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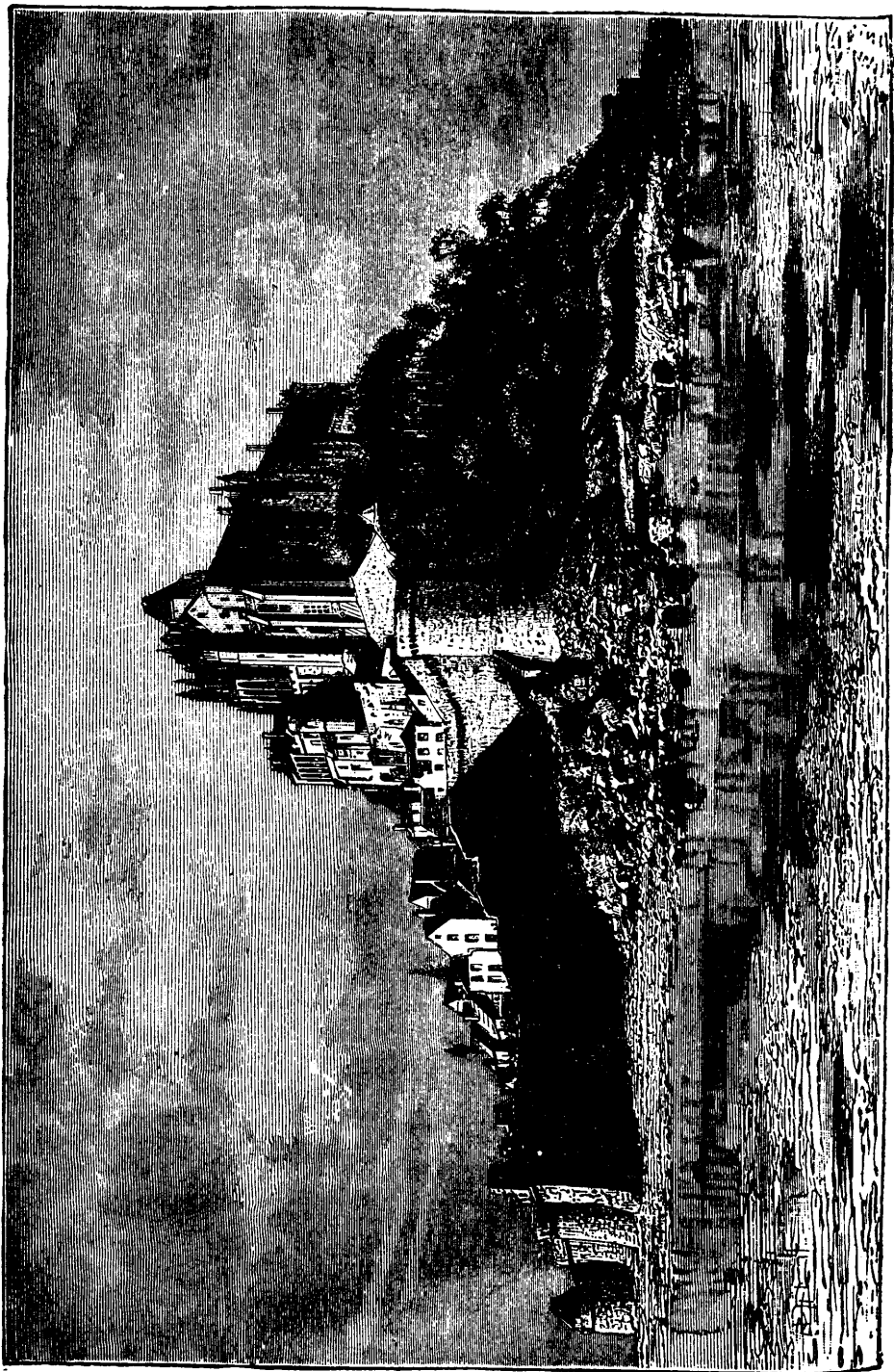
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MOST ST. MICHAEL.

THE Methodist Magazine.

AUGUST, 1889.

THROUGH NORMANDY.*

II.



TURRET IN BISHOP'S PALACE, EVREUX.

WHERE the waters of the Orbec flow into the Touques, nestles the peaceful old town of Lisieux. Amidst verdurous heights and the grassy, orchard-covered slopes, thickly grown with fruit trees, and gemmed, in due season, with the plump, cider-making apples of Normandy, rise the gray towers of its venerable church of St. Pierre; and under the shadow of these watchful sentries cluster together its wondrous timber houses, black with age and weather-stained, yet sturdy and "strongly-

built," as were the houses of Grand Pré.

Lisieux, indeed, to most persons is a memory of strange, timber-fronted buildings. Yet those who remember but its old houses, wot not of its sweeter attractions—the beautiful woodland walks,

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

shady dells, and breezy prospects that encompass this most charming of the greater towns of Normandy. For around Lisieux are many thick woods with pretty walks through leafy glades, and over murmuring brooks; from the level of the river rise up great rolling hills covered with luxuriant verdure, and high up along the side of these noble hills there runs to the village of Pont l'Evêque, a broad highway that affords one many glorious peeps into the green valley of the glistening Touques. Above soar the wooded hills, and below stretch the rich pastures, dotted with cattle, and liberally shaded with trees, whilst out of the valley there comes cheery music from the military station, so far below that the sound of the bugle-blast is never anything but soft and mellow.

The Lisieux garden is certainly a very pretty place to stroll in when one is weary of exploring the quaint courts, and hunting for picturesque "bits" on the river, and when one feels *blasé* of old black-timbered house-fronts.

Fine, solid-looking pieces of workmanship are these Lisieux houses,

" — with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries."

Glorious opportunities do these old houses afford to the artist's pencil. Broken into a chaos are their sky-lines; quaint and grotesque to a vice are their carvings. Ends of beams are sculptured to represent human and animal monstrosities; great "cills" and "heads" are elaborately moulded, with "stops" of a most piquant description, the mouldings, perhaps, vanishing into the gaping jaws of grotesque.

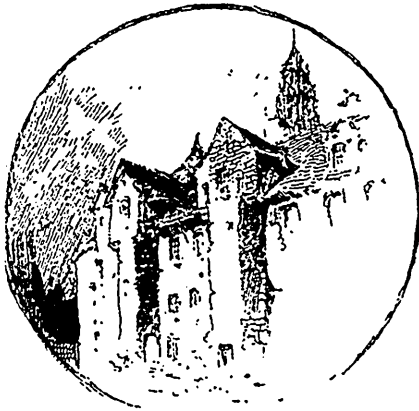
The great charm of these buildings lies in their solidity of con-



SKY-LINE, LISIEUX.

struction. Timbers are heavy and solid, and not mean and "skrimpy," as is unfortunately so often the case with our modern attempts at what is technically known as half-timbered work. How true this is, may be seen by comparing the modern imitations of the Lisieux houses on the sea-front at Trouville. There, it is but too painfully evident, they have spared the baulk and spoiled the building.

From Trouville to Caen is a very interesting railway journey. By the side of the river Touques the train runs for some distance, allowing one an opportunity to nose the many patient disciples of Izaak Walton that line its banks. Now, the engine pants up a steep "bank," and anon, the train rushes down a sharp incline,



IN COUTANCE.

and winds about like a snake. Past a station or two, and then, in a very charming manner, we run right along the edge of the sea, before, even, the houses on its front—a pretty peep on a bright evening, when the sun is low down on the horizon: the sea, a cool gray, and serpentine pools of tide-left water reflecting the golden rays, whilst the wet sands assume the deepest purple tones, and

masses of olive-brown rock, dark on the glowing water, relieve the monotony of the picture. Soon, we catch a glimpse of the distant city of Caen, with its maze of towers and spires, prominent among which are those of the abbey-churches of William and Matilda.

To the English historian, Caen is one of the most interesting towns in Normandy. It is impossible to stand within the walls of the magnificent Abbaye aux Hommes, without becoming doubly interested in the life of the great Conqueror and in the period of his greatest achievement. "The whole story of the Conquest," says Mr. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, "stands written in the stately vault of the minster at Caen." Certainly, the town is well placed, for as we approach it from the sea the sight of the towering churches of William and

Matilda are most impressive; beautiful, too, are the ecclesiastical buildings, though some are now but shadows of their former glorious selves. Even in mediæval times Caen appears to have been looked up to, as quite superior to other towns of Normandy, and as having "rich citizens, noble dames and damsels, and fine churches." It would be difficult indeed for the most unarchitectural mind not to notice the abundance of very fine churches at Caen. For there are many splendid buildings besides the two noble minsters around which so much interest centres. On the outskirts of the town is old St. Nicholas, having a comical-looking stone pinnacle, drooping all on one side like a candle in the summer heat.

A halo of romance surrounds the abbey churches of St. Etienne and Sainte Trinité. By a decree of the Pope, William and Matilda were enjoined to erect each a house to the glory of God, as an atonement for the irregularity of their marriage. Caen was a



OLD COURT-YARD AT CAEN.

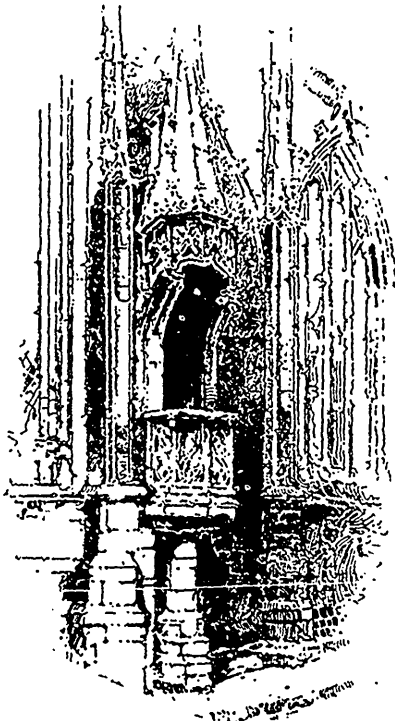
favourite dwelling-place of the Conqueror and his wife, and the town was chosen as a site for the erection of the two magnificent structures we now behold in a perfect condition, and seemingly destined to last for all time. At the head of the list of abbesses, of the Ladies' Abbey, stands Cicely, the Conqueror's eldest daughter, devoted by her parents to this holy office upon the day of the dedication of the convent. "As a part of that great ceremony," says Mr. Freeman, "the ducal pair offered on the altar of

God an offering more costly than lands or buildings or jewelled ornaments. In a milder sense than that in which the words were used by the ancient prophet, they gave their first-born for their transgressions, the fruit of their bodies for the sin of their souls."

Caen forms an admirable centre for the leisurely exploration of a district of Normandy, rich in old architectural remains and historical reminiscences. *Guillaume le Conquérant* is naturally the one dominant personage who confronts us in spirit,

either directly or through the medium of some dependent or vassal. His birthplace—the Castle of Falaise—may be readily visited from Caen. Standing on the old walls crowning an eminence above the green valley of the Ante, we may look down on to a scene, much as he who seems to have been at once *le Diable* and *le Magnifique* contemplated in days gone by; though perhaps we might have to gaze long before we beheld a compeer of the fair Arlette kneeling at the washing-boards on the grassy banks and displaying feet "whiter than the snow and lilies."

The engraving on page 102 shows one of the quaint old streets in Quimper—like a page out of the Middle



OUT-OF-DOOR PULPIT AT CAEN.

—Ages—with its odd costumes, the clumsy wooden shoes, the ox team, the woman in the Norman cap with the yard-long loaf of bread under her arm—the Old World aspect of everything.

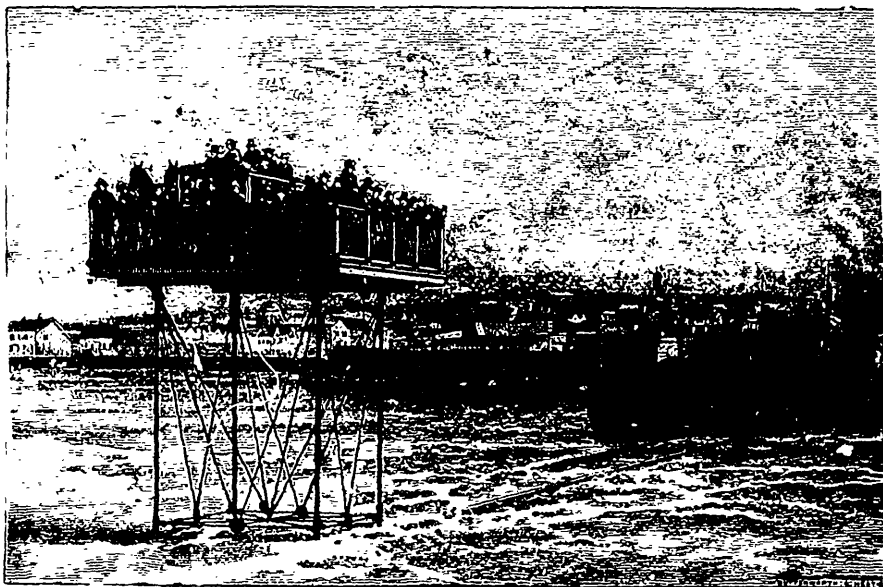
St. Malo is not in Normandy, but in the adjacent province of Brittany, which has so many intimate historic relations with the Britain across the narrow sea. It has for us in Canada especial interest, as being the port from which sailed Jacques Cartier on several of his voyages to Canada. On this theme D'Arcy McGee



STREET IN QUINCY TWILIGHT.

has written a splendid ballad. The old fortified town is situated on the rocky peninsula of Aron, near the mouth of the river Rance. It is a sleepy old place, with a population of about 12,000, chiefly fisher folk and sailors, who carry on an active trade with Eng-

land. The tide rises to the height of forty-five feet, while at low water much of the port is dry. A causeway connects the town with the mainland over which runs the ingenious kind of elevated tram car, shown in our cut, so that at all stages of the tide passengers may be high and dry above the water. It is a very odd-looking but convenient arrangement. Among the distinguished men born here, besides Jacques Cartier, are Lamenaïs and Chateaubriand. The tomb of the latter is on a little rocky island in the harbour.



RATS' BRIDGE OF ST. MALO.

The picturesque abbey of Mont St. Michael is thus described by a recent tourist:

We started early one morning for Mont St. Michael. After a while we reached the River Sélune, crossed it, and drove on beside the river. Soon we came in sight of the sea—the bay, with Mont St. Michael in its midst, now a wide, desolate expanse of sand, and behind this a wide stretch of very distant hills—shown in the frontispiece.

All around us were the moving, shifting sands, “so full of deadly treachery that a track which may be firm over night will suck in an unsuspecting traveller next morning.” The Mont

seems to recede as we advanced; it looked darker and yet more awful under a gloomy, unbroken gray sky. As we drew nearer, we saw that the huge conical mass of granite rock was circled near its base by ramparts and towers. Above was a village of clustered houses, and above these a solid wall of granite rock, on which appeared, first, the fortress, then the abbey buildings, and, poised above all, the church.

Tradition says that Mont St. Michael was once united to the continent, and closely surrounded by forests; and there is an amount of petrified wood dug up from time to time, which gives colour to this legend.

In the eighth century, St. Aubert founded here a monastery of Benedictines. At the Revolution the monastery was suppressed, and the convention turned it into a prison for three hundred Breton and Norman priests. In 1863 the abbey was restored to its original destination, and ten priests of the order of St. Edme were established there. As we get nearer, the Mont takes a grander and severer aspect. There is something almost savage in the ruggedness of its tawny, moss-grown walls, so built on the rock itself, that one seems a part of the other. Around its base is a wall with round towers at intervals, machicolated all round the top. Above these walls, houses cluster among trees, and from them rises the bare tremendous rock, on which is built the abbey fortress, crowned by the stone church. It seems as if a bare mass of granite had been suddenly transformed into a lofty church. The two points which fix the eye are the church, as it were in the air above, and the marvellous buttressed wall, upwards of two hundred and forty-five feet long, and one hundred and eight feet high.

The entrance to the abbey is very sombre and mysterious-looking, and leads up some steps into the guard-room. Here, formerly, the vassals of the monastery assembled on solemn occasions. From there we went along a gloomy passage, till we reached an immense crypt, upwards of two hundred and forty-five feet long, by about forty feet broad.

It is difficult to describe the effect of the cloister just after emerging from the sepulchral gloom of the crypt. The name "Palace of Angels," given to the abbey by its monks, seems well applied here. We came out suddenly into full daylight in a square court, quite three hundred feet above the sands, surrounded on all sides by a triple row of more than two hundred columns. It is impossible to overpraise the charming lightness and beauty.

of these arcades. One fancies the delight the monks must have taken in these cloisters, and in the view from the windows over the "grève." The world looks so small at this distance.

Our guide went into the Chapel of St. Martin, and unlocked a door, inside which was a spiral staircase. He told us to mount as quickly as possible. At the first halt of these giddy, winding steps we came into the open air on a staircase thrown across, bridge-fashion, to the roof of the choir. From here we mounted to the parapet of the tower, called "La Petite Tour des Fous," because, although it is very giddy work to walk all round this platform, still it is a less foolish attempt than to walk round the Grande Tour des Fous, still higher up. But the view from this last platform, at such a fearfully giddy height—four hundred feet above the sands—is worth climbing to see.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

BY LORD LYTTON.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

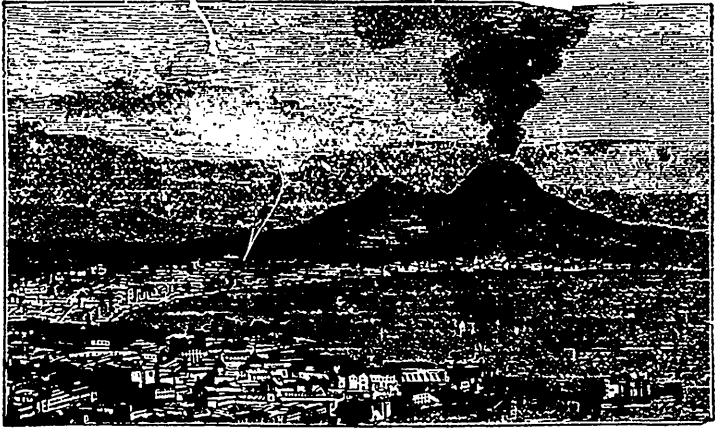
There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away ;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is *life*—there are no dead.

NAPLES.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.,
Victoria University.

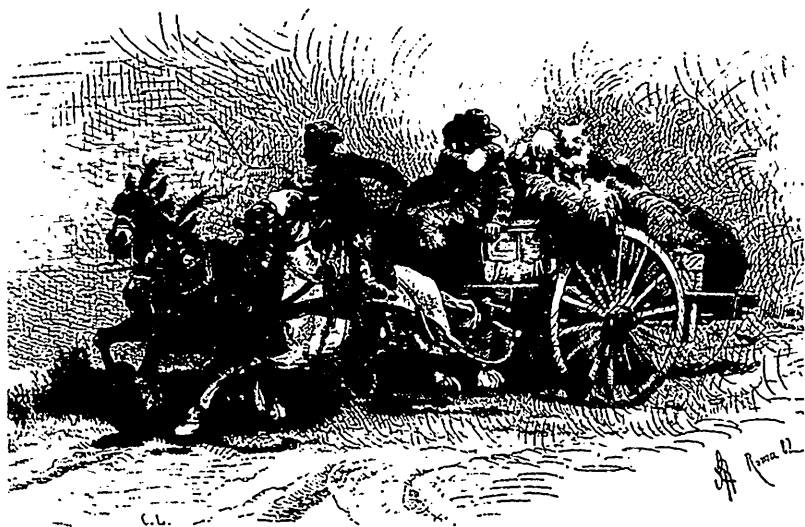


NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

“SEE Naples and die,” is a proverb that finds a home in more than one language. If it were permitted to modify so sacred a thing as a proverb, I should write this: “See Naples and live!” No other city so impressed me with a sense of teeming, joyous life as Naples; with her crowds of gay, careless inhabitants; living almost literally in the streets, cooking, eating, sleeping, thronging the narrow pavements; buying and selling there, discussing all sorts of subjects, from love to politics, in the open air. It struck me as easier to live there than anywhere else. In the public gardens and along the piers one sees the *lazzaroni* sprawling upon some bench or the pavement, in broad sunshine, if the day be not warm, otherwise in the shade. Ragged, with the brown skin displayed over half the body, reckless, lazy, improvident children of the generous south, they come very close to fulfilment of the injunction to “take no thought for the morrow.” Even the sparrows that quarrel in the streets beside them, and the geckos (small lizards) that sun themselves on the top of the sea-wall seem less careless of the future. A pound or two of maccaroni, its slimy tubes eaten with the fingers, a long drink at some public fountain, and the day’s necessities are met. What

more does one want to be happy under that glorious southern sky? This careless, out-door habit of life, so frank and apparently happy, was to me one of the most interesting things in Naples.

One of my shoes needed a little repairing, after a rough tramp over the lava fields of Vesuvius. I stopped at a cobbler's stand, in a narrow street, to have the work done. He hammered away on the flagstones in front, while I sat in the shadow of his dingy little shop to hide my shoeless foot. I could watch from the door the cooking operations of a jolly, brown-skinned mother near by. She stewed some indescribable dish over a mere handful of burn-



A NEAPOLITAN VETTURINO.

ing charcoal, while her youngest child sprawled on the ground, almost as naked as a papoose in our own North-West. The mess that was cooking had a savoury smell, but of its ingredients I can say nothing. Beyond her I could look through open doors into a dark room, where a candle burned dimly before a shrine to the Virgin.

In the morning the milkman comes round, not with cans in a cart, but driving his cows or goats before him. You hand out your vessel and he milks it full before your eyes. He will even drive his goats up an outside staircase for a tenant of some upper flat. This method has the advantage of assuring one that the fluid distributed is fresh and of nature's own concoction. The morning

irruption, into the crowded city streets, of droves of goats and cows comes as a surprise to a stranger.

The markets of Naples are immensely interesting, both for the picturesque buyers and sellers, and the strange commodities for sale. Pyramids and mountains of semi-tropical fruit, and heaps of slimy products of the sea, are perhaps the most characteristic points to the foreigner. The sea-urchins, snails, and squirming, many-armed cuttle-fish or sepias, do not seem attractive morsels, but sell readily.

Another feature that attracts a stranger is found in the men who go about, crying "*Aqua, aqua,*" dispensing cups of vile-



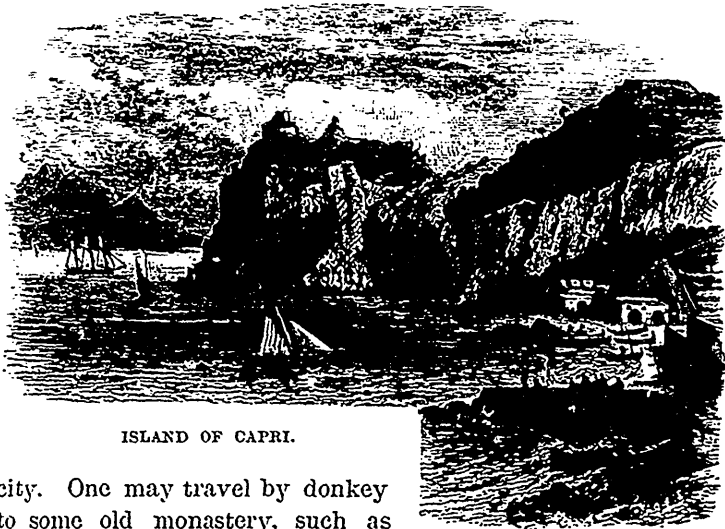
. CAPE MISENUM, NEAR NAPLES.

smelling sulphur-water from the jars they carry. Not less interesting, and much more pretty, are the deft, neatly-dressed, flower-girls, who loiter upon the promenades in the evening, and, unceremoniously, pin a button-hole bouquet to your coat, without asking permission, and then hold out a pretty hand for the small coin that is to repay the service. I must admit that I was quite taken aback when, for the first time, a graceful girl presented herself with a bow and decorated me in the way described.

