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THE ROSEG GLACIER.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1888.

ABOVE THE CLOUD-LINE.*

BY MARIE E. BANCROFT.

I AM again in my beloved Engadine! Beloved, indeed, for its quiet and beautiful valley has truly been my good friend. After hard-working seasons, and managerial labour, it has for nine years given me strength and vigour for my work. Without its healthful and peace-giving influence I believe that neither I nor my husband would have been able to pull through our arduous duties, and I have never left Pontresina without kissing my hand to it and saying: "Thank you, my good friend, I am very grateful." There cannot be a better proof of its health-giving qualities than the fact of meeting the same faces here year after year. I have seen them arrive looking worn, weary, and depressed, but with an expression of "Welcome, old friend," and of hope that the dear old place will again come to the rescue. This hope is rarely, if ever, disappointed. For those who, like myself, are troubled with nerves, or suffering from nervous exhaustion, brought on by overwork, or an overwrought brain, there is no air like that of the Engadine.

As you perhaps have never been here, a little description of

* For this article and the cuts which illustrate it we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Co., the celebrated publishers of London, Paris, New York and Melbourne. They are taken from the first number of their new illustrated magazine—*The Woman's World*—Edited by Oscar Wilde. This is a large quarto of 48 pages, handsomely illustrated. It has a strong corps of contributors, and will discuss all matters relating to the literary, charitable and social movements in which women are specially interested, not omitting a serial story, and that department dear to the ladies' hearts, the latest fashions. The part before us contains 21 handsome illustrations, and the resourses of this great house will be employed to make it a success. Price $3.50 a year or 35 cents. each.—ED.

this lovely spot might interest you. At this time of the summer the valley (which is the highest in Switzerland) is at its best, for the heat of the day is tempered by cool breezes. The mornings and evenings, before the sun has risen and after he

RHODA BROUGHTON'S BRIDGE.

has gone to bed, are a little chilly, and one puts on an extra wrap, but during the day the lightest of dresses can be worn. When we rise in the morning the first thing we instinctively look at is the Roseg Glacier, of which our hotel, the "Roseg,"

has the best view. There is the famous glacier, with the "Little Nun," and the broad face of the "Capuchin Monk." You see the dark beard and large mouth, the broad nose and receding forehead, the sunken eyes, which sleep only in the winter, and the head covered by a cowl of everlasting snow. It all seems so close, and yet it is seven miles away from us.

In the morning's cool we take our walks, but as the sun asserts himself later on, we saunter into the woods and sit about, and in the still, soft air read or think, and feel more or less at peace with the world. Those who have gone on some big expedition started at a very early hour, and, if all goes well, will return some time in the evening, healthily tired, and delighted with their wonderful experiences—experiences of which I know but little, for my snow and ice climbs have been few. I can only listen to the accounts of these expeditions, and wish that I were a man and able to go too. I content myself with a limited number of climbs, sometimes very long and tiring ones, but within any woman's capabilities.

There are some tempting little stalls in the village, laden with coral, Swiss embroideries, mosaic ornaments, wood carvings, Swiss hats, etc., and various odd-and-ends which one delights to purchase to carry home as souvenirs to one's friends. There are lovely drives and charming walks, during which one wanders on and on, and then, choosing some sweet secluded spot, sits down and meditates on the beauty of everything around; with the bright hot sunshine dancing amongst the rushing waters, its warm breath bringing forth the loveliest of wild flowers, and making the earth one vast nature-tinted carpet. The cascades of laughing waters dance through the rocks and trees, accompanied by the tinkling of cow-bells, while the ever-welcome sun peeps into nooks and corners playing at "hide and seek." There you sit quite lost in poetic admiration of Nature's boundless wealth of beauty, until a gentle touch of appetite for the next meal acquaints you with the fact that you yourself are after all but mortal. So with a sigh of regret one leaves the sweet spot, where so many romantic thoughts have filled the mind, to enter once more upon the dull materialism of life. As you walk below, the watchful marmots, that sleep from autumn until spring, announce to you, by their well-known signal, that they are awake and on the mountain-side, and scream warnings to their companions.

In the evening after dinner one strolls in the garden, gazing

constantly at the starlit sky; stars so bright and big! "That vast canopy, the air" is crowded with them, the blue sky thickly bedecked with glittering gems. And then the various lights which gather round the mountains as the night draws in are beyond all description. No such purples, blues, pinks, or yellows, could ever be reproduced on canvas. Many a time during dinner we have been called away to look at the setting sun upon the Roseg Glacier. Our admiration has been expressed in one large "Oh!" The stars are so much bigger here than at home, but then we are 6,000 feet nearer to them. They glitter and shimmer like diamonds. The little graveyard above the village at the back is an interesting spot. I often wander to it. The disused church is very old; on its porch is the date 1477. The gravestones bear the simplest incriptions in Romansch, but some of them are very touching in their simplicity:

> "Bun ans vair miens chers amos."
> (May we meet again, my beloved ones.)
>
> "Ill sain della terra contain miens amos."
> (The bosom of the earth contains my love.)
>
> "La memoria dels güsts resta in benedicziun."
> (The memory of the just rests in blessing.)

There are some English graves. One covers the remains of a clergyman who lost his life here twelve years ago. He wandered on to some rocks above, and must have gone too far, and was overtaken by the darkness of the night. When he was missed every effort was made to find him, and guides were sent out in all directions, but in vain. At last a large reward was offered, but still the search was useless. At the end of a year the body was accidently discovered by a poor shepherd at the bottom of a rock, where the unfortunate gentleman must have fallen. Parts of his body were devoured by birds of prey, but his money and watch were untouched. The Burgamasque shepherd got the reward and became afterwards a prosperous man.

Since I was here last an addition has been made to the sad group of graves: Madame Leupold, who was music-mistress to the Princess of Wales' children. She has been a sad invalid for a long time, and spent all her summers here in company with her most devoted son, who gave up the promise of a fine

career to be ever by his mother's side. She has often spoken to me of him with her eyes full of tears, and thanked God for giving her such a son. They at length built a sweet little châlet up on the hill side, and there they both lived summer

The Bernina Fall.

and winter; the son never tiring of his devotion and attention to his mother. She died two winters ago, and her grave can be seen carefully tended by the son, who remains near, that he may watch over her in death as lovingly as he did in her life. She was a most amiable and kindly lady, and all who knew

her loved her. The children of the village stood round her grave with garlands and bunches of Engadine flowers, gathered and formed by loving hands, and sang the hymns and chants which she herself had taught them.

There is a beautiful walk through the woods to St. Moritz, and a sweet shady path to the left, where there is a rustic bench bearing the words "Marie Bancroft's seat." It was placed there by the people of Pontresina in recognition of services I rendered. There is a pretty old bridge, of which you read in Rhoda Broughton's book, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," which affords much pleasure to sketchers. At the end of your walk through the pine-woods to St. Moritz you see the soft lake of emerald-green spreading out between the trees and sloping meadows. Turn where you will, the giant snow-tipped mountains tower above you, looking down upon us poor creatures with silent pity—for what pigmies we are in their presence! We must look up at them with respect, they are so dignified and independent. There is a lovely excursion for ladies to the Val del Fain (Valley of Hay). It has an abundance of the most exquisite flowers. Ladies take their lunch with them, and return home laden with lovely blossoms. I could fill reams of paper in telling of all the grandeur and beauty of this valley, but I must limit myself to a mere glance; and now as I write the day is fading away, and the groups of Italian hay-makers who are studded about, relieving the bright green grass by their picturesque costumes, are preparing to return to their homes; but the early morning will see them again at work, singing and laughing as if toil were pleasure. The inhabitants of the Engadine are a thrifty and industrious people; they are comfortably off, and there is not a beggar amongst them. You will now and again meet with one, but he comes from the Italian side, and you are requested not to encourage him and he will soon disappear.

The Diavolezza tour is an expedition which is long and hard, but many ladies accomplish it. I did it once, but I don't think I could go through it again. Before I went I could not form a notion of the wonders of the ice-world, and so I am glad that I have done it. We started at a quarter to six in the morning, and went by carriage to the foot of the mountain on the Bernina side, where some of us mounted mules, and others walked. I perfer walking, as a mule to me is an anxiety in many ways. He likes to stop now and then to nibble grass, and always on a

dangerous place, where the slightest misunderstanding between you and the mule results in a tumble, which might or might not be serious; so there you must sit mounted on the back of this thing waiting patiently until he feels inclined to go on.

In about two hours we reached the Diavolezza Lake, with small and picturesque floating icebergs. On again, on foot this time, having discharged our tiresome friend, till we reach, after pulls and tugs and gasps, the snow-field; in another half-hour or so we arrive, after a long and tedious up-hill drag, pulled along by our guides. I began to wish that I had never started, but when we reached the "saddle" we were speechless with wonder; there we looked down upon a sight which I shall never forget. A gigantic basin filled with enormous masses of weirdly-shaped ice, and fringed with snow-peaks that seemed to almost touch the deep blue sky. Here, with this vast ice-sea below us, we halt to eat our lunch, and our enjoyment of it, with "the appetite of a wolf," must be imagined. After a good rest, we prepare to descend towards the sea of ice, and it is terribly fatiguing and trying. But it was a wonderful experience, and one which any woman who has powers of endurance can attempt. The walking parts took seven hours, and the excursion lasted nine. This experience is quite enough to give a woman a graphic notion of the ice-world; although it is of course as nothing compared with the climbs which big mountaineers take, and which I maintain ought never to be attempted by any but a very strong woman. High expeditions require not only a strong body but a strong head.

There is an abundance of lovely walking to be had, and good ascents which a woman can make with perfect safety and enjoyment. After the heaviest rains the roads dry in an hour or two. At the beginning of September sometimes bad weather sets in, and people make a great rush to get away, and the place becomes deserted; then the sun bursts out again, and there is a long spell of most exquisite weather. June and July bring forth the most perfect flowers. Wild pinks grow here in abundance, and the perfume from them is delightful. The gentian is a lovely deep blue, and the Marguerite daisies larger here than I have ever seen them elsewhere; but flowers are everywhere, and the grasses are extraordinary in their variety. Then there is the pale and modest edelweiss, the last flower that grows on the mountain-tops. It seems strange that anything should bloom so high, near and amongst the snow where the cold is so intense; but kindly Nature has provided them with a coat of

flannel. They are only to be found in the most out-of-the-way places, hidden under rocks and in corners, guarding themselves from the keen winds. Many a dangerous expedition is made to find them. It is considered a great achievement to pluck them yourself, and serious accidents have happened in the attempt; I care not for the glory, so I buy them; they don't cost much, and it is safer! For a few centimes I can possess myself of a good bunch, and return home whole. I come here for health, and not to leave behind me a leg or an arm, or may be my whole body; I can do that at home!

There is an excellent Swiss doctor resident at Pontresina; he is not only clever but a favourite with everyone. You meet him in the morning going his rounds, always with a pleasant smile upon his face, and a joke ever ready. "Why, you look too well, you are not a friend to me; not even a broken leg to offer me!" The change from our own climate is so great that all visitors should be cautious in protecting their throats as evening draws in. Many have imprudently walked about the garden unprotected in this way, and the consequence has been a feverish sore throat. But this is soon put right, and after benefiting by the experience, it does not occur again. The hotels are most comfortable. We always stay at the Roseg, where it is like home, and everything is done to make our visit as agreeable as possible. The coffee and chocolate are delicious, and the *cream*—well, you must come and taste it! All the people in the place seem happy, and somehow or other it appears to me that there is an absence of illnature and unkindness. I wonder if it is because we are so much nearer the skies.

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

ONE day I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of infidels was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone!

TOURIST NOTES IN THE BAHAMAS AND CUBA.

II.

PARK AT HAVANA.

OUR route from Nassau to Cuba is exceedingly interesting, lying among the crooked Bahamas and in sight of one or another nearly all the way. We saw Watlings Island with its shining white rocks, its beach, tiny houses and tall palms, and we discussed anew the mooted point whether Columbus landed there or at Cat Island (called San Salvador in the geographies). At night the Southern Cross blazed in the heavens, and we had the pleasure of being able to see at once it and the North Star.

As the mists began to lift soon after daybreak, on the third

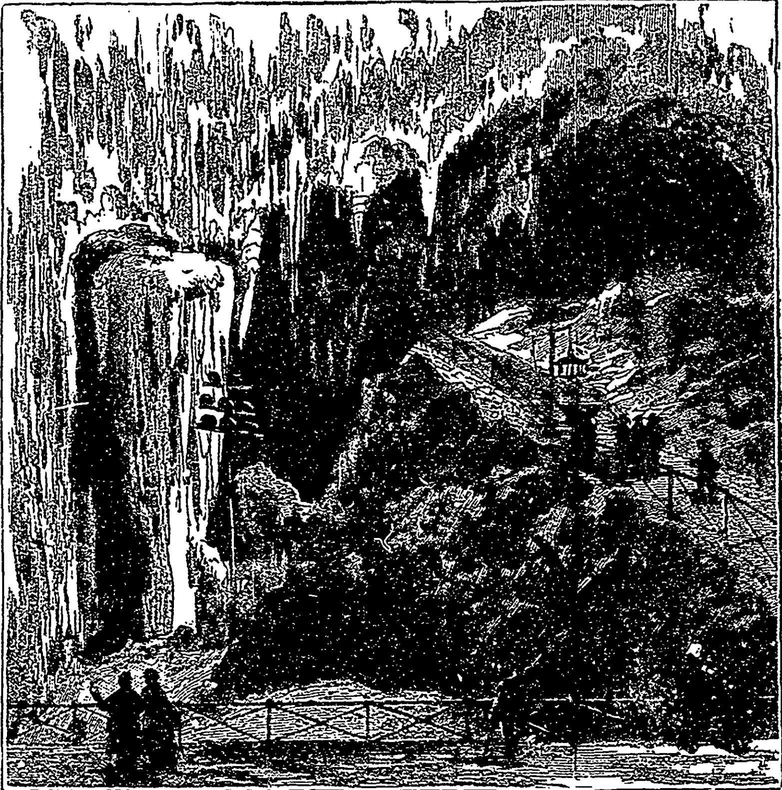
day, we found ourselves close to Cape Maisi, the eastern point of Cuba, a towering headland of rock coated with stunted vegetation, and apparently unacquainted with the existence of man. For hour after hour at our quick speed we passed the same view in endless continuation—a silent continent showing no roads, no boats or wharfs, no houses, no little spiral threads of early morning kitchen smoke, no sign or sound of life. A Cuban planter on aboard with us was amused at our ignorance. He said that not more than one-third of the island is under cultivation, that the eastern end we were then passing possessed iron, copper, silver, gold and other metals in unsurpassed abundance, and that American capital is beginning to interest itself in this vast rich field. He bade us see the mountains that soon would rise before us. Between their ranges, he said, was to be found the nearest approach to Paradise since the Garden of Eden; a soil fertile beyond parallel; a climate even and celestial; water plentiful and clear as crystal; scenery most exquisite, and an utter absence of noxious or harmful animal life.

Presently the mountain heights began to appear though the haze; fantastic shapes of deep blue and of grand altitude. Conspicuous among them is "La Grand Piedra," a peak of about 5,000 feet; and Turquino, 10,500 feet above the sea. The peculiar colour, varying shapes and great size of these mountains, and the fact that you pass them and 130 miles of the coast always in daylight and quite close in shore, renders this the most interesting voyage that can be made in the West Indies. Too much cannot be said for the beauty or wondrous fe. tility of the land in this part of the island. The ravages of a ten year's war have wrecked all the once famous and princely coffee estates; but the magic of the soil remains, and fresh capital and cheaper labour will yet force the attention of all Christendom to this veritable garden land, which extends for hundreds of square miles. The natural gateway to this wonderland is Santiago de Cuba, a few miles beyond.

You must pass what is at once the most singular and the most beautiful harbour in the world before you may bring into sharp contrast all your preconceived notions about this city and the extravagant reality, as it presents itself to your wondering eyes.

Suddenly you come upon a yellow old castle that almost makes you rub your eyes and doubt what they show you. The high green bank has broken off almost precipitously, and at

the fractured edge is this ancient Moorish stronghold with extensions like r ots of masonry reaching down the steep incline to the very surface of the water. On the ocean side, under the fort, the sea has cut deeply into the rock. A swarthy pilot boards your ship, orders her "about," as the soldiers say, and you find that you are going into a veritable slit in the moun-



CAVE OF BELLAMAR.

tains up what seems a narrow high-walled river. Little echo-like continuations of the strange old fort adorn inner promontories, and you see your first pelicans diving like ducks in the stream. The verdant slopes, between which your vessel is cautiously doubling and turning on the tortuous way inland, offer a rich display of native laurels, stately palms, tall cocoanuts, graceful bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, tamarinds and a thousand smaller plants, some of which exhibit an

affluence of colour or a wealth of perfume new to us who hail from the frozen North. Do not fail to get some one who is able to do so to point out to you the little that is yet to be seen of the wreck of the *St. Paul.* She was the relic of the Armada composed of twelve huge ships, each named after one of the Disciples, sent to meet Nelson, who made short work of them. The *St. Paul* escaped, and met her fate in this lovely harbour.

Now, Santiago lies before you, looking for all the world like a city of Algiers, or Tripoli. Up a cobblestone road you go, passing priests in black shovel-hats, soldiers in blue jean, men with big spurs astride of little pony-like horses that seem to be mere bags of bones, yet scamper through the streets with their feet tinkling most merrily; trains of mules laden with pack-saddles, and tied head to tail like a tow of boats. Opposite is the Cathedral with its frequent rataplan of harsh, seemingly cracked bells. Don't miss the interior of this large edifice. The head of the Church of Rome in Cuba is here, and the celebrations are often elaborate. How strange the dresses, silks, jewels, and laces on the statues of the Virgin.

You are in a city, founded by Velasquez in 1514, the oldest in the West Indies, if not in America; certainly the oldest of any size on the continent. Take a volante and ride slowly about, in the cool of the day. You see the houses are only one story high. This is a precaution against earthquakes. You can see in and through them, and very neat and cool the ones in the nicer streets appear. The external walls are of limestone, stained and painted. You will see every house roofed with cumbrous scallop-patterned tiles and every window fenced with light iron-work. Waggons are scarce, as they should be, for they are the heaviest and most absurd things imaginable. The fact is that there are few roads, excepting in the cities, and what there are would ruin any but the heaviest vehicles. The main shopping street at night is very gay with gas-jets. The street is a rough cobble road with sidewalks too narrow for a stout man to walk on. The quaint, old-fashioned stores, almost as open as the roadway itself, are in many cases lustrous with mosaic floors and frescoed ceilings.

The next stopping place of the ship, after a run of 325 miles along the coast, but too far out in the Caribbean Sea to see the reefs and rocks that make a nearer course unwise, is Cienfuegos. The entrance to this port is also exceedingly pretty, though the course is not so serpentine, nor the view so grandly beautiful

as at Santiago. In the inevitable but neat little Plazá, grass is growing. They frequently try to grow it for ornament in Cuba, but it grows too fast, unless the soil is impoverished, Here again are the trains of mules, the donkeys with paniers, the big-spurred, gracefully-seated riders upon the twinkling-footed ponies, the huge-wheeled volantes, the priests in shovel-hats, soldiers in blue bed-tick and straw hats; little boys crying the sale of sugar cakes, and men and women hawking lottery tickets; pretty girls in deep windows, and elegant women beneath graceful mantillas at prayer in the churches; mountaineers with lassos and fearful, sword-like knives at their sides, and over all, a drowsy, dreamy, languid, blissful, reposeful air of ease, and a universal determination to keep cool and comfortable.

The ride across from Cienfuegos to Matanzas can be made in a few hours, but as many days could be spent in the journey more profitably than to hurry onward. The Cuban railroads are equipped with American engines and cars, and the first-class carriages are cool and comfortable cane-seated contrivances. In these cars you plunge out of Cienfuegos into the country, and we warrant you will strain your eyes at the marked differences between nature here and at home, as much as you did in the cities between man's work in the two countries. Queer cacti and parasitic vegetation that grows all over the trees, grass-like bushes, flowering-plants of the size of trees, and trees such as we have hitherto known only by prints and paintings.

The sugar plantations are enormous, neatly-kept estates, glowing with the fresh green of the cane and marked off into small squares, along the borders of which we see men on horseback, slaves bending to their work, and invariably the distant sheds and high chimney of the sugar mill. Better sight yet is that when now and again the planter's white homestead, embowered amid palms, palmettos, cocoanuts, bananas, laurels and ceibas, swings into view and out again. When the train stops, in come the lottery agents, the boys with green cocoanuts, country cheese and guava, and a man or two with lightning bugs for sale. The fences are very singular. Some are alive and are made by sticking into the ground saplings that at once take root and send out leaves and branches. Others are made of prickly plant, and the barbed wire of the west is quite common also. The rankness and luxuriance of the vegetation amazes you. Thus, with an endless feast for Northern eyes, you are too soon brought to Matanzas.

Matanzas is an old and busy place; the second place of export for sugar, tobacco, and molasses in Cuba. The Caves of Bellamar attract tourists in great numbers. For the Caves, order a

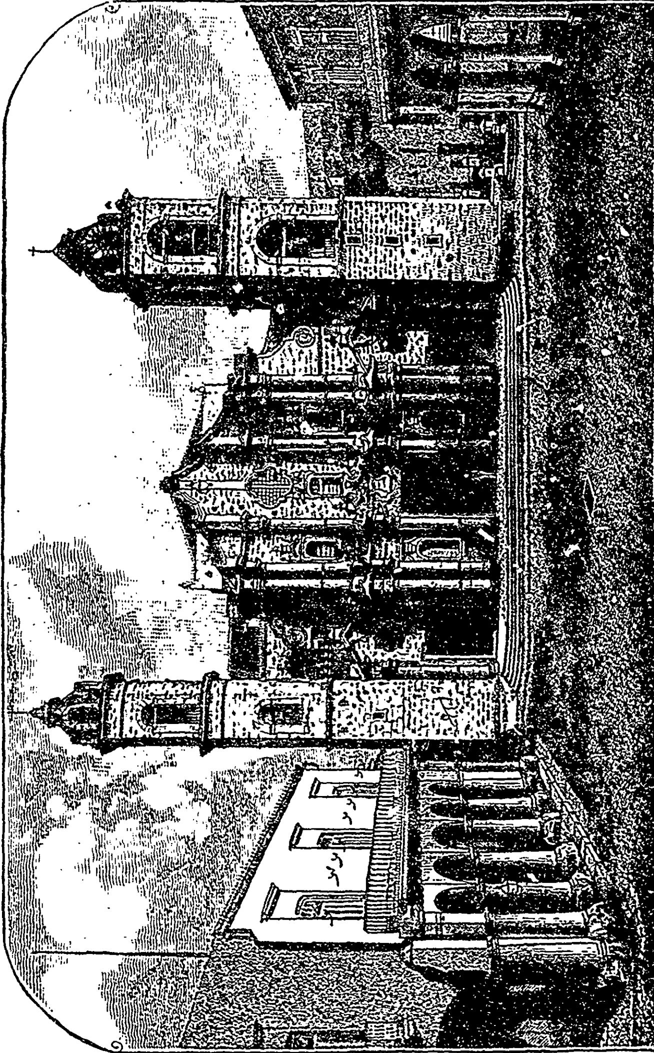
CITY OF HAVANA.

volante (nothing else will do), and ask your driver to take you through the street by the bayside, where the summer mansions are. In the writer's humble judgment there is nothing in Havana that can compare with that street on the bayside drive.

The beautiful mansions call to mind a fragment of the Via Appia, as it is pictured in its splendour, for the architecture, so far as the façades are concerned, is partly Grecian, strengthened with touches of Moorish. Magnificent palaces they are, in ample grounds ablaze with gaudy blossoms, and rich in tropic verdure. Colonnades of impressive beauty support the projecting roofs, which are framed by carved stone railings, and form majestic verandas before the true fronts of the houses. The flooring and facings of these veranda floors are often of exquisite tiling, and the combination of heavy stone and light iron, by which the gardens are enclosed, are very rich and beautiful. Turning suddenly to the east, you see why a volante was recommended. There cannot be a worse road anywhere in the world. It is like the dry bed of a rocky mountain torrent. A carriage would have broken you and itself, but a volante will deal gently with you. Thus you come to the Caves, which are more like those at Luray, than any others. They lead 300 feet below the surface, amid beauties and wonders not to be here described. The road in one cave—a good, broad, solid path most of the way, though it takes one to the edge of sheer precipices hundreds of feet deep, and over a bridge spanning black darkness—is a mile and a-half long. Great amphitheatres, and chambers hung with sparkling stalactites, like giant jewel cases, are lighted up by the guides' torches, and stalactites like frozen snow or purest crystal, present themselves in the weirdest shapes at every turn. The biggest single piece of this crystal is called Columbus's Cloak; a white robe, petrified, forty-eight feet long and five feet broad. There are some interesting moments when one has to squeeze through very narrow passages here and there, but the reward is always more than commensurate with the trouble taken.

