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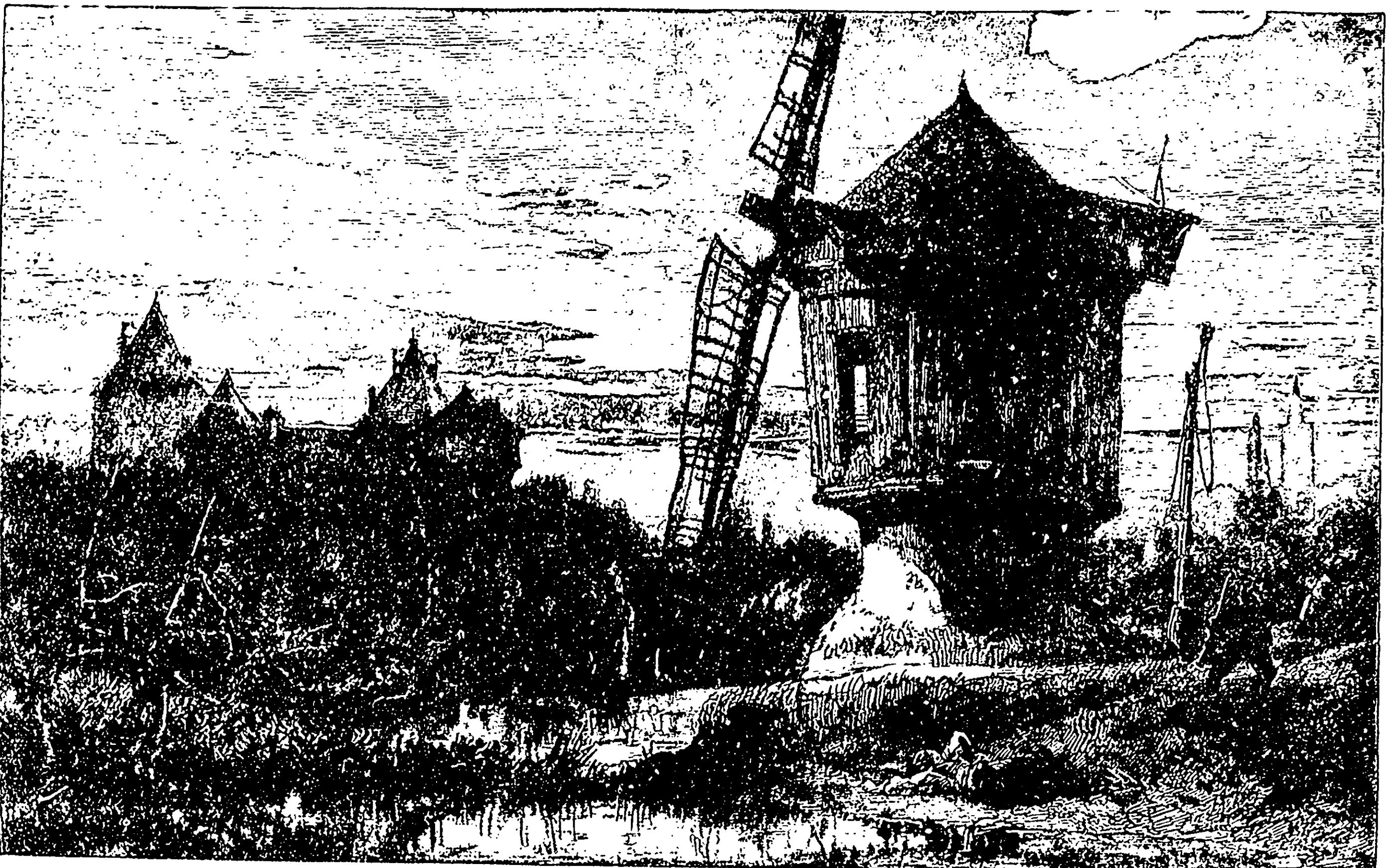


A SCENE IN NORMANDY

THE
Methodist Magazine.

MARCH, 1889.

THROUGH NORMANDY.*

A FAVOURITE route of entering France is by the old Norman port of Dieppe. The quaint fishing-town is a very fitting introduction to continental life. Everything has a decidedly foreign flavour—the red-legged French soldiers; the nut-brown women, with their high-peaked, snow-white Norman caps, knitting in the sun; the fish-wives with enormous and ill-smelling creels of fish upon their backs; the men wearing blue blouses and chattering a jargon of Norman-French.

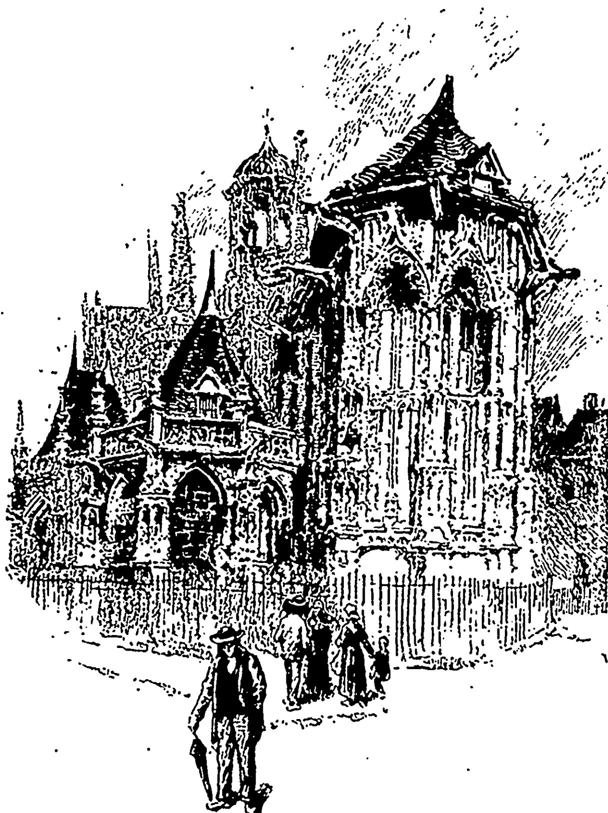
High above tower the cliffs whereon is situate the old *Château* with its frowning bastions, ramparts, and machicolated walls. Wending our way thither, we are rewarded with a magnificent view seaward. White-winged yachts gently plough the deep blue expanse in all directions; rowing boats are everywhere; and tiny canoe craft—looking, from this eminence, like toy-boats—swiftly glide along, forming a fairy-like scene on the sunny August morning. Life and sunshine everywhere, in strange contrast to the forbidding mass of the fortress near at hand.

Let us descend from our breezy position and examine the venerable Church of St. Jacques. What a picturesque composition is the group formed by this building and the busy market close by! Vendors of all possible classes of goods tending their little stalls, whereon are temptingly displayed luscious fruits and freshly cut vegetables; poultry, live and dead; hosiery, haberdashery, and what not. Fishermen and fisherwomen, in their quaint costumes, country folk and townspeople buying and selling amidst a babel of voices and general hubbub; and overshadowing this mass of

* Part of this paper and the smaller cuts are borrowed from an interesting article on this subject by R. Owen Allsop, in the December number of Macmillan's "Illustrated English Magazine," with engravings by Herbert Railton.

bright colour and busy life, are the peaceful presence and gray-toned walls of the old church, with its bold, early architecture and elaborate additions.

How peaceful and quiet the silence of these old churches, surrounded by the hubbub of the market! We catch but a momentary sound of the bustling marketers, each time the little padded



ST. JACQUES, DIEPPE.

doors are opened by a would-be worshipper. A rising and falling hum and then all is quiet again, save for the muffled tread of soft-covered feet or the sharp pitter-patter of patten or sabot. It is curious to note, while we sketch, the variety of persons who enter. See, here comes a quaintly-clothed peasant child, of perhaps ten summers, leading her little baby brother by the hand. Crossing herself and the boy in the orthodox manner, she patters away to find a chair, whilst the little fellow gazes around him in wonder-

ment and astonishment. Another clamorous outburst from the bartering world without, and a country-woman, with her marketing basket, enters; and when her footfall has ceased to resound through the building, the air of peace and quietness once more resumes its sway. Now comes a poor fisherman, and anon a blue-bloused peasant.

IN NORMANDY.

Very beautiful is the scenery between the coast of Normandy and Rouen: the picturesque old buildings and green meadow-lands, with peacefully grazing cattle; very charming in the evening light, and the fleeting glimpses of peasant-life most interesting and entertaining. Bold and richly-wooded hills surround the grass-grown valleys, with pleasant streams winding amongst tall poplar trees; corn-fields occasionally, and apple orchards everywhere, with their golden and russet fruit, fairer to look upon than is the beverage they produce pleasant to the average English palate. Past villages with straw-thatched cottages of many weather-stains and moss-grown, and little churches with gray slated

spires; past thriving towns, with their more ambitious churches and their mills and factories, and on through the rolling tree-covered hills, the country increases in beauty and interest all the way to Rouen. The cottages and farm-buildings, here, are especially curious, as they have mostly external stairs, to protect which the thatched roofs project in a very odd manner; and the slate-covered spires, though plain and simple in these villages, are really the rudiments of those elaborate slated belfries so typical of Normandy. The twilight effects of some of the quaint old *châteaux*, with their red-tiled, pepper-pot turrets half buried in busky woods, or sturdy windmills brandishing their stalwart arms, are very striking as seen silhouetted against the western sky. See frontispiece to this article.

ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

Passing, with somewhat of a mad rush down hill, through a short tunnel, we land at the world-renowned city of Rouen, one of the quaintest in Europe, and richest in mediæval architecture. Before entering this short tunnel, however, the railway, sweeping round to the left, affords a glorious view of the city below—a *coup d'œil* that enables one to appreciate its fine position on the smiling Seine, with bold hills surrounding it on almost every side. On a fine evening, a wild profusion of glistening roofs, gables, towers, spires, and spirelets arises out of the night-shadows in the valley, dominated by the sombre outlines of the lantern of St. Ouen, and the vast *flèche* above the Cathedral, which soars aloft till the cross at its apex appears sharp and black against the glowing sky.

In Paris almost everything that is old has disappeared before the modern improvements. At Rouen, on the contrary, almost everything and everybody, even the children, seemed at least five hundred years old. It is like stepping back into the Middle Ages. The ancient timbered houses, with quaintly carved and

high-pitched gables lean over the narrow crooked streets till they almost meet overhead. The Cathedral dates from 1207, and contains the tombs of Rollo of Normandy and of our English William Longue Epée, and the heart of Cœur de Lion. The shrine of the latter bears the inscription, "Hic jacet cor Ricardi, Regis Anglorum, cor leonis dicti."

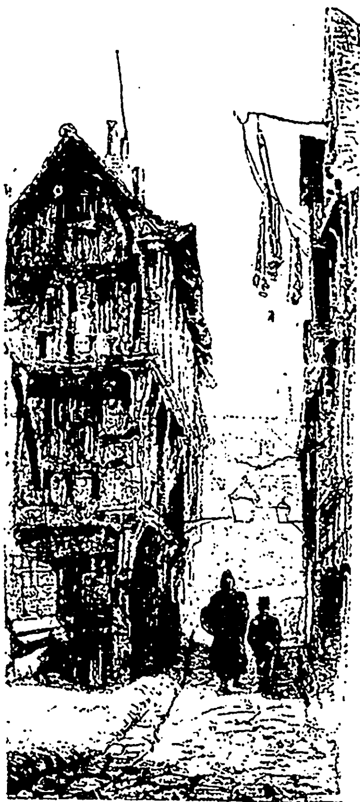
It was in the dim twilight that I entered the church, and the deep shadows filling the vast and solemn nave and aisles, the tapers faintly burning before the various altars and shrines, the half-seen figures kneeling in the gloom, all conspired to produce a strangely weird impression far more profound than that felt in the garish light of day.

CORNER IN ROUEN.

The architectural gem of the city, however, is the church of St. Ouen, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence. Its sculptured arch and niche and column; its great rose windows, stained with brightest hues; its carved effigies of saint and martyr, and of knights and kings and noble dames praying on their tombs; and the deep-toned organ peeling through the lofty aisles, and the sweet singing of the choir-boys and chanting of the priests, gave me my first vivid impression of the grandeur and strange fascination to its adherents of the old historic Romish ritual, which for hundreds of years casts it spell over mediæval Christendom.

One can walk completely round the roof of the church, and thus get a near view of the grinning gargoyles through which the water is poured out. The monkish imagination seems to have

run riot in carving quaint and grotesque devices—dragons, griffins, strange twi-formed creatures, with the head of a goat or monkey or bird, and the body of a man, or *vice versa*, in every possible combination. One door is called the "Portail des Marmousets," from the little animals that gambol over its arches. Over the central door of many of these old churches are carved with admirable skill and infinite patience, elaborate groups representing scenes from the life of Christ and frequently the awful scene of the Last Judgment. At Notre Dame at Paris, for instance, Christ sits upon His throne, the Archangel sounds a trumpet, the dead burst from their tombs, and Satan is weighing their souls in a balance. Devils drive the lost to the left and torture them in flames, while angels lead the saved to the joys of Paradise. In the arch of a single door are no less than two hundred separate figures—one of them St. Denis, carrying his head in his hands—a symbol of the mode of his martyrdom.

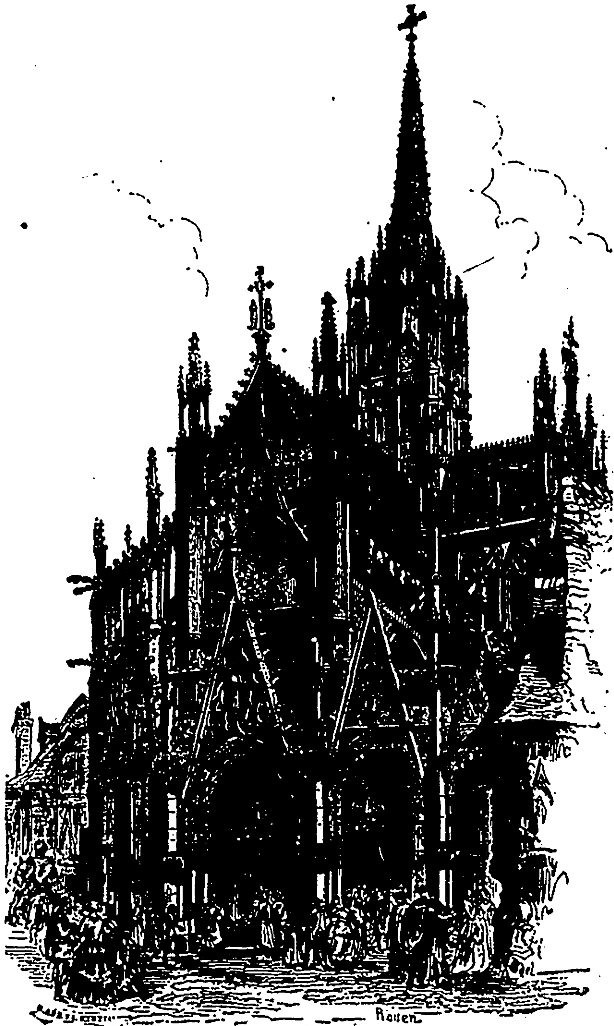


STREET IN ROUEN.

In those early days art was religion, and the churches were a great stone Bible, often the only Bible the people had or could read. Over and over again is told the story of man from the Creation and Fall to the final Resurrection. But most frequently and most fully is rehearsed the story of the life and sufferings of our Lord, and of the seven joys and seven sorrows of Mary. I was not prepared, however, to find the presence of the comic element in this church decoration—the grinning and grimacing monkeys, the grotesque conflicts of saints and demons, in which the latter are sorely discomfited, and similar scenes.

St. Maclou may well be called the third "lion" of Rouen. Many a town would be proud to call this elegant church its cathedral,

even supposing that the author of the *Seven Lamps* had not dwelt upon the merits of the sculptures contained in its magnificent west portal, and said that the inferno side of the composition



CHURCH OF ST. MACLOU, ROUEN.

representing the Last Judgment had been executed with a degree of power whose fearful grotesqueness could only be described as a mingling of the minds of Orcagna and Hogarth.

Round St. Maclou gather the oldest and most picturesque of the

timber houses, with their curious elevations and broken sky lines; and adjoining the church is the old *Aitre,* originally the finest of eighty cloistered burying-grounds that existed in ancient Rouen.

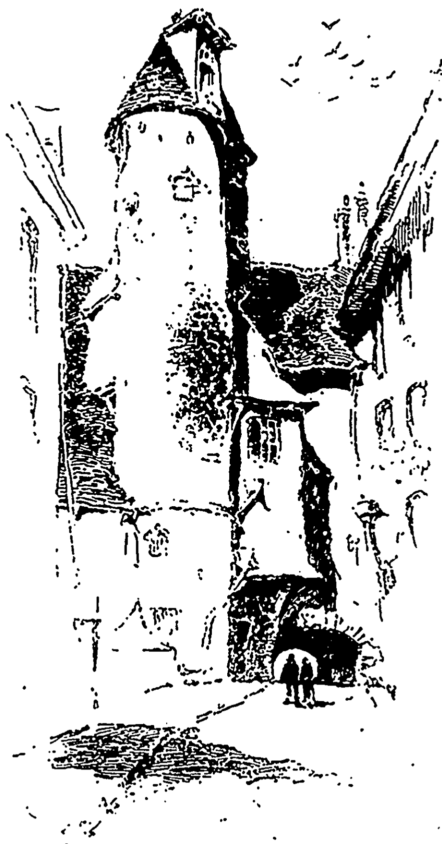
I stood with painful interest upon the spot where well nigh five hundred years ago, by English hands, the heroic Joan of Arc was burned at the stake for the alleged crime of witchcraft. It is a page which one would gladly blot from his country's history. The patriot Maid of Orleans is a favourite subject of French art. I saw in Paris a beautiful statue representing her hearing the Divine voice which called her to conflict, to victory, and to martyrdom, for her country. The air of eager listening and the rapt inspiration of the noble and beautiful features was one of the grandest things I ever beheld.

A more agreeable reminiscence of the international relations of England France is an elaborate series of stone reliefs representing the pomp and pageants of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. May no less friendly intercourse ever take place between the English and the gay, kind-hearted French race! I saw a striking instance of their cheerful gaiety during an evening stroll at Rouen. In an open square about thirty full-grown men and women, in their respective blue blouses and snowy Norman caps, but dusty with toil, were merrily playing in a ring, as I have seen school children in Canada, and singing a simple childish rhyme. They seemed as happy as a school let loose. I observed no rudeness or indecorum; but it looked very odd to see men and women at such child's play.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked how he spoke French. "With the greatest intrepidity, Madam," was his reply. In like manner I carried on my intercourse with these interesting people. Even when they spoke English I found that rather harder to understand than the French, so I made the most with my slender linguistic acquirements in that language. They never laughed at my mistakes or awkward phrases, although I had often to laugh at them myself. They are very bright and quick-witted, and I had slight difficulty in getting any information I wanted. I found the English very polite; but I must confess the French surpass them. For instance, riding in an omnibus I happened to ask my next neighbour the way to some place. In a minute there was a council of war over my map, several persons, including one or two ladies, proffered advice, and it ended by one of the gentlemen getting out with me to show me the spot. And this is but a specimen of the treatment everywhere in France. One

lady, indeed, assured me that they looked upon Canadians almost as fellow-countrymen. "We used to own all that country," she said. But even when my nationalty was unknown the politeness was the same.

On the way to Evreux, the railway runs for many miles by the River Seine, till Elbeuf is reached by way of Couronne. If the scenery between Dieppe and Rouen is beautiful, that between Couronne and Elbeuf at times borders upon the magnificent. Hill and dale are here, in places, thickly covered with forests of trees, apparently of primeval growth, their density only broken by grassy woodland walks, which, running here and there up to the railway, afford one glimpses of forest glades very charming to behold. But these many beautiful spots are all too quickly left behind. Past Elbeuf, with its smoke and manufactories, and past lovely glimpses of the Seine, which here resembles a miniature Rhine without its castles, the old scenery is rapidly renewed; the green, smiling valleys and grazing cattle, the apple orchards and the sheltering wooded hills; the same kind of thatched cottages, and the same gray-slated church spires. After leaving Acquiny the scenery alters somewhat in character. The soil is more cultivated, and fields of golden-brown corn are being reaped and garnered in true harvest weather. Picturesque indeed are those groups of reapers and harvesters, with their blue smocks and blouses—enough to gladden the heart of an artist. At times the



TURRET, COUTANCE.

railway runs through a field of corn or stubble, dotted with apple-trees, without any hedge or protection. Through such fields and between the tree-covered hills, the train reaches Evreux, a pleasant, peaceful Norman town fairly embedded among the hills, with orchards and gardens surrounding it on all sides, and its three brown cathedral towers soaring above everything.

Conches is a compact little street of quaint houses on a gentle, wooded slope. This street is generally one busy market-place from end to end, crowded with white-capped women and bronzed-faced villagers in cool-looking blouses of every shade of blue, and loose and baggy enough to satisfy the contemporary connoisseur in coats. Piles of green vegetables and luscious fruits, and every other eatable and non-eatable commodity, are arranged on stalls, on the ground—anywhere in fact—even packed closely against the hoary church of Ste. Foy, with its simple yet exquisite west portal, all covered with golden mosses and lichens. So closely packed are the marketers round the door of this church, that it is quite an undertaking to enter the building. It is worth the push, however, as, not to mention the brilliant stained glass, there is a sacristy doorway in the chancel the like of which we have not beheld before nor since, so exquisite is its design, moulding, and enrichment; its wrought oaken door, and grotesques and monstrosities generally, which peer out of entwined vine-leaves, carved in such a manner as only the Norman flamboyant carvers could carve. On the terrace there was for a long time a dismantled gargoyle—a huge granite monster, fully seven or eight feet in length, with his back all scalloped out, and a glorious snarl upon his not over-lovely countenance.

A word as to gargoyles. The Norman gargoyle is a curious animal that haunts the parapets and copings of the grandiose cathedral and humble village church, where he luxuriates and at times multiplies exceedingly. His family include many varieties, from simple chamfered blocks of granite to elaborately carved animals, whose cast of countenance resembles, at times, devils, serpents, and dogs—more especially the latter. His size varies, but he occasionally attains a growth of seven or eight feet in length, and is in general longer and larger than his English relatives. When, however, he stretches his neck so far, he frequently over-reaches himself and tumbles to the ground.

JAFFA—FROM THE NORTH.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

VII.

JAFFA AND THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th of March, 1887, leaning over the rail of an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, at her moorings in Port Said, I was watching a couple of Arab boys diving for piastres flung to them by the passengers. As we tossed the coins into the water the swarthy youngsters would dive after them like seals, "bobbing up serenely" after each quest, to show the coin for a moment in their fingers, and then putting it into their mouths for safe-keeping, gesticulating wildly as they trod water for further incentive to try their skill.

Turning away from this *diversion*, the tricks of an Indian juggler on deck next engaged attention. Shabby in dress, swarthy of face, and subtilely suppliant in suavity of manners and speech, with his only accessories a dirty boy and a poor little scared-looking rabbit, he showed an ingenuity of operation, and an adroitness of hand that would have shamed many a more pretentious professor of the black art, and won not a few encomiums and coppers from the good-natured crowd of tourists who surrounded him. For the steamer's deck was a focus-point to which had converged lines of travel from many a distant and widely-sundered scene.

