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VIEW FROM CAMP ON LITTLE COLORADO.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

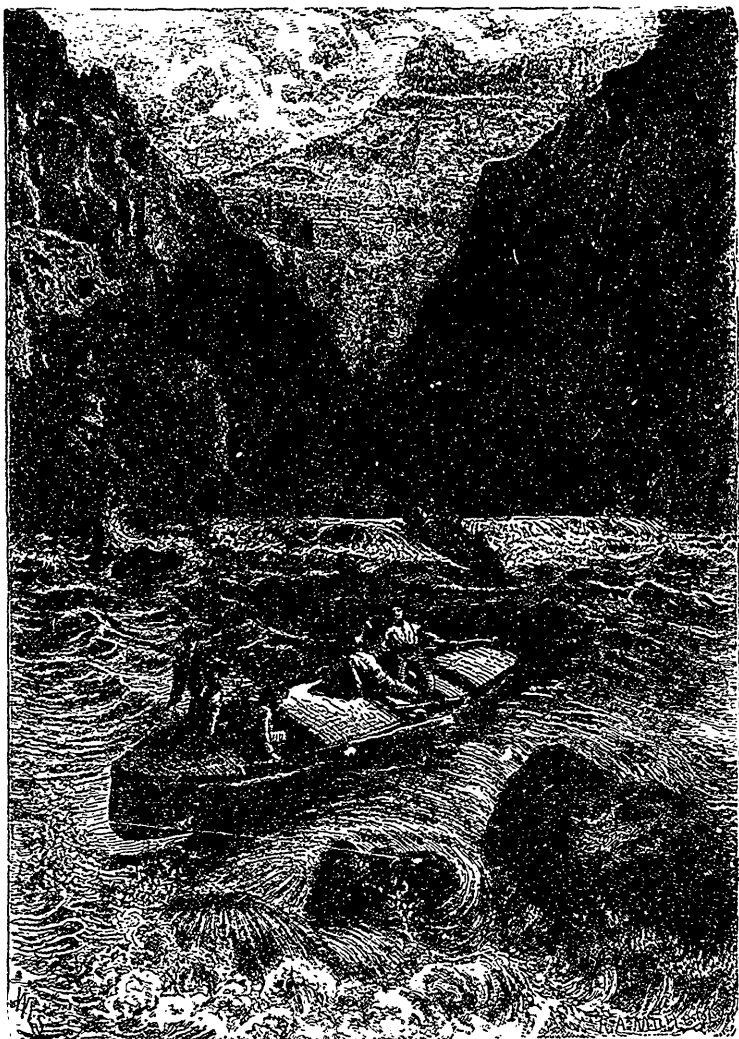
II.



BUTTES OF THE CROSS.

GEOLOGISTS have demonstrated that the entire basin of the Colorado was once covered by a continuous sheet of soft middle and upper cretaceous shales, of which scattered mounds and millions of loose fossils remain, the surfaces between being firm lower cretaceous sandstone, or still older rocks. There is no doubt that, previous to the erosion of the gorges, the tableland was buried under two thousand feet of soft strata, all of which has been carried away except these fragmentary relics, which, being of a harder composition than that surrounding, or of volcanic formation, have obstinately resisted denudation. The

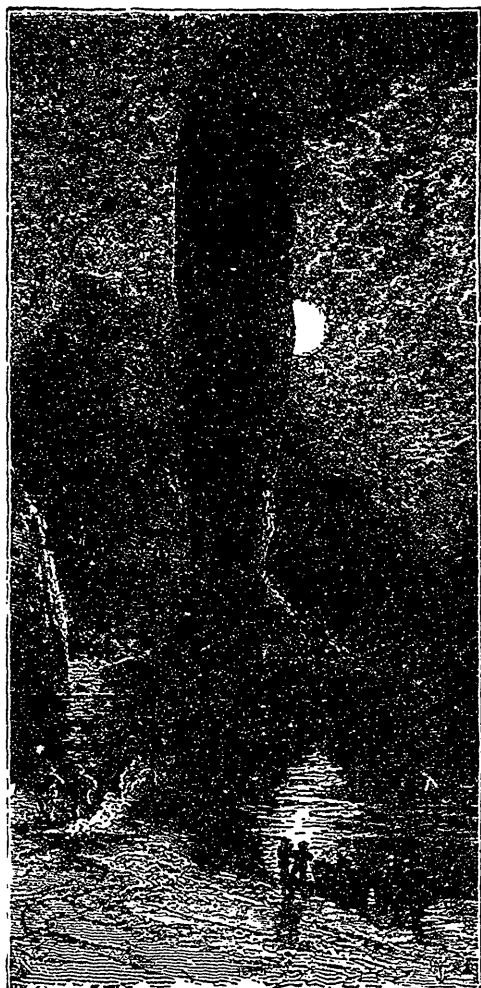
climatic conditions are such that the rocks are swept down as fast as disintegrated, which gives the harder rock an unusual advantage in withstanding erosion; and cliffs, isolated buttes,



RUNNING A RAPID.

are the natural result. The scenery of this description is very similar to that in the noted "Garden of the Gods," near Denver. It must be borne in mind that the numerous tributaries of the

Colorado have subdivided the entire plateau into hundreds of table-lands; and the traveller, if he be taking an overland journey westward from the Rocky Mountains, with the Grand Canyon as his goal, will not find the best of roads for himself or his patient pack-mule. The close of a long day of such journeying is hailed with supreme joy. The fatigue of ten hours in the saddle, going from peak to peak, from valley to valley, and across table-lands of soft marls, is, perhaps, in the end, good for the general constitution, but, toward sunset, the only *end* worth living for is the end of the day. The hungering for repose is evident in the serious mien and silent lips of the men. The pack-train does not come to its camping-ground, therefore, with the hilarity, the flux of spirits, with which it set off in the morning. If the march has been a serious one, thirty miles, say, the mules are jaded, the horses catch an occasional



ISLAND MONUMENT IN GLEN CANYON.

green shrub for a bit of provender. The first anxiety is water; in fact, the end of a day's toil is solely determined by the desired arrival at a brook or water-pocket. A division of an exploring

party under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, was endeavouring to reach the defile of the Colorado River, which was, at the beginning of a day's march, not many miles distant, as was supposed. Filling their canteens from the water of the gorge where they had camped, the five men set out, hoping to drink of the Colorado that night! It soon became evident that the distance was deceiving; gaining eminence after eminence, the Grand Canyon seemed as far away as at first, and no promise of water in all the weary stretch. A consultation was held. It was agreed that the defile left in the morning was their last chance of water, and that lay sixteen miles behind them, and the Colorado many more ahead. Mr. Howell and another irrepresible determined to push on, if it took all summer, while the others turned back to "the last chance," as they expressed it. And to this day that canyon is known and named on the maps as "Last Chance Canyon," formed by a junction of the Grand and Green. The Grand River has its source in the Rocky Mountains. The Green River rises in the Wind River Mountains. Both have sources in alpine lakes, fed by melting snows. Thousands of these picturesque lakes, with deep, cool, emerald waters, are embosomed among the crags of the Rocky Mountains. These streams, born in the gloomy solitudes of the mountain regions, have a strange eventful history as they pass down through gorges, tumbling in cascades and cataracts, until they reach the hot, arid plains of the Lower Colorado, where the waters, that were so clear above, empty as turbid floods into the Gulf of California. Including the Green River, which is really the upper continuation of the Colorado, the whole length of the stream is about two thousand miles. The plateau is divided into two distinct portions. The lower third is but a little above the level of the sea, though here and there ranges of mountains rise to an altitude of from two to six thousand feet. The upper two-thirds lies from four to eight thousand feet above the sea. This high region, on the north, east, and west, is set with ranges of snow-clad mountains, attaining an altitude varying from eight to fourteen thousand feet. All winter long, on its mountain-crested rim, snow falls, filling the gorges, half burying the forests, and covering the crags and peaks with a mantle "woven by the wind from the waves of the sea." When summer comes, this snow melts, and tumbles down the mountain sides in millions of



WATER BASIN IN GYPSUM CANYON.

cascades. Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form one hundred rivers, beset with cataracts; one hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado! If the explorer has plodded over rocks and sand, through sage-bush, over mountains, across gorges, all to see the wonderful bed of these many waters, he comes to the very brink of the abyss almost un-awares. He finds himself standing on the edge of a fissure awful beyond his wildest dreams. He starts back amazed; a second time he draws near, but now cautiously, crawling on hands and knees, till his staring eyes peep over—down—down—more than a mile into the earth! He is seized with the common insane impulse to take one wild leap,—hurling his littleness into nature's immensity. He dislodges a huge stone and pushes it



MARBLE CANYON.

over, watching it roll, strike, bound, split, splinter, yet shooting down till it seems to be annihilated in the illimitable depth; he concludes he won't follow,—just yet,—you know.

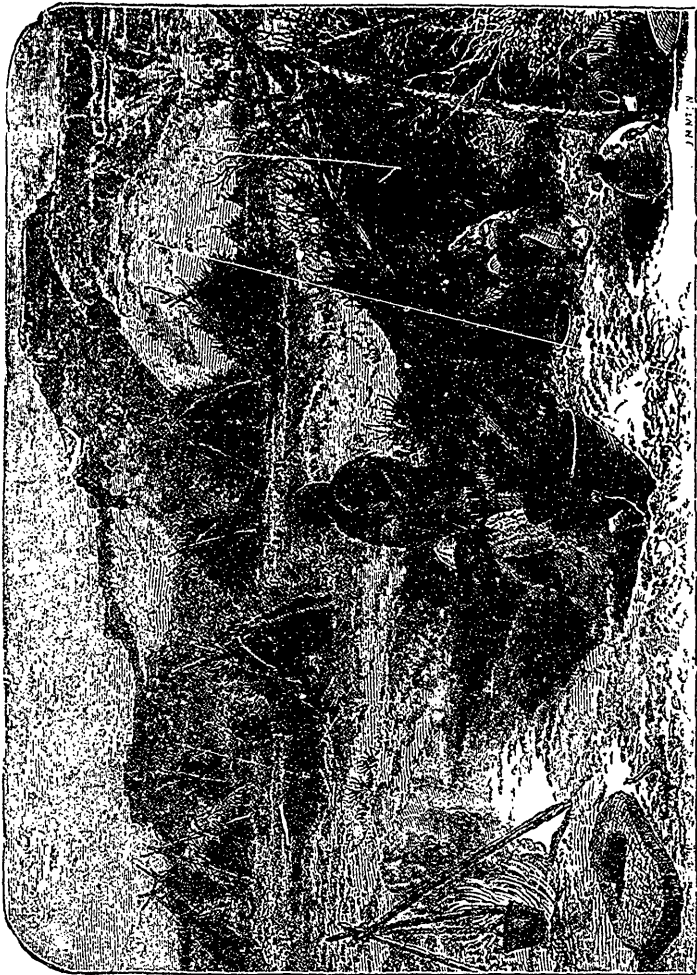
One of the most interesting reports of explorations in this region is that of Major J. W. Powell. His expedition in 1869

set out to explore the Grand Canyon. With four row-boats, built in Chicago, stored with rations deemed sufficient for ten months, an abundant supply of clothing, ammunition, axes, saws, etc., for repairing the boats, and a quantity of scientific instruments, they started from Green River City,—the point at which the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the Green River. The adventures, narrow escapes, and hardships of the months following are as exciting as Jules Verne or Defoe. These four staunch boats floated, shot, whirled, and plunged down waters where never boat had dared to live before. On they went, carried down the rapid current; now running on to a sand-bar, when it was necessary for the men to scramble out into the stream; relieved of their mortal ballast, the boats floated over; all aboard again, and on to new haps and mishaps.

Trying to avoid rocks, oars are broken, lost; the boat sent reeling and plunging into whirlpools. Sometimes glimpses of purple peaks remote delight the eye, and again all view is cut off by a sharp turn in the course of the stream. Sometimes the defile is not more than twenty feet wide, then broadens into a low valley, with wide sandy banks, on which may be cottonwood groves. Such a place is sought for the night's camp. After a cup of hot coffee, a few of the party usually climbed the cliffs, to take an evening stroll on the strangely carved rocks of the Green River "bad-lands." These are areas of sandstone and shales, gray and buff, red and brown, blue and black strata in many alternations, lying nearly horizontal, and almost without soil or vegetation. Being exceedingly friable, the rain-drops of ages past have carved them into quaint shapes. Away to the south, the Uinta Mountains stretch in a long line; high peaks reach into the sky; and, lying between, snow-fields, like lakes of silver, edged with pine forests in sombre green; and, over all, flushed clouds play at a slow and majestic game.

At the foot of the Uinta Mountains the river runs to the south, while the mountains have an easterly and westerly trend directly athwart its course; yet it glides quietly in an unconcerned way, as if it considered a mountain range no sort of obstruction to its progress. It enters the range by a brilliant red gorge, that may be seen a score of miles away to the north. The great mass of mountain ridge through which this gorge is cut is composed of bright vermilion rocks, surmounted by a

broad band of mottled buff and gray, which come down in a gentle curve to the water's edge at some points. This is the first canyon to be explored,—the introductory chapter, in illuminated text,—and Flaming Gorge is its name. It is entered with some trepidation. The nomadic Indians loafing about warn them,



INDIAN VILLAGE.

saying, "Water leap catch 'em!" On the whole the explorers prefer this dire catastrophe to an ignominious return. Pushing off, they are swept with exhilarating velocity down the rapid current, which fills the channel from cliff to cliff. Abruptly

turning in its course, the water plunges down among great rocks, the first of many and many canyon rapids. The moments are filled with intense anxiety; but a skillful stroke of the oars, now on this side, now on that, serves to guide the boats past the wave-beaten rocks. Mounting on high waves, the foaming crests dash over them, to the peril of their barks, and, plunging into the troughs they reach the calm water below. Drawing a breath of relief, they proceed to admire and wonder. On either side the walls rapidly increase in altitude. On the left are overhanging ledges and cliffs, five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred feet high. The river is now broad, deep, and quiet, and its waters mirror the towering rocks and the bit of sky away above; indeed, the whole grand scene is repeated. The solitude is oppressive. These few human beings seem suspended between two fearful gaps; a dozen kingfishers playing over the stream bring their dreamy thoughts back to a world of reality, and on they go. Farther down, the river rounds a point that has been worn to the shape of a huge dome; on its sides little cells have been carved by the action of the waters, and, in these, hundreds of swallows have found safe homes. As they flit about the perforated cliff, they look to the explorers below like swarms of bees, giving the dome the appearance of a colossal bee-hive of the old-time form; hence the name of this section,—Bee-hive Point.

Boating down the Colorado is never monotonous. When the water is calmest, then is the time for the greatest caution. All hands are on the alert. A thundering roar is heard in the distance. Slowly approaching, the boats are tied on the very brink of a fall, the cargo taken out, to be carried around by the men, and then the boats let down by ropes. Not infrequently several portages like this were made in the course of one day. Every time a camp was made, some of the party climbed the walls, to gain an idea of their general progress, and also to get a peep at a more familiar world. Some of the feats performed in scaling dangerous heights were marvellous, and hardly excelled by Chinese acrobats. Occasionally, one more zealous than the rest would find himself on a projecting ledge,—progress impossible, retreat there was none. His comrades were—oh, where? Below him, should he move an inch, certain death. Was this the end, —the beginning of the endless? But what to his wondering

eyes should appear but the leg of a pair of pantaloons, dangling in a friendly manner over the edge of an overhanging crag, held by an unseen hand,—the hand of Providence to him, and it was.



SWALLOW CAVE.

Seizing his only hope firmly, he is slowly drawn up to a safe footing, where he alternately blesses his pantless comrade and the machine that could do such stout stitching in such strong cloth.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN KAFRARIA AND ZULU- LAND.

BY THE REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

CHRISTIANITY is no less adapted to the wild and barbarous nations of the earth than it is to the most civilized and refined. Since the revival of missions within the present century, its victories have been as great among some of the tribes of Africa and of the South-Sea Islands, as among the populations of India and other parts of the East; and the difference between the two classes of people is as remarkable as can be well conceived.

In this paper we shall give a very general view of missions in Kafirland, or Kafraria, a territory in South Africa now very generally known. The length of this country is about two hundred and fifty miles, and its average breadth one hundred and twenty miles. It is, in many respects, a fine tract of country, possessing extensive plains admirably adapted for the rearing of cattle, and some splendid ranges of hills, some of the scenery of which is very grand. Its rivers are somewhat numerous, but are often nearly dry, and none of them are navigable, except for very small boats. Charming glens and kloofs abound in their neighbourhood, in which there are quantities of game. Elephants and lions used to be common, but have almost disappeared before the advance of civilization. The soil, in many parts of the land is productive of maize, millet, and oats; but wheat does not grow near the coast, and has only been cultivated inland to a small extent.

A few centuries ago this territory was, in all probability, occupied by tribes of the Hottentot race, all of which tribes spoke a language remarkable for its clicks. Inter-tribal wars in the interior of the continent drove down to the south another race of people, whose language is very different. They were called Kafirs—the word meaning *infidels* or *unbelievers*—a name given to them, as some think, by the Arabs, because they did not believe in the Koran. They were a wild, barbarous, and cruel race, and they drove out the former occupants of the country and dwelt there.

They were divided into clans, each clan having its own chief,

whose title was hereditary, and whose power was almost absolute. They all spoke one language, with some dialectic differences, but, when missionaries first went amongst them, it was unwritten, and its construction was peculiar and difficult to understand. It was not, however, a mere jargon, but had its fixed rules and



WESLEYAN MISSION, CLARKESBURY, SOUTH AFRICA

grammatical principles ; and one of the triumphs won by Christian teachers was that of reducing it to a written form, and translating into it the Word of God. The secret of its construction was discovered by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, who found a certain law running through it, to which he gave the name of the euphonic concord. "This euphony," says the Rev. J. W. Appleyard,

in his excellent Kafir grammar, "is consequent upon the repetition of the same letter or letters in the beginning of two or more words in the same sentence. By this means a uniform system of *alliteration* is sustained throughout the *grammatical* formations of the language, rendering it one of the most curious and ingenious ever known. The following is an example in which *z* is the euphonic letter :—

"Zonka izinto, ezilungeleyo zivela ku Tixo."

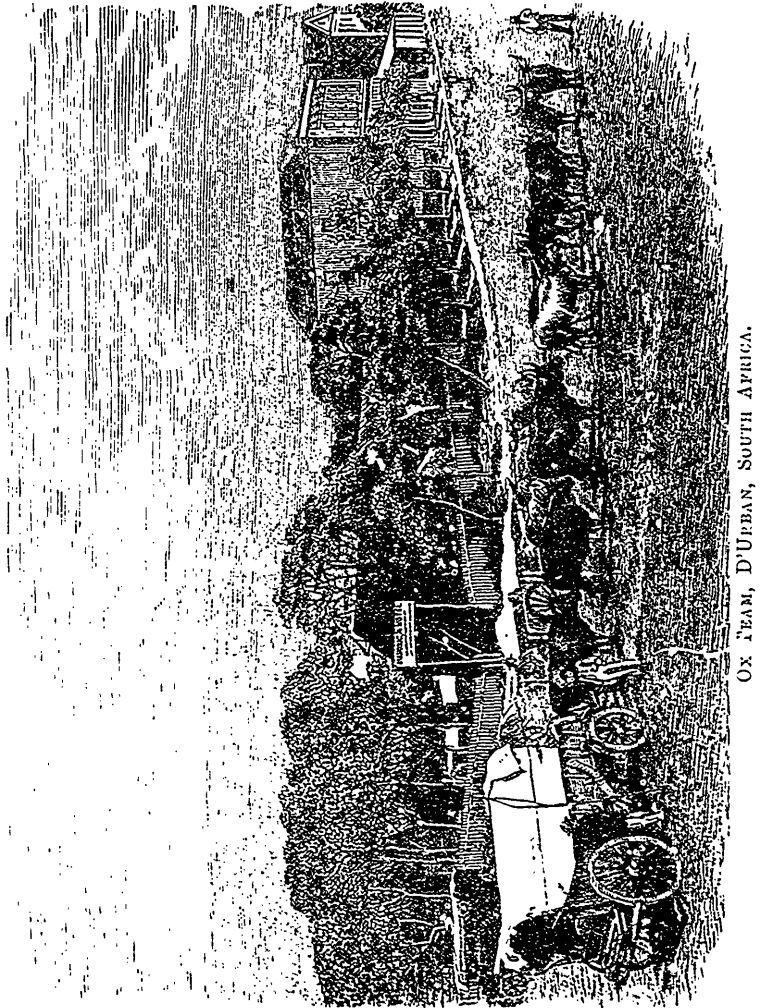
"All good things proceed from God."

In this language there is now an extensive literature. The Old and New Testament have been printed in it at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and many other books have been printed at the native presses in the country, and circulated far and wide. Thousands of the present generation can read; and to possess hymn books and copies of the Word of God *of their own*, is the ambition of many a family in the land.

Ethnologically the Kafirs are allied to the Negro race; but though the colour of their skin is very dark, they are not black, and in many respects they are physically superior to the negro proper. Religion they had none, for they had scarcely any conception of a great first cause, yet they believed that the spirits of their ancestors lived after death, and had influence over the weather, the crops, and the issues of war. In witchcraft they were firm believers; and their witch-doctors were also rain-makers and possessed great power in the country, so that generally they were very rich in cattle. Their incantations were followed by acts of great cruelty, and often persons accused of witchcraft were tortured or burnt to death over a slow fire. Now, in many parts of the country, such things are unknown, for before the progress of Christianity they have been swept away like a dense cloud of the night before the rising of the sun.

