

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

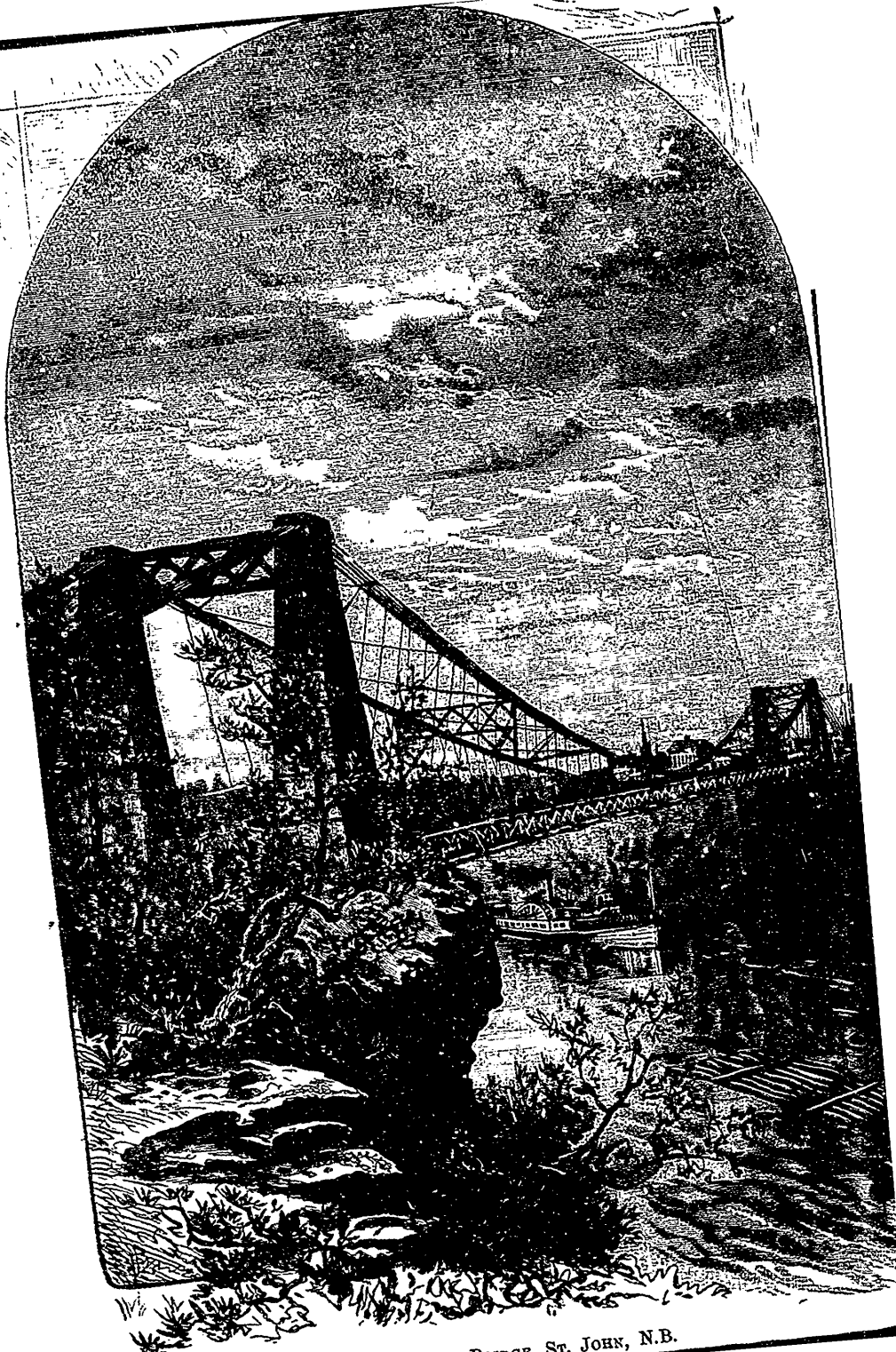
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

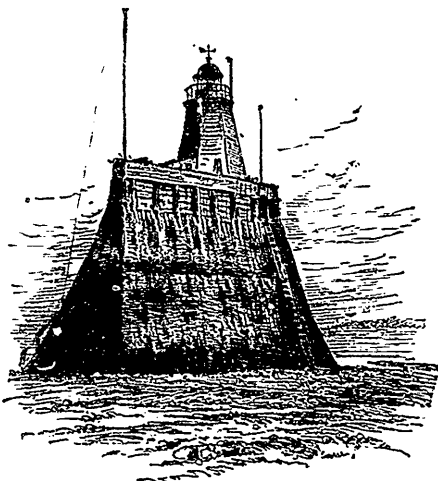


SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

PICTURESQUE NEW BRUNSWICK.*



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOUR,
AT LOW TIDE.

