and sang hymn after hymn to an ever-increasing audience; the peasants, especially, wondering by what sort of magic the ribald songs they had expected to hear had given place to the sacred psalms of praise.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Merrill was much pleased with his visit to Japan. The property secured for educational purposes is pronounced every way suitable. All the departments of the institution will be filled with scholars at the opening. The Government has issued permits, authorizing certain members of the mission to reside and teach at Tokio.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society, recently held its 13th annual meeting at Madison, with an income of \$26,898. Two young ladies were reported to have graduated from a medical college and were ready for the foreign field. An illustrated paper for the women of India is contemplated. An endowment of \$25,000 has been secured for a training school as soon as a place can be procured.

A farewell was recently given to Miss Everding, at Syracuse, on her departure to labour in the mission work of Japan. She is a native of that city and a graduate of the University. It is her intention to remain at least five years in Japan.

Chaplain McCabe, during his recent visit to Toronto, said they were building two churches a day, and he

hoped before long they would build three per day. He recently dedicated 15 churches in as many days.

The result of the revival services in Kansas City, conducted by the Rev. Thomas Harrison, is that 280 persons united with the Methodist Church on probation, and many others have connected themselves with other Churches in the city.

The *Texas Christian Advocate* of a recent date, contained 4½ columns of revival notices, giving accounts of 53 revivals and camp-meetings, footing up 1,395 conversions and 1,047 accessions.

Mr. George I. Seney has recently given another quarter of a million of dollars to complete the Methodist Hospital he founded some time ago in Brooklyn.

Hon. W. C. De Pauw, another wealthy Methodist layman in New Albany, Indiana, has given \$240,000 towards the endowment of Asbury University in that State, and agrees to give additionally twice the amount that may hereafter be raised by other friends of the University. He also gives a proportional interest of his estate, at his decease, which, it is believed, will make the University the best endowed Methodist institution in America. In consequence of his liberality the trustees have resolved to change the name of the University from Asbury to De Pauw.

The Baltimore Methodists—North and South—invite the Centenary Conference to meet in that city.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The Indian Mission Conference was recently held. A school is established on the Reserve for Seminole girls. Two daughters of the late Bishop Marvin have entered upon their work as teachers in the Academy.

There are Indian girls in the Indian Territory University who are studying German, French, Latin and Greek, geology, moral philosophy, political economy and other branches of the college course.

Four young Indian maidens—two Choctaws and two Cherokees—have matriculated in the Wesleyan Female College, Georgia.

The Church Extension Board has built between 50 and 75 churches the first year of its existence.

The Churches, both North and South, are making preparations, on an extensive scale, for celebrating the Centenary of Methodism in America. Bishop Wilson, of the South, wants "a permanent loan fund of half a million to be secured for church buildings, and another half million to be invested in stable foundations in foreign mission fields."

Of the 173 young men and women who have this summer taken their diplomas from chartered institutions in Georgia, more than one-half graduated from the schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The *Evangelical Churchman* says: "We heartily congratulate our Methodist brethren upon the consummation of their Union. Four branches are now united into one strong and solid organization, which must gain immeasurably in the efficiency of its Christian work, as well as economy of administration. Every step thus taken in the interests of Christian Union is a gain and blessing, not only to those immediately interested, but to the whole Christian Church; and it is an earnest of that still grander consummation of the Union in practical co-operation, if not in corporate unity, of the whole of Protestant Christendom, for which we must all long and pray."

In Wingham all the branches have actually become one. In Brampton, the Methodist Episcopal church is closed, and the members worship in the other Methodist Churches. In Bolton, Albion, the Primitive Methodist Church is also closed, the congregation having amalgamated with that of the Methodist Church.

There are 121 Methodist Sunday-schools in Newfoundland, and 119 of all other denominations.

In Plainville the Bible Christian Church trustees have given a noble proof of their love of Union by donating \$200 of their trust fund to liquidate the debt on the Methodist church in that place.

In several places the ministers of different branches have been engaged holding Union revival services with more or less success. These are delightful omens of future prosperity. Revivals are in progress in all the churches.

The Rev. Dr. Young, Superintendent of Missions, writes a gratifying account of his recent visit to the missions in the North-west. At Medicine Hat, which was only opened three months ago, a church has been built. At Broadview, an extensive mission has been opened. The Missionary takes in Crescent City, 45 miles distant, where he spends one Sabbath per month, and has formed a class of fifteen members. A church and parsonage have also been built. Surely this is a good three months' work. At Qu'Appelle four churches have been erected. At Virden a parsonage and a hall for church purposes have been secured.

