

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration
within the text. Whenever possible,
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches
lors d'une restauration apparaissent
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces p
pas été filmées.

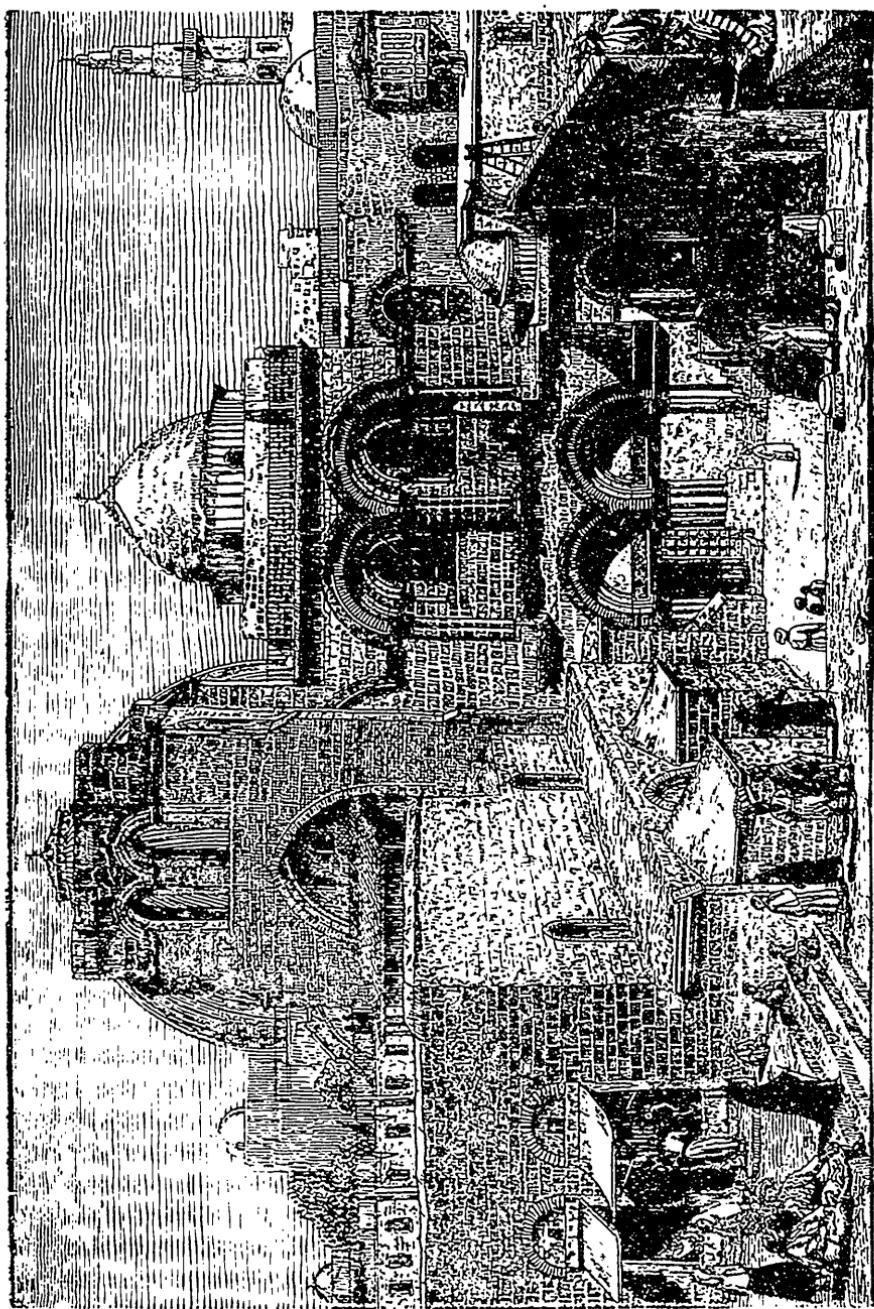
Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

**This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.**

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
			✓		

12X	16X	20X	24X	28X

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE - FAÇADE.



THE
Methodist Magazine.

JUNE, 1889.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

IX.

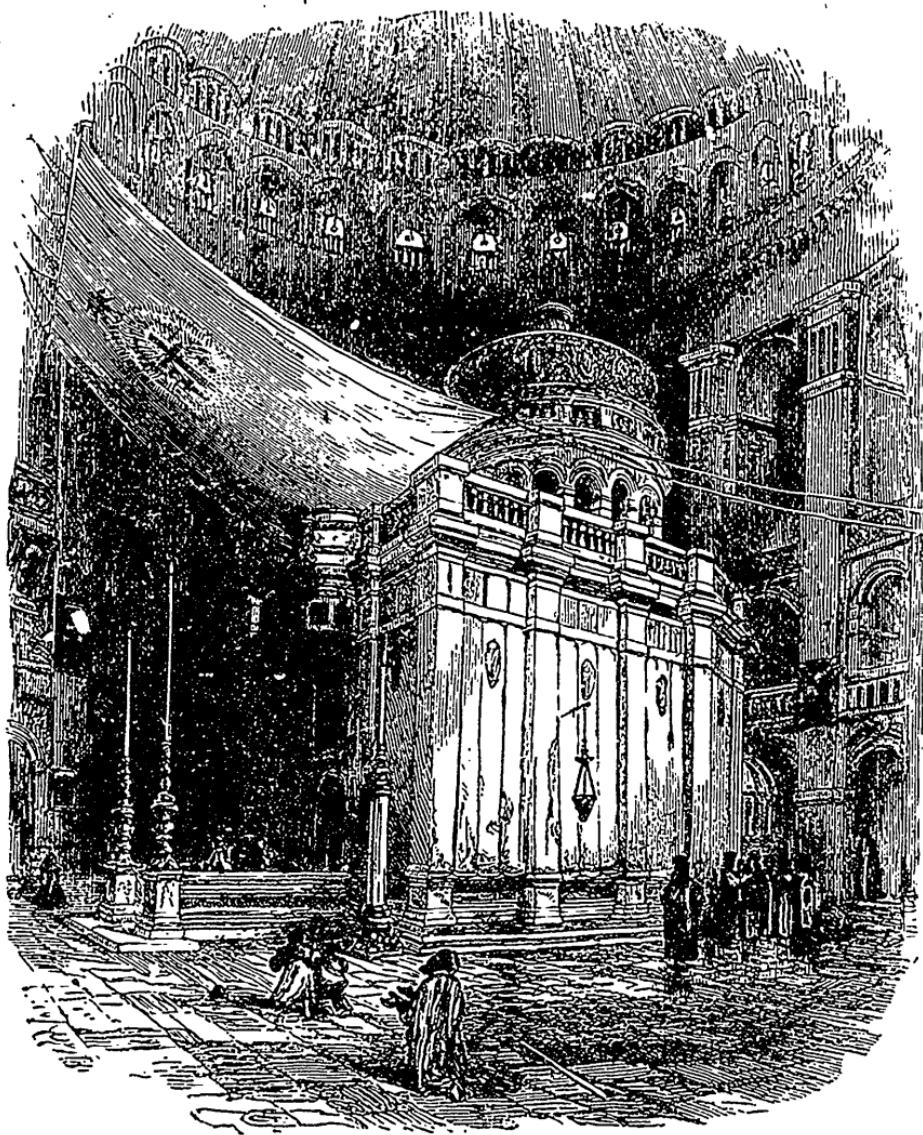
JERUSALEM—THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

No one can approach the Church of the Holy Sepulchre without reverence. Whether, as tradition affirms, it really covers the site of the crucifixion and entombment of Our Lord is, of course, a question long in dispute among archaeologists and scholars. But no man can tread ground that has been trodden by the worshipping millions, that have come from all quarters of the globe, through long centuries, to pray in this spot, without being touched by a sympathetic thrill. From the time of the Empress Helena, that is from the year 326 A.D., this spot has been held as the most sacred upon earth by the great Eastern and Western Churches, and myriads of enthusiastic and tireless pilgrims have ever since annually wended their weary way hither to engage in the solemnities of the Eastertide festival.

The first church on this spot was built by the Emperor Constantine, and the present one by the Crusaders. It is a vast irregular pile of buildings, many times rebuilt and added to; and hemmed in, as it is, by the crowding dwellings around it, has little that is attractive from an artistic point of view. There is, however, a picturesqueness in the *façade*, irregular as it is, and an interest higher than that of art in the whole quaint but venerable congeries of structures upon which one comes suddenly as he turns down a narrow lane in the middle of the Christian quarter.

It was in a pouring rain —on the only rainy day I saw in Palestine—that I paid my first visit to this celebrated spot. The shops in the lane approaching the church are, many of them, devoted

to the sale of articles used by the pilgrims, and the open court upon which the *façade* of the building looks was lined with vendors of rosaries, incense, pictures, crucifixes, and a variety of



CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

other souvenirs, squatting on the pavement with their wares beside them.

Entering the portal, we saw to the left of the vestibule a large square niche where the Turkish soldiers were on guard, and im-

mediately in front of some massive candelabra, I suppose twenty feet in height, including the enormous votive candles, arranged at each end of an oblong marble slab, above which were suspended a number of lamps. This covered the traditional Stone of Unction, where the body of our Lord was anointed for the burial. It is the property of the Armenian Church. Turning a little to the left we entered the rotunda, in the centre of which is a dome sixty-five feet in diameter, decorated with mosaics. Beneath it stands the Holy Sepulchre. This is within a small rectangular marble chapel, measuring some twenty-six feet by eighteen, divided into two chambers—the outer, a vestibule containing the traditional stone which the angels rolled away; the inner, entered through a low door, containing the sepulchre itself.

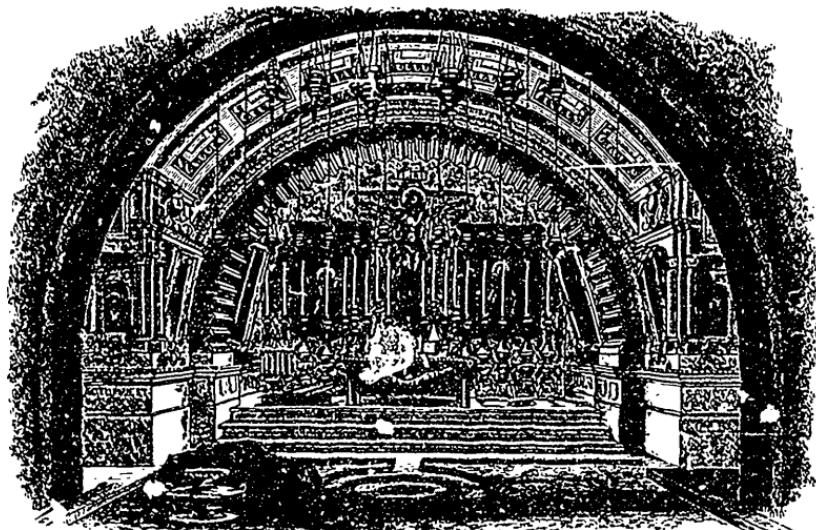
This inner chamber is very small, being only six feet by seven, and half of it taken up by the marble slab covering the traditional tomb of Christ. This slab is cracked through the centre, and much worn by the kisses of the innumerable pilgrims who have converged to this spot from so many different countries and creeds, drawn by genuine, if mistaken, devotion to Him who died for men. The chamber is lighted by forty-three lamps, pendent from the roof, and kept constantly burning. When I visited it there were three of us together inside, all ministers—an American Campbellite, a Scottish Presbyterian, and myself. The American said: "I feel this is a solemn place; Brother Bond, you offer prayer, please." I did as I was asked, and spoke a few words of prayer and thanksgiving. As my American friend said, it was a solemn place, for it brought very vividly to memory a momentous fact, God's self-sacrifice for man, and a solemn responsibility—gratitude, and love, and service, on our parts for the gift received.

In the right wall of the chapel is a hole, a good deal blackened by smoke, through which at Easter the Greek Patriarch presents to the thronging crowds outside the Holy Fire, under blasphemous pretence that it has just been kindled direct from heaven.

Standing at the entrance of the chapel, we have before us the Greek portion of the Church, and at our left that belonging to the Latins, while immediately behind the chapel, is the part owned by the Copts. The four bodies, Greeks, Latins, Armenians and Copts take turns in conducting their service at the chapel.

I visited the place again on the Sunday following, and the Greeks had their service there that day. A seething crowd occupied most of the space beneath the roof of the rotunda, and among them were the Turkish guard keeping order and peace.

There was a procession around the outside of the chapel, and an address from some high dignitary afterwards, delivered from the entrance, but his voice was lost in the confused noise which filled the building. In the chapel, at the left, the Latins were loudly conducting their devotions, and in the chapel behind a handful of Copts were vociferously chanting at their altar, so that, to all, except those close behind him, the preacher's words were utterly inaudible. It was sad, very sad, for the discord of voices was only too typical of the antagonism of hearts; and the stolid and contemptuous Turkish soldiers, rudely regulating the jostling crowd, were no mere guard of honour, but were placed there by



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—CHAPEL ON THE SITE OF CALVARY.

the authorities as a matter of constant necessity to keep these warring passions from breaking out, as they often have done, into furious and fanatical riot and bloodshed around the tomb of Christ.

I will not weary my readers by describing all the curious traditional sites covered by the roofs of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I will mention but a few of the principal ones. The site of Calvary is owned by the Greeks. The chapel is profusely decorated, and the ornaments are of the richest description. It is fourteen and a half feet above the Sepulchre, and you ascend by a flight of eighteen steps. The general effect of the place, as of most of these places, I can only describe by one word—they look

tinselly; and, granted that they are what they are affirmed to be, it would surely have been more in accordance with taste and true respect to have left them in all their bare and original ruggedness, than to have cased them in with tawdry ornamentation.

Underneath the altar in this chapel is a hole through the marble



VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

slab to the solid rock, affirmed to be the spot where the cross was erected, and two other such holes, one on either side, are shown as the spots where the crosses of the two thieves stood. Close by is another small chapel, covering the spot where Mary and the Beloved Disciple stood. There is a strange tradition that Christ was crucified over the spot where Adam was buried, and the site

of the tomb of our common father is one of the properties of this chapel.

But time would fail to tell of other points to which we were conducted; to the Chapel of the Apparition, where the risen Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene; the Chapel of Longinus the Centurion, who acknowledged Him as the Son of God; the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, where, after the lapse of centuries, Helena founded it by Divine direction; the Chapel of the Crown of Thorns, and many others.

There they are, these traditional sites, and though one may disregard the tradition and question the accuracy of the sites—*they are the sites* to millions, and have been to many millions passed away. These sites stirred the fierce courage of the Crusaders, and led hither to their rescue from the Saracen thousands of chivalrous warriors; they have stirred the devotion and self-denial of millions of passionate pilgrims, who have not counted life dear, if they might but see them and die. And every year adds its quota to the long list of those who have been led by the magnetism of a dying Saviour's love to visit the scenes of His agony and triumph. All this stirs one's pulses strangely as he walks along the Via Dolorosa, or muses within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest ;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bends him down
The most when most his soul ascends :
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

STERN Daughter of the voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

—Wordsworth

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE.

II.

DORT, or Dordrecht, situated a short distance from Rotterdam, well merits a visit. Historically it is one of the most interesting cities of Holland. It traces its descent from the tenth century. One writer speaks of it as "Dordrecht the hospitable." It was here that the famous Synod of Dort was held, early in the seventeenth century. The character and value of this synod will be variously estimated, as it is studied from different theological points of view. To one thinker this synod is a "stain upon the patriotic, generous, and liberal past of the city." To another it bears a relation to the Reformed Calvinistic Church, similar to that which the Council of Nicaea bears to the Church of the fourth century, or the Augsburg Assembly to the Lutheran Church. It was called, in part, to seek a settlement between the conflicting views of the followers of Arminius and the followers of Calvin. The famous Five Points were discussed. The decision resulted in the condemnation of the views maintained by the Arminians. The condemnation involved more than the *odium theologicum*. It carried with it civil penalties as well. Those who held Arminian views were not simply "branded as heretics, schismatics, and teachers of false doctrines, they were declared incapable of filling any religious or academical post." Banishment was the alternative presented to such as refused to sign the canons of the Synod. Nor was the threat of banishment an idle one. One hundred ministers and professors realized its meaning. Grotius and Hogerberts, the former one of the most scholarly men of his time, the latter Pensionary of Leyden, were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. When death delivered Gilles, of Leydenberg, from captivity, his body was made to adorn a gibbet at Voorburg. At the advanced age of seventy-two, Olden-Barneveldt, companion of William the Silent, was beheaded. Woeful deeds to be done in the name of the Prince of Peace!

The traveller of to-day, however, may well afford to forget the evil memories of the past that belong to Dort, while he gazes upon



FIGURE 10 FOLIO 10

its pleasant scenes, and studies the happier records of its history. It is the birth-place of many celebrated artists. It was here that Jacob Cuyp and his greater son were born. Here also Bol, Maas, and Scheffer first saw the light.

Proceeding to Delft—nicknamed ‘the city of misfortune,’ by reason of the numerous tragic events which have been enacted within its limits—the traveller will find much to interest him, and to indicate several of the peculiar characteristics of life in Holland. As he journeys thither, perchance his eye may be caught by the numerous windmills to be seen by the way. No insignificant affairs are they. “Some are made of stone, round and octagonal, like mediæval towers; others are of wood; and present the form of a box stuck upon the apex of a pyramid. The greater part have thatched roofs, a wooden gallery running round the middle, windows with white curtains, green doors, and the use they serve inscribed upon the door.” Their use is many-sided. Their chief use is, of course, the pumping of water; but besides this, they are employed to “grind flour, wash rags, crush lime, break stone, saw wood, crush olives, pulverise tobacco.” It is hardly to be wondered at, accordingly, that the number of the mills a man owns becomes the measure of his wealth, and that a girl can hardly bring a more acceptable dowry to her suitor, than the proprietorship of two or more mills.

The name Delft is derived from the ditch, or water canal, leading to it from the Meuse. The city is large and beautiful, with wide and cheerful streets and stately buildings. The great historical blot upon the fair name of Delft is the assassination of William the Silent, in 1584. A splendid mausoleum in the church, which has been called the Westminster Abbey of Holland, founded toward the close of the fourteenth century, reminds one vividly of the tragedy. The mausoleum bears an inscription “to the eternal memory of that William of Nassau, whom Philip II., scourge of Europe, feared, and never overcame or conquered, but killed by atrocious guile.” William is worthy of the honour which Holland seeks to pay to his memory. His brave resistance to the cruel ambition of Philip, who was obeyed by the Emperor of Germany as by a vassal, and who established a claim upon the support of England by his marriage with Queen Mary, reads like a romance. His overthrow of the ambitious plans of Philip in regard to Holland ranks among the great epochs of history. Simple in life, intrepid in war, marvellously skilful in design,

eloquent in speech, despite his surname (which is due to his ability to keep his own counsel, while reading, as it were, the very secrets of men's hearts), patriotic and successful in his purposes, his character shines forth with a lustre that commands the attention of every student of history.

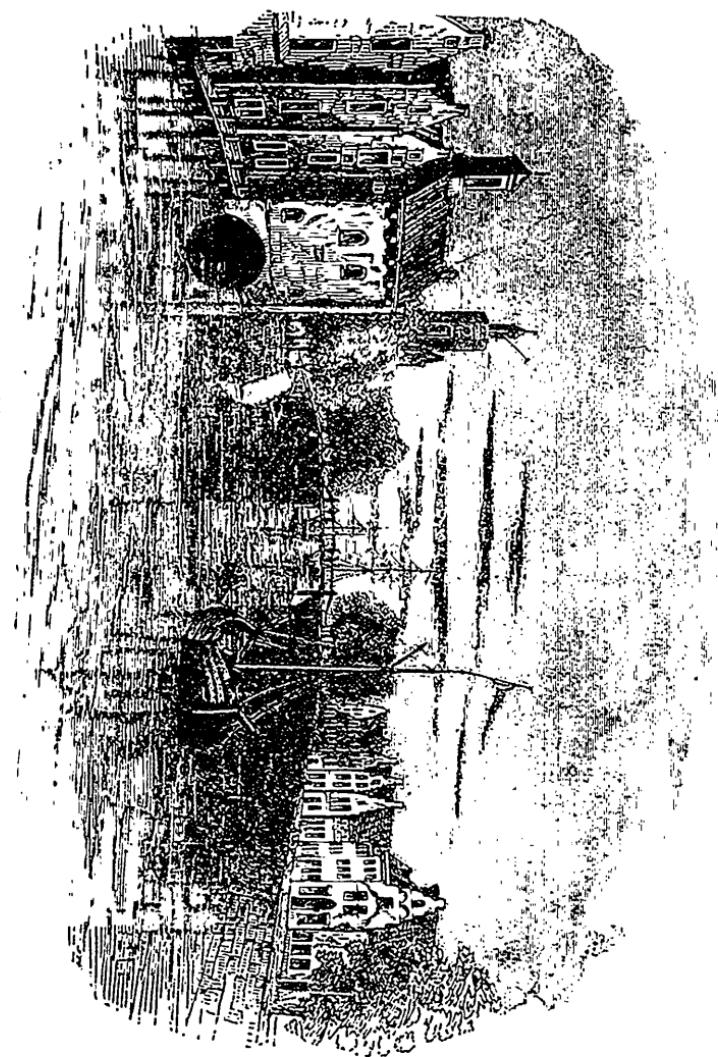


ARMINIUS.

The assassin by whom the life of William was taken was a young man twenty-seven years of age, a Roman Catholic, disguised as a Protestant, and pretending admiration for the character of William and great zeal for the Protestant religion. His name was Balthazar Gérard. He called himself by the name Guyon, and gave it out that he was son of Peter Guyon, a martyr

to his embrace of Calvinism. By well-simulated attachment to William, he gained an intimate knowledge of his victim's habits, and was permitted access to the Prince's person. One day, as the

HELIJNS HAVEN, HOLLAND



Prince was passing out to dinner with his wife—that gentle Louise de Coligny, who witnessed, on the night of St. Bartholomew, the murder of her father and brother—leaning on his arm, Gérard advanced to meet him, soliciting the Prince to sign a pass-

port. William bade him return later. Gérard lurked under a dark archway beside the staircase, during the Prince's absence. The moment he returned, the assassin sprang upon him as he placed his foot upon the second step, and discharging a pistol containing three balls into his chest, hurried away. William at once cried out, "I am wounded; may God have mercy on me and on my poor people!" His last word was a whispered "Yes," in response to the question addressed to him by his sister, Catharine of Schwartzburg, "Do you recommend your soul to Jesus Christ?" Thus passed away from earth one of the most heroic and noble of men. Gérard was speedily captured. He not only acknowledged, but gloried in his deed. His execution was needlessly cruel, and was endured with a surprising contempt for pain and an unusual appearance of exaltation, born, we must believe, of an overmastering fanaticism and ambition.