Naples is a city of great contrasts. A short distance from the open streets and splendid buildings of the modern quarter, you may find yourself in a tangle of narrow alleys, dark, foul-smelling; sometimes completely arched over so as to pierce like tunnels through the densely inhabited tenements of the poor. It is

in such localities as these that cholera finds its hundreds of victims, when it creeps stealthily out of the far East to make an onslaught upon Europe.

The surroundings of Naples are perhaps the loveliest and most interesting of any city in the world. Seated along the shores of a wide-curving bay, and backed by the smoking cone of Vesuvius, and the more distant blue Apennines, all flooded with the light and colour of a southern Italian sky, Naples could not help but be beautiful. Many excursions can be made to points near by, any one of which has charm enough to make the fame of another



ISLAND OF CAPRI.

city. One may travel by donkey to some old monastery, such as Camaldoli, perched on a neighbouring hill, and comforted with the cool breezes of the height, and the shadow of the spreading stone pine, drink in the marvellous scene!

There lies the wide bay, a greenish-blue, suggesting limpid gems in its intensity. Picturesque boats, with lateen-sails, graceful as seagulls' wings, drift over its surface. Mediterranean steamers, bound for Genoa, or Sicily, or the Levant, leave long streams of smoke behind them; and most beautiful of all are the islands—Capri, Ischia, and the rest—noble in form, and nestling softly in robes of purple haze.

An expedition to Capri is one to be remembered. Before the steamer sets out, half-naked, brown-skinned boys, shout and dive for cents thrown into the water, coming up spluttering like por-

poises with the coin between their teeth. A picturesquely-clad mountaineer comes out in his boat, playing a wheezy bagpipe, that fortunately lacks something of the aggressiveness of its Scotch relative. A small boy, and a still smaller girl, dance to the music. The little girl has a bewitching dimpled-face, and smiles up to us, sure of a harvest of coppers when the dance is over.



STONE STAIRS AT CAPRI.

Now we steam out against the refreshing breeze. We pass the grim mediæval castle that frowns over the quays and the shipping; a castle whose dungeons have hidden the cries and sufferings of more than one unfortunate, who left hope behind when plunged into their slimy darkness. As we advance Capri, changes from melting haze into solid rock of rugged shapes. Behind us we see the white buildings of Naples and its suburbs, like a string of pearls, bounding the blue water. The mountains behind rise more prominently.

There is no time for a description of Capri, loved of artists, with its precipitous cliffs, its strange sea-caves, its stone stairs, its dark, but comely daughters, who beseech us to

buy bracelets and necklaces of the red coral their fathers and brothers have gathered from the Mediterranean.

Then there is the almost extinct volcanic region to be visited, the choking solfatara and the grotto, on whose floor collects deadly carbonic acid, poisoning the unlucky dog, brought by the guide for the purpose, while we breathe wholesome air above. There is Vesuvius to be climbed. The operation has lost some of

its picturesqueness, since the inclined railway has replaced scrambling ponies and donkeys. And at the foot of the volcano



CLIMBING VESUVIUS.

are its victims, on which it still frowns, and which it now and then threatens to engulf a second time. Pompeii has been so



POMPEII.

often described, that its pointed walls, its ruined dwellings and temples, its lava pavements, deeply worn by the chariot wheels of gay Romans, contemporaries of Christ, are familiar to all, and need scarcely be mentioned.

By all means see Naples, and live over some strange episodes in the world's history, enjoy its rare beauty, its soft winter climate, and the hundred charming points its careless life presents to the stranger from the north.

IN SAFE-KEEPING.

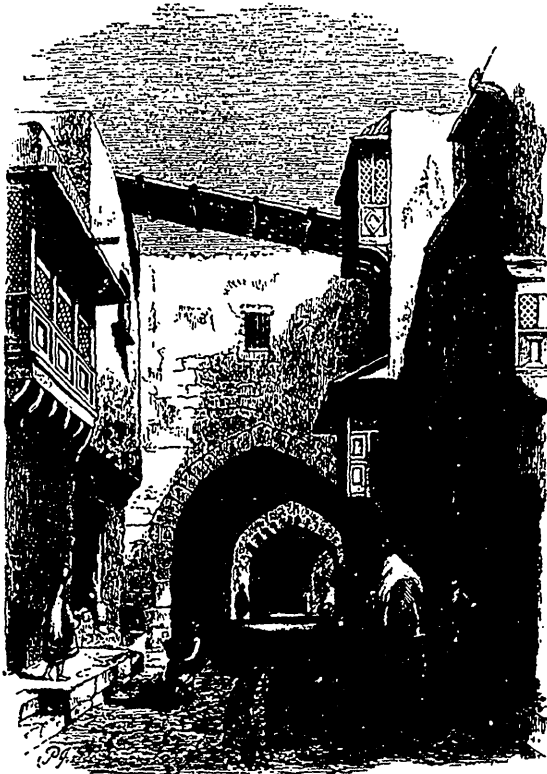
ENOUGH for me to feel and know
 That He in whom the cause and end,
 The past and future, meet and blend,
 Who, girt with His immensities,
 Our vast and star-hung system sees,
 Small as the clustered Pleiades—
 Guards not archangel feet alone,
 But deigns to guide and keep my own.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

XI.

JERUSALEM.—THE KIDRON VALLEY.



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

It is but a short walk from the hotel, on Mount Zion, by the Jaffa Gate, right through the city to St. Stephen's Gate. Down the steep and crowded street of David for a hundred yards, then by a sharp turn into Christian Street, with its rows of small shops, filled with a varied assortment of commodities, curious or useful; this, traverse to its end, leading into another thoroughfare, the Street of the Palace, which crosses it at right angles.

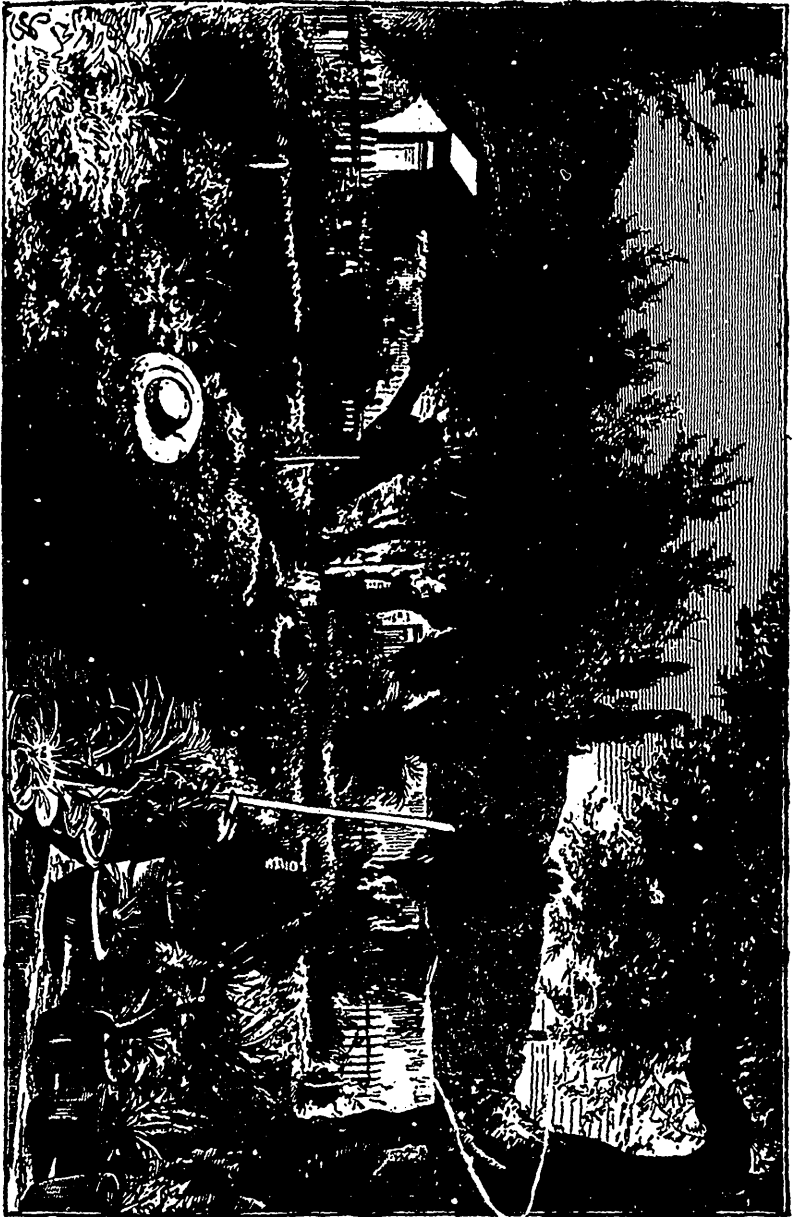
This, followed, leads into the *Via Dolorosa*, so-called as the traditional way by which our Lord passed from the pretorium of Pilate to the place of crucifixion. At intervals along it are tablets, affixed to the walls of the houses, with inscriptions, as the stations where "Our Lord fell under the weight of His cross;" where "the Virgin met Him;" where "St. Veronica wiped His face with her handkerchief;" and other equally apocryphal incidents. Here, in one part, the narrow street is spanned by what is known as the Arch of the *Ecce Homo*, and close by, in the



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

Church of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, is shown an old Roman arch, said to have formed part of the pretorium where the Lord of Hosts stood as a prisoner at a human tribunal.

Still farther on, the street approaches the enclosure of the Harem, and one of its principal portals, but, keeping to the left, it brings you to a low gate in the city wall, called by the native Christians, "The Gate of the Lady Mary," but by foreigners generally, St Stephen's Gate, from the tradition that just outside it the first martyr was stoned. It is a plain portal with lions sculptured over it. As you pass the gate, the Mount of Olives is right in front. From your feet a steep path winds down, over

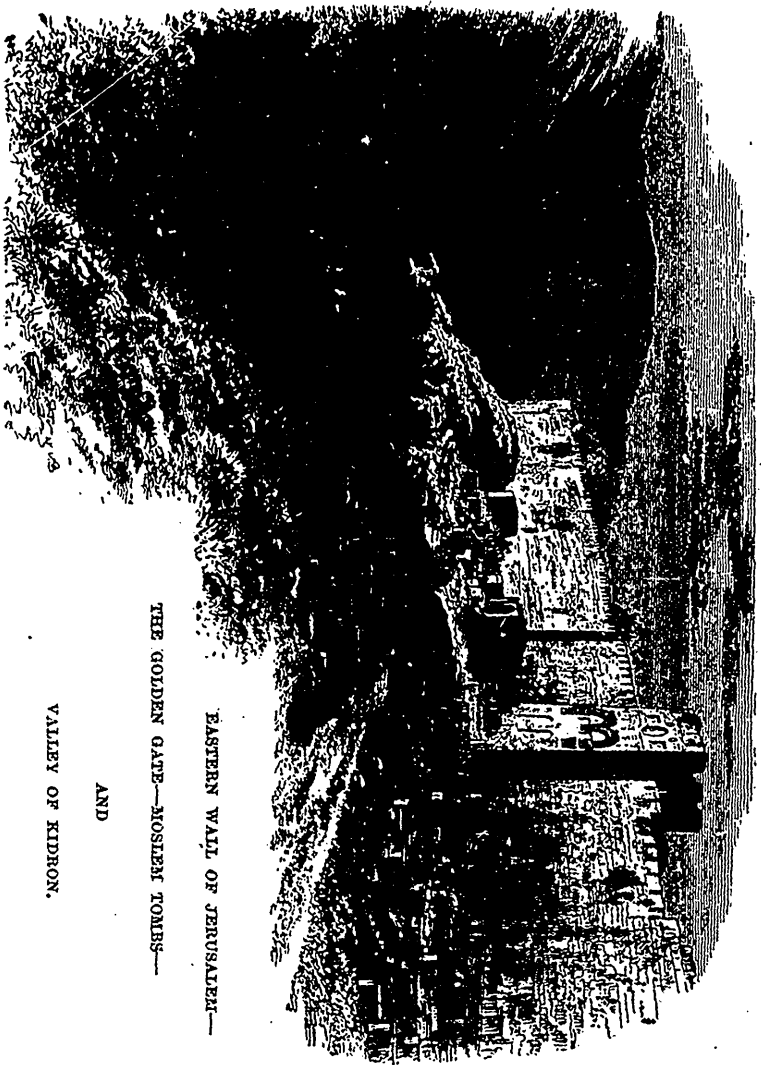


OPPEHMANP.

masses of *debris*, to the Valley of the Kidron, which it crosses, and then trends up the slopes of Olivet. You are now, indeed, on a *Via Dolorosa*, for this is the way the Saviour must have taken on the night of His betrayal, when He went with His disciples to the garden. The traditional Gethsemane lies on the slope of the hill—a primly-kept walled inclosure, laid out in the usual monkish bad taste, with flower-plots and paling-fenced divisions, which do much to spoil the effect of the three or four noble and venerable olive-trees which form its chief attraction. Of course, these are not only affirmed to be the very trees under which the Saviour suffered the agony of those hours of anticipation and infinite loneliness with which the name of Gethsemane is inseparably associated; but the locations of the different scenes of that awful night are connected with them. All this takes away from the influence of the scene upon a thoughtful visitor's mind, and yet, standing beneath the gnarled and ancient trees, with their multitudinous leaves whispering in the air above him, and the walls of Jerusalem crowning the ridge on the farther side of the valley, filling the horizon as he looked toward them, it would be a callous mind, indeed, that would not feel something of the spell of the solemn and sacred memories of a spot connected so closely with the supreme suffering of the world's Saviour, which must, at all events, have been endured somewhere close by.

At some distance to the right of St. Stephen's Gate is a tower which marks the angle of the Harem area, and yet farther on, a walled-up gateway, with a double portal, which is the most famous of all the gates of Jerusalem. It is the Golden Gate, or, as the Moslems call it, Bab-el-Dahariyeh—the Eternal Gate—and is said to occupy the site of the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, at which the impotent man was sitting when Peter and John, in response to his appeal for alms, gave him of such as they had, and in the name of Jesus bade him arise and walk. There is, however, some doubt as to the sites being identical, and it has been by some supposed to occupy the site of the gate Shushan mentioned by Josephus. In support, however, of its being identical with the Beautiful Gate, it is said that the Latin word *aurea*—golden—as applied to it, is a corruption of the Greek word *oraia*—beautiful, which it formerly bore. Tradition affirms, if I remember rightly, that this was the gate through which our Lord made His triumphal entry into the city, and it is said that some day a Christian conqueror will again enter Jerusalem through this very portal. On this account the Moslems have walled it up

for the last six hundred years. It is the most ancient of the gates, the others are all Saracenic in their work, this is debased Grecian. The neighbourhood of the Golden Gate, and the western slopes



EASTERN WALL OF JERUSALEM—
THE GOLDEN GATE—MOSLEM TOMBS—
AND
VALLEY OF KIDRON.

of the valley are literally covered with Moslem tombs, as close to the city wall as they can be placed. It is one vast rubbish-heap, formed of the ruins of the ancient city all along the east wall, and forming, or rather covering and burying, the western slope



TOMBS NEAR JERUSALEM.

of the Kidron Valley. Far down below it are the ancient foundations and first courses of the wall, and Sir Charles Warren, in his explorations to investigate and determine these, had to tunnel under these crowding tombs, at the imminent peril of an outbreak of fierce and murderous fanaticism, should his tunnel disturb or break down any of these sacred depositories of true believers' dust.

On the opposite side of the valley, on the lower slopes of Olivet, as the road winds around the foot of Moriah and Ophel towards Siloam, lie the Jewish dead, their grave-stones literally paving the hillside for a considerable space. It is the longing of the devout Jew to be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and thus the graves lie thick along the rocky foot-hills of Olivet, so thick and so shallow, that there are hideous stories of the birds and dogs holding high carnival over the scantily covered corpses of the poor Jews, outcast in their very death by the soil that was once so indisputably their own.

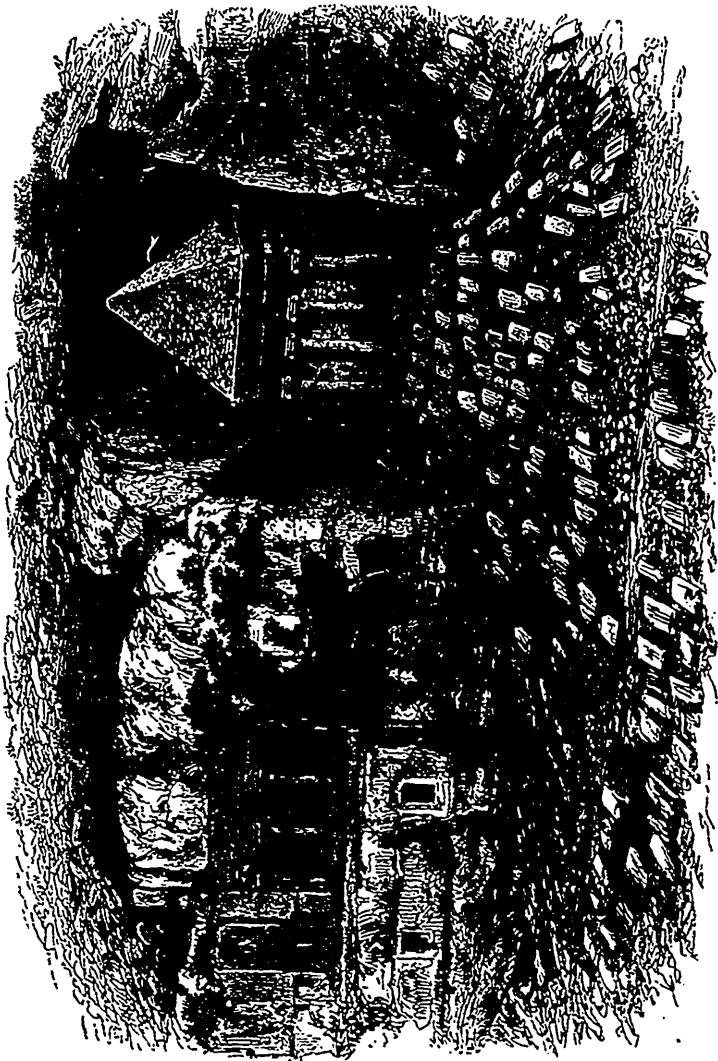
There are three or four ancient and most striking tombs in the



TOMB OF ST. JAMES, VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

Valley of Jehoshaphat. The first, as one travels up the glen to the south, is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, which, perhaps, gives the valley its name, and of which a richly ornamented pediment is now all that is visible above the accumulations of rubbish. A little farther on is the most celebrated, the so-called Pillar of Absalom. It is hewn out of the solid rock of the hill, which here has been quarried away till it rises in a sheer escarpment along the road. The tomb consists of a rectangular base adorned with pilasters and heavily corniced, terminating in a peculiarly shaped dome with a finish in the form of an opening flower. It is about forty feet high. A hole has been broken through it, into what appears to have been a sepulchral chamber, and into it the Jews spit and cast stones, in execration of the rebellious son.

A little to the south of this structure is the tomb of St. James, which consists of four short Doric columns supporting an architrave, all cut in the face of the rock. This elaborate pseudo-portal



TOMB OF ZECHARIAH.

VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

TOMB OF ST. JAMES.

is not, however, an entrance to the tomb, which is found a little farther south, and leads into a cave, some forty or fifty feet in the rock behind. Here the Apostle James is said to have spent the interval between our Lord's crucifixion and His resurrection,

having declared that he would neither eat nor drink till His Master had risen from the dead.

Yet farther on is the tomb of Zechariah—a cubic block of about twenty feet on each side, surmounted by a pyramid ten feet in height, all hewn completely out of the rock, which has been cut away so as to leave it entirely detached. The sides are finished in two columns, and two demi-columns, with Ionic capitals. This is the tomb, so tradition affirms, of that Zechariah the priest who was slain between the temple and the altar; and the Jews hold it in high veneration. Their great ambition is to be buried as close to it as possible, and the whole vicinity is covered with the flat grave-stones.

The traditionary titles of these tombs are, of course, of no authenticity. The architecture is not Jewish, but Grecian, and points unmistakably enough to their origin in the times of Roman supremacy, or, at least, in the times when Greek and Roman ideas and art were in influential vogue in the country. Possibly enough, however, as Thompson observes, these old tombs may possess the unique interest of being the only buildings now extant, on which the Saviour's eyes rested during His sojourn in and around the Holy City.

WYCLIFFE.

Obiit December 31st, 1384.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

BRIGHT morning star upon the front of time
 Glad herald of the dawn of glorious day,
 Gleams, after age-long waiting, thy bright ray,
 From mirkest gloom of midnight's deep abime.
 O lambent light of dawn, still higher climb!
 Wrapt in that veft of deepest darkness lay
 All the glad hopes and joys for which men pray,
 Who wait the coming of day's golden prime.

Wycliffe's great gift all other gifts outshone—
 The oracles of God in English speech
 The charter of a nation's liberty,
 A gift beyond or gem or precious stone,
 The Book of God, each English child to teach
 And bless the far-off ages yet to be.

MY FRIEND THE TRAMP.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

HE was a tramp. There could be no mistake in assigning him to that class. He did not profess in words the character of the veritable tramp, but he acted it out perfectly and never resented it if you called him by the name.

He was the most interesting tramp it has been my privilege to know well. Yes, I mean what I say. I count it one of the privileges of life to study my kind under every phase of existence; and as no civilization has yet made all men rich, or clean, or elegant, I feel that I would miss something if I shut myself up beyond the reach of even tramps.

Do you care for photographs? Then look at this. He was fully six feet high, with a frame built for service rather than for enjoyment. That means his bones were large and his muscles well developed, with little of the cushioning matter provided by nature to luxurious persons. His florid complexion, its colour heightened by irregular habits, especially with regard to drinking of spirits, ran down under a long reddish beard that, uncut, flowed well over his breast. When particularly pleased, a deep, noiseless laugh made his generally dull eyes radiant, and his whole body to vibrate vigorously. When he wished to be very touching he winked rapidly, but in my sight no tear ever responded to this bit of pantomime, while a sort of artificial gurgle worked its way up from his throat instead of sobs. He had cultivated the walk of an old man, justified neither by rheumatism nor years, for he was but little past fifty, if so old, and of all his complaints he never mentioned rheumatism; but his walk was a part of his art, which, as we shall see, he had cultivated to the highest degree.

He called upon me for the first time a few weeks after I was installed as pastor of the Metropolitan Church. It was about ten o'clock at night; and, as I met him in the hall, he stepped forward with extended hand, with the air of one who had come to sell me a book, but intended to lead me rather than that I should lead him. It proved, however, to be only another case of the poor beggar, who was kept waiting in the kitchen of a certain house a long time. He thought too long, so, the mistress passing through the kitchen, he started up with some clamour,

"Come now, ain't you going to wait upon me pretty soon? If

you don't I will go away, and then where will you get another beggar?"

So with my friend the tramp. What would good people do without beggars? Is it not a privilege to give?

On this first occasion he took my hand in his, and held it effusively, and looked at me with a glance that was intended to conquer on the first assault. After gripping my hand like a vice, then loosing and closing again upon it, and repeating this over and over again, he began,

"And you are Mr. Stafford?"

I replied that, if he should speak forever, he could not improve that statement in correctness. It was wholly true.

"And you have come to Toronto?"

"Among facts," I said, "that also stands beyond contradiction."

"And you are in the Metropolitan?"