At Regina a parsonage has been built. The prospect everywhere is of the most cheering description only that the small Missionary grants are causing much disappointment and, it is feared, suffering. While Presbyterian Missionaries are being paid at the rate of \$800, minimum, the Methodist missionaries should not be expected to subsist on little more than one-half of that amount.

In the Nova Scotia Conference, after the most careful scrutiny, the average deficiency of married men on an appropriation of \$750, is \$320.26, leaving \$429.74 as the total amount which a married minister has to depend upon. Our readers should lay these things to heart.

Victoria University has commenced the year with an unusual large number of matriculants. The undergraduates who have entered upon their last year is also large. Dr. Nelles has had good success in

collecting for the endowment of the Ryerson Chair. The scheme will soon be completed.

ITEMS.

Dr. Edward Judson declines the Association Secretaryship of the American Baptist Missionary Union, preferring to continue his home missionary work in New York City, to which he is devotedly attached.

A son of the South Sea Islander, who slew the English martyr missionary John Williams, of Erromanga, laid the first stone of the monument erected to his memory.

Mr. Wm. Bucknell, a wealthy Baptist manufacturer of Philadelphia, has endowed eleven \$1,000 scholarships in Lewisburg University, to aid Christian students who do not use tobacco, wine, or liquors.

THE DEATH-ROLL.

Since our last issue, the Rev. M. Richey, D.D. has gone to his rest. When in his prime, he was one of the most accomplished pulpit orators of Canada. As a Methodist minister he filled the most important appointments. He was Principal of Upper Canada Academy, now Victoria College; was several times President of the Canada Conference. For the last 30 or more years he had resided in Eastern British America, where he was frequently President of Conference. He was a member of the first meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in 1846, and often represented the Methodist Church in important assemblies. For the last few years he had lived in retirement, and died in great peace at the house of his son, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Chipman, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, has gone to his eternal home. By the provisions of his will the following bequests are made:— To the Methodist Institutions, at Sackville, \$10,000; to the Superannuation Fund, \$5,000; to the church at St. Stephen, \$1,000; and \$500 to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

BOOK NOTICES.

Biblical Hermeneutics. A Treatise on the Interpretation of the Old and New Testaments. By MILTON S. TERRY, S.T.D. 8vo., pp. 781. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$4.00.

The Methodist Publishing House at New York is exhibiting great enterprise in the production of the Library of Biblical and Theological Literature, of which this is the second volume. It is too large and too important a book to be adequately treated in less than a review article. We can only note some of its prominent characteristics. We know of no book by any American or English author which so amply and ably treats the subject of Hermeneutics as this of Dr. Terry's. He discusses first the Bible in relation to the sacred books of ethnic religions, and treats very fully the Hebrew, Chaldee and Greek languages and the principles of textual criticism. Upon the vital doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture he is conservatively orthodox. The science of interpretation in all its aspects—historical, figurative, metaphoric, parabolic, allegoric, gnomic, typical, symbolic, prophetic and apocalyptic, analogic and scientific—are discussed with exhaustive fullness of detail. Then follows the history of Biblical exegesis—Jewish Rabbinical, Early Christian, Later Patristic, Mediæval, Reformed; and the vast field of English, Scottish, French, German, Dutch, American, Deistic, Atheistic, Rationalistic, Pietistic interpretation down to the present time is treated. The author is master of the manifold polyglot literature of this great subject. His style is plain and lucid and the material is well arranged and well digested. That the treatise has reached perfection the author will not claim; but we know of no other

such apparatus extant for the study of this subject. We should like to see this work adopted in our Theological Colleges, and largely used by the preachers and teachers of Methodism.

The Parabolic Teaching of Christ. A Systematic and Critical Study of the Parables of Our Lord. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D. 8vo., pp. 515. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$2.75.

No portion of Holy Scripture will more richly repay the most careful study than the Parables of our Lord. But in the study of no portion is it more necessary to understand the *usus loquendi*, the meaning of each allusion, and the purpose of our Lord's teaching. Trench, Arnot, and Gutbrie, Greswell, Irving, and the great commentators have dug some of the richest ore of Divine truth from these exhaustless mines. But so far as we know, no one has studied them so systematically, and set forth their teachings so fully and clearly as the accomplished professor of New Testament exegesis of the Free Church College of Glasgow, in the volume before us. Dr. Bruce classifies the parables as (1) Theoretic or Didactic, containing the general truth or 'metaphysic' of the Divine Kingdom; (2) The Evangelic or Parables of Grace, their burden being the mercy and love of God to the sinner; and (3) The Prophetic or Judicial Parables, rebuking the evils of the time and warning of a judgment to come. Under this classification, with profound learning, and with a spiritual insight born not of learning but of communion with the Divine, Dr. Bruce unfolds the exhaustless fullness of meaning of these holy oracles. The results of the most eminent recent Biblical exe-

gesis, both British and Continental, has enriched the book. It cannot fail to make the preaching and Bible reading of all who will study it more rich, and full, and clear.

