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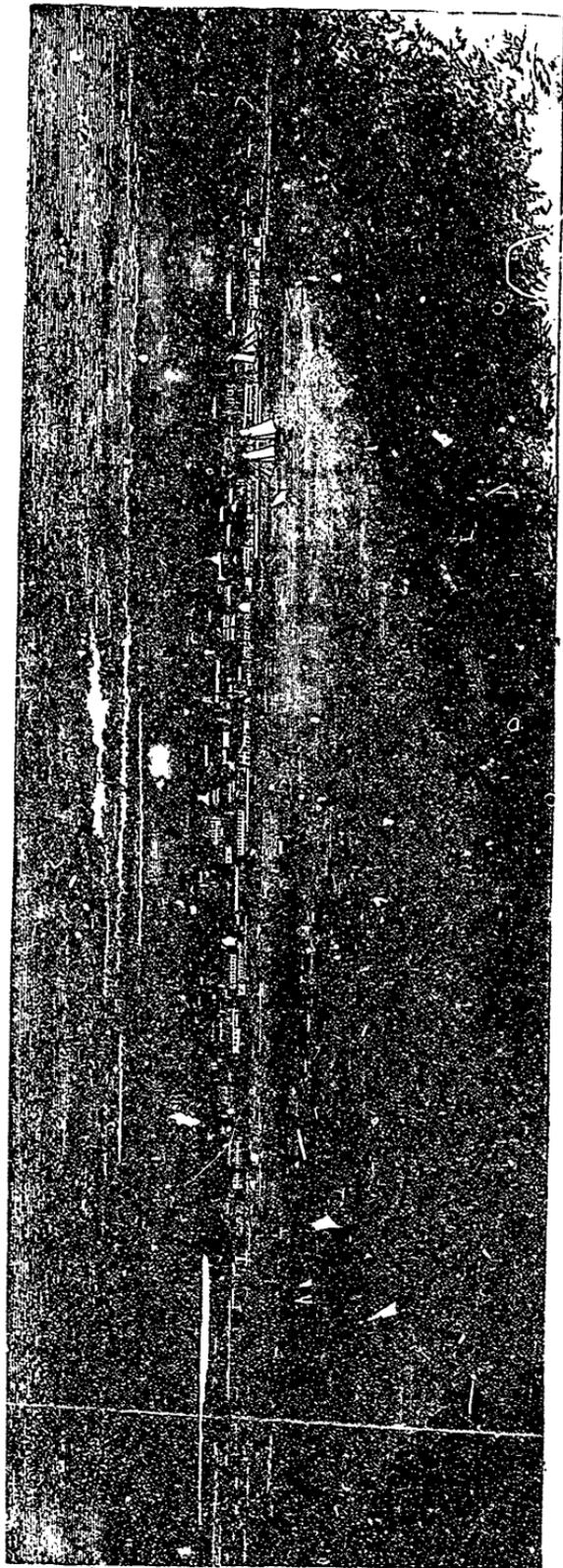
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HAMILTON, BERMUDA (*Looking from the South.*)

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

I.

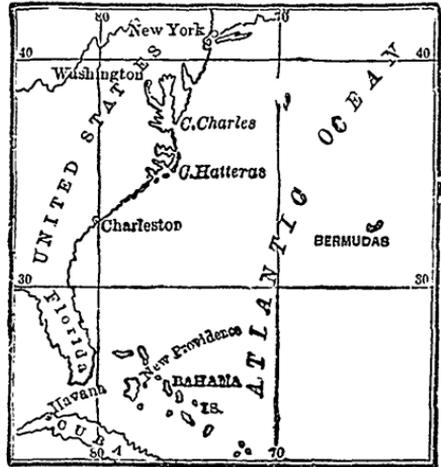
LYING about seven hundred miles south-east of New York is a group of islands whose climate, soil, and picturesque scenery render them especially interesting to us, and yet they are strangely unfamiliar even to most well-informed readers. Speaking our own language, and having the same origin, and recently associated with us in religious fellowship as forming a branch of the Methodist Church of Canada, the people are bound to us by many ties of sympathy and interest. But affairs in Bermuda have been as placid as its lovely waters on a summer day, with only now and then a petty agitation which has not been sufficiently important to attract the attention of the outside world, from which it is so absolutely isolated.

Within three days' travel from New York it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery, and vegetation as Bermuda offers. The voyage may or may not be pleasant, but is sure to be short. The Gulf Stream, which one is obliged to cross, has on many natures a subduing effect, and the sight of land is not generally unwelcome. The delight is intensified by the beauties which are spread out on every hand. The wonderful transparency of the water, the numerous islands, making new pictures at every turn, the shifting lights on the

hills, the flowers, which almost hide the houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbour of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government House. The news has been telegraphed all over the island, and the crowd of people on the wharf indicates the interest which attaches to our advent. The majority of those standing there are coloured, with a sprinkling of men well-to-do and English in appearance, while the presence of the British soldier suggests the fact that this is one of England's military stations.

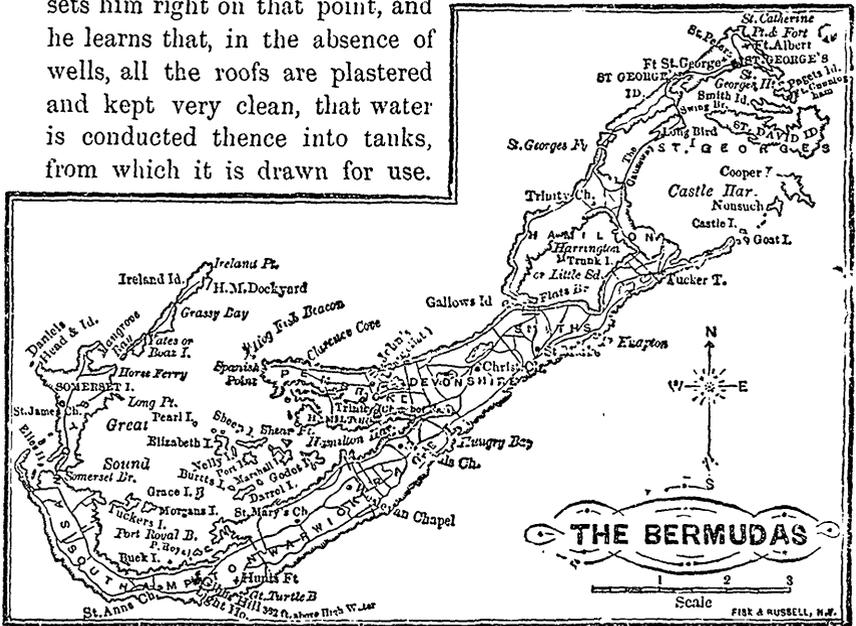
We are anchored just opposite Front Street, which, we learn, is the principal business street of the town. A long shed-like structure stretches along the wharf, affording a comfortable shelter for men, boys, and barrels. The pride-of-India trees, offering agreeable shade, border one side of the street, while stores, unpretending in appearance, extend along the other. From the nature of



the soil, the streets are almost white, imparting an unpleasant glare, and, on the whole, the first glimpse of the town is not very prepossessing. As we land, no hackman vociferates. No man of any calling, vociferates in this latitude. If we desire a carriage, we send for it; otherwise we walk. The town boasts of some three or four hotels, to the best of which, the Hamilton, we make our way. It is situated on a high hill, commanding a view of most of the town. Doors and windows are flung wide open. The floors, save the parlour and sitting-room, are white and uncarpeted; the rooms are simply but comfortable furnished, and, what is better still, tolerably large, airy, and well ventilated.

Long verandahs stretch across the front, from which one obtains delightful views of the harbour and the hills beyond, clothed with cedar and dotted with houses. Flowers bloom in front of the house, and the oleander, red, pink, and white, lines the path leading up the hill, shading off into the dark green of the cedars below. The air, free from impurities and laden with the perfumes of the flowers, is delicious: it is a joy to breathe.

The town is small, not having, probably, more than two thousand inhabitants. It is laid out quite regularly, and is neither ugly nor indeed very pretty, but is interesting for its location and novelty. Glancing at the white roofs, one's first thought is that there has been a fall of snow, but the thermometer sets him right on that point, and he learns that, in the absence of wells, all the roofs are plastered and kept very clean, that water is conducted thence into tanks, from which it is drawn for use.



This for ordinary dwellings. Where a large supply is required, as about some of the encampments, the rocky slope of a hill is selected, graded, plastered, and that, presenting a larger surface, is used for the purpose. The water is singularly pure, and pleasant to the taste.

The houses are rarely more than two stories in height, often,

or usually, only one. They are almost invariably built entirely of the Bermuda stone—walls, roofs, and chimneys. The stone is of a creamy white colour, and so porous that it seems as if it would crumble in a day. Indeed, it is so soft that it is generally sawed out with a common handsaw. The tiles, which are about two feet long, one foot wide, and from six to eight inches thick, are left for a short time to harden in the sun.

The walls and roofs of all houses are plastered, and this fact, taken in connection with the entire freedom from frost, explains their durability, many of which are in a good state of preservation after standing for a hundred and fifty years. They are usually white, with green Venetian blinds, admitting light and air from beneath. Nearly all have pretty verandahs and pleasant grounds surrounding them. Judging from the exterior, one would conclude that they would be entirely inadequate to the demands of any ordinary family, but closer acquaintance demonstrates the fact that a house may be built *out* as well as *up*, and what seemed very diminutive proves to be very commodious and pretty, though they are usually destitute of anything which we term "modern improvements." Kitchens and servants' rooms are generally detached from the main house.

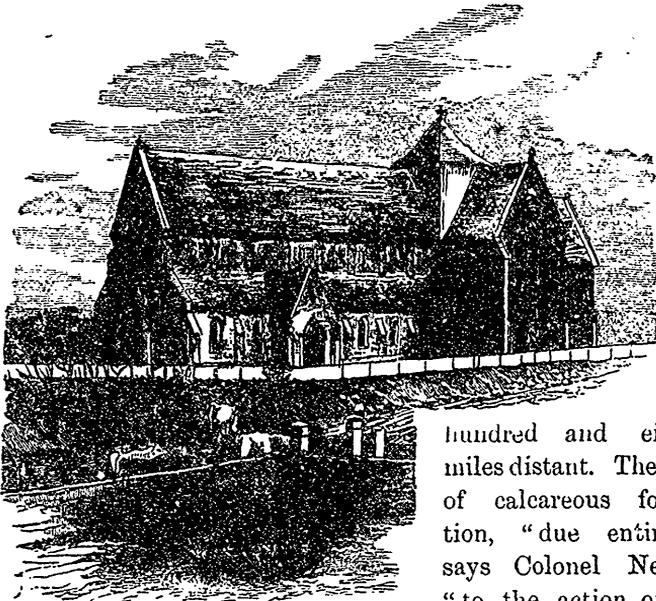
The government buildings in Hamilton are plain two-story structures, in one of which is the Bermuda Library, originated by Governor Reid, and at present sustained by occasional grants from the Assembly and by subscriptions. It contains some twelve hundred works, well selected, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, well read. The small number of illustrated books which the library possesses, together with those written by the Queen, or due to her patronage, are the pride of the librarian, a retired sea-captain, who exhibits her Majesty's autograph with delight, descanting all the while on the kindness which has prompted her gifts.

The most pretentious building in Hamilton, or, indeed, in Bermuda, is Trinity Church, which was some twenty-five years in building, owing, however, rather to the stupidity than the skill of its builders. It stands on a hill overlooking the town, belongs to the Episcopalians, and is really quite picturesque.

There are only two towns in Bermuda—Hamilton and St.

George's. Most of the people therein are engaged in trade, but there is no excitement about it. Few business men in Hamilton reside in the town, but drive or sail in from homes in the country. At six the town is deserted. The streets are not lighted and almost absolute quiet prevails.

The general direction of the islands is from north-east to south-west. They are in the latitude of Charleston, South Carolina and the nearest point on the continent is Cape Hatteras, five



TRINITY CHURCH.

hundred and eighty miles distant. They are of calcareous formation, "due entirely," says Colonel Nelson, "to the action of the wind in blowing up

sand made by the disintegration of coral reefs. They present but one mass of animal remains in various stages of comminution and disintegration. The varieties of rock are irregularly associated, and without any order of superposition. Nearly every shell now known in the surrounding sea may be found in the rock, quite perfect, except with regard to colour. Along the south shore are sand-hills which illustrate the formation of Bermuda. In one instance a cottage has been submerged, trees to the height of several feet, and the sand has even travelled up a hill one hundred and eighty feet high.

Nine miles north of the islands are four needle rocks, apparently the remnants of former islands. They are about ten feet above high-water mark, and vary from four to eight feet in diameter. They are of limestone, and are stratified like the mainland."

There are in all about one hundred islands, though it is usually stated that there are three times as many. Not more than sixteen or twenty are inhabited, and of these the five largest are

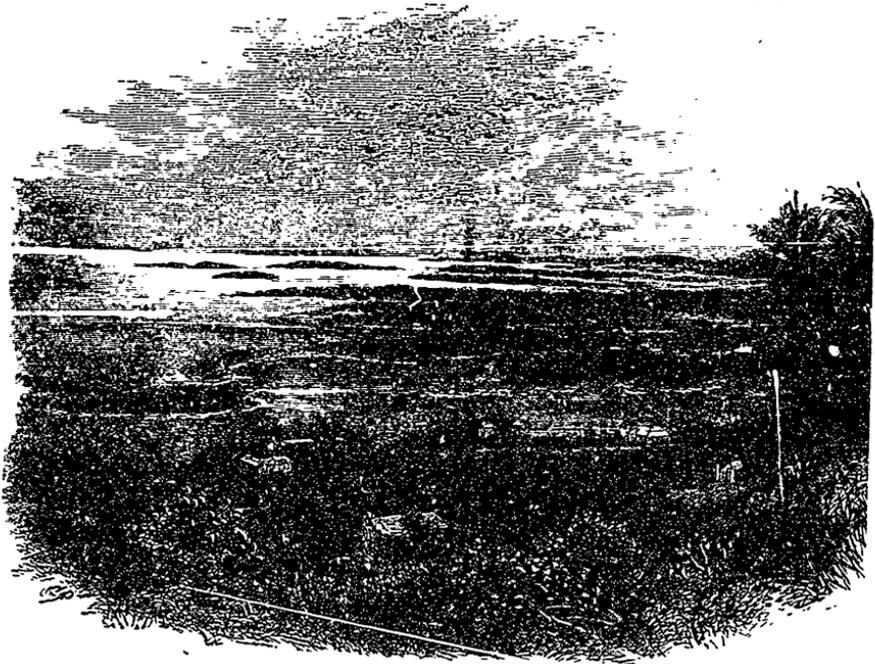


STREET IN HAMILTON—THE WHARF.

St. David's, St. George's, Bermuda proper, sometimes styled the Continent, Somerset, and Ireland. They are about fifteen miles in length, and the greatest breadth is about five miles. There are no mountains, no rivers, and so, while they are without magnificence in scenery, in a quiet sort of beauty they are unique.

There are about one hundred and fifty miles of good hard roads, which are generally free from dust. In many places deep cuttings have been made, and the rock towers above the carriage even. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and changes continually.

Now you drive through wide stretches of country, and the landscape bears a striking resemblance to that of Canada; then through a narrow road, with high walls of rock on either hand, on the sides of which the maiden-hair fern grows in profusion, and the road is so winding that every new view which bursts suddenly upon you is a surprise; and then there are delightful glimpses of the sea, with its many islands. Walls of stone extend along the roadside, and over them clamber the morning-glory,



VIEW FROM LIGHT-HOUSE.

the prickly-pear, and the night-blooming cereus. Great beds of geraniums, which mock our hothouses in their profusion, grow wild. Hedges of oleander line the roads or border cultivated patches of land, protecting them from the high winds which at times sweep over the islands. Thirteen varieties of it are found here, and wherever you go it is one mass of pink and white blossoms. The lantana also grows wild along all the hedges. The passion-flower peeps out from its covert of green leaves, creeping up the branches of tall trees. The profusion of flowers is wonder

ful, and one can always have a bouquet for the gathering. The winter is the regal time for them. About Christmas the roses, magnificent in size, and of great variety, are in all their glory. One gentleman assured me that he had upward of one hundred and fifty varieties. No great care seems to be taken to cultivate them. Here and there one sees a fine garden, but nothing that even approaches what might be accomplished with such a soil and climate.

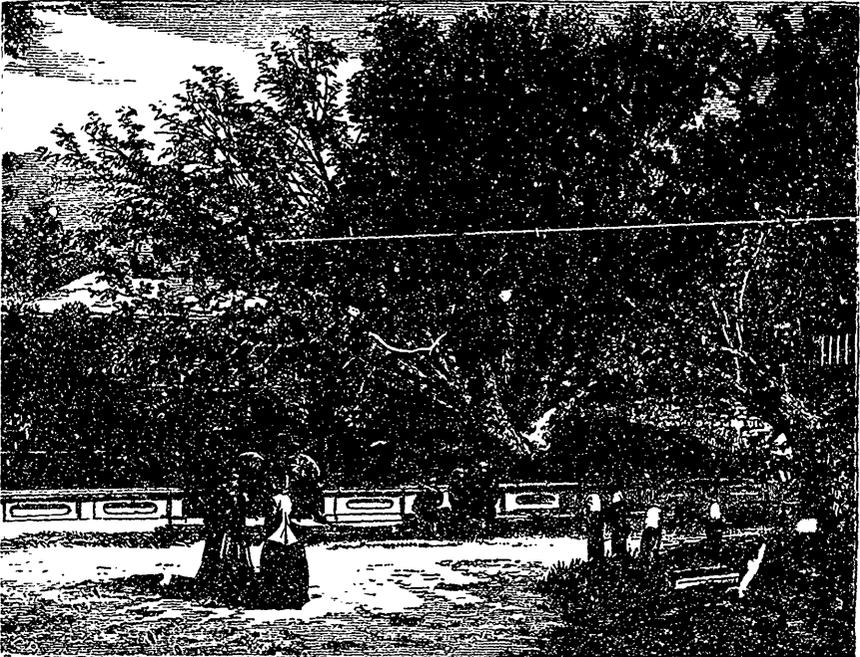
The beauty and variety of flowers are fully equalled by the excellence and diversity of fruits. Oranges of superior quality are raised, though their culture is not general. The lemon grows wild. The mango, guava, papaw, pomegranate, fig, arocada pear—whose lovers (for they can be called nothing else) become eloquent in its praise—the custard-apple, the banana—the lazy man's delight, bearing its wealth of fruit, and dying as it yields its single bunch, while the new plants springing up about its dead stalk maintain the supply the year round—all these fruits grow readily, and with due effort would grow abundantly. Apples and pears are raised, but lack the flavour they possess with us. Peaches, heretofore excellent, have been destroyed for two years by an insect. Strawberries ripen from November till July. Grapes grow luxuriantly.

The most common tree is the Bermudian cedar, with which nearly all the hillsides are wooded. Occasionally one sees the mountain palm, while tamarind, tamarisk, palmetto, cocoa-nut, India rubber, mahogany, and calabash trees are quite common. In gardens many West Indian trees are found.

Although three crops of vegetables can be raised annually, still agriculture is in a very backward state, and most of the fruits enumerated are specially rather than generally cultivated. In the early colonial days it was the chief occupation of the people, but was afterward abandoned for other pursuits, and after the introduction of slavery the land was mostly tilled by slaves, and a certain disgrace attached to this kind of labour. Ignorance reigned in the fields, and it is only recently that an attempt has been made to wrest them from its sway. The most progressive men are now deeply interested in the subject, and strong efforts are being made to induce the people to cultivate something

besides the stereotyped onion, potato, tomato, and arrowroot, the last said to be the best in the world, though the quantity raised is constantly diminishing, as it exhausts the soil, and does not prove as remunerative as some other crops.

Small patches of land are selected here and there, are carefully spaded—the plough not being in common use—and from them the surprisingly large crops are realized. The land is quite generally inclosed by the oleander, and to prevent inroads upon it all



INDIA RUBBER TREE.

creatures that feed out-of-doors, from a hen to a cow, are usually tied. The poor things have that resigned look peculiar to individuals linked to anything from which they are too weak or too stupid to escape.

One great drawback to the colony has been the lack of regular steam communication with New York. The government now pays a subsidy to the Quebec & Gulf Ports S. S. Co., who run excellent steamers fortnightly, and in the great crop season, during the

months of April, May, and June, weekly trips are made. The value of exports is about \$350,000. The ready market which is secured by steam communication, the introduction of improved farming utensils, the increased demand which will be made for products which the country can so easily supply, will make of Bermuda ere long that for which she is so well fitted—the garden of New York, Boston, and Halifax.

In travelling through Bermuda one's thoughts continually revert to Spain. The name of old Juan Bermudez, its discoverer, has been bestowed upon the islands, and it would seem as if his spirit still floats over them, so thoroughly Spanish are the outward characteristics; and in no place is this more marked than in the quaint old town of St. George's. The harbour is beautiful, and much more accessible than that of Hamilton. The streets are narrow—mere lanes, in fact—across which you can shake hands with your neighbour if so disposed, and they are, moreover, sandy and disagreeable for pedestrians. Houses are huddled together in the most miscellaneous manner, and from one perfumed with the onion, with its unkempt and uninteresting-looking occupants bursting out at doors and windows, you come pat upon a beautiful garden, with its pretty Bermudian cottage, only to find repetitions of the experience throughout the town. On its most commanding height are fortifications, and the work now in progress is said to be particularly fine. There are barracks all over the hill, and soldiers lounging about wherever you go. During the American civil war St. George's was a busy town, being a great resort for blockade runners.

The India-rubber tree shown in the engraving on page 393 often grows to an immense size. It is a tree of picturesque appearance, with dense foliage and large and lofty crown. The india-rubber or caouchouc, which is such an important article of commerce, is made from the dried or thickened juice. The tree is tapped in the morning, and during the day a gill of fluid is received in a cup placed at each incision in the trunk. When dried in the sun it is nearly colourless, but when smoke-dried it is nearly black. It is of immense utility for waterproofing; and, since Goodyear's discovery of the art of vulcanizing it, it can be moulded into any form. Its exemption from corrosion makes it of great value for a variety of important uses.