In the year 1823, the Rev. William Shaw, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, entered Kafraria, accompanied by his noble-minded wife. They were welcomed by great numbers of the inhabitants, "as though they had been making a triumphal entry." The country they visited was occupied by the chiefs Pato, Congo, and Kama, and a spot was selected for a mission village in a beautiful locality, and in the midst of a population of a thousand people. It was named Wesleyville, and was the

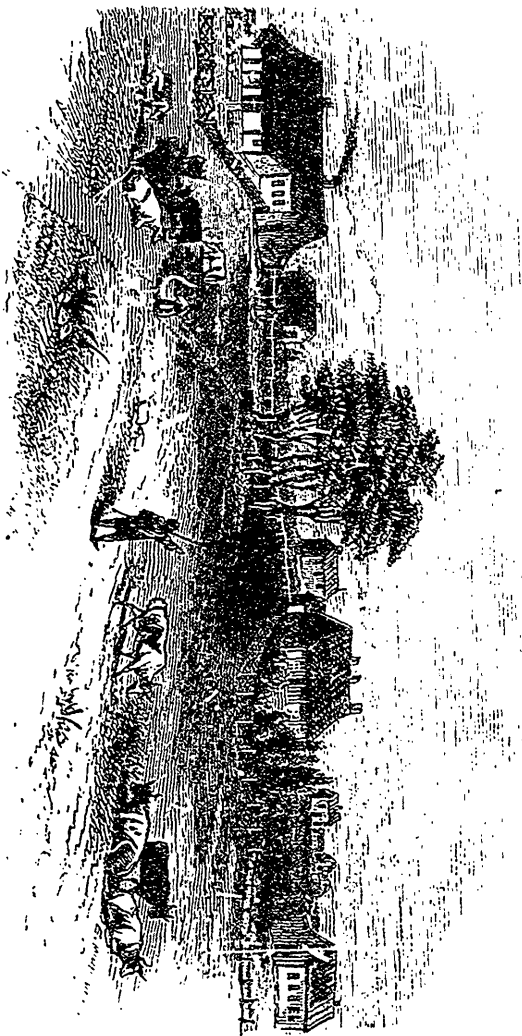
first of a considerable number of similar villages which have since been erected in various parts of the land. One of the earliest results of this enterprise was the conversion of the chief Kama and his wife, who became most decided and ex-



OX TEAM, D'URBAN, SOUTH AFRICA.

emplary Christians, brought up their family in the fear of God, and sustained a large amount of persecution from time to time for their noble testimony to the truth. Kama finished his course at the age of seventy-seven, and over his grave at Anu

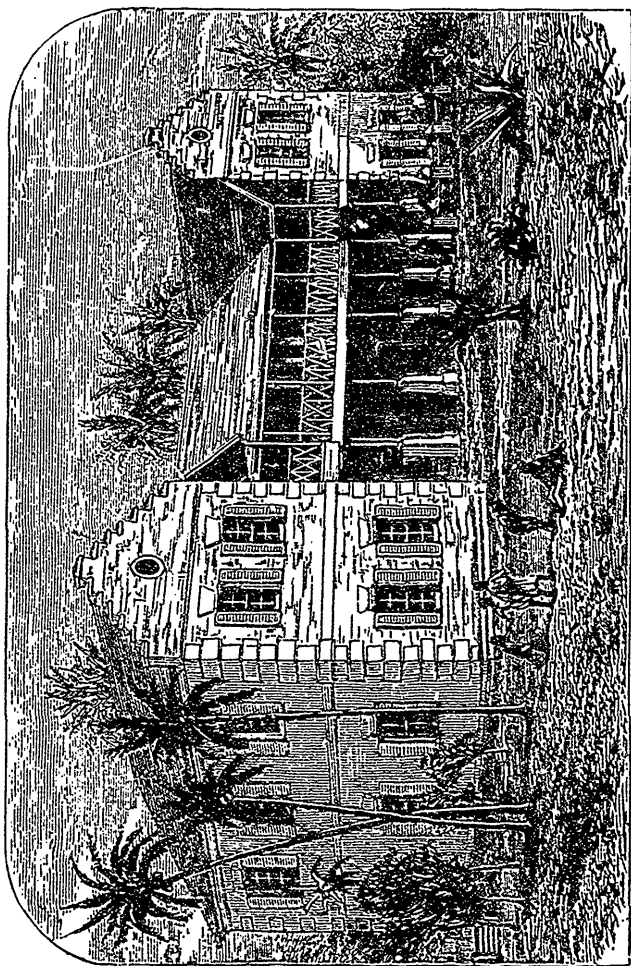
shaw is a tombstone erected by his son, with this inscription in English and in Kafir,—‘ William Kama, chief of the Amagqu-nukwebi, born 1798, died October 25th, 1875. A noble man, a just governor, and a faithful Christian.’ His tribe are now



MOUNT CORE MISSION, SOUTH AFRICA.

erecting a chapel, which is to be designated the Kama Memorial Chapel, and is to cost nearly £3,000. The foundation stone of this edifice was laid at Annshaw, in British Kafraria, on the third of July, 1877, in the presence of a large assembly, com-

posed both of Europeans and natives, when an old Kafir hymn was sung to a Kafir tune, the effect of which, says one who was present, "was really grand." Half the sum required has already been raised, and in the course of a few months the most im-



WESLEYAN HIGH SCHOOL, SAGOS, SOUTH AFRICA.

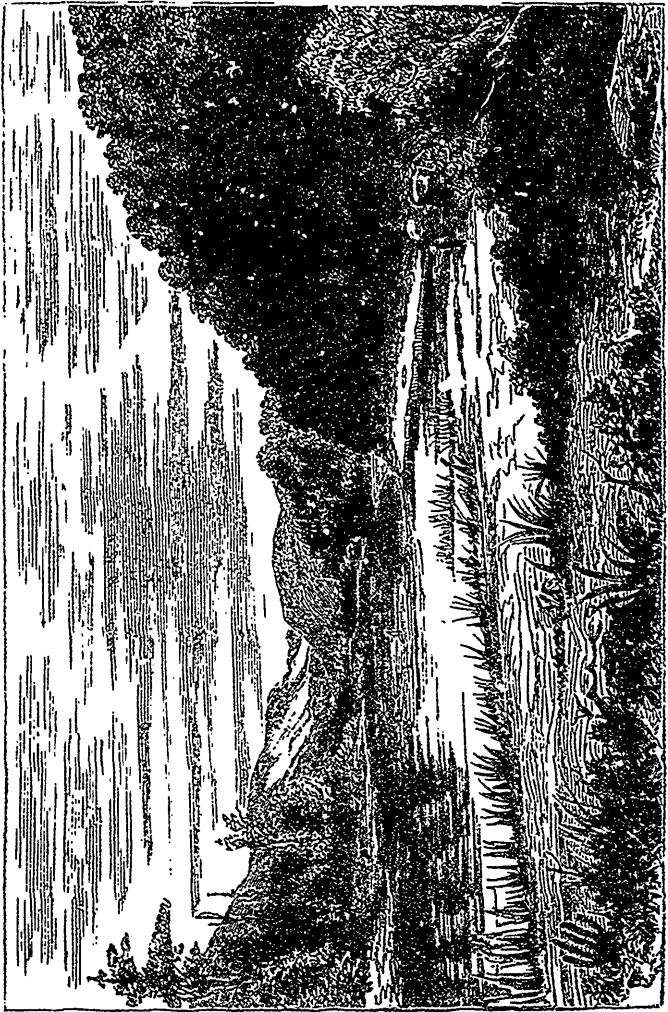
posing sanctuary ever built in Kafirland will be reared, and doubtless filled with Christian worshippers and inquirers after Christian truth.

Many were the vicissitudes through which these missions passed. They were cradled in the midst of wars and conflicts,

for whilst a few of every tribe and in every locality embraced the gospel, the majority of the people for a long time rejected it; and more than once the sword went through the land, as if to chastise them for the rejection of the truth. In 1835 a desolating war broke out between the savage tribes just beyond the colonial border, and the Albany settlers, which was at length put down by Sir Benjamin D'Urban; in 1846, another took place still more lamentable in its effects, arising, like the former one, from the propensity of the Kaffire to steal the cattle of the colonists; and in 1852 a third broke out which, though calamitous for the British troops who were engaged in it, destroyed for awhile the power of the native tribes. In these conflicts mission property was frequently destroyed, missionaries and their families were compelled to leave their stations and to take refuge where they could, and thus the progress of the work was frequently retarded, for the flocks were scattered, and could only be regathered at considerable pains. We are not writing a history of these missions, but to form a conception of their success it is necessary to take these facts into account, for the work has been like the storming of a fortress from which the besiegers have been repeatedly driven, but only to return to the assault with greater earnestness and zeal.

Again and again the work was resumed. Congregations met oftentimes under the blue canopy of heaven, temporary chapels and other buildings were erected, to be superseded in time by more substantial ones; hundreds of children were gathered into day and Sabbath-schools, where they were taught to read the Word of God and to sing in hymns; written in their own language, the praises of the Creator and Redeemer of the world. The Government aided the work of education by annual grants; and an institution was established at Heald Town, within the colonial boundary, for the instruction and training of native teachers. Here numbers of young men have received a good education, and this establishment is now in vigorous operation, under the direction of an able teacher. The students are taught the English language as well as their own, and some of them have made considerable progress in all the branches of a liberal education. Some years ago the Duke of Edinburgh, then Prince Alfred, visited this institution, and on his arrival was met by a large number of the students and other persons. An address

was presented to him, written by one of the native teachers in Kafir and in English. He attended a service in the chapel, and expressed himself as highly gratified with what he saw and heard. "If Africa is to be won for Christ, it must be mainly



THE COWIE RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA.

by a native agency," and such an agency is now rising up, so that there are in connection with these missions, a considerable number of young men employed as catechists, and several who have been ordained as native assistant-missionaries. Some of

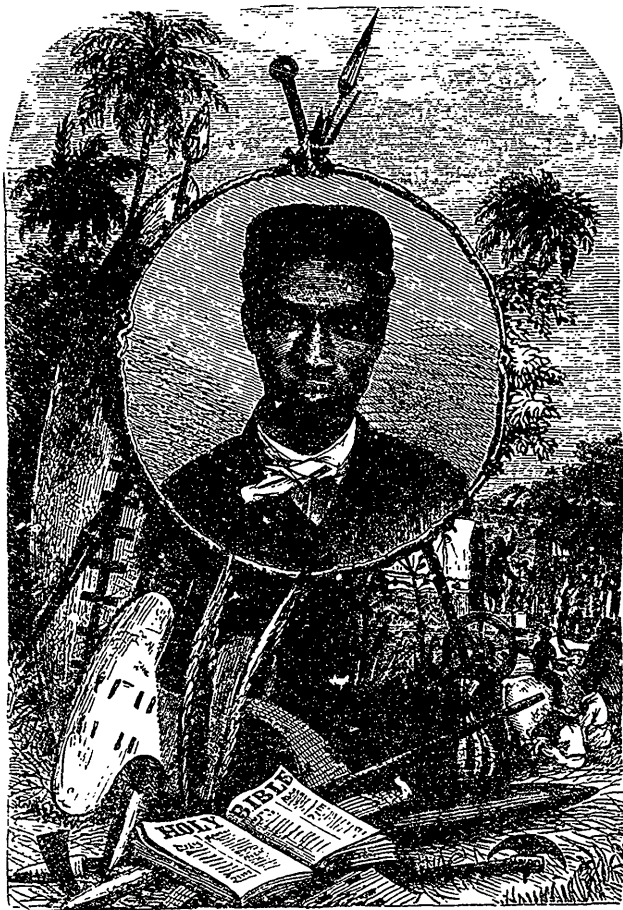
these latter are admirable preachers, and their ministry has been attended with much spiritual power. Their native eloquence, baptized with the spirit from on high, has been the means of the awakening and conversion of hundreds of their fellow-men.

Perhaps a description of one of the mission stations in Kafir-land, as I witnessed it in the year 1843, will enable the reader to form something like a correct idea of what missions have done for that country. For this is but one of a long line of such stations, extending from the Great Fish River to the borders of Natal, and many more are rising up from time to time in different parts of the land.

Morley, for such is the name of the village in question, was situated at a short distance from the Umtata river. The village consisted of a good substantial chapel, capable of seating four hundred people; of the residence of the missionary and his assistant, with little gardens in front; and of a number of native cottages, several of them built in a somewhat superior style. The scenery around was very beautiful, and at the period of our visit the weather was magnificent. The Sabbath dawns, and at an early hour numbers of persons may be seen wending their way, in companies, from different localities within a few miles round. But the men have no spears or shields to-day, for they have learnt that it is God's day, and they are coming, not to hunt or to fight, but to worship the Creator and Lord of all. Presently the chapel is filled to overflowing, and the voice of song is heard from men, women, and children, to whom, but a few years ago, the Sabbath was unknown, and whose lips had never uttered the name of the Lord Jesus. A second congregation is formed in the open air, and a missionary, standing on a waggon-box, conducts a service similar to the one going on in the chapel. How beautiful is the scene! and the attention paid by these half-civilized people to the message sent them, is marked and solemn. They retire, many of them to return to the school in the afternoon, where they are seen sitting around native teachers, and drinking in the lessons of God's Word with eagerness and joy.

The missionary resident on this station at that time was the Rev. Samuel Palmer, whose influence with the heathen chief, Fa-ku, was most remarkable. That chief was residing on the other side of the Umtata when, on one occasion, a tribe on this

side had stolen some of the cattle of his people, and he was resolved to make reprisals. He mustered his army of a thousand men, but he could not proceed far ere he must pass the mission station, and he feared that the missionary and his people would be greatly alarmed. It was a moonlight night, and beyond the river he called for a halt. He then sent messengers over it



JOHANNES MAHONGA, KAFFIR MISSIONARY.

to the station, who arrived after the people had retired to rest. "Palmer," was the message, "my army is about to pass the station, to attack their enemies; but do not be alarmed. We shall not injure you nor any one at Morley, nor shall any one take aught that you possess." The messenger returned, and then

the army moved on, passed the mission premises in perfect order, and went on their way to execute their errand. Such an occurrence could never have taken place but for the respect in which the missionary was held, and for the influence which Christianity was exerting on the tribe.

At this station, one Christmas-day, the children of the schools—numbering two or three hundred—were regaled in the open air (it being summer there, not winter, as with us) with a real Christmas dinner. They were full of gladness, and were singing one of their native hymns, when some Dutchmen rode up in pursuit of strayed or stolen horses. The Dutch of South Africa had, at that time, a strong prejudice against missions to the native tribes; but so charmed were these men with what they saw and heard that they said, "We will become subscribers to your funds, and will induce our friends to subscribe also." With such facts I could fill pages, referring to this one station only; and the same work of instruction and conversion is going on to-day in many other parts of this once barbarous country.

When recently the Rev. G. T. Perks visited these missions as one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, he was surprised at the work which he everywhere witnessed. He was welcomed by hundreds of Christian Kafirs; he heard thousands of children sing the songs of Zion; he baptized numbers of catechumens; and he opened and dedicated to the worship of God several chapels which had been erected just before his arrival in the country. On his return home he presented a report, full of the most thrilling facts, illustrative of the triumphs of the Gospel in this and other parts of South Africa; but the journeys he undertook, especially in ox-waggons, over rugged mountains and burning plains, were too much for his strength, and though his friends hoped that he would recover from the effects of his tour, I believe he never did. It hastened his end, and he died on the 28th of May, 1877, beloved by all who knew him, and lamented by many of the Churches of the land.

According to the most recent statistics, there are now in this territory upwards of five thousand native Christians; more than seven thousand children and young people in the schools; and, on a moderate estimate, twenty thousand persons in constant attendance on the public means of grace. Thirty missionaries,

among whom are several natives, fully ordained to the work, are publishing the tidings of salvation, and a Christian literature has been formed, which the rising generation especially can appreciate. And how many souls have been gathered into the fold above it is impossible to tell, but we have seen Christian Kafirs at the point of death, and have heard their testimony to the power of Divine grace.

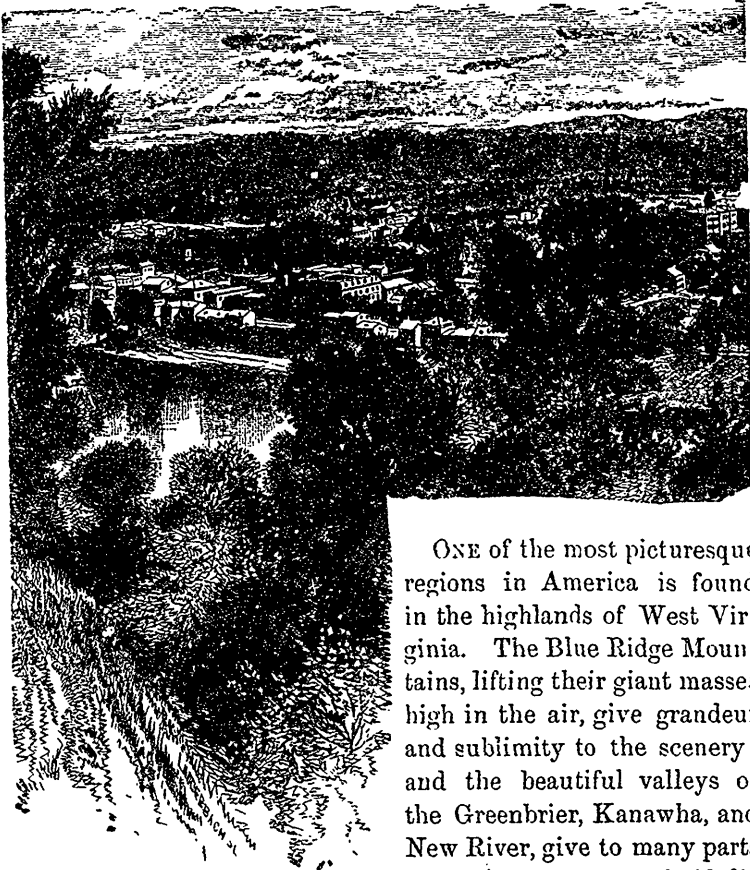
But some, perhaps, will ask, how is the war of 1878 to be accounted for if missions in Kafirland have been so successful? The answer is that the chiefs who embarked in it never accepted the gospel, that many of their people have not come under its influence, and that it arose, in the first instance, from their hostility to the Fingoes, a people who have long been our allies, and among whom the missionaries have gained many converts. It has been ascertained that few Christian natives have taken up arms against the British Government, and that the native Christians have stood their ground nobly in this very sad and painful conflict.

The Kafir tribes are fond of war, and have been for generations past. It is not surprising, therefore, that the spirit should rise up afresh from time to time; and that young Kafirland should aspire to tread in their fathers' steps and wish to do what their fathers could not—conquer the white people and get possession of their property. Christianity has not succeeded as yet in preventing Kafir wars, neither has it succeeded as yet in preventing wars elsewhere; but the time will come when, in every land, the banner of peace will wave triumphantly; and, meanwhile, it is for Christian missionaries to pursue their hallowed work, undaunted by the discouragements with which they meet. The work has been retarded in some part of this field in consequence of the war, but the conflict is nearly at an end, and the result will be that British authority will become more firmly established in the land, and that the conquests of the gospel will no doubt be multiplied.

EVIL is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

—Hood.

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN VIRGINIA.



CHARLESTON, THE CAPITAL OF WEST VIRGINIA.

ONE of the most picturesque regions in America is found in the highlands of West Virginia. The Blue Ridge Mountains, lifting their giant masses high in the air, give grandeur and sublimity to the scenery ; and the beautiful valleys of the Greenbrier, Kanawha, and New River, give to many parts a softened aspect of idyllic loveliness. Moreover, nestling in the valleys are a score or more of the most celebrated sanitary resorts in the world, clustering around the famous healing springs, which, bursting from the bosom of the earth, contain the wonderful curative agencies which Nature elaborates from her subterranean and secret alembics. Thither from the sultry southern cities of New Orleans, Nashville, Memphis, Charleston, Baltimore, and many others, come the enervated citizens and their

households, to reinvigorate their frames with the bracing mountain air.

Long before the time of railways it had come to be known throughout the South that a true El Dorado or fountain of health and youth bubbled up in the Virginia mountains, and



MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

visitors came to it every summer from far and near. The owners of thousands of acres of rice and cotton land, and hundreds of dusky Africans, from South Carolina, Louisiana, and the whole range of States touched by the heat of the tropics—wealthy old “nabobs,” elegant pleasure-loving country gentlemen, and citizens of Baltimore—all came to the “White” to spend the summer

months and indulge in social intercourse. The days of railways were still in the future. Even the era of stage-coaches had not begun. The planters from the skirts of the Gulf, from the rice-fields of South Carolina, or the low grounds of James River, made the long journey over the almost impassable mountain roads in their private carriages. These ancient vehicles lumbered along, drawn by six horses, and driven by their portly black Jehus, as important in their bearing as their masters, while the trunks containing the wardrobes of the ladies—heavy and capacious, if not so monstrous as the "Saratoga trunk" of our own times—followed in waggons. Led horses for relays or the pleasure of riding at the watering-place came on under charge of servants, of whom many accompanied the march; for the planters were persons of large means, and stinted themselves in nothing. And so the little cavalcade struggled along, wound over the mountain, pierced the forest, and came to the desired haven after a journey like that of emigrants across the Western plains. What the old planters toiled thus to reach, seemed quite unworthy of so much time and trouble. It was a little valley lost like a bird's nest in the foliage of the western slope of the Alleghanies, with a spring bubbling up under some oaks and maples, blue mountains around, a fresh stream near, and a cluster of log-cabins, suitable, one might have said, for the unkempt rustics and huntsmen of the region, but quite absurd if regarded as the dwelling-place for months of some of the most refined and luxurious society of the South. And yet these men and women, accustomed to every comfort, and living lives lapped in down, were quite content with the "split-bottomed" chairs, the plain beds, the pine tables, and the rustic routine of the spot. It offered them, indeed—much more than their fine home mansions could supply—health and vigour for their heat-enervated frames.