It was the height of the season for Oriental travel, the most delightful time for visiting Palestine; and there was a suppressed eagerness, and an undercurrent of satisfied desire among the passengers, that made itself evident in overflowing good-nature, sometimes almost boyish in its manifestations. And yet there was, withal, a seriousness and quiet of demeanour which comported well with our position and our anticipation. For were we not pilgrims; utter strangers to one another, for the most part; diverse in dress, and speech, and creed, and country; and yet drawn from east and west, and north and south, by the magnetism of a common interest, by the magnetism of a Name, and a Life, and a Death, and a Resurrection, which stand out before all time as the proof of God's love to universal man? "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," He had said; and something, at least, of this mysterious magnetism was acknowledged by those who

stood on the deck of the steamer that still Saturday evening, as the sun set over cosmopolitan, wide-spread, wicked Port Said, and we steamed out over the quiet sea. Egypt, the Land of Bondage, lay behind us in the sunset; Palestine, the Land of Promise, lay before us in the dawning. Meantime the stars came out and gladdened and glorified the night that lay between.

Early next morning, as I went on deck, we were in sight of Jaffa.

I have very little sympathy or respect for the man who could approach the Holy Land with other than feelings of deep interest and solemnity. It has been the theatre of such stirring events, it is connected, in its past history, so closely with Deity, on the one hand; and with everything that gives force and value to human conduct, and validity and certainty to human hopes and aspirations, on the other, that one cannot but feel, as he looks for the first time upon its shores, as if, like the Israelites of old, he had an inheritance in it, a portion and a right, in its sacred soil.

Some such feeling, at all events, seemed to stir in the minds of our company that Sabbath morning, as our steamship rapidly approached the land, and finally cast anchor a good distance from the shore, and lay rocking in the swell which was heaving increasingly in the stormy roadstead of Jaffa.

Let us glance a minute or two at the past history of the place. It is first mentioned, under the name of Japho, in the book of Joshua, as one of the boundaries of the tribe of Dan. It has always been the great port of Jerusalem, and hither came those great Phœnician flotillas by which Hiram king of Tyre sent the cedar for the first temple to be landed on its storm-smitten beach. Here also was the cedar for the second temple landed, when, under Zerubbabel, that splendid structure was rebuilt, and lying somewhere here at anchor rode the craft on which Jonah essayed to escape the divine call to a difficult mission, when fleeing from the presence of the Lord he came down to Joppa and found a ship bound to Tarshish.

This place, too, is noted in the patriotic and warlike history of the Maccabees, when, for the most part, it was under foreign rule; but was once attacked and its shipping burnt, by Judas Maccabeus, in reprisal for the persecution of its Jewish population by its foreign rulers.

It is an old city—one of the oldest in the world. Pliny mentioned it as being many hundred years old in his day, and states that then the chains which bound Andromeda to the rock were still to

be observed, the classic legend of Perseus and Andromeda having Jaffa for its scene.

The New Testament history of the place centralizes in that

JAFFA — FROM THE SOUTH.

visit of the Apostle Peter, when he raised to life the benevolent Dorcas; and when in the house of Simon the tanner, by the sea-shore, he received that miraculous message, in a vision from heaven,

which dispelled all his Jewish prejudices and antipathies, opened up to his enlarged mind the truth of the universal equality of all God's human family, and sent him down, not merely to go without gainsaying to the Roman centurion, whose messengers were even then knocking at the gate, but ever thereafter to recognize in every one an equal in God's sight and in Christ's love and ransom.

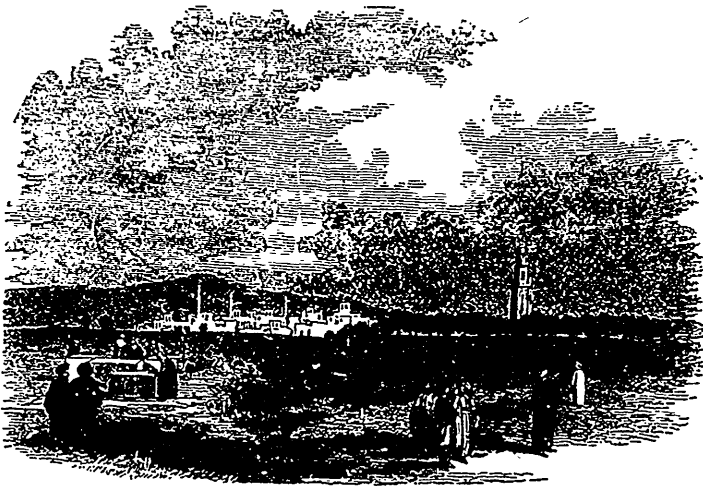
During the Crusades, Jaffa was a place of great importance, and had very varying fortunes, held sometimes by Paynim and sometimes by Christian, taken and retaken, destroyed and rebuilt again and again; and, at their close, was a desolate heap—not a habitable house remaining. In the Napoleonic wars it was taken by the French. The blackest crime on the memory of Napoleon was enacted here. He shot on the strand four thousand Albanians who had surrendered on promise of safety; and when obliged to retreat, poisoned five hundred of his own soldiers, who were sick in the plague-hospital.

The town occupies a splendid position on the slopes of a low hill, and, approached from the sea, has a very beautiful appearance. Away to right and left of it stretch the sandy shores where the fertile plain of Sharon meets the blue Mediterranean; while inland, in ever loftier undulations, rise the hills of Judea, culminating in the mountains which are round about Jerusalem.

But it is time to go ashore. Here are the boats already alongside, manned by the swarthy boatmen, whose strange garb and violent vociferations attract sufficient notice. How those boats rock, it is enough to make one sea-sick to look at them! How can we ever get on board them or trust them for the long and unquiet row to the shore! But there is no other way, and we may indeed be thankful that we can land at all. Another hour or two of this swell and we should have to bid good-bye to Jaffa, as many a traveller has done, and submit to be carried many miles farther on to Haifa or Beyrout. A few moments of misery in the stern sheets of the rocking boat, as she takes in her complement of passengers; an interval of relief, as the sturdy rowers propel her shorewards, or dash through an ugly-looking gap in the reef of ragged rocks which forms the only harbour; and in a few minutes more the jetty is reached, and we set foot in the Holy Land. Then through a narrow, dingy street, opening into a wider sort of market-place, among a mixed assemblage of donkeys, camels, and busy, noisy Easterns of various shapes and sizes; we drove a quarter of a mile beyond the town, to where,

embowered in a wealth of waving palm trees and rich shrubbery, lay our stopping-place in Jaffa—the Jerusalem Hotel. It was wonderfully pleasant, that sunny Sabbath morning, to sit on the balcony of the hotel, overlooking the waving palms in the gardens below, and out over the rich sea of green that led up to the white buildings of the town, while the pure clear air from the Mediterranean refreshed one after the weariness of weeks of almost constant sightseeing.

Modern Jaffa has little to interest the traveller, and is merely a stopping-place on the way to Jerusalem. Though a town of 20,000 inhabitants, its bazaars are comparatively insignificant, its



RAMLEH, TRADITIONAL SITE OF ARIMATHEA.

houses, for the most part, mean and dilapidated, and its mosques uninteresting. One shrine, of course, we visited, the traditional house of Simon the tanner. An ordinary modern Oriental house, its flat roof, on which is a small lighthouse, affords a magnificent view over sea and shore; and it is possible, indeed, that whatever be the case with the house, the site is that of Peter's vision.

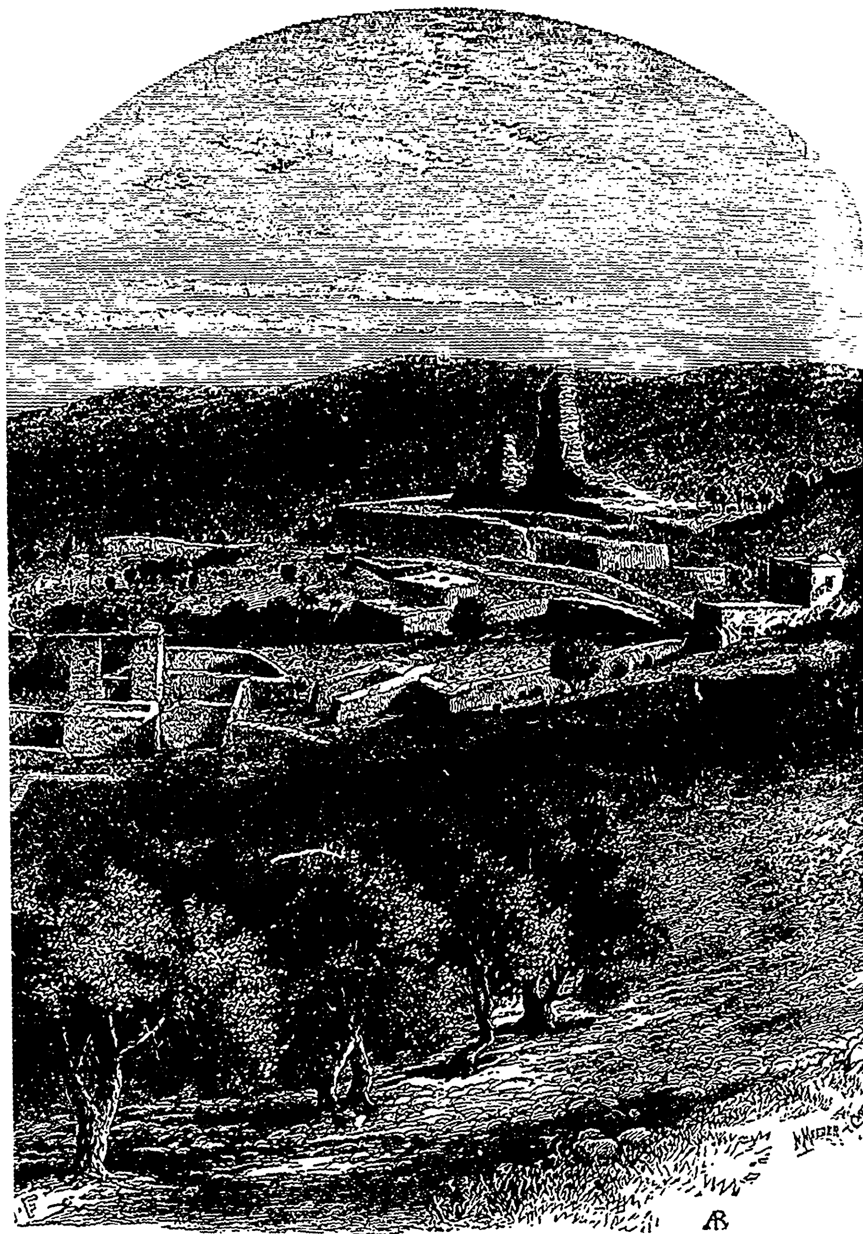
Jaffa is famous for its oranges, and we paid a visit to one of the splendid orchards. Here were scores, and, I suppose, hundreds of splendid trees, laden with the ripe and golden fruit, while on the same branches were clusters of the lovely white, fragrant blossoms, beginnings of the next harvest ere the present one was gathered. It was a novel and very pleasant experience to walk beneath the orange groves, picking and eating as many as we

desired. There are, I believe, about three hundred of these orange gardens around Jaffa, varying in extent from three or four acres to ten or twelve, and the annual produce is about eight million oranges. They can sometimes be bought there for eight or ten a penny, and are very large, oval in shape and of fine flavour. Great hedges of prickly pear, a cactus of huge growth, divide these orchards the one from the other, and, I should say, afford a very tolerable protection from predatory hands.

We spent a quiet Sunday at Jaffa, having a united service in our hotel in the morning, and attended the service at the Church of England Mission in the afternoon; but early on Monday morning every one was on the *qui vive* for the journey to Jerusalem. Those who desired them had saddle-horses, those who preferred riding had landaus at their service. I was among the latter myself, for my horsemanship was a minus quantity, and I was not a little nervous of beginning to acquire the art. Perhaps it is just as well we drove, for we had not left Jaffa ten minutes before one of the horses bolted, setting off another as it galloped past. The first was ridden by a young English lady, who fortunately was a good horsewoman, and beyond a little fright was none the worse; but the second was ridden by an old clergymen, six-seven years of age, who got off somehow, as the horse was galloping, and was seriously shaken.

In this bit of excitement, we left Jaffa behind us, and struck out over the plain of Sharon, for our noonday halting-place at Ramleh. The road was fair; indeed, as roads go in Palestine, it was good, in some parts very good; but I'm afraid we should be writing to the papers against our paternal government if our own roads were anywhere on a level with some of the best of it. It sorely shook the springs of the strong, Swiss-built landau in which I was sitting, as the pair of stout horses drew it over the uneven, rutty road. It was an interesting drive, however. Around us on every hand, stretched the wide and undulating surface of the plain of Sharon, bearing evidence in the wild flowers that everywhere carpeted it, of the fertility for which it was anciently proverbial.

The charming little *anemone coronaria,* in appearance similar to a small scarlet poppy and the supposed "rose of Sharon" of Scripture, lifted its bright cup everywhere. It is the commonest flower of Palestine. I saw it here in Sharon. I was to see it all over the land, brightening hillock and valley, until I bade it final farewell on the slopes of the Lebanon at Beyrout. Well,



AMWAS, THE ANCIENT NECROPOLIS, ONE OF THE TRADITIONAL SITES OF EMMAUS.

indeed, may it have been, common and constant as it is, the flower which the Saviour pointed to when He said, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

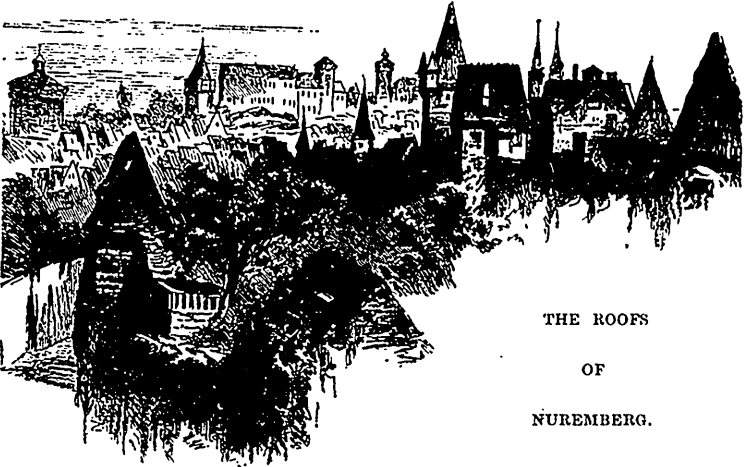
Ramleh is not quite half-way between Joppa and Jerusalem. It is a small town of about four thousand inhabitants, and is not mentioned in the Bible. A tradition, with very little authority for it, however, declares it to be the Arimathea where dwelt the disciple who gave our Lord His grave. The only interesting thing in the neighbourhood is the great white tower, a short distance from the town, from the top of which is a splendid view over the plain. Three miles from Ramleh is the town of Ludd, or Lydda, one of the ancient cities of Palestine, and the scene of the raising of palsied Æneas by the apostle Peter. After lunching at Ramleh, we drove out to Lydda and visited the fine church of St. George, whom tradition affirms to have been born and buried here. It is noteworthy that it was while encamped at Ramleh that the Crusaders took St. George as their patron saint. We spent the night at Ramleh, in a small but comfortable hotel, and in good time next morning recommenced our journey to Jerusalem. In an hour we reach a hill-top overlooking the valley of Ajalon, the scene of Joshua's victory over the five Amorite kings. "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon and thou moon upon the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still and the moon stayed."

Then crossing the valley we passed Latrûn, so called as the traditional birth-place of the penitent thief; and yet farther on a hillside, the village of Amwas or Emmaus which cannot possibly, however, be the Emmaus of St. Luke. Another hour or so brings us to the foot of the mountains, and we halt for lunch at Bab-el-wady—the "door of the valley." The climb up the hills now begins in a drear defile with bare, gray rocks on either hand. In two hours or less, Abou Gosch is reached, a large village so-called from a robber-chief who once dwelt there; and interesting because it has been identified as Kirjath-Jearim, one of the four cities of the Gibeonites, the birth-place of Urijah the prophet, where the Ark of the Lord was kept in David's day for twenty years. Yet farther along we wind down past the village of Kolonieh, another of the claimants for the site of Emmaus, and crossing a bridge over a stream, begin the steepest part of the climb to Jerusalem.

IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

NUREMBERG.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL D. GREEN, D.D.



THE ROOFS OF NUREMBERG.

ONE OF THE ROOFS.

No town in Germany, so completely as Nuremberg, retains the characteristics of the past. The sense of strangeness, instead of disappearing or diminishing with familiarity, seems only to increase. Everything in the outward aspect of the place is mediæval. The tall houses, with every variety of high gable, dormer windows, and richly decorated projections, are not simply here and there to be seen, as in other places—quaint survivals of the past amid architecture of modern style—they are everywhere, and the modern seems the unnatural exception. The city walls and towers, with the great moat or ditch surrounding them, remain much as when they were needed for defence, though, indeed, the moat for the most part is dry, and occupied by vegetable gardens. The bridges over the little river that divides the town, some of them covered by buildings, partake of the antique character of the place—the very shops, devoted to modern industry and the wares of to-day, seem, in

their narrow streets, to harmonize with the great buildings of which they form the lower portion; and I fear that the odours of Nuremberg are mediæval too. If the city above ground may well be left undisturbed, it is a pity that something cannot be done beneath the surface in harmony with modern requirements. As it is, the stranger's first impulse is to turn and flee! But I succeeded in finding good quarters, and explored the old city, after all, without much discomfort.

The most interesting point is perhaps the castle. on the

CITY WALLS, NUREMBERG.

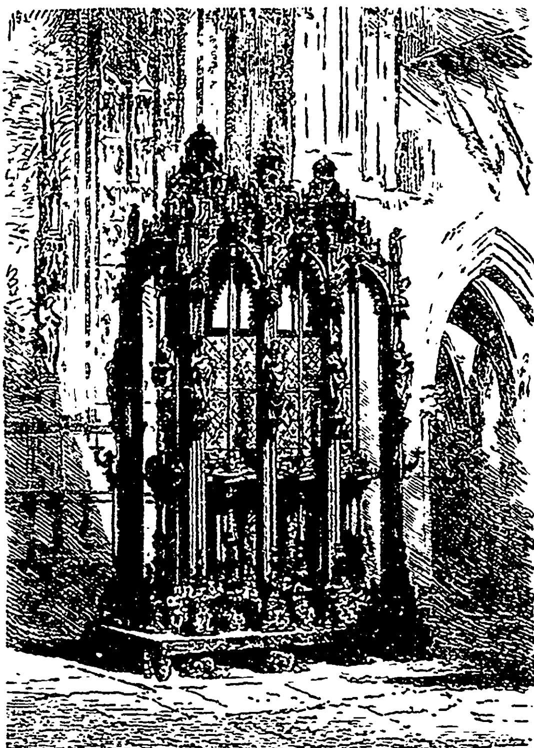
north of the town, where the city ramparts are strengthened by the vast natural rock of sandstone on which they stand, and which with the walls form a defence that must have been impregnable. Here are three picturesque and massive towers, with a curious ancient double chapel of the eleventh century, the upper part being for the lord and his family, the lower for his domestics and retainers. There is also a torture-chamber—truly horrible and infernal, the "Nuremberg Virgin," with her interior of dagger-blades, being here exhibited to the curious in such matters.

The town itself is divided into two parts by the stream mentioned above, the sluggish Pegnitz, the divisions being named after the large and truly splendid churches which they respectively contain, St. Sebald on the north side, St. Lawrence (Lorenz) on the south. Each church has two towers, nearly equal, yet

dissimilar in ornamentation: those of St. Lawrence contain ranges of bars, designed to indicate the gridiron on which, according to tradition, the saint was martyred.

In the church of St. Sebald the most conspicuous object is the saint's shrine, wrought in bronze by Peter Vischer (A.D. 1508-19), and fairly to be regarded as the masterpiece of that description of art. Its detail in every part is exquisite, as our engraving

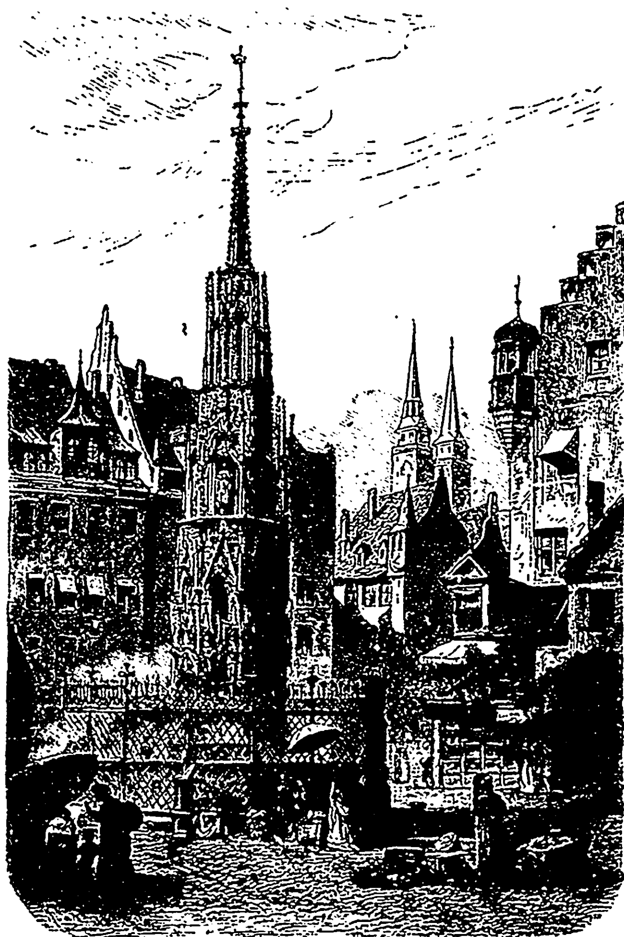
may in some measure indicate. The statues in the twelve pillars which support the fretted canopy are intended to represent the apostles, the familiar figures by which the columns are crowned, are the chief fathers of the church; while the bas-reliefs in the arches that support the sarcophagus depict the alleged miracles of St. Sebald. In a niche of the monument below, the artist has introduced a statuette of himself, with his workman's apron on



SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD, NUREMBERG.

and a chisel in his hand. The monument is in excellent preservation; the spirit of iconoclasm which, in a burst of righteous indignation, destroyed so many works of art at the time of the Reformation, not having penetrated to Nuremberg. In fact this city, beyond most in Germany, accepted the Reformed doctrine quietly, became Lutheran calmly, decisively, and without a blow, and has so remained: although not without a bitter struggle, at the time of the Thirty Years' War, when Gustavus Adolphus and

Wallenstein met here in a well-matched but decisive struggle. I may mention here, as illustrating in some degree the tone of the place, that Nuremberg is the only city on the Continent in which I have seen the shops universally closed on Sunday, as in any



SCHÖNEBRUNNEN—THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN, NUREMBERG.

country town in England. The fact I give for what it is worth; no doubt there is much Sunday dissipation here as elsewhere, and yet the fact, together with the well-filled churches in the morning of the day, indicates a measure of religious earnestness from which much may yet be hoped.

To describe the many rich or curious monuments which the streets contain would be impossible. The Schönebrunnen (Beautiful Fountain) close by the ancient market-place and the Roman Catholic church (Frauenkirche) is the most striking, and a peculiarly graceful structure, in the style with which we in England are familiar as that of the "Eleanor Crosses." Near this, an inscription on an old house in a narrow street points out the dwelling of Hans Sachs, the homely poet of the Reformation, whose statue is hard by, representing him seated, in his burgher's dress, with countenance full of quiet humour. Close at hand is the new Jewish synagogue, a truly superb building, bearing on its front the inscription in Hebrew: "How dreadful is this place! Surely it is none other than the House of God and the gate of heaven."

Passing again to the north of the city, we come upon a fine bronze statue of Albert Dürer, the pride of Nuremberg, and of German art. Hard by is his house also, just beneath the castle. And to continue the catalogue of house-inscriptions, it may be added that in this quarter of the town, nearly opposite St. Sebald's church, a tablet above a bookseller's shop records that there dwelt Palm the publisher, "a victim to the tyranny of Napoleon." He was shot, the reader will remember, in 1806, for publishing a pamphlet on the "Degradation of Germany," in which he stigmatised the Emperor's policy as oppressive.