A HUNDRED years ago, on the 18th of May, 1783, the United Empire Loyalists landed at the mouth of the St. John River, and laid the foundations of what is now the noble city of St. John. The history of this spot, however, extends back for much more than one century—to the days when the land was Acadia, and the banner of France waved from the forts of the harbour and river.

The story of La Tour and

his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. The legend is one of the bits of history in which St. John takes special pride. Every one knows the story—how Madame, wife of Charles St. Estienne de la Tour, one of the lords of Acadia, under the French king, held that fort when it was attacked by the rival lord of Acadia, D'Aulnay Charnizay,

* The engravings which illustrate this article, except the two full page cuts, are taken by permission of the publishers from the December number of the *Manhattan Magazine*. We are also indebted for much of the text to an interesting article on "A Corner in Acadia," in the same periodical. For clubbing rates of the *Manhattan* with this MAGAZINE, see our "Literary Notes."



St. John, New Brunswick.

St. John, N.B. 1858
J. W. Swanwick

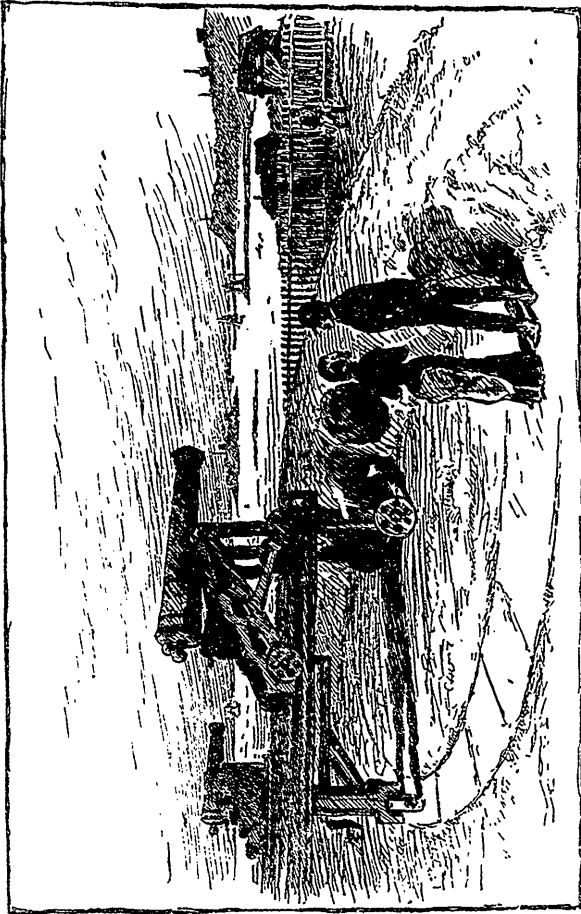
while her husband was absent seeking help from the Puritans of Massachusetts; and how she held it so well and bravely that she repulsed the besieger until the treachery of one of her garrison, a Swiss, placed her in his hands; and how all her garrison, but the Swiss, were put to death, and how madame herself died, from grief and ill-treatment, in nine days, before her husband could arrive to her succour.

Apart from its Acadian annals, St. John is pre-eminently a modern city. Even the best part of its old buildings have been swept away by fire, and new and substantial edifices line the great majority of the streets. St. John is to be seen for what it is—not for what it has been. The great fire of the 20th of June, 1877, swept over 200 acres of the business part of the city, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, which occupied nine miles of streets, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way between twenty and thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete, and the effect of it will be felt for many years to come. The new city has made rapid progress; and brick and stone have taken the place of the wood so generally in use in former times. To one who knew it in other years, St. John seems another place. Everything has changed, all the old associations are gone. The surroundings of the people are different. It is much as if some old familiar picture-gallery were so renovated that all the old lights and shades were gone, and the dear old paintings brightened, varnished and set in new and gilded frames.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Custom House is one of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches—notably the Centenary Methodist Church, described in a previous number of this *MAGAZINE*—and numerous other buildings, public and private, cannot fail to evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight and crossing each other at right angles. The new part of the city has a gentle slope towards the harbour, and seen from the latter makes a fine appearance. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favourable impression, and St. John is voted a city of noble possibilities and delightful surroundings.

The river St. John rises in the State of Maine, and flows for 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbour on the Bay of Fundy,

It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine, and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over five hundred feet wide. Here a remarkable fall is formed. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen



OLD FORT ON THE BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the water meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tides, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds.

