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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.



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THE

CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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VOL. IX.

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TORONTO.

SAMUEL ROSE, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

HALIFAX:

ANDREW W. NICOLSON, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.



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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1879.

## THE LORD'S LAND.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.



A JERUSALEM JEW.

No land in the world possesses such an interest to the historian, the traveller, and the Christian as the Lord's land—the land

Over whose acres walked  
those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred  
years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the  
bitter cross.

Through eighteen Christian centuries it has been the object of reverent pilgrimage to multitudes from almost every clime; and has

been the object of devout contemplation to millions who have never trodden its sacred soil. Its names are as "familiar in our mouths as household words;" its tender associations are enfibred with our heart's deepest emotions and highest hopes. It is a perpetual memorial and monument of the life of our

Lord and of God's dealings with His chosen people. It has given their imagery to the hymns of our childhood and to our latest hopes of heaven. Its very ruins are a spell of power, and the actual contemplation of its sacred scenes thrills the soul with deepest emotion and fills the eyes with most delicious tears. The theatre of the grandest drama in the history of the universe—of the birth and life and death of the incarnate Son of God—is not every foot of it holy ground? Small wonder that, through the ages, devout palmers and pilgrims have sought its strand, to walk in Christ's footprints, to meditate at His cross, to weep at His tomb. Small wonder that men, grown weary of a world steeped in pagan abominations, filled its mountains and valleys with their lauras and monasteries; that, to rescue its sacred sites from the profanation of the infidel, crusading armies left their bones to bleach upon its plains; and that it possesses still a spell of fascination to the heart of universal Christendom.

No record of travel that we have ever read has made the Holy Land so real to our imagination as the sumptuous volume of Dr. Ridgaway,\* and the admirable engravings by which it is illustrated. Few travellers have enjoyed better advantages for the study of the sacred scenes of Bible lands, and none, that we are aware of, have presented the results of their labours in such a lucid narrative, or with such richness of pictorial illustration. Like the land itself, this book is a commentary on the Bible and corroboration of its truth, illumining the sacred page with gleams of light that we seek in vain from any other source but personal observation. One of its excellences is its admirable route maps, by which we may follow every step of the travellers. We recommend our readers, while perusing these pages or studying their Bibles, to consult constantly a Bible atlas.

In the spring of 1874, a party of twelve gentlemen, chiefly American Methodist ministers, left Cairo, Egypt, for a tour of the Holy Land. Dr. Strong was the head of the party and Dr. Ridgaway its historian. Their equipment consisted of fifty-two

\* *The Lord's Land: a Narrative of Travels in Sinai, Arabia, Perea, and Palestine, from the Red Sea to the entering in of Hameth*; by Henry B. Ridgaway, D.D. 8vo, pp. 743. New York: Nelson & Phillips; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$5. We have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to the courtesy of the publishers of this superb book, for the use of the engravings by which these articles are illustrated.

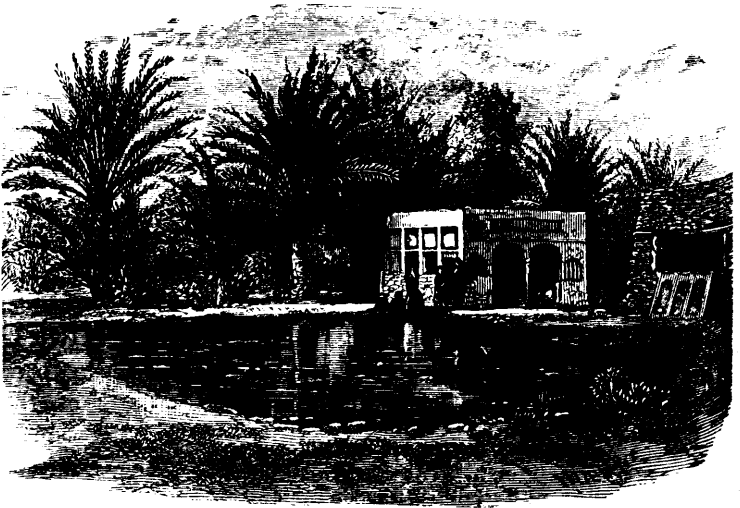


THE CAMP OF THE HOWADJI.

camels and forty attendants, with tents, baggage, and provisions for a forty days' journey through the desert of Stony Arabia. In crossing the Suez Canal they left behind the last great characteristic of western civilization, till they should take ship at Beirut, many months later. They followed the route of the Israelites through the wilderness of Sinai, and identified their principal encampments. The Wells of Moses, shown in the engraving on page 4, is a brackish pool, surrounded by palms and tamarisks. The glare and heat and sterility of the desert made the travellers understand the longings of the nation of emancipated slaves for the flesh pots and succulent vegetables of Egypt; and also the need for a supernatural supply of food for so great a multitude. The dryness of the air seemed to draw all the moisture out of the body, and explained the murmurings of the Israelites for water. In the Valley of Writing the rocks are covered with strange inscriptions in an unknown tongue, which no man has been able to read. Some new Champollion or McCaul may yet decipher those epigraphic mysteries, and discover therein fresh corroboration of Holy Writ.

The vicinity of Mount Sinai fulfilled all the conditions of ample space for the encampment of a great host. The party lodged in the ancient Greek convent of St. Katharine, a vast

monastic pile, where was found by Tischendorf the celebrated Codex Sinaiticus. But for these sanctuaries of learning little would have survived the wars and conquests and social convulsions of the dark ages. In a crypt below are piled the bones of the brethren from time immemorial. In the library were many precious ancient MSS. Climbing the mountain, they saw the huge rock from which tradition says the water flowed at the stroke of Moses' rod. On the lone summit, seven thousand feet above the sea, amid the thunderings and the lightnings, Moses

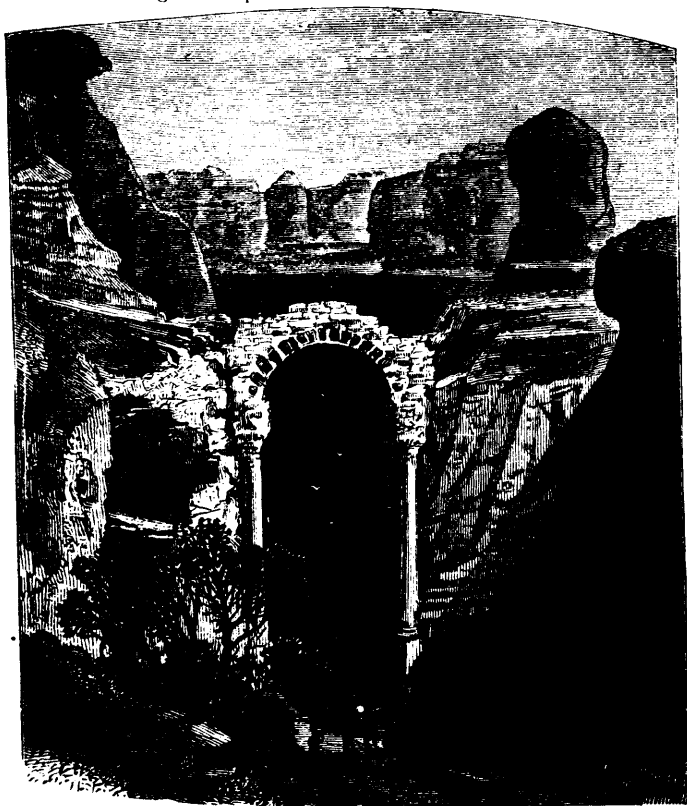


'AYUN MUSA—WELLS OF MOSES.

talked with God and received the Tables of the Law. The cleft in the rock is shown in which tradition says Moses was placed when God passed by him and proclaimed His name. Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7. "To Calvary I must go," says our author, "for thoughts which shall stir me more profoundly than those this holy mount awakens."

From Mount Sinai he proceeded through the land of Seir and the great and terrible wilderness of Zin, in which the tribes of Israel wandered for forty years, to the Holy Land, which they might not enter. While traversing the mountains of Hor, the tourists came suddenly upon the wild pass of Petra, where the fierce Dukes of Edom kept their state and levied toll on all the passing caravans.

"The cliffs," says our author, "rise from eighty to three hundred feet on either side, frequently not more than twelve feet apart, and seem almost to touch at their summits. On—on—my amazement growing with every step as each new turn brought a fresh surprise. Under my feet were the stones of the old road bed. It required no great stretch of fancy to imagine the days when this pavement rang with the clatter of the hoofs of the war-horse, or trembled beneath the soft and heavy tread of the immense caravans of camels which filed along it, freighted with the untold treasures which, from over land and sea, were brought to this gateway of the East and West. Still on for a mile I wandered amid the winding maze: tombs on the right of me, tombs on the left of me; till all at once I came to an open space, and a large magnificent temple stood before me—El Kuzneh. (See frontispiece.) The cliff from which it is cut, one solid piece, rises many feet above it, and is of a beautiful rose colour. Its height is a hundred and fifty feet. The perfection of its preservation is marvellous—the finest carving looking as though but a day from the touch of the chisel—and only here and there a column or a figure has perished.



GATEWAY OF THE SIQ—PETRA.

Near by is an amphitheatre, hewn out of the solid rock, capable of holding three or four thousand persons. Ed Dier,—

“the convent,”—another monolith, is 150 feet long and 240 feet high. The lower columns are seven feet in diameter. From unfinished façades, it is evident that the artists began at the top and carved their way downward. The lofty arch in the cut on page 5 is supposed to have supported an aqueduct. The sand-worn cliffs above are well shown. The very existence of this rock-hewn city—the entrepot of the wealth of the Orient, was forgotten, till it was re-discovered by Burckhardt in 1812.

“And now of all its monuments,” exclaims our author, “those which alone remain, with few exceptions, are the records of death. Tombs everywhere, and in the midst a theatre! ‘I said of laughter, it is mad, and of mirth, what doeth it.’ What a fulfilment of God’s Word: ‘O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thyself high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished.’”

On the top of Mount Hor is seen the traditional Tomb of Aaron, now covered by a Turkish mosque, and at length the southern borders of the Promised Land are reached. As the horses waded through the waving sea of poppies, lilies, and other flowers, the contrast with the desolation of the desert was most delightful. Soon the tourists reached the ancient city of Hebron, and encamped “in the plain of Mamre,” near the traditional Oak of Abraham, beneath which the patriarch entertained the three angels. The tree, which is twenty-three feet in girth, may, perhaps, be a lineal descendant of that from which it is named. (See cut on page 7.) In this vicinity the spies obtained the grapes of Eschol. Near by is shown a field of reddish soil, where, it is affirmed, Father Adam was made from the dust of the earth! The traditionary cave of Machpelah, containing the graves of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, has only twice, in recent times, been visited by other than Mohammedans—by the Prince of Wales and Dean Stanley in 1862, and subsequently by the Marquis of Bute. As the son of the Queen of England entered the sacred shrine, its Moslem guardian prayed, “O friend of God, forgive this intrusion!” The tomb of Isaac, even they were not allowed to see, because, said the Turkish guardian, that patriarch was proverbially jealous.

Bethlehem, embosomed among the hills, is soon reached, and, riding through the Field of the Shepherds, where the first Christmas carol was heard, the tourists visited the Church of the

Nativity, the oldest in the world, built in 327 by the Empress Helena, on the traditional site of the Incarnation of the Redeemer. In a natural cave is a vaulted recess, with the inscription in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."



ABRAHAM'S OAK.

"I stood quite alone," says our author, "at the sacred shrine. A woman came up, and, bowing her face to the stones, lavished upon them her kisses. What could I do otherwise than kneel and drop a tear. Let those stand idly by who may, my faith shall pierce the dim shadows of superstition and bow down at the point where the Divine Saviour first met humanity in His coming to meet me.

"I was shocked to see armed Turkish soldiers standing between the different chapels.

"What can it mean?' I asked.

"To keep the people in order,' was the reply.

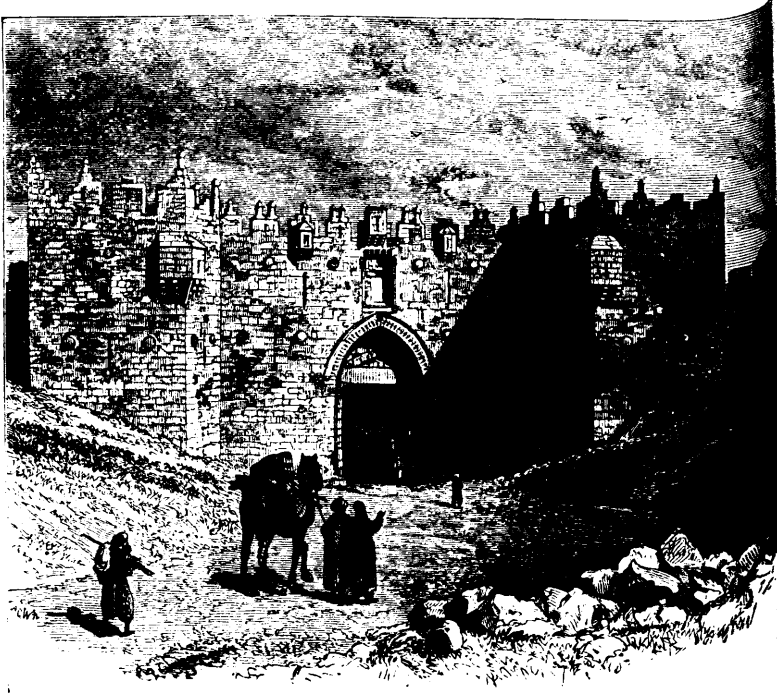
"But for the presence of this armed guard, the frenzied fanatics of the different sects would tear each other in pieces. What a comment on the condition of Christianity in these Eastern countries, when, over the cradle, the cross, and the grave of Jesus, armed infidel soldiers must keep believers from cutting each other's throats!"

Near by are the tomb and grotto of Jerome, the great theologian and saint. Here he translated the Scriptures into the Latin



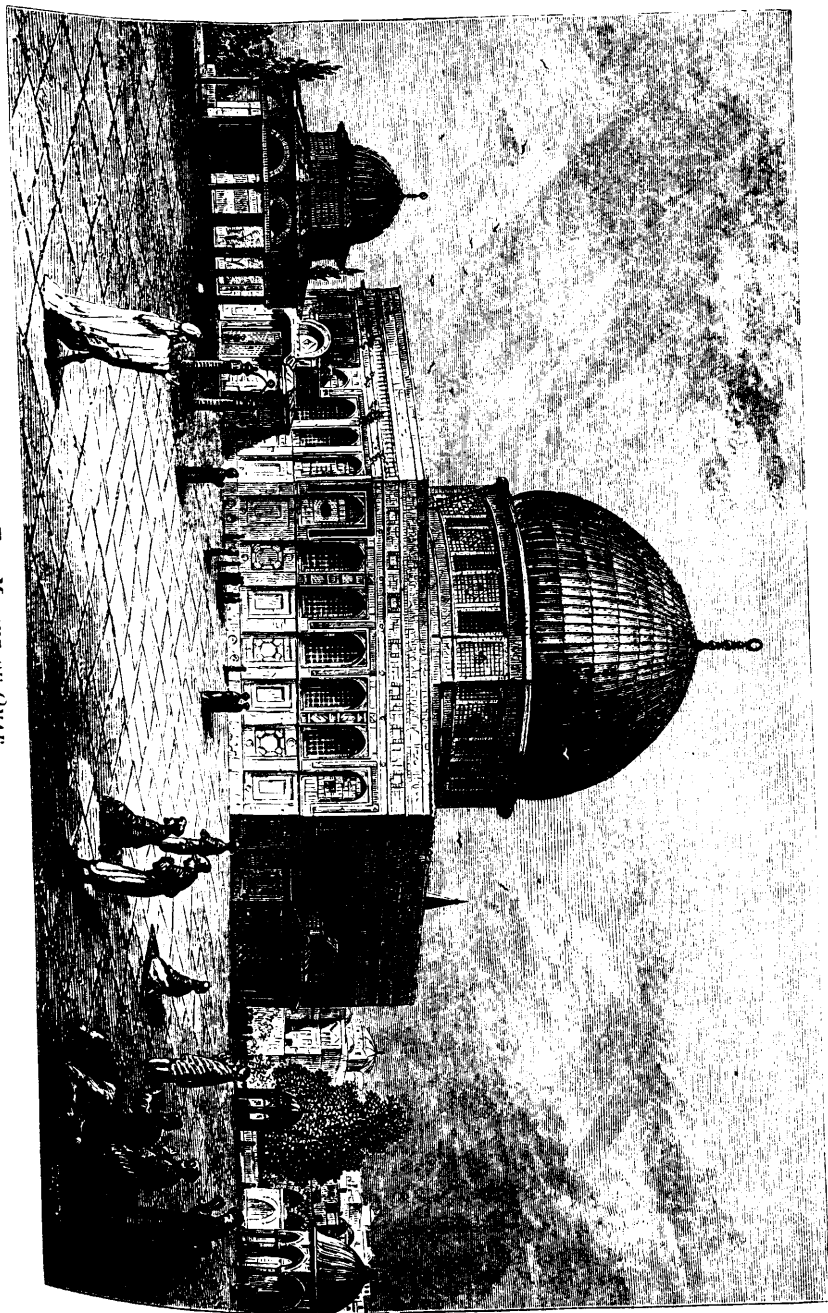
tongue. "O desert!" he exclaims, "where the flowers of Christ are blooming! O solitude, where the stones for the New Jerusalem are prepared! O retreat, which rejoices in the friendship of God!"

Riding over the hills, almost before they were aware, Jerusalem burst upon the view of the cavalcade—the beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the heart of Christendom. Even the stern Crusader, having fought his way to this spot, as he gazed upon the matchless scene, burst into tears. "To see this sight,"



DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

says Dr. Ridgeway, "and feel the tumultuous thrill of emotions which it awakened, and then to turn away and see no more, is well worth all the toil it costs to accomplish a journey from America." The uppermost thought, while walking the streets of the holy city, is its antiquity and its sanctity. Seven hundred years before Romulus ploughed the trench of the future Rome; five hundred years before the hanging gardens of Babylon were built, or the civilization of Greece had dawned, Jerusalem had a



*The Mosque of Omar.*

historic existence. Here is the Mount Moriah of Abraham's sacrifice, the abode of Melchizedek, King of Salem, the city of David and Solomon, the scene of the greatest tragedy of time, and for three thousand years the scene of over a score of sieges, with many a bloody battle and sortie. No spot in the world can equal it in the hallowed interest which it inspires.

The city is surrounded with crenelated and many-bastioned walls, two and one-eighth miles in extent, and pierced by seven gates. Some of these gates are of considerable strength, and of a quaint castellated beauty, as the Damascus gate, shown on page 8, and all are guarded by Turkish soldiery. On three sides the city is surrounded by the deep valleys of Hinnom and Kedron. On the east side is a large space about 1,500 by 900 feet, known as the *Haram esh Sherif*, or Noble Sanctuary, the assumed site of the Temple. On this is built the Mosque of Omar, next after Mecca, says Dean Stanley, the most sacred, and next after Cordova the most beautiful of Moslem shrines. It is an octagonal building, covered with encaustic tiles—blue, green, purple, and yellow—surmounted by a graceful dome, which bears aloft the gilt crescent of Islam. "The prevailing impression," says our author, "is that of beauty in decay. Faded, fading still, is this holy and beautiful place, following the destiny of that mighty empire which, in its prime and power, rebuilt and adorned this ever-memorable spot." In the centre of the mosque, projecting about four feet above the marble floor, is a huge piece of natural limestone rock, beneath which is a cave, in which, say the Moslems, departed spirits are confined till the last judgment. The great altar of sacrifice of the Temple, it is conjectured, was built over this rock, and through the cave the blood and refuse flowed away through the sewers of the Temple. The whole underground space is honeycombed with vaulted chambers and corridors—known as Solomon's Stables. They were evidently, in part, at least, the substructures by which the Temple area was extended over the precipitous valley of Kedron.

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THE VEIL OF THE UNSEEN.\*

BY THOS. WHITEHEAD,

*Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

\* We are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. E. B. Harper, M.A., for the copy of this beautiful poem. Although first published anonymously, in a note which accompanies it he vindicates the authorship here given.—Ed.

THIS world I deem  
But a beautiful dream  
Of shadows that are not what they seem ;  
Where visions rise  
Giving dim surmise  
Of that which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !  
Creating Word !  
• Whose glory the silent skies record,  
Where stands Thy name  
In scrolls of flame,  
'Neath the firmament's high-shadowing frame,

I gaze overhead,  
Where Thy hand hath spread  
For the waters of heaven their crystal bed ;  
And stored the dew  
In its deeps of blue,  
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine  
Through that pure shrine,  
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine  
Shines forth the light  
That were else too bright  
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof  
On the tissued roof,  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the King of Kings  
As a curtain flings  
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things—

A tapestried tent  
To shade us meant  
From the bare, everlasting firmament ;  
Where the glow of the skies  
Comes soft to our eyes  
'Neath a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see  
 As in truth they be,  
 The glories of heaven that compass me,  
 I should lightly hold  
 The tissued fold  
 Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

For soon the whole  
 As a parchment scroll  
 Shall before my amazed sight uproll ;  
 And, without a screen,  
 At one burst be seen  
 The Presence wherein I have ever been.

But who may bear  
 The blinding glare  
 Of the Majesty that shall be there ?  
 What eye may gaze  
 On the unveiled blaze  
 Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of Days ?

## THE YEARS.

SILENT—silent like God's blessing, on a sin-bewildered earth !  
 Coming, coming, with a glory and a promise at their birth !

Wondrous, wondrous, white-winged heralds, with a wordless mystery,  
 Bearing with them gleam and glimmer of the far-off "jasper sea."

Swiftly, swiftly, down our earthway, bringing treasure all unknown ;  
 Reaching out still hands to touch us with the radiance of a Throne.

Silent—silent ! going—going—out beyond our utmost reach !  
 Bearing with them so much sweetness, scarce we knew they came to teach.

Swiftly—swiftly—while we struggle for a little less or more,  
 Down their tide dear footsteps vanish, leaving ours upon the shore.

Calmly—calmly—while our pulses beat to ev'ry siren tune,  
 On their waves our sunlight trembles, and our day grows dim at noon !

Onward—onward—ending ever at God's footstool ! Ah will He  
 Merge these weary fragments into His serene Eternity !

## JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

To the readers of this magazine, probably no Oriental country will possess the same interest as the Empire of Japan. The fact that four ministers of our own Church, with their families, have gone forth from our midst to labour for the Master in that far-off land; and the tokens of the Divine approval which have been vouchsafed them in the conversion to Christianity of many scores of the natives—five of whom have become candidates for the Methodist ministry—give us an intense sympathy with all that concerns “the Sunrise Kingdom.” We know of no book that will so fully gratify our curiosity as to the religion, institutions, manners and customs, and history of that strange country as the volume before us,\* from which these pages are compiled, and from which, by the courtesy of its publishers, our illustrations are taken.

Mr. Griffis has had exceptionally good opportunities for becoming acquainted with the subject on which he writes. He spent four years in intimate contact with the people. “Nothing Japanese,” he says, “was foreign to me, from palace to beggar’s hut.” The early part of the book gives a summary of Japanese history, from the early legendary times down to the date of writing. The second part records the personal experiences, observations, and studies of the author.

The two great religions of Japan are Shintoism and Buddhism. The essence of Shintoism is ancestral worship and sacrifice to departed heroes. The number of deities is enormous, but their devotees have very obscure ideas about the future life. Their great end is to enjoy happiness on earth. Religious pilgrimages and festivals are enjoined as duties. The popular religion, however, is that of Buddha. He had, in 1869, 168,000 priests and a vast number of temples and monasteries. Many of the temples were very large. Some at Kioto will contain 5,000 persons, and are adorned with as many as 3,000 life-sized gilt images of sages, saints, and deities. The cut on the following page shows the picturesque belfry of one of these temples.

\* *The Mikado’s Empire*. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A.M., late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. 8vo, pp. 635, with 108 engravings; price, \$4. New York: Harper & Brothers; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.



BELTRY OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

From "The Mikado's Empire," Harper Brothers.

The account of the introduction of Christianity into Japan and of the persecutions by which it was extirpated is of tragic interest. In 1549 Francis Xavier, the zealous Jesuit missionary, reached those far-off shores. Clad in the tattered garb of a mendicant, he preached through its cities, but apparently with little success. His impassioned zeal, however, overcame all obstacles, and in a few years scores of Christian churches were established. The converts, however, were Christians in little but in name. A striking resemblance between the mythology of Buddhism and the worship of the Roman Catholic faith made the transition from one to the other a comparatively easy task. The more gorgeous ritual, rich dresses, processions, and altars of the Jesuits outdazzled the scenic display of the pagan bonzes. The very idols of the temples required but little change to become converted into images of the saints, and the Buddhist "Goddess of Mercy" became the Catholic "Mother of God." The temples of Buddha were sprinkled and purified; his bell was reconsecrated; his lavatory became the baptismal font, or holy water stoup; the censer of Amida was swung before the shrine of the Virgin, and the convert could use unchanged his beads, bells, candles, incense, and shrines in the worship of his new faith. Many princes and potentates embraced the new religion, and compelled their subjects, on pain of death, to imitate their example. But even the most corrupt form of Christianity is vastly superior to the purest type of paganism. Buddhism, remarks our author, promises rest in heaven only after many transmigrations and repeated miseries of life and death, the very thought of which wearies the soul. The missionaries preached the doctrine of immediate entrance into paradise—a doctrine which thrilled their hearers to an ecstasy of hope. The tender story of Calvary, made vivid by fervid eloquence and tears, melted the hearts of the impressible natives, and multitudes of the converts testified the intensity of their convictions by their unflinching steadfastness under fiery persecutions and cruel martyrdoms.

After a time came a reaction. The friend of the Jesuits died, and his successor issued, in 1587, a decree of banishment against the foreign missionaries. Still, for years they continued to preach in private, winning many converts from paganism. The persecution became more virulent. In 1596, nine Spanish priests



and seventeen Japanese converts were publicly crucified. The native Catholic Christians, it is said, resisted even unto blood and the taking up of arms. This gave occasion to the outbreak of a civil war, in which it is recorded by Japanese historians that a hundred thousand men perished.\* Thus Catholicism was



ARCHER ON RAMPART WALL (After native drawing).

From "The Mikado's Empire," Harper Brothers.

overthrown in Japan in the very year that the Pilgrim Fathers planted the seeds of a Protestant commonwealth in New England. All foreigners, except a few Dutch and Chinese, were banished from the empire. Fire and sword were employed to extirpate Christianity and to paganize the people. They were required, as a renunciation of Christ, to trample on the cross. The Christians were wrapped in straw sacks, piled in heaps of

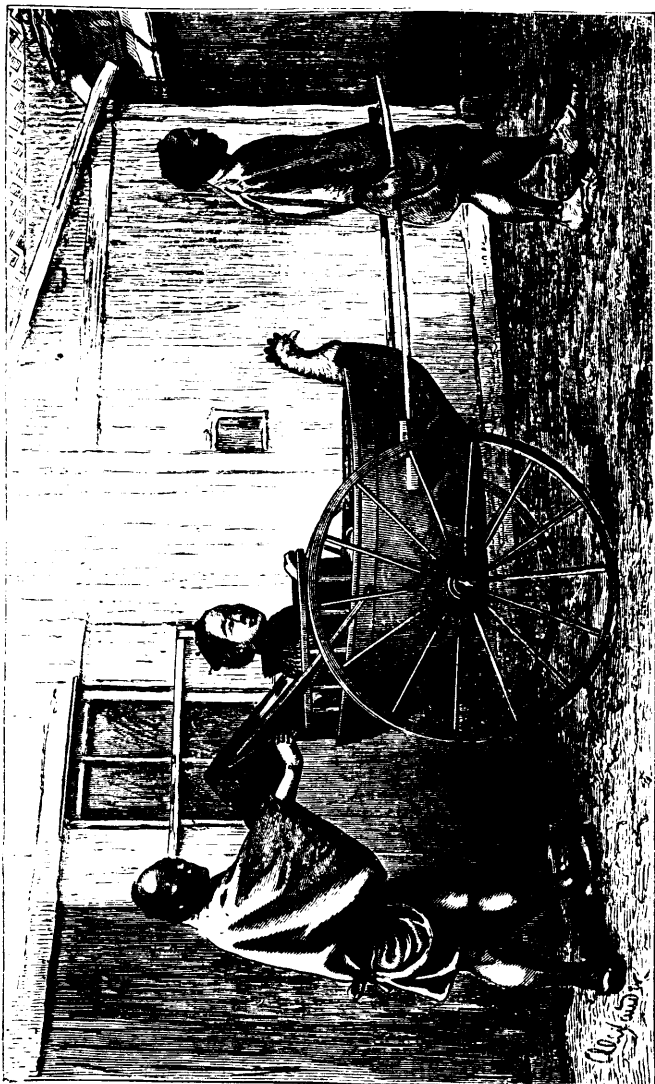
\* The armour and weapons of an archer, used in these old wars,—the coat of mail, two swords, heavy bow and arrows—are shown in the above engraving.

ing fuel, and set on fire. All the tortures of barbaric hate and refined cruelty were employed in this persecution. "Yet few of the natives quailed," says our author's impartial record, "or renounced their faith. They calmly let the fire consume them, and were flung alive into the open grave about to be filled up. If any one," he adds, "doubts the sincerity or fervour of the Christian converts of to-day, or the ability of the Japanese to accept a higher form of faith, or their willingness to suffer for what they believe, they have but to read the accounts preserved in English, Dutch, French, Latin, and Japanese, of various witnesses to the fortitude of the Japanese Christians of the seventeenth century. The annals of the primitive Church furnish no instances of sacrifice or heroic constancy, in the Coliseum or the Roman arenas, that are not paralleled in the river beds and execution grounds of Japan."

Thirty-seven thousand victims were massacred, thousands were thrown into the sea, and thousands more banished from the country. Edicts against the "evil sect," like those of the persecuting Diocletian, were published, decreeing that so long as the sun should shine no foreigners should enter Japan or natives leave it. "All over the empire," says our author, "in every city, town, village, and hamlet, by the roadside, ferry, or mountain pass,—at every entrance to the capital stood the public notice boards, on which, with prohibitions against the great crimes that disturb society, was one tablet written with a deeper brand of guilt—with a more hideous memory of blood—with a more awful terror of torture than any other. It was the malediction of the name of Christ." Yet for over two centuries a mighty fire has been smouldering beneath the ashes of persecution. As late as 1529 seven persons were crucified at Ozaka for the crime of being Christians, and the French missionaries, in 1860, found over ten thousand people who still adhered to the Catholic faith.

And these persecuting edicts are not yet formally repealed. Nay, they have been repeatedly reiterated. In the very heart of Tokio, as late as 1872, our author saw the edicts, of which he gives the original text, dated 1868:—"The evil sect, called Christian, is strictly prohibited;" and "with respect to the Christian sect, the existing prohibition must be strictly observed"—pp. 368, 369. The providence of God has hitherto restrained the hand of persecution. Let the prayers of His

Church intercede for the continued preservation of our brethren in that land against the outburst of heathen fanaticism.



THE JIN-RI-KI-SHA, OR "PULL-MAN" CAR OF JAPAN (From a photograph).  
From "The Mikado's Empire," Major Brotherton.

The more interesting part of the book to most readers will be that describing the personal experiences of the author. The almost universal means of travel in Japan is the *jin-riki-sha*, shown in the engraving. It looks like an overgrown baby

carriage, and will hold one or two persons. It is drawn, or drawn and pushed, by one or two men, or you may drive tandem with three. It is often elaborately ornamented. A Yankee wag has dubbed the *jin-riki-sha* the Japanese "Pull-man-car,"—very different, however, from our Pulmans.

Tokio, the capital, formerly Yedo, is a great city of nearly a million souls. It is connected with Yokohama by a railway running ten trains a day, and by a telegraph. The latter city is the great centre of foreign residence. It is lighted with gas and connected with America, Australia, and China by steamship lines, and has submarine cables to Shanghai and Russian America. It has several newspapers, splendid stores, and well-paved streets, and has grown in the last twenty years from a fishing village of a thousand souls to a busy city of over fifty thousand.

Japanese life is a very picturesque and, apparently, happy and contented existence. From the structure of the houses, the whole domestic economy is visible to the passers-by—the shop-keeper crouching, if the day be cold, over his fire-box; the women working in the house; the older children nursing babies, of whom the name is legion; and coolies waiting for a job, for which they may get ten cents a day. The Court party, police, and soldiers now largely imitate European costumes, often with very comical effect. The "stovepipe" hat especially, when first assumed, was a cause of much trouble, being continually forgotten, as the native dress includes no head-covering. It seems strange, however, to see a man in European dress praying before gilded and hideous idols in a heathen temple. The different classes of society can readily be recognized by their distinctive garb—the silken tissue and double swords of the Samurai, or military class, and the humbler dress or the implements of toil of the mercantile, agricultural, and labouring classes, as shown in the engraving on page 20.

In his educational work in the Imperial University, our author had great success with his intelligent, quick-witted, industrious students—about eight hundred in number. They came pattering over the stones on their wooden clogs, took them off at the door, and hung them up with their paper umbrellas and long swords, and bowing face to the floor, squatted on the ground to study, each with his short sword in his belt.

“Japan,” says our author, “is the paradise of babies. Nowhere else are the toys and games of children so numerous and diverting. In these games, too, children of a larger growth, even adult men



THE FOUR CLASSES OF SOCIETY (After Native Drawing).  
From "The Mikado's Empire," Harper Brothers.

and women, take an active part. The toy shops of the cities look like a perpetual Christmas fair. Gaily carved and painted battledores, tops, stilts, hobby-horses, hoops, and, above all, huge

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Angon-shaped kites are in great request on the numerous holidays—old men and little children being alike engaged in these sports. The Feast of Dolls is a high day with the girls. For many days before, the toy-shops are gay with elaborately constructed dolls from four to twelve inches high—made of wood or enamelled clay. They represent the Mikado, and the nobles with their families, court personages, and elegant furniture and the like, with which the girls mimic the whole round of Japanese life.

The great day for the boys is the Feast of Flags. Their toys are of figures of heroes, warriors, flags, banners, and warlike implements and weapons. In old families the collection of these toys is very large; but since the advent of the foreigners, the adults take a less active part in these sports. "In general," says our author, "their games seem to be natural, sensible, and in every way beneficial. Their immediate or remote effect, next to that of amusement, is either educational or hygienic. Some teach history, some geography, some excellent sentiments or good language, or inculcate reverence to parents, or stimulate the manly virtues of courage and contempt for pain. The study of the subject leads one to respect more highly the Japanese people for being such affectionate fathers and mothers, and for having such docile children."

Extreme kindness to animals is also an amiable trait of Japanese character. A *jin-riki-sha* puller will make a detour out of his way around a dog or fowl rather than run the risk of injuring the lazy animal. The Buddhist doctrine of the transmigration of souls through brute creatures has much to do with this tenderness.

Our author also devotes chapters to sights and sounds in a pagan temple, studies in the capital and in the heart of Japan, household customs and superstitions, folk-lore, fireside stories and proverbs, the position of woman, New Japan, etc. He pays a warm tribute to the efficiency of missionary operations in this interesting country. While expressing a high opinion of the amiability and docility of the natives, he yet utters the conviction that "nothing can ever renovate the individual heart, purify society, and give pure blood-growth to the body politic in Japan, but the religion of Jesus Christ. Only the spiritual morality taught by Him can ever give the Japanese a home-life

equal, with all its failings, to that of Christendom. The religion of the home-maker, the children-lover, and the woman-exalter can purify and exalt a Japanese home."



THE FEAST OF DOLLS (From Native Drawing).  
From "The Mikado's Empire," Harper Brothers.

In view of the rapid strides toward civilization in this land, we may ask, Can Japan go on in the race she has begun? Can a nation be born in a day? Can it appropriate the fruits of

Christian civilization without the roots? Our author believes not. He avers that unless a mightier spiritual force replace Shinto and Buddhism, little will be gained but a glittering veneer of material civilization and the corroding foreign vices, under which, in the presence of the aggressive nations of the West, Japan must fall like the doomed races of America.

But with God all things are possible. Gently but resistlessly Christianity is leavening the nation. A new sun is rising on Japan. In 1872 there were not a score of Protestant Christians in the empire. The marvellous progress made in six years is shown by the following statistics, published by the missionary convention held in Tokio in May, 1878:—

Protestant missions, 15; missionaries, inclusive of wives, 161; mission stations, 94; organized churches—of which 12 are wholly and 26 partially self-supporting, 44; Church members, 1,761; students in three theological schools, 173; native preachers, of whom nine are ordained, 102; children in 52 Sabbath-schools, 1,856; Bible colporteurs and Bible women, 24; church buildings and preaching places, 135; hospitals and dispensaries, 9; patients treated last year, 17,757; contributions of native Churches last year, \$3,550.

The part that our own Church has borne in this good work—instructing in the Gospel of Christ this catechumen of the nations—should be to each of us a cause of devout thankfulness to God, and an inspiration to increased sympathy and prayer and effort for the “Sunrise Kingdom” of Japan.

In another article, further illustrations and descriptions of Japan and the Japanese will be given.

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“EVEN IN LAUGHTER THE HEART IS SORROWFUL.”

As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow,  
When the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,  
Though the sad heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

—Moore.



## MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.\*

(Illustrated by Henry Sandham, Esq., Montreal.)



### FIRE-HUNTING.

From "Moose-Hunting," in *Scribner's Monthly*.

THERE are three modes of hunting the moose, termed still-hunting, fire-hunting, and calling. There was another mode, which, I am happy to say, legislation has in a great measure suppressed. I refer to the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate

\* We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Scribner & Co. for the admirable wood-cuts which illustrate this and the following article. They are specimens of

animals when the deep-lying snows of a protracted winter had imprisoned them in their yard, and rendered them only a too easy prey to the unprincipled butchers who slew them for their skins.

To be successful in still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, necessitates the aid of a skilful Indian guide; very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvellous precision with which an Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book which he reads as he runs, will track to its death an animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift, or instinct, seems born with the Indian, and is practised from his early childhood.

The finely modulated voice of the Indian is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of the denizens of the forest, and with a trumpet of birch bark, he will imitate to the life the plaintive low of the cow-moose and the responsive bellow of the bull. Early morning, twilight, or moonlight are all favourable to this manner of hunting. The Indian, having selected a favourable position for his purpose, generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he can readily conceal himself, puts his birchen trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow-moose, in a manner so startling and truthful that only the educated ear of an Indian could detect the counterfeit. If the call is successful, presently the responsive bull-moose is heard crashing through the forest, uttering his blood-curdling bellow or roar, and rattling his horns against the tree in challenge to all rivals, as he comes to the death which awaits him. Should the imitation be poor, the bull will either not respond at all, or approach in a stealthy manner and retire on discovery of the cheat. Moose-calling is seldom attempted by white men, the gift of calling with success being rare even among the Indians.

Fire-hunting, or hunting by torchlight, is practised by exhibiting a bright light, formed by burning bunches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The brilliant light seems to fascinate the animal, and he will readily approach within range of the rifle. The torch placed in the bow of a canoe is also used as a lure on a lake or river, but is attended with considerable danger, as a wounded or enraged moose will not unfrequently upset the canoe.

the very superior style of engravings given in *Scribner's Monthly*, which will be clubbed, on very favourable terms, with this magazine. See advertisement.

The mode of hunting which generally prevails is that of still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, which is undoubtedly the most sportsman-like way. Still-hunting can be practised in September, and all through the early winter months, until the



A MOOSE FAMILY.  
From "Moose-Hunting," in Scribner's Monthly.

snow becomes so deep that it would be a sin to molest the poor animals. The months of September and October are charming months for camping out, and the moose are then in fine condition, and great skill and endurance are called for on the part of the hunter. The moose possesses a vast amount of pluck, and when

once started on his long, swinging trot, his legs seem tireless, and he will stride over boulders and wind-falls at a pace which soon distances his pursuers, and, but for the sagacity of the Indian guide in picking out the trail, would almost always escape.



From "Moose-Hunting" in Scribner's Monthly.

KILLING DOWN A SPRUCE TREE.

The largest moose that I ever saw measured six feet and nearly five inches at the withers, and from the withers to the top of the skull, twenty-seven inches. The head measured two feet and five inches from the muffle to a point between the ears, and nine inches between the eyes. The horns weighed forty-five pounds, and measured four feet and three inches from tine to

tine at their widest part, and at their greatest width the palmated parts measured thirteen inches. The horn, at its junction with the skull, was eight inches in circumference. The great length of its legs and prehensile lip are of much benefit to the moose, and wonderfully adapted to his mode of feeding, which consists in peeling the bark from, and browsing upon, the branches and tender shoots of deciduous trees. When the branches or tops of trees are beyond his reach, he resorts to the process termed by hunters "riding down the tree," by getting astride of it and bearing it down by the weight of his body until the coveted branches are within his reach.

The senses of smelling and hearing are very acute, his long ears are ever moving to and fro, intent to catch the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain, long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea that his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales, through which he threads his way with a persistence that often sets at defiance all the arts and endurance of even the practised Indian hunter.

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## CAROL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,  
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,  
Angels sang there with mir h and glee,  
Gloria in excelsis.

Herdsmen beheld those angels bright,  
To them appearing with great light,  
Who said, God's Son is born this night,  
Gloria in excelsis.

This King is come to save mankind,  
As in Scripture truths we find,  
Therefore this song have we in mind.  
Gloria in excelsis.

Then grant, dear Lord, for Thy great grace  
To us the bliss to see Thy face,  
That we may sing to Thy solace,  
Gloria in excelsis.

## ACROSS THE ANDES.

BY J. E. MONTGOMERY.

THE mighty chain of the Andes apparently presents an insuperable barrier to commercial intercourse between the Pacific coast and the interior of the South American continent. Only the sure-footed llama, or mule, or hardy Indian, it was thought, could scale the lofty heights, or breathe the "keen and difficult air" of the mountain-tops. The project of constructing a railway above the clouds, across the crags, and gulfs, and precipices of the Andes, would seem the most chimerical scheme in the world. Yet this has actually been accomplished, and at a height only 136 feet below the very top of Mont Blanc, the iron horse has pierced the heart of the mountains and vanquished the obstacles imposed by nature between the Pacific coast and the valley of the Amazon.

The Callao, Lima, and Oroya Railroad starts, as its name specifies, from the very shores of the Pacific, at Callao, the port of Lima, and the chief entrepot of Peru. It follows the valley of the Rimac, upon a continuously ascending grade, to the source of that stream, and crosses the summit of the Andes through a tunnel—the Galera—at a height of 15,645 feet above the level of the sea. Thence, striking the head-waters of the Rio Yauli, one of the feeders of the Amazon, it descends along its valley to Oroya, where terminates the first part of the great road by which it has been proposed to connect the waters of the Pacific Ocean and the Amazon River, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles that intervene.

We take the train at Lima for our long-anticipated and deeply interesting journey, and, following the left bank of the Rimac, find ourselves travelling through a valley that averages about three miles in width, until we reach Chosica, where the converging lines of the Cordillera compress it to a width of little more than 1,000 feet. We follow the curvatures of the river at a grade of four per cent., or 211 feet per mile. The road conforms with persistent regularity to the contour of the mountains. Looking upward from this point, the course of the road can be distinctly traced, winding along the declivities of the ravine. Seen from such a distance, a train of cars appears like a great serpent

gliding along the face of rocks that are piled one upon another to the very summit of vanishing heights. Yet the road still clings to the rugged sides of the towering ridges, passes through



VERRUGAS VIADUCT.

From "A Railway in the Clouds," in *Scribner's Monthly*.

two tunnels, and crosses the deep mountain gorge on the famous Verrugas viaduct. This structure is a very elegant and artistic

specimen of iron work. It is 575 feet in length, supported upon three piers of wrought-iron columns or rods, respectively, 145, 252, and 189 feet in height. It is the highest bridge in the world. And although at a distance it appears too delicate for the practical work of a railroad, it has been found, on being subjected to the severest tests, capable of bearing the heaviest weight without any sensible vibration.

Leaving this fairy-like viaduct behind us, the road pierces two projecting bluffs that rise 1,000 feet in the air. Along this entire portion of the route the rails wind through a great labyrinth of detached rocks and boulders, apparently so delicately poised that the most trifling convulsion might at any moment precipitate them into the valley below. Higher up the valley, beyond the third tunnel, may be seen the delicate outline of the Challapa bridge, spanning a deep chasm as if suspended in mid-air.