Hard by the mausoleum of William the Silent is the modest tomb of Hugo Grotius, surnamed by Henry IV. of France "the miracle of Holland." Grotius wrote Latin verses when he was nine years of age, Greek odes at eleven, philosophic theses at fourteen; at seventeen won the title, just quoted, from the King of France, at whose court he appeared, accompanied by the illustrious Barneveldt; at eighteen he was a distinguished poet, theologian, commentator, and astronomer; at thirty he became Councillor of Rotterdam; was subsequently persecuted and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Castle of Loevestein, whence he escaped through the devotion and self-sacrifice of his wife, who remained a prisoner in his stead. Afterwards he became the guest of Louis XIII., and French Ambassador to Sweden, and died in 1645, regretted by his sorrowing countrymen, who have sought by *post mortem* honours to atone for the wrong done him while living.

While we are in Delft, let us use the eyes of a wide-awake Italian traveller, from whom I have already quoted more than once, Edmondo de Amicis, and visit a typical Dutch house:

"That house gave me a better idea of Holland than I could get from any book. The true house and home is in Holland, the personal house, distinct from others, modest, discreet, and precisely because it is distinct from others, inimical to mystery and intrigue; cheerful when the family that inhabits it is cheerful, and sad when they are sad. . . . The inside of the house corresponded perfectly with the outside; it seemed like the interior of a ship. A winding staircase of wood that shone like ebony led

to the upper rooms. Mats and carpets covered the stairs and landing-places and lay before all the doors. The rooms were small as cells; the furniture exquisitely clean; all the knobs and bolts and ornaments of



WINDMILL—WINTER SCENE IN HOLLAND.

metal shone as if they had just been made; and on every side there were quantities of china jars, vases and cups; lamps, mirrors, little pictures, brackets, toys, and objects of every use and form, attesting the thousand small needs created by a sedentary life, the provident activity, the constant care, the love of small things, the taste for order and economy of

space; the residence, in short, of a quiet, home-living woman. . . . We went down to see the kitchen. The walls were as white as untouched snow; the saucepans reflected objects like mirrors; the mantelpiece was ornamented by a species of muslin curtain, like the canopy of a bed, without a trace of smoke; the fire-place beneath was covered with china tiles that looked as bright as if no fire had ever been lighted there; the shovel, tongs and poker, and the chains and hooks seemed of polished steel. A lady in a ball-dress might have gone into every hole and corner of that kitchen and come forth without a smirch on her whiteness."

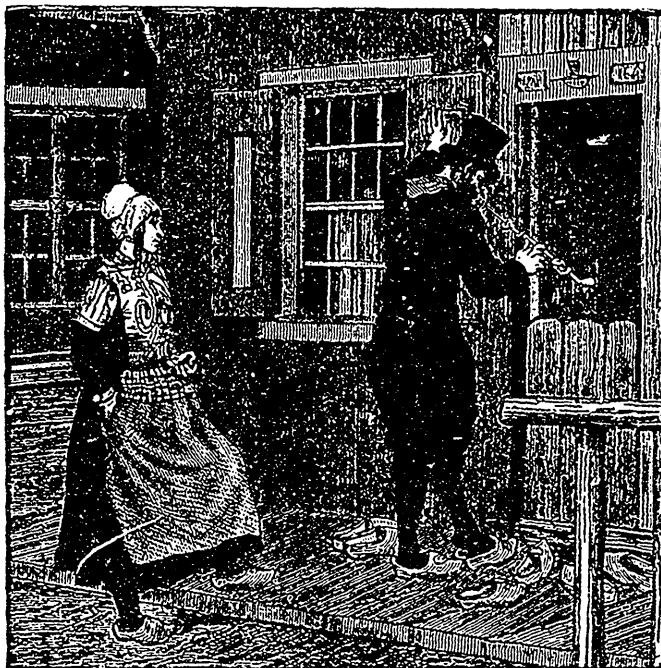
Dutch women have a mania for cleanliness. In Broek, a village lying north of Amsterdam, it approaches a frenzy. It is said an inscription to the following effect was once to be seen at the entrance to the village: "Before and after sunrise, it is forbidden to smoke in the village of Broek, except with a cover to the pipe-bowl, so as not to scatter the ashes." This may be fiction, so also the story of a popular uprising against unfortunate strangers, who were wicked enough to scatter cherry-stones in the street. But the custom of leaving shoes and boots and wooden-pattens outside the house, on entering it, still obtains, and even leaves and pieces of paper are religiously removed from the streets. We may not, however, believe that the inhabitants go five hundred paces out of the village to dust their shoes, or employ boys to blow the dust out of the cracks of the pavements.

A not unwise custom is observed in Elft: the daily issue of a health bulletin in case of sickness in a home. This is placed upon the door, friends read it and pass on. Births are similarly announced. Deaths are made known by a class of men called *aunsprekers*, whose peculiar dress is thus described: "They wear three-cornered hats, with a long black weeper, a black swallow-tailed coat, black small-clothes and stockings, black cloaks, pumps with ribbons, white cravats and gloves, and a black-edged paper always in their hands."

Royalty may be seen at the Hague—the political capital of Holland. Holland is a monarchy, where the king resembles a crowned president. Few of the trappings of monarchy appear. Though the Hague is the seat of the court, the king passes a great part of the summer at his castle at Gueldres, and visits Amsterdam yearly.

The necessary limits of the present article forbid a more lengthened review of notable points in the history and natural features of Holland. Much interest would gather around an imaginary visit to Leyden, "the antique Athens of the north,"

Holland's oldest and most illustrious city, rich in historical associations; the seat of a university, which drew learned men from everywhere, offered a home to philosophy when banished from France, had at one time Arminius and Gomarus on its staff of professors, and became, for a season, the most famous school of Europe. It would be pleasant, even in fancy, to tread the streets of Haarlem, which, by means of a bronze statue, claims the honour of the invention of printing for Lawrence Janszoon, a claim which



ENTERING A HOUSE IN HOLLAND.

sober history does not sustain; where a picture gallery of rare interest attracts the visitor; where an organ, said a few years ago, to be the largest in the world, and rejoicing in the reputation of having been played by Handel, "and by a boy ten years old, whose name was Mozart," is to be heard; where a craze for tulips once existed, involving hundreds of men and women in financial ruin.

No Hollander would forgive us if we omitted a visit to Amsterdam, "the Venice of the north, queen of the Zuyder Zee," And

an interesting city it must be, built upon ninety islands, which are united by some three hundred and fifty bridges; offering striking contrasts to the eye, and inviting you to visit the finest picture gallery in Holland. From Amsterdam you may go to Utrecht, the city where the alliance of the Netherland provinces against Philip II. was completed; where the treaty was signed which gave restored peace to Europe after the formidable wars of the Spanish succession; where memories of St. Boniface are still alive and speaking, and also those of Adrian IV., Charles V., and Louis XIV.; a city whose deserted squares, silent streets, wide canals, speak of a departed glory. Here Cornelius Jansen, born in 1585 at Leerdam, was educated, and here many of his followers are still to be found.

Tempting themes are suggested by the art of Holland, the relation existing between Church and State, and the varieties of manners and customs to be found in different parts of the country. But these and other features of life in Holland must be passed over. To the curious reader, who desires a fuller acquaintance with the country, I may commend the following works: "The Heart of Holland," by Henry Harvard, of which the Harper Brothers have published a cheap edition; "Pictures from Holland," by Richard Lovett, M.A., a handsome volume, published by the Religious Tract Society; and the work for which I am especially indebted for the subject-matter of this article: "Holland and Its People," by Edmondo de Amicis.

VIA CRUCIS.

"SAY, tollman, the name of the road I see stretching so cheerless, lone, and wild?"

"'Tis the Via Crucis that beckons thee. Amen! Then take it boldly child,

For the road must be trod by the sons of men in tears and silence, soon or late."

With a sob the little one now and then looked back as he passed through the well-worn gate.

O Via Crucis! thy stones are wet with the tears of travellers young and old, And thy landmarks are white grave-stones set over smiles forgotten and hearts grown cold.

But thou bringest peace when sighs are past, and after a little thy gorse grows fair;

Though feet bleed sorely, we learn at last to bless thee, thou foot of heaven's stair!

STUDIES IN ART.*

II.



REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

ONE of the greatest of modern painters was Rembrandt. His colouring was wonderfully harmonious. In chiaro-scuro he has never been surpassed, and he was a perfect master of technical processes. His reputation as an etcher and engraver has far exceeded his reputation as a painter.

"Rembrandt," says Hamerton, "was a robust genius, with keen powers of observation, but little delicacy or tenderness of sentiment; he lacked the feminine element, which is said to be necessary to poets. He understood certain classes of men quite thoroughly, and drew them with the utmost perspicacity—men with whom his robust nature had sympathy. He had an extraordinary apprehension of natural dignity and majesty, proving thereby the true grandeur of his own mind; for it is only minds of

* *A History of Art for Beginners and Students: Sculpture, Painting, Architecture.* By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 8vo, pp. 850. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Toronto: William Briggs.

a very high order that see the greatness of men who enjoy little worldly rank and consideration. Rembrandt had little sensitiveness, it seems, as regards the delicate beauty of young women; but he understood—and this is rarer—the venerableness of some old ones. He drew a great many Biblical subjects. It is possible that he may have availed himself of the Bible as a convenient repertory of material, full of fine artistic suggestion, and having the advantage of being universally known. He cared very little for beauty and grace, despised prettiness, calmly tolerated all manner of hideousness, and admired nothing as much as a certain stern and manly grandeur resulting from the combination of habits of reflection with much experience of the world."

"Rembrandt's influence upon the art of his time," says Mrs. Clement, "was very great almost from the beginning of his career. About 1634 he introduced his manner of portrait-painting, with dark backgrounds and deep shadows on the face, with a bright light on the cheek and nose passing down to the shoulder, and immediately other artists adopted this manner.

"Rembrandt's pictures are so numerous and so varied in their subjects that no adequate list or account of them can be given here. And his numerous engravings are as interesting as his pictures, so that a volume would scarcely suffice to do him justice. His management of light was his most striking characteristic. He generally threw a strong, vivid light upon the central or important object, whither it was a single figure or a group, and the rest of the picture was in shadow. This is true of all his works, almost without exception—portraits, pictures both large and small, and etchings."

Hans Holbein the Younger was probably born at Augsburg, but was brought up at Basle. In 1526, at the instance of Erasmus, he went to England with a letter to Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas received him with the utmost cordiality, employed him to execute many extensive works, among others portraits of himself and his family. He introduced him to Henry VIII., who took him into his service; refusing Sir Thomas's offer of one of his works, telling him, that, "now he had got the painter, Sir Thomas might keep the pictures."

Holbein excels as a painter of portraits, and executed many large historical works, both in England and in his native land.

His most celebrated religious picture is the so-called "Madonna of the Meier Family." The Virgin stands in an alcove, and holds in her arms the infant Saviour. The woman with her head wrapped in linen is supposed to represent the burgomaster's deceased wife. By her side kneel Dorothea Kannegiesser and

her daughter with a rosary. The burgomaster kneels behind a young man who supports a sick child. Nothing could be more exquisitely touching than the infant Saviour, who has taken the child's sickness upon Himself. He leans His head upon the Virgin's



THE MADONNA OF THE BURGOMASTER MEIER.—*Holbein.*

breast, and stretches out His hand in blessing. The sick child is filled with astonishment as he looks at his fingers no longer wasted by disease.

Holbein's engravings on wood deserve particular attention. He began to try his hand at the art when he was but thirteen years

old, and attained the greatest proficiency. One of his most important series of wood cuts is the so-called "Dance of Death." The strange subject probably originated in some early miracle-play. It was a favourite subject for the brush of artists of the Middle Ages, and attracted Holbein by the opportunity it offered for representing what was pathetic and grotesque. Death peeps over the shoulder of the pope, who is in the act of crowning the emperor, points to an open grave as the empress passes by in her royal robes, seizes the peddler on the road, takes the weeping child from its mother, and in a thousand ways shows himself the stern arbitrator of all that is human.

Joseph M. W. Turner (1775-1851) is more widely known than any other English artist of this century. His early landscapes were very elaborate. In the last ten years of his life he ran into great extravagances in colour and drawing. In his middle life he showed himself one of the greatest landscape-painters that ever lived. Thackeray says of his "Fighting Téméraire," "It is absurd, you will say, and with a great deal of reason, for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas representing a ship, a steamer, a river and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of a great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power."

Turner occupies a very high position in engraving as well as in painting, although in both arts he was often led astray by the desire to produce a brilliant effect. He has the well-deserved credit of establishing a new school of English engraving. In his "Liber Studiorum," a series of engravings of his pictures, he has left a legacy of the utmost value to students and lovers of art.

Toward the close of Sir Joshua Reynolds' life, Turner frequented his studio, copied pictures, and acquired some art secrets. He began to teach water-colour drawing in schools, while still a boy, at from a crown to a guinea a lesson. With all his baggage tied in a handkerchief on the end of his walking-stick, he made a sketching tour through the towns of Rochester, Canterbury, Margate, and others, in Kent, in 1793, and about this time began to paint in oil. All through his life he made sketches. Wherever he was, if he saw a fine or an unusual effect, he treasured it up for use. He sketched on any bit of paper, or even on his thumb-nail, if he had nothing better. Nothing escaped his attention, whether of earth, or sea, or sky. Probably no artist that ever lived gave

nature such careful and profound study. His studies of cloud scenery were almost a revelation to mankind. In all this Turner drew his instruction as well as his inspiration from nature. The critics did nothing for him; he rather opened the eyes of even



PORTRAIT OF TURNER.

such men as Ruskin to the wonders of the natural world. But these results all came later, and were the fruit of and resulted from his constant and incessant studies.

He was slow to undertake oil-painting, preferring the more rapid touch and the light and shade effect of the crayon, or the delicate and beautiful effects of water-colours. Some of his paint-

ings in this line have been sold at enormous prices, and even in his own day his water-colour picture of Tivoli sold for eighteen hundred guineas.

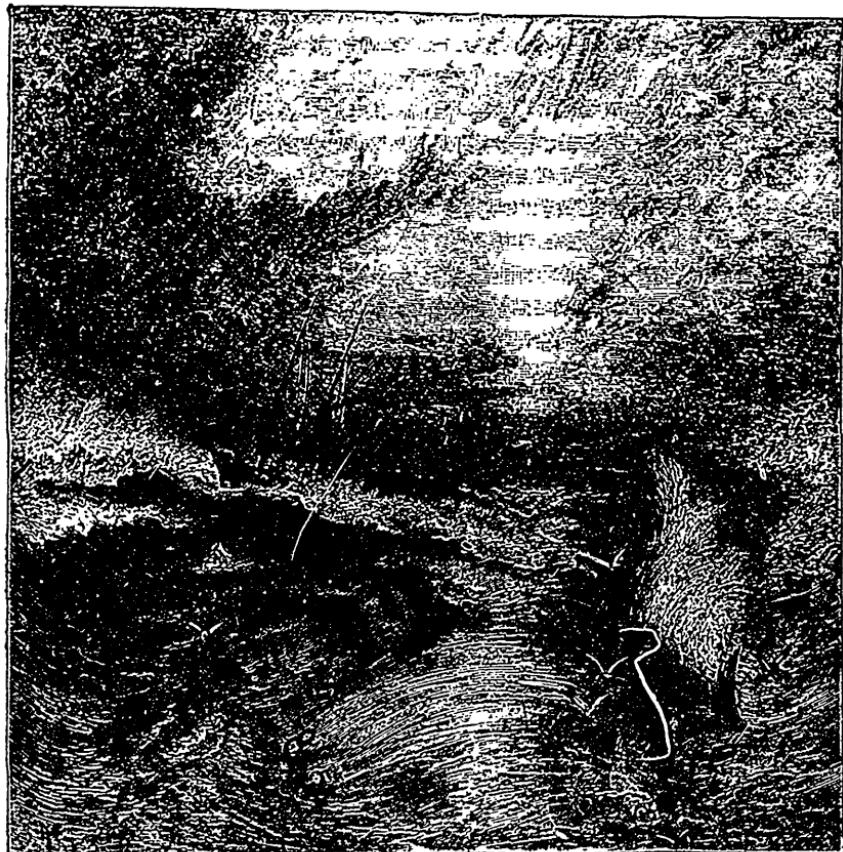
In 1806 Turner began his *Liber Studiorum*. It was discontinued in 1814, after seventy plates had been issued. Although not remunerative at the time, in later days as high as three thousand pounds has been paid for a single copy of the *Liber*, while the subscription price was only seventeen pounds ten shillings; even before Turner died a copy of it was worth over thirty guineas.

Ruskin says of this great artist: "Turner appears as a man of sympathy absolutely infinite—a sympathy so all-embracing, that I know nothing but that of Shakespeare comparable with it. A soldier's wife resting by the roadside is not beneath it; Rizpah watching the dead bodies of her sons, not above it. Nothing can possibly be so mean as that it will not interest his whole mind and carry his whole heart; nothing so great or solemn but that he can raise himself into harmony with it; and it is impossible to prophesy of him at any moment whether the next he will be in laughter or tears."

One of the most celebrated of Turner's pictures was that of the old *Téméraire*, a famous line-of-battle ship, which in the battle of Trafalgar ran in between and captured the French frigates *Redoubtable* and *Fougueux*. Turner saw the *Téméraire* in the Thames after she had become old, and was condemned to be dismantled. The scene is laid at sunset, when the smouldering, red light is vividly reflected on the river, and contrasts with the quiet, gray and pearly tints about the low-hung moon. The majestic old ship looms up through these changing lights, bathed in splendour. The well-known "Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and the Dying, a Typhoon Coming On," shown on page 503, is now in the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston. Of this picture Thackeray says: "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous." But Ruskin, in "Modern Painters," says: "I believe if I were reduced to test Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose the 'Slave Ship.' Its daring conception, ideal in the highest sense of the word, is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life. Its colour is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate as fearless; the ship buoyant, bending and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most

sublime of subjects and impressions (completing thus the perfect system of all truth which we have shown to be formed by Turner's works), the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea."

In 1812, Turner first occupied the house No. 47 Queen Anne Street, London, and this house he retained for forty years. It was

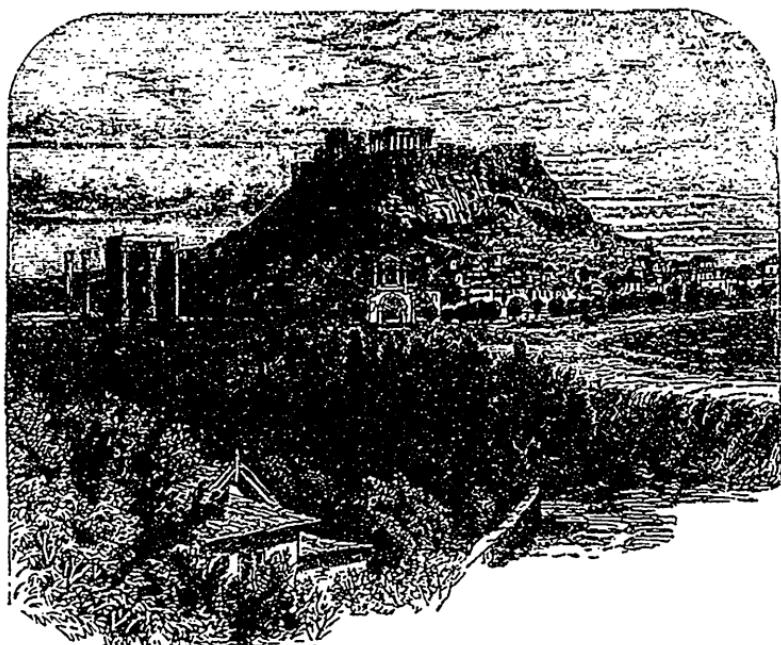


THE SLAVE SHIP.

dull, dingy, unpainted, weather-beaten, sooty, with unwashed windows and shaky doors, and seemed the very abode of poverty, and yet when Turner died his estate was sworn as under one hundred and forty thousand pounds—seven hundred thousand dollars. The whole house was dreary, dirty, damp, and full of litter. The master had a fancy for tailless—Manx—cats, and these made their beds everywhere. In the gallery were thirty thousand fine proofs of engravings piled up and rotting.

“THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MONKS.”*

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.



ATHENS.

JOHN RUSKIN once described Curzon's “Monasteries in the Levant” as the most charming book of travels he ever read. The verdict sent us years ago to Mudie's. But Curzon was not there. The last volume, which had lingered on for well nigh thirty years, had at last vanished from the shelves. The London Library, however, produced a copy, which enabled us to appreciate Ruskin's verdict. The illustrations of Bible customs, the glimpses of Egyptian bondage endured by precious manuscripts in dusty monastic libraries or ruined towers, the curiosities of travels in the Levant, where brigands formed an escort and the firing of a gun served for a door-knocker, above all, the choice which the would-be guest of the monks must make to climb to his hostel up a series of perpen-

* Abridged from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine—Athos; or, the Mountain of the Monks.* By Athelstan Riley, M.A., F.R.G.S. With numerous illustrations. London: Longmans. 1887—*Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun.

icular ladders hanging against the face of the rock, or be drawn up to the convent door, two hundred and twenty-two feet above, in a net attached to an old rope—all these combine to make Curzon's book one of the most fascinating ever written. Why have not the editors of our cheap libraries added it to their reprints?

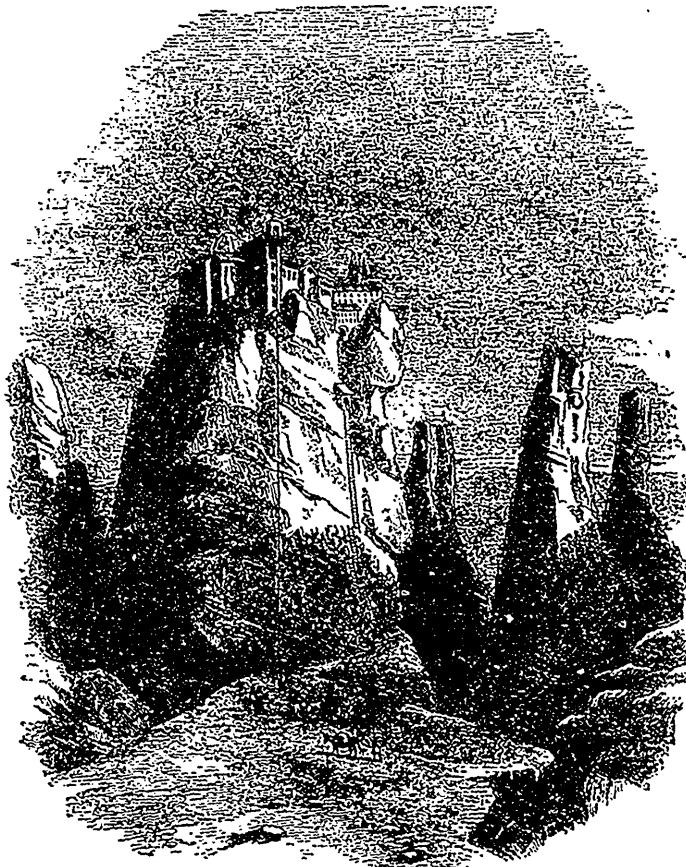
[A copy of this book is in the Toronto Public Library, and it is one which the present editor read with great interest. Mr. Curzon probably saw more of the Levantine monasteries than any other man. He was an accomplished and classical scholar, was possessed of ample means, and had a passion for Eastern travel and for the collection of ancient MSS. This is not a dry-as-dust report of the antiquarian research. Save perhaps Kinglake's "Eothen," which it resembles in its polished literary style, we know of no more charming book of travel in Eastern Lands. The old monasteries, some of which date from the sixth, and even the fifth, century, were the natural depositories in which were preserved the precious MSS. of the classical and sacred writings, which would else long since have perished. During the long dark night of the Middle Ages, in these the light of learning feebly glimmered, preserved from entire extinction by the diligence of monkish copyists.