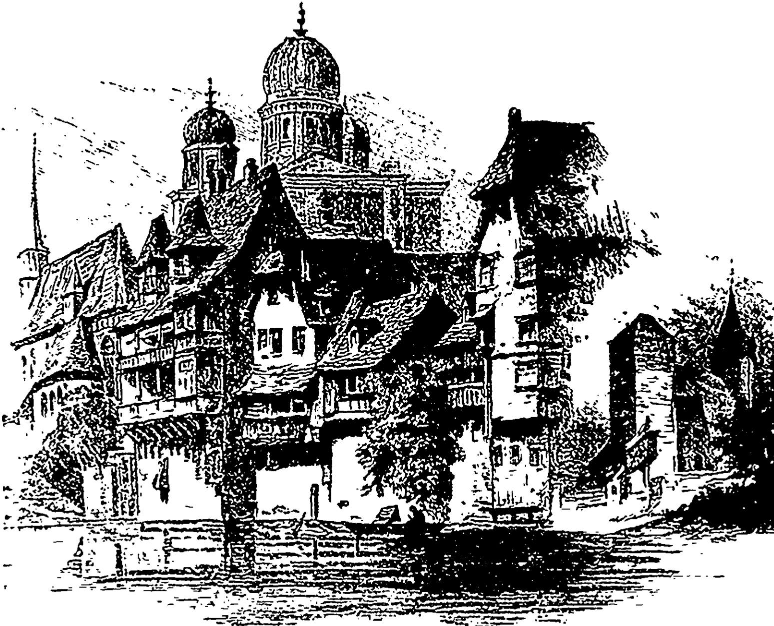
Almost equal in interest to Albert Dürer's monument is his lowly grave in St. John's Cemetery, half a mile beyond the city gates. The ancient part of this burying-place is filled with tombs, each marked by its flat slab, placed in close and regular order, and numbered. Without any difficulty the number of Dürer's grave, 649, guided me to the spot. The tomb is plain, like that of the great artists's fellow burghers; and bears the inscription, "*Quidquid Alberti Dureri mortale fuit, sub hoc conditur tumulo. Emigravit* 8 *idus Aprilis* 1528." The monogram is underneath, with a short inscription in Latin and German, setting forth the main events of his life. But the word *Emigravit* is beautiful, as Longfellow has so truly remarked. In walking round the cemetery I was greatly struck by the constancy with which the phrase was repeated, *Hier ruht in Gott*, "Here rests in God." No words, when truly applicable, can better consecrate the tomb!

I saw a funeral there, which to me was most impressive. It was evidently that of a person belonging to the humbler class. but was largely followed. Six young girls walked in front, bearing large bouquets of flowers with sprigs of box and cypress,

ANCIENT TOWER, NUREMBERG.

there followed two ministers in gown and cap; then the coffin and the mourners. As soon as the grave was reached, a grand chorale was sung by men's voices; one of the ministers then read

a brief biography of the deceased, followed by an earnest extempore address, which seemed deeply to move his auditors; prayer followed, with the Lord's Prayer and benediction, and as the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the flowers were showered upon it in profusion, and the weeping mourners bent over it in their last look, the voices of the singers rose again in another chorale most exquisitely thrilling; a "song without words," so far as I was concerned, for I could not distinguish them, but to me and

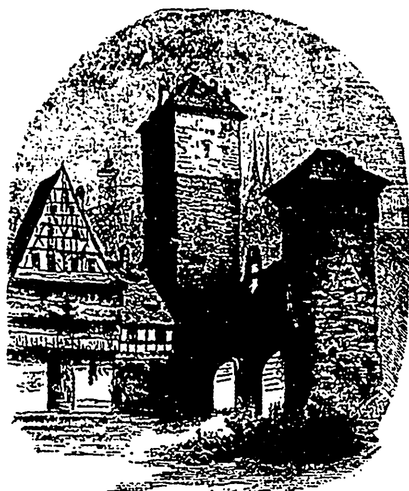


ON THE PEGNITZ.

to the silent listening company, it seemed to say, *"I am the Resurrection and the Life."*

On the whole, the ancient city has played a noble part in the work of civilization. Its position between the Danube and the Rhine made it for several generations an emporium for the produce both of east and west. This traffic brought to it great wealth, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the great merchants of Nuremberg were princes. Manufacture and invention, also, flourished here. Not to mention other productions of Nuremberg skill, it was here that watches were first made, about the year 1477; called from their shape, "Nuremberg eggs." The

hearty adoption of Protestanism with its liberal and progressive ideas, assisted in sustaining the prosperity of the city, until partly through the opening of other routes for commerce, but chiefly through the calamities of the Thirty Years' War, there ensued a period of decline. Of late, however, the activity and success of Nurembergers have more than revived; their city is now known as the "toy-shop of Europe;" and the suburbs abound in large and prosperous manufactories. The railway-carriage works employ nearly four thousand men; while Nuremberg seems the European centre for stationery of every kind, for wood-carvings and for fancy articles generally. It is stated that the lead pencils manufactured here amount to more than two hundred millions annually!



OLD TOWERS, NUREMBERG.

Longfellow thus sums up, in musical verse, many of the stirring memories of the grand old town:—

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks around them throng;

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,*
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen's Cunigunde's hand:

* An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

"*Nurnberg's Hand*
Geht durch alle Land."
"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land."

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.†

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart.

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

MELCHIOR'S WINDOW.

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like a foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through their painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies;

†Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before in the *Belfry of Bruges.*

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the master singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long."

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard:
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

LIFE'S TAPESTRY.

Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye
  Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused
  Above each stitch awry and thread confused;
Now will I think on what in years gone by
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
  At royal looms; and how they constant used
  To work on the rough side, and still perused
The pictured pattern set above them high.
So will I set my copy high above,
  And gaze and gaze, till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love
  Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows;
Nor look too much on warp and woof, provide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side!

—*Dora Greenwell.*

THE MORAL FREEDOM OF MAN.*

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

No part of the philosophy of history is more important than that which teaches us to study the history of opinion, and to separate, in each theory of man and of the world, that which demands our consideration as the result of pure thought from that which may be set aside as the mere expression of feeling produced by the circumstances of the time.

Thrice, at least, since man became conscious, or partly conscious, of his spiritual nature, and of the dignity of his being, a sort of despondency, the result in part of political disaster, has come over the moral world. Such a despondency followed on the fall of that narrow but vigorous political life, compounded of patriotism and Stoicism, which was embodied in the Roman Republic. It followed on the tremendous religious wars and revolutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It has followed on the terrible, and to a great extent fruitless, revolutionary struggles through which Europe passed in 1848. The abandonment of those social aspirations of man which are so intimately connected with his spiritual hopes gave birth in the first instance to Cæsarism, in the second instance to the absolutism of the eighteenth century, which was typified by Louis the Fourteenth, and erected into a Chinese Utopia by Voltaire. In the recent instance it has given birth to Imperialism, which has naturally triumphed most signally in the country where the decay of religion, as well as the political lassitude arising from abortive revolution, is most complete. The loss of religious faith has in each of the three instances been attended by the prevalence of a materialistic superstition. The Roman materialist was the slave of astrologers: the last century hung on the lips of Cagliostro and his brother quacks; and we fill the void of spiritual life with mesmerism and spirit-rapping.

At the same time the religious life of the present age is attacked by a powerful influence of a different kind. The pressure of false authority, reigning in old dogmatic establishments, has kept religion in an irrational state, as any man may easily convince himself by comparing the identity of the Christian character and

* Abridged from an article in the *Daily News*, in reply to the criticism of the *Westminster Review*, on Professor Smith's lecture on the "Doctrine of Historical Progress."—Ed.

life in all communions with the differences of their dogmatic creeds, and the vital importance attached by each communion to its own. Meantime science, having achieved her emancipation from authority, has made prodigious progress, and acquired vast influence over the life of man. Thus religion in her weakness and her fetters has been brought into contact and into contrast with science in her strength and freedom: and no wonder that to exclusively scientific minds the domain of spirit should seem the last stronghold of unreason, which it will be the crowning triumph of science to subdue. Great men of science, indeed, like all great men, know the limits of their own sphere. But the lesser men of science, who, to tell the plain truth, have often no more largeness of mind or breadth of cultivation than an ingenious mechanic, grasp eagerly at the sceptre of the moral world.

Comte, the real though disclaimed author of the "Westminster" philosophy, was placed in a position which exposed him to all these influences in the highest degree. As a Frenchman, he lived in the midst of political despair. He saw religion only in the aspect of French ultramontanism, and had no alternative before him but that of French scepticism, which he pardonably preferred. Rational Religion he had never beheld. His cultivation had evidently been almost exclusively scientific, and his course of Positive Philosophy is a perfect representation of the tendencies of exclusively scientific minds when unprovided with a rational theory of the moral world and a rational religion. He goes through the physical sciences; arrives at that which is beyond science; and impatient of the limit set to his course, tries to bridge over the gulf by laying it down, dogmatically and without proof, that the moral—or, as he chose to call it, the sociological—world differs from the physical only in the greater complexity of its phenomena, and the greater difficulty, consequent on that complexity, of resolving its phenomena into their necessary laws.

There can scarcely be a doubt that Comte, towards the end of his life, by which time he had been abandoned by Mr. Mill and all his rational disciples, was insane. Nor is it difficult to detect the source of his insanity. It was egotism, uncontrolled by the thought of a higher power, and, in its morbid irritation, unsoothed by the influence of religion. The passage in which he says that having at first been only an Aristotle, he, through his affection for a female friend, became also a St. Paul, has been often quoted. But it is not a more rampant display of egotism than the passage at the beginning of his "Catechism," in which

he depicts the "memorable conclusion" of his course of lectures as the opening of a new era, and shows how the great thinkers who had preceded him in history were precursors of himself.

In his later phase, having become a St. Paul, he proceeded to found a new religion, which is simply an insane parody of the Roman Catholicism before his eyes, set a mystic morality above science, and turned the "Positive Philosophy" upside-down. All honour to Comte, however, for this—that he was not a mere reckless assailant of the convictions by which the world around him lived. He produced, at the cost, no doubt, of much conscientious labour and earnest thought, what he believed to be a new faith, and tendered it to mankind as a substitute for that which he took away. That the view of humanity which he adopted was ignoble and absurd was his misfortune, as the victim of unhappy influences, far more than his fault. If it were not so clear that he was deranged at the time when he invented his new religion, he might well be said to have done Christendom a great service by trying, with decisive result, the experiment of satisfying man's religious instincts by a Creed and Church other than the Christian.

In England, Comte has drawn his most distinguished disciples from the University of Oxford. When the University awoke from the long torpor of the last century, a violent ecclesiastical movement set in, which naturally took a High Church direction, and, as every one knows, threw many of its best and most gifted members into the Church of Rome. The recoil after that movement staggered most of us, and flung some out of religion altogether. These men fell in several cases sheer down into Comtism, and it seemed that the University of Laud had still a fair chance of furnishing leaders to that persuasion. . . .

Generations at Oxford pass quickly. Within the brief space of twenty years I have seen the wheel come full circle. When I was an undergraduate, theology was "the queen (and tyrant) of the sciences." In those days, scientific experience was set at nought, and we were told that though in science the earth might go round the sun, in theology the sun went round the earth. Later, moral experience was set at nought, and we were told that, morally, we may know action to be free, but that science pronounces it to be bound by the law of causation. The sneers which are at present directed against free-will are the exact counterpart and the just retribution of the sneers which were formerly directed against induction. We trampled on the lower truth, and we paid the heavy penalty of producing enemies to the highest. . . .

Such a question as that of the free personality of man is likely

to be solved by each of us for himself, and by mankind collectively, on practical rather than philosophical grounds. Probably no man, when engaged in high and inspiring action, ever for a moment doubted his moral freedom, or imagined himself to be the mere organ of a "sociological" law. And the world is now once more entering upon a course of action of a high and inspiring kind. A greater object of endeavour than any mere political emancipation or improvement begins to present itself to our view. The political supports of the Papacy having been cut away by the fall or desperate weakness of the old Catholic monarchies, on which, since the Reformation, it has rested, and the power of the Popes having long ceased to be a spiritual power, the great pillars of irrational dogma and the chief source of schismatical division among the Christian Churches are in a fair way of being removed; and the re-union of Christendom, which for three centuries has been an empty and hopeless prayer, is likely at last to become a practicable aim. Probably it would be a greater service to humanity, on philosophical as well as on religious grounds, to contribute the smallest mite towards this consummation, than to construct the most perfect demonstration of the free personality of man. As things are, rationalistic and fatalistic reveries may be laboriously confuted; but amidst the energies and aspirations of a regenerated Christendom, they would spontaneously pass away.

The rational object of discussion in this as in other departments is to produce practical conviction. Names and theoretical statements may take care of themselves. The *Westminster Review* says:—"Anything which tends to deny to man the fullest power to develop his own faculties, to control his own life, and form his future, we are ready to condemn." If it will adhere to this declaration in the natural sense of the words, there is nothing more to be said, except that if comets "formed their own future" they would be rather embarrassing subjects of "science."

A student and teacher of History, however, is compelled to deal with a theory which, if true, would deeply affect the treatment of his special subject.

We are in effect told with great vehemence of language, rising, when objections are offered, to a highly objurgatory key, that the free personality of man is an illusion; for that, feel as free as we may, our actions, both individual and collective, are determined by a law, or a set of laws, as fixed as those which determine the phenomena of physical agents, and of which what we call our free-will is only the manifestation.

The answer is:—This discovery is most momentous, if true. Let the law, or set of laws, be stated, and its or their existence demonstrated by reference to the facts of human life or history, and we will accept them as we accept any other hypothesis which is distinctly propounded and satisfactorily verified. But at present, not only is there no verification, there is not even a hypothesis before us. . . .

Sir Isaac Newton did not go about the world asserting that the motions of the planets must have a law, and railing at people for doubting his assertion. He propounded the hypothesis of gravitation, and verified it by reference to the facts. We only ask the discoverers of the Law of History to do the same.

In the same way, when philosophers proclaim with angry vehemence, and violent expression of contempt for gainsayers, that there is a better religion than Christianity, we only ask them to produce a better religion.

I have indeed suggested a reason for surmising that the verification of a law of History will be rather a difficult matter, since, History being but partly unfolded, a portion only of the facts are before us. The *Westminster* vehemently asserts that "the human race does not increase in bulk: it changes in character. In no respect does it remain the same. It assumes ever new phases." The universal postulate of Science is that things will continue as they are. But here is a science which postulates that the things with which it deals will always be changing in every respect, so that the truth of to-day may be the exploded chimera of to-morrow. Direct verification of a general hypothesis in this case seems to be impossible. And as we have no other history wherewith to compare that of the inhabitants of this planet, verification by comparison is, of course, out of the question.

In regard to the individual actors of which the sum of history is made up, our "instincts," which the *Westminster* allows are to be taken into account, as well as historical induction, tell us plainly that at the moment of action, all the "antecedents" being as they are, we are free to do the action or let it alone. They tell us, when the action is done, that we were free to do it or let it alone. And, in the form of moral judgment, they praise or condemn the actions of other men on the same supposition. This is not "metaphysics," nor is it part of any obsolete controversy about "predestination." It is at least as much a matter of common sense, and a ground of daily feelings and conduct, as the sensation of heat and cold. Till the sense of moral freedom, conscience, and the instincts which lead us to praise and blame,

reward and punish the actions of others, are explained away, we shall continue to believe that there is something in human actions which renders them not merely more "complex" than the phenomena of the physical world, but essentially different in regard to the mode of their production.

I am not aware that any account has yet been given either of our sense of freedom or of conscience, except on the hypothesis of free-will. As to praise and blame, it is said they attach to actions and qualities simply as they are "moral." It only remains to define "moral," and see whether you can help including in it the notion of freedom. We are told that fixed and settled dispositions are praised and blamed most, though from the fact that they are fixed and settled, their actions are the least free. But we praise and blame such dispositions on the assumption that they were freely formed. Nothing can be either more fixed or settled, or more odious, than the disposition of a man who has been bred up among cannibals and thieves. Yet we blame it very little, because it has not been freely formed.

As to the Aristotelian theory of "habit," I should not be afraid to impugn it (if it were necessary), any more than the Aristotelian theory that virtue consists in acting "in a mean." I am strongly inclined to think that Aristotle, and those who have followed him, observed vice and jumped to a conclusion about virtue. I have no doubt that in its progress towards vice the soul falls under the dominion of quasi-material laws, of which it becomes at last the utter slave. But I believe, and think it matter of general consciousness, that the progress of the soul towards virtue is a progress towards freedom. . . .

Of course there is no direct opposition between scientific prevision and the freedom of human action. The opposition is between the freedom of human action and the necessary causation on which scientific prevision is founded. As to the Divine prevision, which is so freely used as an *argumentum ad hominem* against the advocates of free-will, it would conflict with the freedom of human action if it were founded, like scientific prevision, on necessary causation. But we have not the slightest reason to believe that this is the case. We cannot form the slightest idea as to the mode of the Divine prevision, and till we can it will be a mere sophism to bring it into this question.

Christendom has been compelled by its moral instincts to reject the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination; and though that doctrine may put on the name of "Providence" or "scientific prevision," we shall be compelled by the same instincts to reject it still.

So far as human actions are determined not by the self-formed character and the individual will but by our circumstances, including the general constitution of our nature, so far they are of course the subjects actually, or potentially, of science. And on this ground the sciences of ethics, politics, and political economy are formed. It is not, I believe, in anything that I have written that you will find a low estimate of the benefits which an improved treatment of those sciences is likely to confer on mankind.

It is not philosophic to class under the head of circumstance the influence which the social actions of men have on the lives and characters of their fellows. That the life and character of each of us is immensely influenced by society, so much so as to confine the free-will and the responsibility of each within narrow limits, is a thought not unwelcome, but on the contrary most welcome, to the weakness of humanity. Yet each of us knows that there is something which depends, not on the society in which he is placed, but on himself alone.

Every man looking back over his own past life feels that he has been in a great degree the creature of circumstance and of social influences. He can also, so far as his memory serves him, trace the connection of each of his past actions with a motive, and of the motives with his pre-existing character and the circumstances which surrounded him; and thus construct a sort of miniature philosophy of his own history. Yet every man knows that by the exertion of his own will he might have made his life other than it has been.

As to the theory of history which I have ventured to propound, viz., that its key is to be found, not as Mr. Buckle maintains, in the progress of science, but in the formation of a man's character, which is pre-eminently religious and moral, I hope there is nothing on the face of that theory disgracefully irrational. Its truth or falsehood can be satisfactorily determined only when it has been applied to the facts of history. Few, at all events, will doubt that to write the history of man worthily, it is necessary to get to the very core of humanity, in which case "religion and morality" can hardly be excluded from consideration. . . .

I will conclude with some words of Dugald Stewart, written at the end of last century, which, if not strictly relevant to the present question, have, I think, a bearing on it, and are good in themselves:

"That implicit credulity is a mark of a feeble mind will not be disputed; but it may not perhaps be as generally acknowledged that the case is the same with unlimited scepticism. On the contrary, we are sometimes apt to

ascribe this disposition to a more than ordinary vigour of intellect. Such a prejudice was by no means unnatural at that period in the history of modern Europe when reason first began to throw off the yoke of authority, and when it unquestionably required a superiority of understanding as well as of intrepidity for an individual to resist the contagion of a prevailing superstition. But in the present age, in which the tendency of fashionable opinions is directly opposite to those of the vulgar, the philosophical creed, the philosophical scepticism of by far the greater number of those who value themselves on an emancipation from popular errors, arises from the very same weakness with the credulity of the multitude; nor is it going too far to say, with Rousseau, that 'he who in the end of the eighteenth century has brought himself to abandon all his early principles without discrimination, would probably have been a bigot in the days of the League.'"

IN PERFECT PEACE.

Like strains of music soft and low,
That break upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise old and new,
God will His faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

From out the thoughtless, wreck-strewn past,
From unknown years that silent wait,
Amid earth's wild regret there comes
The promise with its precious freight.
"In perfect peace."

Above the clash of party strife,
The surge of life's unresting sea,
Through sobs of pain and songs of mirth,
Through hours of toil it floats to me,
"In perfect peace."

It stills the questionings and doubts,
The nameless fears that throng the soul,
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And evermore its echoes roll
"In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace." O loving Christ!
When falls death's twilight gray and cold,
And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
Keep thou Thy children as of old,
"In perfect peace."

And through the glad, eternal years,
Beyond the blame and scorn of men,
The heart that served Thee here may know
The rest that passeth human ken,
"Thy perfect peace."

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 MACDONALD.

II.

THE Sabbath services of the George Street congregation were as follows:—A prayer-meeting in the church in the summer at six a.m., and in the winter at seven; Sunday-school at nine a.m.; service at eleven; Sunday-school at two; service at six. After evening service, a band of workers, called prayer-leaders, in companies of from three to four, went to the discharge of their duties, their field extending from Berkeley Street to the Asylum, finding their way home when the distance was extended, about ten o'clock p.m. During the week, prayer-meeting, Monday; preaching, Thursday; classes, Tuesday and Wednesday. I think I can hear some one say, "Well, if the St Andrew's Church congregation had too few services, had not the George Street congregation too many?" If the one made the Sabbath Day a day of rest (and I am quite sure that, although the St. Andrew's congregation had few Sabbath services, that the day was not made a day of pleasure), did the other not make it a day of dissipation, and was not ceaseless labour from six a.m. to ten p.m. too much for young men on Sunday who had to be busily employed throughout the week? Well, I am unable to answer that question. They were young, healthy, and enthusiastic. They liked it, nor did it seem to do them any harm, or to unfit them for the satisfactory discharge of their duties.

Two names only can I recall who attended these early morning meetings. One, that of Mr. T. S. Keough, the other, that of Mr. Wm. Tamblyn. Foster, the chapel-keeper, was always at his post, never late. I have seen him out in the most terrible snow-storm with work performed before seven a.m., which must have cost him hours of labour. He was a worthy man. His time was given during the week to the collection of accounts, in which business he was most successful. Indeed, when all other plans had failed in getting old accounts, Foster was regarded as the last resort; and if *he* could not collect it, it might with great safety be written off as a bad debt. He was the terror of all who were bad pay.

The morning Sunday-school had a distinct superintendent from the afternoon school, and in some instances a distinct class of scholars and teachers. A branch school was formed from the George Street school at the corner of Duke and Berkeley Streets, of which Mr. Henry Parry was superintendent, and of which the writer afterwards became superintendent, and was reminded of the fact at the Berkeley Street Church recently, by one who was then a scholar in the school. Mr. Henry Parry was a most enthusiastic Sabbath-school worker. He came to this country about 1842, was a most worthy and respected member of the Church, with which he continued to be connected until 1852, when he died of cholera. He was one of the most regular attendants at the Sabbath morning prayer-meetings already referred to.

This would be a fitting place to note the extent to which British Methodism existed in the city in those days. We have spoken of the George Street Church; besides it there were two other churches, the one at Queen Street and that in Yorkville. Besides these there was the brick church on the corner of Toronto and Newgate Streets, called Newgate Street Church, in connection with which there was a very large and influential congregation of what was called the Canadian Methodists, already referred to; but my "recollections," it will be seen, except in little more than exceptional incidents, refer only to British Wesleyanism. The Methodist New Connexion Church, erected on Temperance Street, dates from a later period than that covered by these remembrances. One of the services in connection with the opening of that church was conducted by the Rev. W. M. Harvard. The Primitive Methodists also had a church on Bay Street, on the lot next to the present National Club. The Queen Street (British Wesleyan) Church stood on the site of the present building, was a very plain brick structure, about forty by fifty-five, without gallery, and would hold probably two hundred people. Among its worshippers were Jonathan Dunn, a butcher, and a Yorkshireman, perhaps, as far as means went, one of the most substantial men in the congregation. He was long connected with the Council, and possessed great influence in the western portion of the city. Sergeant Wharin, an old military man, and a man very well-informed, the father of Mr. William Wharin, jeweller, King Street West. Sergeant Robinson, also an old military man; and yet another, Sergeant Sutherland, formerly quarter-master-sergeant of the 93rd Highlanders. Those old military men were men of the right stamp, thoroughly upright and greatly respected.