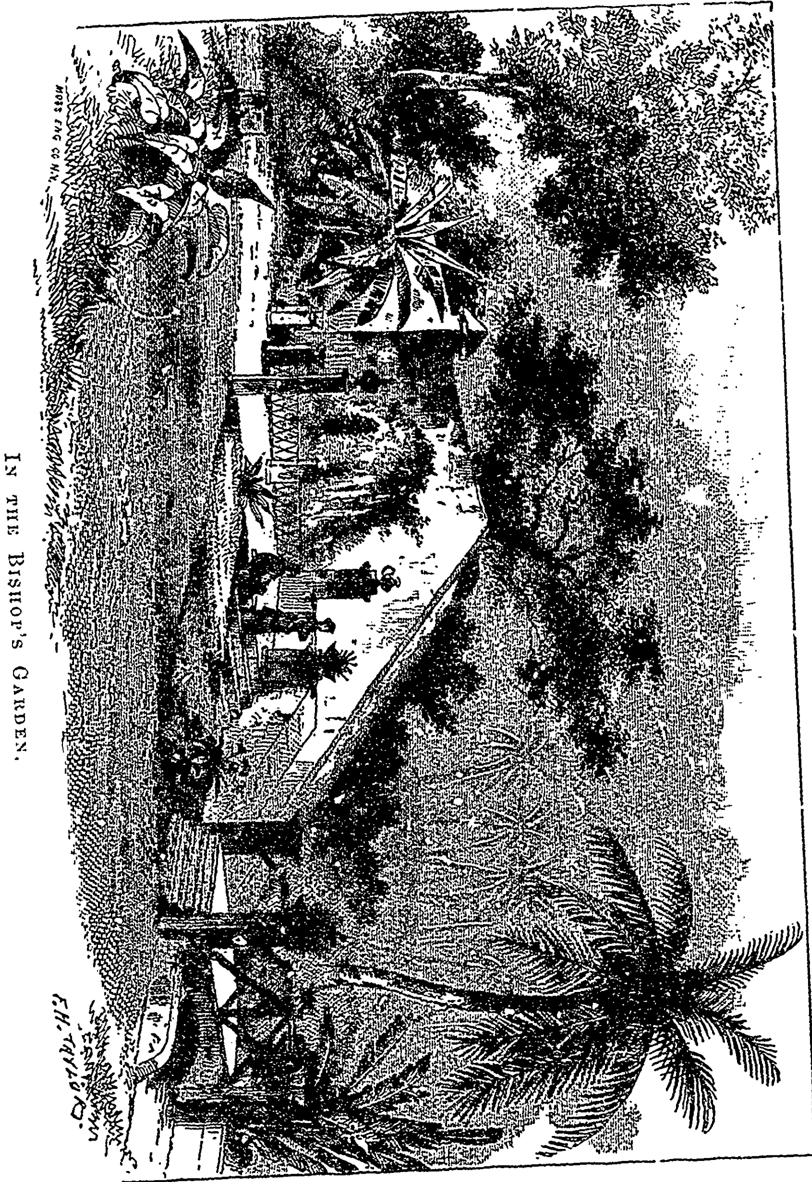
Havana has a fine harbour separated from the sea by only a slender point of land. On the one is the low, many-coloured city, and on the other, perched on a bluff, is the Morro Castle and the Cabanyas. No one needs to be reminded that Morro means Moorish, and is simply a reference to the style or manner in which the once-formidable fort was built. As for the Cabanyas, stretching its grim walls behind the castle, it was built after the English had captured Morro Castle in the eighteenth century, and it cost such a prodigious amount that when the bills were submitted to Charles III. in Madrid, that witty monarch called for his telescope, and putting it out from his palace

window, pretended to scan the horizon in an attempt to see the distant fortification. "It cost so much," said he, "that I should think it must be big enough to be seen from here."



Roman Catholic Cathedral, Havana.

Wherever the eye rests the scene is wholly unfamiliar to Northern eyes. On the green hills the graceful, umbrella-like palms and cocoanuts, and the huge-leaved bananas fling their branches to the breeze. The houses that are separated from



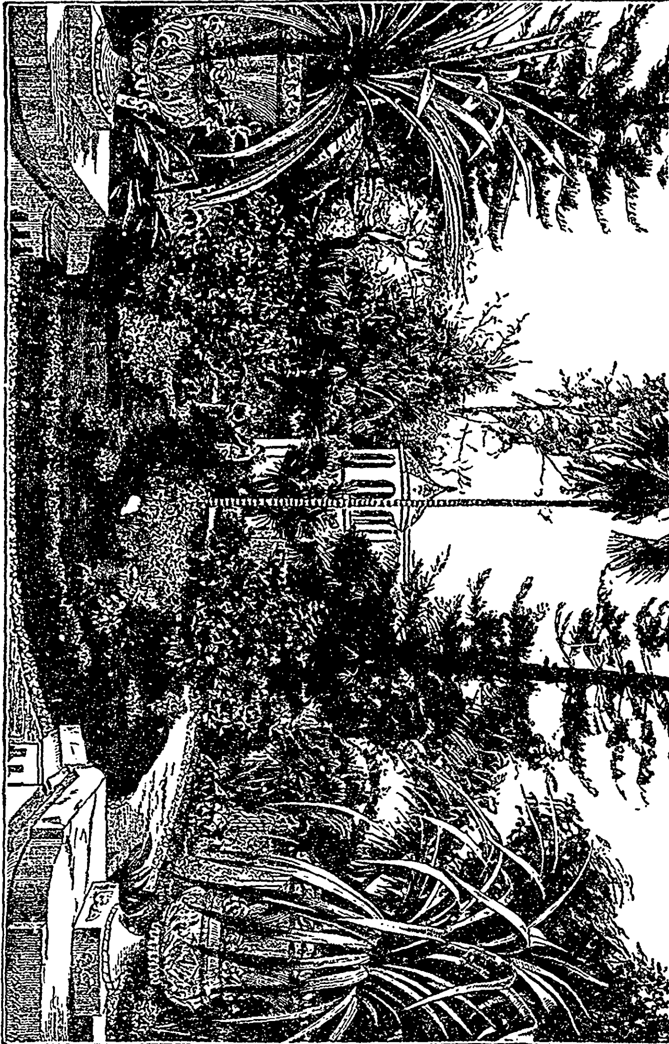
In the Bishop's Garden.

the city and scattered about the surrounding shores are low and rambling and are either white or, more odd still, are blue or pink or green. Hardly has the great anchor rattled and splashed into the waters of the tranquil harbour before the ship is besieged by the most irregular-looking small boats. Each has an awning upon an arched frame over the after-part to shield the passenger from the sun's rays, and these awnings are painted like the houses in some bright colour. Into one of these boats you descend, and your boatman, spreading a small sail, guides you to the landing before you have satisfied yourself with staring at the tropical vegetation, the swarm of boats, the men-of-war, the white forts, and bareheaded women and coolly-clad men. Perhaps you do not notice it at once, but you are able to see farther and better than at home, for the air is usually as clear as crystal. You will notice, later on, that the sky is similarly clear, and as for the nights, they are beautiful beyond description.

The streets are very narrow, the sidewalks are seldom more than two feet wide in the older parts of the city, the houses are mainly broad and low, three-story buildings being rare, and one-story structures quite common. You notice that everything is made to serve comfort and coolness. Instead of having panes of glass, the windows are open and guarded by light iron railings, and the heavy wooden doors are left ajar. You see into many houses as you pass along, and very cool and clean they look. There are marble floors, cane-seated chairs and lounges, thin lace curtains and glimpses of courts in the centre of each building, often with green plants or gaudy flowers growing in them between the parlour and the kitchen. Equally cool do all the inhabitants appear to be. Even the soldiers wear staw hats. You will note with surprise, that every store, instead of bearing the title of the proprietary firm is called by a fancy name, viz.: El Pueblo, Las Delicias, El Gallo, or more commonly by women's names, such as Rosita, .delina, Antonica, or America. America is a woman's name in Cuba. Shade is perfect coolness in Cuba. The sun is hot there, not damp and suffocating, but dry and tingling, and you step out of it beneath a tree or awning, and are cool at once. Then the mornings and evenings are delightful, and you will find these the best hours for your sight-seeing expeditions.

Havana is the metropolis of the West Indies. It has more life and bustle than all the rest of the Archipelago put together.

If you are German, English, Scotch, Dutch, American, French, or whatever you are, you will find fellow-countrymen among its quarter of a million souls. There is a public spirit there which is rare in those climates. The Prado is a succession of



PRIVATE GARDENS—CERRO, NEAR HAVANA.

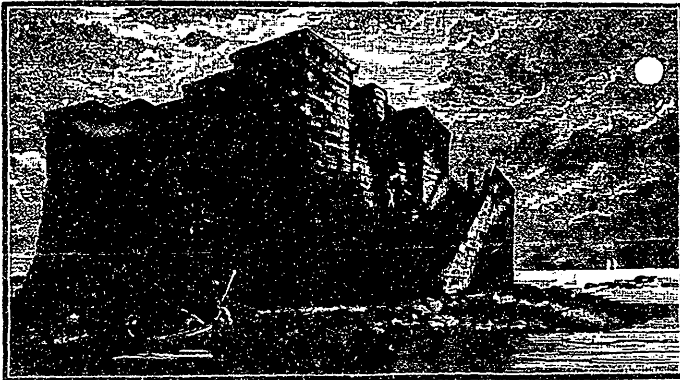
parks leading from the water opposite the Morro Castle, almost across the city. In one or another of these parks a military band plays on three evenings of the week, and the scene on such occasions is wholly new to American eyes. It is at such

times that one may see the beautiful Spanish and Cuban women. They do not leave their houses in the heat of the day unless something requires them to do so, and when they do they remain in their carriages, and are accompanied by a servant or elderly companion. So strict is the privacy with which they are surrounded, that you shall see them shopping without quitting their carriages, waited on by the clerks who bring the goods out to the vehicles.

But when there is music under the laurels or palms the senoritas, in their light draperies, and wearing nothing on their heads save the picturesque mantilla of old Spain, assemble on the paths, the seats, the sidewalks and in the carriages, and there the masculine element repairs and is very gallant indeed. The smooth stuccoed fronts of these houses, the huge, barred windows which permit everything to be thrown open to the breeze, the inviting balconies overhead and the general cleanness of the interiors, will greatly interest you. The Tacon Market is one of the largest and finest in the world. Do not miss a sight of its tropical commodities.

The cathedral is rather a shabby-looking edifice outside; for the volcanic stone, so abundant in Cuba, has not been plastered over, as is usually the case, but the surprise will be all the greater when you enter and see how costly and beautiful the interior is. The altar is exceptionally magnificent, and beside it rest the remains of him they call Cristobal Colon, known to all the rest of the world as Christopher Columbus. An interesting journey is that to the mysterious old fort or castle upon a little rocky isle a few miles west of the city. The American Consul will cheerfully equip you with permits to see the famous fortifications. But far more interesting, and easily accomplishable between coffee and breakfast, is a trip to a sugar plantation. A permit can easily be got, but it must be obtained in Havana. The writer was equipped with one admitting him to the Toledo plantation, only half an hour distant on the Marianao Railroad. First he saw the mansion of the planter, a grand establishment, bigger than most city blocks, only one story in height, yet taller than a two-story-and-basement building at home. It rose out of a beautiful garden like a palace of marble, and seemed eloquent of comfort as well as of the wealth and magnificence that, alas! have not, in most cases, withstood the trials of a revolution at home and an intense competition abroad. A gateway led into the estate, and here the porter

took our permit, and bade us follow the inviting road that led between waving fields of bright-green cane. Here was an old-fashioned plantation slave scene—a cane-break swarming with negroes. It was wonderful to see the men handle the machetes, broad, long, keen-edged knives, the size of small swords. The glistening blades moved with the swiftness of thought. With one blow the cane-stalk was cut close to the ground, with another the leafy top was cut off, and then as each man tossed a cane from him he dealt it another blow in mid-air and cut it in two. Other men and some women gathered up the canes, stripped them of leaves and loaded waggons with them. A picturesque throng they were, thinly clad, and hard at work, yet stout and strong and happy-looking, and all standing on

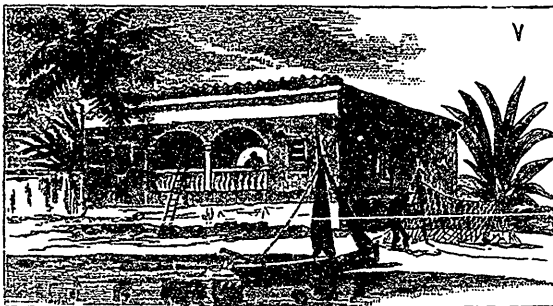


OLD FORT, NEAR HAVANA.

the very threshold of liberty, for this winter all will be free. The cane was transported to the mill-house—a vast open building, distinguishedby a tall, smoking-chimney and the loud hum of unceasing industry. Into a great runway the cane was piled, and down that it slid into the jaws of two great rollers that squeezed and crushed the juices from it and cast out the dry and mangled stalks, while a flood of raw liquid sugar poured into the troughs below. On a second flooring overhead was the row of huge boilers or kettles, through a series of which this juice must pass before it is resolved into sugar; and finally were seen the centrifugal machines from which it issued in small, dry, light-brown crystals, to be packed in bags by the long line of negroes at work there.

Havana itself is a mine of pleasure and a museum of curiosities. You will not care to bustle around when you get there as you do in England, or Switzerland, or Canada. The very atmosphere bids you rest and enjoy yourself. And not only that, it is medicinal, curative and strengthening. Here are men and women almost crippled at home by rheumatism, now forgetful of their ailment and its baneful pains. Here is a climate as reliable as the coming of day and night, never as cool as springtime in New York, or as hot as midsummer in that city. When snow and ice bind up all Nature in our country, the thermometer daily points to 65° and 70° in Havana, the grass and cane and foliage are brilliantly green, and day and night succeed day and night under a sky seldom even flecked by clouds. In the street, in the store, at your meals, at your window, in the cars, in short, wherever you are, except when you are in a private house or in your bed, the enterprising peddlers of lottery tickets will plead with you to try your luck. Sundays are observed rather as feast days than solemn occasions, and then the bull-fights, theatres, circus and opera are in full blast.

At Havana tourists will find first-class steam lines for almost every part of the world; the Royal Mail English Line and the French Transatlantique being the chief conveyances to Mexico, St. Thomas and Puerto Rico. At St. Thomas tourists will find steamers of the same lines for all the West India Islands, South and Central America. Full information, as to steam-ship connections, will be furnished by James E. Ward & Co., 113 Wall Street, New York.



SUBURBAN VILLA.

PRAYER is Innocence' friend, and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt earth and the sky, the carrier pigeon of heaven.

—*Longfellow.*

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

III.

On the Lake Dromana.

The rivers of Ireland can boast of much to commend them. Many of them wind through lovely scenery, but none through a lovelier country that does the Blackwater, that separates the counties of Cork and Waterford. From its mouth, at Youghal, up to Lismore, its banks, bold, verdant, and graceful, are studded with castles, ruins of religious edifices, and fine seats. We select to illustrate our observation the picturesque country seat, Dromana. Dromana is a fine specimen of a modern mansion, and is the residence of Lord Stuart de Dicies. Rising almost perpendicularly from the river, it is a striking object, amid magnificent scenery. It has great historic interest, too, for here the powerful lords of Desmond dwelt; and the ruins of their old castle are still to be seen, in which was born that old historic lady (afterwards Countess of Desmond) of whom Sir Walter Raleigh tells, in his "History of the World," as having lived one hundred and forty years.

Five miles to the west of the city of Cork, in a valley where two streams meet, is the little village of Blarney with its castle, whose fame is widespread. For high in the northeastern side of that castle is a stone, and he who is adventurous enough to reach it, and has faith enough to kiss it, will be sure to possess thenceforth a gift of marvellous efficacy. Honeyed words will

flow from his lips; persuasive power will hang on his utterances; he will win his way everywhere and with everybody; and, when mankind, and much more womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they say, "He has kissed the Blarney Stone."

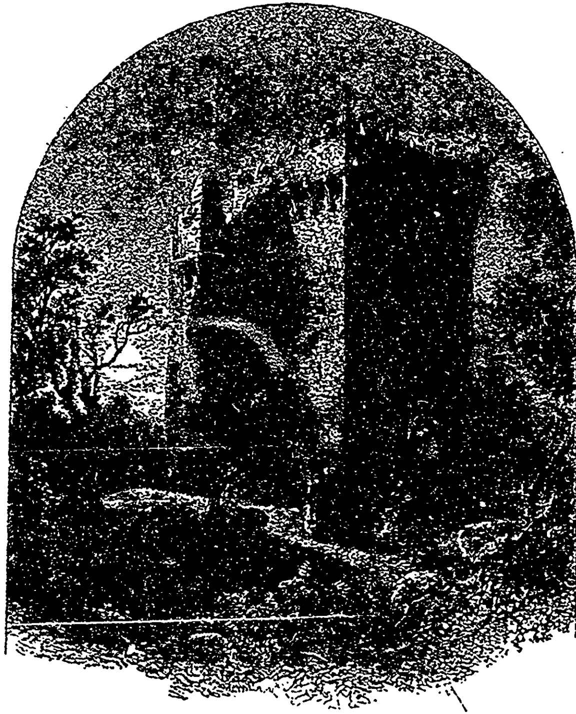
There are two stones which each claim to be the real talisman—one on the north side of the castle, being about two feet square, with the date of 1703; the other, that which records the date of the building, 1446. Any one may kiss the former. To kiss the latter the votary must be let down twenty feet by a pulley and tackle. Try the first. If it works the charm, well; if not, let no amount of "blarney" induce you to attempt the other.

What is the origin of this imputed virtue is lost in the mist of antiquity. There is a legend that a certain lord of Blarney, who was required to show his loyalty by delivering up his castle to the English, always expressed his readiness so to do, but contrived to amuse the Queen's representative by plausible excuses; and so the word blarney came to mean something very like humbug. But Blarney Castle is itself an interesting object. It is on the south of the village, and rises precipitously from a limestone rock. A strong castellated pile, foursquare and high, rising one hundred and twenty feet, it is described in the "Pacata Hibernia" as "composed of four piles joined together, having walls eighteen feet in thickness." Attached to it is a mansion of more recent date. The whole forms a highly picturesque feature in a district which has many beauties. The stronghold was built in the fifteenth century, as appears on the stone already mentioned.

About midway between Cork and Dublin is the city of Kilkenny, in the heart of the fertile county of that name. It is rich in historic associations. When Strongbow, and his handful of mail-clad followers landed at the mouth of the Nore, he seized the kingdom of Ossory, and enlarged and fortified the stockaded stronghold, which has grown into a noble castle. And what spot could be fitter for his purpose than Kilkenny, "occupying the centre of the rich and pleasant plain which forms the largest and most central position of ancient Ossory, varied by gentle undulations, and watered by the Nore and its various tributaries?" Many a contest has that fortress-castle stood, and many vicissitudes has it witnessed since. It now stands, restored and beautified, an interesting monument of

feudal times. It is pleasant to stroll along the walk by the riverside, and, looking at the castle overhanging it, to think of its heroic history, and then, gaining entrance to it, to survey from its turrets the magnificent landscape that stretches away along the rich and beautiful valley through which the Nore winds its way.

The glory of Kilkenny is its Cathedral of St. Canice. It stands on an eminence in the Irish town (for in Kilkenny, as in

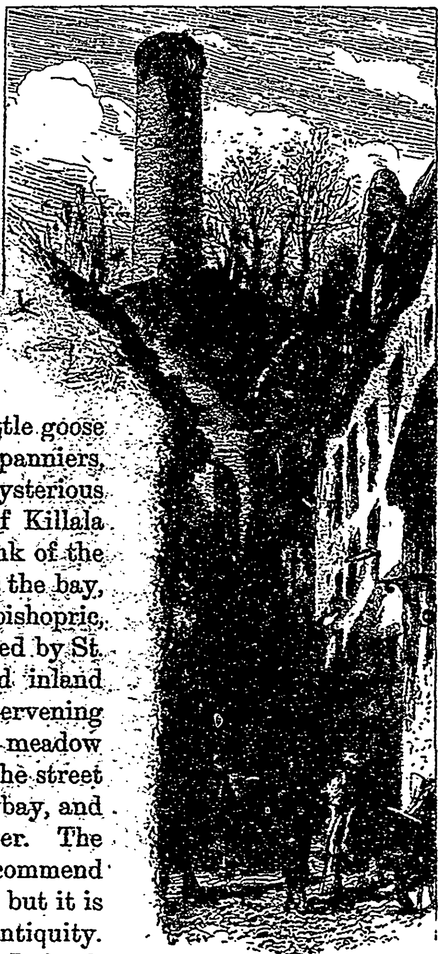


Blarney Castle.

Limerick and other old cities, the memory of the two races is preserved by the distinctive districts of the Irish town and the English town), and commands a fine view. There is a steep ancient street, and its flight of steps, called "St. Canice's Steps," that leads through an archway into the churchyard. Let us go up and look at the church and the round-tower beside it. It was founded in 1202, and affords a good and chaste example of a pure and beautiful period of the early English style of Gothic architecture not surpassed by any cathedral of the kind exist-

ing. The round-tower is one hundred feet high, and forty-six feet six inches in circumference at the base, and the conical cap has been restored.

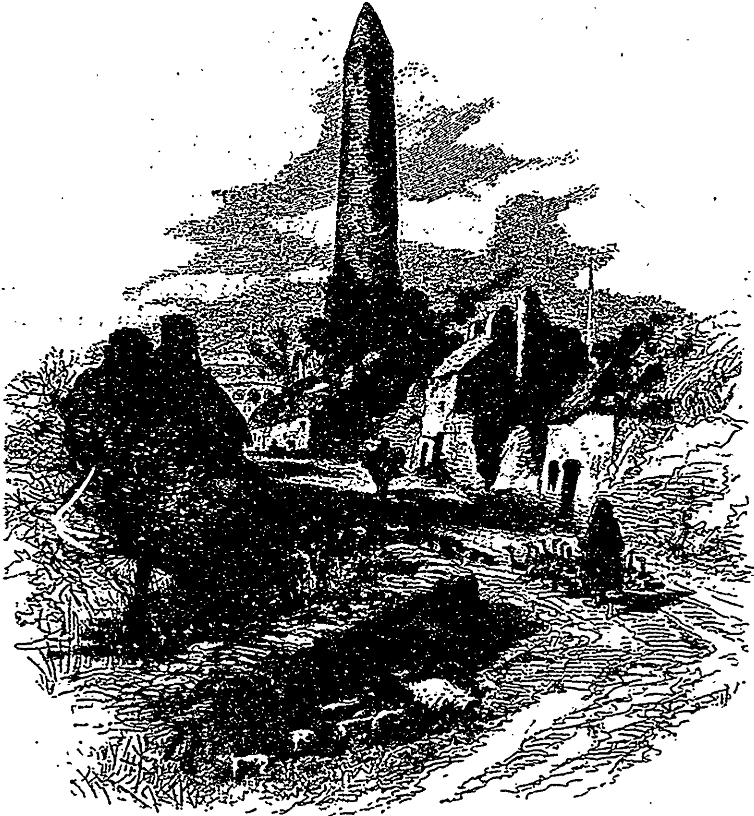
Another well-preserved example of those curious round-towers, of which so many are preserved in Ireland, and the object of which is enveloped in mystery, is that shown in our cut of a characteristic scene in Killala. In the foreground we see a specimen of the "gintleman that pays the rint"—or rather of his wife—the little goose herd, the donkey with its panniers, the stone cabins and the mysterious round-tower. The town of Killala is situated on the west bank of the river Moy, where it enters the bay, and was once the seat of a bishopric, the see having been founded by St. Patrick. It is embosomed inland amid green hills, with intervening flats of rich pasture and meadow land. As you walk up the street you catch glimpses of the bay, and reach the fine round tower. The cathedral has little to recommend it in point of architecture, but it is venerable from its great antiquity.



STREET IN KILKENNY.