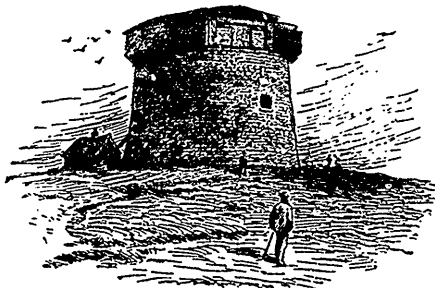
Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives. From the Mananogish Road (the "Mahogany" road, as it is often called), to reach which you have to cross the suspension bridge above mentioned, a curious effect is to be experienced. The Mananogish runs along the narrow strip of land between the river and the sea, near the river's mouth; and on one side the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, also at your feet, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, forms a striking seascape, with the lines of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives in the country. Returning, Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story." The Marsh Road is also a favourite drive; it must be a gay scene in the frosty winter moonlight when all the sleighs of St. John are flitting up and down upon it. And then you can go along it to Rothsay, on the brow of the bank of the Kennebecis. If one wants to get a comprehensive view of all this neighbourhood, let him climb the heights of Portland or of Carleton; but my selection as a viewing-point would be the old dismantled fort behind the Exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon, you can gaze on city or bay.

The harbour of St. John is one of its great features. Deep and capacious, its swift currents and high tides render it free from ice during the most severe seasons. Ships of any size can lie safely at its wharves, or anchor in the stream, well sheltered from the storms which rage without. At the entrance is Part-

ridge Island, a light, signal, and quarantine station; and this once properly fortified, and guns placed at the opposite shore of the mainland, no hostile fleet could hope to gain the harbour without a desperate struggle.

It is interesting to sail down the harbour of St. John. The tide-fall in the Bay of Fundy is so great—some thirty or forty feet at St. John—that ice never forms here in winter. This circumstance, added to the others, serves to make St. John harbour one of the finest imaginable. The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves look so high above the water-level, and the lighthouses look so quaint and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices. There are plenty of good marine “bits” here. There is a shipping of all nations. All manner of craft, some from Digby, Nova Scotia, over the way, and more than one that had passed “where the mists of Penobscot clung damp on her mast,” bob against each other at the busy Market Slip. Somewhat out in the harbour, toward Partridge Island, sail a



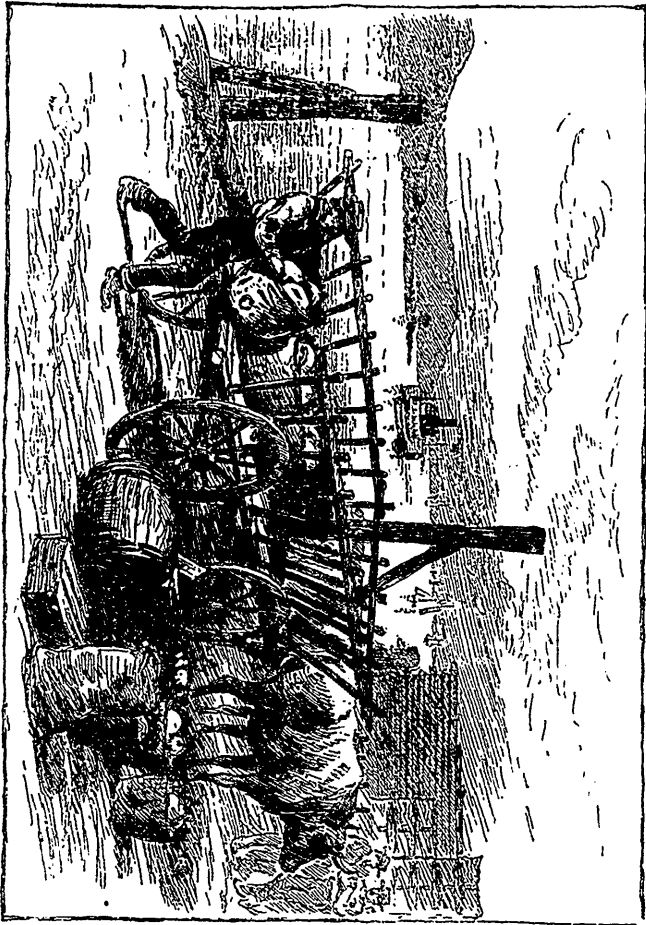
MARTELLO TOWER, ST. JOHN.

pair of “ocean-tramp[s],” as the stevedores of St. John indignantly call those iron steamships that coast around delivering their cargoes cheaply by their own crews, instead of employing the honest harbour men. Some fishermen’s cottages on flat Navy Island—where once stood a fortified Indian village—are characteristic. St. John looks well from its harbour—its well laid-out streets, numerous churches, and tree-embowered private residences visible in clear relief upon the high ridge on which the city is built.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to

none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day. The commercial outlook of St. John is most encouraging. The citizens have rallied from the terrible blow dealt them by the fire, and industries of all kinds are increasing in number and importance.