Newfoundland: Its History, Its Present Condition, and its Prospects in the Future. By JOSEPH HATTON and the Rev. M. HARVEY. 8vo., pp. 431, illustrated. Boston: Doyle & Whittle, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$3.75.

To most Canadian readers the Island of Newfoundland is as unfamiliar as the Island of Ceylon. Yet its history is of fascinating interest, and it is one of the noblest possessions of the British Crown. It has special claims upon our attention as a half-way house between Canada and Europe, as destined to become an important member of the Canadian Confederacy, and as the field of some of the most heroic missionary operations of our Church.

This book is the first which adequately treats this oldest colony of Great Britain—discovered by a British seaman only five years after Columbus unveiled the New World. It is one of the most successful examples of literary partnership. Mr. Hatton, an accomplished London journalist, edited the book, saw it through the press and enriched it by his researches in the library of the British Museum. Mr. Harvey traversed the island from side to side, explored its resources, and describes its agricultural, lumbering, mining and fishing industries. The book is admirably illustrated and has an excellent folding map. The American edition is revised, corrected, and enlarged; and is indispensable for all who would know all about our nearest seaward neighbour. The chapters on the seal, cod, salmon, herring, and other fisheries, on the interior of the island, and on Labrador, are a story of stirring adventure which has all the charm of romance. In 1874 there were 97,057 Protestants and 64,317 Roman Catholics, a considerable number of these French. Of the Protestants 59,561 belonged

to the Church of England, 35,702 to the Methodists, 1,168 to the Presbyterians. It is one of the noblest of our mission fields. We shall give in this Magazine for 1884 several articles on this island with copious pictorial illustration, drawn by the courtesy of the publishers from this volume.

The After-School Series. Preparatory Latin Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. 8vo., pp. 331. Price, \$1.25.

The After-School Series is one of the most ingenious and useful conceptions of the fertile brain of Dr. Vincent, the parent of the C.L.S.C. idea. The initial volume on the Preparatory Greek Course was a great success. We consider this volume an improvement even upon that. By its study the average English reader may become as familiar with the amount of Nepos, Salust, Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, that is read in a College course as the average college student. Nay, more familiar. The judicious chapters on the city, language, literature, and people of Rome; the admirable running commentary on the authors; the comparative poetic translations of the sweet Mantuan bard will give a better insight into the spirit of those writings than most students get. We confess that we have enjoyed the outline of Virgil here given better than when plodding away as a school boy at the Æneid as task work. The author does not claim that this book is a substitute for a study of the language; but for those who cannot prosecute that it is the next best thing.

A Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets. 8vo. pp. 761. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$2.75.

Every one who has had much experience in writing has often felt the need of just such a book as this. It enables one to verify an elusive quotation of which he can only recall a word or line, and brings within reach what the greatest poets have

said upon almost every topic. This volume is based upon Bohn's useful Dictionary of Quotations; but is much enlarged and improved. By means of 85 pages of concordance index, the treasures of the volume are rendered easily accessible. The citations are very copious. Those on Life and Death, for instance, fill 7 and 10 pages respectively; and those on Love 26 pages. Shakespeare, of course, leads off the list of authors, furnishing over 1800 quotations. Byron gives about 600. Pope over 500. Milton, Young, Cowper, Butler, and Longfellow, over 400 each. A strong point of the book is the extensive references to recent and living authors, often omitted in books of this sort. The references are also full—not scrappy—and definite, giving the precise poem and line. After experiencing the benefit of it, one would not willingly be without it.

Christianity and Humanity. A Course of Lectures delivered in Meiji Kuaido, Tokio, Japan. By CHARLES S. EBY, B.A., including one lecture each by Prof. J. EWING, B. Sc., F.R.S.E., of the Science Department, Tokio University, and Prof. J. M. DIXON, M.A., of the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio. Cloth, pp. 296, royal octavo. Price, \$2. Yokohama: R. Meiklejohn & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The contributions of Christian missions and missionaries to literature are neither few nor slight. They would form a large library of great value. The book before us is an admirable example of the class just mentioned. All the moral, philosophical, and scientific speculations which agitate Europe and America are discussed with eagerness in Japan. The old beliefs are losing their hold upon the minds of the people. "The works of Western unbelief," says Mr. Eby, "are widely read, while Japanese students, as a mass, and Japanese teachers, with rare exceptions, are in the position of ignorance, indifference, or positive hostility to Christianity." To meet this

state of things this course of lectures was projected. They were delivered, in both English and Japanese, to large and interested audiences.