The church at Yorkville was just such another building as that

of Queen Street; its proportions cannot be accurately ascertained, as it has been changed into a dwelling; it is on Bismarck Avenue, and is the residence of Mr. Samuel Alcorn. This church owes its origin to the efforts of the local preachers of the church in George Street, through which a congregation was formed, including among its members such men as the late Joseph Bloor, after whom Bloor Street takes its name. He was a simple, child-like man, a large property holder, and the most substantial man, so far as means were concerned, in the church. Mr. James Wallis, the village blacksmith, commonly called Jimmy Wallis, was also among the fruits of this ingathering; he was a very enthusiastic man, and his "glorys" and "hallelujahs" were familiar in all the church gatherings of the time. Richard Hastings was also among the number of those who at that time connected himself with the Yorkville congregation, and continued with it until his removal into the city.

The property described constituted the entire church property of the British Wesleyans in the city of Toronto in the year 1842. The value of the same might be $6,000, the seating capacity about 650 or 700. I am unable to say whether or not the property was encumbered or whether it was paid for; but I incline to think that the same state of things which exists now existed then, and that in all probability there were encumbrances upon these properties for quite as much as they would bring if placed upon the market. There were no parsonages, no schools, nor other property, saving that herein described. The entire city constituted one circuit, and had consequently but one quarterly meeting. The whole work spread over this vast area was confided to the oversight of two ministers. Thus it will be seen that the additional work needed to give to each church two services each Sabbath had to be furnished by the local preachers, or such help as could be obtained from other churches.

But how, it may be asked, did I, a Presbyterian, come to know anything about these Methodist services or the Methodist people? In the first place, I was not long in discovering that if the Methodist people were as little open to the charge of hypocrisy as my room-mate, that then the charge was not well laid; and seeing in him nothing to condemn and much to commend, and being in our spare hours much together, we were found going not unnaturally in the same direction. Up to a certain point there had been no occasion in which I had gone with him wher, at the same time, there was service in the St. Andrew's Church. Thus I would not think of going to the George Street Sunday-school in the afternoon, because there was at the same hour the Sunday-school

service in the St. Andrew's Church; but the latter had no Sunday-school in the morning, and so I dropped into the George Street school at that time. There was no evening service at St. Andrew's, and so, in the same way, I found myself going to evening service at the George Street Church; yet doing this, not with the most remote intention of transferring my allegiance from the one church to the other, or ever dreaming that I was ever to live or die other than a Presbyterian.

So in like manner, the week evening services on Monday and Thursday attracted me, for the simple reason that at St. Andrew's there was neither a preaching or a prayer-meeting service during the week. The class-meeting being only a meeting for members of the Church, and as I had no intention of uniting myself with the Methodist people, I never visited and expressed no wish to attend. The case, therefore, stood thus: I attended two services weekly of the Church to which I belonged, the Presbyterian, and though never connected with it by membership, was fully resolved never to leave; and five services weekly of the Church to which I did not belong, the Methodist, and with which I had not the most remote intention of connecting myself.

Could this state of things continue? There was a magnetism about the Methodist people which I failed to find among the Presbyterians. The one grasped you by the hand and welcomed you as a stranger, asked you to their homes and bade you come again. With the Presbyterian, in my case at least, this was all lacking. Was the Presbyterian less kindly, or sincere, or desirous of promoting the best interests of young people like myself? I am bound, in all candour, to say I think not. Just as good and as kind and as sincere, but not demonstrative. They simply did not show it. What could I as a young lad do but feel the drawing of these influences which appeared to me the most attractive? That these influences did exert their power, although in the most unconscious and imperceptible way at the time, gradually became apparent, and relationships were being formed in this way destined to change the whole future of my life.

I have stated frankly that I believed that the Presbyterian element was as kindly and sincere as the Methodist, but they lacked the magnetism which the other people had. Why was this? I have stated that, with one or two exceptions, the congregation was entirely composed of Scotch people. The Scotchman of that day in Toronto possessed, in a very marked degree, all the characteristics of his nation. He was reserved, cautious, undemonstrative—all excellent qualities, but all needing to be used with great discrimination. Much of this is happily changed to-

day. The Scotchman of our city to-day still retains these characteristics of his nation, but they are tempered with an open-heartedness, and such a measure of social magnetism, that act as safety valves, and which attract, consequently, in a manner which was not possible I fear at the time of which I write.

But had the intercourse with the Presbyterians been as great as was the intercourse with the Methodists, had the opportunities of coming together five times during the week existed with the Presbyterians as it did with the Methodists, the reserve, the caution would have disappeared, the very frequency of intercourse would have begotten the closer relationship, the course which after long, and for a young lad, patient thinking was adopted, would never have been taken, and these articles would have been recollections of Presbyterianism in Toronto with Methodism left out.

It seems fitting just here, to notice how much the happiness and well-being, the misery or wretchedness of our lives depends upon the companionships which as young lads we form. Indeed, as I look back upon the past, I am persuaded that greater in importance than even home-training, all important as that is (as regards the future of the young man), is the selection which he makes of his companions. If the selection is in every way desirable from the standpoint of God's Word, he may be said to be placed in circumstances of safety; if, on the other hand, he is thrown into close company with those who disregard God's Word, His day, His house, he is placed in circumstances of the greatest peril; all the greater, if such companions are kind-hearted, genial, and unselfish, as such young men so often are; circumstances which may so shape his life as to mean ruin, and ruin only, of soul and body, the blighting of every prospect, the dissipating of every fondly cherished hope.

Taking my own case as a fair example, what might the result have been had circumstances been different? I find myself in a room with a stranger, one whom I had never seen, but with whom I had much of my time at least to be associated, without a relative on this continent, so far as I knew. What more natural than that we should go to the same places, do the same things, mix with the same company? Certainly no better than other lads of my age, and possibly not much worse, I was ready most assuredly to offer no violent objection to anything which meant fun, and would not have been unwilling to have "seen life."

What if the inclinations of my young friend lay in that direction, what if he was in the habit of spending his evenings in some saloon, of visiting the play, of going to the opera, nay what if he

were in the habit of visiting those abodes which lead down to death? Would he have invited me to accompany him? Would I have gone?

How wonderfully does God lead us, what safeguards does He throw around us. What barriers does He set up to save us from breaking through, lest we perish. How He leads us in ways which we had not known. How He directs our steps and brings us under the power of influences of which we had never dreamt, that our own happiness may be secured and His own glory promoted. In none of the hurtful ways to which I have referred was the influence of my friend to be exerted. Here I found a young man who had given his heart to God, singularly pure in his life and in his conversation. Without cant on the one hand, without gloomy misanthropic views on the other, thoroughly consistent among those who were careless. If we were to be companions it must be upon the lines upon which he was walking. Let us see what the result was.

It was, therefore, upon a Sabbath evening in the early autumn of 1842, that I found myself for the first time in a Methodist chapel. It was the old George Street building, standing there to-day with the side toward the street, and converted into three rough-cast dwelling houses. The preacher was the Rev. John C. Davidson. I am not going to swell the volume of this article by any account of the circumtances which led to the unhappy differences between what might be called the British and Canadian Wesleyans, and which culminated in 1840 in the withdrawal of the Wesleyan Conference in England from the articles of union agreed to by the two bodies in 1833, other than saying each party felt it was right. The preachers who withdrew, and became consequently associated with the British Conference were: William Case, Ephraim Evans, John Douse, Benjamin Slight, James Norress, Thomas Fawcett, William Scott, James Brock, John G. Manly, Charles B. Goodrich, and Edward Stoney. Those who are curious and who would like further information on this subject, will find it fully set forth in the "Minutes of the special Conference taken at the City of Toronto, from the 22nd to the 29th October, 1840;" Thomas Whitehead, President; John C. Davidson, Secretary.

It will thus be seen that John C. Davidson, of whom I am now writing, whose name appears as the Secretary of the Conference, gave his adhesion to the Canadian Church; his name appears as the Chairman of the Bay of Quinte District, and Superintendent of Missions within the bounds of his district. To the question in the Minutes of Conference taken at Picton, from the 8th to the

13th June, 1842: "What preachers have withdrawn from the Church this year?" we have the answer: "John C. Davidson." I am not in a position to state why it was that he did not go out with the fifteen already named, or what the cause was which led him to take the course here indicated.

It is enough to state that, as I saw him for the first time, he had charge of an evening service in the George Street Church. He was a tall, broad-chested, but not by any means a powerfully built man, with a thoughtful face, an intellectual head, a voice somewhat thin and peculiar, though in some respects attractive; his manner was solemn and impressive, dealing in the verities of the Gospel, indulging rarely, if at all, in illustration, yet making his hearers realize that he himself felt the importance of all that he said. He wore glasses, and altogether was a notable figure. His text upon this occasion was Exodus iii. 14: "And God said unto Moses, I Am that I Am, and He said: Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you." I may add that his voice was plaintive, and his whole manner completely devoid of anything which would lead one to suppose that he was doing anything for effect.

Before parting with John C. Davidson, I note a few of the texts from which I heard him preach at the George Street Church: Isaiah xxxii. 15, "Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high;" Ezekiel xxxiv. 17, "Behold, I judge between cattle and cattle;" Ezekiel xlvi. 9, 10, "But when the people of the land shall come before the Lord in the solemn feasts, he that entereth in by the way of the north gate to worship shall go out by the way of the south gate; and he that entereth," etc.; Hosea, vii. 16, "They return, but not to the most High: they are like a deceitful bow," etc. He subsequently connected himself with the Church of England, for what cause I cannot tell, labouring in the Province of Quebec, where he died recently, in his 82nd year.

The pulpit, like everything in the church, was severely plain. The day of platform and reading desk was not yet; the ascent to this one was narrow and steep, and the pulpit itself sufficiently high to afford space below it for the books of the S. S. library.

The choir sat within the communion-rail, and were greatly crowded. The leader was Mr. Booth, the son of the Rev. Mr. Booth; his two daughters were also in the choir. Alderman Baxter, then a very slender young man, was a member; his father, strangely enough, being the leader of the choir in St. Andrew's Church, although formerly connected with the George Street Church, a superb voice he had. There were several violins, one or more flutes, a violoncello, played by a Mr. Harrison, a marble

cutter; there were other instruments, and a number of singers whose names I cannot recall. The singing was very good, none better was there in the city. The hymns were lined, the minister reading two lines, the choir singing these, and this being continued until the hymn was ended, the last two lines being in every case repeated. How strong do habits become; I remember with what regret I witnessed the abandonment of this old habit, which to many people had become an essential part of worship.

It was the old hymn-book that was used, in many respects better than the one in use at present. Better, because we had the hymns as the writer wrote them, not only as to the language but as to the arrangement. Better, because we had the singular form of the pronoun (which in an act of worship better expresses one's devotion) than the plural for which in so many instances it has been substituted, to the evident weakening of the hymn. Better, because we had a vastly more elaborate index of the classification of subjects, as well as of the passages of Scripture paraphrased. Better, because we had not only the first line of each hymn, but the first line of the following verses, which is now wanting at least in some of the books. Better, because the book contained no religious poems which really should have no place in a religious hymnal; as for example, Montgomery's poem on prayer, very fine but not suited for worship, not addressed to God the Divine Being, save the last verse.

Then to refer to one alteration only, that beautiful hymn: "I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God." Why (altogether apart from the unwarranted liberty of changing the words of the author) the change to "I come"? Was it because the figure employed by the poet was not Scriptural? That could not be; "Ho, every one that *thirsteth*, come to the waters." Was it because the words were less euphonious? That could not be, for their connection as they stood in that respect were vastly better than the words which were substituted for them. The effect has been largely to remove the hymn from use, at least with those who had so often sang it in the old style, and who fail to look upon it as it is in any other light than as being bereft of much of its force and beauty. No one has any more right to take liberties with the language of an author than one has with the author's goods. Better far would it have been to have left out hymns altogether, than have attempted to show that the language of the author was either weak or ineffective.

The fact is, the hymn-book was too hastily arranged, and the instructions to the Committee were not sufficiently conservative. It ought, in my judgment, to have been an instruction to the Com-

mittee: 1. Not to alter the phraseology of the hymns. (Omit the hymn if thought best, but not alter.) There is in reference to the hymns of the Wesleys much force in the language of the Rev. John Wesley: "Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns, though they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse." 2. Not to divide any hymn in such a way as to weaken it or destroy its connection. 3. Not to introduce religious poems, however excellent. 4. To improve rather than to weaken the arrangement of subjects, and to give a fuller index rather than curtail the index of texts illustrated, and to give an index to the first line of all the verses.*

But it may be said, Why these statements now, when you yourself were a member of the Committee? Those statements are not new, they were brought up by me at the General Conference in 1882, in Hamilton; and the force of them was admitted by many of its members, and they are not brought forward now to satisfy a spirit of fault-finding or to engender a spirit of discontent with the hymn-book so much as to guard against these errors when the next hymnal is compiled, when, if we rightly read the signs of the times, the Christian Church might find that it can agree upon one hymnal which could be used in all the Churches. We may rest assured that there are many things which are more impossible.

From this standpoint I must (having spoken so plainly of what I deem defects) speak of what I consider gains. We are now, by the introduction of some of the finest hymns in our language, brought into closer sympathy with our brethren of the Presbyterian Church and the Church of England than we were before; and often (as I had occasion to notice lately) are these Churches found at the same time singing such beautiful hymns as the following:

> "O spread Thy covering wings around,
> Till all our wanderings cease,
> And at our Father's loved abode
> Our souls arrive in peace!"

NOTE.—In the February number of this MAGAZINE, on page 150, for "the McNabb, dressed in the fashion of his clan," read "in the tartan of his clan." On same page, omit the word "Holts"; for "John Sproule" read "Samuel Sproule"; and, at foot of page 149, read "Dr. Telfer and Dr. Primrose, leading physicians."

* This has been done in later editions.—ED.

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT AND ITS GREAT APOSTLE.

BY THE REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

THE name of John Henry Newman is inseparably connected with that remarkable revival of mediæval thought and devotion known as the Tractarian Movement. That movement had its origin in Oxford, more than years fifty ago, and in the group of earnest, and in some respects able, men who became its advocates, Newman was unquestionably the central figure. A man of splendid talents, blameless life, and singular devotion, he gathered around him a circle of disciples whose influence steadily widened, until it was felt throughout the entire Church of England, and even beyond its bounds. Like the movement which originated in the same University in Wesley's day, it revived and intensified the devotional spirit; but while the devout life of the "Holy Club" was nourished by the Word of God, and ultimately found its natural outcome in a flaming evangelism, and in works of charity and mercy, the life of the later party, fed upon ancient tradition and mediæval legend, developed into the ritualistic worship and priestly assumptions which are marked characteristics of the Anglicanism of to-day.

The Tractarian movement may be said to have had its origin in a reaction from a lifeless orthodoxy. Against prevailing deadness the evangelical sentiment had been protesting for nearly a century; but the evangelicalism of that day, within the Church, was a creed, rather than an experience and a life. The truths of the system were held in *mortmain*, and were as fruitless as seed-corn in a mummy's hand. To the devout mind of Newman this state of things was exceedingly painful. He saw that the Church was fast losing hold of the conscience, and was being assailed from every quarter. The new Liberalism was beginning to assert itself. Every institution was being questioned as to its right to exist; and neither antiquity, long-established authority, nor even the claim of infallibility itself, could save the Church from the free handling of modern thought. This was the giant foe against which Tractarianism directed its heaviest artillery. If it could be overthrown, then the past age of unquestioning faith might be brought back, and the authority of the Church be fully restored.

There was yet another circumstance which gave an impulse to the new movement. Education was spreading. Art and culture were in the ascendant, and soon drew attention to the bald and

unattractive character of the ordinary Church services. Many church edifices were plain to the verge of ugliness, and many more were falling into decay. A growing taste sought a remedy, and the Tractarian movement supplied the motive power. Old churches were repaired and new ones were built; surpliced choirs of men and boys took the place of the old clerks; new forms were introduced and old forms revived, until in some churches the religious ceremonial outstripped the less ornate services of many Roman Catholic churches.

Newman's early associations were of the evangelical type; but the natural bent of his mind was strongly conservative. Whatever savoured of antiquity, especially in religion, had for him a peculiar fascination. Hatred of Liberalism grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. At Oxford the feeling was greatly intensified by association with men of like mind. Pusey and Hurrell Froude were kindred spirits. The latter, especially, hated Reformers; and though not a member of the Roman Communion, he believed in most of its distinctive doctrines. Added to these was John Keble, a man of sweet spirit and poetic gifts, who did for the Tractarian revival what Charles Wesley did for Methodism; that is, translated its life and devotion into song. This man was regarded by Newman as the real author of the movement. The circle was further strengthened by such men as Faber, Manning, and Ward, all of whom subsequently went over to the Church of Rome; Williams, Palmer, Percival, Oakley, and Gladstone. Taken altogether, they formed the most influential school in the history of the University.

With a strong bias toward antiquity, and in favour of ecclesiastical authority, it is not surprising that Newman's studies in Church history should have strengthened the tendency. He revelled in the literature of the early Fathers of the Church to an extent that made him rest there, instead of pushing his way upward to the source of true authority in the teachings of Jesus and His inspired apostles. He was fascinated with the idea of a Church Catholic and Apostolic, with an unbroken succession and a Divine commission; and for many years pleased himself with the notion that its legitimate heir was the Church of England, which only needed to claim her inheritance and assert her rights.

During a sojourn of several months in Italy and Sicily, he saw the favourable side of Romanism, because that was all he wanted to see. He did not look beneath the surface, and so returned home, still dreaming of a new Reformation that would transform, the Church of England into the image of that ideal church which his imagination had conceived. It was during the homeward voyage

that he wrote the exquisite hymn, "Lead, kindly Light,"—a hymn which acquires a pathetic interest from the restless and unsettled state of mind which gave it birth. But though walking still "amid the encircling gloom," Newman felt that he had a mission, and he pondered much on the means of its accomplishment. Out of those meditations came the "Tracts for the Times," which have since given name to the movement. The object of the tracts was to defend religious dogma against the assaults of modern Liberalism; and dogma, from their standpoint, was an authoritative truth to be accepted because of the authority it came from, rather than from anything in the dogma itself which might commend it to reason and conscience. The authority, therefore, was of more importance than the dogma, and must be at once visible and infallible. The next step was easy; the Church was the only visible organization that in any sense claimed to fulfil the conditions. It was the only known depository of the truth, and its sacraments and rites were channels of invisible grace. From this view of the Church, it followed that the clergy must be a superior order. The first tract issued had this for its central thought. The bishops were successors of the apostles and vicars of Christ. They alone could ordain true priests, or dispense true sacraments. Without them a church could not exist.

In these and kindred doctrines there was no *conscious* leaning toward Romanism. That was still regarded as a corrupt Church—the hereditary foe of true religion; but if she had erred on the one side, it was plain to these men that the Church of England had erred on the other; and so they conceived the idea of borrowing what seemed best in both Churches, while avoiding the extremes of both. They aimed to establish an Anglo-Catholic religion, midway between Rome and Canterbury, which might ultimately serve as a common meeting ground for a divided Christendom. The immediate outcome of this aim was Tract XC., the most famous of the whole series. Accusations had become loud and general that Newman and his followers were playing a treacherous part, and preparing for the overthrow of the Protestant Establishment. The tract referred to was a reply to these accusations. It affirmed that the Thirty-nine Articles were not opposed to Catholic, although they might be to *Roman* Catholic, teaching. Very subtle distinctions were drawn. The Articles, it was said, condemned masses, but not the mass; they condemned certain forms of saint-worship, but not every form of invocation of the saints; they were framed before the Decrees of the Council of Trent, and hence could not be said to condemn what had no existence when they were framed! It was also contended that the Articles were

legal documents, to be interpreted like any other Act of Parliament. All these considerations, and others, were pleaded as reasons why these new Anglo-Catholics might still remain in the Church of England. The same pleas are urged by the Ritualists of to-day.

But the Protestant feeling of England and the world judged otherwise. Tract XC. was universally condemned as dishonest, as a serious trifling with truth. The excitement was intense. The University authorities and the bench of bishops were greatly exercised. At last an understanding was reached. Newman agreed to stop the series of tracts, and to publish some kind of apology in a letter to his bishop. They, on the other hand, agreed to tolerate the tract, and to allow it to pass without any official censure. In this conflict Newman really triumphed. He had sown the seed; the act had escaped official condemnation; he could well afford to wait for the harvest.

Up to this time Newman seems to have had no misgivings in regard to the historic continuity of the Church of England, the succession of her bishops, or the validity of her ordinances; but his study of the Ancient Fathers, his regard for authority, his exalted idea of the hierarchy, his ready belief of the most extraordinary legends and miracles, above all, his conception of the Church as a visible and infallible authority in all matters of faith, had given him a bias toward Rome that made the last step both easy and certain. Outward circumstances lent their aid. The storm of indignation he had raised was not easily quelled. Bishops assailed him in their charges; but while denouncing one who was impelled in all he did by a consuming zeal for the authority and glory of the Church, they were assenting to the appointment of a Lutheran clergyman to the See of Jerusalem. This Newman regarded as a sin and a scandal, and he began to doubt if the orders of these bishops were as valid as he had hitherto believed. Moreover, the very movement in which he had been a chief actor had been carrying him Romeward faster than he knew. He was in the full sweep of the current and could not go back. The space between him and Rome lessened daily.

For four years (1841–1845) Newman lived in retirement at Littlemore, working upon his "Lives of the English Saints," and his essay on the "Development of Doctrine," which latter was wrought out with a manifest bias toward the Romish view. These approaches were met by a corresponding sympathy on the part of dignitaries and priests of the Romish Church. They hailed his every advance, helped him over his remaining difficulties, and soon he stood humbly knocking for admission to the Church of

the Seven Hills, which was joyfully opened to receive him This occurred in October, 1845. Having solemnly abjured his errors, he was received according to the usual order. His conversion was absolute. Intellect and will were surrendered, not to God, but to that Church which he regarded as the representative of God in the earth. To him the alternative was, Rome or nothing; and he made the choice which might have been expected under the circumstances. For him the time of doubt and conflict was over. Having surrendered once for all the right of private judgment, having resolutely closed eye and ear against everything but that which the Church taught and sanctioned, there could be no further controversy. Difficulties there might be in the Romish system, insuperable to others, but to him they were as though they were not. There is something pitiable in the absolute submission of that commanding intellect. Mariolatry is unhesitatingly accepted, and some of his most impassioned outbursts are addressed to her whom he styles, Our dear Lady, the Bright and Morning Star, the Refuge of Souls, the Harbinger of Peace, the Mother of God, and the Queen of Heaven. About Transubstantiation he tells us he did not reason, or try to reason; he believed it when he became a Catholic. As to the mass, he declares he could attend masses for ever; while the confessional is represented as the sacred place where the soul receives the oil of gladness, and the penitent goes forth knowing that God is reconciled.

Judging from his own language, Newman's belief in the miracles and relics of the Roman Church seems to be absolute. He thinks the evidence of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, and the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States, is too strong to be withstood. Yet he admits that belief in the miraculous and supernatural could have no adequate basis, except on the authority of an infallible Church. Still more remarkable is the ease with which he ignores all knowledge of the persecuting spirit and practice of the Romish Church of history. He declares that the Church of Rome "has been a never-failing fount of humanity, equity, forbearance and compassion;" and quotes with approval such words as these from a Roman Catholic writer: "We find in all parts of Europe scaffolds prepared to punish crimes against religion. Scenes which sadden the soul were everywhere witnessed. Rome is one exception to the rule. The Popes, armed with a tribunal of intolerance, have scarce spilt a drop of blood; Protestants and philosophers have shed it in torrents."