We find that impressive as has been the scenery through which we have passed, it has been but the introductory pageant to the gloomy majesty and savagery of the Andes. Snow begins to touch the heights with its white mantle, and so wild and awe-inspiring are the scenes that open before us, that words fail us to express our admiration of the skill and courage which, having already accomplished such wonders, ventures to attempt difficulties truly appalling. A scene of terrible grandeur greets us,—rugged mountains in the distance lift their snow-capped heads so high as to appear to support the blue dome above them; while in the immediate foreground, porphyritic cliffs rise on every side many hundreds of feet in the air, as if to baffle any attempt at escape. But the presiding genius, who has conducted us thus far, does not fail us now, and we work our way out of every stronghold in which we are entrapped. Looking back upon the exploits just accomplished, the traveller exclaims: "What next!" What but fresh surprises,—new Cyclopean labours,—gorges and chasms opening around us to invisible depths, and beyond.

The laying out and construction of the road was attended with immense difficulties. In many places the bluffs were so steep as to render it necessary to lower the labourers by ropes from benches or shelves above, in order that they might cut out standing places from which to commence work. Engineers



were often compelled to triangulate from the opposite side to mark out the course of the road; while in one case, they and their men were conveyed across a valley on wire ropes, suspended some hundred feet in the air between two cliffs. From Tambo de Viso to Rio Blanco, only fifteen miles distant, the road passes through twenty-two tunnels. In some cases the work has been done by the diamond drill, the rock often being so hard as to score glass. Along this portion of the route the dark line of the road may be traced, now on the face of a cliff, now disappearing behind a projecting mass or in a tunnel, but always ascending under the most adverse circumstances. The view from the spur which divides the two valleys is superb in the extreme, and affords an extended panorama of Andean scenery, seldom seen and rarely equalled.

For a short stretch the mountains approach each other so closely, and tunnels follow in such quick succession, that light and darkness are very equally divided. We cross a terrible gorge where the river passes through two walls of red porphyry that rise perpendicular to a height of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. We begin to experience some of the disagreeable physical effects of the rarified air of great altitudes,—a congestion of the lungs, accompanied by a sensation somewhat resembling sea-sickness, besides pains in the back, the eyes and ears, vertigo, and general debility. Persons of a full habit are the greatest sufferers, but those who, like Cassius, are of “a lean and hungry look,” escape with less inconvenience.

So steep is the mountain that it can only be overcome by a system of zigzags. No less than five almost parallel lines are visible from any point of the Rimac valley,—three on one side and two on the other of opposite mountains,—while the greatest distance between any two of them is scarcely five hundred feet. The solitude of the mountains is frequently broken by droves of llamas, or South American camels, and long trains of mules and donkeys laden with fruit and eggs. Flocks of condors soar above them, awaiting a repast on some overburdened and disabled beast. This great elevation affords a view of impressive grandeur. On one side conical snow-peaks, glistening under the rays of a tropical sun, raise their impassive fronts. From this point to the dividing crest of the Andes, the line of the road is often lost to sight amid desolate masses of snow and ice.

Very heavy work had to be done and great obstacles overcome; but still it pushes on, rising higher and higher, winding around the fountain-springs of the Rimac, its companion from the ocean,



ACROSS THE ANDES.

From "A Railway in the Clouds," in *Scribner's Monthly*.

until it finally reaches the dreary summit of the Andes, and enters the Galera, or "tunel de la Cima," as it is styled by the

Peruvians. This tunnel is 2,847 feet in length, and enters the mountain about 680 feet beneath the summit of Mount Meiggs, named after the builder of the road. It is ninety-seven miles from Lima, and has an altitude above the sea of 15,645 feet, being only 136 feet below the very top of Mont Blanc.\* Its construction was attended with unparalleled difficulties, demanding unceasing effort and the greatest powers of human endurance. All the machinery for boring and working the approaches came from the workshops of Lima, and were brought on the backs of mules from the terminus of the rail. It is the monument of a heroic determination which has wrought victoriously, through eternal winter and desolation, to gain a trans-Andean world laden with the ungathered fruits of perpetual summer. The trip has seemed a dream of wonder and enchantment. When the road shall be completed, it is estimated that the traveller landing at Callao can reach a steamer on the Amazon in from 20 to 30 hours; thence to Para is about 2,000 miles. The contract for building the road was \$26,000,000, or \$200,000 a mile. Besides innumerable bridges, there are 61 tunnels, aggregating 20,000 feet in length. The powder alone for blasting purposes amounted to 53,250 quintals, or over 5,000,000 lbs.

Notwithstanding the great care and attention paid by Mr. Meiggs to the well-being of his workmen, who have been principally Chilians and Chinese, at least 10,000 persons are computed to have died.

We have been accustomed to consider the railway over the Alps and the tunnelling of Mont Cenis as a very great achievement. But that ascent was made by only six zigzags, and at the culminating point the tunnel is but 4,236 feet above the sea while this, as we have seen, crosses the Andes at an elevation of 15,645 feet.

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SIN and shame are ever tied together  
 With Gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun,  
 They cannot, without violence, be undone.

— Webster.

\* Mont Blanc is 15,781 feet above the sea, according to Corabœuf.

## NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

*A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.\**

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

## CHAPTER I.—WAR CLOUDS.

Now lower the dreadful clouds of war ;  
 Its threatening thunder rolls afar ;  
 Near and more near the rude alarms  
 Of conflict and the clash of arms  
 Advance and grow, till all the air  
 Rings with the brazen trumpet blare.

TOWARDS the close of a sultry day in July, in the year 1812, might have been seen a young man riding along the beautiful west bank of the Niagara River, about three miles above its mouth. His appearance would anywhere have attracted attention. He was small in person and singularly neat in his attire. By exposure to summer's sun and winter's cold, his complexion was richly bronzed, but, as he lifted his broad-leafed felt hat to cool his brow, it could be seen that his forehead was smooth and white and of a noble fulness, indicating superior intellectual abilities. His hair was dark,

—his eye beneath  
 Flashed like falchion from its sheath.

His bright, quick glances, alternating with a full and steady gaze, betokened a mind keenly sympathetic with emotions both of sorrow and of joy. His dress and accoutrements were those of a travelling Methodist preacher of the period. He wore a suit of "parson's grey," the coat having a straight collar and being somewhat rounded away in front. His buckskin leggings, which descended to his stirrups, were splashed with mud, for the day had

\* The principal authorities consulted for the historical portion of this story are:—Tupper's *Life and Letters of Sir Isaac Brock*, Auchinleck's and other histories of the War, and Carroll's, Bangs', and Playter's references to border Methodism at the period described. Many of the incidents, however, are derived from the personal testimony of prominent actors in the stirring drama of the time, but few of whom still linger on the stage. For reasons which will be obvious, the personality of some of the characters of the story is slightly veiled under assumed names.

been rainy. He was well mounted on a light-built, active-looking chestnut horse. The indispensable saddle-bags, containing his Greek Testament, Bible, and Wesley's hymns, and a few personal necessaries, were secured across the saddle. A small, round, leathern valise, with a few changes of linen, and his coarse frieze great-coat were strapped on behind. Such was a typical example of the "clerical cavalry" who, in the early years of this century, ranged through the wilderness of Canada, fording or swimming rivers, toiling through forests and swamps, and carrying the gospel of Christ to the remotest settlers in the backwoods.

Our young friend, the Rev. Neville Trueman, afterwards a prominent figure in the history of early Methodism, halted his horse on a bluff jutting out into the Niagara River, both to enjoy the refreshing breeze that swept over the water and to admire the beautiful prospect. At his feet swept the broad and noble river, reflecting on its surface the snowy masses of "thunder-head" clouds, around which the lightning still played, and which, transfigured and glorified in the light of the setting sun, seemed to the poetic imagination of the young man like the City of God descending out of heaven, with its streets of gold and foundations of precious stones, while the rainbow that spanned the heavens seemed like the rainbow of the Apocalypse round about the throne of God.

Under the inspiration of the beauty of the scene, the young preacher began to sing in a clear, sweet, tenor voice that song of the ages, which he had learned at his mother's knee among the green hills of Vermont—

Jerusalem the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest,  
 Beneath thy contemplation,  
 Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh! I know not  
 What joys await me there;  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those walls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced ;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
The corner-stone is Christ.\*

For a moment longer he gazed upon the broad, flowing river which divided two neighbouring peoples, one in language, in blood, in heroic early traditions, and the common heirs of the grandest literature the world has ever seen, yet severed by a deep, wide, angry-flowing stream of strife, which, dammed up for a time, was about to burst forth in a desolating flood that should overwhelm and destroy some of the fairest fruits of civilization in both countries. As he gazed northward, he beheld, on the eastern bank of the river, the snowy walls and grass-grown ramparts of Fort Niagara, above which floated proudly the stars and stripes.

As he gazed on the ancient fort, the memories of its strange eventful history came thronging on his mind from the time that La Salle thawed the frozen ground in midwinter to plant his palisades, to the time that the gallant Prideaux lay mangled in its trenches by the bursting of a cohorn—on the very eve of victory. These memories have been well expressed in graphic verse by a living Canadian poet—a denizen of the old borough of Niagara.†

Two grassy points—not promontories—front  
The calm blue lake—the river flows between,  
Bearing in its full bosom every drop  
Of the wild flood that leaped the cataract,  
And swept the rock-walled gorge from end to end.

\* We cannot resist the temptation to give a few lines of the original hymn of Bernard of Clugny, a Breton monk of English parentage of the 12th century —“the sweetest of all the hymns of heavenly homesickness of the soul,” and for generations one of the most familiar, through translations, in many languages. The rhyme and rhythm are so difficult, that the author was able to master it, he believed, only by special inspiration of God.

Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,  
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora,  
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,  
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis.

† William Kirby, Esq., in CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for May, 1878.

'Mid flanking eddies, ripples, and returns,  
 It rushes past the ancient fort that once  
 Like islet in a lonely ocean stood,  
 A mark for half a world of savage woods ;  
 With war and siege and deeds of daring wrought  
 Into its rugged walls—a history  
 Of heroes, half forgotten, writ in dust.

Two centuries deep lie the foundation stones,  
 La Salle placed there, on his adventurous quest  
 Of the wild regions of the boundless west ;  
 Where still the sun sets on his unknown grave.  
 Three generations passed of war and peace ;  
 The Bourbon lilies grew ; brave men stood guard ;  
 And braver still went forth to preach and teach  
 Th' evangel, in the forest wilderness,  
 To men fierce as the wolves whose spoils they wore.

Then came a day of change. The summer woods  
 Were white with English tents, and sap and trench  
 Crept like a serpent to the battered walls.  
 Prideaux lay dead 'mid carnage, smoke, and fire  
 Before the Gallic drums beat parley—then  
 Niagara fell, and all the East and West  
 Did follow : and our Canada was won.

As the sun sank beneath the horizon, the flag slid down the halyards, and the sullen roar of the sunset gun boomed over the wave, and was echoed back by the dense forest wall around and by the still low-hanging clouds overhead. A moment later the British gun of Fort George, on the opposite side of the river, but concealed from the spectator by a curve in the shore, loudly responded, as if in haughty defiance to the challenge of a foe.

Turning his horse's head, the young man rode rapidly down the road, beneath a row of noble chestnuts, and drew rein opposite a substantial-looking, brick farmhouse, but with such small windows as almost to look like a casemated fortress. Dismounting, he threw his horse's bridle over the hitching-post at the gate, and passed through a neat garden, now blooming with roses and sweet peas, to the open door of the house. He knocked with his riding-whip on the door jamb, to which summons a young lady, dressed in a neat calico gown and swinging in her hand a broad-leaved sunhat, replied. Seeing a stranger, she dropped a graceful "courtesy,"—which is one of the lost arts now-a-days,—and put up her hand to brush back from her face her wealth of clustering curls, somewhat dishevelled by the exercise of raking in the hayfield.

"Is this the house of Squire Drayton?" asked Neville, politely raising his hat.

The young lady, for such she evidently was, though so humbly dressed—*simplex munditiis*—replied that it was, and invited the stranger into the large and comfortable sitting-room, which bore evidence of refinement, although the carpet was of woven rags and much of the furniture was home-made.

"I have a letter to him from Elder Ryan," said Neville, presenting a document elaborately folded, after the manner of epistolary missives of the period.

"Oh, you're the new presiding elder, are you?" asked the lady. "We heard you were coming."

"No, not the presiding elder," said Neville, smiling at the unwonted dignity attributed to him, "and not even an elder at all; but simply a Methodist preacher on trial—a junior, who may be an elder some day."

"Excuse me," said the young lady, blushing at her mistake. "Father has just gone to the village for his paper, but will be back shortly. Zenas, take the preacher's horse," she continued to a stout lad who had just come in from the hayfield.

"I will help him," said Neville, proceeding with the boy. It was the almost invariable custom of the pioneer preachers to see that their faithful steeds were groomed and fed, before they attended to their own wants.

Miss Katherine Drayton—this was the young lady's name—was the eldest daughter of Squire Drayton, of The Holms, as the farm was called, from the evergreen oaks that grew upon the river-bank. Her mother having been dead for some years, Katherine had the principal domestic management of the household. This duty, with its accompanying cares, had given her a self-reliance and maturity of character beyond her years. She deftly prepared a tasteful supper for the new guest, set out with snowy napery and with the seldom-used, best china.

"Hello! what's up now?" asked her father, cheerily, as he entered the door. He is worth looking at as he stands on the threshold, almost filling the doorway with his large and muscular frame. He had a hearty, ruddy, English look, a frank and honest expression in his light blue eyes, and an impulsiveness of manner that indicated a temper—



That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Which much enforced, showeth a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

He was not a Methodist, but his dead wife had been one, and for her sake, and because he had the instincts of a gentleman, of respect to the ministerial character, he extended a hospitable welcome to the travelling Methodist preachers, who were almost the only ministers in the country except the clergyman of the English Church in the neighbouring village of Niagara.

"The new preacher has come, father. He brought this letter from Elder Ryan," said Katherine, handing him the missive.

The Squire glanced over it and said, "Any one that Elder Ryan introduces is welcome to this house. He is a right loyal gentleman, if he did come from the States. I am afraid, though, that the war will make it unpleasant for most of those Yankee preachers."

"Why, father, is there any bad news?" anxiously inquired the young girl.

"Ay! that there is," he replied, taking from his pocket the *York Gazette*, which had just reached Niagara, three or four days after the date of publication.

Here the young preacher returned to the house, and was cordially welcomed by the Squire. When mutual greetings were over, "This is a bad business," continued the host, unfolding the meagre, greyish-looking newspaper. "I feared it would come to this, ever since that affair of the *Little Belt* and *President* last year. There is nothing John Bull is so sensitive about as his ships, and he can't stand defeat on the high seas."

"War is not declared, I hope," said Neville, with much earnestness.

"Yes, it is," replied the Squire, "and what's more, Hull has crossed the Detroit River with three thousand men.\* Here is part of his proclamation. He offers 'peace, liberty, and security,' or, 'war, slavery, and destruction.' Confound his impudence," exclaimed the choleric farmer, striking his fist on the table till the dishes rattled again. "He may whistle another tune before he is much older."

\* Rumour had somewhat exaggerated the number of his force. It was only twenty-five hundred.

"What'll Brock do, father?" exclaimed Zenas, who had listened with a boy's open-mouthed astonishment to the exciting news.

"He'll be even with him, I'se warrant," replied the burly Squire. "He will hasten to the frontier through the Long Point country, gathering up the militia and Indians as he goes. They are serving out blankets and ammunition at the fort to-night. I saw Brant at Navy Hall. He would answer for his two hundred tomahawks from the Credit and Grand River, and Tecumseh, he said, would muster as many more. We'll soon hear good news from the front. The Commissary has given orders for the victualling of Fort George. We are to take in all our hay and oats, beef cattle, and flour next week."

"O father, mayn't I go with Brock?" exclaimed the young enthusiast Zenas, "I'm old enough."

"We may soon be busy enough here, my son. No place is more exposed than this frontier. The garrisons at Forts Porter and Niagara are being strengthened, and I could see the Yankee militia drilling as I rode to the village."

"Hurrah!" shouted the thoughtless boy, "won't it be fun? We'll show them how the Britishers can fight."

"God grant, my son," said the farmer solemnly, "that we may not see more fighting than we wish. I've lived through one bloody war and I never want to see another. But if fight we must for our country, fight we will."

"And I'm sure none more bravely than Zenas Drayton," said Katherine proudly, laying her hand on her brother's head.

"You ought to have been a boy, Kate," said her father admiringly. "You've got all your mother's pluck."

"I'd be ashamed if I wouldn't stand up for my country, father: I feel as if I could carry a musket myself."

"You can do better, Kate: you can make your country worth brave men dying for," and he fondly kissed her forehead, while something like a tear glistened in his eyes.

For a time Neville Trueman mused without speaking, as if the prey of conflicting emotions. At last he said with solemn emphasis, "My choice is made: I cast in my lot with my adopted country. I believe this invasion of a peaceful territory by an armed host is a wanton outrage and cannot have the smile of

Heaven. I daresay I shall encounter obloquy and suspicion from both sides, but I must obey my conscience."

"Young man, I honour your choice," exclaimed the Squire effusively, grasping his hand with energy. "I know what it is to leave home, and kindred, and houses and lands for loyalty to my conscience and my King. I left as fair an estate as there was in the Old Dominion because I could not live under any other flag than the glorious Union Jack under which I was born. It was a dislocating wrench to tear myself away from the home of my childhood and the graves of my parents for an unknown wilderness. Much were we tossed about by sea and land. Our ship was wrecked and its passengers strewn like seaweed on the Nova Scotia coast—some living and some dead—and at last, after months of travel and privation, on foot, in ox carts and in Durham boats, we found our way, I and a few neighbours, to this spot, to hew out new homes in the forest and keep our oath of allegiance to our King.

The old U. E. Loyalist always grew eloquent as he referred to his exile for conscience' sake and to the planting by the conscript fathers of Canada of a new Troy under the ægis of British power.

"I came of regular Yankee stock," said Mr. Trueman. "My mother was a Neville—one of the Nevilles of Boston. She heard Jesse Lee's first sermon on Boston Common, and joined the first Methodist society in the old Bay State. My father was one of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys, and assisted at the capture of Ticonderoga. He was also a volunteer at Bunker Hill. It was then he met my mother, being billeted at her father's house."

"You have rebel blood in you and no mistake," said the Squire.

"I believe the colonists were right in resisting oppression in '76," continued Neville; "but I believe they are wrong in invading Canada now, and I wash my hands of all share in their crime."

"We will not quarrel about the old war," said the veteran loyalist. "The *Gazette* here says that many of your countrymen agree with you about the new one. At the declaration of hostilities the flags of the shipping at Boston were placed at

half-mast and a public meeting denounced the war as ruinous and unjust."

"I foresee a long and bloody strife," said Neville. "Neither country will yield without a tremendous struggle. It is ungenerous to attack Great Britain now, when, as the champion of human liberty, she is engaged in a death-wrestle with the arch despot Napoleon."

"But Wellington will soon thrash Boney," interjected Zenas, who was an ardent admirer of the Peninsular hero, "and then his redcoats will polish off the Yankees, won't they, father?"

"If you had seen as much of the horrors of war, my boy, as I have, you would not be so eager for it. God forbid it should deluge this frontier with blood; but if it do, old as I am, I will shoulder the old Brown Bess there above the fireplace that your grandfather bore at Brandywine and Yorktown."

"What I dread most is the effect on religion," said Trueman.

"Several of the Methodist preachers are, like myself, American-born, and we all are stationed by an American bishop. I am afraid many will go back to the States, and all will be liable to suspicion as disloyal to this country by the bigoted and prejudiced. But I shall not forsake my post, nor leave these people as sheep without a shepherd. If there is to be war and bloodshed and wounds and sudden death on this frontier circuit, they will need a preacher all the more, and, God helping me, I'll not desert them. I am a man of peace, and fight not with worldly weapons, but I can, perhaps, help those who do."

"God bless you for that speech, my brave lad," exclaimed the Squire. "Nobody questions *my* loyalty, and if need arise, I'll give you a paper, signed with my name as a magistrate, that will protect you from harm."

Kate had sat quiet busily sewing, during this conversation, but her heightened colour and her quickened breathing bore witness that she was no uninterested listener. With a look of deep gratitude, she quietly said, "We are all very much obliged to you, Mr. Neville, for your noble resolve."

The young man thought that grateful look ample compensation for the mental sacrifice that he had made, and an inspiration to unflinching fidelity in carrying it into effect.

The next morning all was bustle and excitement at the farmhouse. "All hands were piped," to use a sea phrase, to aid in

the revictualling of the fort, the orders for which were urgent. Breakfast was served in the huge kitchen, the squire, his guests, his children, and the hired men all sitting at the same table, like a feudal lord, with his men-at-arms, in an old baronial hall.

"Father," said Zenas, "Tom Loker and Sandy McKay have gone off with the militia. They went to the village last night and signed the muster-roll. I saw them marching past with some more of the boys and the redcoats early this morning."

"I saw them, too," said the squire. "They needn't have given me the slip that way. It will leave me short-handed; but I wouldn't have said nay if they wanted to go."

After breakfast Neville mounted his horse and rode off to the place appointed for holding the Methodist Conference,—the new meeting-house near St. David's. He soon overtook the detachment of militia, which was marching to join, at Long Point, the main force which Brock was to lead thither from York by way of Ancaster. He noticed that the men, though tolerably well armed, were very indifferently shod for their long tramp over rough roads. They had no pretence to uniform save a belt and cartouch box, and a blanket rolled up tightly and worn like a huge scarf. As he walked his horse for awhile beside Tom Loker, who had groomed his horse the night before, he told him what the squire had said about his joining the militia.

"Did he now?" said Tom. "Then my place will be open for me when I return. We'll be back time enough to help run in that beef and pork into the fort, won't we, Sandy?"

"That's as God pleases," said the Scotchman, a sturdy, grave-visaged man. "Ilka bullet has its billet; an' gin we're to coom back, back we'll coom, though it rained bullets all the way."