HOW A RAILROAD IS MADE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

MOST of our readers are familiar enough with travelling by railway. Few of them, however, we venture to think, have any adequate conception of the amount of skill and labour required for the construction of these iron roads. As we are whirled along in our flying palace car, surrounded by every luxury, and able to read, sleep, or enjoy the ever-varying scenery, climbing mountains, diving through tunnels, leaping over valleys, we are apt to forget the weary toil of brain and muscle in the conception, construction, equipment, and management of that greatest triumph of the material civilization of the age—a successful railway. The difficulties to be overcome are sometimes enormous. The nature of these difficulties and the triumph over them of human skill, experience, foresight, and patience, are in a very graphic manner set forth in the admirable report on the construction of the Intercolonial Railway by Sandford Fleming, Esq., C. E.* To this report we are largely indebted for the information in the present paper, and all our illustrations are drawn from works upon that great national railway. Many of the plates illustrating the bridges and other works are of great artistic beauty. With several of these we hoped to have embellished this article, but they are engraved by a photo-zincographic process which we found ourself unable to transfer to these pages. Upon the preliminary processes of surveying, making choice of routes, locating the road, clearing the land, grading, ditching, delving, digging, blasting, tunnelling, and embanking, we shall not delay; but proceed to a brief account of the superstructure and masonry substructures of the road.

In a country like Canada one of the greatest difficulties in railway construction arises from the severity of the climate. The

* *The Intercolonial*.—A historical sketch of the inception, location, construction, and completion of the line of railway uniting the Inland and Atlantic provinces of the Dominion. With maps and numerous illustrations. Large 8vo., pp. 268. Dawson Brothers, Montreal and Methodist Book Rooms.

action of winter frosts and spring thaws, especially on exposed embankments, is apt to throw the rails out of level and alignment. The only remedy for this, and for the undermining tendency of water currents and freshets, is thorough drainage. This necessitates deep ditching and numerous culverts, large enough to carry off extraordinary floods as well as the usual flow of water. To prevent the impeding of the line by snow, the track must be raised somewhat above the surrounding surface, and the cuttings should be wide enough to admit of the snow being cast aside by snow ploughs. Miles and miles of snow fences and snow sheds have also been found necessary on the Intercolonial for this purpose. In passing through forest land, as much of this road does, a sufficient width has to be cleared to prevent obstruction of the road by falling trees and to reduce the risk of injury by bush fires—the latter, in the resinous pine woods, being a dangerous contingency.

No portion of a railway is more important than its bridges. These structures on the Intercolonial, in consequence of its skirting the St Lawrence and Gulf for much of its extent, and crossing several large rivers near their mouth, are of considerable magnitude, and, on account of spring freshets and ice shoves, have to be of more than ordinary strength. The bridges are all of the most substantial character, and with the exception of three are all of iron. Steel rails are far preferable to even much heavier ones of iron. They last much longer, and the cost of shipping, transport, handling, and track-laying is no more. Such rails, therefore, were exclusively employed on the Intercolonial Railway. The building of stations, "engine-stables," water-tanks, and work-shops for the accommodation and repair of rolling stock, is also an important item of railway construction.

The "superstructure" of a railway consists of ballast, ties or sleepers, rails, and everything above the formation level. The weakest part of a line of rails is the joints between them. To secure the greatest possible rigidity under the strain of passing trains, what are called "scabbard joints" have been employed, as well as the ordinary "fish-plate." The scabbard is a sort of splint of good steel, sheathing the ends of the rails, and firmly bolted and spiked in place. The sleepers are generally of spruce, pine,

tamarac, or cedar, about two feet six inches from centre to centre. The best ballast is clean gravel, without any admixture of loam or clay, which would hold the water.

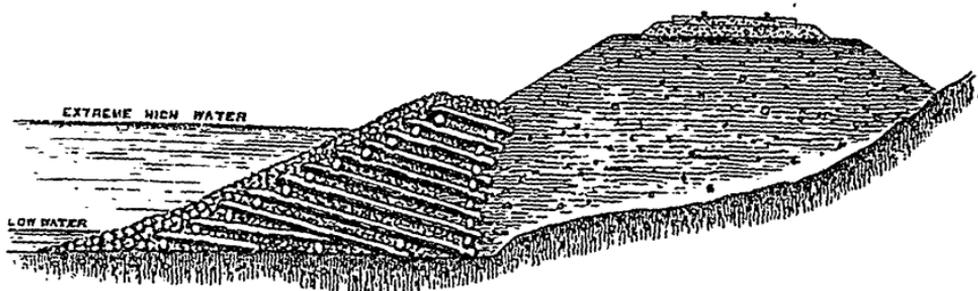


FIG. 1.—CRIB-WEARFING ON THE METAPEDIA.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The "substructure" of a railway consists of everything which goes to form the foundation of the rail-system. A leading principle adopted on the Intercolonial was to have as few bridge openings as possible. Wherever practicable the streams were conveyed beneath the track through covered archways in a continuous embankment. So also, in crossing valleys, embankments were preferred to viaducts, as safer, more enduring, and generally less costly. The maximum height of embankment on the line is one hundred and ten feet.

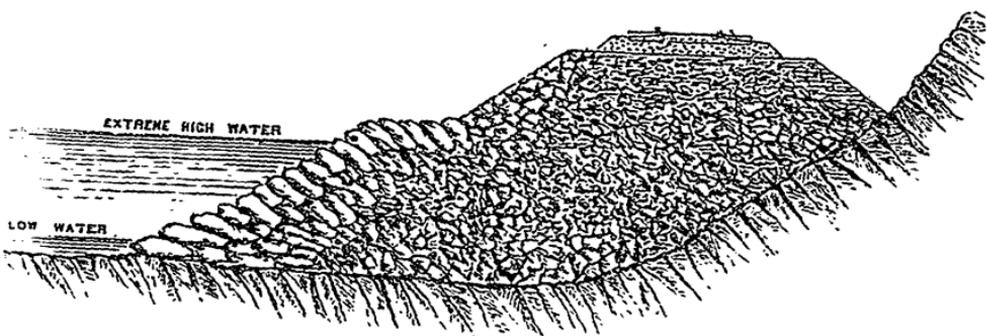


FIG. 2.—EMBANKMENT ON THE METAPEDIA.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Sometimes it was found necessary to divert a river from its channel in order to construct a roadbed for the railway. This was done as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, which exhibit certain works on the Metapedia River in New Brunswick.

In the left hand margin of Fig. 1 is shown the framework of

cedar timbers, faced with stone, as a precaution against the wearing action of flood-water on the newly-formed earthwork. To the right hand of the cut is seen the roadbed, encroaching on that of the river.

In Fig. 2 is shown a similar construction, only instead of crib-wharfing the slope of the embankment is faced with large-sized stones.

The culverts or openings under the railway for streams of water were constructed in the most solid manner. The foundations were carried deep below the frost or quicksands, and every precaution was taken against the undermining effects of currents of water.



FIG. 3.—CULVERT UNDERNEATH EMBANKMENT.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Where the road passed at a sufficient height above the bed of the water course, a culvert of the general plan shown in Fig. 3 was adopted. The heavy mason-work was first built in the most substantial manner, and the earthwork embankment was afterwards filled in on each side of the culvert, the track running transversely across that structure.

Where the height of the road above the water will not allow the use of the semi-circular arch—or where a flatter arch will still allow sufficient vent for the water, a segmental arch is often employed, as the one shown in Fig. 4. It spans the Kouchi-bouguac River in New Brunswick. This arch is thirty feet wide, and springs directly from the sandstone rock. It is built under

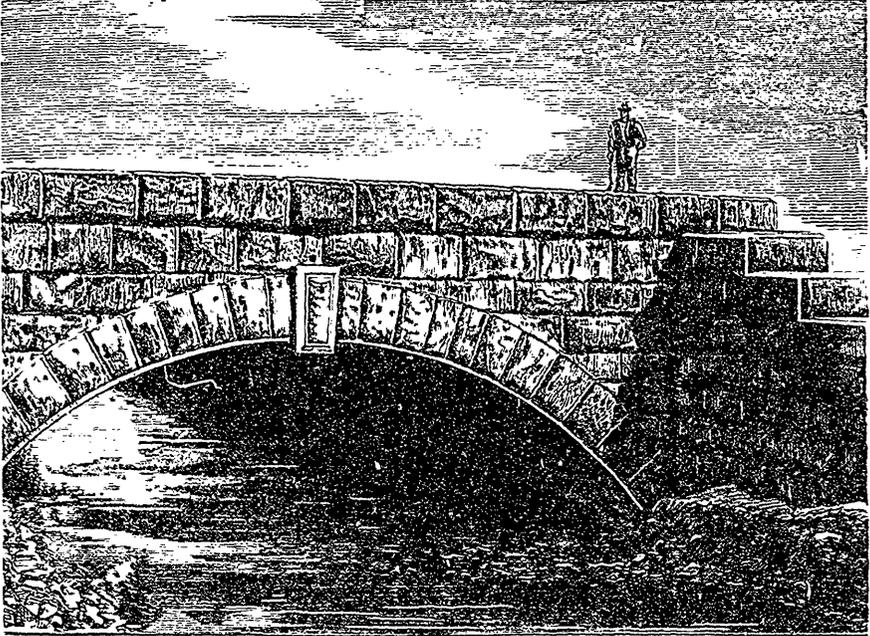


FIG. 4.—SEGMENTAL ARCH CULVERT.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

an embankment sixty feet high, and the tunnel thus formed is consequently nearly two hundred feet long. The cut is from a photograph taken before the heavy embankment was carried over the arch. The comparative size of the standing figure will show the truly Cyclopean character of the stone-work.

In these massive structures no attempt whatever at ornament was made. Such pettiness, indeed, would have been conspicuously out of place. Whatever character or expression these structures possess—and they possess much—they derive entirely

from their unadorned simplicity, their rugged strength, and the adaptation to the purposes for which they are designed.

The bridges on this road were numerous, and in several cases large and costly structures. For those of smaller size the general plan adopted was that shown in Fig. 5. The piers and abutments were built as hollow towers, with walls about five feet in thickness, and with circular or rectangular wells within—these wells being sometimes ten feet in diameter. Thus a great saving of material was secured, while a perfectly adequate strength was maintained.

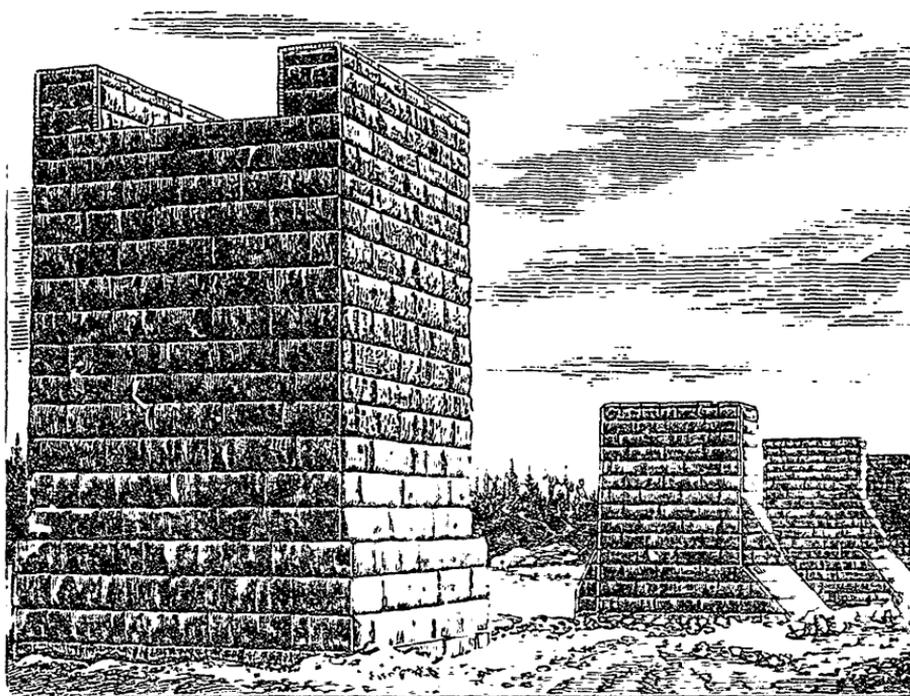


FIG. 5.—ABUTMENT AND PIERS OF BRIDGE.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Fig 5 shows a part of one of these bridges before the laying of the track. The large square abutment to the left is one of these hollow towers. The heavy piers to the right of the cut show the form commonly adopted for resisting the shove of ice in the spring freshets. The sharp wedge-like edge rips up the ice and causes it to part on either side. As the shove, except in

tidal rivers, is always down stream, it is on the upper side that this form of structure is chiefly employed.

Among the most difficult constructions on the road were the large bridges near the mouth of tidal rivers. We will briefly describe those crossing both branches of the Miramichi, near the town of Newcastle, the story of whose construction has all the interest of romance. Each bridge is 1,200 feet long, having six spans of 200 feet each. The depth of water varies from fifteen

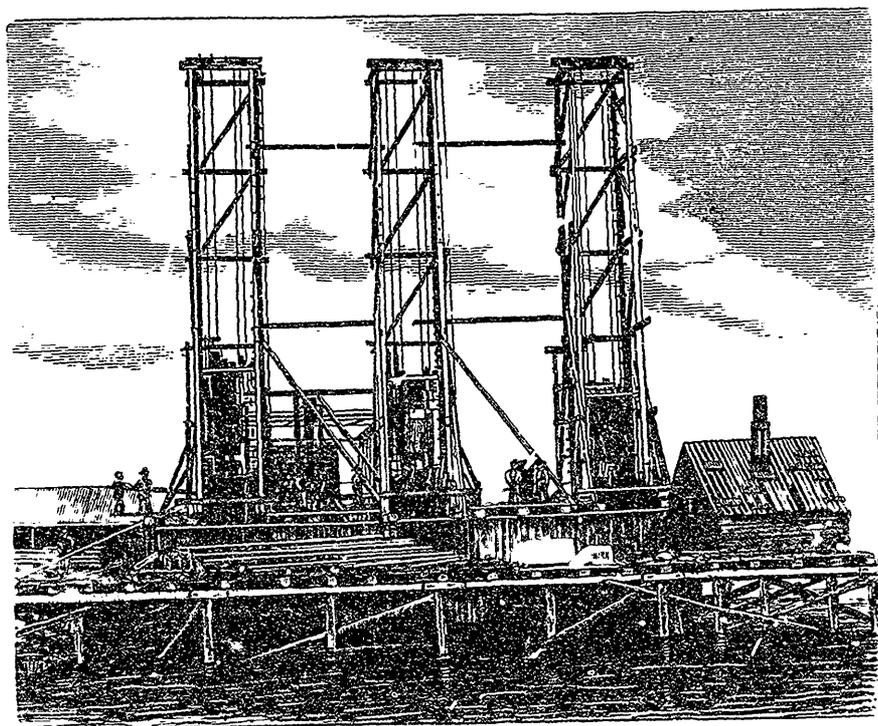


FIG. 6.—DREDGING TOWERS AT MIRAMICHI BRIDGE.—INTERCOLONIAL RY.

to thirty-three feet. The piers were sunk by means of huge caissons, sixty by thirty feet, formed of hewn timber and water-tight planking. The lower part of the caisson was a chamber designed in the form of an inverted hopper to admit of undermining and dredging operations. The lower edge of the caisson terminated in a cutting edge formed of hardwood timber and

boiler plate. Above the working chamber were others which were filled with concrete in order to sink the caissons to the bottom. Through these a vertical shaft or well was left, by means of which the excavated material from the bottom was elevated. These huge frame-works were constructed on land, launched and carefully sunk exactly upon the site of the piers. By means of the wells dredge pumps removed the underlying material, when

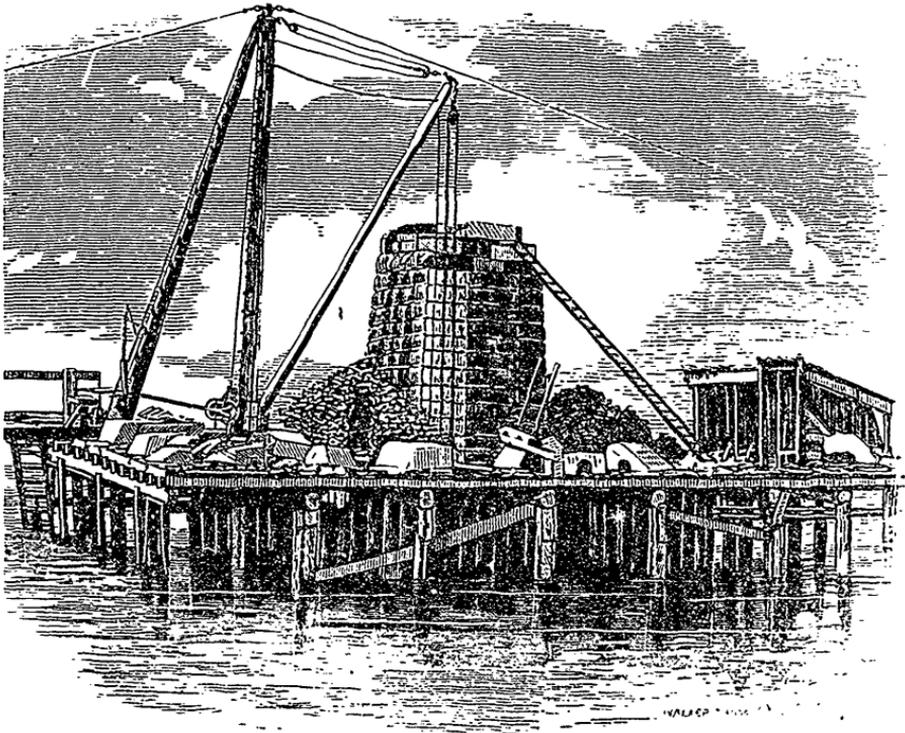


FIG. 7.—PIER OF MIRAMICHI BRIDGE.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

the caissons slowly settled down to the solid substratum of rock or firm gravel beds. Frequent interruptions arose from sunken logs and boulders being discovered under the cutting edge of the caisson. These had to be removed by divers clad in waterproof armour, working down on the bottom with pick, shovel, and tackle, like mermen or Tritons. Some of these logs were twenty inches through. Upon the caissons watertight coffer-dams were

constructed, to facilitate the building of the mason-work of the piers. On these, dredge-towers were erected, as shown in Fig. 6, lending their weight to the sinking of the caissons.

By means of steam dredges the material beneath the caisson was removed to a mean depth of forty-five feet. The caisson was then completely filled with concrete, composed of broken stones, sand, and Portland cement, which firmly "sets" in water, and the stonework of the piers was laid thereon, the coffer-dams having been pumped out by powerful engines.

After one of the piers was nearly completed it was discovered that its foundations were sinking, the amount of sinking being ten and a-half inches. The pier was then loaded with stone and iron rails to the extent of 450 tons, when a further depression of two and a-half inches took place. Under an additional load of a hundred tons, for several months the foundations continued firm. Fig. 7 shows this pier in construction partially loaded.

The massive abutments were built on the solid rock, which was cut into steps to receive the foundation. Cofferdams had first to be constructed to keep out the water. The huge stones were conveyed to their places by means of a "traveller," running on framework overhead. Fig. 8 will show the exceedingly solid and enduring character of the masonry. There is a simple majesty about its appearance that approaches the sublime, and almost impresses one with a sense of awe. But the train now whirls rapidly over this structure, and the tourist gives scarce a moment's thought to the immense amount of toil and skill employed in the construction of this air-hung highway.

The employment of caissons in modern bridge-building is one of its most remarkable features. In constructing the St. Louis Bridge some of the caissons went down to the depth of 110 feet below the water. The largest in the world is that used for the New York pier of the East River Bridge. It is of iron, 172 feet long and 102 feet wide. It had an air chamber at the bottom ten feet high, lighted with gas, in which men worked in condensed air, at a pressure of thirty-four pounds to the square inch. Nearly twice this pressure, however, has been employed. The excavated sand was blown away by the pressure of the air through pipes, of which forty were employed. Over this air

chamber was a framed timber roof, twenty feet thick, on which the immense piers were constructed. It contained 4,200,000 feet of timber, 600 tons of iron, and weighed 13,000 tons. On this were built 30,000 tons of masonry. This bridge, which connects the cities of New York and Brooklyn, has a span of 1,595 feet. It is to be 85 feet wide and 135 above the water. It will be suspended from four wire cables, each sixteen inches in diameter. Such are some of the triumphs of modern engineering.

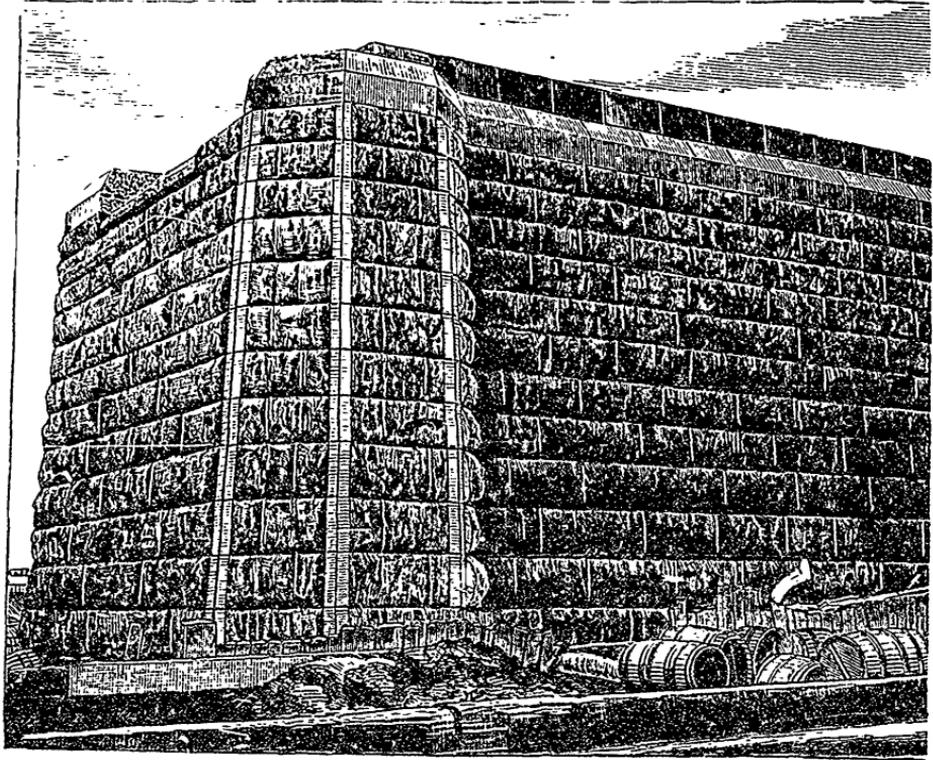


FIG. 8.—ABUTMENT OF MIRAMICHI BRIDGE.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The construction of the Intercolonial Railway is a greater triumph of human skill and ingenuity and indomitable conflict with the opposing forces of nature than the building of the Pyramid of Cheops. In some places deep bogs or morasses had to be crossed. Here layers of trees and brush were constructed, forming a broad platform. As this sank till stability was reached,

an embankment was carried over the morass. Sometimes a lake was drained, a river turned out of its course, or a mountain cleft through or tunnelled. No obstacle was too great to be successfully overcome.