The convenient method which Newman had discovered of

getting over the monstrous dogmas and errors of the past, helped him mightily in accepting those that were subsequently imposed. The dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of Mary presented to him no serious difficulties; but when, in 1870, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was decreed, it seemed for a time as if intellectual submission had reached its limits, and that Newman would rebel. In his memorable letter to Bishop Ullathorne he declared, it is true, that he was prepared for the trial the new dogma would impose, but he feared for others. The dogma would be difficult to maintain in face of historic facts. It would not soothe consciences, but only distress and alarm them. If decreed, it would hinder the advancing triumphs of the Church, and the difficulties of those who defended her would be greatly increased. It is hard to believe that after such a letter, Newman should have avowed that he had been a believer in Papal Infallibility long before it was decreed by the Council; yet such is the case. No wonder Kingsley declared that truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy, and pointed to Newman as an illustration and proof. And yet what could he do? In submitting intellect and conscience to the authority of the Church he had promised unquestioning obedience, and when Rome commanded acceptance of the new dogma, he had no choice but to submit.

Shortly after this, Newman appeared as the champion of the Vatican decrees. Those decrees had been assailed by Mr. Gladstone with decisive arguments and unanswerable logic. He pointed out that the convert to Rome not only surrendered his mental and moral freedom, but placed his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another. The dogma gave the Pope absolute authority in matters of faith and morals; and these could easily be made to include the whole possible range of human conduct, whether in regard to the Family, the State, or the Church. The Pope had already condemned freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, and marriage unless performed by the Church; he had claimed for the Church unlimited authority in every sphere, and her right to be supported by the civil power in the suppression of heresy. Newman undertook to reply, but the task was exceptionally difficult. He thought that cases where duty to the state and obedience to the Pope would come into collision were only remotely probable; but if such should arise, he admitted that the ultimate appeal must be to conscience. He argued that the Pope had not denounced liberty of conscience, but only that liberty which claimed a right to speak out all manner of doctrines and opinions unrestrained by the Church or by the civil power.

The defence at best was feeble. It did not convince Protestants, and its effort to reconcile Papal infallibility and supremacy with Roman Catholic loyalty to the state, was not appreciated at Rome. Honours were heaped upon Manning and others, but Newman was passed by; and even when the Cardinalate was at last conferred by the present Pope, it was but an empty honour, without emolument or increase of authority. That Newman felt this neglect somewhat keenly can scarcely be doubted. When congratulated by a distinguished deputation on his elevation to the new dignity, he said: "I will not deny that in past years I have not always been understood, or had justice done to my real sentiments and intentions, in influential quarters at home or abroad. I will not deny that on several occasions this has been my trial. . . . But now my wonder is, as I feel it, that the sunshine is come out so soon, and with so fair a promise of lasting through my evening."

There is one thing which Newman's course has made sufficiently clear, and that is that there is no permanent resting-place between a religion that is based upon an infallible revelation and that which seeks refuge in an infallible Church. As the human mind is constituted, it demands infallibility as the foundation of its religious beliefs; and when once it swings out from the safe moorings of an infallible Bible, it finds no anchorage till it drifts into the harbour of a so-called infallible Church.

So far as the historical development of Tractarianism is concerned, it may be said to have ended with Newman's secession; but its spirit lives on in the ritualism of to-day. That ritualism, in its endeavour to set up an ideal Rome of its own, is approximating more closely to the Rome that is, and the Rome where Newman has gone is the goal to which it inevitably tends. It would be folly to suppose that Tractarianism is dead, because the excitement caused by its first appearance has subsided. Men have become so familiar with its peculiarities that they no longer shock the Protestant sense as they did at first. This renders its influence all the more dangerous. There is need for that sleepless vigilance which is the price of liberty, and for earnest effort in meeting every new development of "the mystery of iniquity" with the simple "truth as it is in Jesus." Neither ritualism nor Romanism can be successfully resisted with their own weapons, and every attempt to weaken their influence by approximating to their teachings and services is only smoothing the descent which leads to Rome at last. These twin systems are not trifling aberrations of ecclesiastical thought, but deadly errors to be combated to the death. Between Christ and antichrist there can be no compromise, and there ought to be none; for He whose right it is "must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

ETCHINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

III.—A MIRROR OF MIND.

"As the imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1.

"The purpose . . . is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."—*Hamlet* iii. 2.

"Other men," it is well said, "are lenses through which we read our own minds." Now the genius of Shakespeare is both a lens and a mirror; for it first makes him see with "the poet's eye" the hidden things of human mind, and then makes us see them mirrored in his marvellous creatures of human character.

While some artists are workers in wood, and others workers in metals, Shakespeare is an artist of mind—a worker in human nature. And in this field, with the single exception of Him who "knew what was in man," he stands without a peer. "Be it art or hap," our bard has pictured human nature to the life.

It is the proud distinction of Shakespeare that he looks out upon the world from within the soul of man. The weakness, the folly, the passions which deform and degrade, and the nobility and greatness which redeem humanity, are all laid bare by him with a master's hand. Says Goethe: "His characters are like watches with dial plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible." To make his characters live before you, all moods are at his call. Joy and sorrow, fear and love and hate are all responsive to his touch. His *Hamlet*, for instance, is a masterpiece of psychological insight and analysis. "This is a development," remarks one, "of a singularly interesting view of human nature. It shows a mind to which life is a burden—in which the powers of meditation and feeling are disproportioned to the active powers—which sinks under its own weight, under the consciousness of wanting energies commensurate with its visions of good, with its sore trials, and with the solemn task which is laid upon it. The conception of such a form of human nature shows the genius of the man, while its graphic portrayal is greatly intensified in that he has invented for it circumstances and subordinate characters fitted to call it

forth, to give it tones of truth and nature—to show the hues which such a mind casts over all the objects of thought."

Perhaps the best window through which a student may get a glimpse of the Shakespearian genius is the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar:* not that this is by any means the finest of our bard's productions; for, in the effusion of those tender sentiments which make life a rippling stream, gliding between green and flowery banks, broken now and then by a cascade of surprise, and dashing at last over a Niagara of tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet* is superior to it; in a graphic portrayal of those contradictions of human nature which create awkward situations and ludicrous scenes, made serious by a cunning shrewdness, and laughable by the most egregious folly, *The Taming of the Shrew* is superior to it; and in pure psychological insight and analysis, in tracing the secret working of human motives, and in a mastery of all the whirlwind passions of the soul, *Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth,* and *Lear* are superior to it; but as a single drama containing the universe of his manifold genius in a microcosm, Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is *facile princeps*.

The *Julius Cæsar* takes us back to less than half a century before the Christian era—a period interesting to us as the period of the Roman invasion of Britain, while the name is interesting inasmuch as this is the very Cæsar who, not content with writing commentaries, would fain wrest conquests from the brave, though barbarous, sons of fair Albion's Isle.

The narrative of this play is soon told: the Republic has grown old and inefficient; Rome is ruled by a dictator who would be king; but just as the ambitious aspirant presumes to climb the steps of a throne, conspiracy in the sacred name of patriotism, with bloody dagger smites to the death "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times."

The *Julius Cæsar*, then, is historical; so is the Shakespearian genius. The great dramatist is essentially pictorial, a painter of times, of men, and of motives. His "poet's pen" turns to shapes what his imagination bodies forth; groups his embodiments; creates situations to show them up, and spheres to act in, and so makes us see history enacting. In him the historical faculty is found in its perfection, which his knowledge of human nature enriches, his wit enlivens, and his fancy embellishes.

The *Julius Cæsar* is no less psychological. Although the play is entitled, "The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," yet its most prominent figures are Brutus and Cassius: Cæsar himself sustains a subordinate part. The history here sketched extends over a period of two and a half years. Within this period, very little of Cæsar more than his tragic "taking off" is presented; and Antony, too,

holds a secondary place in the drama; but Brutus and Cassius almost fill the canvas. But what skilful strokes of psychological analysis are here; what a subtle unfolding of unblown qualities; what masterly touches of character-painting! Behind "the lean and hungry look" of Cassius is a mind observant, studious, resourceful; while "the noble Brutus"—"the noblest Roman of them all"—is a man of powerful passions, tender sensibility and indomitable principle. The art that limns these character-sketches is above all else psychological. Like a warm sun, it breathes softly, upon unblown buds of character, and opens them into flower and fruit; or, like winter frost, it crystallizes liquid drops of latent evils, and congeals them into icicles discoloured by impurities and pendent to decline.

The secret of this wizardry of insight is a peerless imagination. This is the flaming torch that Shakespeare carries aloft when he descends into the cavernous depths of mind. As this is the quicksilver that gives to his magic mirror such amazing power of reflection. Imagination is his master-key, opening to its touch treasures and regions that refuse to open to any other *sesame*. Prospero only speaks for him when he says:

> "Spirits, which by mine art
> I have from their confines call'd to enact
> My present fancies."

And again:

> "Graves, at my command,
> Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
> By my so potent art."

He also appeals to the same "so potent art" in us. In the prelude to *Henry V.* he says:

> "Let us . . . .
> On your imaginary forces work. . . . .
> Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts. . . .
> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoof i' the receiving earth;—
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass."

And in another passage we are conjured:

> "Think ye see
> The very persons of our noble story
> As thy were living."

Shakespeare's "so potent art" of imagination effects a double transformation. First of all, it transforms him for the nonce

into the personation assumed. Whatever character he puts on it fits him to the life; or rather, he fits it, for he seems to change his identity completely. Like his own Henry V.:

> "Hear him but reason in divinity,
> And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
> You would desire the king were made a prelate:
> Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
> You would say it hath been all-in-all his study:
> List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
> A fearful battle render'd you in music:
> Turn him to any cause of policy,
> The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
> Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
> The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
> To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences."

Such a power of imaginative personal transformation makes him "the myriad-minded Shakespeare."

And next, it gives him the further power, "like richest alchemy," to transmute into golden poetry whatever hints or pieces of history or other fragments he sees fitting to borrow. And few of our great authors have done more borrowing than Shakespeare. He has invaded literature like another Alexander, and won conquests and gathered treasures from every field, not only "barbaric pearl and gold" from profane authors—like Horace, Plutarch and Holinshed—but also, as will be shown later on, Eschol-clusters of metaphor and illustration from the Holy Land of sacred writ. Of course, originality is not denied to Shakespeare; but it is an originality of sublimation, of embellishment, of dramatic realism, rather than of invention, unless, indeed, we except his inventions of character. One is surprised to learn that Shakespeare has no original plots; and still more to hear such an authority as Richard Grant White, say: "The greatest of dramatists, he contributed to the drama nothing but himself; the greatest of poets, he gave to poetry not even a new rhythm, or a new stanza; he ran not only in the old road, but in the old ruts." The magic of his originality lay in a happy transformation of materials, fusing them into new and lovelier forms; in making heroes long since "dead and turned to clay" live again; and in breathing into the old bones of literature, so as to turn them into living characters, mortal in nature, but immortal in spirit.

Shakespeare's power of imagination and portrayal is greatly heightened by a habit of wide and minute observation. His eye in "a fine frenzy" rolls, glancing "from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven," roaming "through all the world's vastidity."

Again, observant of familiar things around him, in nature, in common life, he reaps "the harvest of a *quiet* eye," "moralizing his spectacles into a thousand similes." With his "penny of observation," as he phrases it, he secures the rarest images; and the result is seen in a wealth of pretty metaphorical pictures adorning his verse. Only an open eye would notice:

> "The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast;"

and that,

> "It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;"

and only a mind on the look out for metaphors would think of embellishing a common-place affair in this way:

> "Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by-and-by it will strike."

A spectacle seems important to him only so far as he can moralize it into a simile. To secure this result is his constant aim. In the spirit of Richard II. in the dungeon of Windsor Castle, he might say:

> "I have been studying how I may compare
> This prison where I live unto the world . . .
> I cannot do it—Yet I'll hammer it out."

And he does hammer it out, showing the rich product of his skill in a style of thought and expression, whose highest praise is that it is Shakespearian.

How it is possible, in the face of so clear a sign-manual, to adopt the theory of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays, is a mystery. It is as easy to mistake the foot-prints of the gazelle for those of the elephant; or to confound the song of the nightingale with the scream of the eagle. As it has been observed, Bacon is sinewy, and, like a dray horse, draws after him loaded waggons of mental treasures; while Shakespeare is the light and lambent flame of an alchemist's laboratory, that licks into airy beauty the commonest things of life and nature. In the stately and ponderous sage there is nothing of the sweet melody of the bard that sweetens and lifts into a lyric the soberest experiences of life. "The words of Mercury" can never be mistaken for "the songs of Apollo."

Touching the mould which Shakespeare's genius was made to take, it was at one time the fashion to speak of our dramatist as being indifferent to art. His works were compared to a jungle, where Nature had it all her own way, and where the exuberant variety of the vegetation and the richness of natural colour redeemed to some extent the want of culture. One of the first opinions on record concerning Shakespeare is one written some

forty years after his death, by the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford, who says he had heard "that he was a natural wit without any art at all." A learned bishop once called him "an inspired idiot," and of course an idiot, though inspired, could hardly be supposed by such an authority to be an adept in the *ars poetica*. The chief European celebrity of the century next succeeding Shakespeare's death—Voltaire—spoke of him as a buffoon, as remarkable in some respects, but still a buffoon. Nor is the reason for such an opinion far to seek. Genius in Voltaire's day could not be recognized unless and only in so far as it was in accordance with rule; literary merit after the classic model was everything, and of that particular merit the poetry of Shakespeare had little or none. It seems to have been forgotten that

> "There is an art, which . . . shares
> With great creating nature—"

"an art that nature makes—" of which it can be said, "the art itself is nature;" but because this new genius had set at naught "the dramatic unities," as they are called, it was pronounced a *lusus naturæ*. The truth is, Voltaire, as the high-priest of classicism and *persiflage*, had no means by which to measure the heights or plumb the depths of the Shakespearian genius; it was hidden from this brilliant Frenchman that such a genius is a law to itself; that it cannot be confined within the narrow range of arbitrary rules of man's devising, nor bound by any laws save those which have their roots in the nature of things; and that it is its province to be a revealer of the infinite richness and variety that is in nature. Ben Jonson's generous panegyric upon our bard, is perhaps the best exposition of this point. After declaring that

> "Nature herself was proud of his designs
> And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines,"

"rare Ben" proceeds:

> "Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
> For though the poet's matter nature be,
> His art doth give the fashion; and that he
> Who casts to write a living line must sweat
> (Such as are thine) and strike the second heat
> Upon the muse's anvil. . . .
> Or for a laurel he may gain a scorn,
> For a good poet's made as well as born;
> And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
> Lives in his issue, even so the race
> Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
> In his well-turned and true-filed lines."

METHODISM IN GREAT BRITAIN—ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

BY THE REV. DR. STEWART,

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II.

IV. THE importance of British Methodism and the prospect of its permanence are bound up with its missionary character. No Church deserves to live, or can live, whose sympathies and sacrifices do not go out to the uttermost parts of the earth. The Supreme Head and Ruler of the Church has settled that point for us. His final command describes the sphere, inculcates the duty, and assures the success of the labours of His disciples, down to the end of time. The awakening of th. Church to this time has been very gradual, and but of recent times. We stand amazed at the ignorance and indifference in regard to this subject which remained for full two hundred years after the Reformation. But the Church has at length discovered that the ascending Saviour left behind Him a great commission. It begins to understand that doctrine and discipline are not ends but means, and that our brothers and sisters must not be left to perish because they are ignorant and vicious, or far away. All the denominations of Christians are now laying these things to heart, and the century in which we live is justly recognized in the history of the Church as the century of revivals and missions.

Among the men who led the van in this movement, the founder of Methodism occupies no inconspicuous place. The world now begins to appreciate his tireless energy. But why? Not because he was a narrow-minded bigot, ambitious of teaching a theory or establishing a sect. His multifarious labours formed but a commentary on his words: "I am sick of opinions; I am weary to bear them. My soul loathed this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with these Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of." *

*On the afternoon of the Lord's day, July 22nd, the writer heard Archdeacon Farrar, in Westminster Abbey, cite these words as descriptive of the New Testament religion, and as in striking contrast to the "sacerdotalism" and "ecclesiasticism" often put in its place.

It was, in fact, Mr. Wesley's personal experience which gave the impulse to the work of his life. A consciousness of the power of the Gospel made the whole world his parish; and it is one of the best evidences that his followers can give that the old experience is still retained among them that they earnestly endeavour to send the Gospel to every creature. Such evidence is supplied by all the Methodist Churches.

The Bible Christians, at their recent Conference in London, gave as much time probably to this subject as to any other that came before it. Not a large or wealthy connexion, and with only a limited area under their pastoral control, they are planning a a greatly extended Home Missionary work. But they have also entered heartily upon the labours of the Foreign field. Not to speak of their colonial work in Australia and New Zealand, they have sent some of their choicest representatives, both male and female, into China, and are now anxiously looking round for the means to send others. The Conference Missionary meeting lasted over the greater part of an entire day, and was characterized by hallowed devotion and high-toned enthusiasm throughout. The Primitive Methodist Church is a distinctively missionary organization. It has gone, and is still going, with the offers and the claims of the Gospel to those who need them most—to the lower classes of society. But its efforts are not confined to the home population. It has gone with its people, or followed them, into Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa, and not only ministered to their spiritual wants in the midst of new and untried circumstances—a work of the highest importance—but it has caused its charity to overflow into the regions of heathenism beyond. Much work of a most heroic character has been done on the West African Coast, and particularly on the Island of Fernando Po, where, in spite of great and varied difficulties, blessed results have followed. At the present time an onward movement toward the evangelization of some other portions of the Dark Continent is being planned by this enterprising Church, and is urged upon the whole Connexion as a Providential call and an imperative duty.

Nor can the Methodist Church of the New Connexion be chargeable with indifference to the cause of Christian missions. Boldly entering upon one of the most difficult of the high places of heathenism, this Church has had one of the most successful of China missions under its care. It is but a few years ago that an outpouring of the Holy Spirit was bestowed on this work which has seldom been paralleled in the annals of the Christian Church in modern times. The results of this remarkable visitation are

seen in a variety of ways to the present time. Perhaps in no respect more so than in this, that a large number of native assistants have been raised to carry on this work—ministers, catechists and teachers—who are now the heralds of salvation to their own benighted countrymen. The Minutes of Conference for this year give the names of about fifty who are thus employed.

Of the missions of the Wesleyan Methodist Church much might be said, and yet the half not be told. They form an essential factor in the history of the Church. Reference has already been made to the new developments of her Home Misions, but these have only served to quicken the interest which is felt in the Foreign Missionary cause. It is true that some measure of financial embarrassment has now for several years been experienced in this department of Church work. It is equally true that there have been great searchings of heart, and very plain speaking on this subject of late, and particularly in the Conference itself. But this does not arise from any doubt in regard to the importance of the work or any evidence of its want of success. The Connexion seems unwilling to have anything of this kind done after the old methods. It wants a vigorous grappling with pressing wants, and especially in new fields. It is impatient of routine, and dreads nothing so much as slow process. Perhaps it is too impatient. Some of the most liberal supporters of its funds regard this agitation as unreasonable and unkind. On the other hand, they are not enemies who deem it right and necessary. But one thing is certain, good will come out of it. Everything betokens a great missionary revival. When a general understanding has been reached about the points in dispute, there will probably be a greatly intensified zeal manifested, a greatly enlarged contribution all over the Connexion, and a prosecution of the work such as has not yet been seen, while the methods both of raising funds, and of expending them, will be regulated by the best business principles. The men who cherish the memory of Wesley and Coke, of Watson and Bunting, of Asbury and Barnabas Shaw, of Shrewsbury and of John Hunt, and of a host of distinguished men besides, from all parts of the mission, cannot prove faithless to this work, or allow it to be hindered for want of funds. Nay, the very success of the men now engaged in India and China, around the Coast of Africa and in its interior, form the surest guarantee that this people shall not lay themselves open to the curse of Meroz, who came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

V. The perpetuity and growth of British Methodism may be

expected so long as due attention is given to the cause of Christian education, and the providing of a healthful literature for the people. In both of these departments there is at present very much to be commended. Mr. Wesley saw the importance of both, and led the way in regard to each. In reference to education, he was particularly clear and far-sighted. But his resources were limited, and necessity for immediate evangelistic effort was so imperative that he had to forego many advantages of which he would gladly have availed himself. It was his purpose to have a seminary for the training of his young preachers, but as this was dependent on conditions that could not be secured, it was delayed from time to time, and only found to be practicable at the conclusion of the first hundred years' history of the Connexion. There are now four theological institutions in England, and one in Ireland, pertaining to the Wesleyans. Mr. Wesley also established a school for the sons of his itinerants at Kingswood, which has from the first taken high rank, achieved success equal to many of the celebrated endowed schools of England, and constituted the pattern and pledge of similar institutions for the middle classes of English society. In their turn, also, these have contributed to the establishment of colleges, such as those at Taunton and Sheffield, and what is termed the Ley's School, Cambridge—the latter connected with the University there, and the two former affiliated with the London University. Wesley College, in Dublin, and the Methodist College, in Belfast, are worthy to be mentioned in the same way; and all of them have furnished their quota of men who have taken some of the highest awards for scholarship which the National Universities have to bestow.

Nor have the lower grades been overlooked. The Wesleyan Training Colleges for teachers, and the Wesleyan Day-schools have been of marvellous influence in tens of thousands of homes, and even in shaping the educational policy of the nation itself. For it should not be forgotten that the interest in lower-grade education, which happily prevails in Great Britain at the present time, and which may ultimately issue in a large measure for Christian though non-sectarian instruction, was itself begotten of the liberality of the Churches at a time when the national conscience was dormant on the subject, and that in the awakening process the Methodist people took a foremost position. They were led to this, doubtless, in good part by the knowledge which their own system of teaching in the Sabbath-schools of the Connexion gave them of the needs of the children of the poor.

Of the extent and far-reaching consequences of that Sabbath-school work it is impossible to speak in detail. Conducted spe-

cially for the children of the poor, it has been a Home Missionary enterprise of the happiest character; and with a larger sphere in modern times, and a greater adaptation to promote the spiritual life and training of the young, it is better than ever to be the nursery of the Church. The largeness and compact organization of the Wesleyan Church has led to the prominence which has been given to it, but the other Methodist Churches have not been slow to recognize the importance of education to the life and progress of the work of God among them. In each of them there is provision made for the training of the ministry, and in the majority of them Connexional schools for the young people of their charge also exist. The Primitive Methodists have two such institutions among them, and the Bible Christians have one. It is not a boast, but a matter of thankfulness and of hope that each of these has sent up representatives to the University examinations who have obtained a good degree for themselves and great credit for their instructors. But this might be expected. Other things being equal, where instruction is conducted under direct Christian influences, it may be anticipated that the fear of the Lord will assist in brightening the intellect and in stimulating all the powers to a thorough and well-rounded development.

All these Churches again recognize the importance of supplying their people with cheap, wholesome, and elevating literature. In this, also, John Wesley was a man far in advance of his times. It was he who initiated the system of cheap books for the people, and who put it on a sure footing, by connecting a publishing-house and book-room with his societies. Various serials now represent the many-sidedness of Christian enterprise and work conducted by these bodies respectively, while a great impetus has been given to literary culture by the production of commentaries, sermons, biographies, and other works adapted to promote the intellectual and spiritual life of the community. All this serves to make an intelligent people, and as Methodism has nothing to endanger, but much to gain, by a full exposition of its inner life and outward organization, its publishing interests must always be of exceedingly great value.