LANDING-STAGE, ON THE ST. JOHN.



There can be nothing finer, in its way, than a short trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. You embark at Indiantown, above the rapids, and sail out into the stream, moving past a high overhanging cliff, fir-crowned, with limekilns nestling snugly on little beaches at its base. There is a keen breeze, cool even when the thermometer is in the nineties in the city. The boat is lively with a mixed com-

pany of passengers, bound for any landing stage or station between Indiantown and Grand Falls, or even Edmunston—for the river is a favourite route, as far as it is available—to all points in the neighbouring interior.

The St. John is a lordly river, we think as fine in scenic effect as either the Hudson or the Rhine. It winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating, banks, through scenes of majestic beauty. The land is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly marking the Canadian contour of the forests. Peaceful banks they are, with here and there a quiet homestead reposing among their curves, and here and there a rustic-looking lighthouse out on a point, warning of shallows. The scenery is glorious, both in variety and beauty—a scenery of mountain, wood, lake and stream and sea—which include such splendours as those of the Grand Falls of the St. John, such amazing views of hundreds of miles of forest wilds as that from the rocky summit of Bald Head, and such a dazzling kaleidoscope of sea-scapes as the whole coast line of the Eastern provinces frowns and sparkles with. Human nature, too, lends its colour to the picture, in types like the New Brunswick backwoodsman, lithe, kingly giant of the lumber region, and, like the quaint *habitans*, scattered here and there, picturesque but faded remnants of the happy people who once dwelt by the Basin of Minas.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

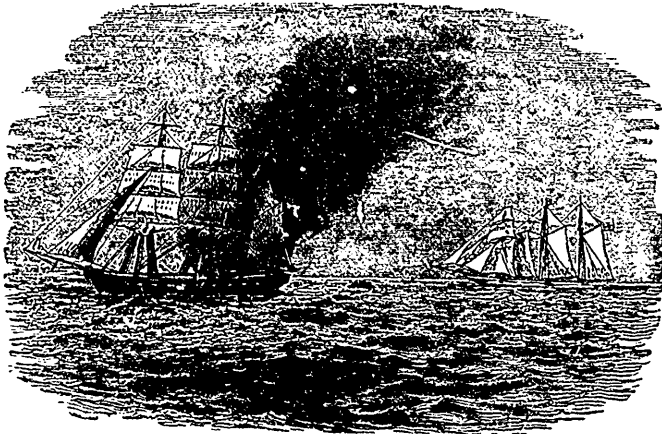
BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

ANGELS sang	Through days of dread
When Christ was born	And nights of gloom.
At Bethlehem,	Easter morn !
On Christmas morn.	Angels rejoice
Angels wept	To hear again
And hovered nigh,	The Saviour's voice.
When Christ our Lord	Grief and sighing
Went forth to die.	Flee away ;
Angels watched	The Son of Man
Beside the tomb	Is risen to-day !

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

IV.



"MONKSHAVEN" ON FIRE.

I HAVE seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Thursday, September 28th.—A fine bright morning, with a strong, fair wind. I was lying down, below, after breakfast, when Mabelle rushed into the cabin, saying, "Papa says you are to come up on deck at once, to see the ship on fire." I rushed up quickly, and on reaching the deck I found everybody looking at a large barque, under full sail, flying the red union-jack upside down, and with signals in her rigging, which our signal-man read as "ship on fire." These were lowered shortly afterwards, and the signals, "Come on board at once," hoisted in their place. Still we could see no appearance of smoke or flames, but we nevertheless sent off a boat's crew. We were now near enough to the barque to make out her name through a glass—the *Monks-*

haven, of Whitby—and we observed a puff of smoke issue from her deck simultaneously with the arrival of our boat alongside. In the course of a few minutes, the boat returned, bringing the mate of the *Monkshaven*, a fine-looking Norwegian, who reported his ship to be sixty-eight days out from Swansea, bound for Valparaiso, with a cargo of smelting coal. The fire had first been discovered on the previous Sunday, and by six a.m. on Monday the crew had got up their clothes and provisions on deck, thrown overboard all articles of a combustible character, such as tar, oil, paint, spare spars and sails, planks, and rope, and battened down the hatches. Ever since they had all been



SHIPWRECKED CREW COMING ON BOARD.

living on deck, with no protection from the wind and sea but a canvas screen. Tom and Captain Brown proceeded on board at once. They found the deck more than a foot deep in water, and all a-wash; when the hatches were opened for a moment dense clouds of hot suffocating yellow smoke immediately poured forth, driving back all who stood near. From the captain's cabin came volumes of poisonous gas, which had found its way in through the crevices, and one man, who tried to enter, was rendered insensible.