Mr. Curzon explored first the famous monasteries and lauras of the Nitrian Desert in Upper Egypt, and purchased some precious MSS., which littered as neglected rubbish the oil cellars or covered the oil jars of the monks. It will be remembered that Tischendorf rescued from the ovens of the monks of Mount Sinai, one of the most precious Biblical MSS. extant, worth more than its weight in gold. The monasteries of Thebes, and of St. Sabba in Palestine, yielded their proportion of treasures in exchange for Frankish gold. Some of the richest "finds" were discovered in the almost inaccessible monasteries of Meteora, in Albania. To some of these the only access is by a windlass, which raises the visitor by a rope some 200 or 300 feet in air. Engravings of some of these eagle-like eyries are shown. At Monte Casino, in Southern Italy, the site of the monastery founded by St. Benedict in A.D. 529, and elsewhere, we have ourselves noticed similar religious edifices perched in almost inaccessible places.

The most remarkable group of monasteries in the world is the famous score or more of Mount Athos, the largest one having about 300 monks. These adopted the rule of St. Basil, by far the most rigorous of any, seldom or never eating meat, and fasting over 100 days in the year. So holy is Mount Athos that since the days of Constantine, it is averred, "it has never been contaminated by the tread of woman's foot" and no female animal of any sort is tolerated. So the good monks have not even the addition to their austere diet of fresh eggs or milk. Some of them, early brought to this stern seclusion did not remember to have ever

seen a woman, and formed their only conceptions of their appearance from the time-stained "Panagia" or "All Holy One," the Madonna on the altar.

About £20 seems to have been the average price paid for a tolerably perfect Biblical or classical MS. Some Mr. Curzon was quite unable to procure, and one fine Syriac MS. of date A.D. 411,



CONVENT OF BARLAAM.

which he left behind with poignant regret, was afterwards purchased for the British Museum. The contents of these monasteries were chiefly, however, books of theology and Church Services, great massive tomes of vellum in ponderous covers, with stout handles attached for opening them. We saw several of these in the old Scriptorium of the Convent of San Marco, at Florence.

Mr. Curzon witnessed a tragical scene at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Easter ceremony of giving the Holy Fire. A

tumult arose in which over 300 persons were killed, and the Turkish Bey and Mr. Curzon himself narrowly escaped with their lives. He had sundry adventures with Bedouin robbers, Albanian brigands, and other gentlemen of the predatory kind, all of which he recounts with much vivacity and graphic skill.—ED.]

In 1837 Mr. Curzon resolved to put into execution his long-cherished purpose of visiting the monasteries on Mount Athos, in order to examine their libraries. Athos was then almost a *terra incognita*. No English traveller had been there since Dr. Clarke's famous visit in 1801.

Armed with a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Curzon waited on Gregorio, the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, to obtain an introduction to the brethren of Mount Athos. Great, indeed, was his surprise when the head of the Greek Church calmly asked: "Who is this Archbishop of Canterbury?" He was utterly ignorant of the existence of such a prelate. Happily for Mr. Curzon, the fact that he came from the British Embassy gained for him what the Archbishop's letter failed to effect. How much forty-six years have done to promote friendly feeling between the Greek and the Anglican Churches, is seen from Mr. Riley's interview with the Patriarch of Constantinople in 1883. The Patriarch expressed his regret at the death of Archbishop Tait, and told the travellers that he had already sent a Greek deacon to study English theology at Oxford, and expressed his intention of sending more.

Constantinople is now only five days' railway ride from Paris. Mr. Riley and an English clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Owen, left Constantinople by one of the Austrian-Lloyd steamers for Cavalla, whence they took their passage on board a little Turkish steamer to Mount Athos. At Cavalla the Archbishop of the town fortunately joined their party. The prelate was about thirty-five years old, five feet three inches in height, but looking much taller by virtue of his lofty hat and his dignified bearing. Good-natured toward his equals, overbearing to his inferiors, and ineffably lazy, such was "the Altogether Most Holy One, Philotheos, by the Mercy of God the Most Reverend and Divinely-Appointed Archbishop and Metropolitan of the most Holy Metropolis of Xanthe and Christopolis (Cavalla); Highly esteemed and Right Honourable." Before the bearer of these high-sounding titles went his soldier-servant, carrying a long silver-headed staff. Gold embroidery bedecked his coat and trousers, a forage cap, a sword, and a sash in which hung knives and pistols, completed his equipment.

As the little steamer entered the Bay of Vatopedi, two or three boats rowed out from the shore, manned by monks in tall hats. Into these the travellers stepped with their luggage. At the pier a crowd of monks assisted them to land. When the luggage had safely passed the Turkish custom-house officer the party marched up to the monastery. Its great gate was thrown open to receive them. A monk bearing a lighted taper marshalled them through a labyrinth of courts, stairs and passages till they reached their suite of rooms. Their large sitting-room had two bed-chambers open-



OLIVE TREE.

ing out of it, one for the Archbishop, the other for the Englishmen.

Scarcely were they settled in their rooms when supper was announced. Four of the principal monks joined them at the festive board. Each guest helped himself with his own fork, but oil and garlic spoiled the food. They fared better than Curzon, who had only one good dinner on Mount Athos.

Mount Athos is the easternmost tongue of land which shoots out into the *Aegean* Sea from the southern portion of Macedonia. When Xerxes invaded Greece he cut a canal through the penin-

sula of Mount Athos, not far from its base, where it is a mile and a-half broad. Down the centre of this peninsula runs a ridge of hills, which gradually rises from one thousand to four thousand feet. Then it suddenly leaps to a height of seven thousand feet and drops into the sea. On the last fifteen or twenty miles of this strip of land, are clustered the twenty ancient monasteries which have won it the title of the Holy Mountain. The mountain is a vast mass of white marble, clothed with trees to within a thousand feet of its summit, and then rising in a bare and conical peak. From this crowning height the spectator looks out on the islands of the Mediterranean. On a clear day Mount Olympus is also visible, ninety miles away.

In this lovely region the monks have been domiciled for a thousand years. One of their convents was restored nine hundred years ago. The Latin conquerors of Constantinople pillaged Athos in the thirteenth century, but it soon blossomed again under the fostering care of the eastern emperors. When the Turk crushed out Christianity in the East, Athos retained its ancient privileges. The rooted ignorance of the monks, who have long eschewed reading, as a troublesome and useless art, still prevails as in Curzon's time.

Great was the delight of the English travellers when they looked out from the windows, after their first night's rest on Mount Athos. Their room was at an angle of the walls, where an old tower had once stood. The rooms jut out beyond the walls, and are supported by stout timber brackets. Sometimes these hanging rooms rise in rows above one another. The effect is very picturesque; but the guest's nerves have to be steadied before he can enjoy the giddy prospect. Vatopedi is the largest and richest of the monasteries. The tiny cemetery would be quite inadequate, were it not for the Greek custom of digging up bodies three years after burial. The skull is labelled with the name and date of death, then placed in a crypt of the cemetery church. The bones are thrown into a large chest. Three thousand skulls have thus been preserved.

The courtyard of the monastery contains the principal church, the refectory, and another church, kitchens, bell-towers and clock-towers. It covers at least four acres of ground. Sixteen churches stand within its walls. Four massive columns of porphyry are said to have been presented by the Empress Pulcheria, who died in 453 A.D.

Illiterate asceticism is the highest ideal of monastic life in the

East. The hermit who lives in a cave, with no books or only the Scriptures, a few service-books and Lives of the Saints, is their model of virtue. The time that is not given to prayer is spent in cultivating vegetables. Eastern monasticism has not borne those splendid fruits for literature and art which have illustrated the annals of monasticism in the West. In some monasteries every man follows his own will. If rich, he has his suite of apartments; if poor, he shares a cell with some brother.

At Vatopedi there are two hundred and twenty monks, with one hundred and thirty servants. The library has received



CORFU.

greater attention since Curzon's day. One of the monks began a catalogue in 1867, which he finished in 1874. The hospital is under the care of a doctor from Athens. These things show progress.

The travellers next set out for Caryes, where the Holy Synod of Mount Athos sits, to present their credentials and receive a letter of commendation to the monasteries. At Caryes the houses lie amongst orchards, gardens and vineyards, through which flow innumerable streams. Awnings, spread over the street, shelter the vendors at the bazaar, who are mostly monks. They sit outside their shops gossiping all day long. Shoes, coarse cloth,

garments, hats for monks and lay brethren, are the main articles of commerce. Barrels full of rice, sugar and coffee, tinned lobsters and sardines, incense and coarse tobacco, rosaries and other articles of devotion, may also be bought.

The main peculiarity is the entire absence of women. Here is a tinker mending pots and pans, but no wife stands in the doorway or prepares her husband's supper. Next door there is a cobbler hard at work at his last; the tall hat proclaims him to be a monk, so in his case a spouse would not be expected. No fair face peeps out from the vine-clad windows; no lover waits in the street below. Caryes is still what it has been for centuries, the only town in the world without a woman.

When the party from Vatopedi marched through the little streets to the place of assembly, pilgrims and monks ran up to the Archbishop of Cavalla, rubbing their foreheads against his hand and kissing it. The prelate took no notice of these demonstrations. The whole town flocked to their doors and windows in eager curiosity. Passing into a courtyard, the party climbed an outside staircase leading up to an open-air gallery on the first floor. Out of this the assembly-room opened; round it were divans covered with green damask, and on these sat fifteen old gentlemen with long gray beards and tall hats. As the strangers entered, all the fathers rose, and placing their hands on their hearts, bowed very low. Five minutes were spent gazing on the floor. This prolonged pause was enlivened by the entrance of a soldier in his gay Albanian dress, who brought sweetmeats and aromatic spirits to the strangers. The Archbishop now made a speech, and brought out his letter of recommendation. Meanwhile the secretary was busy writing two letters of introduction for the strangers to the monastic authorities, urging all the monks to receive them with special attention.

The party returned to Vatopedi again. On Sunday they were present at the services in the great Church. They rose at four o'clock, but the monks had been there from midnight. For three hours the English strangers listened to the tuneless, nasal singing.

On August the 13th the party left Vatopedi for Pantocratoros. When they came in sight of the building their soldier fired three-shots from his flint-lock; the monks returned a similar salute. They were assigned the best room overlooking the sea, and received every hospitality. It was at Pantocratoros that Curzon's heart was well-nigh broken by the melancholy remains of a once-

famous library in the lower story of the great tower. It was impossible to approach the ancient tomes, as the beams which supported the floor had rotted away. The manuscripts which he at last managed to fish up were utterly ruined by the damp; when he attempted to open them they broke off in square bits like a biscuit. The books are now well housed in a good library. The photographic apparatus was brought into requisition on the book which Curzon describes. It contains the Gospels, with prayers and lives of saints, written, it is said, by a fifth-century hermit.

The monastery at Iveron was still tenanted by the almost numberless tribes of vermin to which Curzon pathetically referred half a century before. Mr. Riley was driven from his divan and compelled to lie on the matted floor in the middle of the room, with an air cushion for a pillow. The plague of vermin on Mount Athos is scarcely less obnoxious than the rancid oil and putrid butter which pervades every feast. Cleanliness is unthought of in some of the monasteries. Here, at least, the East is unchanging.

The monastery of the Lavra, where Curzon landed fifty years before, was also visited. The room allotted to the English visitors was forty feet by thirty. It projected six feet over the convent wall, and commanded a beautiful sea-view. The monk who waited on them was the most inquisitive being they ever had the ill-fortune to meet. Nothing escaped his curiosity. At last it was resolved to give him a lesson. A powerful solution of



GREEK WOMAN.

ammonia served their purpose. When the monk asked: "What is it?" the bottle was handed over to him. He took a tremendous sniff, tears streamed from his eyes, and he gasped for breath. When safely through, he borrowed the bottle, and set off to practise on his unsuspecting brethren.

Russico, the Russian monastery on the Holy Mountain, is a colony proud of its relations to a first-class European power. The community even have their own steam launch. Russico is, in fact, more like a town than a monastery. Curzon found there only one hundred and thirty monks, now there are eight hundred, four hundred and fifty of whom, with their one hundred and fifty servants, live within the walls. With a few exceptions, all are Russians. In 1839, the Russians gained permission from the Abbot of this monastery to bring eighteen Russian monks to the convent. They pledged themselves in writing to limit the number to fifty; but by bringing servants, whom they afterwards turned into monks, they had in thirty years raised the number to four hundred. The compromising document was torn up, and the monks remained masters of the situation. The peace of Mount Athos is sadly disturbed by this settlement.

In this monastery the party spent a noisy Sunday. The bells were ringing all through the night. From one of the churches close by came the monotonous chanting of the monks. The perfume of the incense filled the bed-chamber. At eight o'clock the strangers went to the principal church—a long, narrow room on the top of the highest side of the monastery. On its whitewashed walls were several good *icons*, or pictures to be worshipped. The service was in Slavonic. The Abbot, a middle-aged man of imposing presence, shrewd and dignified, received the visitors with great kindness. Then they adjourned to the refectory, where three hundred monks were at dinner. The rest were waiting outside. A monk was reading aloud from some book of devotion. Only a few vegetables were on the table. Each monk was provided with a wooden spoon. In the cemetery church, just outside the walls, fifteen hundred skulls of departed brethren were ranged on long, deep shelves. Arm and leg bones were stacked against another side, whilst at the entrance stood two big boxes half-full of smaller bones. The lids were propped open, and perforated zinc let into the sides.

In the evening the festival of the Assumption began. The Abbot wore a crown covered with enamels, and blazing with diamonds and other precious stones. Still more interesting was a

Russian pilgrim, dressed in his long black coat and high boots
He was a merchant of enormous wealth who had come to pray.



X. A. R. Brendamour H.A. sc.

ALBANIAN BRIGAND.

For fifteen hours he plied his burdensome devotions, bowing and crossing himself continuously. Sometimes he crossed himself convulsively twelve times in succession, and then prostrated

himself upon the floor. Long before the Englishmen left, and they only stayed two hours out of the fifteen, the perspiration was dropping from his forehead on the floor. Such a scene shows that Mount Athos needs a purer Gospel.

We have been able to convey only a slight idea of the mass of information in Mr. Riley's volume. The photographic apparatus, which caused such curiosity on Mount Athos, has enriched the work with views of monasteries, which are scarcely less instructive than the narrative itself. No description of the Holy Mountain is at once so complete and so entertaining. Mr. Riley has also tried to portray the Greek Church as it exists to-day. Ignorance still reigns supreme. But if the monks do not read their books save at Vatopedi and Russico, they have at least learned their value, and take due care of such treasures as they possess.

The position of the monasteries on the isolated crags is remarkably picturesque, and at times almost inaccessible. Admission frequently is gained only by ladders or by a windlass and rope. Mr. Curzon thus describes his adventures among the monasteries of Meteora: "How anything, except a bird," he says, "was to arrive at one which we saw in the distance was more than we could divine. We fired off a gun, which was intended to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilized places. Presently we were hailed by some one in the sky, whose voice came down like the cry of a bird, and we saw the face and gray beard of an old monk some hundreds of feet above us peering out of a kind of window or door. At length he let down a thin cord, to which I attached a letter of introduction, and after some delay a much larger rope was seen descending with a hook at the end, to which a strong net was attached. My two servants were slowly swung up, twisting round and round like a leg of mutton hanging to a jack. The rope was old and mended, and the distance from the ground was 222 feet." He also found his way to the top, and was hospitably entertained.

His mode of leaving was on this wise: Ten or twelve monks took hold of the bars of the capstan, the net was gathered over his head and attached to the hook at the end of the rope. He was launched out of the door right into the sky with an impetus that kept him swinging at a fearful rate at a dizzy height above the foot of the cliff on which the monastery was perched. At length he was lowered steadily to the ground, and his servants and baggage followed. There are seven monasteries remaining out of

twenty-four which once crowned those airy heights. In these monasteries Mr. F. Curzon found many of the ancient MSS., with which he enriched the collections of Western Europe.

The whole region is rife with classic associations. The point of departure for the exploration of these ancient monasteries is Athens, with its thrilling memories of patriotic valour, of ancient art and eloquence. Corfu, one of the Ionian Islands, is in the direct route to Meteora, the chief seat of these monasteries. See Convent of Barlaam, on page 506. The Greek islands and Albanian mainland are very fertile, abounding in fig, olive and citron groves. The costume of the people is highly picturesque, especially that of the Greek soldiers and Albanian brigands, of the latter of whom a few are still to be found in the more remote regions. Their chief peculiarities are their very voluminous short skirts and perfect arsenal of weapons in their capacious girdles. Their firearms are antiquated weapons, with very long barrels and highly ornamented stocks, but of uncertain aim and limited range.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.*

BY W. H. C. KERR, M.A., TORONTO.

Ιησοῦς, ψυχῆς μου φίλος,
εἰς σὸν κόλπον φευκτέον,
Οτ’ ἥγγικε λαίλατος
κύμα κυλινδομένον·
Κεῦθ’, ὁ σωτέρ, κεῦθε με,
ἔστε παραβῆ κλύδων·
Σῶν εἰς ὅρμον μ’ εὔθυνε
ῷρᾳ ἐσχάτῃ λύσων.

Ποὶ γε πλὴν πρόσ σε μόνον
ἀσθενής ἐλεύσομαι;
Οὐ μ’ ἀφήσεις ὄρφανόν,
ἄλλ’ ἀνθέξει μου ἀεί·
Ἐγώ σοι πεποίθα: σὺ
δυναμίς μου· μὸν κάρα
Αφυλάκτον κεῦθε νὺ
τῶν πτερῶν ὑπὸ σκιᾶ.

Χρίστε, σέ μονον ποθῶ
σὺ τὰ πάντ’ ἐν πάσιν εἶ:
Βοηθῆσον μοι τυφλῷ
καὶ πέσοντι, κάσθενε.
Σοὶ Δίκαιος πρέπει εὖ
τοῦνομ: ‘αλλ’ ἀδίκιας
Πλήρης ἔγώ πλήρης σὺ
χάριτος καληθείας.

Ἄρκει μοι ἡ χάρις σου·
πάσης ἀφ’ ἄμαρτίας
Καθαρίζε τὰς ἔμοι
ἐπινοίας καρδίας
Ζωῆς πηγὴν σὺ· δῆλοις·
δός μοι πιεῖν δωρεάν·
“Ἄλλον ἐν φρεσὶν ἔμοις
εἰς ζωὴν αἰώνιαν.

*We have pleasure in reproducing, from *The Canada Educational Monthly*, the accompanying admirable translation, by the accomplished scholar who has frequently contributed to these pages, of Charles Wesley's immortal hymn. For fidelity to the original and elegance of the Greek we do not believe that it can be surpassed.—ED.

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

III.

ALACKADAY! What a day for Methodism, could it ever be truthfully said the ministers were losing or had lost confidence in one another; that some were grasping or holding power to the damage of their brethren or of the Church; that some, looking not on the things of others but only on their own, were over-reaching or supplanting their fellow-labourers, thrusting them with the shoulder or tripping them with the foot, procuring invitations to others' displacement; that after the manner of the world, there were confederacies to screen an evil or to check a good; schemes of unbrotherly bearing and selfish advancement. Far off from us be such a day; for the spirit of God can never help such a work or countenance such a ministry. What a day for Methodism, if the ministers or people lose confidence in their Stationing Committee; ministers with any truth alleging that certain rounds of places are run by certain men irrespective of the merits or claims of others, and apparently held as a private preserve; that certain combinations gratify certain partialities, and sundry intimidations hold word or deed of resistance or correction in check; that appointments are sometimes made, not for the people, not for the Church, not for the glory of God, but possibly for ulterior personal ends, to hold a place open for some one man, when likely the work would have been better advanced and rights better respected by filling the place with real guns, and not for a time with wooden cannon; that appointments are sometimes made arbitrarily, captiously, not so much for the general good as to punish a circuit or a minister for stiffness and general want of pliancy; that the people should plainly see such movements and hear such decisions as place the man over them, not for their good particularly, but for the man's sake, or the sake of some other man accommodated by the shift; that men seek place on the Stationing Committee to guard and direct their own appointments first, and their electors' and favourites' appointments afterward; that circuits are regarded like the Roman Provinces, to be farmed out, foraged upon, and traded off to the best advantage; that any other motive than pure love of God and His people, and faithful administration of the solemn trust of oversight in the

Church of Christ—as for instance, social preference, or political preference, or love of power, or family influence, or financial advantage, or personal preferment or emolument—should in the end govern the allotment of the labourers or the arrangement of the fields of labour.

Far off the day and far off the man that would raise a suspicion of such work going on, or cast such an imputation! Perish the suspicion and the suspector! Far off the day when the ministers of the Church and the authorities thereof lose confidence in the circuits and congregations, in the Quarterly Official Boards and Trust Boards, so that any one dare intimate they will not receive the men sent them; that they will have nothing to do with men of experience, men that have proved themselves true and able in the Church of God; that they prefer the young, the sensational, the flashy, to the mature, the discreet, the solid; that they will invite upon very insufficient knowledge a stranger, to the discredit and disadvantage of men near by and better known; that, when denied what may appear to many so unreasonable and even so unjust a request, they will obstinately refuse the man appointed to labour among them; that they will demand a man from another charge, no matter how that charge may be injured, and push along a faithful labourer no matter how his influence is damaged or his comfort or future prosperity sacrificed; that in their fickleness and failure to appreciate their relation to God and His work—supporting the minister liberally when flattered, and withholding when righteously rebuked or honestly instructed—they put a premium upon faithlessness and sycophancy, and discount conscientious devotion to their interests and moral heroism for their good, crying to-day “Hosanna, Hosanna!” and to-morrow “Away with him, away with him!” that, failing to enter into the genius of our itinerancy—which demands the complete surrender of the minister to his work and terminates his service and holds him subject to removal every year—with pious intelligence and hearty co-operation, they regard not how another circuit may require the man of their choice, or how the man sent them has done great work for God in other places, or how the Stationing Committee with all the facts before it, all the circuits and all the men may have arranged for the best on the whole, or how their own cause may suffer, or Methodism in general, or the cause of God at large; that they regard not any or all these things, but obstinately and with persistent self-will hold out in their own view and reject every accommodation that the system itself may provide or its administrators may devise.

