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THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

November, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

*INNSBRUCK TO CONSTANCE.*



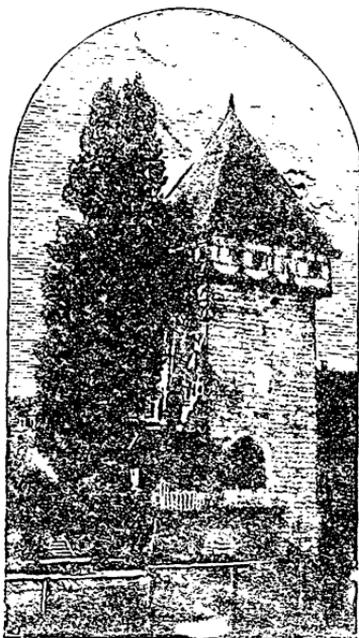
THE SCHNETZ-THOR, CONSTANCE.

For the ride over the famous Arlberg railway we manage to secure an observation car for our whole party, though, of course, we cannot exclude others for whom there is room. These cars have glass sides all round, and movable chairs, so that an unobstructed view may be had of the grand and ever-varying scenery. And these views are of singular magnificence and sublimity. We follow the winding Inn for many a mile through a strikingly picturesque valley, bordered by rugged mountains, every coign of vantage being crowned by some memory-haunted castle or fortress; with, in the background, snow-peaks and glaciers, and in the foreground the rushing river, grandly bordered by fertile meadows and orchards. The tremendous cliff of St. Martinswand

rises perpendicularly from the valley 1660 feet, and then slopes steeply up for 2000 more. A huge cross, high up on the mountain slope, marks the place where the Emperor Maximilian, chamois hunting four hundred years ago, rolled down to the very edge of the precipice, and was rescued from what seemed the

jaws of death. At Landeck the train stops only a minute, during which time twenty hot lunches, which had been ordered by telegraph, are handed in through the windows, each in its large metal-covered receptacle. They nearly fill the car, and after disposing of their contents we are glad to get rid of them, and again devote our attention to the magnificent panorama that is unrolled before us.

We have been steadily ascending from Innsbruck, but now we begin to climb more rapidly to the summit of the Arlberg Pass, 4300 feet above the sea. We cross many lofty bridges, one 180 feet high, whence we get glorious bird's-eye views of the red-roofed villages beneath, with their queer bulbous spires, and quaint carved houses. At St. Anton we reach the summit of the Pass and soon plunge into the Arlberg tunnel, six and a half miles long, constructed at a cost of over \$6,000,000.



THE RHINE GATE TOWER,  
CONSTANCE.

We now glide swiftly down grade, through lovely mountain scenery, through quaint Bludenz to Feldkirch with its ancient castle, its covered arcades, and towering high over all the jagged crests of the Drie Schwestern, or Three Sisters. We soon strike the broad valley of the Rhine, and traversing a rich alluvial plain, reach the pleasant town of Bregenz on the Bodensee, or beautiful lake of Constance, about forty miles long and eight wide. "This vast sheet of

water," says the guide book—as if speaking of our own Lake Superior, in which the whole of Switzerland might be more than swallowed up—"presents a very striking view," etc. Though not so grand in its environment as lake Geneva, it has a tranquil beauty of its own. It is bordered by three distinct nations—Germany, Switzerland and Austria. The sail over its placid waters in the soft afternoon light is a pleasant change from the rugged sublimity of the mountains. There everything spoke of the tremendous energy of nature, here all is tranquillity and repose. The many-towered towns of Bregenz, Lindau, Rorschach, Romanshorn, Friedrichshafen, and Immenstaad, stud

its winding shores, and the snowy range of the Appenzell Alps seem like the far-shining battlements of heaven. In a couple of hours we reach the ancient city of Constance, with its crown of graystone towers, and its thrilling memories of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. From the author's "Great Reformers," we quote a few sentences on the memories of Constance.

In the summer months of the year 1414, from all parts of Christendom, were assembling here whatever was most august in Church and State for the greatest Ecumenical Council of Latin Christianity ever held. During the three years and a half of its continuance there were present, including patriarchs, cardinals, abbots, bishops and archbishops, doctors, provosts, and other ecclesiastics of various ranks, no less than 18,000 clergy. The Emperor Sigismund, princes of the empire, dukes, burgraves, margraves, counts, barons and other nobles and deputies of the Free Cities and representatives of the great powers of Christendom, with their numerous retinues, swelled the population of the little city from 40,000 to 140,000 persons.

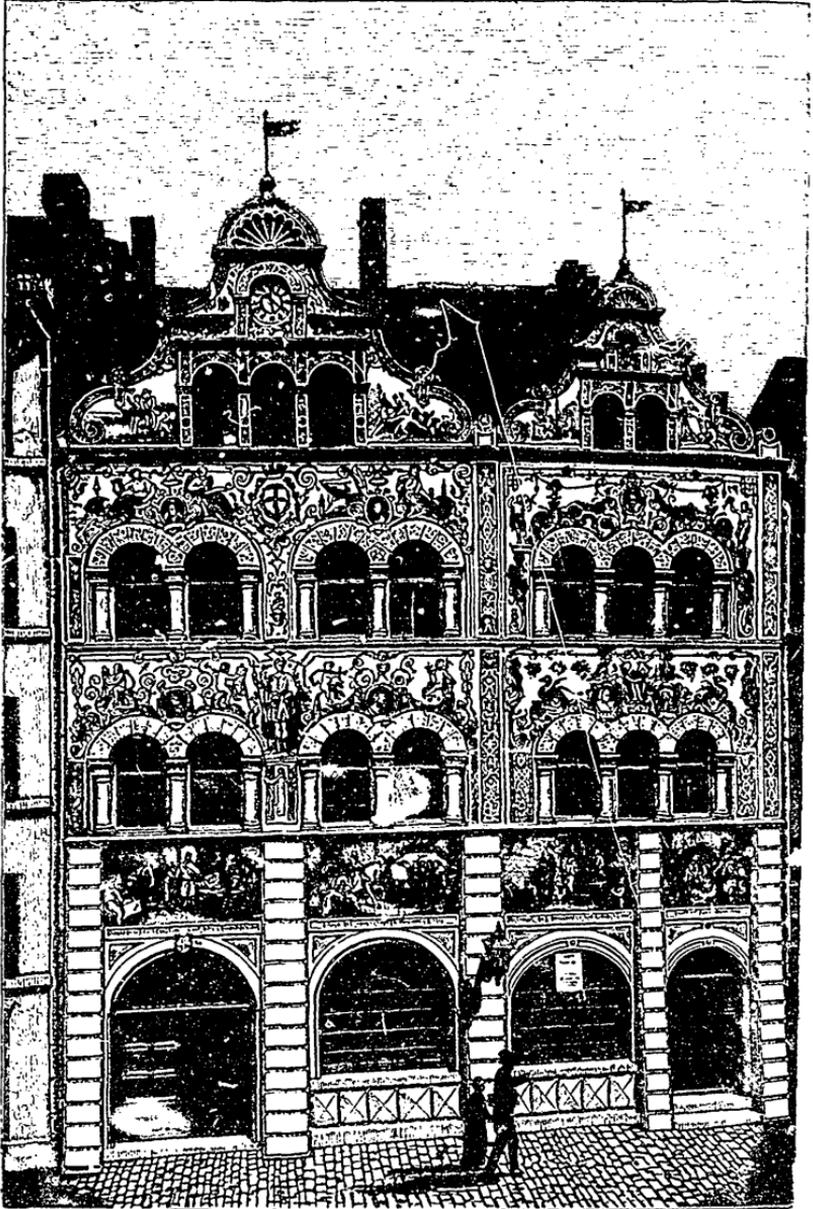
Relying on a "safe-conduct" from the Emperor, commanding all ecclesiastical and secular princes to allow him "to pass, sojourn, stop and return freely and surely," Huss came to the Council to defend his orthodoxy. Arraigned before the assembly, the Emperor urged unconditional submission. "If not," he added, "the Council will know how to deal with you. For myself, so far from defending you in your errors, I will be the first to light the fires with my own hands." "Magnanimous Emperor," replied Huss, with keen but seemingly unconscious sarcasm, "I give thanks to your Majesty for the safe-conduct which you gave me—" He was interrupted and sent back to prison.

Huss spent his last hours in prison in writing to his friends in Prague. "Love ye one another"—so runs his valediction—"never turn any one aside from the divine truth. Fear not them that kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul. Would to God I were now led to the stake rather than be worn away in prison."

After all, Huss was but human. In his lonely cell he had his hours of depression, and, like his blessed Master, his soul at times was exceeding sorrowful. "It is hard," he wrote, "to rejoice in tribulation. The flesh, O Lord! is weak. Let Thy Spirit assist and accompany me. For without Thee I cannot brave this cruel death. . . . Written in chains," is the pathetic superscription of the letter, "on the eve of St. John the Baptist, who died in prison for having condemned the iniquity of the wicked Herod."

The writings of Huss were first condemned to be destroyed, then himself to be degraded from his office as priest, and his body to be burned. "Freely came I hither," said Huss in that supreme hour, "under the safe-conduct of the Emperor," and he looked steadfastly on Sigismund, over whose face there spread a deep blush.\*

\* At the Diet of Worms, a hundred years later, when Charles V. was urged to violate the safe-conduct which he had given Luther, he replied, remembering this scene, "No; I should not like to blush like Sigismund."



THE CHANCELLERY, CONSTANCE.

The last indignities were now to be inflicted. Priestly vestments were first put upon the destined victim, and then, in formal degradation removed. As they took the chalice of the sacrament from his hands, the apparitor said, "Accursed Judas, we take away from thee this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ." "Nay," he replied, "I trust that this very day I shall drink of His cup in the kingdom of Heaven." They

placed on his head a paper mitre daubed over with devils, with the words of cursing: "We devote thy soul to the devils in hell." "And I commend my soul," he meekly replied, "to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus. I wear with joy this crown of shame, for the love of Him who wore for me a crown of thorns." He was conducted between four town sergeants and followed by a guard of eight hundred horsemen and a great multitude of people, from the gray old minster to the place of execution, in a green meadow without the walls.

Arrived at his funeral pyre, Huss knelt down and recited several of the penitential psalms, and prayed, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. I beseech Thee to pardon all my enemies." He was then bound to the stake with a rusty chain, and wood and straw were heaped about him. As the fire was applied and the smoke wreaths rose, the voice of the dying martyr was heard singing the *Christe Eleison*: "Jesus, son of the living God, have mercy upon me." Then his head fell upon his breast, and the awful silence was broken only by the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames. In impotent rage his executioners gathered his ashes and cast them into the swift-flowing Rhine. But the zeal of his followers scraped up the very earth of the spot, and bore it as a precious relic to Bohemia.

But one victim could not suffice. For three hundred and forty days Jerome of Prague was confined in a frightful prison, in the midst of filth, noisomeness, stench, and the utmost want of everything. "Do you suppose I fear to die?" he demanded. "You have held me for a year in a frightful dungeon more horrible than death itself. You have treated me more cruelly than Turk, Jew or Pagan, and my flesh has literally rotted off my bones alive, and yet I make no complaint." He was haled from prison to church to receive his sentence. The troops again were under arms. The Council sat in state. Again high mass and chanted hymn consecrated judicial murder. As they piled the faggots and straw about him, he sang the hymn, *Salve festa dies*: "Hail joyful day," as though it were his birthday—as it was—into immortal life. As the executioner was lighting the fire behind his back, he said, "Light it before my face. Had I been afraid, I would not have been here." He then committed his soul to God, and prayed in the Bohemian tongue as long as life lasted.

To-day the pilgrims from many a foreign land visit with reverence the places made sacred by those imperishable memories. They see the houses in which the martyrs lodged, the cell in which they were confined, the hall in which they were arraigned, and the church in which they were condemned. Then following the route of that last procession through the quaint old streets and beneath an ancient gateway, they reach the place of their martyrdom.

Measured by years, their lives were short—Huss was forty-two and Jerome forty-one. But measured by sublime achievement, by heroic daring, by high-souled courage, their lives were long and grand and glorious. They conquered a wider liberty, a richer heritage for man. They defied oppression in its direst form—the oppression of the souls of men. They counted not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. They have joined the immortal band whose names the world will not willingly let die. Their ashes were sown upon the wandering wind and rushing

wave; but their spirits are alive for evermore. Their name and fame, in every age and every land, have been an inspiration and a watchword in the conflict of eternal right against ancient wrong.

At Constance, for the first and only time, our party was divided, some of us being quartered at the old Dominican monastery on a small island, where Huss was confined, now converted into a first-class hotel, and some lodging on the mainland. The monastery was wonderfully interesting and picturesque. On the walls of the vaulted dining-room, formerly the chapel, were faded frescoes of scenes of martyrdom, from which the hearts of the pious monks gathered courage, in the far-off years for ever flown. In a dark and dismal dungeon in the basement of an ivy-covered round tower, where for a short time



KANZLEIHOF, CONSTANCE, FROM THE REAR.

each day a beam of light found entrance, with irons on his legs and fastened by a chain to the walls, the heroic Huss was confined for nearly eight months before he glorified God amid the flames. The cloisters surround a beautiful quadrangle, covered with noble frescoed scenes from the history of Constance—the building of the pile dwellings in the dawn of time, the first Christian baptism in 600 A.D., the founding of the cloisters in 1236, their extension by Heinrich, who was a monk here from 1310 to 1340, the funeral of Manuel Chrysoloras in 1415, and other striking scenes. Some of those historic chambers are now used as wine

vaults, to which "*eingang*" is strictly "*verboten*." In the evening a fine band played in the beautiful Stadt Garten, commanding lovely views over the lake from beneath its bosky foliage.

Early in the morning some of us went to the old cathedral, founded 1052, with its sixteen lofty monolithic columns. In the stone floor is shown a large slab which always remains white when the rest of the pavement is damp. On this spot Huss stood, so runs the legend, on July 6th, 1415, when the Council condemned him to be burnt at the stake. In the choir are wonderfully quaint satirical wood carvings, dating from 1470—Adam and Eve rocking Cain in a cradle, Absalom wearing huge spurs,

St. George and the Dragon, St. Jerome and the Lion, the Apostles with grave German faces and mediæval costumes, recognized by their attributes carved above their head; a vision of heaven with harpers, crowned saints, the strange apocalyptic "beasts,"—griffins, unicorns, dog-headed figures, etc.—all carved with realistic power. In another church service was in progress. There were fine women's faces under their quaint head-gear. I never saw deeper devotion on any face than in that of a young girl who, the only one out of a large congregation, was receiving the communion. The paintings were in very bad taste—saints and apostles with theatrical gestures held the instruments of the passion; a gaunt and haggard Christ harrowed the soul; and a tawdry Madonna, with silver crown and robe of silk and silver tissue, received the homage of the multitude in the city where Jerome and Huss died for the true faith. At the tinkle of an altar bell a burst of sweet music, from a white-robed choir of boys, thrilled through the vaulted roof, their sweet and innocent voices soaring and swelling with an exquisite modulation from which we could hardly tear ourselves away.

After breakfast we went to the Kaufhaus, in whose great and magnificent hall the Council that condemned Huss sat, 1414-1418. Now this Catholic city glorifies his memory by a series of exquisite frescoes on the walls of this very chamber. In one scene the noble figure of Huss is seen, surrounded by a crowd of bishops, cardinals and soldiers, while a fat old monk is taking down the evidence against him. In another, Huss is being taken in a boat at night to prison. A monk holds a flaring torch which illumines the calm face of the martyr and the steel morions and crossbows of the carousing soldiers, one of whom holds a huge flagon to his lips. Another



THE HOHE HOUSE, CONSTANCE.

shows the building of the pyre and the burning of Huss; the soldiers are grim and indifferent, the faces of the monks are contorted with rage, a timid girl is shrieking with terror, a Hussite disciple is beseeching for his honoured teacher. Other pictures show Protestants smashing the images in the churches in 1521 and carrying off the relics; a dying nun protesting against the sacrilege even in the article of death. Another shows a dreadful hand-to-hand fight with the Spaniards on the old Rhine bridge, which you may see within ten minutes' walk. Still another shows the "Auswanderung der Protestanten," in 1548; old age and childhood alike exiled from their homes, carrying their Bibles and baggage, one girl with a pet bird in a cage. Constance is shown in ruins in 1693. In 1777, we see the visit of the Emperor Joseph II., surrounded by courtly figures, in wigs, and hussar uniforms; and last of all the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm I. and the Crown Prince, in 1871, with fair girls and beautiful children giving them floral wreaths, and—grim souvenir of war—an old one-legged soldier. The whole history of Constance is written on these walls. As we gaze, the past seems more real than the present.

Then I walked out beneath the limes and poplars to the sacred spot where the martyrs suffered without the gate. Their monument is a huge granite boulder, emblem of the unflinching endurance of their fortitude and of the endless endurance of the faith for which they suffered. Deeply engraved upon its rugged surface are the words "Hieronymus von Prag † -30 Mar | 7 Juin | 1416. Johannes Hus † -6 | 14 | Juli, 1415." After the grim tragedy, their ashes were gathered and scattered on the swift-flowing Rhine, which bore them to the sea—an emblem of the doctrines which, like them, should encompass the earth. Quaint old Fuller makes this remark about the ashes of Wycliffe, which were similarly treated.

Then we walked back through the Hussenstrasse through the Schnetzthor, a wonderfully quaint structure, built as an inscription affirms, in the thirteenth century. Near here is shown the house where Huss was arrested, with an old relief of 1415, with the following satirical verses in old German script:

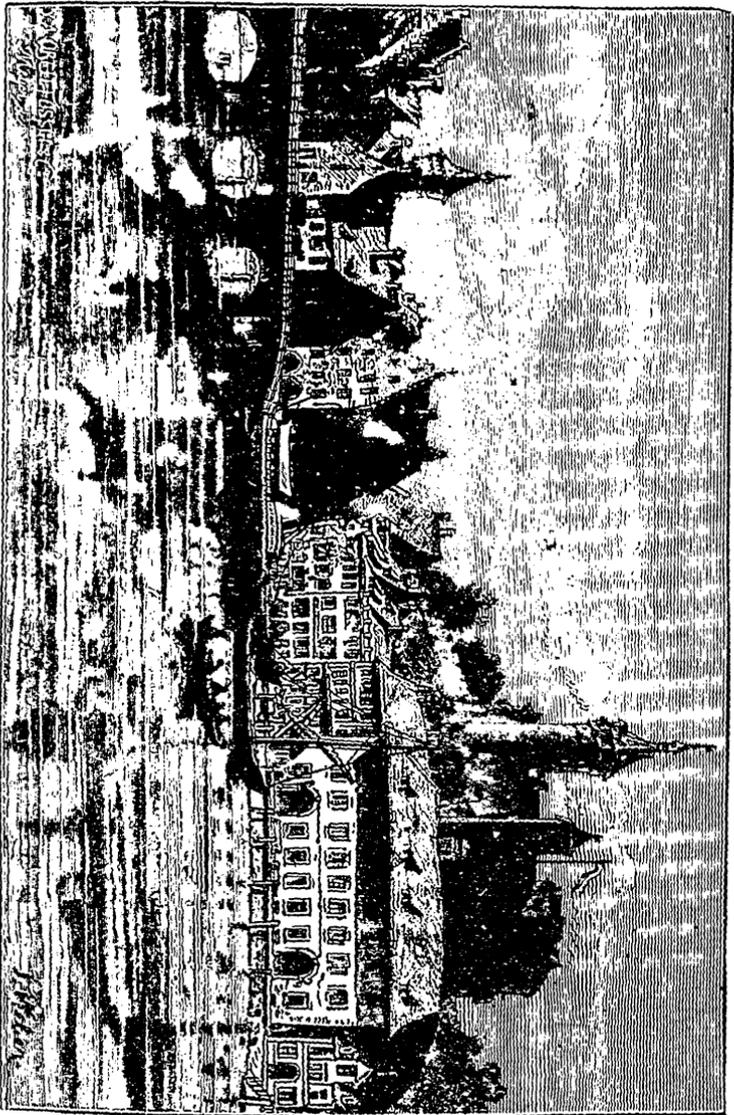
"O we' nur armen Tropf,  
Hier nahm man mich beim schopf.

"Hierher ich entronnen war,  
Bin doch nit trum aus der gefahr."

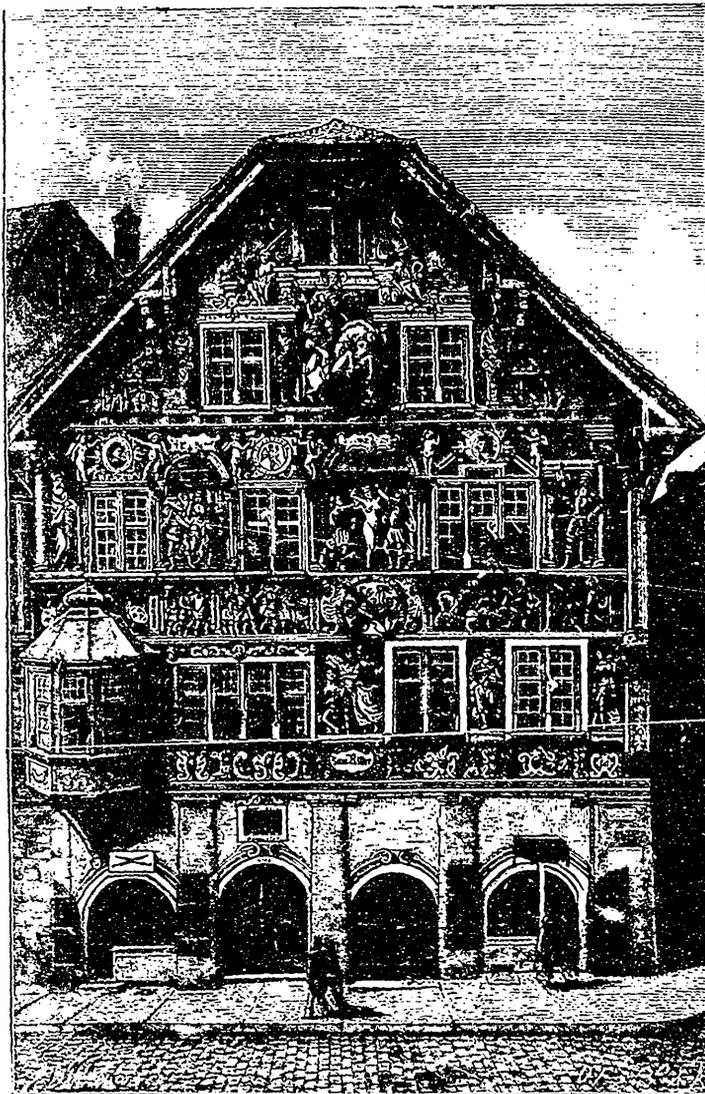
Which may be freely rendered somewhat as follows:

"O woe to me, poor simpleton,  
Here one took hold of me by the hair (of the head).

SCHAPPAHUSSEN.



‘To this place I had run away,  
A’m still for all in jeopardy.’



THE KNIGHT'S HOUSE, SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Passing through Jerome Street—for so is the name of the hero commemorated after nearly five hundred years—we reach St. Paul's Tower, now a brewery, where the martyr was imprisoned

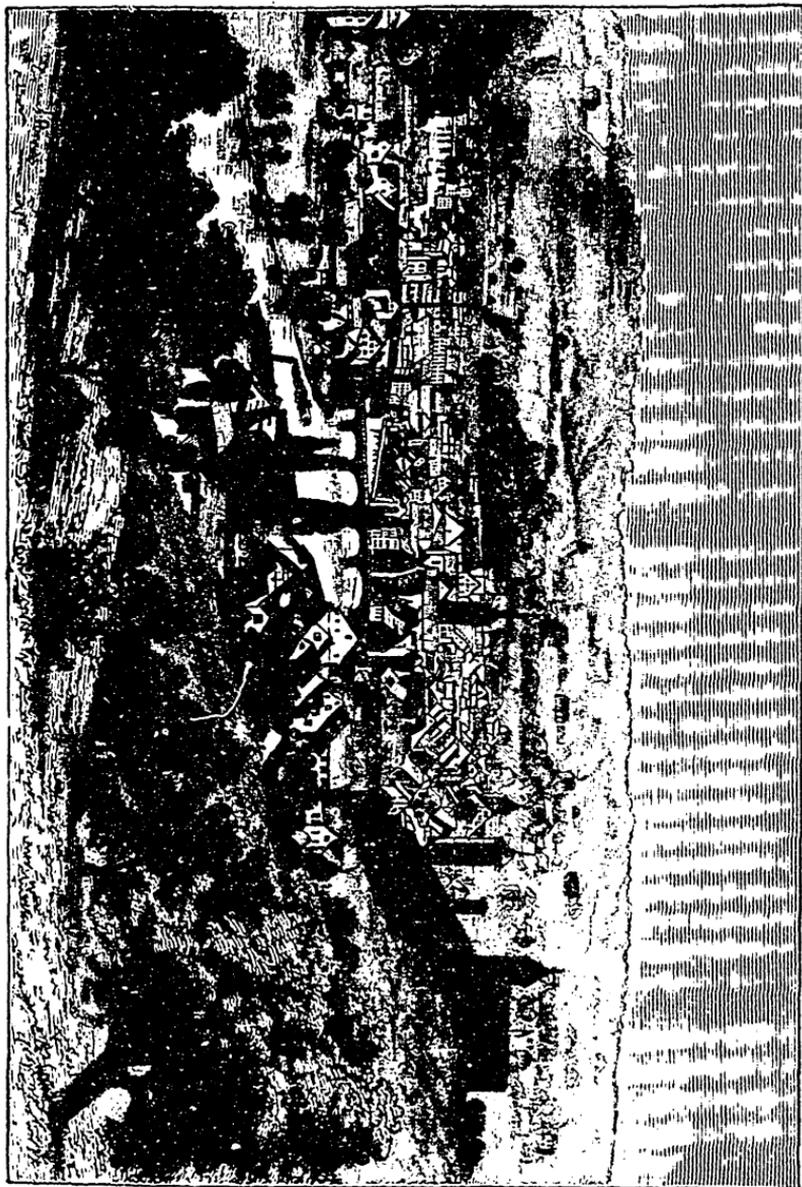
for a year before his death. The Kanzlie-Gebäude, or municipal building, is elegantly frescoed in the style of the Florentine renaissance, with portraits of civic worthies and scenes in the history of Constance. Passing under the arch we enter the beautiful court, shown in cut on page 390, with round towers in each corner, and huge iron griffin-shaped gargoyles. Here the city archives are kept. Near by is the old tavern where the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa made the famous treaty of peace with the cities of Lombardy in 1183. In the well-named "Hohe Haus"—house—see cut, page 391—the Burgrave Frederick, of Nuremberg, kept the Christmas festivities in 1415, and it looks as if it might stand for 500 years more. We moderns seem intruders amid these shadows of the distant past. But most real and reverent of them all are the potent memories of the heroic Huss and Jerome.