In due time came the "stage," and with this great invention the Springs leaped forward wondrously. This old Virginia stage was as delightfully characteristic as its English counterpart. It was solid and excellent in construction, and was drawn by four or six horses. Its motions, however, were so like those of a ship at sea, that its more delicate occupants not unfrequently became, as they phrased it, "sea-sick," from its oscillations. Now, however, by the construction of the great trunk line

traversing the entire breadth of Virginia, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, the traveller may, without fatigue, penetrate to the very heart of this mountain region, and behold its wondrous revelations of the sublime and beautiful.

One of the best points of departure for the exploration of this Switzerland of America is the beautiful city of Charleston, shown in our initial cut. It is the commercial centre of the Kanawha Valley; and, by a recent vote of the State, it is to be the capital of West Virginia. It is a well-built city of about 4,500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the east bank of the Kanawha, at its confluence with the Elk River.



SALT WORKS ON THE KANAWHA.

The most important industries of the vicinity are the mining operations, and especially coal—which contribute largely to the business of the city. The Kanawha salt production, though much depressed by the times, is still important. Bromine and other chemical works are also operated.

The lumber trade of Charleston is considerable, calling for five saw mills in and around the city; and pump and barrel factories. There are also woollen and flour mills, iron foundries and machine works; and, in West Charleston, an iron blast furnace not yet completed.

Petroleum has long been known in the Kanawha Salines. It was pumped up with the brine, but from the greater value of the latter in times past, was wasted or "tubed out." The failure of oil wells in other localities has turned attention seriously to this field.

The scenery of the New River Valley continues to grow rougher and more wildly picturesque, as the railroad penetrates its lower passes; and very plainly shows indications of the powerful forces, erosive or otherwise, which cut or wore this valley so deeply into the clays, shales, coals, and the softer rocks of the formation—also undermining the heavy sandstone bluffs above and precipitating their huge boulder masses down the slopes and into the river below. For twenty miles there is not a strip of arable land in the valley, and at points the cliffs are perpendicular from the river edge. Here the scenery is wild indeed.



WHITCOMB'S BOULDER.

Such slopes as these are generally covered with boulders, some of immense size; and along these slopes and under frowning cliffs the railroad gropes its way under their shadow; one of which, "Whitcomb's boulder," it was proposed to tunnel as the easiest solution of a location of the road, and it was actually under-cut on one side for trains to pass. The passenger looks upward a thousand feet or more as the train

sweeps a graceful curve around some concave bend, and sees the beetling cliffs of many-coloured sandstone, looking with their great angles like gigantic castles and fortresses erected by nature to guard these her penetralia.

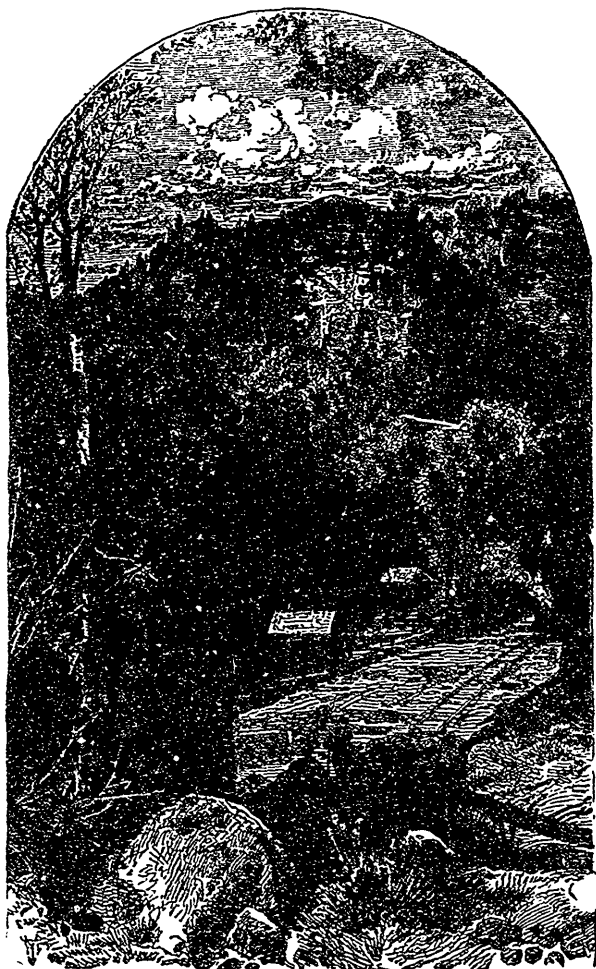
At Hawk's Nest, a wildly picturesque spot, the Chesapeake



MILLER'S FERRY FROM THE HAWK'S NEST.

and Ohio Railroad crosses New River on a fine iron bridge, six hundred and sixty-nine feet in length, and of engineering interest from the successful foundations for its masonry, which were secured on the boulders in the bed of the torrent. The cut

on page 220 gives a bird's eye view of this bridge-crossing and the gorge above. The Hawk's-nest Cliffs, six hundred feet vertically above the railroad, and on the crest of which passes the old James River and Kanawha turnpike, have long been points of note to the tourist. From this point to Cotton Hill and the

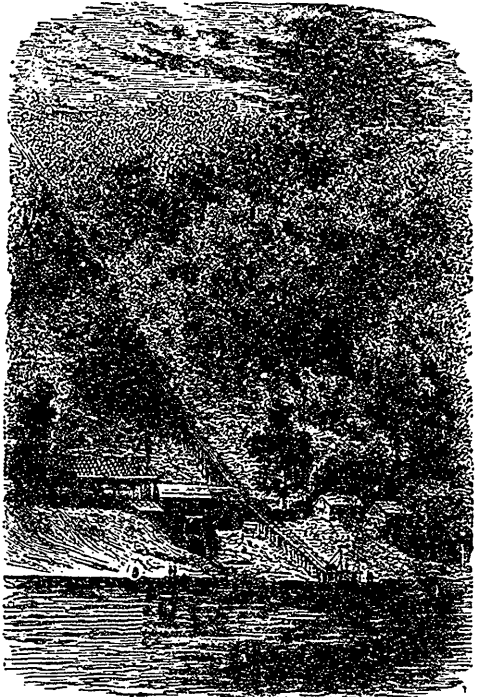


THE HAWK'S NEST FROM BOULDER POINT.

Kanawha Falls, are some of the most beautiful views and striking scenery of this region. The railroad location is here especially bold, and will arrest the attention of experts for its thorough study and skill.

The cliff excavation of these sections was one of the earliest applications in America of nitro-glycerine, as an explosive for difficult rock-work. Kanawha Falls, immediately below the junction of New and Gauley Rivers, marks the head of the Great Kanawha River. These falls are more beautiful than imposing. They are widely known as a very pleasant fishing resort. The New River, at this point (where it becomes the Kanawha) entirely changes its character—from the mountain torrent of many miles back, to a gentle, beautiful stream, partaking of the general characteristics of the Ohio affluents.

Between the Hawk's Nest and the Kanawha Falls there is also a great change in the coal formation. The "lower measures" of the New River section, which at Quinnimont are over 1,000 feet above the river-level, with their continuous north-westward dip, now pass under New River; and westward,



INCLINE PLAIN AT CANNELTON.

above water-level, we have the Kanawha section proper, comprising the rich cannel and gas coals of this remarkable group. Transversely to the axis of dip, these seams can be worked horizontally to the extreme limits of the district, with few faults, and with drainage, by gravity, except where some simple syphon arrangement is used for occasional rolls or waves.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XVII.—HEART TRIALS.

"WELL, Kate," said Zenas, as he and his sister rode homeward through the solemn moonlight and starlight, "You have burned your boats and broken down the bridge. There is no going back."

"I hope not, Zenas," she replied, "but I feel very much the need of going forward. I have only made the first step yet."

"Well, you've started on the right line, anyhow. It was a plucky thing to do. I did not think it was in you. You are naturally so shy. I wish I could do the same myself, but I haven't the courage.

"Don't think of yourself, Zenas, nor of your comrades; but of the loving Saviour who died for you and longs to save you."

"Upon my word, Kate, it made me feel more what a coward I am to see you standing before the whole meeting than all the preaching I ever heard."

"I felt that I ought, that I must," said Kate, "but after I rose I forgot every one there and spoke because my heart was full. O Zenas, just give up everything for Jesus; be willing to endure anything for Jesus; and you'll feel a joy and gladness you never felt before. Why, the very world seems changed, the stars and the trees, and the moonlight on the river were never so beautiful; and my heart is as light as a bird."

"I wish I could, Kate. I remember I used to feel something like that about Brock. I could follow him anywhere. I could have died for him."

"Well, that feeling is ennobling. But much nobler is it to enlist under the Great Captain, the grandest teacher and leader the world ever knew; and what is better far, the most loving Saviour and Friend."

With such loving converse, the brother and sister beguiled the homeward way. As Kate retired to her room a sweet peace flooded her soul as the moonlight flooded with a heavenly

radiance the snowy world without. Zenas, on the contrary, was ill at ease, and tossed restlessly, his soul disturbed with deep questionings of the hereafter, during much of the night.

As Kate sat at the head of the table next morning, where her mother had been wont to sit, some of her dead mother's holy calm and peace seemed to rest upon her countenance. So thought her father as he looked upon her.

"How like your mother you grow, child," he said when all the rest had left the table.

"Do I, father? I hope I shall grow like her in everything. I have learned the secret of her noble life. I have found her best friend," and she modestly recounted her recent experiences.

Little more then passed, but a few days afterwards, the Squire took occasion, when he was alone with his daughter, to say, "I hope you are not going to join those Methodists, Kate. I respect religion as much as any one; but I think the Church of your father ought to be good enough for you. You've always been a good girl. I don't see the need of this fuss, as if you had been doing something awful. Besides," he went on, a little hesitatingly, as if he were not quite sure of his ground, "besides it will mar your prospects in life, if you only knew it."

"I don't understand you, father," replied Kate, with an expression of perplexity. "You have always thought too well of me. I know my life has been very far from right in the eyes of God. I feel I need pardon as much as the worst of sinners."

"Of course we're all sinners," went on the old man. "The Prayer Book says that. But then Christ died to save sinners, you know; and I'm sure you never did any thing very bad. But what I mean is this: You must be aware that you have made a deep impression upon Captain Villiers, and no blame to him either. He is an honourable gentleman, and he has asked my permission to pay his addresses. I asked him to wait till this cruel war is over, because while it lasts a soldier's life is very uncertain, and I did not wish to harrow up your feelings by cultivating affections which might be blighted in their bloom. Nay, hear me out, child," he continued, as Kate was about to reply, "I did not intend to speak of this now, but the Captain is a strict Churchman, and so were his ancestors, he says, for three hundred years, and he would not, I am sure, like one for whom he enter-

tains such sentiments as he does toward you, to cast in her lot with those ranting Methodists."

Kate had at first blushed deeply, and then grew very pale. She however listened to her father patiently, and then said quietly, but with much firmness, "I respect Captain Villiers very highly, father; and am very grateful for his kindness to us all, and especially to Zenas when he was wounded. I feel, too, the honour he has done me in entertaining the sentiments of which you speak. But something more than respect is due to the man to whom I shall entrust my life's keeping. Where my heart goes, there will go my hand; there, and not elsewhere."

"Pooh! pooh, child. Girls are always romantic, and never know their own mind. You will think better of it. I'm getting to be an old man, Kate, and would not like to leave you unsettled in life in these troublous times. You owe me your obedience as a daughter, remember."

"I owe you my love, my life, father, but I owe something to myself, and more to God. I feel that my taste and disposition and that of Captain Villiers are very different, and more different than ever since the recent change in my religious feelings. It would be at the peril of my soul, were I to encourage what you wish."

"Nonsense, girl. You are growing fanatical. You never disobeyed me before. You must not disobey me now."

Kate smiled a wan and flickering smile of dissent; but to say more she felt would be fruitless. A heavy burden was laid upon her young life. She knew the iron will that slumbered beneath her father's kind exterior; but she felt in her soul a will as resolute, and with a woman's queenly dignity she resolved to keep that soul-realm free. In her outward conduct she was more dutiful and attentive to her father's comfort than ever; but she felt poignantly that for the first time in her life an injunction was laid upon her by one who she so passionately loved which she could not obey. She found much comfort in softly singing to herself in that inviolate domain, the solitude of her own room, a recent poem which she had clipped from the *York Gazette*, and which, in part, expressed her own emotions:—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought and hoped and known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still my own !

“ And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ;
 Show Thy face and all is bright.
 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
 With Thy favour, loss is gain.

“ Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me ;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.”

CHAPTER XVIII.—CHIPPEWA AND LUNDY'S LANE.

DURING the remainder of the winter the domestic history of the household at The Holms was unmarked by any incidents. The discharge of her homely duties and kindly charities to the people of the devastated village of Niagara who still lingered in the neighbourhood engrossed all the time and energies of Katharine Drayton. These wholesome activities prevented any morbid broodings or introspections, and furnished the best possible tonic for the strengthening of her moral purposes. Captain Villiers found frequent opportunities of visiting The Holms. His manner to Kate was one of chivalric courtesy ; but, with a self-imposed restraint, he studiously endeavoured to repress any manifestation of tender feelings. Kate was cordial and kind, but as studiously avoided giving an opportunity for the manipulation of such feelings had it been contemplated.

Neville Trueman was engaged in special religious services night after night for nearly the whole winter at several appointments of his circuit. The revival influence seemed to widen and deepen as the weeks went by. He often called to invite Zenas to these

meetings. At times the young man seemed strangely subdued and docile, and Neville rejoiced over what he considered the yielding of his will to the hallowed influences of the good Spirit of God. At other times he seemed wilful and wayward, or even petulant and testy, giving evidence of the resistance of his human will to the Divine drawings of which he was the subject. At such times the faith of Neville was sorely tried; but his patience and forbearance were never exhausted, and the sisterly affection and tenderness of Katharine were redoubled. Zenas would then break out into self-upbraidings and self-reproaches; and Kate not knowing what to say, said little, but, in the solitude of her chamber, prayed for him all the more.

"Kate, you're an angel and I'm a brute," he said one day after one of these exacerbations of temper; "I don't see how you can bear with me."

"Bear with you, Zenas!" she replied, tears of sympathy filling her eyes, "I could give my life for you. Alas! my brother, very far from an angel am I; I am a poor weak sinner, and I need the grace of God every day to cleanse my heart and keep it clean."

"If you, who are a saint need that, what do I need, who am viler than a beast?" he exclaimed with an impassioned gesture.

"You need the same, Zenas, dear; and it is for you if you only will seek it," she replied laying her hand gently on his arm.

He snatched her hand, kissed it passionately, then dropped it and turned abruptly away. She looked after him wistfully; but felt a glad assurance spring up in her heart that the object of so many prayers could not be finally lost.

Thus matters went on for several weeks. At last one day Kate was sewing alone in her little room, when through the window she saw Zenas approaching with long elastic strides from the barn. Bursting into her presence, he exclaimed, with joyous exaltation of manner, "I've done it, Kate! Thank God, at last I've done it!"

She had no need to ask, as she looked into his transfigured countenance, an explanation of his words. She flung herself upon his breast, and throwing her arms about his neck said, "Dear Zenas, I knew you would; I felt sure of it. Thank God! Thank God!"

In loving communion the brother and sister sat, as Zenas told how he could not bear the struggle between his conscience and

his stubborn will any longer. So after doing his "chores" at the barn, he went on, he had climbed into the hay loft, resolved not to leave it till the conflict was over and he had the consciousness of his acceptance with God and of the forgiveness of his sins. "I envied the very horses in the stalls," he said, in describing his emotions; "they were fulfilling their destiny; they had no burden of sin; while I was tortured with a damning sense of guilt. I flung myself on the straw," he went on; "and groaned in the bitterness of my spirit, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death.' At that moment," he exclaimed, "I seemed to hear spoken in my ears, the exultant answer of the apostle: 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I sprang up and before I knew began to sing—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my God's and He is mine.'"

Kate took the refrain, and brother and sister sang together the joyous song—

"O happy day! O happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

We must turn now to the more stormy public events of the time. Preparations for the campaign of 1814 were made on both sides with unabated energy. The legislature of Lower Canada increased the issue of army bills to the amount of £1,500,000, and that of the upper province voted a liberal appropriation for military expenditure, and increased the efficiency of the militia system. Stores of every kind, and in vast quantities, were forwarded from Quebec and Montreal by brigades of sleighs to Kingston as a centre of distribution for western Canada. A deputation of Indian chiefs from the West was received at the castle of St. Louis, and sent home laden with presents and confirmed in their allegiance to the British.

Early in the year, the Emperor of Russia offered to mediate between the belligerents in the interests of peace. Great Britain declined his interference, but proposed direct negotiations with the United States. The commissioners appointed, however, did not meet till August, and, meanwhile, the war became more deadly and mutually destructive than ever.

The campaign opened in Lower Canada. General Wilkinson,

who had removed his headquarters from Salmon River to Plattsburg, advanced with five thousand men from the latter place, crossed the Canadian frontier at Odelltown, and pushed on to Lacolle, about ten miles from the border. Here a large two-storey stone mill, with eighteen-inch walls, barricaded and loop-holed for musketry, was held by the British who numbered, in regulars and militia, about five hundred men, under the command of Major Hancock. Shortly after midday, on the 13th of March, General Wilkinson, with his entire force, surrounded the mill, being partially covered by neighbouring woods, with the design of taking it by assault. As they advanced with a cheer to the attack, they were met by such a hot and steady fire that they were obliged to fall back to the shelter of the woods. The guns were now brought up (an eighteen, a twelve, and a six-pounder), for the purpose of battering, at short range, a breach in the walls of the mill. Their fire, however, was singularly ineffective. The British sharpshooters picked off the gunners, so that it was exceedingly difficult to get the range or to fire the pieces. In a cannonade of two hours and a half, only four shots struck the mill. Major Hancock, however, determined to attempt the capture of the guns, and a detachment of regulars, supported by a company of voltigeurs and fencibles, was ordered to charge. In the face of desperate odds they twice advanced to the attack on the guns, but were repulsed by sheer weight of opposing numbers. The day wore on. The ammunition of the beleaguered garrison was almost exhausted. Yet no man spoke of surrender. For five hours this gallant band of five hundred men withstood an army of tenfold numbers. At length, incapable of forcing the British position, the enemy fell back, baffled and defeated, to Plattsburg, and for a time the tide of war ebbed away from the frontier of Lower Canada.

With the opening of navigation hostilities were resumed on Lake Ontario. During the winter, two new vessels had been built at Kingston. Strengthened by the addition of these, the British fleet, under the command of Sir James Yeo, early in May, sailed for Oswego in order to destroy a large quantity of naval stores there collected. A military force of a thousand men, under General Drummond, accompanied the expedition. An assaulting party of three hundred and forty soldiers and sailors, in the face of a heavy fire of grape, stormed the strong and well-

defended fort. In half an hour it was in their hands. The fort and barracks were destroyed, and some shipping, and an immense amount of stores were taken.

Sir James Yeo, now blockaded Chauncey's fleet in Sackett's Harbour. On the morning of the last day of May a flotilla of sixteen barges, laden with naval stores, was discovered seeking refuge amid the windings of Sandy Creek. A boat-party from the fleet, attempting pursuit, became entangled in the narrow creek, and was attacked by a strong force of the enemy, including two hundred Indians. After a desperate resistance, in which eighteen were killed and fifty wounded, the British force was overpowered, and a hundred and forty made prisoners. These were with difficulty saved from massacre by the enraged Iroquois, by the vigorous interposition of their generous captors.

The course of political events in Europe intimately affected the conflict in America. Napoleon was now a prisoner in Elba, and England was enabled to throw greater vigour into her transatlantic war. In the month of June, several regiments of the veteran troops of Wellington landed at Quebec, and strong reinforcements were rapidly despatched westward.

The most sanguinary events of the campaign occurred on the Niagara frontier. On the 3d of July, Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley, with a force of four thousand men, crossed the Niagara River at Buffalo. Fort Erie was garrisoned by only a hundred and seventy men, and the commandant, considering that it would be a needless effusion of blood to oppose an army with his scanty forces, surrendered at discretion. The next day, General Brown, the American Commander-in-Chief, advanced down the river to Chippewa. Here he was met by Major-General Riall, whose scanty force was strengthened by the opportune arrival of six hundred of the 3rd Buffs from Toronto, making his entire strength fifteen hundred regulars, six hundred militia, and three hundred Indians. The engagement that ensued was one of extreme severity, a greater number of combatants being brought under fire than in any previous action of the war.

Instead of prudently remaining on the defensive, Riall, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the fifth, boldly attacked the enemy, who had taken up a good position, partly covered by some

buildings and orchards, and were well supported by artillery. The battle was fierce and bloody, but the Americans were well officered, and their steadiness in action gave evidence of improved drill. After an obstinate engagement and the exhibition of unavailing valour, the British were forced to retreat, with the heavy loss of a hundred and fifty killed and three hundred and twenty wounded, among whom was Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweedall. The loss of the Americans was seventy killed and two hundred and fifty wounded. Riall retired in good order, without losing a man or gun, though pursued by the cavalry of the enemy. Having thrown re-enforcements into the forts at Niagara, on both sides of the river, fearing lest his communication with the west should be cut off by the Americans, Riall retreated to Twenty Mile Creek. General Brown advanced to Queenston Heights, ravaged the country, burned the village of St. David's, and made a reconnoissance toward Niagara. Being disappointed in the promised co-operation of Chauncey's fleet in an attack on the forts at the mouth of the river, he returned to Chippewa, followed again by Riall as far as Lundy's Lane.