Far, far off be such a day! And far off the day when the confidence of the people in their ministers is shaken; when they see them jostling or supplanting one another; when they see them greedy of lucre or power; when they see them contending for place or honour; when they see them unready for the work or unsteady in it because not getting just what they desire; when they see them manoeuvring for "calls," even to the division of the societies and the stirring up of strife; when they see them no sooner settled on one field than they are aiming at another; when they see them grading fields of labour and men as to price, and regarding circuits as legitimate barter, feeling deeply wronged if the new circuit cannot pay so much, or perhaps exalted into a new sphere if it pay more; when they see them refusing their work because it is a fancied degradation of appointment, or merely hastening hither and thither over it to the nice places, without abiding, as a bee from flower to flower; when they see a Stationing Committee simply recording what private interests have settled or purely personal preferences have secured; when they see a Stationing Committee enforcing what reason and religion, right and love scarcely approve; when they see some holding power as their traditional right and exercising it as their life-long prerogative, deeming themselves sorely aggrieved if it pass to other hands; when they see worthy, retiring men generally in the background, and some by no means so worthy, by management and effrontery distancing them in the race.

Far off, forever off such a day to our Methodism! These things can be imagined, but may they never come to pass. Let it be disloyalty to suspect it! Let it be calumny to say it! Let word and deed, spirit and act, purpose and design, aim and effort, combination and result, be ever such as will stamp the man that ventures the intimation as a traducer and an adversary, and hurl upon him the crushing indignation of injured innocence and spotless righteousness. Or, if perchance at length some perverse spirit should imagine some local eruption of such volcanic desolation and lift his eye toward this fiery, barren, spot; never after Milton's nether night may such ashes and scoriae be poured broadly over our exuberant soil, our happy spiritual heritage!

Faith! Faith is the central pillar of the entire fabric. Confidence, mutual confidence; love, perfect love; righteousness, universal righteousness, are the foundation and bond of our itinerant and stationing system. Will the machinery bear the strain? Yes, if love and confidence, truth and righteousness are unbroken. This is the threefold cord; but certainly

not without these divine and Christian supports and fastenings. There must be confidence of the ministers one in another; confidence of the ministers and people in their Stationing Committees; confidence of the ministers in the people, and of the people in the ministers. Entire confidence all around, resting on its basis of righteousness and filled with the energy of love, love of God; love one of another, love of souls, love of the work. Above all things in the world the itinerancy makes this demand. So the itinerancy can go on, as in the past, to victory; otherwise not. We may distribute custom house officers or mounted police on other principles; but not free, consecrated, covenanted, triumphant Methodist preachers with full salvation to the ends of the earth. Anything in our system that destroys this mutual confidence and love is an alien plant. "The enemy hath done it." It should be uprooted and cast out. Systems are educators; and the opportunities they afford are suggestions to thought, incitements to desire, and invitations to action. Machinery is an educator, as well as an instrument and director of power. Its operations instruct as well as help us. The rude, original mill lifted up the mind to easier grinding and better flour. The primitive loom inspired improvement, and gave us at length the finest, strongest fabrics. Some wheels may increase friction, and some may lessen or obviate it. Some levers may misdirect and dissipate energy, waste the power; and some may focalize and apply it. Some polities and institutions may favour and cultivate mutual love and confidence, and some may suggest and encourage selfishness, over-reaching and strife; and may teach men so. Where machinery is at fault in jars, collisions and ruptures, we ought with clear eye, pure heart, firm hand effect the remedy; put in or take out wheels, or springs, or bars, as is plainly required. Where it is the oil that is lacking, or the power at the fountain of power, or connection therewith, Christian men should never be at a loss what to do, and by the grace of God individually and corporately how to do it. Our God is a present help. Confidence one in another, love one for the other, and righteousness one toward the other are here indispensable; and these under God must make the machinery, and start it, and propel it; and it will be very strange if they commit suicide, form polities and arrangements that will render love and truth and trust difficult, put a premium upon over-reaching, craft and deceit, and open the way in any degree to suspicion, selfishness, or strife.

This may naturally lead, as the last consideration for this paper, to inquire what attributes or qualities, to maintain such a spirit and secure such results, must be found in the well-ordered Sta-

tioning Committee? Machinery can hardly do its work unless firmly based on its centre, of right material and correct action. Loose where it should be solid, a wooden bar for an iron shaft, misfitting cogs or a disadvantaged purchase, and it soon fails in its work, throws itself out of gear, and breaks down generally. There is such a thing as machinery well made, well adjusted, running beautifully, wearing well, and doing splendid work. And there is another kind.

First.—The Stationing Committee and all on it must have a full and just knowledge and appreciation of the work in hand. It is not merely to carve out circuits and districts for men—an ecclesiastical gerrymander—or to find circuits for so many men or men for so many circuits. No two men are alike and with the same capabilities; and no two circuits are alike and with the same needs. This Committee, than which there is not a body in the Church with graver responsibilities, in a peculiar and eminent sense oversees the work of God, stands between God and the people; if there is any such thing in the work of God receives direction from God, and executes it in the Church of God for the people of God and the salvation of the world. It goes upon the assumption that God calls the ministers, and by His Spirit and Providence allots their fields; either that, or it has no business; either that, or its attempted exercise of authority is usurpation. The ministers are Christ's; the fields are Christ's; the doctrine, power and products are Christ's; all, appointees and appointed, are Christ's servants, ministers, and can labour and succeed only by His Spirit. It ought not, then, to be too much to say, or out of fashion to say, that the minister receives his circuit, and the circuit obtains its minister in the Church of God by the Holy Ghost. It ought not to be a forgotten and despised fable, a myth of the olden time, that appointments are divine. If so, a fable, a myth, we have made it so, and must suffer the consequences.

Second.—This Committee and every member of it must have a due sense of the vast interests and fearful responsibilities involved. That a man should seek or obtain a place upon it to guard his own personal interests, fancied or otherwise, is utterly inconceivable, and to the intelligent, conscientious nature, dreadfully abhorrent. If it were a grab for a few pence or a brass bauble, then athletes and prize-winners might rush in wild melee. But when it is the salvation of souls, the necessary favour of heaven and aid of the Holy Spirit thereto; the feeding of the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood; the ministry in the holy doctrine and sacred office for which we shall give account to the Judge of quick and dead; the instruction

of the people in love, humility, mutual confidence, honesty and brotherly trust, is it not a strange thing if we cannot trust our brethren, or the administration of the Holy Ghost through them, but must plan and pull for ourselves to dispose of ourselves to our own liking, however it fare with others, or with the Church of God? It is, indeed, inconceivable and utterly abhorrent to piety and good sense that any one should accept a place in so important relation and office without acting as in the very presence of God; without the fear of God constantly upon him and the Spirit of God within him to suggest, direct, control; without remembering that the salvation of many souls is imperilled by selfish, interested or arbitrary counsels, without a complete renunciation of self, putting mere personal interests far into the background, and putting forward alway in plain sight the welfare of souls for whom Jesus died. The first thought, the chief concern, with every one surely is God and His Church; the second thought is God and His Church; the third and perpetual thought is God and His Church, Christ and His work.

Third.—The Stationing Committee and every member of it should be thoroughly informed in all things bearing upon their solemn duty. There must be an acquaintance with the fields and a knowledge of the men, if anything like adaptation is to be secured; and surely adaptation is one of the principles of divine operation, one of the means of knowing the Divine mind, and one of the elements of success. God hath given a variety of men, a diversity of talents, and a variety of fields. There are men suited to the fields, peculiar as they are; and there are fields for the men called of God, hard to fit in as they may be. This is the question for the prayerful study of the Stationing Committee; and they ought to be left to their responsibility and judgment in the solemn deliberation under the Holy Ghost. For a man to push what he calls his rights, and his interests, and for a circuit or a few on it to push what it deems its rights and its interests contrary to the known facts before the Stationing Committee, or its godly judgment on the plain facts, may bring in confusion and disarrange the proper disposition of affairs far and wide. A little crowding here often produces an immense jam yonder. There are such things as connexional interests. The Stationing Committee, to be competent, must know all the facts as to fields and families and men, and in the fear of God must, without fear of man, favour or affection, proceed upon the facts, and in the piety and fidelity of the people must be allowed to proceed upon the facts. One circuit needs revival more, another needs edification, instruction more; another, pastoral visitation; another,

financial relief and direction. There are the men for the circuits; and the proper authorities ought to know the men and the circuits and bring them together.

Fourth.—This shows the indispensableness in some form or other of accessibility on the part of the Stationing Committee. Some way or other the ministers must get their views before those that have so important and sacred a trust concerning them; and some way or other the proper authorities of the circuit should have the same privilege. Whether the best way and time are during the actual session, necessarily hurried, to be pressed violently this way or drawn persistently and obstinately that, is a very grave question. But some way or other—and surely the best way should be taken, despite self-interest or prejudice or either side—some way or other, meditately or immediately, directly or indirectly, personally or officially—whatever worth the while a man or a circuit may wish to present in these important matters, should be heard and duly considered. Only so can there be, only so has there ever been, confidence in the system.

Fifth.—Any one can see, that so far as possible in its individuals, and certainly ultimately in its composite character and corporate act, the Stationing Committee must be, much as may be in human affairs, DISINTERESTED AND IMPARTIAL. This is, perhaps, the most precious safeguard. Such a temptation as allotting themselves to places of living and fields of labour, so varied as our circuits and stations in social and educational opportunities and financial returns, would it be far too strong for any body but Methodist preachers? And perhaps some of them deflected just a little once in a great while. Possibly the needle is swayed from the pole. Fancy registry offices, shrievalties, and custom house appointments dealt out by the men themselves or their representatives in Appointing Committee. Observe it as it is done. Even at the best the maxim, "No man a judge in his own case," has in such matters very much force among worldly men; and will have increasing force among Methodist preachers in Stationing Committee as they become more and more like worldly men, governed by the principles and actuated by the motives of worldly men. And then, what is there for us but also to have the worldly, civil and political, safeguards in the same degree that we have the civil and political devices and incentives? On patriotic grounds any governmental arrangement removing selfishness, partisanship, mere personal preferences and partiality, or even the suspicion of them, out of public appointments, is to be commended. Is such an aim or result less desirable or commendable in the Church of God? Would it be a misapplication, a misdirection of prayer, to polity, to entreat "Lead us not into temptation?"

Sixth.—The duty required of a Stationing Committee must secure the benefit of gathered experience, and at the same time the sensitiveness and flexibility of changing circumstances. Fields are peculiar and changeable, people are peculiar and fickle, and ministers are peculiar and variable in circumstances and power; and these peculiarities must come into the account, and can be learned only by experience and observation, and met by wisdom and prudence. This, of course, assumes that the desire of all, and the chief end of the Stationing Committee, are to build up the work; that is, to put upon the field the man that will best develop it, and give the man the field best adapted to him. If, however, the purpose be to favour a friend, or gratify a selfish desire, or ensure a personal interest, regardless of consequences to the people and the cause of God, experience in the principles that govern wise and successful stationing and in the forces that operate among circuits and among men is of little account, and may be dispensed with. Novices of a day can as persistently push their own schemes as veterans of a decade or two. Everything depends on what is to be accomplished and the view taken of it.

Seventh.—It ought hardly to need saying that the Stationing Committee and its constituents respectively must keep within the lines of discipline. In no part of Church operation is there, perhaps, greater difficulty in framing rules; since so much must be left to honesty, discretion and piety; as for example John Wesley and Bishop Asbury stationed multiplying preachers in rising churches for many years with very little of any written constitution and law. And in no part of Church operations are there greater temptations, since there are so numerous and diverse interests and influences to stretch and strain, if not actually to override and break law, and feel the exercise of constitutional authority a burden, an annoyance, a grievance, a wrong. From these considerations it should be settled in the mind of the Church that the law and machinery in these delicate and important matters be on sound principles, without partiality, influence, or affection, as nearly just to all as human wisdom under Divine guidance can make them. The best law under the sun, even Bible law, will not move and direct so largely a voluntary system to perfection; but that is not an argument against the best possible plan and rule obtainable, or against its most efficient practicable use and application. And it ought always to be remembered that there will be less hardship and injustice and greater comfort and success under even a moderately good law well administered, than under disregard of law, though it be sometimes oppressive, and the fitful exactions and unaccountable freaks of arbitrary

power. The worst monarchy is anarchy, and the cruelest mob is the multitudinous shifts and the irregular expedients of license and lawlessness. It is the interest of both preachers and people to have the best law and system we can obtain; and as we have them, keep them.

Eighth.—All this is to be done under the direction of the Holy Ghost, according to the mind of the Spirit. And is this a fact? And is the Holy Spirit after all a factor in the Stationing Committee? Can this Committee know anything of the mind of the Spirit as to the fields and the men; the men for the fields and the fields for the men? If the Holy Spirit will undertake this work, is He not competent to perform it? So far as He has anything to do with it, is not the work best done according to His direction? And may not an honest-minded, humble-hearted, well-intentioned, single-eyed Stationing Committee know the purpose and thought of the Holy Ghost in so important matters affecting the Church of God? Now if, indeed, all are honest-minded and well-intentioned and do the stationing according to the mind of Christ, as things go, does not the Stationing Committee, by the Spirit, according to common, and perhaps worldly, judgment, do some curious work? Are not some of His arrangements as to circuits and churches, appointments and ministers, to say the least, sometimes quite inexplicable and unbusiness-like? Whatever they may be at bottom and in the core, do they not sometimes look as though there had been a little scheming and manipulation? No doubt these may be imputed when there is nothing of the kind; not the least tincture or complexion of them; but in any case, can it be supposed the Holy Spirit becomes an accomplice in any winking of the eye, tripping of the foot or pushing with the shoulder; any over-reaching or supplanting on the part of either circuits or men? Or can it be supposed, if there be anything of the kind out of harmony with the mind of Christ and the Spirit of the Gospel, there can be unity and success in the work, mutual confidence and joy of the brethren, fidelity and increase of the churches and the baptism of power sent down from heaven? Yet this is what all desire. In calm and prayerful moments—all so prefer the prosperity and peace of Jerusalem above their chief worldly, or social, or selfish joy. Full conviction in clear light sets this out as the great satisfaction and priceless reward of all our labours. This is our joy and our crown on earth, and the foretaste and surety of our immortal joy in heaven. Then why let polity dim or diminish it? Why let narrow, earthly interests despoil, or defile it? Whether we have it or not, there must be a plan, a polity, of which the Holy Ghost can approve; a spirit and line of action that He in all His divine perfections can foster, employ, and bless.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM IN TORONTO, FROM 1842 TO THE UNION WITH THE CANADIAN METHODISTS IN 1848, AND OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN) FROM 1840 TO THE DISRUPTION.

BY THE HON. SENATOR J. MACDONALD.

V.

The Revs. Messrs. Richey and Davidson were succeeded by Revs. Messrs. Hetherington and Selley. John P. Hetherington, the Superintendent, was an Irishman, had been a member of the Irish Conference, was at this time a man of, say, fifty years of age, stout, florid, bald, of fine presence and was a prince of preachers. He was not what one would call a revivalist, and objected to the holding of special services, unless special reasons were manifest for these. He favoured prayerful supplication, and therefore arranged that prayer should specially be offered in the various churches for this purpose. Accordingly such gatherings were held, and meetings for prayer alternately held in the George Street, Queen Street and Yorkville Churches, where the members of each church were well represented.

Long and lonely walks were the walks up Yonge Street to Yorkville. Few buildings were then on the left side of the street after the corner of Yonge and Queen, where stood the Fulljames Hotel, had been passed, for the extensive grounds which surrounded Terauley Cottage, the McCauley and Elmsley Villas took in as far as Yorkville almost the entire property. The same remarks apply to the property on the right. One large block extending from Yonge to Church Street, owned by Alexander Wood, at that time residing in Scotland, seemed to check extension northward. The property is that whose streets have taken the name of the owner, and are now known as Alexander Street and as Wood Street. Unpaved and unlighted, the walk was usually taken in the middle of the road to Yorkville and so home again.

Mr. Hetherington had a great aversion to any one taking notes of sermons, and assured the writer, whom he knew to take notes, that if he saw any one doing so he would assuredly call attention to it from the pulpit. In conducting the week-evening prayer-meeting he invariably called upon those whom he wished to take part in the service, frequently calling upon young people to take part, always naming them. He was intensely British, and was greatly opposed to the Union.

Of the texts from which Rev. Mr. Hetherington preached the following are selected: Psalm cxxx., "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice," etc. Isa. xii. 2, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid," etc. Zech. ix. 12, "Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope," etc. Heb. ix. 13, 14, "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh," etc. Matt. xiii. 33, "Another parable spake He unto them; The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven," etc. Matt. xvii. 1, 2, "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother," etc. Luke ix. 62, "And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough," etc. Luke xxiii. 42, 43 "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me," etc. John ix. 7, "And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam," etc. 1 Cor. xiii. 12, "For now we see through a glass, darkly," etc. 1 Thess. i. 5, "For our Gospel came not to you in word only," etc. 1 Thess. v. 8, part of the verse only, "But let us, who are of the day, be sober." Rev. xxii. 1, "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

The latter was the last sermon he preached in Toronto, speaking not more than fifteen minutes. He never used a redundant expression, every sentence was pregnant with meaning and with power. Declining health compelled his return to England; and one morning, as sudden and in the same posture in which that good man, Rev. Dr. Chalmers, was found—on his knees—was his body found. In both cases, when each was in communion with God, the spirit took its

" . . . last triumphant flight

From Calvary to Zion's height."

His colleague, John B. Selley, might have been a man of thirty-eight or forty, and had been engaged in a mercantile house in England before devoting himself to the ministry. I note here a few of his texts: Mark viii. 36, "For what shall it profit a man," etc. Luke xiii. 6-9, "He spake also this parable; A certain man had a fig tree," etc. 1 Cor. xiii. 13, "And now abideth faith," etc., forming groundwork of *three sermons*. 2 Cor. iv. 17, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment," etc. Mr. Selley afterward laboured in the Bahama Islands, studied medicine, practised in Montreal, and died in that city many years ago.

A word about the Sunday-school. The superintendent at the time of which I write was Alexander Hamilton. He succeeded Geo. Bilton. The secretary was John Crossley; librarian, Thomas

S. Keough; teachers, Messrs. Tamblyn, Parry, Lee, Matthews, Robert Edwards, Ramm, Alexander Johnston, now of London, and others whom I cannot recall, and the Misses Osborne, Rosanna and Eliza, Gooderham, Bilton, Watson, Mason, Storm, Milton, Bennett, Purkiss and Booth; the visitors were John Purkiss and Samuel Shaw. The closing Bylaw No. 11 in the Constitution, 1840, printed by R. Stanton, King Street, reads thus: "The only principle to be recognized in the government of the schools is—Love."

I have spoken of a missionary meeting. Let us look at the income of the Missionary Society. I have no report of 1843, but I have before me one of May, 1846, showing really the work of the previous year. The total income, I find, was £1,128 5s. 1d.; of this amount Toronto contributed £247 19s. 11d.; Kingston came next with £159 6s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; London, Hamilton, Bytown, Peterboro' and Guelph ranking next in order, the largest subscriptions being those of Messrs. Bowes and Hall of £10, and J. Counter, Mayor of Kingston, of £5—large sums for those days. What are now called church socials were very rare; I had never heard of one among the Presbyterians. There are those, however, who may remember a missionary tea-meeting held in the City Hall, the date being March 30th, 1843; the Hon. Henry Sherwood being the chairman, and the speakers Messrs. Richey, Davidson, Rintoul, Jennings and Sunday; Rintoul and Jennings (afterwards Dr. Jennings), being Presbyterian, and Sunday, our Indian friend, about whom we have heard before.

Following the Disruption of the Church of Scotland, deputations representing both sides speedily found their way to Canada. Marvellous was the crowd which gathered in St. Andrew's Church to hear the Rev. Dr. Burns, a member of the delegation from the Free Church of Scotland. Not only were the pews, but aisles, staircases and vestibules densely packed. His text upon the occasion was from Zech. xiii. 7, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones." Who that heard the sermon can ever forget it? The powerful voice, the intense earnestness, the masterful handling of his subject; which throughout the entire service kept that great company entranced, which had so much to do with the future of the congregation and with the future of the preacher. At the recent Conference of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance, in Montreal, I had the pleasure of meeting his son, the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax, N. S. (who grows every day more like his father). I asked him

if he could tell me what the first text was from which his father preached on coming to this country, and he told me that he could not. I said to him, "I can : 'Awake, O sword,'" etc. "Ah," said he, "that was one of his great sermons." Very speedily was the deputation from the Free Church of Scotland followed by one from the Established Church, the leading member of the deputation being none other than Dr. Norman Macleod. He was then in the very pride of his manhood's strength, and of his intellectual power.

The building, as on the occasion of the service by Dr. Burns, was densely packed. This, however, was a platform meeting for the purpose of stating the position of the Established Church. He was to speak last. As the speaker who preceded him sat down, he rose quickly from his seat, taking hold of his coat and throwing the lappels aside. He commenced by saying : "Now, I want no cheers, and I will have no hisses." It was a subject for an artist to catch the animation which took possession of his whole being, making every movement full of meaning. Reference had been made to the feelings of those ministers who had gone out; but no reference, he said, had been made to the feelings of those who solemnly, and in God's presence and fear, had felt it to be their duty to remain. Was the severance, the rending of hallowed ties, not as painful to the one as to the other?

As he spoke of what were held to be the evils of patronage, he stated that his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather (I think he even went farther back than that), had been ministers in the parish of Dalkeith, with which at that time he stood connected. While he was speaking of the agitation which had been carried on so long, and as he was describing the position of both parties, some one in the congregation called out loud enough to be heard throughout the entire building, "Who broke the bargain?" This was followed by a storm of hisses. The speaker stopped, not to clamour for a hearing, not to continue the subject, for that was dismissed in a moment by his stating that he could not take the responsibility of going into a controversy that had already been fought out, nor could he be a party to aught which would beget bitterness or strife; and then in an address which brought tears to the eyes of the greater part of the assembly, treating only upon those great truths upon which all are agreed, and closing with a reference to the judgment—of the great day when the secrets of all hearts would be made known—he ended one of the most wonderful efforts which had ever been put forth in this city.

It is long since, and the greater part of that great company have gone to that land where "all see as they are seen, and know

as they are known." But I am persuaded that the hisses were not intended for Dr. Macleod, but for him who had interrupted the speaker. Be this as it may, he took the interruption as an evidence of disapproval, and closed as I have indicated.

But the eloquence of Dr. Macleod could not arrest the movement of Disruption. Right or wrong, the sympathy with the Free Church of Scotland had been created, and a great exodus from the St. Andrew's Church took place, and the Free Church was organized in this city. The new Church found its home in a wooden tabernacle erected on the site of the present Sunday-school building of Knox Church. I am unable to give particulars of its opening or of the many interesting events and persons with which its history is associated. I did happen to hear the concluding portion of the first sermon, Robert Burns (now Dr. Burns, of Halifax) preached in it. There I also heard Wm. Burns, who preached here on his way to establish the mission in China, with which his name is associated; his text upon that occasion, March 15, 1846, being from Isaiah lxiv. 1, "Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence." Not a member of the Church, not even a member of the congregation, my recollections are those of one who kept himself in touch, to some extent, with what was transpiring in the early history of the Church from stand-points other than those which could be gathered from such relationship.