Now I regard the Metropolitan as an exquisite creation of the architect's skill. It is in fact large and impressive, but it never rose up in such towering splendour before my eye as when, having according to his art led up to this climax, the tramp pronounced the word "Metropolitan." How did he do it? I don't know, but he made it look big and grand. If ever I was in danger of being unduly exalted on account of my worldly estate it was in that minute. Then, if ever, I would have gone down had the devil tempted me as he did our Lord with the offer of the world. Neither before nor since has any artist made the Metropolitan appear a pinnacle so exalted.

Nevertheless, not being a seraph, I began to feel a little impatience at his manifest attempt to win his way with me by flattering me, so, perhaps a little sharply, I asked him what he wanted.

"Well, now, I don't want anything at all," he replied.

"An errand more pleasing to me than to a shopkeeper," I said.

"No, I don't want anything; but, you see, I am hungry."

"Oh, is that it, come with me back to the kitchen, and I'll see what I can turn up."

"No, that won't do. You can't give me what I need."

"Well," I said, properly humbled, "we don't pride ourselves on our kitchen as a refectory; but I did think if a man was really suffering for food, we could produce what would save him from either stealing or starving."

"Ah, but you see this is a peculiar case. Do you know what I need? I'll tell you. It's a plate of soup. That's what will set me up. And you haven't anything of that kind at this hour. There seems to be no way but for you to give me five cents, so I can go out and buy it."

My wife and daughter, one floor above us, had heard this conversation, and enjoyed, as I learned about a month later, beyond measure, the artistic way in which he had risen to this climax; but while I perceived the genius of the man, in harmony with a rule I followed, never to give anything to a person who causes me to suspect that it will be spent for drink, I dismissed him without aid, rewarding his tact with the self-gratulatory remark, that his wit should be devoted to nobler ends.

But my door was not closed upon him by this interview. It was only a beginning. He found courage to come again and again, for a long time receiving nothing, for I listened to his tale of woes with a good deal of incredulity. He represented himself as closely related to a highly respected and influential minister of our Church, and had his own way of explaining his descent from great respectability and competency. He would often abandon all the arts of his trade, and talk with me in the greatest apparent candour. He had purposes and plans waiting only an opportunity to put them into practice, and soon rise again; at other times he felt so weak, his case seemed without any hope—he was quite in despair. Sometimes, but not often, he would return to his cunning.

For example, one day in the forenoon he came in, and with much pathos told of recent disappointments and present need. If I had a pair of pants and some shoes that I could spare, he would be a man again. I glanced at his apparel. It happened to be better than I had ever before seen upon him. Though of cheap material, each garment except the coat and hat was whole, and not much worn, appearing strong and clean, therefore I expressed surprise at his request.

"Why," I said, "those pantaloons are better than mine at this minute. They are whole, and but little worn, and that is not true of mine."

He glanced down upon me, and at once perceived his mistake. How would he scramble out of it? He simply put a hand in each side pocket, and drawing up the offending garment from his shoes said with inimitable disgust, and offended taste,

"There's *no set* to them!"

This refined sensibility quite won me. I could not replace the offending trousers with better, but I brought a soft felt hat, from beneath which I had but recently looked out upon the beauty and the poverty of Ireland, the grandeur of Scotland, and the teeming wealth of England, and gave it, with all its associations, to my friend the tramp; and he said, in receiving it, that after all it had seen he would be the next thing to a

crowned head. I also had a coat with, to me, a very interesting history. It was built by a Toronto tailor, who advertised his "first-class cutter." It came home in a style most libellous to my form, so I carried it back, and had the artist summoned to look at it. After a silent survey of some moments, jerking and twitching at one point and another, at last, without the faintest suspicion of humour, he broke out:

"The coat is all right, as far as I can see. It is got up in good style, but there is not flesh enough under it to fill it out."

His argument was invincible. It went directly to the point, I could say nothing; I tried to wear the coat, but it made me feel so mean, that a chronic condition of meanness had settled upon me, and I was mean enough to give it to my eccentric visitor the tramp. He put it on, buttoned it up, as per style, from the fifth button just under the chin, over its, not his, bulging front, down to the last button far below the waist, and then lifted himself up with the remark:

"I know now how it feels to be pastor of the Metropolitan Church!" and he was neither the first nor the last, to make the mistake of supposing that clothes make up the whole of any ecclesiastical position.

"I never saw the coat again; but a couple of times after when he called he reminded me that he had yet the "historic" hat that I gave him.

He once told me, after a long absence, that he had spent the summer in the country working for a farmer, and had been robbed of forty dollars, the earnings of his hand during harvest season. It was pitiful, if true. This was near the end of August. My family were all from home, and as a very simple breakfast meets my needs, I preferred getting it myself to going out, and I was thus engaged when he called. I took him in and seated him at my table, and he saw the meal partly prepared with my own hands, and we shared it sitting down together. At first he laughed his great, shaking, silent laugh, at the idea of my waiting upon him; but afterwards, either the dignity he sometimes manifested did not come to his relief, lifting him up to his circumstances, and saving him from being mortified and humiliated by the attention he was receiving, or else he needed the tonic of a bracing drink, for his appetite wholly disappointed me, not even taking hold of the very strong tea specially prepared, as I had expected.

Sometime in the following spring he called, and told me among other things that his long absence was due to his having been "sent down for the winter as a vagrant." After we moved to our

present house he called one day, and waited my coming on the outer steps, where, when I came, he familiarly seated himself as if for a talk with an old-time friend. I accepted this challenge, and so we sat facing the street for some time, talking as familiarly as two partners. After a time so spent, he developed his pleasant plan. It was that I give him a letter of introduction to a gentleman known to have great wealth, and to give freely to all city charities, and at that time interested in some building operations carried on for the benefit of the Salvation Army. My friend imagined that this gentleman would be able to secure for him some post suitable to the high character which he expected me to give him, and also to the inability to perform hard labour, which he demonstrated by reaching forth for my inspection a pair of tender hands.

Now this tramp could have led me a long way in his service, but when it came to the writing for his use a letter of introduction setting forth his claims, I felt compelled to draw the line there. I told him that I had to be very careful of the use of my name for such purposes, as I was asked for a great many similar letters.

If I should give a letter of commendation to all who asked me to recommend their medicine as a specific remedy tried by myself, I would have a reputation as the sickest man, with more diseases of every possible variety than any one on record, and that, much as I desired to help him, he must really excuse me from this particular service. And so my prudence shut him out from who can tell what avenues of growing ease, wealth and influence?

I do not remember at what stage of our acquaintance I began to give this man money; but after a while I came down from my pinnacle of high-toned virtue, and ceased to ask him what he would do with the dime or quarter which I placed in his hand, and for a long time he never went away from me without silver. I began to suspect that my rule above referred to was only a means of indulging a little meanness in myself, and saving a dime on the inward plea that if I gave it it would not be wisely spent, and at the same time a little self-righteousness in setting myself up as a judge of my fellow-man, and besides no one so deeply felt the misery that came from his falls into sin as he himself. If through the persistence of habit he had come into a condition of body which rendered a powerful stimulant the only thing known to him through which he could gain a few hours of comfort or rest from the hell of nerves crying out and never satisfied, I was not going to save him from his miseries, unless I could get some more powerful hold upon him than came of a reproof in the form of a refusal to give him money lest he should spend it for drink.

Just at this point centres the weight of the immense problem what to do with paupers? Of course, there is no deliverance but in their realizing a higher conception than they have of the meaning of their worldly life, and the possibilities before them in this world and the next. I often talked with my poor friend along this line, and tried to lift his thoughts up to the great Helper of the helpless, and urged him to build from within. I told him of both forgiveness for the past and help for the future. The eyes never winked faster, and the gurgle in his throat, which was never attended by a tear, was never deeper than during these conversations; but he invariably closed these talks by declaring that it was of no use for him to try. He had resolved again and again; and had he not gone out among the farmers, and had not his earnings been stolen from him, and so the way had been hedged up before him at his earliest steps in it. Then he would, with real sadness, tell me that I knew nothing about it. The grip of the devil on such as he was something that the good folks, as they called themselves, could not begin to understand. What could they know about it? They were never hungry, they never spent a night in Smith's working-man's boarding-house. As for the model lodging-house, he had refused to carry an order from me for a night's lodging to that place. I never saw any awakening of real religious sentiment or feeling in him during any of our talks upon the subject. To do him justice, he never dwelt upon the ordinary excuses urged, as the inconsistencies of professors of religion, though he said enough to reveal that he did not feel that the world had dealt as kindly with him as, notwithstanding his many acknowledged faults, he felt that it should have done.

I suspect that he had, from doubting the sincerity of men, come to cast many doubts up toward God. He surprised me one day by introducing "natural selection" into our conversation. Where had he found that idea? Had he read, or only heard some conversation leading out in that direction, I do not know, but he was correct in his use of the term. In urging upon him the help he would realize in committing his weakness unto God, he answered that,

"Perhaps good, kind, natural selection had already made out its lists, and, judging from the past, he felt sure he was not included in them as the fittest to survive."

I found with him, as I have often found, that to get the best of an argument is not the same thing as to quicken a dead soul into life. I am not sure but that the most hopeless factor in the case of the masses which include my strange acquaintance, is the

heart turned to stone by sin, and by that sense of wrong cherished against the world because of suffering for want of bread and shelter.

I am perfectly aware that there are persons who will write me down as wanting myself in the right type of religious power, in that my appeals and prayers in the case of the poor tramp did not promptly turn him into a happy convert for Christ. I am quite willing to rest under any imputation that self-righteousness may see fit to cast upon me in reference to this case. But greater than I have flung themselves upon this rock of "what to do then," and have been broken upon it. I am not broken, but am still studying the subject of Christian duty toward those who are outcasts from human society, but not outcasts from God—I mean, not cut off from all possibility of hope in Christ. Perhaps, if the Church was less straitened by systems and established methods, and society less enslaved to certain ideas of what is socially proper, and feared less a transgression of those laws of strict social propriety, so that a tramp could get a little nearer to the heart which lies behind the hand which gives, and so feel once more the great throbbing of Christ's heart of love, and rise to confidence that the universal brotherhood of man, established by both creation and redemption, had not been entirely forfeited by error, and sin, and dominant habits of evil, one step would be gained toward the successful practice of that helpfulness which does exist in spirit in the Christian Church, but which fails only in execution.

TO CANADA.

O STRONG-LIMBED stripling of the Western Main,
 New-waken'd from the lap of centuries,
 In all the splendour of thy manhood rise,
 Clear-eyed, pure-hearted; let thy wise young brain
 Read history aright, that thou shalt gain
 Lost riches of old lands; thine ears and eyes
 Shut fast 'gainst flatterers' wiles and liars' cries;
 Let party passion call to thee in vain.

Thy spring is on thee now and soon shall burst
 The ripening summer; sow as thou wouldst reap,
 Famine or plenty; from thee ever keep
 The stain of blood that hath all nations cur'd;
 Nor cease to pray that He who judgeth all—
 Nation and man—may never let thee fall.

—E. G. G., in *Globe*.

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

V.

THESE papers, already grown beyond the original intent, may perhaps best close with a consideration of some practical questions just now affecting our itinerancy. And likely they should not conclude without doing this: for, however full and satisfactory may be the exposition of principles in any case, it is a great help to see an example or two worked out.

First.—If then, as the last article might seem to imply, our polity is not so bad when our spirit and ways are right, and ministers from some considerations might, as in the past, be trusted to station ministers, are we to regard the Stationing Committee so high and sacred an affair that we may not touch it? Certainly not; for it has often been handled and modified, when regarded higher and more sacred than evidently it is deemed at present. Again, no two forms of Methodism are perfectly at one to-day in this regard. In the minor Methodisms of England laymen are largely represented on this Committee; and in the Parent Body, while on the one hand laymen may not have been admitted, neither on the other hand have Chairmen of Districts merely by virtue of their office constituted the Stationing Committee, but ministers elected for that special work and charged with that particular responsibility. And this, by the way, is a plan that bears some recommendations on its face. In the vaster Methodism of America the stationing has been done by travelling Presiding Elders with an itinerant Bishop in the chair, on whom it seldom devolves to station one of their own number, even from their small committee, and in any case they have an entirely disinterested and impartial chairman. So there may, if necessary, be modifications; and there are, in ample experience, patterns enough to work from. But it is a good conservative rule to let well enough alone, and not to be in haste to change what has done well for many, many years, and proved itself good and true in many and severe crises. The man that advocates change, especially in ecclesiastical polity, where the spiritual life is the all-important consideration, and the polity of importance only as it guards and promotes that life, assumes to himself the style of a very wise

and responsible reformer, and should be sure of his ground as he proceeds, lest his character and wisdom fall in the rear of his claims and projects. In human affairs, it is one thing to see some defects in a system working pretty well on the whole; it is quite another successfully to remove them.

Second.—Ought not invitations of preachers by the people to be allowed, regarded and complied with? Let us consider. Rightly originated, rightly communicated, rightly compared, weighed and measured; rightly and prayerfully disposed of by calm, impartial authority in the general interest and for the common good, with righteous decisions, and the results joyfully accepted all around—and who in such matters would do an unrighteous thing—Why not? Others things being equal, all systems do as much. Even Papal Rome has a way of finding out the minds of those subject to authority, before it ventures upon the extremity of sovereignty, before it makes its appointments over the people. It may have deep channels that its waters may run still, and its messages pass concealed from the public eye, so that often what appears highest absolutism is, for policy's sake, if no better aim, purest democracy. All our Methodisms allow it; openly and systematically in England, and regularly and officially through the Presiding Elders from the quarterly meetings in which they are chairmen in the United States. The people will have their preferences, and all will not prefer the same minister. Why should they not be allowed in their Quarterly Official Board to make the preference known; to have it duly and legally communicated to the proper authority, the Stationing Committee, by the proper officer; to have it properly considered alongside of other invitations of the same kind, and the general interests of the work allowing it, the interests of preachers as well as the interests of people passing in review before the godly, impartial Board, personal negotiations being excluded, why should not the official request of the people be a preponderating consideration; and other things being in any way equal, why should they not obtain the man of their choice?

“But that disarranges the whole work!” If the people are openly, fairly and faithfully dealt with, they can and will accept a denial as well as a concurrence. They have so done. “But they have been so dealt with all along, and see where we are!” It is best to avoid the appearance of evil; and it is best so to arrange the polity that the least possible chance be given for suspicion. “But that will be apt to put some men aside and put others in their places!” This is an end of all argument, all reason, all piety, and even all generosity. It is the “seven-men-seven-

places" idea, and summons up the ghoul of trickery or the giant of force. "But men will scheme for these invitations!" Mean men will, of course, do mean things; but there ought not to be a majority of such among Methodist preachers, and the majority determine the polity and make the law. It is too bad if polity and law compel or even tempt an upright, godly and successful man to take crooked paths as the shortest route to a rightful goal, or underground ways as the direct course into light. Would that be Methodist Jesuitism? "But Quarterly Boards on this recommendation or that, under this inspiration or that, call men without knowing anything about them; indeed, ignorance of them is their recommendation to the detriment of better men nearer home; and the salary offered is the Quarterly Board's argument and proof to the man." It is much to be regretted if Trust Boards and Quarterly Official Boards and the people generally have so lost confidence in their chief pastors, set over them in the Lord for this very work—the appointment of ministers to labour among them—that they feel constrained to rummage the land in their own behalf; and accept a pastor and teacher on some unauthorized parties' casual suggestion with more readiness and reliance than the solemn and dutiful selection and appointment of the duly constituted authorities of the Church responsible to God in this behalf. If, indeed, it be so, it argues badly for the Boards, or badly for the appointing power, or badly for the administration of that power. Wherever the trouble be it is likely susceptible of correction, and easiest of all, in the administration, or we are badly off. "But preachers offer to go at reduced salaries, and men and Boards actually negotiate beforehand for salary, and so get their affairs arranged and fetter the Stationing Committee!" There are unreasonable men, and all men have not faith; and perhaps some of them get on Official Boards and even into the ministry; but the body of the Methodist preachers have been willing to serve the people in Christ for what the people can be reasonably expected to do; and for the most part the people do as well as they can. If a minister were found habitually forestalling the Stationing Committee by bargain, or a Board were given to trucking in such business, to the disadvantage of other circuits, or of the men who would make no such bid and barter in the commonalty of the great and holy brotherhood of Methodism, a right-minded and well-informed Stationing Committee, disinterested and impartial, would know what to do with the covetous man and the meddlesome Board; and could do it, and would do it, and would be sustained in it. The fact there had been a bargain would be its justification and

defence. Its disinterestedness, impartiality, and unselfishness would be the bulwarks of its strength. "But richer Boards actually dangle greater salaries before the eyes of the men they desire, and draw them off to the detriment of the fields that ought to have them." Religion, power with God, talent and grace have a commercial, a money value in this practical world, or they are not worth much. It was designed of God they should have; though they may not be bought or sold in the market any more than integrity, chastity, or the suffrages of freemen. He is a mean man that makes barter and truck of them; he is a noble man that possesses them and holds them above all price, and is upheld by them in the esteem and support of his fellow-men. Neither nature nor grace ignore a man's ability, industry and success, or the qualities of character, mind and heart, that lawfully command success. Surely the Church of Jesus Christ will not put them at a discount. Hundreds and hundreds of Methodist preachers are labouring for far less money than they could secure in other fields of toil; and they have a spiritual right to it, if before God they make the consecration. And some may obtain more here than they could have done in other callings. This is the commerce of the brotherhood of grace. Once in a great while a Quarterly Official Board may be unbrotherly enough to bid against another, or a preacher reckless or secular enough to drive a supplanting bargain. But no man will say this is common in Methodism. And our annual and triennial removals administer correctives and bring men and circuits to their proper level. "But minister works with minister, and they work for and with each other to trade off circuits and obtain calls one for the other!" Well, if a man has to look out for himself in a broad field and general race, what are you going to do? Meantime who is looking out for the work of God? If I have a right to study anything subordinate to the welfare of the Church, it is likely the welfare of my family, my own improvement, my opportunities of living and improving, and doing the best I can for myself consistent with the glory of God. And it is hardly for the glory of God that men do the worst they can for themselves, or that they be indifferent to these matters. So if I can help a brother, a good friend, and he can help me, and we can both help the Stationing Committee convert itself into a Recording Committee, and register our successful manœuvres, and we have no mediator or adviser in the matter but is more or less in the same business, none that looks broadly, disinterestedly and impartially over the field to see how we could all be helped and the work at large advanced by other arrangements, what

wrong or harm if my brother and I in our circumscribed view fix up our own little matters, even though it jostle a little somebody else's little matters, of which we may be utterly ignorant? Why should any complain if we are satisfied and happy? Polity, as it is, says: "You're right;" we all say and do, Amen!

This may all be perplexing, irritating, saddening, shocking, but it all points one way; that there is upon us what Senator Seward used to call the uplifting of freedom against slavery, "the irrepressible conflict;" that the people will have their preference as to their ministers, that they will express their choice; that they will invite; that under our system both ministers and people must be heard in some way as to the appointments. And this all means that there must be a special and legitimate channel for proper expressions of this kind; that they be made in open day, that they be communicated with becoming official dignity and reserve; that all others be precluded; and that they come, so far as may be, to an impartial and disinterested tribunal to be duly passed upon there in the general interests of the Church and of the people of God; other things being equal, the requests being granted when reasonably admissible, and denied—as likely in the majority of cases they would be denied—for the common good. If this is what we have, and our ministers and people so understand it, let us be content. And with this would be content.

Third.—Would not the reduction of the number of our Annual Conferences, and the consequent enlargement of their territory greatly aid us; yea, altogether be a remedy of our ills, fanciful or actual? It is said thereby better stations are afforded and better chance of exchange of good stations—who thinks of giving the people greater variety of talent and greater efficiency of ministry?—that greater variety of climate is secured, and thereby advantage to health; that it is better for the minister in the extension of his acquaintance, competition in place and effort, inspiration of example, criticism, momentum and companionship; that it will render transfers less frequent and easier, obviate the jealousies and losses of prestige, status and office in going from Conference to Conference; and that it will help the sense of the unity of the body from ocean to ocean; all which is true if we are not genuinely a Connexion; except the climatic or meteorological consideration: for the wind and the weather, by the way, are like some other obstreperous things we wot of, that do not pay much attention to our connexionalism.

It is said, on the other hand, that larger Conferences would be utterly unwieldy bodies, being difficult enough now to accommodate and control; that districts would necessarily be too large or

too numerous; that there would be a lack of Annual Conference supervision, unity and force of discipline. That not so many men would receive the stimulus and culture of conference work, each Conference having about so many officials and so many debaters; that the increased size of the Stationing Committee would only increase the difficulty of stationing; that there would be less presidencies, and if the districts were enlarged, fewer chairmanships, in which latter case, as we have it, the districts would be unmanageable for disciplinary purposes; that, after all, there are so many places and so many men; and if we were a Connexion and felt and acted as a Connexion, using brethren as brethren, without local prejudice or Conference jealousies, making transfers reasonably easy, guarding only the balance of the Conferences; not smiting the Transfer Committee in the face with one hand, in the case of a transfer, and the people making the request for transfer as violently with the other hand; but accepting the action of a General Conference body like the Transfer Committee, with the President of Annual Conferences in the chair, in response to a request of a society of the Church as done in connexional interests and for the Church as a whole; that if convictions, sentiments and actions like these could be brought to prevail, our Conferences are not too small or too many to be lively, interested, responsible and effective in our work. Whichever view may be preferred, larger or less Conferences, one thing is sure, geographical boundaries, whatever they may do in commercial or political matters, will not change the hearts of men, their selfish aims, the social and spiritual tendencies of ecclesiastical organization; except, it might be, as in the case of Rome, afford fatter fields for fouler growth. Possibly John the Baptist's doctrine would help us more in our arrangements than geography; a touch of horticulture preparatory to the great lesson by the Divine Teacher on the vine: "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the tree; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," a rule as good for Church polity as for spiritual life.

Fourth.—Would not that "axe laid unto the root of the tree," that radical and constitutional change, be the admission of laymen in equal number and power into the Stationing Committee? Certainly, if the stationing of preachers be the grip of opposing forces, the wrestling of giants; the delimitation of empire with the British lion on the one side and the Russian bear on the other; the European idea of the balance of power, France on one side of the Rhine, Germany on the other side, and the continent all astretch, armed to the teeth. Certainly, if it be a collision of

interests, a conflict of rights. Then the laymen must be there to defend their interests, to resist aggression, to fight for their rights. But we have not so learned Christ and Methodism and the itinerancy. If the stationing of preachers means their allotment to fields as a body of consecrated men by an authority trusted and obeyed because of its superior knowledge of all the aspects of the work in hand; because of its disinterestedness, unselfishness, and impartiality; because of personal piety and devotion to the Church's broadest and highest interest; and because of its ability and willingness in prayer and love to give time and attention to this solemn charge and this enormous responsibility; what will be added to the efficiency, purity or sincerity of the service by the introduction of laymen, no matter how esteemed or excellent, as a constituent of co-ordinate authority? Is it that they can afford to give and will give more time and attention to the service? Is it that our noble brethren are better informed on the condition and need of the work at large? Is it that they will be more disinterested, impartial and unselfish as to their own circuits and pastors? Is it even that the best informed and most competent men among the laity are the men of most leisure to give their time and study to this transcendently important business? Or is it that they will be there to watch the preachers, and the preachers to watch them, neither trusting the other, but all in the eyes of the others seeking their own? Who, then, will take care of the things that are Jesus Christ's? How, in this way shall the indispensable mutual confidence be restored and preserved; preachers trusting people, people trusting their ministers, ministers trusting one another, and circuits one the other; Quarterly Official Boards trusting both ministers and people, and both ministers and people trusting the Official Board? On what other base than this mutual confidence and love can we have peace? And if we have no peace how can we have power with God or man?