In these pages we have not referred specifically to the Methodism of Ireland. It is essentially British, and, with few exceptions, Wesleyan. Yet it has many features peculiarly its own. It affords a fine example of reunion. For a long series of years there was a party which held tenaciously to the primitive methods of the founder—they heard their own preachers and supported their own missionaries, but attended two services of the Episcopal Church also, and received the sacraments there. A few

years ago this party and the Wesleyans were reunited, and now the good and pleasant thing of these brethren dwelling together in perfect concord has wrought a benefit for Ireland of which she stood much in need. Nowhere is the testimony of Jesus more required than there, and nowhere has Methodism given it with more simplicty, more self-denying fervour, or richer success. During the last few years when, owing to national disquiet and a constant emigration, all the other Churches, have recorded a diminishing membership, Methodism more than held its own, while it has greatly enriched other lands with men and women of the noblest stamp of character.

In England, too, there is a strong and influential body of which we have said nothing, but which requires at least a passing notice, and, if materials were at hand, might well secure extended reference. The Methodist Free Church, whose origin dates back partly to 1835, but principally to 1849, is a vigorous offshoot from the parent Connexion. Into the causes of its origin we do not now inquire—it is there, with its own principles and its own sphere of labour. And like the rest, it has strength and wisdom where these are most required, even to preach Christ faithfully, to maintain the privileges of Christian fellowship, and to persuade men to come to the feast of the Gospel. It also is distinguished for missionary labour, and for other enterprises of Christian zeal, and in many ways is furthering the interests of truth and righteousness and peace.

If now it be asked, what are the drawbacks of British Methodism, or how, if it has so many adaptations to Christian progress is its comparatively slow growth in later years to be accounted for? We should hesitate about making any very definite reply. The circumstances of that country and of our own are so different, that it might be well-nigh impossible to give the adequate or even correct reasons. And, in fact, the difficulty is increased vastly by the rapidity of the changes which have been passing over English society during the last twenty-five years. It is clear, however, that as modern methods of evangelization are beginning to refill those sanctuaries which had been well-nigh forsaken, so their very vacancy indicated a weakness and a want somewhere. Has there been any tendency to repose on the traditions of achievements in the past? Have the old methods become so stereotyped as at length to prove inert and lifeless? Have the official duties about the framework of the cause of God become numerous, and have they so busied the administrators in the Church "here and there," that the living deposit committed to their care has "gone" away quite unobserved? Has any pro-

cess of development tended to separate the minister from his people, or inspired him with a kind of dignity which practically hindered him from condescending to men of low estate?

We may be quite sure that with reference to many of the leading men of Methodism, and of a large number of her rank and file, these questious can only be answered in the negative. Yet is it possible that this negative might not be universal. Much, too, might be said on the other side. There is an intense worldliness. There is a distaste on the part of many to the claims and tho rights of Christian fellowship. There is a craving for sensationalism, and a fashionable religion on the one hand; and a democratic hostility to spiritual authority on the other. Be it so, yet God will vindicate His own cause, and prosper the loving and faithful administration of His own glorious Gospel. Where there are numbers, wealth, and influence in the Church, there is liability to most insidious danger. Possibly the larger branch of the Methodist stock in Great Britain is sensible of this danger, and the smaller bodies seem to be aware of it. They have taken very heartily to the lower classes. Their work still lies chiefly among them, and their earnest sympathy with them, and close contact with their every-day life—even if sometimes of necessity—give them a great advantage with that important part of the population.

From the earliest period in the history of Methodism there was a close affinity between it and the Episcopal Church. Among the smaller bodies a reaction took place, and probably, as Churches, they have no inclination in that direction. With the Wesleyans it is somewhat different. There is not the same veneration for that body as when it claimed and justified its claim, to be the "bulwark of Protestantism." Still there is not only a grateful recognition of the many excellencies of the National Church, and of the increase of spiritual life and activity in many portions of it, but in some respects a close resemblance to her modes of worship. In many places in England, especially in the cities and large towns, the liturgy of the Church of England is used in the morning service of the Wesleyan Churches. Many good men, both in the ministry and among the laity, still look upon this matter with the greatest approval. Perhaps we are incapable of forming a right opinion on the subject; and yet we cannot help asking, whether this fact—and a growing tendency in its favour in some quarters—has not something to do with the absence of such prosperity as in the few past years has been looked for in vain? Why is it that Wesleyan Methodism has not retained her young people, and especially those whose position in life demanded the

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strictest loyalty? Many of the more celebrated preachers and writers of Methodism in its early age, and even in more recent times, have not left a name to keep them in memory in the Church which lifted them up, and of which subsequently they became the ornaments. Does not this thing still go on, if not so much among the ministry, yet still more among the respectable laity? Why this drift? And whither does it tend? Does the reading of prayers create a thirst for ritual, and a contempt for the searching sermons and homely class-meetings of Methodism? If for ritual, where will it end? If once started in this direction, is it not likely that our young people may be drawn or driven to the uttermost extreme? And may not the loss to Methodism and to evangelical Christianity be increased in another direction.

The saying has been attributed to one of the most popular of the Nonconformist ministers of London, that he was thankful that the liturgy was read in so many of the Wesleyan Churches in that city, as it had filled up his church with the young men of Methodism from the country! Whether the saying be true or not, it at least indicates the prevalence of the view that Methodism has suffered serious loss by the practice alluded to. Of all that Methodism can gain or lose, nothing is to be equalled to her own children. Wealth, position, fame are not to be once named in comparison of them. These are sound words, which we recently found in a review of Dr. Gregory's Hand-book of Scriptural Church Principles, and of Wesleyan Methodist Polity and History:

> "He begins at the beginning. He lays stress on the necessity that the children of Methodist parents should learn to regard Methodism not as a mere human institution to which our partialities or our prejudices have attached us, but as a Divinely sanctioned system of religion and happiness. That is the key-note of the book. In that one sentence a finger is put on the weakness which, perhaps, more than anything else leads to the wasting of our membership and the decay of that *esprit de corps* so essential to vigorous growth. . . . Methodist parents ought to make known to their children the distinctive principles of their denomination, that an intelligent choice may be made. Parents who train their children on the principle that they may go to any Church where they can feel most comfortable, need not wonder when it seems most comfortable for them to go nowhere. If Methodism is the best for us, is it not likely to be best for our children?"*

. . .

On the question of union among the Methodist Churches of Great Britain, there is not much at present to say. It seems in the interest of economy among the several bodies, both in means and men, to be most desirable. It would harmonize elements that in their present condition must prove discordant. As the pro-

* *Methodist Recorder*, London, September 18, 1888.

vision of a great breakwater against the rising tide of sacerdotalism and superstition, of unbelief and of worldliness, it seems still more desirable. But then, if it is to be of any practical value it must be *union*, intelligent, broad, deep, interpenetrative. With the traditions which have grown up around each branch, and which are fondly cherished as the symbols of a Divinely guiding hand, such a union must be hard to bring about. But there are signs of its coming. Mutual respect, interchange of pulpits, united services, arrangements for keeping out of one another's way, and for combining on great moral and social questions, show that the seed is there. Let it grow. Meantime, we can say to each branch of the Methodist Church, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.

THE Caliph Hassan—so the tale is told—
In honours opulent and rich in gold,
One New Year's Day sat in a palm-tree's shade,
And, on a stone that lay beside him, made
An inventory—naming one by one
His benefactions; all that he had done
Throughout the year; and thus the items ran:
"Five bags of gold for mosques in Ispahan;
For caravans to Mecca, seven more;
For amulets to pious people, four;
Three for the Ramazan; and two to pay
The holy dervishes, who thrice a day
In prayer besought the safety of my soul:
Item, one loaf of bread, a weekly dole
To a poor widow with a sickly child."
The Caliph read the reckoning o'er and smiled
With conscious pleasure at the vast amount,
When, lo! a hand sweeps over the account.
With sudden anger, Hassan looked around,
And saw an angel standing on the ground,
With wings of gold, and robe of purest white.
"I am God's messenger, employed to write
Within this book the pious deeds of men;
I have revised my reckoning: look again."
So to the man the angel spake aloud,
Then slowly vanished in a rosy cloud.
The Caliph, looking, saw upon the stone
The final item standing there alone.

DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

BY SAXE HOLM.

II.

At the end of two years, Draxy Miller had culture. She was ignorant still, of course; she was an uneducated girl; she wept sometimes over her own deficiencies; but her mind was stored with information of all sorts; she had added Wordsworth to her Shakespeare; she had journeyed over the world with every traveller whose works she could find; and she had tasted of Plato and Epictetus. Reuben's unfailing simplicity and purity of taste saved her from the mischiefs of many of the modern books. She had hardly read a single novel; but her love of true poetry was a passion.

In the meantime she had become the favourite seamstress of the town. Her face, and voice, and smile would alone have won way for her; but in addition to those, she was a most dexterous workwoman. If there had only been twice as many days in a year, she would have been glad. Her own earnings, in addition to her father's, and to their little income from the money in the bank, made them comfortable; but with Draxy's expanded intellectual life had come new desires: she longed to be taught.

One day Draxy Miller said to her father, "Father, dear, what was the name of that canal contractor who borrowed money of you and never paid it?"

Reuben looked astonished, but told her.

"Is he alive yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Reuben, "and he's rich now. There was a man here only last week who said he'd built him a grand house this year."

Draxy shut her hands nervously. "Father, I shall go and get that money."

"You, child! Why, it's two days' journey, and he'd never pay you a cent. I tried times enough," replied Reuben.

"But I think perhaps he would be more likely to pay it to a woman; he would be ashamed," said Draxy, "especially if he is rich now, and I tell him how much we need it."

"No, no, child; I shouldn't hear to your going; no more would mother; and it would be money wasted besides," said Reuben, with sternness unusual for him.

Draxy was silent. The next morning she went to the railway

station and ascertained exactly how much the journey would cost. She was disheartened at the amount. It would be difficult for her to save so much out of a whole year's earnings. That day Draxy's face was sad. She was sewing at the house of one of her warmest friends.

"What is the matter, Draxy?" said Mrs. White on this morning, "you look ill."

"No, ma'am" said Draxy.

"But I am sure you are. You don't look like yourself."

"No, ma'am," said Draxy.

Mrs. White was an impulsive woman. She seized the work from Draxy's hands, and sat down before her.

"Now tell me," she said.

Then Draxy told her story.

"How much did this man owe your father?" asked Mrs. W.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said Draxy.

"That is worth trying for, dear. I think you are right to go. He will pay it to you on sight, if he is a mortal man!" added Mrs. White, mentally. But she went on—"Thirty dollars is very easily raised."

"Oh, twenty will do," interrupted Draxy.

"No; you ought not to go with less than thirty," said Mrs. W.; "and you shall have it. All your friends will be glad to help."

A few days later Mrs. White sent a note to Draxy with the thirty dollars inclosed.

"Father dear," said Draxy, "I should like to go to-morrow."

Her preparations had already been made. She knew beforehand that her cause was won.

It was on a clear, cold morning in January that Draxy set out. It was the second journey of her life, and she was alone for the first time; but she felt no more fear than if she had been a sparrow winging its way through a new field.

Draxy's first night was spent at the house of a brother of Capt. Melville's, to whom her uncle had given her a letter. All went smoothly, and her courage rose. The next day at noon she was to change cars in one of the great railroad centres; as she drew near the city she began to feel uneasy. But her directions were explicit, and she stepped bravely out into the dismal, dark, underground station, bought her ticket, and walked up and down on the platform with her little valise in her hand, waiting for the train.

In a few moments it thundered in, enveloped in a blinding, stifling smoke. The crowd of passengers poured out. "Twenty minutes for refreshments," was shouted at each car, and in a

moment more there was a clearing up of the smoke, and a lull in the trampling of the crowd. Draxy touched the conductor on the arm.

"Is this the train I am to take, sir?" she said, showing him her ticket.

He glanced carelessly at it. "No, no," said he; "this is the express; don't stop there. You must wait till the afternoon accommodation."

"But what time will that train get there?" said Draxy, turning pale.

"About ten o'clock, if it's on time," said the conductor, walking away. He had not yet glanced at Draxy, but at her "Oh, what shall I do!" he turned back; Draxy's face held him spellbound, as it had held many a man before. He stepped near her, and taking the ticket from her hand, turned it over and over irresolutely. "I wish I could stop there, Miss," he said. "Is it any one who is sick?"—but Draxy's evident distress suggested but one explanation.

"Oh no," replied Draxy, trying in vain to make her voice steady. "But I am all alone, and I know no one there, and I am afraid—it is so late at night. My friends thought I should get there before dark."

"What are you going for, if you don't know anybody?" said the conductor, in a tone less sympathizing and respectful. He was a man more used to thinking ill than well of people.

Draxy coloured. But her voice became very steady.

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter, sir, and I am going there to get some money which a bad man owed my father. We need the money, and there was no one else to go for it."

The conductor had never heard of Una, but the tone of the sentence, "I am Reuben Miller's daughter," smote upon his heart, and made him as reverent to the young girl as if she had been a saint.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said, involuntarily.

Draxy looked at him with a bewildered expression, but made no reply. She was too childlike to know that for the rough manner which had hurt her he ought to ask such pardon.

The conductor proceeded, still fingering the ticket:—

"I don't see how I can stop there. It's a great risk for me to take. If there was only one of the Directors on board now." Draxy looked still more puzzled. "No," he said, giving her back the ticket: "I can't do it no how;" and he walked away.

Draxy stood still in despair. In a few minutes he came back.

He could not account for its seeming to him such an utter impossibilty to leave that girl to go on her journey at night.

"What shall you do?" said he.

"I think my father would prefer that I should find some proper place to spend the night here, and go on in the morning," replied Draxy; "do you not think that would be better, sir?" she added, with an appealing, confiding tone which made the conductor feel more like her knight than ever.

"Yes, I think so, and I will give you my card to take to the hotel where I stay," said he, and he plunged into the crowd again.

Draxy turned to a brakeman who had drawn near.

"Has the conductor the right to stop the train if he chooses?" said she.

"Why yes, Miss, he's right enough, if that's all. Of course he's got to have power to stop the train any minute. But stoppin' jest to let of a passenger, that's different."

Draxy closed her lips a little more firmly, and became less pale. When the conductor came back and gave her his card, with the name of the hotel on it, she thanked him, took the card, but did not stir. He looked at her earnestly, said "Good day, Miss," lifted his hat, and disappeared. Draxy smiled. It yet wanted ten minutes of the time for the train to go. She stood still, patiently biding her last chance. The first bell rang—the steam was up—the crowd of passengers poured in; at the last minute but one came the conductor. As he caught sight of Draxy's erect, dignified figure, he started; before he could speak, Draxy said, "I waited, sir, for I thought at the last minute a director might come, or you might change your mind.

The conductor laughed out, and seizing Draxy's valise, exclaimed, "I will stop the train for you, Miss Miller! Hang me if I don't; jump in!" and in one minute more Draxy was whirling out of the dark station into the broad sunlight, which dazzled her.

When the conductor first came through the car he saw that Draxy had been crying. "Do her good," he thought to himself; "it always does do women good; but I'll be bound she wouldn't ha' cried if I'd left her."

Half an hour later she was sound asleep. When she awoke the lamps were lighted, and the conductor was saying: "We're 'most there, Miss, and I thought you'd better get steadied on your feet a little before you get off, for I do not calculate to make a full stop."

Draxy followed the conductor to the door and stood looking out into the dim light.

The sharp signal for "down brakes," made experienced passengers spring to their feet. Windows opened; heads were thrust

out. What had happened to this express train? The unaccustomed sound startled the village also. At many a dinner-table surprised voices said: "Why, what on earth is the down express stopping here for? Something must have broken."

"Some director or other to be put off," said others; "they have it all their own way on the road."

In the mean time Draxy Miller was walking slowly up the first street she saw, wondering what she should do next. The conductor had almost lift her off the train; had said, "God bless you, Miss," and the train was gone, before she could be sure he heard her thank him.

"I hope she'll get her money," thought the conductor. "I'd like to see the man that wouldn't give her what she asked for."

So the benediction and protection of good wishes from strangers as well as from friends, floated on the very air through which Draxy walked, all unconscious of the invisible blessings.

She walked a long way before she met any one of whom she liked to ask direction. At last she saw an elderly man standing under a lamp-post, reading a letter. Draxy studied his face, and then stopped quietly by his side without speaking. He looked up.

"I thought as soon as you had finished reading your letter, sir, I would ask you to tell me where Stephen Potter lives."

It was marvellous what an ineffable charm there was in the subtle mixture of courtesy and simplicity in Draxy's manner.

"I am going directly by his house myself, and will show you," replied the old gentleman. "Pray let me take your bag, Miss."

"Was it for you," he added, suddenly recollecting the strange stopping of the express train, "was it for you the express train stopped just now?"

"Yes, sir," said Draxy. "The conductor very kindly put me off."

The old gentleman's curiosity was strongly roused, but he forbore asking any further questions until he left Draxy on the steps of the house, when he said; "Are they expecting you?"

"Oh no, sir," said Draxy quietly. "I do not know them."

"Most extraordinary thing," muttered the old gentleman, as he walked on. He was a lawyer, and could not escape from the professional habit of looking upon all uncommon incidents as clews.

Draxy Miller's heart beat faster than usual as she was shown into Stephen Potter's library. She had said to the servant simply, "Tell Mr. Potter that Miss Miller would like to see him alone."

The grandeur of the house, the richness of the furniture, would have embarrassed her, except that it made her stern as she thought of her father's poverty. "How little a sum it must be to this man," she thought.

The name roused no associations in Stephen Potter; for years the thought of Reuben Miller had not crossed his mind, and as he looked in the face of the tall, beautiful girl who rose as he entered the room, he was utterly confounded to hear her say,—

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter. I have come to see if you will pay me the money you owe him. We are very poor, and need it more than you probably can conceive."

Stephen Potter was a bad man, but not a hard-hearted bad man. He had been dishonest always; but it was the dishonesty of a weak and unscrupulous nature, not without generosity. At that moment a sharp pang seized him. He remembered the simple, upright, kindly face of Reuben Miller. He saw the same look of simple uprightness, kindled by strength, in the beautiful face of Reuben Miller's daughter. He did not know what to say. Draxy waited in perfect composure and silence. It seemed to him hours before he spoke. Then he said, in a miserable, shuffling way,—

"I suppose you think me a rich man."

"I think you must be very rich," said Draxy, gently.

Then, moved by some strange impulse in the presence of this pure, unworldly girl, Stephen Potter suddenly spoke out, for the first time since his boyhood, with absolute sincerity.

"Miss Miller, you are your father over again. I reverenced your father. I have wronged many men without caring, but it troubled me to wrong him. I would give you that money to-night, if I had it, or could raise it. I am not a rich man. I have not a dollar in the world. This house is not mine. It may be sold over my head any day. I am deep in trouble, but not so deep as I deserve to be," and he buried his face in his hands.

Draxy believed him. And it was true. At that moment Stephen Potter was really a ruined man, and many others were involved in the ruin which was impending.

Draxy rose, saying gravely, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter. We heard that you were rich, or I should not have come. We are very poor, but we are not unhappy, as you are."

"Stay, Miss Miller, sit down; I have a thing which might be of value to your father;" and Mr. Potter opened his safe and took out a bundle of old yellow papers. "Here is the title to a lot of land in the northern part of New Hampshire. I took it on a debt years ago, and never thought that it was worth anything. Very likely it has run out, or the town has taken possession of the land for the taxes. But I did think the other day, that if worst came to worst, I might take my wife up there and try to farm it. But I'd rather your father should have it, if it's good for anything. I took it for three thousand dollars, and it ought to be worth some-

thing. I will have the legal transfer made in the morning, and give it to you before you leave.

This was not very intelligible to Draxy. The thin and tattered old paper looked singularly worthless to her. But rising again, she said simply, as before, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter; and I thank you for trying to pay us! Will you let some one go and show me to the hotel where I ought to sleep?"

Stephen Potter was embarrassed. It cut him to the heart to send this daughter of Reuben Miller's out of his house to pass the night. He hesitated only a moment.

"No, Miss Miller. You must sleep here. I will have you shown to your room at once. I do not ask you to see my wife. It would not be pleasant for you to do so." And he rang the bell. When the servant came he said,—

"William, have a fire kindled in the blue room at once; as soon as it is done, come and let me know."

Then he sat down near Draxy and asked many questions about her family, all of which she answered with childlike candour. She felt a strange sympathy for this miserable, stricken, wicked man. When she bade him good-night, she said again, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter. My father would be glad if he could help you in any way."

Stephen Potter went into the parlour where his wife sat, reading a novel. She was a very silly, frivolous woman, and she cared nothing for her husband, but when she saw his face she exclaimed, in terror, "What was it Stephen?"

"Only Reuben Miller's daughter, come two day's journey after some money I owe her father and cannot pay," said Stephen, bitterly.

"Miller? Miller?" said Mrs. Potter, "one of those old canal debts?"

"Yes," said Stephen.

"Well, of course, all those are outlawed long ago," said she. "I don't see why you need worry about that; she can't touch you."

Stephen looked scornfully at her. She had a worse heart than he. At that moment Draxy's face and voice, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter," stood out in the very air before him.

"I suppose not," said he moodily; "I wish she could! But I shall give her a deed of a piece of New Hampshire land which they may get some good of. I hope she may," and he left the room, turning back, however, to add, "She is to sleep here to-night. I could not have her go to the hotel. But you need take no trouble about her."

"I should think not, Stephen Potter," exclaimed Mrs. Potter,

sitting bolt upright in her angry astonishment; "I never heard of such impudence as her expecting"—

"She expected nothing. I obliged her to stay," interrupted Stephen, and was gone.

Mrs. Potter's first impulse was to go and order the girl out of her house. But she thought better of it. She was often afraid of her husband at this time; she dimly suspected that he was on the verge of ruin. So she sank back into her chair, buried herself in her novel, and soon forgot the interruption.

Draxy's breakfast and dinner were carried to her room, and every provision made for her comfort. Stephen Potter's servants obeyed him always. No friend of the family could have been more scrupulously served than was Draxy Miller. The man-servant carried her bag to the station, touched his hat to her as she stepped on board the train, and returned to the house to say in the kitchen: "Well, I don't care what she come for; she was a real lady, fust to last, an' that's more than Mr. Potter got for a wife, I tell you.

When Stephen Potter went into his library after bidding Draxy good-bye, he found on the table a small envelope addressed to him. It held this note:

"Mr. Potter:—I would not take the paper [the word 'money' had been scratched out and the word 'paper' substituted] for myself; but I think I ought to for my father, because it was a true debt, and he is an old man now, and not strong.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter, and I hope you will become happy again. Draxy Miller."

Draxy had intended to write, "I hope you will be 'good' again," but her heart failed her. "Perhaps he will understand that 'happy' means good," she said, and so wrote the gentler phrase. Stephen Potter did understand; and the feeble out-reachings which, during the few miserable years more of his life, he made toward uprightness, were partly the fruit of Draxy Miller's words.

Draxy's journey home was uneventful. She was sad and weary. The first person she saw on entering the house was her father. He divined in an instant that she had been unsuccessful. "Never mind, little daughter," he said gleefully, "I am not disappointed: I knew you would not get it, but I thought the journey'd be a good thing for you, may be."

"But I have got something, father, dear," said Draxy; "only I'm afraid it is not worth much."

"'Taint likely to be if Steve Potter gave it," said Reuben, as

Draxy handed him the paper. He laughed scornfully as soon as he looked at it. "'Taint worth the paper it's writ on," said he, "and he knew it; if he hain't looked the land up all these years, of course, 'twas sold at vendue long ago."

Draxy turned hastily away. Up to this moment she had clung to a little hope.

When the family were all gathered together in the evening, and Draxy had told the story of her adventures, Reuben and Capt. Melville examined the deed together. It was apparently a good clear title; it was of three hundred acres of land. Reuben groaned, "Oh, how I should like to see land by the acre once more." Draxy's face turned scarlet, and she locked and unlocked her hands, but said nothing. "But it's no use thinking about it," he went on; "this paper isn't worth a straw. More likely there's more than one man well under way on the land by this time."