To the house in which I had my lodgings there came three of the early students of Knox College—Messrs. Ball, McLaughlin and Gray; thus the house became a rendezvous for students, where the work and the prospects of the Church were freely and constantly discussed. Thus many of the incidents referred to by Rev. Professor Gregg, of the early history of Knox College, in the opening lecture of the Michaelmas term of Knox College, were quite familiar to me. Specially do I remember the interest which was awakened by the presentation of the books collected from friends of the college in Scotland, by Rev. Dr. Burns, with the titles of many of which I was at the time familiar, including a complete set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the seventh edition (I think), the gift of the publishers. Of this period Professor Gregg remarks as follows:—

"The students were animated by a deep, earnest, religious spirit, which evidenced itself in various forms of religious work. Tract distribution was engaged in, prayer-meetings were held, conducted in English, in Gaelic and also in French; missionary meetings were held and a Missionary Society instituted, which

contributed and collected funds for the support of missionaries to the French-Canadian Roman Catholics, to the Jews and to the heathen in India, during the summer, and to some extent during the winter months, the students laboured as catechists in the more destitute parts of the country, and to their labours, then as now the gathering together and organization of many of our congregations may be traced." How true this is I very well remember, and I remember also with what earnestness and with what hopefulness the work of the summer was discussed when work was resumed.

Indeed, a new era was dawning upon the Presbyterian Church of Canada—one in which the Church was breaking away from its apathy, one in which it was awakening to a sense of its responsibilities, one which was giving a forecast of its future. Knox College was gradually shaping itself into the conditions which give it to-day a foremost place among the theological institutions of the Dominion, with its endowment of \$200,000; but the far more important feature in connection with its history is, that within its walls 424 students have completed their theological course, and there these obtained the training to fit them for their life-work.

About this time the attention which was called to the early death of the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne brought out in a marked manner the sanctity of his life and his devotion to his work. No one not in touch with the student-life of that day can form any idea of the power which that one life exerted in forming the lives of many of the students, and preparing them for their work. His gentle spirit, his deep piety, his pure life, deep love for his people, are shown in his labours among them. In his letters to them, his references to them in his poems, marked by a spirit of the greatest tenderness, came upon them like an inspiration, and to my knowledge awakened in many an earnest desire to imitate his example, to follow in his footsteps. Never was there a better illustration of the truth of that passage than that afforded by his early death, "He being dead yet speaketh," apart from the teaching and example of the able and devoted men who were associated with Knox College. Few incidents had more to do in begetting among the early students a spirit of earnest and devoted piety than the story of the life and labours of Robert Murray McCheyne. Robert Macdonald, son of the Adjutant of the 93rd Highlanders, an old school-mate and very dear friend, and Donald Fraser, the eminent divine of Regent Square, London, were among the earlier students of the college. Of McLaughlin I have lost sight. Mr. Ball is still in active work. Of Peter Gray, of

Kingston, where I think he died, I heard a gentleman, no mean judge, say that, to his mind, he was a preacher of a very high order, and whom he always listened to with the greatest pleasure. Remarks very similar have been made to me by others. His fellow-students will remember that it was difficult to distinguish his Hebrew characters from copper-plate. I well remember when Rev. Mr. Black went to labour in the North-West, then truly an unknown land, and how he became the first of a line of devoted men who have gone forth to spend and to be spent in the mission field.

How marvellous the development from the state of things referred to in the earlier chapters of this article, when we find the Church, which then exhibited but so little life and so little power, announcing as its needs to carry on its work the following sums for the current year: Home Mission Proper (Western Section), \$46,000; Stipend Augmentation, \$28,000; Foreign Missions, \$68,500; French Evangelization College, \$50,000; Knox, \$6,700; Queen's, \$4,000; Montreal, \$4,500; Widows' and Orphans' Fund, \$5,000; Aged and Infirm Ministers, \$14,000; Manitoba College, \$10,000; Assembly Fund, \$4,500—figures which indicate widespread work and great liberality covering every aspect of Church enterprise, and evidencing how thoroughly the Presbyterian Church has taken its place in the very front rank of the Churches of the land.

To return to the George Street Church, the class-meeting was regarded as a test of membership, and when the class is spoken of, the class as constituted by John Wesley in 1739 is meant, which had its rise in the meeting of those "who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin and were earnestly groaning for redemption," and who came together that they might receive "those advices from time to time most needful for them," such meetings being always closed "with prayer suited to their several necessities." This, Wesley adds, "was the rise of the United Society, first in Europe and then in America. Such a society is no other than a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, united in order to pray together to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love that they may help each other to work out their own salvation." Hence, every one who was deemed a member of the Church met in class.

The class of which I knew most was that of which Richard Woodsworth was the leader. It met in his own house on Richmond Street, north side, a brick house nearly opposite the Jewish Synagogue and still standing. There may have been forty names upon the class-book, for the average attendance was about thirty. It was a mixed class of men and women, married and

single. The whole thing, to me, was new. To hear men speaking of their sinfulness, bemoaning their unfaithfulness, expressing their fixed purpose anew to consecrate themselves to God's service and soliciting the prayers of God's people to help them in their purpose, and to hear the leader, a man of experience, who had himself passed through just such mental conflicts, counsel them by his own knowledge of God's goodness, and present to them for their consideration the unfailing promises of God's Word, was something which I had never conceived, was something which I felt was of inestimable value to every young Christian, was something which might, with great advantage, be adopted by all the Churches, and which now, after a lengthened experience, I regard as one of the foremost valued means for the strengthening of God's children in the divine life. No better barometer is there by which the spiritual life of the members of the Methodist Church can be gauged than that which is furnished by their attendance upon the class-meeting. If careless and indifferent; if the world preponderates, the class-meeting is irksome. If men are living to God, it is a delight.

In the class of which I am writing, there were among its members five local preachers. It continued to grow so that it became necessary to divide it, it being too large for the leader to speak to each one within the hour of its meeting. The plan adopted to divide it was the following: The first name upon the class-book was put down as remaining, the second name was assigned to the leader appointed for the new class, Mr. Booth, and thus the names were alternately given to each until the class was equally divided into two. Of course many were disappointed on being removed from a class with which they had been long connected.

Better methods I have no doubt might be found for securing the oversight of members when classes become too large, but this was the method adopted upon this occasion. At the close of the class the name of each member was called over and his weekly contribution received toward the support of the ministry—a custom, I am sorry to say, in some cases long since forgotten. Then, too, did the members of the Church observe the rule which enjoins upon them the avoidance of "such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." Hence no one thought of a Methodist being seen at an opera or a theatre or a horse-race or at a ball. Are these places less objectionable for Christians to be found at to-day than they were then?

If Methodists would but observe that other rule of the Church, which enjoins upon them the avoidance of "borrowing without a probability of paying, or taking up goods without a probability

of paying for them," how vastly greater would be the power which the Church would exert over that which it exerts to-day; how the mouths of scoffers would be stopped; what living examples of the excellence of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ would the Church present to the world. But alas! alas! what discredit the neglect of this salutary rule brought upon the Church; what misery and loss upon individuals and upon families.

The first class-meeting in the month invariably took the form of a monthly prayer-meeting, and upon such occasions the rules were read. Upon the quarterly visitation, the ministers then, as now, met the classes for the renewal of tickets, when the new members received tickets as members entered on trial, on which was this passage of Scripture: "Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." At the end of six months members received the ordinary ticket of accredited membership, then also the quarterly contributions of the members towards the support of the ministry were received—a practice which, I understand, in some places has grown into disuse by what, to my mind, is the objectionable use of what is called the "envelope system."

I am aware that many Christians take exception to the class-meeting, claiming that it partakes of the characteristics of the confessional. To all such I would say, Make yourselves thoroughly familiar with its working before you condemn, and if you don't find it thoroughly Scriptural in all relating to it, if you don't find Scripture endorsing everything pertaining to it, I will admit that you are right. Of its helpful results upon others something may be gathered from what is written in reference to the woman of Samaria: "And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him, for the saying of the woman which testified, He told me all that ever I did." In her case, it was her testimony before the world. In the case of the class, it is the testimony before the Church.

The love-feast was then what it is now, with this difference, that the members were admitted on presenting their quarterly ticket. The love-feast was on a large scale what the class-meeting was on a small one. The loving testimony of God's goodness in the exercise of His converting power, in the support afforded under trial, temptation and suffering, in the unshaken confidence in His goodness, in His mercy and forgiveness.

John Bredin (now Rev. Dr. Bredin) followed as a supply, rendered necessary by the failure of the health of Rev. John P. Hetherington. He was a young man of good presence, with a great

profusion of thick black curly hair. He was a popular preacher, and attracted large congregations. I have before me a few of the texts from which he preached: Ex. xxxii. 26, "Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp and said, Who is on the Lord's side?" etc. Deut. xxxiii. 29, "Happy art thou, O, Israel; who is like unto thee, saved of the Lord?" etc. Prov. vi. 6, 7, 8. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise," etc. Isaiah xii. 3, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Jer. ii. 19, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee," etc. Mal. iii. 16, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," etc. Matt. v. 16, "Let your light so shine," etc. John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world," etc. John xv. 5, "I am the vine; ye are the branches," etc. Eph. ii. 19-22, "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners," etc. 1 Tim. ii. 5, "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men," etc. Into the Newgate Church I found my way occasionally. Relations, not friendly by any means, existed between its congregation and that of George Street. They appeared to feel that they cared not, and hence they did not upon any occasion mingle in their services. But what had the Newgate Street people done to me? Why should I be prevented from joining with them in their solemn services? Beside all this, was not Lachlan Taylor there, a Scotchman like myself, eloquent, fervent, devoted? Did the congregation not hang on his lips? Was there not a large amount of good being accomplished? And so I found my way there. The preacher upon that occasion was Rev. Lachlan Taylor. His text was Gal. v. 7, "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" If loving zeal if intense earnestness, if deep anxiety for sinners and love for the souls of men are characteristics which mark the man of God in his ministration, then these features were singularly manifest as he urged sinners to repentance. The special services lasted for six weeks, at the close of which about thirty were added to the Church. Apart from Lachlan Taylor, Edgerton and Wm. Ryerson, James Musgrave and Jonathan Scott took part in the services, all long since gone to their reward.

Here also I attended a very interesting missionary meeting, at which Anson Green was among the speakers, as were the Indians Copway and Herkimer. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity. Here also I heard Rev. Wm. Ryerson preach a missionary sermon, suffering from much bodily debility, and coming to take his work from the grave of his child, who had just been interred. Here also I heard Rev. Mr. McNab (now Rev. Dr. McNab, of Cobourg) preach from Acts xxiv. 16, "And herein do I

exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." As one who knew Dr. Taylor well, as well perhaps as any of his brethren, it seems befitting that I should say a word or two before passing from his name. It was a pity, I think, that he allowed himself to accept a Government appointment in connection with the Emigration Department. I have no doubt he thought he was acting in harmony with his position as a minister of the Gospel, and that he thoroughly believed that he could render essential service to his country. I have no doubt that he thought that while doing this he might at the same time greatly benefit his health. I thought it a mistake then. I have never since changed my mind. He asked me to give my opinion freely at the time; it was freely given, so that he knew where I stood. I thought it a pity that he, with the most honest intentions, should have so far secularized himself, should have removed himself from the sphere where he was doing so much good. So think I of every minister called to preach the Gospel of the Son of God, who gives himself up to secular work. He cannot do it without losing power and influence. But, having said this, I delight to place on record my strong conviction that no heart beat with truer devotedness to all the interests of the Church which he loved so well than did the heart of Lachlan Taylor; that no man did so much for the Missionary Society as did he in his unwearied labours, in his powerful advocacy of its claims, in his willing and liberal bestowment of his means. These remarks apply with equal force to his labours in connection with the Upper Canada Bible Society, with the wonderful prosperity of which institution his name is so imperishably associated.

SO LIVE.

So should we live that every hour
May fall as falls the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself a seed
Of future good, and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

ETCHINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

VI.—THE PRIEST OF MANKIND.

“Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
 To us, the imagined voice of God Himself ;
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings.”

—*Second Part Henry IV.*, iv. 2.

“Your flock assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text.”

—*Second Part Henry IV.*, iv. 2.

One of Shakespeare's sharpest critics observes that he has failed to exercise his genius in the creation of any character in which religious sentiment or religious passion is dominant. The shrewd criticism is a just one. And yet it is none the less true that no author in our language, not professedly religious, is more deeply imbued with the religious spirit, or whose works have a more direct religious tendency. And while it may, perhaps, be doubted that Shakespeare, as George Dawson affirms, “was the wisest man since Solomon, and one of the most pious souls that ever lived,” yet few will deny him the proud distinction that Carlyle confers upon him when he calls him “the priest of mankind.”

An effort to sustain this character will bring our brief etchings to a close.

Then, Shakespeare has done more than create a religious character: he has created a religious *cosmos*. Let the following array of significant facts be duly considered.

First of all, he constantly assumes and sets forth the Divine Immanence. The truth that “In Him we live and move and have our being,” is as distinctly taught in Shakespeare as in Scripture. If his eagle eye glances inward, penetrating to the seat of motive and scanning hidden character, that same eagle eye with seer's vision glances upward and around, apprehending a celestial atmosphere charged with divine influences that stream down upon his great characters and upon human society. He everywhere recognizes the supernatural, piercing yonder “majestic roof fretted with golden fire.” How reverently he

speaks of "the Supreme King of kings," "Him that all things know," and "the Providence of some high powers that govern us below." His doctrine of God is indicated in the lines:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will;"

"Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt."

His doctrine of man is equally spiritual. He paints him as "a wonderful piece of work, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties: in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" And everywhere man is represented in his relation to the spiritual and infinite, no less than to the material and visible.

Now, such a distinct and uniform recognition of the Divine Immanence is all the more remarkable, when it is remembered that in Shakespeare's day it had suffered an eclipse. Romanism had lost sight of it, putting God away back behind the priest and sacrament; and the Protestant Reformers, in their eagerness to bring back the old faith, had largely overlooked it; but our dramatist, truer than either Rome or Reform, brought forth this forgotten truth, flashing it like an electric light upon the dark avenues of theology, and the still darker avenues of common life.

Religion with Shakespeare is a constituent principle in the original constitution of man. His treatment of conscience is a striking proof in point. "When we would sum up in one word," says Luthardt, "the greatness and significance of Shakespeare, we call him the dramatist of conscience." Aaron is made to say to Lucius:

"I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience."

It was Shakespeare, rather than Bishop Butler, who discovered "the supremacy of conscience in the moral constitution of man." This "deity in our bosom" he even bestows with intentional distinctness upon his most abandoned villains. King Richard confesses:

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

Shakespeare's pictures of guilt and remorse, where "the worm of conscience" is made to "begnaw the soul," are among the most awful passages in our literature. Listen, for example, to Macbeth,

consumed and terrified by the agonies of an awakened conscience :

“ Whence is that knocking ?
How is’t with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.”

Now to nourish this Promethean spark, and not to quench it, is the loud sermon in all our author’s dramas.

Another religious feature in Shakespeare is, that he refers all collision with moral law to a voluntary offence that has taken place in the inner world of the thoughts—in the realm of the human will, rather than in any world of fate or of force. With him free volition, and not irresistible fate, is the determinate force of life. Man “endued with intellectual sense and soul,” more divine than “the beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,” is “master of his liberty.” “The fated sky gives us free scope.” If we are underlings in any sense, “the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves.” As even Iago confesses, “Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus.” Or, to quote the fine language of Shakespeare’s Edmund : “This is the excellent folly of the world, that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we are guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves and treachers, by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.” And hence our author’s aphorism in *Henry V.*:

“ ‘Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head.”

It is worth observing, in this connection, that Shakespeare has given to his villains a certain religious aspect. They are for the most religious villains, hypocritical characters, citing Scripture, “wearing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in,” and otherwise masking their real selves. Listen to Gloster in *Richard III.*:

“ But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil ;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.”

Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice* boasts a similar device :

"Seignior Bassanio, hear me:
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect and sware but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
 Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam, never trust me more."

And in many another instance to a like effect, no less from life than from these creations of genius, the Shakespearean reflection is fully sustained :

"'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself."

Shakespeare, too, is peculiarly rich in a religious vocabulary both in respect to terms and ideas. Within a wide range of abstract thought crystallized in dramatic forms, are included all that concern the moral and the spiritual, no less than the intellectual, interests of humanity, set forth largely in the consecrated dialect of theology. Not only does he exhibit a philosophical conception of Christian doctrine, but that doctrine is embodied in the most important terms recognized as the nomenclature of Christianity. We may find, therefore, in Shakespeare an armoury of dialectical weapons, an enginery of vocal weapons for the defence and enunciation of Christian doctrine, such as no other author outside of the Bible supplies; and what is more, amid the growth, progress, and fluctuations of our language, he has helped to preserve the *ipsissima verba* of Christian nomenclature, and given to the vocabulary of philosophical and theological truth a permanence not otherwise to have been secured.

"But to have a divinity preached there! did you ever dream such a thing?"

Yet so it is. His terms of divinity sweep the gamut of theological technique. He speaks of "my soul—a thing immortal;" "the grace of God;" "sweet religion;" "becoming a Christian;" "How you may be converted I know not;" "write down, that they hope they serve God;" "Prayers Heaven delights to hear;" "I have immortal longings in me;" "Hereafter in a better world than this;" "What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture?" etc., etc. Many of Shakespeare's terms are peculiarly ecclesiastical; he speaks of "the consecrated fount;" "Love and meekness become a churchman;" "Washed as pure as sin

with baptism;" "What kind of catechising call you this?" "Are you so gospelled?" "Priests and fanes;" "Sermon me no more;" and,

"I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence."

Indeed, one could cull from Shakespeare's works material for an entire system of theology, whose controlling lines of thought would harmonize with Scripture. Canon Boyle remarks: "There is scarcely to be found in any other book such a digest of Christian faith as in the writings of Shakespeare." And George Dawson adds, more strongly: "There has been no sweeter preacher of the religion of Jesus Christ since Christ died than William Shakespeare." The doctrines of Sin and Salvation, those two poles of evangelical truth, were never more clearly set forth. He shows that

"The immortal part needs a physician,
Though that be sick it dies not."

And with his eye upon man's accountability in view of "the dreadful judgment day so dreadful," he says:

"And where the offence is, let the great axe fall."

But with wonderful iteration he speaks, too, of Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins;" "the death of Him that died for all;"

"That dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from the Father's wrathful curse ;"

"nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross;" and that gem of the whole, which reads like a passage from the Gospels:

"All the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy."

On the doctrine of a future life, our author is just as full and distinct. Constance in *King John*, mourning the loss of her son, says:

"And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

Nor does he hesitate "tell the secrets" of "this eternal blazon to ears of flesh and blood;" for he puts into the lips of Hamlet's Ghost:

"My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself."

The Biblical tone of our national bard will complete his religious character.

"His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ."

"Take the entire range of literature," says one, "put together our best authors who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all united so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used, as we have found in Shakespeare alone." There is scarcely a book of the sixty-six constituting the sacred Scriptures, but he quotes from it; scarcely a Bible character, but he mentions him; and scarcely a Scripture incident, but he weaves it into the fabric of his verse.

Shakespeare's Scripture allusions are of three kinds.

1. Direct references to Scripture texts.

"The sins of the father are to be laid upon the children."

Exodus xx. 5.

—*Merchant of Venice*, iii. 5.

"The great King of kings,
Hath in the table of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder."

Exodus xx. 5.

—*Richard III.*, i. 4.

"Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face."

Exodus xxxiv. 28.

—*Second Part Henry VI.*, i. 3.

"For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the son dies let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter."

Numbers xxvii. 8.

—*Henry V.*, i. 2.

"I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head."

Judges iv. 21.

—*Tempest*, iii. 2.

"Much rain wears the marble."

Job xiv. 19.

—*Third Part Henry IV.*, iii. 2.

"Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die."

Psalm lxxxix. 48.

—*Second Part Henry IV.*, iii. 2.

"Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it."

Proverbs i. 20.

—*First Part Henry IV.*, i. 2.

"Woe to that land that's governed by a child."

Ecclesiastes x. 16.

—*Richard III.*, ii. 3.

"In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants."
Micah iv. 4. —*Henry VIII.*, v. 4.

"Blessed are the peacemakers on earth."
Matthew v. 9. —*Second Part Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

"There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."
Luke xii. 6. —*Hamlet*, v. 2.

"The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just."
Romans ix. 18. —*Measure for Measure*, i. 3.

"It is written, they appear to men like angels of light."
2 Corinthians xi. 14. —*Comedy of Errors*, iv. 3.

"But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil."
1 Thessalonians v. 15. —*Richard III.*, i. 3.

"If ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life."
Revelations iii. 5. —*Richard II.*, i. 3.

2. Allusions to Bible characters.

ADAM.—"I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that
Adam had before he transgressed."
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 2.

EVE.—"Thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria."
—*Twelfth Night*, i. 5.

CAIN, ABEL.—"Be thou cursed, Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel if thou wilt."
—*First Part Henry VI.*, i. 3.

NOAH.—"And they have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was
a sailor."
—*Twelfth Night*, iii. 2.

JOB.—"As poor as Job."
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5.

ABRAHAM, JACOB, "Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,
LABAN.—"This Jacob from our holy Abraham was."
—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 3.

HAGAR.—"What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?"
—*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 5.

PHARAOH.—"If to be fat is to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to
be loved."
—*First Part Henry IV.*, ii. 4.

DEBORAH.—

“Thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.”

—*First Part Henry VI.*, i. 3.

JEPHTHAH.—“O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!”

—*Hamlet*, ii. 2.

SAMSON.—“Samson, master, he was a man of good carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter.”

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2.

GOLIATH.—“I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam.”

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5.

SOLOMON.—“Yet was Solomon so seduced—and he had a very good wit.”

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—“I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.”

—*All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 5.

LAZARUS.—“Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores.”

—*First Part Henry IV.*, iv. 2.

HEROD.—“Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you.”

—*Anthony and Cleopatra*, iii. 3.

PILATE.—“How fain like Pilate would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.”

—*Richard III.*, i. 4.

THE NAZARITE.—“Your Prophet, the Nazarite.”

—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 3.

PHILIP.—“Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee”

—*First Part Henry VI.*, i. 3.

PAUL.—“Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.”

—*Richard III.*, i. 1.

3. Allusions to Scripture Incidents.

The following instances will easily be recognized:

“Ye gods that made me man . . .
That have inflamed desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial fruit,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps.”

—*Pericles*, i. 1.

“God saw him when he was hid in the garden.”

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, v. 1.

“With Cain go wander through the shades of night.”

—*Richard II.*, v. 6.

"I bring no overture of war . . . I hold the olive in my hand."
—*Twelfth Night*, i. 1.

"Thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog."
—*Twelfth Night*, iv. 2.

"You drop manna in the way of starved people."
—*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1.

"He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes."
—*Lear*, v. 3.

"Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself."
—*Henry VIII.*, i. 1.

"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."
—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 3.

"Mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen."
—*Henry V.*, iii. 3.

"Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish?"
—*Timon of Athens*, iii. 2.