In the meanwhile, General Drummond, hearing at Kingston of the invasion, hastened with what troops he could collect to strengthen the British force on the frontier. Reaching Niagara on the 25th of July, he advanced with eight hundred men to support Riall. At the same time, he pushed forward a column from Fort Niagara to Lewiston, to disperse a body of the enemy collected at that place. General Brown now advanced in force from Chippewa against the British position at Lundy's Lane. Riall was compelled to fall back before the immensely superior American force, and the head of his column was already on the way to Queenston. General Drummond coming up with his re-enforcements about five o'clock, countermanded the movement of retreat, and immediately formed the order of battle. He occupied the gently swelling acclivity of Lundy's Lane, placing his guns in the centre, on its crest. His entire force was sixteen hundred men, that of the enemy was five thousand. The attack began at six o'clock in the evening, Drummond's troops having that hot July day marched from Queenston landing. The American infantry made desperate efforts in successive charges to capture the British battery; but the gunners stuck to their

pieces, and swept, with a deadly fire, the advancing lines of the enemy, till some of them were bayoneted at their post. The carnage on both sides was terrible.

At length the long summer twilight closed, and the pitying night drew her veil over the horrors of the scene. Still, amid the darkness, the stubborn contest raged. The American and British guns were almost muzzle to muzzle. Some of each were captured and re-captured in fierce hand-to-hand fights, the gunners being bayoneted while serving their pieces. About nine o'clock, a lull occurred. The moon rose upon the tragic scene, lighting up the ghastly staring faces of the dead and the writhing forms of the dying; the groans of the wounded mingling awfully with the deep eternal roar of the neighbouring cataract.

The retreating van of Riall's army now returned, with a body of militia—twelve hundred in all. The Americans also brought up fresh reserves, and the combat was renewed with increased fury. Thin lines of fire marked the position of the infantry, while from the hot lips of the cannon flashed red volleys of flame, revealing in brief gleams the disordered ranks struggling in the gloom. By midnight, after six hours of mortal conflict, seventeen hundred men lay dead or wounded on the field, when the Americans abandoned the hopeless contest, their loss being nine hundred and thirty, besides three hundred taken prisoners. The British loss was seven hundred and seventy. To-day the peaceful wheat-fields wave upon the sunny slopes fertilized by the bodies of so many brave men, and the ploughshare upturns rusted bullets, regimental buttons, and other relics of this most sanguinary battle of the war. Throwing their heavy baggage and tents into the rushing rapids of the Niagara, and breaking down the bridges behind them, the fugitives retreated to Fort Erie, where they formed an entrenched camp.*

We must now return to trace the individual adventures in this bloody drama of the personages of our story. Every possible provision that wise foresight could suggest had been made for the defence of the Niagara Frontier. Fort George had been strengthened and revictualled. A new fort—Fort Mississauga—with star-shaped ramparts, moat and stockade, had been constructed at

* Withrow's "History of Canada," 8vo. Ed., pp. 328-333.

the mouth of the river. Its citadel is a very solid structure, with walls eight feet thick, built of the bricks of the devastated town of Niagara. A narrow portal with a double iron door admits one to the vaulted interior of the citadel, and a stairway, constructed in the thickness of the wall, conducts to the second storey or platform, which is open to the sky. Here were formerly mounted several heavy guns, and the fire-place for heating the cannon-balls may still be seen.

On the morning of July fourth, a courier, on a foam-flecked steed, dashed into Fort George and announced to the officer of the day the startling intelligence of the invasion by the enemy in force and the surrender of Fort Erie. Soon all was activity, knapsacks were packed, extra rations cooked and served out, ammunition waggons loaded, cartridge-boxes filled, and the whole garrison, except a small guard, were under orders to march to meet the enemy at dawn the following morning.

That evening—the eve of the fatal fight at Chippewa—Captain Villiers snatched an hour to pay a farewell visit to The Holms, as had become his habit when ordered on active service. He seemed strangely distraught in manner, at times relapsing for several minutes into absolute silence. Before taking his leave, he asked Kate to walk with him on the river bank in the late summer sunset. The lengthening shadows of the chestnuts stretched over the greensward slopes, and were flung far out on the river which swept by in its silent majesty, far-gleaming in the last rays of the sinking sun. The Captain spoke much and tenderly of his mother and sisters in their far-off Berkshire home.

“I sometimes think,” he said, as they stood looking at the shining reaches of the river, “that I shall never see them again; and to-night, I know not why, I seem to feel that presentiment more strongly than ever.”

“We are all in the care, Captain Villiers,” said Kate, “of a loving Heavenly Father. Not even one of these twittering sparrows falls to the ground without His notice; and we, who are redeemed by the death of His Son, are of more value than they.”

“I wish I had your faith, Miss Drayton,” said the Captain with a sigh.

“I am sure I wish you had, Captain Villiers,” replied Kate

earnestly, "I would not be without it, weak as it often is, for worlds. But you *may* have it. You have the strongest grounds for having it. But alas! I lived without it myself till very recently."

"I have not been unobservant, Miss Drayton," continued the Captain, "of the—what shall I say?—the moral transfiguration of your character. It has been an argument as to the spiritual reality of religion that I could not gainsay. I have always observed its outward forms. I was duly baptized and confirmed, and have regularly taken the sacrament. But I feel the need of something more—something which I am sure my mother had, for if there ever was a saint on earth she is one."

"I can only send you," said Kate, "to the Great Teacher, who says 'Come unto Me and I will give you rest.' I am trying to sit at His feet and learn of Him. *He* will guide you into all truth."

"Amen!" solemnly answered the young man. After a pause he went on, "Miss Drayton, I make bold to ask a favour. Perhaps it may be a last one. Those hymns I have heard you sing come strangely home to my own heart. They awaken yearnings I never felt, and reveal truths I never saw before. May I take the liberty of asking the loan of your hymn-book? Even my mother, with her horror of dissent, would not object to the writings of so staunch a Churchman as the Rev. Charles Wesley."

"If you will do me the favour to accept it, I shall be most happy to give it you," replied Kate. "May it be a great help to you as it has been to me."

"You greatly honour me by your kindness," said the Captain. Drawing his small gold-clasped Prayer Book, on which was engraven his crest—a cross raguled with a wyvern volant—from the breast-pocket of his coat, he said, "Will you do me the further honour of accepting this book. The prayers I know by heart, and I think that, even though a dissenter," he added with a smile, "you will admire them."

"Thanks, I do admire them, very much," said Kate, who was quite familiar with the beautiful service of her father's Church.

The Captain stooped as they were walking through the little garden, which they had now reached, and plucking a few leaves

and flowers, placed them in the book, saying in the words of the fair distraught Ophelia,—

“There is rosemary, that’s for remembrance ;
And there is pansies, that’s for thoughts.”

Then placing the book in her hand, with a reverent respect, he raised her fingers to his lips. In a moment more he had vaulted on his steed, which stood champing its bit at the garden gate, and was soon out of sight.

As, in the deepening twilight, Kate watched his retreating form, a feeling of vague apprehension, of she knew not what, filled her gentle breast. Was it a premonition of his impending doom?—a prescience that she should never behold him again?

BARABBAS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

BARABBAS, in his prison cell,
Gazed on the heavens fair,
And saw the paschal moon ascend
In night’s empurpled air.
The hours crept on ; with awe and dread,
He waited for the morn.
He heard at last the soldier’s tread,
And saw the bolt withdrawn.

“Barabbas,” so the soldier spake,
“I bring thee news of grace,
For Christ, the man of Nazareth,
To-day shall take thy place.
Without the gate shall Jesus bear
The cross prepared for thee ;
Go thou to the atoning feast !”
The man of crime went free.

Barabbas saw the darkened earth
When came the hour of noon,
And slept in peace when Jesus slept
Beneath the paschal moon.
O man of sin ! in thee I see
Myself redeemed by grace ;
The blood-stained cross that rose for thee
Took every sinner’s place.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

JOHN KNOX.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

Like John the Baptist from the wilderness,
 He comes in rugged strength to courts of kings,
 Approaches in the name of God and flings
 The gage of battle down with hardiesse
 Of loftiest courage, and doth truth confess
 Amid a base and sordid age that rings
 With conflict 'gainst the saints of God, and brings
 The wrath of Heaven down in stern redress
 Not clothed in raiment soft is he ; a stern
 Iconoclast, he smites the idols down
 In Rimmon's lofty temple, and doth turn
 To scorn of Baal's power the pride and crown ;
 Therefore his country garlands now his urn
 With wreath immortal of unstained renown.

ON the 24th of November, 1572, John Knox died. That period of intellectual and religious quickening which gave birth to Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, Calvin, Bucer, Farel, Beza, and Jansen, produced no nobler soul than that of the Father of the Scottish Reformation. Froude, indeed, declares that he was the greatest man of his age. His countrymen, especially, should reverence his memory. He stood between Scotland and utter anarchy. He was the bulwark of national liberty against civil and religious despotism.

It may not be amiss to trace the chief incidents of his busy life, and to note his influence on his age and on the destiny of Scotland. He was born in 1505, of a good family, at Haddington, in East Lothian. With the afterward distinguished George Buchanan, he was trained in Latin, Greek, and scholastic philosophy, at the University of St. Andrews. Disgusted with the barren trifling of the schoolmen, he turned with enthusiasm to the study of the primitive Fathers, especially to the writings of St. Jerome and St. Augustine. Here he found a system of religious truth very different from that taught in the cloisters of St. Andrews. The result was a gradual alienation from the

doctrines of Romanism, leading to a divorce from her communion and a repudiation of her authority.

The ferment of the Reformation was already leavening Scottish Society. The vigorous verse of Sir David Lyndsay was lashing the vices of the clergy, and the bright wit of Buchanan was satirizing that cowed legion of dullness, the monks. Patrick Hamilton had the honour of being, in 1528, the proto-martyr of the Scottish Reformation. He was soon followed by the intrepid George Wishart. The mantle of the latter, as he ascended in his chariot of flame, seems to have fallen upon Knox. He had already renounced his clerical orders—for he had been ordained priest—and boldly espoused the persecuted doctrines. He soon encountered the brunt of the infamous Archbishop Beaton's rage, who employed assassins to destroy him.

No tittle of evidence connects the name of Knox with the subsequent murder of the archbishop; but he has been censured for taking refuge for his life with the Protestant insurgents, in the Castle of St. Andrews—a censure which he must share with the apostolic John Rough, and with the high-minded Sir David Lyndsay. Invited to become preacher to the forces in the castle, he, after some hesitation, consented. He opened his commission in the presence of the members of the university, the sub-prior of the abbey, and many canons and friars, by challenging the entire Papal system as false and anti-Christian. The Romish party unwisely took up the gage of battle, only to be disastrously defeated in public discussion. This was Knox's initiation into his life conflict with Rome.

The garrison of St. Andrews, disappointed of English succour, and attacked by French land and sea forces, surrendered on terms of honourable capitulation. But the treaty of capitulation was violated. The leading lay insurgents were thrust into French dungeons, and Knox and his fellow-confessors were chained like common felons to the benches of the galleys on the Loire. Upon Knox, as the arch-heretic, were heaped the greatest indignities. The coarse felon's fare, exposure to the wintry elements, the unwonted toil of tugging at a heavy oar, undermined his health, but could not break his intrepid spirit. Although a single act of conformity to Romish ritual would have broken their chains, yet neither he nor any of his companions in captivity would bow in the Temple of Rimmon. When mass

was celebrated on the galleys, they resolutely covered their heads in protest against what they considered the idolatrous homage of a "broaden god."

One day (it is Knox who tells the story), an image of the Virgin was presented to a Scotch prisoner—probably himself—to kiss. He refused; when the officer thrust it into his hands, and pressed it to his lips. Watching his opportunity, he threw it far into the river, saying:

"Lat our ladie now save herself; schē is lycht enoughe, lat hir leirne to swime."

It was useless attempting to convert such obstinate heretics; so they were let alone thereafter.

The following year, 1548, the galleys hovered on the coast of Scotland to intercept English cruisers; and upon the Scottish prisoners was enforced the odious task of serving against their country and the cause of the Reformation. From long and rigorous confinement and excessive labour, Knox fell ill; but as he beheld from the sea the familiar spires of St. Andrews, where he had first preached the Gospel, he exclaimed, in the full assurance of faith, that he should not die, but live to declare again God's glory in the same place—a prediction which was strikingly verified.

Although lying in irons, sore troubled by bodily infirmities, in a galley named "Nostre Dame," Knox found opportunity to send to his "best beloved brethren of the congregation of St. Andrews, and to all professors of Christ's true evangel," godly counsels and encouragements concerning their religious duties in the perils of the times. After well-nigh two years' captivity in the noisome galleys, during which time the seeds of many of his subsequent infirmities were planted, Knox was set at liberty.

The Reformation was rapidly spreading in England under the patronage of Edward VI. and the zeal of Bishop Cranmer; and Knox accepted from the privy council the appointment of chaplain in ordinary to his majesty. As court preacher, the boldness and freedom of his sermons produced an unusual sensation among the sycophants and parasites whose vices he denounced. His zeal and political, as well as religious, influence, drew upon him the animosity of the Roman Catholic lords, and he was cited before the council to answer charges preferred against him, but was honourably acquitted.

He was offered a benefice in the city of London, that of All-hallows, and even the mitre of Rochester, but declined both dignities with their emoluments on account of his anti-prelatical principles. He rejoiced in the progress of the Reformation in England, and in the suppression of the idolatries and superstitions of the mass; but he regretted the temporizing policy that retained in the ritual and hierarchical institutions the shreds and vestiges of Popery.

After the accession of Mary, Knox continued to preach, though with daily increasing peril, the doctrines of the Reformation. At length, his papers being seized, his servant arrested, and himself pursued by the persecuting zeal of the court party, he withdrew, by the persuasion of his friends, beyond the sea. An exile from his native land and from his family—for in the meantime he had married—he longed to return to the religious warfare from which he seemed to have fled. “I am ready to suffer more than either poverty or exile,” he writes, “for the profession of that religion of which God has made me a simple soldier and witness-bearer among men; but my prayer is that I may be restored to the battle again.”

At Geneva, whither he repaired, he made the acquaintance of Calvin and other great lights of the Reformation, and enjoyed the society of many distinguished refugees from the Marian persecution. Here he devoted himself to study, especially in Oriental learning, then almost unknown among his countrymen. His enemies say that he also embraced the anti-monarchical principles of the Swiss Republic.

Invited by the Protestant refugees of Frankfort to become their pastor, he consented to do so; but soon became involved in a controversy with the prelatical faction of the English exiles, who anticipated on the continent the prolonged conflict between Conformists and non-Conformists, which subsequently convulsed the mother country.

The Reformation seemed to have been crushed out in Scotland with the capture of the Castle of St. Andrews, the last stronghold of the Protestant party, and with the banishment of the Protestant clergy which followed. But Knox, yearning for the conversion of his country to the “true evangel,” resolved, though at the peril of his life, to visit the persecuted remnant lurking in obscure wynds of the city or in remote country houses, and

to try to fan to a flame the smouldering embers of the Reformation, apparently well-nigh extinct. He was received with joy by brethren found faithful even in tribulation. "I praisit God," he writes, "perceaving that in the middis of Sodome, God had mo Lottis than one, and mo faithfull dochteris than twa. Depart I cannot unto sic tyme as God quenche the thirst a litill of our brethrene, night and day sobbing, gronying for the breid of lyfe."

He journeyed through the hill country—the refuge of the Lollards of Scotland—preaching and teaching day and night, kindling the zeal of the disheartened, and binding the scattered faithful in a bond of mutual helpfulness and common fidelity to the Christ and his Gospel—the first of those solemn leagues and covenants by which Scottish Protestantism was confederated against both Popery and prelacy. Like the sound of a clarion, his voice stirred the hearts of the people. "The trumpet blew the ald sound," he exclaims, "till the houssis culd not conteane the voce of it."

Smoothing his rugged style to not uncourtly phrase, he wrote a letter of self-justification to the queen regent: "I am traduceit as an heretick, accusit as a false teacher and seducer of the pepill, besydis uther opprobries, whilk may easilie kindill the wrath of majestratis, whair innocencie is not knawin." He appeals to the justice of heaven, and refutes the false accusations against him.

The remonstrance produced little effect. The first principles of religious toleration were unknown in high places. Non-conformity to the religion of the sovereign was accounted rebellion against her person. "Please you, my lord, to read a pasquil?" the regent contemptuously remarked, handing the document to the Archbishop of Glasgow, the bitter enemy of the Reformer.

Cited before an ecclesiastical court at Edinburgh, Knox repaired thither; but, daunted by his boldness, his accusers abandoned their charge. He returned to Geneva to become, at the request of the congregation, pastor of the Church in that place. But no sooner had he left the kingdom than the Romish clergy regained their courage. In solemn consistory they adjudged his body to the flames and his soul to damnation, and in impotent rage caused his effigy to be burned at the market-cross, amid the jeers of a ribald mob.

While at Geneva, his busy pen was also engaged in fighting

the battles of the Reformation, and he lent important assistance in translating that version of the Scriptures known as the Geneva Bible, one of the most powerful agents of the Reformation in Scotland. The cruel burning of the venerable Walter Milne by the Archbishop of St. Andrews, for the alleged crime of heresy, was the spark which exploded the mine of popular indignation against the priest party in Scotland. Knox felt that his place was in the thick of the impending conflict. Denied passage through England by the antipathy of Elizabeth, after leaving Geneva forever, he sailed directly from Dieppe to Leith. The day after his arrival he writes from Edinburgh: "I am come, I praise my God, even into the brunt of the battle." The queen regent resolved to crush the Reformation, and declared that the Protestant clergy "should all be banished from Scotland, though they preached as truly as ever St. Paul did."

On the outbreak at Perth, the regent attempted to dragoon the Protestants into conformity by French cuirassiers. The lords of the congregation took arms in defence of Christ's Kirk and Gospel. The summons sped like the fiery cross over the hills of Scotland. Knox preached everywhere, like John the Baptist in the wilderness, the new evangel. The iconoclastic zeal of the new converts led, in many places, to the destruction of images and the sacking of monasteries and churches—events which have been a grievance with sentimental antiquarians to this day. But the evils with which the Reformers were contending were too imminent and too deadly to admit of very great sympathy for the carved and painted symbols of idolatry. Better, thought they, that the stone saints should be hurled from their pedestals, than that living men should be burned at the stake; and Knox is actually accused of the worldly wisdom implied in the remark, "Pull down their nests, and the rooks will fly away." We are not sure but that those stern iconoclasts would have regarded the sparing of these strongholds of superstition as analogous to the sin of Israel in sparing the fenced cities of the Philistines. "We do nothing," says Knox, "but go about Jericho, blowing with trumpets, as God giveth strength, hoping victory by His power alone."

The Protestant lords, in solemn assembly at Edinburgh, deposed the regent and appointed a council of government. This sentence Knox approved and defended. Thus was struck the

first heavy blow at the feudal tenure of the crown in Europe, and Knox became one of the earliest expounders of the great principles of constitutional government and limited monarchy, a hundred years before these principles triumphed in the sister kingdom.

Disaster assailed the Congregation. Their armies were defeated; their councils were frustrated. But in the darkest hour the fiery eloquence of Knox rekindled their flagging courage. An English army entered Scotland. The French troops were driven from the country. The religious fabric, supported by foreign bayonets, fell in ruins to the ground, and the Reformation was established by law. The Protestant Council, with the aid of Knox, proceeded to the organization of society. Liberal provision was made for public instruction. In every parish was planted a school; and to Knox is it largely owing that for three centuries Scotland has been the best educated country in Europe.

At this juncture arrived Mary Stuart, to assume the reins of government. Of all who came within the reach of her influence, John Knox alone remained proof against the spell of her fascinations. The mass to which she adhered was more dreaded by him, he said, than ten thousand armed men. And soon the Protestant party had cause to distrust the fair false queen, who, with light words on her lip, and bright smiles in her eye, had seen head after head of the Huguenot nobles fall in the Place de la Greve, and who subsequently put her perjured hand to the bloody covenant of the Catholic League.

Knox was now installed in the old historic Church of St. Giles, where, to listening thousands, he thundered with an eloquence like his who "shook the Parthenon and fulmined over Greece." "His single voice puts more life in us," exclaims a hearer, "than six hundred trumpets pealing in our ears." He spared not the vices of the court, and, with a spirit as dauntless as that of Ambrose rebuking the Emperor Theodosius, condemned the conduct of the Queen. She sent for him in anger.

"Is he not afraid?" whispered the courtiers.

"Why sould the plesing face of a gentilwoman affray me?" he retorted; "I have luiked in the faces of mony angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure."

"My subjects, then," said the Queen, after a protracted interview, "are to obey you and not me?"

"Nay," he replied, "let prince and subject both obey God."

"I will defend the Kirk of Rome," she continued; "for that, I think, is the Kirk of God."

"Your will, madam," answered Knox, "is no reason; neither does your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Jesus Christ."

The subtle Queen next tried the effect of flattery on the stern Reformer. She addressed him with an air of condescension and confidence "as enchanting as if she had put a ring on his finger." But the keen-eyed man could not be thus hooded like a hawk on lady's wrist.