The western coast of Ireland, presents a succession of grand and impressive scenery. A bold, precipitous shore, with intervening bays, and coves, and sandy beaches; giant cliffs rising sheer out of the Atlantic Ocean, whose billows roll with an unbroken swell from the coast of America till they break thundering on the rocks, flinging their spray high upon the headlands. One will not readily see in any country finer scenery of its kind. The incessant beat of the sea has undermined the rocks

in many places, making overhanging cliffs and caverns, whose borings have been the work of ages, forming natural bridges of the most picturesque character, and deep, long tunnels, into which the waters rush and break up through fissures, tossing their foam into the air high over the cliffs above. He who loiters on this coast for a day will not spend his time unprofitably.

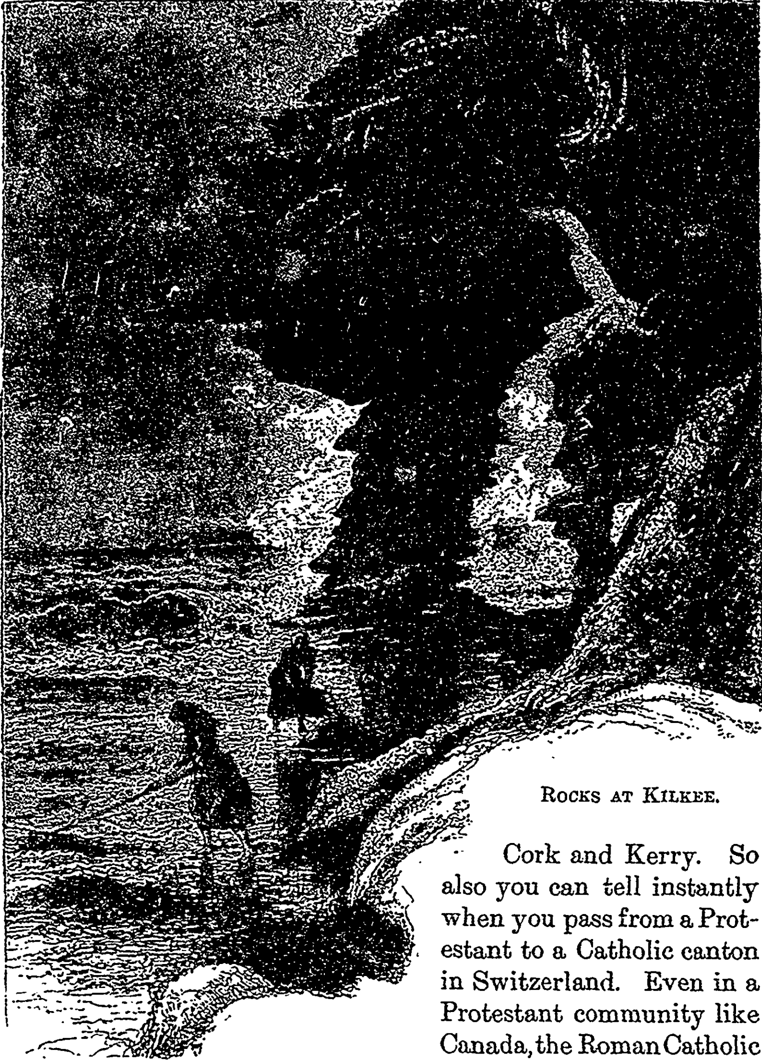


KILLALA, MAYO CO.

The little town of Kilkee is a favourite resort of sea-bathers, while the fine coast attracts many a tourist. And, indeed, there is much to see. A walk of a few minutes brings us to a remarkable circular depression, apparently scooped out of the cliff, exposing the horizontal stratification of the rock, which bears a strong resemblance to the successive tiers of seats in the old Roman amphitheatres. At the bottom is an arched

entrance thirty feet high, which leads to a beautiful cavern eighty feet long. The caves along the shore, about two miles from the town, are highly interesting. They rise high out of the sea, whose waves incessantly break against them, and are figured into most fantastic forms; sometimes in detached masses, and sometimes connected by superjacent fragments stretching from cliff to cliff, beneath which the water rushes. One of these it takes no great stretch of imagination to fancy a Gothic archway, leading into a spacious chapel. If the day be calm, by all means enter it. Your guide will light up its dark recesses, and show its roof glittering with pendent stalactites, and his voice will awaken echoes that reverberate like thunder through the rocky vault. The natural bridges along the coast are striking features in the scenery. One near George's Head, one hundred feet above the sea, is very grand; and near it is another crossing a chasm forty feet wide. Some of the rocky headlands are well nigh undermined by the action of the sea-waves, and one only knows the perilous footing upon which he has unconsciously stood, when he goes down to the shore beneath. The "puffing-hole" is an object of special admiration. A cavern in the rock, fifty feet beneath its surface, penetrates to a considerable distance. Midway a fissure thirty feet wide, either natural or formed by the action of the water, pierces up through the rock. "When, with the rising tide, a strong wind blows from the west, the waves, as they roll, shoot showers of spray through the aperture—producing, probably, as exquisite an effect as the Geysers in Iceland exhibit. Dashing up with a booming noise to a height of sixty or eighty feet, the jet seems to pause, and then slowly descends glistening and brilliant, as though a beam of light had dissolved into a shower of stars, and showing a superb iris in the sunshine."

Before taking our leave of this beautiful but, in large degree, discontented and unhappy island, let us look for a moment at its social condition, and the causes and possible cure of its poverty and discontent. One prime factor of the poverty of Ireland we think is, without doubt, the Roman Catholic religion, which seems to sap the habits of thrift and industry of any people. Account for it as you will, you can tell when you pass from a Protestant to a Roman Catholic part of the country, by the wretched cabins, the rags and wretchedness of the villages. What a contrast the wealth and intelligence of Belfast and Londonderry present to the squalor and misery that abound in



Rocks at Kilkee.

Cork and Kerry. So also you can tell instantly when you pass from a Protestant to a Catholic canton in Switzerland. Even in a Protestant community like Canada, the Roman Catholic population contribute far more than their due numerical proportion to the poverty and illiteracy and crime of the community. The last census gave the Province of Ontario a Roman Catholic population of 320,-839. The last Prison Report of the province shows the number of commitments to prison, out of that population, of 4,826. Out of a Methodist population of 742,981, the same report shows only 1,416 commitments to prison. To have the same

relative proportion as our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, we would have a Methodist prison population of over eleven thousand instead of 1,416.

Another cause of the poverty of Ireland is its enormous drink tax. We have not any very recent figures to quote, but from a return made to the House of Commons in 1851, it appears the quantity of *spirits* alone consumed in Ireland in 1850—just after the dreadful famine year of 1849—was 7,621,549 gallons at a cost of £3,429,697 sterling. This was *after* the great Temperance Reform led by Father Mathew. Previous to that, in 1838, the home consumption of whiskey in Ireland was 12,248,000 gallons. By 1844 this was reduced, through the Temperance Reform, to 6,451,000 gallons, representing an annual saving of over £2,000,000 sterling. Although the revenue fell off in a single year £300,000 from the decreased consumption of liquor, yet it increased £690,000 from other sources—in consequence of the increased thrift and industry of the population. If the dreadful drink-tax of Ireland, of England, of Canada, were but removed, poverty would be but a rare occurrence.

But to be fair, we must include another cause of Irish misery. Forty years ago John Bright said, "The great cause of Ireland's calamities is that Ireland is idle; therefore she starves. Ireland starves, therefore she rebels. We must choose between industry and anarchy. But the idleness of the people of Ireland is not wholly their own fault; it is for the most part a forced idleness."

We conclude these papers by a brief sketch by the late Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, of a successful experiment in furnishing a starving Irish peasantry work:

"God knows," she wrote, "whether anything will avert the total ruin of 'that most distressful country,' which has possibilities of being one of the finest countries under the sun; but everything ought to be tried. I believe that if Irish women would take 'home rule' into their own hands, and teach their sons, husband, brothers, and lovers that, instead of fighting for one's rights, it is best to do one's duties—the first duty being to *work*—we should soon see light through the darkness—through this, the darkest time that poor Ireland has ever known.

"Yet it must be confessed that the faculty of work—plodding, persistent work—is not ingrained in the Celtic nature as it is in that of the Saxon and the Lowland Scot. The Irishman, like the Highlander, is capable of magnificent accidental effort, but he dislikes continuous toil. The power of finding out or making his own work and then sticking to it till it is done is not in him as it is in the less imaginative and more phlegmatic races.

"Doubtless a different race, Teutons or Norsemen, or even the steady-going Saxon, would have reclaimed the many thousand acres of bogland in the centre of Ireland, or of moor and mountain land round her coasts, would have fished her plentiful seas and rivers, and planted manufactories in her decaying towns. But all this needs capital, and where is it?

"Once upon a time—I know how long ago—a peasant could obtain, at a penny or three half-pence an acre, a few acres of bogland, which he proceeded to reclaim, digging out sods wherewith to build a cabin for himself and his family, and by draining, burning and what not, converting its surroundings into usable, arable land. Then, too, they had extensive rights of grazing on the mountains, and the wool of the Donegal sheep is the finest and softest known, while the Donegal women are the best knitters in all Ireland. Travellers even from distant Lancashire used to attend the fairs and buy the cottage industries of the farmers' wives and daughters."

An Irish Eviction.

"But now all this is changed, and Mrs. Hart, a kind English lady, during a recent visit, was touched by the destitution she saw, borne, too, with such dignity and uncomplaining patience. 'We drove 400 miles through the country,' she writes, 'and though the people were actually starving, we were never begged from but once. Work, work, was all they clamoured for.' Their sturdy morality was refreshing. Here, as everywhere in Ireland, existed the strong purity which characterizes the Irish peasant. In the village of Gweedore, during sixty years, one instance only was known of a girl losing her character. 'Surely,' Mrs. Hart adds, 'such a people are worth saving.'

"With her husband's help, he furnishing the money and she the practical business brains, she tried to save them. She revived the industries once pursued in the district—spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, and embroidery. She organized centres where the women were supplied with materials and taught how best to use them, and where their work was

brought to be punctually examined, criticised and paid for. Her aim was not that of giving charity, but of helping people to help themselves, so as to have no need of charity. By unlimited perseverance she contrived to make the work so good, and at the same time so reasonable, that the buyer was as much benefited as the worker. She succeeded in getting a regular sale for her productions, and in distributing in Donegal as payment a sum of money which, during a severe winter, saved a whole district from starving.

"That the Irish nature, even in its most untutored type, is amenable to reason, sensible to kindness, and capable of high moral virtues, which by evil influence have often been turned into vices, this experiment of Mrs. Hart's has plainly proved. Also, that it is possible to expend capital in Ireland without hopelessly losing it. No doubt the Celtic race is a difficult one to deal with. You must take it by its heart rather than its head, its emotions rather than its self-interest and worldly prudence.

"Work ! work ! Wherever she went, that was the cry. They clamoured for it; they implored for it. And when they got it, they did it. In wild, uncivilized Donegal is not at all the feeling which I have heard attributed to the great masses of the London unemployed—that they will rather beg threepence than earn a shilling. The starving Irish peasant, and especially his wife, desires to work. In addition to the thousands on her list, the daily applications to Mrs. Hart are ceaseless, and sometimes almost heart-breaking. For they must be denied. It would be no true charity to make supply exceed demand. And mere charity—indiscriminate alms-giving—always ends in pauperism. All that is needed to save Ireland, as many a human being has been saved, is to give her life's greatest blessing—work."

THE SAMARITAN.

BY THE REV. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

ROBBED, bruised, and dying, once I lay
Upon a lonely road;
When One came journeying on His way,
And wondrous mercy showed.

He saw me, pitied, came, and bound,
And bore me to an inn;
Cared wisely for my every wound,
As He were very kin.

He watched beside me all the night,
Till dawn did comfort bring;
Went only when 'twas fully light,
And paid my reckoning,

And now, to keep the vows I made,
Beneath those glowing eyes,
I would my fallen fellow aid,
And go and do likewise.

MACDONALD'S LIFE OF DR. PUNSHON.*

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

I.

THERE is nothing more precious and worthy in literature than biographical writings. The study of history is most important; it is the study of man. Biography is the study of the greatest of men, the men that influence the age in which they live, the men who make history. True, the course of human events is not shaped by great men alone. There is no earnest work of the humblest toiler

> "That is not gathered, as a grain of sand
> To swell the sum of human action, used
> For carrying out God's end."

We need to be kept from what is called hero-worship—

> "Pay not thy praise to lofty things alone,
> The plains are everlasting as the hills."

Yet, if humanity sums up entire nature and represents it, then great and gifted men in their turn sum up and represent humanity. This is why biography instructs and charms us. There is in every life an image of our deepest self. In each noble deed done, and courageous battle fought, we feel an influence that is helpful, and whatever the struggles and successes, the failures and defects, we are reminded by them of our own. The lives of the great and good in all ages are our richest heritage, and the memorials of them embodied in permanent literature, they continue to shed a brighter and holier influence over the world. Especially is this true of those who have bequeathed to the Church of God the legacy of exalted virtues, consecrated gifts and apostolic labours, for "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Ever since the death of William Morley Punshon, there has been an eager longing for some more intimate memorial of one, the lustre of whose name will never, never perish from the annals of Methodism—a name suggestive of unrivalled eloquence wherever it is known and pronounced.

* "The Life of William Morley Punshon, LL.D." By FREDERICK W. MACDONALD, Professor of Theology, etc. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.00.

This long-felt want is now met in the delightful memorial volume, by Rev. F. W. Macdonald, who has been aided in his labour of love by Professor Reynar, of Victoria University, he having furnished the chapters which refer to Dr. Punshon's life in Canada.

The book is dedicated in brotherly affection and esteem to the younger ministers of Methodism on both sides of the Atlantic.

In his preface, the author expresses regret that the publication has been so long delayed, and hopes that the delay has not been altogether prejudicial, for it has given time for the acquisition of ampler biographic material, and to the writer the perspective of a few years. The biographer seriously felt that in giving a measured estimate of Dr. Punshon's rank as a preacher and orator, the "personal equation" was a disturbing one. The spell of his eloquence, and the aroma of his spirit were yet over us; the memories of his rare rich ministry were yet too fresh with us all, and the sorrow over his untimely death still unassuaged; so the friend-critic must wait the lapse of years for calm, and acute, and discriminating judgment. The reading public, whose grateful favour he has challenged by this memorable work, will no doubt accept the author's apology for the long delay in the appearance of the book; but, for my part, I should have preferred it sooner, even though the biographer had been compelled to carry less the tone and manner of a "faculty."

Few biographers have had more abundant materials placed at their disposal, in the shape of letters, private journals, notes of travel, newspaper records carefully preserved, printed documents, and published lectures, poems and sermons, and out of these the hand of the scholar and thinker, with a rare insight into character, and with subtle, delicate feeling, has made a portraiture worthy the transcendently-gifted man, whose life he delineates. When Phidias, the artist, was changing the marble block into a beautiful and majestic human form, he despised no implement or operation, however slight, which could in any way contribute to the perfection of that intended form. So, the eminent Professor of Theology, realizing the personal importance belonging to the subject, has spared no pains to bring to the highest degree of excellence this wonderful and noble biography.

There is a breadth and richness of culture, a literary finish and eloquence of diction, a careful judgment and discrimination, which must give the work a very high place in the permanent

literature of the nation. It would be the highest commendation to his work, to say that he has done justice to his subject, yet, doubtless by this well-written and skilfully compacted volume, Mr. Macdonald has helped to fix and perpetuate his own fame, and has worthily linked his name with that of the immortal Punshon.

And yet, though I may be charged with something like presumption, I have to confess to a feeling of disappointment with the volume. There is a lack of warmth, a chill in the biography, which is something amazing and unlooked for in the life of one who was indeed a burning and a shining light, whose soul was incandescent, whose whole being was intense, and glowing with fervent heat.

Perhaps the writer's scholarly and critical habit of mind may account for the temperature of the narration, but it is a sore lack. I know not exactly what were Mr. Macdonald's personal relations to Dr. Punshon. I judge that they were close and intimate, if so, and it were his privilege to rejoice in the sunlight of his warm personality, then, he has, like the moon, reflected with consummate brilliance and beauty the light of the sun, but not its vivifying heat.

Again, one feels a certain inadequacy with which his life is represented in these pages. The real personality has to be read into it. The unwritten seems so much more than the written. But this brings up the query as to how far it is possible for a biography to gather up the sense of personality, and give it out to the reader. Another serious defect in this biography, it seems to me, is the undue prominence given to journal records of "sadness and depression." Dr. Punshon suffered at times from intense depression of spirits and various physical distresses. His sensitive nature felt the loss of personal friends and eminent ministers in the wide circle of his acquaintance, he was a mourner over many tombs; his very refinement of temperament, and that great-heartedness which gave him such a mighty force in vital affairs, by a natural reaction made him also at times a victim of nervous melancholy, but he was not a man of sadness and gloom. No one who knew him and companioned with him, but remembers him as a man of sunshine and cheer, of exuberant flow of spirits, and possessing a nature which, though beaten upon by constant storms of sorrow, had wonderful powers of resiliency and recuperation.

These records reveal a side of life wholly unknown to multitudes, the private sorrows and anxieties, the spiritual conflicts

and inner distresses of one whose outward course was that of unbroken and unclouded popularity. But the extracts are too largely of this character, and are therefore misleading. They give a sombreness to the life; they make his piety seem morbid and unhealthy, and not robust and manly as it was. He had times of morbid retrospection, when he was delivered up to the darkest fears and imaginings, but the joy of the Lord was his strength, and he walked exultantly in the light of His salvation. He loved life and would fain see many days; he spoke of the rapture of living, and feared lest his love of life were too strong. The notes taken from his diary are in the minor key. The mournful tones and semi-tones, the plaints of distress overpower the *Jubilate Deo*—the genial, exultant, sunny characteristics, the records of joyousness of soul, and delight in God.

There is one other distinctive mark set upon this volume. The writer is a critic more than a biographer, and never loses sight of this. He is a sagacious, scholarly man, full of analytical skill and high-toned discretion, and everything must be judged with the utmost coolness, accuracy, and discrimination. He will not be accused of adulation; he writes with great candour and honesty, and an evident desire to place the character and productions of Dr. Punshon in a correct light before the world. While he does not depreciate the endowments of his friend, he yet uses the most moderate expressions of admiration for his literary performances, and does not spare the faults and weaknesses of his style. In general, the criticisms are so thoughtful and appreciative, so impartial and discriminating, as to compel admiration, yet at times the censure is so severe, the lack of early education made so much of, and the estimate so much in the direction of disparagement that the reader begins to wonder whether the biographer-critic is not, by the very severity of his taste, somewhat disqualified to pronounce upon the orator's best exertions, or to assign to their true and exalted place those prodigious orations whose energy and brilliance carried everything before them.

Notwithstanding what we have here said, this volume is a worthy memorial of him who held so high a place in public estimation, and will go down to remote posterity a blessing and living source of piety and inspiration to thousands and tens of thousands. The purpose of the present writer is to give to those who have not been able to procure this large and well-written biography, such extracts and selections, together with correspondence and matter not previously published, as will enable

them to follow the course of Dr. Punshon's life, and to appreciate the character of one of the noblest of the men worth remembering."

William Morley Punshon, the only child of John and Elizabeth Punshon, was born at Doncaster, May 29th, 1824. His father was a consistent Christian and a hearty Methodist, and his mother, Elizabeth Morley, was a woman of simple devotion and tender love, the sister of the saintly Margaret Clough, who, as a missionary's wife on her way to Ceylon, makes this entry in her journal:

"Written at sea, Sunday, May 29th, 1825. This is my dear little nephew's birthday. May the God of his father generously condescend to take this tender infant into His peculiar care; and, if spared, may he be an ornament to the Church of God."

Was ever yearning desire more fully realized! Who could have dreamed that within that wee baby-thing were stored potencies so mighty as to move and thrill the hearts of millions in both hemispheres!

The biographer dwells upon the influences which wrought upon William Morley Punshon's child-life. His home, a godly household, with its tranquil round of Sunday and week-day services, prayer and class-meetings, with now and again a party of Christian friends. Such quiet and well-ordered homes are indeed among the chief sources of the strength of Methodism. At this shrine was lighted the flame of the future preacher's zeal; here he learned to love those doctrines and usages to which he was so steadfastly devoted through all his life. As a child, he gave signs of more than ordinary powers, and the writer expresses regret that in his eager, quick-budding springtime, the means of culture and discipline were not more abundantly available. His school-life began in Doncaster, and was over before he had completed his fourteenth year. His love of poetry showed itself very early, and when only eight years of age, he would commit to memory some favourite lines, and repeat them in a vigorous and spirited style.

While in the Grammar School, he and his friend Ridgill, with two other boys, formed themselves into a society called the *Quaternity*, which had for its object the pursuit of adventures. While at school, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, the friendship between him and Gervase Smith began, and through all changes those early friendships remained unvarying and abiding.

The passion of his boyhood was for poetry and political oratory. He has often told me of the enthusiasm he had for poli-

tical life, what a strange fascination the debates in Parliament had over him, and that he could repeat entire speeches of Peel and Palmerston, and that he ran wild over the stirring lyrics and elaborate addresses of Macaulay. His early ambition was to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, and enter the political arena. How these fair hopes were destined to disappointment! Providence was working out something higher and better for him.

In June, 1838, his mother died. There had existed between them the tenderest affection, the most intimate companionship, and he was heart-stricken with grief over his loss. The sense of loneliness, the despondency, and the sorrow, resulted in a state of deep mental depression, and he traced the beginning of his nervous melancholy and ill health to this sorrow over his mother's death. The author says, "Mrs. Punshon was buried under the shadow of the old church in Doncaster, near the entrance to the south transept. Henceforth it was sacred ground to her son. Thirty years after, his wife by his side, he knelt and kissed his mother's gravestone, and spoke with emotion of the great loss her death had been to him." His mother's death awakened in his soul spiritual longings, and he was under deep and strong conviction of sin. He had never received any marked or clear evidence of his acceptance with God, and he longed for faith in Christ as a personal Saviour, and for peace with God.

The way of salvation was revealed to him, and there came that great vital, inward change which revolutionized his character and made him what he was. Concerning this spiritual event, which took place when he was a boy about fourteen and a half years old, he wrote to his aunt:—

> "It was on the 29th of November, I had previously been in great distress of mind, when, as I was walking on the dock side, I was met by the Rev. S. R. Hall, who urged upon me the necessity of immediate belief. Then and there I was enabled to lay hold on my Saviour, and peace immediately sprang up in my heart." p. 22.

He at once joined the Methodist Society in Hull, where he was now residing, and his religion took on a very practical and experimental form. He attended the prayer-meetings, class-meetings, love-feasts, became a prayer-leader and Sunday-school teacher. The spirit of Methodism gave direction and character to his growth in the Divine life, and the doctrines and usages, the traditions and ministries of the Church became a part of himself.

About this time his first attempts were made at debating and public speaking, in a society for mutual improvement, called the *Menticultural Society*, which consisted of eight or ten close friends and companions in religious life. It is remarkable that every one of these young men subsequently entered the ministry. He mentions in letters written at this time, that now and then this *Menticultural* had a Biblical night, Brother Smith taking a Greek Bible, Prof. Punshon a Latin, Bishop Lyth a Hebrew, and Dr. Locking a German, in order to mark variations in the text.

About this time too, thoughts of preaching took possession of his mind, and he began to have definite convictions about entering the ministry. On Sunday, August 2nd, 1840, at the age of sixteen, William Morley Punshon preached his first sermon. A letter to his cousin narrates the circumstances attending this memorable event.

"HULL, August 5th, 1840.

"On Sunday last, at 7 a.m., I went to our band, and we had a very profitable time. At ten o'clock I went to see them at the school, and about half-past ten J. Lyth came in, and he and I started for Ellerby, where he had to preach twice. Having only one sermon ready, the other was to be an extemporaneous effusion. We arrived; the congregation in the afternoon was twenty-four souls, and he preached his only sermon, from 'Behold the Lamb of God,' etc. In the evening we did not know what to do, so it was agreed that we should each deliver an address, and then hold a prayer-meeting. After having implored the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit, we both mounted the pulpit. It had been arranged that I should speak for ten minutes, and then he should finish. I gave out, 'Come sinners to the Gospel feast," then prayed, then read the lesson—a long chapter—then gave out, 'The great archangel's trump shall sound,' and then announced my text, 'And as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled,' etc. I got into the subject, and, with the help of God, spoke for between half and three-quarters of an hour, and left him nothing to do but conclude." P. 29.

From that hour, the current of his life began to set steadily towa~d the Christian ministry. In December, 1840, his father died, and the lad's orphanhood was complete. But, he had the precious realization that God was his Father, and the germ of that life hid with Christ in God was developing into flower and fruit.

He was now living in Sunderland with his uncle, Mr. Panton, and had plenty of work upon his hands in the way of preaching. The note authorizing him to preach preliminary to his becoming a recognized local preacher, was given by the Rev. Thos. S.