"To say the truth, so Judas kissed his Master,
And cried, 'All hail!' when as he meant all harm."
—*Third Part Henry VI.*, v. 7.

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross."
—*First Part Henry IV.*, i. 1.

And now our task is finished. To limn these imperfect etchings of our immortal bard has been a labour of love, pursued with the desire to point fresh attention to one whose works so well repay a close and constant study.

On the twenty-third of April, 1616, at the age of fifty-two, died the man who accomplished the greatest feat of authorship the world has ever seen, who has made the proud name of Englishman an honour among the nations, who still lives in the throbbing hearts of half the world, and the magic of whose name

"Defies the scythe of Time, the torch of flame."

Such a genius must live.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

"The latest generations of men," says Carlyle, "will find new meanings in Shakespeare, new elucidations of their own human being; new harmonies with the structure of the universe; concurrences with later ideas, and affinities with the higher powers and senses of man." And hence, to borrow Dr. Johnson's prophetic words: "The stream of Time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

"Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."

THE WOLVES.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

THREE gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be:
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

ADELTHA.*

A TRUE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE AND WORK.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH M. HOWLAND.

WHEN I was a little girl I went with my mother into the country during the summer vacation, and boarded for a few weeks in a village on the western edge of Maine, within sight and drive of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. While there I made the acquaintance of a girl of thirteen, which soon ripened into an intimacy of the desperate, all-absorbing, school-girl sort, yet one which lasted twenty years; and it is the story of this girl's life and work that I am to tell.

I tell the story in detail, because the very point of it is that her work was herself, and the only way to understand her influence was to become acquainted with her personally.

At that time Adeltha was a very tall, large girl, rather raw-boned and awkward, with straight, abundant flaxen hair and not a single pretty feature. She was young, in perfect health, an average scholar, but quick, bright, and interested in everything that was going on, and distinguished from the other girls by a certain light-heartedness, a bubbling over of animal life and spirits that gave everybody who met her an impression of sunshine and a fresh breeze.

At sixteen, with the maturity of twenty, this typical Yankee girl, like hundreds of others, was teaching. She had already tried her hand in the district schools near home, but now she was at the head of an academy "down east" on the Penobscot, teaching "French and fancy-work and oriental painting," after the manner of the smart girls of the last generation. So far her religious life had consisted in going to church and in learning her Sunday-school lesson, and although she always "said her prayers" when she went to bed, I've heard her say that up to this time she never gave a single minute to thoughts of religion.

My first letter from her was full of her school and her new acquaintances. In a week or two I had another, in which she said something like this: "I'm thinking of something else now. I'm trying to be a Christian. Something that the minister has said has set me to thinking."

That was all she had to say about it. I had grown up in an old-fashioned church where the few people who were converted went through a regular order of feeling. First they were "serious," then "under conviction," then they "indulged a hope" and remained "serious," at least for a few months. Mother shook her head when, her term over, Adeltha visited me on her way home. Adeltha was no more "serious" than ever. She

* Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

was just as lively and noisy and gay as when she visited me before. But at night she talked with me and prayed with me and said we must try together. Years afterwards she wrote me: "There never was a smaller mustard-seed of faith and purpose in anybody's heart than mine when I began to be a Christian."

The seed was not only small, but it was of slow growth. For a year or two she was just an ordinary church member, a good girl in the sense that she was not a bad one, and that was all. She developed physically into almost a beauty. After a slight sickness her flaxen hair grew golden and curly, and her one beauty, a perfect flush that came and went as she talked, gave her face the attraction of colour which is at once so charming and so fleeting.

Now was her time of social triumph. She studied in one or two different places and taught in others, and everywhere she went she made friends with her bright, attractive manner and her warm, sympathetic heart. Men and women found her the best of company. She had many offers of marriage. In one year I remember she had dangling at her heels and unwilling to take "no" for an answer, a gawky back-country lad, a dashing young sea-captain, a Congregational minister, and a New York artist whose name I often see now in the papers; and it was through the perplexities and heartaches and disappointments of these and other love affairs that there came a discipline which began to change the thoughtless girl into the remarkable Christian woman.

The summer of 1860 came. She was anxious to go South to teach, and through the advice of a summer boarder she advertised in *The National Era*, a Washington paper with a large Southern circulation. The modest advertisement read as follows:

"WANTED.—A position, South, for a young lady, as governess. Address Rev. _____."

She gave the name of her uncle, the minister in the village.

I was visiting there when the advertisement was sent on. It was a secret in the family, and as great an event, to be talked over under our breath, as going to Japan would be now. Every day Adeltha would go away by herself and pray that God would decide her future for her. Before I left the answers began to come. Every mail brought them; if I remember rightly there were fifteen of one sort and another—a fabulous number the summer boarder said, who had but one answer herself; and choosing from among these chances, three spunky Yankee girls set off by October: a friend for Kentucky, her sister for Maryland and Adeltha for Macon, Georgia.

In December, 1860, South Carolina seceded, and Adeltha's letters were full of the matter. She was an arrant Secessionist. "I believe the South ought to be let alone and secede if it wants to—only I'll come home," she wrote. Then suddenly her letters stopped. Sumter fell. Then came the call to arms. Her sister reached home with difficulty through the blood-stained

streets of Baltimore, and her brother joined the Northern army. Spring and summer passed without a word from her, when one September day I received a letter from her, dated New York, and the next day she was with us, at home again, a changed woman—the same and yet not the same.

"I've learned to pray," she said, "though I thought I knew how before. When the letters from home stopped and I found mine did not get through, it began to dawn upon me that I was an exile and a prisoner. Then I began to cry to God for help. They treated me like a dear friend. Before the pinch came they took me to The Springs with them, and I joined with them in all festivities. But when the battle of Manassas came (first Bull Run), and the papers reported the Maine regiments as among those which were all cut up, my heart sunk within me. I knew my brother would be in the army—perhaps he was dead; and I just cried out to God to let me go home."

"But there was no possible way to get home, they told me; all communication was cut off. I lost twenty pounds in a few weeks, till my southern friends said I should die on their hands if they did not get rid of me. I wouldn't give up. I kept praying. One day we met at a dinner party a man who had just come through the lines by way of Fortress Monroe. Here was my chance. If he could come, I could go. We found a Confederate soldier who was going that way in a day or two to join his regiment. They paid me up every cent in gold and packed me off under the soldier's care."

And I might add that they weighed her down with enough letters to post when she got North, to have hung her for a traitor for aught I know.

She committed her way to God and set out on her perilous journey, and verily her way was prepared for her in the midst of her enemies. At Fortress Monroe she found people who had been waiting for weeks, but she was exchanged with only a few hours' delay. A Union soldier going home on a furlough took her in charge; friends sprang up out of the ground; everybody befriended her; and here she was safe at home, her brother in the army, but unharmed, and her simple explanation was: "I cried unto the Lord and He heard me."

I have been thus particular, because I wish to emphasize the fact that a saintly character was made out of what we should have called unpromising material.

She was now twenty-one years old, but there had been crowded into the last four years of her life more experiences and adventures than fall to the lot of most women in a life-time, and the change that I noticed in her was her wonderful intimacy with God. It did not seem to be prayer so much as an indwelling. She would lay down her book and say with the greatest freedom and simplicity: "I'm going up stairs a little while now. I'm sleepy if I leave my prayers till night." She would be gone an hour, and I would know by the low sound through the closed door that she

was praying. Once when I was visiting at the farm in the dead of winter, I would see her, day after day, dress as if to go out of doors, take a sleigh-robe and go away by herself in a cold room for a literal hour of devotion. She carried everything to God in prayer, and expected and received answers. She prayed about the smallest matters and talked of her trust in God with a familiarity which was not irreverent only because it was so simple and unconscious.

Every one who met her began to feel this presence of God. She spoke of the Saviour as freely as of her brother in the army, with just the same fond, personal affection. She would ask a girl to her room to try to help her find God with no more ado than if she had taken her upstairs to show her a new stitch in crocheting. If young men made love to her, and they continued to, she diverted their minds by trying to convert them. They came to woo, and remained to pray. Some of the most remarkable cases I ever knew of personal work for souls were among these would-be lovers, and are not fit for me to make public.

It was the next year, I think that she went to teach a private school in a little village in the Connecticut valley. She wrote me often, and the accounts of that winter's work made a great impression on me.

"After I had a school organized," she wrote me, "I asked the class in French to remain awhile one night, as they were the oldest scholars. I told them I wanted to help them to be Christians this winter as well as to teach them their lessons, and after talking with them I prayed with them."

There was no waiting for opportunity, we see; she made her opportunity. Very soon some of her scholars were rejoicing in a new-found hope; then some of the parents were reached; and soon a gracious revival was felt in the church, springing, as far as human eye could see, from the work in that little school.

One incident in connection with it lingers in my memory. A boy or lad, on the debatable ground between boy and man, came to her to ask her to give him music lessons on the cabinet organ. He worked by day and must take his lesson in the evening; must call for his teacher and take her to his organ and walk back with her. "I couldn't think of it for a minute," she said. "I was tired with my day's work, and to give up two evenings and take those two walks in all weathers, with that boy and for almost no pay, too, for he was poor, why! the absurdity of it! But after praying about it, I felt I must do it; so asking God to accept the work as done for Him, I agreed to give the lessons.

"So, as we were plodding along the road in the dark, I asked the young fellow if he was a Christian. He wasn't disposed to talk much, but I talked to him and told him what God expected of him and that I should pray for him. The next time he came for me, as soon as we were out of the house, he told me that he had given his heart to God." He told her, too, that after he left her at her door that night he met some of the boys and told them

as a joke that his music teacher was going to convert him, and they had a good laugh together over it and made fun of it all. But after he left them it came over him what a wicked thing he had done, and he was so distressed that he went into a barn by the roadside and fell down on his knees before God, asked His forgiveness and promised to take heed to the friendly warning. She wrote me: "This young man had a good mother who was praying for him, and if I hadn't spoken, God would have taken some other way to answer her prayers. But because I was willing to speak to him and pray for him, God let me have the privilege of leading him to his Saviour."

Spending the winter in this same village there was a young married woman from Brooklyn, with a family of little children. Her husband had connections in the place, and as he was making some change in his business he had put his family there for the season while he was away. It so happened that Mrs. B., engrossed in family cares, and Adeltha busy in her school, did not meet for months. In so small a village this may seem incredible, but is perhaps explained by the fact that Mrs. B., who was thoroughly irreligious and took no part in Church affairs, had conceived a dislike for the very name of the school-teacher, who, she was sure, was so extra good and pious that she, for her part, did not want to meet her.

Now one morning, it was a Saturday or some holiday, Adeltha felt very much drawn to God in prayer for a particular request, which was that God would take that day's work in charge; that whatever she was led to do might be owned and blessed by Him; and, her prayer over, she dressed to go out on a distant errand. It was a perfect day, the sky clear, the air like wine. After a few minutes' walk, a young lady friend overtook her in a sleigh and invited her to get in for a ride, saying—

"This is my cousin, Mrs. B., and we're going to Springfield on a lark."

Without a minute's hesitation Adeltha jumped in, and off the three young women went; and from my knowledge of two of them I have no doubt they were as noisy and undignified and jolly as three school-girls would have been. They dined at the Massasoit, and bumped home on nearly bare ground but in great spirits.

In the quiet of her room, however, 'Deltha thought of her morning prayer.

"I thought it all over," she told me, "and I couldn't remember that I'd talked about anybody or said anything I ought not to, only I'd been full of fun. I just couldn't help it, it was so nice being out driving on such a day and we were all happy. So I asked God to forgive what had been wrong, and I was so tired I went straight to bed."

But God had owned the day whose laughter was consecrated to Him. Mrs. B. followed up the new acquaintance, and in a very short time came out a decided Christian. She told Adeltha:

"When Cousin Abby and I saw you on the road that morning,

and she said: 'Let's ask her to go with us,' I demurred. I didn't want you, for I was sure a woman so pious as you were said to be would also be pokey. But when I heard you laugh and joke, and enter into our good times all day, I said to myself: 'If a woman can be so pleasant and so nice, and a Christian too, I should like to be one.'"

Mrs. B. clung to her new-found friend, made her leave her boarding-place and come to live with her, saying:

"Don't pay any board. I'll pay you for coming, if necessary."

Her husband came home, was astonished at the change in his wife, and with the help of this new-found friend, began a Christian life too. I met them at Adeltha's wedding a year or two afterward. They were then both members of Dr. C.'s church, and the husband had a large class of boys in the Sunday-school and was quite a prominent member of the church.

It was during this year which she spent in Brooklyn and with another friend near New York City that her lungs began to trouble her. She lost her freshness and roundness; had to be careful in bad weather, and without being at all sick, made the discovery that her time of bounding physical vigour was past.

She had always been very much interested in foreign missions, and had she lived twenty years later there is no doubt she would have gone abroad; but single women did not go much till after the war was over. She hailed the opportunity offered by the American Missionary Association, and went South among its earlier teachers in the spirit of a foreign missionary.

She was now twenty-four years old. The year was one of great hardship, privation, and unceasing toil for herself and sister, who went with her. They sailed in a vessel which proved unseaworthy, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. They were sent to Hilton Head Island, opposite Port Royal, at the southern extremity of South Carolina, and laboured among the cotton-hands of the plantations there and among the refugees driven in there by Sherman's March to the Sea. The able-bodied blacks were taken as soldiers; the old and infirm, the women and children were sent to such stations and huddled together like sheep. The teachers' quarters were in a deserted house built in a southern fashion—set up on posts above the ground. At one time sixty negroes lived, ate, and slept in this open space under the house, and the smallpox broke out among them! Every night the teachers lay down, feeling that only God's mercy kept them from dying of pestilence or being burned alive before morning.

The average attendance of their school, which was held in this house with their own chamber for one of the recitation rooms, was one hundred and seventy, in ages varying from four to twenty-five, and to accommodate them at all one half came from eight to twelve in the forenoon and the other half from one to five in the afternoon. It was not a time for reaping a harvest, or sowing seed even, but only of preparing the ground, and after eight hours' work in the school, these girls spent their evenings in visiting the sick, clothing the naked, holding sewing schools for

the mothers, holding or attending three prayer-meetings a week, and at night lay down, wearily, in rooms where the dirty, ragged scholars had been all day, waked to see great rats looking at them through holes in the plastering, and got up night after night to drench their beds with kerosene oil that they might not be devoured by the bedbugs and vermin that swarmed from every crack. This was the *romance* of missionary life in those days.

Stationed on the island there was a coloured regiment, officered by white men, and as the teachers in this house were the only other white people in the place, the gentlemen naturally called over pretty often. Her sister writes me:

"Of course, if they came in school hours we took them into the school-room. We often asked our callers to hear classes, we had so many children and our time was so full.

"I remember one officer who had been sick, and who often came over during his convalescence. 'Dellie would always turn the conversation to religious subjects and often to his own personal interest in the matter. If he came during school hours she always had something which she had saved for him to read—a religious poem or a passage from the Bible marked for him to think about while we were busy. When the lesson was over she would naturally talk with him about the passage. This was the way she did with every one who came to see us, and although so few of them were religious men, they all seemed to enjoy it; at any rate they didn't stay away because of it. We could not let these calls interfere with our regular work, for there was too much to do; but I always felt that, with 'Dellie at least, they were so many additional opportunities to work for the Master. I think they all loved and respected her for it, and felt that religion with her was a daily walking with Christ."

She completed the school year, the war ended that spring, and the next September she was married from her father's house to the colonel of this regiment. He was a New York man, in thorough Christian sympathy with herself, and they went to W—, Pennsylvania, to live.

Eight or nine years of bustling activity, of school teaching and travel, of missionary work, care, responsibility, association, and influence with large numbers, and now Adeltha found herself a bride almost in solitude.

W— was then a thriving town on a branch of the Susquehanna, the centre of the lumber trade of the region; but W— proper was more than two miles away from the lonely bride. She was keeping house on a by-road in a sparsely settled suburb up the river. The farms of the stolid Dutch farmers stretched off into the country. Nearer the river were hastily built boarding-houses for the workmen who were putting up an enormous saw-mill for a New York man.

Very happily married to a man thoroughly congenial and in full sympathy with her religiously, those first winter months were yet some of the most trying ones of her life. There she was with hardly an acquaintance, her husband away at the mill all day,

no society, no Sunday-school, no literary club, no sewing society even, no church—nothing to do. If it had not been that the river gave them two freshets that season and flooded them out of the house twice, compelling them to dry off and then go back and begin housekeeping again, I don't know what would have become of her! There was no village here, remember, no post-office. There was a stone church nearly a mile away, out of repair and unused except on a Sabbath morning, when an old-school Presbyterian minister would appear from some unknown quarter and preach to the few people who remembered the appointment; then he would go off and in two weeks come again in the afternoon, preach, and ride away. Farther on there was a Methodist church, with a still more sporadic ministration.

Neither the colonel nor his bride were people to endure such a state of things long without an effort to better it. The colonel started out one of his very first Sundays with pictures, cards, and papers, and walking up and down the roads he asked everybody he met to come next Sunday to an unfinished part of the mill and sing. In the utter dearth of anything else to do quite a number gathered, and before the sleepy old elders woke up, the "new man" and his wife had a Sunday-school well in hand.

The place grew rapidly. The saw-mill that year was the largest in the world. Cottages were built for the operatives, and the new village straggled all the way from the river to the church. This church was repaired and a parsonage built for the resident minister. Such settlements always take on the impress of the first comer, and the colonel and his wife put their mark here. The second winter they began to see the fruit of their labours. A great revival spread through the community, and it seemed to follow in their footsteps.

There were Christian people on these scattered farms when my friends went there, but they knew nothing about church work. When I visited them a year or two later, there was a church of one hundred and twenty members. It was Adeltha who held the prayer-meeting at her house, who talked with inquirers—not with girls and women only, but with boys and men, young and old. It was she who followed up a woman of doubtful character and gave her no rest till she cut loose from her old ways and started life again as a Christian woman. Taking a walk one day, she saw a working-man following her. She had seen him at the meetings, but did not know his name even. He overtook her and began to talk. He was in great distress of mind and wanted to be a Christian, and Adeltha stood aghast as the man poured into her ears a confession of a crime, a state-prison offence, that under the pressure of God's Spirit he could keep no longer to himself. In all that village, this pretty young woman, an utter stranger, was the only one who impelled the confession.

Nor were her personal efforts confined to outsiders. She had living with her at this time a young German girl, taken in pity from her drunken parents, and a coloured boy, an army waif that her husband had brought from the south, both as ignorant as

Hottentots. Under her care and teaching both were hopefully converted. Lizzie joined the church and turned out well. The colour-prejudice was very strong, and poor Billy was not allowed to join the church or attend the village school. My friends gave him a home and he walked to town every day to study at a coloured school, while he attended meetings and worshipped humbly with people who looked more closely at the colour of his skin than at the change in his character. Billy now is the Rev. William —, of Virginia.

I remember another incident that may be mentioned here. Her father was not a church member though a very excellent man, read his Bible, and brought up his children religiously. Adeltha never doubted his acceptance with God, but thought he lived below his privileges. I myself remember seeing her twice get out of bed, put on a loose dress and slippers, and go downstairs to her father's bedside and pray with him, while I upstairs could hear her tearful, trembling voice as she pleaded with God for her father. Can any young woman think of a harder thing to do than that? She did not live to see it; but the time came when her father, nearly eighty years old, publicly and joyfully took upon himself the Christian vows and confessed that for the first time in his life he "enjoyed his religion."

Let no one imagine her as a solemn or "goody" woman. She was the life of every company. She would play the piano or sing, start games among the young folks, talk of recipes and patterns to the mothers, and lend books to the young men, and give the impression to every one of them that her heart was overflowing with love to God.

"I always put on my prettiest clothes when I try to do anybody any good," she would say, "and tie up my curls with a fresh ribbon. Those dreadful black caps that good old Aunt Newton wears are enough to keep any young person at least from wanting to be a Christian."

But the beautiful life was nearly over. It only remained to tell how this unselfish spirit, full of work for others, was prepared by it to meet death herself. There came after these years of failing strength a sudden hemorrhage, a persistent cough, and, in anxiety, she took her children and came to her father's home in Maine for the summer. She was wonderfully better, and went with her sister and myself to Salem to attend the American Board meetings in October. We went to Boston for her to consult Dr. Cullis, with whom she was acquainted. I myself everheard this conversation as, after a private interview, he came to the door with her:

"If people ask me if I have consumption, Doctor, what shall I tell them?"

"What do you want to tell them?" he answered gravely.

"I want to tell them the truth," she said, in the old piquant, half-saucy way.

"Then you must tell them that you have," he returned.

"But my mother has coughed thirty years; why can't I?"

"You won't cough three," he said, very slowly.

She bade him good-bye calmly, and we went home without a reference to the doctor's verdict.

At first she was unwilling to die, as you or I would have been. What, die! she, a young woman of thirty-one, with a pleasant home, a doting husband, two little children? So much to do, so much to enjoy! It could not be! It should not be!

Contrary to her usual custom, she did not talk much about it to any of us. But by the time the winter was over she had settled the whole matter between herself and God.

"The hardest thing," she told me, "was to be willing to leave my little boys. First I got willing to leave them with God, and to trust that they would be as safe without me as with me. But to think that my little fellows that I loved so much would miss me only a few weeks—would never in all their lives think or care for me as anything more than a tender tradition—that was the hardest wrench of all."

She came again the next summer, as bright and cheerful as ever, as full of life, walking some, riding a good deal; if it hadn't been for the dreadful cough we might have been deceived. She was not. "I think I may hold out another year, I am so tough, but I want to be sure to have all my sewing done for the children, because I may not live through the winter, you know."

But she came again the next summer, evidently failing, but still so happy, so natural and unconcerned that we were fairly staggered. I find among my papers a letter written just before she came. She was writing of some very unfavourable symptoms that had developed, showing, as her doctor told her, that her disease had taken hold of other parts of her body as well as her lungs, and she goes on to write:

"I wish I could tell you how little any of these changes of body affect my mind. It seems to me, as regards my own present or future, my heart rests in eternal peace. I am not indifferent to life; life never looked to me so precious, but if the Lord Jesus wants me to die in the coming months I feel in every fibre of my being that that will be the highest good for me, and that He will make it work for good to all the dear ones I shall leave behind." And then follows an inquiry about the price of a black silk dress, for, as she said, "I have lived so much longer than I thought I should, I've worn out all my clothes." Black silk dresses are seldom discussed in such a spirit! And when she showed me the new dress that summer, she said simply, "I shan't want it after this year, and I've had the skirt made long and I've put by enough for a new waist, so that sister Carrie can have a nice dress out of it."