The Protestant lords were beguiled, by the cunning wiles of the crowned siren, of the rights won by their good swords. Knox, with seeming prescience of the future, protested against their weakness, and solemnly renounced the friendship of the Earl of Murray as a traitor to the true evangel. But the submission of the haughty barons of Scotland availed nothing with the queen while one frail old man bowed not to her proud will. He was summoned before her.

"Never prince was so handled," she exclaimed; "but I vow to God I will be revenged;" and she burst into passionate weeping.

Waiting till she became calm, he defended his public utterances. "He must obey God rather than man," he said. "He was not his own master, but His who commanded him to speak plainly, and to flatter no flesh on the face of the earth."

The queen again burst into tears. The stern old man seemed to relent. "He took no delight in the distress of any creature," he said, "and scarce could bear his own boys' weeping when he chastened them for their faults; but," he added, "rather than hurt his conscience, or betray his country, he must abye even the tears of a queen."

Sentimental readers wax indignant at the iron-hearted bigot who could endure unmoved the weeping of a woman, young and lovely, and a queen. But possibly the vision of the headless trunks of the martyrs of Amboise steeled his nature against the wiles of the beautiful siren, who beheld unmoved that sight of horror; and a thought of their weeping wives and babes may have nerved his soul to stand between his country and such bloody scenes.

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"BARRER" LANGFORD.

I.

IN one of the tenement streets of my district, the last house on one side had a small strip of vacant ground attached to it, "end-ways on." Upon this space a neat-looking shed had been built—the purpose of which was sufficiently indicated by a board upon its front bearing the announcement, "Barrows Lent on Hire, by the Week, Day, or Hour: also, Bought, Sold, Exchanged, or Repaired." Over the doorway of the house was another board, on which was inscribed, "S. Langford, Turner in Wood, Bone, and Ivory;" while the top row of window panes was occupied with framed trade announcements, running respectively, "Bird Cages Made for the Trade and to Order;" "Walking Sticks or Canes Polished or Mounted in any Fashion;" and "Clocks Cleaned and Repaired." These various signs all pertained to the avocations of one man, the S. Langford named on one of them, and generally spoken of in the neighbourhood, either as "Barrer" Langford, "Handy" Langford, or "The Wonder." His lathe was fixed across the window, and there each day he was to be seen at work—a tall, thin man, with a rather stooping gait. His hair was silvered, his brow somewhat furrowed, and his cheeks sunken, and, judging from these tokens and his general appearance, you would take him to be about fifty-five. He had a good broad forehead, and fine clear eyes; about his other features there was nothing to be specially noted, while the general expression of the face was markedly kind, though grave and thoughtful. When he was at work, there was usually a band of children around the window watching his operations, and it was a striking proof of his kindliness of heart, that instead of driving them away—as most men would have done, for they obstructed the light, and made distracting noises—he would turn them a top, or some other toy or ornament; or go out to act as peacemaker in their quarrels, or to prevent elder children from ill-treating younger ones. Children are quick in recognizing a friend, and the chil-

dren of the neighbourhood regarded Barrer Langford their especial friend. Being a favourite with the children, it need scarcely be said that he was likewise a favourite with the parents, and especially with the mothers. But if a favourite with his neighbours, he was also somewhat of a mystery to them, as I found on some of them coming to speak to me about him. He had settled in the district some ten years before the time at which I entered upon it. He had taken the whole house, and his establishment consisted of an old woman who acted as housekeeper, and a blind man of about his own age, for whom he evidently entertained a strong affection. To these had subsequently been added a boy—a nobody's child, whom Langford had rescued from the streets and starvation, had educated, and afterwards apprenticed. Soon after coming into the neighbourhood he had allied himself with a little band of volunteers who engaged in the home mission work of the district, and among whom he had done good service. Both in connection with this work and his ordinary avocations, his life, since he had lived in the district, had been open as day, and was well enough known to any of his neighbours who had cared to observe him. It was concerning his life before he had come among them that they were in the dark, and as even they, uneducated and thoughtless as most of them were, could see that he had the air and manner of a man whose life had "something in it," they were inclined to be inquisitive on the point, so much so, indeed, that when it became known that I had made his acquaintance, more than one of them tried to "draw" me on the subject; but I was not to be "had," for the all-sufficient reason that at the date when these attempts were made, I knew as little as the questioners concerning Langford's past life.

The first who "tried it on" with me was a shrewd, uneducated fellow, of the stamp usually known among their neighbours in such districts as mine, as "sea-lawyers." He was one of the anything-to-earn-a-crust school of labourers, and among other things would sometimes attend furniture auctions on the "spec" of obtaining employment as a porter. On these occasions he hired his barrow from Langford, and had, I made no doubt, availed himself of the opportunities afforded by these little transactions to try and "pump" his man. In this attempt, however, he had failed, as his resort to me for information sufficiently proved.

"Did yer know Barrer afore yer dropped across him down

here?" he asked me one day when Langford's name had been incidentally mentioned, in the course of a conversation I was having with him.

"No; I only made his acquaintance on coming into the district," I answered.

My interrogator was much disappointed by this reply; but still he returned to the charge.

"Oh! I thought you might'er," he said, affecting to speak in an off-hand manner. "I was on'y a-wondering what he might a-been afore he made this 'ere pitch."

"Has he been anything else than what he is, then?" I said, becoming a questioner in my turn.

"That is the question, as the play says," answered the man with rather a knowing smile. "I dun'no as how he has, but I guess so, partic'lar strong. I couldn't take my affer-davy on it; but if it was a case of betting, I'd lay guineas to gooseberries as he had."

"But what reason have you for thinking so?" I asked, beginning to get interested.

"Well, pretty nigh the same reason that I have for thinking that two and two make four," was the answer. "Just you put two and two together over it. Any one can see that he is something different—something better—than the general run of us as he's living among. Then he quietly makes his 'pitch' here, coming from no one knows where, and a-bringing with him Blind Dixon—which is no relation to him—and the old gal as keeps house for 'em, the three making up what you can't but call a odd lot, though of course we know that they are a good lot—a very good lot; and Barrer hisself the gem on them. And a gem he is, mind yer, whatever he may a-been, or whatever he may be a-keeping to hisself. A better feller there couldn't be for godness of heart, and a-actin' up to his perfeshun. He ain't none o' yer one-day-in-seven Christians, he ain't; he's a every-day, all-the-year-round Christian, and shows that he's sich in other ways beside just the go-to-mectin' one. Which, meaning no offence to present company, it strikes me, there ain't too many of that pattern to be found even among those who seem to think as it's only us poor folk as wants conwerting and sending tracts to. If I was scolard enough, and had head enough to write a tract, you see whether I wouldn't write a stiff 'un for the pertic'lar benefit of them 'ere

Christians—as they thinks proper to call themselves—as puts their religion on and off with their Sunday clothes. I knows lots on 'em; and, meaning no offence to present company, as I said before, I daresay you know more of sich than I do. Howsomer, he went on, waving his hand as if in dismissal of the subject, “that’s on’y a bit of my mind, as the women say, and ain’t anything to do with what I was a-saying about Barrer. Every one can see how he lives here, and if he’d always lived the same, why should he and Dixon and the old woman always be mum on the subject, if any one happens to drop a word about it? What does it all spell? Why, that there is summat to keep dark!”

“Well, he could hardly have been anything very different from what he is now,” I said; “for a man couldn’t become a clever mechanic all of a sudden.”

“Well, no, turning and cage-making, and that sort of thing, ain’t learned in a day, or there ’ud be a lot more of us going in for it,” answered my friend; “but I wasn’t meaning in the way of trade; I don’t suppose he has been either much better or much wuss off than he is now, but I was a-wondering whether Langford really was his name; whether he mightn’t be under hiding, yer know.”

“Under hiding!” I exclaimed, in a tone in which there was indignation as well as surprise.

“Oh! I don’t mean anything of *that* sort,” said the man, rightly divining the meaning of my tone and look. “I don’t mean anything as *I* should call bad, or as I think he need be ashamed of. Only, don’t you see, that what the likes of me may think is one thing, and what the lor says is another; there’s other things beside thievin’, and the like, as the lor can lumber a man for.”

He nodded his head with a significance, that meant, “you understand;” but I did *not* understand, and intimated as much by observing in the vernacular that I knew would be most expressive to my hearer, “I don’t take.”

“Well, then, I’ll tell you,” said my friend. “Barrer is a feller as has notions—you’ll know that much anyway; he’s what you may call one of your reg’lar phil—what-do-you-call-’um’s.”

“Philosophers,” I said, supplying the word as he came to a standstill.

“Yes, that’s it,” he resumed; “a reg’lar philosopher—of a sort,

yer know. Of course, this is a free country, and Britains never shall be slaves, etcetterer. You can *have* any opinions yer likes, only, if they're sich as go agin the grain with the big-wigs, them as loves the chief seats in the synagogues, as Barrer himself would say, and as has the making of the lors,—if they're opinions of that stamp, yer may easily knock yer 'ed agin the wall if you speak them."

"Oh, I sec," I said; "you think that Langford may have got into some trouble over something of that kind, and be 'wanted?'"

"Well, that's my ideer," he said, with an emphasis that was intended as reply and rebuke to the smile I could not altogether suppress; "and it's the ideer of a good many more too."

And so I subsequently discovered it was. Mary of Langford's neighbours were quietly agreed among themselves that he was some mysterious political refugee; though why they were of that opinion they would for the most part have been at a loss to say. The fact was, the idea had originated with, and been speedily spread by, the sea-lawyer; and it had no doubt arisen in his mind pretty much upon the principle of the wish being father to the thought. He regarded himself as an advanced politician of some little consequence. He took in a weekly newspaper of fiery politics, held forth to his neighbours—when he could get hearers among them—upon the amendment of the constitution, was given to making his voice heard—chiefly in the way of questioning or contradicting a speaker, or hissing or applauding—at public meetings of a political character, and took a leading part among the sandwich men, *i.e.*, men who go about "sandwiched" between two placards on back and breast, and *claquers* of the "advanced party" at election times. Politics being his weak point, his usual shrewdness deserted him where they were concerned, and he believed—and prided himself on the idea—that the powers that he had knowledge of him, regarded him as a dangerous personage, and would be glad to persecute and crush him, were he not too clever to afford them any opportunity of doing so. Finding from the discourse of Barrer Langford that he was one who had thought and formed opinions upon the great question of the Regeneration of Society, that he was no respecter of persons or classes in talking against sin, and did not hesitate to "speak evil of dignities" whose ways were evil—finding this,

the sea-lawyer had set down Langford as a kindred spirit, and coupling this with his reticence about what his life might have been previous to his settling in this district, had jumped to the conclusion that he was in some way a political exile. This notion he had—more by means of hints and head-shakings than direct assertion—easily spread among his neighbours; for like most uneducated people, they delighted in anything having a touch of mystery; while the sea-lawyer ranked as a Sir Oracle among them.

Thus, for a variety of reasons, Barrer Langford was regarded as one of the most remarkable characters of the district. Taking the practical interest that he did in the mission work, I was soon thrown into his company, and I always have a special remembrance of the first time of our meeting, by reason of a rather dramatic and characteristic little incident that occurred on that occasion. It was in the winter time, and severe frosts, and adverse winds, by preventing shipping from getting up the river, had been the means of causing great distress among the dock-labourers of the district, who, with their families, made up the bulk of the inhabitants. Among the other means specially adopted for the relief of the distress was that of giving teas to the labourers and their families, in a public hall. The funds for this purpose had been chiefly subscribed or collected by persons taking an active interest in the spiritual and moral welfare of the poor of the district. Such persons naturally availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by these gatherings, to address the people, and it was as a speaker at one of these large tea-parties to "the unemployed" that I first saw Barrer.

He was received with great applause on rising, and at once commenced his address in that familiar colloquial style which all who have experience in such matters find "goes down" best with classes such as those who formed the audience on this occasion. He hoped they had all enjoyed their tea, he said he was very sorry there was any need to provide such a tea—that they were not in a position to earn their teas for themselves; he was very glad, on the other hand, to find so many kind people willing to lend a helping hand to furnish the teas; and, above all, very thankful for the chance which these meetings afforded for those who wished them well to address them. But for some such "draw" as that of the tea, he continued, he was afraid very few

of them would be found at a meeting, and yet, important as food for the body no doubt was, food for their souls, about which their friends here wanted to talk to them, was of vastly greater importance. For a man to be short of a meal was, he knew, a hard thing to bear, and it was a harder thing still to see wives or little ones going without; but better a thousand times be short of food than ignorant of the means of grace and salvation. Then he went on to point out to them how to seek that they might obtain grace; and gently gliding from things spiritual to things social, he concluded by pointing out that their present distress should be a lesson to them; should induce them to do everything in their power to provide for the proverbial rainy day and to think, in the sunny days of employment, of the rainy days of enforced idleness that might come.

When he sat down, I entered into conversation with him, and we left the hall together. We walked in the direction of his residence, and being in the midst of an interesting discussion when we reached the corner of the street in which his house was situated, and the night being exceedingly cold, he asked me to go home with him—an invitation which I readily accepted. The front room on the ground floor was, as I have already mentioned, Langford's workshop, and the back room I now found was the living room of the establishment, on entering this latter apartment I saw Blind Dixon and the old housekeeper seated one in each chimney corner, while at a little table in front of the fire sat the youth whom Langford had adopted, engaged in copying a drawing from some work on mechanics. Langford briefly introduced me, and as he did so placed my hand in that of his blind friend, who rose to receive me. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, was slightly built, and was evidently of a nervous temperament. He had a pale intellectual face, over which was cast a dreaminess of expression which was probably in a great measure attributable to his blindness.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, passing his disengaged hand lightly over my face. "We don't make many now-a-days, but James and you are well met. He, too, in his way, is a labourer in the vineyard, as I might have been, and would have liked to have been, had God so willed it. But He did not, and I can but humbly say, not my will, but His be done."

He released my hand, and seating himself again, said—addressing himself to Langford—“You’d have a good muster to-night, James?”

“Yes, poor folks,” answered Langford, “we had the hall full of them, and could have had as many more if we had had room, and the wherewithal to feed them, as I said when there we might have tried long enough before we could have got such a gathering at a meeting where higher things were in question.”

“Well, James, it may be ‘pity ’tis true,’” said Dixon, speaking in a slow thoughtful tone, “still ’tis true that such is human nature. I’m afraid that even the best of us are given to act more or less upon the principle that ‘wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.’”

“I’m afraid so too,” said Langford, with a slight smile; “and so observe, my good friend, that my remark was made regretfully, not pharisaically. I daresay that if I was cold, hungry, and dispirited, the prospect of a substantial tea would draw me out when a call to hear the Word would not, and after all, as the tea did bring them together, the word in season could be spoken to them.”

Dixon was about to make some reply, when the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the street door, and Langford’s adopted son going to answer the knock, presently returned, saying, “Here’s old Bob Simpson in some trouble over a barrow; he wants to see you.”

“Bring him in then,” said Langford; and Bob, who was an itinerant dealer in salt, was accordingly ushered in.

“Well, what is it now, Bob?” said Langford, seeing that the other did not speak; “been getting the barrow run into, eh? I thought you were too old a roadster for that.”

“So I should think I was,” replied the other. “It ain’t that, it’s wuss; it ain’t been run *into*—at least not as I knows on—but it’s been a run *off with*.”

“What, stolen!” exclaimed Langford.

“Yes,” said the other, with a shake of the head. “While I went into a house for a few minutes, some lurker or other got clean away with it. I tried all I knew to find him out, but it was no go; and it was well for him that it wasn’t, for if I’d once got my grappling iron on to him, I’d have twisted his neck for him, old as I am, I would, sel——”

"Come, come, Bob," interrupted Langford, checking him by word and gesture, "none of that, you know."

"Oh, I know; 'Swear not at all,'" said the other; "but it's almost enough to make any one swear."

"It doesn't make me swear, and I shall be the heaviest loser," said Langford. "Your deposit won't go far towards replacing the barrow."

"I s'pose not," said Mr. Simpson, scratching his head ruefully. "I'm werry sorry indeed it's happened, but—but—well I may as well out with it—I was a-going to ask you to let me have the deposit back, I'm dreadful hard up just now; and if you stick to the 'arf-crown, I shall have to shut up shop altogether, and then the wife and me will have to go where, in all our struggles—and we've had some tight uns—we've never been before—the work-house."

"Was the house you went into for a few minutes a public?" asked Langford, with just a touch of irony in his tone.

"No, honour bright, it wasn't," exclaimed Simpson. "I'll tell you just how it happened. I was on my round, when a servant at a house as I sometimes serves comes out and says to me, 'Salt O, do you care to earn a sixpence?' 'Which I just does,' says I. 'Well,' says she, 'I'm a-leaving this place to-day, and I want some one to take my box to my mother's for me, and if you'll come round for it this evening, I'll pay you for carrying it.' 'All right,'" says I, 'and thank yer;' and round I went according. Well, when I got to her mother's house, they were a-havin' a crust o' bread and cheese, and a drop of beer by way of supper, and they werry kindly says to me would I have a mouthful with 'em. In course I said I would, and I stayed the matter of five or ten minutes, and then when I went out, the barrer was gone; and though I went up and down the street asking every one I met if they'd seen any one a-touching it, I could hear neither tale nor tidings of it."

"It was careless of you to leave it unwatched like that," said Langford.

"Well, it was, as it turns out," assented the other; "but I never thought as how any one would a 'ad the 'art to rob a poor old feller like me, for I dare say they watched me in, and any way they could see that it was only a poor saltman's barrer."

"As far as that goes, I don't suppose the thief gave any thought as to who or what you might be," put in Langford.

"Well, I should hope not, for their sake," said Simpson; "for if they did, they must a' been a bad lot. All the same, it's hard lines for me, and if you are hard with me too, I'm done for. If you sticks to the 'arf-crown, and won't let me have another barrer, I shall lose my round, and then there'll be nothing but the Union for me and the old woman. Not as we need mind so very much for that in some ways. As far as eating and drinking goes, we should be better off in the House than we are out of it. But what of that! Liberty is sweet, and if you are of an independent mind, there's relish in the hardest crust that you've earned yourself. Besides, we'd be separated there, and that 'ud be about the finisher for us. We've been man and wife now these forty years, and come storm, come shine, come good times, come hard times, we've always gone well together in harness, and we did hope to do so to the end of the journey, till death and not the workhouse parted us—but we can't if I lose my round."

The old salt-hawker was as homely a figure as you could well imagine, but he spoke now with an air and eloquence that commanded respect as well as sympathy. His voice trembled a little with emotion, and as he finished speaking you could see that the tears had gathered in his eyes. His appeal was quite sufficient to subdue what little of hardness of spirit Langford brought to bear in his business transactions; for, stepping up to the old salt-man, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, he exclaimed in a kindly, re-assuring tone,—

"But you shall not lose your round, Bob; you shall have another barrow to-morrow; I know you'll watch it better, and perhaps we'll come across the other one again some day, or if we don't, why there have been greater losses, and we'll get over it."

"God in heaven bless you!" exclaimed old Simpson. "You—you—" He could say no more; the feeling of relief and gratitude to which Barrer's kind words gave rise were too much for him. He fairly broke down, and rushed from the house to hide the tears, which were, however, no disgrace to his manhood.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ON the fourth of June I left London for my continental trip. Passing through the beautiful southern shires of England, I sailed from Newhaven for the French fishing-town of Dieppe.* The chalk cliffs of Beachy Head soon disappeared and the French coast came into view. Dieppe 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. The ride to Rouen was a succession of beautiful pictures of quaint rural life, queer old chateaux with pepper-pot turrets; red-tiled or straw-thatched, low-walled granges, embowered amid orchards in full bloom; old moss-grown villages with their mouldering church, tiny mill, and rustic inn.

I spent my first night in France at Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, and the richest of French cities in mediæval architecture. In Paris almost every thing that is old has disappeared before the modern improvements. Rouen, in general aspect, is the same as it was five hundred years ago. The ancient timbered houses, with quaintly carved and high-pitched gables lean over the narrow crooked streets till they almost meet over head. 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." 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

* The conditions of my life-insurance policy requiring me to leave Southern Italy early in July, I was compelled to reverse the intended order of my journey and leave Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium till the last.

praying on their tombs, all produce a profound impression on the mind. One can walk completely around 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 “Portal 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, 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.

In those early days art was religion, 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 his creation and fall to the final resurrection. But most frequently and most fully is told 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.

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 and France, is an elaborate series of stone reliefs representing the pomp and pageants of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. May not 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 seemed strange 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 of 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 quick and bright-witted, and I had slight difficulty in getting any information I wanted. I thought the English very polite, and so they were; but I must confess the French surpassed 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 that is but a specimen of the treatment everywhere in France. One lady, indeed, assured me that they looked upon Canadians almost as fellow-countrymen; but even when my nationality was unknown the politeness was the same. At a fine museum in Paris, the Musée de Cluny, to which admission is granted by a special order but without a fee, I recorded my name as desiring an order, and in two days received a large official document containing it. Before it arrived, however, happening to be in the neighbourhood, I asked admission, which was courteously granted, and every assistance given in studying the valuable collections.

I have said that I was disappointed at the brand new appearance of the greater part of Paris. I was also struck with the monotony—a splendid monotony it is true—of its street architecture. Broad boulevards and streets radiate from numerous points, so, I believe, according to M. Haussmann's design, as to be commanded by cannon from these strategic points. On either side of these streets rise uniform blocks and wedges of houses, of cream-coloured stone,—five, six, or seven stories high, with iron balconies, and bright shop fronts. Many of the boulevards are lined with noble trees, giving a refreshing shade and coolness amid the glare and heat of the city. Many of them are also paved with concrete or asphalt, which has the double advantage of being noiseless and of furnishing poor material for the erection of barricades—the favourite amusement of the Parisian in times of political excitement. At night the streets are brilliant with light—electric lamps, glowing like mimic suns; the cafes ablaze with gas, and occupying with their little round tables half of the broad side-walks; and the numerous shops flashing with jewellery or glowing with costly fabrics.