Squance, and he entered with singleness of eye and glowing zeal upon the work of declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ. Our author has enlarged with great animation and remarkable beauty upon his spirit and labours as a local preacher.

"The interest which he felt in politics, though not extinct, was now altogether subordinate. A passion for preaching, to which his natural gifts and religious aspirations alike contributed, had become the master-passion of his soul. Along with the delight that attends the exercise of oratorical powers, there came a deeper insight into the great realities of sin and redemption, and a graver, more chastened estimate of the office and work of the minister of Christ. It was well indeed, that misgivings, and conflicts, and inward humiliation were given in this precocious springtime, when, perhaps, the one thing to be feared was a too swift and easy blossoming. The difficulties involved in the preparation and delivery of sermons, which are in them elves a discipline for most young preachers, hardly existed for him. He sermonized with ease; divisions, paragraphs, sentences, took shape as fast as his flying pen could fix them. There was no laborious committing to memory, that was accomplished in the act of composing. What he wrote he could recall, page after page, with perfect accuracy and freedom; while his delivery, rapid, rushing, yet subtly modulated, charmed the ear, and strangely touched the emotions. These were great gifts gifts rather than acquirements. What many men by slow degrees, through continued effort, in some measure come to possess, was his he knew not how. Little more than a boy, he began to preach, and at once found himself famous. The people flocked to hear him. The chapels were crowded. He was pressed to preach at Doncaster, and seventeen hundred people filled Priory Place Chapel. Invitations poured in upon him from the towns and villages near Sunderland, and from Hull. He entered at once upon the honours and upon the perils of a popular preacher. And surely none would lightly estimate those perils in the case of one so young as William Morley Punshon, whose temperament—affectionate, impressible, ever craving sympathy, and susceptible to pain and pleasure at the hands of others—would naturally expose him to all the dangers of the position. But the safeguards were forthcoming. As has been said, they consisted in part of the inner spiritual discipline by which it pleased God to chasten him, and, in part at least, the wholesome, practical work of the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, the mission band, served to keep him in touch with homely people and humble ways, and maintain the balance of things as against the exciting influences of popular services and admiring crowds. By a special grace of God, his conscience had been awakened to the evil of vanity, and to the presence of something in himself that was either that, or the root and beginning of it. He took the warning, and fought this enemy down to its lurking-places. The victory was given him with such completeness, that few ever knew of the danger, and of the way in which it had been overcome. On this defeated vice the opposing virtue was established with such happy mastery that, through his after career, of all the tributes he received from friends, and particularly from his brethren in the ministry,

the most frequent was that which was rendered to his humility. It was a common saying that nothing was more wonderful in Punshon than his modesty." Pp. 36-38.

Mr. Squance, desired to propose young Punshon as a candidate for the ministry at the March Quarterly Meeting, of 1843; but he had the keenest sense of the responsibility of the office, and wanted more time for prayer, self-examination and preparation. It was finally arranged that he should spend a few months with his uncle, Rev. B. Clough, then stationed at Woolwich, that he might aid him in his studies.

Before leaving Sunderland, he published a volume of verse, entitled "Wild Flowers," and of these youthful productions the biographer says:—

"It is not necessary to submit them to serious criticism. They show, not so much direct poetical impressions, as the influence upon a warm and lively fancy of the poetry that he had read. Their chief interest at this distance is biographic. They illustrate some events in his history, and show the kind of topics that interested him, and furnished themes for his early efforts in verse. Perhaps the truest note of feeling is uttered in the poem entitled, "Lines on the Anniversary of a Mother's Death." P. 40.

From boyhood he had devoured poetry with great eagerness, and subtle in thought and feeling, of fine, delicate organization and poetical susceptibilities and tastes, "What marvel if he thus essayed to sing?" Mr. Macdonald adds—

"The writing of verse long continued to be a recreation, but, as his true calling grew upon him, and took completer possession of his life, it occupied an entirely subordinate position, and, while affording pleasure from time to time to himself and to his friends, never really came into competition with his more serious labours." P. 42.

In due time, he was proposed as a candidate and accepted by vote of the Circuit Quarterly Meeting, thus passing "the first of the gates that guard the approach to the Methodist ministry."

In September, 1844, he entered the Theological Institution at Richmond, and threw himself heartily into his studies. But his college career came to an unexpected termination, owing to the reason that he had by mistake been entered as a missionary student, while himself and his friends preferred the home-work, and since there was no room for him amongst the home-students, he was taken from Richmond, and placed on the list of reserves. The comment which the writer makes on this matter, is exceedingly judicious.

"At this distance of time it may be allowed, without attributing blame to any one, to express regret that such a proceeding was possible in the case of a student of much promise and of unblemished character. Taken in connection with the short and often interrupted course of his early education, it was peculiarly unfortunate that just as he was falling in with the conditions of college-life and study, the order of things should be once more dislocated, and he himself transferred from the lecture-room and library to the duties and responsibilities of the ministry. It may, perhaps, be urged, not without plausibility, that the same Providence that had cast him to such an extent, even as a boy, upon his own mental instincts and appetites, was once again setting aside arrangements which, for most men immeasurably the best, were not the best for him." P. 48.

I make this quotation all the more readily, as it strikes me that the scholarly biographer has made altogether too much of what he calls his lack of "early education." True, he had not a university training; but he had all the finish which literary acquirements could bestow. In boyhood, he learned quickly and mastered fully the ground he had traversed. His memory was retentive, and he laid a good foundation on which to build up knowledge. He was an intense worker, and if not a profound and finished scholar, he had that ripeness of culture, which gave him an ascendancy over the most educated minds. His classical allusions were most frequent, and the most cultured listened to him with the highest delight. He possessed a large amount of multifarious knowledge, and he was versed in all the phases of modern thought. It is a question, whether a university career could have made him more effective than he was, and it is doing him scant justice, to dwell upon his need of progressive, well-ordered study. Robert Hall says of the learned Keppis, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move."

We have to bear in mind that Dr. Punshon's career was thrust upon him by a Providence, which he could not disregard, to be a preacher rather than a scholar and a theologian. Had he chosen the scholar's desk, he might have been as renowned for the depth and versatility of his attainments, as for his popular and effective eloquence He was impelled by circumstances into the work, and like Spurgeon, the preacher of the age, he proved himself, without college preparation, a master workman.

He was now at the disposal of the President for supplying any vacancy, and was sent to Marden, in Kent, where a seces-

sion had taken place from the parish church, on account of "Puseyite" practices, and a request presented that a Methodist preacher might be sent to them. A delicate post, indeed, for one with so little ministerial capital to fill, and here he began his pastoral work. The biographer says:—

"To the delight of preaching was now added the interest of pastoral work. He gave his afternoons to visiting, and found that a minister has other means of usefulness to the souls of his people than those belonging to the pulpit. And what was good for them was no less serviceable for him. No man needs the discipline of pastoral work more than the popular preacher. Tendencies to the unreal, the artificial, the high-flying, are best checked and qualified by intercourse with the sick and sorrowful, by experience of practical ministering amid the varied conditions of actual every day life. The months spent at Marden were happy and useful ones. His preaching attracted large congregations. By some of his 'parishoners,' as he called them, he was strongly urged to seek orders in the Church of England, with the assurance that a church should be built for him. But neither then nor at any later period did he falter for a moment in his allegiance to Methodism. It cost him no effort to refuse the kind proposal. He set himself rather, as he had playfully said, "to make some Methodists." A society was organized, a chapel built, and when the time came for him to leave the Kentish village where he had served his short apprenticeship to the ministry, a probation before the probation which had its formal beginning at the Conference of 1845, he could look back with thankfulness on good work done, and useful lessons learnt."

"In the minutes of the Conference of 1845, the name of W. M. Punshon occurs for the first time. It stands under the head of 'Preachers now received on trial,' together with the names of Thomas McCullagh, George Mather, and Ebenezer Jenkins, almost the only survivors of the men of that year. Although his exceptional pulpit popularity was now becoming widely known, he was not appointed to one of the more important or exacting circuits. There is, indeed, something amounting almost to a tradition in Methodism, that distinguished men spend the earlier years of their ministry in obscure places. After a while the great centres claim their services, and afford them more adequate sphere for their powers; but scores of instances might be adduced to show that 'country circuits' have been the training-ground of the men who have afterwards risen to honour and authority."

He started from the lowest round of the ladder, on one of the worst circuits in all Methodism, and among the roughest elements, he began that career which excited so profound, and extended, and prolonged a sensation in the public mind. Full of fervour and enthusiasm, this plain, unassuming young man girded himself for his work, and laboured with all his heart among the country people, and his eloquence evinced itself as the flame and impetus of a mighty genius. The author quotes

from the Rev. Thos. McCullagh, who had the happiness to hear Mr. Punshon's first missionary speech delivered at Harrington, a quaint little seaport, on the Whitehaven Circuit.

"I was prepared," says Mr. McCullagh, "for something good, as accounts reached Workington almost daily of the wonderful young preacher who had come to Whitehaven. But when I heard for myself, I found that the half had not been told me. The rush of brilliant thoughts and burning words, the perfect whirlwind of eloquence, almost took away my breath. I do not know that I was more enraptured with his speeches at Exeter Hall in after years, than with that first platform effort during the first weeks of his ministry. We used to call it his 'Excitement speech,' as he dwelt in it upon the excitements of novelty, opposition, and success, by which the missionary enterprise had been supported in turns, until, at last, it came to rest upon principle."

In his first platform address, his maiden effort, he achieved that marked success which constituted him a king among platform speakers. At once this brilliant young man became a heroic, fiery advocate of missions—not a missionary, but a creator of missions and missionaries, planting in men's hearts seeds of missionary effort that were to spring up in ever-widening harvests to the end of time. Whoever has heard him at his best, in the zenith of his popularity and power, can imagine the utter bewilderment of wonder, which this beginning of surprises must have occasioned to those who were present at his first missionary speech.

Mr. McCullagh goes on to say, "In the May of 1846, he attended his first District Meeting, at Carlisle. He and I lodged together at a village two miles from the city, and as we had to preach on successive mornings at five o'clock, an early start was necessary. We arranged between us that he was to remain awake all night in order to waken me, as I had to preach the first morning. I promised to do the same for him the next night; but, alas, the willing spirit was overmatched by the weak flesh, and the watchman overslept himself. Finding ourselves considerably behind time, in order to recover some of it we ran the whole of the two miles. Arrived at the chapel, we found the Rev. Samuel Rowe giving out a hymn from his pew. Mr. Punshon entered the pulpit, and preached a remarkably beautiful and eloquent sermon. After the service I breakfasted with some of the ministers at the house of Mr. James. The preacher of the morning not being present, much of the conversation at the breakfast-table turned on the sermon, wonderful from any one, but especially from a probationer in his first year."

That five o'clock sermon, preceded by the two miles run, preached in the old border city, made such an impression upon those who heard it, that the Carlisle Quarterly Meeting at once invited him to become their pastor, on the completion of his second year at Whitehaven. To this circuit, he was appointed in 1847. The cause was low, and rent by divisions; but during the two years spent in the staid cathedral city, he filled the half-empty chapels with eager and delighted hearers.

LORD LAWRENCE.*

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER LANGFORD.

I.

RARELY, if ever, in the annals of English history, have so brilliant a galaxy of Christian heroes appeared as when our Indian Empire was shaken to its centre by the Mutiny of 1857. The names of Havelock, Nicholson, Edwardes, Outram, Neill, Durand, Campbell, Lawrence, and others, naturally occur in connection with this period—men of each of whom it might with equal appropriateness be said that he had "the heart of a chevalier, the soul of a believer, and the temperament of a martyr." Their lives had been spent in the patient performance of obscure services, but the outbreak of the rebellion provided them with the opportunity of proving that each had in him the qualities of a hero.

It is interesting to note how fairly the British Isles divide among them the distinguished men who have won and built up our Indian Empire. Clive and Hastings were purely English. Lord Minto, who has never received justice, the Marquis of Hastings, whose long administration was so brilliant, and the Marquis of Dalhousie, who excelled even that nobleman in his services to the empire, are claimed by Scotland. But it is to Ireland we must give the honour of having sent to India the Marquis of Wellesley who, though overshadowed by his younger brother, was the "glorious little man" of Indian contemporaries like Metcalf and Malcolm. To Ireland also we owe the Lawrences, George, Henry, and John. The first, less known than his brothers, won a solid reputation not only as a soldier, but also as a politician. The second, Henry, has been termed "the greatest man England ever sent to India." John must have been a remarkable man, when it is said "his character alone was worth an army."

Alexander, the father of John Lawrence, was just such a man as we would expect "the father of such a son to be"—a born soldier, a strict disciplinarian, brave almost to rashness, rugged

* *Life of Lord Lawrence.* In two volumes. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A. NEW YORK: Charles Scribner's Sons.

and severe in his integrity, yet beneath the surface possessing a kindly, loving nature. He was the youngest son of a mill-owner in Coleraine—a town of some note in Londonderry, Ireland. Essentially a soldier from his youth, impatient of restraint, and, boy-like, athirst for adventure, he left home when only seventeen and went to India as a military adventurer. Gaining his commission, he distinguished himself in many of the battles of the period, particularly in leading the forlorn hope at the storming of Seringapatam. Returning to England, broken in health, and soured with disappointment, for his services were comparatively unrewarded, his remaining years were spent in various stations. When as major of his regiment he was quartered at Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1811, his sixth son, John Laird Mair, was born. Years afterward, when that son, richly freighted with this world's honours, had passed away, an eminent British statesman, touching upon the fact of his birth in an English town, most eloquently claimed the grand Scotch-Irishman as combining in his person the moral characteristics of the British Isles—"Irish boldness, Scotch caution, and English endurance."

John Lawrence was not less fortunate in his mother—a Knox and collateral descendant of the Scottish Reformer. Sir Herbert Edwardes informs us, she inherited no small share of John Knox's "strong, God-fearing character." She doubtless moulded the character of her boys by her shrewd common sense, her hatred of shams, and dislike of all ostentation; but, above all, by that rich vein of genuine piety which was her support and comfort throughout her strangely chequered life.

The boy-life of John Lawrence is most interesting. When his elder brothers had left home for school, he was necessarily thrown much in his father's society, who in their rambles told the lad strange tales of military adventures. At twelve he was sent to the Grammar School of Londonderry, then under the care of his uncle, the Rev. James Knox. The school itself was not of much note, yet it was patronized by the surrounding gentry, and among the boys were some who afterwards did grand service to the State in war and in peace. There was nothing to distinguish John Lawrence during his school days, nothing to indicate that he would attain eminence. One of his school-fellows recollects that he was "determined and quick-tempered," especially fond of reading historical sketches of ancient and modern heroes. Plutarch's Lives were always in his hands, both at school and at home, and years afterwards, he

himself states that it was to these pages he turned even then for guidance.

We can imagine how attractive Londonderry and its history would prove to the soldier-boy — how as he passed the "still unbroken round of these glorious ramparts," or climbed the tower of the old cathedral, and, in imagination, pictured far down the Foyle the broad sails of three stately vessels, steadily approaching, while from the walls there gazed terribly interested spectators—the gallant passage of the *Mountjoy*, with her sister ships, despite the batteries of Culmore, the dash against the boom, the repulse and grounding—the broadside which fairly floated the gallant vessel "and sent her on the dancing tide right onward toward the town"—we can imagine how the boys at Foyle College would be interested, and how even their sports "partook of the spirit-stirring character of their surroundings." In 1825 John Lawrence was sent to Wraxall College, some six miles from Bath. Robert Montgomery, who afterward shared his toils and successes in India, and one or two other Irish boys, accompanied him.

In 1827 came the turning point of John Lawrence's life. An old friend of the family who had risen to eminence in India, and who had provided most handsomely for his elder brothers, now tendered to him an appointment in the Indian Civil Service. At first he was simply disgusted: his father had been a soldier; the tales of his childhood were fresh as ever; his brothers, Alexander, George, and Henry, were also soldiers; and he was dertermined that as a soldier he would go to India, or not go at all. In vain his father, and especially his brother Henry, expostulated; not until his sister Letitia, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who seems to have exerted an astonishing influence on all her brothers, joined her entreaties, did he yield. "She may be said to have turned the scales, and thus in a measure determined an illustrious future." So John Lawrence went to the East India College at Halleybury. The unusual necessities of the time shortened the years at Halleybury by one-half, and the students, provided they passed a satisfactory examination, might get through in two years. Lawrence passed creditably, although Batten, son of the Principal, whom Lawrence regarded as his "comrade," having struck up a friendship with the future Governor-General, was often told by his father, the Principal, that he was sorry to see him "loafing about with that tall Irishman." Batten writes of those days:

"I managed to come out sixth in my last term, while Lawrence

was third. On the final day of our collegiate career, my father, the Principal, was in high good humour, for in spite of my failure, I had delivered before a brilliant audience in the Hall, the prize essay, and going up with pretended anger to John Lawrence, he said good-humouredly, 'Oh, you rascal, you have got out ahead of my son,' to which, with ready wit, Lawrence replied, 'Ah, Doctor Batten, you see it is all *conduct;* I fear Henry has not been quite so steady as I," thus turning the tables on the Principal who, to Lawrence's knowledge, had more than once remonstrated on his 'loafing about with that tall Irishman.' "

It was customary with Lawrence while at Halleybury, to pay short visits at the close of each term to an old friend of the family who resided in Chelsea, and these visits gave unbounded pleasure. A member of the family writes: "No work was done while he was in the house. I well remember the goodly number of prize volumes which he brought in his portmanteau from term to term. Speaking of them he would say: 'They are Letitia's books, they are all hers; I should not have one of them but for her; I work with her in my mind; she shall have every one of them.'" We recognize the same strong feeling of obligation to his sister as, at the close of his collegiate course, he proudly bore home to Clifton the highest honour of his class, the gold medal, and at the foot of the old couch he presented all to Letitia, with the grateful tribute, "Take them; they are all won by you."

So ended John Lawrence's school days. He delayed for a few months his voyage to India, that he might have the company of his brother Henry, who had been home on sick furlough. They sailed from Portsmouth on September 2nd, 1829. A voyage to India was then no light undertaking, occupying as it did rather more than four months. At Calcutta the brothers separated, Henry going to the military station north of Delhi; John to complete, in the college at Fort William, such study of the native languages as was necessary before he could enter on his civil duties. Having passed his examination, he was gazetted, at his own request, for Delhi. This application showed the "stuff of which he was made." No longer a boy, he is henceforth a man determined to do his work bravely, resolved to master all necessary details, that so he might be the better prepared for the duties of his profession. Lawrence's imperial will bore him onward; there was no hesitancy, he threw his whole force of body and mind into his work. "He was rough and

downright in all he said and did, caring nothing for appearances, spoke his mind freely, swept all obstacles out of his path, worked like a horse himself, and insisted on hard work in others." No wonder his character most remarkably developed.

Delhi has ever been regarded as the chief city in India, its position central, yet connected by a network of canals, and by the Ganges, with almost every city of note between it and the Bay of Bengal. Its history dates back many centuries, during which it had many masters. Its population was turbulent and fanatical. Delhi, with the surrounding district, proved to be "an admirable training-ground" for Lawrence's great but hitherto undeveloped capacities. The town and district of Delhi had been, ever since the time of its conquest from the Mahrattas by Lord Lake, under the control of a British officer who bore the title of Resident and Chief Commissioner. The position was a most responsible one, the duties various; the Resident was not merely Governor but also magistrate and judge. His assistants, who were usually four or five in number, were after a preparatory training often employed in many of the various duties which belonged to the Resident himself. After four months' steady work, Lawrence was transferred to a district forming the northern division of the Delhi territory which took its name from its famous historical town, Paniput. This district has been termed the battle-field of India. Three times the fate of India has been decided within its boundaries.

If Delhi furnished Lawrence with special information as to the older aristocracy of India, this district certainly brought him into contact with perhaps the best class of the rural population, and, what is of some interest, the very best section of that best part—the widely-spread race of Jats. These were said to be descended from the Scythians. Divided into two large sections, the larger portion called themselves Sikhs. Such were the people—thrifty, warlike and independent—among whom Lawrence lived and ruled as collector-magistrate. It may be of some interest to notice somewhat particularly the duties of this officer. It is doubtful if he would have reached the eminence he did in after years, had it not been for the discipline and training of his first years in India. A district comprised a large territory of some thousands of square miles with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, innumerable villages, and large and populous cities or towns. Over this wide area a single British officer with assistants, or, like Lawrence, with none,

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ruled supreme collector-magistrate. His first duty was to collect the revenue on which the solvency of the Indian Government largely depended—but the collector was also magistrate, and therefore responsible for the administration of justice. This necessarily involved a tremendous amount of work and constant vigilance. A writer in the *Calcutta Review* states: "Everything which is done by the Executive Government is done by the collector in one or other of his capacities." He must be road-maker, sheriff, timber-dealer, recruiting-sergeant, discounter of bills, registrar, etc. Everything which could possibly develop and improve the district, such as building bridges, cutting canals, reclaiming marshy or forest lands, altering boundary lines, preparing hospitals and schools, these and countless other duties had to be undertaken and carried through by the collector-magistrate. One of Lawrence's personal friends furnishes us with a racy sketch of his duties on the Paniput district.

"He usually wore a sort of compromise between English and Indian costumes, had his arms ready at hand, and led a life as *primus inter pares*, rather than a foreigner or a despot among the people. Yet a despot he was, as any man soon discovered, who was bold enough or silly enough to question his authority. A despot, but full of kindly feeling, and devoted heart and soul to duty and hard work. John Lawrence at Paniput was the right man in the right place."

He remained at this post nearly two years, having only an acting appointment. He then fell back on his old position at Delhi. Three months afterward he was promoted to the grade of Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collector of the Southern Division of the Delhi territory, and Acting Magistrate and Collector of the city itself. In 1838 he was specially selected for the post of "Settlement Officer at Etawa," where, as he says, he was "nearly buried." Yet even in Etawa Lawrence did good service. The natives certainly respected if they did not love him; his strong nature recoiled with abhorrence from anything mean or cowardly or wrong. His temper—the Lawrences were all naturally quick-tempered—was generally under control, but when he felt, like Jonah, that he did well to be angry, there was no mistake at all about it.

A very severe illness before he had fairly entered on his duties at Etawa, induced his medical adviser to order him home on a three years' furlough, and so ended the probationary years of Lawrence's career in India. These ten years were of value, developing as they did his resources. The old home at Clifton had undergone many changes. The gallant colonel

had passed away. The favourite sister had changed her father's house for a home of her own. Happily the good mother was spared to greet her boys again. Lawrence improved his furlough by visiting the old colleges and places where he had spent his early years with an occasional " run on the continent." His main purpose seemed to be, first, to regain his health, and secondly, to find a suitable wife. A young and sprightly friend was much annoyed at the business-like manner in which he pursued both objects.

In June, 1841, Lawrence returned to Ireland and met once more a beautiful Irish girl, Harriette Catharine Hamilton and so the long search ended. Though we care little for pedigrees, it may interest Canadians to know that the Hamiltons were offshoots of the ducal family of that name in Scotland. One of them distinguished himself in the reign of James and was rewarded by the gift of large estates in County Down and was created Viscount Clandeboye and Dufferin. Other brothers became large landowners, and from one of these Harriette Hamilton was directly descended. The engagement lasted only two months. Thirty years later Lawrence wrote : " In August, 1841, I took the most important and certainly the happiest step in my life. My wife has been to me everything that a man could wish or hope for." The honeymoon was spent on the continent. Suddenly tidings came of the rising of the Afghan tribes ; and of his brother George's captivity and probable death. But now John was seized with a dangerous illness, and the doctors absolutely prohibited all thought of a return to India. With his intense interest in his life-work, it did not probably cost him much to say that, whatever the risk might be, he was resolved to incur it. "If I can't live in India," was his characteristic remark, "I must go and die there."

Lawrence arrived in India at the close of the first Afghan war, which had terminated so disastrously. Reporting his arrival to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, he received the appointment of "Civil and Sessions Judge at Delhi." After a couple of years' delay he gained the appointment of magistrate and collector of the two districts of Delhi and Paniput. The following November was a memorable period to John Lawrence. Hitherto he had worked hard, without patronage, was not even known to those high in authority. But troublous times were at hand. The eccentric Ellenborough was recalled and the chivalrous Sir Henry Hardinge replaced him. It was a critical time. Inspecting the frontier, the

Governor-General met Lawrence at Delhi and was most favourably impressed with the energy and sagacity of the collector-magistrate. Unexpectedly, though prepared for the emergency, the Durbar of Lahore determined to invade British India. The Sikh army, 60,000 strong, with 150 guns, crossed the Sutlej in two divisions aiming for Moodke and Ferozeshah.