A few miles' distance from Constance is the ancient city of Schaffhausen, which derives its industrial supremacy from the immense water-power of the neighbouring falls of the Rhine. It is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe, with its queer gables, frescoed fronts, old walls and towers. One of these old buildings, shown in cut on page 393, is thus described :

"The *Ritter, or Knight's House*, is a building in the late Gothic style, with a huge gable ; its façade was ornamented by Tobias Stimmer in 1570 with paintings having for their subject the struggle and victory of true knight-hood. The topmost figure represents the Roman knight Marcus Curtius, plunging into the abyss for the sake of his fellow citizens. Between the windows of the second story are Ulysses with Circe and the Metamorphosis of Daphne into a laurel ; around the unfortunate maiden stand several warriors in Roman costume employed in gathering apples from the laurel branches. The pictures of the first story, separated from the above by a handsome frieze containing the representation of a Roman triumph, have reference to the struggles of the period of the counter-reformation, during which epoch the paintings were executed. The principal group represents a King, endeavouring, in conjunction with a luxuriously attired lady, symbolical of the Roman Church, to surpress Virtue ; the latter, however, fixes her gaze steadfastly at the allegorical figures of Glory and Immortality placed between the next windows."

One of the principal features in the picture presented by Schaffhausen is the Munoth or Unnoth, a massive fortification commanding the town from the heights to the east. The structure is a circular defensive work about 150 feet in diameter, and was begun in 1515 on the site of an ancient fortress, being completed in 1582. The fortress was in communication with the town by means of two covered galleries, one of which, leading to the Rhine and guarded by a very ancient tower, is still in good repair.

The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are by far the largest in Europe, but they are not to be mentioned in the same day with



SCHAFFHAUSEN. PHOTO THE LAST.

our own Niagara. Nevertheless they are very picturesque and beautiful. The river makes three successive leaps over a ledge of rock. The whole fall, with the rapids above and below, is

about one hundred feet. The surroundings are much more beautiful than at Niagara. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with the richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries commanding superb views. The moonlight view in our frontispiece is particularly fine. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara and the Yosemite.

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NOT SHUT IN.

[The following lines were written by a lady who lay upon a bed of extreme suffering for many years.]

“SHUT IN!” did you say, my sisters?  
 O no! Only led away  
 Out of the dust and turmoil,  
 The burden and heat of the day,  
 Into the cool green pastures,  
 By the waters calm and still,  
 Where I may lie down in quiet,  
 And yield to my Father’s will.

Earth’s ministering ones come round me,  
 With faces kind and sweet,  
 And we sit and learn together  
 At the loving Saviour’s feet;  
 And we talk of life’s holy duties,  
 Of the crosses that lie in the way,  
 And they must go out and bear them,  
 While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,  
 For the four walls fade away,  
 And my soul goes out in gladness,  
 To bask in the glorious day.  
 This wasting, suffering body,  
 With its weight of weary pain,  
 Can never dim my vision,  
 My spirit cannot restrain.

I wait the rapturous ending—  
 Or, rather, the entering in  
 Through the gates that stand wide open,  
 But admit no pain or sin.  
 I am only waiting, sisters,  
 Till the Father calls, “Come home!”  
 Waiting, with my lamp all burning,  
 Till the blessed Bridegroom come.

## "THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

## XI.

## QUEENSLAND AND THE EAST COAST.



*Sunday, July 31st.*—I stayed on board all day. The others all went to church. We had service at six o'clock, after which I was very glad to go to rest.

*Monday, August 1st.*—Busy morning, as usual, before start-

THE FORD.

ing. We left at 10 a.m. in three waggonettes for Mount Morgan, each vehicle being drawn by four horses. The hospital is a fine building on the top of the hill; the grammar-school and several other good-sized public buildings give the whole place a well-to-do air. We passed several mine, or rather reefs, with queer names, such as the "Hit or Miss," the "Chandler," and the "Hopeless," arriving in due time at the Razor-Back Hill. It is, indeed, well-named; for, steep as we had found the little pitches hitherto, this ascent was much more abrupt, and might well be likened to the side of a house. Everybody was turned out of the carriages except me, and even with the lightest buggies and four good strong horses, it seemed as if the leaders *must* tumble back into the carriage, so perpendicular was the ascent in some places. On one side of the road a deep precipice fell away, and when we

passed a cart or met a heavily laden dray coming down from the mines we seemed to go dangerously near the side. Altogether, the drive would not have been a pleasant one for nervous people.

Here the most conspicuous building is the hotel, erected by the company for the convenience of the many visitors to the works. Although not yet finished, it is quite a pretty house, and will accommodate a large number of guests. It stands close to a dam across the mountain stream which flows through the valley, and has for a foreground a refreshing lake and bathing-place. A mile or two farther we reached the foot of the steepest hill of all, where the rest of the party found trucks waiting for them, worked by an endless rope, going up and down. Into one of these they soon pack themselves, and were speedily drawn to the top of the hill, while we climbed slowly, and indeed painfully, up by a pretty country road, eventually arriving at the shoot, at the bottom of which three drays were standing. Into these, lumps of stone were being run as fast as possible, and when filled they were taken down to the works, to be quickly replaced by empty return drays. The stone looked exactly like old ironstone, but we were told that it was the richest native gold yet found, having been assayed as high as 99.8 per cent., and selling readily for £4 4s. an ounce. To this was added the assurance that half an ounce of gold per ton would pay all working expenses. Next we came to a very narrow woodland patch, up which Tom and the sailors carried me in turns, as far as another platform on the hill. Tons of valuable stones are daily raised to the surface, from which large quantities of gold can be extracted. One blast which took place while we stood there proved nearly fatal to both me and "Sir Roger." The stone turned out to be harder than the miners had anticipated, and the fragments blew farther than they should have done. One piece missed poor "Sir Roger's" paw by an inch, and another whizzed past my head within two inches; while a smaller piece hit me on the shoulder with what the manager described as "a whacking sound," making me feel quite faint for a few moments.

*Tuesday, August 2nd.*—The crushing mills and machinery have to be kept working all night, for, of course, the furnaces are never let out; and before daybreak all the noises of the works began, so that we were up early, and after breakfast went to the chlorination works with Mr. Trineard, the assayer.

The first thing shown us was the stone just as it came from the drays we had watched at work yesterday. This was speedily crushed into powder, baked and mixed with charcoal. It then passed through another process within the powerful furnaces,

which separated the ore from the rock and poured it forth, literally in a stream, golden as the river Pactolus. I never saw anything more wonderful than this river of liquid gold. A little phial held to the mouth of one of the taps became just a bottle of gold in solution. By adding hydrochlorate of iron the gold is precipitated in about seventy hours, and the water can be drained off pure as crystal, without a vestige of gold remaining in it. The gold itself is then mixed with borax, put through a further smelting-process, and ultimately comes out in solid nuggets, worth, according to the purity of the gold, from £300 to £400 each.

The Mount Morgan Gold Mining Company possess probably the most productive gold mine in the world. The original discoverers of the ore, and the individuals who supplied the slender amount of capital with which the company commenced operations, have realized great fortunes.

We returned, after an interesting journey, and went on board the *Sunbeam*, and in spite of the heavy rain in the afternoon a great many ladies came to see the yacht, and were followed later by the Naval Artillery Volunteers, the Naval Brigade, and other visitors. After a hasty dinner at seven, we all went to an Ambulance Meeting in the council-chamber of the town hall. From the meeting we went straight on to the station, where the servants had rigged up very comfortable beds in railway carriages.

*Wednesday, August 3rd.*—Our arrival at Springsure caused great excitement, for it was really the opening of the line, ours being the first passenger train to arrive at the township. We started in a couple of buggies for the opal-mines, or rather opal-fields, of Springsure. When the top of the hill where the opals are to be found was reached, we all got out and set to work to pick up large and heavy stones with traces of opal in them, as well as some fragments of pumicestone with the same glittering indications. We were shown the remnants of a rock which had been blown up with dynamite to get at a magnificent opal firmly imbedded in it. The experiment resulted in rock, opal, and all being blown into fragments, and nothing more has ever been seen of the precious stone. Our search not proving very successful, we proceeded to the large sheep-station of Rainworth. The question of water becomes a serious consideration out here, where every full-grown beast is supposed to drink and waste ten gallons of water a day.

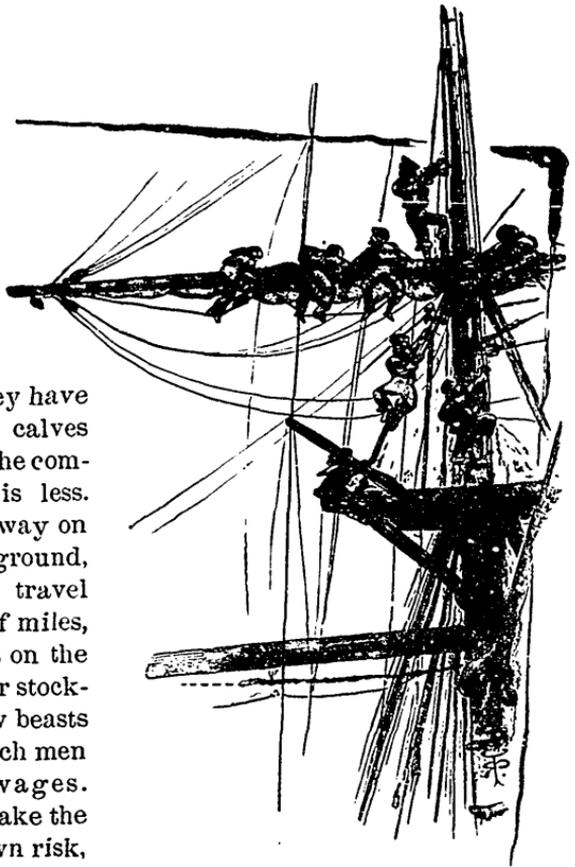
Years ago this country swarmed with game, and was so eaten up that the ground looked as bare as your hand, the pasture being undistinguishable from the roads. By a strenuous effort

the settlers killed 30,000 kangaroos on a comparatively small area on the Ekowe Downs, the adjoining station to this, and thousands more died at the fence, which was gradually pushed forward, in order to enclose the sheep and keep out the marsupials. I felt curious to know the value of this fine station, and was told it was worth £40,000. There are plenty of well-fenced paddocks, containing 30,000 sheep, 200 bullocks, and some horses; also drays and carts, and other farming implements.

On reaching Springsure we found some excitement prevailing on account of a mob of a thousand cattle having passed near the town. These mobs are obliged by law to travel six miles a day, at least, unless they have cows and young calves with them, when the compulsory distance is less. They feed all the way on their neighbours' ground, so to speak, and travel many thousands of miles, occupying months on the journey. A clever stockman loses very few beasts on the way, and such men command high wages. They often undertake the journey at their own risk, and are paid only for the cattle actually delivered.

After dinner we took up our old quarters in the railway carriages, and started on our homeward journey. This proved much more comfortable than the outward trip, for the railway officials had kindly stopped nearly all the draughts.

*Thursday, August 4th.*—I awoke about five, and was at once struck by the strange appearance of the moon, which did not look



STOWING FORE-TOPSAIL.

so big as usual, and had assumed a curious shape. I gazed at her in a lazy, sleepy way for some time, until it suddenly occurred to me that an eclipse was taking place, whereupon I roused myself and got my glasses. I was very glad not to have missed this, to me, always most interesting sight, especially as I had not the slightest idea that an eclipse would occur this morning. The atmosphere was marvellously clear, and I saw it to absolute perfection.

We reached Rockhampton about six a.m. At eleven o'clock, the Mayor arrived to take us to the hospital. Here I was put into a chair and carried through the various wards of an excellently planned and perfectly ventilated building. Everything looked scrupulously clean, and the patients appeared happy and well cared for. Several instances were pointed out to me by Doctor Macdonald in which the St. John Ambulance would have been of great use. I heard of one case of a man who had come down 200 miles with a broken leg, no attempt having been made to bandage it up. The poor fellow arrived, as may easily be imagined, with the edges of the bone all ground to powder and the tissues surrounding it much destroyed. Then there was another case of an arm broken in the bush, and the poor man lying all night in great agony.

Everything looked bright, cheerful, and sunny except the ophthalmic wards, which, if I may use such an expression, displayed an agreeable gloom. Here all was painted dark green, and the system of ventilation seemed quite perfect, for air without light was admitted and the temperature equalized, this being an important factor in bad cases. Ophthalmia appears to be quite a curse in Australia, as we have already found to our cost, through Tom's suffering from it. There were nice shady verandas to this part of the hospital, and comfortable chairs for the patients to sit and lounge in, besides a pretty garden. Not far off, in the compound, stood the various quarters for the nurses and servants, and the dead-house, the dissecting-room, with other necessary though painful adjuncts to a hospital.

The sun became very hot, and I was glad to be carried back to the carriage and to drive straight to the boat, and so on board the yacht to rest, while the remainder of the party went shopping in the town. In the afternoon we all went in the steam-launch to see the Creek Meat Canning Factory—a concern which has lately changed hands, and holds some of the largest contracts in the world for supplying armies and navies with tinned meat. The quality is excellent.

We were all safe on board the yacht by nine p.m., and at ten

o'clock the anchor was weighed. This is a most curious river, and might well be made the scene of a romance by some poetical person. It is only every ten or twelve days that craft drawing over ten feet can get up or down the river, and then only by the light of the moon. By day no large vessel can reach Rockhampton.

*Friday, August 5th.*—At eight o'clock a.m. we hove anchor and proceeded to the mouth of the Fitzroy River. The pilot left us at 10.30, and we proceeded out to sea under sail. We passed through



CARDWELL SCHOOL-HOUSE.

the Cumberland Isles, and Tom had a rather anxious night, as the navigation was very intricate.

*Saturday, August 6th.*—The scenery during the day was lovely, and I was carried into the deck-house in order that I might enjoy it. The east coast of Australia at this season of the year is a perfect cruising-ground for yachtsmen. The Great Barrier Reef, extending for a distance of 1000 miles from Swain Reefs to Cape Yorke, protects the coasts from the heavy swell of the Pacific. The inner route, which we followed, passes between numberless rocks and islands. Turning from the sea to the mainland, the coast-range at a short distance inland forms a continuous barrier, varying in height from 3000 to upwards of 4000 feet.

*Tuesday, August 9th.*—At daybreak Tom moved the yacht out to the shelter of Magnetic Island, where the coal-hulks lie, some six miles off Townsville. Meanwhile some supplies were taken on board; but as I was not well enough to undertake the long expeditions which had been planned, and the rest of the party declared that it would not be possible to go without me, they were given up. After landing and taking a walk through Townsville, the shore-going people pronounced it to be quite as clean-looking and prosperous as Bowen. The town has a population of 12,000. It owes its prosperity to its railway, which is already opened to a distance of two hundred miles into the interior, and which has made it the port for a wide area of pastoral country and for several promising gold-fields.

We anchored in Challenger Bay, under shelter of Palm Island, shortly after sunset. Soon after we had dropped anchor aboriginal blacks were reported alongside, and on going on deck I saw two miserable-looking objects in the frailest of boats. Indeed, the craft looked like the pictures of an ancient British coracle, and was so light and unseaworthy that every wave washed into it. They had nothing for sale except some commonplace and evil-smelling shells, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco and biscuits, evidently preferring these commodities to money. We bought all the shells they had, and they were so well satisfied with their bargain that they returned a little later on with another bucketful of conchological curiosities, which were also purchased.

*Wednesday, August 10th.*—We weighed anchor at eleven, and proceeded towards Dungeness under sail. We found some difficulty in making our way, owing to the new buoys not having yet been entered on the Admiralty chart. Fortunately, the officers of the *Myrmidon* had warned Tom of this fact, made more dangerous by the thick mist and fog. We ultimately arrived at Dungeness in safety, taking everybody by surprise, as no ship had ever been known to go through the southern entrance of Hinchinbrook Channel before without a pilot.

*Thursday, August 11th.*—At noon we set forth on an excursion up the Herbert River. Tom had caused a comfortable bed to be rigged up in the gig, so that I was not obliged to dress, but simply go out of one bed into another. After the first little fluster of moving was over it was a great pleasure to me to be once more in the open air after being shut up for what seems so long a time. The view so reminded me of Scotland that I felt inclined to take up my glasses to look for deer among the craggy peaks and corries. We passed several tidy-looking settlements on the banks,

some picturesquely built of wood thatched with sugar-cane or palm-leaf, while others were constructed of corrugated iron, which must be frightfully hot in summer. The white people, so far as we could judge, as we passed up and down the river, were suffering from the climate. The Kanakas and Chinamen seemed more prosperous; and the few aboriginals looked quite happy in their natural surroundings.

About half-past two we reached the wharf of the Halifax sugar plantation. The whole district is well adapted for the cultivation of sugar. No less than



DEAD CROCODILE ON SNAG.

9,600 tons were produced in 1886. The growth is steadily increasing, and the country will sooner or later become the centre of a large and prosperous trade.

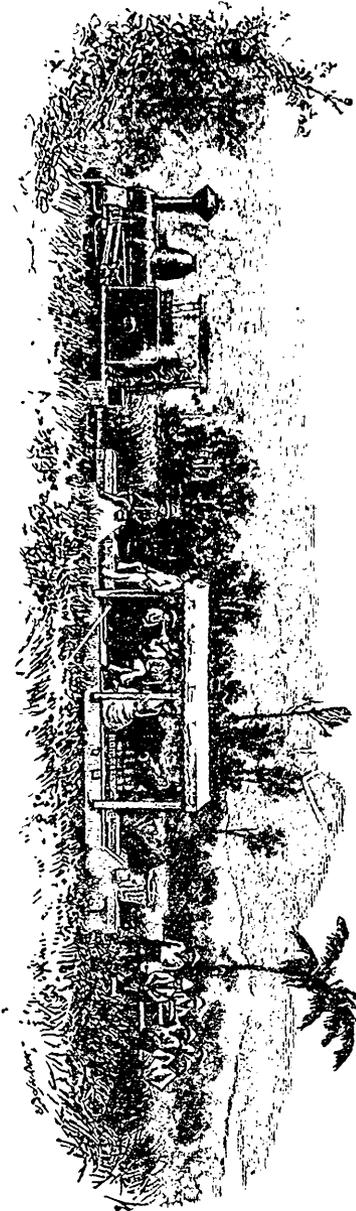
For the cultivation of sugar both British and coloured labour is employed—British workmen in the mills, the coloured people in cutting the cane. We spoke to some of the wives of the workmen, several of whom are recent arrivals from Lancashire. Their dwellings are of the simplest description, made of corrugated iron or of straw. These pioneers of cultivation have to lead a hard life and bear many privations—circumstances in which the

colonizing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race always come to the front. We stopped to take one or two photographs of tropical scenery and of various little stations on the way down the river. We also paused to look at the body of a dead alligator which had been caught in a snag.

*Friday, August 12th.*—At 9.30 we started under steam through the Rockingham Channel, which separates Hinchinbrook, an island of magnificent mountains, from the mainland. We are now well in the doldrums of the Tropic of Capricorn, and the delicious, fair, strong trade-breezes we have hitherto enjoyed have now deserted us, or rather we have sailed through them. The water to-day is as placid as it can possibly be, and reflects on its surface as in a mirror all the beauties of the scenery. I do not think I have ever forgotten or shall forget a single really beautiful view I have ever seen and admired. Those scenes are all clear and distinct, put away in little pigeon-holes of memory. If my brain were only a photographic camera, I could print them off as clearly on paper to-day as in the long by-gone years when I first saw them.

For the last few days the scenery has been an especial pleasure to me, laid up as I am in the deck-house, where a comfortable bed has been arranged for me, so high that I can look out of the window and have my eyes delighted and my nerves soothed. I am

THE TRAIN IN THE BUSH.



very thankful that I can thus enjoy the lovely coast, though I should much prefer being able to take a more active part in the sight-seeing, orchid and shell-collecting, and general scrambling which ensues every day when the rest of the party go for their pleasant walks on shore along sandy beaches shaded by graceful palms, with tree ferns growing almost to the water's edge. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this constant malarial fever has made me feel too weak to care much about anything, so that I am not tempted to long to do imprudent things.

*Saturday, August 13th.*—Woke just at day-break. When I looked through the porthole I found that this harbour of Mourillyan where we were lying was one of the most picturesque I had ever seen. It is entirely land-locked, except for the narrow passage through which we entered last night. Both vegetation and landscape looked thoroughly tropical, and two or three bungalows were perched amid the dense foliage on the steep banks of the rising hillsides.

It was eleven o'clock before we landed and established ourselves in the steam-tram, ready for the journey to the Mourillyan sugar plantation. My long deck-chair having been placed most comfortably in a sugar-truck, my journey was luxuriously and easily performed, though, after the perfectly quiet, smooth movement of the last few days, I rather felt the occasional jolts and jars. I have travelled through tropical jungles in all parts of the world, and though the scenery to-day was wanting in the grandeur of the virgin forests of Brazil, and of the tangled masses of vegetation of Borneo and the Straits Settlements, it had much special beauty of its own. Some of the palms and ferns were extremely beautiful, and so well grown that each might have been a specimen plant in a greenhouse.

The machinery of the sugar-mills, of Scotch manufacture, cost more than £60,000. Some 900 acres have been brought under cultivation. The total capital already expended may be taken at £200,000. The yield of sugar is from three to five tons per acre. The price may be taken at £20 per ton. The production of sugar last year was 2050 tons. Javanese are employed to drive locomotives, and for the management of the boilers and most of the machinery in the mills.

The proprietors of the plantation have about 5000 acres cleared already, and will clear more as soon as they can raise sufficient capital. They have already invested £250,000 in the land, £20,000 in the tram, and £40,000 in the mills, independent of the money they will require for all sorts of contemplated improvements and additions. The process of crushing is just the same as

we saw in Trinidad. The carts bring in the cane from the field, and it is passed through a series of rollers to extract the juice, which is pumped up to a higher floor, where it is received into vats, and by different processes it is then converted into sugar of three kinds—white, medium white, and light brown. The first-quality sugar is made white by being subjected to a process of sulphur fumes, which produce beautiful glittering crystals.

Australian colonists are the most hospitable people in the world. Their one idea seems to be to endeavour to do everything they can for you, to give you the best of everything they possess. Nowhere, in all our far-extending travels, have we received more true hospitality. I had a comfortable sofa provided for me, whereon I lay during lunch, and afterwards I rested in a chair on the veranda while the others went to see more of the extensive sugar plantation and mill.

About three o'clock we started back, and returned much quicker than we came up, for which I was very thankful. Pleasant as the day had been I was getting rather worn out.

*Sunday, August 14th.*—We had services at eleven, but I was only able to listen to the hymns from my cabin. At afternoon



NAVIGATORS.

service, at half-past four, I heard every word just as plainly from my bed on deck as I could have done had I been below in the saloon. This has been one of the most perfect days at sea I can remember, and I was carried up early on deck to admire the beautiful coast, with the Macalister Range in the background. A little later Cape Tribulation was passed, where Captain Cook ran his vessel ashore to discover the amount of damage sustained after she had been aground on a coral reef. They are now trying to recover her guns, which are so overgrown by coral that it is likely to prove a difficult job. Divers have been down and have absolutely seen the guns; but if they try to dislodge them with dynamite the result may be the same as at Springsure with the large opal—that they will be blown to pieces. It is interesting to once more read Captain Cook's voyages on the scene of some of his most important discoveries, and to think that many of these peaks, bays, mountains, and inlets were named by him after some more or less memorable incident. Cape Tribulation lies exactly under the Peter Botte, a large and peculiarly shaped mountain. The sunset was magnificent, and made the mountains look quite volcanic as they rose in the sky against the lurid light, producing red, yellow, and gray tints such as one sees at Vesuvius, Etna, or Stromboli.