Neville bade them God speed and rode on to "Warner's meeting-house," as it was called. It was a large frame structure, utterly devoid of ornament, near the roadside. "Hitching" his horse to the fence, he went in. A meagre handful of Methodist preachers were present—not more than a dozen—indeed, the entire number in the province was very little more than that. In the chair, in front of the quaint, old-fashioned pulpit, which the present writer has often occupied, sat a man who would attract attention anywhere. He was nearly six feet in height, and of very muscular development; indeed tradition asserted that he had once been a prize-fighter. His dark hair was closely

cut, which increased his resemblance to that especially unclerical and un-Methodistic character. This was the Rev. Henry Ryan, the Presiding Elder of the Upper Canada District—extending from Brockville to the Detroit River.\* In a full rich voice, in which the least shade of an Irish accent could be discerned, he addressed the little group of men before him. The ministers labouring in Canada had expected to meet their American brethren; but, on account of the outbreak of the war, the latter had remained on their own side of the river, and held their Conference near Rochester, New York State. The bishop, however, appointed the Canadian ministers to their circuits, but the relations of Methodism in the two countries were almost entirely interrupted during the war. A few of the ministers labouring in Canada obeyed what they conceived the dictates of prudence, and returned to the United States; but the most of them, although cut off from fellowship, and largely from sympathy with the Conference and Church by which they were appointed, continued steadfast at their posts and loyal to the institutions of the country, notwithstanding the obloquy, suspicion, and persecution to which they were often subjected. In this course they were greatly sustained and encouraged by the unfaltering faith and energy of Elder Ryan, who, though subsequently in his history he became a religious agitator, was at this period a most zealous and effective preacher, one who, in the words of Bishop Hedding, “laboured as if the thunders of the day of judgment were to follow each sermon.” During the agitations and civil convulsions by which the country was disturbed, he continued to meet the preachers in annual conference, and endeavoured to maintain the ecclesiastical organization of Methodism till it was permitted to renew its relations with the mother Church of the United States.

On the present occasion, Elder Ryan gave a rousing exhortation, like the address of a general on the eve of a battle, that inspired courage in every heart. Then followed a few hours of deliberation and mutual council on the course to be adopted in the critical circumstances of the time. Certain prudential arrangements were made for maintaining the connexional unity of the Church under the stress of disorganizing influences, and

\* The whole of Lower Canada formed another district, of which the celebrated Nathan Bangs was at that time Presiding Elder.

certain provisions effected for the unforeseen contingencies of the war. Then, after commending one another to God in fervent prayer, and invoking His guidance of their lives and His blessing on their labours, they sang that noble battle hymn and marching song of Charles Wesley's :—

In flesh we part awhile,  
 But still in spirit joined,  
 To embrace the happy toil  
 Thou hast to each assigned ;  
 And while we do Thy blessed will,  
 We bear our heaven about us still.

They looked like a forlorn hope, like a despised and feeble remnant, but they were animated with the spirit of a conquering army. With many a hearty wring of the hand and fervent "God bless you!" and, not without eyes suffused with tears, they took their leave of one another, and fared forth on their lonely ways to their remote and arduous fields of toil.

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## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WELL our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again  
 With all its hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night.  
 On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;  
 On Christmas Eve the mass was sung.  
 That only night in all the year  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,  
 The hall was dressed with holly green,  
 Forth to the wood did merry men go  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, page, and all.  
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight,  
 And general voice, the happy night,  
 That to the cottage and the crown  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## KINDNESS TO THE POOR.

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.\*

“ If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates, in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother ; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him.”—Deut. xv. 7, 8. “ For the poor shall never cease out of the land.”—Deut. xv. 11.

THERE is no need to remind you of the circumstances under which this command was given. It occurs in that grand valedictory service to which Moses, the great Jewish law-giver, summoned the children of Israel, and in the course of which he repeated the commandments of the law, and urged upon them to be consistent and faithful in the land of promise which they were about to inherit. There was a pathos in his utterances—for he knew that he spoke his latest counsels to the people who had often tried him, who had often rebelled against him, but whom he loved with a love stronger than death. And there was also the deeper pathos of the remembrance that he, and the few elders who survived, had forfeited their own entrance into Canaan—and that by the decree of an unchangeable penalty each silver-haired ancient who had started from Egypt, and had been concerned in the condemning unbelief, must lay his bones in the wilderness, while the speaker himself could but gaze in one brief trance of rapture upon the people’s inheritance, and then lie down and die. In this farewell charge, which comprises the whole book of Deuteronomy, not only are motives to obedience pressed on them with overwhelming power, but circumstantial directions are given upon all matters connected with the establishment of their new life. There are denunciations of idolatry—the one crowning sin which was the cause of their sacred isolation—and then follow regulations touching the four great principles of theocratical government: 1. Worship and sacrifice; 2. The institution of the family and its concurrent obligations; 3. The consecration of time, with the Sabbath as God’s especial portion; and 4. The

\* This sermon was first preached on occasion of the Anniversary of the “St. George’s Society,” of Toronto, a society established to give aid to distressed emigrants of English birth.



consecration of the substance, and its apportionment to the requirements of personal and family need—of legitimate business—of the sanctuary—and the calls of charity. In the last of these comes the injunction of the text. As if, by provident foresight, God had ordained the existence of the poor on purpose to be the check upon the rich man's selfishness, and the outlet for the rich man's bounty, it is predicted that they shall "never cease out of the land;" and the duty of the more highly favoured in regard to them, and the specialty of the claim upon the ground of a common nationality, are both included in the words I have read. And let no man suppose that the command is of any less obligation, or that it comes with sanction less divinely authenticated, because spoken from Hebrew lips, and addressed to one wayward people's needs. There is in many respects a close analogy between our circumstances and theirs. We are not newly enlightened, the last trophies of some venturesome missionary's toils, as were many of those to whom the Apostles wrote; if there do linger about us any remnants of our paganism, it is because we have cherished them for years, and habit has made us fond of the badges of our darkness and shame. We reveal in the light which only dawned greyly on the former time; we dwell beneath institutions which will begin to cast forth shadows soon. To us it is fitting that the prophet's lips should speak; we may be aptly rebuked by the faithfulness of the seer's warning. The principles enunciated for the guidance of the Jewish people—so far, at any rate, as high religious ethics are concerned—are principles which must govern us to-day. This is an interesting service which has gathered us, a time when in the far country we evoke the memories of home, these deep-lying and long-lasting instincts which years have no power to stifle, and which even hard usage and all the buffetings of a pitiless world cannot utterly destroy. Here we summon our patriotism to prompt our charity—haggard strangers loom through the sea-fret, ever coming near to us with their cry of distress and need—and as they approach us through the parting mists, we find that they are brethren, heirs with us of glorious history and traditions which make the blood leap the fleeter through the veins—children of the dear island mother from whom our own breath was drawn, and who sits in sceptred state, shaking her tresses of freedom to the winds, and girt about in loving embrace by the arms of the

triumphant sea. It is an occasion, therefore, in some sort, of national concern and sympathy, and those especially who have named the name of Jesus, and so march under more sacred banners than that of the old Cappadocian hero, are bound to be helpful in their measure, that our good may not be evil spoken of, and that our religion, in one of its comeliest developments, may come before the observation of men. No great elaboration is necessary to impress upon you the principles which the text embodies and enforces. The claim is that of the poor man within your gates, who never ceases out of the land, and the claim becomes the stronger because of the peculiar circumstance that the poor man is one of your brethren. Let us illustrate these thoughts for a brief while.

“God has made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell upon the face of the whole earth.” This is the announcement of a grand fact, which has never yet been successfully disproved. “One blood”—there is the distinct, individual unity of the human race; one family, though sundered by climate and language; one deep underlying identity, however chequered by the varieties of external condition. This relates man to man everywhere, makes all the world a neighbourhood, and founds upon universal affinity a universal claim. The old Roman could say, with a far-sighted perception of this great truth, “I am a man; nothing, therefore, that is human can be foreign to me,” and Christianity has exalted this sentiment into a perpetual obligation, and stamped it with the royal seal of heaven. This general law, however, must be divided into minor modifications, or it will be practically useless. It is not intended to contravene nature, but to assist and regulate its affections; and if it be the world at large which is the object of pity, the very magnitude of the area will induce a mental vagueness which will fritter away the intenseness of the feeling. That is a suspicious affection which attaches itself to nobody in particular, which makes no heart its centre, which brightens no hearthstone by its light. Its words may be loud and swelling; like the blast of March, it may sweep noisily about men’s houses and drift the dust about in clouds, but they are conscious only of discomfort when it blows; they do not trust it; it “passes by them like the idle wind, which they respect not.” Hence all private affections are recognized and hallowed, and are indeed the source from which all

public virtues spring. They are not inconsistent with the love of the whole race; they prepare for it, and lead to it, and scoop out the channels through which the tributes of its bounty may flow. Who shall sympathize with oppressed peoples but the patriot-heart which rejoices in the sacredness of its own roof-tree, and in the security of its own altars? Who shall be eloquent for the rights of others but he who is manly in the assertion of his own? Who shall succour breaking hearts, and brighten desolate houses, but the man who realizes in daily up-welling the unutterable happiness of home? These two obligations, therefore, the claim of universal sympathy and the claim of particular relationships, are not incompatible, but fulfil mutually the highest uses of each other. God has taught in the Scriptures the lesson of a universal brotherhood, and man must not gainsay the teaching. Shivering in the ice-bound, or scorching in the tropical regions; in the lap of luxury, or in the wild hardihood of the primeval forest; belting the globe in a tired search for rest, or quieting through life in the heart of ancestral woods; gathering all the decencies around him like a garment, or battling in fierce raid of crime against a world which has disowned him, there is an inner humanness which binds me to that man by a primitive and indissoluble bond. He is my brother, and I cannot dis sever the relationship. He is my brother, and I cannot release myself from the obligation to do him good. I cannot love all men equally; my own instincts, and nature's provision, and society's requirements, and God's commands, all unite in reprobation of that. My wealth of affection must be in home, children, kindred, country; but my pity must not lock itself in these, my regard must not compress itself within these limits merely—my pity must go forth wherever there is human need and human sorrow; my regard must fasten upon the man, though he has flung from him the crown of his manhood in anger. I dare not despise him, because there, in the depths of his fall, as he lies before me prostrate and dishonoured, there shines, through the filth and through the sin, that spark of heavenly flame—that young immortal nature which God the Father kindled, over which God the Spirit yearns with continual desire, and which God the Eternal Son offered his own heart's blood to redeem. Yes—there is no man now who can rightly ask the infidel question of Cain—God has made man his brother's keeper. We are bound to love our

neighbour as ourselves; and if, in a contracted Hebrew spirit, you are inclined to press the inquiry, "And who is my neighbour?" there comes a full pressure of utterance to authenticate and enforce the answer, MAN. Thy neighbour! Every one whom penury has grasped or sorrow startled; every one whom plague hath smitten, or whom curse hath banned; every one from whose home the darlings have vanished, and around whose heart the pall hath been drawn.

"Thy neighbour! 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim,  
Whom hunger sends from door to door,  
Go, thou, and succour him."

I observe further that the last clause of the text is as true to-day as in the time of its original utterance, the "poor shall never cease out of the land;" and although in this new Dominion, with its large-acred wealth of soil, and comparatively scanty population, you can know nothing of the overgrown pauperism which is at once a fault, a sorrow, and a problem to the rulers of older states, yet here, as in every age and in every clime, there are distinctions of society in the world. It must be so from the nature of things; it is part of God's benevolent allotment, and of His original economy. He makes no endless plains, nor uniform mountain ridges. He has stamped His own deep love of beauty on the undulating woodland, and on the flower-sprent hill, and on the pleasant varieties of peak, and copse, and stream. A level creation were not the creation of God, and it is so with society. It has its inequalities of necessity; men may fret against them, but they cannot help themselves. Nothing can alter the irreversible law, and if by the fury of some revolutionary deluge, all things were reduced to a drear level of waters to-day, you may be sure that some aspiring mountain-tops would struggle through the billows to-morrow. Society could not cohere as a union of equals; there must be graduation and dependence. God hath set the poor in his condition, as well as the rich, for "He that despiseth the poor reproacheth his maker;" and the announcement of the Saviour, "The poor ye have always with you," is at once the avowment of a fact and a perpetual commendation of them, as Christ's clients, to the help and succour of His church. In the text, benevolence towards them is positively enjoined, and en-

joined because of their abiding existence as a class of the community. Hence it has been well said, "Poverty is the misfortune of some and the disgrace of more, but it is the inheritance of most." There will always be those who will need and claim the friendliness of their fellows above them. Some by native energy, or favouring circumstances, will raise themselves in the social scale (and here are ampler opportunities than most other lands afford), but the mass will toil on through a lifetime in the condition in which they were born, with few reliefs and fewer aspirations, the mouth demanding and absorbing the ceaseless labour of the hands. There is that also in the constitution of society which requires that the class from which the ranks of claimant poverty are recruited should be always the largest amongst us. The pyramid must stand upon its base. The wants of the population, naturally large, have been increased by the refinements of civilization. The poor are the stalwart purveyors to the necessity, and to the comfort, of life. Who shall say that in seasons of exigency they have not a claim upon the state they serve, and upon the charity (which is but the justice) of others; some of whom have risen from their ranks; some of whom have been enriched by their toil. Once recognize the relationship, and the claim will inevitably follow, the sense of service rendered and obligation created thereby will make that claim more sacred, and religion, attaching her holiest sanction, lifts the recognition of the claim into a duty which may not be violated without sin. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." "Whoso seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Nay, Christ Himself, once poor in the travail of His incarnate life, and therefore "touched with the feeling of their infirmities," adopts them as His own peculiar care, and pointing to them as they shiver in rags, or parch from hunger, commends them to His church, that they may be warmed and fed, adding the benediction which is itself a heaven—"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

There are, moreover, peculiarities in the poor man's lot, of which I may here briefly remind you, which tend to the enforcement of the claim which both reason and Scripture commend. Think, then, of the nature of the occupations in which so many pass their lives. It is true that there is an inherent dignity in labour.

It is not, as some have erroneously supposed, a penal clause of the original curse. There was labour, bright, healthful, unfatiguing, in unfallen Paradise. By sin labour became drudgery—the earth was restrained from her spontaneous fertility, and the strong arm of the husbandman was required, not to develop, but to “subdue” it. Labour in itself is noble, and is necessary for the ripe unfolding of the highest life. But how many are there to whom the days pass in dreary monotony, with little to task the intellect, to engross the affections, or to call into play the finer sensibilities of the man. It is “work, work, work, as prisoners work for crime.” The man within the man is degraded by the unintermitting toil; the task work is performed, the holidays come but seldom, and when they do come, he is too listless to enjoy them. Day after day rolls wearily along, and there is no prospect of retirement; a family grows up around him, and the children are clamorous for bread. Each morning summons him inexorably to labour; each evening sets un pitying on his weariness. The frosts gather upon his head; the lithe limbs lose their suppleness, there is a strange sinking at the heart, but he must work, until at length infirmity disables him; then he dies, and his wife is exposed to the cold world’s buffetings, and his children to a stranger’s charity or an early grave.

Think again how the poor are circumscribed from many ordinary sources of enjoyment. Though sin has sorely afflicted humanity, there are yet open many sources of pleasure, and from books, and friends, intellectual conversation, and taste, and rambles among the flowers, or the woodland, or on the pine-clad hills, or by the fringe of the living sea; as well as from those exercises which belong to Christian fellowship, benevolence, and enterprise, there can be realized a rapture which mitigates the curse and which leaves no remorse behind. But from many of these the poor are, by the necessities of their position, debarred. They do not start fairly with their fellows in the race of intellectual acquirement. To them, as a rule, the sciences are sealed. It is but rarely that they can kindle before a great picture, or travel to the spots renowned in song or story, or be thrilled beneath the spell of a great Poet’s mighty words. Not for them the pleasures of sense, the ample board, the convenient dwelling, the gathered friends, the appliances of comfort with which wealth has carpeted its own pathway to the tomb. Their life is a per-

petual struggle beneath the winner and the spender, and unless they are happy at home, and blessed by the consolations of religion, existence will be a joyless peril, a weariness which ceaseth not, or if there be a respite, it will be one which gives "no blessed leisure for love or hope, but only time for tears."

Think again of the pressure with which the ordinary ills of life fall upon the poor. There is no part of the world where the curse has not penetrated. Man is born to trouble amid Arab hordes, and in Siberian wilds, as well as in royal courts and teeming cities. The cloud, like the sun, is no respecter of persons. Everywhere disappointment tracks the footsteps, and sickness steals into the dwelling, and Death waiteth at the door. But these ills, common to all men, fall most heavily upon the poor. They have to bear the penalty in their condition as well as in their experience. They cannot purchase the skill of many healers, the comforts which soothe the sickness, the delicacies which restore the strength. They cannot afford the time to recover thoroughly, for effort is required to keep ahead of the world, and to the quickened apprehension there are many visions of the wolf of hunger glaring in through the panes of the uncurtained window. Their very maintenance is dependent upon contingencies which they can neither foresee nor control. Their prospects in life, their hopes of supply, their only chance of provision for emergency, are derived from their labour. That labour is contingent upon the state of trade, upon the measures of Government, upon the yield of harvest, upon the price of money. Sometimes upon the caprice of their employers, sometimes upon the coarse tyranny which they exert over each other, and sometimes even upon the thoughts, purposes, and quarrels of a people whom they never saw, and from whom they are separated by a waste of water upon whose breast they never cared to sail. If labour fails, bread fails and hearts fail. The more provident can struggle for a while on the results of their thrift and care, but if the scarcity be protracted, and if no friendly succour interpose, you can trace the inevitable progress downward. The little savings for which the industry of the past had toiled, and on which the hopes of the future rested, are frittered away to supply the need which will not wait; the cottage comforts vanish one by one, and there is a sickness at the heart as they go, for long habit has made them

grow up into familiar friends, until, in extremest desolation, the picture of the poet is realized :

“ A shattered roof—a naked floor,  
A table—a broken chair !  
And a wall so blank, their shadow they thank  
For sometimes falling there.”

Then sickness comes—the fever follows hard upon the famine. The comfort is gone—the strength is gone—the hope is gone. Death has nothing to do but to take possession. They have neither power nor will to resist him. Not hopeful, but sadly, strangely, terribly indifferent, they await his approach, and if you tell them of their danger, they might answer in the words of the strong and gentle spirit from whom we quoted before :

“ But why do you talk of Death ?  
That phantom of grizzly bone.  
We hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like our own.”

And this is no fancy sketch or fevered dream. There are homes of your countrymen where the ruin is in progress to-day.

I enlarge no further but to remind you that there is a specialty in the case of those for whom I plead, in that they are at once “strangers, and of your brethren”—of the one blood, but in a strange land. In many aspects the lot of the emigrant is a painful one. However, if he attains a position in a new country he may become proud of its institutions and rooted in its soil; the parting from the home of his youth cannot be without a pang. Even those who come, blithe venturers for fortune, under the patronage of youth and hope, even to the first feeling of desolation as they realize the stranger's loneliness; and when, as in many cases, the emigration has been constrained by adversity, and the man must part perforce from old associations, and friends, and belongings—there is a cruel wrench of the tenderer fibres of the soul; and if, to the regretful memories of the past and sickening sense of homelessness, there be the forebodings of an uncertain future—and the fear comes creeping over the spirit of exhausted means and a pining family; of the want which is a deadly tempter, and of hunger which is a sharp thorn;—Oh that is a condition surely of extremest need, and, I tell you, a word of kindness in such a strait is welcome as the smile of an angel, for it may redeem



from hopelessness and despair ; and a helpful hand-grasp, with something in the hand the while, is worth a hundredfold its cost, for it may have ransomed for all future time the most kingly thing on earth, *the manhood of a man*, for industry and society and God.

I do not know much about the real or mythical personage—I am unable to determine which—who, alleged to have been born in some Cappadocian fastness, has been adopted as the patron saint of England, whatever that may mean. I cannot separate the fact and the fable. I know not whether or no he slew the monster who is represented to be transfixed by his spear, and delivered some fair Princess Aja, beautiful exceedingly, from durance or from doom ; but I know this, that in the heart of this legend there are underlying symbols of the Christian warfare in which all who love the Lord Jesus should be valiant for the truth upon the earth. What is our lifework but to release, in ourselves and in each other, the maiden graces of the Christian character, which have been in bondage to the tyrant of the Fall ? What is the work of our religion but a warfare with the Dragon—that old cruel serpent who still creepeth to empoison and destroy. Sirs, if ye would not shun the plainest meanings of the symbols under which ye gather, embody these teachings in your lives. Let your daily experience show that you have learnt this secret of life, that it is not a mere provision for the flesh to fulfil the lust thereof—that it is not an hour of idleness, to be wasted “in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness, in strife and envying,” but that it is a stewardship to be accounted for hereafter—an earnest gift, full of earnest longings, and tending to earnest ends—something to be given primarily to Christ, who redeemed it, and for His sake to be employed for men. Let your religion be the base of your character, and there will be a goodly superstructure of enterprise and patriotism and charity. It is right that on this occasion you should remember the land of your birth or of your fathers. The pride of patriotism is a pride that is not unholy. Not in vaunting but in thankfulness—not captive by the rivers of Babylon, but happy in the beneficent outgrowth of ancient blessings on the soil of a New Dominion ; the descendants of the dear old mother isle gather in this fair Canada—the comeliest of her daughters—to recall her advantages, and to be generous to her fugitive sons. She is worth all our love and

pride. Secure from invasion, prolific in produce—of tiny extent, but of tremendous influence—a speck upon the world's charts, but an emperor in the world's councils—the school of the wise and the home of the free—her sails whitening all waters, and in all latitudes her flag flying upon some fringe of coast—girding the globe with her possessions, and owning archipelagoes of isles—while, in the remotest dependency there throbs the great heart-pulse of home, “She is the anointed cherub that covereth, and God hath set her so.” But not in these things are her safety and strength; they are in her equal laws and national honour, in the fact that, over cottage and palace alike, the ægis of the constitution rests, and in that all the machinery of justice is set in motion to protect the peasant's home, if high-born wrong assails it; and to guard the beggar's conscience, if he but fancy it aggrieved; above all in her adhesion, though but imperfectly rendered, to the Gospel of Christ, and to the grand principles of morality, and charity, and godliness, which that Gospel has established among men. Let her decay from these, let there come corruption in her high places, the repudiation of national honour—the reign of encroaching terror—the supremacy of a fell infidelity in the national mind—and her condemnation will not slumber, and, with her proud forerunners in empire, her greatness will be forgotten as a cloud. Let her hold to these great principles, widening through the ages into increasing reverence for Truth, and Peace, and God, and her greatness shall be assured until the last fires blot out the sun.

“This England never did, nor ever shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;  
But when it first did help to wound itself,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue  
If England to herself do rest but true.”