This is a subject that we may not govern by personal feelings or local circumstances. Any of us may be willing to take our places from the votes of the scores and scores of capable, faithful, and devout laymen in the Connexion. But what I may be glad and grateful, and for myself would be happy to do, is not the question. Is this the best, the right way of administering this solemn trust in the Church of God? Has the old plan broken down? What makes a change necessary? Methodism has prospered without it, is it now demanded in the nature of things? Is it claimed to bring perfection of action, or is it simply brought in as the least of evils? Have the ministers so managed affairs

as to make such a change imperative, in order to checkmate ministerial schemes and doings? If so, likely there is an end of argument. If laymen must arise to protect themselves against ministers, whose duty and interest it is to be faithful protectors of the laymen, the Church at large, in every sacred regard, why further controversy? Then on to action. What is the use of words? If there be indeed Popery in Methodism, as some allege, whoever knew Popery to go backward in Methodism or anywhere else, unless thrust back? But, surely, it is not so. Surely the Scriptural plan, the Wesleyan plan from the beginning, the Methodist plan, of sending out consecrated itinerant men by consecrated itinerant men to the conquest of the world, is not just now and in our country proving a failure. Surely it cannot be that the societies need to be protected against the preachers; the flocks against the shepherds. That were, indeed, a terrific revolution, a frightful disaster; then were our men deep in the darkness and far gone in the gulf. But it cannot be. Nor can it be that the laymen desire this work, this increase of labour and obligation simply for the love of power, for the honour or distinction of it. If so, should they be entrusted with it? And surely it is no amusement, demanding as it will at least one-fiftieth part of their time, night and day, in wearisome session without recompense; and for the most part without grateful acknowledgment, and certainly with unmerited censure and some abuse. Aye, more than one-twentieth part of their time! for surely men are not going into such business without deeply informing themselves, and feeling the weight of the responsibility. Nor can it be in the laymen desiring simply to protect their own circuits; this man, this circuit, or two or three; and that man, that circuit, or two or three. How is that going to lessen or avoid pulls and scrambles? If that is where we are, had we not better confess our incompetency, and seek help from the Pope of Rome? If any one were to say that the laymen were bent on representation on the Stationing Committee, he would have to explain at least to himself as a philosopher, if not to the rest of us as Methodists and Christians, whether it is because they desire novelties, change for the sake of change; or whether they are suspicious or distrustful of their pastorate; or if it comes of love of power, or love of honour, or of a meddlesome spirit, or of a conceit they can do it better than it is done, or of the incitement of the first law of nature—self-defence, or of persuasion of the necessity of their counsel, or of high convictions of duty and heroic self-sacrifice for the benefit of the Zion of their love. For the laymen of Methodism will seek no such power of unworthy motive.

At all events, it is well for all of us to bear in mind, that the itinerancy, from the very peculiarity of the system—say like our municipal system or parliamentary system—creates rights of its own; that the fact that men give themselves up to God and His Church to move every year and even any time during the year, at the beck of some authority in that Church, not specially provided in Holy Scripture, but ordained largely of the very men that move, should entitle them to say how that consecrated authority put into consecrated hands for Jesus' sake should be exercised; that it should be in the hands of men of something of like experience and affection; that such men are more likely, as certainly they are under the solemn obligation to do, to see themselves fully informed of the men and the fields; that they are as strongly bound under the solemn sanctions of religion, to God and His Church to keep themselves unselfish, disinterested and impartial in the administration of the affairs of the holy brethren as merely secular men are likely to be; that the rights of the societies, the laymen are not overlooked, but fairly secure in the fact that in hard cases, desperate affliction, the pastors may be changed at the end of the year; at the worst must change every three years; that the people vote what support they please, and the ministers must content themselves with the vote of the Board; that they must content themselves with things as they find them, and improve them if they can, living in joy with the people of their love till at the command of the Church the boundary of their love is extended, and the hemisphere of their joy broadened and brightened. This would seem like British regal and parliamentary power, not a badly balanced arrangement; and not one under which, even as it is, it would be oppressive or vexatious to live. If it is unhinged, perverted, grinding this side or galling that, there is great blame somewhere.

Fifth.—“Can anything be done to ease up matters, restore mutual confidence, and make the machinery run more smoothly?” No trouble at all! No trouble at all, if we all, ministers and people, put ourselves where we ought ever to abide—in the hands and under the direction of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of our God can do good work even with poor instruments. “But that is not what we mean. We all know that. It is not the piety or obedience we seek! We ask, Can the machinery be touched up, so that it shall not be so much a heart of love as a head of plans; that we may say, We have done it; the praise is ours?” Well, it is hard to say how steel and iron shall produce the oil for the heat and friction of their own motions. It would be a new thing under the sun. But, no doubt, wisdom will die with us, and in

the interest of posterity we better make the attempt—do it by the machinery making its own oil; by the bones and joints without the life; by the polity without the Spirit.

There are some things we cannot do. We cannot adopt the English system of electing men, one from each district, specially for the Stationing Committee, and commit the whole work to that Committee. That might leave out the chairman, and break some tender cords of sympathy, and strong chains of power along which often go mighty forces and do tremendous work.

Nor will it do to think of anything approaching the American system as used in the United States: first, because it is American and our policy is retaliation and not reciprocity; second, because some fancy it is expensive, far more expensive in administration than our small district, voluminous committee system; third, because there is plainly too much "thumb" in it—and we all dread authoritative interference and abominable "thumb," and evidently "thumb" is the last thing we require or desire; fourth, because Methodism in this country is too free and intelligent to allow any few men in the love and fear of God to dispose of many labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, and too independent to accept any matter as settled, whether settled by the authority of a Court of Appeal or Stationing Committee; and fifth, because in this land of light none in our Zion beloved need attempt High Court or Star Chamber work, for every man must take care of himself and fight his own battles; and every circuit must look out for itself; how then can we be satisfied with calm, pious, impartial executive decisions only? We will have none of it. The widest, freest, openest stationing—only keep the laymen out—is what we will have. Our benighted and enslaved American brethren may endure another system, may fancy that they have a plan that gives them, as nearly as may be in human affairs, an impartial, disinterested, well-informed Stationing Committee, one enjoying the mutual confidence of ministers and people; but we have learned a better way.

Laying these and their kindred expedients and experiments utterly out of the question, how would it be to examine what could be set over against the complaints of restless, perhaps unreasonable, spirits among us? This attempt will make a conclusive paper.

THE Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

POTTER AND CLAY.

TWO STUDIES.—I. THE "RUBÁIYÁT."

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

THE ruling spirit of the age is, as all men declare, the scientific spirit. To-day, more than ever before in the world's history, are men wrestling with the problems of the universe, and we of the present generation breathe an atmosphere of investigation and inquiry which is our most glorious heritage. On all sides broad fields of knowledge are being discovered and fair vistas are opening to the earnest eye. Wonderful secrets of Nature have been grasped and laid bare by eager hands, and we are beginning to cry, "The whole domain of science is his who is strong to enter in."

Yet wide as are the fields opened, and diverse as the roads men follow, the end sought is the same for all, the solution of the old, old problem of human destiny. For since the world began, this question, which to-day above all others absorbs the attention of philosopher and scientist, and the answer to which is most fraught with triumph or despair, has been asked by every earnest mind, wise and simple alike: What and whence is life, and whither does it tend? The names of men made world-famous by their brilliant efforts to solve this vital problem are but representative of the millions who, in limited, and sometimes inarticulate fashion, have through the ages been groping after the Truth that underlies all facts, all phenomena.

It is not strange, then, that poets and prophets—are not the two one?—should, in different ages and nations, have dealt with the same theme, and even used the same imagery in presenting it. And it is no cause for wonder that side by side upon our library tables lie the "Rubáiyát" of Omar, and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" of Browning, two typical embodiments of the final issue between agnosticism and theism, while we, because we have felt the conflict in our own souls, are enabled to comprehend the unspeakable sadness of the one, and the triumphant, inspiring gladness of the other.

The "Rubáiyát," we are told, form a series of several hundred independent quatrains, of which one hundred and one have been translated by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, to whom the English reading world is indebted for an acquaintance, scarcely possible but for his beautiful translation, with the works of "the Astronomer-Poet of Persia," as well as with the few known particulars of his life.

Of the details concerning the history of Omar Khayyám it is sufficient for us to know that he was a scholar as well as a poet, deeply versed in science, particularly that of astronomy, who, seven hundred years ago, carried on his quiet pursuits at Nájshápúr, under the patronage of the Vizier, Nizam-ul-Mulk. The story of his spiritual life is told in his poems. Revolting from the false and empty philosophy of the Sufis and the imperious religion of Islam, he found nothing on which to rest his belief but the fleeting Present and an inexorable Fate. An atheist, knowing no God, no future, he turned back upon self and sensual pleasure for that on which to nourish a mind too really great to be satisfied with aught so hollow.

The ostensible theme of the "Rubáiyát" is the Praise of Wine, that which alone can deaden the hunger of the soul. In the fifty-eighth quatrain (I use Mr. Fitzgerald's translation), Omar says:

"And lately, by³ the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape,
Bearing a Vessel on his shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!"

"The sovereign Alchemist," he calls it, and devotes many verses to the glorification of its power. But underneath there is a deeper, more serious thought. The true theme of the "Rubáiyát" is Life and Destiny; the poem or series of poems, embodies a theory of existence, the hopeless theory of the agnostic.

Omar's concept of life is that which recognizes but morning and night, but youth followed by death; he knows no evening, no sunset hour. The song begins with a joyous strain:

"WAKE! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

It ends with a mournful cadence:

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain."

Youth to him is a season of mirth and pleasure, yet in the most joyful and merry of his verses there is always the undertone of sadness:

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.”

Always with the thought of the present, the bright present of pleasure and love, comes close following the other thought of the dark, unknown future :

“ A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow ! ”

This to-day ; but to-morrow ?

“ Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regret and future Fears ;
To-morrow ! Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years. ”

And feel the hopelessness of the following lines—

“ Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend ;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End. ”

Over and over the emptiness and evanescence of all earthly hope and ambition are declared with a stern pathos, which gives a glimpse of an element in the real nature of the poet which he seems ever striving to conceal under the mantle of pure sensualism.

“ The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's Dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone. ”

Thus their hope and the men themselves

“ Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest. ”

“ Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
‘ Fools ! your reward is neither Here nor There. ’ ”

Omar did not “ lean to the darker side ” without some struggle, some effort to find the Truth. In his song he gives the story of his search after God, after some clue to the meaning of life. It is the dreary history of the development of agnosticism in a soul capable of faith. The scientific spirit is false to its own methods,

its own canons, and the inevitable result is sensualism and atheism.

“ Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint; and heard great argument
 About it and about; but evermore
 Came back by the same door where in I went.

“ With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap’d—
 ‘ I came like Water, and like Wind I go.’

“ Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.”

There is a reference to his study of the science that solves so many mysteries, but loosens not “the Master-knot of Human Fate:”

“ There was the Door to which I found no Key;
 There was the Veil through which I could not see;
 Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
 There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

“ Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal’d
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

“ Then of the THEE in ME who works behind
 The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
 A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
 As from Without, ‘THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!’”

Philosophy was impotent to show him God:

“ I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
 Some letter of that After-life to spell:
 And by-and-by my Soul returned to me,
 And answered, ‘ I myself am Heav’n and Hell.’

“ Heav’n but the Vision of fulfill’d Desire,
 And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
 So late emerg’d from, shall so soon expire.”

Life then loses its significance, its value, and is seen but as a game upon this “checker-board of Nights and Days;” God is an inscrutable Being,

“ A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
 Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd,
 Which for the Pastime of Eternity,
 He does Himself contrive, enact, behold.”

Man is powerless in the hands of an arbitrary Fate:

“ The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on; nor all your Piety and Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.”

So at last comes the discouragement of futile and baffled effort,
 with the recoil and lapse into despairing defiance:

“ Then to the Lips of this poor earthen Urn
 I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn;
 And Lip to Lip it murmur'd, ‘ While you live,
 Drink !—for, once dead, you never shall return.’

“ YESTERDAY *this* Day's Madness did prepare,
 To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair;
 Drink ! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
 Drink ! for you know not why you go, nor where.”

That there is no trace of grossness in Omar's verses, one feels to be due to the native fineness of his mind, rather than to moral restraint. The poet cannot sink utterly to the level of his own philosophy, which, though its expression is so delicately poetic and refined, is wholly sensual.

The old metaphor of the Potter and Clay, common to so many peoples and periods, is exquisitely elaborated by Omar Khayyám. He represents himself stopping by the way to watch the potter moulding his clay—clay which is the dust of vanished generations of men, not yet all insensate. The vessels are of all shapes and sizes; some beautiful, some awry; some created to honour, some to dishonour; yet all of *living* clay, conscious, but helpless, moulded as the Potter wills in arbitrary mood. As Omar watches the work of the Potter he hears the vessels speaking, vainly questioning, vainly remonstrating, till one in resistant despair cries out,

“ All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
 Who makes—Who sells—Who buys—Who is the Pot ?”

Vain, indeed! The poet, like the potter's vessel, despairs of reading the mystery, and returns again to the wine-cup. He cries to mankind to drink and be merry. Yet at Omar's feast there is ever present the skeleton, and when the gaiety rises highest the

sadness is deepest. There may be mirth, but there is no gladness, in atheism, in Omar's solution of the problem of destiny.

Be merry !

“ Perplex no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

“ So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

“ Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide ?”

Drink and be merry ! Such was Omar's song, but the sorrow of his own heart cries out at last,

“ Yet, ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close !
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows ?

“ Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field !

“ Would but some wingéd Angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate !”

The song of Omar is but typical, after all. A soul grapples with the problem of life, fails to solve it and the end is despair. With all the rare beauty of imagery and tender grace of expression in the poem, with its gleams of light which sometimes penetrate the gloom of its unfaith, the prevailing note is still that of a profound sadness—a sadness which every one who faces the thought of life without God and without hope must feel.

From the dust of Omar Khayyám, for nearly seven centuries have sprung generation after generation of the roses he loved so well, but his Song of Wine still lives, the saddest, mournfullest song that human lips have uttered.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont. .

THE DORÉ GALLERY.

BY THE REV. D. DAVIES MOORE, A.M.

THE Doré Gallery of Art in New Bond Street, London, is one of those delicious retreats into which one loves to go sometimes and hide away for an afternoon from the din of the huge metropolis. There among the ravishing canvasses of this great modern master I could be just as tranquil and abstracted as I can^{be} in Canada, lying half-hidden among the fragrant shrubs of some secluded headland, with my gun by my side, watching the wild-fowl fly in from the glorious region down in the west, where the sun is sinking so splendidly. There in Bond Street I recline in the velvety depths of a great ottoman, while my soul is drinking in the beauty and pathos of what I feel to be the most eloquent paintings in all the world.

Here hangs the great original of the steel engraving so common in our homes, "Christ leaving the Prætorium." At first glance I am overwhelmed with the size of this picture, twenty feet by thirty, and some of the great life proportioned figures on the canvas. But I soon forget this, and am lost in the exquisite colouring, power, and pathos of it. I scarcely move for hours, taking in the sad beauty of the central figure of Christ, as He comes slowly moving toward me down those marble steps. I look at the crowd of priests; I pick out the traitor, Judas, watching the descent with guilty side glance; I gaze longer at the lovely pallid face of the holy mother, with the tear on her cheek, and at the Magdalene falling fainting with grief at the feet of the fierce Roman soldiers, who thrust back roughly the pressing crowd with the but-end of their long spears; I try to make out the dark features of Pilate and Herod as they converse in the close confidence of new-made friendship, in the dim background of all; but I ever come back to that one face, and think the painter must indeed have learned the magnetic power of Him who "will draw all men unto Him." No man can study this great canvas and come away with just the same heart. I wished this picture had been placed in the British Gallery of Art, where the poor might receive its blessing, because it is infinitely more touching than the sixty thousand pound Madonna of Raphael, or anything else in Trafalgar Square Gallery.

The companion picture to this is "Christ Entering Jerusalem." It is also a wonder of genius, and forms with the other a fine contrastive study of the life of our Lord.

In a more dim side-gallery hangs the *Ecce Homo*. With it in an instant my soul was smitten to its depths. Such a face; so radiant with divinity, I almost retreat a step before its shining power. Then I am drawn back by the infinite sadness of those eyes; and the tears spring to mine at the sight of so cruel a thorny crown, and those scarlet drops of that blood I almost look to see fall from His forehead to His feet, and my heart whispers over the dear lines:

"O Lamb of God, was ever grief,
Was ever love like thine?"

I will not leave the "Ecce Homo" before I repeat my *sacramentum*.

There are two fine pictures, companions, that witness to the rebound of Doré from Romish error, "The Neophyte," and the "Day Dream." The principal figure in the former is that of a young monk who has just become a brother among the throng of tonsured recluses who are represented in the midst of a monastic service. None appear so earnest as he, yet in his eyes there lingers a far-way, sad look. In the latter, our neophyte is seated at the great organ, leading the vesper hymn. His face is sidelong toward a window "richly dight." As the sunset light pours in a glorious stream through the coloured glass, in 'the midst of it appears the most radiant of girl faces, into whose eyes of beseeching love the Dreamer is gazing with an expression of absolute despair.

I stand before the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" and think of the Laureate's "Dream of Fair Women." The mellowed light from her open chamber door casts a faint glow upon all the terrible tragedies that were about to transpire within the following hours. These are represented in the same picture, with the unique Doréan touch. There is about them all the mingled realism, phantasy and terror of a horrid dream.

Another fine canvas is the "Ascension." The glory of the departing Saviour, the joy of the angels, and the loneliness of the group of disciples fire the beholder with conflicting emotions.

Doré did not devote much time to any mythological subjects. But his "Andromeda" and "Ariadne and the Lion" are splendid works of art. They are, however, characterized by that extreme nudity of the French school to which we happily in America have not yet become accustomed in our picture galleries. "Moses and Pharaoh" is a great work, both in size and colouring, but I was not drawn toward it especially. I have reserved for the last the picture of all that imprinted itself the most deeply on

my heart, "The Vale of Tears." The painting itself has a history. It was the master's last, and in it he has concentrated all the sorrow that compressed itself into the close of his life. It also reveals the blessedness of that faith which it is said so comforted Doré in his closing hours on earth, which had become a "vale of tears" to him through the loss of dearest friends.

This is the picture—In the centre of a dreary, rocky, night-enshadowed land there opens a wide ravine. Coming down toward the observer there is a figure of the Christ. His eyes are tender with pitying love. On the left shoulder he bears a cross. His right hand is stretched forward in a beckoning, receiving attitude. Curving widely above his head is a resplendent circle of light, which casts its radiance over the whole dark canvas. The vale is a rough craggy cleft between great mountains, on every part of which descending toward the central figure is an innumerable multitude of people, whose crowding forms mingle far back in the picture into one indistinguishable mass. We can only make those of them out who are somewhat near the Christ. He seems to be crying, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden." Those closest to Him kneeling, tottering, feebly creeping, and the most abject of all ages of the world, all climes, all ills are represented. Every man and woman is bringing his or her own troubles to Him. There are boys and girls and infants lifted up for a blessing in mothers' arms. Here is the high priest with his sins, and the king pallid with pressing care, leaning upon the shoulder of Cæsar wounded unto death. Great soldiers, statesmen, churchmen, all are here coming with their burdens of sin and care.

A very impressive figure is that of a lovely girl with cross extended in her hand, in the act of encouraging the despairing ones to press forward to the Christ. She is an angel of mercy. Great crowds of men and women are incessantly pouring down the mountain passes, stopping a moment to look with astonishment at the wondrous scene beneath, with all its divine sorrow and impotency, lighted up by the luminous circle that encompasses the Christ. Last of all, I discover in the left-hand corner of the painting, concealed amid deep shadows, clinging in thick coils around a blasted tree, the writhing form of a huge serpent. Here is the curse. Here is sin. This is the apt touch of Doré, illustrating at the same time his subtle genius, and his loyalty to inspired truth.

Indeed, it is here that, with the old masters, he has triumphed. In him Christianity has again showed itself to be the mother-source of truest art. The world's greatest masters in poetry, music,

painting and sculpture have caught their finest inspirations from Christology. Doré has enriched British art. I could not find a touch of his brush in France. The great Louvre now looks over with envious eyes toward the little gallery on New Bond Street, London, and the Salon bitterly laments its mistake in alienating Gustave Doré from his native land.

The following is a brief outline of the facts of Doré's life:

France has produced greater painters than Gustave Doré, but none whose name is more familiar to the world, or whose works have had wider popularity. He began to draw pictures while yet a mere child, living in his native town of Strasburg under the shadow of the great cathedral, which was at once his chief delight and his source of artistic inspiration.

In his fifteenth year he found himself in Paris, where he quickly laid the foundation of his remarkable success. Beginning at this early age he ran a career of thirty-five years of the most prodigious labour which any man ever accomplished. During that time Doré produced no less than 76,000 drawings, and attached his name forever to the masterpieces of literature. He died, alas! without being able to complete the magnificent illustrations to Shakespeare, which he intended to make the crowning triumph of his artistic career.

He laboured incessantly. "I do not think," said one of his family, "that during a whole year Gustave slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four. The wonder is that he did not go mad." Often he rose from his bed and stole on tiptoe to his studio to outline the conceptions which haunted his ever-fermenting brain, and his premature death must in great part be ascribed to the fatigue and nervous excitement consequent upon this nocturnal labour. He worked at high pressure and with a celerity that was enough, an artist said, "to make one dizzy." Swiftly as he used his brush and pencil, his imagination was invariably far ahead of them, for he had at all times years of future toil planned and waiting.

As for money, the great artist never cared for it. Between 1850 and 1870 he received for his work \$1,400,000, and could have had more if he had but demanded it. When his mother died she left him \$120,000 in addition. A large part of this fortune he left to charities.

In addition to the pictures described by Mr. Moore, we would call attention to "The Christian Martyrs," perhaps the most dramatic of all Doré's conceptions. In it he has pictured the horrors of the Roman arena under Diocletian, A.D. 303. The time is a night succeeding a great festival. The stone seats of the great amphitheatre are empty—the crowd that sat filled with pleasure over the persecution has gone. In the dimly-lighted arena, half seen by fitful moonbeams, savage animals prowl over the corpses, or feed upon the remains. Above, from a star-lit sky, a vision of angels is seen descending to welcome the departing spirits of those who have suffered death.

Another noble painting is Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. The figure of our Saviour is the central object of interest as He comes forward on the back of an ass through one of those Corinthian gateways built by Herod. Two boys lead the animal. The group that immediately fol-

lows consists of the Apostles, the Mother, and the Seventy who had collected on the occasion. The beautiful face of the Virgin Mary may be seen amid the throng. Peter may be recognized on the left. The city stretches out behind the procession, full of people who cover the housetops and fill every available space, rapturously welcoming Him, and strewing His path with the green branches. A group of Roman ladies occupy a sort of tribune to the right, while on the left the Jewish women may be distinguished by their veils—one of them being lifted up to get a view of the Saviour. Another, herself kneeling, is raising a lovely brown child on her shoulders. Altogether, the great canvas contains about two hundred figures, of every rank of society in old Judea. The oriental types and costumes of the historic period are carefully preserved. In the blue transparent firmament on high appears a double glory of white-robed angels, grouped in a celestial choir, who mingle their hosannas with those of the earthly throng.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

PAUL'S ROMAN GUARD AND THE VENETIAN ALPS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

“My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard, and to all the rest.”—PHIL. i. 13.

No sight from Venice is more striking and lovely than the great range of snow-capped mountains that bound it to the north. When first seen from the top of the Campanile, or from the green shores of the Lido, few can suppress exclamations of surprise and delight. We had often wished to explore that region, and having a few weeks at command between the close of the Scotch Church in July, and the re-opening of it in September, we set out to do so.