The public squares, of which there are many, are full of life and movement and rich in colour, adorned with noble trees, flashing fountains and snowy statuary, and filled with brilliant equipages and promenaders, with everywhere the ubiquitous gens d'armes. Of all the parks in the world I suppose the Champs Elysées is the grandest—not so much in natural beauty, for it shares the splendid monotony of the city, but in the stately architecture by which it is surrounded, the noble vistas it presents, and the brilliant concourse by which it is thronged, and over all is thrown an intense historic interest by the tragic memories with which it is haunted. On its broad Place de la Concorde, the guillotine began its bloody work with the execution of Louis XVI. Then in swift succession followed the judicial murders of his ill-fated and lovely queen Marie Antoinette, his sister Madame Elizabeth, Philip Egalite, Duke of Orleans; and here, too, the arch-conspirator Robespierre with many of his companions in crime met a stern retribution. Nearly three thousand persons in all, here became the victims of that tremendous social earthquake, which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust, and shook all Europe with its throes. And here within the last eight years, were renewed, in the wild orgies of the Commune,

the darkest tragedies of the Reign of Terror. The crumbling and crumpled walls of the Tuilleries, blackened and blasted with fire, the seat of the pomp and pride of the late Empire, look down upon the stately palace-garden, as striking a proof of the mutability of earthly greatness as the ruins of Cæsar's imperial palace, near which I pen these lines. And even as I write come the tidings of the tragic death, by a Zulu assegai in an obscure African jungle, of the young prince, born in the purple in those now ruined halls, the prospective heir of all their splendour and imperial power.

The Tuilleries, however, even in their best estate would not compare with the stately architecture of the Louvre, the abode of a long line of sovereigns, and now the home of the immortal works of the mightier Sovereigns of Art. Its majestic façades with their sculptured and columned fronts, its noble statuary, its spacious courts, its vast galleries and its priceless treasures of art make it almost without a rival in the world. Here I must confess a heresy on the subject of art. I cannot feel the enthusiasm for the "old masters," which seems to be expected of all beholders. Ruskin says that nobody ever painted a tree correctly till Turner showed the way. I think that, at least in landscape, the living artists surpass those of any former age. In reverent sympathy with nature and faithful interpretation of her varied moods, I have seen nothing that in my judgment will compare with the modern galleries. Even the religious art of the great masters to me seems often conventional and insipid, and lacking soul and vitality. They possessed a mastery of form and colour, it is true; but in this I think they are equalled by the moderns; and better than all the treasures of the Louvre I liked the exhibition of the works of living artists in the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysée. The portraits seemed almost to speak, the water to flow, the flowers seemed not painted but modelled, the texture of armour, glass, ivory, and woven fabric was of startling realism. Hamlet's words to his mother, "Seems, madam; nay, it is," kept continually coming to my mind.

In religious teaching they seemed also more direct and intense. A picture of our Lord and the family at Bethany, instead of giving the conventional types of the art of the Renaissance, gave real portraits of living men and women—grave, earnest, intensely real, and speaking with strange power to the heart. In another,

our Lord, with a countenance of ineffable and infinite love and piety, calls the afflicted unto Him, and varied types of wretchedness and sorrow cluster in sacred restfulness at His feet. In another, entitled "The Last Port of Refuge," the souls of shipwrecked voyagers are dimly seen struggling up through the whelming waves to the Open Gate of Heaven, where Christ stands to welcome them home. And still another was more exquisitely suggestive than any of the scores of Renaissance Flights into Egypt that I have seen. The dark form of the Sphinx, as if propounding its awful riddle, fills the picture with gloom. Cradled in its arms, where He has been laid by Mary, lies the Holy Child, emitting a glory of Divine radiance, as to show that He was the solution of the dark problem of the ages. In the foreground a thin column of smoke from Joseph's camp-fire climbs the sky, giving an intense conception of the vastness and loneliness of the desert. But mere words can give a very faint idea of the power and impressiveness of these pictures.

Several of the old French palaces are surrendered to purposes of trade. One of these, the Palais Royal, is entirely occupied by shops and *calés*. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and was the palace of Anne of Austria, Louis XIV. and Philip of Orleans. Here were celebrated those disgraceful orgies which helped to bring on the Revolution. It is a vast court adorned with fountains, statuary, trees, and surrounded by the palace buildings. One of the *cafés* overlooking the garden was a favourite place for dining after a hard day's work in the adjacent Louvre. Here in the ancient hall of kings, regaled with music by the band of the *Garde Republicainé*—one of the best in the world—I could obtain an excellent dinner of soup, three courses and dessert, with wine or coffee—I took the coffee—in the company of priests, *abbés*, artists, and ladies, for the sum of fifty cents—and be waited on, too, by a magnificent gentleman in full dress.

The most interesting palace, however, in or near Paris, is the Palace of Versailles. I made the trip—it is twenty miles by rail—in the company of a French gentleman from Canada who crossed in the same ship. We rode in the "imperial" or open upper storey of the railway carriage, and thus enjoyed a fine view of the country. By the way, the omnibuses and street-cars have also these upper storeys, which are much the best for sight-seeing. The palace cost the treasury of Louis XIV. the

enormous sum of a thousand million francs, and at one time 36,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed in constructing its terraces. When, shortly after, the starving people sent a deputation to the King, saying "What shall we eat?" They received the mocking answer, "Eat grass." No wonder a revolution swept away the evil dynasty with a besom of destruction. The chief consolation in visiting these monuments of royal tyranny is the fact that they are no longer the palaces of Kings, but the palaces of the people—the private apartments of once mighty sovereigns, and the boudoirs of Queens, are open to the poorest in the land. How time brings its revenges!

We were shown the Legislative Chamber, in which the day before it had been decided to restore the seat of Government to the City of Paris, which felt sorely aggrieved at the long deprivation it had endured. The palace is a quarter of a mile long and contains some of the grandest courts, galleries, and saloons in the world, adorned with priceless paintings—one of Vernet's battle-pieces is seventy-one feet long and sixteen feet high; Sevres vases, malachite tables, marble mantels and the like, beyond computation. During the late war these stately apartments were turned into hospitals for the German wounded; and in the celebrated *Salle des Glaces*, by a strange irony of fate, the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of United Germany. Here also is shown the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. where the Grande Monarque used to receive his courtiers as he rose from bed—hence our word *levée*—and the royal chamberlains had the honour of arranging his sacred majesty in his wig, robes, and shoes and stockings. Here also is shown the state-bed on which he died, and the window where the herald proclaimed "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" Of greater interest, however, are the private apartments of the amiable and unfortunate Louis XVI. and of his high-born but low-laid consort, Marie Antoinette. Here is her boudoir, her writing and work-table, her library, and on the doors are the identical locks, of excellent workmanship, wrought by the royal locksmith, her husband. From the window is seen the long and noble avenue, up which swarmed the riotous mob of enraged men and women clamouring for blood. On this marble stairway the Swiss Guard kept the mob at bay, faithful unto death. The narrow passage through which the Queen attempted to escape is also pointed out. It makes the tragic

story of those terrible days very real to see these mementoes of their horrors.

The vast and monotonous park, with its formal parterres, its long avenues of trees clipped into accurate cubes, its terraces and fountains with their Neptunes and Tritons and river-gods have a weary monotony that palls upon the mind. The Great and Little Trianons, built for royal mistresses, and the collection of unwieldy and heavily gilt state-carriages recall only memories of guilty pomp and pride.

The far more beautiful, because more natural, is the noble park of St. Cloud, with its avenues of stately trees, its bosky solitudes, its swelling hills and magnificent panorama of Paris and the winding Seine. From the windows of Versailles, it is said, was visible the distant Church of St. Denis, the mausoleum of a long line of French Kings. To shut out the unwelcome view therefore, Louis XIV. erected the pleasure palace of St. Cloud, and filled it with every luxury that despotic power could command. The shells of the Prussians, however, spared not the pride of kings, and the blackened walls of the ruined palace are a monument of the vicissitudes of earthly greatness.

I visited with especial interest the celebrated cemetery of Père La Chaise—the last resting place of so many of the noblest dead of France. My feet turned first to the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, whose tale of love and sorrow, after the lapse of seven centuries, still touches the heart of the world with a perennial power. Their effigies lie, with hands clasped in prayer, side by side, and the simple inscription reads “*Les restes d’Heloise et d’Abelard soul reunis dans ce tombeau.*” Dissevered in their lives, their dust mingles together with its kindred clay. Garlands of fresh and fragrant flowers, placed by loving hands upon their tomb, attested the living sympathy which is still felt for their sorrows. Here, too, is the narrow house of the money-king, Rothschild, and of those queens of tragedy, Rachel and Menken.

The French exhibit much kindly sentiment in decorating the graves of their departed with wreaths of flowers and immortelles; and over many of these are constructed glass pent-houses for their protection. I noticed, too, that even rough fellows in their blouses reverently took off their hats when a funeral passed. On many tombs I observed the prayer for the dead: “*Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.*” In the

Mortuary Chapel was a beautiful marble angel crowned with living flowers, bearing a Bible, open at the text, "So full of hope for all the sorrowing;" "Beate mortui qui in Domino morientur." The cemetery was one of the last strongholds of the Commune, and amid the funereal cypress and marble monuments of the dead were waged one of the most desperate conflicts of the living. In the neighbouring prison of La Roquette, was perpetrated one of the most lurid crimes of that reign of terror. The venerable Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, with four other distinguished ecclesiastics, were, after a mock trial and gross outrage, ruthlessly shot in the court-yard of the prison. The robes of the murdered archbishop, stained with his blood, are shown at the Sacristy of Notre Dame.

Near Fère La Chaise, rise the heights of Les Buttes Chaumont, the most picturesque park in Paris. It is situated in the Belleville fauburg, the very heart of the Commune despotism. To reach it, I had to pass through streets crowded with men and women of the labouring class, many of whom looked quite capable of repeating the dark deeds of those dreadful days. The park was a waste where the rubbish of the city was deposited till the civic government of the late Emperor converted it into a garden of fairy-like loveliness. Artificial lakes, cascades, and grottoes; cliff and crags mantled with foliage and climbing-plants, and gay with flowers of brightest hue, and a magnificent view from a Belvidere crowning a lofty height, make it the most attractive bit of scenery in the city. The large and fashionable Bois de Boulogne is tame and uninteresting in comparison. It is indeed inferior in natural beauty to Fairmont at Philadelphia, and in artificial picturesqueness to Central Park, New York.

But my time and space would fail before I could enumerate half the attractions of this pleasure city. One of the most delightful of those is the Luxemburg Palace, with its noble galleries of sculpture and painting, its vast and elegant though rather formal garden, its pleasant promenade concerts where Fair France appears in her most tasteful toilette—and very tasteful it is. Ladies of the wealthier class always wear bonnets or hats; women of the poorer class, domestic servants and the like, wear a very neat and snowy white muslin cap; those of an intermediate grade trip through the streets with their heads covered only by a somewhat elaborate arrangement of their hair.

The flower markets are also very bright and pleasant places, with the gay colours, the fragrance, and the exquisite beauty of their flowers. The Jardin des Plantes and Jardin d'Acclimatation, with their noble trees, fountains, flowers, and collections of strange animals, are very interesting and instructive resorts. At the latter it is very amusing to see the children enjoying their rides on the camel or elephant, or in the ostrich or zebra carriage.

The tomb of Napoleon I. beneath the vast dome of the Church des Invalides, is a noble mausoleum. In the centre of a large circular crypt sunk in the marble floor lies the high sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of Finland granite, weighing sixty-seven tons. Twelve colossal marble Victories, with wreath and palm, guard the dust of that stormy heart now still for ever, which shook all Europe with its throbs. A faint bluish light streams down from the lofty dome, and the sombre aspect of the crypt and its surroundings contribute greatly to the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The Pantheon and the Madeleine are more like pagan temples than like a Christian church; but in the Sainte Chapelle, gothic architecture has achieved one of its most splendid triumphs. At the Church of the Trinity I witnessed an imposing funeral ceremony—or “pomp” as the Parisians call it—sable palls and plumes with silver mountings—a lofty bier, burning tapers, incense, and sonorous chanting. And at Ste. Clotilde I witnessed a wedding in high life—the bride, veiled in white, and the bridegroom kneeling at the high altar, while the priests, robed in golden tissue, repeated the marriage service.

I had not much opportunity of judging of the moral or religious condition of Paris. There may be vice, but it certainly does not flaunt itself on the highway. Nowhere have I seen public order or decorum better observed. On Sunday many of the stores, it is true, were open; but many of them also were closed. I was surprised also to find French Protestantism so strong. Some, not many, of the largest churches of the city belong to the old Calvinistic Church, which shares with Romanism the support of the State. A grand evangelical work is going on through the agency of Mr. McAll, but I had no opportunity of judging of its modes.

One painful evidence of a deadly moral cancer eating out the heart of the nation came under my notice. The walls were

placarded with large posters, soliciting subscriptions to a new social journal, established to counterwork the fatal facility of divorce. It was a cry to her fellow-women wrung from a woman's heart. "In the name of maternity," it read, "in the name of the family, down with divorce—a bas le divorce!" "Do you forget," it went on, "that we have all the evils? Will you not protest against this crime against humanity?" Beneath the fair and gay exterior of Parisian life there must be many aching hearts and many joyless homes. This question was evidently attracting much attention, for I saw other placards announcing public lectures in defence of the French law of divorce. The family is the foundation of the State. If the family bonds be loosened, the State will fall to ruin. It was so with ancient Rome; it will be so with modern France.

My last view of this beautiful city, the night before I left, was a bird's-eye view from the grand balloon which ascends from the Place des Tuilleries. It is tethered to the earth by a strong cable which is coiled upon a huge drum, turned by two engines of 300 horse-power. Its diameter is thirty-six yards, and its cubic contents of gas 25,000 cubic yards. It ascends about 1,500 feet, and takes up fifty persons at a time. In mounting and descending there is an absolute unconsciousness of motion; but when grappled by the anchors on returning, the huge thing sways and strains at its fetters like a thing of life. The horizon seems to rise and the city to sink till it is spread out like a map beneath us—every street and square and house and tree clearly shown. The people and carriages look like emmets crawling on the ground. It looked like a toy city, or like the models of the French ports shown in the Musée de Marine in the Louvre. The noble vista of the Champs Elysées, the far-winding Seine, the grand environment of the city and glory of the setting sun made up a picture of natural beauty and historic interest never to be forgotten.

“The day is a-wasting, wasting, wasting,
 The day is a-wasting, night draws near:
 Lord, in the twilight,
 Lord, in the deep night,
 Lord, in the midnight, be Thou near.”

WILLIAM DAWSON, FARMER AND PREACHER.

BY THE REV. JOHN JAMES MUIR.

THE "Life of William Dawson" bears date 1842, and is a thick volume of five hundred and twenty-seven pages. After reading it, the work of forming a clear conception of the man has still to be done—the biographer has so smothered his subject under masses of quotation from "ingenious" or "elegant" authors, and old-fashioned moralisings thereupon. But gradually the veritable man emerges. For William Dawson, Yorkshire farmer, colliery superintendent, and Methodist local preacher, was no shadow. We should judge from all we have been able to learn that he possibly was, as by good authority he has been declared to be, "the most eminent lay preacher that ever appeared in Methodism."* No preacher seems to have attracted and swayed larger audiences. Few have used bold and original imaginations in illustration of evangelical truth with greater effect, and few have left more abiding impressions on those who have heard them preach.

Dawson was born in Yorkshire, near Leeds, in 1773. His father was a small farmer and colliery superintendent, his mother a pious woman who brought up her eight children in the fear of God. William was sickly as an infant, and "cried almost incessantly." He afterwards supposed that the strength of his lungs (he was sometimes called "Shouting Billy") must have had something to do with the exercise they received at the outset of his life. As a boy he read religious books such as Flavel and Drelincourt, a fact which says a good deal both for his seriousness and power of mental attention. His mother's prayers and care were well seconded by the excellent evangelical clergyman of Barnbow, where the family lived. This gentleman, among other services to the youth, put into Dawson's hands Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Under such influences he became greatly concerned about his spiritual state, and eager to attain the peace of soul and assurance of the Divine favour which one of his friends professed to enjoy. With this

* Smith's "History of Wesleyan Methodism," 2nd edition, vol. iii., p. 412.

friend, a working-man, by name William Settle, he had frequent prayer and conversation, and at last, after, as it would seem, years of careful and outwardly consistent Christian walk, one day as the minister was saying "the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life," the peace came.

About the same time, on his father's death, Dawson being about eighteen, he became the head of the family, and, with another brother, the bread-winner. Strange as it may seem, the youth succeeded his father not only in the little farm, but in his office as colliery superintendent. It seems fair to conclude that William Dawson's strength and uprightness of character were even then appreciated.

Dawson's school was that of poverty and hard work. His position in life, the claims of his mother and the family made great draughts on his strength. Fortunately it was great, and the variety of his labours obviously cultivated in him an unusual power of immediate transference of attention from the old task, and concentration of it on the new.

He not merely met his farm and colliery duties, but speedily fell into a round of sick-visits and cottage meetings, which constantly grew on him as his experience and acceptance with the people increased. We find him at one time taking his own dinner two or three days a week to a poor invalid woman called Hannah Smith. We find him using a means of strength and recollection of soul little in vogue now, the observance of days of fasting and prayer. We find him at another, and a much later time, explaining that he had to give up all thoughts of marrying because of the heavy duties of his own family which lay upon him. In spite of his poverty, as his work and travelling as a lay preacher increased, he found his own horse and paid his own tolls. Indeed, everything about him gives us the impression of strength and self-reliance. He steadily read the works of the great Puritans; and, what is still more remarkable, considering his place in life and his hard and constant outdoor occupations, he wrote a great deal. The character of his reading, the vividness of his own conceptions, constant spiritual labour face to face with the great wants of men, kept his personal piety in high exercise, and made his speech earnest, direct, and telling.

It was plain that he needed more room, and very soon he

found it. In his Diary, under date Dec. 1st of the year 1796, we find a mention of his desire to enter the Church.

His excellent minister, Mr. Graham, told him to get a Latin grammar. He also did his best to have him accepted by the Elland Society,—a society which aided deserving young men in their studies for the Church. But Dawson found the Latin grammar a tough business, and Mr. Graham found the Elland Society short of funds. His old friend Settle, now a curate, wrote him a letter full of *naïveté* and good sense; told him that he had travelled the path of a charity student, that it was long and thorny, and led to little, and advised him to join the Methodists. Dawson was familiar with the ways of these earnest men. He had laboured with them and attended their meetings.

In 1801 he became a regularly recognized Methodist local preacher. His popularity grew rapidly. He had more invitations than he could accept. Crowds pressed to hear him, and he was in special request for sermons to be preached for collections.

What were the sources of Dawson's power? Probably not any great grasp of mind or originality of conception. Indeed, we do not see proofs of such. But he possessed undoubtedly an imagination of great power, and voice and oratorical faculty capable of giving it full effect. His descriptions of the danger of the sinner and the awfulness of the fate of the impenitent had extraordinary influence over his audiences. It was impossible not to listen to him. It was difficult not to be carried along with the sweep of his emotion. And not unfrequently he so possessed his audience with the reality of the picture that he was presenting to them, that they forgot it was a picture. And yet it is plain that he possessed great self-command. He was constantly among audiences who knew and admired him. He was "Billy Dawson" to them. He was full of homely wit, such as often in conversation gave as good as it got. He was a plain man in a humble position, with a very plain education, and he laboured mainly among plain people. And yet, notwithstanding some evidence to the contrary, we are greatly impressed with his freedom from buffoonery. It is clear that he possessed an innate taste which kept him right, even when handling sufficiently bold and singular illustrations. But there was another thing which kept him from eccentricity or vulgarity, and that was his deep personal piety. It was not merely a corrective, it

was one main source of his power, the reason of the spiritual contagion of his discourses. A lady who had heard him preach thrice, said, on being asked by the writer what her impression was of Dawson's preaching, that her feeling as to each of the sermons was, it is a solemn responsibility to have listened to that sermon. She could not recollect anything he had said, or even that he had said anything remarkable, but the spirit of the whole, its awful earnestness had impressed her.

Dawson pleased, and sometimes, we presume, astonished large audiences to the end of his life, but he did far more; and when we look at his Diary we seem to see the explanation. He was eager to win souls for his Master. He was exceedingly watchful over his own spirit. Even the exuberances of talk were noted, reproved, and repented of. And before giving a few specimens of the things he said in the pulpit, it is necessary, if we would learn the lesson of his life—and it is a lesson needed in our day—to take a few jottings from a Diary he kept for a time. For let a man's other powers be what they may, the spiritual force and fruit of his preaching will depend on the truth and vividness of his own inner life. The new conditions under which the work of the pulpit is performed, the new demands of the time, all conspire to make men forget this. Neither culture nor learning nor openness of mind will make up for the want of what used to be called "spiritual-mindedness."

Dawson writes, "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I would rather die than live in sin. Cleanse me fully! Found sweet relief in 'Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.'"

Again he writes as follows, under various dates:—"Alas! at night I felt, in consequence of some untoward things, a violent start of angry grief which made me groan. Oh! what must I do? what must I do? Lord, help me! Lord, help me!"