Dear Brethren,—to the duty which awaits you, you need not be further urged. Your countrymen, forced to stranger shores by blighted hope and ruined fortune. *These* are our clients. “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.” *This is our Divinely furnished argument.* “Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.” *This is our example.* “She hath

done what she could." *This is to be the measure of our giving.*  
 "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. And  
 look! what he lendeth, He will pay him again." *This is our*  
*surety.* "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make  
 thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy  
 Lord." *This is our exceeding great reward.*

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## SUBMISSION.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE sparrow sits and sings, and sings ;  
 Softly the sunset's lingering light  
 Lies rosy over rock and turf,  
 And reddens where the restless surf  
 Tosses on high its plumes of white.

But while so clear the sparrow sings,  
 A cry of death is in my ear ;  
 The crashing of the riven wreck,  
 Breakers that sweep the shuddering deck,  
 And sounds of agony and fear.

How is it that the birds can sing ?  
 Life is so full of bitter pain ;  
 Hearts are so wrung with hopeless grief ;  
 Woe is so long and joy so brief ;  
 Nor shall the lost return again.

Though rapturously the sparrow sings,  
 No bliss of Nature can restore  
 The friends whose hands I clasped so warm,  
 Sweet souls that through the night and storm  
 Fled from the earth for evermore.

Yet still the sparrow sits and sings,  
 Till longing, mourning, sorrowing love,  
 Groping to find what hope may be  
 Within death's awful mystery,  
 Reaches its empty arms above ;

And listening, while the sparrow sings,  
 And soft the evening shadows fall,  
 Sees, through the crowding tears that blind,  
 A little light, and seems to find  
 And clasp God's hand, who wrought it all.

## GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ORIGEN.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

In every age God has raised up wise and holy men to be witnesses for the truth and the champions of His Church. Even in the darkest days of persecution, there have not been wanting heroic souls to become the confessors and, if needs be, the martyrs of Jesus. In the study of their characters we may catch the inspiration of their holy lives and be enbraved to emulate their hallowed zeal. Of this noble fellowship, none, since the days of the Apostles, surpass in moral grandeur the early Fathers and Apologists of the Christian faith. There were indeed giants in the earth in those days—giants of evil as well as of good,—men of renown in wickedness, prodigies of persecuting cruelty and colossal vice, as well as men of the most exalted Christian character who greatly dared and nobly died for the glory of God and the welfare of man. The battles for and against the truth were wars of the Titans; and in the massy works they left behind them, we have evidence of the prowess of the Christian champions,—“the noble wrestlers of religion,” whose names live imperishably in the history of the Church. Their conflicts and controversies were oftentimes the counterparts of those now waging in the world, and are full of instruction to the modern reader. Without some acquaintance with their lives, it is impossible to understand the spirit of the time and the moral and social environment of that primitive Christianity to which they so largely gave the impress of their own character. They blanched not at death or danger, counting not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. Age after age these soldiers of Christ rallied to the conflict whose highest reward was the guerdon of death. They bound persecution like a wreath about their brows, and exulted in the “glorious infamy” of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became for

\* The principal authorities employed in the preparation of this sketch have been the ecclesiastical histories of Eusebius, Mosheim, Neander, Milman, Killen, and, especially, of Pressensé.

them the badge of highest honour. Impatient to obtain the prize, these candidates for death often pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's starry and unwithering crown. They went to the stake as joyfully as to a marriage feast, "and their fetters," says Eusebius, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride."

Yet these were men of like passions with ourselves, often touched with human error and infirmity, claiming our sympathy and making us feel their kinship to our souls. Pre-eminent in this holy brotherhood is Origen; "One of the greatest theologians," says Pressense, "and one of the greatest saints the Church has ever possessed." The heroic son of a martyred sire, he fought valiantly, by tongue and pen, the battles of the faith, and won at last the martyr's crown. To the zeal of Paul he united the tenderness of John. His whole life was a perfumed altar-fire of love, never dimmed by obloquy, nor fanned into flames of hate by opposition or persecution, but glowing brighter and brighter till his frail and emaciated body was consumed.

Origen was born in the city of Alexandria in the year of our Lord 185. His parents, though Christians, out of conformity to a common custom, gave him a name derived from Orus, an ancient deity of Egypt. He lived in an age of intense intellectual activity and at the very heart of the world's intellectual life. Alexandria was a sort of newer Athens or older Paris—a city of blended luxury and learning, folly and philosophy, heathen vice and Christian virtue. In this atmosphere so deeply infected with moral malaria, the youthful Origen grew up, like the snow-white lily in virgin purity from the ooze of the Nile, untainted by its deadly contagion. For he bore in his soul a moral antiseptic that kept it pure amid corruption. Like Timothy, he was instructed in the Scriptures from his youth, and learned by heart every day a portion of the holy oracles. His deep questionings as to the inner meaning of the sacred text often perplexed his father Leonides, who, nevertheless, greatly rejoiced in the manifestation of the grace of God in his child. The historian Eusebius records, in words which touch our hearts with human sympathy across the centuries, that frequently the pious Leonides, standing by the couch of his sleeping boy, would reverently kiss his bare breast as the shrine, he felt, of the Divine

Spirit, and with grateful heart would thank God that He had given him such a son.\*

While Origen was yet a youth the persecuting edicts of the Emperor Severus were enforced in Alexandria. Here, as in a mighty theatre of God, says Eusebius, the heroic wrestlers of religion exhibited their invincible patience under various tortures and modes of death, and many thousands won the crown of martyrdom. Among these was Leonides, the father of Origen, who was beheaded as a witness for Jesus. As he lay in prison under sentence of execution, his soul was rent by the pangs of parting from his wife and seven children, who would be left beggars by his death. "Knowing the tenderness of his fatherly heart," we quote the words of Pressense, "and fearing lest his courage should give way in the struggle, Origen addressed to the captive in his cell those heroic words, over which, doubtless, the hot tears fell fast: 'My father, flinch not because of us.' Passionately he longed to be with him, and to die at his side, confessing the faith. A yearning for martyrdom took possession of his soul. In vain his mother with tears entreated him to have pity on her; nothing could move him. The young Christian soldier could not rest on his arms while the battle was raging around. His mother was obliged to hide his clothes to prevent his rushing upon death."

The martyrdom of his father with the confiscation of his goods left Origen, at the age of seventeen, the head and sole support of the household. And bravely he addressed himself to the task. He was befriended by a rich and noble lady, but found that unhappily she was an adherent of the Gnostic heresy, then rife in that seething alembic of conflicting doctrines. "In conniving at heresy," continues Pressense, "he would have felt he was denying the God for whom his father had died, and he shrunk with horror from apostasy in all its forms, whether open before the tribunal of the magistrates, or lurking latent at the table of a rich and benevolent lady." He therefore renounced her patronage, and endeavoured to earn bread for the household dependent on his care by giving lessons in the grammar and literature of the Greek language. We can imagine the stripling in his snowy toga, with its scarlet hem, pacing with sandalled feet the corridors of the great library of Alexandria, and hastening with his

\* Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* Lib. vi. cap. 2.

manuscript scrolls of Pindar and Plato, through the hot sunlit streets, to the cool atria of his patrons, to instruct the inquisitive youth in that peerless literature which for six hundred years before and sixteen hundred years since has nourished the highest thought of the world.

Moved by the constancy of the martyrs under persecution, some young pagan students sought to learn from Origen the secret of that high philosophy which thus enbraved the soul with a confidence unknown to Socrates in the hour of death. Persecution had revived, and every day cruel tortures were inflicted on the Christians. But although to teach the religion of Jesus in such a time was to place his life in jeopardy every hour, Origen eagerly embraced the opportunity of communicating this sacred lore wiser than that of the Porch or the Academy. "The heart glows with admiration," exclaims Pressense, "for those young adherents of the new faith who, under a master even younger than themselves, pursued in the face of such daunting difficulties that wisdom which they loved well enough to die for it. Over the heads of master and disciples was perpetually suspended the glittering sword, and it was with the dungeon and with the stake full in view that they discoursed of the great questions of religion, and always exposed to the danger of being surprised and led away to death. The school of martyr-theologians witnessed constant breaches in its ranks; between two meetings, between two chapters of the same study one and another catechist was seized and sacrificed."

But the example of the master sustained the courage of his disciples. He visited them in bonds and imprisonment. He stood by them in the hour of trial, and gave them his parting kiss on the very threshold of the arena or at the foot of the stake. "More than once," says Eusebius, "the infuriate mob almost overwhelmed him with stones. So intense was the hatred of the pagans, on account of the numbers whom he instructed in the Christian faith, that they stirred up the soldiers to violence against him. No house in Alexandria was a safe refuge, and he was constantly pursued by the persecutors from place to place."\* One day, narrates Epiphanes, he was seized and dragged to the temple of Serapis, where palms were thrust into his hands, which he was commanded to place in homage on the altar of the pagan

\* Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* Lib. vi. cap. iii.

god. Brandishing the boughs aloft, he exclaimed, "Here are the triumphal palms, not of the idol but of Christ!" The contemporary historians do not record how he escaped so long the doom of martyrdom, but allege that he was saved by a miracle. God had yet greater things to accomplish through his means, and he was immortal till his work was done.

Meanwhile Origen was thoroughly equipping himself for his dialectic controversy with Christian heretics and pagan sophists. He mastered all the writings of either sect, and, above all, became thoroughly versed in the Scriptures in their original tongues. With a lofty eclecticism, he culled the fairest flowers from the garden of heathen philosophy, and distilled healing simples from its often poisonous fruit. He sifted the golden grains of truth and pearls of thought from the ancient religions of paganism to adorn the brow of Christianity. Nevertheless he ceased not to strive after his ideal of moral perfection. In this ideal was a strong tinge of asceticism—an almost inevitable recoil of his intensely earnest soul from the social corruptions of the gay Alexandrian city and, indeed, of the whole Roman world, hastening to its overthrow.

That he might devote himself exclusively to higher studies and instructions, he sold his fine classical library, much of it copied with his own hand, for the pittance of four *oboli*\* a day, to supply his bare necessities. He drank no wine, ate only what was sufficient to sustain life, and often fasted from food for days. He burned the midnight oil in the study of the Scriptures, and during the few hours allotted to slumber, he lay upon the bare ground. He interpreted literally the precepts of Christ to take neither two coats nor shoes for his feet, and to take no thought for the morrow. His threadbare garb and attenuated features, which gleamed like an alabaster lamp with the light of the fiery soul within, bore witness to the austerity of his life. He walked barefoot like the poorest mendicant in the great city where his learning might have brought him wealth. He accepted no payment from his pupils; freely he had received, he said, and freely would he give. "Pharaoh," he wrote, "gives lands to his priests, but God says to His servants, 'I am your portion.' Having nothing, they possess all things." In this was he not the follower of Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we

\* An *obolus* was equal to about one penny.



through His poverty might become rich? This was the spell of his power upon the hearts of men—"As is his teaching," they said, "so is his life." He pierced through the outward shows and semblances of things, and walked ever as in the light of the eternal. The sages and the sophists of the Museum of Alexandria, with their chariots, their wealth, and their renown, are now unremembered shadows. The serge-clad, barefoot Origen, who, wasted with toil and fasting, taught in secret chambers, confuted forever their vain philosophy, and is a living power throughout the world to-day.

During a cessation of persecution, Origen fulfilled a long-cherished purpose of visiting the Church at Rome, the great Babylon of the West, which had made all nations drink of the cup of her sorceries. Here paganism was seen in all its glory and in all its shame; in its marble temples, its gorgeous ritual, its fasces and its lictors, and in its unspeakable moral degradation, its vast slave population writhing in wretchedness, and its odious emperors flaunting their vices in the high places of the earth. Yet even here a Christian Church, fertilized with the blood of an Apostle, had enriched the roll of the martyrs with some of its noblest names, and in the Catacombs' dim labyrinths had left a testimony of the faith which still abides, when the "Golden House" of Nero and the marbles of Caracalla have crumbled into ruin.

The fame of Origen was now widely known. On his return to Alexandria, there arrived one day a messenger from the depths of Arabia, requesting him to visit the Roman pro-consul and expound to him the Christian faith. And later he was summoned to Antioch to explain to the Emperor Elagabalus and to Mammæa, the mother of the Emperor Alexander Severus, this strange doctrine that was turning the world upside down. His learning and piety made such an impression that the persecution against the Christians for a time declined.

He now employed his leisure and his learning in preparing the first Christian commentary on Holy Scripture. He was, says Pressense, the creator of scientific exegesis. He was furnished, through the liberality of a friend, with seven amanuenses, and prepared his Hexapla and Octopla editions of the Scriptures, with the original text and best versions in parallel columns. His familiarity with Bible lands—he travelled widely and lived long in Palestine—enhanced the value of his commentary; but he was

led into serious error by his allegorical mode of interpretation. The literal sense is always secondary, and he never fails, when possible, to find in the simplest fact or plainest exhortation some hidden meaning. Christian theology had not yet been formulated into a system, and the exuberant fancy of the commentator led him into statements of doctrine which were denounced as heretical. He was, through the intrigues of his enemies, condemned by a synod of Egyptian bishops, and excluded from the communion of the Church of Alexandria, of which he had been such a devoted son.

"It was a time," says Pressense, "of poignant suffering, for a man like Origen, who lived more intensely in the affections than the intellect, and who had cherished the most tender attachment to the Church which thus cast him out. He detested heresy as deeply as any, and he knew well that his peculiar views were not such as to exclude him from the Christian communion, to which he clung with every fibre of his soul. There was keen anguish in this violent severance of a tie so dear. He felt himself in the right, but that could not blunt the edge of the blow which fell upon him. No angry word, however, escaped with his expressions of sorrow, and he was greater in the day of shame and desolation than he had ever been in the day of prosperity."

Fearing, above all things, to create a division in the Church, he voluntarily departed, wandering in exile from land to land. He found a solace for his soul in following the footsteps of the Saviour through the scenes of His toils and sufferings, and strengthened his drooping courage by meditating on the site of Calvary on the world's reward of its Divine Benefactor. Expounding the words of Jesus, like a later Apostle, in the towns and villages of Galilee, at Jerusalem, and especially at Cæsarea, he gathered around him again a number of eager disciples. But the virulent outburst of the persecution of Maximin scattered the little company, and Origen sought refuge among the mountains of Cappadocia. To this period belongs one of his noblest books, his treatise on Prayer, in which he grapples with that problem of the ages—the harmony of Divine grace and human freedom.

On the death of the persecutor, Origen came forth from his hiding, and we soon find him at Athens, rich in so many memories which stir men's hearts to-day with an imperishable spell. In this

city of the Violet Crown, the city of the Porch and the Academy, of Plato and of Paul, Origen wrote the most poetical of his works, "The Commentary on the Song of Songs," in which his allegorizing mind discerns the yearnings of the human soul for the heavenly Bridegroom.

His treatment of the erring, so different from that which he himself received, is shown in his discussion with the heretic Beryl. "After a free conversation, so as to understand his views," says Eusebius, "he convinced him by argument, and by fair discussion took him, as it were, by the hand and led him back into the way of truth."

With the infidel and the gainsayer, he has, however, a sterner method. His great book, "Contra Celsum," refutes all the arguments against Christianity, whether coming from Judaism or paganism. "It remains," says Pressense, "the masterpiece of ancient apology, for solidity of basis, vigour of argument, and breadth of eloquent exposition. The apologists of every age were to find in it an inexhaustible mine, as well as an incomparable model of that moral royal method inaugurated by St. Paul and St. John, which alone can answer its end, because it alone carries the conflict into the heart and conscience, to the very centre, that is, of the higher life in man." It is not merely a dialectic victory Origen desires, but a moral renovation of his antagonist. "May it please God," he says, "that I may with my word penetrate the conscience of those who have read Celsus, and draw forth the dart with which every one is wounded who is not armed with the love of God, and pour into the wound the balm which is able to heal." The secret of his spiritual insight into the Scriptures was his intimate fellowship with their inspirer and author. He leaned, like John, upon the breast of Jesus that he might drink of His Spirit and fathom the mysteries of His wisdom and love. "Study," he says, "will not suffice for the learning of Holy Scripture: we must entreat God day and night that the Lion of the tribe of Judah may come to us and deign to open the seal of the Book."

This holy life was now nearing its close. Under the Emperor Philip, to whom Origen wrote a letter of religious counsel, the Christians enjoyed a season of peace. It was, however, but the lull before the storm. At this time the veteran Apologist writes, as if in anticipation of his fate: "We are ready to undergo per-

secution whenever God shall permit the adversary to stir it up against us. So long as God allows us to enjoy exemption from such trial, and to lead a life of tranquillity, strange in the midst of a world that hates us, we will commit ourselves to Him who has said, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' But if it is His will that we should have to fight and suffer for the cause of piety, we will meet all the assaults of the enemy with these words: 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.'"

And soon this serene and lofty courage was put to the test. On the accession of Decius, A.D. 249, a violent persecution broke out, aggravated by every refinement of torture that human ingenuity could devise. We enrich our pages with a final paragraph from Pressense, describing the close of this heroic life:

"Origen retired to Tyre as soon as the decree was promulgated throughout the cities and villages. This was a last concession to Christian prudence, for he was too well known at Cæsarea not to be at once marked out as the first victim for the new sacrifice. It was impossible that he should escape a persecution so general and so violent. The desire of his youth was at length granted; it was given him to suffer for the cause of Christ, without the possibility of his incurring the charge of temerity. He had scrupulously conformed to the will of the Master, who counselled flight where it was possible. He now welcomed with pure and holy joy the ignominies and tortures laid upon him for his faith. The persecutors spent all their fury upon the venerable man, whose body was worn and wasted by asceticism, and by the vast and incessant labours of his life. He was not only loaded with chains, but exposed to divers tortures. He was cast into the deepest dungeon, an iron collar was hung around his neck, and his feet were crushed for four days in the stocks. He was constantly reminded of the fiery death awaiting him, but he stood firm under all agonies and threats. His persecutors, however, by a last refinement of cruelty, did not send him to the stake, imagining that they could thus deprive him of the crown of martyrdom. Spent as he was by so much suffering, Origen had still strength to address words of consolation to his brethren. His last thought was for them, and he died as he had lived, as ardent for the cross of Christ under his crown of hoary hairs, as he had been in his early youth. His tomb was long preserved at Tyre. His name was

graven on a monument more durable than marble—in the hearts of his disciples ; and in spite of the controversies to which his system was to give occasion, and the passionate party spirit it was to excite, he has left the memory of one of the greatest theologians and greatest saints the Church has ever possessed. One of his own words strikes the key-note of his life. ‘ Love,’ he says again and again, ‘ is an agony, a passion : *Caritas est passio.*’ To love the truth so as to suffer for it in the world and in the Church ; to love mankind with a tender sympathy ; to extend the arms of compassion ever more widely, so as to overpass all barriers of dogmatic difference, under the far-reaching impulse of this pitying love ; to realize that the essence of love is sacrifice, and to make self the unreserved and willing victim,—such was the creed, such was the life of Origen.”

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PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road.

I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;

I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead  
Lead me aright—

Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed—  
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;

Give but a ray of peace that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see ;

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine  
Like quiet night ;

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
Through peace to light.

## GUIDO AND LITA.\*

THE Marquis of Lorne has selected an early age and an unsettled state of society for the period of his poetical narrative. In the tenth century the coast of Provence and the defiles of the Alps were infested by a host of Mussulman brigands, who took possession of the roads which lead from France into Italy, penetrated from valley to valley, and occupied a number of towers and fortresses, from the sources of the Rhone to the mouth of the Var. They exacted tribute from pilgrims to Rome, devastated the country, and inflicted untold miseries on the Christian population:—

No boon, no mercy could the captive ask ;  
 If spared to live, his doom the deadly task  
 To strain—a slave—each muscle at the oar  
 That brought the rover to the kinsman's door,  
 Or bore him, safe from the pur-uit, away,  
 The plunder stored, to Algiers' hated bay.

The time of retribution came, and the Knight of Orles, whose son, Guido, is the hero of the poem, is said to have performed doughty deeds in the expulsion of the Saracens. The son, when the tale opens, is represented as somewhat of a fop, irresolute in action, and indifferent to the noble achievements of his father, but he is not without a momentary sense of shame when the old knight chides him for his folly:—

A pain was pictured on his handsome face ;  
 The dark brows met, the shapely lips were pressed,  
 The nostril curved, as if for breath distressed.

This feeling passes by ; but Guido, who heeds little the reproofs bestowed on him for his idleness and foppery, is destined to be saved from his follies by the power of love. Travelling to the castle, with his father, a sudden storm bursts upon them, which is described by the poet in forcible language. The two take shelter in a fisher's hut, and there Lita, the fisherman's daughter,

\* *Guido and Lita*. A tale of the Riviera. By the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne. With illustrations. New York : Macmillan & Co. Toronto : Methodist Book Room.

as beautiful in face as she is pure and noble in mind, charms the eye, and in some degree touches the heart, of Guido. She is one of those lovely creatures, brave-hearted, affectionate, strong for action or suffering, gentle and mirthful, sensitive and sensible, who are far more frequently to be met with in fiction than in real life:—

A maiden whose arching brow and glancing eyes,  
Told of a passing, timorous surprise ;  
Whose tresses half concealed a neck that raised  
A head that classic art might well have praised,  
Framed with the hair in glossy masses thrown  
From forehead whiter than Carrara's stone ;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O'er beauteous mouth and rounded chin there strayed  
The sign of power that ardent will betrayed ;  
But broken by a gentleness of soul,  
That through her steadfast glance in softness stole,  
Her form was strong and lithe.

When Guido leaves the cottage he scarcely seems to walk the earth, and his one desire is to see Lita again. The second interview in the cottage is gracefully described. Guido meets the girl in the woods, and asks permission to return home with her, which she accords with dignity:—

And thus he entered, with a heart that beat,  
The house wherein again her busy feet  
Moved, as it seemed to him, in music sweet.  
And as he sat and watched how order grew  
Beneath her fingers as they deftly drew  
Her tasks to end ; her every look and word  
His passion deepened and his wonder stirred.  
How could such blossom grow on salted soil,  
Such bloom and beauty from a race of toil,  
Such grace and colour from the deadening spray ?

The two talk together, and the girl relates in simple fashion how some favourite saint has blessed her father's nets, and enabled him to secure a large draught of fishes. Lita tells also of a little garden that is all her own, where grow "some beauteous palms beloved of God:"—

He, asking where this Eden garden lay,  
Watched her fair figure outlined 'gainst the day  
That through the open window near him shone ;  
And let her eager speech, unchecked, flow on,

As with her lifted hand she pointed where  
 A palm-tree shot aloft to woo the glare ;  
 Then showed each spot in narrow circuit round  
 Where traces of her simple life were found.