The most rigid resistance had to be opposed to the tremendous ice shoves and the impact of rafts and timber cribs borne on the spring floods. Sometimes when an "ice jam" takes place in Metapedia or Restigouche, the water will rise twenty feet in a few hours. When the "jam" gives way, a moving mass of ice, water, and uprooted trees are borne onward with a current of seven or eight miles an hour. Only works of Cyclopean strength can withstand the impact of such a mass.

Some ingenious applications of water-power were employed in the construction of this road. One was that of hydraulic excavation. Where a sufficient head of water could be obtained, by damming a stream or otherwise, it was found that jets directed against a gravel bank so undermined its structure, that masses, often thousands of yards, would fall in a very brief space of time. This method is also adopted in hydraulic mining in California.

This magnificent road may well be an object of patriotic pride. It renders the treasures of the sea and of the mine from the East easily interchangeable with those of the forest and the field from the West. It binds together, with bonds of steel, the most populous provinces of our broad Dominion. It will unite in the golden bands of commerce the goodly cities by the sea, with their fair sisters on the lakes. It will tend to give us unity and homogeneity as a people—to make us know each other better and love each other more. It is a link of vast importance in that great iron highway which is soon to span the continent from sea to sea, along which the commerce of the nations is destined to pour from Orient to Occident. The child is now alive who shall see the names of Canadian merchant princes "familiar as household words" in the bazaars of Tokio and Hong Kong, of Sydney and Madras, of Calcutta and Benares. The treasures of the gorgeous Inde and far Carthay shall be stored in our cities, which shall be the *entrepots* of the most important carrying-trade in the world. Like Venice, like Holland, like Great Britain, we

shall levy tribute from all nations. Warder of the great highway of commerce, we shall hold the keys of Empire in our grasp ; and, if we but rise to the height of our great privilege, we may take, by the blessing of God, a leading place among the foremost nations of the earth.

HOLOCAUST.

THE sweet last hours of the year are waning ;
 Already has the white-robed priest, the Frost,
 The temple entered, its high altar staining
 For Summer's holocaust.

While everywhere amid the mellow shimmer
 Of brightening air, the jewelled trees arise,
 In crimson and in gold, like lamps that glimmer
 To light the sacrifice.

And over all the solemn stillness reigneth,
 Such blissful calm as may death's pain beguile ;
 That " peace of God " which heavenly love ordaineth,
 To suffering ones who smile.

Oh, human heart that wanders 'mid this glory,
 Dost Nature's lesson still so vainly read
 That every year reiterates the story
 With thee anew to plead ?

Thou know'st the earnest word divinely written
 By one of Nature's mitred priests of song,
 " Sublime a thing it is " for hearts when smitten
 " To suffer and be strong."

But Nature teaches how the great Refiner
 Bids Beauty blossom at the touch of Pain,
 And lifts the spirit to a height diviner
 In times of loss than gain.

Look wheresoe'er thou wilt in adoration
 Of soul or feature most supremely fair,
 And thou wilt find, with subtle re-creation,
 Has Sorrow's touch been there.

Then why behold with sense of gloom or grieving,
 This bloomful fading of each verdant thing,
 Or mourn life's fleeting, varied charms, believing
 This is but ripening.

“JAMAICA JAMES.”

BY A HOME MISSIONARY.

“If you please, Mr. Fenn, why do they call you Jamaica James?” I suddenly inquired of the grizzled old mariner whose acquaintance I had made while on a visit to the fishing village of Spratlingsea.

“Why, you see, sir,” answered Mr. Fenn—taking his short black pipe out of his mouth to point with—“I was one o’ them as helped to get the people out o’ the *Jeemaiky*, West Hingieman, when she druv ashore at the foot o’ the Poor’s Cliff yinder and so they called me Jeemaiky Jeems. Whereas, you know, sir,—

“Jeems Fenn is my name,
England is my nation,
Spratlingsea is my dwelling-place,
An’ Christ is my salvation.”

Pr’aps it ain’t for me to make so bold, but I’ll hope so—I’ll hope so,” the old man added, in reference to the last line, as he reverently pushed back his low-crowned hat and pulled his iron-grey forelock.

My friend’s explanation of his nick-name rather disappointed me. I had hoped to be told that he had been born in Jamaica, and to hear stories of earthquakes and hurricanes, buccaneers, slavers, and Maroons.

Still a big ship wrecked on sands on to which I could have pitched a stone—a ship whose crew the old man I was walking with had helped to save, was not a subject to be passed over in that cursory fashion.

“But, Mr. Fenn,” I objected, “if you weren’t the only one that saved them, why should you be called Jamaica all to yourself?”

“Well, you see, sir, it was me as managed to get the line aboard. We’d none o’ them rockets in those days. Twenty times an’ more the waves knocked me down—three times my mates hauled me ashore, with the blood coming out o’ my eyes an’ my ears as well as my mouth an’ my nose—but I was young and venturesome then. As soon as I could get my

breath, at it I went agin, till at last I got hold of a bit o' line the Hingiemans' crew heaved me, an' they hauled me aboard—and a set o' lubbers they were, too, for they run my head up agin the cathead. Forty thousand candles I see dancin', an' I thought I must ha' let go. I didn't, though, and every soul aboard, except the monkey, was sayed, thank God! Some on 'em scrambled ashore, along my line, you see, sir, and them that wasn't game to, was hauled along it in a kind o' hammock like, when we'd rigged a tackling. I tried to catch Jenny—that was the monkey's name—but she bit so I couldn't, you see, sir. 'Come along, mate,' says the skipper, 'you an' me's the last, an' I'm a-goin'. Sure you wouldn't risk your life for a monkey.' But when I see how some o' the men as I'd risked my life for went on when they got ashore, I was in two minds as to whether the monkey worn't better worth savin'. Not but what the Spratlingsea people—fishermen and farmers' folk, too—was every bit as bad.

"You see, sir, the *Jeemaiky* was an old ship, and one tide broke her up. The sugar hogsheads and the rum-casks was soon dancin' about like bungs, and as sure as a rum-cask came ashore, it was broached, an' them as got hold on it drunk theirselves into the horrors. It was Christmas time then, an' for a long time there was a sayin' that it was the jolliest Christmas as ever was known in Spratlingsea. But that kind o' bein' jolly ain't to my taste now, and it worn't then.

"Old folks, they say, allus thinks their young times best; but though Spratlingsea ain't what it ought to be yet by a long chalk, I can see a change for the better in it. There ain't near the drinkin' an' the riotin' there used to was. Everybody did what was right in his own eyes, as the Bible says, in the times I'm tellin' ye of. Every fisherman was a smuggler, an' the farmers an' the farmers' folk was in league with 'em. Why, that winter, just afore the *Jcemaiky* was wrecked, there was a Revenue officer found down in the marshes, with a bullet in his head, an' three stabs atween his ribs. Ah, them was sad, wild times."

"It must have been a long, long while ago, Mr. Fenn."

"Yes, 'tis; an' yet I remember it all better than what happened yesterday. I'm seventy-seven come Michaelmas, an' I was on'y

just turned twenty when the Hingieman druv ashore at the foot of the Poor's Cliff."

"Why is it called the Poor's Cliff?"

"Well, you see, sir, hundreds o' years ago, a good lady left lands for the poor o' Spratlingsea; but long afore my time the sea had swallowed 'em all up except that there cliff. It makes me think o' myself somehow, the Poor's Cliff do, sir. All my old mates is gone, an' the sea's had most on 'em. Of them as calls me Jeemaiky Jeems, there ain't scarce one in the whole parish as see the *Jeemaiky* lost, except Mrs. Cardinal up at the Almshouses—the red uns by the church I mean, with the grey stone in front, with the houtlandish bird cut on it. There's readin', too; but all that I could ever make out is that Dame Lucy Dean left them tenements for the solacement of six worthy widows of master mariners born in this parish; an' I suppose that's all that anybody need make out, though there's a deal more on it.

"Well, you see, sir, Mrs. Cardinal knew me when I was a baby, for she's close upon ninety-three. That's a great age for these parts—we ain't long-livers here. The sea an' the aguey atween 'em finishes us off pretty brisk. Of an afternoon, I like to go in and have a dish o' tea an' a yarn with Mrs. Cardinal. She knew my father an' mother, she knew my dear wife an' my pretty children, an' she knew me when I was a smart young chap. If it should please God to take the old lady afore me, I shall be like a sparrer alone on the house-top. But I shall see 'em agin, where there's no sea to drownd, an' no fevers. It was typus they took. They was all down at once, an' they was all buried within a week o' one another. My poor Meg was the first. There was six o' the pretty little dears, an' the eldest on 'em not nine. I was a young man then, an' had my sorer hard. I thought I couldn't live out the year, but here I am a-goin' on for seventy-seven. There's on'y two things I've any great wish for now, sir. One on 'em is, that the Lord will be good to me when my time comes; an' the t'other is, that He'll give me strength to keep off the parish, an' pay for my own buryin'. It 'on't cost much if on'y my relations comes to it; for I hasn't so much as a tenth cousin, so far as I know."

"But didn't you get a reward, Mr. Fenn, for saving the *Jamaica* people?"

"Not a cent, sir, as the Amerikers say. If I could have saved the cargo, it would have been different—there'd have been salwage then; but the sea an' the Spratlingsea folks wrecked that atween 'em. Hows'ever it wasn't for money I did it, sir. I couldn't bear to see the fellers hanging on to the rigging, howling like starved dogs. You could hear 'em for all the storm. There was one old gen'leman *promised* me a lot—a coffec-coloured, wrinkled old planter, that was the on'y passenger on board—leastways, him an' his baby an' the black nursemaid. The old feller came up to me when I got ashore, an'—'Young man,' says he, 'you shall never want; I'll make a gen'leman of you, I will. You've saved my life, an' you've saved my precious child. Its mother in heaven blesses you, young man, and you shall hear from me as soon as I get to London. That's my address'—an' he give me a card. I don't know whether he was only gammoning or whether he forgot all about it; anyhow, I never heerd from him from that day to this.

"It was his Jeemaiky address he give me. I kep' the card for a bit because I thought something might come of it, but nothing did, an' I lost the card, an' now I've forgot this many a year the old man's name an' where he lived. All I remember is that there was St. Ann's in it. But it was a dear sweet little baby—long afore I was married I was soft on little uns—an' it was a pleasure (whether the old chap meant it or not) to think that its dead mother might be glad because it wasn't drowned. An' yet you might say that she'd want to have it with her. If I'd gone to heaven afore my kids, I fancy that I should ha' felt restless like till I'd got 'em all about me. When Meg an' the little uns went, how I did use to long to go arter 'em! That feeling wore off. It can't be long now afore I do go. An' now I've got another feeling. I'm half afeard that they won't know a grey, wrinkled old chap like me; or if they do, they'll be so used to the ways of the good place—living there all these years—an' it'll all be so strange to me, that I shan't seem like a father to 'em."

Jamaica James lived a little way out of the village, at

the foot of a hill farther up the river. He was very fond of smoking his pipe on the hill, and I was very fond of sitting with him while he did so.

"I suppose you have been all over the world, Mr. Fenn?" I said to him one day.

"Oh dear, no, sir. I've been a voyage or two to Sunderland, an' I've been up the Mediterreanean, an' twice to Quebec, an' once to Rio. That's all my furrin' sailin's. Best part o' my life I've been in Spratlingsea. A rollin' stone gathers no moss, they say. I hain't done much rollin', but I hain't gathered much moss, nayther—I'm like this place where we're a-settin'. It used to be covered with grapes once, folks says, an' now blackberries won't ripen here. Well, I was a thrivin' man once, an' now I'm of no count to nobody. But I won't complain—I've a deal more than I deserve, I know. If God'll keep count o' me when my time comes, it 'on't matter my havin' been thought little on in Spratlingsea. Up above you ain't vallied for your money. Them as has gone before 'on't think the less on me because I'm a poor man. When *they* wanted money, I had it to give 'em, an' that's a comfort."

Mr. Fenn's circumstances, of course, were too delicate a subject for me to enter on with himself, but when I had made Mrs. Cardinal's acquaintance, I took the liberty of inquiring whether my old friend had not once been a very rich man. The old lady laughed. "We hain't got no very rich folk in Spratlingsea," she said, "and never had, so far as I can make out, or respectable widdies like me would ha' had more left us. But James was al'ays a nice steady lad; though, mind ye, he'd run ten times the risk, when there were a proper call for it, than them as were wilder would. When he married, and as long as his poor wife and children lived, James was a thrivin' man. He'd a smack of his own, an' what with hysterin', an' sprattin', an' stone-dredgin', an' salwage, he made a good thing of it. A bolder smacksman than James, I've often heard my poor Cardinal say, never sailed out o' Spratlingsea. No weather could daunt him, an', mind ye, it was life first, an' goods afterwards with James. He'd risk his smack to take off half-a-dozen poor fellows that couldn't give him a penny,

when he might ha' made a hundred pounds if he'd passed 'em by. He lived in the best house on the Strand in them days, an' it was pretty to see how neat Meg kept the house an' the children, an' how fond he were of his wife an' the little uns, an' how fond they were of him. All the little uns that could toddle used to come to church with their father an' their mother, an' when I've seed 'em all a-settin' in their pew, I've thought, 'Well, if there's any happy folks in Spratlingsea, there they be.' I never had no children of my own, an' when I've been a-lookin' at 'em when Cardinal was at sea, an' the wind a-blowin', they've made me feel uncommon lonely. But there, ye see, we're both stripped branches now, an' there was more leaves to be took off poor James. He seemed stunned like when he lost his family, an' things went all wrong with him. An' then he went abroad for a woyage or two, an' then he come back, an' though poor James was never idle—quite the opposite, mind ye—he didn't seem to have the henigy, ye see, to pull himself up to what he'd been afore. He just turned his hand to anythin' that come first, an' was man where he used to be master. An' now, poor James, he's on'y got a bit of a row-boat that ain't much better than a sieve, an' he lives in that ramshackle pigsty at the bottom of Castle Hill, where nobody else 'ud live. Poor James, when I see him a-drivin' into the country in his little dicky-cart, with his shrimps an' what not, I can scarce believe that he's the smart young chap I remember, an' that I've nussed him many a time. He look older than me, he do, hangin' down his head that he used to carry so high, an' dressed in them patched old brown breeches, week-days an' Sundays. In his young days, if he'd had goold buttons, a navy officer couldn't ha' looked smarter than James did a-Sundays."

Although Mrs. Cardinal spoke so slightly of Jamaica James's house and boat, I esteemed it a high privilege to be allowed to enter them. The hut was of tarred weather-board—as patched and as brown as Mr. Fenn's breeches—with a little shed at the side in which he kept his donkey-cart, the donkey picking up his living on the Castle Hill. There was only

one room in the hut, but it was better than a palace to me, because everything in it smacked so of the sea. The stove was a rusty boat's stove. At one end hung a tattered hammock. Oars leaned against the walls in corners, with their ends buried in little piles of shell-fish. Nets dangled from the rafters. Mr. Fenn had a one-armed arm-chair, but my seat was generally a great ship's block, which he used as a choppin' block, or else a wicker lobster-pot. Here Jamaica James lived alone with his Bible and his pipe. Sometimes he got me to read the Bible to him whilst he smoked.

"My eyes ain't what they were," he used to say. "The words is like jammed blocks to me at times—the tackle won't run, you see, sir; but you run it out so smooth it's a pleasure to listen to ye."

Of course, I was very proud to have my reading praised, but my great delight was to listen to the yarns with which Mr. Fenn would reward me when I had finished. "There, sir," he said one evening, pointing to an old seal-skin cap which he wore when he went out fishing, "d'ye see how it's bristlin'? That's because the tide's a-ebbin'. It's a sea animal, you know, sir, is the seal, an' so when the tide's turned, even the skin on it wants to go out with the water. It wants to get home like, do you see? There's times when I fare like that. I'll be sittin' still, thinkin' o' nothin' in particular, an' then all of a sudden there'll come a longin' over me to get away miles an' miles beyond the world—I couldn't say exactly where, but I feel as if them as belongs to me is a-waitin' for me there, wherever 'tis, an' a-drawin' of me like."

Mr. Fenn's boat was a good deal more seaworthy than a sieve, and I often got a little row in it; but he only once took me out fishing in it. He let me pull whilst he hauled up the shallow round lobster-nets, baited in the middle with slices of dry fish. We did not get many lobsters, but hauled up a superfluity of little crabs. When we had emptied all the nets, Jamaica James took up a lobster and said, "Now look at this 'ere chap, sir—he'd ha' been worth half-a-crown to me, if he hadn't gone an' got rid o' one of his claws. Ain't it queer, sir? When a lobster or a crab gets scared, he flings

away his claws. 'Cos he's in danger, as he thinks, he makes hisself as helpless as he can. Arter all, though, a good many on us does the same when we're in trouble." I picked up once a purple cluster of cuttle-fish eggs, and asked James what they were. "Why, where's your eyes, sir?" was his answer. "Them's sea-grapes. God's good to all His creaturs, Christ'n or not Christ'n; an' He lets them grow under the sea 'cos the mermaids is fond on 'em."

When Mr. Fenn hawked his shrimps in the neighbouring inland villages, he often gave me a seat in his donkey-cart. At the end of one of these rides, on the eve of the close of my holidays, the old man put me down at the house where I was staying. "Well, good-bye, sir," he said. "I feel as if I should miss the number o' my mess now you're a-goin'. You're young, an' I'm old, but we've suited one another somehow. Mayhap, I shall never see ye agin, but wherever ye are, remember old 'Jeems's words—There's God above all. That's the best advice I can give ye—I'm no scholard—I shall miss your readin' of the Bible to me—but if I was as wise as Solomon, I don't think I could say anythin' much better than that there. If ye ever come back to Spratlingsea, I shall be glad to see ye, sir. As long as I've got a roof, you're welcome to it; an' that the Lord will keep a roof over my head till I've got the grass an' the daisies in the churchyard, debts paid, an' no parish to thank, is the last wish an' earnest prayer of your old friend, Jeemaiky Jeems."

Although the latter part of his farewell had a queerly epistolary ring, it did not strike me then in a ludicrous light. I was ready to cry when my old friend shook my hand.

I went to Spratlingsea next summer, but it was an altered place. Mrs. Cardinal was dead, and Jamaica James was in the workhouse. The winter before he had been laid up with rheumatism. Boat, donkey, and cart, all his little property, had been sold; and at last, in spite of all his efforts, the parish claimed him.

I moped so without my old friend that the good woman with whom I lodged made interest with the parish doctor to drive me to the workhouse and let me see the old man.

I consulted with her as to the most acceptable present I could take him. "Baccy an' pipes," she suggested. Accordingly, with a parcel of these which bulged out my jacket-pocket, I mounted the doctor's gig.

It was very doleful to see Jamaica James in workhouse clothing, sitting listlessly doing nothing in an inland workhouse ward. "Thankee kindly, sir," he said when I gave him the packet. "They don't let us smoke just when we would, but sometimes they do—why, here's enough to last me for a twelvemonth, as I smoke now. I miss my pipe, but it's my liberty I long for most, an' a smell o' the sea. There ain't even a sight on it to be got from anywhere hereabouts. Hows'ever it's all for the best, I don't doubt."

The following summer I was again sent to Spratlingsea. I anticipated little pleasure from my visit, but what was my astonishment when Jamaica James greeted me in the village street, almost as soon as I went out into it! He was very infirm, walking with two sticks; but he was dressed in a very different style from the pauper clothes of the year before, and the patched brown breeches of the year before that. "You must come home along wi' me," he said. "No, not that way," he added with a laugh, when I turned towards the Castle Hill. "I'm a gen'leman now, sir." He hobbled on to one of the neatest cottages in the upper village, with a pretty little flower-garden in front, and inside a comfortable matron who had just got his early dinner ready for him.

"There, sit ye down, sir, an' sup some o' my broth. Mrs. Jones makes it uncommon good, an' there's more where that come from, ain't there, Mrs. Jones? Sit ye down, sir, an' I'll tell ye all about it when you've had your feed." We had a comfortable little dinner in a comfortable little room. When Mrs. Jones had cleared the table, Mr. Fenn took out his tobacco-pouch and a pipe. "It's one o' yourn," he said. "The rest on 'em got broke, but this I kep', an' keep I will, I hope, till I can't smoke no more. When you see me in that place, you an' me little thought what was goin' to turn up, but so it was to be. Well, sir, what do you think? The Christmas arter there came a darkish old lady to the Dolphin

here, an' when she'd had her dinner she had Dykes in,—he's the landlord you know, sir,—'Landlord,' says she, 'do you remember the *Jamaica* West Indiaman being wrecked here years ago?' 'No, ma'am,' says he, 'but I can tell you the story;' an' Dykes told it to the best of his knowledge. 'Well,' says she, 'I'm the baby that was saved, and I haven't been in England since, and now I am in England I've come down to see the place. Can you tell me what has become of the brave young man who saved us?' 'Why, that must be poor old Jeemaiky Jeems,' says Dykes. 'He's been in the workhouse this twelvemonth.' 'In the workhouse!' cried she; 'why, my nurse always told me that papa promised to make a gentleman of him.' Well, sir, I worn't in the workhouse long arter that. Afore she went back to the West Hingies—Da Costa was her married name, but she'd lost her husband, an' Tolano was the name of the old chap, the father, you know, sir—she'd took this cottage an' furnished it, an' hired Mrs. Jones to look arter me, an' settled on me a perannivum that's more than ever I'll want whilst I'm livin', an' 'll bury me respectable when I'm dead. She an' her people is Jews, I reckon; but if that ain't Christ'n conduct I should like to know what is. It ain't for long I shall want her money, but I don't feel it's any disgrace to take it, an' so I'm glad I've got it; for I shouldn't ha' liked to shame my Meg an' the little uns by goin' to 'em straight from the workhouse. There's God above all, an' a good God He is, little as we deserves it, says Jeemaiky Jeems."

CONSECRATION.

OH, to be nothing, nothing,
 An arrow hid in His hand,
 Or a messenger at His gateway,
 Waiting for His com mand ;
 Only an instrument ready
 For Him to use at His will ;
 And, should He not require me,
 Willing to wait there still.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY PROF. A. H. REYNAR,
Victoria University, Cobourg.