"At Seacroft love-feast I found my mind dry, partly owing, I believe, to a slight prejudice against the leader. Oh, how careful should we be not to pour the sour evil into the breast of another by whispering." "A somewhat clamorous, boastful manner of talking this morning." "In the afternoon conversation wanted its proper savour; and now, at four o'clock, I am pained with just heart-aches." At other times his private jottings are full of rejoicing and thanks to God. "Bless the Lord for His presence at Thomas Stoner's in the afternoon." "A season of nearness

to God, while hearing preaching at Garfcith in the evening. In a solemn frame all day." "My mind was much blessed in reading the works of Dr. Goodwin, and I seldom or never was more enabled to surrender my all to God." "Thank the Lord, a precious afternoon! Religion is no cunningly devised fable." "This evening I felt in lying down a sweetness, a melting of heart of a peculiar kind. Glory be to God!—

'Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.'

"Uncommon liberty at Aberford. It is Thy spirit, adorable Lord, that makes the preacher!" "With gratitude, humility, self-abasement, and self-devotedness I adore God for His manifested presence while preaching at Barwick and Barnbow Hall." "Oh, how easy and delightful it is to pray and preach with Divine liberty!"

In trying to give some idea of his preaching, we naturally begin with the passage given in his biography from the sermon, "Death on the pale horse."

He said that he could neither blow trumpets nor open seals, and so dismissing the difficulty of interpretation, he fastened on the words, "Come and see." (Rev. vi. 7, 8.) "Come and see, then, the awful condition of an unsaved sinner. Open your eyes, sinner, and see it yourself. There he is in the broad road of ruin. Every step he takes is deeper in sin. Every breath he draws feeds his corruption. Every moment takes him farther from heaven and nearer hell. He is going, and Hell and Death are after him. The horse and the rider are increasing in speed. They are coming quickly on. They are getting nearer. They are overtaking him. Can you bear the sight? 'Come and see.' If the rider overtakes that poor sinner, unpardoned and unsaved, and strikes his blow, down he falls and backward he drops, hell behind him, and as he falls backward he looks upwards and shrieks, 'Lost! lost! lost! Time lost! Sabbaths lost! means lost! soul lost! heaven lost!' Backward he drops. All his sins hang round his neck like so many millstones as he plunges into the burning abyss. 'Come and see.' Lord, save him! Oh, my God, save him! 'Come and see.' Blessed be God, the rider has not overtaken him yet. There is time and space yet for that poor sinner. He may be saved yet. He has not yet dropped

into hell. 'Come and see.' The horse and the rider have not overtaken you yet. There is, therefore, an accepted time. There is a day of salvation. 'Come and see.' There is God the Father inviting you, God the Father commanding you, God the Father swearing He has no pleasure in your death. 'Come and see.' Christ has come to seek you. He says, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest. He that believeth in me shall never die.'

On another occasion, at Sunderland, when about to preach to sailors after he had been taken to see a life-boat, he gave a terrific description of a shipwreck. At the height of this description, just when the anguished souls on board the ship were about to perish, he cried out, "What is to be done?" Some one in the audience, carried away by the intense reality of feeling Dawson had awakened in him, cried out, "Launch the life-boat!" When the sensation had subsided Dawson pictured the soul tossed for ever on a sea of fire, scudding on and on, driven by the breath of the Almighty, and then, taking the Bible in his hand, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, though there is no life-boat in hell we have one here." This was called the Life-boat Sermon.

The following was the way which Dawson took, and it was effectual, to stop the progress of a drunkard:—"Suppose yourself," he said to the man, "to be a servant, and your master were to come in the morning and make a strong chain. On the following morning he came again and urged you to get on with it, and then, day by day, you were ordered to do the same job. Suppose again, that while you were working, a person came in and asked you if you knew what the chain was for, and that you answered in the negative, adding, that you did not care so long as you got your wages. But this person tells you that he knows it to be a fact that it is your master's intention to bind you with it in perpetual bondage. Would you, I ask, add another link to it?" The man answered, "No; and all the money in the world would not hire me to do it." "Well, then," said Dawson, "drunkenness is the devil's chain, with which he binds souls in hell for ever, and, whether you know it or not, every drunken frolic is a link added to the chain, and Satan will wrap it round you *red-hot*."

Another time he is a painter before the New Testament group. He takes his palette and brush. "This is John. Yes; I think I can paint him." And touch after touch the picture was completed. "And this is Peter." Touch after touch and Peter is

drawn. So with Paul and so with the rest. "But who is this?" His eyes fill with love and adoration unutterable. His hands drop helpless. "I cannot paint this man. It is the Lord!"

Preaching in Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield, to a large and deeply-impressed audience, exhorting his hearers to give their hearts to the Lord, he added, laying his hand on his own, "Here's mine!" when a voice from the gallery cried out, "Here's mine too, Billy!"

On another occasion he was speaking of fighting the devil. As usual, he brought the whole scene before the people. When at last he stood with his foot on the prostrate enemy, with his sword arm raised to strike, he looked down and taunted the fallen foe. But the fight had been so tremendous, the issue so hard, and, as it were, not yet absolutely secured, that a hearer, unable any longer to endure the suspense, cried out, "Off wi' his 'ead, Billy!"

There were, however, other results of his preaching. To his honour it is recorded that he was little in the way of speaking of the fruits of his ministry; but as his main object was to win souls for his Master, he was greatly blessed in the conviction and conversion of men. On one occasion, in preaching on the text, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," as he was putting one soul after another in God's balance, and finding it wanting, a pedlar had been greatly enjoying the scene, and audibly responded, "Short again," "Wanting again." Without remorse, Dawson, knowing the man's reputation, placed the dishonest trader in the balance, and as he concluded the process, the man raised his yard-stick, the staff on which he leaned, and broke it across his foot, saying, "Thou shalt do so no more."

Speaking of Methodism, he said that, "If Methodism does not make all men parsons, it makes them all clerks, for they keep saying, 'Amen, glory be to God,' wherever we go."

Dawson's name is identified with the history of Wesleyan missions. The first Wesleyan missionary meeting was held at Leeds, in 1813, in consequence of the resolution of the Conference to send Dr. Coke and six other missionaries to India. Dawson was asked to take the seventh resolution (there were *nineteen* in all). It was his first appearance as a platform speaker. From that time he was identified with the mission movement, and so successful was he as a speaker and preacher

on behalf of missions and missionary collections, that at last a fund was raised by which he was set free from the necessity of secular toil. His services were retained for the missionary cause for six months of the year. During the other six months he arranged his services as he pleased himself. Previously he had been in the custom of keeping hay harvest, corn harvest, and sowing time free, now his whole year was engaged. He still continued his incessant labours, feeling well when moving from place to place, and ill at ease when without work. He died at Leeds, where he lived after giving up his farm, in 1841, and his remains were followed by a great concourse, who desired to do honour to his memory.

O HEART, BE STRONG.

O heart, be strong !
 There is so much for all to bear,
 So much to do in life's short day,
 Think not that thou shouldst rest ; prepare
 To do thy part and take thy share
 And join the fray ;
 Gird on the sword of might, and battle wrong.
 Be strong, my heart, be strong !

O heart, be brave !
 Else in the thickest of the fight,
 At times, thou may'st fail and shrink ;
 Remember thou art in God's sight,
 And care not what—if thou art right—
 The world may think ;
 Bright victory's banner yet shall o'er thee wave.
 Be brave, my heart, be brave !

O heart, be true !
 True to thyself and to thy God,
 Though all around thy path may change,
 Though oft the road that thou hast trod,
 To those that hear no guiding word,
 Seems hard and strange ;
 Whatever else the whole wide world may do,
 Be true, my heart, be true !

GENIUS IN JAIL.

BY FREDERICK SAUNDERS.

OCKLEY, an Oriental scholar, after having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then very uncommon, had the mortification of dating his Preface to his great work on the Saracens, from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt. And yet amidst all his privations, note his brave words written within prison bars: "I have enjoyed more true liberty, more happy leisure, and more solid repose in six months *here*, than in thrice the same number of years before. . . I did always, in my judgment, give the possession of *wisdom* the preference to that of *riches*!"

Were we to enumerate the names of all the great army of martyrs to liberty, we should need the compass of volumes; let two representative names suffice. We refer to those of William Penn and Roger Williams—both founders of States; both friends and defenders of civil and religious liberty, and both seeking an asylum in the Western world.

During his imprisonment in the Tower, for conscience sake, Penn wrote four treatises, the most popular of which was "No Cross, No Crown." Perhaps the most noteworthy of prison-writers of the eventful seventeenth century was "honest John Bunyan," who doubtless spent the most profitable—to the world, if not the most pleasant to himself—twelve years of his life in Bedford Jail. He wrote the first part of his "Pilgrim's Progress" while there, a fact that ought to make us prize all the more this immortal product of imprisonment. This incomparable allegory has been more frequently reprinted, and translated into a greater number of languages, than any other book, it is believed, except the Bible. When the Quaker came to visit him, and declared that the Lord had ordered him to search for Bunyan in half the prisons of England, he replied, "If the Lord had sent you, you need not have taken so much trouble to find me. for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford Jail for the last twelve years!"

It is a singular coincidence, that the authors of two of the most extensively read books ever written, perhaps, should have

been not only contemporaries, and of the same nationality, but both imprisoned in the same country. Each is also best known by a single book, descriptive of adventures; but here the parallel ends: for one relates to this world, and the other to "that which is to come." One of the authors was a preacher, the other a politician, yet both men of undoubted genius. Strictly speaking, however, the "Robinson Crusoe" of De Foe was not written while he was imprisoned; although some other works of his prolific pen were undoubtedly born of his captivity. It has been said that he possessed the rare art of "forging the handwriting of nature," such was the verisimilitude of his descriptive writing.

Castell was another instance of self-sacrificing devotion to study, for he spent the greater part of his life in compiling his "Lexicon Heptaglotton," on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than £12,000! At length the work was printed, and the colossal volumes remained unsold on his hands. He thus writes in his Preface: "As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass, that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday, in which I have not laboured so much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these engaging Lexicons and Polyglott Bibles."

"Poor Goldsmith," as that kingly scribe is sometimes called, was not only a denizen of the purlieus of "Grub Street," but was on one occasion in imminent danger of a compulsory marriage or a jail, and indeed, he always escaped it. The strange dilemma in which he was found—in debt to his irate landlady, and his rescue by Dr. Johnson negotiating for the publication of his "Vicar of Wakefield," are of course familiar to the reader.

Cobbett, the political writer of England, who is said to have "made the whole round of politics, from ultra Toryism to ultra Radicalism, and praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years," was no stranger to the interior of a prison. And Cooper, the chartist of England, was another instance of mind triumphing over captivity. His "Prison Rhymes," which Croly describes as a wonderful effort of intellectual power, proved that he belonged to the illustrious roll of men who have, by the resources of their genius, converted a prison into a palace.

Montgomery was another fine illustration in point. For the

cause of civil liberty, he endured captivity in York Castle ; and to relieve the tedium of his loneliness, he composed some of his finest lyrics and hymns. One of his songs to a robin visiting his prison-window, thus begins :—

“ Welcome, cheery little stranger ! Welcome to my lone retreat ;
Here, secure from every danger, hop about, and chirp and eat.
Robin, how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty ! ”

The editorial fraternity, like Montgomery, have had their share in the pains and penalties of daring to plead for liberty of speech. Theodore Hook, the novelist, when editor of the *John Bull*, was imprisoned for about twenty years ; although it was occasioned partly by libel, and partly by his extravagance. He was like another clever wit and humourist—Dr. Maginn—of Dublin, who, in spite of his singular literary abilities, contrived, by his intemperance and excesses, more than once to become the inmate of a jail. But we must not forget that the genial essayist, Leigh Hunt, was at one time imprisoned for his satirical libel upon the “ Prince Regent ”—afterward George IV. The poet’s captivity, which lasted two years, was, however, not without its bright side ; for, not only did he share the public sympathy, but his solitude was relieved by the visits of his friends, among whom were Byron and Moore. With all a poet’s taste and feeling, he made the best of adverse circumstances by decorating his rooms in the King’s Bench with all sorts of picturesque devices and ornaments, including busts and books, pictures and flowers. When Charles Lamb once called upon him, he is reported to have said that there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

Leaving the eminent prison captives of England, we find many such instances elsewhere on the continent of Europe. To begin with, the Bastille, for example, where, in 1686, a few years prior to the imprisonment of Madame Guyon, there were in captivity one hundred and forty-seven persons, almost all of them Huguenots, who were held as heretics, esteeming their liberty even less than their religion. Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Bastille four years. During her dreary captivity she composed many of her beautiful hymns, which Cowper has translated into our English verse. It was while in the Bastille that Voltaire sketched and composed, for the most part, his “ *Henriade*,” a

tribute to Henry IV. There was a royal poet of France—Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and held in captivity in England for twenty-five years. During this long imprisonment, he consoled himself by the pleasures of poetry. Living in the time of the Troubadours, when love was the inspiring theme of the muse, he wrote some of the sweetest of French love-lyrics extant.

Another, but quite a different character, was Marot, court poet of Francis I. He was captured at the battle of Pavia; and again, on his return to Paris, was imprisoned on a suspicion of his espousing Calvinism. During his captivity he wrote his "Romance of the Rose;" and some portion of his translation of David's Psalms. Beranger, the most original and admired of the lyric poets of France, was, in 1821, imprisoned for several months for the active part he took in the revolutionary movements of that time.

Others might be named who have shed lustre upon the literature of France, and who, during her terrible Revolution, were made captives, such as Condorcet, Chenier, etc.

Louis Napoleon, before he became emperor, was, it is well known, imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, where he remained until 1846, when, in the dress of a workman, he escaped to England. We ought not to omit the name of Baron Trenck, who attended Frederick II. as aide-de-camp; but, being suspected of traitorous correspondence with Austrian officials, was placed in the fortress of Glatz. His escape therefrom, and subsequent adventures—so wild and romantic as almost to challenge belief—are familiar to most readers. In his captivity at Magdeburg, where he suffered a rigorous imprisonment of ten years in a subterranean dungeon, he solaced his sad hours with his muse, and with writing the story of his eventful life, which book has been translated into almost all European languages.

Louis XII., when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had previously neglected. Cardinal Polignac wrote, during his expatriation, his "Reutation to the skepticism of Bayle's Dictionary." And another of the house of cardinals—De Retz, who had a taste of prison-life himself—has informed us that the happiest man he ever saw was a fellow shut up in a prison in Holland. He did nothing but laugh at his fellow-prisoners, and

occasionally through the bars of his cell at the gazing passer-by. This singular character is said to have employed his graver moments in writing the memoirs of his jailer!

Silvio Pellico, who was imprisoned ten years in the fortress of Spielberg on account of his revolutionary opinions, wrote the well-known story of his prison-life, and the "Francisca da Rimini." When in Milan, he was the friend and associate of Madame de Stael, Byron, Schlegel, and other literary celebrities. There was also an Italian scholar named Maggi—soldier and mathematician. In an engagement on the field, in which the fortune of war went against him, he was made prisoner and held in confinement. During the day he was doomed to hard work, but he bravely conquered despondency at night, by writing a treatise on bells, which he entitled "De Tintinnabulis."

That illustrious bard of Italy, Tasso, belongs to our category. His early life—full of promise—already had won for him the friendship of Charles IX., and that of the distinguished men of the time. After visiting the various cities of Italy, he returned to Ferrara, and occupied himself upon his great epic, "Jerusalem Delivered;" but soon after its completion, probably from the joint effects of his overworking his brain and a fever which he contracted in Venice, his mind became disturbed, and the poet was confined in an asylum. In this dreary abode, surrounded by the most appalling sights and sounds of human misery, he was imprisoned more than seven years, notwithstanding the repeated and urgent intercessions of many of the most eminent persons in Italy for his liberation. During this sad portion of his life he was visited by his numerous friends, who sought to mitigate his sufferings by their spontaneous and heartfelt tributes to his genius. Nor was his pen idle, even under these unpropitious circumstances. This cruel incarceration, inflicted at the instance of Alphonzo II, Duke of Ferrara, has never been explained, and has left an inelible blot upon his escutcheon.

Ponce de Leon, foremost among the sacred poets of Spain, was thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition for having translated into Spanish the "Song of Solomon," at a time when all translations of the Bible were prohibited. Another Spanish bard, Alonzo de Ercilla, was doomed to a dreary imprisonment, during which time he composed his most popular poem, "Araucana," a chivalric legend of Castile. Who does not recall

the strange story of Cervantes, the immortal author of "Don Quixote," who was captured by an Algerine squadron and held in captivity for five years? The record of his terrible hardships and sufferings displays the courage and magnanimity of Cervantes in an eminent degree. On his subsequent escape and return to Spain, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and he was again imprisoned. During this confinement it was that he devised and commenced his great work, "Don Quixote."

Lope de Vega, the most precocious as well as voluminous of poets, was another instance; for he is said to have written nearly 1,800 plays and poems. And, to conclude the list, Camoens, the glory of Portugal, who got into trouble, that is, expatriation, by satirizing the Portuguese Government in India; while in "durance vile," in a grotto overlooking the sea, wrote the greater part of his "Lusiad." His checkered career was closed in a hospital at Lisbon, in utter destitution. Yet the "Lusiad" has been translated into most of the languages of modern Europe. Who can con over the foregoing catalogue of literary captives without a feeling of pity and sympathy for their privations and sufferings, as well as veneration for their high intellectual endowments? Carlyle in his admirable tribute to men of genius, justly says: "Among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they who keep awake the finer parts of our souls, and give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of mammon in this earth. Pity that from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little."

It will thus be seen that not seldom does the child of genius, in spite of adverse circumstances, create his own happiness. To the lover of learning, indeed, the stormy day is often better for the development of his genius than the calm and sunshine. "Like the bird of paradise, the lover of literature plumes his wing all the better when flying against the wind. Pure imagination, of which that loveliest of winged creatures is the fitting emblem, seems always to gain a vigour and a grace by the tempests it encounters, and in contrary winds to show the brightest plumage." Has not the prison-gate, then, not unfrequently proved the porch of fame?

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY—THE POSTULATE OF THE HEART.

BY PROFESSOR J. P. LA CROIX.

LIFE is the enigma of enigmas. It is mystery itself. It begins in mystery, it runs its course amid mysteries, it closes in mystery. This mysteriousness would be painful beyond endurance, were it not for the distractions of sense and business. But neither sense nor affairs can entirely shut us off from the realm of mystery, for they cannot entirely bar in and absorb our thoughts. To him whose life has risen in the slightest degree above the range of mere animality there are frequent occurrences which inevitably throw his thoughts into the weird realm of the invisible. The course of his whole life flows, as it were, through a lighted gallery, into which oft-recurring incidents are incessantly thrusting dread bursts of thick darkness. Or, we might call it a gallery of darkness with only occasional inbursts of light. The thought is the same; in either case the mysteriousness is the same; the plain is mingled with the enigmatical, or the enigmatical with the plain, no life being devoid of the mysterious which is a rational life at all.

And out of the painfulness of the enigma of life there are only a few possible escapes. In fact there is only a single real escape.

The materialist's escape is only a verbal and pretended escape. He says: "There is little or no mystery about the matter. Things had, of course, to be in some condition; and they simply are as we find them. The fact is, this great machine of a universe is a mere concatenation of balanced action and reaction. It is constantly evolving itself out of itself. Birth and death are matters of course. They are simply incidents in the eternally on-going self-evolution of Nature. As it is now, so was it from of old, and so will it be for ever. The true wisdom of life consists, therefore, in content-

ment. We must cease to be extravagant and fanatical in our desires. We must be content with the inevitable. We have had our turn upon the stage of being. The finger of Time will soon beckon us to depart. We must then cheerfully pass away and give place to others, even as others gave place to us."

What are we to think of this solution? It was the position of the great Goethe; it was the position of ancient Epicureanism; it is the position of the contemporary materialism. It solves the riddle of life, in a way. But is it a real solution? Does it satisfy the demands of the case? Is it a whit better than a mere mechanical acquiescence in the inevitable, in what we cannot help? Does it not simply say: "We've all got to die, so let us make the best of the matter; let us ignore it, let us cast it out of our thoughts. Death cannot hurt us before it comes, and after it has come there will be nothing of us to hurt."

But is this a solution at all? Is it not a simple self-deception? Is it not worse than that? Is it not mere braggadocio? Of course, when the materialist sinks down under disease and dotage, he can die as calmly as the brute or the plant. But that signifies nothing. The true test is where death confronts him in broad day, in the full possession of his powers; or where it strikes down his wife or his child at his side. What says his whole being in *this* case? Is he not baffled, and stunned, and struck dumb, and filled with unutterable amazement? Is not his heart pierced through? Is not his inmost being convulsed, and rent, and tortured? Where is now his pretended resignation to the order of nature? Is he not, on the contrary, utterly distressed, utterly inconsolable?

Now, is not this, his state of inner

catastrophe, the very strongest refutation of his cherished principle, that "death is simply a normal incident in the eternal process of nature." Surely, if death were merely such normal incident, it could not affect us so. We could then see our wife or our child die with the same coolness as we see the fading of the autumnal leaf. We could then lay them into their coffins with the same unconcern with which we lay our book upon the shelf. No, no! this solution is no solution; it is simply a fallacy, and a falsehood. It never did, and never can, satisfy a single human soul. It utterly breaks down at the approach of death, even as any other sham falls away at the approach of reality.

And all others, save the true solution, are no better than this one. They are all simply a leaning upon a reed, which in the end inevitably breaks and disappoints.

There is but one real solution of the riddle of life. It is identical with the Christian solution. Its basis is the intuition that *nature does not lie*. It may be called the postulate of the heart. It assumes, it postulates, that what the inner soul, the deepest instincts, the unconquerable thirsts of the heart call for, that is, and must be true. It syllogizes thus: Nature cannot deceive us; but nature prompts us to long for personal immortality; therefore, personal immortality is a fact.