It was perfectly evident that it would be impossible to save

the ship, and the captain therefore determined, after consultation with Tom and Captain Brown, to abandon her. Some of the crew were accordingly at once brought on board the *Sunbeam*, in our boat, which was then sent back to assist in removing the remainder, a portion of whom came in their own boat. The poor fellows were almost wild with joy at getting alongside another ship, after all the hardships they had gone through. By half-past six we had them all safe on board, with most of their effects, and the ship's chronometers, charts, and papers.

The *Monkshaven* was now hove-to, under full sail, an occasional puff of smoke alone betraying the presence of the demon of destruction within. The sky was dark and lowering, the sunset red and lurid in its grandeur, the clouds numerous and threatening, the sea high and dark. Everything portended a gale. As we lay slowly rolling from side to side, the ship would disappear, for what seemed an age, in the deep trough of the South Atlantic rollers.

For two hours we could see the smoke pouring from various portions of the ill-fated barque. Our men, who had brought off the last of her crew, reported that, as they left her, flames were beginning to burst from the fore-hatchway; and it was therefore certain that the rescue had not taken place an hour too soon. Whilst we were at dinner, Powell called us up on deck to look at her again, when we found that she was blazing like a tar-barrel. The captain was anxious to stay by and see the last of her, but Tom was unwilling to incur the delay which this would have involved. We accordingly got up steam, and at nine p.m. steamed round the *Monkshaven*, as close as it was deemed prudent to go. No flames were visible then; only dense volumes of smoke and sparks, issuing from the hatches. The heat, however, was intense, and could be plainly felt, even in the cold night air, as we passed some distance to leeward. All hands were clustered in our rigging, on the deck house, or on the bridge, to see the last of the poor ship, as she was slowly being burnt down to the water's edge. Her cargo was a very dangerous one. At Buenos Ayres we were told that, of every three ships carrying coal round to Valparaiso or Callao, one catches fire.

The crew of the *Monkshaven*—Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Scotch, and Welsh—appear to be quiet, respectable men. This is fortunate, as an incursion of fifteen rough lawless spirits on

board our little vessel would have been rather a serious matter. In their hurry and fright, however, they left all their provisions behind them, and it is no joke to have to provide food for fifteen extra hungry mouths for a week or ten days, with no shops at hand from which to replenish our stores. The sufficiency of the water supply, too, is a matter for serious consideration. We have all been put on half-allowance, and sea-water is only to be used for washing purposes.

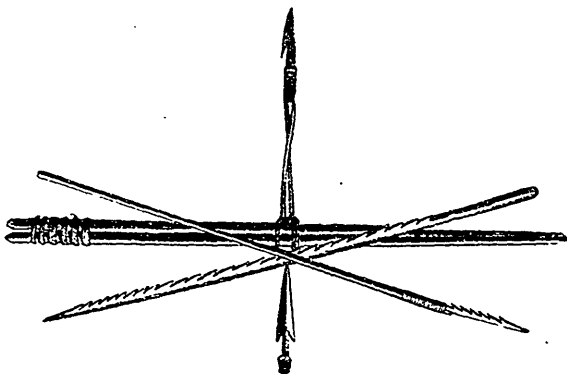
Friday, September 29th.—Again a fine morning. All on board are now settling down into something like order. The stewards are arranging matters below, and measuring out the stores, to allowance the men for twelve days. The deck does not look quite as neat as usual. Such of the men's sea-chests as have been saved are lashed around the steam-chest, so that they can be got at easily, while their bags and other odd things have been stowed on deck, wherever they can be kept dry; for every inch of available space below is occupied. Captain Runciman is writing, with tears in his eyes, the account of the loss of his fine ship. He tells me that he tried in vain to save sixty pounds' worth of his own private charts from his cabin, but it was impossible, on account of the stifling atmosphere, which nearly overpowered him.

The great danger of smelting coal, as a ship's cargo, is its special liability to spontaneous combustion. It may go on smouldering quietly for days, or at any moment the gas that has been generated may burst up the vessel's decks from end to end, without the slightest warning. Or it may burn downwards, and penetrate some portion of the side of the ship below water; so that, before any suspicion has been aroused, the water rushes in, and the unfortunate ship and her crew go to the bottom.