I.

WE are guilty of a strange injustice to the memory of this truly great man. Our forefathers delighted to honour him with the well-earned title of England's Darling; but we remember little more of him than the name. Perhaps we do not much underrate the intelligence of loyal Britons when we suppose that their familiarity with the life and character of Alfred the Great consists mainly in the recollection of two facts recorded in the school histories—his great pluck in resisting the Danes, and his great incapacity in the matter of some cakes left to his care by a busy housewife. But though we may have to confess that our knowledge of his life has been very meagre, we have always felt a charm in the name of the grand old Saxon, when we may have grown tired of Cæsar and Alexander:—the crown falls from the head of Alexander in the drunken revelry at Babylon, and Cæsar's blood is on the purple that rewarded for a moment his triumph over his country's liberties, but Alfred remains forever one of the "*dead but sceptred* monarchs who still rule our spirits from their urns." The impartial and judicious Henry Hallam declares of Alfred that he was "the best and greatest of English kings." The object of this paper is to bring to clearer light his claim to this eulogium, and to hold up the pattern of his life and character to his young countrymen in this Canada of ours.

It is impossible to understand the position that Alfred holds in history without taking a glance at the deeds and fortunes of his race before his day. On the withdrawal of the bulwark of Roman power from Britain the wave of Anglo-Saxon conquest swept over almost the whole country, destroying the civilization of Rome and banishing or overwhelming the British Church, founded in apostolic times. The new race expelled and supplanted the old and introduced their own laws and customs and the stern rites of northern mythology. They set up in Britain several kingdoms, practically independent of each other, commonly called the Saxon Heptarchy. In course of time these

kingdoms became closely allied, and when a common danger demanded it, or when the ambition of a powerful prince compelled it, a kind of supremacy was accorded to some one of the States, or rather of the kings with the title of Bretwalda—the wielder or ruler of Britain. The first of these Bretwaldas was Ella, King of Sussex, A.D. 477-491, the eighth was Egbert, the grandfather of Alfred. This Egbert had learned in his youth, “how sweet are the uses of adversity.” Obligated to flee from the jealousy of a powerful kinsman, he took refuge at the Court of Charlemagne, and there he got such an insight into the art of ruling, of which Charlemagne was a master, that when recalled by his countrymen he soon gained for himself the high honour of Bretwalda; and what was more, he established that honour in his own family and made it hereditary. This was about nineteen years before the birth of Alfred.

Meantime the country had been improving materially and morally. The people had grown more peaceable and industrious. It should be remembered that the Saxons had not invaded Britain from pure love of plunder and conquest, but rather from the necessity of finding homes for their growing tribes, and now when established in their new homes they supported themselves by industry, chiefly by agriculture and grazing, and they made considerable advancement in useful and ornamental arts. They had also renounced their idols and received the Christian faith. The story of their conversion is familiar, but not wearisome. We give it as told by Palgrave:

Some twelve years or more before Gregory was elected to the Papal chair, he saw one day in the slave-market at Rome some poor little lads who stood trembling in the expectation of being consigned to a new master. They were beautiful children, with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, and fine yellow tresses flowing in long curls upon their shoulders. Long hair in those days was a token of dignified birth—only kings and nobles were accustomed to allow of its growth—persons of an inferior or servile class were closely shorn. Gregory must therefore have felt additional motive for compassion since he perceived that these children had suffered some great reverse of fortune. “To what nation do these poor boys belong?” was the question that Gregory asked

of the dealer. "They are Angles, father." "Well may they be so called, for they are comely as angels, and would that like angels, they might become cherubim in Heaven! But from which of the many provinces of Britain do they come?" "From Deira, father." "Indeed," continued Gregory, speaking in Latin, "*De ira Dei, liberandi sunt*,"—"from the wrath of God they are to be delivered"; and when on asking the name of their king, he was told that it was Ella, or Alla, he added "'Allelujah—praise ye the Lord'—ought to be sung in his dominions."

Gregory was prevented from becoming as he wished the apostle of Britain; but when he became Pope he gave the mission to Augustine, about A.D. 600. How grand the purpose and the hope of Augustine as he went with his forty monks to attempt the moral conquest of Britain! and how glorious the realization of his hope! Literally, "a nation was born in a day," for it is said that on one day Augustine had ten thousand persons baptized in the river Swale. Through this mission, and in the course of one century, all the Anglo-Saxon nations became obedient to the faith, and at Easter, A.D. 689, the last heathen Saxon received baptism from Pope Sergius at Rome.

Whilst on this point, it may not be out of place to allude to an erroneous opinion concerning the parentage of the present Anglican Church. The Church of Cranmer was not the descendant and representative of the early British Church, founded in the earliest times, and perhaps by apostolic labours, it was rather the descendant and representative of the Church founded by Augustine under his commission from Gregory. The Anglo-Saxon invasion swept away the British people and their Church from those portions of the island occupied by the new settlers. Remnants of the old Church lingered in Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland, but these native churches would not acknowledge the supremacy of Augustine, or co-operate with him in the evangelization of the Saxon nations.

From Iona, the famous northern centre of the exiled Church, missionaries returned to win the Anglo-Saxons to the kingdom of Christ. Such was there success that for a time there was a good prospect of an English Church, the offspring of the old British Church. But soon a bitter struggle arose in England between

the British missions and the Romish missions and the result was that partly by force, and partly by policy and persuasion, the British churches were overcome and became extinct. Naturally our sympathies are at first with the Britons who resisted the supremacy of Rome; but these first sympathies are lessened when we remember that the British Church was feeble in its organization, and at the same time tainted with heresy, whilst the vigorous Anglo-Saxon Church, though of Roman origin, was at that time comparatively pure and free. Nor do we feel at all concerned lest this descent must leave some "original sin" in the present Church of England, for at the glorious Reformation she purged away that taint by abandoning the traditions of men and resting for her support on the Word of God.

With the supremacy of Wessex and of the family of Egbert came to an end much of the rivalry and contention between the various States of England, and an era of peace and progress seemed at hand; but just then there were seen along the coast the lurid fires kindled by the fierce heathen pirates of the north—fires that were to try the Anglo-Saxons and to reveal the pure gold of manly endurance, wisdom, and courage, and the firm Christian faith of the race in the person of the great Alfred. Scarcely had the struggle commenced when death robbed England of the master-mind of Egbert, and the defence of English homes and Christian altars was left to his son Ethelwolf. This change was not a happy one, for Ethelwolf seemed better suited to the monastic cell than to the battle-field. Heaven restored the balance of things, however, and met the wants of the times by providing Ethelwolf with a trusty counsellor in the person of Bishop Ealstan. This worthy Saxon may have handled the pastoral staff well enough, but he was peculiar for his skill and force in wielding the battle-axe, and for his hardy delight in the exercises of the Church militant. By the priestly king and his warrior priest the Danish hordes were kept at bay and their first onset met without disaster. It was during the reigns of Ethelwolf's four sons, of whom Alfred was the youngest, that the great trial came and the great triumph. The storm gathered and lowered during the reigns of Ethelbald and Ethelbert: it burst upon the land in all its desolating fury in the reign of Ethelred,

and in the first part of the reign of Alfred. But Alfred was one of God's anointed kings: the heathen raged in vain against him, for the Lord of Hosts was with him.

Alfred was blessed with that first, best gift of God,—a good mother.

“Childrer are what their mothers are.
No fondest father's wisest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart
With all their hopes and fears upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.”

Osburga, the mother of Alfred, is thus described by Asser: “Of noble lineage, she was noble also in heart and spirit; of extraordinary piety, she always fulfilled her duty to her children in the best manner. . . . All her energies were devoted to her household. We find no trace of her having taken any part in public affairs: she never affixed her signature to any document which queens and princesses so often did before her, and have done since her time. . . . She took no other title amongst the West Saxons than that of the wife of their king.”

“Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats in his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and, though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.”

Osburga early inclined her boy to learning and to great deeds by encouraging in him a fondness for the storied fame of great men. In illustration of this Asser records, with charming simplicity and freshness, the following incident in the domestic life of the king's family: “One day his mother showed him (Alfred) and his brothers a beautiful volume of Saxon poetry, and said, ‘The one among you, children, who can first say this book by heart shall have it.’ Inspired by an almost divine instinct, and allured by the richly decorated initial letters and the binding painted in various colours with all the skill of the period, the little Alfred came forward before his brothers, who were only his superiors in age, not in mind, and eagerly asked his mother, ‘Wilt thou really give it to the one who learns it the quickest and repeats it to thee?’ Osburga smiled for joy and said, ‘Yes, to him I will give it.’ So he directly took the book out of her

hand, went with it to his teacher and read. After he had read it he brought it again to his mother and repeated it again to her."

The character of Alfred seems to have awakened unusual interest in the king his father. The odour of the Spirit's anointing was already about him, giving him favour with men. Before he was six years of age he was sent with a large retinue to Rome to get the blessing of the Head of the Church and to be anointed king. Two years later he again visited Rome, this time in company with his father. The devout old king seemed to have improved so well his opportunities at the Holy City, and to have made so sure the salvation of his own soul and of the souls of his ancestors, that he was not afraid to run great risks on the way home. Accordingly, after a few months' residence at the court of Charles the Bald, he married Judith, the daughter of that king. Judith had reached the mature age of fifteen, and she became to her venerable and royal spouse everything we could expect, under the circumstances, from a young Frenchwoman of her years. The marriage was not to the minds of the king's subjects, and just as little did it please the king's eldest son, Ethelbald. This prince thought it best to strike at once for the throne, reflecting, no doubt, that the longer he waited the more numerous might be his competitors. But whatever his reason, his party was so strong that he succeeded in gaining possession of the kingdom of Wessex, under the nominal supremacy of his father, who ruled over Kent, the hereditary crown lands.

The old king did not long survive these events. In less than two years he died, and in less than one year after his death, to the horror of the nation, his French widow became the wife of his rebellious son. This bold, bad man survived his wicked deeds no longer than his father had survived his folly, for in two years the grave closed over him also, and the second brother ascended the throne. He also reigned but two years—years they were of comparative peace, but of growing fear. The heathen army, as it was called, had been securing strongholds along the coast. Once they burst upon the land, and the smoking ruins of the city of Winchester marked where the first thunder-bolt of the approaching storm had fallen. On the whole, however, the short reign of Ethelbert was peaceful. He died A.D. 866, and left the throne

to the third brother, Ethelred. Now, according to the arrangement of his father's will, adopted by the Witan, Alfred should have received the government of Kent, but instead of insisting on this right he allowed Ethelred to take the government of the united kingdoms of Kent and Wessex. It was no time for internal dissension,—not even for disunion,—and Alfred sacrificed his personal independence and his acknowledged rights to the public weal. England would have been saved from untold woes had her other princes been thus great in self-sacrifice.

We have already mentioned the supremacy of Wessex and the dignity of her kings as Bretwaldas, or emperors of all England. This supremacy was not always cheerfully acknowledged, and in remote States it was frequently disputed. Even when the enemy took advantage of the weakness of their disunion the several States failed to realize the common interest in face of the common danger. It soon followed that the Danes made themselves masters of the kingdoms of Northumbria and East Anglia. Then they attacked Mercia, which lay in the centre of England and to the north of Wessex. The Mercians and the West Saxons made common cause. They were closely united by self-interest, and allied by marriage. Alfred had just brought a bride from the royal family of Mercia, and the king of Mercia was married to Alfred's sister. At first the pagan army put the united forces of Mercia and Wessex to flight; but, after a few days both armies met again, and the fate of England and of the faith was at stake.

It was at Ashdune or Aston, in Berkshire. Both armies are divided into two parts, Alfred commands one division of the Saxons and the king the other. The Danes hold a strong position on the top of a slope, crowned with short thick underwood. The time for action comes, and the invaders pour out their darts upon the Saxons, who cannot return the attack except at the greatest disadvantage. The enemy must be driven from their position, and yet the Saxons stand still, receiving the deadly shower and making no advance. It is because Ethelred has not yet come from mass. According to the usage of his nation he should lead the attack: he knows the situation of his army, but a well-meant scruple keeps him at his devotions. The last moment of endurance arrives, but the king still tarries, and all seems lost, when Alfred, trusting in his God, gives the signal to his own division

and rushes like a wild boar up the hill against the two divisions of the heathen. Hand to hand and foot to foot struggle the desperate West Saxons and the fierce heathen Northmen. No quarter is asked or given. Meantime Ethelred comes up to the support of his brother. Long and loud, and with uncertain promise, the battle rages and the slaughter goes on, till at last the heathen waver, and give way, and flee, and the wide plain is covered with the lifeless clay of the invader.

Just here we seem to have come to the right turning point in the fortunes of the brave strugglers for home and faith and fatherland. But the glory of Aston is but a gleam of sunshine in a storm that closes up at once more dark and furious than before. Fresh swarms of pirates arrive daily to swell the armies of the aliens. Two months later the Saxons meet the Northmen at Morton. A whole day they beat back the countless hordes, but with the approach of night they must leave the field, all faint and bleeding. Almost immediately after this defeat Ethelred dies, and to Alfred alone remains the task of guiding the destinies of England. What man could do, he seems to have done; but what availed a victory over an enemy that could not be slain! Behind every Dane that fell beneath the battle-axe of Alfred appeared two of his heathen countrymen crowding on. After eight pitched battles, besides smaller engagements, in one year, the brave king only found his enemies as numerous and as strong as ever, better able to rally after a defeat than his own over-taxed army after a victory. He was obliged to purchase a peace so as to gain rest for his country's wounds. He was powerless to prevent the dominions of his ally and brother-in-law, the king of Mercia, from falling into possession of the Dane. Again and again he had to give gold to the avaricious and faithless invaders. No treaties, no oaths could bind them. For ten years he struggled to save his people from these wolves of the north. He gained some victories by land; he even formed a fleet and met the pirates on the sea and there defeated them, but after victory and defeat alike they swarmed to the attack, and finally Alfred was forced to give way and flee with his wife and family to the pathless forest.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN H. ROACH,

*Who died at Denver, Colorado, 7th April, 1877; interred at Burlington Cemetery,
Hamilton, April 13th, 1877.*

BY HARIETT ANNIE WILKINS.

HE has gone in early youth,
He with heart of love and truth—
He whose voice was as the tone
Of a harp now hushed and gone ;
He, beloved and sought by all,
Heard and answered one strange call.

Far from boyhood's happy home,
Where the Western waters roam,—
Where the Rocky Mountains rise,
Midway 'tween the earth and skies,
And our Northern stars grow dim,
There the strange call came to him.

But no shadow of the tomb
Haunted his young soul with gloom,
Through the valley's dismal road
One unseen beside him trod,
And in that far-off strange town
He exchanged the Cross for Crown.

“Not for me let tears be shed,
When I'm numbered with the dead.
Father, Mother, weep not so,
That from this fair earth I go,
Angel forms we love, await
For my coming at the gate.

“I would fain have closed my eyes
'Neath our own Canadian skies.
And have seen my brothers stand
By my couch and take my hand,
And have felt upon my brow
Sisters' kisses ere I go.

“But God's blessed will be done.
Follow me when I am gone:
Often I shall near you stray
When you think I'm far away,
Waiting, watching, till you come,
To your children's blessed home.”

And as when the day is done,
 Flowers close at set of sun,
 As the ship comes up the bay
 When the storms have cleared away,
 So the tired one sank to rest
 On his loving Saviour's breast.

And the precious relics sleep
 Where the mourners go and weep.
 Ere the cherished dust is hid,
 Flowers deck the coffin lid—
 Mystic emblems of the life,
 Following the last dread strife.

Heavenly Father, 'mid our tears,
 'Mid our tremblings and our fears,
 Comfort us, life's day grows dim,
 We have lost much love in him,
 Guide our weary footsteps on,
 To the land our boy has won.

HAMILTON, Ont.

ROBERT RAIKES—THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY MISS M. R. J.

To Robert Raikes belongs the honour of being the chief originator of Sunday-schools. His father, also Robert Raikes, is described as "a man of great enterprise and perseverance." He was editor and publisher of the *Gloucester Journal*, a paper which was the medium through which its enlightened and Christian editor advocated all philanthropic movements, and exhibited, in their true light, the evils of the day. His son and namesake, the subject of this sketch, was born September 14th, 1735. The public life of Robert Raikes began at the age of twenty-two, when, by the death of his father, the cares and responsibilities of a large printing establishment devolved upon him, as well as the harder task of maintaining the reputation of a paper which, for thirty-five years, had been bearing its testimony for truth and justice.

However, the subsequent career of the *Journal* testified that it had lost nothing by this change of hands. The son was a worthy successor of his father, and the best estimate may be made of his character from the record which remains of the *Journal*. Through its columns he advocated the jail reforms in Gloucester, which were brought about as the result of his labours among the prisoners and his constant agitation of the subject, and made known to the nation the scheme and the benefits of Sunday-schools.

About 1767 the state of the Gloucester jails began to be brought before the public through the columns of the *Journal*. Of these there were two, a country and a city jail, which Mr. Raikes was in the habit of visiting. The woes of the unfortunate criminals rested heavily upon his heart, and long before Howard had commenced his work Raikes was labouring for reform in these institutions, which were certainly in a horrible condition. The crowding of a large number of prisoners into one room, and the want of ventilation, producing infectious diseases; the want of employment causing deeper misery and wickedness; and the insufficient provision which was made for physical sustenance, all combined to render the life of the prisoners as wretched as can well be imagined. A paragraph which appeared in the *Journal* in 1768 will serve as a sample of Mr. Raikes's appeals to the public:—

“The unhappy wretches who are confined in our county jail for small crimes which are not deemed felonies (for felons have an allowance of bread) are in so deplorable a state that several of them would have perished with hunger but for the humanity of the felons, who have divided with them their little pittance. A person who looked into the prison on Saturday morning was assured that several had not tasted food for two or three days before. The boiling of pots or the sweepings of pantries would be well bestowed on these poor wretches. Benefactions for their use will be received by the printer of this journal.”

Mr. Raikes's labours were not in vain. The public responded to his appeals and sent relief. By means of constant attention to the matter Mr. Raikes was enabled to provide the prisoners with food and clothing, and better still, he taught them to help

themselves by providing them with employment. He instituted, also, a system of instruction, setting those who could read to teach those who could not, and encouraged them by rewards either of a pecuniary nature or by obtaining for them some little indulgence. John Howard, who had a warm supporter in him, bears testimony, with others, to the great benefit which Raikes's labours conferred upon the prisoners.

It is interesting to note this work of Robert Raikes, as it was through reflecting upon the condition of the poor creatures who peopled these jails that he was led to turn his attention to the Sunday-schools, which have handed his name down to posterity. In labouring among these men and women he found them deplorably ignorant. But few of them could read; they had never been taught the necessity of controlling their passions and appetites, but had grown up like the animals, with no thought of responsibility to God or any duty to their fellow-beings.

Moreover, he saw another generation growing up which, following in the same path, could not fail to be a curse to humanity and to bring ruin upon themselves. He saw the children breaking the Sabbath day, while nothing was done to attract them to anything higher than their own riotous pleasure. A letter which he wrote to Col. Townley, of Sheffield, will best describe his feelings at this time, and his first attempts at establishing a Sunday-school. Raikes thus describes the origin of this great movement:—

“The beginning of this scheme was entirely owing to accident. Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether those children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. ‘Ah, sir,’ said the woman to whom I was speaking, ‘could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches who, released that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at ‘chuck,’ and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to

any serious mind an idea of hell, rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman,' said she, 'curate of our parish, who has put some of them to school, but upon the Sabbath day all are given up to follow their own inclinations without restraint, as their parents, totally abandoned themselves, have no idea of instilling into the minds of their children principles to which they themselves are entire strangers.'

"This conversation suggested to me that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check the deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then enquired of the woman if there were any decent, well-disposed women in the neighbourhood who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading and the Church catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before mentioned and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens."

The first Sunday-school established in Gloucester, in July, 1783, was held at the house of a Mrs. King, who was also its teacher, for which she received a salary of one shilling and sixpence a week, two-thirds of which were contributed by Mr. Raikes, the other third by the clergyman to whom reference has been made, the Rev. Mr. Stock. Mr. Raikes's work consisted not only in establishing and maintaining Sunday-schools, but in making them known, and recommending them throughout the kingdom by means of the *Journal*. This, however, he did not do until his first school had been in operation about three years, and then without mention of his own name in connection with it. The institution spread rapidly, and its benefit soon became apparent. The "barbarous" habits of the children were changed—ignorance was no longer the prevailing characteristic of the "lower orders." To use Raikes's own words:—

“Heretofore their lives were marked with brutality and profaneness; but now there prevails, in a striking degree, a sense of subordination and of due respect to their superiors, quietness and decency in their behaviour, and an attention to cleanliness in their persons.”

Many of the clergy took up the work, and some of the nobility became its warmest supporters. John Wesley writes in 1784:—“I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?” In 1789 the number of Sunday-school scholars throughout the Kingdom was estimated at 300,000.

There is an enthusiasm about Raikes’s writings on this subject which indicates how fully his heart and soul had entered into the work. He thus writes to a friend in 1787:—“It is incredible with what rapidity this grain of mustard seed has extended its branches over the nation. The third of this month (November) completes four years since I first mentioned the expediency of Sunday-schools in the *Gloucester Journal*, and, by the best information, I am assured that the number of poor children who were heretofore as neglected as the wild ass’s colt, but who are now taken into these little seminaries of instruction, amounts to 250,000. In the town of Manchester alone the schools contain 5,000. It would delight you to observe the cheerfulness with which the children attend on the Sunday. A woman told me last Sunday that her boy enquires of her every night before he goes to bed whether he has done anything in the day that will furnish a complaint against him on Sunday. ‘You see, sir, to what care and vigilance this may lead.’”

In this year, while on a visit to some friends at Windsor, Mr. Raikes had the honour of an introduction to Queen Charlotte, that royal lady having sent for him to give her some information as to the workings and results of Sunday-schools among the poor. Of this interview, which lasted about an hour, we have the following account:—“At Windsor the ladies of fashion pass their Sundays in teaching the poorest children. The Queen sent for me the other day to give Her Majesty an account of the effects observable upon the manners of the poor, and Her Majesty

most graciously said that she envied those who had the power of doing good by thus personally promoting the welfare of the common people—a pleasure from which, by her position, she was debarred.”

In 1785 a Sunday-school society was formed by Mr. William Fox, a friend of Mr. Raikes, and one who took deep interest in the elevation of the poor. It was called the “Society for the establishment and support of Sunday-schools throughout the kingdom of Great Britain.” It was not until the year 1810 that unpaid teaching in Sunday-schools became general—up to that time large sums of money had been expended in the payment of teachers. This advance movement is said to be due to “some zealous Wesleyan office-bearers,” who volunteered to undertake the work themselves when, in a certain place, it seemed likely to go down for want of funds for the payment of teachers.