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#### HOME TO-NIGHT.

OH! home to-night! yes, home to-night,  
 Through the pearly gate and the open door,  
 His happy feet on the golden street  
 Are entering now, to go out no more.

For his work is done and his rest begun,  
 And the training time is forever past,  
 And the home of rest in the mansions blest  
 Is safely, joyously, reached at last!

Oh, the love and light in that home to-night!  
 Oh, the song of bliss and the harps of gold!  
 Oh, the glory shed on the new-crowned head!  
 Oh, the telling of love that can ne'er be told!

Oh, the welcome that waits at the shining gates  
 For those who are following far, yet near,  
 Where we shall meet at His glorious feet  
 In the light and the love of His home so dear!  
 Yes, home to-night. B.

## MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA AND YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.



SECTION OF BIG TREE.

Why do so many Canadians go to Europe for rare sights and scenes before they have studied fairly the resources and wonders of their own continent? The traveller need not go to Switzerland for bold and rare mountain effects, for the Rocky and Sierra ranges will afford panoramas which cannot be rivalled in the Old World, from the Alps to the Himalayas. He need not sail up the Rhine for

grand river scenery, for nothing can excel that of the golden-sanded Fraser, in British Columbia, as it breaks through the rocky battlements of the cascade range. He need not sigh for Italy, with the tender azure of its sky, the deep blue of its sea, the soft tints of its vine-clad hills, and the balm of its southern air—for one has it all in the sensuous beauty, the golden haze, the golden landscape, the golden soil of sunny, dreamy California. He need not coast along the shores of classic Greece to find an Archipelago, with isles like crystal gems set in a silver sea. One has but to navigate that wealth of waters. Puget's Sound, or the Gulf of Georgia, to find for four hundred miles along the shores of the youngest and most distant province of our own Dominion, an inland sea studded with islands of every form and beauty—a Western Cyclades. And if he wants a sublime Apocalypse, a

picture that shall live in the memory and haunt the soul like a vision of angels, or a scene of fairy-land, he has but to make a

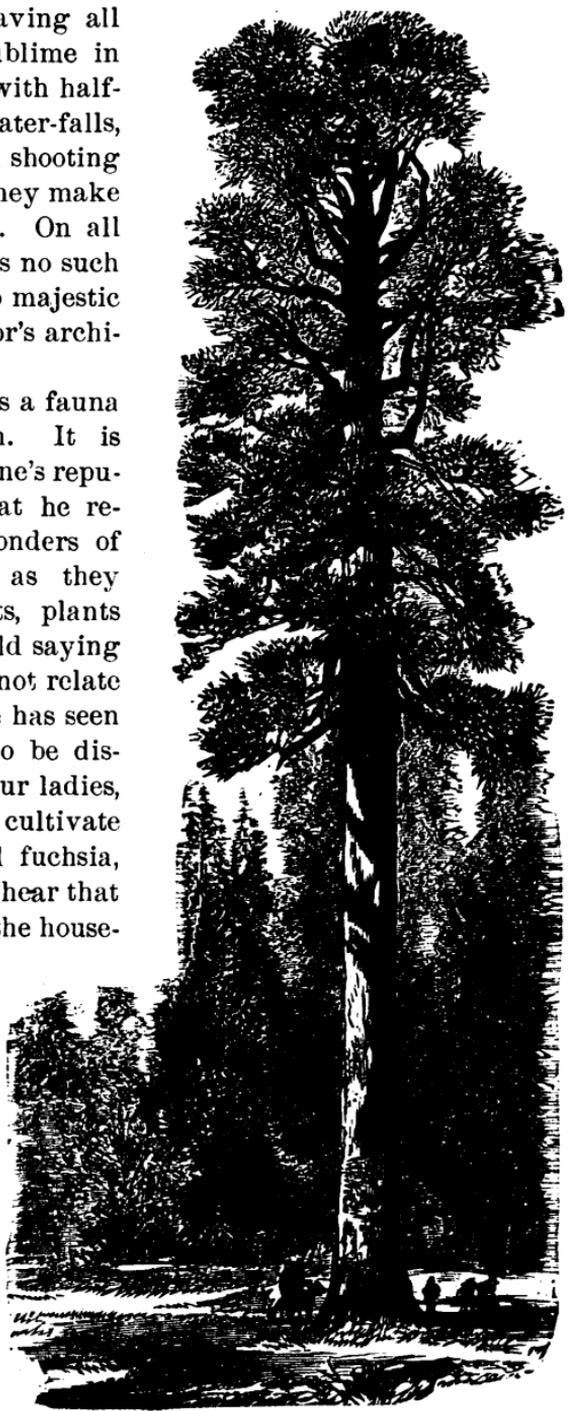


TUNNEL THROUGH FIG TREE.

pilgrimage to the wonderful Yosemite—a valley shut in by walls of yellowish granite, rising perpendicularly from three-quarters

to a mile in height, having all that is varied and sublime in rock formations, and with half-a-dozen enchanting water-falls, leaping, sparkling and shooting into arrowy spray as they make their amazing descent. On all this fair earth there is no such shrine of beauty or so majestic a display of the Creator's architecture.

The Pacific Coast has a fauna and flora of its own. It is almost at the peril of one's reputation for veracity that he records some of the wonders of vegetation, especially as they relate to flowers, fruits, plants and trees. It is an old saying that a traveller must not relate more than half that he has seen if he does not wish to be disbelieved. I suppose our ladies, who take such pains to cultivate the rare and beautiful fuchsia, will open their eyes to hear that there they climb up to the house-top and have trunks as large as one's arm. On the Fraser River they grow beets, some of which weigh one hundred pounds each. The fruits of California are the largest and most luscious in the world; the pears growing three times and the plums four times as large as those we see here. But the biggest of all



MARIPOSA BIG TREE. (Gardner) [engraved]

things, in the way of botany, are the mammoth trees of the groves of Mariposa. We felt that all the forests we had seen in this country were but *underbrush*, when in British Columbia we saw

monarchs of the forests, the fir tree, rising occasionally to the height of three hundred feet, and the cedar measuring a circumference of forty feet; but how their pride and glory were forgotten in the presence of the famous Big Trees of California! Fancy a tree which required five men twenty-five days to fell it, boring it off with pump-augers, and then taking three days to make the proud thing fall after it had been severed from the trunk, such was the breadth of its base.

The late Bishop Kingsley computed that on the stump of that tree a house could be built for a newly-married couple, giving them a good-sized parlour, dining-room, kitchen, two bedrooms, a pantry, two clothes presses, and then have a little room to spare. Think of the hollow trunk of another tree through which you could ride on horseback without endangering your silk hat; or another so large that you could drive a stage coach, filled with passengers inside and outside, for nearly the same distance through its trunk. Imagine, if you can, the size of one of these fathers of the forest when it contains more than one-half a million feet of sound inch lumber; or another which would make a thousand cords of four-foot wood, with a hundred cords of bark, which, burning at the rate of a cord a month, would last a frugal household just ninety-one years. There are several groves of these mammoth trees. There are three Mariposa groves within two miles of each other. One of these groves contains eighty-six trees.

The Tuolumne grove contains ten trees. The Calaveras grove has over ninety mammoth trees, and one of the fallen trees must have been four hundred and fifty feet high, and forty feet in diameter.

The *Big Tree* is a *Sequoia* related to the closest manner to the redwood. Dr. Seeman called it the *Sequoia Gigantea*, and it bears that name with botanists, though Prof. Lindley gave it the name *Wellingtonia Gigantea*.

These mammoth trees grow in a deep fertile soil, and stand in the midst of other trees which would be considered giants if set down among the trees of our forests. What a new idea of the magnificence of nature one gets as he glances at one of these immense trunks, and then looks up and up to try to comprehend their height. Sublime sight! Each tree fills you with wonder as you gaze upon it. These trees measure from seventy to a hundred feet in circumference. The bark is spongy, is formed in layers, reddish-brown in colour, and very thick, often measuring not less than eighteen inches. The wood is soft, elastic, straight-grained, light when dry, and of a bright cinnamon brown colour,

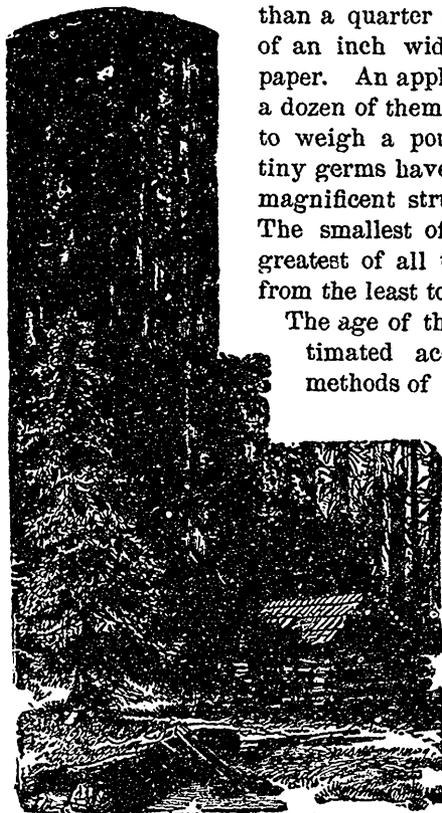
which gives a gaiety to the forest, making "sunshine in the shady place." It is very durable, very much like our red cedar. What struck us as remarkable was the size of the cones. We picked up the cones of smaller conifers; they were half as long as one's arm, and very much thicker, but what do you suppose is the size of the cones of these gigantic trees? Not larger than a hen's egg. The leaves, too, are very small, and of a bright green

colour. The seeds are very tiny, not more than a quarter of an inch long, one-sixth of an inch wide, and thin as writing-paper. An apple seed would weigh down a dozen of them. It takes 50,000 of them to weigh a pound! and yet these little tiny germs have wrapped in them such magnificent structures. What a lesson! The smallest of all seeds producing the greatest of all trees. Thus God proceeds from the least to the greatest!

The age of these trees is variously estimated according to the different methods of counting the rings—prob-

ably many of them are not less than three thousand years old. Twenty-six centuries have passed since Rome was founded, yet before Romulus was heard of these trees were growing. When Plato opened his academy in the groves of Athens; when the beautiful Esther was Queen of Persia, and Mordecai prime minister; nay, when Solomon was in all his glory,

they were springing up. They were waving in proud majesty when the shepherds of the Judean Hills heard the song of the Angels, and the glad announcement that Christ was born in Bethlehem. They stood the giant cedars of God when the Christian Church was founded. What tides of human history have rolled away since they first thrust their green spires from the ground! What mighty sermons in those trees! Thirty centuries seemed



CABIN IN REDWOOD GROVE.

to be looking down upon us from their lofty tops. As long as they remain upon the earth they will be the wonder of the world, and long generations coming after us will gaze upon them as among the marvellous works of God.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

There is yet another scene which seems too full of grandeur



IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

and beauty to belong to any part of earth. This is the Yosemite Valley—a mighty chasm which the Almighty has cleft amid the mountains on the western side of the Sierras, 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and distant about one hundred and twenty-five

miles due east from San Francisco. It is a dell of matchless cliffs and water-falls from ten miles in length to three miles at its greatest width. The bottom is rich and fertile, deep with grass and bright with flowers, and shaded with groves of pine and oak, and through it the Merced River (River of Mercy) flows transparent as crystal. The walls rise up into the air, unbroken in dizzy sweeps from three-quarters of a mile to a mile in perpendicular height, soft in their yellowish-gray, and bearing all forms and shapes and colours of majesty and grandeur, while over the sides of these walls shoot half a dozen beautiful cascades, in one of which the water at two dizzy leaps falls more than half a mile.

The first view of the valley is impressive beyond description. We had made a tedious and expensive journey from San Francisco, riding in a stage coach from Stockton, over a rough and dusty open prairie, through played-out mining towns, up the San Joaquin Valley, across the Stanislaus Tuolumne rivers, through gorges, deep and narrow, shadowed with over-hanging cliffs, and over mountains that offered a glorious view of the outspread landscapes, covered with a dreamy purple haze, with graceful and sloping mountain summits outlined here and there like islands in a sea. Then we had taken to saddle-horses, and ridden twenty miles through grand and gloomy forests of pine, along a narrow trail, climbing up and down steep mountains, wading through snow-fields that lie amid the topmost peaks of the Sierras, 8000 feet above the sea level; with the swelling hills all around us and ravines of awful solitude on either side; over heights where we felt the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence, with not the note of a bird or the flap of its wings to stir the air or break the solemn stillness that reigns in these lofty regions; amid such scenes and through such solitudes we approach this wonder of nature, this scene of infinite beauty and sublimity. Suddenly we are on the brink of an awful chasm. One mad plunge of our horse and we should go down three-quarters of a mile. We hold our breath. Every voice is hushed. We stand in awe before this revelation of Omnipotence. The Almighty Himself has raised these rocks and reared their lofty domes, and bade the obedient waters flow. Look over the precipice and down, far down, you see the Merced River, attenuated to a thread of silver, and what seem like little green points are gigantic forest pines, while over all a soft, yellowish sunlight simmers and gleams. Weary and sore, but with a strange spell thrown over our spirits, we make the steep descent into this vale of beauty. We half-scramble, half-ride down the zig-zig break-neck path;

our head now swimming in dizzy apprehension as we move along the edge of the precipice, down which the stumble of our horse would plunge us a thousand feet, without a shrub to break our fall; now shrinking appalled and sliding off the saddle for fear of going head foremost over the horse's head and down the awful verge.

At length in safety we have reached the bottom and are in the valley; but how can we portray its impressive beauty? The solemn grandeur surpasses all description. Passing up the valley, the first thing that fascinates your gaze is a waterfall of wonderful beauty. It is the Bridal Veil, which descends in silver spray nine hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the rock. As it sways backward and forward by the wind, in ever-varying beauty, it is like a veil of the purest lace, with which the bride is wont to hide her blushes on her marriage day. Nearly opposite the Bridal Veil Falls, and about three-quarters of a mile distant, is *El Capitan*, or the great chief; a cliff of solid granite, without a seam or scar to mar its beauty, rising perpendicularly from the level greensward 3300 feet. This massive wall is three miles in length. How we were awed and humbled in its presence! The floating clouds passing over it gave it the appearance of moving toward it. But had it fallen we would have remained unharmed, for though the valley at that place is more than half a mile in width, it is so lofty that it would have lodged upon the opposite wall. Farther up the valley we pass "Cathedral Rocks," "Sentinel Dome," "The Three Brothers," "The Graces," in their majesty and grandeur. The granite cliffs have foreshadowed themselves into mansions, domes, castles, palaces, cathedrals and other forms of great impressiveness, and the Indians have given liquid and beautiful names to these rocks and domes.

Cathedral Rock is a nearly vertical cliff, 2260 feet high, and the spires are two graceful columns of granite, which rise close to the edge of the cliff like the towers of a Gothic cathedral. In the middle of the valley, opposite Mr. Hutchinson's hotel, is the Yosemite Falls—fifteen times as high as Niagara! As you gaze upward upon that broad white sheet, you can hardly realize that it is 2600 feet in height!

I shall never forget a morning ride through one of those wild gorges to the Vernal Falls, shut in on either side by walls rising 5000 feet above the valley. The sun had risen high, but these great cliffs kept the gorge in shadow, and on we rode amid the music of the many-voiced waterfalls, "the sound of many waters," which swelled up through the morning air like the song of the redeemed. Then we clambered over rocks and along the

edge of the cliffs, amid spray that wet us to the skin, as well as a perfect cascade of rainbows that hung in the sunlight, until we commanded a full view of this most exquisite of falls, and looked upon it as it shot its whitened foam down through the air. Not a drop of the stream of water but is white in its whole passage; for as it leaps over the precipice it breaks and blossoms into spray, snow-white and delicate.

“And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring;  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning ;  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and flundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.”



CATHEDRAL ROCK.

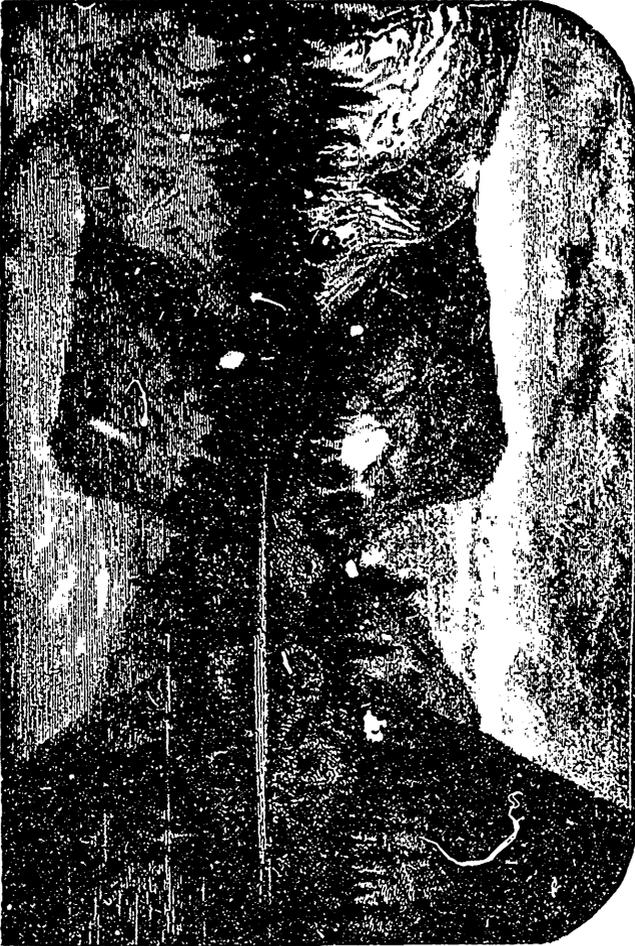
These waterfalls, with the added glory and awe-inspiring majesty of the surrounding precipices, make the Yosemite Valley far superior in romantic beauty and impressive grandeur to any spot of equal compass on this beautiful earth.

At the point that is known as the Tenaya Canyon are some of the most remarkable cliff effects of the whole valley. From the northern wall of this deep gorge rises the lofty Washington Column, to its left the Royal Arches, and above these great arches towers to the height of 3568ft. the North Dome, its granite crest as symmetrical as the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Opposite this rises the loftiest and most imposing of all the cliffs, the South

Dome, or Half Dome, 5000 feet high, one half of it cleft away—cut sharp and smooth for three thousand feet down as though cleaved by the very sword of the Almighty. Between these domes lies the exquisite little Mirror Lake, formed by the expansion of a mountain stream which beautifully reflects

in its sparkling clear surface the overhanging cliffs and surrounding granite walls.

What has scooped out this valley? Abundant traces of glacial action can yet be seen, and, no doubt, earthquakes and other volcanic forces have had their share in the work. But what a delight to be permitted to gaze upon so magnificent a display of natural architecture. The whole valley seems but a grand



cathedral filled with the Creator's presence. How insignificant the grandest structures which human hands have reared compared with this sublime vision! Bring all the great cathedrals of the world together, with their wealth of architecture, and weight of gold, and beauty of painted dome and frescoed walls, and what are they in comparison with this Mountain Edifice—the Temple which the Lord Himself hath reared? I can only say that in

beholding these natural wonders I feel the touch of God's own hand upon my heart. I recognized in them all our Heavenly Father's handiwork, and I shall be rewarded if I have inspired in any of the readers of THE METHODIST MAGAZINE a greater love for Nature, and deepened in their hearts the sense of the Creator's loving-kindness and power, enabling each with the poet's ecstasy to say:

“This world is very lovely, O my God,  
I thank Thee I still live.”

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TWO SONNETS.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

*I. THE PROPHET.*

A MAN to whom God speaks, and who to men  
Brings without changing it the truth he hears ;  
And, if it fall on dull and doubting ears,  
Still the one truth he publishes again :  
Be it with voice, or constant act, or pen,  
Never a hair's breadth from his aim he veers ;  
And when excess of toil and weight of years  
Bring silence, he will rest, and not till then.

A man whom God's own hands have made, not we ;  
Who moves in majesty athwart the earth ;  
A king that asks no crown, no mockery  
Of sinful hands to give his message worth ;  
Noble among the meanest, strong and free  
'Mong veriest slaves—a prophet from his birth.

*II.—THE PRIEST.*

A MAN whose heart is full for men's distress ;  
Who in his ruth for it forgets his own ;  
Who hears the feeblest call, the faintest moan ;  
Who loves the pauper and the fatherless ;  
Who, since they that have sinned will not confess  
Their sin, who need help most all help disown,  
Brings all with tears to Love's imperial throne,—  
Casts all in faith on God's almightiness.

Not robe, and crook, and seal of office can  
Give one a tender heart ; without it none  
Can put himself beneath another's ban,  
Make others' sorrow his : under the sun  
There is no priest that is not first a man :  
The prayer baptized with tears is all but won.

BENTON, N. B.

## VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

*OVER THE LERANONS TO BAALBEC.*

CAVE IN PALESTINE.

FOR the first mile or so, after leaving Damascus, we rode over the smooth and splendid highway built by the French Diligence Company between that city and Beyrout. The waters of the Abana, now called the Barada, were pouring along beside the road, sometimes in canals, cut one above the other in the hill-side, and all about us was vigorous and vivid life. The waters sparkled amid a wild tangle of luxuriant foliage, and coursed down gaily to gladden

and glorify the rich plain below. Soon, the road turned and entered a pass through the hills, and we looked our last upon the wide expanse of the Plain of Damascus, and at a village named Dunwar—a favourite resort of the rich Damascenes, as evidenced by their tasteful villas—we left the French road, and turned off to the right among the hills. A greater or sharper contrast could hardly be conceived to the road we had just been pursuing. Here, everything was arid and bare, the rocky glen through which we rode being absolutely devoid of verdure. Hills of barren rock, burned almost white by the fierce sun rays, arose on all sides, and the abruptness of the transition intensified its influence. In a short time, however, we were riding through a narrow gorge among the hills, along which the Barada was flowing, its banks livid with a narrow margin of rich meadow and fringed with trees.

As we rode on through the windings of the defile, its beauty increased at every turn. Far above, on either side, towered the bare sun-burned cliffs, glistening in the heat, not a shrub or a tree

upon them; far down in the valley the river laughed and leaped amid a perfect paradise of living green. I thought again and again that morning of the Psalmist's description of the man who medi-



MOUNTAIN POOL.

tates on God's law: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, which bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither." Here was the comparison in all its force

and beauty before me; the dry unwatered hill-side above, the tree planted by the river below, full to its utmost twig, of lavish and luxuriant life. Such wonderful variety of tints of green, such a positive and peculiar glow of life, I could not have believed possible had I not seen it.

We halted for lunch at Ain Fijeh, the loveliest spot in this lovely valley, where the main source of the Abana bursts out in a foaming torrent from the ground under the ruins of a classic temple, erected long centuries ago in honour of the nymphs of the stream. Groves of brilliant silver poplar and walnut, orchards filled with various fruit trees, were on every hand; and the tiny village of Fijeh, embowered in this green paradise, and embosomed in these stern, strong guardian hills, seemed the very picture of quiet content and rural felicity.

The well-behaved and civil inhabitants of the village came out, as usual, to see the strangers, and they showed by dress and appearance the comfort of their lot, and formed a contrast to the squalid creatures inhabiting the villages of Palestine, through which, a week before, we had been passing.

After a couple of hours or more spent in this lovely spot, we again mounted and continued our journey along the glen. Village after village was passed with fertile lands around, and pleasant, comfortable-looking peasants at their work, until late in the afternoon we reached our tents pitched on a level field, above a large village, and under the shadow of a lofty hill surmounted by a *wely*, or Mohammedan shrine. It was in memory of Abel; for the first murder was, according to their tradition, committed in this neighbourhood, which bore anciently the name of Abilene, and was a tetrarchy in the days of Roman dominion. Next morning we passed through an extraordinarily wild, weird region of beetling crag and roaring torrent, with the remains of an old Roman road close by, cut sheer and straight through solid rock, and with inscriptions detailing the date and the occasion. Then up to a wide table-land, high above the river bed, and beside a most romantic waterfall, of which my friend succeeded in making a charming view, and then through a fertile plain bounded by lofty hills to a noontide halt for lunch and rest by the village of Zebedany. Thence on, through the heart of Anti-Lebanon, by many a winding mountain-path to our camp by the stream of the Yahfufeh, pouring down through the lofty hills to the plain of Buka'a between Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon.