At midnight, Tom and I were awakened by a knock at our cabin door, and the gruff voice of Powell, saying: "The barometer's going down very fast, please, sir, and it's lightning awful in the sou'-west. There's a heavy storm coming up." We were soon on deck, where we found all hands busily engaged in preparing for the tempest. Around us a splendid sight presented itself. On one side a heavy bank of black clouds could be seen rapidly approaching, while the rest of the heavens were brilliantly illuminated by forked and sheet lightning, the thunder meanwhile rolling and rattling without intermission. An ominous calm followed, during which the men had barely time to

lower all the sails on deck, without waiting to stow them, when the squall struck us, not very severely, but with a blast as hot as that from a furnace. We thought worse was coming, and continued our preparations; but the storm passed rapidly away to windward, and was succeeded by torrents of rain, so that it was evident we could only have had quite the tail of it.

Sunday, October 1st.—A fine morning, with a fair wind. At eleven we had a short service, at four a longer one, with an excellent sermon from Tom, specially adapted to the rescue of the crew of the burning ship. As usual, the sunset, which was magnificent, was succeeded by a slight storm, which passed over without doing us any harm.



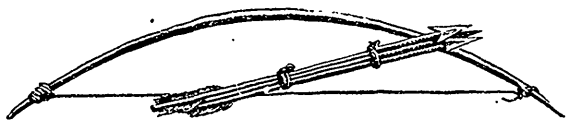
FUEGIAN WEAPONS.

I have said that it was found impossible to save any provisions from the *Monkshaven*. As far as the men are concerned, I think this is hardly to be regretted, for I am told that the salt beef with which they were supplied had lain in pickle for so many years that the saltpetre had eaten all the nourishment out of it, and had made it so hard that the men, instead of eating it, used to amuse themselves by carving it into snuff-boxes, little models of ships, etc.

Thursday, October 5th.—We made the land early, and most uninteresting it looked, consisting, as it did, of a low sandy shore, with a background of light clay-coloured cliffs. Not a vestige of vegetation was anywhere to be seen, and I am quite at a loss to imagine what the guanacos and ostriches, with which the chart tells us this country abounds, find to live upon. About twelve

o'clock we made Cape Virgins, looking very like Berry Head to the north of Torbay.

About two o'clock we saw in the far distance what looked at first like an island, and then like smoke, but gradually shaped itself into the masts, funnel, and hull of a large steamer. From her rig we at once guessed her to be the Pacific Company's mail boat, homeward bound. When near enough, we accordingly hoisted our number, and signalled "We wish to communicate," whereupon she bore down upon us and ceased steaming. We then rounded her lee and lowered a boat, and Tom, Mabelle, and I, with Captain Runciman and four or five of the shipwrecked crew, went on board. Our advent caused great excitement, and seamen and passengers all crowded into the bows to watch us. As we approached the ladder the passengers ran aft, and directly we reached the deck the captain took possession of Tom, the first and second officers of Mabelle and myself, while Captain Runci-



FUEGIAN BOW AND ARROWS.

man and each of his crew were surrounded by a little audience eager to know what had happened, and all about it. At first it was thought that we all wanted a passage, but when we explained matters Captain Thomas, the commander of the *Illimani*, very kindly undertook to receive all our refugees and convey them to England. We therefore sent the gig back for the rest of the men and the chests of the whole party, and then availed ourselves of the delay to walk round the ship. It was most amusing to see the interest with which we were regarded by all on board. Passengers who had never been seen out of their berths since leaving Valparaiso, suddenly made their appearance, in dressing-gowns and wraps, and dishevelled hair and wide-opened eyes, gazing in mute astonishment at us, quite unable to account for our mysterious arrival on board in this out-of-the-way spot. A mail steamer does not stop for a light cause, and it was therefore evident to them that the present was no ordinary occurrence. The captain told us that the last time he passed through the Straits he picked up two boats' crews, who had escaped from a

burning ship, and who had suffered indescribable hardships before they were rescued.

The captain of the *Illimani* kindly gave us half a bullock, killed this morning, a dozen live ducks and chickens, and the latest newspapers. Thus supplied with food for body and mind, we said farewell, and returned to the *Sunbeam*; our ensigns were duly dipped, we steamed away on our respective courses, and in less than an hour we were out of sight of each other. It is a sudden change for the *Monkskaven* men, who were all very reluctant to leave the yacht. Many of them broke down at the last moment, particularly when it came to saying good-bye to Tom and me, at the gangway of the steamer. They had seemed thoroughly to appreciate any kindness they received while with us, and were anxious to show their gratitude in every possible way. About 8 p.m. we anchored for the night in Possession Bay. It was thick at sunset, but afterwards clear and cold, with a splendid moon.