It would be interesting to look for awhile at the Sunday-school in Gloucester known as “Raikes’s own.” It was under his direct superintendence, and governed by the simplest rules, the requirements being that the children, who were from six to fourteen years of age, should come with “clean hands, clean faces, and their hair combed.” These children were taken from the lowest classes. They were taught to read, etc., the more advanced pupils acting as monitors and instructing in the rudiments those of the younger ones who were placed under their charge.

Sunday-school teachers would do well to take many a valuable hint from Mr. Raikes’s method with his Sunday-school children. Not content with the instruction given to them on Sunday, it was his habit to visit the children in their homes, giving them words of encouragement and little rewards if their conduct pleased him, and reproofing them in the mildest and gentlest manner for any wrong-doing. He also formed acquaintance with the parents by this means, and was the means of the reformation of very many. The intense personal interest which he took in his work is manifested in the expressions he used in the many letters written to his friends on the subject. To Col. Townley he writes:—“I cannot express to you the pleasure I often receive in discovering genius and innate good dispositions among this

little multitude. It is botanizing in human nature. . . . The going amongst them, doing them little kindnesses, distributing trifling rewards, and ingratiating myself with them, I hear, have given me an ascendancy greater than I ever could have imagined, for I am told by their mistresses that they are very much afraid of my displeasure."

In Gloucester, Stockport, Leeds, and the numerous other places where the Sunday-schools were established, the clergy were accustomed to visit the schools, catechise the children, give addresses, etc. The Stockport Sunday-school, which is now under the patronage of Queen Victoria, and has an annual income of one thousand pounds, was commenced by a society formed of the members of different Churches, its officers belonging severally to the Episcopalian, Unitarian, and Wesleyan Churches.

In Painswick, when the children were treated to a bountiful Christmas dinner, Mr. Raikes observed one boy who could not eat. He was asked the reason, and the poor wretch said it was three days since he had had any food, and his stomach was gone. However, by taking a little his appetite at last returned. Another was asked if he had eaten so plentiful a meal this twelvemonths? "No, nor these three twelvemonths," replied the boy. A clothing club was formed here, the children contributing a penny a week toward the cost of the comfortable garments which were provided for them.

As might be expected from Mr. Raikes's benevolent disposition and practical generosity, he did not accumulate a fortune. Still, at the age of sixty-seven he was able to resign the proprietorship of the *Journal* to other hands and retire on an annuity, which it still yielded him, of three hundred pounds.

This freedom from business cares Robert Raikes enjoyed for nine years. He was spared the pains and weariness of a lingering illness, and entered into his eternal rest on the fifth of April, 1811, about one hour after being seized with an oppression of the chest, which was the first premonition of his approaching end. The following notice of his death appeared in the *Gloucester Journal*:—"On Friday evening last died suddenly, at his house in this city, Robert Raikes, Esq., aged 78, who, in the year 1783, first instituted Sunday-schools, and, by his philanthropic exer-

tions, contributed to the adoption of them in different parts of the kingdom."

He was followed to the grave by the children of his Sunday-school, to whom he had willed a shilling and a plum-cake each. The spot where his remains rest is marked by a stone bearing the inscription :—

"Sacred to the memory of ROBERT RAIKES, Esq., (late of this city) founder of Sunday-schools, who departed this life April 5th, 1811, aged 75 years.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

NEAR SHORE.

EARTH is our little island home,
 And Heaven the neighbouring continent,
 Whence winds to every inlet come,
 With balmiest scent.

And tenderest whispers thence we hear
 From those who lately sailed across;
 They love us still; since Heaven is near,
 Death is not loss.

From mountain slopes of breeze and balm,
 What melodies arrest the ear;
 What memories ripple through the calm!
 We'll keep near shore.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

XI.

It was some days before the formalities about Jack's liberation could be arranged, and very precious days they were to him. Silas Told saw him often, patiently encountering his variable tempers, and meeting his shifting difficulties; for at first Jack had many difficulties, and occasionally, I must confess, he was in an irritable state that did not always contrast favourably with his old complacent equanimity. He often reminded me of a sick child waking up with a vague sense of hunger and discomfort which it could only express by fretting. But the great fact remained. He was no longer asleep, his whole being was awake. At one time he would defend himself captiously against his own previous self-accusations; at another he would bitterly declare that all hope of better days for him was an idle dream,—he had fallen, not perhaps beyond hope of forgiveness hereafter, but quite beyond all hope of restoration to any life worth living here. Yet although often, when I seemed to leave him on the shore, I found him again tossed back among the breakers, and buffeted by them hither and thither; nevertheless, on the whole, there was advance. There was a steadily growing conviction of his own moral weakness, and a steadily growing confidence in the forgiveness and the strengthening power of God, until on the day when he came out, when he and I were alone in the study in Great Ormond Street, he said,—

“It is the beginning with forgiveness, Kitty, that makes all the difference! Easy forgiveness, indeed, may make us think lightly of doing wrong, but God's is no easy forgiveness. The sacrifice which makes it easy for us was God's. It is pardon proclaimed with the dying words of the Son of God, and sealed with His blood. It is wonderful joy to know that God does not hate us on account of our sins; but I think it is almost greater joy to know that He hates our sins for our sakes, and will not let our sins alone, but will help

and encourage us, yes, and make us suffer anything to conquer them, and to become just, and true, and unselfish."

Many outside difficulties remained. It seemed difficult to find any career open to Jack. He was ready to try anything and to bear any humiliation, but the suspicions and distrust which doing wrong necessarily bring on people are a cold atmosphere for anything good to grow in. If he smiled, for instance, Aunt Henderson was apt to think him impenitent. If he was grave, Uncle Beauchamp was disposed to consider him sullen. It is so terribly difficult for any one who has fallen openly to rise again. If he stands upright and looks up, some people call him shameless; if he stoops and looks down, others call him base. At first we thought of home and the old farm life; but much as I should have liked to have him with us again, I could not help seeing with some pain that although Jack made not an objection, and endeavoured to enter into it, the thought evidently depressed him.

One morning while father and I were debating these matters, to our amazement the footman quietly ushered in "Mr. Spencer."

Hugh had that day arrived from America. Father left me to tell him all the sad yet hopeful history of the last few weeks, and when almost before we had come to the end of it, Jack came in, I went away and left them alone together.

Jack told me afterwards that Hugh's warm welcome, and his honest and faithful counsel, were better than a fortune to him. "It is such a wonderful help," he said, "to feel you are trusted by one everybody can trust like Hugh."

Hugh has set it all right for Jack. Hugh thinks the old life at home would not be good for Jack; he thinks Jack and father naturally fret each other a little, and if they control themselves so as not to fret each other, they will fret themselves all the more by the effort. It was therefore arranged that Jack should go to America and take charge of a tobacco plantation.

So we were once more at the dear old home. Our own old party,—father, and mother, and Jack, and Hugh, and I; for Hugh always was one of us, although now he is one of us in a nearer way.

How nearly we have all been severed in the storms of this "troublesome world." And how sweet the past dangers make the present calm.

There is much indeed still to remind us that we are at sea, on the open sea, with no promise of exemption from storms in time to come. But we are not without a pilot! And we have proved Him, which is something to gain from any storm.

Mother is much more willing to part with Jack for America than we dared to hope she would be. She says she feels it easier to part with him now than when he went to the army in Flanders. She feels he is not going alone. And by that, we know well, she does not only mean that Hugh is going with him to settle him in the new country.

For Hugh is going, but with a hope that makes his going easier for us both than when he left us last.

For a few days after our return, we had a visit from Cousin Evelyn's great-uncle, our new vicar.

He looked more aged and thinner than when we saw him last; and he was more nervous than ever.

He said he believed it was too late to transplant an old man like him from the centre of civilized and learned life at Oxford to what he hoped he might term, without offence, a region rather on the outskirts of civilization. He said, between wrecking and poaching, aversion to paying tithes, their Cornish dialect, and what he could not help calling remnants of native barbarism on the one hand, and Methodism on the other, he could make nothing whatever of the people, and if any one else could, he was sure they were welcome to try.

He had therefore come to propose that Hugh should take the curacy with a liberal salary. He himself would settle in London. He had spoken to the Patron, who, considering the circumstances, said perhaps it was the best thing that could be done. So all is settled.

Hugh and Jack are gone. They sailed from Falmouth.

I feel more anxious now they are actually gone than when it was first proposed. From not having much imagination

I never can measure the pain of things beforehand, which sometimes makes it worse afterwards.

The ship they sailed in is an old one. I heard some sailors talking disparagingly of her as we left the quay.

And the evening after they left was stormy. Heavy masses of thunder-cloud gathered in the west as I looked from the cliffs, just where I thought the ship must be.

It is now two months since Hugh and Jack left us. We have had letters full of hope and promise; and all the weight of foreboding which settled down on me during the long days of silence between their leaving and our hearing seems melting away. Every breath of this soft spring air, every smile of this life-giving spring sunshine seems to blow or shine my cares away.

Those American forests, with their depths of pilared shade, and all the rich traceries of their brilliant creepers, would be only a picture to me; a glorious picture indeed, painted by the Master's hand, but wanting the sweet fragrance of time and home which breathes to me from every blossom of the hawthorn under my chamber window.

And now there is another new light on all the dear familiar old places. For Hugh is coming back so soon, so soon; and we are to work together, he and I, all our lives long, for the good and happiness of the old parish and the old friends; to bring new eternal hope and life, I trust, into many a heart and home.

There has been a letter from Hugh's. Jack's affairs will take longer settling than we thought. And meantime Hugh finds plenty of missionary work among the poor blacks, so that I must try not to wish him back before the autumn, to which time his return has been delayed; and not to let the intervening days be merely a kind of waste border-land between two regions of life, but to fill them with their own work, which, no doubt, if I ask God, He will give me.

One piece of work has come already. Toby Treffry, when mother and I went to visit him to-day, asked me, as a great favour, if I would let him come to our house for an hour

now and then, and help him on a little with his reading, which, with all his pains, he still finds to be a very slow and not very certain mode of gaining information or edification.

This evening he came for the first time, and with some hesitation made known the chief reason for his coming. He has contrived to collect a few of the idle boys of the parish on Sunday afternoons to teach them. And the attempt to teach others has made him feel his own deficiencies.

This accounts for the sounds father and I heard issuing from Toby's cottage as we were walking through the fields last Sunday.

The singing was hearty enough, at all events. From time to time the voices seemed to grow uncertain and scanty, and to wander up and down without knowing where they were going. But after such intervals Toby's voice was heard again like a captain's collecting his scattered forces after a chase, and the whole body came in together at the close with a shout, which father and I concluded was the chorus.

I suggested to Betty that a little elementary instruction in singing, such as I could give, might not be useless to Toby, if he is to be choir-master as well as schoolmaster.

"More than that, too, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty. "Toby is appointed local preacher in our district."

This announcement was made as Betty was taking away the supper, and the demand on mother's faith in Methodist arrangements was more than it could stand.

"Toby a preacher when he can scarcely read!" she said.

"It's my belief, missis," said Betty, "folks can learn to read a deal easier than they can learn what the Almighty's learned Toby's poor soul. There be things seen in the depths Toby's been brought through never written in any lesson-book I ever see."

"But whatever the profit may be to others," said mother, "it must certainly be dangerous to Toby himself to set himself up to teach when he has still so much to learn."

"Well, Missis," said Betty, very respectfully but very determinedly, "seems to me if folks weren't to teach till they've no more to learn, they may wait till doomsday, and beyond

that, for that aught I know by. And more than that, the folks that do set up to teach because they've done learning be most times mortal dull teachers. Nothing comes so home, it's my belief, as a lesson the teacher has just learned himself from the Almighty, whether from His word or His hand. However, Toby's not set himself up to preach, any way. Folks felt the better for what he'd got to say, and they would make him preach, and that's the end of it."

"A congregation who will listen is a good beginning for any parson, certainly," said Father. "And I suppose Toby's salary is not very high."

"The pay of them local preachers," replied Betty drily, "is most times the wrong way as far as this world goes. Toby often walks ten or twenty miles to his preaching, and when it rains he's got to preach in his wet clothes, and its in them till they're dry; so that his pay is like to be weary bones now and rheumatics in old age. But he's content enough."

But when afterwards I questioned Toby about his self-denying labours, he coloured and stammered, very little like a man accustomed to public speaking, and at last he said,—

"They've only taken me on trial for a year. And as to the pay, the times I have alone on my walks, thinking over the Lord and His goodness, and all I've got to tell them, is pay enough for a prince, let alone the joy of seeing the poor souls comforted and cheered up a bit, while I talk to them, and the hope of meeting them all and thanking the Lord together by-and-bye."

These last weeks have been full of events. Uncle Beauchamp died rather suddenly two months since. The shock of his death brought on a slight attack of paralysis on Aunt Beauchamp, which has disabled her from entering any more into society.

Cousin Evelyn is left in possession of a large fortune, bequeathed for her sole use, on her father's death, by the will of her paternal grandmother. She has announced her intention of paying us a visit. Aunt Beauchamp keeps recurring like a sick child, to a promise mother made her of coming to nurse

her if ever she should need it. And since it is impossible for mother to leave home, the doctors (Evelyn writes) think that difficult as the journey is, the most probable chance of recovery is for her mother to come for a time to us, if we can receive her. Mother's tender and quiet nursing may restore her shattered nerves, or, at least, soothe them. Betty's anticipations of this visit are not bright. A fine London man and maid, and an old madam, who (she has heard) paints her face (which no one ever did in the Bible except Jezebel), are very serious apprehensions to Betty.

Indeed, she said to-day, it was quite enough, in her opinion, to account for all the evil signs and tokens; so that, she admits, there is some comfort even in such an upset as this, for such sights and sounds might have boded worse.

Betty's spirits are much relieved, now that our visitors have come, by discovering that the "London man" turns out to be a Methodist collier lad, promoted by Evelyn to the dignity of groom; that my aunt's woman, Mrs. Sims, is entirely engrossed with her mistress; that my poor aunt herself has relinquished the rouge; and that in a very short time the whole party are to emigrate from our house to the parsonage.

For Evelyn has bought the next presentation of the living for Hugh, for which, she says, we owe her no thanks, as she intends ruthlessly to rob us of the parsonage, and to convert it, with the exception of such rooms as she and her mother want, into an orphan-house for some destitute little girls she has discovered in London, for whom she believes the great hope is to take them quite out of reach of their bad relations, into such a new world as this will be to them.

We, she says, are to struggle on as we can in the old house. She insists, however, on repairing or rebuilding the fallen side of the old court, in which are situated the rooms formerly appropriated to us. The masons and carpenters are at work already.

Evelyn is altogether graver and gentler and more peaceable than I ever saw her. Her strong will seems to find its true element in action, and no more drives her restlessly against other people's wills, merely by way of exercise. At the same

time she seems to me more of a queen than ever; and I delight to watch how instinctively every one yields to her control—every one except poor Aunt Beauchamp; and in her sick-chamber I love to watch Evelyn even better than anywhere else. The paralytic stroke, bereavement, and change of circumstances have brought a vague irritation and sense of helpless opposition into my poor aunt's brain, very sad to see; and this chiefly vents itself on Evelyn. She seems to feel as if something, she knows not what, were always preventing her doing what she wishes; and when Evelyn appears, this tyrannical something seems to represent itself to her as poor Evelyn's will. At times she blames and reproaches Evelyn as if she were a wilful child. At other times she weeps, and wrings her hands, and entreats as if she herself were the child and Evelyn the harsh guardian, to be allowed to do some impossible thing or other. And Evelyn, so strong and commanding elsewhere, by that sick-bed is tender and yielding and patient with every sick fancy. Now and then, after a paroxysm of fretting and complaining, she is rewarded by a few tender words of love and thanks, as a gleam of clearer light breaks over the poor troubled brain. And at such times it is always as to a little child Aunt Beauchamp speaks to her, calling her old tender nursery names, long disused, at which poor Evelyn's eyes fill with tears.

The doctors say this form of the disease will probably pass; and already mother's presence, and firm, kind nursing seems to have exercised a soothing influence.

The time for Hugh's arrival is come. Any day may bring us tidings of his ship. Evelyn is hastening the preparation of the parsonage, for the reception of her mother and the orphans. Two rooms looking on the garden she has fitted up with every luxury her mother is accustomed to: China vases and images on golden brackets, caskets of aromatic woods, soft carpets and leopard's skins, mirrors with little China Cupids peeping round at their own reflections from the garlanded frame: everything to make poor Aunt Beauchamp feel as much at home as if her windows looked on Great Ormond

Street, instead of over a patch of garden sheltered with difficulty from the storms of the Atlantic.

The rest of the house is a strange contrast. In Evelyn's own rooms the only luxuries are books and flowers, and a view, through an opening in the valley, of the sea. The furniture is nearly as simple as that of the dormitories and the school-room for the orphans, to which the remaining portion of the house is devoted.

"Cousin Kitty," she said suddenly, as we were walking home across a reach of sandy shore, "I know Mr. Wesley thinks riches the meanest of God's gifts, but I do think they are a grand gift when one is young and free. So few possess riches until their wants and habits have grown up to them, so that after all they are only enough to supply their wants, that is not riches to them at all. Now, with me, it is different. My tastes are as simple as possible. I have no pleasure in splendour and no need for luxuries. God has given me riches in my youth and health; and, moreover," she continued in a trembling voice, "He has given me to see something of the great poverty and misery there are in the world. And also He has brought me at the threshold of my life face to face with death. And there is nothing in the world I should like so much, I mean really like or enjoy so much," she repeated emphatically, "as, unentangled with any personal interests or cares, to give myself up, that is, all I have and am, to helping, and cheering, and serving the sorrowful and neglected and destitute people around me, all my life long, leading them to feel all the time that the love and help they found in me was only a little trickling from the great love and power of God."

While Evelyn and I stood together by the sea-side that evening, I noticed at one point, a bank of clouds just rising slowly above the horizon.

As we walked home, the wind rose in those strange, fitful gusts which father says are like flying skirmishing parties sent out to clear the way before the main forces of a storm.

As the wind rose all through that evening, I began to feel terribly anxious; and I knew they all felt as I did, because every

one made such lively efforts not to let the conversation flag. They talked about Evelyn's alterations at the parsonage, about the renovations in our old house, about father's old military days—about every one except Hugn, about everything except the tempestuous wind which had now ceased to be gusty and kept surging up the valley in great deafening waves, as regular and almost as strong as the billows it had been urging on in its course, and whose salt spray it kept dashing against the windows, mingled with great splashes of rain.

Evelyn wished me good-night in an easy, careless tone, as if it were quite an ordinary night, and no one we cared about were on the sea; and mother made no attempt to come to my chamber or to invite me to hers, as she does in any common anxiety. Only father's voice betrayed his feelings by its nervous abruptness, as he came back from an exploration of the weather, and said, as we separated for the night,—

"This weather is nothing sudden. It cannot have taken any good seamen by surprise. It has been brewing since yesterday evening; and no doubt any one who knows this coast is either far enough from it or safe in port."

But long afterwards, I heard mother's closet door close, and low voices conclude what I felt had been an earnest parley; and with every sense quick as it was that night, I heard Evelyn's soft step glide stealthily past my chamber to her own.

Only Betty ventured to speak to me. She knocked at my door, and came into my chamber from her own, while I was still standing at the window, listening to the storm.

"Mrs. Kitty, my dear!" she said in her old tone of authority, which carried me back to my childhood, and made me feel submissive at once. "Mrs. Kitty, my dear lamb, you musn't stand staring and hearkening like that." And she began quietly to unfasten my dress, as when I was a little child. "There's nothing folks can't see and hear if they hearken on nights like this, my dear," she continued. "I've heard the wind *creusle*, and moan, and scream in that way; I would have sworn it was folks in mortal trouble; and in the morning when I came to ask, nothing had happened out of the way. So take heart, my dear, take heart!"

How thankful I felt to Betty for the want of tact which made her full heart come blundering out with all its sympathy, so that I could just lay my head on her shoulder and cry like a child, and be comforted.

"I'm not out of heart, Betty," I sobbed; "why should I be? His ship may not have left America yet, you know; it may be in port quite safe, close at hand, close at hand!"

"It may, my dear, it may," she said; "but it isn't *maybes* that'll comfort you, my lamb. You must trust the Lord."

"I do," I said. "Indeed I do. But He promises us no security from danger; none from any danger, does He?"

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "I can't say I think He do. But He promises to care for us, and He tells us to trust, and we must, my dear, we must!"

And when Betty had gone I did kneel down, and I proved what she said to be true. I proved that all possible promises are included and absorbed by that one, "I will never leave thee;" that all hopes of deliverance are weak to sustain, compared with simple trust in the Deliverer.

I would not blot out the lessons of that night for twice its pain. For, at last, I was able to put out the light and lie down in the darkness, without shuddering, alone with the storm; although the rush of the wind up the valley, as gust after gust broke against the house, made the branches of the old elms strain and groan like a ship's timbers, and the windows rattle, and the old house tremble to its foundations. For the tone of an enemy's voice had passed from the tempest. I could take refuge with the arm that wielded it, for me and mine. And this is something to prove; for it would, doubtless, have been easier to have been at sea by Hugh's side, than in that quiet chamber; far easier to have been tossing helplessly, as I thought he might be, from the crest of one wave to the trough of another, feeling the ship stagger at every blow of the waves, than to lie there, safe and sheltered, listening to the winds as it surged up the valley after lashing the sea into fury.

In the morning Betty came to me, as I was dressing, her face white and her eyes large with fear. Toby, she said, had just come down from the cliffs, and had said there was

a dismasted ship of British build, out of her course and quite unmanageable, making as fast as she could the fatal rocks at the entrance of the little bay. He was going back to his cottage, with two or three of his class, to pray for the crew; and then they were to keep watch on the points of the coast, from which help was most practicable, ready to throw ropes, or to render any possible assistance.

None of us could rest in the house with such a catastrophe at hand. Father and Roger went up on the cliff, to join the old seamen and the fishermen already there. Evelyn and I tried to accompany them, but we could not stand before the wind; and it was arranged that we, with mother and Betty, should remain in Toby's cottage, keeping up the fire, taking thither blankets and warm wraps and all kinds of restoratives, in case any of the shipwrecked crew could be rescued.

But that moment on the cliffs had been enough to imprint the terrible sight on our hearts forever.