Charmed though Guido is with this cottage beauty, his love is not yet of a kind to purify and elevate his character :—

He looked upon her beauty and admired,  
 He drank therein of joy as he desired.  
 But while he stooped his wishes to fulfil,  
 Himself he saw, and Self was master still.

Gradually, under her influence, his nature becomes changed. Lita loves him, but knowing the distance between them, tries to avoid her lover. Suddenly a sound of fear and lamentation is raised. The Knight of Orles, although strong enough to have freed his own district from the ravages of the Moors, has not followed up his success by expelling them from the country. The Saracens were afraid of him, he said. Why, then, should he assist in their destruction? A number of people whose homes are laid desolate by the robbers seek his protection and succour. He declines to heed them; but at length Sirad, the leader of the Moors, resolves to attack Orles itself both by sea and land. A bevy of fair girls led by Lita are in the woods at Advent-time collecting flowers. The Saracens rush in upon them, secure a number, and by a ruse make the Christians suppose that the prize has been carried off by sea. Meanwhile Sirad marks with fierce delight the beauty of Lita, and conveys her to his harem, while her lover, thinking she has been taken by sea-pirates, puts out to sea, eager for her rescue. The scenes which describe Lita's prolonged slumber in the place she is conveyed to, her reception of a poisoned draught from a woman El Sirad has ill-treated; her administration of it to him when he enters her apartment, and her escape in a half-lifeless condition to Orles, are effective, although not a little melodramatic in treatment. They remind us of the narrative poetry so common in the early part of the century, when Corsairs and Laras were fashionable heroes, and captive maidens, torn from home and country, called forth the tears of sympathising readers. Lita's return warns her people that they must look for war, and they do so, encouraged by the girl's example, with heavy but resolute hearts. The boldest is not free from forebodings as to the issue :—



No craven he who has to fear confessed,  
 Nor brave the man whom it has ne'er oppressed ;  
 For he who knows it not is less than brute,  
 He wretch alone who lets its terrors root,  
 He bravest only, who, with courage high,  
 Feels the full risk, and mans himself to die !

By far the most vigorous and stirring portion of the poem is devoted to the Knight of Orles, preparations for defence against the Saracens and the assistance rendered him by Lita. The storming of the town and the attempt to win the castle are brought vividly before the eye. The enemy try to set fire to their place, but the danger is avoided for a time by the exertions of the defenders :—

But 'neath the robe of silence that she wore,  
 Night in her womb a ghastly danger bore,  
 For the hot ashes kindling at the breath  
 Of whispering breezes, subtly wrought for death.  
 And where they slumbered in the tim er's heart,  
 Through blackened surfaces began to start ;  
 Until, with lurid hue incarnadined,  
 A pulsing life replaced the darkness blind,  
 And greeting with hot lips the outer air,  
 Caressed it, rising from its streaming lair,  
 With fair and lustrous arms, that felt and sought  
 The ambient element that vigour brought,  
 And fed on its desire ; then flung on high  
 Broad beckoning banners to the answering sky,  
 And onward leaping, urged afar and near  
 The rapid ravage of a fell career.

The fire which was intended to destroy the Christians creeps onward to the Paynim soldiers, who are speedily enveloped by it. Guido returns at the moment of victory to find his father mortally wounded. The last words of the old chieftain are in favour of a union between Lita and his son, and when Count William, "Provence's sovereign lord," arrives, the fisherman's daughter is made a lady of the land, and "knight and maid blend their lives in one."

"Guido and Lita," which, by the way, is charmingly illustrated, after designs, we believe, by the Princess Louise, is marked throughout by graceful sentiment, by true feeling for the beautiful, and by a sincere sympathy with all that is lovely in nature and noble in womanhood. The local colouring is natural, and the versification is mellifluous. The Marquis has written a story which will be read with pleasure, and has told it with much spirit.—*Spectator.*

## A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. F. C. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

A HUNDRED years hence where shall I be? Dead certainly—dead long ago. This body that is now so much to me will be nothing to me. It will have perished; even my grave-stone will begin to show signs of age and neglect. I shall be a dead man, out of mind, passed away, done with, forgotten. No one will want me, miss me, think of me. How little after all is this world to me! How little am I to the world! But where and what shall I be? *I shall be a saved or a lost soul!* Saved, without fear or danger of perdition; or lost, without hope of salvation. The thought is awful. The bare possibility of hopeless perdition makes the blood run cold. And the thought ought to be dwelt upon sometimes. It is hard quite to grasp, but when once we have it fast it is almost omnipotent. It is difficult to concentrate the powers of one's soul upon the tremendous thought, "*A few years hence, I shall be a saved or a lost soul!*" There is no middle alternative. I must be saved or lost. Not this man or that man, but I. Naked and alone the soul stands before God; friends are gone, work, plans, pleasures, troubles all fall off, and seem to vanish into nothing, and God and the soul stand face to face. The soul turns to scan the face of God to see whether there is welcome or repulsion; but God's look bids the soul turn and look at itself, not at Him. It is already saved or not—saved, washed, cleansed, justified, or not. There is no arbitrary sentence of God; the soul sees the work of its life written upon itself, and it passes sentence upon itself with one quick unerring thought, and it flies toward God, or flies away from God by an irresistible instinct.

To anticipate this final judgment is the true wisdom. It will have to be enacted, at most a few years hence, but it may have to be to-morrow. The awakened soul can tolerate no uncertainty; it says to itself, Am I saved?—not, Shall I be saved some day? but, Am I saved *now?* for "*now is the day of salvation.*" Now is the only moment we know anything about, the only time that is our own. And can such a wonderful thing be done in so short

a time? Yes, all that we have to do in it; for we have but to accept an accomplished salvation, we have but to put ourselves into the way of the ever-flowing stream of blessing. The publican in the Temple, the thief upon the cross, David before Nathan, in how short a time was each of these justified, pardoned, saved! There is no theological impossibility in that quaint distich—

“ Between the stirrup and the ground,  
I mercy sought, and mercy found.”

A man's whole soul may be concentrated in one supreme effort. Time has little to do with the soul's acts; they are of lightning quickness. Spiritual things are not tied and hampered by material laws. But men are not often roused to make such an effort. Years of carelessness, the deadening of unrepented sins, the miserable notion of present security and longer probation, these keep the sinner away from salvation. But the awakened soul keeps itself clean. The wise man, as soon as he feels the stain, runs to the cleansing fountain of the Precious Blood, and washes, and is made whole. He daily confesses his daily trespasses; he will have no uncertainty about his pardon; each day is to him a “day of salvation,” and he will have, moreover, days and times of special reckoning with himself, making security more secure, where the stake is so vast.

But whence came this salvation, so easy, so complete? Is it not a tremendous work, a work of creation and of annihilation, both the prerogatives of the Almighty only? To destroy sins, to make anew the dead soul, to pay the penalty of the violation of the eternal laws of God, how can these be done by one short act of faith and penitence? They are not done by it. It cost more, indeed, to bring salvation. Look at the skilful musician: how easy it seems to him to execute wonderful creations of harmony! but what years of labour were necessary before this facility came! See a child's hand move a little lever, and thousands of tons of rock beneath the sea are rent asunder; but what thought and invention, what work of many hands long continued were necessary before that result came by so small an effort. We sit down to our daily meal and foods and condiments, necessaries of life, and comforts and luxuries are within arm's length. But the wide world has been ransacked to bring this about; far distant soil has been cultivated for us, hundreds of hands have worked

for us, whole years of toil have been expended before we could eat and drink even the homely repast. The marvellous powers of Nature have worked for us; science has been taxed; it is a far-reaching imagination that can trace out all the ways and means that have conspired to make these common things our own. And what has happened that this may be that we can say, "Now is the day of salvation?" Things most vast, events most tremendous have happened. The mind of God has worked upon it, the Son of God has become man, and lived and suffered. Created matter has been taken up into God. God has made Himself one with human nature. He has made Himself the representative Man, and as Man kept God's law perfectly, and claimed of right the reward of obedience, as Man. He has taken upon Himself the debt of disobedience, and received in Himself its infinite punishment; and now man in Him is free from the doom of sin, and can claim salvation. All this, and more than we know, or can imagine, was done, that salvation might be possible, that salvation might be easy. We could do nothing of this; we could do but little, and but little is left us to do; but that little we must do, and no one, not even God Himself, can do it for us. The great question for each to ask himself, especially at such seasons as this, is, "Have I done it?" Men confess their sinfulness, but not their sins. There is a vague generalising, "We are all sinners." There is no promise of pardon attached to this. We must go down on our knees alone before God, and confess our sins one by one, forsake them, and amend our life, and that day will be for us the "day of salvation." And then all through life, day by day, as sins befall us, we must still do this over and over again; go to the fountain of the Precious Blood, and wash and be clean: so shall we be fit to live, and fit to die. Can anything be easier? Could less be required of us? And yet some men will not do it. They are too busy, or too idle, or they postpone it, or they have never really faced the awful responsibility of their individual relation to God. They live in a fog, and hide themselves in a crowd; they have never caught God's eye. There is not a lost soul but God has put His Arms round it, and looked it in the face as a Father, and it has turned away and rejected His love. And even now, for all who have life and reason, there is the wondrous glorious message, "Now is the day of salvation."

## MADAME DE STAEL'S "GERMANY."\*

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF METHODISM."

THE history of Madame de Stael's "Germany" is extremely interesting. It was not a temporary book, to be rendered obsolete by time, as its title might seem to imply—no more so than the "Germania" of Tacitus. Every page is stamped with genius, and genius is essentially immortal. In our endeavour to trace its history we must claim the forbearance of the reader, for the task has never before been attempted, so far as we know. A more attractive range of literary research could hardly be desired, but we are compelled to confine ourselves to some of its most salient points.

The "Germany" was a result, and also a further provocation, of that remarkable persecution with which Napoleon pursued its writer through her "ten years of exile," a persecution which has never had a complete parallel in literary history, and which at last afforded to the world one of the grandest examples on record of the triumph of the pen over the sceptre and the sword. She had passed through all the stages of the Revolution, from its very inception. She abhorred its excesses, but never abandoned the essential principles of political reform, of popular liberty which it promulgated, and which, in spite of its atrocities, have rendered it, in the estimation of impartial writers, the epoch of modern history; unless, indeed, we must assume as that epoch the great event which initiated it—the North American Revolution. Though she always insisted that she had no "animal courage," she had superlative moral courage, and faced bravely the worst horrors of the revolutionary terrorism to save her friends, and in some instances her enemies, from the

guillotine. She was dragged through the jeering mobs of the streets of Paris to the tribunal of Robespierre, passed into the Hotel de Ville under an arch of pikes, was struck at on the stairs by one of the mob, and saved from death only by the sword of the *gendarme* who conducted her and averted the blow. She thus came near being the first female victim of the Revolution. On the next day the beautiful Princess de Lamballe became its first feminine sacrifice, amid bloody orgies, which history has hardly dared to record—hewed into pieces, one of her limbs shot from a cannon, and her heart and head borne on the points of sabres through the streets in what has been called "an infernal march." Fleeing to her Swiss home at Coppet, Madame de Stael made her *chateau* an asylum for the proscribed. It was crowded with refugees for some years. No man or woman rescued a greater number of such sufferers. No one was more eminently the heroine of the Revolution than she, not excepting Madame Roland. But on coming out of its terrors she affirmed, down to her last hour, the genuine rights of the people, which it had so much abused. When almost every conspicuous character remaining in France had compromised with the usurpation of Napoleon, she was still loyal to liberty. When even her most intimate associates, political as well as literary—Benjamin Constant, Sismondi, Chateaubriand—had fallen away, she and her friend Lafayette still stood erect for republicanism, and stood almost alone. Liberty, she wrote to General Moreau, must always be the noblest idea and force of great souls. We must never

\* We have pleasure in reprinting from the October number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* this abridgment of Dr. Stevens's brilliant article on the world-famous "Allemagne."—ED.

disparage it on account of its abuses ; if we abandon it we give up the hope of the world.

She would not, because she could not consistently with the instincts of her superb genius and her generous heart, compromise with Napoleon. At first she shared the universal enthusiasm of France for the young conqueror of Italy. He professed entire loyalty to the republic. She hailed him as the restorer of order and the protector of freedom. But in conversations with him she detected, as by the intuition of her genius, his ulterior designs. He perceived that he was detected. He tried to win her. Through his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, he made her tempting offers. He proposed even to pay her the debt of the Government for two millions loaned by her father, an honest debt formally acknowledged by the Government, but which he afterward refused to pay, and which she recovered only after his downfall. It was a splendid opportunity for her and her sons ; but she never wavered. She could not sacrifice her political principles, for with her they were moral convictions. She chose rather to wander, a proscribed exile, over Europe through all the years of the imperial reign. Napoleon came to fear this solitary woman of genius more than any royal antagonist on the Continent. For years he persisted in attempts to conciliate, that is to say, bribe her. His brother Joseph, (her cordial friend) was repeatedly used for this purpose ; the French prefects at Geneva, instructed by the Minister of Police, frequented Coppet to importune her to recognize him in her writings—to say something, "in the style of Corinne," for him or for the infant king of Rome; she was assured it would end her exile and restore the fortunes of her family. She said nothing against him in her writings, (nothing directly hostile, at least,) but she would say nothing for him. To have favoured him would have been, in her opinion, recreance not only to France, but to the human race.

But though she wrote nothing against him, the tacit opposition of

such a character was an insufferable grievance to his egotism ; and then she was the most eloquent talker in France, and her *salon*, at Coppet or in Paris, was a social or political centre, where gathered not only all the higher elements of the opposition but the best minds of Paris and the leading diplomatists of Europe. "No one enters her *salon*," said Napoleon, "who does not leave it my opponent." "Coppet is an arsenal furnishing arms against me to all Europe." He could hardly have paid her a higher compliment. She was, in fact, the oracle of the opposition ; and her friend, Benjamin Constant, one of the most effective publicists of the day, was her representative in the Legislature. At her instance he delivered a speech against the monarchical designs of Napoleon. The evening before he whispered in her ear, "You see your *salon* crowded ; if I speak to-morrow it will be deserted. Think again." "It is necessary to follow our convictions," was her reply. On the next evening, which had been appointed for a special gathering, all her usual guests were absent. They sent apologies, and recoiled before the rising power of the First Consul. Fouché, the head of police, went to her and advised her to "retire into the country, and in a few days all would be appeased." "But on my return," she says, "I found it quite otherwise." She knew, however, that an invincible power remained in her otherwise feeble woman's hand—the pen. She resolved to vindicate by it her claims to social and public recognition. In this time of desertion and of the worst chagrins that a woman can suffer, she composed her essay on "Literature." It produced an immediate and surprising impression. No woman had ever attempted so elaborate a literary work. "Its success," she says, "entirely restored my position in society ; my *salon* was again filled." Without a word for or against Napoleon, it was a plea for liberty as the best basis of literature and all social ameliorations of the human race. It asserts the doctrine of the perfectibility of the

race. "I adopt this doctrine," she says in her introduction, "with all my faculties. It is the conservative, the redeeming hope of the intellectual world." Her social triumph was complete; her *salon* was again thronged by the best Parisian society and the diplomatic representatives of Europe; even Napoleon's brothers, Joseph and Lucien, could not be kept away. Napoleon could never forgive her; she had struck at all his hidden designs. He waited and watched for his opportunity of revenge.

Necker, her father, not long afterward published his "Last Views of Politics and Finance." She was with him, at Coppet, at the time, and Napoleon falsely attributed it to her. Necker wished him to be a Washington for France. This would never do. He sent an order to him to let politics alone, and threatened his daughter with banishment.

She subsequently ventured furtively back toward the capital, and hired a house ten leagues from it. Her friends flocked to her. Napoleon was told that she was holding court there, and seized the occasion as a pretext for exiling her. She was informed that a *gendarme* would soon take charge of her and her children. He tortured her with delays. Unable to bear this painful suspense, she recalled, with hope, the image of a friend, the loveliest woman in soul as well as in person then in Europe, of whom the good Duke of Montmorency had said that he "loved her as an angel on earth,"—one whose transcendent beauty produced a sensation in the streets wherever she passed, converged upon her the gaze of public assemblies even when Napoleon himself was speaking, and was excelled only by the grace of her manners and the purity of her heart—a woman who subdued the jealousy of women as well as the passion of men, "invincibly protected by the aureole of virtue which always surrounded her;" whose "presence anywhere was an event, and produced a tumult of admiration, of curiosity, of enthusiasm;" even the common people in public places calling upon her with shouts to rise, that they might pay

their homage to beauty in her person; who, when it was known that she was to be a collector for a public charity at St. Roche, found it impossible to make her way, without assistance, through the throng that crowded the aisles, stood upon chairs, hung upon the pillars, mounted even the altars of the side chapels, and gave 20,000 francs, more for the sight of her than for the sacred design of the occasion; who enchanted all men that beheld her, yet by her moral fascination compelled them to abandon lower hopes for her coveted esteem and her self-respectful friendship; who declined the proffered hearts of princes, and even the possibility of a throne, that she might maintain the obligations of a marriage of "convenience," made when she was but fifteen years old with a man who was forty-two; and who, when her opulent fortune was lost, and after the restoration had re-established the factitious distinctions of society, and even in her old age and blindness, could still hold spell-bound around her the *elite* society of Paris. "She was," says her niece and biographer, who knew her most intimate life, "devoted, sympathetic, indulgent, self-respectful. You found with her consolation, strength, balm for suffering, guidance in the great resolutions of life; she had a passion for goodness." She was, says another authority, "an incomparable being in all respects. Her charming qualities had something so peculiar that they can never be perfectly described. Only scattered traits of her supreme grace can be given." Napoleon himself was smitten by her charms, and, through Fouche, persecuted her with his importunities to induce her to become a lady of his court, ("*dame de palais*,") but she disliked the man, and declined the brilliant offer. He seized the first opportunity of involving her in the exile of Madame de Stael, compelling her to leave her family and the charmed circle of her innumerable Parisian friends, and wander obscurely in the southern provinces and Italy for years. It was a remarkable coincidence that in these degenerate times two women, one

the most beautiful, the other the most intellectual, in modern history should appear in the same country, and should be united in an inseparable sisterhood. Through all the remainder of Madame de Stael's life Madame Recamier was her most intimate feminine friend, and consoled her in her last hours.

She now found shelter under her friend's roof at Saint-Brice. But the *gendarme* reached her at last, bringing an order, signed by Napoleon, and requiring her to depart within twenty-four hours. After harassing trials she escaped to Germany, and thus did her great enemy open the way for the production of her greatest literary monument, the "*Allemagne*," the work which, by a striking coincidence, was to crown her fame in the very year in which the crown was to fall from his head. We are tempted to follow her in its preparatory studies there, but our limits forbid. She observed with the eyes, the insight, of genius every aspect of German life and literature. At Weimar she learned the German language, and astonished and perplexed Goethe and Schiller by her transcendent conversation, and her virile intellect, so strongly contrasted with the vivacity, the *abandon*, of her womanly heart, for the real problem of her character was the fact that in her were combined the intellect of man with the heart of woman. She remained three months in the little literary court of Weimar, and the grand duchess, Louise, became her life-long correspondent. She travelled over much of Germany, and studied well its higher life in the court of Berlin, where she was received with much distinction. An important event in her life was the friendship she formed in the Prussian capital with Augustus Schlegel, the greatest of living critics, who thenceforward was a member of her household down to the year of her death.

The death of Necker recalled her, heart-broken, to Coppet. Her health gave way. Proscribed in France, she sought relief in Italy, accompanied by her children, Schlegel, and, part

of the time, by Sismondi. Genius alone knows the philosopher's stone that turns everything to gold. Her travels in Italy produced "*Corinne*." On her return she ventured again clandestinely within some leagues of Paris, to publish it. The prefect of the *Seine-Inférieure* was afterward dismissed for treating her with courtesy. But her intellect was again to triumph. Suddenly there broke in upon her almost utter solitude the burst of enthusiasm with which Europe hailed the appearance of "*Corinne*." "It was one of the greatest events of the epoch," says Vinet. "It carried all suffrages," says the "*Biographie Universelle*." "There was but one voice, one cry of admiration in lettered Europe, at its appearance," says her cousin, Madame Necker de Saussure. Napoleon, whose egotism was as petulant as his ambition was great, was mortified by this success. The official journals attacked the book. Villemain says that Napoleon himself wrote the hostile criticism of the "*Moniteur*." But neither his sceptre nor his pen could touch the indefeasible honours of her genius. She stood out before all Europe crowned, like her own "*Corinne*" on the capital of the world. But he could still annoy and oppress her, and he now resumed his persecutions of not only herself, but of her dearest friends, with incredible minuteness, cruelty, and perseverance. He renewed her exile. She went to Coppet, where a court of the best minds of Europe gathered about her; and then again to Germany, to resume her preparations for the "*Allemagne*;" to Weimar, to Berlin, to Vienna, accompanied by Schlegel, Sismondi, and Constant. Her progress was an ovation. But the Germans hardly knew what to think of her. With their views of woman, so different from those which Tacitus attributed to their ancestors, they were disposed at first to wonder at her, then to be equivocally sarcastic, but at last to both wonder and admire. They could never, however, entirely surmount their first opinion, that there must be something inadmissible in such



high intellectual claims on the part of a woman, and she a French woman. Her books, indeed, surprised them, and her conversation fairly dazzled their slower wits; but she was so subtle, so oracular! The Pythia might belong to classic Greece, but could not come out of France.

When the "Allemagne" was completed, she again entered France to publish it, but kept at the prescribed distance of forty leagues from the capital. She obtained the necessary authorization of the censorship after the elimination of a few sentences, and of the eloquent concluding chapters on Enthusiasm. Her preference of Goethe's "Iphigenia" over that of Racine had to be qualified, and, among other suppressions, was that of a passage in which she described Germany, deprived of liberty, as a temple which fails of columns and roof. When it was printed, Napoleon changed his mind; the French had conquered Germany, but he was not mentioned in the book. The ten thousand printed copies were cut into pieces, and converted into pasteboard. She was ordered to leave France immediately. A hint was given her, by the Minister of Police, of imprisonment in Vincennes, where the Duc d'Enghien had been murdered by her persecutor. "Ah, mon Dieu!" she wrote to Madame Recamier, "I am the Orestes of Exile, and fate pursues me!" She was in despair, but was inflexible. The police demanded her manuscript; they wished to destroy the book utterly; but her son escaped with the precious original, and an imperfect copy was given them. She took refuge again in her *chateau* at Coppet, and dreary months of anxiety were spent there, though she was soon surrounded by faithful friends, the *elite* minds of the age. All Europe, except Russia, was now controlled by Napoleon. His Swiss *gendarmes* demanded again her manuscript, but she would not surrender it. Her sons, as well as herself, were not allowed to re-enter France. Her home was under the surveillance of police spies. She was not per-

mitted to travel, even in Switzerland, except between Coppet and Geneva. Schlegel was torn from her household and exiled; the Duke of Montmorency visited her, and was exiled; Madame Recamier, who, against her remonstrances, spent a night under her roof on her way to the baths of Aix, was exiled, and could never again return to Paris till the downfall of the tyrant.