They looked the place up on an atlas. It was in the extreme north-east corner of New Hampshire. A large part of the county was still marked "ungranted," and the township in which this land lay was bounded on the north by this uninhabited district. The name of the town was Clairvend.

"What could it have been named for?" said Draxy. "How pleasantly it sounds."

"Most likely some Frenchman," said Captain Melville. "They always give names that 're kind o' musical."

"We might as well burn the deed up. It's nothing but a torment to think of it a lyin' round with its three hundred acres of land," said Reuben, in an impulsive tone, very rare for him, and prolonged the "three hundred" with a scornful emphasis; and he sprang up to throw the paper into the fire.

"No, no, man," said Captain Melville; "don't be so hasty. No need of burning things up in such a roomy house's this! Something may come of that deed yet. Give it to Draxy; I'm sure she's earned it, if there's anything to it. Put it away for your dowry, dear," and he snatched the paper from Reuben's hands and tossed it into Draxy's lap. He did not believe what he said, and the attempt at a joke brought but a faint smile to any face. The paper fell on the floor, and Draxy let it lie there till she thought her father was looking another way, when she picked it up and put it in her pocket.

For several days there were unusual silence and depression in the household. They had really set far more hope than they knew on this venture. It was not easy to take up the old routine and forget the air castle. Draxy's friend, Mrs. White, was almost as disappointed as Draxy herself. She had not thought of the

chance of Mr. Potter's being really unable to pay. She told her husband, who was a lawyer, the story of the deed, and he said at once: "Of course it isn't worth a straw. If Potter didn't pay the taxes, somebody else did, and the land's been sold long ago."

Mrs. White tried to comfort herself by engaging Draxy for one month's steady sewing. And Draxy tried steadily and bravely to forget her journey, and the name of Clairvend.

About this time she wrote a hymn, and showed it to her father. It was the first thing of the kind she had ever let him see, and his surprise and delight showed her that here was one way more in which she could brighten his life. She had not thought, in her extreme humility, that by hiding her verses she was depriving him of pleasure. After this she showed him all she wrote, but the secret was kept religiously between them.

DRAXY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand— it lies so near:
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles—He does not speak:
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
  The wandering and the wavering feet!
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
  Thy hungering ones with manna sweet!
Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
  Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
  To wrestle with a troubled sea!

SAM NAYLOR.

A TALE OF METHODISM IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

Sam Naylor was the hero of Picardy Green. I do not know why it was called "Green." Perhaps there had been pleasant fields there once; but when Sam lorded it over the long rows of blackened cottages it was covered with heaps of calcined shale and cinders. Massive brick furnaces stood in its centre, the cruel, flaring flames crawling up its sides, while from underneath trickled sluggishly the scoria used in making the black, ugly roads that intersected this acre of fire and desolation.

Its inhabitants were workers in coal and iron, and long been regarded as a peculiarly wicked and degraded class. But, whatever they were, Sam was king among them, and few men in Picardy Green would have cared to say "no" to Sam's "yes."

One morning in the autumn of 1830, when the sky was brightly blue above the black, fiery plain, Sam started for the works. He was a gigantic fellow, able to swing a hammer that no other man could lift, and as he stalked along in his leather suit with an enormous bull-dog at his side, he was the very ideal of a modern Cyclops.

Passing through that part of the village where the few tradespeople lived, he met a collier toward whom he had a particular dislike—a dislike which the men's dogs seemed to share, for while their masters only glowed at each other the brutes flew to battle at once. In a very few minutes, however, the men were emulating them, and their blows and oaths mingled terribly with the hoarse growls and tearing of the animals.

The pitmen and ironmen of Picardy Green were ready fighters. No one minded their quarrels, and generally no one interfered. Both men and dogs were wont to fight out their fights at will, and spectators rather enjoyed the battles. This morning, however, in the very height of his passion, Sam felt a grasp on his arm, and turning hastily saw standing by him a girl who was an utter stranger to him. She was very pretty, with a serious, steadfast face, and a great deal of that quaint air which we are accustomed to call "Quakerish." But her eyes met Sam's with a look at once fearless and pitiful, and before he could speak she said:

"You must not fight—father says so. It is very wicked."

"Hoa, there! Let-a-be, lass, or I'll trounce thee, too. Tak' care o' Bully; he'll fly at thee. Goa away!"

"I will not go away until you stop fighting, and I am none afraid of your dog;" and she chirruped to the fierce brute, and called him to her.

That Bully, after a moment's consideration, left his own private quarrel and went to the girl with a shamefaced air was a miracle that affected Sam beyond all arguments. He stood gazing stupidly at the girl, rubbing his eyes as if he doubted their truth, and then said angrily: "This bangs a' I iver seed! Goa tu t' pit now, Todd; I'll finish thy licking again."

Then Sam moved off the other way and called his dog to follow him. But the animal was under the charm of the girl's eyes and hand, and he hesitated, upon which Sam gave him a furious kick. He had not calculated upon any further interference; and when the girl blazed into a sudden scornful anger, and called him "a cowardly fellow," he had never in all his life been in such an uncomfortable, perplexing position.

In fact, he was conquered as well as his dog, and he walked away wondering and angry at this new power over him. Among the blazing furnaces, and in the midst of scarcely human toil, he felt the influence of those clear, searching eyes, and the touch of that soft, firm hand. What did it mean?

At the noon hour, when the men sat down to eat their bread and bacon, Sam contrived to get next to Ben Boocock. Ben was a fervent Methodist, and Sam thought him the likeliest person to feel interested in the suppression of a fight. Besides Ben, before his conversion, had been a great admirer of Sam's special accomplishments, and since it, indeed, had often risked a blow in order to induce his old hero to "come tu t' chapel." So he was well pleased to listen to Sam's tale, and to humour his interest in the girl who had so unexpectedly put a stop to the thrashing he was giving Todd.

"Eh! she wor a spunky 'un, that wor she. Thar isn't a lad in t' shire would hae dared Sam Naylor that gate," said Ben. "I'll be bound it wor our new preacher's lile lass. I hearn tell she wor a rare 'un. What wor she like, now, Sam?"

Sam had a very vivid memory of a grave, pretty face, with bands of brown hair brushed across a broad white brow; but his vocabulary of words suitable for such a conversation as this was a very meagre one. He could only say:

"She wor just bonnie, Ben, wi' a masterful way wi' her. I'll lay thee a pound she wor t' preacher's lass, for she said summat about her fayther. It's good foı him he sent t' lass, an' didn't potter himsel' i' my affairs."

"He only came three days gone by. They say he axed Con-

ference to send him here. He's been used to pit lads, an' thinks m'happen he can do summat for 'em."

That night, when the works closed, Sam and Ben again fell into each other's company. As they passed down King Street, Sam said, "It wor jus' here I wor thrashing Todd when she touched me."

"An' that's preacher's house, an' yonder he comes himsel', an' I'd say fur sure that the lile lass with him is the verra yan ya mean, Sam."

"Ay, ay, en's her;" and before the men could say more Ben had greeted his new pastor.

The preacher was a man in the prime of life, and quite a match physically for Sam Naylor. Indeed, a dim doubt as to how a fight would have terminated in case the father instead of the daughter had chosen "to potter in his affairs" crossed Sam's mind. Perhaps if he had known at that time that the Rev. John Burslam had once wielded a heavier hammer than his own, he might have had still graver doubts as to his ability to thrash him.

He was annoyed at Ben stopping to speak to him; but the preacher had said, "Good evening, Mr. Naylor," and offered his hand; and the courtesy had so far pleased Sam that he felt constrained to accept it. Besides, little Mary Burslam had also said, "Good evening, Mr. Naylor," and the charm of her voice and eyes he could no more resist than could his dog, which had instantly bowed his great head to the touch of her small fingers.

Several pitmen passed, and looked curiously or insolently at the trio, but this circumstance only made Sam more pleasant with the preacher. He noted well every offender, and he mentally promised each of them "such a topper of a lesson as he'd need nobbut yance."

So, for reasons easily understood, the meeting was rather a prolonged one. The preacher had discovered Sam's influence in the village, and longed to win so valuable a coadjutor. Ben Boocock was proud of his minister and proud of his friend, and proud also of the sensation that the two talking together were making in the village; and Sam was defiantly passive in the hands of Ben, "acause he wor bound to talk wi' auther Methody or divil wi'out axing cat or Christian about it."

Then the preacher had shaken hands with him, and called him "Mr. Naylor," and though Sam had said, "Nay, nay, I'se plain Sam al'ays," he had secretly been very much pleased with the compliment. He was, indeed, too busy with his own peculiar position in the eyes of the men passing to understand very clearly what was being said about "a night school" and a "temperance

lodge" and "Mr. Naylor's influence;" but when little Mary Burslam added, at parting, "You must be sure to come, Mr. Naylor," he heard her very clearly, and answered shyly, "I'll come some neet, lass; see if I doan't."

Perhaps he was annoyed both at the promise and at the meeting, for when Ben and he pursued their walk Sam was surly and quiet. Bully divined at once his master's mood and fell behind him, and Ben also saw that his friend would bear the intrusion of new ideas no further that night. So, as they neared the wretched cottage of which Sam was master, Ben said, "Good neet, Sam; I'se see thee at works to-morn."

"Happen tha will, an' happen tha won't. I'se gotten some foak to settle up wi' to-neet. I'se niver let Jos Hewitt an' Jimmy Hirst look at me yon way."

"Thear, now! It's no law-brekking to look. Niver mind their gangings on. I thowt thou wert above striving wi' foak tied to get warst o' it."

"Dal it, man, I woant mind thee! It wad be a rum go if Sam Naylor were to do what lile Ben Boocock towd him." And thus muttering Sam shut the dirty little wicket with a bang, and left Ben standing outside it. Ben did not understand that his temper was a very natural reaction; he was much troubled, and feared he had in some way undone the preacher's good influence.

But he would not have thought so if he could have seen Sam sitting on the dirty hearthstone that made all that was home to the poor fellow. Indeed, it was the consideration of Sam's home that had first led the Rev. John Burslam to believe the village bully a much nobler fellow than he appeared to be; and as this home was a peculiarly melancholy, dirty one, the preacher's reason needs some explanation.

Three years previously Sam's sister had been left, by a frightful colliery accident, helpless and homeless with five young children. "Helpless" was an adjective exactly suited to Martha Yatton. She was a sickly, slatternly woman, always ready to cry, and never for a moment forgetful of the great tragedy of her life.

But no one ever heard Sam complain. If ever he felt inclined to grumble, Martha's tears and moans reproved him; and as for the four lads and the one delicate little lass who called him "uncle," he bore their quarrels and wants and sicknesses with a patience that won every one's admiration and respect.

This night things were no better and no worse than usual; Sam accepted the tardy meal, and bore with the usual noise and the usual complaining with his usual passive patience. Then, after his tea, he called Bully and went out. There was a high bank on

one side of the filthy canal, covered with a kind of blackened grass, and here the men of the village were gathered as usual on summer evenings.

Evidently they had been talking of Sam, for as he approached a sudden silence fell on the group. A dumb devil possessed Sam; he did not deign to speak a word, but his looks and actions were a far more provoking challenge than any words could have been. In fact, it was Jimmy Hirst who uttered the first taunt and struck the first blow, but after it they fell thick and fast as hail. Again, in the midst of his passion, Sam was arrested, this time, however, by a clear strong voice outside the ring ordering him, in peremptory tones, to "put down Jimmy Hirst."

"It's constable."

"It's Methody preacher."

Sam answered the command by dragging his opponent to the edge of the bank and flinging him into the canal beneath it. Instantly there was a clamour of voices.

"T' lad can't swim!"

"Shame, Sam Naylor! That's no fair play."

"It's plain murder."

"Run for the constable!"

Then there was another plunge in the black, crawling water. The preacher had dived after the wounded, dazed collier. For a moment it was feared that neither would reappear. The mud at the bottom was deep, and the man at the bottom heavy and senseless with Sam's blows. But John Burslam knew his own skill and strength; in a few minutes Jimmy Hirst was safe upon the bank, and the constable had his hand on Sam's shoulder.

So Sam did not go to the works in the morning. He was in jail, with the prospect of the house of correction or tread-mill before him. But that fascination which Sam had always exercised over his companions now came to his help. They all declared that Sam had been provoked "beyond reason," and Jimmy Hirst did not think it prudent to make all Sam's admirers his enemies. He confessed in court that "he had called Sam a Methody and struck the first blow."

The justice, an old-fashioned clergyman of the Church of England, decidedly opposed to "Dissent," admitted, with a queer smile of sympathy, the great provocation, and decided that Sam might be set at liberty on finding bonds for fifty pounds to keep the peace for six months.

Fifty pounds! Sam had not a sovereign in the world. To go to prison, to leave Martha and the children, to lose his work, his name—a score of frightful consequences rushed into his mind.

He had come into a situation where sinews and inches were of no avail.

"Your honour—your reverence—" he said, with a choking voice, and then stopped, for the Rev. John Burslam in a few words offered himself as the prisoner's bondsman and was accepted.

There was a double tie between the men. Sam had no great choice of words outside those pertaining to his work and sports; but his great dumb heart had received several new impressions, and feeling, sooner or later, breaks forth into speech. The preacher was not at all hurt at Sam's silence. He knew that his gratitude was struggling with a galling sense of humiliation and obligation.

But, for all this, he did not waste his opportunity. Never had Sam Naylor heard such downright truths. All the accomplishments on which he prided himself John Burslam proved to be utterly brutal and contemptible. Sam looked stealthily at his brawny arms and felt ashamed for them. Bully's big jaws and mighty grip lost value in his eyes. His great drowsy soul was awakening, but awakening in the midst of opposing feelings—a tempest in which all was darkness as well as tumult.

As they neared the preacher's house the door opened, and little Mary stood on the steps to welcome them. "O, Mr. Naylor, I am so glad all is right!" she said, and offered him her hand. The August sunshine fell all over the white-robed girl; she seemed like an angel to Sam. He looked steadfastly at her a moment, and then threw his hands behind him. "Nay, nay," he stammered; "I'm none fit to touch thee, lass."

He turned suddenly up the street, and John let him go without protest. Silence was "the word in season" in this case. Sam's first thought was the ale-house, for he craved beer imperatively. But he also craved solitude and quiet, and for once he dreaded the thought of the big arm-chair, and the crowd of men with their tipsy jokes and songs.

While he hesitated he saw Mary Burslam standing between him and the open door of temptation. She stood in the bright sunshine, and her dress was whiter than its light, and her sweet serious face looked steadfastly at him. "An hallucination?" Of course, it would have been an hallucination to me, or to any of my readers; but to Sam Naylor, no—it was real as life and death to him.

"I'll niver goa inside t' door again; see if I do!" And vith this promise Sam turned to his own house.

It was even more uncomfortable than usual. Martha had good cause for weeping, and she was indulging it. Not even Sam's

assurance that "it was all right" could comfort her. But her complaints fell on deaf ears. He drank the pot of tea she made for him, and then, shutting himself in the second room, tried to think over things. This event had, as it were, broken his life in two. The things that had been his glory never could be again. John Burslam's scorn had robbed them of all favour in his eyes. And yet they had been a power that it grieved him to relinquish. Who would take his place? That was a bitter thought. His obligation to the preacher galled him. "Wha axed him to tak' a hand i' my fight?" he demanded, angrily; and then the next moment he thought of Jimmy Hirst drowned, and of Sam Naylor in prison, with the gallows before him. He followed out these thoughts till he was in a tempest, and wanted beer more imperatively than ever. Then swift as an arrow, and keener than keenest steel, his promise to Mary Burslam arrested him.

He might have reasoned that it was the ale-house he promised not to enter, and so have Martha fetch his beer home; but Sam was a straightforward sinner; he had not learned to play tricks with his conscience. He might have reasoned that it was not really Mary, and that a promise made to a fancy was not binding. But in all rude natures there is a strong sentiment of that spiritual something we call superstition, and though Sam could not define his ideas about Mary's appearance, he believed that in some mysterious way she had been permitted to warn him. His promise to her he regarded as irrevocable, unless he was prepared to face consequences he dared not take into consideration.

But the feelings I have endeavoured to analyze attacked Sam in furious confusion. Remorse, anger, shame, pride, superstitious fear, reverent admiration, tortured and divided him. If it had been a physical pain, he could have understood it; but this inarticulate agony of the soul in all its senses conquered him. As night came on he put on his cap and went out to the gate, looking this way and that, like a man in extremity.

After hours of anguish, he suddenly remembered John Burslam. "I'll goa tu t' preacher; I'm fair dazed—that I am;" and he went straight to John's house, called him up, and poured out his whole heart to him. It was a queer confession, and many might have doubted Sam's sincerity, for wounded pride, sensual regrets, matters of drink and dog-fighting, were queerly mixed with sorrow for his neglect of "a' that could mak' a man o' him," and his total forgetfulness of God.

But John had stood where Sam was standing, and he quite understood him. He was holding Sam's hand and crying over it before he had finished. Through the still, solemn hours of mid-

night they talked together of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." I think of the Roman court and Paul before Agrippa, and then I think of John's humble little parlour, barely lit by its one poor candle, and I doubt which was the more august scene. And when the day broke Sam went out from that solemn interview to begin a new life.

Yes; but not at once. One thing was greatly in Sam's favour, however: he never broke the promise he had made to that strange appearance of Mary Burslam, though often the mighty craving to do so was almost beyond his control. In that piteous midnight confession to John Burslam he had kept back his experience, as being too keenly personal to both; but one night, when almost overcome by his passion, he stumbled into John's parlour again, and, covering his face with his hands, showed him only his poor stormy heart, and the angel who had hitherto kept him from breaking his promise.

This conversation produced results little foreseen at the time. It first of all led John to consider the necessity of supplying nobler motives and objects to take the place of the rude sports which had hitherto filled up Sam's spare hours. Sam had evidently great mental as well as great physical powers, and in their cultivation John saw a certain safeguard. But he did not enter on this plan with any great enthusiasm; indeed, he rather dreaded the duty which every day more importunately demanded his attention. He would rather have preached a sermon than sit watching Sam painfully strive to make straight lines and pot-hooks and stumble through a child's lesson in reading and pronunciation.

It was impossible not to sympathize with Sam's earnest efforts and his child-like pride in his successes; and in a year only a word of explanation now and then was needed, and John got rather to like hearing the young man read while he sat by his side in the little parlour.

But when things had got thus far nearly two years had passed, and Sam Naylor was a very different character from the hero of the beginning of my tale. He had conquered his love for beer, and become a great man in the temperance lodge. Even those who had determined to cling to their beer-pots till death parted them liked well to listen to Sam Naylor's racy teetotal speeches. He spared none of them, and they laughed heartily at each other's discomfiture. "It wor as good as cock-fighting nobbut to listen to 'un," was the general verdict, for Sam generally found among his audience an opponent whose rude eloquence, backed by the popular sympathy, was worthy of his steel.

At first his inches and sinews kept men from sitting readily or

safely in the seat of the scornful, and the gibes of the women Sam was far above noticing. Then, after he had publicly joined the Methodist congregation, a great deal of Christian courtesy fell to him as of right; for the men who began in the prayer-meetings to say "Mr. Naylor" naturally used the pleasant mark of respect outside the sacred walls. It helped him wonderfully. Any one could see that "Sam Naylor" and "Mr. Naylor" were two different men.

In the year of John Burslam's charge a great sorrow came to Picardy Green. The pits and iron-works got into pecuniary difficulties, the mighty furnaces grew cold, and the white-faced, grimy colliers lounged idly all day on the black banks of the useless canal. Five hundred families found themselves without bread. They had no money to move away, and, indeed, where should they go? It is not everywhere in England a collier or iron-worker can get employment. But when people have nothing saved, and no resources, famine comes with rapid steps. There was soon suffering and distress in every cottage, and hunger, cold, and care brought forth fever and pestilence.

It was in these days Sam became a hero. Not such a hero as Jack the Giant-killer; anybody could be a hero with a "coat of darkness, shoes of swiftness, and cap of knowledge." Sam had to fight the pestilence almost, without weapons—to go into rooms of anguish to meet an enemy he could not see, and often to obey orders which seemed to him both useless and cruel.

But it was not the least of his merits that he was willing to obey. John Burslam begged, in the large towns adjoining, food, medicine and money, and it was Sam's work to use this help precisely as John directed him. To carry wailing children up and down a room hours at a time, to make porridge for hungry ones, to soothe heartbroken women, to control men frantic with fever, to strip himself of his old pride in his manhood and do a woman's work with broom and pail in order to save life—these were deeds of daring that made a gentleman of Sam Naylor.

> "For Sorrow gives the accolade
> (With the sharp edge of her blade)
> By which the noblest knights are made."

It was a great comfort to John Burslam that, before he left, the works had been able to resume operations. Sam had been promoted, the charge of his department having been given to him, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. Even the manager now called him Mr. Naylor. He moved into a better house, and the children went to school. Martha had a merino dress now for afternoons. Poor Martha! she was still in tears, and

had fresh cause for them, for two of her lads and her only little lass had died of the fever, and she herself had barely escaped.

At length the time came for John and Sam to say farewell. They parted in the little parlour which had been such a gate of heaven to one poor soul. A prayer, a blessing, a momentary clasp of a little white hand, and the memory of a pure calm face were all now left him of the preacher and his daughter. But even such intangible things are often mighty powers, and Sam's nature was not one that readily forgot.

Indeed, after a time, it pained him that he remembered so well, for it was hardly possible John should continue to meet his enthusiastic friendship with one equally demonstrative. He had been compelled to give to his new interests and cares all his active sympathies, and to leave the past with the past. But Sam was too earnest to consider these things, and when John gradually began to write at longer intervals it grieved him sorely.

However, he was inventing his own sorrow. John's interest in him had not diminished, but his life was full of present duties, which every year had made graver and wider, until at length he had been selected to superintend a theological school for the preparation of young men for the ministry. In this position he was frequently reminded, either by likeness or contrast, of that one who still warmly cherished his memory at Picardy Green.

This remembrance seemed to press him with a peculiar strength one day, for at night, as Mary sat in the twilight sewing, he said, after a long silence: "I have been thinking all day of Mr. Naylor, Mary. I hardly knew I was doing it until I found myself writing his name over and over, while I talked with young Otley. It must have been Otley's appearance—such a big, manly fellow; but then Otley is a gentleman, and poor Sam was—"

"A gentleman, I am sure, father."

"So he was, Mary—so he was. A modest, brave man as ever lived. He ought to be here to-day—indeed he ought."

Singularly enough, Mr. Naylor's name was the first thing he saw in his morning paper. Mary, with a happy face pointed out the paragraph. It was an account of a terrible colliery accident near Picardy, and it was Sam who had organized relief parties, and worked night and day himself, until the poor imprisoned souls had been delivered.

"No wonder I was thinking so persistently of him all yesterday, Mary! What a noble soul! He is a born helper of men. He ought to be a preacher."

"If he has a call, father, he will hear it in God's time. Saving men's lives is a very good theological school, I think."

Still, after that, John could not dismiss the idea. He looked at

the ardent men before him, and thought of that modest, loving soul that he had left to fight its way upward amid the depressing influences of Picardy Green, and a kind of remorse took possession of his sensitive conscience. So, "after many days," Sam got a wonderful letter, and many letters, and the end was that within another year Sam was sitting again at his old pastor's feet.

Seven years make great changes in men, and it was seven years since these two had met. But the changes in Sam had all been good ones. There was still a kind of Doric simplicity in his dress, speech, and manners; but his great heart had so moulded his stalwart frame that his presence was in every way winning.

To no one was it more so than to the sweet, fair woman who had once so unceremoniously laid her hand on his brutal arm ten years before. Who, then, could have foreseen the consequences of little Mary Burslam's interference?