Dismasted, helpless, full, we knew, of our countrymen driven on our own shores, the shore they had been eagerly looking for so long, to perish!

Not one of us spoke a word as we busied ourselves in making every possible preparation, or in the still more terrible moments of inaction which followed, when every possible preparation had been made.

Then Toby came for an instant to the door and shouted:

"There is hope! there is hope! Don't give over praying! She is jammed in between two rocks. If she can hold together till the ebb, there is hope!"

A sob of relief broke from us all; and we knelt down together. But no one would utter a word.

Soon Toby came again.

"They are making signals!" he said. "We have made signals to them to wait. But either they don't make us out, or she won't hold together. One of them is tying a rope round him to throw himself into the sea. We can see him from the beach. We could make him hear if it wasn't for the roar of the wind and the sea."

Then we could remain in the cottage no longer. Evelyn and I went back with Toby to the point on the beach nearest the wreck.

"He hopes to reach us, and get the rest in by the rope," said Toby. "But he'll never do it, the sea is too wild."

And then in a low tone,—

"He must know the coast. He is climbing the slippery rock at the only point it can be climbed, where Master Hugh and I used to hunt for gulls' nests."

He stopped. His eye met mine.

"Oh, Mrs. Kitty, take heart, take heart!" he said. "Master Hugh knows what he's about. And the Lord'll never let him be lost."

The form we were watching plunged from the rock and disappeared beneath the waves. There was a shout among the fishermen. Again another; he had reappeared above the breakers. Then again a terrible breathless silence.

What happened next I did not see. A mist came before my eyes, blotting out sound and sight.

And the next thing of which I was conscious was waking up in Toby's cottage with my head on mother's bosom, and seeing some one stretched on Toby's little bed beside the fire, but not too close, while Toby and Betty, on each side, were chafing the hands and feet, and the face was motionless and pale as death.

But slowly, almost before I was fully conscious, his breast heaved slightly; the eyes feebly opened and met mine. And the next instant I was kneeling beside Hugh.

They had been chafing and rubbing, and trying every means of restoration for an hour; and it was only just before I recovered consciousness, that the first faint gasp, the first pale flush of colour, gave any signs of returning life.

But as I knelt there beside him, his eyes opened again and rested with such rest on mine, and he rather breathed than said, so faint was his voice,—

"Are the rest saved?"

And Toby answered,—

"They're all saved, all. The Lord bless you, Master Hugh.

The waves which dashed you, a drowned man, as we thought, on the beach, did not break the rope which bound you to the wreck. Three of the boldest clung to that and were saved at once, and all the rest when the tide went out."

Then Hugh was satisfied, and asked no more questions, but kept firm hold of my hand and closed his eyes. His lips moved, tears pressed slowly out from under his closed eyelids, and an expression of unutterable peace settled on his face.

Before night we were all kneeling there, beside him, the shipwrecked crew around the door, while in feeble, but distinct tones, he was thanking God whose mercies are "new every morning," whose "mercy endureth forever."

That is the way in which God has answered a thousand prayers at once.

Life was given back to the perishing by Toby's fireside, and through his hands. The wrecker's house of death became a threshold of life. The den of thieves became a house of prayer.

And Hugh is given back to me. That was the first service in which Hugh led the prayers and praises of his flock. A "prosperous journey" had indeed been given him: (such as was given to St. Paul of old), beyond all we could have dared to ask.

He had reached his native shores in a nobler triumph than if he had been convoyed by all the King's fleet, and greeted by a royal salute; cast on the beach a shipwrecked man, all but dying for those he had plunged into the waves to rescue.

The Amens of his first thanksgiving service had been sobbed from the lips of those whose lives he had risked his own to save.

We accept it as a token

When "the storm of life is past;" when we wake to our first thanksgiving service on the other shore, will there (oh, will there not?) be such a company of rescued men and women around us then? rescued from wreck more fatal, pouring out their praises, not, indeed, to us, but to Him

who loved us all and redeemed us all to God by His blood; not at the risk of His life only, but, by giving it up, redeemed us not from hell to heaven only, but from sin to God.

For the storms never cease on earth. And even when Mr. Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and John Nelson, and Silas Told, have passed from this world, with all the noble men and women who work with them, rescuing wrecked souls from destruction, and chafing fainting hearts into life, Hugh says the storms will still continue, and the wrecks. For till heaven and earth shall pass away, the work of rescuing the lost will have to begin again, generation by generation, and day by day.

But there is no fear, Hugh is sure, but that with the storms God will send the deliverers; the new workmen for the old work of rescue from the old perils, wakening the new song of redemption, fresh as the first, in every heart that learns it fresh from heaven.

THE END.

TAKE UP THY CROSS.

BY R. EVANS.

TAKE up thy cross if thou would'st follow me.
 For whom did I my seamless vesture stain,
 And crimson all my steps with purple rain?
 Why sank my fainting feet beneath the tree
 High up the rugged slopes of Calvary?
 Alone I trod this path of shame and pain:
 Where is thy cross if thou would'st reign with me?
 How dost thou show what I endured for thee?
 They rise, the martyr host, in burning bands
 Who bore my yoke upon their shoulders bare;
 There righteous Abel still exulting stands,
 And John, and Paul, and Stephen all are there,
 Arise and reign amid that victor host,
 He is the brightest who hath suffered most.

FRANCIS ASBURY: THE PIONEER BISHOP OF AMERICA.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

“WHOSOEVER will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” Such were the words with which the Son of man, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many, rebuked the worldly ambition and self-seeking of His disciples. The modern Jove, who sits in Cæsar’s seat, surrounded by halberdiers, or borne aloft in state, receives the homage of princes and asserts dominion over the souls of men, subscribes himself, even in his most imperious edicts—*Servus Servorum Dei*—“The servant of the servants of God.” Those words, which only in the strongest irony could be addressed to the great spiritual despot of Rome, describe in sober truth the character of Francis Asbury, the pioneer bishop of America.

At the mention of that name there rises the vision of an aged man, with snow-white hair and benignant aspect, worn with toil and travel, brown with the brand of the sun and with exposure to the vicissitudes of fair and foul weather. His brow, the home of high thoughts, is furrowed by the care of all the churches coming upon him daily. No prelatial lawn, like “samite, mystic wonderful,” invests with its flowing amplitude his person. Clad in sober black or homespun brown, he bestrides his horse, his wardrobe and library contained in the bulging saddle-bags which constitute his sole equipage. Instead of lodging in an Episcopal palace, he is glad to find shelter in the hut of a backwoods’ settler, or to bivouac in the open air. With much of their original force he might adopt the words of the first and greatest missionary of the cross and exclaim: “In journeyings often, in perils of

* *The Life and Times of Francis Asbury.* By W. P. STRICKLAND, Wesleyan Conference Office, London. This excellent biography has been our chief authority in this sketch. We have followed it closely, often employing in condensed form its very words.

waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." With no less truthfulness than Saint Paul himself might he declare, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." He was a heroic soul in a heroic age. He united, in a rich garland of graces, the fervour of an apostle, the boldness of a confessor, the piety of a saint, the tenderness of a woman, and the self-sacrifice of a martyr. His life and labours will well repay our study for a time.

Francis Asbury was a gift from the Old World to the New from the mother to the daughter-land. He was born in Staffordshire, near Birmingham, in 1745, the year of the Scottish rising in favour of the Pretender. He was early sent to school, but suffered much from the petty tyranny of the pedant pedagogue who, "clothed with a little brief authority," made the lives of his pupils bitter unto them. But even as a child he carried his troubles to the throne of grace. He records that "God was very near to him, a very present help in time of trouble."

In his fourteenth year he left home to learn a trade. His religious impressions deepened, and hearing the Methodists spoken against as a people righteous overmuch, he sought their acquaintance. His desire was soon gratified. He expresses some surprise that the service was not in a church. It was probably in a private house or barn. "But," he records, "it was better than a church; the people were so devout; men and women kneeling and all saying 'Amen.'"

This simple spiritual worship took hold of his soul. He engaged with zeal in religious work, holding prayer-meetings on heath and holt, in cottage and on common. He was rewarded by seeing many converted from their sins. He was soon licensed as local-preacher, and held forth the word of life in the Wesleyan chapels of the vicinity to "wondering, weeping thousands." Multitudes were attracted by his extreme youth, he being then not more than seventeen years of age. Besides his Sabbath services, he often preached five times during the week, faithfully attending meanwhile to his daily labour. In his twenty-first year he was received into the Wesleyan Conference and appointed

to circuit work. As an obedient son in the Gospel he laboured faithfully on his several circuits. At the Bristol Conference in 1771, John Wesley called for volunteers for the work in America. His heart still lingered on the shores where he had laboured and endured great trial of affliction a quarter of a century before. Whitefield, with tongue of fire and heart of flame, had traversed the continent like an angel, trumpet-tongued, calling on men everywhere to repent. Philip Embury and Captain Webb had begun to organize Methodist societies in the New World. And thither Pilmoor and Boardman had been sent two years before. Among the first to respond to Wesley's call was Francis Asbury, unknowing of the toil and trial he thus espoused, or of the glorious reward and abiding renown that he should win.

With tears and many prayers he took leave of his beloved parents, whom he was never to see again. His outfit was of the slenderest kind, and on shipboard he was obliged to sleep on the bare planks. Full of burning zeal he preached to the sailors when it was so stormy that he had to seek support from the mast. His heart yearned for the multitudes wandering in the wilderness of the New World, as sheep having no shepherd.

After a weary eight weeks' voyage he reached Philadelphia. He engaged forthwith in active work, and his labours were followed by a "great awakening." He had thoroughly imbibed the Wesleyan doctrine, "to go to those who needed him most." From an entry in his journal we learn what manner of man he was. "My brethren seem unwilling to leave the cities, but I will show them the way. I have nothing to seek but the glory of God; nothing to fear but His displeasure. I am determined that no man shall bias me with soft words and fair speeches; nor will I ever fear the face of man, or know any man after the flesh, if I beg my bread from door to door; but whomsoever I please or displease, I will be faithful to God, to the people, and to my own soul." There spoke the hero soul. In this man dwelt the spirit of John Knox, or of John the Baptist. He was evidently a God-appointed captain of Israel's host, and true over-shepherd of souls.

Forthwith Asbury began to range through the country, everywhere preaching the Word. At New York he preached to five

thousand people in the race-course, and exhorted the multitude to run with patience the race set before them.

In 1772 Wesley appointed Asbury Superintendent of the Societies in America, which had considerably increased in number. The next year the first Conference was held in Philadelphia. So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that for several years the membership was nearly doubled annually. Great revivals took place, especially in Maryland and Virginia. Multitudes were stricken to the earth as by a supernatural power, and rose to praise God.

The unhappy conflict with the mother country now broke out. The bruit of war was abroad in the land. Some of the English preachers felt constrained by their loyalty to old England to return home. But Asbury declared, "I can by no means leave such a field for gathering souls to Christ as we have in America; neither is it the part of a good shepherd to leave his flock in time of danger; therefore I am determined by the grace of God, not to leave them let the consequence be what it may."

During a fit of sickness in 1776, he went to recuperate at Warm Sulphur Springs, Virginia. His lodgings, he said, though only sixteen feet by twenty, contained seven beds and sixteen persons, besides some noisy children. His plan of duty as an invalid was this: "To read a hundred pages a day, pray in public five times a day, preach in the open air every other day, and lecture in prayer-meeting every other night." Under this regimen, with the blessing of God, he soon recovered his health.

Suspected, apparently, of sympathy with the mother country, he was required to take the oath of allegiance to the State of Maryland. Its form, however, was such that he could not conscientiously accept it. He was, therefore, obliged to leave the State, and take refuge in Delaware, where the State oath was not required of ministers of religion. He found an asylum for a time in the house of a friend. He soon discovered, however that he must seek safety elsewhere, and he went forth as a fugitive not knowing whither he went. He had not gone many miles before he met a funeral. Although it increased his danger, he did not hesitate to stop and give an address full of Christian sympathy. He was compelled to take refuge in "a wild and

dismal swamp," which he likened to "the shades of death." Three thousand miles from home and kindred, regarded as an enemy to his adopted country, and, worst of all, obliged to remain in hiding when the Word of God was a fire in his bones, and his soul was yearning to range the country and proclaim everywhere the free salvation of the Gospel to perishing multitudes, his heart was much depressed. Yet did he sing his "*Sursum Corda*" in the wilderness, and, under the special protection of the Governor of the State, who knew and honoured his worth, he was allowed to come forth from his hiding and engage without hindrance in his work.

And this work was no holiday amusement. The following extracts from his journal will indicate its character: "We set out for Crump's over rocks, hills, creeks, and pathless woods. The young man with me was heartless before we had travelled a mile. With great difficulty, after travelling eight or nine hours, we reached the settlement, the people looking almost as wild as the deer in the woods. I see little else in these parts but cabins built with poles. I crossed the river in a ferry boat, and the ferryman swore because I had not a shilling to give him."* Swimming his horse across another river he found shelter in the cabin of a friendly settler. "His resting-place, however," says Strickland's record of his life, "was on the top of a chest, and his clothes his only covering. This, however, was better far than he often had. Frequently, when benighted in the wilderness, he slept on the ground, or on rocks, or on some boards in a deserted cabin, with nothing to eat." Day after day he travelled over the broken spurs of the Alleghanies without food from morning to night. His mind was raised to loftiest contemplation by the sublime scenery, and his heart was cheered by his opportunities of breaking the bread of life to the lonely mountaineers.

A change in his relations to the Church was now to take place. "Fifteen years," says Dr. Strickland, "had elapsed since Asbury began preaching in America. He was now forty years

* On another occasion a ferryman declined to take any fee, saying he never charged ministers or babes; for if they did no good they did no harm. "Nay," replied Asbury, "that is not true; for the minister who does no good does much harm."

of age, and more than half of his life had been spent in preaching the Gospel, yet up to this time he was an unordained man. No ordinances of the Church had ever yet been administered by his hands, and he consented, with the rest of his brethren in the ministry, to receive the Sacrament at the hands of the Episcopal priesthood. There were now in America one hundred and four Methodist ministers, and the membership had risen to fifteen thousand."

It was felt that the time had come when the anomalous condition of these men should cease. John Wesley, therefore, wrote a memorable epistle, often quoted, to the American societies, from which we make the following extracts :

" Lord King's account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago that bishops and presbyters were the same order and, consequently, had the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned from time to time to exercise this right by ordaining part of our travelling preachers, but I have still refused, not only for peace' sake, but because I was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the national Church to which I belong.

" But the case is widely different between England and America. Here there are bishops who have legal jurisdiction. In America there are none, and but few parish ministers, so that for some hundred miles together there is none either to baptize or to administer the Lord's Supper. Here, therefore, my scruples are at an end, and I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no order and invade no man's right by appointing and sending labourers into the harvest.

" I have, accordingly, appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury to be joint Superintendents over our brethren in North America ; as also Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey to act as Elders among them, by administering baptism and the Lord's Supper.

" If any one will point out a more rational and Scriptural way of feeding and guiding those poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it. At present I cannot see any better method than that I have adopted.

" As our American brethren are now totally disentangled both

from the State and the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church. And we judge it best they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free.

“JOHN WESLEY.”

This document exhibits at once the wise judgment and lofty Christian expediency of the founder of Methodism. His challenge to be shown a more excellent way of dealing with the question has not yet been accepted. We cannot but regard it as a providential blessing that the Bishop of London declined to ordain Dr. Coke as a bishop for America, thus breaking forever the superstitious bond of so-called apostolic succession, so far as concerned the free Methodism of the New World. In the gathering of itinerant preachers assembled at Baltimore in December, 1784, this figment of priestcraft, which makes validity of ordination depend on a shadowy succession through the Dark Ages from the corrupt Church of Rome, as the only vehicle of apostolic grace, was boldly repudiated. It was felt that the true anointing was that of the Holy Ghost—that the real successors of the Apostles were those who received their inspiration and authority from the same Master and Lord.

This Conference, therefore, organized itself into “The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States,” and Dr. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury were elected the first bishops thereof. As Asbury was up to this period an unordained man, he was first, on Christmas day, ordained by Dr. Coke, deacon; on the twenty-sixth, elder; and on the following day, bishop, or “Superintendent” as he is called in the official document.

Such rapid ecclesiastical promotion is, we believe, unprecedented since the days of St. Ambrose, who, notwithstanding his vigorous *Nolo Episcopari*, was, though but a catechumen, elected bishop of Milan A.D. 374.*

The new title of Asbury, however, increased neither his power nor his influence among his brethren. He already ruled by love in all their hearts. His elevation of office gave him only pre-

* Bingham—*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*. Lib. II., Cap. x., Sec. 2.

eminence in toil. The day after the Conference he rode fifty miles through frost and snow. The next day he rode forty more, and so on till the Sabbath, when he halted for labour, not for rest. This was his initiation into the office of bishop.

True to its original genius, American Methodism promoted zealously the cause of higher education. With much effort Cokesbury College was established in the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, overlooking the broad Chesapeake Bay. The curriculum was comprehensive, embracing English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and German. To preachers' sons and indigent students tuition, board, and clothing were free. Others were expected to pay a moderate fee. The "recreation" of the students consisted of agricultural labour and building—"both necessary," it is remarked, "in a new country." After a useful and successful existence for ten years, it was burned to the ground. A heap of smouldering ruins was all that marked its lovely site. Asbury, on whom devolved the chief toil of finding funds for its maintenance, thus writes, date 1796: "Cokesbury College is consumed to ashes, a sacrifice of £10,000 in ten years," (an immense sum in those days.) "If any man would give me £10,000 per year to do and suffer again what I have done for that house I would not do it." His salary at this time was sixty-four dollars a year. It was evidently, therefore, not for the emolument that he "did and suffered" all this.

Undaunted by disaster, the Methodists of Baltimore purchased, at a cost of £22,000, a building in that city, and established Asbury College. The change of name, however, brought no change of fortune, and it, too, was soon destroyed by fire.

A Methodist Academy was also established in Georgia, and another in the West, but the difficulty of maintenance was great. "We have the poor," writes Asbury, "but they have no money, and the wicked rich we do not wish to ask."

Asbury's labours during this period were excessive, his lodgings often wretched, and his fare meagre and poor. He and Dr. Coke sometimes rode three hundred miles a week, preaching every day. Asbury's journal recounts riding seventy-five miles in one day; reaching a cabin at midnight, and leaving at four in the morning. Sometimes he slept in the woods, sometimes on the

floor of a cabin, whose walls were often adorned with coon or wild-cat skins, and sometimes he fared even worse, for he writes, "O how glad should I be of a plain clean plank to lie on as preferable to the beds!" It was his misfortune to have a delicate skin and a keen sense of smell. It was often a lucky day when he dined on raccoon or bear steaks, cooked by a fire that the wind and rain often extinguished.

In some of his distant missionary excursions—sometimes travelling fifty miles without seeing a house—for protection against wild beasts and wilder men Asbury used to travel with armed bands of mounted hunters. It was a time of Indian massacres. The fate of the victims was most tragical. One wretched survivor was four days dragging herself a distance of only two miles. Sometimes Asbury's party were pursued by bands of infuriate savages, to escape from whom they had to travel all night through the tangled wilderness.

N O V E M B E R .

BY A. B. STREET.

ALL day the chill, bleak wind had shrieked and wailed

In leafless forests and o'er meadows sere,

Through the harsh sky great sable clouds had sailed ;

Outlines were hard ; all Nature's looks were drear.

Gone, Indian Summer's soft, delicious haze

Mantling bland nights, and flaming mellow days.

Then rose gray clouds ; then fluttered first the snow ;

Then fell like shaken fleece, then in dense streams,

That covered gradually all below

To pearly smoothness. Then outburst the gleams

At sunset, nature shone in flashing white,

And the last rays tinged all with rosiest light.

So when my noontide fades, may evening's gloom

Turn to white peace, and o'er death shed hope's radiant bloom.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

BY JOHN MORPHY, ESQ.

IN the town of Monaghan, Ireland, in days of yore, there lived a man named Bartley Campbell, who was sustained by the products of a small farm and other industry. Of his origin or education, I am not acquainted, as he was before my time. History, however, says the grace of God changed him from a bigoted Roman Catholic into a zealous, energetic, eminently pious Christian—in contrast to his brother Barney, whom I knew well for several years, the lineaments of whose angry countenance denoted the depravity of his heart. The latter was between fifty and sixty years old, had a squint in both eyes, a lame leg, a crutch, a blasphemous tongue, and the worst horse and cart in the town. They must have been hard up for help who employed Barney and his horse and cart. He had a hard-featured, dark-complexioned wife called Biddy, and an adopted urchin called Phill. Their residence was a dilapidated house with one apartment only, in which the three and the horse lived, and where beggars, cripples, and thieves lodged. Such is all I know of the family connections of Bartley Campbell, who was an honest, harmless, impulsive man, and strict in the performance of his religious duties.

I have stood on the shore of Loch Derrig, between Pettigo and Ballyshannon, in the County Donegal, a small lake with an island called St. Patrick's purgatory, and have seen hundreds of pilgrims from various distant parts of Ireland coming to do penance. The men wore old *caubeens*,—tail frieze coats, with brass buttons behind,—unbleached linen shirts open in the front, corduroy knee breeches unbuttoned at the knees, *treheens* (*i.e.*, stockings without feet), their brogues and provender tied on their backs, shillalehs in their hands, and *dhudheens* in most of their mouths. The women, with care-worn, weather-beaten countenances, were barefooted, wore *treheens*, linsey-woolsey petticoats, bedgowns, sun-burned old red and grey cloaks, turned up behind and tied around their necks, forming a sort of knapsack

in which their provender and shoes were stowed. They all wore coarse linen caps with a single border: each of the old ones carried a staff. Gazing at the grotesque crowd, and reflecting on the object they had in view, viz., severe penance, prayers by count, confession of sin to, and absolution by, the priests, I wondered at the absence of public schools, and at the leaders, spiritual and temporal, of that rude, heathenish-looking peasantry. Each paid sixpence to get rowed to the island, on which there was a rude chapel with earthen floor but no seats, a few huts, and a number of priests. The first act of devotion of the pilgrims was kneeling on the said earthen floor, going through the rosary—*paters* and *aves*, etc. A sort of beadle or watchman went through the kneeling crowd with a stick in his hand, on the end of which was a knob, hitting the heads of those who fell asleep in consequence of the fatigue and vigils they had passed through. Various were the penances, the commonest being that of walking or moving assigned distances on gravel on the bare knees.