From another letter I copy this:

"I have read and prayed much about the higher Christian life this winter, and I have surely entered into that life *in spots* (I don't know how else to express it). As I wrote before, as far as death is concerned, I have *entered into* rest. I never think of it without a thrill of triumph, and hundreds of times this winter I

have felt these victorious words, ‘O death, where is thy sting ! O grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ I have trusted the whole thing to Christ, and I can’t feel that death will be anything to me but meeting Him face to face whom having not seen I love. When I hear ministers in their sermons speak of the ‘cold waters of the Jordan of death,’ or the ‘darkness of the grave,’ I smile, for I feel in my heart that there is no coldness or darkness, no shadow even before me ; it is all sunshine. Now I have no doubt there is some ‘temperament’ in this, but there is more grace. For two years ago it seemed very sad to me to think of dying before I got to be an old woman, and to die young seemed like a cutting off, a blasting, and now I think it must be a new birth into a fuller life. When I realize that through this victory that God has given me, I am so much happier in view of an early death than the majority of Christians, I feel that I want the same overcoming faith in regard to everything in life. I can’t say yet that I have no burden about my boys, but I expect to say it. There is much written about the higher life and perfection that is very confusing ; but I mean the life that Jesus meant when He said, “If ye abide in Me,” and what Paul meant when he said, ‘Christ liveth in me.’”

She literally set her house in order, told us all what we were to have as keepsakes—mind you, this was not when she was on her dying-bed, but well enough to visit, to go to church occasionally, and to ride about. “This is my last visit home, and I want to make the most of it. I am sure I shall be in a better home by another summer,” she would say, as simply and with no more emotion than if she was getting ready to move into another street ; so simply that she fairly compelled us to receive such statements without a word of dissent or a tear. She wrote to all her friends, and made sure that the unconverted ones had at least a message. She talked with us of the journey to a better land she was soon to take, and she certainly gave me the impression that she dreaded death less than getting to New York alone with her children.

She left Maine early in the fall, and failed rapidly after her return to Pennsylvania. Her last letter to me was written in November, and while the most of it is like a glimpse of heaven, in one or two expressions the old human way of looking at things shows itself, as in this :

“All my friends, children of God, are praying for me, that I may get well. Sometimes I feel afraid God may be overpersuaded. This sounds strange, but when I pray about it I can’t help saying, ‘Dear Lord, don’t mind their desires if Thou wouldest rather I should come to heaven now.’”

In another place she says: “I wish it was as easy to live near to God in health as in sickness.”

In two months of exceeding suffering that followed, her husband wrote me: “She lives constantly in the presence of Jesus, and she says no one can tell how real everything about heaven

has become. And her cheerfulness and thoughtful care of everybody but herself dries all tears from the eyes of her friends."

She chose a spot in the cemetery for her body to be laid—a breezy, sunny slope, where Howard and Harry, her little boys, might come and play and not feel gloomy.

Her father and mother were with her at the last. She kept her bed but six or eight days, and was released from pain and entered into her Saviour's presence in January.

I remember the day the telegram came which announced that Dellie had gone home. Her sister and I sat and talked together of her. We could not weep; there was nothing to weep for. "I feel as if she was nearer now than when she was alive," her sister said. And when her parents returned the next week, and told us of her last hours, if we shed tears, they were those of rejoicing. She had made heaven so real that we could not mourn. There was nothing to mourn for.

There are two or three very obvious lessons from such a life as this:

I. Fruitfulness of a short life. We expect to see aged saints, but hardly look for them among young married women. Her work was mainly done between eighteen and thirty. She died at thirty-three, and yet scores will arise to call her blessed.

II. A woman who is really in earnest about serving God will find opportunities wherever she is placed, and in the midst of her commonest activities.

III. The secret of her power over others was God's power over her. The Bible and prayer were her never-failing fountain of grace. A tremendously energetic woman, a real "Yankee driver;" never idle for a minute, yet in the busiest days she neither omitted nor cut short her time of communion with God. It was not only her source of strength, but her remedy for perplexity. One winter she had a family of ten—an invalid mother-in-law; a raw girl in the kitchen; Billy, the black boy; a disagreeable and uncongenial relative, and the school-teacher, to board. "It takes a great deal of grace to live this winter," she said. "When Sarah aggravates me to death, I just shut my mouth and go up stairs and pray."

IV. Religion does not change the temperament, but uses it to make different types of Christians. If she had tried to be anything but herself, what a miserable failure she would have been. The gay, light-hearted, volatile girl, fond of pretty clothes, of a good time, when God had taken hold of her in every part of her nature, became the buoyant, courageous, sympathetic, charming Christian, that won the hearts with a word and held them with a smile.

V. Small beginnings of Christian purpose are to be encouraged, not despised. If it is truly a heavenly seed with life within itself, God will take care that it grows. He will send just such circumstances and such discipline as will water its roots and nourish its branches. He will decide, too, what kind of fruit it shall bear.

A JUNE BIRD-SONG.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT.

IN the break of a blossomy morning
 Of the ever-glorious June,
 I languid lay and listened
 To the wild-birds' varied tune.

The lark with his high-keyed treble,
 The robin's tenor strong,
 The canary's wonted rapture,
 Were mingled in the song.

But my ear caught a note in a minor,
 So rich, so appealing, so calm,
 It came to my heart like a vision,
 It fell on its wounds like balm.

As one of the long-lost voices,
 As my mother's used to be,
 It soothed my fret and worry,
 It spoke to the child in me.

It called to a soul that was simple,
 Trustful, unselfish, and free,
 It appealed to my higher nature,
 It spoke to the God in me.

I had risen with the lark of ambition,
 On passion and beauty had smiled,
 Forgot that the heirs of the kingdom
 Have the spirit of a child.

O bird of noble contentment !
 Whatever thy name may be,
 A voice in the wilderness crying,
 A herald of Christ to me.

There are voices sounding from heaven
 Across Time's white-capped swell,
 They say with that bird of the morning,
 " My child, it is well, it is well."

ANCASTER, Ont.

ONE WRONG STEP.

AN ORKNEY STORY.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

II.

AFTER the tragic death of Peter Fae, the bailies who had heard his deposition immediately repaired to the cottage of John Sabay whom the dying man had accused of stabbing him. It was Saturday night, and no warrant could now be got, but the murderer must be secured. No two men bent on such an errand ever found it more difficult to execute. The little family had sat later than usual. John had always news they were eager to hear—of tourists and strangers he had seen in Wick, or of the people the steamer had brought to Kirkwall.

He was particularly cheerful this evening; his interview with Margaret had been hopeful and pleasant, and Christine had given the houseplace and the humble supper-table quite a festival look. They had sat so long over the meal that when the bailies entered John was only then reading the regular portion for the evening exercise. All were a little amazed at the visit, but no one thought for a moment of interrupting the Scripture; and the two men sat down and listened attentively, while John finished the chapter.

Bailie Tulloch then rose and went towards the dame. He was a far-off cousin of the Sabays, and, though not on the best of terms with them, his relationship with them was considered to impose the duty particularly on him.

"Gude-e'en, if thou comes on a gude errand," said old Dame Alison, suspiciously; "but that's no thy custom, bailie."

"I came, dame, to ask John anen: Peter Fae."

The dame laughed pleasantly. "If thou had asked him anent Margaret Fae, he could tell thee more about it."

"This is nae laughing matter, dame. Peter Fae has been murdered—yes, murdered! An' he said, ere he died, that John Sabay did the deed."

"Then Peter Fae died wi' a lie on his lips—tell them that, John," and the old woman's face was almost majestic in its defiance and anger.

"I hae not seen Peter Fae for a week," said John. "God knows that, bailie. I wad be the vera last man to hurt a hair o' his gray head; why, he is Margaret's father!"

"Still, John, though we hae nae warrant to hold thee, we are beholden to do sae; an' thou maun come wi' us," said Bailie Inkster.

"Wrang has nae warrant at ony 'me, an' ye will no touch my lad," said Alison, rising and standin' before her son."

"Come, dame, keep a still tongue."

"My tongue's no under thy belt, Tulloch; but it's weel kenned that since thou wrang us thou ne'er liked us."

"Mother, mother, dinna fash theesel'. It's naught at a' but a mistake; an' I'll gae wi' Bailie Inkster, if he's feared to tak my word."

"I could tak thy word fain enough, John—"

"But the thing isna possible, Inkster. Besides, if he were missing Monday morn, I, being i' some sort a relation, wad be under suspicion o' helping him awa."

"Naebody wad e'er suspect thee o' a helping or mercifu' deed, Tulloch. Indeed, na!"

"Tak care, dame; thou art admitting it would be a mercifu' deed. I heard Peter Fae say that John Sabay stabbed him, an' Ragon Torr and Hacon Flett saw John, as I understand' the matter."

"Mother," said John, "do thou talk to nane but God. Thou wilt hae to lead the prayer theesel' to-night; dinna forget me. I'm as innocent o' this matter as Christine is; mak up thy mind on that."

"God go wi' thee, John. A' the men i' Orkney can do nae mair than they may against thee."

"It's an unco grief and shame to me," said Tulloch, "but the Sabays hae aye been a thorn i' the flesh to me, an' John's the last o' them, the last o' them!"

"Thou art makin' thy count without Providence, Tulloch. There's mair Sabays than Tullochs; for there's Ane for them that counts far beyont an' above a' that can be against them. Now, thou step aff my honest hearthstane—there is mair room for thee without than within."

Then John held his mother's and sister's hands a moment, and there was such *virtue* in the clasp, and such light and trust in their faces, that it was impossible for him not to catch hope from them. Suddenly Bailie Tulloch noticed that John was in his Sabbath-day clothes. In itself this was not remarkable on a Saturday night. Most of the people kept this evening as a kind of preparation for the Holy Day, and the best clothing and the festival meal were very general. But just then it struck the bailies as worth inquiring about.

"Where are thy working-claes, John—the uniform, I mean, o' that steamship company thou sails for—and why hast na them on thee?"

"I had a visit to mak, an' I put on my best to mak it in. The ither are i' my room."

"Get them; Christine."

Christine returned in a few minutes pale-faced and empty-handed. "They are not there, John, nor yet i' thy-kist."

"I thought sae."

"Then God help me, sister! I know not where they are."

Ever Bailie Inkster looked doubtful and troubled at this circumstance. Silence, cold and suspicious, fell upon them, and poor

John went away half-bereft of all the comfort his mother's trust and Christine's look had given him.

The next day being Sabbath, no one felt at liberty to discuss the subject; but as the little groups passed one another on their way to church, their solemn looks and their doleful shakes of the head testified to its presence in their thoughts. The dominie, indeed, knowing how nearly impossible it would be for them not to think their own thoughts this Lord's day, deemed it best to guide those thoughts to charity. He begged every one to be kind to all in deep affliction; and to think no evil until it was positively known who the guilty person was.

Indeed, in spite of the almost overwhelming evidence against John Sabay, there was a strong disposition to believe him innocent. "If ye believe a' ye hear, ye may eat a' ye see," said Geordie Sweyn. "Maybe John Sabay killed old Peter Fae, but every maybe has a may-not-be." And to this remark there were more nods of approval than shakes of dissent.

But affairs, even with this gleam of light, were dark enough to the sorrowful family. John's wages had stopped, and the winter fuel was not yet all cut. A lawyer had to be procured, and they must mortgage their little cottage to do it; and although ten days had passed, Margaret Fae had not shown, either by word or deed, what was her opinion regarding John's guilt or innocence.

But Margaret, as before said, was naturally slow in all her movements, so slow that even Scotch caution had begun to call her cruel or careless. But this was a great injustice. She had weighed carefully in her own mind everything against John, and put beside it his own letter to her and her intimate knowledge of his character, and then solemnly sat down in God's presence to take such counsel as He should put into her heart. After many prayerful, waiting days, she reached a conclusion which was satisfactory to herself; and she then put away from her every doubt of John's innocence, and resolved on the course to be pursued.

In the first place, she would need money to clear the guiltless and to seek the guilty, and she resolved to continue her father's business. She had assisted him so long in his accounts, that his methods were quite familiar to her; all she needed was some one to handle the rough goods, and stand between her and the rude sailors with whom the business was mainly conducted.

Who was this to be? Ragon Torr? She was sure Ragon would have been her father's choice. He had taken all charge of the funeral, and had since hung round the house, ready at any moment to do her service. But Ragon would testify against John Sabay, and she had besides an unaccountable antipathy to his having any nearer relation with her. "I'll ask Geordie Sweyn," she said, after a long consultation with her own slow but sure reasoning powers; "he'll keep the skippers an' farmers i' awe o' him; an' he's just as honest as any other man."

So Geordie was sent for, and the proposal made and accepted. "Thou wilt surely be true to me, Geordie?"

"As true as death, Miss Margaret;" and when he gave her his great brawny hand on it, she knew her affairs in that direction were safe.

Next morning the shop was opened as usual, and Geordie Sweyn stood in Peter Fae's place. The arrangement had been finally made so rapidly that it had taken all Stromness by surprise. But no one said anything against it; many believed it to be wisely done, and those who did not, hardly cared to express dissatisfaction with a man whose personal prowess and ready hand were so well known.

The same day Christine received a very sisterly letter from Margaret, begging her to come and talk matters over with her. There were such obvious reasons why Margaret could not go to Christine, that the latter readily complied with the request; and such was the influence that this calm, cool, earnest girl had over the elder woman, that she not only prevailed upon her to accept money to fee the lawyer in John's defence, but also whatever was necessary for their comfort during the approaching winter. Thus Christine and Margaret mutually strengthened each other, and both cottage and prison were always the better for every meeting.

But soon the summer passed away, and the storms and snows of winter swept over the lonely island. There would be no court until December to try John, and his imprisonment in Kirkwall jail grew every day more dreary. But no storms kept Christine long away from him. Over almost impassable roads and mosses she made her way on the little ponies of the country, which had to perform a constant steeple-chase over the bogs and chasms.

All things may be borne when they are sure; and every one who loved John was glad when at last he could have a fair hearing. Nothing however was in his favour. The bailies and the murdered man's servants, even the dominie and his daughter could tell but one tale. "Peter Fae had declared with his last breath that John Sabay had stabbed him. The prosecution also brought forward strong evidence to show that very bitter words had passed, a few days before the murder, between the prisoner and the murdered man.

In the sifting of this evidence other points were brought out, still more convincing. Hacon Flett said that he was walking to Stromness by the beach to meet her sweetheart, when he heard the cry of murder, and in the gloaming light saw John Sabay distinctly running across the moor. When asked how he knew certainly that it was John, he said that he knew him by his peculiar dress, its bright buttons, and the glimmer of gold braid on his cap. He said also, in a very decided manner, that John Sabay passed Ragon Torr so closely that he supposed they had spoken.

Then Ragon being put upon his oath, and asked solemnly to declare who was the man that had thus passed him, tremblingly answered,

"*John Sabay!*"

John gave him such a look as might well haunt a guilty soul through all eternity; and old Dame Alison, roused by a sense of intolerable wrong, cried out,

"Know this, there's a day coming that will show the black heart; but traitors' words ne'er yet hurt the honest cause."

"Peace, woman!" said an officer of the court, not unkindly.

"Weel, then, God speak for me! an' my thoughts are free; if I daurna say, I may think."

In defence Margaret Fae swore that she had been with John on Brogar Bridge until nearly time to meet her father, and that John then wore a black broadcloth suit and a high hat; furthermore, that she believed it utterly impossible for him to have gone home, changed his clothes, and then reached the scene of the murder at the time Hacon Flett and Ragon Torr swore to his appearance there.

But watches were very uncommon then; no one of the witnesses had any very distinct idea of the time; some of them varied as much as an hour in their estimate. It was also suggested by the prosecution that John probably had the other suit secreted near the seat of the murder. Certain it was that he had not been able either to produce it or to account for its mysterious disappearance.

The probability of Sandy Beg being the murderer was then advanced; but Sandy was known to have sailed in a whaling vessel before the murder, and no one had seen him in Stromness since his departure for Wick after his dismissal from Peter Fae's service.

No one? Yes, some one had seen him. That fatal night, as Ragon Torr was crossing the moor to Peter Fae's house—he having some news of a very particular vessel to give—he heard the cry of "Murder," and he heard Hacon Flett call out, "I know thee, John Sabay. Thou hast stabbed my master!" and he instantly put himself in the way of the flying man. Then he knew at once that it was Sandy Beg in John Sabay's clothes. The two men looked a moment in each other's face, and Sandy saw in Ragon's something that made him say,

"You'll pat Sandy safe ta-night, an' that will make you shure o' ta lass you're seeking for."

There was no time for parley; Ragon's evil nature was strongest, and he answered, "There is a cellar below my house, thou knows it weel."

Indeed, most of the houses in Stromness had underground passages, and places of concealment used for smuggling purposes, and Ragon's lonely house was a favourite rendezvous. The vessel whose arrival he had been going to inform Peter of was a craft not likely to come into Stromness with all her cargo.

Towards morning Ragon had managed to see Sandy and send him out to her with such a message as insured her rapid disappearance. Sandy had also with him a sum of money which he promised to use in transporting himself at once to India, where he had a cousin in the forty-second Highland regiment.

Ragon had not at first intended to positively swear away his friend's life; he had been driven to it, not only by Margaret's growing antipathy to him and her decided interest in John's case and family, but also by that mysterious power of events which enable the devil to forge the whole chain that binds a man when the first link is given him. But the word once said, he adhered positively to it, and even asserted it with quite unnecessary vehemence and persistence.

After such testimony there was but one verdict possible. John Sabay was declared guilty of murder, and sentenced to death. But there was still the same strange and unreasonable belief in his innocence, and the judge, with a peculiar stretch of clemency, ordered the sentence to be suspended until he could recommend the prisoner to his majesty's mercy.

A remarkable change now came over Dame Alison. Her anger, her sense of wrong, her impatience, were over. She had come now to where she could do nothing else but trust implicitly in God; and her mind, being thus stayed, was kept in a strange exultant kind of perfect peace. Lost confidence? Not a bit of it! Both Christine and her mother had reached a point where they knew

“That right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.”



Slowly the weary winter passed away. And just as spring was opening there began to be talk of Ragon Torr's going away. Margaret continued to refuse his addresses with a scorn he found it ill to bear; and he noticed that many of his old acquaintances dropped away from him. There is a distinct atmosphere about every man, and the atmosphere about Ragon people began to avoid. No one could have given a very clear reason for doing so; one man did not ask another why; but the fact needed no reasoning, it was there.

One day, when Paul Calder was making up his spring cargoes, Ragon asked for a boat, and being a skilful sailor, he was accepted. But no sooner was the thing known, than Paul had to seek another crew.

“What was the matter?”

“Nothing; they did not care to sail with Ragon Torr, that was all.”

This circumstance annoyed Ragon very much. He went home quite determined to leave Stromness at once and for ever. Indeed he had been longing to do so for many weeks, but had stayed partly out of bravado, and partly because there were few opportunities of getting away during the winter.

He went home and shut himself in his own room, and began to count his hoarded gold. While thus employed, there was a stir or movement under his feet which he quite understood. Some

one in the secret cellar, and was coming up. He turned hastily round, and there was Sandy Beg.

"Thou scoundrel!" and he fairly gnashed his teeth at the intruder, "what dost thou want here?"

"I want money an' help."

Badly enough Sandy wanted both; and a dreadful story he told. He had indeed engaged himself at Wick for a whaling voyage, but at the last moment had changed his mind and deserted. For somewhere among the wilds of Rhiconich, in Sutherland, he had a mother, a wild, superstitious, half-heathen Highland woman, and he wanted to see her. Coming back to the coast, after his visit, he had stopped a night at a little wayside inn, and hearing some drovers talking of their gold in Gallic, a language which he well understood, he had followed them into the wild pass of Gualon, and there shot them from behind a rock. For this murder he had been tracked, and was now so closely pursued that he had bribed with all the gold he had a passing fishing-smack to drop him at Stromness during the night.

"I'll gae awa now ta some ither place; 'teet I will! An' I'm hungry—an' unco dry;" all of which Sandy emphasized by a desperate and very evil look.

The man was not to be trifled with, and Ragon knew that he was in his power. If Sandy was taken he would confess all, and Ragon knew well that in such case transportation for life and hard labour would be his lot. Other considerations pressed him heavily—the shame, the loss, the scorn of Margaret, the triumph of all his ill-wishers. No, he had gone too far to retreat.

He fed the villain, gave him a suit of his own clothes, and £50, and saw him put off to sea. Sandy promised to keep well out in the bay, until some vessel going north to Zetland or Iceland, or some Dutch skipper bound for Amsterdam, took him up. All the next day Ragon was in misery, but nightfall came and he heard nothing of Sandy, though several craft had come into port. If another day got over he would feel safe; but he told himself that he was in a gradually narrowing circle, and that the sooner he leaped outside of it the better.

When he reached home the old couple who hung about the place, and who had learned to see nothing and to hear nothing, came to him and voluntarily offered a remark.

"Queer folk an' strange folk have been here, an' ta'en awa some claes out o' the cellar."

Ragon asked no questions. He knew what clothes they were—that suit of John Sabay's in which Sandy Beg had killed Peter Fae, and the rags which Sandy had a few hours before exchanged for one of his own sailing-suits. He needed no one to tell him what had happened. Sandy had undoubtedly bespoke the very vessel containing the officers in search of him, and had confessed all, as he said he would. The men were probably at this moment looking for him.

He lifted the gold prepared for any such emergency, and,

loosening his boat, pulled for life and death towards Mayness Isle. Once in the rapid "race" that divides it and Olla from the ocean, he knew no boat would dare to follow him. While yet a mile from it he saw that he was rapidly pursued by a four-oared boat. Now all his wild Norse nature asserted itself. He forgot everything but that he was eluding his pursuers, and as the chase grew hotter, closer, more exciting, his enthusiasm carried him far beyond all prudence.

He began to shout or chant to his wild efforts some old Norse death-song, and just as they gained on him he shot into the "race" and defied them. Oars were useless there, and they watched him fling them far away and stand up with outstretched arms in the little skiff. The waves tossed it hither and thither, the boiling racing flood hurried it with terrific force toward the ocean. The tall, massive figure swayed like a reed in a tempest, and suddenly a half despairing, half defying song was lost in the roar of the bleak, green surges. All knew then what had happened.

"Let me die the death o' the righteous," murmured one old man, piously veiling his eyes with his bonnet; and then the boat turned and went silently back to Stromness.

Sandy Beg was in Kirkwall jail. He had made a clean breast of all his crimes, and measures were rapidly taken for John Sabay's enlargement and justification. When he came out of prison Christine and Margaret were waiting for him, and it was to Margaret's comfortable home he was taken to see his mother. "For we are aye househould now, John," she said tenderly, "an' Christine an' mother will ne'er leave me any mair."

Sandy's trial came on at the summer term. He was convicted on his own confession, and sentenced to suffer the penalty of his crime upon the spot where he stabbed Peter Fae. For some time he sulkily rejected all John's efforts to mitigate his present condition, or to prepare him for his future. But at last the tender spot in his heart was found. John discovered his affection for his half-savage mother, and promised to provide for all her necessities.

"It's only ta poun' o' taa, an' ta bit cabin ta shelter her she'll want at a'," but the tears fell heavily on the red, hairy hands; "an' you'll na tell her fat ill outsent came to puir Sandy."

"Thou kens I will gie her a' she needs, an' if she chooses to come to Orkney—"

"Na, na, she wullna leave ta Hieland hills for naught at a!"

"Then she shall hae a siller crown for every month o' the year, Sandy."

The poor, rude creature hardly knew how to say a "thanks;" but John saw it in his glistening eyes and heard it in the softly-muttered words, "She was ta only ane tat e'er caret for Santy Beg."