This change in Mr. Naylor's life introduced him to my personal knowledge. I was in Mary Burslam's Sunday-school class, and I loved her with a romantic affection, The instinctive jealousy of a child soon divined that Mr. Naylor loved her also, and perhaps I should have learned to dislike him if Mary had not generously asked me often to her home, and made much of me before my rival. Before long I was reconciled to him, and a year afterward I was very proud of the part I took in their solemnly happy bridal.

Then they went away, and for a long time I watched the Minutes of the Conference, and followed them over the map of England. But from no idols are we so easily weaned as from those of our childhood, and in newer loves and interests I quite forgot the Rev. Samuel Naylor and his wife.

Ten years afterward I was going southward to see the great Exhibition of 1851. At the manufacturing town of S—— I had many friends, and I resolved to stay over one Sabbath with them. They were Methodists of the strictest sort, and were full of joyful surprise and congratulation at my visit. I could not have come at a more fortunate time! It was a special providence; it was just wonderful! The great Mr. Naylor was going to preach at Picardy Green the next day! Surely I had heard of Mr. Naylor? And an old servant added, in his broad, honest *patois*, "Eh! but thou wert al'ays a lass in good time, thou wort."

It was six in the evening when we got within sight of the bare black moor and its smoking furnaces. Intersected by roads in every direction, every road was full of crowded vehicles, and men, women, and children on foot. They were all making for the large new chapel that Mr. Naylor was that day opening for worship.

It had been crowded in the morning, but it was soon evident that it would not contain the half of the evening congregation.

I do not know who proposed it, nor how it got to be generally understood; I only followed a great crowd to the moor outside the town and there I saw that a rude pulpit had been arranged by the aid of a waggon, some planks, and a little table.

A rude pulpit, but a wonderful service. I own a partiality for Charles Wesley's hymns, and especially when thousands sing them with all their heart in the summer twilight. And then the moon rose, and the great furnaces leaped up fitfully, and between the two lights I saw the grandest figure of a man bare-headed and open-armed; and his mighty voice had but one theme for the charmed multitude—the Christ of the poor and forsaken, the Christ of the slave and the prisoner, the Christ of the Magdalene and the poor Samaritan, the Christ whose pierced hands have broken for us the chains of sin and death.

I can see yet the crowds scattering slowly in the strangely mixed light, some silent, some talking, some weeping, a great many singing. East and west, north and south, they vanished into darkness, while I sat listening to what was said of the preacher.

"He might have the best circuit in England," said the enthusiastic little woman at my side.

"So he might, so he might, Lydia; but he's al'ays most at home wi' coal an' iron lads. An' his wife, she's a rare 'un. Says she, 'They love you, an' they know what you mean, husband, an' just bide where God put you.' I nobbut saw her but yance, but it makes me good only to think o' her."

I heard this without taking much heed of it, for I was thinking of those "two pierced hands of Christ," those wounded hands, so pitiful and yet so strong. Suddenly a little man jumped up, and in a voice that was half singing and half crying said:

"Give us a lift, measter. If yo've been tu t' meeting, you won't mind it. Yo're raite in t' road."

We took him up gladly—a little, sturdy, shabby man, who cried softly to himself most of the way.

"But it's wi' fair joy," he explained as he left us. "Yo' see I've been wi' Sam Naylor, an' I've heard him preach, an' eh! but yon were gran' words he said. Yance I caw'd him Methody to shame him, an' he flung me intu t' canal, an' maistly drowned me."

"And he served you right—that he did," said my friend.

"Ay, ay; but if I'd been drowned, then Sam 'ud have been hung—that's what I'm thinking on. Yo' see, looks like God did know whatna fur we comed here. Good-neet, friend;" and the little man went singing over Yatley Common.

I never forgot him, and years afterward, when the whole of this story came to my knowledge, I was very glad to have such a pleasant memory of little Jimmy Hirst.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The calendar for 1889, just published, gives the following as the amounts raised from all sources for the connexional funds last year:—Foreign Missions, $659,335; Home Missions, $176,540—an effort is being made to raise the income to $250,000; School Fund, $108,290; Ministerial Colleges, $55,800; Children's Fund, $144,845; Auxiliary Fund, $128,375; General Chapel Fund, $41,645; Education Fund, $32,525; Extension Fund, $7,910. Fifty-six ministers have died during the year, viz.: in Great Britain, 39; in Ireland, 10; in Foreign Missions, 7. In church building, enlargements and new erections, and liquidation of debts, a total of $2,047,085 has been expended during the past year in Great Britian alone. The number of members, in Great Britain, 505,-150; ministers, 1,982. In Ireland, on Foreign Missions, and affiliated Conferences, 232,488, and 1,470 ministers. There are 50,000 Methodists in Ireland. They are mostly poor, yet they raise annually, for Church work and benevolence, £50,-000—an average of $5 each!

A movement is talked of to liquidate the debt on English Wesleyan property, amounting to $4,000,000. The proposition is to form a syndicate of leading laymen, who shall issue bonds for $5,000,000, at three per cent., thus effecting a saving of $40,000 annually in interest.

The late report of the London Mission contains proofs of extraordinary success. Five well-nigh deserted churches have been refilled, and ten other places made centres of Christian philanthropy. More than 1,500 persons are meeting in class.

Methodism in Leeds has joined the "Forward Movement." Two new churches are about to be erected, at a cost of $60,000.

An old church in Manchester was made the head of a Mission, and glorious results have been accomplished. The locality abounds with theatres, music-halls, circuses, beer-houses, and houses of shame. Several of the poor unfortunates have been drawn to the house of God, some of whom have commenced a new life. Prodigal sons and daughters have asked for letters to be sent to their parents. One poor woman who was saved herself aided in the reformation of six others. A policeman testified to the good effect by the noble band of workers. Of necessity much is done to relieve the temporal wants of the poor. Among the recently converted are some of the worst characters of the city, including well-known burglars, pugilists, drunkards and unfortunates.

During the "Cotton Famine," in Lancashire, the Rev. Charles Garrett was stationed at Preston, he gave one pound to assist a friend in establishing an orphanage for poor children. The institution was commenced on a small scale, and now a gentleman has given $500,000 to found an orphanage, which is to supersede the former. Surely the grain of mustard seed has grown to a great tree.

Bigotry is not yet dead, even in England. For many years a small society at Hatfield has been greatly inconvenienced for want of a place of worship. Lord Salisbury is the principal landowner in the neighbourhood, and he refuses to sell a piece of ground to the Methodist people.

Miss Waddy, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Waddy, and sister of the well-known and eloquent member of parliament and Q.C., has recently occupied the pulpit of Eastwood Methodist Church, on the occasion of the annual missionary services.

Bible Christian and other Methodist Churches.

The new hymn-book which has been in course of preparation during the past two years is now being published. It contains one thousand hymns.

A new steam launch has been despatched from England for the Primitive Methodist Mission in West Africa. The name of the launch is *La Paz*—"Peace." Mr. Bately, a young mechanic, who is to take charge of the working of the launch, is a passenger on the steamer which conveys the launch to its destination. The use of the little steamer will save the missionaries much exposure and danger on the West Coast.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The statistical report, as given in the year-book, shows: Annual Conferences, 110; Itinerant Preachers, 14,135; Local Preachers, 14,132; Lay Members, 2,093,935; Sunday-school Scholars, 2,016,181; Value of Church Property, $80,812,792; Value of Parsonages, $12,908,047. Total value of Church Property, $93,720,-839.

The Book Concern, in New York, will celebrate its one-hundredth anniversary this year, and has donated $100,000 to Superannuated Ministers. During the year the fine structure of brick and granite, in Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, valued at $1,000,000, one of the finest publishing houses in America, will be opened. In the one hundred years of its history it has paid to Conference claimants about $2,000,000.

The fifth session of the Japan Conference was held in Tokio in August. Bishop Fowler presided. A committee of one from the Mission was appointed to meet a similar committee from the Methodist Church of Canada, and from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who, with two Japanese are to frame a discipline and rules for a United Methodist Church of Japan.

Inter-denominational services were held in Old John Street Church, New York, during the month of January. The first sermon was preached, on New Year's Day, by Rev. Dr. Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church—a sign of the times.

In the Starr Street Methodist Church, Baltimore, no musical instrument of any kind is allowed, and the men and women sit apart. It has been so for twenty-five years, and should the order of things be changed for a single occasion, the church building and grounds would revert to the heirs of Wesley Starr, who so provided in his will. He also left an anunity of $1,200 for the support of the church. The bequest also stipulates that no festivals, entertainments or theatrical performances of any kind whatsoever shall be given in the building or elsewhere for its aid.

The *Union Signal* says: Not long ago a gentleman who had given Mrs. Bishop Simpson the ground for a Children's Orphanage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, told her that if in four weeks she would bring to the bank, at nine a.m., a check for $10,000 dollars toward the new building he would give her one for $20,000. The indomitable woman set to work, advanced as she is in years, and by the help of the Methodist Episcopal Churches, to which she went with personal appeal, secured the sum, and was promptly on hand at the designated time and place, whereupon Colonel Bennett gave her $5,000 more than he had promised.

Monitory words were spoken by two bishops at a recent Boston Preachers' Meeting. Bishop Vincent directed attention to the growing aggressiveness and spiritual earnestness of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. He regarded it as a spiritual despotism, a tyranny that menaces their free institutions, and which will destroy them, unless the people—especially the Methodist people—unite to resist its aggressiveness. "Romanism," he says, "is more afraid of Methodism than of any other Church. God help us to give it reason to fear us." Bishop Merrill spoke of the Roman hierarchy as planning deeply, broadly, patiently, to get control, if

not of the civil institutions, of the religious life of the country, and of the determined purpose to subvert the public schools.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. David Savage has spent several months in the North-West, where he found a wide door opened to him. He has since been labouring, with great success, in London, after which he goes to Petrolia.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the strongest of London journals, publishes an appeal from the Rev. Wm. Darby to the British Government. It relates to difficulties between the French and English fishermen in Bonne Bay, Newfoundland. Protection is demanded against French oppression, and the question looms up as one of grave international importance. Mr. Darby is at present a student at Mount Allison.

Several large collections have recently been given at Church Dedications and Anniversary occasions. Euclid Avenue, Toronto, in one day laid $1,000 on the plates. St. Paul's Church, Brampton, in addition to a mortgage, was burdened with a floating debt of $12,000. It was resolved that this burden should be removed. In one Sabbath $14,000 were contibuted. Grace Church, Brampton, has been enlarged and remodelled at great cost. The collections and subscriptions at the opening exceeded $20,000, which more than defrays the entire cost. The Methodists in Victoria, British Columbia, in one day gave more than $4,000, which sum was made up to $5,000. The two churches in the city thus gave $10,000 in a few weeks for the reduction of the debts on their houses of worship.

RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. Dr. H. J. Van Lennep, for many years a missionary in Armenia, died recently at Great Barrington, Mass. He was born in Smyrna. Once, while a missionary, his house was burned over his head, and he and his family barely escaped with their lives.

We regret to learn the sudden death of Dr. J. S. Lathern, a promising young physician, son of the Rev. Dr. Lathern, Editor of *The Wesleyan*, Halifax. He was in his 29th year, and had already won a position of confidence and respect in the city. His sorrowing family have our deep condolence.

The Rev. E. Teskey, of Brookholm, London Conference, after a long and painful illness, has been called to his rest. He entered the ministry in 1861, spent two years at Victoria College, and had a useful and successful ministry of nearly thirty years.

John M. Phillips, Esq., senior Methodist Book Agent, New York, was suddenly called to his reward. He was a valuable man to the Church which he served faithfully for many years, both as Book Agent and Treasurer of the Missionary Society.

Rev. Dr. Adams, of the same Church, died at Jackson, Miss., very suddenly at the depôt as he was arranging for the shipment of his goods to Oxford, where he was appointed at the late Conference. Without a word or sign he sunk to the floor, and his soul passed away. He was a man of rare gifts and extensive culture.

The Rev. Richard Stepney, a Superannuated Wesleyan minister, died November 12th, in the seveny-eighth year of his age. The writer knew him well forty-six years ago, when he was a laborious minister and faithful pastor.

The Rev. Thomas Russell, Primitive Methodist, died at the great age of eighty-five. In his early career he suffered many privations in the West of England, and was even imprisoned three months for preaching the Gospel in the open air.

The venerable Dr. Knowles, of the Wesleyan Church, died at Tunbridge Wells, at the age of eighty-five, and the fifty-seventh of his ministry. He was a man of great learning, and was skilled as a scientist and linguist. At one time he was a missionary in the Orkney Islands.

Book Notices.

Gibraltar. By HENRY M. FIELD. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.00.

This is a book to stir one's patriotic pulses. The battles and sieges of which the grand old rock fortress has been the scene present some of the most thrilling episodes in the chronicles of the Motherland. And in those memories all English-speaking people throughout the world have a share. Dr. Field, American as he is of the third or fourth generation, writes as enthusiastically as any British-born subject could desire. He describes first the present condition of the fortress, its remarkable picturesqueness, its motley population, its military parades, its great-gun drill, which shakes the old town to its lowest foundation. He recounts the stirring associations of some of the notable regiments which have left the bones of their dead in every quarter of the globe. "Was there ever" he exclaims "a Roman legion that could show a longer record of war and of glory?"

Dr. Field was evidently captivated with the genial English society which he met, not only at Gibraltar, but in almost every part of the world. He speaks with enthusiasm of the "brave-hearted English women who 'follow the drum' to the ends of the earth. I have sometimes thought," he says, "that their husbands and brothers owed part of their indomitable resolution to the inspiration of wives and sisters."

The story of the four years' siege of the grim old rock by the combined Spanish and French forces is one that makes the pulses throb. The besieged were at times put to the direst straits—half-starved, subsisting in part on grass and nettles and stormed at with shot and shell. Gallant "old Elliott" and his brave heroes still held out—the commander sharing the privations of the humblest soldier. A lean turkey was sold for £3, and fuel was so scarce that the soldiers cooked their rations with cinnamon found in store.

When the supreme effort was made for the capture of the Rock, the Spanish grandees came by hundreds to witness the event. But the capture did not come off; the gallant little garrison, attacked by a vast land and sea force and by four times the number of guns, still "held the fort," sank or burned many of the enemies' ships; and, in the hour of triumph, performed prodigies of valour in saving the lives of hundreds of Spanish sailors from the burning ships.

Gibraltar is by far the strongest fortress in the world, and is doubtless impregnable. "To me," says Dr. Field, "who am but a layman, as I walk about Gibraltar, it seems that, if all the armies of Europe came against it, they could make no impression against its rock-ribbed sides; that only some convulsion of nature could shake its everlasting foundations. . . Of this I am sure, that whatever can be done by courage and skill to retain their mastery, will be done by the sons of the Vikings to retain their mastery of the sea. . . But while we may speculate on the possibility of a change in its ownership in the future, it is not a change which I desire to see in my day. I should greatly miss the English faces, so manly and yet so kindly, and the dear old mother-tongue. So while I live I hope Gibraltar wlll be held by English soldiers."

The cordial courtesies which were extended to Dr. Field at Gibraltar, and his generous tribute to British valour and moral heroism, will do much to show that there throbs in the heart of every English-speaking man a feeling of sympathy with the dear Old Mother Land—that her triumphs and glories are also theirs, that blood is stronger than water after all.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N.J. New Edition. 8vo, Cloth, pp. viii-418. Price $3.00. New York; John Wiley & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

The critical examination of the original languages of Holy Scripture is more and more attracting the attention of the Bible student. It is especially felt that those who expound the oracles of God should be able to read them in the tongue in which they were given. Even an acquaintance far short of what might be called critical—desirable as that is—will be of great advantage in enabling the student more fully to comprehend the comments and exegesis of critical experts. In all our colleges, increased attention is being given to these subjects, and such enthusiasts in the study of the original tongues as Dr. Harper and Professor Wright are imparting similar enthusiasm to their ever-increasing number of students. Even for themselves those ancient languages will well repay a minute and critical study—Greek, the most perfect medium of communication between mind and mind ever employed; and Hebrew, the depository of those great world-moulding truths which are shaping the destinies of all the ages. "The very Hebrew words," says Luther, "are alive and have hands and feet." There is a fascination about the study that will abundantly recompense the cost incurred. In the last few years important progress has been made toward a more thorough and accurate knowledge of the grammatical structure of the Hebrew language. The present edition of Dr. Green's Grammar has been thoroughly revised, so as to represent the most advanced state of scholarship upon this subject. Special attention has been given to the syntax, and new paradigms give a succinct view of the inflections and conjugations. The book is a fine critical apparatus for the study of the Scriptures, and gives direct explanations of many hundreds of difficult passages.

Christianity According to Christ. A Series of Papers. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, M.A., D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.75.

One of the pleasantest recollections of our college days is that of an intimate class acquaintance with the genial Monro Gibson, who has since become such an able writer and preacher. At Montreal, Chicago, and London, England, he has earned "a good degree" among the leading preachers of the age; and his books on "The Ages before Moses," "The Mosiac Era," etc., have won him deserved recognition as equally facile with tongue and pen. Dr. Gibson well remarks, "The increasing disposition to revert to the simplicity that is in Christ is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It is in this direction that we must look most hopefully for the manifestation alike of the unity of the Church and the power of the Gospel."

These are strong, clear, cogent papers, full of heart and hope for the world. No gloomy pessimist is the writer. While recognizing the difficult problems of the age, the apparent conflict between capital and labour, and the deeper antagonism between the world and the spirit of Christ, he yet feels to the full the adequacy of the Gospel to solve those problems and to remove that antagonism. Among the vital topics here discussed are the following: Christianity according to Christ as exhibited in the Lord's Prayer, Evangelical Apologetics, The Vitality of the Bible, The Spirit of the Age, The Law of Christ Applied to Trade and Commerce, The Cause and Cure of Social Evils, Lay Help in Church Work, The Missionary Outlook, and similar important themes.

Gospel Sermons. By JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Princeton College. Pp. 336. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The first time we heard Dr. McCosh preach was at the opening of

a Methodist Church at Bar Harbour, Mount Desert. The church was unfinished, and the strong resinous smell of the fresh pine blended with the fragrance of the flowers with which it was decorated. Amid these surroundings the great Presbyterian divine showed his true catholicity by helping, in a very material as well as in a spiritual sense, the poor Methodist congregation of that remote place. The subject was the importunity of the Cyro-Phœnician woman. The sermon was such an excellent one that we asked the preacher for his manuscript for this MAGAZINE, in which, in due time, it appeared. It now appears as the fifth sermon in this admirable collection. Other sermons discuss such important topics as, the nature of faith and repentance, the offices of the spirit, the sifting of Peter, the royal law of love, waiting for God, and kindred themes. These are well called Gospel Sermons, for they are filled with its very marrow and fatness.

Memories of the Crusade—an account of the Great Uprising of the Women of Ohio in 1873 against the Liquor Crime. By "MOTHER STEWART," the leader. Columbus: O. W. G. Hubbard & Co. 8vo, pp. 535. Price $2.00.

The appropriate motto on the title-page of this book reads "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." This is a tale not of bloodshed and strife, in the effort to rescue the tomb of Christ from the grasp of the infidel, but of faith and prayer in the holy purpose to save His living image from the snare of the devil. It records as remarkable a movement as any of the great popular enthusiasms of the Middle Ages. A number of earnest-souled women, full of sympathy for the victims of the liquor crime, resolved by God's help to abate the evil if possible. They met for prayer. They visited the saloons. They besought the liquor-dealers to abandon their wretched business. They sang and prayed in the taverns; when driven into the street they sang and prayed on the sidewalk. The movement spread from town to town. The best ladies in the land took part in the new crusade. Hundreds of saloons were closed through the moral influence of the movement. Crime was reduced. Saloon-keepers went into honest modes of earning a living. Many families were rescued from poverty and wretchedness. Of course, the agents of the traffic raged. "Society" lifted up its hands in holy horror. The whole thing was extremely "irregular"—yes, blessedly irregular. But the conscience of the community was touched, and the temperance movement received such an impetus as perhaps never before on this continent. It was no merely transient enthusiasm, soon spent and forgotten. It has crystallized into the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with over a million members; one of the most potent agencies of the age for moulding opinion on the great Temperance Reform. The volume before us is one of absorbing interest. It abounds in passages of touching pathos and of striking humour. Brave "Mother Stewart"—a true mother to hundreds of soldiers of the Union during the War—exhibited a still nobler heroism in striving to save the nation from the thraldom of the liquor vice and crime.

The Canadian Methodist Quarterly, January, 1889. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. $1.00 a year.

This valuable addition to Canadian Methodist literature, is published under the auspices of the Theological Unions of Victoria and Mount Allison Colleges, under the direction of able managing and corresponding editors. It will furnish an admirable repository for the excellent essays and sermons delivered before the Theological Colleges, which have heretofore appeared in separate pamphlets, which were, therefore, difficult of preservation, as well as for other high-class theological contributions. The initial number is handsomely printed and contains the following articles, which are in every way worthy of the reputation of their writers: "Perfect Love," by the

Rev. Chancellor Burwash; "The Religious Faculty," by the Rev. William Harrison, M.A.; "Gyges' Ring," by Rev. Professor Badgley; "Critique on the Fernley Lecture of 1887," by the Rev. James Graham; "Who is God? What is God?" by the Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., Part I.; Salutatory and Book Notices. We bespeak for this new enterprise the patronage, especially, of the ministers and of our thoughtful laymen. Even those young ladies who take their theology from "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward" will find here a much more helpful guide in the discussion of this august theme. Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., 11 Avenue Place, Toronto.

The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions Proved by Distinguished Witnesses. By the Rev. JOHN LIGGINS. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Price $75 cents.

The writer of this book has peculiar fitness for the task he has undertaken. He was for many years a missionary in China, and is familiar with mission work both at home and abroad. He completely turns the tables on a distinguished Canon, who seems to have had no personal acquaintance of the theme on which he wrote, and little sympathy with missions in his effort to show that they are a failure. Mr. Liggins quotes the testimony of diplomatic ministers, consuls, naval officers, scientific and other travellers in heathen and Mohammedan countries; together with that of English viceroys, governors and military officers, in India and the British Colonies. The book is a triumphant demonstration of the success of missions, akin to that recorded on the tombstone of our Canadian Dr. Geddie, the "Apostle of the New Hebrides:" "When he came there were no Christians; when he left there were no heathen."

In the Footsteps of Arminius. By WM. F. WARREN, D.D., LL.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price 35 cents.

The accomplished President of Boston University is quite at home in tracing the career of the great exponent of Arminian theology. He takes his reader with him in a delightful pilgrimage to Utrecht, Leyden, Geneva, Basle, Padua and other places connected with the life history of this remarkable man. We feel, in reading this book, the charm of coming upon the footprints of the men who have blessed the world.

What Jesus Says. By the Rev. FRANK RUSSELL, D.D. Pp. 319, 16mo, Cloth. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Price $1.50.

This is an arrangement of the words of the Lord Jesus, as given in the Gospels, under classified headings, such as Acceptance, Adoption, Affliction, etc. A very happy thought and very well carried out.

Prominent Doctrines and Peculiar Usages of the Methodist Church Stated, with Scripture Texts. Compiled by the Rev. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Dr. Williams has employed the enforced leisure of his convalescence from severe illness in the compilation of this exceedingly useful little handbook. It sets forth tersely and clearly "those things which are most surely believed among us"—such as the great cardinal doctrines of universal redemption, repentance, justification by faith, regeneration, the witness of the Spirit, the possibility of falling from grace, entire sanctification and the Christian sacraments. These great truths are sustained by ample citation of Holy Scripture. Every minister should keep on hand a number of this little book to give to young converts for their instruction and establishment in the doctrines of Methodism. Dr. Williams has done valuable service to the Church by its compilation. The following excellent motto from John Wesley prefaces the tract, "Our main doctrines, which include all the rest, are, repentance, faith and holiness. The first of these we account, as it were, the porch of religion; the next, the door; the third, religion itself."