To Loch Derrig poor Bartley Campbell travelled—a distance of fifty miles—to do penance for his sins. He went through all his religious duties: rosaries, litanies of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, heard mass, did his penance, confessed his sins, and got absolution; but all his miserable, heathenish, honest efforts availed poor Bartley nothing. He told the priest that after all he had done he was afraid of going to hell, and felt a terrible weight about his heart that he could not get rid of.

“Were you not at confession?” said the priest.

“To be sure I was, yer riverence,” replied Bartley.

“Did I not give you absolution?” said the priest.

“The Lord knows that,” replied Bartley.

“Go away,” said the priest, “you omadhaun, and get a good sleep and mind your duty. It’s your liver, or stomach, or your whole system that’s out of order after your long journey and fatigue,” and he threatened him with his horsewhip.

Poor Bartley retired and most earnestly prayed that the load and darkness might be removed from him, and the Lord heard and answered and brought him out of the horrible pit and miry clay, set his feet upon the rock and put a new song into his mouth, even praise to God. Bartley was so overjoyed that he

ran to the priest with a smile beaming on his countenance, and fearlessly declared what the Lord had done for him. "O Father," said he, "I have found the cure," and clapping his hand on his heart, he said, "I have the jewel here: the Lord Jesus has filled my heart with joy and comfort, glory be to His blessed name forever."

"You are cracked," said the priest, "your intellect is muddled, you must not be disobedient to the Church, go to your duties, and no more of your Methodist cant, or the devil will get you hard and fast."

"If I am wrong, yer riverence," replied Bartley, "I am happy. You might as well try to persuade a man who is in good health and spirits that he is sick and diseased, or that I am floundering in the mud while my feet are firm on hard ground, as to persuade me that I am not happy, or that there is anything wrong with my intellect."

The priest ordered him to be 'gone, and Bartley returned to his brethren the pilgrims, and told them how he had obtained the blessing of conversion. "Boys," said he, "I didn't bother the Holy Virgin, nor the saints, at all, but went direct to the fountain head and trusted in the Lord Jesus, and He gave me the cure, and I have the jewel here," clapping his hand on his breast, and earnestly exhorting them to go and do as he did, with an intense earnestness that alarmed the priests, who drove him from the island, telling him he was crazy, and Bartley returned to Monaghan with his heart light and happy.

If the conversion of Paul was miraculous so was that of Bartley Campbell. Both were zealously devoted to their old religion, both persecutors, and both converted in most unlikely places. Bartley, without Scripture, sermon, or knowledge of the plan of salvation. Being of a vivacious disposition he was not long until he found congenial spirits in the little Methodist Society at Monaghan; and being exceedingly zealous and full of the peace, and joy, and love of God, he went from place to place holding meetings and telling everybody what the Lord had done for his soul, and exhorting everybody to obtain the same great blessing.

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

This was the language of his heart.

Bartley, afterwards called “the pilgrim of Loch Derg,” was a great favourite of the Revs. Dr. Coke, Henry Moore and Gideon Ouseley. Genial, cheerful, ready-witted, full of energy, and speaking the Irish language fluently, he was very useful in leading his peasant fellow-countrymen to Jesus ; a sort of pioneer, or living, moving advertisement, for Methodist preachers ; often seen on his old horse with rude saddle and hay rope stirrups, gathering meetings for prayer and preaching in the country places, comprising a large circle in the counties of Monaghan, Cavan, Fermanagh, Sligo, Donegal, and Tyrone.

Where there were no conversions at a meeting he would say “it was a sham fight.”

There are many wealthy merchants, farmers, and others, members of the Methodist Church in the United States and Canada who are descendants of the Roman Catholic Irish peasantry, converted through the instrumentality of Bartley Campbell, and that eminent servant of God, the late Gideon Ouseley.

Many are the incidents and anecdotes told of Bartley by the old inhabitants until this day. Standing on a barrel addressing a crowd on faith and trust in Christ, and having reference to Abraham, he said, “There was a man in ould times, boys, in the Bible—I forget his name—what’s this it was ? He was going to kill his son.”

“Abraham,” said a bystander.

“Thankee, sir, I’m very much obliged to ye ; that’s the very man.”

“Boys,” said he, meaning old and young, “don’t go into the public houses,” (taverns).

“Why ?” said a voice.

“Bekase,” replied he, “it’s a hard thing to fight the divil on his own ground.”

At a funeral he had the whole crowd kneeling and in tears in the graveyard after his pointed exhortation ; and he earnestly

prayed in the simple touching Irish language for their enlightenment and conversion. When the priest, who was late, saw and heard what was going on, he ran and made a stroke with the butt-end of his whip at Barney, who held up his arm to defend himself. The priest, thinking he was about to strike him, backed a few paces and tumbled over a grave, when the cry got up "he has knocked down his rivrence," and they all fell on poor Bartley and maltreated him so badly that he was obliged to make a speedy exit, as he often had to do; but being full of good-nature and sympathy he soon gained their forgiveness and their hearts. His wife, who was a very ignorant and bigoted Roman Catholic, and very intractable, cost him many reasonings, tears, and earnest prayers, before she was converted, after which she became a great comfort to him in his declining years.

This lowly and unlettered man proved one of the most useful and energetic of the Methodist pioneers, and is worthily honoured by Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," with a place between Charles Graham, the Apostle of Kerry, and Gideon Ouseley, whose memory is still fragrant in the hearts of Irish Methodists throughout the world.

TORONTO, *September*, 1877

THE GAOLER AT PHILIPPI.

TREMBLING he sprang in through the startled night,
 Roused by the tocsin of the earthquake's roar,
 His cresset paled within the wide-swing door,
 For lo! the dungeon gleamed with seraph light!
 What men be these, of mien so brave and bright?
 Had he not fought by Danube's frozen shore;
 Or round the watch-fire heard the lion roar,
 While o'er Numidia's dunes swept queenly night,
 And pealed the bugle-blast above each tent,
 Where slept the Legion's serried armament?
 Death had but stamped Dishonour on his name,
 "Untrue to trust,—a soldier faithless found;"
 These men had given their freedom for his fame,
 "Lord Christ, I feel the manhood of Thy name."

—*Evening Hours.*

JOTTINGS OF TRAVEL.

YORK, ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

I BEGIN these notes sitting on the summit of the central tower of the world-famed York Minster, to which place I have just ascended by its more than three hundred stone steps. The "leads" of the tower roof are so hot under this July sun, that I have retired to a sheltered spot at the head of the stairway for rest and coolness. Within reach of my hand is the moss-covered turreting which forms the parapet of the tower. Directly below me is the bright red tiling of the high-backed roofs of the city buildings. Quaint old York! What, pray, *could* have been the original plan of the city? Or was there a plan at all? So full is it of angular and circular conceits. Such narrow streets too. Real estate must surely have had extravagant quotations in the early days of the royal borough. And so it had, for within the city walls, and there only, was found protection and security to life and property. Roadways were thus at a discount, and thoroughfares a second thought. Hence the quirks and quavers of building, and lane and street made to suit the configuration of these circular walls below me. Hence the heptagons and pentagons and polygons, the acute angles and obtuse angles with which the old city abounds. Has any reader of this MAGAZINE passed through the "water-lanes" of York? They are the slums of the place, answering to the "wy. ls" of Edinburgh. Once visited they are not soon forgotten. Clothes-lines stretched across the narrow passage-ways, with a laundry exhibit which I will not offend Canadian proprieties in describing. Troops of dirty children, slatternly women, low-browed men, and odours indescribable abound.

What a city of gates is York! Let me give some of their names. Monk-gate, Stone-gate, Peter-gate, Ness-gate, Ouse-gate, Copper-gate, Foss-gate, Good-rain-gate, Gilly-gate, Skelder-gate, Spurrier-gate, Friar-gate, Mickle-gate, Jubber-gate, Collier-gate, Walm-gate, etc. The names of these gates very fully explain the

localities where they are situate. Spurrier-gate, for instance, indicates the neighbourhood where dwelt the artificers who wrought on spurs; Copper-gate, where might be found the coppersmiths; Jubber-gate, where lay the shambles. And so stereotyped is Old-world life that the butchers of York still congregate in its Jubber-gate,* their stalls to-day lining its narrow, crooked thoroughfare.

The outlook on this bright summer morning, from my elevated point of observation, is very fine. Northward a rich and fertile plain rises gradually and evenly to the North York Wolds and the Hambledon Hills. This was the ancient forest of Galtres. Immediately below me, just outside the city walls, stands the York Training College for schoolmasters, a handsome building in the Elizabethan style of architecture. Westward the Ouse—a sluggish stream, as its name, *Ooze*, implies—flows through a wooded plain, its waters bright in the morning sun. South-west is the hamlet of Holgate, where Lindley Murray the grammarian lived; Acombe, with its tapering church spire, a village much sought by invalids for its quiet and retirement; and Severus' Hill, said to be an artificial mound erected by the Romans over the remains of that emperor,—a rather apocryphal tradition, however. Southward the greater portion of the city extends right and left; the walls, the "bars," the castle, the various churches and other public buildings forming prominent objects of interest in the dense cluster of afore-mentioned old-fashioned red-tiled roofs. Of these buildings let me mention one or two:

The Manor House, which, prior to the suppression of religious houses by Henry VIII., was the residence of the Lord Abbot of the Monastery of St. Mary's. James I. added most of the present front to the building, which is now used to accommodate the "Wilberforce School for the Blind." Near this building, extending along the backs of the houses of the street, is an old store wall strengthened with towers. It once formed the eastern enclosure of the manor belonging to St. Mary's Abbey. Guide books inform us that "it was built about the year 1319 to protect the abbey and its possessions from the attacks of the citizens, who were jealous of the encroachments made upon their privileges

* Jubber is the Saxon word for butcher.

by the monks holding a market in certain booths in the street now called Bootham." This brings us to :

Bootham Bar, a grim arch which stands upon the site of one of the Roman gateways on the ancient walls, as proved by recent excavations. The present "Bar" dates from the time of the Commonwealth, being rebuilt by Cromwell when he visited the city in 1650. Its predecessor seems to have suffered severely during the civil wars when the Protector's cannon thundered so persistently at the gates of plucky, loyal, royal York.

St. William's College is a curious old quadrangular building entered by an overhanging archway, proximate to the Minster. It was erected by Henry VI. as a residence for the "parsons and chantry priests" of the cathedral. We are told that in one of the rooms of this college, in the days when printing could only be done by royal license, Charles I. set up the royal printing press A.D. 1742. At that time York was *de facto* his sole metropolis. The apartments of this historic old building, with its courtyard, curious joists and other timber-work, are used now simply as dwellings for poor families. On the same street is pointed out to you the building where George Hudson, the celebrated railway king, once kept a draper's shop.

Of Walmgate Bar I can only say that it is an exceedingly good specimen of the style of fortification used in the Middle Ages. It claims to be the only "Bar" having a "Barbacan" attached, to be found in England. The "Barbacan" was a drop gate of iron which, on the outer gates being carried by the enemy, could be lowered, thus offering additional resistance to an invading force. While examining this "Bar" I found one of its beams sufficiently splintered to allow the removal, for the cabinet of a Canadian relic hunter, of two or three square inches of its black, hard, almost sacred English oak, not, however, until I had left half the steel of the instrument used for the incision imbedded in the close-grained timber of the "Bar," condoning, we will say, the sacrilege.

Of the Mansion House and the Guildhall behind it, erected in 1446, with bright modern gilding on its front palisades; of the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, with its projecting illuminated clock; of Coney Street, once a very aristocratic place, having a

Danish origin, and still presenting in the interior decorations of its buildings traces of a former resident nobility ; of St. Antony's Hall, now the Blue Coat School ; of the modern Tudor Bridge at Lendal ; of the Castle, with its Clifford's Tower, claiming to have been built by William the Conqueror on the site of an old Roman mound ; of St. Mary's Abbey, with its extensive enclosure, fine old ruins, Museum, Hospitium, the latter now appropriated to the preservation of such valuable antiquities as Roman altars, coffins, household gods, tessellated pavements, urns, etc., disinterred in the city and neighbourhood ; of Bishopthorpe, the residence of the Archbishop, a small village three miles away on the banks of the Ouse, to which place an attentive young gentleman rowed me down the leisurely current of the river ; of the river view of the archiepiscopal palace and demesne ; of all this and much else of thrilling interest in mediæval and ecclesiastical York, this city of guilds and venerable foundations, every cubic foot of which to unexplored depths incloses historic dust, and almost every stone of which has its historic associations, this Eborwic of the Saxons—whence comes York—this Eboracum of the Romans, the origin of which name, we are told, has been traced to Ebraucus, the great-grandson of Æneas, who was contemporary with David ! Of angular, circular, crooked, quaint, royal old York, this MAGAZINE has no room at present for further discourse. Of its grand Minster I may hereafter furnish a descriptive paper.

TILSONBURG, *Ont.*

NOBLE LIFE.

So should we live, that every hour
 May die as dies the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power ;
 That every thought and every deed,
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future need.

—*Whittier.*

THE HIGHER LIFE—A DIVINE INDWELLING.

BY C. H. FOWLER, LL.D.

THE most transforming thought that ever entered the mind of man is the *indwelling of God*. This embodies every good. The burden of guilt is removed by His presence. The darkness of sin vanishes, and all is light within. The disorder created by the mob of wrangling antipathies and warring passions is hushed, like the Galilean Sea, at His word. Distrust, that smothers joy, gives place to repose. Anxiety melts into confidence. Our littleness rises into vast importance. The infinite is enthroned within us. To have Him and naught besides is to have all things and nothing want. God's good words lead us up gently to this richest possibility. First: "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." Next: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." This gives us high companionship in all our wanderings. Farther on, "We will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him." This insures us exalted brotherhood. The sacred relations of the home, like the summit of Hermon, catch the radiance of the worlds above, and are glorified with supernatural fellowships. Above all we have "I will come in to Him, and sup with Him, and He with me." This is the well-spring of joy. This is the Shekinah on the secret altar. Every heart has some recesses which it never exposes to mortal gaze. Under the malaria of sin there is engendered a hidden fever. No inquisitor's implements can burst into these secret depths. But when the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit come to dwell within us—not to be garrisoned within our intellections, or quartered within our convictions, but to *dwell* within us—then these innermost apartments, inspired with supreme trust, open, like the gate of Jerusalem's prison, of their own accord, and every secret is open and naked to His eye. He, seeing all, abides with us. Supreme peace, filling the farthest banks of our being, flows through the soul. We sit down in the infinite comfort of the unspeakable joy.

This peace, flowing from the presence of the King, has, at first,

a gala day attire. It hardly seems intended for constant use. The rugged struggles which we call business have ways and convictions and standards of their own. Thus a double life is undertaken—one of the Sabbaths and sanctuary; the other of the mart and street. The problem is to extend the Sabbath life over all the days, and inoculate the business life with its spirit. Sainthood must run its principles under all barter, and throw its mantle over the brawny shoulders of trade, and awaken its melodies in the very bosom of business. Then it can hold the keys to the safe, and issue its orders in the counting-room.

Business is of God. His servants receive talents, and are allowed to trade for themselves. Diligence, intensifying this life, is commended and commanded. To it men are called as to the higher ministries. God prepares for the whole body of society. If all were a hand, where would the foot be found? Dull ears may poorly hear the divine voice in these callings of toil. Thus many wander into wrong shops and seek wrong work-benches, where the tools are not fitted to their strength. But in all these industries is a divine purpose. He who gave His Spirit to Aholiab, the carpenter, and to Bezaleel, the brass-smith, and taught them to "divise cunning works," has not forsaken the common industries since the days of the Carpenter's Son, or of the tent-maker of Tarsus. Accept business, then, as of God, and all of its ambiguities take on their true character. The question that defied analysis is solved. The extension of religious joy over the whole life then becomes a question of time.

God's Spirit comes to an unregenerate soul as to a hostile country. It first seizes the citadel, the conscience, and from that centre it sends out its regiments and brigades down the various thoroughfares of the soul for the capture of the old envies, the selfish purposes, the low desires, the worldly affections, and the rebellious will. Thus it subdues the soul, till by-and-bye it dwells within us, not intrenched in the citadel, but at home in all our being. In some such way the beauty and power and spirituality of the Sabbath days are extended to all the days. The integrities of business are bathed in new light. They are no longer herded with policies, but they ascend to noble duties, and are clothed upon with everlasting obligation. The confidences of

trade assume a more distinctively moral character, and are based upon moral qualities. The reading between the lines of the contract becomes more visible. The spirit of the document overleaps mere technicalities. The soul has greater possessions than gold. As a father would never think of imperiling a son's life to save his garment, so there comes to the consciousness a new life that nothing in form can imperil. The man becomes a citizen of a higher world, and, with eye fixed on unseen realities, he trades and lives as in the presence of that goodly company with whom he is soon to settle down for eternity.

Thus a new life permeates all the being, and the Christian lives in the world as not of it. He is in its strife, but striving for other ends than the crude, perishable ambitions of mortals.

Little All Right, the son of a Japanese juggler, won the admiration of all the land, and made his death seem a loss, by his wonderful performances on the trapeze and on a pole held up by his father. He would go through the most difficult and dangerous feats with perfect composure, seeming to be subject to the will of his father and to move with his thought. During these performances a Japanese orchestra was constantly making the worst kind of heathen music. But through it all, and independent of it, could be heard a soothing minor strain. It was played by the father, and heard by the son. In all the jargon and in all the peril he constantly heard this music of his father, and it steadied him. Something like this comes to the soul when God dwells within us. Life may be overborne with care and deafened with confused din and turmoil, but all the time we hear, inside all the din and too deep for all the care, the sweet, quiet voice singing within, "Abba, Father," hear Him saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

Then we have quietness and peace, and the rude shocks do not disturb us.

The blessed comfort of receiving every moment the approval of the King—earth has no joy like this. There are no perils that can alarm us by beating at the door of our weakness; for "He that is for us is more than all they that can be against us." There are no foes that can harm us; for "all things shall work together for good." Loaded and beaten about the head and heart

we may be ; but we are being trained for use here and hereafter, and we cannot afford to be left weaklings. The divine indwelling brings in all good and all repose.

This infinite boon is within your reach. The King raps for admission. He has been long rapping. His locks are wet with morning dew. He says, "Open, and I will come in." Now, you open, and let Him in. Surrender. That is opening your heart. Give up. Do not hesitate or delay in order to put your heart in better order. You cannot do the King's work. Open the door, and He will put things to rights. True, you have known little order within. You are weary. But He says, "They that labour and are heavy laden." You are wounded ; the teeth of the dogs have left their marks on your throat, and your blood stains your fleece. But He is the Good Shepherd ; and who ever heard of a shepherd that turned away from the fold a lamb because it was wounded and alarmed ? Open the door ; surrender. Give up. Let Him in. With Him shall come in all peace.

Keep Him in. If you stumble, look to Him. Look at once. Don't wait a day. Look immediately. If anything offends Him and shadows His approval, give it up. Ask what the King wants, and He will see that your soul has all it wants. Nothing can be so bad as sin, and nothing can be so blessed as God's indwelling. It schools ore for Heaven.

Come, poor soul ! there is infinite fulness in Him—fulness of peace, fulness of security, fulness of assurance, fulness of dignity. To live in the midst of the spiritual forces of the universe, and have God as a constant guest, makes life grand in all its details, and majestic even in the otherwise pettiness of daily littleness. Step by step on the rock ! Day by day in the light ! Royal company ! Divine exaltation ! He in us here ! we in Him "in that day when the rocks and the mountains all flee away."—*Christian Advocate.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE MISSIONARY REPORT.

No document published by the authorities of our Church is studied with greater interest than the annual Missionary Report. That report, for the year 1876-77, is one of great importance, and presents ground for most thoughtful and prayerful consideration. It contains much ground for gratitude to God for the signal mercies vouchsafed our missionaries, and for the great success granted to their labours. Never, we think, in the history of the Society were there so many conversions to God

on the several missions as during the last year. It is also cause for grateful congratulation that, during a period of such financial stringency as has not been experienced in the country for a score of years, the noble sum of \$146,000 should have been laid upon God's altar for the blessed work of breaking the bread of life to a world perishing for lack of knowledge. We give below an abstract of the financial statement of this report, as presented at the late anniversary of the Missionary Society at Brockville:—

INCOME.		DECREASE.
Subscriptions and Collections from Circuits and Missions.....	\$115,909 88	\$2,350 41
Juvenile Offerings	18,264 27	1,480 29
Legacies	3,423 67	0,785 33
Grants from Wesleyan Missionary Society	4,866 07
Donations on Annuity	250 00	3,516 30
From the Indian Department for Indian Schools.....	2,061 00	1,768 23
From the Indian Department, British Columbia, for School Purposes..	287 50	612 50
From Other Sources.....	936 93	173 05
Total	\$146,993 92	\$16,640 81
Decrease under 1875-76		
EXPENDITURE.		
Domestic Work (including Missions to Settlers in Mission Districts).....	\$57,037 13	
Indian Work (including the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution)	31,653 67	
French Work in the Province of Quebec	5,625 00	
German Work	2,310 95	
Chinese Work in British Columbia.....	600 00	
Foreign Work (purely), Japan and Bermuda	9,743 69	
Special Grants for Purchase, Erection, and Repair of Mis'n Property, Furniture, &c.	7,610 95	
Special Grants on account of Affliction	1,082 00	
Overdrafts by Conferences last year	1,113 48	
Appropriation towards Allowances of Superannuated Missionaries and Widows of Missionaries	4,750 00	
Chairmen's District Expenses, Conference Committees, &c.....	1,335 70	
Circuit Expenses (Deputations, Advertising, &c.)	3,065 63	
Annuities, in consideration of Donations to the Society	820 00	
Publishing and Contingent Charges.....	5,316 89	
Salaries, Office Charges, Auditors, &c.....	5,582 85	
Interest, Discount on Bills of Exchange, &c	5,311 86	
Travelling Expenses of Central Board, Committees of Consultation, Finance, Secretaries, &c	1,245 82	
	\$174,255 92	
Increase over 1875-76	\$15,578 28	
Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year.....	\$28,257 00	

The only unfavourable feature in this report is the serious decrease, as compared with the previous year, in the total receipts. Even that decrease is not so alarming as might

at first sight appear. It indicates no drying up of the springs of the Society's prosperity. Of that decrease, \$10,341, or nearly two-thirds, is in legacies and donations on

annuities. Of the former, the amount during the previous year was over \$10,000. This is a source of income which cannot be depended upon; and we would rather, of course, that the patrons of the Society should live and become their own executors, than be called away from usefulness among us.

Last year the donations on annuity were only \$250,—the previous year they were \$3,806, a decrease for the past year of \$3,556.