This conclusion is sound philosophically, irrespective of any experience of its effects upon our lives. But it reaches its true value and force only when taken in through Christian faith into the heart. Then it becomes a personal anchor to the soul. There it issues into peace and rest. There it rises from the stage of instinctive desire into that of a faith that sees into the invisible.

We say this is the sole rational solution of the enigma of life, the sole one that is proof against *all* tests. But, oh! how difficult, is it not, even with this solution, to face and support *some* of the crises of

life? A beauteous babe, we will suppose, comes into our family circle. Our hearts lay hold upon it. We toil and plan for its future good. We take it, morning and noon and night, into our arms. Its little twining arms and innocent smiles are our richest reward and purest bliss. It is our solace from the toils of the day. It is a well-spring of joy overflowing and ever awaiting us. Its life is thus *our* life, and we are one.

But, a slight change in the atmosphere occurs. The delicate frame of the little one is assailed by invisible foes. These foes are the forces of nature. Under the action and reaction of these forces, the frame of the little being is fatally affected. It becomes a victim. All our wisdom fails to help it into mastery over the hostile forces. It sinks; its little pulse-beat declines; the fires of life smoulder; its breathing abates; one final, quaint quiver of the beloved little frame, and all is still.

But we still linger over the cherished little form. We still speak but in whispers. After a few moments we touch the little frame. We take it up as tenderly as if it were still sensitive to pain. We lay it aside as the most precious thing in our home. We linger about it, we gaze upon it; we wonder and are amazed. A feeling of terrible *loneliness* comes upon us. Our one sensation is that of *loss*—loss, irreparable loss. We glance at the east, and wonder that the sun does not forget his rising. We look upon the sky, and are amazed that the clouds float by in space just as if nothing had happened. And, out upon the highway, the prosy din of business goes on just as it did yesterday, just as it will to-morrow. And upon the fields lies the cheery sunlight, and in garden and orchard is heard the chirping of birds and insects, just as usual.

It is a trial; it is a temptation. How cold, how unsympathetic is nature! The great machine of the universe moves uninteruptedly on, just as it did in the beginning, and

just as it will do when we also are gone. What is the death of a single infant to the huge system of nature ! What are the ten thousand deaths of a battle-field? What would be the blotting out of the whole human race, the sweeping away of the whole solar system? Almost nothing. It would be but as the oak losing a single leaf. The oak would not feel it, and nature would not feel it. To all appearances the wheels of nature would move on, coldly, calmly, regularly, just as they had from of old ; just as they will for the future.

We say it is a temptation. And we do not wonder that they who study exclusively the visible phenomena of nature, fall before the temptation and despair of personal immortality. But how can we escape the temptation? What can parry its force? Nothing ! so long as we look simply upon nature and upon the cold form of the dead. The sole escape is in closing our eyes of sense. But so soon as we close our eyes, so soon as we retire into the world of true reason, then the cold curtain of the visible sky and of natural sunlight falls away, and our solitude is gone, and a wonderful Presence rushes in upon us, or is felt within us. Our tears can now freely flow ; and they are no longer tears of anguish. We have found sympathy and comfort ; nay, we have found One who is absolutely *the* Comforter. We have now "come to ourselves." We now are awakened to realize that the true realities are not the cold body of

nature and the cold face of our child, but that which dwells back of nature, and that which once smiled beneath that cold little face.

These are the true realities It must be so. Our nature demands that it shall be so. Our hearts postulate it. Our logic demonstrates it. If it is not so, then our hearts are a lie ; our instincts, our intuitions, our logic, everything, is simply one vast cheat and deception. But we are not left to this mere rational demonstration, irresistible and conclusive as it is. For when we take it into our heart, when we repose our weary head upon Him who was the incarnate and absolute manifestation of its truthfulness, then it becomes a fountain of absolute peace within. Then the curtain of time is absolutely torn away. Then, with the eye of faith, we look away from the cold face of nature, and gaze with assurance upon the realities to come. Then, but not till then, is the painful enigma of life rationally and satisfactorily solved.

The shuddering tremour we feel at the approach of death is evidence of the true nature of death. Death is an outrage. It is the horrible fruit of sin. It is absolutely and utterly unnatural—as unnatural as sin itself. But it is, now, a necessity ; it is the sole passage-way out of the meshes of the fallen organism of nature ; and the necessary preparation for our entrance into the transfigured organism of glorified nature in the resurrection state.—*Sunday Magazine*.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

THIS organization, like some other noble institutions, began in a very small and humble way. It originated in a prayer-meeting of a few of the employees of a London firm held in the upper story of a warehouse in one of the narrow streets of that

crowded metropolis. So manifest were the advantages resulting therefrom that the employees of other houses were invited to co-operate. From this feeble germ sprang the vast organization which has belted the globe, has its branches in most of the cities of Christendom, has erected numerous and magnificent

buildings, valued at millions of dollars, which are among the chief ornaments of those cities, and has become an agency of incalculable good for the moral elevation of society.

During the American war these associations in the United States found an appropriate sphere of labour, under the name of Christian Commission, in ministering to the spiritual and material necessities of the contestants on both sides of that terrible struggle. During the five years of the nation's conflict this commission expended in benefactions to the sick, wounded, or needy soldiers, no less than \$11,000,000—the country's free-will offering to its brave defenders or its gallant foes. Never shall be known on earth the vast benefits of the timely assistance rendered to those who were ready to perish, by the self-denying and devoted agents of this commission, but they are written in many a veteran soldier's or bereaved widow's heart, and they are also recorded on high.

But in time of peace this organization finds a no less glorious sphere of toil for the Divine Master in the great moral warfare waging throughout the world against evil in every form. In the United States they have recently been carrying on a successful crusade against the pernicious literature which is cursing that land, and which, despite custom house restrictions, is overflowing into our own country. Like the Egyptian plague of frogs these unclean publications swarm on every hand, exposed for sale in street stalls, thrust upon our notice on the cars, and even surreptitiously finding their way into Christian homes. At the instance of the Associations tons of this garbage have been seized and destroyed, and hundreds of dealers in the unclean thing arrested and fined.

The Canadian Associations have not been lax in carrying out these moral police duties. They have sent deputations to our principal news-dealers requesting the discontinuance of sale of what was known to be

immoral literature; and to their credit be it said these dealers have very generally shipped the vile trash back over the borders to the place whence it came.

The large and imposing building of the Toronto Association, with its magnificent hall, reading room, and suites of offices and committee-rooms, is a monument of the Christianity of the city and of the zeal and energy of the young men of the Association. Here strangers coming to town—the immigrant from a distant land, or the unsophisticated youth from the country—may find friends, kindly counsel, religious fellowship, and if he be in need and a deserving object of charity, material aid. They also serve as industrial bureaus for bringing into communication employers of labour and those who are seeking employment.

The reading room, well stocked with newspapers and magazines, gives the youth of humblest condition all the facilities for an acquaintance with public events enjoyed by the rich man at his club; and for more consecutive study the library is available at an insignificant fee. Lectures, essays, and debates stimulate the intellectual faculties. In some of the associations of the United States classes for instruction in science and modern languages, have been organized with advantage. Very generally a gymnasium is provided, where the jaded clerk or sedentary employee may give tone to his exhausted nervous system, (which many seek in spirituous stimulants or exciting amusements or gambling,) by healthful exercise.

Acting upon Charles Wesley's dictum that there is no reason why the devil should have all the good music, the Toronto association has organized a band for the cultivation of the talent of those who may be musically gifted, and for the general gratification and benefit. It possesses also an excellent piano and cabinet organ, of which the members make continuous use; and free concerts are frequently given, at which the cheering and beneficial influence of social singing is enjoyed, dis-

severed from the demoralizing influence of the low concert halls.

But the especial work of these associations is of a distinctly religious character, to foster personal piety, and to lead the unconverted to Christ. For this purpose frequent religious services, prayer-meetings, and Bible-classes are held, and the young men engage in works of active Christian beneficence, tract distributing, jail and hospital visitation, and such like imitation of Him who went about doing good. In the larger cities of the American Union, and measurably in Toronto, so far as opportunity has permitted, the members of the association, not content with merely skirmishing on the enemy's outskirts, have carried war into Africa, and gone to the drinking and gambling saloons, where Satan's seat is, speaking, singing, and praying for Jesus, and seeking to pluck souls from the very mouth of hell, and frequently with signal success.

One question discussed at a recent convention was concerning the admission of young women as members of the Associations. This plan has been adopted by the Brooklyn Association, with the result of making it the largest in America, or we believe in the world. But the opponents of the movement allege that it is also with the result of impairing its religious efficiency. Such a result does not seem to us a necessary consequence; and there appear to be manifest advantages in the plan, which, in our judgment, it seems highly desirable to attain. The object of the Associations is not merely to make men Christians, but also, and frequently as a means thereto, to counteract the social temptations to which they are exposed, to exercise a restraining influence upon the thoughtless and frivolous; those

without fixed principles and liable to be led away, and to throw around them the arms of brotherly, may we say sisterly, kindness and sympathy. If the presence of Christian womanhood exercise a spell of power over the hearts of young men, weaning them from base and degrading companionship, attracting them to refined and elevating intellectual and social enjoyment, and cultivating in them a personal dignity and self-respect, who shall say that she is not fulfilling her God-given mission in society? And even if this association should inspire thoughts of greater tenderness and lead to more intimate relationships, we, for our part, fail to see that any very great harm is done. The unions resulting from such association, would, it appears to us, be not less likely to be happy than those resulting from a chance acquaintance at a pic-nic or croquet party. We believe that the Author of our being designed that the different sexes should exercise a beneficial influence upon each other which is often prevented by the artificial conditions of city life, condemning large numbers of young men and young women to live and labour almost exclusively in the companionship of their own sex. Anything, therefore, which preserves, or reintroduces that element of family life, or of normal social relationship which we believe the Creator designed, we would regard as a great moral advantage to the community. If it be found that results justify the experiment of throwing open these institutions for the association of both sexes, under proper guarantees and Christian auspices, we would hail it as contributing to the solution of one of not the least perplexing of the social problems of the times.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

The Annual Conference assembled at Birmingham, Tuesday, July 22nd. The Pastoral Conference was first in order, after which the Mixed Conference was held. About five hundred ministers were present. Rev. Benjamin Gregory, the Connexional Editor, was elected President. Both his father and grandfather were Methodist Ministers, and three of his sons have been in the ministry, two of whom are still prosecuting their duties, and following the other who was called to his reward some time ago. The President has filled several important positions in Methodism, but he has now attained the highest honour in the gift of his brethren.

The Fernley Lecture was delivered by Rev. A. J. French, B.A., one of the tutors in Didsbury College, on "Life, Light, and Love: the Principles of Holiness," which will soon be published in book form.

The open session of the Conference was held on the evening of the first day, and was addressed by Rev. W. G. Price, Jas. Wilson, and R. C. Johnson, from Ireland. Rev. S. Coley, D.D., the representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, in 1878, was prevented being present to give an account of his visit to the Dominion by reason of illness. Rev. Dr. Punshon, who had just returned as a deputation from the French Conference was the last speaker. His address was listened to with the most profound interest. He said that the Rev. W. Gibson, the agent of the Missionary Committee, had instituted several evangelistic services similar to those which have been held for some years with such good results, by Rev. R. W. M'All. He is doing so on distinct Methodist

lines. There are one hundred and eighteen students in the institution at Lausanne, and there would soon be more if the means would allow. Dr. Punshon assured the Conference that the French Ministers were men of great self-denial. He heard of one who gave up \$2,000 a year, and the same amount as a pension afterwards, to receive only \$300 a year as a Methodist minister. Methodism progresses slowly in France. Still, during the past year, there has been an increase of more than 2,000 in the congregations.

Dr. Campbell, a coloured Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, also addressed the Conference. He was the first representative who had attended the British Conference from his Church, which he said numbered more than 2,000 Ministers; 314,000 communicants; 3,000 local preachers, and 100,000 children at school. The African Methodist Episcopal Church is a great organization, and is accomplishing an important work.

The Conference approved the holding of a Methodist Ecumenical Conference, and appointed a Committee to aid other committees to make the necessary arrangements for said Conference.

FRAATERNAL MESSENGERS.

Rev. R. W. Dale presented an address to the Conference signed by all the Nonconformist Ministers of Birmingham, to which, Revs. W. Arthur and Dr. Punshon replied in a most felicitous manner. Mr. Dale, in a few closing words, testified his admiration of the Wesleyan Class-meeting, and expressed an earnest hope that the Conference would ever maintain that institution in all its integrity.

Revs. J. C. Watts and Dr. Cooke were also introduced to the Confer-

ence as a deputation from the Methodist New Connexion Conference, to which Dr. James replied on behalf of the Conference. These interchanges are producing a very kindly feeling among the denominations of England, and some are even hoping that organic Union may follow, at least, so far as the Methodist bodies are concerned.

The sessions which were occupied with the solemn question, "Who have died this year?" were deeply affecting. The meetings for the recognition of returned Missionaries, and the reception of young men who have completed their probation, and are now received into full connexion, were of more than ordinary interest. The former were divided into three sections, and, in every instance, the respective churches were crowded.

Rev. Dr. Jobson, who has been Book-Steward since the death of the former incumbent, Rev. John Mason, is no longer able to attend to the onerous duties of the office, and, therefore, Rev. T. Woolmer was appointed as his colleague.

Rev. James Hargreaves was appointed Secretary for the Extension of Methodism, in the place of Mr. Woolmer.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Newfoundland Conference was held in the George Street Church, St. Johns. Rev. James Dove was elected President.

An increase of \$00 church members was reported. There was only one candidate received for the ministry; five others were ordained. The Missionary income is \$800 less than last year; the reason assigned was the very depressed condition of all branches of trade.

Rev. G. S. Milligan, M.A., was reappointed Superintendent of day-schools.

The Conference ordered that meetings should be held on behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund, three-fourths of the amount so collected to be applied to the Mission Fund, and one-fourth to the Parsonage Aid Fund.

The statement on page 186 of August MAGAZINE is incorrect. Rev. Dr. Wood is not a Superannuated Minister, but is "Honorary Secretary" of the Missionary Society. It was also stated that the Rev. Dr. Jaques had resigned his position of President of Albert University. We are glad to learn that the Doctor has withdrawn his resignation and retains his former position as President.

The Oka Indians are still in a state of suspense in consequence of the trial for arson having been so repeatedly postponed. Judge Badgley and Hon. M. Laflamme have given it as their opinion, "That the title of the Corporation of the Seminary of Montreal, has constituted that body the sole absolute owners of the property known as the Seigneurie of the Lake of the Two Mountains." The firm friend of the Indians, Rev. John Borland, has combatted the views of those learned gentlemen in a pamphlet which he has lately issued.

Rev. A. W. Ross, recently made a visit to Grand Rapids, about 100 miles up Behring's River, where he met 200 Indians and baptized 26 children, and married eight couples.

A school has been established at Fort MacLeod, for the maintenance of which \$500 have been collected chiefly through the influence of Colonel MacLeod and lady.

Rev. H. M. Manning dedicated a church at the Fort on Easter Sunday, the cost of which was \$650, all of which, except \$50, has been collected. The prospect for good being accomplished is very cheering.

An urgent plea is made for a Missionary to be stationed at Woodville, where a large number of Indians are settled, and the Chief is especially anxious for the elevation of his people.

Rev. C. M. Tate wrote from British Columbia in June last, that he had not been at home more than a few weeks since January. He gives a pleasing account of the death of some of the Indians, reminding us of the well known saying of Rev.

John Wesley, "Our people die well." Captain John, who is a local preacher, had a recent encounter with a Romish priest, during which he stated some facts which the priest gladly evaded by beating a hasty retreat.

A camp-meeting was held in June, which was a season of spiritual enjoyment: several persons, among whom were both whites and Indians, were converted. Bro. Tate pleads earnestly for assistance to establish a school at Chilliwack. He deserves what he asks for.

The special Committee to devise means for liquidating the debt on the Missionary Society recently met in the Mission Rooms, Toronto. There was a good attendance both of ministers and laymen. It was ultimately agreed that in accordance with the decisions of the various Annual Conferences, a fund to be called "The Relief and Extension Fund," shall be established. The contributions are not to interfere with other Connexional Funds, and the scheme is to be completed by November 15th. The amount to be raised is not to be less than \$150,000; one-half of which is to be applied to the reduction of the debt of the Missionary Society; one-half of the remainder to be appropriated towards church extension in the North-West, and the balance of the contributions of the Western Conferences to be given to the Superannuated Ministers Fund; and of the Eastern Conferences, to the Parsonage Aid Fund. Already such contributions have been made as to inspire hope that the scheme will be successful. The example of our fathers in England should call forth our emulation, and the abundant harvest is great cause for thanksgiving to God

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

A Baltimore correspondent writes, "The most astonishing announcement made in reference to Mr. Moody's success, is the conversion to Christianity of a Jewish Rabbi, who has entered the ministry of the Methodist Protestant Church. Professor Reider, the gentleman referred to, was born

in Joppa, the land of the ancient Levites, educated in London, emigrated to America, and became a Rabbi in Chicago. He attended, while on a visit to Baltimore, one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and, being converted, became an earnest believer in the Christian doctrine, and forsaking the faith of his fathers, joined the above-named denomination, and is shortly to give a series of lectures before the ministers in Baltimore, on "How and Why he became a Christian."

Rev. John S. Inskip and a party of preachers and evangelists are organizing a company to make a trip around the globe. They purpose taking a tent capable of holding 2,000 persons; going first to Great Britain, and, after visiting the prominent cities of Europe, will go to Egypt and the Holy Land, and thence to India. The object of the trip is to be the promotion of holiness.

Prince Galitzen, a young Russian nobleman, who was converted through a Bible given him at the Paris Exposition, has fitted up Bible carriages with which he will travel through Russia on a sort of Moody Mission.

Lord Radstock has been accomplishing a good work in Copenhagen, and Denmark, recently. He has invented a new way of "entertaining" at the houses of the nobility, which consists in preaching to them in private parlours, and then holding private conversations with whoever may wish his advice. So far many persons of the highest rank and nobility have joined in assisting him. He has also preached acceptably several times in the English Chapel at Copenhagen; once in the Methodist Church, the pastor translating into Danish; and in other churches of the city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. William Taylor, learning that missionaries are needed for South India, has postponed his departure to Brazil, and is now visiting the colleges and camp-grounds for young men.

Rev. Dr. Mullens, Secretary of the London Missionary Society, reports

that fifty of their foreign stations have become self-supporting, and native ministers had entire charge of them, thus placing fifty European missionaries at liberty to commence work in new fields. Mr. Cousins, from Madagascar, reports about one thousand Christian congregations in that country under twenty European missionaries, nearly fifty native evangelists, and two hundred and fifty lay preachers.

The mission churches at the Sandwich Islands are not only self-supporting, but are contributing liberally for extending the Gospel to other islands. A church on the island of Kohula is reported as giving an average of \$3.75 a year, per member; another \$5 per member. Within a radius of 2,000 miles around Tahiti, there is not an island that has not enjoyed the preaching of the Gospel.

The first missionaries ever sent among the Dacota Indians were sent out forty-four years ago, and were Presbyterians. Ten Presbyterian churches have been the outcome of the work.

There have been 3,000 mission churches established throughout the world by the various foreign missionary societies.

It is a truth history demonstrates, that not a single mission station has ever been established which proved an entire failure.

There are now between ninety and a hundred medical missionaries at work in the foreign field, whereas only twenty years ago there were barely a score. The importance of this style of missionary work is being more and more appreciated, and the demand for doctors is considerably greater than the supply.

A Wesleyan missionary writes from China: "The famine appears to have given the people a thorough shaking with regard to idolatry. The priests of Buddha have perished in vast numbers. The sixty or eighty acres of temple-land, upon which they depended for support, have utterly failed them, and they have starved to death in sight of their

dumb and helpless gods. These temples are now deserted. The mute image stands there still, dust-covered and unworshipped, and the people are in doubt and are dismayed.

Bishop Schereschewsky, of the Episcopal missions in China, has laid the corner-stone of St. John's College, near Shanghai. The buildings are to be in Chinese style and two hundred feet in length.

It is said that Dr. John Hall's Church, in New York, raises more money for home missions than Free St. George's, in Edinburgh. The amount has sometimes reached \$30,200 in a year, as in 1878.

A site has been chosen in the north part of Berlin, where a new church is needed, on which to erect a church as a memorial of the preservation of the life of Emperor William.

THE DEATH ROLL.

During the past month, inroads have been made upon the labourers in the vineyard of the church. Missionaries have died at their post in heathen lands. In our own church, the wives of some honoured brethren have yielded up the ghost. Dr. Alexander Clark, of the Methodist Protestant Church, United States, has literally worn himself out in the service of the Church. He was the church editor and had the care of some four weekly and monthly publications to engross his attention. He was eloquent both in the pulpit and on the platform. His herculean labours were sufficient for three strong men. A few weeks before his death he went south to fulfill some lecture engagements, where he was seized with his death-illness and died at the hospitable mansion of Governor Colquit, in Georgia, in great peace. His death is viewed as a calamity. He leaves a widow and eleven children.

During the sittings of the Wesleyan Conference it was announced that two ministers had died, one of whom was Dr. Kessen, who was a minister of more than ordinary ability.

(By permission.)

SELF OR CHRIST?

PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD.

Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

Slow.

Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could

ev - er be When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty

Plead in vain, and proud - ly answer'd, — "All of self and

p CHORUS. *Repeat f*
none of Thee," "All of self and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly, —
"Some of self and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd, —
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd
Grant me now my soul's desire, —
"None of self, and all of Thee."