They crossed swords for the first time with the Bengal Sepoys. Had the British forces been composed exclusively of Sepoys, the result would doubtless have been different. Trained by French and Italian officers, these "dare-devil soldiers" did not know when they were beaten. The real struggle was at Ferozeshah, when the Commander-in-Chief, with characteristic recklessness, stormed the enemy's lines late in the afternoon. Again and again our battalions charged right up to the muzzle of the enemy's guns and were forced back by the Sikh infantry. It was a new experience. Night closed in on what might truly be called a drawn battle. Fortunately for the British army, the Sikh leaders treacherously betrayed their followers, and next day the enemy was in full retreat. It was now that the Governor-General, who had participated in the fierce struggle, and who had ten out of his twelve *aides-de-camp* wounded or killed, unable to follow the enemy from want of ammunition and siege guns, bethought him of John Lawrence, and immediately wrote in hot haste, requiring his presence and assistance. "The opportunity had thus at length come to the man, and the man was not wanting to the opportunity."

By extraordinary exertions Lawrence was able to forward needful supplies, which enabled the British forces to win the crowning victory of Sobraon, which closed the struggle. The usual annexation followed. But who was to rule the new States? Who but the "sturdy collector," who had by the magic of his name and personal influence, maintained order in the imperial city, while war was raging in the adjacent Provinces. Sir Henry Hardinge wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces requesting him to send John Lawrence "for a high executive appointment" in the States which had been annexed. The Lieutenant-Governor, believing that Lawrence could not be spared from Delhi in such a crisis, sent up another officer "well qualified" for the post. But this officer was immediately sent back with a peremptory message, "Send me up John Lawrence." Thus by his merits alone had John Lawrence obtained a most responsible and honourable position.

RECENT CANADIAN POETRY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are those who say that Canada has no native poetry, and indeed, little native literature of any sort. They seem to think that as a people we are so rough, raw, and uncultivated, so engaged in the sordid race for riches, if not indeed in a mere struggle for existence, that we have neither time nor taste to cultivate the gentler muse. The annexed list of books which have come to our table within a few days, disproves this unjust and unpatriotic assertion. It shows that amid many discouragements the stirrings of poetic fire are felt, and that our native songsters, like the lark, "sing for very joy because they must," whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. For so young a country, for a country so handicapped in the literary race, for a country where our native poets are brought into rivalry with the most cultured singers of old and wealthy civilizations, we think that their efforts are something of which we may well be proud, are auguries of higher achievements in the future, and merit the kindly patronage of those who would foster a love of poetry, both for its own sake and as an important element in our native literature.

We regret that our limits of space will prevent a more adequate notice of the books under review. Mr. Cameron's poems have the pathetic interest of a voice from the grave. Had the young life, so early cut off, been longer spared, what harvest might we not expect of ripened fruit of which this volume of verse is so full of promise. And these hundred and sixty poems, we learn, are only a fourth of his brief life's work. We trust the Canadian appreciation of these noble songs

* *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death.* By the late GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON. Edited by his Brother, Charles J. Cameron, M.A., Kingston. 8vo, pp. 296.

The Poems of WILLIAM WYE SMITH. Newmarket, Ont. Pp. 265. Price $1.00.

Poems and Translations. By MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea). Pp. 195. Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson.

Thoughts, Moods and Ideals. By W. D. LIGHTHALL, Montreal.

The first of these may be had of the Editor, the others of the respective Authors, or from the Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

of liberty, of love, and death, will prevent the loss to the world of those still unpublished. Mr. Cameron is another of the gifted sons of Nova Scotia, who have reflected honour on their native province and on the Dominion. The incidents of his life are few. He was born at New Glasgow in 1854. He spent some years in Boston, and wrote much for the American press, as most Canadians have to do who wish to gain the ear of the world. He entered as a student at Queen's University, Kingston, in 1882. His struggles through doubt to faith are illustrated in his poems. But he reached at last the firm foundation, other than which no man can lay; and Principal Grant, in his graceful review of his poems, tells us, had in view the Christian ministry. But his ministry was to be almost wholly one of song—a summons to high thought, to love of liberty, of beauty, of truth. One is struck with his burning hate of oppression and wrong wherever it exists, and with his passionate sympathy with the struggle for freedom everywhere—in Cuba, in Russia, in France, in America, in Ireland.

O'er all God's footstool not a slave
Should under His great glory stand,
For men would rise, swift sword in hand,
And give each tyrant to his grave,
And freedom to each lovely land.

When all Boston was fawning at the feet of the grand Duke Alexis Romanoff, this stripling of twenty indignantly exclaims:

Hath he shown a contempt of the wrong?
Hath he shown a desire of the right?
Hath he broken the strength of the strong,
Or supported the weak with his might,
That to meet him and greet him ye throng?

In his hate and scorn of the despotism of Russia he cries out:

Blow winds of heaven! in all the broad land:
Blow winds of God! in all the broad sea:
Blow, till the sceptre is wrung from the hand
Of the tyrant and earth is free. . .
Man is the noblest created thing.

The late Czar, trampling with iron feet the liberties of the struggling principalities of South-eastern Europe, especially calls forth his biting sarcasm and indignation:

Yea, Czar of every Russia crowned!
The meanest hind that follows plough,

Or whistles to his yellow hound,
Is more a monarch than art thou! . . .

Thy reign was bitter, barren, blind and bad,
Thy life was black and blackened other ones,
That else had known no sorrow, or had had
Some of God's light within them, and His Son's.

He is full of sympathy with Republican France fresh from her baptism of blood; and in presaging her future uses with fine effect the striking figure of successive and climacteric interrogation.

And this love of liberty, akin to that of Marvell or of Milton, was not a boyish passion. One of his very latest poems was one of keenest sympathy with suffering Ireland. Our space will not permit more than a reference to such stirring songs of freedom as "Defeated Oft," "'Tis Done," "France, Thy Sky is Dim," "Our Hero Dead"—the latter a poem of noble pathos.

But not all his songs are in this martial mood. He touches his lute to softer strains. The lyrics of love we think not equal to the songs of liberty, but many of them are of singular beauty. Take the following for example: Love and the loved one each set out to meet the other with this result, which recalls one of the most pathetic incidents in Longfellow's Evangeline.

And she sailed northward far and fast,
And he sailed southward steady and true;
They came together at length, *but passed*
Each other one night, and neither knew.

So he sailed southward o'er the main,
And she sailed toward the pole star fair,
Till storms arose and wrecked them twain
And no one knows the when or where.

Ah, me! how often, or first or last,
The lover and loved—the fitting two—
Have met on Life's large sea and passed
Each other forever, while neither knew.

But the strength and depth of thought and solemn pathos deepen in the poems of death, whose shadow seems to have been early projected across his young life. The earlier poems of this series are in a pessimistic vein. But doubt gives way to assured faith, and the poem on the resurrection is a joyous carol. He begins by asking, in various poems:

Is there a God then above us?
  I ask it again and again;
Is there a good God to love us—
  A God who is mindful of men? . . .

All heart-sick and head-sick and weary,
  Sore wounded, oft struck in the strife,
I ask is there end of this dreary,
  Dark pilgrimage, called by us Life? . . .

What care we? Is the world worth minding,-
  The sad, mad world, with its hate and sin?
Is the key worth seeking for, or finding,
  Of the Cretan maze we wander in?

He concludes with hopeful strains like these:

Ere the moon that wanes to-night, again shall largen,
  Ere the sun that sets to-night, shall set again,
You and I may be beyond the sound and margin
  Of the death, and doubt, that makes the death a pain. . .

He who knew what weariness, and want, and woe meant,
  He who pillowed earth's sad head upon His breast,
He who bore that one unutterable moment
  When the burden of her sorrow on Him pressed;
    To Him we deem was given,
      For answer to His love;
    All things on earth—in heaven—
      All love below—above. . . .

It must be good to die my friend!
  It must be good, and more than good, I deem;
'Tis all the replication I may send:
  For deeper swimming seek a deeper stream.
It must be good, or reason is a cheat,
  It must be good, or life is all a lie,
It must be good, and more than living sweet,
  It must be good—*or man would never die.*

As the light of the other world dawns more clearly on his soul, he sings in the latest hours of his life:—

I feel as one who being a while confined,
  Sees drop to dust about him all his bars,
The clay grows less, and leaving it, the mind
    Dwells with the stars. . . .

Draw the dread curtain and enter in!
  In o'er the threshold the millions have trod;
Lose but the dust of the balance and win—
  What a moment ago was the secret of God! . . .

And Time may be long, or it may be brief,
 Ere I stand on that dim and unknown shore,
And grief or joy be mine, but grief
 Cannot dwell there—where we meet once more.

These are his last words, from a poem found in his pocket after death. Other poems written before bodily weakness supervened, express a more confident hope. We can give but a stanza of his Easter hymn.

He is risen! in His rising ends the world's divinest story,
 One that still shall find an echo while earth eddies round the sun;
One of sadness wov'n with gladness, one of gloom and one of glory,
 One that tells us all is done! earth is won!
 And—He is risen!

We have left ourself scant space to speak of the dainty volume, by the Rev. William Wye Smith. He unites in happy wedlock Scottish fervour and Canadian patriotism. There is a rich vein of humour, too, which is altogether absent from Cameron's poems. We shall be surprised if many of his songs on Canadian themes do not become favourites at many Canadian firesides. The following threnody on "The Volunteers of '85," will touch every heart:—

Lightly he left us smiling, smiling,
 Soon to be back from the wars of the West;
Sadly he came, amid weeping, weeping,
 His country's flag wrapped round his breast. . . .

Envy me not, for all that's left me,
 You have your heroes and I have mine;
Yours come back with thunder and cannon,
 And flags that are floating along their line.

But I would not give mine in his youthful beauty,
 Sleeping the sleep of the brave and true,
Who lived for his love, and who died at his duty,
 For all the heroes that smile on you.

But it is in his Scottish songs that he is at his best. The Scottish bairnie's heart dwells ever in the man's breast. As he quaintly expresses it in a humour that is near allied to tears:

And aft the bairnie greets, at some auld ballad's wail,
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale;
Till I can only say, "'Tis the bairn, it is not I;
For I hae dignity eneuch, were no the bairnie by."

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,
He said he was himsel' just a muckle Scottish bairn;

And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the *bairn within the man is Scottish to the last.*

Like a waft from the hills of heather, are those Scottish songs, rich in humour and in pathos, and in patriotic feeling. The heroic traditions of Scotland often fire his song, as when he recounts the story of Wallace Wight, of Robert Bruce, of Thomas the Rhymer, of Burns, of James Guthrie, of the martyr of Solway Sands, and of Cameron the martyr of the Covenant. We must give two or three stanzas of the last, not unworthy of the pen that wrote "The Battle of Naseby."

The Covenant is down, and a dastard wears the crown,
And Scotland with a frown, bears her fetters as she may;—
And the sun looks down between auld Nithdale's hill of green,
Where Cameron's grave is seen by the pilgrim on his way.

And there amang the heather—his thin hands clasped together,
And his weary glance up thither where the paths of victory lie—
And pleading for release, is Peden on his knees,
And, "O to be wi' Ritchie!" is the burden of his cry.

The mountain mists and snows had been sent to blind his foes,
And when his cry up rose he was heard yet once again;
And the prayer his faith had spoken, received an answering token,
When the golden bowl was broken, and a saint forgot his pain.

In the following lines, musical as Motherwells', are heard the exile's pensive longings for the scenes of his youth:

O gin I were hame again; as hame I would be;
I'd part nae mair, for gowd or gear, frae my ain countrie;
For gowd is but the miser's hoard, and gear away may flee,
But some things better's to the fore, in my ain countrie. . . .

O gin I Teviot saw again! as Teviot I wad see;
I'd ask there but a dreamless sleep, in my ain countrie!
For "hame is hame," where'er I rove, and that is hame to me!
O keep me aye a welcome smile in my ain countrie!

But though loving to the last the land of his birth, he is no less leal to the land of his adoption. In the fine poem "Our Hame is Whaur we Mak our Nest," he says:

We hae na changed our scorn o' pride,
Our love o' right, and worth and honour,—
Nor left by Tweed, or Tay, or Clyde,
What Scotia's noblest sons have won her;

But aye the same in Western hame,
  As 'neath her skies, or 'mang her heather;
Kent aiblins by anither name,
  As round her ingle side we gather,—
Canadian ilka branch and shoot—
The stock some sturdy Scottish root.

We wish we had space to quote from the fine poems, whose very Scottish words lilt like larks, The Broom of the Cowden Knowes, The Gay Goss-hawk, Will Ye Tak Me? The Bush Aboon Traquair, Wi' the Laverock i' the Left, and others. Neither have we space to more than refer to the religious poems in which he hymns the praise of God, and voices the deepest feelings of the soul. We quote only part of a paraphrase into homely Sottish diction of 2 Tim. iv. 6–8:

For high in His Holiness waitin',
  The Lord has a crown for to gie
To ilka puir sair-fitted rinner.
  That comes a' for foroughten like me,
And wha has an e'e for His comin',
  Lookin' up frae the strife and the stoure,
Shall himsel' see the King in His beauty,
  When the din o' the battle is ower.

To "Gowan Lea's" delicate poems and graceful translations we referred in the last number of this MAGAZINE. We have only a few lines to give to what Mr. Lighthall calls his "Crimes of Leisure." The lovers of Canadian verse will grant him absolution, and will be glad if he will repeat the crimes. Amid many foreign themes—in Venice, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere—we are glad that he turns proudly to his native land. Whatever supercilious critics may say, there *is* a growth of national sentiment; there *is* a pulse of Canadian patriotism throbbing in the hearts of our native writers.

What are the Vision and the Cry
That haunts the new Canadian soul?

asks Mr. Lighthall, and this is the answer of the seer:

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
  Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss,
  A native land—O think!—to be—
Thy native land—and ne'er amiss,
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
  From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
  Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton to Vancouver's strand
  O'er many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain "A NATIVE LAND!"—
  Thine be the ear, the sight.

We have preferred to let our Canadian poets speak for themselves, rather than to spend time in mousing for faults. That they are perfect we do not claim; but we trust that Canadian readers will give them such generous recognition, that Canadian literature may receive that encouragement at home that it has in large degree heretofore had to seek abroad.

THE DIVINE CALL.

TO-DAY, to-morrow, evermore,
  Through cheerless nights without a star,
  Not asking whither or how far,
Rejoicing though the way be sore,
    Take up thy cross
    And follow Me!

Though some there be who scorn thy choice,
  And tempting voices bid thee stay—
  To day while it is called to-day,
If thou wilt hearken to My voice,
    Take up thy cross
    And follow Me!

I cannot promise wealth or ease,
  Fame, pleasure, length of days, esteem;
  These things are vainer than they seem.
If thou canst turn from all of these,
    Take up thy cross
    And follow Me!

I promise only perfect peace,
  Sweet peace that lives through years of strife,
  Immortal hope, immortal life,
And rest when all these wanderings cease:
    Take up thy cross
    And follow Me!

My yoke is easy; put it on!
  My burden very light to bear.
  Who shareth this my crown shall share—
On earth the cross, in heaven the crown:
    Take up thy cross
    And follow Me!

—*The Quiver.*

UNCLE MINGO.*

BY RUTH M'ENERY STUART.

"LAWS a-mussy, Boss! You d' know nut'n! De idee o' you a-stannin' up dar an' axin' me whar I goes ter markit!

"Heah! Heah! Well, you see, Boss, my markit moves roun'! Some days hit's right heah in front o' my risi*dence*, an' den I goes ter markit wid a drap-line an' a hook; an' some days hit's back heah in de Jedge's giarbage bar'l, an' den I goes wid a hook agin—a hook on a stick. I'se clean ef I is black, an' I'se preticklar ef I does goe to markit pomiscyus!

"I aint nuver seed a fresh giarbage bar'l outside o' no quality kitchen do', whar de cook had good changeable habits, whar I couldn't meck a good day's markitin', but I has ter know de habits o' de cook befo' I patternizes a new bar'l, an dat bar'l's got ter be changed an' scalted out reg'lar, ef hit gits my trade, caze I nuver eats stale pervisions.

"Why, Boss, ef you was good-hungry, *you'd* eat de cyabbage an' little bacon eens arter I'se done washed an' biled 'em!

"De bacon eens wid de little pieces o' twine in 'em looks like dee was jes' lef' *to* be hooked! I tell yer, Boss, de wuckins o' Providence is behelt in de leavin' o' dem twine strings.

"Talk about gwine ter markit! I don't want no better markit dan a fus' class giarbage bar'l an' 'scrimination. Ef I wants ter know who's who, jes' lemme peep in de giarbage bar'l, an' I'll tell yer ef dee's de reel ole-timers er new sprouters er jes' out-an'-out po' white trash! My old mudder uster say, 'Show me de cloze-line, an' I'll tell yer who folks is!' an' she could do it, too! but I say, show me de giarbage, an' I'll tell yer ef dee'l parse muster!"

The speaker, Uncle Mingo, was an aged, white-haired black man, and he sat, as he talked, on a log of drift-wood on the bank of the Mississippi River at Carrollton, just above New Orleans. I often strolled out for a breeze on the levee during the warm summer evenings, and it was here that I first met Uncle Mingo. He was a garrulous old negro, who lived alone in a shanty outside the new levee, and was evidently pleased in discovering in me an interested listener.

In reply to his last remark, I said, "But you forget, old man, that most of us 'old-timers,' as you call us, are poor now!"

He raised his face in surprise and exclaimed:

"Boss, does you spose I'se a-talkin' 'bout riches? I'se one o' deze befo'-de-war-yers, *an' I knows!* I tell yer, Boss, hit aint

*We have pleasure in reproducing from the *New Princeton Review*, in abridged form, this touching story of negro fidelity and child-like faith.—ED.

on'y de money what mecks de diffence, hits de—hit's de—Boss, I wisht I had de book words ter splain it de way I knows it in heah!" He tapped his breast. "Hits de—de diffence in de —in de cornsciousness. Dat's de on'y way I kin splain it. Hit seems ter me de ole-time folks had de inner cornsciousness, an' all dese heah new people ain't got nut'n' but de outer cornsciousness!

"Dars my ole madam, Miss Annie, now, dat uster smile on ev'y nigger 'long de coas', so feered she mout be a slightin' some o' she's own people, caze she own so many she don't know half on 'em—dar she is now, a-livin' back o' town a-meckin yeast cakes fo' de Christian Woman's *Ex*change, an', Boss, I wish you could see her!

"You reckin she talk po' mouf? No, sir! She's mouf warn't cut out by de po' mouf pattern! She nuver lets on, no more'n ef de ole times was back agin.

"I goes ter see her de days my rheumatiz lets up on me right smart—I goes ter see her, an' she sets in dat little front room wid de two little yaller steps a-settin out at de front do', an' she axes me how I come on, an' talks 'long peaceful like, but she nuver specifies!

"No, sir, she nuver specifies! Fo' all you could see, she mout have her ca'r'ge out at de front do' an' be out dar ter see po' white folks on business. Dat house don't fit her, and Marse Robert's portrit a-hangin' over dat little chimbly look like hit's los', hit look so onnachel.

"I axed Miss Annie one day how long she specs ter live dat-a-way, an' ef God forgives me, I aint a-gwine ter quizzify her no mo'!"

The old man hesitated and looked at me, evidently expecting to be questioned.

"Why, old man, didn't she answer you?" I said.

"Oh, yas sir! She answered me; she say, 'Well, Unc' Mingo, I hardly know. I finds it ve'y pleasant and quiet out heah!'

"'Pleasant an' quiet!' Laws-a-mussy! An' 'bout a million o' po' chillen a-rippin' an' a-tarrin' up and down de banquette, an' de organ-grinder drowndin' out de soun' o' 'Ole Sweet Beans an' Ba'ley Grow' on her little box steps dat minute!

"I aint nuver answered her, on'y jes' tunned my haid an' looked at de crowd, an' she says, 'Oh, de chillen, dee are a little noisy, but I meant in a'—some kind o' way,—is dey got sich a word as soshual, Boss?"

"Social? Yes."

"Dat's hit—in a *soshual* way she say she fine hit's quiet, caze, she say, she aint made no new 'quaintances out dar; an' den she aint said no mo', on'y axed me ef de ribber's risin', an' I see she done shet de do' on my quizzifyin'."

"Does she live alone, old man?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir, she got 'er ma wid 'er!"

"Her ma! I thought you called her 'old madam.'"

"So I did, Boss, Miss Annie's we's ole madam, she's jes' lackin' a month o' bein' as ole as me, but *Ole Miss*, she's Miss Annie's ma, she's *ole, ole.* She's one of dese heah ole Rivolutioners, an' she's gittin' mighty 'cripit an' chilish.

"Yas, sir, she's a ole Rivolutioner, an' in place o' dat, heah she is to-day a-livin' back o' town gratin' cocoanut!"

"Grating cocoanut! What do you mean?"

"Ter meck *pralines* ter sell, Boss!"

"And how does she sell them, pray?"

"*She* don't sell 'em, bless yo' heart, no! My daughter, *she* sells 'em!"

"Your daughter!"

"Yas, sir, my younges' gal, Calline. She's de onies' one o' my chillen what's lef'. She's de baby. She mus' be 'long 'bout fifty."

"And you have a daughter right here in N w Orleans, and live here by yourself, old man! Why doesn't she come and take care of you in your old age?"

"An' who gwine to look arter we's white folks?—lif' Ole Miss in an' out o' de baid, an' go of arrants, an' do de pot an' kittle wuck an' ca'y de yeas' cakes ter de *Exchange*, an' sell *pralines*, an answer de do' knocker? Yer see, Boss, de folks at de *Exchange*, dee don't know nut'n 'bout Ole Miss an' Miss Annie. Yer see Calline, she's dee's pertector! I aint a-sufferin', Boss, I aint! An' ef I was, hit would be God's will; but we aint made out'n de kine o' stuff ter try ter meck we-selves comfable, whilst we's white people's in tribulation."

I turned and looked at the old man. A ray from the sun, now setting, across the river, fell into his silver hair and seemed to transform it into a halo around the gentle old face. I had often found entertainment in the quiet stream of retrospective conversation that seemed to flow without an effort from his lips, but this evening I had gotten the first glimpse of his inner life.

"And don't you feel lonely here sometimes, old man?"

"I know hit looks ter you dat-a-way, Boss—I know hit looks dat-a-way—but when I set heah by de water's aidge, you cyant see 'em, but company's all around me! I'se a-settin heah an' I aint settin' heah! I'se away back yonder! Sometimes seems like dis levee is de ole plantation, an' in dat place whar de sun's a-shinin' on de water, meckin' a silver road, all de ole-time folks dee comes out dere an' seems like dee talks ter me an' I lives de ole times agin!

"Sometimes dee comes one by one down de shinin' road, an' sometimes a whole passel on 'em at onct, an' seems like dee sets down an' talks ter me.

"Lonesome! If ever I gets lonesome all I got ter do is ter come heah on de river bank an' ponder, an' when I 'gin to speculate, heah dee come, a-smiling' jes' like dee was in de ole days, an' sometimes, Boss, you mout come ter de top o' de levee dar, an you mout look out heah an' see me, a ole black dried-up critter, settin' heah in rags, an' maybe at dat minute I mout be a million o' miles from heah, a settin' up on top o' Ole Miss's ca'r'ge, a-drivin' my white folks to chu'ch, an' Marse Robert, de one dat was kilt in de army, a little boy no more'n *so* high, a-settin' up by my side, a-holdin' one rein an' a cluckin' ter de horses!

"I tell yer, Boss, when I uster git up on dat silver-mounted ca'r'ge, wid my stove-pipe hat on, dey warn't nobody what could o' bought me out. I wouldn't o' sole out to de Juke o' Englan'! I was dat puffed out wid stuck-up-ishness!"

He paused, smiling in happy contemplation of his departed glory.

"Uncle," I said, "I am going to ask you something. What was the matter with you last evening?"

"Istiddy? Why, Boss?"

"Well, I was sitting out here on the levee with a party of friends, smoking, while we laughed and told old jokes, I thought I heard some one sobbing—crying out aloud. Peering through the twilight, I saw you right here where you sit now. We stopped and listened, and presently I think—yes, I am sure—you were laughing. Would you mind telling me what was the matter?"

"Did you heah me, Boss? I reckin you 'lowed dat I was gone 'stracted, didn't you?"

"Well, no, I can't say that, but it did sound queer, out here by yourself."

"An' you'd like ter know de 'casion of it, Boss. Well, I'll tell yer, but I'se afeered, ef I does tell yer, yer'll 'low dat I'se wus 'stracted dan yer did befo'. Howsomever, hit was dis-a-way!