It was a solemn day in Stromness when he went to the gallows. The bells tolled backward, the stores were all closed, and there

were prayers both in public and private for the dying criminal. But few dared to look upon the awful expiation, and John spent the hour in such deep communion with God and his own soul that its influence walked with him to the end of life.

And when his own sons were grown up to youths, one bound for the sea and the other for Marischal College, Aberdeen, he took them aside and told them this story, adding,

"An' know this, my lads: the shame an' the sorrow cam a' o' ane thing—I made light o' my mother's counsel, an' thought I could do what nane hae ever done, gather mysel' with the deil's journeymen, an' yet escape the wages o' sin. Lads! lads! there's nae half-way house between right and wrang; know that."

"But, my father," said Hamish, the younger of the two, "thou did at the last obey thy mother."

"Ay, ay, Hamish; but mak up thy mind to this: it isna enough that a man runs a gude race; he maun also *start at the right time*. This is what I say to thee, Hamish, an' to thee, Donald: fear God, an' ne'er lightly heed a gude mother's advice. It's weel wi' the lads that carry a mother's blessing through the warld wi' them."

SHAPING THE FUTURE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We shape ourselves, the joy or fear,
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

O no! we live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain—
Man's works shall follow him!

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

According to the returns made at the various Circuit Quarterly Meetings, the net increase for the year 1889 is 5,046, with 33,591 on trial.

The thirty-fourth annual report of the Church Extension Committee has been published, from which we learn that official sanction has been given to 322 new enterprises, involving an outlay of \$1,100,000.

The Rev. Peter Thompson, Superintendent of the London East Mission, has now added a medical department to his work. Some well-qualified persons have offered their services for this department. There are six centres, one of which is the Seamen's Church, at which Mr. Thompson and his associates labour, and it is not the least important of their stations. The poor sailors who visit London from all parts of the world need friends to protect them from the land-sharks who are very plentiful at all sea-ports. Mr. Thompson has ten lady workers in connection with his mission, some of whom support themselves, and the others receive a nominal allowance.

Cleveland Hall is now added to the Western Mission. This hall will be an important centre, as it is situated in a crowded locality far from any Wesleyan Church. It was formerly occupied by the Secularists, but it will now resound with the echoes of the Gospel. May it be the birthplace of many souls. The Conference will be asked to station another minister to this mission.

On a recent Sunday, Mr. Hughes requested the regular worshippers at Wardour Hall to absent themselves from the evening service, in order that strangers might have the privilege to attend. It was estimated that from 700 to 1,000 stayed away

and went to other churches or visited the sick and friendless; but, before the hour for commencing the service the hall was packed, and the stewards believed that the majority present were strangers. It is intended to repeat this experiment in the future.

Rev. G. M. Pearse conducted a Home Mission Service at Blackheath. He was accompanied by two sisters who labour at the Mission. The sisters dislike speaking in public, but their narratives produced deep emotion among the people. The experiment is worth repeating.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

A special mission has been held for some weeks at Packington Street, London, conducted by Mrs. Dawson and her brother. One Sabbath a Gospel meeting was conducted, the singing of which was led by a brass band. Several conversions were reported.

A service of song, illustrative of "Old Methodist Times," was held at Yarmouth, which gave great satisfaction. A choir and string band numbering fifty persons gave the musical part.

The corner-stone of a new church to cost \$12,000 was recently laid at Blackpool, Rev. J. Medicraft, formerly General Superintendent in Canada, and others took part in the service.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

A remarkable evangelistic service has been held at Lincoln, at which one hundred persons professed conversion, among whom was a man eighty-four years of age, and another who had been a noted pugilist, and another who was a well-known sceptic.

Aggressive evangelistic work is contemplated to be made in London. Several large sums have been promised toward the expense.

From the returns that have been made from several circuits, it is anticipated that the Connexional increase will be about 2,000.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces of India laid the corner-stone of the Mission Building at Jubulpur, and delivered an address, in which he spoke very encouragingly to those engaged in the undertaking. Commissioner Mackenzie also said, "The leaven of Western thought and the leaven of Christianity together are working on the inert heap of dead and fetid superstitions, and by processes which cannot always be closely traced are spreading a regenerating ferment through the mass, which must in time burst open the ceremonys that now enshroud the Indian mind."

Twelve years ago the Madoc Indians were uncivilized heathens, now they are a community of industrious farmers, with half of their number professing Christians. It cost the United States Government \$1,840,000 to care for 2,200 Dakota Indians seven years while they were savages. After they were Christianized it cost for seven years \$120,000, a saving of \$1,720,000.

The officers of Trinity Church, Denver, have authorized the pastor to call together all the people of the congregation who live in boarding houses or rented apartments, to ascertain if it is desired that the parlours of the church should be opened every evening of the week.

Syracuse University has received, through the munificence of Mrs. E. W. Leavenworth, the famous Wolff collection of portraits, which the donor presents as a memorial of her husband. Dr. Wolff was a distinguished professor in the medical faculty of Bonn for fifty years, was an industrious collector of engraved portraits. At his death, in 1875, the collection had grown to 12,000 prints, and included distinguished men and

women of all ages in all departments of learning.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The closing year has been prosperous. There are now 4,684 travelling preachers, increase, 154; local preachers, 6,309, increase, 117; white members, 1,123,498, increase, 32,753; coloured members, 646, decrease, 105; Indian members, 4,958, decrease, 288; total preachers and members, 1,140,093, net increase, 32,537. The total income for Foreign and Domestic Missions is \$330,325.27, an increase of \$18,253.56. Dr. Garrison, Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, says, that since 1880 the growth of the population has been thirty-one per cent., the increase of the M. E. Church South has been forty-five per cent.

A missionary magazine in the Chinese language has been commenced by Dr. Allen, missionary.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

It has been for many years the practice in Toronto, as elsewhere, to have union love-feasts in some of the churches on Good Friday afternoon. Last Good Friday a meeting was held specially for the veterans who had been forty years or more in the service of the Lord. And a most impressive and interesting service it was. Within the altar railing were assembled a number of venerable ministers, among them Revs. Dr. Williams, Dr. Young, Michael Fawcett, Sylvester, Gray, Dcel, Clappison, and others. Many were the gray heads seen among the audience. It was very touching, and often thrilling, to listen to the experiences of these venerable men and women, who spoke of their early conversion when the century was young, in distant Yorkshire or Wales, or Ireland, or in primitive Canada. Many were the touching reminiscences of olden times and tender references to old companions now in glory. The tide of feeling rose high, and often every eye was touched to tears. A prevalent tone beyond gratitude for personal salvation, was one of thankfulness for

the wonders God had wrought for His Church, another was their praise of those early days—very pardonable in the dear old Christians—a feeling that the former days were better than these. Yet we think they never enjoyed a service in which the spirit and power of the Highest was more manifestly realized than this latest of their lives. No, we believe God has a band of as devoted servants in His Church to-day as He ever had, and Methodism is as well adapted for an age of wealth and culture as for any period of the history of the world.

The old order changeth giving place
to the new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

Rev. E. Robson, President of the British Columbia Conference, has recently been on a tour of visitation among the missions. He sailed on the *Glad Tidings* yacht, and travelled about 1,500 miles, and was absent from home one month and two days. He held forty-three public services exclusive of those held on the steamer and in private families. The congregations varied from six to two hundred and fifty persons. Mr. Robson was greatly pleased with the progress the Indians are making in all good things. The Crosby Home is doing a grand work. Excellent churches have been erected in some places and others are in course of erection. There is great need of reinforcement of labourers.

A good work has been effected at Carlton Place; a recent Sabbath was a red-letter day, as one hundred persons were received on trial, and thirty-seven into full connexion, forty-five were received by letter, making in all 182.

A new church has been opened at Lake St. Louis. This is the pioneer church of the place, and the first, either Protestant or Catholic, ever built within the limits of the municipality. The cost is \$5,200. The opening services realised \$450. The church will seat two hundred persons.

Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, will attend the Conferences of British Columbia and Manitoba.

RECENT DEATHS.

The venerable Richard Jones, of Cobourg, has gone the way of all the earth. He was an octogenarian, and for more than sixty years was an honoured Methodist minister. He was the last survivor of nine who were admitted on trial in 1827; and of the thirty-four who composed the Conference, it is not known that one now survives. In the early years of his ministry he endured many hardships. He was the first Methodist minister who preached at Bytown, now Ottawa. He delivered his message in the street as he sat on his horse. Mr. Jones was a faithful servant of the Church. For many years he was Chairman of Districts, and was also co-Delegate and then President of Conference. As an executive officer he greatly excelled. He was on the superannuated list about twenty years.

Rev. W. B. Boyce, died at Sydney, New South Wales, aged eighty-six years. Most of his life was spent in the mission field, first as a missionary in Africa, where he wrote a grammar of the Kaffir language. He was next a missionary in Australia, when he was twice President of the Australian Conference. For eighteen years he was Secretary of the Parent Society, during which he visited Canada, and was President of the Wesleyan Conference in Eastern British America. He was a man of versatile talent and great industry, and was the author of the life of the Rev. W. Shaw.

Rev. B. K. Pierce, D.D., was for many years Editor of *Zion's Herald*, from which he retired a few years ago. He has filled various important positions, and for two years was a member of Massachusetts Senate. Dr. Pierce was a genial friend, a man of great industry and author of several volumes of a useful character. He was deservedly respected. For seven years he was chaplain of the House of Refuge at Randall's Island, New York, during which he often supplied pulpits in the city. He died at Newton, Mass., in the seventieth year of his age.

Rev. Asa Mahari, D.D., LL.D., died at Eastbourne, England, in April, aged eighty-nine. He was formerly President of Oberlin College. He was a man of great learning, and wrote several books on Mental Philosophy. For several years he was an earnest advocate of the "Higher Life."

Rev. Luke Tyerman, of England, has entered into rest at the ripe old age of three score and ten. The present writer knew him when he entered the ministry. During the time he was a local preacher and in all the circuits in which he travelled he gave full proof of his ministry. He was a powerful preacher. Few men have turned more to righteousness. By reason of an affection in the throat, he took a superannuated relation more than twenty years ago, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Seven large volumes of biography, being the Lives of Samuel Wesley, John Wesley, George Whitfield, John Fletcher and the Oxford Methodists, are monuments of his industry. Other works are ready for publication. He died "resting his soul on oaths, and promises and blood."

Rev. Jas. A. Ivison is also reported as having gone over to the great majority. He entered the ministry in 1854, and after serving some laborious circuits for about twenty years, his health gave way, and since that time he has not been able to labour as formerly. For some years before he died he was stationed at St. Clair Indian Mission. He was a good man and served his generation faithfully.

Rev. Thomas Fox, of Newfoundland Conference, has also entered into the joy of his Lord. He had been a supernumerary for some years. For seventy-nine years he had been an inhabitant of earth, and was an esteemed minister thirty-three years. He had many spiritual children, and had the reputation of being an eminently holy man.

Rev. J. L. Porter, D.D., President of Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, author of "The Great Cities of

Bashan," and other valuable Biblical works, has ceased to work and live. He wrote several of the articles inserted in Kitto's Biblical Encyclopedia.

ITEMS.

The mission to the Sandwich Islands cost the American Board \$500,000 in all, while the trade, which of course goes to the benefit of the commercial community, amounted at the end of sixty years to about \$16,000,000, with a clear profit of more than \$800,000.

It is stated that a nephew of the late King Cetewayo, after six years in Sweden in theological and other studies, has gone back to carry on mission work in his native land.

Father O'Connor, a converted priest, living in New York, is stated to have been the means of the conversion of eight hundred Roman Catholics during the past five years.

A Missionary Society under the title of Christ's Mission, has been formed in New York for the conversion of Roman Catholics, in the line pursued by Father O'Connor.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, formerly of Toronto, now of New York, makes a plea for federation among the Christian Churches. His chief reason is that our cities are falling into the hands of Roman Catholic priests. He says, "If you are going to offer an organized opposition to the powers of evil, then in the name of God and American Protestantism, you have got to federate.

The *Central Methodist* says that the net gain of the Churches in the United States for the year 1888 was a daily increase of twelve preachers, seventeen houses of worship, and two thousand one hundred and twenty members. This is the average gain for every day of the year.

Recently four hundred persons went from house to house in the Ninth Ward of New York. Other visitors had been employed in a similar manner in other parts of the city. The good accomplished is not so marked as some would like, but good seed is thus sown.

Book Notices.

The Lives of the Fathers: Sketches of Church History in Biography. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. 2 vols., 8vo. Pp. xxiv.-582; vi.-556. London and New York : Macmillan & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$5.

The story of the early centuries of the Christian era will ever continue to be the most important and most interesting chapter in the history of the race. It was a grand transition period. Old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new. Paganism, like a rotten tree, was hollow at the heart and tottering to its fall. The world, weary with waiting for the healer of its woes, hailed with joy the Divine Teacher who brought life and immortality to light. The new and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were everywhere renovating society. The old faiths were fading out of the firmament of human thought. The old gods were reeling on their thrones. It was the heroic period of the Christian Church. She was girding herself, like a noble athlete, for the conquest of mankind. She was engaged in deadly struggle with paganism for the possession of the race. On the side of the latter were all the resources of the empire—the victorious legions, the treasures of the East and West, the prestige of power and splendour, a vast hierarchy, an ancient and venerated national religion, and, most potent ally of all, the corruptions and lusts of the evil heart of man. To these Christianity opposed the omnipotence of its divine principles—its fervent love, its sublime virtue, its heroic self-sacrifice—and they proved victorious. In this conflict both evil and good were brought into strongest relief and most striking contrast. Persecution was kindled to intensest rage against the new faith; but Christianity nerved

itself to suffer with a quietness of spirit all that the wrath of man was able to inflict. Nay, the hour of its sorest trial was that also of its noblest triumph. A moral Hercules even in its infancy, around its cradle were strewn the strangled serpents of heathen superstitions, vain philosophies, and pernicious heresies.

Ever since the revival of learning, this period has been the subject of exhaustive study by successive generations of critical scholars. It has been the battle-ground fought over, inch by inch, by orthodox and sceptical polemics. Its contemporary literature has been the armoury which has furnished weapons both for the attack and the defence of the truth. The names of Fabricius, Mosheim, Echard, Bingham, Cave, King, Jortin, Milner, Milman, Neander, Gieseler, Schaff, Killen, Lea, Merivale, Gibbon, Strauss, Baur, Renan, and Lecky, do not exhaust the list of those who have gleaned rich harvests in these oft-reaped fields. Our author will not suffer by comparison with even the chieffest of these great lights of literature; and for perspicuity and elegance of style, skill in grouping, warmth of colouring, and picturesqueness of detail, he is scarcely equalled by any of them. He has proved that, treated by the hand of a master, the interest of the subject is not exhausted. The more accurate processes of inquiry employed by modern criticism have dissipated many errors and developed many new truths. The recent discovery of long-lost writings of the period, and the study of its monumental evidences in the Catacombs and elsewhere, assist us to rehabilitate the past, and to comprehend its spirit better than modern writers have hitherto been able.

Archdeacon Farrar possesses in the highest degree the qualities requisite for the noble task he has undertaken. He unites, in unusual wedlock, a

calm and philosophical judgment with a brilliant and poetical imagination. Instead, therefore, of the mere dry bones of history, he presents the living form and spirit of the times. While characterized by the highest graces of style, he also gives evidence of that profound and accurate scholarship so essential to the investigation of the many difficulties of the subject. Every important statement is fortified by references to the original authorities, or by citations from their text; and we feel that we are walking on the solid ground of historical fact. The entire work sparkles with beautiful and appropriate imagery, like a royal robe with broidery of gems and gold; but the fabric itself is firmly woven, and would still be rich and strong even if stripped of the ornament.

The world will never tire of the story of those heroic days of the Church's trial and triumph. Like a Homeric battle-scene, to use the figure of Baur, the conflict between the noble "wrestlers of God" and the hosts of paganism passes before us. But an incomparably loftier moral principle inspires the Christian champions than that of the Greek athletes. The Church, in an age of luxury and self-indulgence, may well revert to those days of fiery trial, and catch inspiration from the faith and zeal and lofty courage, unfaltering even in the agonies of death, of the primitive confessors and witnesses for God. Amid dense moral darkness they held aloft the torch of truth, and handed down from age to age the torn yet triumphant banner of the faith, dyed with their heart's best blood.

Comparatively few, even of those who have the ability, have the time or opportunity to read the Fathers in the original. Yet without some acquaintance with their writings it is impossible to understand the spirit of the age in which they lived, the moral atmosphere of the times, and the social environment of that primitive Christianity to which they so largely gave the impress of their own character. There were, indeed, giants in the earth in those days—giants of evil as well as of good—men of re-

nown in wickedness, prodigies of cruelty and vice, and men of colossal Christian character, who performed undying labours for God and man. The battles for and against the truth were wars of the Titans; and in the massive works they left behind we have evidences of the prowess of the Christian champions. Nowhere can he who is unfamiliar with this noble brotherhood better make their acquaintance than in the vivid portraits and characterizations of this book; and he who is already familiar with them will enjoy with still keener zest the discriminative criticism and analysis of their character given by our author. These portraits are clearly limned, and give the individuality of the person in full relief. They are not blurred and faded copies of each other, nor bloodless spectres of superhuman virtue like the Romish Saints, but men of like passions with ourselves, often with a touch of human error or infirmity, which makes us feel their kinship to our souls. We cordially commend to the study of all our ministers and thoughtful laymen these admirable volumes.

Anglo-Israel; or, the Saxon Race Proved to be the Lost Tribes of Israel. In Nine Lectures. By the REV. W. H. POOLE, LL.D. Introduction by W. H. WITHROW, D.D. 8vo., pp. 686. Price \$3. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a large, ably-written, handsomely printed, and well-bound volume, with a number of appropriate illustrations; reflecting great credit on both author and publisher. In our necessarily brief notice we can not do better than here reproduce the closing paragraph of our introduction to the volume.

"If profound interest is felt with reference to the Jews, whose history we know, still more absorbing will be to many the identification with the dominant race of Christendom—that English-speaking race that is filling the world with its renown and civilization—of those Lost Tribes of Israel, whose mysterious fate has been the cause of so much speculation

and learned research. Of the many books written upon this subject, we know of none which treats it more comprehensively, more ably, more eloquently, than the present volume. Personally we do not feel competent to discuss this vast and various theme, nor to judge, without ampler study than we have been able to give, of the validity of the arguments with which the fascinating theory of this book is sustained. But we can certainly commend the vigour and vivacity of style, the wealth of illustration, and the breadth of learning with which Dr. Poole maintains his thesis, whether one fully accepts it or not. No English-speaking reader can fail to have his patriotic pulses stirred with a grander pride than that of the great apostle of the Gentiles as he asserted his free-born Roman citizenship. For we are the heirs of an empire which dwarfs into insignificance that of Rome in its palmiest days—an empire upon which the seal of divine approval has been signally placed—an empire with which the highest destines of the ages are fraught—an empire into whose keeping God has committed the 'gates' of the earth."

The Nine Famous Crusades of the Middle Ages. By ANNIE E. KEELING. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90c.

There is no more stirring story in history than that of the many expeditions from Europe to wrest from the infidel the sepulchre of our Lord. What a strange mingling of heroism and fanaticism they present. Few things have so moulded the life and thought of Christendom as this great movement. To what lofty daring, to what grim tragedy, to what scenes of touching pathos they gave rise. Every schoolboy should know this thrilling story. Yet as told in the great histories it is difficult for young people to obtain, and perhaps more difficult to read. The accomplished author of the "Oakhurst Chronicles" has done an important service by compressing into one inexpensive and attractively written book this

wonderful record. The story is enlivened by a number of those quaint legends, which have come down from the crusading times, and is illustrated with a number of excellent engravings. We would much prefer to see books of such permanent value in the hands of our young people than the frivolous fiction over which so many of them waste their time.

Christian Manliness and Other Sermons. By JOHN RHEY THOMPSON, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This is not at all an ordinary volume of sermons. It is a long time since we have read any as fresh, as vigorous, as inspiring, as much in touch with daily life and duty. There is a Christian manliness about them that well illustrates the principal theme of the volume. The very titles will indicate the scope and spirit of the book: Christian manliness tested by poverty—in public life—in trial. Great men in history. Jesus and the great masters of literature. Law in the spiritual realm. The reasonableness of immortality, etc. Such themes as these, treated as they are in this volume, will vindicate the pulpit from the charge of dulness, and will catch the ear even of those indisposed to listen.

Atlanteans: Adam Lore's Choice: Stories for Young Men. By SAMUEL W. ODELL, LL.B. Pp. 310. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This volume contains two stories, of which the same person is the hero. The first recounts Adam Lore's struggles to obtain an education, in doing which he had to overcome the restraints of poverty. The second tells how he made choice of his life-work—the grandest work in the world—that of calling sinners to repentance. The book is characterized by vigour and vivacity, is fresh and breezy in style, and will be a favourite in the Sunday-school library.

The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church. W. P. HARRISON, D.D., Editor. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., U.S.

Our Methodist brethren in the South are full of enterprise. It is truly astonishing how they have recuperated since the civil war. Their publishing house wields immense power for good. The *Quarterly* which we now notice is worthy of a leading place among such publications. Dr. Harrison, who occupies the tripod, understands his business. His "Table," which contains eight articles on living questions, are all the productions of his pen. In addition to the Editor's Table, there are ten articles by different writers, among whom is one Canadian, the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., who writes on "Romanism, its Outlook," discussing with characteristic ability this important subject.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Brother to Dragons and Virginia of Virginia are two striking stories by that eccentric genius—for genius she is—Amélie Rives. The former is a story of three hundred years ago, in which the author has caught with remarkable skill the spirit of the times. In the latter her foot is on her native heath in sketching the strange half-feudal life of old Virginia. They are both published, at

25 cents each, by J. Thos. Theo. Robinson, Montreal.

Messrs. Cassell & Company will publish at once a new edition of William Robertson's "Life and Times of the Rt. Hon. John Bright," which has been brought down to date by a well-known writer. Mr. Robertson had especial advantages for writing this life of the great reformer and statesmen, and it reads with all the absorbing interest that attaches to the well-written biography of a great man. A portrait of Mr. Bright taken from a recent photograph is given.

We congratulate our friend, Rev. Prof. Workman, on the deserved success of his critical investigation of the "Text of Jeremiah." In the *Andover Review* it receives very high commendation. In an excellent review of the book in the English *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* the editor says: "We hasten to congratulate most heartily our Canadian brethren on the production of a work of such solid, yet acute and searching scholarship, written in a spirit so reverential and sober-minded. A piece of more thorough workmanship—[no pun apparently intended]—"it would be hard to find and unreasonable to desire." Dr. Workman is thus reflecting honour on his country and on the University in which he is a Professor."

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.

OUTWARD BOUND.

THE white-sailed ship, with rope and spar,
Bound for the land where the blue skies are ;
Passest the line so faint and far,
Dividing the sky and sea.

So let our love in a glad surmise
Sail in the hope of bluer skies,
Beyond the line where the shadow lies,
Into eternity.

(3) 10

5543