This was one of the most picturesque of all our camping grounds, close beside the clear mountain stream and surrounded by the lofty hills that shut in the glen. Before going to our tents M—, ,

and I walked up a bit from camp, to get a good picture of the scene, and while busy photographing, became aware by the noises and shouting, as well as by the evident tumult in the field where the muleteers were busy with the horses, that some fight was in progress. We saw the stalwart form of the dragoman in the thick of the fray, pushing the combatants apart and insisting on peace in his stentorian voice, and in a few minutes the disturbance was quelled. We found afterward that it had been a religious war, begun by an altercation between two or three of the servants, and ending in a melee, in which "Dog of a Moslem," "Dog of a Christian," were the favourite battle cries, and which might have led to



MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON.

very serious consequences had it not been promptly stopped by the masterful interference of the dragoman. I have already spoken of his wonderful influence over his native servants, and his skill in using his authority.

As I got to my tent I was amazed to find my valise open, and some of my clothes, which had been packed separately, hanging on the tent ropes saturated with water. The explanation was soon forthcoming, and was annoying enough. The mule which had been carrying some of the baggage had slipped, and fallen into a stream, and the luggage had, of course, come to grief. It was laughable, too, to see the three or four of us who had suffered in the matter, gingerly picking out our saturated belongings. There was one old bachelor who appeared to possess a number of souvenirs of

lady friends, which were forthcoming, to his chagrin, in a very moist state; and there was a young English swell who had brought a prodigious and elaborate supply of linen, whose garments, as they were hung up to dry that evening in his tent, gave it the appearance of a laundry establishment. My own solicitude, as I unpacked my valise, was not, I confess, on account of my clothes, for there was little to spoil; but I was greatly afraid that my entire stock of negatives, my most precious possessions, might have become water-soaked and ruined. There were a hundred and fifty of them or more, taken all along the route we had travelled, and the loss and disappointment would have been great; but, fortunately, the tin case in which they were packed had for the most part kept out the water, and they had received no damage—a fact I ascertained to my very great relief and thankfulness. Curiously enough, too, it was about the very last day that such an accident could have happened. It speaks volumes for the care with which the trip was managed that it was our only accident.

As we reached the table-land above our camping-ground, we caught glimpses through the hill-tops of the wide plain beyond, and of the chain of Lebanon on its farther side. Light, fleecy clouds, saturated with sunlight, rolled over the lofty mountain summits, and hung suspended in the blue sky above the plain. I never saw anywhere such glorious cloud effects, such wealth of sunlight and shadow, as I did that brilliant morning. Ordinarily the Syrian sky is cloudless, and the mountains we had passed before were sharply outlined against the clear blue. Here glorious masses of cloud sailed, like sun-laden argosies of the air, between the twin yet distant ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, or lay at anchor beside their tops. Soon we reached the crest of the hill, and the rich plain lay at our feet stretching away as far as the eye could see on either hand, and walled in on one side by the long range of Anti-Lebanon, on which we were standing, and on the other by glorious and historic Lebanon.

As we moved down the zigzag-bridle path, a sharp turn brought us at length in view of Baalbec. There stood the six lofty columns we had so often seen in photographs and pictures, and there all around them, on the rising ground of the Acropolis, the most splendid ruins in Syria. The name of Baalbec—the city or crowded place of Baal—gives us at once an idea of its antiquity and its origin. It was originally a Phœnician city and shrine, founded in those early days of barbaric splendour and culture, of which we have been accustomed to speak as pre-historic, but the records of which are now being read to us by scholars from the long buried hieroglyphs and cuneiforms in which they have been so well kept.

Here we have a great shrine of that great god, Baal, whose cult was predominant among the early people of these fair lands, and whose name so often occurs in the Old Testament writings as the object of the rebellious worship of the favoured people of Jehovah. Baal was the sun-god, the deification of that glorious luminary

whose worship seems the most natural of all false systems; and in later times the Baalbec of the Phœnicians became the Heliopolis—the city of the Sun—of the Greeks and Romans, twin in name and in fame of Heliopolis in Egypt, with which, indeed, it seems to have been closely connected.

Heliopolis was a shrine of great sanctity, and its oracle in such repute that, on one occasion at least, it was consulted by the Emperor Trajan previous to his second war against the Parthians. Coins tell us that in Julius Cæsar's time it was styled *Col. Julia Augusta Felix Heliopolis*; and it must as a Roman colony have enjoyed a large amount of prosperity, and exercised a vast influence.

It is very strange, however, that no cotemporary historian gives us any record of its superb temples, and that the first mention of them is found in the writings of John Malala, of Antioch, in the seventh century of our era, who says that "Ælius Antoninus Pius built at Heli-

opolis of Phœnicia in Lebanon, a great temple to Jupiter, which was one of the wonders of the world." Constantine founded here a great Christian basilica, and closed up the heathen temples, and less than a century later the orgies of which they had so long been the scene, and which had been revived in the interim, came forever to an end by the determined action of Theodosius, who destroyed the heathen shrines, and converted them into Christian churches.



DISTANT VIEW OF RUINS.

With the Moslem invasion, in the seventh century, came another change. Heliopolis again became known as Baalbec, and the temples and their courts were converted into a fortress. From being a city, it has dwindled down to an insignificant village, and bit by bit, by the slow ravages of time, by the shock of earthquake, but more by the ignorant rapacity and vandalism of its Arab masters, its splendid fanes have become more and more ruinous. Indeed, but for the hand of man they would still seem to mock at time, for where unbroken and secure, the exquisite delicacy of the carving is as clean and sharp in its detail as when it issued from the deft hand that chiselled it so many long centuries ago.

Baalbec is by some supposed to be the Baal-Gad mentioned in the Book of Joshua, as the limit of the conquests of that great leader, and there is a prophecy of Amos denouncing and predicting the overthrow of Bikath Aven, the plain of Aven, which is also believed to apply to it.

The great ruins crown an Acropolis, raised some fifty feet above the plain, and completely isolated from all other buildings. We entered by a long, dark vaulted passage, from the sides of which issued chambers once used apparently for storehouses, and entered upon a court hexagonal in shape, and measuring some seventy yards in length by eighty-five in width, and thence into the Great Court, as it is called, which is a hundred and fifty yards long by a hundred and twenty-five wide. Here we found the rest of our party, who had preceded us, sitting at lunch in the shadow of the great columns of the Temple of the Sun. This mightiest of the temples of Baalbec, and perhaps mightiest of all heathen temples, consisted of a cella or rectangular building, surrounded by peristyle, a porico of lofty columns, and was originally some two hundred and ninety feet long by a hundred and sixty broad. Of the cella nothing remains, but of the peristyle there still stand these six magnificent columns, with part of the entablature which they formerly carried. They are between sixty and seventy feet high, and seven feet three inches in diameter at the base, each consisting of three stones. The carving of the entablature on one side, the north, is gone, but on the south it is almost perfect. Originally there were fifty-eight of these columns, nineteen on each side of the cella, and ten at each end, and as they stand in solitary grandeur, rearing seventy feet above the wall the massive fragment of entablature, they convey some idea of the magnificence of the edifice of which they formed a part. The temple seems to have been a sort of pantheon, in which Baal was pre-eminent, and an inscription still to be seen on the base of one

of the pillars reads as follows, "To the great gods of Heliopolis. For the safety of the lord Antoninus Aug. and of Julia Aug. the mother of our lord of the Castra (and) Senate. A devoted (subject) of the sovereigns (caused) the capitals of the columns of Antoninus whilst in the air (to be) embossed with gold at her own expense."

In confused heaps in the neighbourhood of the columns lie the remains of those which have fallen. It is difficult to realize how vast are their proportions till one stands beside them, or stretches himself at length across the diameter of a fallen drum to find a foot and more of length still to spare.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER, BAALBEC.

Some hundred yards to the south of the great pillars, stands the Temple of Jupiter, smaller indeed comparatively, but yet the finest and most perfect and elaborate in Syria, and larger than the Pantheon at Athens. It was of the same general style as the Great Temple—a cella and peristyle—and its dimensions are two hundred and twenty-seven feet by one hundred and fifteen. In the peristyle, were originally forty-two columns, fifteen on each side, and eight at each end, and these columns were sixty-five feet high including base and capital, six feet three inches in diameter at the base and five feet eight inches at the top.

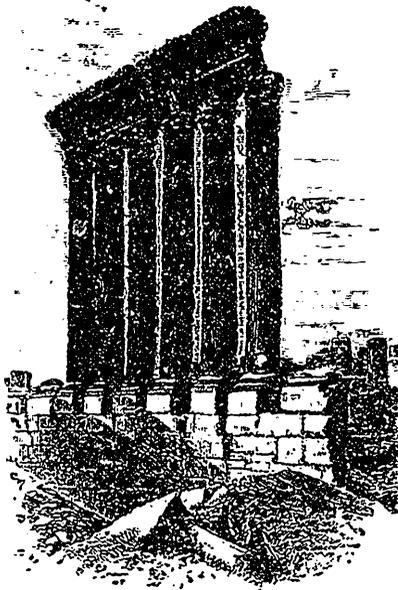
The cella of this superb building is still entire, but most of the columns have fallen. Enough remains entire and *in situ*, however, to give a very vivid idea of its original beauty. The wealth of delicate sculpture in the ceiling which connected the peristyle

with the cella, particularly in the capitals, and the elaborate ornamentation of the magnificent portal, is perfectly amazing. This portal is twenty-one feet wide and forty-two feet high, and the jambs, which are monoliths, are sculptured most delicately with a band four feet wide, representing fruit, flowers, and vine leaves. The lintel is in three parts, and the massive key-stone, during an earthquake in the last century, slipped from its position, and is now upheld by a pile of rough masonry.

The interior matches the exterior of the building, in the profusion and richness of its carving, and in the elaborateness and grace of its detail; and, indeed, every fresh turn in and about

these marvellous precincts gave one some fresh evidence of the taste, the time and the wealth that had been lavished in erecting and beautifying these stupendous fanes of an effete superstition and a decaying national life.

Some two hundred yards from the ruins I have been describing, and apart from them entirely, stands a small circular temple, the most beautiful in Baalbec. It was originally dedicated to Venus, worshipped here as *Ἡδονή*, or Pleasure, and this exquisite work of art was used for the unhallowed orgies of the most impure worship. The earthquake has terribly shattered the graceful



REMAINING COLUMNS OF GREAT TEMPLE, BAALBEC.

building, and it looks as if a very little shock of any kind would precipitate its destruction. I remember well trying to photograph it in the evening light. An old woman was execrating my companion for no other offence than sitting on a rude stone fence close by the temple, while a Moslem at his prayers in the foreground kept up his risings and prostrations so persistently and imperturbably, that I had to move my camera to keep him from spoiling my picture.

My friend and I in wandering through the village came upon

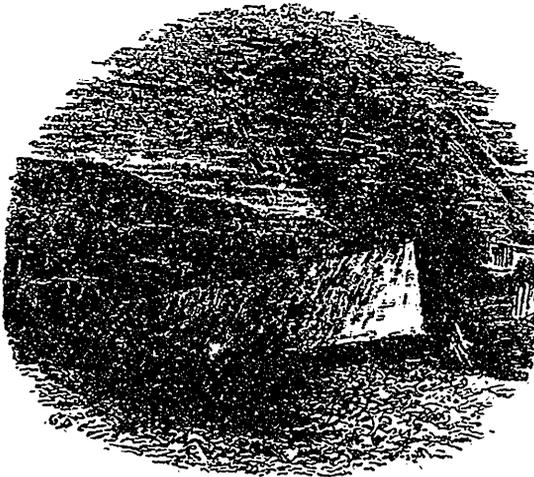
a ruined mosque which had been made up of material taken from the old temples. Such a composite as it was. Tiers of pillars of Egyptian syenite from far away at the Nile cataracts, and some hewn in the neighbouring quarries, some upside down, and adorned with exquisitely carved Corinthian capitals much too heavy for them, supported rough arches of Saracenic workmanship. The whole effect was incongruous and even absurd, the separate detail was superb. What varied histories were written on the stones so strangely forced into unfit companionship. A lot of young men were playing at ball among the columns, and were not too friendly, but my friend succeeded in making a picture.

But the greatest wonder in Baalbec has yet to be described. It is the massive masonry of the ancient walls below the Great Temple, and dates far away back to early Phœnician times. Fancy a tier of stones thirty feet long and some thirteen feet high, and of the same thickness, and above these again a tier of stones, three in number, one sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and another sixty-three feet, in all one hundred and ninety feet eight inches! Their height is thirteen feet and their thickness about the same, and they are twenty feet above the level of the ground. Suppose one of them to be set on end and hollowed out, it would make six rooms twelve feet square and ten feet high, one above the other, with walls six inches thick, and floors eight inches thick! How were these stones ever put there? That is the question one naturally asks when looking at these cyclopean stones. By what process of lost engineering art were these enormous masses, for each of them weighs about a thousand tons, set in their places in this most ancient wall? The most probable supposition is that there was an inclined plane built from the quarries, a half a mile away, to the level required, and then human labour, the toil and sweat of thousands of slaves, did the remainder, slowly pushing or pulling the ponderous masses on rollers up the grade till they rested on the spot prepared for them. These gray, giant, and ancient stones, what stories they could tell of awful oppression and horrible cruelty, as well as of the might of mind and skill in those who planned and built this wonderful wall.

When leaving camp next morning, we rode to the old quarries, from which the great stones of the Trilithon had been taken. It is about half a mile from the ruins, and there, almost cut out, lay a mightier stone than any we had seen, a squared block sixty-eight feet long, fourteen feet two inches high, and thirteen feet eleven inches broad! Its weight would be about eleven hundred

tons, and there it lies unfinished, as its masons left it so long ago. One of our party rode up beside it and halted his horse, to be photographed with it, and horse and man looked small, indeed, beside this most massive work of stone-quarrying ever achieved by man.

That evening in Baalbec is photographed very vividly on my memory. Our camp was pitched on a rising ground near the village, with the great plain of Baka'a stretching before us, the splendid ruins in the immediate foreground, and the long chain of the glorious mountains bounding the view. As the sun set over Lebanon, the cloud masses that swathed its highest peaks assumed an unspeakable brilliancy and variety of tints, and the rugged mountain shoulders warmed into rich and luminous purple, while the full glow of the level beams fell directly upon the ruined Acropolis below us, lighting up the grand columns with marvellous and unearthly beauty.



GREAT STONE IN THE QUARRY.

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A MIRROR.

A DROP of dew may show a star  
Twinkling in night's blue vault afar ;  
Hidden the gem till brought to sight  
By the silver star's down-glinting light.

So the pure heart a mirror may be,  
Letting us there God's image see,  
As in the dewdrop we see the star  
That hangs in night's blue vault afar.

## SAMUEL BUDGETT, THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

BY PETER BAYNE, M.A., LL.D.

ABOUT the beginning of this century there was, at the village school of Kimmersden, near Coleford, in Somersetshire, a boy about ten years of age. He had been born at Wrigton, another Somersetshire village, in 1794, of poor shop-keeping people, who seem to have been hard put to it to find a livelihood; for they went from village to village seeking a sure though humble maintenance, and it was only after many a shift that they opened a little general shop in Coleford. The boy was in some respects distinguished from his fellows. One day he picked up a horse-shoe, went with it three miles, and got a penny for it. He managed to lay together one or two other pennies, and commenced trading among his school-fellows. Lozenges, marbles, and so forth, were his wares. He sold to advantage, and his capital increased. By calculation on the prices charged in the shops, by buying in large and selling in small quantities, by never losing an opportunity or wasting a penny, by watching for bargains and stiffly insisting on adherence to their terms, he laid shilling to shilling, and pound to pound, until, at the age of fifteen, he was master of thirty pounds sterling. The spectacle cannot be called pleasing. A boy, whose feelings should have shared in the exuberance and free generosity of youth, converted into a premature skinflint and save-all; the frosty prudence of life's autumn crisping and killing the young leaflets and blossoms of life's spring; a rivulet in the mountains already banked and set to turn a mill—surely the less we hear of such a boy the better—was he born with a multiplication table in his mouth? This boy's name was Samuel Budgett.

A touch of romance is a salutary ingredient in character; in boyhood and youth it is particularly charming; but there is a possibility that it may go too far; and a sentimental, tearful child, who is always giving some manifestation of the finer feelings, borders on the intolerable. There was at this same Kimmersden school (even in village schools variety of character will come out) a boy who seemed to be somewhat of this sort. When a little money came into his possession, he bought Wesley's Hymns, and of a summer evening you might have seen him walking in the fields reciting his favourite pieces with intense enjoyment. His mother was once dangerously ill, and his father sent him on horseback, in the night, for medical assistance. As he

rode back, in the breaking morning, he heard a bird sing in a park by the wayside; he listened in strange delight, and seemed to receive some tidings from the carol. On reaching home he went to his sister and gravely informed her that he knew their mother would recover, that God had answered his prayers on her account, and that this had become known to him as he heard a little bird sing in Mells Park that morning. Not one boy in a thousand would have marked that bird's song. On another day you might have observed him coming along a lane on horseback: as you looked, you saw that he was not thinking of his horse or his way; his eyes had an abstracted look, though animated and filled with tears; the bridle had fallen from his hand, and his horse was quietly eating grass. He was at the moment in reverie; he was dreaming himself a missionary in far lands; and the tears streamed down his cheeks as he knelt among tropical bushes, under a southern sun, to implore blessing on the household he had left at home. Such was the sentimental scholar of Kimmersden. And what was his name? Samuel Budgett!

Nature had framed no contradiction. The boy's heart was tenderly affectionate, his nature keenly sensitive, his sympathies rich, kindly, poetic; but his young eyes had seen nothing but struggle and penury in his father's house; he had learned, by natural shrewdness and happy occasion, the lesson of thrift; he had a brain as clear and inventive as his heart was warm; by accident or otherwise, the pleasurable exercise of his faculties in that juvenile trading commenced, and with the relish of a born merchant he followed the game. The money itself was little more to him than than the pieces are to a born chess-player; its accumulation merely testified all worked well. The coalescence and relative position of the two sets of qualities were finely shown. He wasted no money, yet he lost no time in buying Wesley's Hymns. He amassed thirty pounds in a few years of boyish trading, but when the sum was complete, he gave it all to his parents.

Having finally decided to be a merchant, and adopting it as his ambition to raise his family to tolerably affluent circumstances, Budgett was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to an elder brother, who had a shop in Kingswood, a village four miles from Bristol. His education, now formally completed, had, in all relating to books, been meagre enough. He had learned to read, write, and to some extent cipher; no more. In other respects it had been more thorough. He had already, in his boyish mercantile operations, served an apprenticeship to clearness of head, promptitude and firmness in action; his father's house had been a school of

rare excellence. In that house he saw honesty, industry, determination, and godliness; he saw how severe the struggle sometimes is; he saw how faculties must be worked in order to their effective exercise. Of special importance was that portion of his education which consisted in the influence of his mother's godliness. He was still a child of nine, when he happened one day to saunter past her room. The door was shut, and he heard her voice. She was engaged in prayer, and the subject of her petitions was her family. He heard his own name. His heart was at once touched, and from that moment it turned towards heaven. Samuel Budgett went to apprenticeship from his father's house, a steady, kindly, radically able, and religious youth.

His apprenticeship was not such as to permit his habits of perseverant industry to be broken or to relax. He was at the counter by six in the morning; "and nine, ten, or eleven at night," were the ordinary hours of closing. The toil he underwent was such that he used to speak of it till the close of his life. He was of small strength, and little for his years; the exertion of the grocer's business was doubtless too much for him. He soon became a favourite with customers, his manner was so unaffectedly kind, his attention so close and uniform. It is interesting also to observe the keen thirst for knowledge which he displayed during those years. When he heard a sermon, he treasured it up like a string of pearls, and adjourned at its close to some sequestered place, to con it over, and lay it up in his inmost heart. What books came in his way he eagerly devoured; for poetry he showed a keen relish, and committed large portions to memory.

A shop-boy with so genuine and fixed an aspiration after knowledge will scarce fail to find education. Budgett had the faculty to work well; he was acquiring a thorough knowledge of men, and a power to measure them at a glance. The open fields and skies, the summer woods and the river bank and every smile and frown on the face of what the ancients well called our Mother Earth, he loved.

After serving for three years with a salary, on the expiration of his seven years' apprenticeship, Budgett was taken into partnership by his brother.

He feels now that he has got a firm footing, that a spot has been found in the world on which he may live and work. He prepares himself for the future accordingly. A pleasant little background of romance suddenly beams out upon us. We find that long ago—"very early"—he had fallen in love with a certain Miss Smith, of Midsomer-Norton. He married her, and

turned to face life with the heart of a man. He was now twenty-five years of age.

Let us for a moment contemplate the sphere in which Samuel Budgett commences work for himself. His sphere is not imposing; it is a retail shop in the grocery business, in the village of Kingswood, four miles from Bristol. His brother is a respectable, industrious, plodding man, who has prospered hitherto according to his ambition, and dreams not of any change. Samuel Budgett's prospects are such as one may have in a village grocery.

The new partner is found to have ways of his own, which, in this establishment, are regarded as new-fangled, or even officious. His brother casts a glance of indifference, or even dislike, upon his proposals and proceedings; only after a time, and as the commanding talent of Samuel becomes more plain, does he fairly throw the reins into his hands. Budgett acts in the way natural to him. It may be briefly characterized thus: he does, with perfect accuracy and thoroughness what lies to hand—what is ordinary and established in the routine of business—and he has always, besides, a sure and piercing glance ahead and around.

Mr. Arthur sketches, with much animation and graphic power, the progress of Budgett, as he pushed on, step by step, and won position after position, but we shall not here follow him. The reader must picture to himself a man of untiring activity who is yet never flurried, of keen and constant sagacity, of tact in dealing with men, of real and abounding affection to his fellows, so that the interest he manifests in their affairs has in it no element of deceit or affectation. He must mark him ever in the van of circumstances, discerning opportunity from afar, and seizing it with eagle swoop. He must see him gradually diffusing a spirit akin to his own on all who come within the sphere of his influence: incapacity, indolence, and dishonesty shrinking from his look. He must note specially the skill with which he combines conservation with advance. The customer who is secured is always first attended to; all thought of extending the trade is to be postponed to his convenience; the shops which deal with Budgett are seen to be the most prosperous, and no customer is ever lost.

A single illustration of his mode of work may convey some idea of its general character.

The business has now branched out in all directions. There are "several establishments" in Bristol; the retail shop is the centre of great warehouses and counting-houses; at Kingswood there are kept forty-seven draught horses. One night the citizens of Bristol are startled by the reddening of the whole horizon in

the direction of Kingswood Hill; the warehouses of the Messrs. Budgett are in flames. The men of Bristol stand gazing as the huge blaze illumines the sky; from all neighbouring quarters there is a flocking of spectators, and a racing of engines. Efforts are vain; the horses, indeed, the stables, and the books are preserved; but warehouses, counting-houses, and the retail shop, are burned to the ground. Samuel Budgett has not, of course, forgotten to insure, yet the pecuniary loss is above three thousand pounds. The next morning every customer expecting goods on that day from the Budgetts receives a circular. It states briefly that there has been a fire on the premises, and that one day is necessary to repair the consequent derangement. Just one day: in such length of time Samuel calculates the wrath of the fire will have been baulked. And one day is sufficient. He goes swiftly, but with no hurry, into Bristol, hires a new house, sets all hands to work, and the next day sees all customers served. Bristol becomes henceforward the headquarters; and Samuel Budgett, now the sole head of the business, is more powerful than ever.

The force of Budgett's mind has affected the whole region. His warehouses tower proudly, like those of merchant-princes; over all the south-western counties of England his connection extends; over the seas, from distant lands, come vessels with cargoes for him. It is probable that a greater effort was not possible in his department. And now he is a man of wealth and importance; he has satisfied his youthful ambition. The day was when he sold cheese by the pound across the counter; he now receives goods "by the cargo," and sells them "by the ton." "I remember," said an old man, who felt like a Caleb Balderstone on the subject—"I remember when there were five men and three horses; and I have lived to see three hundred men and one hundred horses."

Mr. Arthur informs us, his aim was unimpeachable honour and his word gold. We know, too, that money was not his object; that wealth was a matter for which he cared little. The proof of this important point is perfect. He did not cling, with miserly tenacity, to business to the last; he took matters quietly, and strove after no further extension when life was still strong in him. After he had ceased to attend with his old impelling vigour to the affairs of the firm, he heard some one say that he, the speaker, wished for more money. "Do you?" exclaimed Budgett: "then I do not; I have quite enough. But if I did wish for more, I should get it." On his deathbed, when his voice was tremulous with the last weakness, he deliberately said, "Riches I have had

as much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enabled me to give pleasure to others;" and we know him to have been a man, out of the market, of a generosity which might be deemed extravagant. We have now seen, so to speak, the framework of our man; we find that it is the unflawed iron of integrity, clear insight, and energy: he is a man who can work.

But we saw that, in his boyhood, there was not only a stern, but a gentle aspect of his character; we may find now that this iron framework of his manhood is wreathed with verdure and dewy flowers. We have seen him when he had simply to measure his strength: we must survey him now as a master; as a member of society philanthropically desirous of removing its evils; and as a father.

Entering Budgett's central establishment, where, as we have seen, hundreds of men are employed, we find that the whole works with faultless regularity. The genius of English industry seems to have chosen the place as a temple. There is no fuss, little noise: there is no haste—no time for that. The face of every workman shows that he may not linger; its firm lines at the same time declare that he has no wish to do so. Hearty activity, healthful, contented diligence, are seen on every hand. The immense daily business is timeously transacted; and the hours of the evening see the place shut and silent.