"Istiddy mornin' I was a settin' in my cyabin a-sortin' out my markitin'—a-puttin' a pile o' cyabbage-leaves heah like, an' de chicken-haids like heah, and pilin' 'em up according ter dey kinds, when, all on a suddint, a picture o' de ole times come up befo' me, an' in de place o' all dese scraps, I see de inside o' Ole Miss's kitchen, an' seemed like I could heah de chicken a-fryin', an' de hot rolls was piled up befo' me, an' 'fo' I knowed it I tell yer, Boss, I nuver did have my day's markitin' look so po' as it did in de presence o' dat vision o' de ole dinin'-room!

"Yer can look at me, Boss, an' 'cuse me o' high-mindedness, but my stummick turned agin dat vittles, an' I couldn't eat it, an' I upped an' put it back in de baskit, an' I baited a swimp-bag an' a hook, an' I come out heah ter fish for my dinner, caze I says ter myse'f, 'When giarbage markitin' goes agin yer, yer cyant fo'ce it!'

"Hit warn't 'zactly goin' agin me, but hit was goin' agin my ricollections, an' dey aint much diffence, caze dey aint much lef' o' me les'n 'tis ricollections.

"Well, Boss, ef flingin' dat dinner in de ribber was chilish in me, God was mighty good. He nuver punished me, but humoured me, same as we humours a spiled chile, an' gimme good luck wid de bag an' line, an' I eat off'n fried cat-fish an' biled swimps fo' dinner.

"I d'know how 'tis, but I meets all de ole-time folks better out heah on de ribber bank dan any place. An' now, Boss, come de strange 'speunce dat upsot me. I happened ter tun my haid roun' an' look todes de levee, an' I see a 'cripit, lonesome ole man, a-settin' still on a lorg by hesef, an' de bones o' he's laigs a-showin' froo de holes in he's breeches.

"Fust, I aint knowed 'im, twell I looked agin, an' den I seed 'tw s me, an' seemed like I was a-settin' on de outside aidge o' de worl', an' I cyant tell yer how I felt, Boss, but hit sort o' upsot me. I tried ter laugh an' den I cried. I knowed I warn't ac'n sponserble, an' hit was chilish in me. Dee does say when a pusson gits ter a sut'n age dee's obleeged ter ac' chilish, an' I reckin' I mus' be aijin'."

It seemed to me that the old man was weaker than usual when he rose to go into his cabin, and he allowed me to take his arm and assist him. When we reached his door, I felt reluctant to leave him alone. "Let me light your candle for you," I said.

"Candle! What fer, Boss?"

"Why, so that you may undress and go to bed comfortably."

"What use is I got fer a candle, Boss? All dese years I been livin' heah, I aint nuver had no light yit. All I got ter do is ter lay down an' I'se in baid, an' ter git up an' I'se up. I aint prayed on my knees sence de rheumatiz struck my lef' j'int."

I slipped a coin into the old man's hand and left him, but the realization of his lonely and feeble condition was present with me as I walked down the levee, across the road, up through the orange-grove to my comfortable home. I realized that age and want had met at my own door. What if the old man should die alone, within reach of my arm, in an extremity of poverty for which I should be personally responsible, if I allowed it to continue?

The question of old Mingo's relief came again with my first thoughts next morning, and when Septima's gentle tap sounded on my door, and she entered, freshly *tignoned* and aproned—when her black arm appeared beneath my mosquito-netting with my morning cup of steaming Mocha, I thought of the lonely old man in the levee cabin and of his tremulous handling

of his cooking utensils that moment, perhaps, in the preparation of his lonely meal.

The picture haunted me, and so the warm breakfast which Septima carried him was sent as much for the relief of my own mind as for his bodily comfort, as was also the dinner which I myself placed on the waiter. The boiled heart of a cabbage, with a broad strip of bacon, cut far from the perforation that betrays the string, and the half of a broiled chicken.

In the early afternoon, while the sun was still high, I yielded to an impulse to go out and see how my protege was getting along. I found him sitting with head uncovered in the full glare of the afternoon sun, outside his cabin door.

"Are you trying to bake yourself, Uncle?" I said, by way of greeting.

"Oh, no, sir; no, sir. I'se jes' a-settin out heah teckin' a little free-nigger-fire," he said; and immediately began thanking me for my slight remembrance of him at meal-time.

"You mus' o' been tryin' ter meck my vision come true, Boss, caze when I looked at dat breckfus dis mornin', hit come back ter me, an', Boss, I'se ashamed ter tell yer, but I did ac' chilish agin, an' my froat seemed like hit stopped up, an' I kivered de plate up an' come out heah an' cried scan'lous. Hit looked like God was jes' a-spilin' me wid humourin' me dat-a-way.

"But treckly dat passed orf, an' I come in an' sot down, an' seemed like I was mos' starved, I was dat hongry, but I saved orf a little speck o' everything you sont me, jes' so dat ef I los' myse'f in ponderin', an' mistrusted the de sho-nuf-ness o' dat breckfus, I could fetch 'em out fo' proof, caze hit don't meck no diffence how big visions is, dee don't leave no scraps; an' you know, Boss, jes' livin' like I does, ter myse'f, sort on de aidge betwixt visions o' de mine an' vision o' de eye, I does get mixed up some days, an' I scarcely knows ef I kin put out my han' an' tech what I sees or not."

"How long have you been living this way, Uncle?" I asked.

"Well, I d'know ezzactly, Boss. I stayed long wid Ole Miss, down in Frenchtown, s'long's I could meck a little off'n my buck an' saw, an' *dee* quarls at me reg'lar now fo' leavin' 'em—inspecially Ole Miss. She so feered I mout git sick an' dee not know. Calline, she comes up mos'ly ev'y Sunday ter see me, an' fetches me clean cloze an' a pone o' fresh braid, an' Ole Miss sons me a little small change, an' I daresn't 'fuse ter teck it, needer, but I aint nuver used it. Laws—No! I couldn't use de money dee mecks wid dee's white little hans——"

The old man seemed to forget my presence, and his voice fell almost to a whisper.

"You didn't tell me how long you had been here, Uncle."

"Dat's so, Boss—dat's so!" he said, rousing himself. "I was a-sayin' 'bout leavin' Ole Miss—I nuver liked it down dar no

how in Frenchtown, whar dee lives. Seemed like I couldn't git my bref good behint dem clost rows o' box steps, an' so when I 'scivered dat I could git reglar wuck a-sawin' drif' wood up heah, I come up an' rid down in de cyars ev'y day, but dat was wearin' on me, an' so—You ricollec' de time o' de cavin' o' de bank below heah, when two o' my color, Israel and Hannah, got drownded?—Well, dat sca'd off mos' o' dem what was a-livin' outside o' de new levee, an' dey was a heap o' shanties up an' down de coas' lef' empty, an' I moved inter dis one. Dee's mosly caved in now. Ev'y time my daughter heahs now o' de cavin' o' de bank up or down de ribber she comes an' baigs me ter go home—but I aint afeered, no, I aint. Dis bank's got a stronger holt on de main lan' dan I got on de bank o' Jordan."

"You talk about Jordan as if it were nothing. Aren't you ever afraid when you think of it, Uncle?"

"Afeered o' what, Boss?"

"Of dying," I answered plainly.

He smiled. "Was you afeered o' yo' pa when you was little, Boss?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Den I aint afeerd nuther. Aint God we's Father? He done handled me too tender fo' me ter be afeerd o' Him. Yas, He done handled me too tender, an' now, when I'se gittin' notionate, He's a-spilin' me wid humourins and indulgins. Afeerd! No, no!"

I am sure I never saw any countenance more spiritual and beautiful than the gentle brown face he turned upward toward heaven, as in half soliloquy he thus spoke the childlike trust of his undoubting heart. I understood now how he might even doubt whether he might or not "put out his hand and touch" the hand of the Giver, who was as real to him as the gifts which he felt himself "humoured and indulged."

"Except ye become as little children——" God give us all faith as this!

"You are not all recollections after all, Uncle," I said.

"Not in de sperit, Boss—jes' in de *mine*. You see, de sperit kin go whar de mine cyant foller. My mine goes back an' picks up ricollections same as you tecks dese heah pressed flowers out'n a book an' looks at 'em. My mine is the onies' book I'se got, an' de ricollections is pressed in hit same as yo' pressed flowers.

"God aint forbidden us to gyadder de flowers what He done planted 'long de road, an' de little flowers we picks up an ca'ys 'long wid us, dee aint a-showin' dat we's forgittin' we's journey's een."

I left the old man with a keener regret than I had felt the evening before, and I was annoyed that I could not shake it off. I had cultivated the old negro to put him into a book, and now I felt impelled to move him into my *yard*.

I strolled up the levee and back again several times, always turning before I reached the little cabin; but finally I approached it and seated myself as before on a log on its shady side, facing the old man. "Uncle," I said, plunging headlong into the subject, "I want you to come and live in a cabin in my yard. You can't stay here by yourself any longer!"

"Yer reckin dee'll mine ef I stays?" he said.

"Reckon who'll mind?"

"De owners o' de cyabin, Boss. Yer reckin dee'll mine?"

"I'm the owner, Uncle, and I don't mind you staying, but I can make you more comfortable in another empty cabin inside my grounds. Won't you come?"

The old man looked troubled. "You'se mighty kine, Boss—an' mighty good; but, Boss, ef yer don't mine, I'll stay right heah."

"The other cabin is better," I said; "the chimney of this is falling now—look at it."

"I know, Boss, I know; hit aint dat—but hit's my white folks. Dee's dat proud dee wouldn't like me ter be berholten ter nobody but dem. Yer see, I'd be 'umb'in' dem, an' dat aint right."

"Well, Uncle," I said, "do you know where I could get a good, steady old man to come and stay in my little cabin and look after things? I am away a good deal, and I want some reliable man to carry my henhouse key and gather eggs and vegetables for me. I'd give such a man a good home, and take care of him."

"H-how did you say dat, Boss?"

I repeated it.

"Yer reckin I'd do, Boss?"

"Well, yes, I think you'll do. Suppose you try it, anyway."

We moved him over that evening, and he seemed very happy in his new home. He even wept, as, on entering it, he glanced around at its homely comforts; but he was evidently failing, and it was not long before he often kept his bed all day.

He had been with us a month when, one evening, he sent for me. "Set down heah, Boss, please, sir," he said. "I wants ter talk ter yer. I'se worried in mine 'bout my people—my white folks. Dis worry*ment* aint nuver come ter me fo' nut'n, an' I'se sturbed in de sperit."

"Aren't you sick yourself, Uncle?" I asked, for he looked very feeble.

"No, sir, I aint sick. I'se jes' a-nearin' home. Some days hit seems ter me I kin heah de ripple o' de water, I'se dat near de aidge. De bank's nigh cavin', but God's a-lettin' me down mighty tender—mighty tender.

"But dat aint what mecks me son' fer you, Boss. I'se troubled 'bout my people. I had a warnin' in my dream las' night, de

same warnin' I had when Marse Robert was kilt, an' when Ole Boss died, an' when all we's troubles come; an' I spicion now dat hit's Ole Miss gone—an' would yer mine 'quirin' 'bout 'em fo' me, Boss?"

Thrusting his hand nervously under his pillow, he brought out a little soiled package, wrapped and tied in the corner of an old bandana handkerchief.

"An' won't yer, please, sir, ter teck dis little package wid yer, an' ef Ole Miss *is* daid, jes' give dis ter Calline fer me? Don't 'low nut'n ter nobody else—jes' give hit ter Calline, an' say as I sont it. Hit's twenty dollars what I saved f'om my wood-sawin', 'long wid all de change Ole Miss sont me.

"I done saved it by, 'gainst de comin' o' dis time fo' Ole Miss, an' maybe dee mout be scase o' money. Dee's *ad*dress is in dar."

Untying the handkerchief, I found on a scrap of paper the name of a street and number, but no name of a person. Sometimes pride survives *after* a fall.

"Tell Calline," the old man continued, "I say hit's all fo' Ole Miss's buryin' an' don't specify ter Miss Annie, caze she's dat proud she moutn't teck it, but Ole Miss wouldn't cyar—she wouldn't cyar. Ef I 'lowed dat Ole Miss would cyar, I wouldn't fo'ce it on her, caze I wouldn't have no right—but she wouldn't cyar.

"She nussed me when I was a baby—Ole Miss did.

"My mammy, she nussed Miss Annie reg'lar, an' yer know she an' me is jes' a month older dan one anudder, an' you know how women folks is, Boss, jes' changin' roun' an' a nussin' one anudder's babies, jes' fo' fun like. Ole Miss cay'ed me roun' an' played wid me, same as you'd pet a little black kitten, an' soon's I could stan' up dee'd teck me clap an' dance, an' I couldn't scacely talk befo' dee had me a-preachin' an' a-shoutin'.

"Dee had me fur a reglar show when dee had company. Dee jes' out an' out spiled me. I was jes' riz wid 'em all, right in de house; an' den, all indurin o' de war, when all we's men folks was away, I slep' at Ole Miss's do', an Calline, she slep' on a pallet in dee's room, twixt dee's two baids.

"Dat's de reason we loves one anudder. We's done seen good an' bad times togedder—good an' bad times—togedder."

His voice faltered—I looked at him quickly. He seemed suddenly to have fallen asleep. I felt his pulse gently, so as not to rouse him. It was weak and flickering, but not alarmingly so, I thought. Calling Septima, and bidding her sit with the old man for a while, I left him. About bedtime Septima summoned me to come into the cabin. Mingo had fainted. He was reviving when I entered, and his eyes wandered with uncertain glance about the room.

When he saw me he smiled. "Tell Ole Miss, don't be afeerd," he said; "I'se a-sleepin' at de do'."

His mind was wandering. He lay in a semi-conscious state for an hour or more, then he seemed to be sinking again, but reaction came a second time.

"Hit's a-cavin' in!—cavin' in easy and slow—He's a-lettin' me down—mighty tender."

Suddenly a new light shone in his eyes. "Heah dee come—down de shinin' road—Marster!"

The Master had come. At this supreme moment, when his spirit passed away, his face wore again that expression of exquisite beauty, that illumination as with a spiritual light from within, that had glorified it once before when he spoke of the surpassing love of God.

Early next morning, a neat old coloured woman came in haste for Uncle Mingo. It was Caroline. The old lady, "Ole Miss," had died during the night, and Caroline had come for her father. Finding the levee cabin empty, she had made inquiries and been directed here. She was in great distress over her new sorrow, and seemed much disturbed lest the old man had missed her.

I insisted that I was the old man's debtor to at least the paltry sum needed for his burial—and was it not so? We pay directly or indirectly for the privilege of hearing sermons; we pay for stories of self-sacrifice and devotion; we pay for poetry, we pay for pictures of saints. I had gotten all these, and what had I given? One month's rent of an old cabin and a few crumbs from my table.

And in another sense still, I was old Mingo's debtor. Had he not made known to me the silent suffering of two Southern gentlewomen; and inasmuch as every true Southern man feels himself to be the personal champion and friend of every needy Southern woman, I might now become, in this small matter, a friend to the lonely lady who hid her pride, as well as her poverty, in the little grief-stricken house on a shabby street "back of town."

I asked this much, but a dainty note in a tremulous feminine hand "thanked Monsieur most heartily for his kindness, and for his present generous offer, but assured him that the privilege of caring for the body of one of the most beloved of her old servants was one which his former mistress could not forego." There was no signature, but what was the need of one?

A plain black hearse, followed by a single carriage in which Caroline sat alone, came in the afternoon for the remains of Uncle Mingo. Moving slowly down St. Charles Street to Canal, they turned down and across, out four, five squares, then down again, till, finally, hesitating a few moments, they fell into line

with another hearse that stood before a pair of box-steps in a tenement row, and continued to the old St. Louis Cemetery.

The old lady sleeps her last sleep in a marble bed, the stateliest in a stately row. I started as I read the name: "These people here—and in want! Robert—Marse Robert—Yes—No, it cannot be! We were friends—in the army together—he was killed at Shiloh. Something must be done—but how? I must inquire—down town. Or maybe through Caroline ——"

As, in the old days, Mingo slept outside his mistress's door, so, in a little grave all his own, in the corner of the family lot, he sleeps now at her feet.

THE HEM OF THE GARMENT.

BY CARL SPENCER.

He walks in the earth and the heaven,
  The Lord in His raiment bright;
His robe his crimson at even,
  It is gold in the morning light,
And it trails on the dusky mountains
  With a silver fringe at night.

High over the people thronging
  Is the light of His pure, calm face,
Can the uttermost need and longing,
  Come fronting that awful place?
But to touch the beautiful garment
  Is a comfort and a grace.

The tender sweep of the grasses
  Is smoothing away the smart;
And the light soft wind that passes
  Is a balm to the very heart.
Only the hem of His garment—
  But I kiss it for my part.

The seamless blue and the border,
  Where the earth and the heavens meet,
And the colours in mystic order
  In the broideries round His feet;
It is but the hem of His garment,
  But virtue is there complete!

He turns and I am not hidden,
  And He smiles, and blesses low;
Did the gift come all unbidden?
  —O, to think that He would not know,
(Through even the hem of His garment)
  It was Faith that touched Him so!

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.—THE SOWING OF EVIL SEED.

At the very threshold of her new home Cassia met its difficulties. Raymund had left the house in the care of three good women servants. Madam had made their charge intolerable to them in less than a week. Then the freshly-furnished, pretty rooms were closed tight and left to dust and decay. None of her own comforts were curtailed by this arrangement. She had ever by her side a negress, called Souda, who had for thirty years been the willing agent of her tyranny and cruelty. In the exercise of her evil power this woman had learned to scorn and to hate her own race, and when freedom came to it she feared to leave the house of her bondage; feared the vengeance of the men and women who had writhed under her power for so many evil years. Besides which she expected much from madam—furniture and garments which she envied, and which had been promised her under certain conditions. So, while Raymund, Cassia, and Gloria were in New York, madam and Souda found their pleasure in arranging events likely to foster dissatisfaction.

Thus it was that, in spite of Raymund's expense and labour, Cassia came to a home disorderly and comfortless. The room specially prepared for her—the spacious lofty room so delicately painted and furnished—had suffered much from neglect, and the atmosphere was heavy and hot and sickly with the vapours and miasma certain to accumulate in rooms unsunned and unventilated. Cassia flung wide open windows and blinds, and raised the shades; Raymund went out to procure servants. But it was two hours before he could find any woman willing to come, and it was quite dark when their first meal was ready for them. Then Gloria was sent for. She came down radiant and rosy and full of chatter.

"No, I am not hungry a bit, Cassia!" she exclaimed, as she pushed her cup and plate aside. "I have been with grandma. Souda was making her tea when we arrived, and she sent for me to her room, and I have been eating and drinking and telling her all about New York."

Raymund looked angrily at her. "Why did you not send Cassia a cup of tea? You were very selfish not to think of it."

"Yes, it was selfish in me, but I forgot; and look, what a lovely ring she has given me!" and the girl proudly stretched

out her hand, on which glowed, luminous and resplendent, a large sapphire set with diamonds.

"Had you not better return to her."

"Yes, Ray, I suppose I had. I really do not care to eat any more, and I dare say Cassia and you like best to be alone, so good-night;" and she left the room, laughing, and kissing the tips of her fingers.

"Little traitor!" said Raymund; "you are of no further use to her, Cassia. What are you going to do among us?"

"Make you all happy, if I can, Ray; going at least to love you, and do my duty to every one."

The next day was full of small trials. She was naturally neat and careful, and the spoiling of her pretty furniture was a pain and a trouble to her. How heartily she did wish she had come to her home when it had been freshly garnished and made ready for her, especially so when she perceived Raymund's chargrin and disappointment.

John came very early in the morning to welcome her home, and to bring her mother's love and blessing; and John had not been many minutes in the house before Gloria found it out. She had, doubtless, been expecting him, for she wore her prettiest pink morning dress; and when he went away she loitered down the avenue with him, and it was a long hour ere she loitered back again.

In the afternoon Cassia had another visitor. She was very busy dusting and arranging the ornaments of her parlour, when Souda entered with madam's card. The formality took her by surprise, and she looked at it with a moment's uncertainty, feeling the while all the scorn on the large black face watching her slightest movement or expression. She hesitated, because she was in a dress suitable for her employment, and she was wondering if she ought to change it.

"Will young missis receive the madam? Madam does not wait for any one."

The tone was almost defiant, the inflection that of dislike. Cassia answered, hurriedly, "I will receive madam."

"At once?"

"Certainly."

Then Souda left the room, and Cassia employed the short interval in removing her apron, and correcting, as carefully as the pause permitted, some disarrangements in her simple toilet. She was thus employed when the door was swung wide, and Souda said:

"Madam Briffault enters."

Cassia looked up with amazement at her visitor. She was dressed in pale lavender coloured silk, elaborately trimmed with white Spanish lace. Her shawl and cap were of the same lace. Large pearls hung from her ears and clasped her throat and

wrists. Her fingers, and the Spanish lace fan she held in them, both glittered with gems.

"I pay my respects to the new mistress of Briffault," she said, looking steadily at Cassia, and then glancing at the apron which she had cast across a chair.

"Thank you, madam. It is a new era," she continued with a smile; "you see I am obliged to be partly my own servant. Some of my own old hands are coming next week, but in the meantime I do my best. The furniture needed attention so much."

"I keep my own rooms. I am not responsible for the condition of these. Raymund furnished them very foolishly. He tried to change the atmosphere of the house with a little pink upholstery;" and she filliped her fingers contemptuously toward the dainty couch. "What a fool he was! Nothing can change it. It is a place of sin and sorrow—always has been—always will be."

"We can hope much better things for the future, madam."

"I see no reason to do so. Raymund is just like the rest. What is born to be a nettle stings young. He has trampled upon other hearts already. Do you imagine that he will spare yours?"

"I think no wrong of my husband, either for the past or the future. I love him, and I trust in him, and I desire only to make him, and every one else here, happy."

"You can exempt me. I am too old for you to try your enthusiasms upon. Besides, I will owe no happiness to you. If you have the usual romantic ideas about being kind to me for Raymund's sake—of returning good for evil—of making a stepping-stone to your heaven of me—you may as well abandon them at once."

Cassia remained silent; she was determined not to inaugurate her married life with a domestic quarrel; but her dropped eyes were heavy with unshed tears, and her cheeks burning with indignation.

"I have done you the honour to call upon you as a lady! I find you filling the *role* of a servant. That is admirable. Raymund is sure to respect you for it! I came to this house more than half a century ago. There were one hundred and twenty slaves on it then. Paul Briffault, my bridegroom, would have made them lie down for me to walk upon, if I had but wished it. Well, he hated me six weeks afterward, and would have struck me, if I had not stabbed him for the thought. I would have killed him if he had struck me, yes, I would, and his father would have stood by me. We had a happy time! You may be sure of that. My son, Richard, killed his wife in three years. Raymund has been to college, and travelled, and been civilized; he will probably be polite enough to lengthen out the

torture; but they are all of the same stock, all of them men who crumble women's lives as a kind of spice to their own.

"Madam I cannot stay with you longer. I do not believe a wrong word of Ray. I do not fear to spend life with him. The good stand under the eye of God. He will give His angels charge concerning them."

And she went straight from the presence of madam into the presence of God. She left her anger and her fears in His sacred shrine; and though her soul dilated at the sound of doors that opened to the future, she rose from her knees full of peace and confidence. "The Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble," had said a word to her, and she went back to her duty, softly singing:

"'Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the strife and jar,
That there abides a peace of Thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.'"

In less than two weeks the result of the summer's result had been, as far as possible, repaired, and never had the grim house looked so cheery and inviting, and Cassia had managed to give to the place an air of purity and cheerful unrestraint.

Then there followed many weeks and months of mingled joy and sorrow; days of almost perfect happiness, and days broken in two by little family disputes, mostly of Gloria's making, consequences of her perfect indifference to any one's pleasure unless it contributed to her own. Cassia did not believe that she really cared for her brother, and it troubled her to see John wasting on the foolish beauty all the affection of his true, good heart. She was also unhappy about her mother, who was quietly but surely passing away from a world in which everything was changed to her. She was like some flower that had outlived its season, and which the first rain or frost would scatter on the ground.

But before we go into another life many things occur to detach us from this one. The good becomes more gentle, tender, thoughtful, wise; their conversation is already in heaven, and the decaying physical system adapts itself to its end, till the ebbing life goes peacefully away. To Mrs. Preston the images of her early and lost loves returned and beckoned her heavenward. John and Cassia understood it. "Be patient with me only a little longer," she said, one night, to Raymund. "Spare Cassia as often as you can; before spring I shall have gone away forever." And, though Raymund had only answered the frail little lady by kissing her hand, he granted the request with an unstinted generosity. If Cassia wished to go every day to her mother, he was willing to go with her. Mrs. Preston had never quite accepted Raymund, but as the great change drew nearer all her small animosities died out.