We took the train as far as it was available, which was to Belluno, an old-fashioned town in the great valley of the Piave, about forty miles from Venice. There we got a diligence, which took us other forty miles up this same valley to Pieve-di-Cadore, where we took up our headquarters.

Pieve-di-Cadore is a small village, having a population of 700, situated about 3,000 feet above the sea, walled around by giant mountain peaks and ranges, far removed from the stir and bustle of life, and thus promising at first sight little to entertain one. We yet found it more full of interest than many much-frequented towns, with tens of thousands of inhabitants. The very name is suggestive. Pieve is from “plebs.” It was the meeting-place of the people, and the capital of the mountain region around, which is called Cadore. The word also speaks of elective rights and constitutional popular government. On inquiry, we found that it had a history, and a long and honourable one too, that could be traced back in an unbroken record to the beginning of the Christian era, and could be partially made out during even the two centuries preceding the birth of our Lord. It is one, too, that reflects only honour on the people, showing them to have always been brave, hardy mountaineers, with a strong love of freedom, who had often to fight for that priceless boon, and who rarely fought in vain. For ten centuries they existed as a little mountain republic; and when, because of the rise of strong peoples on every side of them, they were compelled to coalesce with others, they formed an honourable alliance with Venice.

Why these mountaineers have played such a part in history is explained to a certain extent by their character, and by the

wealth of their country in minerals and timber; but chiefly by this circumstance, which seems at first sight most unlikely, their geographical position. For the valley of the river Piave, which runs through Cadore, used to be one of the great high roads to and from Italy, and the village of Pieve, situated at its neck where several lateral valleys run into it, was the key to the pass. And though at present this route is comparatively unfrequented, being traversed chiefly by the Alpinist and tourist, once hordes of people—Greeks and Goths, Huns and Ostrogoths, Franks and Lombards, Hungarians, Germans, and Austrians—poured through it into the sunny south.

The natural scenery of this district is interesting. The mountains that shut it in are Dolomites. This term, derived from Dolomieu, a famous mineralogist, casts, of course, no scientific light on their nature. We are told, however, that these rocks consist of carbonates of lime and magnesia in definite proportions, and in a state of crystallization. A piece of Dolomite feels soft and smooth as a piece of soap. These rocks are very fragile, and hence destructive landslips and falls of large masses are frequent. But their most striking characteristic is their forms. They are not like other mountains. Their summits are thrown up into the most fantastic shapes. Here a range of pinnacles, and there towers and ramparts, battlemented walls and impregnable castles. Then this was Titian's country. The house still stands in Pieve, where, in 1477, he was born, and where he lived till his tenth or twelfth year, when he set out for Venice, but which he returned to for a short holiday almost every year of his long life. A marble slab, set into the walls, bears the inscription—

"CADORE SEGNA AGLI OSPITI QUESTA
CASA DOVE NAQUE E CREBBE TOZIANO."*

A monument has been erected to him in the market-place. His family name, Vecellio, is still to be seen over the doors of the village shops which belong to his descendants. In the parish church are hung a few of his pictures, and his grandfather's house contains a fresco, painted by him from colours obtained, it is said, from flowers, when yet quite a boy, before he left the paternal roof.

These are a few of the things of interest we found at Pieve-di-Cadore. We might mention others, but hasten on to speak of that which interested us as Christians more than all, namely, the

* Cadore points out to its guests this house in which was born and grew up Titian.

connection between the Christianity of this place and the Apostle Paul's guards during his imprisonment at Rome, and, indeed, with the Apostle Paul himself. Christianity was introduced here by Roman soldiers, and probably by some who had received it themselves from the lips of the great apostle. In the first chapter of his Epistle to the Philippians Paul, referring to his imprisonment and to its altered conditions by which he was deprived of the liberty he once enjoyed, and was constantly chained to a soldier, says, "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel."

As the words imply, he and these Philippians, to whom he wrote, imagined that the change would have hindered the Gospel, but here, as in many another instance, God made the wrath of man to praise Him. Paul then tells how the Gospel was furthered. "My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard, and to all the rest." Paul talked to his guards about Christ. As one after another was chained to him they heard the message of salvation. Impressed themselves, converted themselves, they talked in turn to their companions in the prætorium about Christ and Christ's prisoner in bonds. Thus the news spread, not only among the soldiers, and they of Cæsar's household, but to *all the rest*. Significant words. Shall we interpret them to all the other citizens of Rome? Doing so, we shall not err, but if we stop there, our interpretation is defective. *To all the rest* means to all to whom these soldiers went, and it includes the brave mountaineers of this out-lying, far-distant region, relative in these days to Rome, Pieve-di-Cadore. Paul's imprisonment happened about 60 A.D., and shortly after that the Roman Emperor sent a force under Drusus and Tiberius to conquer Cadore. The soldiers marched north through the Peninsula. They came up the Piave gorge of which we have spoken. They conquered the country with tolerable ease as far as the Cadore frontier beyond Belluno. There they built a fortress, which to this day remains in the name of the place Castello. Then they set about the subjugation of the Cadorini. These highlanders made a long and stout resistance, but had at last to yield, although not without securing several privileges from their conquerors. A Roman garrison was at last planted in the castle of Pieve. But the conquests of these soldiers did not end here. Among them were members of the prætorian guard, who had learned the Gospel from the lips of their comrades, or, as we have already said, probably from the lips of the great apostle himself. These soldiers became evangelists and missionaries. They talked to

the mountaineers as they had been talked to. Their preaching was not in vain. They obtained a second and a better triumph in Cadore. As good soldiers of Rome they had won the land for Cæsar, and now as good soldiers of the Cross they won the people for Jesus.

Their subjection to Christ has long outlived that to Cæsar. After a few centuries the Roman Empire went to pieces, but the Kingdom of Christ remains enduring on, and the Cadorini from age to age have been its subjects. They were ever jealous of freedom of conscience and purity of worship. On their statute books stand laws passed from time to time in the early centuries against the claims and pretensions of the Church of Rome. The way in which they decided to join the Republic of Venice, in 1420, is significant and illustrates their Christian character. Uncertain whether to join Maximilian, who could crush them from the north, or the Duke of Milan, their powerful neighbour to the west, or Venice to the south, a councillor rose in the Assembly, saying, "We are Christians, let us go to Him who is the source of light to learn what to do." An adjournment was made from the Council Hall to the Church of the Holy Spirit. There prayer was made for divine guidance and direction. God gave them "light in the darkness." On re-assembling in the Council Hall, with one voice and one heart they said, "Let us go to the good Venetians."

Venice, in the fifteenth century, had not yet fallen from its Christian character and status. Of course, the Church of Rome has gone from bad to worse during these past centuries, and the Cadorini have remained in connection with it. Still within the pale of that Church there are Catholics and Catholics. In the big cities, even in Rome itself, alongside the clerical party, who are now fighting for the restoration of the temporal power, there are liberal laymen and priests who recognize the spirituality of Christ's kingdom, and who own only Him as their Saviour and their Sovereign. Much more so is this the case in country districts. It is so in Cadore. We found the priests and the people wonderfully instructed in Bible truths, and whilst holding it in error, looking for salvation through the atoning work of Jesus Christ. We used to distribute Scripture cards and leaflets. These were not only accepted gladly, but sought for with earnestness and read and preserved. Many a poor woman put down her load of wood or hay, and read with beaming eyes the words of our Saviour: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Crime is rarely heard of, and the moral tone is excellent. Poverty, in the shape of destitution, is

unknown, for although the land does not produce enough to support the people, the young men are enterprising. They go, as one expressed it, for a walk in America (*vanno a spasso in America*). There they labour industriously and live economically for a few years and save money, when they return to live comfortably among their native hills

We need not fear for the continuance in Cadore of this fruit of the Apostle Paul's imprisonment. He who by means of the soldiers of that old prætorian guard carried to these mountains "a handful of corn," and who has caused "the fruit thereof" down these long centuries to "shake like Lebanon," will take care of its growth and extension still, for "His name," we know, "shall endure forever, His name shall be continued as long as the sun." "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things."

SAN REMO, 21st Nov., 1888.

THE TRANSLATING OF THE GOSPEL.

WITHIN a cloister of the olden time,
As slowly swung the bell for even chime,
The holy Father Bede, whose failing breath
Gave sure foretoken of his holy death,
Besought a scribe to write the precious word
That from his languid lips scarce could be heard.

"A chapter yet is wanting, master mine,"
Up spake the boy, as fast the sacred line
Of John, the best beloved the saints among,
Was deftly wrought into the mother-tongue.
"Then quickly speed!" the dying monk exclaimed,
Whilst on his face the golden sunset flamed.

"Dear master," spake the lad in mortal dread
(For now the noble face was like the dead),
"The work must rest unfinished, much I fear;
There lacketh yet a single sentence here."
"Write quickly, boy," was spoken in reply;
"Until the work be done I may not die."

"'Tis finished," said the little scribe at last,
And looked upon the holy man aghast.
"Yes, *all* is finished," the great monk replied,
Then crossed his pallid hands and, smiling, died.

THE ELDER'S WIFE.

SEQUEL TO "DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY."

BY SAXE HOLM.

II.

For the first few days after the funeral, Draxy seemed to sink; the void was too terrible; only little Reuby's voice roused her from the apathetic silence in which she would sit by the hour gazing out of the east bay-window on the road down which she had last seen her husband walk. She knew just the spot where he had paused and turned and thrown kisses back to Reuby watching him from the window.

But her nature was too healthy, too full of energy, and her soul too full of love to remain in this frame long. She reproached herself bitterly for the sin of having indulged in it even for a short time.

"I don't believe my darling can be quite happy even in heaven while he sees me living this way," she said, sternly, to herself one morning. Then she put on her bonnet, and went down into the village to carry out a resolution she had been meditating for some days. Very great was the astonishment of house after house that morning, as Draxy walked quietly in, as had been her wont. She proposed to the mothers to send their younger children to her, to be taught half of every day.

"I can teach Reuby better if I have other children, too," she said. "I think no child ought to be sent into the district school under ten. The confinement is too much for them. Let me have all the boys and girls between six and eight, and I'll carry them along with Reuby for the next two or three years at any rate," she said.

The parents were delighted and grateful; but their wonder almost swallowed up all other emotions.

"To think o' her!" they said. "The Elder not three weeks buried, an' she a goin' round, jest as calm 'n' sweet's a baby, a gettin' up a school!"

"She's too good for this earth, that's what she is," said Angy Plummer. "I should jest like to know if anybody 'd know this village, since she came into 't. Why we ain't one of us the same we used to be. I know I ain't. I reckon myself's jest about eight years old, if I have got three boys. That makes me born the summer before her Reuby, an' that's jest the time I was born, when my Benjy was seven months old!"

"You're jest crazy about Mis' Kinney, Angy Plummer," said her mother. "I b'lieve ye'd go through fire for her quicker 'n ye would for any yer own flesh an' blood."

Angy went to her mother and kissed the fretful old face very kindly. "Mother, you can't say I hain't been a better daughter to you sence I knowed Mis' Kinney."

"No, I can't," grumbled the old woman, "that's a fact; but she's got a heap o' new fangled notions I don't believe in."

The school was a triumphant success. From nine until twelve o'clock every forenoon, twelve happy little children had a sort of frolic of learning lessons in the Elder's sacred study, which was now Draxy's sitting-room. Old Ike, who since the Elder's death had never seemed quite clear of brain, had asked so piteously to come and sit in the room, that Draxy let him do so. He sat in a big chair by the fireplace, and carved whistles and ships and fantastic toys for the children, listening all the time intently to every word which fell from Draxy's lips. He had transferred to her all the pathetic love he had felt for the Elder; he often followed her at a distance when she went out, and little Reuby he rarely lost sight of, from morning till night. He was too feeble now to do much work, but his presence was a great comfort to Draxy. He seemed a very close link between her and her husband.

Reuben also came to the school-room, and Jane sometimes sat there with her knitting. A strange content had settled on their lives, in spite of all the sorrow.

But the Lord had more work still for this sweet woman's hand. This, too, was suddenly set before her. Late one Saturday afternoon, as she was returning, surrounded by her escort of laughing children, from the woods, where they had been for May-flowers, old Deacon Plummer overtook her.

"Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney," he began several times, but could get no further. He was evidently in great perplexity how to say the thing he wished.

"Mis' Kinney, would you hev —

"Mis' Kinney, me and Deacon Swift 's been a sayin'—

"Mis' Kinney, ain't you got —"

Draxy smiled outright. She often smiled now, with cordial good cheer, when things pleased her.

"What is it, Deacon? out with it. I can't possibly tell unless you make it plainer."

Thus encouraged, good Deacon Plummer went on:

"Well, Mis' Kinney, it's jest this: Elder Williams has jest sent word he can't come and preach to-morrer, and there ain't nobody anywhere's round that we can get; and De'n Swift 'n me, we was a thinkin' whether you wouldn't be willin' some of us should read one o' the Elder's old sermons. O Mis' Kinney, ye don't know how we all hanker to hear some o' his blessed words agin."

Draxy stood still. Her face altered so that the little children crowded round her in alarm, and Reuby took hold of her hand. Tears came into her eyes, and she could hardly speak, but she replied,—

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Plummer, I should be very glad to have you.

I'll look out a sermon to-night, and you can come up to the house in the morning and get it."

"O Mis' Kinney, do forgive me for speakin'. You have allers seem so borne up, I never mistrusted that 't 'd do any harm to ask yer," stammered the poor Deacon, utterly disconcerted by Draxy's tears, for she was crying hard now.

"It hasn't done any harm, I assure you. I am very glad to do it," said Draxy.

"Yes, sir, my mamma very often cries when she's glad," spoke up Reuby, his little face getting very red, and his lips quivering. "She's very glad, sir, if she says so."

This chivalrous defence calmed poor Draxy, but did not comfort the Deacon, who hurried away, saying to himself,—

"Don't believe there was ever such a woman nor such a boy in this world before. She never shed a tear when we brought the Elder home dead, nor even when she see him let down into the very grave; 'n' I don't believe she's cried afore anybody till to-day; 'n' that little chap a speakin' up an' tellin' me his ma often cried when she was glad, an' I was to believe her spite of her crying! I wish I'd made Job Swift go arter her. I'll make him go arter that sermon anyhow. I won't go near her agin 'bout this biness, that's certain;" and the remorse-stricken, but artful deacon hastened to his brother deacon's house to tell him that it was "all settled with Mis' Kinney 'bout the sermon, an' she was quite willin';" and, "O," he added, as if it were quite a second thought, "ye'd better go up an' git the sermon, Job, in the mornin', ye're so much nearer, an' then, 's ye've to do the readin' maybe she'll have something to explain to ye about the way it's to be read; th' Elder's writin' wan't any too easy to make out, 's fur 's I remember it."

Next morning, just as the first bells were ringing, Deacon Swift knocked timidly at the door of the Elder's study. Draxy met him with a radiant face. She had been excited by reading over the sermon she had after long deliberation selected. The text was,—

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." The sermon had been written soon after their marriage, and was one of her husband's favourites. There were many eloquent passages in it, which seemed now to take on a new significance, as coming from the lips of the Elder, absent from his flock and present with Christ.

"O Mis' Kinney, I recollect that sermon 's if 'twas only yesterday," said Deacon Swift. "The hull parish was talkin' on't all the week; ye couldn't have picked out one they'd be so glad to hear; but dear me! how I'm ever goin' to read it in any kind o' decent way, I don't know; I never was a reader anyhow, 'n' now I've lost my front teeth, some words does pester me to git out."

This opened the way for Draxy. Nearly all night she had lain awake, thinking how terrible it would be to her to hear her husband's beloved words indistinctly and ineffectively read by

Deacon Swift's cracked and feeble voice. Almost she regretted having given her consent. At last the thought passed into her mind, "Why should I not read it myself? I know I could be heard in every corner of that little church." The more she thought of it, the more she longed to do it, and the less she shrank from the idea of facing the congregation.

"'It's only just like a big family of children,' Seth always used to say, 'and I'm sure I feel as if they were mine now, as much as ever they were his. I wish I dared do it. I believe Seth would like it,'" and Draxy fell asleep comforted by the thought. Before breakfast she consulted her father, and he approved it warmly.

"I believe your mission isn't done yet, daughter, to these people of your husband's. The more you speak to 'em the better. It'll be jest like his voice speaking from heaven to 'em," said Reuben, "an' I shouldn't wonder if keepin' Elder Williams away was all the Lord's doin', as the blessed saint used to say."

Reuben's approval was all that Draxy needed to strengthen her impulse, and before Deacon Swift arrived her only perplexity was as to the best way of making the proposition to him. All this difficulty he had himself smoothed away by his first words."

"Yes, I know, Deacon Swift," she said. "I've been thinking that perhaps it would tire you to read for so long a time in a loud voice; and besides, Mr. Kinney's handwriting is very hard to read."

Draxy paused and look sympathizingly in the Deacon's face. The mention of the illegible writing distressed the poor man still more. He took the sermon from her hand and glanced nervously at the first page.

"Oh, my! Mis' Kinney," he exclaimed, "I can't make out half the words."

"Can't you?" said Draxy, gently. "It is all as plain as print to me, I know it so well. But there are some abbreviations Mr. Kinney always used. I will explain them to you. Perhaps that will make it easier."

"O Mis' Kinney! I can't never do it in the world," burst out the poor deacon. "O Mis' Kinney, why can't you read it to the folks? They'd all like it, I know they would."

"Do you really think so, Mr. Swift?" replied Draxy; and then, with a little twinge of conscience, added immediately, "I have been thinking of that very thing myself, that perhaps, if it wouldn't seem strange to the people, that would be the best way, because I know the handwriting so well, and it really is very hard for a stranger to read."

"Yes, yes, that's the very thing," hastily exclaimed the relieved deacon—that's it, that's it. Why, Mis' Kinney, as for their thinkin' it strange, there ain't a man in the parish that wouldn't vote for you for minister twice over if ye wuz only a man. I've heerd 'em all say so more 'n a thousand times sence." Something in Draxy's face cut the Deacon's sentence short.

"Very well, Mr. Swift," she said. "Then I will try, since you

think it best. My father thought it would be a good plan, too, or else I should not have been willing," she added, gently."

"Reuben Miller's daughter" was still as guileless, reverent, potent a thought in Draxy's heart as when, upon her unconscious childish lips, the words had been a spell disarming and winning all hearts to her.

The news had gone all through the village on Saturday night, that Deacon Swift was to read one of Elder Kinney's sermons the next day. The whole parish was present; not a man, not a woman was missing except those who were kept at home by sickness. A tender solemnity was in every face. Not often does it happen to a man to be so beloved by a whole community as was Elder Kinney by his people.

With some embarrassment and hesitation, Deacon Swift read the hymns and made one of the prayers; Deacon Plummer made the other. Then there came a pause. Draxy flushed scarlet and half rose in her pew. She had not thought to tell the Deacon that he must explain to the people beforehand why she read the sermon. She had taken it for granted that he would do so; but he did not comprehend that he ought, and only looked nervously toward her, waiting for her to come forward. This was the one moment which tried Draxy's soul; there was almost vexation in her look, as hastily laying aside her bonnet she walked up to the table in front of the pulpit, and, turning toward the people, said in her clear, melodious voice,—

"Dear friends, I am sorry Deacon Swift did not explain to you that I was to read the sermon. He asked me to do so, because Mr. Kinney's handwriting is very hard for a stranger to read."

She paused for a second, and then added:

"The sermon which I have chosen is one which some of you will remember. It was written and preached nine years ago. The text is the beautiful Gospel of St. John, the 14th chapter and the 27th verse,—

" 'Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you.' "

After pronouncing these words, Draxy paused again, and looking towards her pew, made a slight sign to Reuby. The child understood instantly, and walked swiftly to her.

"Sit in this chair here by mamma, Reuby, darling, she whispered, and Reuby climbed up into the big chair on her right hand, and leaned his fair golden head against the high mahogany back. Draxy had become conscious, in that first second, that she could not read with Reuby's wistful face in sight. Also she felt a sudden yearning for the support of his nearer presence.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," she repeated, and went on with the sermon. Her tones were low, but clear, and her articulation so perfect that no syllable was lost; she could have been heard in a room twice as large as this. The sight was one which thrilled every heart that looked on it; no poor labouring man there was so dull of sense and soul that he

did not sit drinking in the wonderful picture: the tall, queenly woman robed in simple, flowing white, her hair a coronet of snowy silver; her dark blue eyes shining with a light which would have been flashingly brilliant, except for its steadfast serenity; her mouth almost smiling, as the clear tones flowed out; sitting quiet, intent, by her side, the beautiful boy, also dressed in white, his face lighted like hers by serene and yet gleaming eyes; his head covered with golden curls; his little hands folded devoutly in his lap. One coming suddenly upon the scene might well have fancied himself in another clime and age, in the presence of some rite performed by a mystic priestess clothed in samite. But the words which fell from the lips were the gentlest words of the gentlest religion earth has known; and the heart which beat under the clinging folds of the strange white garb was no priestess' heart, but a heart full almost to breaking, of wifehood, of motherhood.

It does not need experience as an orator to give significance to the magnetic language of upturned faces. Before Draxy had read ten pages of the sermon, she was so thrilled by the consciousness that every heart before her was thrilled too, that her cheeks flushed and her whole face glowed.

The sermon had sounded eloquent when the Elder preached it; but now, from Draxy's lips, it was transcendent. As she read the closing paragraph—

“His peace He leaves with us: His peace He gives us unto us: not such peace as He knew on earth: such peace as He knows now in heaven, on the right hand of His Father; even that peace He bids us share—that peace, the peace of God which passeth understanding,”—she seemed to dilate in stature, and as she let the sermon fall on the table before her, her lifted eyes seemed arrested in mid-air by a celestial vision.

Then, in a second more, she was again the humble, affectionate Draxy, whom all the women and all the little children knew and loved; looking round on them with an appealing expression, she said,—

“Dear friends, I hope I have not done wrong in standing up here and taking it upon me to read such solemn words. I felt that Mr. Kinney would like to speak to you once more through me.”

Then taking little Reuby the hand, she walked slowly back to her pew.

Then Deacon Swift made sad work of reading the hymn,—

“Blest be the tie that binds,”

And the choir made sad work of singing it. Nobody's voice could be trusted for many syllables at a time, but nobody listened to the music. Everybody was impatient to speak to Draxy. They clustered round her in the aisle; they crowded into pews to get near her: all the reticence and reserve of their New England habit had melted away in this wonderful hour. They

thanked her; they touched her; they gazed at her; they did not know what to do; even Draxy's calm was visibly disturbed by the atmosphere of their great excitement.

"O Mis' Kinney, ef ye'll only read us one more! just one more! won't ye, now? Do say ye will, right off, this afternoon; or read the same one right over, ef that's any easier for ye. We'd like to hear jest that 'n' nothin' else for a year to come! O Mis' Kinney! 'twas jest like hearin' the Elder himself."

"Poor Draxy was trembling. Reuben came to her rescue.

"I hope you won't take it unkindly of me," he said, "but my daughter's feeling more than's good for her. She must come home now." And Reuben drew her hand into his arm.

The people fell back sorry and conscience-stricken.

"We orter ha' known better," they said, "but she makes us forgit she's flesh 'n' blood."

"I will read you another sermon some time," said Draxy, slowly. "I shall be very glad to. But not to-day. I could not it to-day." Then she smiled on them all, with a smile which was a benediction, and walked away holding Reuby's hand very tightly, and leaning heavily on her father's arm.

The congregation did not disperse; nothing since the Elder's death had so moved them. They gathered in knots on the church steps and in the aisles, and talked long and earnestly. There was but one sentiment, one voice.

"It's a thousand shames she ain't a man," said some of the young men.

"It 'ud be a thousand times more ef she wuz," retorted Angy Plummer. "I'd like to see the man 'ud do what she does, a comin' right close to the very heart o' yer's ef she was your mother 'n' your sister, 'n, your husband, and a blessed angel o' God, all ter once."