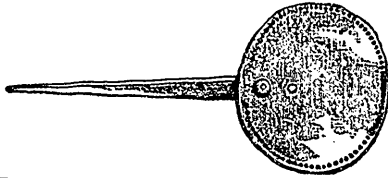
Friday, October 6th.—We got under way at 5.30 a.m., and steamed past the low sandy coast of Patagonia and the rugged mountains of Tierra del Fuego, and through the First and Second Narrows, to Cape Negro. At 3 p.m. we reached Sandy Point, the only civilized place in the Straits. It is a Chilian settlement, and a large convict establishment has been formed here by the Government. Almost before we had dropped our anchor, the harbour-master came on board, closely followed by the officers of the two Chilian men-of-war lying in the harbour. The town, which contains between 1,200 and 1,300 inhabitants, is composed entirely of one-storied log huts, with slate or tile roofs. They are all arranged in squares, separated from each other by wide roads; and the whole settlement is surrounded by stockades. At the further end of the town stands the convict prison, distinguished by its tower, and the Governor's house, which, though built of wood, is the most pretentious-looking edifice in the place. There is a nice little church close by, and some tidy-looking barracks.

We went straight to the house of the British Vice-Consul, who received us very kindly, and promised to do what he could to assist us in obtaining supplies. We went to see three Fuegian females, who are living in a house belonging to the medical officer of the colony. They were picked up a short time since by a

passing steamer from a canoe, in which they had evidently sought refuge from some kind of cruelty or oppression. Their skin is slightly copper-coloured, their complexions high-coloured, their hair thick and black; and, though certainly not handsome, they are by no means so repulsive as I had expected from the descriptions of Cook, Dampier, Darwin, and other more recent travellers.

Saturday, October 7th.—My birthday. Tom gave me a beautiful guanaco-skin robe, and the children presented me with two

ostrich rugs. The guanaco is a kind of large deer, and it is said that the robes made from its skin are the warmest in the world. People here assure me that, with the hair turned inside, these robes have afforded them sufficient protection to enable them to



PIN FOR FASTENING CLOAK, MADE FROM
A DOLLAR, BEATEN OUT.

sleep in comfort in the open air, exposed to snow, frost, and rain. They are made from the skin of the young fawns, killed before they are thirteen days old.



FUEGIAN BOAT AND OARS.

At eleven o'clock we went ashore. The Governor had kindly provided horses for all the party, and while they were being saddled I took some photographs. About one o'clock we started, accompanied by the officers commanding the garrison and two attendant cavaliers, equipped in Chilian style, with enormous carved modern stirrups, heavy bits and spurs much bigger than those whose size struck us so much in the Argentine Republic.

We reached the yacht again at half-past five. Dr. Fenton came on board to dinner, and from him we heard a great deal about the colony, the Patagonians or Horse Indians, and the Fuegians or Canoe Indians. The former inhabit, or rather roam over, a vast tract of country. They are almost constantly on horse-back, and their only shelter consists of toldos, or tents, made of

the skins of the old guanacos, stretched across a few poles. They are tall and strong, averaging six feet in height, and are bulky in proportion; but their size is nothing like so great as old travellers have represented. Their only weapons are knives and bolas, or balls attached to the ends of stout cords, the latter of which they throw with unerring precision. During their visits to the Sandy Point settlement their arms are always taken from them, for they are extremely quarrelsome, particularly when drunk. Nobody has been able to ascertain that they possess any form of sacred belief, or that they perform any religious ceremonies.

The Fuegians, or Canoe Indians, as they are generally called, from their living so much on the water, and having no settled habitation on shore, are a much smaller race of savages, inhabiting Tierra del Fuego—literally Land of Fire—so called from the custom the inhabitants have of lighting fires on prominent points as signals of assembly. The English residents here invariably call it Fireland—a name which I never heard before, and which rather puzzled me at first. When it is observed that a ship is in distress, or that shipwrecked mariners have been cast ashore, the signal-fires appear as if by magic, and the natives flock together like vultures round a carcase. On the other hand, if all goes well, vessels often pass through Magellan Straits without seeing a single human being, the savages and their canoes lying concealed beneath the overhanging branches of trees on the shore. They are cannibals, and are placed by Darwin in the lowest scale of humanity.