Last year the grant from the Indian Department for Indian Schools was \$2,347, the previous year it was \$4,648, or nearly twice as much, showing a process of cutting down by the Government in this respect of \$2,280. We cannot help regarding this as unwise retrenchment. Our Society spends, as Mr. Macdonald remarked, ten times as much on Indian Missions as the great M. E. Church of the United States,—as one consequence we have no Indian troubles, while they have a chronic Indian war, causing a lavish waste of both blood and gold.

Of the subscriptions and collections from circuits and missions, which is the main source of income, amounting this year to the noble sum of \$115,909, the decrease as compared with last year is only \$2,359, or only about two per cent. on the whole,—a decrease which is easily accounted for by the monetary stringency caused by the long continuance of the bad times.

The most serious decrease is that in the Juvenile Offerings of our Sunday-schools, amounting to \$1,486 as compared with that of the previous year, which was also a decrease of \$2,301 from the contributions of the year before, or in two years a decrease of \$3,787. In 1874-75 the income from Juvenile Offerings was \$22,051, or more than one-sixth of the income from all other sources together. But that sum was an increase of \$3,725 on that of the year before, or an increase of \$5,135 in two years.

This means of income, therefore, is capable of considerable expansion. It is even yet one-seventh of the entire income of the Society. To maintain its proportion of one-sixth it should have last year over \$26,000, or \$8,000 more than it was. Our schools must try and recover this lost ground. Here is a mine that may be worked with vast advantage to our Church and to the schools. For if the children will only take an active part in this missionary work they will grow up in warm sympathy with it and with the general operations of our Church.

In England, for the year 1876, the Juvenile Offerings in the Wesleyan Church amounted to \$107,000, or one-third of the entire income raised in Great Britain. So much for thorough missionary organization.

The excess of expenditure over the income of the year on our missions was \$28,000, making the entire amount of indebtedness of the Society \$53,000. The interest on this large sum of money is a serious drain. On the smaller indebtedness of last year it was some \$5,000.

The tone of the late missionary meeting, however, was eminently hopeful. The members of the Board, as well from the East as from the West, bated not a jot of heart and hope. With unflinching faith in God, and confidence in the loyalty and liberality of the members and friends of our Church, they appeal for largely increased subscriptions to wipe out the indebtedness and to meet the annual expenditure. The bountiful harvest with which the providence of God has favoured us, and the improved prospects of trade, will enable our friends, we hope, to do all that is in their hearts to sustain this most important branch of the Church's operations. We hope especially that all our Sunday-schools will put forth a vigorous and systematic effort to make the juvenile Christmas offering this year larger than it has ever been before. In recognition of God's great Christmas

gift to all mankind, let them lay upon His altar an offering that shall declare their zeal, their diligence, and their desire for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

In looking over a late Missionary Report we note that three Indian missions, with an exclusively Indian membership of eighty-one persons, under the care of one interpreter, contributed \$130,—one family alone at French River, some eighty miles from the nearest white missionary, and only receiving his visits annually, contributed \$24. The little mission of Shawanaga alone contributed in 1865 \$61. Our Domestic white missions might well emulate this zeal. The example of the Nova Scotia Circuit, mentioned in our Missionary Notices, is worthy of imitation.

All the great missionary societies of the world have suffered severely from the financial stringency of the times. The Wesleyan Missionary Society last year exceeded its income of \$800,000 by over \$90,000, and, without an increase for the present year, anticipates a deficit of \$100,000. Under these circumstances the missionary secretaries, among other things, earnestly and affectionately request,—

That ministers and lay gentlemen attending missionary meetings will make special reference to the financial position and requirements of the Society.

That friends throughout the Connexion will generously respond to this appeal, and at once augment their annual subscriptions, contribute largely at the forthcoming anniversaries, and afford generally the advantage of their zealous efforts, increased liberality, and earnest prayers.

That in order to obviate the necessity of paying large sums for interest on borrowed money, the subscribers to the Society will be good enough, henceforth, to pay their subscriptions at the commencement of each year.

These exhortations are eminently appropriate to ourselves, especially the last.

Our own Missionary Board and the Executive Committee of the General Conference have unitedly recommended that the third Sabbath (18th) of November should be set apart as a day on which sermons shall be preached in all our congregations on the subject of missions, and special prayer be offered for the blessing of God upon our missionary work. It is also recommended that the first prayer-meeting following that Sabbath should have reference to the same subject.

We trust that this recommendation will be universally followed, that the heart of the Church may be prepared and quickened for the winter's missionary campaign.

A DEFENCE OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

That dignified, able, and high-toned Magazine, the *Canadian Monthly and National Review*, has, we regret to say, come out as a champion of the liquor interest. It has from its eyepean heights rebuked the *Christian Guardian* and this MAGAZINE for their advocacy of the Dunkin Act. It declares, with all the emphasis of a Lord Chancellor, that the Act is "one of the most iniquitous that ever disgraced the statute-book of any civilized country,—an Act which is essentially unjust in principle which outrages liberty and which legalizes robbery; which, in seeking to suppress the *vice* of drunkenness, perpetrates the *crimes* of tyranny, injustice, and spoliation;" that "the very intention of the Act is to rob;" and that "there is no logical line of demarcation between the Dunkin Act and the statute concerning the burning of heretics." As we write for English readers we translate the Latin. This is very strong language concerning a law which has been upon the statute-book for more than a dozen years,

and in favour of which more than a dozen counties in Canada have pronounced by popular vote with overwhelming majorities. Yet this writer takes us to task on account of our earnest words in pleading for drunkard's wives and babes, and in denouncing the traffic that changes the loving husband and the tender father into a murdering demon—the traffic whereby, as the Laiccate vigorously phrases it,—

"The vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head.
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife."

We admit that we did use earnest words ; and

Earnest words must *needs* be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With the scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged by turns.

The daily papers, even those opposing the Act, described the jostling, fighting, fraud, violence, and perjury that we characterized as they deserved. We did not say that *all* who voted for the Act were of the character which we affirmed, and now repeat, that *some* were. The logic which infers that we did is akin to that which argues that because black is a colour and white is a colour, therefore black is white. We are quite prepared to believe our critics' solemn asseveration that he is not of the class thus described by the daily press. He is doubtless one of the distinguished exceptions that we admitted to exist.

But let us notice some of the "proofs" that "the very intention of the Act is to rob." "The plea that the liquor-seller buys only the right to sell for a year," we are told by this writer, "is a dishonest quirk, worthy only of a shyster lawyer," because, forsooth, among other things, "it is preposterous to expect that in laying in his stock of liquors he (the tavern-keeper) can buy precisely the quantity necessary for 365 days, neither more nor less." Nevertheless, we imagine that Vice-Chancellor Blake and his associate license commis-

sioners will be guilty of that "dishonest quirk worthy only of a shyster lawyer"—the words are none of ours—whenever it becomes necessary to reduce the number of licenses ; and if the man whose license is withheld, attempt to sell in defiance of the law, the whole authority of the Bench, up to the Supreme Court itself, will be guilty of the same "dishonest quirk" in condemning him ; and the whole civil power of the country will be similarly guilty in punishing him if he do so sell without a license.

"Morally speaking," we are told by this reviewer, "every man has a right to sell liquor." It happens, however, that some of the most eminent jurists and statesmen in the world have taken just the opposite view. "Let the Government *banish from the State*," says Vattel, "whatever is fitted only to corrupt the morals of the people."

"Almost every legislator in the world," said Lord Hervey, in a debate in the British House of Lords on the Gin Act, "from whatever original he derived his authority, has exerted it in the *prohibition* of such foods as tended to injure the health and destroy the vigour of the people for whom he designed his institutions ;" and he goes on to argue that the use of the "delicious poison" of intoxicating liquor "can only be hindered by *prohibiting the sale*."

"It has been found by experience," said the Bishop of Oxford, to the same august assembly, "that nothing can restrain the people from buying those liquors *but such laws as hinder them from being sold*," and he argued the urgent moral obligation of prohibiting their sale.

"Luxury, my lords," said Lord Chesterfield on the same occasion, "is to be taxed, but *vice prohibited*, let the difficulty of the law be what it will. Let us crush at once these *artists in human slaughter* who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait

as cannot be resisted." Shockingly strong language this for the noble lord, so noted for his politeness, to use to their lordships and bishops of that most august assembly in the world—far stronger we would dare to use toward the *protéges* of this Review.

"Suppose we put the boot on the leg of the editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE," says our critic, "and ask him how he likes the fit. He seeks to suppress liquor-sellers, because, speaking in a general way, he believes that they poison men's bodies" he might have added, "and ruins their souls"—"and are consequently the enemies of mankind." He goes on to quote an opinion of Professor Clifford's that "the priest" poisons men's souls with false doctrines, and is consequently "at all times and in all places the enemy of all men." "Suppose then," says our reviewer, "that those who agree with Professor Clifford should at any time command a majority in the legislature and should get a 'Clifford Act' passed prohibiting all clergymen from preaching, enforcing the closing of all churches, and suppressing the *Christian Guardian* and the METHODIST MAGAZINE and all other pub-

lications which, as they believe, similarly trade in moral poison,—what would the editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE think of an Act which should deprive him of his livelihood in this fashion?"

To this question, which assumes the perfect parity of the cases, and is evidently intended to be a "settler," that editor replies: It has been shown by the testimony of judges, grand-jurors, police magistrates, coroners, governors of prisons, penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, poorhouses, and hospitals, that a very large proportion of the murder, misery, madness, pauperism, disease, and untimely deaths that afflict humanity are the direct result of the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. Let there be—we do not say such consensus of testimony—but one *tithe* of the testimony as to one *tithe* of the evil caused by reading the METHODIST MAGAZINE and that editor will not wait for an Act prohibiting the exercise of his calling; he will flee from it in abhorrence, and he trusts has manhood enough to let his right hand shrivel in the flames rather than employ it for one instant in a work causing one-hundredth, or one-thousandth, part of the evil to mankind caused by the liquor traffic.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

Additional Conference Notes.—Dr. Jobson presented the report of the Book Room. The exhibit was large, and the profits amounted to several hundreds of pounds sterling, which were allocated to various Connexional funds. The Conference directed that two hundred and fifty dollars should be donated to the St. John sufferers. Eight hundred and thirty thousand copies of the new hymn-book had been sold, and an edition

of one hundred thousand, with the tunes, was sold in a few weeks. Seventy-one new or reprinted works had been issued during the year. More than two millions of periodicals and three millions and a-half of tracts had been sent forth. At the conversation on the state of the work of God, the neglect to spread Scriptural holiness, pulpit routineism, manuscript preaching, careless scrutiny of the qualifications of applicants for membership, neglect of evening

meetings and of the children, and superficial study of theology, were some of the points made and commented on.

The Leys School at Cambridge, which was recently established to supply "higher education" to the sons of Methodists, is serving its purpose admirably. There are between thirty and forty Methodist graduates and undergraduates attending the University who attend regularly at the Wesleyan Church, twelve of whom are local preachers on the circuit plan. Ignorance and Methodism are not synonyms, as certain persons in uninformed quarters still suppose.

Some idea may be formed of the work of the Wesleyan Conference of 1877 when it is known that three thousand two hundred telegraph messages were sent from the Conference Telegraph Office, and that the press telegraphs alone included a quarter of a million of words.

Fraternal Relations.—Next year the parent body will receive a delegation from the Primitive Methodist Conference. Letters of greeting will be sent to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., will attend the General Conference of Australasia; indeed, he has already started on his tour around the world and will return to England by way of Canada. The Wesleyan and Primitive Wesleyan Conferences in Ireland will be formally united next year. The amalgamation will greatly strengthen Methodism in the "Emerald Isle." The united body will contain 255 ministers and 28,484 members. All ministers are to have equal financial advantages and the same educational privileges for their children at the Methodist College and the Connexional School.

The famine in India is seriously affecting the labours of the Missionaries, who are exerting themselves to the utmost on behalf of the sufferers. It is believed that five hundred thousand have died, and

the end is not yet. Special subscriptions are being taken up on their behalf in England. Another English missionary is to be sent to Northern Italy. Some of the relatives and friends of the late Rev. T. H. Squance, who went to Ceylon with Dr. Coke, have raised a fund to establish a Squance Scholarship at the missionary Theological Institution in that island.

Haiti.—Wesleyan Methodism is doing a good work in this little republic. The population is about 270,000, though some estimate it as high as 800,000. The inhabitants are mainly negroes and mulattoes. A few Europeans reside at Port-au-Prince, the capital. In this city the Wesleyans have a fine church, capable of accommodating about 1,000 persons, and near to it a pleasant parsonage. An ordination service was recently held, when two young missionaries were set apart to the full work of the ministry. The large congregation, several of whom were Roman Catholics, appeared to be deeply interested. This little republic has been subject to the convulsion of frequent revolutions, but it is believed that through Wesleyan preaching and the spread of education by means of the mission schools, a higher and more peaceable national life will be attained.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Central Board of Missions is holding its annual meeting while we are preparing these notes. We learn with regret that the income of the Society is \$16,000 less than last year, and that the debt actually exceeds \$50,000. Such an incubus must necessarily retard the progress of the work of God. It is to be hoped that as the country has been favoured with such an abundant harvest our friends will largely increase their contributions, so that the debt may at least be greatly reduced. Dr. McDonald, missionary in Japan, is about to return to Canada, and will

also spend some time in the United States to prosecute his studies of diseases of the eye and ear, so prevalent in Japan. His friends will welcome his sojourn, and it is hoped that his visit will tend to increase the interest in the mission in that empire. Since Christian missions have been established in Japan the cause of education has advanced greatly. In a population of thirty-three millions there have been organized 18,000 public schools and more than 2,000 private schools, with 1,973,000 pupils. There are fifty-one normal institutes, with 5,000 pupils; twenty-one government colleges, with 3,072 students. Most of these schools are supplied to a greater or less extent with Christian teachers.

Some time ago six Japanese girls were sent to America to be educated. One of them took a situation as governess in the family, where she read the English Bible. She wrote under deep conviction to her father, urging him to procure a copy of the Bible and read it. He, thinking it was a whim of his child, dismissed the subject from his mind and destroyed the letter. Some seven years subsequently he was sent as a Commissioner for Japan to the Austrian Exposition. There he saw the Bible-stand, and was impressed with wonder that so much should be made of any single book, and that it should be thought worth translating into so many languages. He purchased a copy in Chinese and read it with curiosity. Curiosity deepened into interest, and by degrees he became convinced of the truth of the Book Divine. In his journey through Europe he made his own observations of the three prevailing forms of Christianity—the Romish, Greek, and Protestant faiths. He was satisfied that the last of these came nearest to the teaching and spirit of the Book itself. On his return to Yeddo he applied to the American missionaries for baptism. Hearing of the step he had taken, his daughter wrote to him from America to suggest that, as he had the means at his dis-

posal, he should purchase a heathen temple for purposes of Christian worship. He did so, and in the temple thus purchased the Christian missionaries now meet for worship.

Five Japanese young men—all converts and Methodists—have entered the Asbury University, Indiana, U.S., and others have applied for admission to Drew Theological Seminary.

Bermuda is one of the missions of our Church of which we do not hear a great deal. Somerset, which is the coolest and most pleasant part of the island, has a missionary, Rev. Mr. Purvis, who does his work well. On Sabbaths he holds a prayer-meeting at seven o'clock and preaches three times, besides walking in the heat of the day to the dockyard and back,—a distance of four miles. There is also much preaching and visiting during the week. Pastoral visitation on that mission is something like the true ideal. After a few salutations, the good people fold their hands and give their pastor their present religious experience in thorough class-meeting fashion. The pastor thus obtains good while doing good. The majority of the people at Somerset and Port Royal are coloured, fairly educated, very intelligent and sedate in Christian worship.

We make the following extract from the Missionary report of the Nova Scotia Conference, and commend the example to some others. Rev. James Tweedy, Port La Tour, sends a contribution of fifty dollars to the Treasurer, and writes:—"This circuit being convinced of the sin and shame of drawing from the funds of the Missionary Society to support its ministers, while it might, with an effort, do so itself, advanced its receipts this year eighty dollars. I therefore contribute fifty dollars, to be appropriated by the Committee to any destitute Indian Mission in the North-west Territory, earnestly hoping that the praiseworthy example of this youthful and unpretentious Mission may lead many others of unquestionable ability to go and do likewise."

BOOK NOTICES.

Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by the Rev. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. Vol. vii., royal 8vo. pp. 1003. New York: Harper & Bros., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.—Price \$5, \$6, and \$8.

This great work is rapidly approaching completion. Three more volumes, to be published at intervals of about a year apart, will conclude the series. It will be the most complete Biblical Cyclopædia in any language, and a distinguished credit to the scholarship of its Methodist editors. For all purposes of Biblical study and investigation it is the best apparatus extant, and the minister whose library contains this work will seldom want any other on the subjects treated. It is indeed a library in itself, carefully written up to latest dates. It is copiously illustrated, having some 270 engravings, and containing 3,000 distinct articles. Among the most important of these are those on the Old and New Testament, New Jerusalem Church, Nihilism, Nonconformity, Norse Mythology, Numismatics, Oaths, Olvet, Oracles, Organ, Ordeals, Ordination, Oxford Tracts, Palestine, Palms, Pantheism, Papacy, Paul, Pelagianism, Penance, Pentateuch, Penn. These are not mere collections of dry lumber, but classically written articles by accomplished scholars. The volume is accompanied by a large folding-map—in a pocket—of Palestine, of Jerusalem, and of its environs, printed in colours, giving the result of latest explorations. One of the most valuable features of the book is the full list of the bibliography of the subjects treated—a feature of immense advantage, as we know from experience, in investigating any topic in detail. We are gratified to find that in this critical work and in Smith's Biblical and Archæological Dictionaries our work on the Cata-

combs of Rome is referred to as a standard authority on the subject.

Case and His Contemporaries. By the Rev. Dr CARROLL. 12mo. 5 vols. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

We are glad to find that this monumental history of Canadian Methodism is receiving deserved recognition abroad, both in Great Britain and in the United States. The October number of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* contains an able review of that work from the practised pen of our esteemed contributor, the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A. We hope that very many Canadian readers will show their appreciation of Dr. Carroll's invaluable labours by making themselves the possessors of this important work. From Mr. Barrass's review we make the following extract, giving an account of missionary labours in Canada even in the recent past:

"Dr. Stinson was a true missionary hero. During the period of his superintendence of the missions there were no railways in Canada. His journeys were mostly performed by means of private conveyance; and as the distances were great, and the roads almost impassable, it was no easy matter to accomplish his purposes. He and President Harvard traversed the country between Montreal and Windsor, nearly six hundred miles. 'They have been known to start from Montreal with two horses abreast before a double sleigh. Coming on to the ice of the Ottawa River, where the roads were beaten for one horse, Mr. Stinson put one horse before the other; and as his "lines" were not long enough to drive tandem, he mounted the first horse, leaving Mr. Harvard in the sleigh, and thus pushed through, to keep their appointments at Bytown and further west. When sleighing failed, Mr. S. would change his sleigh for an old waggon; and when

hat broke down, or the mud became too deep to trail it along, arising from the breaking up of the roads, he would leave the crazy vehicle, mount one horse and lead the other, carrying the harness the while, and thus make his way homewards."

The Metropolitan Pulpit and Homiletic Monthly closes its first volume with the September number, now before us. The publishers announce many new features for the coming year. The size of the Magazine is to be doubled. The leading sermons in New York and Brooklyn, in condensed form, will be published as heretofore; but in addition, this Monthly will give us reports of sermons preached elsewhere in this and other countries; also, sermonic criti-

cisms, homiletic suggestions, homiletic treatment of the different books in the Bible, sermons from prominent German evangelical clergymen. The publishers propose to select freely from the prominent homiletic serials of Europe, bringing the best of these expensive important foreign serials within the easy reach of American readers. The present number of this monthly contains reports of a large number of sermons preached in various parts of the world, and very many important hints and suggestions on the whole subject of sermonizing. This monthly is distinctively a minister's magazine. Such will find it very valuable. Price \$2 00 per year. Published by the Religious Newspaper Agency, 21 Barclay Street, New York.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE	DATE.
Martha Lowes	Millbrook, O	Ida	66	July 1, 1877.
Anne Teer	London South, O	White Church..	48	July 3, "
Lydia P. Watson	Morrisburg, O..	Hoosac	28	" 20, "
George McKenzie	Woodslee, O	Hurst	59	Aug. 11, "
Mrs. Olivia Borden	Horton, N.S	Wolfville.....	69	" 15, "
John W. Patton	Berwick, N.S	Factorydale	42	" 18, "
Mrs. Elizabeth Oulton	Amherst, N.S	Amherst	57	" 20, "
Maria Acorn	Pownal, P.E.I.	Pownal	35	" 20, "
Mrs. Joseph Stephens	Kirkton, O		65	" 20, "
Henry Boulter	Alberton, P.E.I.	Pierre Jacques..	83	" 21, "
Emily Williams	Toronto 8th, O.	Don Mount	25	" 21, "
Martha Boyd	Appin, O		81	" 24, "
Wm. T. Gibbons	Hamilton	Bermuda	78	" 26, "
Israel Crosby	Yarmouth, N.S.	Yarmouth	24	" 30, "
Emma A. Griffith	Harrowsmith, O	Harrowsmith	23	" 31, "
Ruth Hardy	Gabarus, C. B.	Gabarus	79	Sept. 6, "
Martha Carley	Kleinburg, O	Wesley	59	" 8, "
Chas. Durling	Bridgetown, N.S	Bentville.....	90	" 12, "
George Hoyt	Blissville, N.B.	Sunbury, N.B..	76	" 20, "
Kertura Amey	Wilton, O	Moscow	53	" 25, "
Aaron Choate, Esq	Canton, O	Perrytown	71	

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROBE; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M. A., Toronto

JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

Words by Rev. S. P. ROSE.

Music by HENRY WHISH, Mus. Bac

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Who else be - side Knows ev - ery

grief I bear, Each pain I hide? I come in wea - ri - ness, O

give me per - fect rest; Guil - ty I come to Thee, My sin con - fess.

2 Like the storm-driven bird
Back to its nest,
With every joy o'ercast.
Take to Thy breast;
I cannot favour buy,
Thy boundless grace I urge;
O now accept my heart,
From each sin purge.

8 My pain is known to Thee,
Each buried grief;
Saviour, permit this thought
To bring relief.
My doubt is known to Thee,
Each desperate fight with sin,
O blessed Paraclete,
Live Thou within.

4 May every passing hour
Sweeten my heart,
Lessen my selfishness,
New grace impart;
Till in that better life
My Father's house I see,
Without a dimming veil
'Twixt Thee and me.