"But Angy, we only meant that then we could hev her for our minister," they replied.

Angy turned very red, but replied, energetically,—

"There ain't any law agin a woman's bein' minister, thet I ever heard on. Howsomever, Mis' Kinney never'd hear to anythin' o' that kind. I don' no' for my part how she ever mustered up courage to do what's she's done, so kind o' backward 'n' shy's she is for all her strength. But for my part, I wouldn't ask for no other preachin' all the rest o' my life, thaa jest to hear Mis' Kinney read one o' her husband's sermons every Sunday."

"Why, Angy Plummer!" burst from more lips than one. But the bold suggestion was only the half-conscious thought of every one there, and the discussion grew more and more serious. Slowly the people dispersed to their homes, but the discussion still continued. Late into night, by many a fireside, the matter was talked over, and late the next night, and the next, until a vague hope and a still vaguer purpose sprang up in the parish.

"She said she'd read another some day," they reiterated.

"Most likely she'd 's soon do it next Sunday, 'n' sooner, 'cause she'd be more used to't than ef she waited a spell between."

"But it won't do to take it for granted she's goin' to, 'n' not git anybody," said Deacon Swift, in great perplexity. "I think Brother Plummer 'n' me'd better go 'n' ask her."

"No," said Angy, "let me go. I can talk it over better'n you can. I'll go."

And Angy went. The interview between the two women was long. Angy pleaded as nobody else in the parish could have done; and Draxy's heart was all on her side. But Draxy's judgment was unconvinced.

"If I could be sure, Angy, that it would be best for the people, I should not hesitate. But you know very well, if I begin I shall keep on," she said.

She consulted Reuben. His heart, too, was on the people's side, but his judgment was like hers, perplexed.

"One thing's very certain, daughter: there is not anybody they can ever find to settle here, or that they are likely to, who can preach as thè Elder did. His old sermons are worlds better than any new ones they'll get."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said Draxy. "That's what makes me feel as if I must do it."

This had been her strongest motive. Only too well she knew what would be the probable calibre of a man who would come to this poor and lonely little village which she so loved.

At last she consented to make the experiment. "I will read for you every Sunday two sermons of Mr. Kinney's," she said, "until you hear of some one whom you would like to settle for your minister."

Angy Plummer, clapped her hands when her father repeated at tea on Thursday evening what Mis' Kinney" had said.

"That's good 's settlin' her," she exclaimed. "Oh, I never thought she'd come to it," and real tears of joy stood in Angy's eyes.

"I don't know 'bout that, Angy," replied the Deacon; "there's a good deal to be thought on, fust 'n' last. Folks 'll talk like everythin', I expect, 'n' say we've got a woman preacher. It wouldn't never do for any great length o' time; but it will be a blessin' to hear some th' Elder's good rousin', comfortin' sermons for a spell, arter the stuff we hev been a havin', 'n' they can't say she's any more 'n' a reader anyhow. That's quite different from preachin'."

"Of course it is," said Angy, who was wise enough to keep some of her thoughts and hopes to herself; "they're 's different 's any other two things. I don't suppose anybody'd say you was a settin' up to preach, if you'd ha' read the sermons, 'n' I don't see why they need to any more o' Mis' Kinney." And so, on the next Sunday Draxy's ministry to her husband's people began. Again, with softened and gladdened faces the little congregation looked up to the fair, tall priestess, with her snow-white hair, and

gleaming steadfast eyes, standing meekly between the communion table and the chair in which sat her golden-haired little son. Her voice was clearer and stronger than ever; and there was a calm peacefulness in her whole atmosphere which had not been there at first.

Again the people crowded around, and thanked her, and clasped her hands. This time she answered them with cordial good cheer, and did not tremble. To little Reuby also they spoke gratefully.

"You help too, Reuby, don't you?" said Angy Plummer—"do you like it?"

"Very much, ma'am; mamma says I help, but I think she's mistaken," said the little fellow, archly.

"Yes you do, you darling," said Mrs. Plummer, stooping and kissing him tenderly.

The reading of the sermons grew easier and easier to Draxy, Sunday by Sunday. She became conscious of a strange sense of being lifted out of herself, as soon as she began to speak. She felt more and more as if it were her husband speaking through her; and she felt more and more closely drawn into relation with the people.

"Oh, father, dear," she said more than once, "I don't know how I shall ever give it up when the time comes. It makes me so happy; I feel almost as if I could see Seth standing right by me and holding my gown while I read. And father, dear," she proceeded in a lower, slower voice, "I don't know but you'll think it wrong; I'm almost afraid to tell you, but sometimes I say words that aren't in the sermons; just a sentence or two, where I think Seth would put it in if he were here now; and I almost believe he puts the very words into my head."

She paused and looked anxiously and inquiringly at her father.

"No, Draxy," replied Reuben solemnly, "I don't think it wrong. I feel more and more, every Sunday I listen to you, as if the Lord had set you apart for this thing; and I don't believe He'd send any other angel except your husband on the errand of helpin' you."

The summer passed, and the parish gave no signs of readiness for a new minister. When Draxy spoke of it, she was met by such heartfelt grief on all sides that she was silenced. At last she had a long, serious talk with the deacons, which set her mind more at rest. They had, it seemed, consulted several neighbouring ministers, Elder Williams among the number, and they had all advised that while the congregation seemed so absorbed in interest, no change should be made.

"Elder Williams he sez he'll come over regular for the communion," said Deacon Plummer, "and for baptism whenever we want him, and that's the main thing, for, thank the Lord, we haint many funerals 'n the course of a year. And Mis' Kinney, ye'll excuse my makin' so bold, I'll tell ye jest what Elder

Williams said about ye: sez he, 'It's my opinion that ef there was ever a woman born thet was just cut out for a minister to a congregation, it's that Elder's wife o' your'n;' and sez we to him, 'Thet's jest what the hull town thinks, sir, and it's our opinion that ef we should try to settle anythin' in the shape of a man in this parish, there wouldn't be anythin' but empty pews for him to preach to, for the people'd all be gone up to Mis' Kinney's.'"

Draxy smiled in spite of herself. But her heart was very solemn.

"It is a great responsibility, Deacon Plummer," she said, "and I feel afraid all the time. But my father thinks I ought to do it, and I am so happy in it, it seems as if it could not be a mistake."

As months went on, her misgivings grew less and less; and her impulses to add words of her own to her husband's sermons grew more and more frequent. She could not but see that she held the hearts of the people in her hands to mould them like wax; and her intimate knowledge of their conditions and needs made it impossible for her to refrain from sometimes speaking the words she knew they ought to hear. Whenever she did so at length, she laid her manuscript on the table, that they might know the truth. Her sense of honesty would not let her do otherwise. It was long before anybody but Angy Plummer understood the meaning of these intervals. The rest supposed she knew parts of the sermon by heart.

But at last came a day when her soul was so stirred within her, that she rose up boldly before her people and said,—

"I have not brought any sermon of Mr. Kinney's to read to you to-day. I am going to speak to you myself. I am so grieved, so shocked at events which have taken place in this village, the past week, that I cannot help speaking about them. And I find among Mr. Kinney's sermons no one which meets this state of things."

The circumstances to which Draxy alluded had been some disgraceful scenes of excitement in connection with the Presidential election. Party spirit had been growing higher and higher in Clairvend for some years; and when, on the reckoning of the returns on this occasion, the victorious party proved to have a majority of but three, sharp quarrelling had at once broken out. Accusations of cheating and lying were freely bandied, and Deacon Plummer and George Thayer had nearly come to blows on the steps of the Town House, at high noon, just as the school-children were going home. Later in the afternoon there had been a renewal of the contest in the village store, and it had culminated in a fight, part of which Draxy herself had chanced to see. Long and anxiously she pondered, that night, the question of her duty. She dared not keep silent.

"It would be just hypocrisy and nothing less," she exclaimed to herself, "for me to stand up there and read them one of Seth's sermons, when I am burning to tell them how shamefully they

have behaved. But I suppose it will be the last time I shall speak to them. They'll never want to hear me again."

She did not tell her father of her resolution till they were near the church. Reuben started, but in a moment he said, deliberately,—

"You're quite right, daughter; may the Lord bless you!"

At Draxy's first words, a thrill of astonishment ran over the whole congregation. Everybody knew what was coming. George Thayer coloured scarlet to the roots of his hair, and the colour never faded till the sermon was ended. Deacon Plummer coughed nervously, and changed his position so as to cover his mouth with his hand. Angy put her head down on the front of the pew and began to cry.

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," came in clear, ringing tones from Draxy's lips. Then she proceeded, in simple and gentle words, to set forth the right of every man to his own opinions and convictions; the duty of having earnest convictions and acting up to them in all the affairs of life. George Thayer and the Deacon looked easier. Her words seemed, after all, rather a justification of their vehemence of feeling.

But when she came to speak of the "things that are God's," her words pierced their very souls. The only thing that enabled George Thayer to bear up under it all was, as he afterwards said in the store, keeping his "eyes fixed steady on old Plummer, 'cause, you know, boys, I never jined the church nor made any kind o' profession o' goin' in for any things o' God's, nohow; not but what I've often wished I could see my way to: but sez I to myself, ef he kin stan' it I kin, an' so I held out. But I tell you, boys, I'd rather drive the wust six-hoss team I ever got hold on down Breakneck Hill 'n the dark, than set there agin under that woman's eyes, a 'blazin' one minit, 'n fillin' with tears the next: 'n' I don't care what anybody sez; I'm a goin' to see her an' tell her that she needn't be afeard o' ever hev'in to preach to me 's good 's by my name, in the meeting 'us agin, by thunder!"

"Suppose the blessed Saviour had come walking through our streets looking for His children last Wednesday," said Draxy, "He would say to Himself, 'I shall know them, wherever I find them: I have given them so many badges, they will be sure to be wearing some of them. They suffer long and are kind; they envy not, vaunt not, are not puffed up: they are not easily provoked, think no evil, seek not their own, rejoice in the truth; they do not behave unseemly.' Alas, would the dear Jesus have turned away, believing Himself a stranger and friendless in our village? Which one of you, dear men, could have sprung forward to take Him by the hand? What terrible silence would have fallen upon us as He looked round on your angry faces!"

Tears were rolling down little Reuby's face. Slyly he tried to wipe them away, first with one hand, then with the other, lest his mother should them. He had never in his life seen such an

expression of suffering on her face. He had never heard such tones of pain in her voice. He was sorely perplexed; and the sight of his distressed little face was almost more than the people could bear.

When Draxy stopped speaking, Deacon Plummer did a manly thing. He rose instantly, and saying "Let us pray," poured out as humble and contrite a petition for forgiveness as ever went up on wings of faith to heaven. It cleared the air, like sweet rain; it rolled a burden off everybody's heart—most of all, perhaps, off Draxy's.

"He is not angry, after all," she said; "God has laid it to his heart;" and when, at the end of the services, the old man came up to her and held out his hand, she took it in both of hers, and said, "Thank you, dear Deacon Plummer, thank you for helping me so much to-day. Your prayer was better for the people than my little sermon, a great deal." The deacon wrung her hands, but did not speak a word, only stooped and kissed Reuby.

After this day Draxy had a new hold on the people. They had really felt very little surprise at her speaking to them as she did. She had slowly and insensibly to herself grown into the same place which the Elder had had in their regard; the same in love and confidence, but higher in reverence, and admiration, for although she sympathized just as lovingly as he in all their feelings, they never for a moment ceased to feel that her nature was on a higher plane than his. They could not have put this in words, but they felt it.

"Donno, how 'tis," they said, "but Mis' Kinney, even when she's closest to ye, an' a doin' for ye all the time, don't seem just like a mortal woman."

Three years had passed. The novelty of Draxy's relation to her people had worn off. The neighbouring people had ceased to wonder and to talk; and the neighbouring ministers had ceased to doubt and question. Clairvend and she had a stout supporter in old Elder Williams, who was looked upon as a high authority throughout the region. He always stayed at Reuben Miller's house, when he came to the town, and his counsel and sympathy were invaluable to Draxy. Sometimes he said, jocosely, "I am the pastor of Brother Kinney's old parish and Mis' Kinney is my curate, and I wish everybody had as good an one."

It finally grew to be Draxy's custom to read one of her husband's sermons in the forenoon, and to talk to the people informally in the afternoon. Sometimes she wrote out what she wished to say, but usually she spoke without any notes. She also wrote hymns which she read to them, and which the choir sometimes sang. She was now fully imbued with the feeling that everything which she could do belonged to her people. Next to Reuben, they filled her heart; the sentiment was, after all, but an expanded and exalted motherhood. Strangers sometimes came to Clairvend to hear her preach, for, of course, the

fame of the beautiful white-robed woman-preacher could not be confined to her own village. This always troubled Draxy very much.

"If we were not so far out of the world, I should have to give it up," she said; "I know it is proper they should come; but it seems to me just as strange as if they were to walk into the study in the evening when I am teaching Reuby. I can't make it seem right; and when I see them writing down what I say, it just paralyzes me."

It might have seemed so to Draxy, but it did not to her hearers. No one would have supposed her conscious of any disturbing presence. And more than one visitor carried away with him written records of her eloquent words.

More than one young face in the congregation showed that this sentence struck home and threw light on hitherto unexplained emotions. "This is like what I mean," continued Draxy, "by the Gospel of Mystery, the good tidings of the things we cannot understand. This gospel is everywhere. Not the wisest man that has ever lived can fully understand the smallest created thing; a drop of water, a grain of dust, a beam of light, can baffle his utmost research. So with our own lives, with our own hearts; every day brings a mystery—sin and grief and death: all these are mysteries; gospels of mystery, good tidings of mystery; yes, good tidings! These are what prove that God means to take us into another world after this one; into a world where all things which perplexed us here will be explained. . . . O my dear friends!" she exclaimed at last, clasping her hands tightly, "thank God for the things which we cannot understand; except for them, how should we ever be sure of immortality?"

One day she read a hymn called "The Gospel of Mystery." Coming after the sermon, it was sweet and clear to all the people's hearts.

Good tidings every day,
God's messengers ride fast.
We do not hear one-half they say,
There is such noise on the highway,
Where we must wait while they ride past.

Their banners blaze and shine
With Jesus Christ's dear name
And story, how by God's design
He saves us, in His love divine,
And lifts us from our sin and shame.

Their music fills the air,
Their songs sing all of Heaven;
Their ringing trumpet-peals declare
What crowns to souls who fight and dare,
And win, shall presently be given.

Their hands throw treasures round
Among the multitude.
No pause, no choice, no count, no bound,

No questioning how men are found,
If they be evil or be good.

But all the banners bear
Some words we cannot read ;
And mystic echoes in the air,
Which borrow from the songs no share,
In sweetness all the songs exceed.

And of the multitude,
No man but in his hand
Holds some great gift misunderstood,
Some treasure, for whose use or good
His ignorance sees no demand.

These are the tokens lent
By immortality ;
Birth-marks of our divine descent ;
Sureties of ultimate intent.
God's Gospel of Eternity.

Good tidings every day,
The messengers ride fast ;
Thanks be to God for all they say ;
There is such noise on the highway,
Let us keep still while they ride past.

But the sermon which of all others her people loved best was one on the Love of God. This one she was often asked to repeat,—so often, that she said one day to Angy, who asked for it, “Why, Angy, I am ashamed to. Everybody must know it by heart. I am sure I do.”

“Yes, that’s jest the way we do know it, Mis’ Kinney, by heart,” said the affectionate Angy, “an’ that’s jest the reason we want it so often. I never told ye what George Thayer said the last time you read it to us, did I ?”

“No, Angy,” said Draxy.

“Well, he was singing in the choir, that day, ’n place o’ his brother, who was sick ; ’n’ he jumped up on one o’ the seats ’n’ swung his hat, jest ’s you was goin’ down the aisle, ’n’ we all ketched hold on him to pull him down, ’n’ try to hush him ; for you can’t never tell what George Thayer ’ll do when his blood’s up, ’n’ we was afraid he was agoin’ to holler right out, ’s ef he was in the town-us ; but sez he, in a real low, trembly kind o’ voice,

“ ‘Ye needn’t be afraid, I ain’t agoin’ to whoop ;—taint that way I feel,—but I had to do suthin’ or I should bust’ : ’n’ there was reel tears in his eyes—George Thayer’s eyes, Mis’ Kinney ! Then he jumped down, ’n’ sez he, ‘I’ll tell ye what that sermon’s like : it’s jest one great rainbow all round ye, ’n’ before ’n’ behind ’n’ everywhere, ’n’ the end on’t reaches way to the Throne ; it jest dazzles my eyes, that’s what it does.’ ”

This sermon had concluded with the following hymn, which Draxy had written when Reuby was only a few weeks old :—

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow ;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best ;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed ;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine ! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

There is little more to tell of Draxy's ministry. It closed as suddenly as it had begun.

It was just five years after the Elder's death that she found herself, one Sunday morning, feeling singularly feeble and lifeless. She was bewildered at the sensation, for in her apparent health she had never felt it before. She could hardly walk, could hardly stand. She felt also a strange apathy which prevented her being alarmed.

"It is nothing," she said: "I dare say most women are so all the time; I don't feel in the least ill;" and she insisted upon it that no one should remain at home with her. It was a communion Sunday, and Elder Williams was to preach.

"How fortunate it is that Mr. Williams was here!" she thought, languidly, as she seated herself in the eastern bay-window, to watch Reuby down the hill. He walked between his grandparents, holding each by the hand, talking, merrily and looking up into their faces.

Draxy watched them until their figures became dim, black specks, and finally faded out of sight. Then she listened dreamily to the notes of the slow-tolling bell; when it ceased she closed her eyes, and her thoughts ran back, far back to the days when she was "little Draxy" and Elder Kinney was only her pastor. Slowly she lived her life since then over again, its joy and its sorrow alike softened in her tender, brooding thoughts.

At that instant a terrible pain shot through her left side and

forced a sharp cry from her lips. She half rose, exclaiming, "Reuby, oh, darling!" and sank back in her chair unconscious.

"Just as Elder Williams was concluding the communion service, the door of the church was burst open, and old Ike, tottering into the aisle, cried out in a shrill voice:—

"Mis' Kinney's dead! Mis' Kinney's dead!"

The scene that followed could not be told. With flying feet the whole congregation sped up the steep hill—Angy Plummer half lifting, half dragging Reuby, and the poor grandparents supported on each side by strong men. As they drew near the house, they saw Draxy apparently sitting by the open window.

"O mamma! why, that's mamma," shrieked Reuby, "she was sitting just so when we came away. She isn't dead."

Elder Williams reached the house first, Hannah met him on the threshold, tearless.

"She dead, sir. She's cold as ice. She must ha' been dead a long time."

Old Ike had been rambling round the house, and observing from the outside that Draxy's position was strange, had compelled Hannah to go into the room.

"She was a smilin' just as you see her now," said Hannah, "'n' I couldn't ha' touched her to move her more'n I could ha' touched an angel."

There are griefs, as well as joys, to which words offer insult. Draxy was dead!

Three days later they laid her by the side of her husband, and the gray-haired, childless old people, and the golden-haired, fatherless and motherless boy, returned together broken-hearted to the sunny parsonage.

On the village a terrible silence, that could be felt, settled down; a silence in which sorrowing men and women crept about, weeping as those who cannot be comforted.

Then week followed after week, and soon all things seemed as they had seemed before. But Draxy never died to her people. Her hymns are still sung in the little lonely church; her gospel still lives in the very air of those quiet hills, and the people smile through their tears as they teach her name to little children.

THE END.

THE WORLD'S JOYS.

BRIGHT stars to light the happy night,
 Bright suns to warm the day:
 Fair scenes and flowers, and leafy bowers,
 Where'er our footsteps stray.

Faith, hope and love from God above
 To lighten loads of woe;
 And angels fair, to help us where
 Our falling footsteps go.

—Arthur E. Waite.

SEEDS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

THERE is a wild country lying on the confines of Cumberland and Westmoreland called the "Saddleback District." For miles there is not a level yard; hills shut in narrow paths and hidden valleys which nothing can deliver from the most complete isolation. Capital, attracted by the magnificent water-power, has, indeed, within the past twenty-five years built here and there giant temples of labour—the smoke of whose tall chimneys blends with the clear, deep purple mists of the mountain-tops.

But even they do not break the loneliness. People know that two hundred souls dwell in the next valley, but they neither see nor hear them; and except when the Methodist preacher comes, or the yearly fair gathers them to the next market town, they have very little intercourse.

And yet, secluded as they are, histories are going on in those rough stone cottages which make fiction tame. In them I have heard women tell of sorrows the very endurance of which proves our kinship with the Immortal, and seen men who have done deeds of daring which made them not shepherds, but heroes.

I found these things out the first summer I spent with the Piersons of "Pierson Fell." Eight hundred years had this Fell been the property of this one family, and there was not an acre of the ground nor a stone of the old grange that was not dear as life to old Hugh Pierson's heart. They were as prudent as well as an old family. "The canny Piersons" was their local name, and they deserved it. All the political changes of these eight hundred years had been in their favour. Royal houses had come and gone, but "the powers that be" were always the ones that they acknowledged. Catholicism and Protestantism, Church and State and Dissent lit the fires of martyrdom, or girded men for the battle; but there never was a Pierson who would have put his title-deeds in jeopardy for a creed. Never, at least, until the year 1845, when young Hugh Pierson returned from a four years' course at Oxford. The old squire in trusting him there had never dreamed of the changes that had taken place since he had run the same gauntlet in the beginning of the century. He believed Oxford to be what it was then, the nursing mother of loyal and conservative gentlemen. But thirty years had made wonderful changes, though they had not come with much observation. Dissent, which even in its cradle had been a second Hercules, had grown in strength and stature, and in favour with rich and poor. The old religious roads were being torn up, the *via sacra* levelled. *Alma mater* brought up children who rebelled against her, and refused any longer to be fed upon the dry husks and chaff. In politics and ethics newer virtues, "proud and sure, and for

themselves sufficient," were arraigning the old tyrannies, whether of creed or government.

Among these young reformers Hugh Pierson was a leading spirit. Very hesitatingly at first had he given in his allegiance; for his was a nature to kindle slowly, to reason and debate in the commencement of an enterprise, but, being embarked, to fling into it the whole passion and interest of life.

The teachings of his clubs in Oxford were strengthened by occasional visits to his mother's friends in Manchester. Here the young man's sympathies had come in contact with the pale-faced operatives whose lives had dwindled down to an implement wherewith to do days' work and earn wages. He felt for them a pity so great that it overcame at a bound the Saxon sluggishness of his character, and made bitter differences between his uncle and himself.

That Hugh finally left college without a single "honour" did not much trouble his father. He had that kind of contempt for books which men who gauge every thing by land are apt to feel. The Piersons had gone for six generations to Oxford, none of them had ever taken honours, he had not done so himself—he did not consider it desirable his sons should make any innovation. But the letters he received from Hugh's uncle seriously alarmed him. A Radical, a Reformer, a meddler in other people's matters among the Piersons, was a case in which he had no precedent to guide him.

He took counsel with the old clergyman who for nearly forty years had twice a week drank a bottle of port and played a game of loo with him. But such counsel was only the blind leading the blind. They called up their life-long prejudices, drank a bumper to their memory, and separated more blind and stupid than ever. By the next morning the squire had convinced himself that it was just simply impossible for a Pierson to be anything more or less than the average race had been. "The boy's uncle was a manufacturer, quite unaccustomed to the habits and traditions of the landed gentry, and he had made a mistake—that was all."