Samuel Budgett is the mainspring of the whole vast machine. Under the middle size, with strong brows, open forehead, and lower features firmly and clearly cut, he may at once be discerned to be a man who can dare and do: his "quick brown eye" pierces everywhere, and overlooks nothing; its glance makes the wheels go faster. He speaks a word of encouragement to the active, he sends an electric look to the indolent: it is plain his authority is unquestionable, and that he maintains and uses it without an effort. Bungling of no sort, be it from want of power or want of will, can live in his glance; he can detect falsehood lurking in the depths of an eye, and veiling itself in the blandest smile; he has a tact of ready invention which finds a quiet road to every secret; only perfect thoroughness of work and perfect honesty of heart can stand before him. Yet the kindly and approving is evidently his most natural and congenial look; he speaks many a word of sympathy and kindness; the respect and deference which wait on his steps are tempered by affection.

As a master he is, first of all, thorough. His men have a profound knowledge that he is not to be trifled with. The incompetent, the indolent, are discharged. A man must perform what

he has taken in hand, or go. "Why, sir," said one who had been long in his service, "I do believe as he would get, aye, twice as much work out o' a man in a week as another master."

Next, he has a warm and honest sympathy with his men. It is not the result of their work, in the shape of his own profit, which gratifies him, so much as the satisfaction and advantage of all who work along with him. We find no niggardliness in his efforts to attain wealth. If he gets more work out of men than other masters, his employed get more from him in the best forms than other men. At the time of his entering partnership, the working hours are from six in the morning to nine at night. This goes against the new partner's grain. "I do not like to see you here," he would say to the employed; "I want to see you at home: we *must* get done sooner." Dismissal at half-past eight is attempted, and the men are greatly relieved. But this is only a commencement. If there are too few men, more can be added; if there is trifling, men must go altogether. As the business enlarges, the time shortens; and Samuel does not rest until he sees his men all trooping off cheerily to their families at five or half-past five in the evening. Keep these parallel achievements in view when you estimate the generosity and mercantile honour of Budgett. There is in the establishment a regular system of fines; but the head or heads pay most, and the whole goes to a sick fund. There is an annual festival given to the men; good cheer, athletic games, and a certain amount, moderate, it may be hoped, of speech-making, speed the hours. There is a systematic distribution of small rewards from week to week; Budgett stands at a certain outlet to the premises with a pocketful of little packages containing money, and slips one into each man's hand as he passes out; "one would find he had a present of five shillings, another of three, another of half-a-crown;" the gifts are graduated by relative merit. "Ah, sir," exclaims an old informant, "he was a man as had no pleasure in muckin' up money; why, sir, he would often in that way give, aye, I believe, twenty pounds on a Friday night,—well, at any rate, fifteen pounds." Besides this, certain of the employed are made directly to feel their interest in the success of the business. "When a year wound up well, the pleasure was not all with the principals; several of those whose diligence and talents had a share in gaining the result, found that they had also a share in the reward."

But, last and most important of all, Budgett, in his capacity as master, is a religious man—a real, earnest Christian. We have not now to ask whether his energy is unimpeded and unrelaxed,

whether his powers have their full swing; but it is important to learn of what sort his religion is, and to what extent it pervades his life, that we may know whether it is of a nature to be pronounced effete—whether it is, on the one hand, a fashionable, deistic assent to Christianity, or on the other, a cramped fanaticism or bigotry, not blending in kindly union with the general modes of his existence. In his case Christianity was never intellectually doubted; and he may therefore be taken as a good example of a thorough English merchant, who still, in the nineteenth century, drew the vital strength of his character from that Christian religion in which he had been born, and in which he had unconsciously grown up.

His religion was of that personal, penetrating order, which has in all time characterized men, who, even among Christians, have been recognized as such in a peculiar sense; of that sort which made Bunyan weep in anguish, and at which the merely respectable person in all ages laughs; of that sort against which Sydney Smith aimed his fine but melancholy raillery, in unaffected wonderment at its refusing to him the name of Christian minister. This determined merchant, whom we have seen pushing on to fortune through the press of vainly opposing rivals, humbles himself daily before God, searches his soul for secret sins, finds cause for keenest sorrow in the turning of God's countenance away from him. This Budgett can weep like a child, or like Bunyan, or an old Ironside, for his shortcomings. Christianity is to him as fresh as it was to Peter when Christ commanded him to feed His lambs; its salvation is to him as clear a reality as it was to Stephen when he saw heaven opened. And it blends in the kindest union with his whole character and actions; he feels that a Christian must be all in all; he lives as if the continual sense of having been made by Christ one of God's priests upon earth.

His natural tact, and power of winding himself into close conversation, so as to get at men's inmost hearts, are brought into the service of the Gospel. In an unostentatious, quiet way, he manages to urge its claims on his men, by casual words, in little snatches of conversation, at any moment when he has them alone. Every man in his establishment is perpetually reminded that he is considered by his master an immortal being, and feels that all temporary differences between them are merged in the sublime unities in which Christianity embraces all human relations. Once a man came begging employment of him: the wife of the applicant thus narrated the result:—"I shall never forget my husband's feelings when he came in after having seen Mr. Bud-

gett for the first time. He wept like a child; indeed, we both wept, for it had been so long since anybody had been kind to us. Mr. Budgett had been speaking to him like a father; but what affected him most was this—when he had signed the agreement, Mr. Budgett took him from the counting-house into a small parlour in his own house, and offered up a prayer for him and his family." The young men resident on the premises have separate rooms, for the express end that they may seek God in private. There is daily prayer on the premises; every day, in the morning, the whole concern is, as it were, brought directly under the eye of God, His authority over it recognized, and His blessing invoked. And every year at stock-taking, ere Samuel became sole head, it was observed that the two brothers, when it was ascertained what precise progress had been made, retired into a private room, and there joined together in prayer. It is a Christian mercantile establishment.

And what is the result on the whole? There is the progress we have seen—a progress which we can now to some extent understand. His neighbour tradesmen are heard to "speak as if he rose by magic," and to insinuate that "there is some deep mystery in his affairs:" we have some idea of his enchantments. But the progress is not all. There is another circumstance, of which certain hints have already been let fall, but which is deserving of special attention. It is the fact that there is diffused through the whole body of the employed a loyal zeal for the success of the business—that they are united by sympathy in a common aim—that they feel as true mariners for the honour of their ship, as true soldiers for the fame of their regiment. His men, we hear, are "personally attached" to Budgett; they like to work with him and for him; they are proud of what has been done, and proud of having contributed to its achievement. This is a notable fact. With it, as the crown of the whole, we complete our survey of Budgett in the capacity of master.

But we must briefly glance at the other phases which his character displays: we must see him fairly out of the commercial atmosphere. And what aspect does he present to us? He comes out from the mine where he has been toiling so eagerly with the gold he hath so manfully won. Has he the greedy, inhuman look of the miser, the small frost-bitten eye of the niggard? He has worked hard, and the result we see in money: the "beaverish" talent he certainly possesses. Has his soul become beaverish too? No. He has still the boy's heart which throbbed with joy when he flung his boyish earnings, the thirty pounds—which probably appeared to him then a greater sum than any he afterwards

possessed—into his mother's lap. Over the deep mine, far up in the taintless azure, he has ever caught the gleam of treasure which might well purge his eyes in the glare of earthly gold. To make money has been his duty; he could not work to the measure of his abilities without that result; but to give is his delight and his reward. With the same tact which stood him in such good stead among his workmen and customers, he strikes out devices of good; with his native energy he carries them out. His positive expenditure in philanthropic objects is fully £2000 a year. His mansion becomes a centre of beneficent light for the whole district—in every direction the broken mists of ignorance and vice retiring. His heart is as warm, his hand is as open, as if he had never known what it was to make a shilling; he shows himself worthy to be a steward of nature, with large gifts committed for disposal to his hand; he scatters bounty where his agency is unseen; he ever makes charity the handmaid of industry, never of recklessness or sloth; the blessed influence of generosity, tempered by justice, and governed by strong intelligence, is felt over the district.

And now we shall look for a few moments into the sanctuary of his home. We saw him take his early love to be his wife, in a little cottage in an English lane. As his other projects have prospered in his hands, his cottage has gradually changed its appearance; he is now in a commodious mansion, seated in the midst of broad pleasure-grounds, and commanding a wide prospect of that region which his presence has lighted with new comfort and gladness. In his family circle we find him displaying the same traces of original character which we have marked in his procedure elsewhere. His children are admitted to an unwonted intimacy and confidence. "They knew his business affairs intimately, and in every perplexing case he would gather them around him, with their mother and aunt, and take their advice. His standing council was formed of the whole family, even at an age when other fathers would think it cruel and absurd to perplex a child with weighty concerns." He seems to have attained that perfection of domestic rule where kindness is so governed by sagacity that severity is banished, yet every good effect of severity won. The sympathy which he meets among his workmen, and which lends an aspect of noble work and noble governance to his whole business establishment, pervades, with a finer and more tender warmth, the chambers of his home; his children go hand-in-hand with him in his plans of improvement, the willing instruments in every philanthropic device. And he feels that he has their sympathy in higher things

than these; we hear him expressing the conviction that they are all going along with him on the way to heaven. This is the final touch of joy that can gild a Christian home, a ray of heaven's own glory coming to blend with, to hallow, to crown, the blessings of earth.

Thus soft, genial, tenderly kind, do we find the hard-trading Budgett, when we contemplate him where kindness and tenderness are in place. Depend upon it, were he not a right merchant in the market, he would not be so gentle in the home: it is only the strong that can thus wrap the paternal rod in flowers. To see him in the market, one would say there was not a dew-drop of poetry to soften the ruggedness of his nature. Follow him in a walk on his own grounds, and you are apt to think him a soft sort of man, with somewhat of a sentimental turn. For he has still the same open sense for nature's beauty and music that he had when he heard that little bird's morning carol, and felt in his young heart that God had answered his prayer for his mother. There is a certain dewiness, a flowery freshness, over his character, an air of unexhausted, unrestrained strength. Three things, at least, nature has united in him, which have been deemed incompatible: thorough working faculty, religion of the sort which weeps for sins invisible to the world, and poetical sympathy. You may see him distancing his competitors in the market, until they whisper that he must work by magic; you may see his cheek wet with tears as he prays to his God; you may hear him, in gleeful tone, quoting verse after verse of poetry in his fields, while his children romp around. From his early days, too, the strange merchant has preached, and with extraordinary power; his connection with the Wesleyan body leading him to this. His whole character, last of all, is veiled in humility; his bearing is that of a truly modest, self-knowing man, who can act with perfect self-reliance, yet take advice, if such may come, from a child.

At the age of fifty-four, when it might have been hoped many years of life were yet before him, Budgett gave symptoms of a fatal malady. Dropsy and heart-complaint showed themselves, and his strength gradually wore away. His death-bed was glorious even among Christian death-beds. And though no weighty argument can be based upon the closing scenes of Christian men, death-bed experience is not of slight importance. Life is assuredly more important than death; on it ought the main attention to be fixed. Yet it is mere vacant absurdity to deny that fear casts its shade over mankind here below, as they look forward beyond time; that it is really the king of terrors whose realm is the grave, and that it has been one grand aim of all

religions to discrown the spectre. If, moreover, man is only for a span a denizen of time—if he is yet to be born into eternity, and if his life here is of importance only in his relation to his life beyond—that must ever be a moment of supreme interest to men, when the immortal soul is preening her wings for an infinite ascent, when earth is becoming still, and voices out of the distance seem to reach the dying ear, and a strange radiance falls across the bourne into the glazing eye. Budgett found his simple Christian faith, laying hold of the sword of the Spirit, strong enough to palsy the arm of the terror-crowned, and strike from it its appalling dart: nay, he found that simple Christian faith of power sufficient to steady his eye in gaze upon the spectre, until his terrors faded away, and he became an angel standing at the gates of light. At first he was troubled and cast down; but ere long the victory was complete. I shall quote a few of his words, leaving readers to make upon them their own comments; to judge for themselves whether they express a selfish joy, or that of one whose delight was in holiness and in God; and to observe the childlike humility that breathes beneath their rapture. His death occurred in the April of 1851, and these words were uttered by him from the time that his illness began to manifest its fatal power; they sufficiently indicate the occasions of their utterance:

“I sent for you to tell you how happy I am; not a wave, not a ripple, not a fear, not a shadow of doubt. I didn't think it was possible for man to enjoy so much of God upon earth. I'm filled with God.”

“I like to hear of the beauties of heaven, but I do not dwell upon them; no, what I rejoice in is, that Christ will be there. Where He is, there shall I be also. I know that He is in me, and I in Him. I shall see Him as He is. I delight in knowing that.”

“How our heavenly Father paves our way down to the tomb! I seem so happy and comfortable; it seems as if it cannot be for me, as if it must be for somebody else. I don't deserve it.”

“I have sunk into the arms of Omnipotent Love.”

“I never asked for joy; I always thought myself unworthy of it; but He has given me more than I asked.”

“I am going the way of all flesh; but, bless God, I'm ready. I trust in the merits of my Redeemer. I care not, when, or where, or how; glory be to God!”

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BE strong to love, O heart!

Love knows not wrong;

Didst thou love—creatures even,

Life were not long;

Didst thou love God in Heaven,

Thou wouldst be strong!

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

## THE INDIAN IN CANADA.\*

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THERE are few countries whose past is richer in the quality of picturesqueness than that which is now called the Dominion of Canada, and in the brilliant pages of Mr. Parkman the most picturesque figure, despite the impartial fidelity of the portraiture, is undoubtedly the Indian's as he stands forth a prominent actor in every important scene. Not only is his figure picturesque, it is also full of pathos; for while the history of nations presents many examples of a conquered nation absorbing its conquerors, and developing therefrom a national life of increased vigour, the aborigines of the American continent have had a very different experience. They have accomplished nothing in the way of absorption, but on the contrary have run serious risk of extinction at the hands of their white invaders.

Picturesque, then, and pathetic we may safely permit the Indian to be, but not heroic, or at least not to the extent that he is thus painted in fiction. That we should be ruthlessly compelled to cast away this pleasing illusion of our youth is part of the price we pay for progress in knowledge. Stripped of his paint and feathers and examined at close quarters, the Indian, whether of our day or Frontenac's, manifests few of the qualities that go to constitute a valuable member of society; and although the relations between him and his supplanters in Canada have been from the very outset harmonious and honest to a degree eminently creditable to both, and as will be hereafter shown, he has received at their hand concessions unparalleled elsewhere, nevertheless it seems too much to expect that he will ever become completely incorporated with the national life, or in the mass rise to any higher status than that of a ward of the Government.

A survey of the North American Indian's history brings out a contrast between his treatment at the hands of the white man above and below the forty-ninth parallel so striking as to call for explanation. In the first place, the English were singularly fortunate in being anticipated by the French in the occupation of Canada; for although some ill judged and irritating incidents do appear in the latter's treatment, still upon the whole, the conduct

\*We abridge from the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, with the permission of the author, the following admirable article by a brilliant young Canadian litterateur.—Ed.

of the French was such as to reconcile the Indians to their intrusion, and even make them welcome. They really adapted themselves to the native's ways, and made but little show of taking hold of the country, confining their territorial acquisitions within such narrow limits as to disarm suspicion of coveting the continent. In the meantime their trading-posts became points of mutually profitable contact, and their *coureurs du bois*, not disdaining dusky mates, produced a race of half-breeds that constituted a natural bond of peace between the two nations.

Upon Canada passing into the hands of England by the capitulation of 1760, her native inhabitants were at the first, it is true, thrown into a threatening state of alarm and animosity. The Indians were amazed at the downfall of the French power, and lent a ready ear to the fabrications industriously circulated by crafty emissaries, that this calamity was due to the King of France having fallen asleep, and the British having taken advantage of his slumbers, but that he was now awake again, and his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to expel the intruders from the country of his red children.

Putting faith in the righteousness of his cause and the ability of their former masters to aid them, the Indians rose under Pontiac in 1763, and a savage war ensued which lasted through two dreadful years. But this, as it was the first, may also be said to have been the last serious embroilment between the natives and their new rulers.

The French influence did not, of course, extend beyond the Great Lakes, and when the English came to deal with the Indians at first hand, as they had to do in opening the North-West for settlement, it is natural to inquire how they fared; and the answer is, not less well, for the same valuable service that was rendered them by the French in the east was performed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the west, and all they had to do was to be faithful in their engagements and firm in their management.

This remarkable corporation, whose proper title was "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading in Hudson's Bay," began their operations about the year 1677, and thenceforward during two centuries, although occasionally interfered with by the French, held possession of the most stupendous land property that ever submitted to private ownership, which they took exceeding care to maintain as a fur-preserve. Accordingly, while all attempts at settlement were strenuously discouraged, the good-will of the Indians was as sedulously cultivated, with the result that from Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, to Fort McLeod, nestling among the foot-hills of the

Rocky Mountains, the lives of their servants and the goods in forts were as safe from violence as in any civilized community, although some forty or fifty different tribes roamed over the vast hunting-grounds of whose peltry the Company had a most comfortable monopoly.

When, therefore, the Canadian Government in the year 1869 bought out the Company and took over its territorial possessions, the Indians upon them had, by a long course of satisfactory dealings with their white brothers, been well prepared to enter intelligently and trustfully into relations with their new masters. True, they were more than a little disturbed at first, partly owing to the stand taken by the Metis or half-breeds of the Red River, who in 1870 combined under Louis Riel to resist the coming of the Canadians, and partly to the sudden influx of white men that came pouring from the east and west into their country. But the first danger was speedily removed by the advent of a little army under the command of one Colonel Garnet Wolseley, of whose distinguished career this expedition was the beginning; and the wise conduct of the Canadian Government, in arranging their alliance with the Indians contemporaneously with the formal establishment of their rule, prevented any trouble arising from the latter source.

The third circumstance which has been so far in Canada's favour with regard to her Indian subjects is, that they have not yet been made to feel that they are being crowded out by the white men. To a large extent their favourite hunting-grounds are still left to them, the treaties providing for their freedom to hunt and fish over all lands not taken up for settlement, and thus the most fruitful of all sources of trouble in the United States—namely, the incessant encroachments of the white man upon the red—has been practically unknown in Canada. When the population so increases as to render this process inevitable, then will come the testing-time, and then will the Canadian authorities be called upon to pass through the same ordeal that has so severely tried their Republican neighbours.

A very interesting chapter of Canadian history is that which concerns the treaties formed with different Indian tribes, and particularly the portion relating to the Indians of the West, to which for brevity's sake I shall confine myself. The first treaty actually effected with the Indians westward of the Great Lakes bears date as far back as 1817, and was rather a private than a public affair, being the work of the Earl of Selkirk, who, having purchased a large tract of land from the Hudson's Bay Company for his settlement, which ultimately became the Province of Manitoba, thought

it well to secure the good-will of the original occupants of the land, and succeeded so effectually as to obtain the extinction of their title not only to the Canadian portions of their possessions but to a generous slice of United States territory also, extending to what is now Grand Forks in Dakota. It need hardly be said, however, that the earl gained no substantial advantage by this reckless ignoring of geographical divisions.

Since the year 1870 the Canadian Government has concluded seven important treaties with its Indian subjects, and there now remain no red men throughout the whole North-West, inside the fertile belt, whose allegiance and good-will have not been thus secured. In almost every case the Indians were not less anxious for these treaties than were the Canadians. They were filled with uneasiness by the influx of population, and showed a disposition to obstruct the progress of surveyors and settlers unless their rights were first assured them. Happily no collision ever occurred, but there is no doubt that delay in dealing with them would have been attended with serious consequences. At the conference preceding the first treaty, called the Stone Fort Treaty, after the place of meeting, Governor Archibald so admirably expressed in a few simple words the basis upon which the Canadian Government desired to treat with the dusky children of the plain, that it will be well to quote some of his words.

"Your Great Mother, the Queen," he said, "wishes me to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun, just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habits of the whites, to till the land, and raise food, and store it up against the time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do so. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother, therefore, will lay aside for you lots of land to be used by you and your children forever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you so that, as long as the sun shall shine, there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or if he chooses build his house and till his land. When you have made your treaty you will still be free to hunt over much of the land included in the treaty. Until these lands are needed for use you will be free to hunt over them, and make all the use of them which you have made in the past. But when these lands are needed to be tilled or occupied, you must not go on them any more."

The treaty was not, of course, concluded without the customary long palaver to bring down to a reasonable figure the extravagant demands of the Indians. In the matter of reserves, for

instance, the quantity of lands they asked for each band amounted to three townships per Indian, and included the greater part of the settled portions of the provinces, and in some other respects their demands were equally absurd. But by means of patience, firmness, and mutual concessions, they were finally prevailed upon to accept the following terms, which with variations to suit altered conditions were adopted in all other treaties. For the cession of the country described in the treaty, and comprising the Province of Manitoba and certain country to the north-west thereof, each Indian was to receive a sum of three dollars a year in perpetuity,\* and a reserve was to be set apart for each band of sufficient size to allow one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, or in like proportion as each family might be greater or less than five. As each Indian settled down on his share of the reserve, and commenced the cultivation of his land, he was to receive a plough and a harrow. Each chief was to receive a cow, and a pair of smaller kinds of farm stock. There was to be a bull for the general use of each reserve. In addition to this each chief was to receive a dress, a flag, and a medal as marks of distinction, and also a buggy or light spring waggon. Finally, a gratuity of three dollars apiece to cover all claims for the past was thrown in, and the bargain completed.

In the following month a second treaty, almost precisely similar in terms, was easily effected at Manitoba Post, whereby a tract of country three times as large as the Province of Manitoba was surrendered by the Indians to the Crown. That the confidence of Commissioner Thompson, whose tact and knowledge contributed largely to the success of this treaty, in the good faith of Her Majesty's new subjects was not misplaced, was finely illustrated during Riel's rebellion in 1885, when the utmost efforts of the half-breeds were able to induce but a mere handful out of the many thousand Indians within range to join them in their insane attempt against the peace of the realm. Had the Indians generally taken up the tomahawk, as the Metis counted upon their doing, nothing could have prevented such a storm of fire and blood sweeping across the fertile prairies as would have filled the world with horror. But the vast majority held true to their allegiance, and a most terrible calamity was happily averted.

The work of treaty-making went swiftly, if not always smoothly, on until by the conclusion of the North-West Angle Treaty with the Objibbeway Indians, of Treaties number Four, Five, and Six

\* These terms were subsequently increased from three to five dollars with the additional annuity of twenty dollars to each chief and head-man, four head-men being allowed to each tribe.

with the Crees and Saulteaux, and of number Seven with the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, Pægans, and Stonies, the Indian title to the whole of that vast territory extending from the shores of Lake Superior to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains was extinguished, and a promising *modus vivendi* arranged between its red and white inhabitants.

In the course of the often very delicate and difficult negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the treaties there was a fine display of that curious blending of simple childishness with shrewd cunning, of superb gravity with absurd excitability, of haughty reserve with garrulous confidence, which make the Indian nature so interesting a study. But most striking of all was the stately eloquence which distinguished many of their speeches, an eloquence that might be safely matched with the product of the highest civilization. One of the orators, referring to the mineral wealth of the lands they were asked to surrender, said, "The sound of the rustling gold is under my feet where I stand;" and another chief, in announcing the acceptance of the offered terms, concluded as follows: "And now in closing this counsel I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands; and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows."

Sweet Grass, who might well be called the siver-tongued orator of the Crees, in signifying their assent to the terms of the treaty, placed one hand upon the Commissioner's heart, and the other upon his own, and then uttered these beautiful words, which, let us hope, contained not only a promise but a prophecy: "May the white's man blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white and the red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one. Use your utmost to help me, and help my children, so that they may prosper."

Not only had the Canadian authorities to reckon with the Indians whom they found within their own borders, but they were compelled by force of circumstances to deal also with the Sioux from the other side of the boundary line, who twice invaded Canada in large numbers, fortunately however not for the purpose of bringing death and desolation with them, but in order to escape the penalties of their wrong-doing on the other side of the boundary line. In the year 1862, the first irruption occurred, a large number of these taking refuge in the Red River Settlement after the massacre at Minnesota. Their arrival caused great consternation in the settlement, and every effort was made by both

the British and American authorities to induce them to return, but all in vain. They had come to stay, and, inasmuch as they behaved themselves remarkably well, their urgent requests for reserves were in course of time complied with, so that they became permanent additions to the population. So well pleased were they with their treatment, that later on, when war broke out between their brethren across the border and the American Government, they flatly refused to have anything to do with it, despite the utmost efforts of the emissaries sent over to obtain their assistance. The report of the Minister of the Interior for 1877 contains this striking passage concerning them: "The Sioux who are resident in Canada appear to be more intelligent, industrious, and self-reliant than the other Indian bands in the North-West."