The lectures are masterly discussions of such subjects as Christianity and Civilization, Christianity and History, Christianity and other Religions, Christianity and Morality, with able preludes on the Antiquity of Man, the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, Evolution, Darwinism, etc. We hope that many Canadian readers will procure this first literary product of Canadian Missions in Japan.

War Songs. 8vo. pp. 96. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The old saying of Fletcher, of Saltoun, that he cared not who made the laws of the nation if he made their songs, is especially true of the war songs of a people. They stir the blood like the peal of a bugle. Chanting these songs armies have rushed to victory. Around many a camp fire they have beguiled the tedium of many a leaguer and bivouac. Here are all the old favourites—The Battle-cry of Freedom; Rally Round the Flag, Boys; The Red White and Blue; We are Coming Father Abraham; Tramp, Tramp; When the Cruel War is Over, and all the rest. A tone of pathos blends with these martial lyrics in the hymns for Memorial Day, when the soldiers' graves alike are decked with flowers, whether they wore the blue or the grey. The choruses are arranged for male voices. The survivors of the thousands of Canadian youth who fought in the Civil War will renew the memories of the past as they sing again these songs.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic has doubtless nerved many a heart for the conflict—especially the grand lines—

As Christ died to make men holy,
Let us die to make them free.

The following stanzas are also very fine—

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage,
where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on .

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat ;
He is sitting out the hearts of men be-
fore His judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him !
be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on .

Contrary Winds, and Other Sermons. By WM. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. 8vo., pp. 372. New York : A. C. Armstrong & Son, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.90.

The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle will always command an appreciative audience for the living voice, and reading public for the printed page. It is an inspiration to listen to his full, rich periods, nor is it less so to read his thoughtful page. Such sermons are an answer to the question why the intellectual classes have forsaken the Church. They have not forsaken it, and while such men as Dr. Taylor, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Newman, Phillips, Brooks, and many another in all the Churches hold the pulpit, they will not forsake it. The fact that volume after volume of their sermons are called for year after year shows that the old Gospel has not lost its spell upon the hearts and minds of men.

Jesus the World's Saviour: Who He is, Why He came, and What He Did. By GEORGE C. LORIMER. Pp. 358. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1 50.

Around the form of the world's Redeemer gather all the interests of all the ages, and to Him converge all the lines of prophecy and of history. The great question that will not down is the question, What think ye of Christ; Whose Son is He? To answer this question these sermons were preached and published. Dr. Lorimer, as pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, fills a pulpit of commanding influence—fills, in the best sense, with a thought-compelling power. The

style of this book is eminently picturesque and descriptive, more so than sermons often are, and each sermon lays its tribute at the feet of Him whose name is above every name. The book is spiritual and practical, and devoutly read cannot fail to strengthen the faith and confirm the hope of the disciples of Jesus.

Ingersollism—From a Secular Point of View. By HUN. GEORGE R. WENDLING. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

We think that the class of mind that is most influenced by Ingersoll's diatribes against Christianity, will be more influenced by the counter arguments of such laymen as Judge Black, and the Hon. G. R. Wendling, than by the more formal replies of Christian ministers. From a purely "worldly" standpoint Mr. Wendling shows that Ingersollism, in its logical outcome, is subversive of stable government, of security of property, and of the purity and happiness of home-life. He shows that it is earthly, sensual, devilish. He does not argue for the truth of Christianity from the facts of revelation; but for the truth of revelation from the facts of Christianity—from its historical record. The citation from Napoleon, at St. Helena, on Christianity, is very telling. The lecture is very eloquent—almost too rhetorical—but that is, probably, the secret of its great popularity, as given from a hundred rostrums east and west. From no other source has Ingersollism received more telling blows.

Luther: A Song-Tribute. By Rev. MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH. A book of Poetry called forth by the 400th Anniversary of the Great Reformer's birth. Lutheran Publishing House, Philadelphia. Pp. 102. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

This book is made up of numerous poetical articles, referring to different events and incidents in the life of Luther and the progress of the Reformation. In addition to original articles there are a variety of translations from different languages. There are several neat illustrations.