He rode down after breakfast to the rectory and communicated this opinion to his friend. The two old men made merry over their fears of the previous night, and accepted with the sublime faith of conceited ignorance this solution. Still both thought Hugh ought to come home, and so a letter, kind and peremptory and withal just a little formal (the parental style of that day), was dispatched at once to Manchester, where he then was. The young man answered it willingly; his own land and people seemed to him the very best to try and improve; for he was not naturally quixotic, and had no ambition to carry the world on his soldiers.

For some time after his return all things went favourably. Such suggestions as Hugh made in regard to the disposal of the wool of their immense flocks, or the improvement of the im-

poverished land were eagerly followed, for they had a specie value which was immediately apparent. But when he proposed the renovation of the house and the introduction of such reviews and papers as he had been accustomed to read the squire planted a fixed foot. Neither change nor addition would be listened to, and rather gloomily Hugh abandoned his desires.

In the meantime an argument that would have become a quarrel but for the respect due to age and position was pending between Hugh and the rector. The one Sabbath service was the most manifest form; there was only one sacramental service in a year; there was no Sunday-school—there was no school at all but “the Dame’s,” where knitting was the most important accomplishment. Shepherds and farm servants could generally read a little, but no peasant woman thought it a necessity, and the only literature current consisted of the ballads and fairy tales traditional in the North country.

This state of affairs appeared shocking to Hugh. He described, with all the eloquence of conviction, the good work to be done, and begged the rector’s co-operation. But to the old man the young man’s fervour seemed impertinence.

“I have managed my parish forty years without help or interference, sir! When my lord bishop desires any changes I shall consider them; not until.”

Though it was Sabbath evening they parted in unmistakable anger. Crossing the village green Hugh noticed a most unusual crowd. He supposed it to be one of the wrestling matches or games of single-stick for which these mountaineers are so famous. His first impulse was to avoid it, his second to try if his authority as the “young squire” would not be able to disperse it.

But as he came closer he saw this was no such folly. The men in their simple massive strength were leaning, from force of habit, upon their long and powerful staffs, but their faces were grave and strangely tender. The women (many of them softly rocking their babies in their arms) were listening with wet eyes and a fresh light on their fair, comely faces.

“It is some peddler reading a new story to them,” thought Hugh, and, rather interested, he approached the group to get a glimpse of the man who could preserve such a rapt attention.

Yes, it was a new story—the old, old story always new—the story of Jesus of Nazareth! And the teller was a gentleman of God’s creation, though his broadcloth was dusty and his linen soiled. Small in stature, fragile in form, with eyes that looked like homes of silent prayer, he bore (as every clergyman should bear) his great commission in his face. Any man in the crowd could have carried him on one arm, yet he was their master for all that. As the shades of evening deepened he drew the story to its triumphant close. These simple men and women were not ashamed to weep over the sepulchre of Jesus, to rejoice when He led captivity captive.

To every one of that audience there came that night the revela-

tion of a new Epiphany. Hugh longed to take the preacher home and give him rest and refreshment. But he durst not; and indeed there was no need. He sat down on the wicker-chair, from which he had spoken, and the women brought him oaten cakes and new milk; then he bade them farewell and went over the mountain to the nearest town, where he was to stay that night.

Had it not been for Hugh's quarrel with the rector it is not likely that the old man (who was easy and indifferent about most things but his dinner) would have taken any notice of the service or of Hugh's presence at it. But he believed it to have been deliberately planned for his mortification and reproof. The squire readily adopted his friend's opinion, and when it was discovered that the orator was the Methodist preacher from the Penrith Circuit their anger knew no bounds. All the herders and retainers on the Pierson estate were notified that to listen to another "irregular" sermon was to lose their employment.

Hugh and his father had been accustomed to dispute amicably over every change, but about this subject the old man would listen to no reason. So Hugh refused to go to church at all, and, partly as a matter of conscience and partly in anger, allied himself with the Methodists in Penrith. This move was treated, both by the squire and the rector, with contemptuous oblivion, as a topic not possible to be discussed over the table of a gentleman and the parish priest. Just at first, perhaps, Hugh felt himself annoyed by this silence. He thought himself somewhat of a martyr, and would have preferred that it should be recognized. But as he became more familiar with his new spiritual guide a better spirit moved him.

This intimacy was destined to become a much dearer and closer one. A sudden thunder-storm induced Hugh one day to take shelter in the house of the preacher. He entered it a free man, but before he left he had surrendered his whole heart to the lovely girl he found dwelling there. And I do not think he was to blame, for to be honestly in love with Alice Atherton was better for any man than a course at college. If he was rude or selfish he would never dare to show these traits in her presence, and if he was much with her he must needs forget or conquer them. She had great personal beauty, a nature rich and fragrant as "those lands toward sunrising," and such a cheerful temper that in the rainiest weather she shone about the house like a piece of sunshine.

It was not (as I have said) Hugh's nature to do anything in a hurry, but a true faith and a true love are beyond nature, and in both these cases he succumbed to feelings which were beyond reason.

With the help of his good hunter he now found his way to Penrith always once, sometimes twice, a week. And for a long time no one, unless it was the groom, suspected it. When the circumstance came to his father's knowledge it gave him little trouble. Some girl, of course, was in the case; he expected that,

but it was not necessarily a girl that he need to know anything about. The squire had been called "gay" when he was young, and he was not inclined to be severe on his son in such a matter, for in his father's opinion the fifth commandment governed all the rest.

Hugh's marriage, however, began to loom dimly up to him as a thing which it would be well to attend to as soon as possible. But he considered his son's choice to lie between his cousin in Manchester and the daughter of his neighbour Strickland, of Strickland Hollow. The first had money, the second was pure Saxon with a genealogy. In the meantime Hugh had arranged his own marriage, and was boldly facing and preparing for the results of it. For that his choice would ever have his father's sanction he had not the slightest hope; it was, therefore, necessary that he should in some way provide for Alice's comfort.

All his knowledge lay in the direction of sheep and wool; he had no other knowledge that could put bread into his mouth. The machine-like Latin poetry he had spent his college days in making, the hours he had wasted scanning with his fingers dactyls and spondees and looking for a short or a long to finish a pentameter with, struck him now as a pitiful way to arm young men to fight.

In the very first hours of Hugh's engagement to Alice the sheepwalks of Australia had persistently forced themselves on his conviction as the only place where he could make a living. Neither of them had, however, spoken to Mr. Atherton on the subject, for his health was rapidly failing, and it was now an imperative necessity to prevent any more excitement than that which invariably followed his preaching. So for nearly two years their secret was well kept, and Squire Pierson, well pleased with his son's attention to the farm and flocks, thought it no great matter to wink at what he called his "Penrith folly."

But changes come though we do not call them, and from their pleasant love-dream Hugh and Alice were sadly awakened. In an hour, almost in a moment, Alice was left fatherless. While pronouncing the benediction, after a most exciting service among the men of the Keswick lead-mines, Mr. Atherton stopped, looked down on the crowd at his feet, and then, pointing upward, fell backward into the strong and loving arms stretched out to receive him. For a minute the gray shadow of death strove with the light of heaven on his weary, placid face; then the preacher knew in all its fulness the joy whose earnest had loosed the silver cord and broken the golden bowl of life.

Alice was now in a condition of absolute dependence and poverty, and it seemed to Hugh that if ever his love was to be her shield, she had now a right to demand its immediate protection. With careful tenderness, and expressions of the most loyal respect, he confessed his love to his father. He spoke of Alice's great beauty and worth, of their patient waiting, and of the circumstances which he conceived made it simply honourable for him to fulfil his promise at once.

The squire heard him all through with a strange and ominous silence. Not even then did he answer. He walked first several times across the long, low room; then, striking the table violently, he declared in a voice husky with passion that "the hour which made Alice Hugh's wife made him childless and Hugh homeless."

"I have not the power," he added, "to take from you the succession, and if I had I would not do it, for the land must go to a Pierson though he be the greatest fool that ever lived. But it will be the bare land, lad, be sure of that, and I have saved more than twenty thousand pounds. Then with a sudden burst of tenderness, "Hugh, my lad, twenty thousand pounds! Don't throw it away. You can have it as easily as lose it."

"Your love is dearer to me, father, than all the gold in the world; than every thing except—"

"That—that girl—"

"Except my honour and Miss Atherton."

Then the old man condescended to reason and to temporize. "The preacher's daughter is doubtless well enough; but, Hugh, it is as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one, and though I do not say marry for money, it is good, my lad, to go where money is. There is your cousin Jane, or Grace Strickland; take your choice, Hugh, and you shall furnish over the dear old house as you wish, every room in it except my own. Come, Hugh, I have loved you longest; don't desert me for a girl you have only known two summers."

It was hard for Hugh to refuse the pleading of one so dear to him, whose slightest wish had always carried the weight of a command. Indeed, it would have been omnipotent to sway him but for a low and pleasant voice which had stepped into his heart like light, filling all its chambers silently and sweetly with the persuasions of a dearer love, dearer now for its very helplessness and loneliness. How could he desert her? He entreated as strong men moved by great passions do entreat. His eloquence would have moved Reason, but it only strengthened Prejudice.

Then the anger which had been restrained burst impetuously forth. His father's taunts and sneers at the woman he loved, and the friend and pastor whose memory was holy to him, roused the young man's slow indignation; and even the passionate old squire trembled before him. Hugh did not know how nearly he had conquered, when he turned at the door, and in a voice wherein love and anger strove for mastery cried out, "Farewell, father! We shall meet no more in this world."

This hour had not come unexpected; for many months its possibility had been ever present to Hugh's mind, so it was not unprepared for. He and Alice were privately married, and left at once for Sydney, in Australia.

It was soon after this event that I paid my first visit to "Pierson Fell." I think my feelings at that time were all in favour of the lonely, proud old man, whose sorrow and sense of wrong faced me every day in such sad, hopeless eyes. I sympathized keenly

with his proud reticence, and also with the angry petulance of the rector, who would not believe in the sanity of any man who could leave a rich and comfortable home for the wilds of Australia and a dream of love.

When I went again the following summer I was still more angry at Hugh; for I found in his place a man who I was sure was the evil genius of the Piersons. He had persuaded the squire to build a mill on a beautiful stream that leaped from hill to hill, about a quarter of a mile from the grange. So far I had nothing to object; the wool was better spun at home than sent to Manchester or Preston; but somehow I mistrusted this man as manager of the squire's wool and money.

We cannot account for our instincts, though we may regard them, and experience proved mine were true prophets. Ten years sufficed to dissipate the squire's twenty thousand pounds, and not only that, but to cumber the Pierson house and lands with many threatening claims. Nor were these the only changes—the rector was dead, nearly all the old herders had left the squire, and he was fast sinking under an influence he was powerless to control. In his sorrow and perplexity the wise young son whom he had driven from his side haunted him continually. If Hugh would then have turned his face homeward his father would have run gladly to meet him.

Hugh's life had not been exempt from loss and change. Alice had faded from his side and sight. I do not like to say "she died," but I know a fair form was laid asleep for immortality beneath the shades of untrodden woods. Hugh's grief was like his love, deep down in the very roots of his nature. He had long been a religious man, he now became an enthusiast. Men of his temper easily do, especially if their vocations keep them much in the great solitudes of Nature. In these vast silences God's voice becomes audible, and men dimly recall the lost mother-tongue in which unfallen humanity communed with God and the angels.

For the last few years Alice had been to Hugh the sum and end of existence. He accepted her removal as the reproof of his idolatrous and selfish affection. Loving the two sons she had left him with all the strength of his tenacious nature, he strove now to make this love the fountain of human kindness to every soul within his reach. Under the great trees which shadowed his wild but lovely home, he gathered, whenever he was able, the men and women from the nearest stations, and told there, in the Australian wilderness, the same dear story which had touched his heart under the Cumberland Mountains. The frail, impassioned speaker had long since gone "to the land very far off," but thus do holy men, being dead, yet speak.

Such constant exercise of kindness made very tender Hugh's heart, and as his own sons began to stand beside him "like his youth," strange and yearning thoughts for his desolate old father moved him. Nay, he frequently looked with distaste over the rich but monotonous land he owned, and longed wearily for the

strength of the hills, the leaping streams, and the beauty of the broom and the heather.

During one of these fits of homesickness he received a letter from his uncle, full of reproaches. Squire Pierson had been ruined by the crafty rascal who had promised him fabulous wealth. Nothing but the sale of the timber and part of the land could now save the honour of the old name, and for this transfer Hugh's signature was necessary. It is impossible to describe how powerfully this news affected him. He had often smiled at his father's romantic affection for the old home and acres—he had fancied himself beyond the influence of traditionary names—he had professed perfect indifference to the claims of long descent. But oh, it hurt him like a wound to think of any one but a Pierson claiming the hills whose every dingle and hollow he knew. He felt that they must be saved at any sacrifice, and he hastily gathered together his wealth and, with his two sons, returned to his native land. Once having set his face homeward, no speed could keep pace with his love and longing; and, moving in that direction, things looked so different.

It was a self-accusing and humbled son that stood one winter night before the great oaken door of Pierson Grange. But good angels had gone before and prepared his way and his welcome. The first glimpse he got of the poor, broken old man would have touched a harder heart than Hugh's. He was sitting alone in the deepening twilight, gazing into the fitful blaze of mingled peat and wood. He turned wearily, and with a gesture of annoyance, when Hugh opened the door and entered the room with a child by either hand. Then he rose up quickly—fear, wonder, hope, each for a moment holding him captive. But love was lord of all.

“Hugh! my son, my son!”

“Father! my father!”

And I think the angels were gladder that night, and that they rejoiced with the old man whose only son had been “lost, and was found.”

Indeed, there was not a cottager in the whole district who did not rejoice. For the young squire having come home again meant something good for every one. He had returned none too soon. Everything was changed and ruinous; want had become familiar in houses long famous for a rude plenty, and many of the old and best shepherds had been compelled to leave their native valley.

Hugh's heart was filled with self-reproach. What availed his long exile? All that he had made barely sufficed to redeem his inheritance. But his clear head soon made itself apparent. The mill, under his management, became a lucrative investment, the old shepherds resumed their care of the flocks, the old servants returned to the farm, and anxiety and dishonour no longer brooded over grange and cottage.

The squire gave up gladly to Hugh's direction all business

affairs, and in the company of his grandsons resumed his old habit of rambling over the hills. In conversation with these boys (who knew nothing of their father's cause of exile), he learned much of the noble woman whom he had wronged and pursued with bitter thoughts even beyond the grave. Beyond the mere fact of her death Hugh had said nothing to his father of Alice, but one night, as they walked slowly together in the old-fashioned garden, the squire introduced the subject.

"You have not named your wife to me, Hugh, but the lads have told me all about her. I am afraid I did both you and her a great wrong. I am sorry enough for it now."

Nothing could have touched Hugh so keenly as this strange humility in the proud old man, who had never once acknowledged his mistakes on any other subject.

"We were both wrong, father," answered Hugh. "I ought to have trusted God and waited for your consent; it would not then have come too late. Alice begged me to do this, but I had neither faith nor patience, and I would not. I was sure no one could take care of her but myself, and she just faded away from me. Her death left me very desolate, father."

The old man clasped his son's hand tenderly, and from that moment their love had a double foundation.

If the traveller were now to discard his guide-book at Keswick or Penrith station, and penetrate into this region, he would still find a stillness and repose, a calm and simple existence which is a strange contrast to the fitful fever of our rapid life. Changes have certainly come, but (as I said at the beginning of my true tale) they do not materially affect the place; for the perpetual hills hold it within their quiet and their strength.

At the foot of the purple felt still stands the old grange, but it is greatly beautified and altered. Its gray walls are almost covered with creeping vines, and its windows are now draped with snowy lace, and filled with rare and lovely flowers. For the squire's old plan of uniting the lengthy genealogies of the Stricklands and Piersons is accomplished by the union of his grandson with a younger and fairer Grace. And though the first Alice Pierson sleeps in a foreign grave, forgotten by all but one true, tender heart, another Alice fills the old house with her baby laughter and rules with an absolute sway in her stead.

On the very spot where Hugh first heard Mr. Atherton preach he has built a handsome chapel, and the seed sown that Sabbath evening, by one frail, dying man, has brought forth a thousand-fold.

WE ask of God the sunniest way,
He answers with a sorrow;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.

The Higher Life.

Nor only for the light of loving hearts
 That cheered my lonely life, I thank Thee, God ;
 Not for my childhood's home, nor tearless eyes,
 Nor pleasant paths of peace my feet have trod ;
 But that, the idols, tenderly embraced,
 By this weak heart, and falsely called mine own,
 Thou didst withdraw, that I in time might learn
 To lean upon Thy holy arm alone.
 For the sharp reed that pierced this feeble hand,
 Nor thorn-torn feet that Thou alone couldst see,
 For the deep fount of tears by Thee told o'er,
 I thank Thee, Lord. They brought me nearer Thee.

DIVINE COMMUNION.

“ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”—PSALM xci : 1.

OUR gracious God has many visitors, and has a kindly welcome for all who come to Him. Some come as His poor dependents, knocking at the back door and seeking to get their basket filled with the scraps they need. Well, these shall not be sent empty away; but, alas, how much they lose! They have His gifts, but they never see His face, they never hear His voice, they never know His heart.

Some are His servants. They dwell with Him. They seek to know His will, and set themselves to do it earnestly. They commune with Him. And yet they do not dwell in the innermost circle. Having done His work, they turn to their own. There are limits and divisions of interest.

Some are His children. They are always with Him. They live in His presence; they are ever at home with Him. Unto them He sayeth, “Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine.”

Pauper, servant, son—which are we? This psalm is the song of one who dwells with God. The psalm of the Son, from which the tempter fetched the quotation with which he feathered his arrow: “If thou be the Son of God . . . for it is written. . . .” He whose heart can sing this song has found in God a rest, a satisfaction, a delight, a home.

It is supposed by many that this psalm was written by Moses. Certainly there are in it allusions that would come most naturally from one in his circumstances. This first verse gathers a fulness of new meaning as we think of it coming from his

lips. We think of him in the wilderness, wearied with a rebellious people who seemed incapable of entering into any worthy thought of their high calling, vexed at the delays and wanderings; wearied, too, by the unchanging dreariness of the desert. He, a whole heaven above the people in the nobility of his spirit, turns from all this to find comfort in God, and prays, "I beseech thee, show me Thy glory." There is given this gracious answer: 'Behold, there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. . . . I will put thee in the cleft of the rock. I will make all My goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee.' We think of him going up into the secret place of the Most High—away from the multitude into the unbroken calm and stillness; up from the dreary monotony of the desert into the Mount of the Lord, with new beauties opening before him at every step; up from the languid heat into the fresh wind of the early morning; on to where God Himself waits with all-gracious welcome, and then into the cave. And there the Lord, the Lord God, passed by and proclaimed Himself. And there Moses finds God as his own—"My God"—and puts Israel into His keeping, and prays Him to come and make His abode with them.

That mountain height, that secret place, is within our reach. It is Calvary. There are the clefts of the rocks wherein we abide while God comes down to make His goodness pass before us. Then may we draw near to say of Him, "My God," and to find in Him our dwelling-place and home.

Our home in God! Let the thought sink down into the heart and become a desire, a purpose, a possession. It is for us, for each of us, to know it if we will; to go up out of the way of the wilderness, and to find our rest and dwelling-place in Him. Outside are biting winds and bitter rains; outside are stony ways and stony faces too; outside are the fleeting hopes that find no place to light upon; wishes that are swiftly swept away by fear; outside all that suggests hurry, and toil, and want, and uncertainty; a hungry world, not knowing what it seeks, but believing that its satisfaction lies a little further on. To step out of this into the secret place of the Most High—what is it? To find one's self no more a bubble flung on lawless seas; no more a fallen leaf, the sport of wintry winds; but round and about us are the everlasting arms, and we rest against the very heart of our Father, God: to be known through and through—all the weakness and the want, the dreadful possibilities of evil within us—and yet to be loved infinitely; to be known in all our dull thought of things, our clumsy failure, our quick forgetfulness, our shallowness and cowardice, and yet to hold as our own such exceeding promises

of blessedness; to pass out of the din and the grinding wheels of earth, with its mystery of want and pain and sorrow, and to rest in a great assurance of pity and help for every one—that behind all things and running through and through all things, is the love of the Father, and that all things are set to this one end: to help men up to higher life, no more the uncertain, but a very *terra firma*; lying down in the shadow of the Eternal; feeling that waves may toss far down below us, and tides may come and go, but this sure rock of our resting-place abideth forever and ever; to have the hallowing hush of God's own presence, the soothing, strengthening touch of His own hand, the heaven of His smile and favour—this is to dwell in the secret place of the Most High. To let ourselves and ours go with a glad abandonment right into the keeping of His love; to live with a childlike freedom from care, or fear, or want, knowing that He careth for us; to be loosed from ambition; to have no fierce and jealous eagerness, and yet to be stirred with a great desire and a fixed endeavour to know His will and to please Him perfectly—this is to dwell in His secret place. And there, hidden in the cleft of the rock, it is ours to look out on all things, finding everywhere the revelation of His goodness, and hearing evermore that voice proclaiming “The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious.”

“He that dwelleth . . . shall abide.” These words denote the settled and unchanging. This is no occasional privilege, as when the high priest once a year entered into the holiest of all. It is no exceptional thing—the festival of some rare day. No vision of it, shortlived. Not a rift in the clouds, a passing glimpse of a glory that is to be hereafter. We dwell and He abides. God is to us what we will let Him be. He changeth not. Where we are bold to come there may we be bold to stay. He will not go away; nor need we. If we will dwell there, there will He abide.—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

OUR SUFFICIENCY.

Many persons are not fully aware of the amount of good that may be accomplished through their efforts when the conditions of successful service are observed by them. A better understanding of the divine Source of Strength is the one thing that will cause them to see these wonderful possibilities, “Our sufficiency is of God”—when spoken in deep sincerity and in humble reliance upon His promises of help—changes the whole aspect of work.

This one thought kindles hope and courage within our souls. Success is not only made possible—it becomes certain. Even that which seems to human sight to be only failure is, to the believer, the onward step leading to the very best achievements in the end.

We will never come to this apprehension of God, our strength until we are willing to acknowledge our own weakness. This knowledge comes only into a "humble and contrite heart." "God knoweth the proud afar off." This confession of insufficiency is not in word only; it is a genuine, heartfelt experience. When that is seen by the Omniscient, there is nothing to prevent such a communication of Himself as will make ready to do all things *in Him and for Him.*

SANCTIFIED.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Sanctified in Christ Jesus."—1 COR. i. 2.

CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen,
 Church of Christ, for whom He died,
 Claim thy gifts and praise the giver—
 "Ye are washed and sanctified,"
 Sanctified by God the Father,
 And by Jesus Christ His Son,
 And by God the Holy Spirit,
 Holy, holy, Three in One.

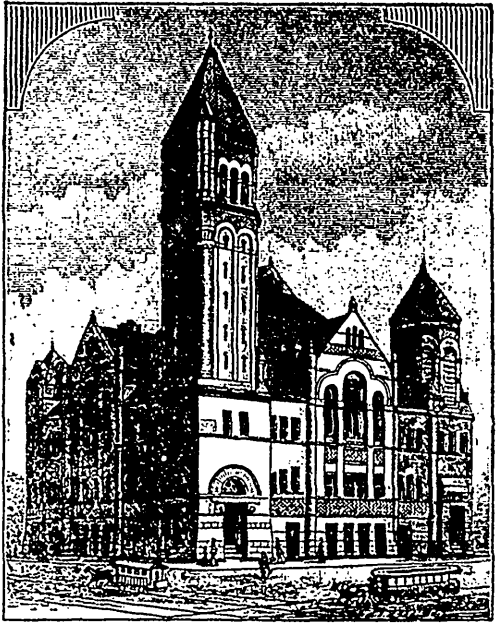
By His will He sanctifieth,
 By the Spirit's power within;
 By the loving hand that chasteneth
 Fruits of righteousness to win;
 By His Truth and by His promise,
 By the Word, His gifts unpriced,
 By His own blood, and by union
 With the risen life of Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus,
 Not by effort of thine own—
 Sin's dominion crushed and broken
 By the power of grace alone,
 God's own holiness within thee,
 His own beauty on thy brow,
 This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
 This thy blessed portion now.