While the authorities were thus successfully coping with the problem of how to provide a future for their uninvited guests, a fresh difficulty presented itself by the incursion into the North-West Territories of another large body of American Sioux, this time under the lead of that famous, or infamous, chieftain, Sitting Bull. The presence of these people was indeed a source of great anxiety to both Governments; the Canadian authorities dreading lest they should arouse the other tribes, and the American authorities lest they should make their haven across the border a base of operations against their legal guardians. Fortunately, however, the problem solved itself through the agency of hunger. The Canadian Government, of course, would not provide food for such undesirable visitors; and, as the buffalo began to fail, the greater number of them, though they had all previously refused to listen to any overtures from the Government of the United States, consented, after an agreement had been entered into by the parties as to their future treatment, to return to their own country, so that now only a few remain, and for their return the American Government will, it is understood, endeavour to arrange at an early date.

It is a surprising fact that in spite of all that has been said as to the Indians being a vanishing race, and in the face of sage predictions and pathetic poetry bearing upon their final disappearance, they have positively had the assurance to increase and multiply upon many of their townships and reserves. Thus the historic Six Nations, who are comfortably settled in Ontario, show an increase of sixty-six souls in a total population of 3,282 within the year, while in 1836 their numbers were only 2,330. They rejoice in the possession of fine farms, good roads, churches, schools, doctors, and in fact every essential of civilization except, I believe, lawyers. They have nearly 30,000 acres of land under

cultivation, upon which they raise splendid crops. Near Brantford there is a training-school, known as the Mohawk Institute, for their special benefit, which is doing excellent work.

Making due allowances for the number of Indians in the band, and the length of time they have been settled upon the reserve, reports equally gratifying are given from every other part of the older provinces where the Indian is to be found. They are more and more betaking themselves to agriculture, they are showing a livelier appreciation of church, school, and other privileges, and they are with few exceptions maintaining a good report. Their one great failing, and it is not peculiar to them as a race, is their inability to resist the temptation to indulge in fire-water, whenever they get the chance.

The best possible proof of the well-being of the red men is afforded by a comparison of their numbers at different periods, and accordingly I put here side by side the census returns for 1870 and 1886 respectively :

	1870.	1886.
Ontario . . . . .	12,978	17,267
Quebec . . . . .	6,988	12,286
Nova Scotia . . . . .	1,666	2,138
New Brunswick . . . . .	1,403	1,576
Prince Edward Island . . . . .	232	323
Manitoba and the North-West Territories . . . . .	34,000	86,632
Labrador and the Arctic Watersheds . . . . .	22,000	20,000
British Columbia . . . . .	23,000	38,539
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	102,358	128,761

In the face of these figures, the task of the prophet who would predict the date when the last Indian shall tread upon Canadian soil is so difficult as probably to remain unperformed for some time to come. It will be noticed that a very marked increase in numbers has occurred in the Province of British Columbia. The Indians there are very much superior both physically and mentally to those on the plains or in the other provinces. They are full of enterprise, ingenuity, and independence, and particularly marked by a commercial sagacity, which is altogether lacking in their brethren on this side of the Rocky Mountains. They do a thriving trade in fish, furs, and other native products, live peaceably in large villages composed of comfortable permanent dwellings, welcome the missionaries who come to teach them, and make very apt pupils.

A few words in conclusion as to the legal status of the Indian in Canada. Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian School of Pennsylvania, said in one of his reports: "I have little hope of much

success in elevating the Indians, until the Indian is made an individual and worked upon as such, with a view of incorporating him on our side." This is precisely the view taken by the Canadian Government, as illustrated by recent legislation, which recognizes the Indian not merely as an individual, but as a person also. The second section of the Electoral Franchise Act of 1885 contains these significant words: "The expression 'person' means any male person, including an Indian;" and all Indians of the older provinces duly qualified are accordingly given the right to vote in the elections for members of the House of Commons. In the year 1884 the Indian Advancement Act was passed, whereby any band of Indians who shall show themselves fit are enabled to take upon themselves the full privileges, responsibilities, and advantages of municipal government, and there is further provision made to meet the case of Indians who may desire to separate from their tribal connections and settle down to a life on their own account, an allotment of land from the reserve being granted to such, guarded by conditions preventing alienation or mortgaging. The statute embodying these provisions, although passed some years previously, has much in common with the Indian Severalty Act of Senator Davies which has recently become law in the United States.

With such statutes as have been referred to before us, not only because of what they enact, but because of the spirit they illustrate, it surely is not venturing too much to express the conviction that the Indian is rightly regarded as a permanent, and not a transient, element in the national life of Canada; and that the problem of preserving the native race from extinction at the hands of the subjector and settler seems here to offer a fair hope of successful solution.

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WEARY deserts we may tread,  
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
 Through dark ways under ground be led;  
 Yet if we will our Guide obey,  
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
 Shall issue out in heavenly day.

'NEATH some shadow oft I wait,  
 Like blind Bartimeus at the gate,  
 Assured that when my Lord draws nigh,  
 Sin, doubt, and darkness all shall fly;  
 Hence to His cross I cling the more,  
 Whene'er these shadows touch my door.

## JAMES BLACKIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

## CHAPTER III.

THE summer brought some changes. Christine went to the seaside for a few weeks, and Donald went away in Lord Neville's yacht with a party of gay young men; James and David passed the evening together. If it was wet, they remained in the shop or parlour; if fine, they rambled to the "Green," and sitting down by the riverside talked of business, of Christine, and of Donald. In one of these confidential rambles James first tried to arouse in David's mind a suspicion as to his nephew's real character. David himself introduced the subject by speaking of a letter he had received from Donald.

"He's wi' the great Earl o' Egremont at present," said David proudly, for he had all a Scotsman's respect for good birth; "and there is wi' them young Argyle, and Lord Lovat, and ither's o' the same quality. But our Donald can cock his bonnet wi' ony o' them; there is na better blood in Scotland than the McFarlanes'. It taks money though to foregather wi' nobeelity, and Donald is wanting some. So, James, I'll gie ye the siller to-night, and ye'll send it through your bank as early as may be in the morn."

"Donald wanting money is an old want, Mr. Cameron."

David glanced quickly at James, and answered almost haughtily, "It's a common want likewise, James Blackie. But if Donald McFarlane wants money, he's got kin that can accommodate him, James; wanters arena always that fortunate."

"He has got friends likewise, Mr. Cameron; and I am sure I was proud enough to do him a kindness, and he knows it well."

"And how much may Donald be owing you, I wonder?"

"Only a little matter of £20. You see he had got into—"

"Dinna fash yoursel' wi' explanations, James. Dootless Donald has his faults; but I may weel wink at his smali faults, when I hae sae mony great faults o' my ain."

And David's personal accusation sounded so much like a reproof, that James did not feel it safe to pursue the subject.

That very night David wrote thus to his nephew:

"Donald, my dear lad, if thou owest James Blackie £20, pay it immediate. Lying is the second vice, owing money is the first. I enclose a draft for £70 instead o' £50, as per request."

That £70 was a large sum in the eyes of the careful Glasgow trader; in the young Highlander's eyes it seemed but a small sum. He could not form any conception of the amount of love it represented, nor of the struggle it had cost David to "gie awa for nae consideration" the savings of many days, perhaps weeks, of toil and thought.

In September Christine came back, and towards the end of

October, Donald. He was greatly improved externally by his trip and his associations—more manly and more handsome—while his manners had acquired a slight touch of hauteur that both amused and pleased his uncle. It had been decided that he should remain in Glasgow another winter, and then select his future profession. But at present Donald troubled himself little about the future. He had returned to Christine more in love with the peace and purity of her character than ever; and besides, his pecuniary embarrassments in Glasgow were such as to require his personal presence until they were arranged.

This arrangement greatly troubled him. He had only a certain allowance from his father—a loving, but stern man—who having once decided what sum was sufficient for a young man in Donald's position, would not, under any ordinary circumstances, increase it. David Cameron had already advanced him £70. James Blackie was a resource he did not care again to apply to. In the meantime he was pressed by small debts on every hand, and was living among a class of young men whose habits led him into expenses far beyond his modest income. He began to be very anxious and miserable. In Christine's presence he was indeed still the same merry-hearted gentleman; but James saw him in other places, and he knew from long experience the look of care that drew Donald's handsome brows together.

One night, towards the close of this winter, James went to see an old man who was a broker or trader in bills and money, doing business in Cowcaddens. James also did a little of the same business in a cautious way, and it was some mutual transaction in gold and silver that took him that dreary night into such a locality.

The two men talked for some time in a low and earnest voice, and then, the old man, opening a greasy leather satchel, displayed a quantity of paper which he had bought. James looked it over with a keen and practised eye. Suddenly his attitude and expression changed; he read over and over one piece of paper, and every time he read it he looked at it with a greater satisfaction.

"Andrew Starkie," he said, "where did you buy this?"

"Weel, James, I bought it o' Laidlaw—Aleck Laidlaw. Ye wadna think a big tailoring place like that could hae the wind in their faces; but folks maun hae their bad weather days, ye ken; but it blew me gude, so I'll ne'er complain. Ye see it is for £89, due in twenty days now, and I only gied £79 for it—a good name too, nane better."

"David Cameron! But what would he be owing Laidlaw £89 for clothes for?"

"Tut, tut! The claithes were for his nephew. There was some trouble anent the bill, but the old man gied a note for the amount at last, at three months. It's due in twenty days now. As he banks wi' your firm, ye may collect it for me; it will be an easy-made penny or twa."

"I would like to buy this note. What will you sell it for?"

"I'm no minded to sell it. What for do ye want it?"

"Nothing particular. I'll give you £90 for it."

"If it's worth that to you, it is worth mair. I'm no minded to tak £90."

"I'll give you £95."

"I'm no minded to tak it. It's worth mair to you, I see that. What are you going to mak by it? I'll sell it for half o' what you are counting on."

"Then you would not make a bawbee. I am going to ware £95 on—on a bit of revenge. Now will you go shares?"

"Not I. Revenge in cold blood is the deil's own act. I dinna wark with the deil, when it's a losing job to me."

"Will you take £95 then?"

"No. When lads want whistles they maun pay for them."

"I'll give no more. For why? Because in twenty days you will do my work for me; and then it will cost me nothing, and it will cost you £89, that is all about it, Starkie."

Starkie lifted the note which James had flung carelessly down, and his skinny hands trembled as he fingered it. "This is David Cameron's note o' hand, and David Cameron is a gude name."

"Yes, very good. Only that it is not David Cameron's writing, it is a—forgery. Light your pipe with it, Andrew Starkie."

"His nephew gave it himsel' to Aleck Laidlaw—"

"I know. And I hate his nephew. He has come between me and Christine Cameron. Do you see now?"

"Oh! oh! oh! I see, I see! Well, James, you can have it for £100—as a favour."

"I don't want it now. He could not have a harder man to deal with than you are. You suit me very well."

"James, such business won't suit me. I can't afford to be brought into notice. I would rather lose double the money than prosecute any gentleman in trouble."

The older man had reasoned right—James dared not risk the note out of sight, dared not trust to Starkie's prosecution. He longed to have the bit of paper in his own keeping, and after a wary battle of a full hour's length, Andrew Starkie had his £89 back again, and James had the note in his pocket-book.

Through the fog, and through the wind, and through the rain he went, and he knew nothing, and he felt nothing but that little bit of paper against his breast. Oh, how greedily he remembered Donald's handsome looks and stately ways, and all the thousand little words and acts by which he imagined himself wronged and insulted. Now he had his enemy beneath his feet, and for days this thought satisfied him, and he hid his secret morsel of vengeance and found it sweet—sharply, bitterly sweet—for even yet conscience pleaded hard with him.

As he sat counting his columns of figures, every gentle, forgiving word of Christ came into his heart. He knew well that Donald would receive his quarterly allowance before the bill was due, and that he must have relied on this to meet it. He also knew enough of Donald's affairs to guess something of the emergency that he must have been in ere he would have yielded to so dangerous an alternative. There were times when he deter-

mined to send for Donald, show him the frightful danger in which he stood, and then tear the note before his eyes, and leave its payment to his honour. He even realized the peace which would flow from such a deed. Nor were these feelings transitory, his better nature pleaded so hard with him that he walked his room hour after hour under their influence, and their power over him was such as delayed all action in the matter for nearly a week.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

At length one morning David Cameron came into the bank, and having finished his business, walked up to James and said, "I feared ye were ill, James. Whatna for hae ye stayed awa sae lang? I wanted ye sairly last night to go o'er wi' me the points in this debate at our kirk. We are to hae anither session to-night; ye'll come the morn and talk it o'er wi' me?"

"I will, Mr. Cameron."

But James instantly determined to see Christine that night. Her father would be at the kirk session, and if Donald was there, he thought he knew how to whisper him away. He meant to have Christine all to himself for an hour or two, and if he saw any opportunity he would tell her all. When he got to David's the store was still open, but the clerk said, "David has just gone," and James, as was his wont, walked straight to the parlour.

Donald was there; he had guessed that, because a carriage was in waiting, and he knew it could belong to no other caller at David Cameron's. And never had Donald roused in him such an intense antagonism. He was going to some national celebration, and he stood beside Christine in all the splendid picturesque pomp of the McFarlane tartans. He was holding Christine's hand, and she stood as a white lily in the glow and colour of his dark beauty. Perhaps both of them felt James' presence inopportune. At any rate they received him coldly. Donald drew Christine a little apart, said a few whispered words to her, and lifting his bonnet slightly to James, he went away.

In the few minutes of this unfortunate meeting the devil entered into James' heart. Even Christine was struck with the new look on his face. It was haughty, malicious, and triumphant, and he leaned against the high oaken chimney-piece in a defiant way that annoyed Christine, though she could not analyze it.

"Sit down, James," she said with a touch of authority—for his attitude had unconsciously put her on the defensive. "Donald has gone to the Caledonian club; there is to be a grand gathering of Highland gentlemen there to-night."

"Gentlemen!"

"Well, yes, gentlemen! And there will be none more worthy the name than our Donald."

"The rest of them are much to be scorned at, then."

"James, James, that speech was little like you. Sit down and come to yourself; I am sure you are not so mean as to grudge Donald the rights of his good birth."

"Donald McFarlane shall have all the rights he has worked for; and when he gets his just payment he will be in Glasgow jail."

"James, you are ill. You have not been here for a week, and you look so unlike yourself. I know you must be ill. Will you let me send for our doctor?" And she approached him kindly, and looked with anxious scrutiny into his face.

He put her gently away, and said in a thick, rapid voice,

"Christine, I came to-night to tell you that Donald McFarlane is unworthy to come into your presence—he has forged your father's name."

"James, you are mad, or ill, what you say is just impossible!"

"I am neither mad nor ill. I will prove it, if you wish."

At these words every trace of sympathy or feeling vanished from her face; and she said in a low, hoarse whisper,

"You cannot prove it. I would not believe such a thing possible."

Then with a pitiless particularity he went over all the events relating to the note, and held it out for her to examine the signature.

"Is that David Cameron's writing?" he cried; "did you ever see such a weak imitation? The man is a fool as well as a villain."

Christine gazed blankly at the witness of her cousin's guilt, and James, carried away with the wicked impetuosity of his passionate accusations of Donald's life, did not see the fair face set in white despair and the eyes close wearily, as with a piteous cry she fell prostrate at his feet.

Ah, how short was his triumph! When he saw the ruin that his words had made he shrieked aloud in his terror and agony. Help was at hand, and doctors were quickly brought, but she had received a shock from which it seemed impossible to revive her. David was brought home, and knelt in speechless distress by the side of his insensible child, but no hope lightened the long, terrible night, and when the reaction came in the morning, it came in the form of fever and delirium.

Questioned closely by David, James admitted nothing but that while talking to him about Donald McFarlane she had fallen at his feet: and Donald could only say that he had that evening told her he was going to Edinburgh in two weeks, to study law with his cousin, and that he had asked her to be his wife.

This acknowledgment bound David and Donald in a closer communion of sorrow. James and his sufferings were scarcely noticed. Yet, probably, of all that unhappy company, he suffered the most. He loved Christine with a far deeper affection than Donald had ever dreamed of. He would have given his life for hers, and yet he had, perhaps, been her murderer. How he hated Donald in those days! What love and remorse tortured him! And what availed it that he had bought the power to ruin the man he hated? He was afraid to use it. If Christine lived, and

he did use it, she would never forgive him; if she died, he would be her murderer.

But the business of life cannot be delayed for its sorrows. David must wait in his shop, and James must be at the bank; and in two weeks Donald had to leave for Edinburgh, though Christine was lying in a silent, broken-hearted apathy, so close to the very shoal of Time that none dared say, "She will live another day."

How James despised Donald for leaving her at all; he desired nothing beyond the permission to sit by her side, and watch and aid the slow struggle of life back from the shores and shades of death.

It was almost the end of summer before she was able to resume her place in the household, but before that she had asked to see James. The interview took place one Sabbath afternoon while David was at church. Christine had been lifted to a couch, but she was unable to move, and even speech was exhausting and difficult to her. James knelt down by her side, and, weeping bitterly, said,

"O Christine, forgive me!"

She smiled faintly.

"You—have—not—used—yonder—paper—James?"

"Oh, no, no."

"It—would—kill—me. You—would—not—kill—me?"

"I would die to make you strong again."

"Don't—hurt—Donald. Forgive—for—Christ's—sake—James!"

Poor James! It was hard for him to see that still Donald was her first thought, and, looking on the wreck of Christine's youth and beauty, it was still harder not to hate him worse than ever.

Nor did the temptation to do so grow less with time. He had to listen every evening to David's praises of his nephew: how "he had been entered w<sup>i</sup> Advocate Scott, and was going to be a grand lawyer," or how he had been to some great man's house and won all hearts with his handsome face and witty tongue. Or, perhaps, he would be shown some rich token of his love that had come for Christine; or David would say, "There's the *Edinbro' News*, James; it cam fra Donald this morn; tak it hame w<sup>i</sup> you. You're welcome." And James feared not to take it, feared to show the slightest dislike to Donald, lest David's anger at it should provoke him to say what was in his heart, and Christine only be the sufferer.

One cold night in early winter, James, as was his wont now, went to spend the evening in talking with David and in watching Christine. That was really all it was; for, though she had resumed her house duties, she took little part in conversation. She had always been inclined to silence, but now a faint smile and a "Yes," or "No" were her usual response, even to her father's remarks. This night he found David out, and he hesitated whether to trouble Christine or not. He stood for a moment in the open door and looked at her. She was sitting by the table

with a little Testament open in her hand; but she was rather musing on what she had been reading than continuing her occupation.

"Christine!"

"James!"

"May I come in?"

"Yes, surely."

"I hear your father has gone to a town-meeting."

"Yes."

"And he is to be made a bailie."

"Yes."

"I am very glad. It will greatly please him, and there is no citizen more worthy of the honour."

"I think so also."

"Shall I disturb you if I wait to see him?"

"No, James; sit down."

Then Christine laid aside her book and took her sewing, and James sat thinking how he could best introduce the subject ever near his heart. He felt that there was much to say on his own behalf, if he only knew how to begin. Christine opened the subject for him. She laid down her work and went and stood before the fire at his side. The faintest shadow of colour was in her face, and her eyes were unspeakably sad and anxious. He could not bear their eager, searching gaze, and dropped his own.

"James, have you destroyed yonder paper?"

"Nay, Christine; I am too poor a man to throw away so much hard-won gold. I am keeping it until I can see Mr. McFarlane and quietly collect my own."

"You will never use it in any way against him?"

"Will you ever marry him? Tell me that."

"O sir!" she cried indignantly, "you want to make a bargain with my poor heart. Hear, then. If Donald wants me to marry him I'll never cast him off. Do you think God will cast him off for one fault? You dare not say it."

"I do not say but what God will pardon. But we are human beings; we are not near to God yet."

"But we ought to be trying to get near Him; and oh, James, you never had so grand a chance. See the pitiful face of Christ looking down on you from the cross. If that face should turn away from you, James—if it should!"

"You ask a hard thing from me, Christine."

"Yes, I do."

"But if you will only try and love me—"

"Stop, James! I will make no bargain in a matter of right and wrong. If for Christ's sake, who has forgiven you so much, you can forgive Donald, for Christ's dear sake do it. If not, I will set no earthly love before it. Do your worst. God can find out a way. I'll trust Him."

"Christine! dear Christine!"

"Hush! I am Donald's promised wife. May God speak to you for me. I am very sad and weary. Good-night."

James did not wait for David's return. He went back to his own lodging, and taking the note out of his pocket-book, spread it before him. His first thought was that he had wared £89 on his enemy's fine clothes, and James loved gold and hated foppish, extravagant dress; his next, that he had saved Andrew Starkie £89, and knew the old usurer was quietly laughing at his folly. But worse than all was the alternative he saw as the result of his sinful purchase: if he used it to gratify his personal hatred, he deeply wounded, perhaps killed, his dearest love and oldest friend. Hour after hour he sat with the note before him. His good angel stood at his side and wooed him to mercy. There was a fire burning in the grate, and twice he held the paper over it, and twice turned away from his better self.

The watchman was calling "half-past two o'clock," when, cold and weary with his mental struggle, he rose and went to his desk. There was a secret hiding place behind a drawer there, in which he kept papers relating to his transactions with Andrew Starkie, and he put it among them. "I'll leave it to its chance," he muttered; "a fire might come and burn it up some day. If it is God's will to save Donald, He could so order it, and I am fully insured against pecuniary loss." He did not at that moment see how presumptuously he was throwing his own responsibility on God; he did not indeed want to see anything but some plausible way of avoiding a road too steep for a heart weighed down with earthly passion to dare.

Then weeks and months drifted away in the calm regular routine of David's life. But though there was no outward change, there was a very important inward one. About sixteen months after Donald's departure he returned to visit Christine. James, at Christine's urgent request, absented himself during this visit; but when he next called at David's, he perceived at once that all was not as had been anticipated. David had little to say about him; Christine looked paler and sadder than ever. Neither quite understood why. There had been no visible break with Donald, but both father and daughter felt that he had drifted far away from them and their humble, pious life. Donald had lost the child's heart he had brought with him from the mountains; he was ambitious of honours, and eager after worldly pleasures and advantages. He had become more gravely handsome, and he talked more sensibly to David; but David liked him less.

After this visit there sprang up a new hope in James' heart, and he waited and watched, though often with angry feelings; for he was sure that Donald was gradually deserting Christine. She grew daily more sad and silent; it was evident she was suffering. The little Testament lay now always with her work, and he noticed that she frequently laid aside her sewing and read it earnestly, even while David and he were quietly talking at the fireside.

One Sabbath, two years after Donald's departure, James met David coming out of church alone. He could only say, "I hope Christine is well."

"Had she been well, she had been wi' me; thou kens that, James."

"I might have done so. Christine is never absent from God's house when it is open."

"It is a good plan, James; for when they who go regular to God's house are forced to stay away, God himself asks after them. I hae no doubt but what Christine has been visited."

They walked on in silence until David's house was in sight. "I'm no caring for any company earth can gie me the night, James; but the morn I hae something to tell you I canna speak aenant to-day."

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A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go ;  
I would not ask to chose my way,  
Content with what He would bestow,  
Assured He will not let me stray.  
So as He leads my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content ;  
I rest me calmly in His hands ;  
That which He has decreed and sent,  
That which His will for me commands,  
I would that He should all fulfil,  
And sweetly bending to His will,  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads I will resign ;  
I trust me to my Father's will :  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
His counsel would I yet fulfil,  
That which His love ordained as right  
Before He brought me to the light,  
My will to him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide ;  
In faith, in hope, in suffering true,  
His strength is ever by my side ;  
Can aught my hold on Him undo ?  
I hold me firm, in patience knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing,  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go ;  
Oft amid thorns and briers keen,  
God does not yet his guidance show,  
But in the end it shall be seen,  
How by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true he leads me still,  
His perfect love revealing.

## "HOPPETY BOB."

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

IN the wilderness of dingy brick on the Surrey side of the Thames there is a short cut from one street to another, called, if I remember rightly, Raymond's Folly. Hurrying through the Folly on one occasion, for the sake of its short cut, I could not in spite of my haste, help stopping for a moment to glance at a couple of pictures, as Hogarthian in their contrast as any two depicting the careers of Tom Idle and Francis Goodchild. The frames were the open doorways of two adjoining houses.

In one room a hulking bricklayer's labourer, powdered with white dust on his unkempt hair, bristly beard that had not been mown for a fortnight, and lime-splashed clothes that were never doffed to go to church, was lifting his heavy head and shoulders, like Dr. Watts' sluggard, from the rickety table on which they had been sprawled—a table slopped with beer, and littered with the fragments of a broken pipe. His stupidly-glazed eyes—the orbit of one of them puffed and purple from a recent blow—showed that he had a good deal more than enough beer already; but he had roused himself into semi-consciousness to growl a sleepy curse, and shake a cowardly fist at his wife, because she did not go at once to fetch him "another pot." It was no wonder that even she, poor, pinched, tattered, terrified creature, plucked up courage to linger for a moment with the broken lipped jug in her hand. A baby was hanging at her skinny breast, and two or three scared, half-starved little ones were tugging at her scanty skirts. When children are whimpering to mammy for bread, and yet the lazy bread-winner insists on having beer, a woman must find it hard work to keep her vow to "love, honour, and obey." What a mockery the Marriage Service must seem to her—and the dreams she had when she listened to it, arrayed in abnormal splendour, and bashfully returning the fond glances of "her new lord, her own, the first of men," looking as smart as any gentleman, and even more lo'ing than in the earliest days of their "keeping company."