It was her son John, however, who, in these last hours, was her chief companion. She went down into the dark valley clasping John's hand. And when she really came to it all her fears were gone. One night she talked until the clock struck nine. "Now I will sleep, John," she said, and, as he kissed her, she whispered the last words he had read: "'For Jerusalem, that is above, is free; which is the mother of us all.'" There was a pathetic trouble and tenderness, a little fear, in her lifted eyes then; but when the light of the winter morning fell coldly on her tranquil face there was nothing but a divine peace and a happy smile,

> "As if she had grown more joyful
> As she clasped the Master's hand;
> And had come, or ever she was aware,
> Unto the Holy Land;"

for none knew exactly at what moment her angel called for her.

The death of any good mother makes a great blank. John and Cassia mourned her sincerely. Even Raymund missed the changing of life's currents which her daily need of love had made in his own household. Yet these regular visits had been the cause of many domestic jars; madam was sure to send for Raymund just as they were ready to make them, and her different ways of expressing her scorn for his devotion to his mother-in-law seemed to be endless. In fact, her infinity of resource had become a terror to Cassia; no duty, no pleasure, was safe from her interference. If there was a dinner which delay would spoil, madam knew the moment it was ready for the table, and at that moment sent some imperative message for Raymund's attention. Many a cold, silent meal, that ought to have been a pleasant feast, Cassia owed to her interference. If the horses were ready for a drive, it was the same thing. If Cassia was reading or singing to Raymund, madam had a letter that must be written, or she had a headache, and the piano distressed her. She seemed to be ubiquitous, but, in reality, her tactics were arranged from the details so liberally supplied by Souda and Gloria.

For Gloria was one of those women who can be true only when it is in their manifest interest to be true. During Raymund's courtship devotion to Cassia was the profitable side. It was productive of rides and visits, and excuses for dress and opportunities for flirtation. It had made her a bridesmaid, and given her a trip to New York. But Cassia, as a wife, had disappointed her. She had invited no company, had no parties, and she had refused Raymund's offer to take her to the capital when the Legislature was in session. The refusal of this offer—which she was sure would have include her also—had made her Cassia's enemy.

"She is so scandalously selfish! Because Mrs. Preston is sick, and she wants to go to her every day of life, she won't take me to Austin. It is a shame!" said the girl, indignantly. And madam was delighted at the complaint, and carefully nursed it.

"She is jealous of your beauty, jealous of your singing, jealous of the little love and attention Ray gives you."

The two women talked over Cassia's conduct almost constantly, and, as they were bent upon finding faults in her, they usually succeeded in their search. And if Raymund did not himself notice their animosity, Cassia soon found out that it was a dangerous thing to open his eyes. If he recognized the cruelty or injustice of any attitude, his anger was so extreme as to be painful to every one, and to very likely produce a reaction on the other side. If he did not, or would not, see the malice so evident, a complaint only weakened her power, and gratified those so mercilessly and continually plotting against her.

And no malice is absolutely powerless. If it does not injure in one way it does in another. Madam had gained a most important victory when Raymund said, petulantly, one day: "I do wish you three women would bear and forbear a little. Of course madam is wrong, but she can hardly be alway and entirely to blame. Don't notice her peculiarities, Cassia."

That very afternoon, as Raymund was lifting his gloves and whip, and the horses were waiting at the door, madam sent for him. It was a taunt from Cassius that drove Cæsar to the capital to meet his assassins, and how often a momentary impatience, a passing pique, makes us say or do something which we know at the time is foolish or wrong, but which we have no will to resist saying and doing.

"Don't notice her peculiarities," quoted Cassia.

There was a ring of sarcasm in her voice, and Raymund looked at his wife in astonishment. Then, with an excessive politeness, he turned to Souda, and answered, "Tell madam I will wait upon her immediately."

Cassia perceived her mistake as soon as it was made, and as Raymund threw a robe over her feet, she said, timidly, "It was your own advice, Ray."

"It was suitable advice for you to follow. I hope I shall never, under any circumstances, neglect to respond to a lady's call; especially when the lady is so much my senior."

"Will you remember, then, that my waiting here is a 'call' upon your kindness, also?" Perhaps the question was an imprudent one, but Cassia was pained and perverse, and, of course, imprudent. Raymund bowed stiffly to her request; he was only away a few minutes, but the pleasure of the ride was quite gone. Raymund was offended, and bored; Cassia hurt and silent. She understood that madam had seen them going hand

in hand down the steps, laughing and chatting together, anticipative of a pleasant drive, and that her ill-natured soul had devised the interruption, and calculated on its probable result. But if she had explained such a contemptible manœuvre to Raymund, he would have laughed at the small suspicion, and been amazed that any heart could entertain it. Yet she knew it was a correct one; she winced under the injustice and wrong, too small and mean to complain of, and for once felt so hurt, that she was indifferent as to how Raymund judged between them.

On their return home they met John and Gloria walking in the avenue, Gloria in a cloud of white muslin and pink ribbons. She was making herself bewitchingly alluring, doing her utmost to remove the last barrier between the heart of John Preston and her own will; and Cassia, who knew him so well, perceived that he was resigning himself to her influence, though trying, even in the act, to justify the resignation to himself. She knew that he was saying to his conscience, "I love this woman, and I can do her good. I will make her mine, that I may eventually make her a nobler and better woman."

Raymund treated John very coldly; he knew that he could best punish Cassia through him; and she perceived, and was deeply wounded at so ungenerous a reprisal. John felt the stinted courtesy and left almost immediately, and Cassia went to her room to compose herself in its solitude. It was closed, and dusk and quiet. She turned the key swiftly, knelt down, and hiding her face in her hands, bowed herself almost to the floor, as she told God, in low sobbing words, her difficulties and her wrongs. Nay, she could not tell Him in particular; she only kept saying as she remembered them, "Thou knowest, Lord! Thou knowest, Lord!"

Suddenly a low, mocking laugh transfused itself through the palpable stillness of the room. She uncovered her face and rose to her feet. Madam stood by the window, and as Cassia moved she flung open the blinds. In the remnant of light her sneering face and shrivelled form, in its black and white garments, stood out clearly.

"A most edifying spectacle," she said.

"Madam, it is a shameful thing which you have done. What right had you in my room?"

"The right to do the duty you have neglected; the right to watch over my granddaughter when she is in improper company; and this was the best window for the purpose."

"She is with my brother."

"I know that—all the worse for her."

"John is too noble, too good——"

"John! John! John! It is John forever. I am sick of John! I wonder Ray endures it!"

She spoke so fiercely and with such gathering passion that

Cassia felt afraid, and instinctively struck a match and lit the large bronze lamp that hung above the dressing-glass. It revealed a number of ornaments in their cases, and some fine laces lying upon the table. Madam pointed to them. "Your father would not buy an ounce of corn or cotton raised on the Briffault place; he said, 'it was all steeped in tears and blood, and that it stained his hands and his honour.' His hands and his honour! You are very glad to wear jewels bought with Briffault's gold—notwithstanding the tears and blood."

"Madam, every one of these jewels were my mother's. They are beyond price, because she wore them. Please to remove your hand from that little book, it was hers also."

"And so I am unworthy to touch it, I suppose! O, woman, I could strike you."

"I do not doubt it. Put down that book, madam, if you please."

Cassia was trembling from head to foot and crimson with indignation. The book was a small one, bound in red leather, with gilded clasp and gilded leaves; one of those copies of "Wesley's Hymns" so familiar to the last generation. Mrs. Preston had died with it at her side. It was as sacred a thing to Cassia as the world held. It made her quiver to see it in madam's hand, yet she feared to take it from her, lest she should receive the blow it was ever ready to give. And if madam struck her, she felt as if nothing could atone for such an outrage; she shrank from even imagining what might follow such an event. So she said again, and as calmly as possible, "Please to put down my mother's book, madam."

Madam, on the contrary, began with a provoking coolness to unfasten the clasps. As she did so the book opened at the frontispiece—at the calm, grave, holy face of him who had the "law of truth on his mouth," and who was "the messenger of the Lord of hosts." For a moment she strove with some memory evoked by the picture, then a demoniac passion took possession of her, and with words cruel and infamous she flung the book to the floor. It fell at her feet, with the reproaching face uppermost. and she took her staff and pushed it violently away.

Cassia lifted the precious volume, kissed it, and put it in her bosom; then, walking to the head of the stairs, she called her husband. She could hardly have made her lawful claim upon his sympathy and protection at a more unfortunate hour. Her slight self-assertion in the afternoon had vexed him; John and Gloria walking so affectionately together had vexed him; and the stable boy had been using his own saddle horse, and further vexed him. He was annoyed beyond measure, when Cassia, trembling with excitement, demanded his interference, and insisted upon madam's withdrawal from her room. He listened

with an ever darkening face to both, then without a word, but with a pointed air of respect and conciliation, offered his arm to madam. She understood it as such, and she took it with a glance of triumph at her accuser.

Perhaps Cassia could have borne this if Raymund had returned to soothe and comfort her. But he went back to the dining-room, and when he found that Cassia did not join him there, he sent her a most humiliating message by Gloria. The words lost nothing by the tone of their delivery. Cassia felt as if she could not obey the order. A cruel scene ensued—a scene in which Raymund forgot all that culture and love had done for him—in which he was simply the son of his fierce and sinful forefathers. Cassia fled from him in terror; Gloria disappeared also; even madam quailed before a temper which had all the brutal force of a past generation, edged with the rapier-like passion of the present one.

When it had spent itself he ordered his horse; then, turning to Cassia, said: "As soon as you have settled your dispute with madam, you can let me know. I shall not return until you send for me."

"Ray, I am ill, and you ought not to leave me now. Stay at home. I will complain no more."

"I am going to Galveston."

"It is where you ought to be, sir," was madam's reply; "if devils haunt the places they made hells upon earth, you will certainly meet the Briffaults. I hear there is fever there; if you go, don't return here full of infection; I have no mind to join the family before my time."

It was about midnight when he left, and as soon as madam heard the great gates clash she went to seek Gloria. She found her in a large guest-room, that had not been used for many a year. She was crouching among the pillows of the bed, shivering and sobbing with fright.

"Come to my room, child. Souda has made us a cup of chocolate, and I have some things to say to you. What brought you here, I wonder?"

"I heard Souda say nobody ever came here, and I wanted some place to hide in. Whose picture is that? How pretty! How sad! Who is it, grandma?"

The picture of the woman who was your mother and Ray's mother. Poor little thing! Don't come to this room any more. I hate the place. I hope you admired your brother to-night. It is the first time I have seen him look natural for several years. If he had taken the whip, which I saw him lift several times, to you, I should not have been the least astonished."

"If he had, grandma, I should have stabbed him;" and she set her small sharp teeth fiercely together, and looked quite capable of carrying out her threat.

"Ha! ha! What a tragedy is walking up and down this old house! Have you been rehearsing it? What the heart dreams about the hands give life to. It is not safe to dream such things now. Civilization has linked Briffault to the law; more's the pity!"

Talking thus they reached madam's room. It was, as usual, brilliantly illuminated; and it had a kind of magnificence very distinct from the rest of the house—the magnificence of old, yet rich and splendid furniture. It was large and lofty, and flooded with light in every corner. Souda was spreading a table with several delicacies. There was even an air of festivity about the room, and madam smiled and rubbed her thin hands until the rings and bracelets she wore made a little jingling.

"It really seems like old times, Souda. There is the same stormy feeling in the house, and Captain Burke looks precisely as he used to look when Paul and I had been having an understanding;" and she smiled and nodded to the picture, as if congratulating it.

Souda served them, and then, at a glance from madam, withdrew. Madam had something to say, and she entered upon it without preliminaries.

"Gloria, I have seen you lately walking very often with John Preston. What do you mean by it? Don't lie to me. It is no use."

"To-night John confessed that he loves me. He said he was going to ask you and Ray to agree to our marriage; only Ray was so cross when he came back from his ride with Cassia."

Madam put down her cup, patted Gloria on the cheek, and laughed immoderately. "To think of you! a silly child! without intellect, without religion, without any morality worth speaking of, captivating the admirable, the excellent, the pious John Preston—a man good enough for Eleanor Davis, or any other such ornament to her sex! What are you going to do with your lover, Gloria?"

"I suppose I must marry, grandma. I never see any one else."

"No, you must not marry him. It is a shame that you were not taken to Austin last winter. That was, of course, Cassia's jealousy of you. You ought to see for yourself that there are very different men, and very different lovers, from John Preston. Why, child, he is not worthy to touch your hand! Now listen, I have some connections in San Antonio. I will write to them before next winter, and arrange for you to go into society under their protection. Maria Gomez isn't a nice woman, but she is stylish, and she has a fine house, and can introduce you among the richest and best of the Anglo-Spanish people there."

"I should enjoy that very much. Thank you, grandma."

"You shall have the finest dresses that money can buy. I

will send to New York for them—and, look here!" She took from her pocket a little golden key, and, going to the old secretary, opened its case of small interior drawers, one after the other, all of them full of jewels—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, pearls, golden trinkets of every kind. Gloria looked on in a kind of rapture, clasping her small hands, and ejaculating, "O! O! O how splendid! How magnificent!"

"I will lend you some of these to wear. There shall not be a girl half so richly dressed as you in all the land. But you must promise me that you will never marry John Preston; never, under any circumstances."

"I am ready to promise that, grandma. I don't care much for him. I had no other company, and John loves me so; it was an amusement."

"Amuse yourself as much as you desire with him. The more you disappoint John Preston the more I will give you. Every time you make him suffer shall be a fresh pleasure to you; I promise it. But, remember, if you ever marry him, I will torture you into the grave; yes, I will: if I am dead, I will come back to do it.'

"Grandma, you have my promise. I won't break it."

Then madam took a pearl ring from her own hand and put it upon Gloria's. "I bind you with this ring," she said; "if you break your promise, you will be sure to have sorrow upon sorrow." The girl was much impressed by madam's manner; she looked at the ring with fear, almost with aversion; but she did not dare either to reject the gage, or to remove it.

"Now, let us finish our chocolate. Some day, if you do as I desire you, all the jewels will be your own. They are a great fortune. They will be your fortune if your husband pleases me."

"Did grandpa give you them? Or were you very rich before you married him?"

No one had ever presumed to ask madam personal questions before. For a moment her anger rose, but a single glance at Gloria showed her that the question was one of simple girlish curiosity. An expression of singular softness came over her, and, with eyes and voice full of sadness of retrospection, she answered: "Your grandfather gave me all in the three top drawers, on the left side. My father-in-law, Captain Burke Briffault, gave me all the rest;" and she again looked up at the picture, as if there were some intelligence between them.

"He must have been very rich. How could he buy so many jewels?"

"He bought them with his sword? He was at the capture of Panama, and many other captures"

"Did you not have some when you married?"

"No."

"Was your father rich?"

"No. Ask no more questions, child. Good night, and remember your promise. I shall expect you to tell me every thing." She held out her hand, and Gloria touched it and went thoughtfully to her own room. Her heart was full of new hopes and plans, of dreams of conquest and of social royalties. Into them John Preston never entered. The true heart she had amused herself with was of less value to her than the pearl upon her finger. Usually the devil makes such good bargains —a little land, a little gold, a little honour, or a few jewels, are sufficient. There was only one soul to whom he thought it necessary to offer the whole world.

It was more than two hours after midnight, yet madam's end of the lonely mansion was in a blaze of light. The windows were wide open, the restless old woman, in her lace and jewels, wandering about the room, and the tall, black form of Souda standing almost motionless behind madam's chair. For madam had a terror of the darkness; she drove it away with a fictitious light, and then, when the dawn broke, she had the blinds closed and went to sleep. Souda had become used to the same hours. After Gloria left, they discussed the quarrel with the relish of old people who have a pleasure with the flavour of other years in it. Madam was absolutely happy: she laughed and played with her bracelets, and pulled on and off her rings, and imitated Raymund and Cassia with a clever and mocking fidelity.

Even if Cassia had known it, the cruelty at that hour would have been of small importance to her. She had fled to her room in terror and distress so great, that at first the sound of Ray galloping away from her had seemed a relief. Her head throbbed violently, light was intolerable to her aching eyes; she put down the lamp as low as possible, and slowly paced the large, dim room. Then the conscious want of help and comfort forced her to feel out into the abyss for something mightier than flesh and blood to lean upon. Often our first prayer, in such sorrow, is an excuse—"I could not help it, Lord! I bore it as long as I could!" These were Cassia's first, low, moaning cries. It was not madam's hatred nor Gloria's impertinences that she thought of—it was that Raymund had deserted her and made her a laughter to those who had dealt so treacherously and cruelly with her.

What had she done wrong? She tried to settle that question first of all in her own mind. Had she been too impatient with madam? Was it wrong to call Raymund to interfere? Was it wrong to refuse obedience to an insolent message? For some time she defended herself to herself. As the hours went on the first turbulence of her grief subsided. She grew calm and sorrowful, and, in the tender, vague mystery of the time and hour, the feeling of the Infinite around her grew sweetly

and solemnly distinct. Then, when the divine presence was felt, her soul turned to it. "My God! my God!" she whispered, and she bowed herself before Him. And, O! "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

> "She had been alone on a troubled sea,
> Alone, alone on the wild wide sea,
> Then One came into her boat from the sea;
> And the wind fell low round her little bark,
> And a wounded hand touched hers in the dark,
> And a weary head on her breast was laid,
> And a trembling voice—as of one whom pain
> Had done to death—in a whisper said,
> 'I had no where else to lay my head.'"

And the storm was over and there was a great peace in her soul. Long ere madam had fought away the night shadows, long ere Gloria had wearied herself with imaginary triumphs, Cassia had fallen asleep, comforted with the consciousness that underneath her were the arms of an everlasting love.

She breakfasted alone, and then drove over to see John. How precious, at this hour, would her mother's sympathy have been! Mothers may have little intellect and little knowledge, but O, how great is their love! And in sorrow it is not intellect or knowledge we need; it is human kindness; some one to kiss our trembling lips, and wipe our wet eyes, and fold us to a heart that truly loves us. Cassia went into her mother's room and knelt down by the empty couch, and laid her head upon the pillow where once the dear mother-head had rested.

"If she was only here, John! if she was only here!" she sobbed.

"Who dare say that she is not here? Do you think our mother deserted us when she went from our mortal sight, Cassia?"

"But I cannot see her, John. I cannot see her!"

"You cannot see me when you are at Briffault; do you forget me? You cannot see beyond the horizon, dear; is there, therefore, nothing beyond? Perhaps it is our own fault that we have not more intelligences from the unseen. Can you understand, Cassia, that I very frequently come into this room and say, softly, 'Good-morning, mother?'"

"O, John! John! speak to her for me. I am so wretched! It must be a little class-meeting between you and me, John. I want to tell you all my fault, and all the trouble that has come of it; then you can advise and comfort me." So there, in the mother's room, they sat down together, and Cassia told him all. John had an evident effort to control himself; he was compelled often to relieve the tension of his feelings by walking rapidly to and fro. But he comforted and counselled his sister, and promised to go into Galveston the following day, and talk matters over with Raymund. He believed that, as soon as his

passion was past, he would be sorry for it, and reasonable under friendly advice.

"Only the grace of God can deliver a man from his ancestors, Cassia," he said. "The soul has its malignant diseases as well as the body, and Raymund, for the time, was undoubtedly 'possessed.' You will see that he will do you ample justice when he comes to himself."

John rode back to Briffault with his sister. They talked together until she was calm and almost cheerful; for, though the face of God's children be fully set Zionward, it does help them in any perplexity to ask each other the way thitherward. John spent the day at Briffault. Raymund did not return, but Gloria wandered up and down the sweet, shady avenue with him, or sang to him in the parlour. She left no art untried to secure her captive; she bound him to her with ties as subtle as Satan and strong as life. And madam watched her from her window exultingly. The very plenitude of John's bliss was a triumph to her; she foresaw in it the depth and bitterness of his disappointment.

HERE AND THERE.

WE sit beside the lower feast to-day—
She at the higher.
Our voices falter as we bend to pray;
In the great choir
Of happy saints she sings, and does not tire.

We break the bread of patience, and the wine
Of tears we share.
She tastes the vintage of that glorious vine,
Whose branches fair
Set for the healing of all nations are.

I wonder is she sorry for our pain,
Or if, grown wise,
She, wondering, smiles, and counts them idle, vain,
These heavy sighs,
These longings for her face and happy eyes.

Smile on, then, darling, as God wills is best.
We loose our hold,
Content to leave thee to the deeper rest,
The safer fold,
To joy's immortal youth while we grow old:

Content the cold and wintry day to bear,
The icy wave,
And know thee in immortal summer there,
Beyond the grave,
Content to give thee to the Love that gave.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THE REV. DR. WOOD.

VERY rapidly the fathers of Methodism in this land are being called to their final rest and reward. A very few of them still linger among us, "like the prophets two or three berries in the top of the uttermost bough." For many years, one of the most conspicuous figures in Canadian Methodism was the Rev. Dr. Wood. No one, we think, was ever president of the old Wesleyan Church, for seven consecutive years. No one, we think, ever served the Church so long in the important office of Missionary Secretary. No one, we are sure, were ever more highly beloved by all who came into personal or official relations with him.

It has been the good fortune of the present writer to have known Dr. Wood long and intimately in both those relations. It was at his suggestion that we first went to Victoria College. For two years, when a very young man, we sustained the relation of pastor to this venerable father in the Gospel. At first, it was a very severe ordeal to preach before him, but we soon found that we had no more sympathetic hearer, no kinder and wiser counsellor and friend. Such, we think, was the feeling of all who knew him. During visits to the Maritime Provinces, we found his memory fragrant in the hearts of the people after thirty years had passed. Judge Wilmot, shortly before his death, as he shook our hand at parting said, "Give my love, my warmest Methodist love to dear Dr. and Mrs. Wood." When we

gave the Dr. this message, the tears started to his eyes. For very tender and beautiful was their love, like that of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of women." Once a friend of Dr. Wood, was to be a friend forever. Among his boyhood's companions was Thomas Cooper, who lived a wonderfully chequered life, as chartist poet, infidel lecturer, and finally as a distinguished writer for the defence of the faith; and to the end, like schoolboys, the two old friends lovingly corresponded.

Dr. Wood's old friend, Thomas Maclear, Esq, has just recounted an incident which he heard from his own lips. When Mr. Wood was on his voyage to his first mission station in the West Indies, with his young bride, their ship was wrecked on the South Coast of Ireland. The passengers were happily rescued and the missionaries were treated with genuine Irish hospitality by the nearest Methodist minister—the famous Gideon Ouseley. When they again set forth on their voyage, the venerable Ouseley fell on Mr. Wood's neck and bestowed upon him an apostolic kiss—"The only time" said Dr. Wood, in recounting the circumstance, "that I ever was kissed by a man."

During his long life, Dr. Wood knew much sorrow. Death again and again invaded his household, and opened deep wounds in his soul. But his sorrows deepened his sympathy with the sorrowing, and in his fervent prayers, the deep well of his feelings was unsealed, and many hearts were comforted. But, at eventide there was light. His last years, though years of enforced retirement from the activities of life, though years of personal suffering, were years of growing spiritual delight and of patient waiting on the will of God. And his end was peace--like the sun setting in a glowing sky, to rise on a fairer morn than ours.

The memorial service in the Metropolitan Church was one of hallowed interest. The addresses of Dr. Williams and Dr. Sutherland were singularly tender and beautiful, and we felt that blessed is the death of the righteous, that—

"The memory of the just,
Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

A pathetic interest will attach to the following sketch of Dr. Wood's life story, and portraiture of his character, written a few years ago by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, an old companion in arms, who preceded him a little while into the presence of their common Lord.

Dr. Wood was born January 12th, 1804, memorable as the year of the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His native place was Gainsborough, Lincolnshire—John Wesley's county. At his coming among us he had attained a complete ministerial majority, having been in the ministerial work since 1826, a period of twenty-one years.

The engraving accompanying this article presents, as far as a mere print can do, a true picture of the massive cranium, regular features and serene countenance of the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood as he appeared in his prime. That he does not "age" as fast as most others, although possessed of a sensitively sympathizing and emotional temperament, and laid under heavy cares and responsibilities for many years, is quite remarkable. It is probably to be ascribed to his habitual reticence and self-control, abstinence

from a needlessly wasteful expenditure of his mental and physical energies, and what must be an abiding trust in Divine support.