We willingly record these painful details; they can be tedious to no man of letters, to no woman of heart. With similar facts before, and worse ones afterward, for which we have not room, they present a spectacle for the contemplation of the intellectual world—of, at least, all students of human nature: the little, great man of empire pursuing, with minutest inhumanity and egotism, a helpless woman of genius—helpless, yet greatest of her age, if not of any age. Great enough to conquer Europe, this man was not great enough to conquer himself. He was conquered by his own pettiest passions; and the truest function of history regarding him is to hold him forth before all eyes with the admonitory lesson that there is no real greatness of genius without the moral greatness of the heart. After breaking down the whole political fabric of the continent for his own glory and that of his family; after sacrificing millions of French and other lives to his selfish ambition, he was to be cast out of Europe as an unendurable political nuisance; his restored dynasty was again to corrupt France till it should dissolve in official rottenness, and the bravest, most brilliant nation of modern times be overrun by foreign troops, and trodden in the dust with a humiliation unparalleled in the history of nations. The bewildered world still cries "Hosanna!" to the memory of Napoleon; but in the coming ages of better light and juster sentiments, when the glory of war shall be rightly estimated as barbarism, which shall stand out worthiest and brightest in the recognition of mankind, the genius of the great military tyrant or that of the great suffering writer? Which alternative

will enlightened France then choose for her homage, her greatest man of blood or her greatest woman of intellect? There are men who will brush aside such reflections as merely rhetorical, but destiny itself will reinstate them. Alluding to her sufferings, Madame de Stael says: "It may, perhaps, excite astonishment that I compare exile to death, but great men of antiquity and of modern times have sunk under it. Many a man has confronted the scaffold with more courage than he has been able to command in the loss of his country. In all codes of law perpetual banishment has been considered as one of the severest penalties; but here the caprice of one man inflicts, in a kind of sport, what conscientious judges have pronounced with regret on criminals."

Madame de Stael dreaded imprisonment with a morbid terror. It might be for life. She would flee, but whither? She would escape to England or America, and had invested funds in the latter for the purpose; but Napoleon controlled all the ports, except those of Russia, and he was about to invade that country. Taking with her the "Allemande," she left secretly, with her children and her second husband, Rocca. Schlegel joined them at Berne, and they hastened through Germany, through Austria, through Poland. Rocca disguised himself as a French courier, for, though he had resigned as a French officer, and was disabled by his honourable wounds, Napoleon tried to tear him from her by reclaiming him for the army. Descriptions of his person were distributed along their route. They read placards at the police-stations everywhere for detection or obstruction. The events of their flight were, indeed, thrilling, but we cannot delay for them. Fleeing before the nearly half-million hosts of the conqueror, they at last enter Russia with thankful hearts; but the French army is between them and St. Petersburg; they hasten to Moscow, but the invaders march thitherward—to their doom, indeed—but the exiles could not have anticipated that doom. They flee again,

and by a wide detour reach the northern capital, where the Emperor Alexander receives them gladly. They reach the capital of Sweden, and are sheltered by her faithful friend, Bernadotte, the ally of the Czar. They at last reach London and are safe, and the "Allemande" is saved to the intellectual world forever.

England knows little or nothing yet of the proscribed book, but the genius of its author is known there by her other works; she is recognized as the supreme woman in literature, and her persecutions by Napoleon command enthusiastic sympathy. She is immediately the idol of its best circles; and such is the eagerness to see her that "the ordinary restraints of high society," we are told, are quite disregarded; at the houses of the cabinet ministers the first ladies of the kingdom mount chairs to catch a glimpse of her. She dines daily with statesmen, authors, and artists, at the tables of Lords Landsdowne, Holland, Grey, Jersey, Harrowby, and surpasses all by her splendid conversation, not excepting Sheridan, Mackintosh, Erskine, and Byron.

The interest excited by her brilliant social qualities, her literary fame, and her persecutions, was suddenly and immeasurably enhanced by the publication of her "Germany," in London, in the autumn of 1813. It proved to the sober, practical English mind that the dazzling talker was also a profound thinker. No work from a feminine hand had ever equalled it in masculine vigour and depth of thought as well as of sentiment.

We have seen how the precious manuscript escaped the hands of the Government at Paris by the forethought of her son, and afterward by her own evasion of the police at Coppet. Secretly carried through all her flight over Germany, Poland, Russia, the Baltic Sea, and Sweden, it was now secured to the world by the press of England, and all intelligent Frenchmen have ever since been proud of it as one of the monuments of their national literature. In her preface she told the British public

the story of its misfortunes, inserting the insulting letter of the Duc de Rovigo, the Minister of Police, ordering her out of France. "At the moment," she declared, "when this work was about to appear, and when ten thousand copies had already been printed, the Minister of Police known by the name of General Savary, sent his *gendarmes* to the publisher, with orders to cut in pieces the whole edition. Sentinels were stationed at the different issues of the building, to prevent the escape of a single copy of so dangerous a book. A commissioner of police was charged to superintend this expedition. General Savary obtained an easy victory, but the poor commissioner died, I am told, from his anxious labours to make sure, in detail, of the destruction of so many volumes, or, rather, of their transformation into paste-board, perfectly white, upon which no trace of human reason should remain. The intrinsic value of this card-paper, estimated at twenty *louis*, was the only indemnity that the publisher obtained from the minister. At the moment my book was destroyed at Paris, I received an order, in the country, to surrender the copy from which it had been printed, and to leave France in twenty-four hours." Such a statement could not but excite the wonder of England. Such a petty, persecuting policy on the part of Napoleon was inconceivable to the British mind, accustomed to the utmost liberty of thought and speech, and almost as unrestricted liberty of the press. The incredible history of the work now gave it incredible success. Editions and translations followed in all the principal tongues of Europe.

Lamartine speaks of the "Alle-magne" with all his poetic ardour. We have seen in part his opinion. He adds:—Appearing about the same time in England and France, it became the subject of the conversation of Europe. Her style, without losing any of its youthful vigour and splendour, seemed now to be illumined with lights more high and eternal, as she approached the evening of life and the diviner mysteries of

thought. This style paints no more, it chants no more, it adores. One respire the incense of a soul over its pages. It is "Corinne" become a priestess, and seeing from the border of life the unknown God beyond the horizons of humanity.

Vinet, like Sainte-Beuve, claims for the work a high moral and political purport. He says:—It was one of those lifeboats which, in the stress of the storm, is employed courageously for the salvation of a ship in distress. The ship was France, all the liberties of which were, in the opinion of Madame de Stael, perishing at the time. Persuaded that the nations are called to help one another, she went this time to demand from Germany, humiliated and conquered Germany, the salvation of France.

The "Alle-magne," as Goethe admits, breached the wall that had barricaded the German literature. It did so for England as well as for France, and finally for the whole exterior intellectual world. Some twenty years earlier Scott, influenced chiefly by Lewis, (author of the "Monk," and a thorough German scholar,) had given intimations of the wealth of German thought, and made some translations from Burger, and, later, from Goethe, but lost money by their publication. Thirteen years before the appearance of the "Alle-magne" Coleridge published his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and began to talk German philosophy among his friends; but Englishmen continued to think the language inexorable, if not barbarous, and the originality of the German mind fantastic, and incompatible with British "common sense." The "Alle-magne" dispelled this prejudice, and, revealing the abundant treasures of German genius and learning, opened the way for that influx of German thought which, principally by the subsequent labours of Coleridge and Carlyle, has, for good or evil, been flooding the English mind, and transforming English scholarship, criticism, and speculation.

The "Alle-magne" is imbued with the richest genius of its author, with

exalted sentiment, with profound thought, with grand moral truth, with the eloquence of style, with the power, the essence, of a great soul. There is scarcely a page of it which does not present something that the world can never willingly let die. As a monument of intellect, especially of a woman's intellect, it is classic and immortal.

It would betray an unpardonable lack of sensibility were we to feel no profounder sentiment than mere satisfaction with this signal literary triumph. In its peculiar circumstances it is a spectacle for generous, for enthusiastic, admiration. It is a vindication of the supremacy of the human intellect, of that sovereignty of mind which, from the prisons of Boethius, Tasso, Cervantes, and Bunyan, from the exile of Dante and Spinoza, and from the humiliation of the old age and poverty of Milton have sent forth through all the world and all time proofs, if not of the invulnerability, yet of the invincibility, of genius, irradiating their names with honour when the sword of the sceptre which oppressed them has sunk into oblivion or ignominy. Throughout her prolonged sufferings the intellect of this persecuted woman has been ever in the ascendant. Its every production has been superior to the preceding one. The victory of the pen over the sceptre is now, in her case, incontestable. "Corinne" is crowned anew in the land of constitutional liberty with laurels gathered in "the land of thought." Meanwhile the crown is falling from the brow of her heartless persecutor. She had fled over Europe, with her proscribed manuscript, before his armed hosts knew that she was fleeing in his front, as we have seen by his attempts to embarrass her flight, and rolled back in disastrous overthrow from the ruins of the ancient capital of the land which then gave her shelter, leaving in their retreat more than 250,000 dead men, victims of the sword or the climate. His unparalleled energies rallied again, and he triumphed at Lutzen, at Bautzen,

at Dresden. But in the very month in which the "Allemagne" issued from the London press was fought the great "battle of the nations," as it has been called. Germany, united, rose with overwhelming resentment, and, on the battle-field of Leipsic, broke forever the domination of the tyrant. The *Edinburgh Quarterly* appeared, with Mackintosh's superb review of the "Allemagne," amid the acclamations of England over the great victory—the resurrection of the people whose intellectual claims it had vindicated. In less than six months Napoleon abdicated, and the authoress, now the most distinguished woman of Europe, re-entered the French capital. Her "Corinne" had been the apotheosis of Italy; her "Allemagne," delayed by her persecutor till the resurrection of Germany and his own downfall, was now her own apotheosis.

A battle was fought on the 30th of March, 1814, under the walls of Paris, and the allies entered the city. Madame de Stael's reappearance there was another social triumph. Her *salon* was again opened and thronged. Her friends returned; Montmorency and Chateaubriand to take office, and Madame Recamier, from her exile in Italy, to embellish the society of the capital with her undiminished beauty. The Government paid to the authoress the two millions of Necker's claim. She saw her daughter married to the Duc de Broglie, and placed in the highest ranks of French society. Her fame filled Europe; no queen had more. She had been faithful and had triumphed at last. The "Hundred Days" threatened that triumph, but Waterloo secured it.

The world knows well the remainder of the remarkable story. The persecutor—the greatest captain of the age, if not of any age—died, himself an exile on the rock of St. Helena; his victim—the greatest feminine writer of her age, if not of any age—became the idol of his lost capital, the intellectual empress of Europe, and died peacefully in her restored Parisian home—Lafayette, Wellington, royal personages from

the Tuileries, the representatives of all European Courts, inquiring daily at her door, and the world feeling that by her death, in the language of Chateaubriand, "society was struck

with a general disaster;" that "it made one of those breaches which the fall of a superior intellect produces once in an age, and which can never be closed."

## EDUCATION IN CANADA.\*

BY J. A. MACLELLAN, M.A., LL.D.

WE may well be proud of our noble system of national education. Theoretically, almost perfect in its organization, it is rapidly, I believe, approaching a degree of efficiency which will leave it without a rival among the nations. It is already multiplying the elements which are effective in material progress, and creating that national intelligence which shall lay broad and deep the foundations of national liberty. But great things are yet to be done, and their accomplishment rests in the teacher's hands. The system may be as perfect in theory as human genius can make it; but it must fall far below its high ideal without its army of able and devoted teachers. You are workers in the grandest field of effort that ever engaged the heart and intellect of man. Daily, hourly—through earnest, conscious effort, and still more through the silent, ceaseless influence of the unconscious life,—you are leaving impressions which are ineffaceable, you are touching chords that shall vibrate for ever. Imbued by somewhat of that enthusiasm for humanity which characterized the Divine Man, it is yours not only to awaken intellectual life, but to touch the moral and religious nature—to inspire a reverence for that divine *spirit* of the Gospel, which, rising in imperishable grandeur from the warfare of dogmas, "is silently and gradually operating with ever widening,

humanizing and enlightening influence on the destinies of mankind."

On the self-sacrificing efforts of the teachers throughout this great Dominion largely depends the destiny of our country. Shall it have a glorious future or stand, after a brief semblance of life, a "skeleton among the nations?"

We believe a grand future is before us. We have been called to a great inheritance and entrusted with an exalted mission among the peoples of the world. Never was nation more splendidly endowed with the elements of a vigorous life, never was national birthday ushered in under brighter auguries for future greatness. We have a climate, under whose invigorating influence is attained the highest degree of physical and intellectual life. We have a geographical position affording unsurpassed facilities for achieving maritime and commercial greatness; we have a rich exuberance of material resources for the rapid development of all the industrial arts; we have in our fertile plains and valleys "ample room and verge enough" for the support of a mighty population. We have more than this. We have all the high instincts and all the manly qualities that distinguish the British race, whose valour and whose genius and whose love of liberty, consecrated ever by the spirit of religion, have made them the leaders in the grand march of

\* From an address delivered at the Annual Convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association, 1878.

humanity. We have more than this. The rich heritage of Britain's history is ours; we share in the renown of her immortal deeds; her glory is reflected from our national escutcheon; the spirit of her illustrious dead inspires us to high purpose and heroic endeavour. We reflect on her gallant conflicts with despotism, her splendid achievements in science and literature, and all the priceless triumphs in civil and religious liberty she has won for the human race, and we are lifted to the requirements of a grander destiny, and impelled to strive for a future worthy of so magnificent a past. We have more than this. The English language is ours, by no means the least valuable element in our peerless heritage; it is of all living tongues the noblest vehicle of human thought; it is the language which no nation can speak and remain enslaved—the language of liberty, of science, of religion—the language “which stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled goes forth with Freedom, Thought, and Truth to rouse and rule the world.” We have more than this. The accumulated wisdom and experience of all past stages of the world are ours. To Egypt descended only the civilization of the East; Greece inherited that of Egypt and transmitted it purified and enlarged to Rome, which in turn bequeathed modern civilization to the world. We enter therefore, upon our national career with the light of all the past beaming on our pathway “the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of Time.” We have more than this—immeasurably more effective in national development, more fruitful of national happiness, more conservative of national greatness, we have institutions enshrouning the very germs of liberty—founded on the great principle of human brotherhood and equal rights to all. And we have that pure religious faith, which exercises upon all other elements of national life a purifying and a vitalizing power, and without which no nation can win enduring greatness.

If, then, we are true to ourselves, a grand future lies before us. No power can quench that spirit of enterprise, that love of liberty, that universal intelligence, that religious zeal which characterize our race and which guide and impel us onward in an ever-brightening pathway. Sublime destiny! I seem to hear the tread of the uncounted millions coming up to the possession of this great Canadian zone. They are millions of the truly noble whom virtue and intelligence have ennobled; millions of the truly free whom the truth of God has made free. Their lineaments are the lineaments of the British race, their speech is the speech of freemen—the noble tongue of England. In a mighty chorus of voices, like the sound of many waters, I hear the melodies of a divine religion blending with the songs of liberty. I look, and visions of a beautiful land break upon my view. The fairer forms that cultivation glories in have been won from the savage wilderness; the genius of intelligence has breathed over the solitary places, a thousand forms of beauty have started into being, and the song of civilization has broken on the immemorial solitudes. Throughout the boundless extent of our rich domain the workshops of industry have risen in thousands, where the genius and skill of myriads of artisans are daily added to the national wealth. I see schools and colleges so increased in number and efficiency that the blessings of a liberal education have become universally diffused, and ignorance finds no lurking place in all the happy land. I see political institutions become as nearly perfect as anything of human origin can be, and all the great purposes of government accomplished with the simplest machinery. I see politics lifted from the mire, and invested with unwonted dignity. I see pure laws and high intelligence and refined manners, and truth, and justice, and honour, and patriotism and divine benevolence everywhere prevail. I see the universal people, amid all their material prosperity and marvellous in-

tellectual progress, governed ever by the immutable principles of pure religion,—repressing vice, exalting virtue—true to themselves, true to humanity, true to the high purposes of heaven, exalted by that righteous-

ness which exalteth a nation—brave, and free, and happy, and powerful, working out their glorious destiny under the benignant guidance of the Ruler of nations.

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### ROYALTY IN CANADA.

There is a moral grandeur in the spectacle of a whole nation stirred by a common impulse of loyalty to its Sovereign or her representatives. This spectacle has been grandly seen in the enthusiastic reception given at Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, and at every little hamlet through which they passed, to the daughter of our beloved Queen and her noble consort. Triumphant arches, blazing bonfires, brilliant illuminations, holiday pageantry, and loyal addresses made the whole route seem like a royal progress, and attested how deeply cherished by every class in the community is the silken tie that binds us to the throne and empire of Great Britain. Small wonder that the mother-heart in the royal palace of Windsor was touched by this evidence of the loyal devotion of a nation to her daughter and herself, and sent beneath the sea the message of her appreciation of a people's love. The noble marquis and the charming princess have captivated all hearts; and no doubt their presence among us will link more closely the bonds of sympathy and affection between our Dominion and the Motherland. Of them, as of Tennyson's Lord Burleigh and his bride, will it be said,—

And a noble consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such  
That she lived a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.

The domestic virtues and amiable character of the Princess, and the cultured taste and statesmanly ability of the Marquis, will command

the love and admiration of all Canadian hearts, and will knit them still more firmly to the throne. The Marquis of Lorne is descended from one of the oldest Scottish families, as well as one of the foremost in rank and in historic interest. Nine dukes and ten earls of Argyll lead us back to 1457, when the latter title was created. In this august lineage were some of the greatest statesmen and high officers of the Scottish and English crowns, including one martyr for the Covenant. The present duke is also a distinguished philosopher and author. The Marquis of Lorne was born in 1845, and married, in 1871, to the Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Her Majesty the Queen—this being the first instance of the marriage of the daughter of the reigning sovereign of England to a subject. He was educated at Eton, St. Andrew's and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1868, he was returned to the House of Commons for Argyllshire. In 1866, the Marquis made a tour through Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the United States and Canada. He is the author of several volumes of superior merit in prose and verse.

On another page of this number we reprint an English review of the Marquis of Lorne's recent poem, "Guido and Lita."

Amid the universal outburst of congratulation, however, is there not ground for deprecating the introduction into the society of this new country of certain usages of royal courts unsuited to our circumstances and condition? The sumptuary regulations which have been promul-

gated, especially in regard to the dress of ladies, will prevent many persons, as loyal as any in the land, from paying their respects personally to the daughter and representative of the Queen. Conscientious scruples or considerations of health will preclude them from adopting the prescribed style of dress, as being unsuited to the rigours of our climate, and objectionable for still graver reasons.

THE address of the Methodist Church of Canada, presented to His Excellency on December 10th by the Revs. Dr. Rice, A. Sutherland, the Ottawa ministers, and the Hon. Senator Aikins, P. Le Sueur, and W. H. Walker, Esqs., was a clear, concise, and able document. The reply of His Excellency was eminently cordial and courteous. The address of our Methodist Episcopal friends was nearly three times the length, and elicited a reply addressed to "My Lord Bishop, Reverend Sirs, and Members of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada;" while the delegation of the Methodist Church of Canada were only honoured with the designation, "Mr. President and Gentlemen." It is probably the first time in the history of the world that a modest Methodist preacher has been honoured by the representative of royalty with the title My Lord Bishop. We hope the good Doctor will not be unduly elated by the unwanted dignity.

#### THE AFGHAN WAR.

It is a serious misfortune when a country drifts into war unsupported by the moral sympathy of any considerable portion of the community. A division of sentiment weakens the hands of the executive, and, in a national crisis, when prompt and vigorous efforts are demanded, may completely paralyze its action. It is unquestionable that such a division of sentiment now exists as to the righteousness and justice of the present Afghan war. A large and influential party in England, including old Indian officers, and Lord Law-

rence, an ex-Governor-General of India, strongly deprecate a military movement against the Ameer of Afghanistan, and that not on account of the physical difficulties of the undertaking, but on political and moral grounds. They affirm that Lord Lytton and the Indian Government have precipitated the conflict for selfish and unjust causes. We have no doubt that the British columns will be able to push their way through the Khyber and Peiwar passes into the heart of Afghanistan without a repetition of the tragedy of forty years ago, but what then? Six millions of mountaineers cannot be held down by foreign power, especially if aided and abetted by secret Russian influence or open Russian force. The internal economy of India has hardly been so prosperous as to make a protectorate over other Asiatic peoples a desirable thing. Well has Solomon said, "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out waters"—one knows not where it will end. It may be the prelude to a wide-wasting deluge of war.

It is a tremendous responsibility to draw the sword and invade a foreign territory in a conflict that may become world-wide before its close. We can only pray the God of battles to defend the right and to over-rule the wrong.

Ore cannot be too jealous of the honour of his country—of its honour not in the sense of its military pride, but of its righteousness and justice. With the truest loyalty we may say with that grand-souled patriot, Mrs. Browning:—

"I would, my noble England! men  
might seek

All crimson stains upon thy breast  
—not cheek!"

#### THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The god Janus, we are told, who gave the name to the month January, had a two-faced head, looking both toward the old year and the new. So our thoughts instinctively, at this season, look wistfully, and sometimes mournfully, into the past as well as



hopefully and trustfully into the future. We look back upon a pathway strewn with unnumbered mercies. The year, to many, has not been without its lessons of sadness, of bereavement, of poverty and distress. It opened amid scenes of carnage—staining with blood the snowy passes of the Balkans and the Caucasus. It closes amid foreboding clouds of war, amid financial depression, industrial stagnation in great manufacturing centres, and disastrous lock-outs and strikes. It will be remembered as the Hungry Year of famine-stricken India and China, and the Fever Year of the plague-stricken South. But our own favoured land has suffered less from the tidal wave of business depression that has rolled around the world than almost any other land. We have had no famine or pestilence. Our barns have been filled with plenty. If money is scarce, bread is cheap for God's great family of the poor. To us, as a community and as individuals, God has crowned the year with His greatness. That we have not received still richer spiritual benedictions at His hand is not the fault of His unwearying love, but of our own lack of that wrestling faith that God honours by pouring out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to contain it. But, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, let us press to the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. If we have wasted time or opportunity of getting or of doing good, let us wrestle with each moment, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, not let it go until it bless us. Let us seek to live during the New Year in newness of life. Although we know not what its issues shall be for any one of us, of joy or sorrow, of weal or of woe, as a little child walking amid the darkness holds its father's hand and goes unflinching on, so let us put our hands in our loving Heaven's Father's and follow where He leadeth, in the assured faith that He will guide us safely through all life's weary

pilgrimage to that abiding home where time is not measured by days and years, but where eternity is one long *now* of beatitude and praise.

#### STAGE MORALITY.

There was this morning 17 at our door, and we presume at nearly every door in Toronto, a four page paper of opinions of the New York press of a celebrated actress whose portrait may be seen in half the shop windows. From these notices it appears that this actress has won fame and fortune by the consummate art with which she represents the character of Camille—the heroine of a French play—a woman who has lost her crown of womanhood. We quote from the notice of the New York *Herald*, "The stage had long before known the 'strange woman,' but here the attempt was to take her from her subsidiary relation to the drama and place in her barren breast all the hopes and emotions that are worthy of the purest. The daring attempt succeeded beyond expectation. Barred out of England, except in the operatic form that Verdi gave it, it has been well known to the American stage.

"In France, the creation of Dumas has borne fruit, indeed, and may, we hope, be said to have reached its utmost depth in the works of M. Zola, who has pitilessly dissected the social cancer that Dumas laid before the world in a setting of satin, gold and jewels; with, however, the perfect consciousness that it was a cancer all the same. After the sensitive have wept over the finely-wrought agonies of the heroine's sacrifice, it remains for the judicious to grieve, even when the judicious are entirely free from the rant of the clerical cushion thumper, and the cant of the prudens among women and the 'unco' gude' among men. It is a story of the *demi-monde*, although gilded with the suns of genius, and its 'gems of sentiment' are jewels from the mire. It is well to remember this always, particularly when it appeals so to our

kindly emotions through the medium of exquisite art, like that of the lady who interpreted it last night."

It has come to this that a French play, of which a harlot is the heroine, a play which so outrages propriety that it is not allowed to be performed in England, a play whose teaching even the unscrupulous New York *Herald* feels compelled to denounce, though not without a fling at the "rant of the clerical cushion thumpers," is being presented nightly to crowded audiences in the principal cities of the Dominion with "matinees for ladies and children." What can we think of more calculated to demoralize public sentiment, and to break down the barriers of virtue than the contemplation by a mixed and crowded audience of this "social cancer," and the public "appeal to their kindly emotions" on behalf of a creature who would not be tolerated in society for a moment? This is not a harsh judgment, for this "heroine" is not a repentant Magdalen, to whom the All-pitiful would say, "Go, and sin no more," but one who seemingly glories in her shame.

The facts is, the "morality of the stage" is often the grossest immorality. We were assured in a letter received last week, that plays are performed in our cities which would not be tolerated in England, and if the performers were to appear in the street as they appear on the stage they would be arrested for violations of public decency. We cannot too jealously guard against all complicity on the part of Christian people, or even of those merely desirous of promoting public morality, and this ancient enemy of all righteousness. Long ago Augustine denounced the theatre as the Temple of Satan, and it has not improved its character a whit since. It is infected with an inveterate and immedicable taint, which not all the perfumes of Arabia can sweeten, nor all the rose water of modern stage reformers cleanse.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The last number of the London *Wesleyan Recorder* contains an able

editorial, in which, if we are not greatly mistaken, we recognize the kindly appreciation and felicitous phrase of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, to whom Canadian Methodism owes so much, and who evidently still retains his deep interest in its prosperity. After referring to the "itching, begotten by the system of delegacy, to do something towards amending the constitution," which is carried to a wasteful excess in some of the American General Conferences, our kindly censor goes on to remark, "Our Canadian friends met in somewhat soberer vein—though in some of the speeches there was a rough intolerance of the traditions of the elders, and a pronounced and needless assertion of independence inexplicable to those who have not studied the colonial character, and akin to the feeling, almost contemptuous, with which a child effervescing into manhood is apt to look down upon the caution and wisdom of the father.

"Some of those who had given out light and warmth at the first Conference, notably Governor Wilmot, of New Brunswick, had been summoned to a higher sphere. Yet the Conference was a memorable season. The health and elasticity of Methodism was proved beyond all question. The discussions were spirited but kindly, and if some of the changes proposed were sufficiently bold, they were all intended for the helping of the ark."

With reference to the action of the General Conference on the class-meeting and hymn-book questions the writer further remarks:—

"Things continue, therefore, as they were for four years longer, although it would seem as if the practical abolition of class-meetings as tests of membership in the United States, and the retention of them by majorities only in Australasia and Canada, indicated some modification in the not distant future. Perhaps a wave of revival passing over the Churches and bathing the 'constitutionally diffident' and the wealthy indifferent with the living water may settle the matter. It would be well if those who contend

for the abolition of the class-meeting as the badge of membership would find some substitute which will fulfil one essential condition of a living church—*an organized system of perpetual testimony*. Given, baptism as the rite of initiation, and the Sacrament of the Supper as the privilege of believers, the feast of the faithful at which the tables are fenced against the unworthy, there needs, somehow, the perpetual witness bearing which renews in the hearing of the Church, in smaller or larger companies, its profession of faith in Christ.

"We scarcely wonder that the Conference decided in favour of the Committee's report on the new hymn-book. Any other decision could scarcely have been expected, and, in a whisper, we may add, was hardly desirable. This is not one of the subjects upon which uniformity can be realised, even should the Pan-Methodist Conference resolve in its favour. We wish the Committee all success in their endeavours, trusting that they will excise sparingly, that they will respect, as far as may be, the sentiment of holy association, and that they will not forget that there are social means of grace in Methodism which require a service of song, and that hymns for the closet or the class-meeting, where only believers pour out their souls, are not less necessary in a hymnal than those in which a mixed congregation may with propriety be asked to join."

The following personal references will be appreciated by all our read-

ers:—"The Rev. Dr. Douglas, the able and eloquent President of the Conference, has fairly earned the honour which his brethren conferred upon him, and we wish him, if the Lord will, better health to perform the duties of his responsible office. The stern necessity of economy induced the Conference, unwisely as it seems to us, to dispense with one Missionary Secretary, but the venerable Dr. Wood, as Honorary Secretary, will still be at hand to counsel with meekness of wisdom. The Rev. A. Sutherland will have Herculean labour. He will need Herculean strength. No Conference ever had a more faithful servant than the Rev. Dr. Rose, whose retirement from the Book-room takes place after thirteen years of hard and profitable service. He is succeeded by the Rev. W. Briggs, who goes from the pastorate of the Metropolitan Church. The Female College at Hamilton also loses Dr. Rice, whose severance from that institution seems as strange as if a planet had dropped out of its orbit, and there are other changes in the *personnel*; but the great brotherhood lives and works and triumphs in the Master's name, and, in the spirit of pioneer evangelism, aims at nothing less than to win the wilderness for God. May a thousand blessings rest on the Methodist Church of Canada, so that 'her sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and her daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.'"

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The "key-note" Missionary Anniversary is always held at Leeds in the month of October, and is invariably a season of more than ordinary interest. The anniversary of 1878 was no exception to those of

former years, inasmuch as the Sunday services, two public meetings, a breakfast, a bazaar, and "the sermon before the Society" produced \$8,630, which is \$280 in excess of the previous year.

"A Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund"

is to be formed to celebrate the event of the introduction of laymen into Conference. The fund is to be completed by 1880, and it is expected to produce one million of dollars, to be appropriated to liquidating the debts on Connexional Funds, the erection of another Theological College, the extension of Home Missions, and above all, the extension of Foreign Missions. The movement is being inaugurated in City Road Chapel, London, while we are compiling these notes. It is expected that the metropolis will contribute at least \$125,000. The scheme is a grand one, and reflects great credit on those who conceived it.

The centenary of the opening of City Road Chapel was celebrated on the evening of Nov. 1st, 1878. Rev. George Osborn, D.D., occupied the chair, and delivered an address full of personal reminiscences. In that edifice he heard Henry Moore preach the funeral sermon of Dr. Adam Clarke. There also he heard Richard Watson preach one of his best sermons. During the evening, the following telegram was received from New York:—"Centennial congratulations from the Bishops and General Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, now assembled," signed by Bishop Simpson and others. Addresses were delivered by several ministers, and the amount required to remove all the debt from this time-honoured sanctuary was collected, when the audience sang the doxology.

*Friendly Islands.*—The people of these islands now contribute \$10,000 to the mission funds, besides sustaining their own missionaries.

*Holiness Conventions.*—One of these important meetings was held at Bradford, Yorkshire, and continued three days. There were three services held daily. Several ministers and laymen took part in the services, all of which were well attended, and were very profitable.

Another was held at Clones, Ireland. Addresses were delivered on

"Holiness and Christian Work," "Christian Work in the World," "Christian Work in the Church," and "Christian Work in the Family." Great good was done.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Missionary Committee are raising a fund in memory of the late Rev. W. N. Hall, to be called the "Hall Endowment Fund," to be employed in meeting the working expenses of the native evangelist Tientsin Training Institution, China. About \$2,500 have been subscribed.

Rev. W. B. Hodge, of Tientsin, has again broken down in health. His medical attendant insists that he return to England. This is the second time that he has been compelled to visit his native land to recruit his health. He takes with him the widow and family of his late fellow-labourer, Rev. W. N. Hall, and the orphan son of another missionary, who with his wife fell victims to the famine fever.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

At the late anniversary of the Missionary Society, Bishop Wiley made an earnest appeal for an increase of labourers in Japan. His request was partially complied with, and three more missionaries are to be sent out as speedily as possible. He also asked for \$3,500 to be appropriated towards the erection of a training school for native teachers.

The number of churches and converts in Japan have doubled in the past year. The opening there has few parallels in missionary history.

At a love-feast in St. Paul's Church, New York, recently, two Japanese converts related their experience. One, Yozeya, embraced Christianity in Japan, and the other, Bajdoff, in America.

The Freedmen's Aid Society has had a very successful year. Its report states that more teachers were educated, more ministers prepared, and more souls were converted than in any previous year. The Society supports ten chartered educational institutions, and ten not chartered,

containing in all 2,940 students. Of these 400 were biblical, 25 law, 50 medical, 75 collegiate, 275 academic, 1,000 normal, 510 intermediate, and 605 primary students. The receipts of the year were \$63,402. The debt of \$15,000 has been reduced to \$12,000. The Society has disbursed \$715,852 in eleven years. There are at least 127,000 coloured members in the Church.

#### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

*Annual Missionary Report.*—We have just received the fifty-fourth report of the Missionary Society, which is the fourth from the union in 1874. It is a volume of over 300 pages, and is full of valuable information. There has been a very gratifying increase in many of the departments of the Society's operations. The increase of missions in four years is 178; the increase of missionaries, 163, being an increase of total paid agency of 176. The total number of missions now is 409; the total of missionaries is 422. There are also 15 native assistants. There are 33 schools and 33 teachers, and 21 interpreters, making a paid agency in the missionary department of the Methodist Church of Canada of 496. The membership on the missions is nearly 40,000. During the two first years of the quadrennium there was a gratifying increase of income, but the expenditure in one of those years was largely in excess of the income; and, during the last two years, the income has decreased, so that now the net deficit is \$63,143 82.

It will readily be seen that the Society must be greatly crippled with such a heavy burden of debt, and, therefore, the General Confer-

ence instructed the Central Board that, in making its appropriations to the various Conferences, the amount should not be beyond what was raised by ordinary income for the preceding year. All legacies and special contributions to be appropriated to the reduction of the debt. The working expenses have been considerably reduced, as the *Monthly Notices* are to be no longer published, and there is only to be one salaried secretary after next June. In view of the fact that ministers on Domestic Missions only receive about \$400 each, it is a pity that so much expense is incurred in connection with missionary meetings. Speakers should not be brought such great distances as is often done.

We are glad to find that the juvenile offerings amount to nearly \$17,000, and that the income from all sources is \$141,475; but this is about \$6,000 less than the income four years ago. It has been resolved to reduce the debt in four years, at the rate of \$16,000 per year, which has been divided among the Conferences. If each circuit and mission will raise twelve and a-half per cent. of its income last year by some special subscription, then the amount will be realized. Some circuits have already done so. May all follow their example.

The re-building of the Centenary Church at St. John's, New Brunswick, which was destroyed by the great fire two years ago, is fast advancing towards completion. The congregation have taken possession of the school-room, which was dedicated at a monster tea meeting, which was attended by more than 700 people. No wonder that the friends felt greatly cheered.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Christian Adventures in South Africa*, Cr. 8vo. pp. 557, and *Four Years' Campaign in India*, Cr. 8vo. pp. 416. By the REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR. New York: Nelson & Phillips; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The name of "California Taylor" is a household word with all who know anything of recent missionary operations throughout the world. We think that no man since the days of the Apostles was ever honoured of God to be the means of the conversion of so many thousands of heathens and nominal Christians as he. In the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the West Indies, British Guiana, South Africa, Ceylon, India, and South America, he has laboured with distinguished success for the cause of the Master. His evangelistic efforts are of a peculiarly aggressive character. He believes thoroughly in "carrying war into Africa," in seeking in their lairs of vice the unevangelized masses, in following the lost sheep in their pagan darkness, and superstition, and sin.

These volumes give an account, in part, of his adventures in religious campaigning in two of his most successful fields of labour. They abound in extraordinary incidents and narratives of remarkable triumphs of grace in the conversion of ignorant and savage Kaffirs, and bigoted and superstitious Mahometans, Buddhists, and Brahmans, and awfully depraved sinners of so-called Christian name. They give also much information on the physical, social, and especially religious condition of important portions of the wide-spread British Empire. We are persuaded that Mr. Taylor's theory of Missionary work is a correct one,—that of going forth, like the Apostles, into "the regions beyond," in reliance on the providence of God, employing, as far as

possible, native agency, and cultivating a spirit of self-dependence, and the practice of self-support in the native churches. Only in this way can the pagan hundreds of millions of the world be evangelized. The work of their conversion has scarcely yet been begun.

The only parallel that we know of to the missionary labours of Mr. Taylor are those of Francis Xavier. Both went forth in a spirit of religious knight-errantry to conquer the heathen world for Christ. Both achieved signal success in their missions; but Xavier was satisfied with the formal acceptance of superstitions only less crude than those which were abandoned by the heathen. On the contrary, no one can have listened to Mr. Taylor without being struck with his clear, logical, and spiritual presentation of Scripture truths. He possesses the power of so exhibiting that truth as to take hold of the conscience of the worldling or scoffer, and yet he makes the way of salvation so plain that a little child, or the most un-instructed heathen cannot fail to understand it. With a remarkable independence of character, or rather with implicit dependence on the providence of God, he declines to accept any emolument for his arduous labours in many lands. He derives his entire support and that of his family not from tent-making, like Paul, but from the sale of the numerous books which he has written. Some of these, as his books on California, have had a sale of over 30,000 each—a proof of their remarkable merit and popularity.

*Rob Rat: a Story of Barge Life.*  
By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE.  
London: Wesleyan Conference Office; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, 15 cents.

The accomplished author of "Daniel Quorm" presents us in

this little book a harrowing picture of the privations and wrongs, and sins and sufferings, and practical heathenism in the midst of Christendom of the canal population of England. "Surely," exclaims our author, "there is some great wrong somewhere, in which it is possible you and I may have a share, that we can suffer thousands of these floating hovels to be going day and night through our cities, past our own homes, and along by our churches and chapels. Think of them; picture them going silently along the waterways of our land, carrying not merely gunpowder that makes noise enough about itself at times, but carrying *half a million souls*, to whom a decent life is simply impossible—mother, father, boys and girls herded together in a common den. For the most part without Sabbath rest, much more without Sabbath service or Sabbath-school. Lying away outside the efforts of philanthropy, until of very late; outside the reach of school-boards, and all parish legislation; lying, too, with less excuse, outside even the limits of parliamentary regulation.

"Is it any wonder that the boats should go to and fro, carrying not only human beings of all ages, and cargoes of filth and manure and the refuse of our large towns, but carrying also small-pox and deadly fevers,—carrying vices too that are a thousand times deadlier if we would but believe it? Is it any wonder that living, cooking, eating, sleeping together in such a place, we should find two-thirds of those who live as man and wife are unmarried? That ninety per cent. are drunkards? And what can we expect but an ignorance of God, of the Bible, of all religion, such as would have long ago aroused a special effort and a special mission on the part of half a dozen churches had it not been lying at our very doors?"

"Pray God that this reproach be speedily wiped away! And seek we, as much as in us lies, to remedy it. Urge on our legislators the need of government interference on behalf

of these women and children, that they may be rescued from the ignorance, the brutality, and the heaped-up evils that float away on board *The Water-Rat* and ten thousand other barges."

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of this little book, which contains an appalling revelation of the condition of so many of her subjects. Let us hope that the great estates of the realm, whose attention is called to this crying evil, will speedily procure its removal. The illustration of the book is admirable. Its fourteen engravings of barge life are full of character and expression. The contrast between pious "Old Noah," with his orphan child, and "Old Rat," with his felon face and fierce bull-dog, is really an art study, and a lesson also in something beside.

*A Candid Examination of Theism.*

By PHYSICUS. 8vo, pp. 197. Boston: Houghton & Co. Price, \$2.50.

The anonymous author of this book has succeeded in persuading himself that the traditional arguments of the great thinkers of the race, from Plato to Sir Wm. Hamilton, on the existence of a God, are invalid. He has not, however, the courage of his opinions, but conceals his personality under the veil of a pseudonyme. The final result of his blank philosophy of negation is not very encouraging. "So far as the ruination of individual happiness is concerned," is his concluding statement, "no one can have a more lively perception than myself of the possibly disastrous tendency of my work. So far as I am individually concerned, the result of this analysis has been to show that it has become my obvious duty to stifle all belief of the kind which I conceive to be the noblest, and to discipline my intellect into an attitude of purest skepticism. . . . I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness. When at times I think, as think many times I must, of the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely

mystery of existence as I now find it—at such times I shall feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.”

There is a melancholy pathos about this sad confession that must touch every heart. It is the wail of a soul that has lost faith in God, and that regards the world as orphaned of the love of the merciful All-Father. To him who, by a personal consciousness, by the witness of God's spirit with us, can say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” such a soul-wail awakens only infinite pity. But is not he who spreads broadcast his disastrous doubts like one who scatters firebrands, arrows and death, and says Am I not in sport? Nor is his conduct without deep moral obliquity, for we know who it is that hath said in his heart, There is no God. To reach this sad negation the Atheist must uproot those great primal instincts of the soul,—that crying out for the living God—that leads even the naked savage to see Him in His mighty works and to hear His voice in the thunder of His power.

*The Witness of History to Christ.* Five sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1870. By the Rev. T. W. FARRAR, D.D. Fifth edition, 1878. 12mo, pp. 207. Macmillan & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$1.50.

This book is an admirable antidote to that last noticed. With great learning, with fervid eloquence, with a devout spirit, the author concentrates into a focus the scattered testimony of the ages, which carry with them the moral demonstration not merely of the existence of a God, but that Jesus Christ is God. The argument is treated under five heads; The antecedent credibility of the Miraculous, The Adequacy of the Gospel Records, The Victories of Christianity, Christianity and the Individual, and Christianity and the Race. We know of no book which,

within the same scope, brings to bear on the subject such wealth of illustration, such force of argument and, above all, such fervour of eloquence, as this. Its copious notes are a perfect mine of information on the authorities cited in discussing this august theme.

*Christianity and Morality; or, The Correspondence of the Gospel with the Moral Nature of Man.* The Boyle Lectures for 1874 and 1875. By HENRY WACE, M.A. Third edition, 1877; 12mo, pp. 311. Methodist Book Rooms. Price, \$1.80.

The admirers of Mr Gregg are fond of asking why the orthodox divines do not answer the “Creed of Christendom.” They have only to read these lectures to have an answer which they will find difficult to controvert. The author recognizes the difference between the skepticism of the last century and that of the present time. It is that the latter accepts the moral teaching of the New Testament, while professing an inability to concede its divine claims, while the former sapped the very foundations of morality and of Christian civilization. This difference places before the Christian theist at once an increased advantage and an increased difficulty. Its advantage is that it furnishes a common ground of belief and common principles of conduct. Its difficulty is that the moral earnestness and sincerity of the opponents of Christianity are much more formidable than the frivolous and immoral objections of the men of inferior character of a former period. The author treats with Christian courtesy such men as Matthew Arnold, Mr. Gregg, and J. S. Mill, but exposes the fallacies of their objections to Christianity, and demonstrates conclusively of the theme, the correspondence of the Gospel with the moral nature of man.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. B. ROSS; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.



(By permission.)

# THERE WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

Words by REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

Music by J. C. GUEST.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f, pp), articulation (accents), and performance directions (rall). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1 Where the fa - ded flow'r shall freshen, Freshen ne - ver more to fade ; Where the shaded sky shall brighten, Brighten never more to shade ; Where the sun-blaze never scorches, Where the star-beams cease to chill, Where no tem - pest stirs the echoes of the wood, or wave, or hill ;— There we shall meet and rest, There we shall meet and rest ; Brother, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the ho - ly and the blest.

- 2 Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er ;  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more ;  
Where the bond is never sever'd,  
Partings, clasplings, sob, and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide—all are done ;—  
There we shall meet, &c.
- 3 Where a blighted world shall brighten,  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Shed its healing splendour here ;

- Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on their robes of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden,  
Be where only wastes have been ;—  
There we shall meet, &c.
- 4 Where the morn shall wake in gladness  
And the noon the joy prolong,  
When the daylight dies in fragrance,  
'Mid the burst of holy song ;  
When the child has found its mother,  
When the mother finds her child,  
When the families are gathered,  
That were scattered on the wild ;—  
There we shall meet, &c.