In the other room—propped up with a patchwork pillow in a wicker arm-chair, something like a frontless blackbird's cage—sat a dwarf. He was deformed as well, and one leg hung springless and shrivelled as a broken, withered twig. There were traces of past, as well as twitches of present, pain, in his drawn face; and yet it looked not only intelligent, but cheerfully benevolent. A musk plant, trained on a fan frame of liliputian laths, stood on his window-shelf, and above it hung a linnet in a cage. Wherever you see birds and flowers you may be pretty sure that the tenant of the house or room is of a gentle disposition. The musk plant and the linnet were no deceptive signs. Whilst the

cripple plied his long, lithe fingers amongst the little gallipots of paint, the little wooden winches, and the little stiff wooden men, with wire-articulated limbs, with which, instead of shattered pipe-stem, his table was littered—he listened to a little class of scholars, squatted on the floor like young Orientals, and spelling out, from an old Bible passed from hand to hand, the first chapter of St. John. Every now and then, too, he looked up to laugh at a chirping, gurgling toddler, tethered to his chair with an old red bell-rope, like a grazing kid; a chubby little toddler, whose cheeks, it must be confessed, were more than sufficiently begrimed, but still too fresh from God's hand to have been distorted by man's into the harsh angularity, or flattened blur of feature, that generally characterizes the Folly's youth.

The friend to whose lodgings I had taken the short-cut through the Folly, had charge of the "Mission District" in which it stands. When I mentioned to him what I had seen, "Oh, yes," he said, "I know him well—a most worthy little fellow. He makes me think sometimes of what Bacon says, 'Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn.' It's better spur than that, though, the little man has got. I believe that the love of God is so shed abroad in his heart that it runs over with love upon others. He's the peacemaker of that terrible place he lives in, and it's astonishing how many ways he finds, feeble as he is, to help his neighbours. You're almost always sure to find a swarm of children in his place. He looks after them for their mothers, and teaches them to read when he can get the chance. A good many of the women there are a sad set, but they've a great respect for poor little 'Hoppety Bob'—that's the name he's known by. They'd clean out his room, or cook his food for him any day, and sometimes, when he is worse than usual, he is obliged to let them take his work to the shop, or do something of that kind. But he's a very independent little fellow, and hops about on his crutch like a sparrow. He's making penny toys now, but he's been all kinds of things. If you'd like to have a chat with him, I'll take you round some evening. Mind, though, that you don't offer him any money. He isn't like other folks. I declare to you that, when I have no money to give them, I often feel inclined to skip calling on some of my poor people. It seems such mockery to preach patience with them, when they are cold and hungry and naked, without doing anything to help them—to speak about God's love, without showing any of it in man's aid. But you would only offend Bob by offering him money."

On a sultry summer evening, about a week afterwards, I found myself with my friend at the entrance of the Folly. A thunder-cloud hung over the whole of London, and in that wretched place the air was oppressively hot and close. Men and boys lolled against the posts, listlessly smoking, and almost too languid and ill-tempered to stand aside and let us pass. The women sat on the doorsteps, with their feverish faces resting on their up-drawn

knees, embraced by their weary arms. Fractious children were wrangling on the pavement. From lines, stretched from side to side above it, drooped clothes whose motionless moistness did not freshen the hot, hushed air. The women seated on the common doorstep of the house in which Bob lodged, gave my companion a very sulky "Good evenin', sir," as they dragged up their tired limbs to make way for us. Bob's door opened just inside the common lobby, and when we knocked at it, it was a pleasant change to hear his cheery "Come in." He pushed his chair to the open window, and was chipping away in the fading light at one of his little men.

"What are you so busy about. Bob?" asked the clergyman.

"Well, sir," he answered, "perhaps you'll laugh, but somebody says there's 'sermons in stones, and good in everything;' and I've been thinking that there might be texts in toys; anyhow there shouldn't be any bad in 'em. After that blackguard fight at Farnbro', you know, sir, Sayers and Heenan were all the rage, and my shop got me to make them for the children. You turned the handle, you see, and then they squared up and pitched into one another. It was rather a pretty bit o' work, and took with the little uns uncommon. I never thought about any harm there could be in it till yesterday. The bricklayer man next door was settin' two young uns to fight, so I told 'em to stop it. 'You're a nice un to preach about fightin',' says he, 'why you teach 'em!' 'I!' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'How?' says I. 'With yer whirligigs,' says he. That struck me all of a heap like, and I'm trying to make Sayers and Heenan a-shakin' hands, but Tom's an obstinate feller, and won't lift his arm quick enough. I expect I shall have to make out that it's on account of the rap the American give him. Isn't it strange, sir, that it's so much easier to make even a bit of wood do what it oughtn't?"

All this time my introduction was delayed, but I was well content to wait whilst I listened to the mingled earnestness and humour with which the crippled toy-maker unfolded his difficulty. There was something pleasant in his voice. For one thing, he neither dropped nor lavished his h's, although having lived all his life amongst the lower class of Londoners, it would have been impossible for him to avoid catching some Cockneyisms.

"Well, sir," he said, as we sat together after my introducer had departed; "so you want to know how a poor lamester like me has managed to rub on. I don't see what pleasure it can give you to hear about a nobody, but you should know best. But first let's light a bit of candle. When I'm alone, I like to sit a bit in the dark—you can think plainer, I fancy—but it seems unsociable like when you're talkin' to a friend, if you'll excuse me, sir. I'm a Colchester man by birth. Yes, sir, I was born just as I am—let's see, it must be close on fifty years ago. My father was a lighterman at the Hythe. Poor old father! He's been in St. Leonard's churchyard this many a year—but he did whop me cruel. You see, sir, he was disapp'inted at getting a poor thing

like me. He wanted a hearty lad to bring up to his own trade; and I deserved the drubbin's sometimes, too, for I was a young limb in those days.

"I was talking about fightin' just now—if you'll believe me, sir, cripple as I was, I'd fight any boy that 'ud go down on his knees to me to bring our heads level and give me a chance. The Almighty knew my spirit, and so, I believe, He was pleased to make me as I am, to keep me out of temptation. It was the drubbin's father gave mother hurt me far worse than my own. Though I often grieved her with my ways, dear soul, I always loved her, for she was always good to me. She taught me to read my Bible and to say a prayer, and tried to get father to ask for me to be put in the Bluecoat School in Maidenburgh Street. He could easily have got me in, but he couldn't read or write himself, and so he swore at mother for teachin' me. She went to the Round meeting, too, and though he never went to church himself, he couldn't abide her being a Pogram—that's what some of the silly folks used to call a meetin'er in those parts. And then, when he was very drunk, he'd abuse poor dear mother just as if it was her fault I was born so.

"I remember one Saturday evening, when I had just turned eight, mother had coaxed me not to go hippety-hopping down to the quay to lark about the coal-sheds with the young rascals that used to get down there at night, but to stay at home with her. Father was at the Whitby Packet, or the Seven Bells, or some such place, and mother had swep' up the hearth, and sanded the kitchen, and brushed my hair, and there we sat readin' and talkin' together for ever so long, as comfortable as could be. I can remember one of the chapters we read that night—though, deary me! what a time ago it seems—for there was 'If, therefore, ye being evil,' in it. I used to pride myself on being sharp in those days, and says I to mother, 'What a precious evil father I've got then, for he never gives me nothing but whacks.' I wish I'd never said sharp things about father to poor mother, for they always made her cry. She was crying and sayin', 'It isn't for you to speak against him, Bob. Honour thy father—' when in he came. Mother had kep' me up longer than she meant, and he'd come home earlier than usual, in a fury of a temper about something. As soon as he saw us, he began to storm at mother for wasting his fire and candle—though, how we should have lived without mother's washing, I don't know—poor old father used to drink away almost the whole of his wages. 'And blubberin' over your Methodist rubbish,' he went on with a swear. And then he bundled us both out of doors, and chased us up the hill. We turned into the churchyard to get out of his way, and there we waited for him to quiet down. It was a sharp frosty night. After a nit we went back, and heard father a-snooring; so we crept in. But mother had got her death in the churchyard. She took a cold which settled on her lungs, and she went back in the churchyard afore Christmas. 'God bless you, my dear Bob!' she said

to me the day she died. 'He will if you ask Him. Read your Bible, and try to be of some good, though it's pleased Him as knows best to make you as you are.' And then she clutched my face up to hers in her two hands, and burst out cryin'; and those are the last words I ever heard my poor dear mother say.

"Well, sir, I tried to be a good boy for poor dear mother's sake. But father treated me worse and worse. He pitched mother's Bible into the fire when he caught me reading of it, and pushed it down with the poker till the leaves were 'most like tinder; but I got some of the middle ones out when he was gone, and I've got 'em now. They are like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, though the smell of fire had passed upon 'em. Well, sir, father drubbed me, and never give me half enough to eat—sometimes he wouldn't give me anything. The neighbours gave me a bit of bread now and then, but, of course, they couldn't be expected to keep me, when my father was a hearty man carnin' good wages; and, besides, I hadn't pretty looks and ways to take the women's hearts. I was worse off than if I'd no father, for then the parish must have took me. I thought it wasn't game to cry, but I couldn't help it when I've gone to poor mother's grave, and wished myself snug inside along with her.

"Some of the lads on the quay were sad prigs, and they've put me up to steal rope, and copper nails, and things, and slip down into the cabins to prig prog; but if my earthly father didn't look after me, my heavenly Father did, and, I'm thankful to say, I never was a thief—though a boy's hungry belly is a sore tempter, sir. Perhaps, if I'd have had the use of my pins as they had, I might ha' done it—if so, I thank God for making me a cripple—but I hope not. I used to fancy that my mother was a-watchin' of me. 'Try to be of some good, Bob,' I used to hear her say, and as well as such a poor little crittur could, I made up my mind that I would try. Anyhow, however, I couldn't stand home any longer. I must be off somewhere to fend the best I could for myself. I'd sense enough to guess that father 'ud bring me back if I hung anywhere about Colchester. I wanted to be off to London. I'd heerd that all sorts o' folks could get work there. Not as I thought that it was paved with gold—children—poor folks' kids, anyhow—ain't green enough for that. I had talked about London sometimes to a man who drove a fish machine. 'Well, Bob,' says he, one day, 'you couldn't be worse off there than you are here, and if you can manage to hobble out, quite unknown to your father, mind—for I shouldn't like him to fancy that I'd any hand in it—to the third milestone on the London road, I'll take you up to-morrow evening.'

"I went to bid poor mother good-bye that night—her grave somehow makes me think that Colchester's my home down to this very day, though I've never set my foot in it since—and next mornin', as soon as I'd seen father off in his lighter polin' down the river to Wivenhoe, I slipped back and packed up a few of my clothes that he hadn't pawned, and my Bible-leaves, and a Mavor's spelling-book my mother used to learn me out of, in a brown Hol-

land linen-bag of hers, and began to hippety-hoppet down Hythe Hill. I went a roundabout way to throw father off the scent. 'Where are you goin', Bob?' says a woman. 'For a walk,' says I, 'and I shall be hungry before I come back.' She looks hard at me, but then she says, 'Poor little chap,' and goes in and cuts me a slice of bread and butter.

"The machine man took me up at the milestone, and I came up to London, bumpin' in a sack on the top o' Colchester natives. He gave me something to eat on the road, and next mornin' he dropped me at an early coffee-house in the Mile-En' Road, and gave me a shilling, and said 'Good-bye, Bob: luck go with ye;' and ever since then, sir, I thank God, I've been able to earn my own living—'cept when I've been laid up in hospital, and that's about ten times in forty years. They're good Christian places, those hospitals, when you're once inside; and the doctors, and the nurses, and the ladies—sisters they call 'em—there weren't any o' them when I used to be laid first—are as kind as kind can be. The doctors speak a bit brisk now and then, and the nurses make you mind 'em; but then what a lot they've got to look after! and the ladies are always so gentle, bless 'em! It's a pity, though, that the porters and such-like should be so bumptious: they might have, you'd think, more feeling for poor folk.

"Of course, you understand, sir, I'd rather pay a doctor, if I could; but then I can't, and, besides, how could I keep a nurse? So when I'm bad, I go to a kind gentleman I know, and he always manages to get me an order somewhere or other. I declare to you, sir, I've been downright happy in hospital when I've been gettin' a bit well again. So clean and quiet, no bad smells, and no bad language, and time to think good thoughts—it's like a week o' Sundays—very different from the Sundays here, sir. It was in Guy's, sir, that poor mother's words first really come home to me. Just before I was laid up, I'd been getting cocky—sacrificin' unto my net, and cripple as I was, I'd manage to get my livin', and keep myself respectable, and pick up a bit of book-learnin' about beasts, and birds, and flowers, and mechanics, and such-like, better than some big fellows who could make a mouthful of me. It was real good for me to be laid on the flat o' my back that time—it took the nonsense out of me. I was lyin' in my bed one night, feelin' very small, when all of a sudden I thought of poor mother lying on her bed, and of what she'd said to me, 'Try to be of some good, Bob.' And, thinks I, if you'd been the fine feller you fancied yerself, after all, wasn't you only workin' for yerself? If you was to die to-night, who'd be worse off but yerself? I'd given up saying my prayers and going to church for a bit, but I said a prayer that night, and made up my mind that, if ever I got about again, God helpin' me, I'd try to do somebody besides myself some good. But what good could a chap like me do to anybody? I thought again.

"However, the first Sunday I was out, I went to church—the one that stands back in the Blackfriar's Road—and the sermon was just as if the parson knew what I was thinking. It was

about the cup of cold water, you know, sir. Thinks I, it's hard if I can't give that, and I've tried since to do the little I can that way, and I was never so happy before.\* How folk can make a merit of works, I can't make out. It's precious little anybody can do, and then for the very littlest thing you can do you can get such a lot of pleasure that it seems somehow as if you was only shamming to be kind to get somethin' for yerself—throwin' away a sprat to catch a salmon like.

"But I haven't told you how I've got my living? That's true, sir, ar' really I don't see that there's much to tell. I've only done what everybody that hasn't got tin's forced to do, if he doesn't want to starve, or to steal, or turn cadger, or go into the workus. I've been at the toy-making off and on for about five years now. The pay's light, but so's the work, so far as strength goes, and that suits me now, for I'm getting shaky. It's pretty kind of work, too, I reckon. There ain't much room for taste, it's true, but it wants a little bit of gumption sometimes to manage the strings and things. Anyhow, I like it, and try to make 'em the best I can. It's nice somehow to think that I'm makin' playthings for poor folks' kids that can't get anything better. I've got queer fancies sometimes, sir. I wonder whether Christ, when He was carpenter, ever made anything out of the chips for the little uns that peeped into the shop? There's no sin in fancyin' that, is there, sir? He was so fond of children that I can't help thinkin' He'd ha' done anything that was right to please 'em.

"What did I do before? Bless your heart, sir, I've been a Jack of all trades, 'cept a navvy, and a coalheaver, and such like. I used to see a good bit of coal-heavers once, though. My second master went about in the Pool selling hot beer to the sailors. We was run down in a fog one day, and the poor old man was drowned. They hooked me out on to a steamer, and put me ashore at Greenwich. I couldn't help crying a bit, for I'd lost all except my Bible leaves and the clothes I stood in. So the mate pitched me an old broom, and told me to go and fight for a crossing. I got one without fightin', however, on Maze Hill, and made a pretty good thing of it; but I used to lodge in Mill Lane, and one night tramps cleaned me out. My first place was to clean boots and knives at the coffee-house where the machine man put me down. I've sold watercresses, and walnuts, and lark turfs, and gr'un'sel, and such like; but I never took much to those out-door things—they didn't seem respectable.

"I thought I was getting up in the world—I was about thirteen then—when an old fellow who kept a second-hand bookshop in the Goswell Road hired me to sit inside and watch the books. He didn't give me much wages, but I got lots to eat, and a good bit of reading too on the sly. I'm afraid now it wasn't quite right: but I couldn't help it when I got the chance, and, after all, he never lost anything by me.

"Well, sir, since I got that billet at the bookseller's I've always managed to keep myself by some indoor work or other—except, of course, when I've been in hospital. It was when I got a fold-

ing job at a stationer's over in Finsbury, that I heard of poor old father's death. I was sixteen or seventeen then, and had got a few shillings put by. I'd been thinkin' that, hard as he'd been, he was my father after all, and my mother had loved him, though he did whop her, and that it wasn't right to take no more notice of him than if he'd been a dog. So I was a-goin' to write down to him, and if I found he was hard up, to send him a crown or so. I dare say there was a bit of pride in that—I wanted to show him that I'd been able to get on without him. I've mostly found there was summat o' that in anything I've been very proud of. Well, sir, the very night I was goin' to write, as I hopped home from work, thinkin' what a good son I was, and all that, I ran against one of the porters in the yard. He didn't know me, but I knew him as soon as I set my eyes on him. He was a Colchester man that used to live in Magdalen Street. Well, sir, I asked him about my father, and he told me that he was dead and buried. He'd walked off the quay one Saturday-night, and was half drowned in the water, and half smothered in the mud. It give me a turn, as you may think, sir. I wished I could spend the money as the Catholics do. I can't bear to think of it now. The thief on the cross is my only comfort when I do think about it. But, perhaps, we're too ready to judge. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged'—that's another comfort."

The poor cripple was silent for a minute or two after this, but then he went on in his old cheerful voice. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to you for givin' me your company so long. No, sir, thankee, there's nothing you can do for me. I've everything I want—enough and to spare. I've got work as long as I've got my health; and when that fails, I've got my hospital; and when I die, I humbly hope, through Christ's mercy, to creep into heaven. I've everything to make me contented. The curate talks to me like a brother, sir. I've only to ask my other good friend for an order for the hospital, and he gets it for me just as if I was a gentleman. The little ones all love me, and most of the people about here are very kind. If they'd only be a bit kinder to themselves, poor souls, I should be quite happy. Do you know, sir, I call my old chair here my Ebenezer? Hitherto the Lord hath helped, and He's a friend that will never fail. Good night, sir, and again I thank ye."

As I picked my way through the rain-pools of the Folly's flags, and thought of the little toy-maker, heartily grateful after weed-like tossings on life's sea for even that poor shelter, and, in spite of his infirmities, not only earning for himself an honest living, but acting as a moral leaven and even a material benefactor to his poor neighbours, it occurred to me that "the bricklayer man next door" was not the only lazy man, or woman, whom my lame man should make ashamed. Contrasted with his beneficent energy under difficulties, how utterly contemptible appears the *cunni* that springs from "nothing to do" in the midst of life's most luxurious appliances!

## ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1891.

THE Editor of this MAGAZINE prizes very highly the honour done him by his election for the sixth time to the duties of his office. He has laboured faithfully, and is profoundly grateful for the renewed expression of appreciation of his services. It will be his pleasure, as it is his privilege and duty, to devote his best energies of body and mind to the department of work to which he has, by the providence of God and the act of the Methodist Church, been assigned. While thanking the patrons of this MAGAZINE, and especially his ministerial brethren through whose kind co-operation it has been attended with such success, he begs to solicit their continued sympathy and help that the contemplated improvement in its make-up and contents may win a still larger circulation throughout the country.

This MAGAZINE has now reached a larger circulation than ever before. To meet the increased pressure upon its space by the splendid announcement following, it will be enlarged by one hundred pages. This will give room for a greater variety, wider scope, and greater extent of reading matter.

We are not yet able to make a complete announcement of the many attractions which the MAGAZINE will offer during the coming year. We can confidently affirm, however, that in beauty and variety of illustration, and in interest and importance of its articles, it will surpass any previous year. This MAGAZINE is especially devoted, as its motto sets forth, to "Religion, Literature, and Social Progress." These ideas shall be kept prominently in view in its management. Its chief object shall be to promote whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. Its articles of travel, science and literature shall be written from a Christian standpoint.

## METHODIST TOPICS.

While broadly catholic in its sym-

pathies and in its treatment of subjects outside the pale of Methodism, this MAGAZINE shall be first of all frankly and avowedly Methodist. It will therefore give special prominence to subjects affecting Methodism and to papers by Methodist writers. Among the many articles under this head will be some reprints from the Methodist press, as well as numerous original contributions. Among the reprints will be an able paper by the Rev. William Arthur on "Methodism as a Power for Purifying and Elevating Society;" one on the "Advantages of the Itinerancy," by the Rev. J. Antliff, D. D.; one on "Lay Preachers in Methodism," by the Hon. J. W. F. White; one on "Woman's Work in Methodism," by the Rev. F. W. Bourne; one on "Methodism and Temperance," by Bishop Payne; "The Perils of Methodism," by Rev. W. L. Watkinson; "More about Deaconesses;" "Changes in Methodist Preaching," by D. W. Wheeler, LL. D.; "Development and Results of the Missionary Ideal in the last hundred years," by the Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D. D.; "The Martyrs of Methodism," etc.

Other articles of special religious interest will be "How to Get at Our People," by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; "Peculiar Temptations of Ministers," by G. H. Hepworth, D. D.; "Agnosticism," by the Rev. Dr. McCosh; "Religious Doubt and Modern Poetry," by the Rev. J. W. S. Dawson, from the *Westeyan Methodist Magazine*; "Social Christianity," etc.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

To meet an expressed wish of numerous readers a department of popular science will be introduced, in which some of the more recent discoveries in the realm of science will be reported and illustrated. Among these will be a very striking paper on "Meteorites and the Stellar Systems," by G. H. Darwin, a son of the distinguished naturalist; reprint articles, by Professor Langley, Professor Williams, Sir W.

Thompson, the late Prof. Proctor, Professor Winchell, Dr. Dallinger, M. Flammarion, Grant Allen, and several others. Among the subjects treated will be, "How the Prairies were Formed;" "Oil and Gas Wells;" "Down a Coal Mine;" "Primeval Man;" "The Tooth of Time;" "The Ice Age;" "Niagara and the Deluge;" "The Sun Cooling Off;" "A New Theory of the Sun;" "Lunar Volcanoes;" "Sun Spots and the Climate;" "Vignettes from Nature;" "The Antiquity of Man;" "Life in Other Worlds;" "Star Drift and Star Mist;" "The Romance of Astronomy," and other topics of scientific and popular interest.

Other articles of popular interest will be a paper by the Rev. James Allen, M. A., on "Sixteen Hundred Miles in British Columbia;" "The Permit System in the North-West," by the Rev. Dr. McLean; "The Harvest of the Sea;" "The English Norse Land;" "John B. Gough;" "The Jerusalem Chamber;" "The Empire of the Spade;" "Unexpected Immortalities," by Rev. W. Harrison; "A Visit to Epworth," by the Rev. E. N. Baker, B. D.; more East End stories and social and city mission sketches.

#### ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

As heretofore special prominence will be given to a series of splendidly illustrated articles upon a variety of subjects of great interest. A new series of papers on the comparatively little travelled and unhackneyed regions of Eastern Europe will be given, including copiously illustrated articles on "Through Hungary;" "Buda-Pesth;" "Carinthia;" "Among the Carpathians;" "Styria;" and "The Land Beyond the Forest"—Transylvania. Popular papers on "The Ancient Lake Dwellings of Switzerland;" "An Ancient Watering Place"—The Baths of Leuk, etc.

The adventures of the Canadian tourist party will be continued and soon brought to a close. The engravings of the Black Forest of

Heidelberg, the Rhine cities, and other picturesque places visited will be of special merit. The charming "Vagabond Vignettes" of the Rev. Geo. Bond, B. A., which have been followed with such interest, will be continued, and will include "Over the Lebanons;" "In the Track of St. Paul—Smyrna and Ephesus, Athens and Corinth;" "The Mount of the Law—Sinai and the Desert;" "Two Philistine Cities—Ashdod and Gaza;" "Petra, the Rock City;" "The Sinaitic Peninsula;" "Calvary, the Traditional and the True." This series of articles will be of special value to every minister, Sunday-school teacher, and Bible student. "The Return of the Sunbeam" will give Lord Brassey's account of the voyage back to England, including brief stops at Darnley Island, Port Darwin, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Port Louis, Algoa Bay, Port Elizabeth, Teneriffe, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, St. Antonio, Fayal, Ferceira, etc.

Other articles will be a third series of "Round About England;" "Columbus, his Life and Times," of special interest in view of the celebration of the discovery of America; "Napoleon at St. Helena," by Percy B. Punshon; "Bunhill Fields and its Memories." The lamented death of the Hon. Senator Macdonald prevented the appearance of his promised article on Alaska; instead thereof another well-illustrated paper on the majestic scenery of that country will be given.