He will sanctify thee wholly;
 Body, spirit, soul shalt be
 Blameless till thy Saviour's coming
 In this glorious majesty!
 He hath perfected forever
 Those whom He hath sanctified;
 Spotless, glorious, and holy
 His the Church, His chosen Bride.

BROADWAY METHODIST TABERNACLE, TORONTO.

WE have pleasure in presenting an engraving of this handsome new Methodist Church, of which the following is a description. It stands, a massive structure, at the intersection of Spadina Avenue and College Street—two of the main arteries of the city. The building is a handsome structure, designed in modern Romanesque, and presenting an appearance of dignity and solidity. Though built almost wholly of brick, it has been given an uncommon appearance by the skilful use of cut-bricks and reliefs of Cleveland free-stone. The fact that it is a basement church would never be guessed from the outside. The building has a frontage on College Street of 95 feet, on Spadina Avenue of 100 feet, and will seat 1,800 people. The most striking feature is the main tower, that rises from the streetward corner to a height of 130 feet. It is emphatically a tower, and not a spire, though, for all that, it is of graceful and symmetrical proportions. A belfry surmounts it, made in the form of a colonnade of brick columns, and over this is a pointed roof, tastefully tiled. Two other towers mark the extreme corners of the edifice, and, between these jutting towers, the sides of the church are largely occupied by beautiful gables, filled in with heavy mullioned windows and well relieved with diapers and string mouldings. Other portions of the building are carried out in keeping with these main features, but in a quieter manner.



BROADWAY TABERNACLE, TORONTO.

The main public entrances are through the southern towers, while four roomy staircases lead to the gallery. The audience room of the church is in the form of an amphitheatre, eminently calculated to place every pew within voice and eye range of the pulpit. The chancel is of the usual style, and provides a place for the choir behind the clergyman and in front of the large organ—one of the best of Warren's make. The interior over the nave takes the form of an octagon dome, at each angle of which massive columns rise from the floor through the gallery to the roof, supporting both. Heavy, enriched arches stretch from column to column above the gallery, and in the interior of the dome the walls rise up perpendicularly, ornamented with

delicate and beautiful cornices and frieze work.

The opening services were very successful. Drs. Stone, Potts, Stafford, Briggs, Douglas, and Bishop

Vincent taking part therein. We congratulate the pastor, Dr. Parker, and the trustees and congregation on this handsome addition to the Methodist churches of the city.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. F. BARRASS, D.D.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

June is the month in which the Western Conferences are held. The writer of these notes has compiled from the daily papers and the *Christian Guardian* the accounts which are here published. They are not in every instance complete, as without access to the official records it would be impossible to avoid errors. At the time of writing no account of Manitoba Conference has been received. An account will be published next month in connection with the Eastern Conferences.

The following are the Presidents and Secretaries of the Conferences: Toronto—Revs. H. Johnston, D.D., and S. G. Stone, D.D. London—W. McDonagh and J. R. Gundy. Niagara—J. S. Williamson and G. A. Mitchell, B.A. Guelph—J. E. Howell, M.A., and E. S. Rupert, M.A. Bay of Quinte—Chancellor Burwash and W. Johnston. Montreal—J. Kines and C. A. Flanders. British Columbia—J. Hall and C. Bryant.

Most of the funds were considerably in advance in all the Conferences; especially the Missionary, Superannuation and Education. The Sustentation Fund is not so generously sustained as it deserves to be. The British Columbia Conference set a good example by making a collection on its behalf at the public reception service, which amounted to \$250. There is surely great need for such a fund, when it is remembered that there are Circuits in all the Confer-

ences whose ministers receive less than \$500.

More than twenty probationers were received into full connexion and ordained, one of whom was an Indian and another was a native of Japan. There are more than fifty probationers still on trial. Somewhere about thirty were allowed to attend college. Ten ministers and probationers were discontinued; eleven new cases of superannuation were reported, though some of them are only for one year, but four who were superannuated returned to the active work; eleven have finished their course and gone to their reward. One who was formerly in the ministry has also returned, and a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church applied for admission, and was received into the Toronto Conference. Permission was also given for several young men to be employed under Chairmen of Districts. The increase in the membership is little more than six thousand.

There was a good deal of reciprocity at all the Conferences; London, Niagara, and Guelph held a united meeting. Drs. Dewart and D. G. Sutherland preached the ordination sermons at Guelph and London respectively. Members of other Conferences tendered their cordial greetings. Dr. Douglas made a friendly visit to his brethren in the West. His speech at the Citizens' Convention was described as a thunderbolt. At some of the places where Conferences were held, the municipal

councils extended a cordial welcome. Dr. Eby made a flying visit to several of the Conferences, and pleaded earnestly on behalf of the Empire of Japan. During the sessions of Toronto Conference, a fraternal visit was made from a delegation of the Presbyterian Assembly, which that Conference reciprocated; a similar visit would have been made to the Anglican Synod, but that venerable body adjourned earlier than was anticipated. A very kind letter was sent to the Conference by Bishop Sweatman, expressing his regret that the Synod had adjourned.

Delegations of ladies also attended the said Conference from the Woman's Missionary Society, the Temperance Union and Enfranchisement Society. These elect ladies addressed the Conference in most appropriate terms, but all will agree with the writer that the address of Miss Willard won all hearts. She is a most gifted Christian lady. The Conference showed its appreciation of the work that these noble sisters are doing, by passing suitable resolutions, all of which were carried unanimously.

The Jesuit question excited much interest, and all the Conferences adopted strong resolutions condemnatory of the action of the Quebec Legislature in making a grant of public money to the Jesuit fathers, and also against the Dominion Ministry in refusing to disallow the Act of the said local Legislature.

It is generally believed that more accessions should be made to the membership of the Church from the Sunday-schools than has hitherto been reported. If the recommendation of the Sunday-school Committees, and endorsed by the Conferences, be observed, there will be an improvement in this respect. The catechisms of the Church should be more regularly taught and the temperance pledge more universally practised. Seeing that in the Province of Ontario there are in connection with the Methodist Church sixty-seven more Sunday-schools and twenty-five thousand six hundred and one more scholars, than all the other Protestant denominations together,

surely there should be a large gathering of children into the fold of Christ.

The reports of the Book Room and Sunday-school publications were very encouraging. The profits exceed those of last year; a grant of \$6,000 was made to the Superannuation Fund.

All the Conferences adopted resolutions congratulating Dr. Potts on the success which has attended his labours in connection with the Educational Society. Reports were also presented respecting the various Colleges, which proved that the work of education, both at Victoria College, Albert College, and the various Female Colleges, is steadily advancing. The Theological Union is receiving increased attention. The publication of the *Review* meets a felt want, from which it is evident that the ministry and laity of the Church observed the apostolic injunction, "Give attendance to reading."

The stationing of the ministers is always a difficult task, and it seems that every year the work becomes increasingly difficult. This has arisen in part, at least, from the invitation system, which has become so prevalent. Some propose that laymen should be members of the Stationing and all other Committees in equal numbers with the ministers; but those who have had some experience on that line do not think that the plan proposed would be a remedy. If ministers and people would all cease to take any part in selecting their appointments, we believe all would fare as well as they do now, and the appointments would be more equitably arranged.

A resolution adopted by the Guelph Conference deserves the careful attention of all the other Conferences. It expresses regret that so many probationers do not complete their course of study assigned for each successive year, and it was resolved that in future in no case would the year be allowed until the studies are completed.

Recently a new church has been dedicated at Montreal. The entire cost is \$300,000. Some pronounce

it to be the most beautiful Methodist church in the world. On the first Sabbath of the opening services more than \$3,000 were laid on the plates. The church can accommodate three thousand persons, and on the day of opening hundreds could not obtain admission.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

The Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church of Canada was held in Toronto. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, was elected Moderator. He is a man of great learning and has done much to bring the old university into a state of great prosperity. He is also an able presiding officer.

The Presbyterian Church is an important factor in the evangelization of the Dominion. Its numerous colleges for the education of ministers, and those who design to enter other professions, place it in an influential position. Knox College, especially in Toronto, enables ministerial students to attend their literary studies at the Provincial University. The ministerial students thus receive a splendid education, which eminently qualifies them for the important office which they fill. Men of great promise have been sent into the mission fields of China and India. Great attention has been paid both to British Columbia and Manitoba and the North-West, to all of which influential ministers have been sent, and are liberally supported when necessary by the Home Mission Fund.

Probably no Church in Canada supports its ministers more liberally than the Presbyterian Church. The rich congregations contribute liberally to the Augmentation Fund, the object of which is to supplement the stipends of ministers, so that none may receive less than \$750 a year and a free manse.

A case of "heresy" occupied considerable attention in the Assembly. Seven persons in connection with the Church at Galt had been charged with holding views on sanctification contrary to the Presbyterian standards, and had been dealt with by all

the lower courts, commencing with the Church session, which had deposed them from membership. Appeal after appeal had been made, until finally the case was brought to the Assembly, whose action confirmed the decision of all the lower courts. Great patience was exercised in conducting the case, and it is said that the parties accused acknowledged that they had been treated with great consideration and kindness.

On the questions of Jesuitism and Prohibition, the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches are a unit.

ANGLICAN SYNOD, TORONTO.

This venerable body was in session more than a week. It was gratifying to witness the kind, brotherly feeling that was expressed toward other denominations. The Anglican Church has greatly improved in this respect of late years.

It was a matter of regret that the invitation to send representatives to the Dominion Alliance next September was not more favourably considered, but it was finally agreed that the memorial should be courteously acknowledged, but that no further action should be taken.

Great attention is paid to the Sunday-schools of the Anglican Church, and a proposition was introduced into the Synod recommending uniform Sunday-school lessons to be used throughout the Dominion of Canada. The uniform lessons prepared by the International Sunday-school Association cannot always be used in the Sunday-schools of the Anglican Church, as they sometimes interfere with the festivals which the Anglican Church always faithfully observes.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

The annual meeting was held at Brantford, and appears to have been a very harmonious and pleasant gathering. Rev. W. Cuthbertson was elected chairman, the successor of Rev. Dr. Wild. The denomination is not strong in Canada, but it appears to be increasing, as it was stated that eleven ministers and nine hundred and eighty-nine members

had been added during the year, but five hundred and sixty-nine had been lost by death and other causes, so that the net increase was only four hundred and twenty. There are seven hundred and ninety-six teachers and six thousand and thirty-five Sunday-school scholars.

The Union is in hearty sympathy with other Churches which oppose Jesuit aggression and the liquor traffic.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The ordinary income of the Missionary Society is in advance of that of last year, but was not sufficient to meet the expenditure. Family offerings were made last Christmas amounting to more than \$20,000. The amount received from this and other sources has enabled the Committee to balance the accounts for the year, and reduce the debt; but there is still an encumbrance of \$45,000 resting upon the Society. If the income for the current year be brought up to \$550,000, there will be no further addition made to the debt.

A new church has been opened at Hatfield, where for many years the cause has been greatly hindered for want of a suitable place of worship.

Such is the growth of the Mission work under the superintendence of Rev. H. P. Hughes that it has been resolved to ask the Conference to appoint another minister to the mission.

The health of the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer, Book Steward, has so failed that he intends to retire from the Book Room at Conference.

A farm belonging to the Wesleyans at Cape of Good Hope is rich both in silver and gold, and it is stated that a portion of it will be sold for \$500,000.

Twenty years ago, the Rev. C. Garret attempted to establish a Band of Hope at a certain Sunday-school. He was unsuccessful, as the superintendent favoured moderation. One boy however, signed the pledge. The other day visiting that Circuit, he found the old superintendent a hopeless drunkard, able to take the

Bible from under the pillow of his dying daughter and to sell it for drink. The boy is now a circuit-steward and holds a high position in one of the largest cotton-mills in the country.

A new departure is being made in Leeds Methodism in the opening of Wesley House Association, designed to furnish rational recreation, as well as to promote the various forms of Christian work.

A new weekly British journal is to be commenced, edited by a layman, and to be called the *Methodist People*.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Arrangements for the Conference which is to be held at Dudley have been completed. A Holiness Convention is to be held on the day preceding. Open-air services are to be held every day, both morning and evening in the market-place. Rev. J. Robinson, who has been twelve years in China, will be present, and give an account of the progress of Christianity in that country.

The Conference will consist of about one hundred and seventy-five ministers and laymen. The net increase in the membership of the Church is nearly four hundred. The profits of the Book Room exceed last year.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Conference is to meet in Bradford. The large hall of the Technical College has been secured for the gathering. Over two hundred delegates have been elected to attend. Public meetings are to be held in Bradford, Bingley and Shipley Circuits. Services are planned in about twenty churches of other denominations.

The class-meeting question will be discussed; many wanted it to be regarded as a privilege, but not as a test of membership.

Several elections will take place, among others the Missionary Secretary, Governor of Elmfield College, and Principal of Manchester Theological Institute.

The Conference is decide about sending members to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference to be held in 1891.

Rev. W. N. Barleycorn has been employed to make a translation of the Gospel according to St. Luke into the Bubi language. The British and Foreign Bible Society has undertaken to print the translation free of cost to the Missionary Society. It is intended also to translate into Bubi an additional number of Methodist hymns.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

The annual missionary meeting was held in Exeter Lower Hall. The report was read by the Rev. F. W. Bourne. Two new missions have been opened; a town mission has been started at Blackburn, which has succeeded beyond expectations. The China Inland Mission in Yun-nan, China, has been successful. The income of the society exceeds \$35,000.

The four missionaries employed in China have been there four years, and have succeeded in learning the language, and now preach the Gospel to thousands of the Chinese, many of whom are inquiring after the way of salvation.

ITEMS.

Nearly one hundred and twenty-five men have been graduated from the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational Theological Seminaries in New York. Of the twenty-three from the Congregational Seminary, four were from the German department, five from the Danish-Norwegian, and four from the Swedish. The number is not large, as two hundred are needed by the American Home Missionary Society alone in a single State in the North-West.

The income of the English Church Missionary Society for the past year exceeds all former years by \$18,000. During the past year twenty-six lady missionaries have been sent out. They were no ordinary women. One was a B.A., a second was a physician, and a third was the daughter

of one Indian Governor and the niece of another.

During the past year 905 new publications were issued by the Religious Tract Society. The Society has published in 196 languages, dialects and characters, of which 25,840,000 were tracts. The total receipts were \$1,009,405. Tracts and books have been granted at home during the year to the amount of \$138,335, and extensive work has been done all over the world.

An event of importance in the Roman Catholic world has just taken place in the appearance of a new translation into French of the four Gospels, of which numerous editions have been published and are rapidly circulating. Henri Lasserre, the translator, has given fifteen years to this work, and it is claimed that he has been singularly successful in producing a clear, simple translation, freed from the old formulas, the Latinisms, Hellenisms, Hebraisms—in a word, a translation into good French."

It is announced that John D. Rockefeller, of New York, the millionaire President of the Standard Oil Company, is to give \$20,000,000 for the endowment of a great Baptist university.

Mr. W. Bird, a merchant in Manchester, has conducted evangelistic services in that city sixteen years. On a recent Sabbath he held the 818th service in the Free Trade Hall, and addressed a congregation of 4,000 people. He appealed for help, as the rent of the hall is \$2,500 a year, and the philanthropic work in which he is engaged costs him another \$2,500. The weekly offertory amounts to \$50 per week, and he provides the balance.

The largest congregation in the world, numbering 4,500 members, is on the Island of Hawaii. Over 90,000 Fijians gather regularly for Christian worship. Madagascar, with its Queen and 200,000 of her subjects, is ranged on the side of Christ. In the Friendly Islands there are at least 30,000 Christians, who contribute \$15,000 a year to religious objects.

Book Notices.

The Guiding Eye; or, the Holy Spirit's Guidance of the Believer. By A. CARMAN, a General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo, pp. 221. Price 50 cents.

This is a really valuable contribution to an important discussion, on which, probably, the last word has not yet been said. The genesis of the book, as given by the author, is as follows: "Some strange, extravagant and misleading views on the guidance of the Holy Spirit as the privilege of believers in Christ, on one hand; and on the other, some denunciations of these views, led to closer examination of the Scriptures on this doctrine; supplied the germ of a sermon, and the sermon grew into a book."

It was scarcely to be expected, in view of these facts, that the work should not receive more or less colouring from the controversy to which it owes its existence; but it is evident that it has been the aim of the author to keep himself as free as possible from being unduly influenced in his investigations by the disputants, either on one side or the other. He has examined the subject for himself in the light of the teaching of Holy Scripture, and the facts of religious experience, not only independently but conscientiously and prayerfully, and has given us a book which cannot fail to do good.

The style of this, as of all the other writings of the esteemed author, is fervid and eloquent. There is a fire and energy about it which leaves no ground of doubt respecting the earnestness of the writer, and which is well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of the reader. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and is in its mechanical execution as creditable to the publisher, as its contents is to the author. We bespeak for it an extensive sale and a

wide circulation, believing that it cannot fail to do good.

Methodism: A Parallel. By Wm. A. QUICK. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs.

Methodists have hitherto been generally too busy with the present, and with providing for the future which is hurrying on to meet them, to be absorbed to any considerable extent with the past. Men and women who are vigorously engaged in working out their own salvation, and in promoting the various schemes of usefulness which a living form of Christianity is ever and anon calling into being, are apt to be too fully occupied with the duties of the hour to have much time to devote to retrospection, either personal or denominational. Besides, in an intensely practical and utilitarian age like this, religious systems are likely to be judged by what they are, and what they are doing to bless and save mankind, rather than by the accidents of their origin, or even the principles in which they had their beginning. The law of the survival of the fittest applies to churches as much as to anything else. No form of Christianity has a right to exist any longer than until there is a better to take its place.

This being the case, we are rather pleased than otherwise that Methodists, as a rule, find the warrant for the existence of their Church and for their attachment to it in its present character and achievements, rather than in the circumstances in which it took its rise and the facts of its early history. If the day should ever come when Methodism should have ceased to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, when it was no longer an immediate and powerful instrument in the awakening and conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, and

when it had ceased to take an active and influential part in everything that pertains to the well-being of society and the progress of the race, even its unquestionably providential origin and the marvels of its early history would not constitute a sufficient reason why it should not be superseded. When a Church has to look to the past for the vindication of its right to exist, and of the confidence which its members and those who are desirous of becoming such have in it, the glory has departed from it, and nothing but a powerful revival of spiritual religion in it can justify its continued existence. When the Spirit has left a body, however beautiful it may have been, and however usefully it may have been employed during its lifetime, the sooner it is buried out of sight the better.

The book, the title of which stands at the head of this notice, is well written, and contains much valuable original matter with which every Methodist would do well to make himself acquainted; and if there be any among those who bear this name who are not yet thoroughly persuaded of the thoroughly scriptural and apostolic character of their Church, they especially will do well to read it. In any case, they will find much in it that will be interesting and instructive, and they may find something convincing. The parallel between the origin and development of the Apostolic Church, and the beginning and early history of Methodism is striking and suggestive. But if it had been less apologetic, we confess, it would have been more to our mind.

All Glorious Within. By JENNIE M. BINGHAM. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo. pp. 220. Price 80 cents.

This is a good book for "King's Daughters," and everybody who wants to get a vivid insight of the working of that interesting order will do well to get it and read it. Indeed, to the thousands of girls and young women in our churches who are anxious to do something by which they may do good and get

good, this book may be safely recommended. Those who read only for entertainment will find it interesting, and those who have a more serious purpose will find in it practical hints and lessons which will aid them in living a useful and happy life.

The Minister's Wife: A Story. By J. K. LADLUM, author of "Was She Wise," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a really well-written story, in which there is not a dull page or a chapter which does not suggest some important lesson. The reader who has once fairly dipped into it is not likely to lay it down until it is finished. The characters in it are what that word imports—not mere lay figures, introduced for the purpose of saying something that could be quite as well said by anybody else; but real men and women, with well-defined and strongly marked individuality, the embodiment of ideas and lessons in themselves.

The Bond of Honour. By SARAH P. BRIGHAM, author of "The Forged Letter," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 16mo, pp. 285. Price \$1.00.

This is a story with a purpose. The aim of the author is at once to entertain and instruct. She says: "My purpose in 'The Bond of Honour' is to give to the young people a story of incident and action, founded much upon truth, that shall not only entertain, but contain moral and religious lessons, and leave upon their susceptible minds an abiding stamp for good." She has evidently succeeded.

Broken. By EINAN. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a real gem of a little book, illustrating in a remarkable manner the value of a broken heart and a contrite spirit.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Andover Review* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. Toronto: W. Briggs) for July opens with an able and instructive article on "The Creed Question in Scotland," which strikingly illustrates the deep feeling of unrest which has taken hold of the Presbyterian Churches in that strong-hold of this conservative denomination. One or two things seem to be beyond question in the near future, either a pretty thorough overhauling of the Confession of Faith and the Catechism, or such a modification of the terms of subscription as will reduce it to a mere form. The movement which is on foot has already gathered too much momentum for it to be easily arrested. And while many, no doubt, are trembling for the Ark of God, nothing is more remarkable than the confidence with which the ablest and some even of the most conservative divines of these Churches contemplate the modification of the denominational creed which they perceive to be inevitable. They evidently feel that the truth has nothing to lose, but much to gain, from such a Confessional readjustment as will greatly lessen the points upon which believers will be required to agree in order to be permitted to live and work together in the same communion. This is only one of a number of able and interesting articles which makes this a really valuable number.

Methodist Review. (New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.) The current number of this excellent bi-monthly Review is quite up to the high average of its predecessors. It opens with a well-written biographical sketch of President Harrison from the accomplished pen of Dr. Bayliss, Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. This is followed by an instructive paper by Bishop Hurst on "The Reformatory Movements in the Later Hinduism." Then comes a symposium on "Theology" in which three distinguished theologians—Drs. James Strong, Eml. V. Gerhard and H. H. Moore—take part; the first of these dealing with theology as a science, the second as a discipline, and the third pointing

out the dangers with which it is beset. The article of the number, however, is the brilliant paper by Rev. William Arthur, of London, England, on "History of the Conflicts on Morals in the Church of Rome since the Sixteenth Century," by Drs. Döllinger and Reusch." This article is all the more valuable from the fact that the important work which it reviews consists largely of original documents in many languages, ancient and modern, and has not yet been translated into English, and is, therefore, only accessible for the present to eminent scholars such as the accomplished reviewer is known to be. "The Scientific Elements of Religion," a most interesting theme, is ably handled by James Douglas, D.D., Pulaski, N.Y. Of the review of Bennett's "Christian Archaeology," by the Editor of this MAGAZINE, even in his absence we scarcely dare to express as strong an opinion as in respect to some other things in the review. It is due, however, to say that Dr. Bennett has been specially fortunate in that the review of his book has been intrusted to one who is such a thorough master of the subject, and whose literary skill has enabled him to set the strong points of the work before his readers with so much lucidity and force. The "Editorial Notes and Discussions," consist of a number of solid and well-written articles on a considerable number of subjects of great interest.

The July number of *The Century* is a superb one. It opens with a charming article from the gifted pen of the able Art critic, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, on "Winchester Cathedral," which is profusely and elegantly illustrated. This of itself is worth more than the price of the number, and it is only one of half a dozen of illustrated articles of great interest and beauty. Mr. George Kennon continues his captivating articles on "The Political Exiles of Russia," which grow in pathetic and tragic interest. The "History of Lincoln and the War" is continued, and among the more didactic articles is one of great interest on "The Temperance Question of India," by Bishop John Hurst.