Although trained to usefulness as a Wesleyan local preacher in England, and sent into the work by the home Connexion, all his ministerial life has been spent in the colonies, from which circumstance he has become thoroughly colonial in his preferences. His first three years of missionary work were devoted to the West Indies, in two several islands, namely, Montserrat and St. Kitts; and the intermediate eighteen years, between the close of that period and his coming to this Province, he spent in the Province of New Brunswick. Excepting Miramichi, where he was stationed two years, he alternated during the remaining sixteen years between the cities of Fredericton and St. John, in all of which places he earned the esteem and love and confidence of all who knew him. This was early shown by his election, when comparatively a young man, to the Chair of his District, in which office he was continued until his designation by the Missionary Committee and English Conference, upon the restoration of the Union, to the office of Superintendent of Missions in Canada West, an office of which he continued the sole incumbent till its extinction. Since then he has been the senior honorary Missionary Secretary of the united Methodist Church of Canada, whose missions extend from the Bermudas to Japan, and from the New Credit to the Lake of the Woods and the borders of Alaska.

In 1851, upon the removal of the Rev. Dr. Richey, on the recommendation by vote of the Canada Conference, he was appointed its President, in addition to his other responsible duties, in which office he was continued by the joint action of the British and Canadian Conferences, from year to year, for seven consecutive years, that is, till 1858. In 1862-3, consequent upon the sickness and death of the Rev. Dr. Stinson, he was elected to the Presidential function in the Canada Connexion. It is needless to remark, that under the present extended order of things, he was appointed first President of the Toronto Annual Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

This will be the place to say that Dr. Wood was a very satisfactory presiding officer—wise and discriminating, well used to deliberative proceedings, with few promulgated theories of his own to commit him, with very little inclination to interfere in the debates; impartial, dignified, self-restrained and good-tempered.

Dr. Wood possessed all the attainments necessary to carry him through all the official duties he undertook to discharge. A ready speaker, and facile with his pen, he was a good, but not pertinacious debater. His speaking abilities, showed best on the platform and in the pulpit; in both which places, when moved he often rose to eloquence. A ready flow of language and extemporized illustrations, joined to a more than usual amount of pathos and sympathy, ever kept his sermons from being tiresome.

With all these gifts he has been constitutionally timid and retiring, and his great influence was not won by self-assertion and forwardness to press any favourite theories of his own. His influence has rather arisen from the weight of his charaeter, the affectionate regard he has inspired, and the confidence in his wisdom which his safe and cautious judgment has earned, joined to a law-abiding submission to the behests of the ma-

jority. Still, in a strongly quiet way he originated, or at least carried through, several measures which were treated with distrust, if not opposition, in their inception. The building of the Centenary Church in St. John, N.B., the projection of the mission to Columbia, promoting the affiliation of the Hudson Bay Missions and the Eastern Canada District with the Canada Conference, and his long-cherished scheme of the organic union of all the sections of Wesleyan Methodism in the British North American Provinces, may be cited as instances of what we mean.

We add no more. A few strokes of the brush will often present as life-like a portrait as many.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

Wesleyan Methodist.

Conventions for the promotion of Holiness are frequently held in the Parent Body. One of several days' continuance is recently reported in connection with the West-End Mission, London. Rev. Messrs. Hughes and Pearce, who are stationed there, are earnest advocates of this higher life. The services consisted of Bible readings, sermons and meetings for prayer and personal testimony. The attendance was large, and all the services were seasons of great spiritual refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord.

The Rev. Alexander McAulay and Mr. W. Sampson have returned to the West Indies, and commenced another revival campaign, which bids fair to be as successful as the one they conducted there last year. In a recent communication they state that the Sabbath services at Kingston, Jamaica, are attended by 2,000 persons, and during the week the large churches are also crowded. In some instances scores are not able to get near the door. A prayer-meeting was announced to be held at five o'clock in the morning, and before four o'clock many crept to the church through the night shadows. The place was filled, and about forty sought mercy from God.

The Rev. Thomas Champness now employs fifty evangelists, he has received $20,000 in aid of his work from sympathetic friends and from the places to which he has sent his agents. He has also received a considerable amount of money from the sale of *Joyful News* and religious books.

An important committee met in London in December to inquire into "the condition of Church membership." Evidence was given which proved that the average attendance at class was as high as ever, if not higher than before.

An important Methodist Convention was recently held in the Central Hall, Manchester. The chair was occupied by the mayor, who is a local preacher in the Methodist New Connexion. Ministers of all branches of the Methodist Church delivered stirring addresses. The meeting lasted more than three hours and was of a most enthusiastic character, and was pervaded by a deeply earnest religious spirit. Meetings of a similar character have been held in other places, which is certainly a cheering sign of the times.

Great attention is being paid to the physical wants of the poor as a means of promoting their spiritual good. At Bayswater a free tea was given to 600 poor persons. Two missionaries, male and female, are employed

in the locality, through whom 20,000 quarts of soup and upwards of two tons of bread were distributed. Cottage services have been held and much care has been bestowed upon the sick and dying. Many similar efforts for the poor are reported.

Mrs. Spring, of Liverpool, through the aid of the Rev. Charles Garrett and others, has accomplished the herculean task of securing the signature of 1,132,608 women over sixteen years of age to the Memorial to the Queen on behalf of Sunday closing. It is the largest petition ever presented, and has caused Mrs. Spring to write 10,000 letters. Every county in England is represented in the memorial, which is seven miles long. Some members of parliament and others said the memorial was unconstitutional and that the Queen would not receive it, but they now know that they were mistaken.

The *Mail* says:—"Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists, in England, are shortly to offer special prayers, at the request of leading clergymen in their respective denominations, for Christian Union. When the bishops of Bath and Wells, Liverpool, Manchester, Rochester, Sodor and Man, Truro and Winchester; the Archbishop of Dublin, Archdeacon Farrar, Canons Brooke and Wilberforce, join with Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Bonar and Rev. Newman Hall in a request that prayers for union be offered, it becomes apparent that there is something after all to unite upon.

Manchester Central Hall contains many working Christians. During the past year 1,600 persons have taken the temperance pledge, many of whom have since been seekers of salvation. At least seventy-five per cent. of the number did not previously attend any place of worship. There are not six members connected with the mission who have come from other societies. Bands of music are used to arrest the attention of the people, and previous to all the Sunday services small companies go from house to house inviting the people to public worship. The theatre, which has also been utilised for Sabbath evenings, is thronged by eager listeners to the Gospel message. The labourers do not confine themselves to preaching, but they relieve the bodily wants of the poor as far as their means allow.

Primitive Methodist.

The Rev. John Atkinson, Missionary Secretary, has been holding conventions on behalf of the mission work of the denomination. Those held at Tunstall and Hull were especially successful, and pledges were given to raise the amounts required for the successful promotion of the work among the missions in Africa.

Revival services are reported as being very successful, one held at Dudley was the means of bringing more than 300 persons to the Saviour. Church debts also are being greatly reduced. Similar services are reported among the New Connexion and Bible Christians.

The Methodist Church.

Several Holiness Conventions have been held in Newfoundland. Many careless persons have been awakened and not a few who were living in a low state of grace have been greatly quickened. A revival of holiness always brings power to the Church.

Dr. W. I. Shaw recently conducted a Scandinavian service at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Montreal. A goodly number were present. The singing was hearty and the whole service unctious and earnest. There is a fine field for missionary labour among the stalwart Scandinavians now settled in Montreal.

The Rev. Fletcher Pickles, Nova Scotia Conference, has been released from circuit duties, and now spends his time wholly in evangelistic services.

It is gratifying to record the fact that the Evangelists Hunter and Crossley have been very successful in Toronto and Whitby. Brothers Crossley and Dewy have held seasons of refreshing at Norwood and Lindsay Circuits, and are likely

to be eminently successful in this department of labour. We rejoice to learn that several parts of the Church are being favoured with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The Rev. C. Fish seems to be renewing his youth. Others are labouring very successfully. Some circuits are in the midst of revivals which have taken place under the labours of the stationed ministers assisted by local talent. Let every member be employed; a working church is needed to rescue a perishing world.

The students of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, are raising funds to send one of their number to Japan to strengthen the mission staff in that empire.

Methodism in Japan is only fourteen years' growth, but there are now over 3,300 communicants in the various Methodist bodies there. The M. E. Church, which is the strongest, has thirty missionaries, with 2,500 communicants. The Canadians with a staff of fourteen have 800 communicants.

Our readers will receive with pleasure the following testimony respecting our mission in Japan. With a foreign staff of fourteen it has ten native churches having a membership of 800. Of late its work in the capital has been concentrated in Ayabu, where its buildings conspicuous from their site and their size, and, it must be confessed, their ungainliness overlook the Akabane Valley. The girls' school is one of the most successful of its kind in the capital. The boys' school, with close on to 300 pupils, ranks equally and enjoys a well deserved popularity. This mission is also represented at Shidzuoka and at Kofu.

Here is a case that may touch some tender conscience. One Japanese convert, a heavy smoker, gave up the use of tobacco in order to have something to help the Gospel.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Rev. Jonathan Goforth has been sent as a missionary to China. His field of toil will be Honan, which was lately inundated. Another missionary is soon to be sent from Queen's College. Mr. Goforth will be sustained by the students of Knox College. This movement among the students at the various colleges of Canada is very gratifying.

Principal Grant feel sanguine that the Jubilee Endowment on behalf of Queen's College will soon reach the required amount of a quarter of a million. The professors have given $10,000, the students have subscribed $5,000 and have collected $3,000.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, the Rev. John Hall, D.D., pastor, contributed on a recent Sunday nearly $5,000 towards the cause of Presbyterian Church extension in that city.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Warren has returned from China and Japan, after an absence from America of five months. He says that the missions which he visited exhibit many enouraging features.

The General Conference which meets in New next May will have this peculiarity, that some of the lay delegates are women.

The Freedman's Aid Society has established twenty-four schools and colleges for coloured people employing 124 teachers, and having an average attendance of 4,506 pupils. To carry out this work on the plan proposed for next year will require nearly $250,000. Since its foundation the Society has expended nearly $2,000,000 in the work of education in the South, and the value of its school property is nearly $1,000,000.

The advantage of the Episcopacy was recently seen at St. Paul, Minnesota. A minister withdrew and took a portion of the congregation with him, but on the following day another was sent by Bishop Foss, who entered upon his labours with great zeal.

At the Garrett Biblical Institute, 151 students have been registered, including nineteen Norwegians. A separate branch for the Norwegian students is in course of erection, which will cost $14,000. Between

fifty and sixty of the students have regular charges. A praying and working band has been established under the presidency of Professor Ridgway, which is doing good service.

Galesburg, Ill., has a mission band of twenty-five volunteers, who will go as foreign missionaries. Two of the band are now in China. Three are Methodists, the remainder are Congationalists and Presbyterians.

Revival Bands, headed by two professors, have been formed in the Theological School, Boston. One of the bands visits the north end mission every Wednesday night, and some sixty souls have been converted. Every Sabbath the young men divide into small bands and go into the neglected portions of the city and hold what they call tenement house meetings. Forty of the students have charges and preach every Sabbath. It is estimated that during the past year 500 persons were converted and many backsliders reclaimed.

Hebrew Christian Work, New York City.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman, well known to many of our readers, is doing a good work among the Jews in New York. He has built a church costing $25,000, $15,000 of which have been paid. He employs several assistants, male and female, who visit among their own people, read the Scriptures and distribute tracts, and thus seek to bring them to the Saviour. Religious services, including a Sunday-school, are regularly held in the church. Great good has been done. Some of the converts to Christianity have been cast off by their friends, and thus have suffered the loss of all things. A branch institution has been established in Chicago with every prospect of success. Brother Freshman's faith is often severely tested. He pays his assistants a stated salary, but, for himself and famlly and to provide the necessary expenses of the whole mission, he acts on the faith principle, and he has experienced some remarkable deliverances. Every lover of God's ancient people must feel interested in his work, and desire still greater success. Such of our readers as can contribute financial aid would do well to address their contrtbutions to Rev. Jacob Freshman, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

The Death Roll.

The Rev. John Smith died very suddenly at his home in Toronto. He had just returned from a farewell missionary meeting, and was taken ill, and in a few hours he was not, for God took him. Mr. Smith was a courageous soldier of the cross. The present writer was associated with him in temperance work thirty years ago. No minister in the Presbyterian Church laboured more on behalf of the temperance cause. He was a successful pastor, and was greatly beloved by the people of Bowmanville and Toronto, where he laboured many years.

The numerous friends of the Rev. Dr. Potts will regret to learn that his venerable mother just about the new year departed this life. From her home in Ireland she looked across the sea with maternal pride at the honourable record of her two sons—the one a distinguished minister of the Methodist Church, the other having obtained the military rank of captain in the United States. To the last she maintained her interest in the affairs of both Church and State, and like a ripe sheaf was garnered into the eternal harvest of the skies.

The Rev. A. R. Winfield, D.D., belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. During the American war he was chaplain and missionary in the Confederate Army. He was also a member of several General Conferences and of the Ecumenical Conference. The present writer made his acquaintance at the General Conference at Richmond, Va., in 1886, and was greatly pleased with him. At the time of his death in December, 1887, he was editor of the *Arkansas Methodist* and also Chaplain of the State Penitentiary.

Book Notices.

Baptizing and Teaching, being a New Exposition of Ritual Baptism and the Baptism with the Holy Spirit. By the REV. J. S EVANS, D.D. With a Preface by the REV. J. A. WILLIAMS, D.D., General Superintendent. Toronto: Methodist Book Room and Publishing House. Price $1.60.

This is a goodly 12mo volume of 722 pages, fine paper, clear type, and well bound. The workmanship is very creditable to the House by which it is published. We are not certain that any previous volume which it has sent forth is a better piece of workmanship.

The esteemed author, who was called to his long home as this volume was passing through the press, was a diligent, painstaking student. Those who knew him intimately can bear testimony to the fact that few men were more regular in their habits of study, and for calm investigation he probably could not be surpassed. While he was distinguished as a scholar, he particularly excelled in analysis.

The volume now named may be regarded as a memorial of life study. There were few books published either in England or America on the subject of baptism that he had not read. Several years ago a distinguished divine in the United States, on being made acquainted with the investigation Dr. Evans had made on the subject in question, encouraged him to persevere, as he was sure that when completed the work would be worthy of publication.

Dr. Evans' mode of treating the vexed question of baptism will be regarded by some as somewhat novel. He carefully examines every verse of the New Testament in which the word baptize is found. His knowledge of the Greek Testament was of immense value to him. The chapters relating to the baptism of John and the doctrinal import of baptism display a great amount of ability. The author contends that baptism was only initiatory and was to be followed by teaching, so that the disciples of John and those of Christ consisted of two classes, the baptized and the instructed. The views which he held are defended by clearness and skill, and though it is not to be supposed that on a subject on which there has been almost endless controversy, that his interpretations of proof-texts will always be regarded as correct, but we believe that no scholar will read the volume without admiration for the author, whether he endorses all his conclusions or not. Dr. Williams writes a graceful preface. We sincerely commend the volume to all our readers and hope that all ministers will give it a place in their libraries.—E. B.

Unfinished Worlds, a Study in Astronomy. By S. H. PARKES, F.R.A.S., F.L.S. 8vo. pp. xii-230. Illustrated. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This exceedingly readable book is a popular exposition of the phenomena of the heavens. It is copiously illustrated by full page photomezzotypes of star clusters, nebulæ, comets, the sun, the planets, etc. The book is exceedingly well written, and has the fascination of a fairy-tale. The latest discoveries in this exalted branch of science are embodied in the work. The author shows how the spectroscope has enabled us to discover the physical condition of the remotest star, and of the rarest nebulæ. He also shows how the recent art of photographing celestial bodies, has enabled the least change in them to be readily detected. He describes coloured, variable, and temporary stars, shows their physical resemblance to our sun, and gives an interesting chapter on the latter.

He also describes the planets and their motions, dwelling particularly on Saturn with its ring and moons; on Jupiter, with its changeful appearance and satellites, as well as on the minor planets and the moon. The chapter on comets is of exceeding interest, as are the concluding chapters, containing our author's matured judgment on the nebular theory, the mystery of motion, the origin of the solar system, and on primitive biology and evolution. This book is certainly well worth perusal by both the scientist and the general reader.

God in History and Revelation. By the REV. GEORGE WEBBER, pp. 403. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.

Another Canadian book not unworthy of the august themes which it treats. Mr. Webber is no novice with the pen. His previous works have commanded wide popularity and evinced much literary skill. "History," says Carlyle, "is the biography of the world's great men." Adopting this principle, our author groups around certain typical men, the great events of the age in which they lived. This method gives an intense personal interest to these pictures of the past, which a more abstract discussion of principles and of great historic movements would not possess. He who has a clear conception of the life, and work, and character of Wycliffe, Tyndall, Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, Knox and the Covenanters, and William of Orange, as herein set forth, will have a pretty definite conception of the history of England during its great epochal times. A chapter on the age in which we live, is full of important lessons and wise suggestions.

Part II. of this volume contains a thoughtful and well argued lecture, given before the Theological Union of the Toronto Conference, on "The Pulpit the Age Needs," and about a score of sermons on the great vital and consoling doctrines of Scripture, on Christian service and character-building, and on similar important themes. No one can read them without pleasure and profit.

Canadian Leaves: History, Art and Science Commerce. A series of Papers read before the Canadian Club, of New York. 8vo, pp. 209. New York: Napoleon, Thompson & Co.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Wiman and the Canadian Club, to arrange for the delivery in New York, of the admirable addresses contained in this volume. Among the distinguished Canadian contributions are the following: "The Schism of the Anglo-Saxon Race," by Prof. Goldwin Smith; "Canada First," by Principal Grant; "The Canadian North-West," by Dr. Eggleston; "Canadian Literature," by Dr. Geo. Stewart; "Humours of Canadian History," by J. W. Bengough; "Echoes from Acadia," by Prof. Roberts; Papers on "Commercial Union," by Mr. Wiman and Mr. Butterworth, and other valuable essays. To say that these papers are worthy of their authors, is the highest praise we can give them. It would be well if some Canadians at home would as sedulously cultivate a feeling of Canadian patriotism, as those voluntary exiles in New York. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated, and will prove a contribution of permanent value to Canadian literature,—if the critics will admit that we have such a thing.

The Path of Wealth; or, Light from My Forge. By a Blacksmith. Brantford: Bradley, Garretson & Co.

This is a very well written treatise on a very important subject. It is, to use the phrase of the author, a discussion of God's money laws, the relation between giving and getting, cash and Christianity. The plan is very well conceived, and well wrought out. The obligations and advantages of proportionate giving are strikingly set forth. We hope for the work a wide circulation. The concise introduction by Dr. Carman, and the chapters by Dr. Beattie and Rev. R. W. Woodsworth will enhance the value of the book.

The Sportsmans Paradise; or, the Lake Lands of Canada. By B. A. WATSON, A.M., U.D. 8vo, pp. 290. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

It is extraordinary the fascination woodcraft and wood-life have for the busy brain toilers of great cities. Is it a sort of atavism?—a reversion to the primitive instincts of the race? The venerable Rev. Dr. Todd for many years used to frequent our northern lakes with his rod and gun. The present handsome volume is inscribed to the Rev. T. M. Killeen, who, in addition to his more apostolic virtues, is described as a true sportsman. The author, who speaks with the authority of a physician, declares that in cases of dyspepsia and insomnia, a few weeks in the woods will confer more benefit than any other course of treatment. He describes with a gusto the adventures of an American party on our beautiful lakes north of Toronto —Muskoka, Rosseau, Joseph, Rock Lake, Canoe Lake, Long Lake and half a score of others. We were not aware that there was the abundance of moose and other large game that our Nimrods found between Burk's Falls and the head waters of the Mattawa. This region seems well to deserve the title of the "Hunter's Paradise." The book is very handsomely printed and illustrated in the best style of the great house by which it is issued. The noble moose head on the cover is very artistic.

The Print of His Shoe. By REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH. Square Pp. 160. Price, 75 cents. Boston Congregational Publishing House.

A series of short essays on Bible themes, which have the pungency and directness of familiar talks. The author has a happy way of making his readers feel that they are personally addressed. The essays are bright, readable, short. They will be read by those who would turn away from the ordinary sermon because of its length, and yet they are the best qualities of the best sermons.

The People's Bible. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. XIII in the series; Vol. VII, O. T.: 1 Samuel xviii—1 Kings xiii. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 1.50.

The recent visit of Dr. Parker to this country will lend increased interest to this great work. Twelve volumes more will complete the stupendous undertaking Each volume is complete in itself Dr. Parker's chief merits as a preacher consist in his deep moral insight, his elevated and fervid style, his aptness of illustration, and his intensity of purpose. Under Dr. Parker's hand every chapter in the Bible gains a new meaning and beauty. These practical discourses upon Holy Scripture are vastly more satisfactory than any mere exegetical commentaries.

Songs of the Pilgrims. With an introduction by REV. H. M. DEXTER, D.D. Edited by Rev. M. D. BISBEE. Square 12mo. Pp. 217. Price, 75 cents. Boston Congregational Publishing House.

Rev. M. D. Bisbee has laid the descendants of the Pilgrims under obligation, by collecting the poems which have celebrated the virtues of the Plymouth colonists. His collection is called, *The Songs of the Pilgrims.* Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Percival, Bryant, Ray Palmer, Margaret J. Preston, "H. H." and John Quincy Adams, are among the names which appear appended to poems.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church Review. (Quarterly). Philadelphia: Publishing House, 631 Pine Street. B. T. Tanner, D.D., Editor. $1.50 per year.

This is a very respectable Quarterly which we often read with profit. When we remember the disabilities with which the coloured people have had to contend, it is marvellous that so many of them have become men of superior intelligence. The article on the Queen's Jubilee is an elegant oration, full of admiration for Queen Victoria.

The Home Knowledge Atlas, Geographical, Astronomical, Historical. Compiled from the latest and most authentic sources. Large 4to, pp. 403. Toronto: Home Knowledge Association.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the advantage to be derived from the study of a good atlas in reading history. It will often make luminous what was obscure, and impress so vividly upon the mind the relation between location and event that neither can be ever forgotten. In the study of the Bible and of Bible lands, we maintain that no one can grasp the subject who does not make a diligent use of maps. It will add a new interest to history or biography, or even to the daily newspaper, to trace events on the map. We especially commend the practice to young people.

We do not know any apparatus which will so facilitate this practice as the volume before us. It contains over one hundred maps of modern geography and forty-two full-page or double maps of modern cities. It contains, moreover, sixty historical and classical maps and twenty-eight Biblical maps. These illustrate almost every political change which has taken place in historical countries within historical times, so that the book is at once a history and a geography of the world. The tables of statistics, syllabus of contents, and copious index, greatly enhance the value of the book. The political changes on the map of Europe, since the beginning of this century—the shrinking of the Ottoman Empire, the growth of Russia, the unification of Italy and Germany, and the many concurrent changes—are clearly set forth. The labour involved in the preparation of these maps must have been enormous.

Thirty-five pages are devoted to a descriptive history of astronomy, with numerous engravings and fourteen astronomical maps.

It is claimed that this atlas shows the greatest number of maps of any published in the world, and that it is a complete gazetteer of both the United States and Canada. It gives nineteen maps especially devoted to Canada, most of them double-page, and thirty-six pages to a history of the Dominion. The maps are well engraved and printed in colours and are very clear and full in detail, and the book is firmly and handsomely bound. Valuable coloured diagrams show the national debts of the different Powers, the per capita money circulation, aggregate wealth, armies and navies, population, etc., etc.; the sugar production of different countries, the tea and coffee consumption, the consumption of liquor, cotton and coal crops, corn and orchard produce, and much else.

Mary and I; or, Forty Years Among the Sioux. By STEPHEN R. RIGGS, D.D., LL.D. Portraits. Pp. 432. Boston Congregational Publishing House. Price, $1.50.

This is a republication from new plates, of a book, the first edition of which was exhausted before the demand was supplied. The story of "Mary and I," is a story artlessly told of pioneer missionary efforts among the Sioux of the North-West. We get vivid pictures of the privations, discouragements, dangers, and triumphs of those who devoted their lives to giving the Gospel to the Indian. Dr. Riggs and his devoted wife passed through the "Minnesota Massacre," and lived to witness the remarkable revival among the Indians confined because of it, in Minnesota prisons, the blessed fruits of which are seen to this day.

The Word—Addresses Delivered at the Believers' Meeting for Bible Study. Niagara, July 1887. Pp. 193. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. Price 50 cents.

These addresses are permeated with the idea that "there will be a fearful apostasy in the professing Christian body" when will come the millennial reign of Christ on earth and the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. As this theory is, we deem, unscriptural and opposed to the belief of the vast majority of the wisest interpreters of Holy Writ, we cannot commend this work or others of its class.