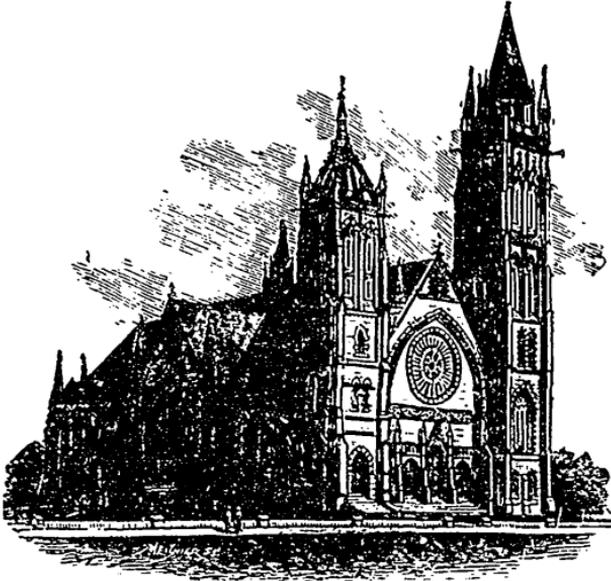
Among the lighter reading of the forthcoming volume will be a graphic Irish story, recounting the stirring events of the Siege of Derry; short stories by Mark Guy Pearse, Rev. J. Jackson Wray, Mrs. A. E. Barr, and other popular writers. Also a strongly written serial story of intense interest and pronounced religious character, by Mrs. A. E. Barr, who is every year reaching a wider and a higher reputation.

Our patrons will confer a favour if they will renew their subscriptions promptly, and thus prevent any break in their reception of the *MAGAZINE*.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### GENERAL CONFERENCE.



ST. JAMES' CHURCH,

*In which the Methodist General Conference was held, 1890.*

Douse, all of whom were princes in our Israel; and among the laity whose faces we shall see no more in the flesh are the Hon. James Ferrier and Hon. John Macdonald, Sheriff Patrick, J. B. Morrow, Dr. I. B. Aylsworth, Dr. Norris, Robert Wilkes, S. S. Junkin, W. H. Leech, A. McRoberts, S. Warren, all of whom were not only distinguished in various walks of life, but were especially regarded as pillars in Methodism. Two of the fraternal delegates who were then present have also joined the great brotherhood around the throne in heaven, viz., Rev. Samuel Coley, from England, and the venerable Dr. Sargent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

TWELVE years have rolled away since the Quadrennial Conference of Methodism assembled in Montreal. Such an elapse of time affords a fine opportunity for review. Marvellous changes have occurred in the interval. Those who remember the *personnel* of that assembly will look in vain for the well-known faces of some who were then conspicuous. At least twenty of the clerical members have passed on before, among whom may be mentioned, the Revs. Drs. Ryerson, Green, Pickard, Williams, Rice, Nelles, Rose, Carroll, and John

#### ECCLESIASTICAL CHANGES.

In 1878, the unification of three branches of Methodism had been in existence four years, and its utility was so well established, that other branches were taking steps to make one undivided whole. The results of the Union have been such as to satisfy the most sanguine expectations of its numerous friends. There has been a grand increase all along the line.

#### ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

This grand edifice in which the Conference assembled, may be described as the head-quarters of Meth-

odism in this great commercial metropolis. It has only recently been erected, and cost somewhere about \$300,000, and some whose knowledge is extensive testify that there is no Methodist edifice in the world to be compared with it.

Methodism has a history in Montreal of which its friends have no need to be ashamed. The difficulties with which it has had to contend have been neither few nor small. The Rev. Samuel Merwin was the first stationed minister in the city. This was in 1803; he was followed by such men as the Rev. Thomas Madden Nathan Bangs, D.D., and others.

After the War of 1812, Montreal and a large portion of the province was connected with the English Wesleyan Methodist Conference, when the city enjoyed the ministrations of such men as the Rev. Dr. Alder, Mathew Lang, Dr. Richey, Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Stinson, and others. In 1853, Methodism in Canada East was united with the Canada Conference, and has gone forward until now there are in the city twelve churches, sixteen ministers, and about 5,000 members and adherents, besides a City Mission, a Scandinavian Mission, and two French Missions.

There is also a Theological College, under the watchful care of Dr. Douglas, himself one of the fruits of Methodism in Montreal; and a French Methodist Institute for the education of French young people, under the care of the Rev. William Hall, M.A., who is a native of the city. In the Institute there are eighty French young people in residence.

#### NUMERICAL STRENGTH.

Figures do not lie. It has sometimes however been said that statistics are only an approximation to the truth. Rev. G. H. Cornish, LL.D., is the General Conference statistician, and is always characterized by accuracy. He reports as follows:—Ministers, 1,748, increase for the quadrennium, 138; ministerial deaths, 77; members, 233,868, increase, 36,399; Sunday-schools, 3,173, increase, 498;

teachers, 28,411, increase, 4,165; scholars 226,050, increase, 34,865. Scholars meeting in class, 37,158, increase, 5,622; studying catechism, 36,486, increase, 3,614; signed temperance pledge, 49,419, increase, 12,138. Raised for missions by the schools in 1890, \$28,122, increase on 1886, \$7,360; for school purposes in 1890, \$105,313, increase, \$25,621. The sum raised during the quadrennium for ministers' support has been \$2,771,941; for missions, \$856,086; for all purposes, \$8,063,967. In all cases a good advance. During the same period over 73,000 baptisms have been performed, and 29,000 marriages solemnized. Raised for Sunday-school Aid Fund during the quadrennium, \$13,874, an increase of \$6,157. There are 3,292 churches, 1,168 other places of worship, 957 parsonages; the total value of church property, including colleges, is \$11,597,491, being an increase during the quadrennium of \$17,248. The Missionary income during the quadrennium exceeded \$875,155. Every year there has been an augmentation of funds.

Rev. J. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, read a report which gratified all hearts. He stated that in 1886 there were only eleven self-sustaining charges in that vast territory, now there are forty-six, being an increase of 318 per cent. The membership is 9,895, which is a large increase, though not more than twenty-five per cent. can be attributed to recent immigration.

The report of mission work in Japan contains many gratifying items. The membership is now 1,716, increase, 1,125; contributions, 6,491.35 yen, increase, 5,588.31; value of church property, 64,843 yen, increase, 36,758; scholars in Sunday-schools, 1,486, increase, 944.

#### MISSION EXTENSION.

The brethren in Japan wish to extend into provinces yet unoccupied. The General Board granted permission to take charge of Kanazawa on the west coast, also the town of Nagano. The Committee at the

General Conference instructed that, owing to the demands of other missions, further extension in Japan must be by native agency.

The late Senator Macdonald bequeathed \$2,000 to found a mission in the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Some think that a mission should be established in India, others that Brazil or some other parts of South America should be occupied forthwith by Methodist missionaries from Canada. Congo Free State was also recommended, so that it will be seen that there are plenty of places whither the heralds of the cross can be sent.

#### GENERAL CONFERENCE OFFICERS.

It was a remarkable feature of the Conference that no changes were made in any of the Conference officers, so that the Revs. Dr. Briggs and S. F. Huestis are the Book Stewards of Toronto and Halifax respectively; Revs. Drs. Dewart, Withrow, and Lathern are the Editors; Revs. Drs. Sutherland and J. Shaw remain Missionary Secretary and Assistant; Rev. John Potts, D.D., retains the Secretariat of the Education Society; Rev. J. Woodsworth was re-elected Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the North-West; Rev. Jas. Gray remains Treasurer of the Superannuation\* and General Conference Funds; Rev. E. Evans, Treasurer of the Eastern Superannuation Fund; Hon. J. C. Aikins succeeds Senator Macdonald as Lay Treasurer of the Missionary Society and Superannuation Fund, and Hon. W. E. Sanford, Treasurer of the Educational Fund

#### FRATERNAL DELEGATIONS.

Rev. Dr. McMullen conveyed the greetings of the British and Irish Conferences to the brethren in Canada, and nobly he fulfilled the duties of his office. His sermons and platform address were just of such a character as might be expected from a fine Methodist minister. He stated that during the last thirty years there had been expended in

Great Britain in church property \$40,000,000. There were 80,000 chapels, with 2,000,000 sittings. During last quadrennial term 21,000 members had been added to the Church in England.

Rev. Principal MacVicar, Professor Scrimger and Mr. James Croil represented the Presbyterian Church of Canada; and they conveyed the greetings of a denomination which numbers 1,920 congregations and raised last year \$2,540,951. The addresses of these gentlemen were brotherly; and it will be no marvel if, in a few years, the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches should become united in one body.

The Rev. Dr. Sledd bore the greetings of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He is a real Virginian. His sermon was a fine exposition of evangelical truth, and his official address, which occupied nearly two hours in delivery, was full of sterling facts respecting his Church, the narration of which produced the most delightful feelings in every heart.

The Rev. Mr. Staebler, from the Evangelical Association, a German Methodist, delivered an eloquent and earnest address. The denomination has one Conference in Canada, and for the last few years has been on fraternal relations with the Methodist Church, and probably before long may be amalgamated with it.

An unusual scene occurred when the Rev. Elder Hawkins and his companion were introduced as representatives from the British Methodist Episcopal Church. Their addresses were thrilling, and their singing produced such a scene of excitement as perhaps has never been seen in a Methodist Conference, in the midst of which an impromptu collection was made, amounting to \$94, and presented to the venerable old man who had been sold on the auction block, but for many years has been an earnest minister of the Gospel.

The Dominion Alliance sent a deputation to the Conference, consisting of Major Bond, Mr. J. R.

\*There are 194 ministers, 146 widows, and 107 children depending on this fund.

Dougall, Mr. Bayliss, Mr. Fleck, and Mr. Featherstone, who expressed their admiration of the course which the Methodist Church has always pursued on the temperance question, and prayed that the Church might still pursue its noble work with the same zeal as hitherto.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union also sent a delegation of sisters to convey their greetings to the Conference. Mrs. Middleton was the chief speaker, and earnestly did she plead with the brethren to cry aloud and spare not, as she knew they had always done. Nor did she fail to notice the good already accomplished, both by abstinence and the social purity cause.

The Woman's Missionary Society also sent a delegation, which was received with the utmost cordiality. A well-written address was read by Mrs. Ross, daughter of the late Superintendent, Dr. Williams. Mrs. Torrance, daughter of the late Senator Ferrier, Mrs. Dr. T. G. Williams, and Mrs. Morton composed the delegation, whose visit the President said was a real oasis in the discussions of Conference.

#### OTHER FUNDS.

The Hon. W. E. Sanford, Senator, reported for the Educational Fund, the total receipts of which for the quadrennium were \$43,713.08, an increase of \$15,470.64. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference reported the largest proportionate increase, viz., 70 per cent.; Toronto came next, 33½; Niagara, 25; and London, 20. The other Conferences were below 20 per cent. increase. The increase in the Conferences of Ontario and Quebec is largely due to the labours of Dr. Potts. The Rev. J. J. Rice reported for the Sustentation Funds, from which we learned that there was a deficiency of \$110,717 last year in the item of ministers' salaries, the great bulk of which was endured by the brethren who received less than \$700 per annum; 166 ministers received less than \$500 per year and 180 less than \$600 per year. The total deficiency of ministers' salaries

in four years, not upon the minimum basis, but upon what the circuits had actually agreed to pay, was \$388,419. The Conference recommended that Sustentation Funds shall be established in all the Annual Conferences so as to increase married ministers' salaries to \$750, single ordained ministers \$400, and probationers \$350.

The discussion on the Superannuation Fund was more than usually animated. Some proposed that the amounts paid by circuits should be kept in a special fund, out of which nothing should be paid to ministers who are known to be in good circumstances. Several proposed that all ministers receiving salaries exceeding \$600 per year should pay two per cent. on their income. The laity, to their honour be it recorded, contended earnestly for the maintenance of the fund. A commission was appointed to devise some means for the better support of the fund, and report to the next General Conference.

#### THE COLLEGE QUESTION.

Many fears were entertained that the Federation of Victoria University would cause an acrimonious debate. Happily this was avoided by both parties agreeing that the question should be voted upon without debate. This wise course was adopted, and the majority in favour of Federation was nearly four times larger than in 1886.

Victoria University presents the following statistics. The number of students in Arts, Theology, Law and Medicine is 2,271. The present income from ordinary revenue is \$20,291.44, but the expenditure is \$20,733.38.

Mount Allison University has had an attendance the last four years of 256, 270, 277, and this year 293. The total graduates in Arts, Philosophy and Divinity is 159.

The Wesley College, Winnipeg, is a new institution, having been in existence only two years; the number of students is thirty-five, an increase of eight. Subscriptions to the amount of \$14,000 had been

raised for building purposes, but a commencement will not be made until \$30,000 is assured.

In addition to the above, there are the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal; Albert College, Belleville; Ladies' Colleges at Hamilton, Whitby, St. Thomas, Ontario; and Wesleyan College at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The value of these institutions under Church control amounts to \$1,648,700; annual income, \$190,209; annual expenditure, \$188,233, with 157 teachers and professors on their staffs; with 2,522 students last year and with 3,157 graduates.

#### TOBACCO.

The question of smoke excited considerable discussion. The "weed" had not a single defendant in the Conference, probably there were some who used it, but they were wisely silent. Some wished the disuse of the weed to be made a condition of membership, but it was thought that this would be going too far. Certain of the delegates who are members of the healing art did not hesitate to declare that the use of tobacco is injurious to health, especially to children and young people. It was ultimately agreed that all members and officials should be recommended to abstain from its use, and further that in our Sunday-schools children should not only be pledged against intoxicating liquor, but tobacco also, and that the Dominion Legislature shall be memorialized to forbid tobacco being sold to persons under sixteen years of age.

#### FRATERNAL DELEGATES APPOINTED.

Rev. J. Potts, D.D., is to attend the Wesleyan Conference in England and Ireland, and also the Conferences of the other branches of Methodism in England.

Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, was appointed fraternal delegate to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., goes to the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. A. Lang-

ford and Dr. Lavell were appointed to attend the Presbyterian Assembly.

Rev. P. Addison was also appointed to attend the Conference of the British Methodist Episcopal Church.

#### REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

The Nominating Committee at the commencement of the Conference, nominated about forty committees, some of which presented more than one or two reports. Several occupied but a short space of time, others longer. The report from the Committee on the Discipline occupied a whole day.

The Committee on the Itinerancy recommended that the ministerial term be extended to four years, but the Conference refused its sanction; three years remains the limit.

The Committee on General Superintendency recommended that there should be two chief officers, but the Conference negated the report, and therefore Dr. Carman will bear the weighty responsibility upon his shoulders of being the chief executive officer of the Connexion, which not only extends throughout the Dominion, but also to Newfoundland and Japan.

The Committee's report on Precedence on State Occasions, was unanimously adopted. It recommended a memorial to be sent to the Governor-General respecting such an alteration as will do justice to the larger denominations in the Dominion.

The year 1891 is the centenary of John Wesley's death and the centenary year of Methodism in Canada. Arrangements will be made for celebrating both events.

The Committee to which was assigned the memorials relating to Deaconesses reported adversely to the prayer of the memorials, which excited the surprise of many when it came up for consideration. The General Conference finally referred the matter to the Annual Conferences, with the recommendation that such an order be established under their direction and control.

Great interest was felt in the report of the Committee on the Oka

Indians. These poor creatures have suffered grievous persecution at the hands of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Seminary holds the land for the good of the Indians, but as soon as some of them embraced Protestantism attempts were made to expel them from the homes of their childhood, and because they refuse to comply with this cruel mandate the Minister of Indian Affairs has written them to the effect that they need not expect any further annuities, such as they have been accustomed to receive. A Committee of Privileges has been appointed, to whom the question is referred. An attempt will be made to obtain the aid of the Dominion Government on their behalf.

As might be expected, the Committee on Temperance presented a report which gave no uncertain sound. No license, either high or low, will satisfy Methodist people. Nothing short of prohibition pure and simple will do, hence a Standing Committee has been appointed; a deputation was also appointed to wait upon the Dominion Government to press upon them and also the leaders of the Reform party the claims of the country for prohibition, and also the subjects of North-West permits and licenses.

The Report of the Committee of the Book Room and Publishing Interests was full of interesting facts. The profits for the last quadrennium are \$78,775, \$22,000 of which was appropriated to the Superannuation Fund. Some wanted the *Christian Guardian* reduced in price, but it was proved that this would be a ruinous policy. A new young people's paper will probably be published, and thus meet the want of those who are calling for a cheaper paper.

The Eastern Book Room at Halifax reports improvement, inasmuch as there is a profit on the quadrennium of \$1,874.53, whereas the former quadrennium showed a net loss of \$636.

Montreal Branch Book Room reports a gratifying improvement. After making deductions for depreciation, etc., the net profits are \$1,752.63.

#### EPWORTH LEAGUE.

This is a new departure. Rev. Dr. Berry, Editor of the *Epworth Herald*, visited the Conference, and met with a cordial reception as he described in an earnest manner this "missing link" in Sunday-school and Church work. The General Conference gave its *imprimatur* to the League. We doubt not but that it will now grow to maturity. There are already about 150 Leagues in Canada.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

General Superintendent Carman preached on the evening of the first day of the Conference, after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, at which the Rev. Dr. Steward presided.

A Welcome Meeting was held on the second evening, which was given by the Sunday-school Union of the city.

On Saturday afternoon, September 13th, Principal Douglas and his staff gave a reception at the Wesleyan Theological College. James Ferrier Hall was filled to overflowing and an hour was pleasantly spent in listening to several brief addresses, after which light refreshments were served and then a procession was formed, headed by Sir William Dawson and General Superintendent Carman, which proceeded to McGill University and a considerable time was spent in Redpath Museum; the various objects were explained by Sir William. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of the learned Principal of the University and the members of his staff.

The General Conference commenced its sessions September 10th, and closed on the 30th at midnight. Dr. Carman presided at all the sessions. He displayed great skill in his dealings. Nothing could surpass the fairness with which he conducted the business. The Secretary, Rev. S. F. Huestis, and his associates, Mr. W. Kennedy, Rev. J. S. Ross, Professor Bradley, and the Journal Secretary, Rev. W. Jackson, performed yeoman service and no doubt felt relieved when the Conference closed.

## Book Notices.

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*Chapters from the Religious History of Spain connected with the Inquisition.* By HENRY CHARLES LEA, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 522. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.50.

Dr. Lea has shown his special qualifications for discussing the subjects treated in this book by his great three-volume work on the History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages—a work which is unquestionably the best authority in the English language on the subject. In this book he takes up a number of topics which could not be brought into his former history and which deserve more elaborate treatment than could be given then in such a work. One of these is the censorship of the press in the Middle Ages. And a very melancholy history of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition it is. The severity of the censorship steadily increased, benumbing and paralyzing and repressing thought and speech and letters, to the great detriment of national character and prosperity.

Mediæval Mystics and Illuminati form the subject of another exhaustive essay. While many of the saints and mystics of the Catholic Church were persons of undoubted piety, yet many were the victims of self-delusion or of hysterical affections, and not a few were arrant hypocrites and deceivers. The popular craving for miracles, and their eager and uncritical reception, encouraged and facilitated these deceptions and hypocrisies, of which many examples are quoted. But the history of the witchcraft delusion in both Old and New England, and the mystification of such able minds as Sir Matthew Hale and the Rev. Dr. Mather, should make us lenient in our criticism of Roman Catholic delusion.

Of a kindred character was the belief in demoniacal possession, the efficacy of exorcism and the like; and the strangely persistent superstition

that Jews crucify Christian children in the celebration of the Passover. So late as this year, 1890, the Jews in Smyrna were accused of this crime, and in 1888 in Corea nine native officials were beheaded for an alleged similar crime. The book is a monument of painstaking research in seldom-trodden paths of history; it is well indexed, and original documents are quoted.

*Faith on the Frontier.* By EDMUND MARCH VITUM. Pp. 390. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Life in the Far West, in the uninhabited prairie, has many hardships which are often suppressed in narratives published in the East. In this story is an "unvarnished tale" of the difficulties which surrounded a Vermont family who took up land in the West and forsook New England for what seemed to them a golden opportunity. They had to experience many a bitter disappointment and failure. The father is overcome by drink, and loses his life in a blizzard. Harry Marston, his son, grows up in the new country, and by his persistent courage and Christian faith finally compels success, and is the means of starting a frontier town. There are thrilling passages in the book. The power of liquor in a Western town is faithfully represented. The reader will obtain from the book an impression of Western life far truer than that to be derived from most literature of the sort.

*A Royal Hunt.* By MRS. E. C. WILSON. Pp. 394. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Writers have long found the his-

tory and experience of the Huguenots a most fruitful field for thrilling stories. In this book there is no lack of the best elements in all such fiction, with the additional charm of a peculiarly attractive picture of the child-life of these much persecuted people. The book gives us a glimpse of the cruel dragonnade system, when squads of dragoons were quartered on Huguenot families for the purpose of compelling them to recant their faith. Nannette's fearlessness of the captain of these dragoons, and her influence over him, is a most charming feature of the story. After many difficulties the family, with other Huguenots, escape to London in a vessel provided by a wealthy man who had not been suspected of being other than a good Catholic.

Without being rabid or vituperative against the Romish Church, the book sets forth in a most telling way the terrible injustice done to these most worthy and useful Huguenot citizens of France.

*One Little Maid.* By ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN. Pp. 367. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1 50.

A missionary's daughter in Japan is sent to spend a year in America at a wealthy girls' boarding-school in Baltimore. Being of an earnest religious nature, she has thought of America as truly "God's country," in contrast with the misery of the heathen nation in which she has grown up. When she reaches the school, and finds how much of what is earthly still clings to those who are professing Christians, and how many have not even made such a profession, there is something of a revulsion in her feelings. The effect, however, is to make her the more eager to exert a true influence, and soon she rejoices in finding how much good there is in her friends after all. Narika, the Japanese girl who came to America with her, catches in time some of the spirit of her missionary friend. The story is very sprightly, and the life of the

girls well described, while the whole impression is excellent.

*The Knights of Sandy Hollow.* By MARY B. SLEIGHT. Pp. 376. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The "Knights" were originally a band of eight or ten boys in a dull fishing village, who, fired by the exaggerated and sensational adventures in dime novels, united for mischief of all kinds. Before long their lawlessness made them the terror of the neighbourhood. A leaven of a different sort had, however, begun its work in the little village. A most devoted and attractive young girl, who came to live at the shore with a lame brother, determined to make friends with these boys, and help them to be true knights instead of the false ones that they were. Soon after, her efforts were seconded by a cheery, hearty, young theological student who visited the sea-shore village, and preached to the people there. The boys of Sandy Hollow were of all sorts. Some of them were led into serious misdoing; but in the course of months they, as well as the place, felt the effect of the good leaven. The story is a first-rate one for boys.

*The Story of a Heathen.* By H. L. READE. Pp. 82. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

In a comparatively few words, and with a simple and direct style, the writer has told of the growth, conversion, and wide influence of a Japanese boy who is now living and occupying a high official position in Japan. The story is intended to be an inspiration to every one who is striving for the highest and best things. It gives us an insight into the pluck and ambitions of the Japanese youth of the present day. With its handsome cover and excellent reproductions of photographs, it makes a book well worthy of its subject and purpose.

*Little Pilgrims at Plymouth.* By FRANCES A. HUMPHREY. Pp. 331. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Every boy and girl should learn to honour the Pilgrims who came to Plymouth in 1620. But many a boy and girl knows little or nothing about those good people, chiefly because the narrative of Plymouth colony has not been sufficiently set forth in interesting shape. It is to meet this need that Mrs. Humphrey has written this very readable story. She has woven into her tale the facts of the Pilgrims' life. Many interesting details concerning various individuals are given; places made doubly interesting by their connection with Pilgrim history are well described; and numerous illustrations, chiefly from photographs, give distinctness to the written description. The historical accuracy of the book has been vouched for by one well versed in colonial history.

For those who have visited Plymouth the book will be a valuable souvenir; all others cannot fail to be stimulated by it to a greater appreciation of the original Pilgrims.

*The Scriptural and Historical Character of Infant Baptism Asserted and Defended.* By the REV. WILLIAM McDONAGH. Toronto: William Briggs.

During the last quadrennium over 70,000 children are reported as baptized by our ministers. These furnish just so many good reasons why the subject of this vigorous pamphlet should be thoroughly understood by our people. The pamphlet is the substance of a lecture given before the Theological Union of the London Conference, and published by its request. It thus has the endorsement of a body of men thoroughly competent to judge of its merits and of its usefulness. As the wide reading and study of the author would lead us to expect, it is a strongly written and practical treatment of the subject. It gives

ample evidence from the Scriptures, the Fathers, and ancient inscriptions of the historical character and importance of this Christian rite.

*Prayers for the Use of Christian Families.* London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book will be greatly helpful in maintaining the profitable habit of family prayer. Such prayers are too often of a meagre character. Our own preference is for spontaneous and extempore prayer and for prayer suggested by the daily Scripture readings; but these will be found very suggestive, will give larger scope and greater variety than domestic prayers often have. A table of lessons for family worship is added, and an excellent introduction on the habit of prayer prefixed.

*A Piece of an Honeycomb: Meditations for Every Day in the Year.* By HELEN M. G. MCKENNY. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a beautifully printed book of devotional meditations—just the kind of volume to have lying convenient on one's dressing table for daily consultation. The meditations are practical, helpful and suggestive, and cannot fail to promote personal piety and a helpful Christian life.

*The Two Cousins: A Tale.* By "FRIBA." Pp. 352. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is one of the most considerable-sized narrative volumes recently issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office. It is a strongly written story of Methodist life in rural and urban England. It discusses incidentally an interesting story some of the differences between the Arminian and Calvinistic systems of theology. Its religious character is strictly orthodox, and its literary merit high. It is, like all the issues of this house, handsomely printed and bound.