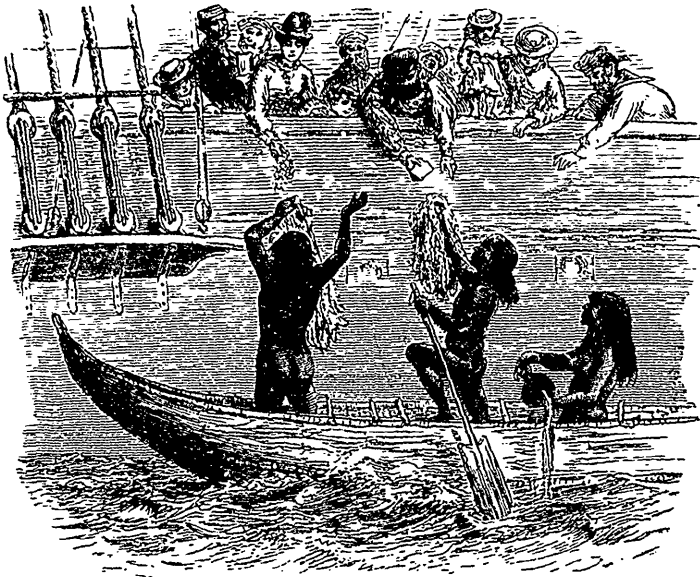
Sunday, October 8th.—At 6 a.m. we weighed anchor, and proceeded on our voyage. Soon after passing Port Famine we saw the bold outline of Cape Froward, the southernmost point of South America, stretching into the Straits. It is a fine headland, and Tom ordered the engines to be stopped in order to enable Mr. Bingham to sketch, and me to photograph, both it and the splendid view back through the channel we had just traversed to the snowy range of mountains in the distance, crowned by Mount Sarmiento, not unlike the Matterhorn in appearance.

In the afternoon, when in English Reach, where many vessels have been lost, great excitement was caused on board by the appearance of a canoe on our port bow. As she appeared to be making direct for us, Tom ordered the engines to be slowed,



CAPE FROWARD, MAGELLAN STRAITS.

The frail craft proved to be only of rough planks, rudely tied together with the sinews of animals; in fact, one of the party had to bale constantly, in order to keep her afloat. We flung them a rope, and they came alongside, shouting "Tabaco, galléta" (biscuit), a supply of which we threw down to them, in exchange for the skins they had been waving; whereupon the two men stripped themselves of the skin mantles they were wearing, made of eight or ten sea-otter skins sewed together with finer sinews than those used for the boat, and handed them up, clamouring



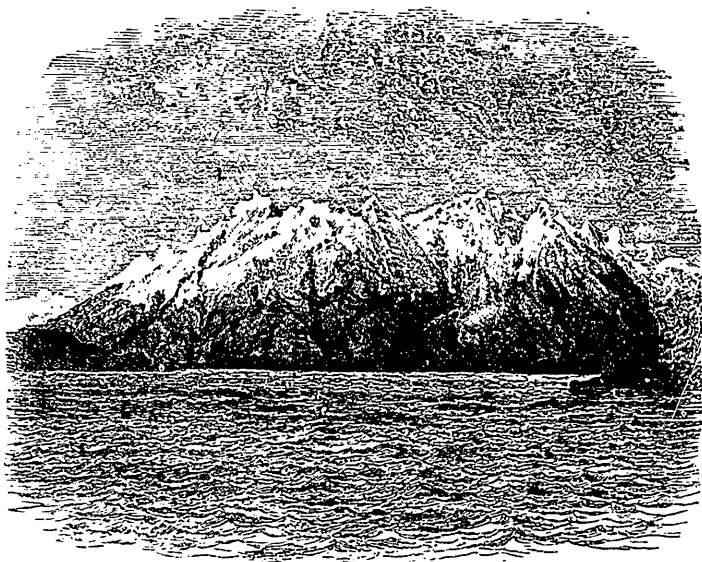
BARTERING WITH FUCIANS.

for more tobacco, which we gave them, together with some beads and knives * The party consisted of a man, a woman, and a lad; and I think I never saw delight more strongly depicted than it was on the faces of the two latter, when they handled, for the first time in their lives probably, some strings of blue, red, and green glass beads. They had two rough pots, made of bark, in the boat, which they also sold, after which they reluctantly departed, shouting and jabbering away in the most inarticulate

* These skins proved to be the very finest quality ever plucked, and each separate skin was valued in England at from £4 to £5.

language imaginable. They were all fat and healthy-looking, and, though not handsome, their appearance was by no means repulsive; the countenance of the woman, especially, wore quite a pleasing expression, when lighted up with smiles at the sight of the beads and looking-glasses. Steaming ahead, we had a glorious view over Thornton Peaks, until, at about seven o'clock, we anchored in the little harbour of Borja Bay.

Our carpenter had prepared a board, on which the name of the yacht and the date had been painted, to be fixed on shore, as a



THORNTON PEAKS.

record of our visit. Near the beach we found the remains of a recent fire, and in the course of the night the watch on deck, which was doubled and well-armed, heard shouts and hoots proceeding from the neighbourhood of the shore. Towards morning, too, the fire was relighted, from which it was evident that the natives were not far off, though they did not actually put in an appearance. I suppose they think there is a probability of making something out of us by fair means, and that, unlike a sealing schooner, with only four or five hands on board, and no motive power but her sails, we are too formidable to attack.

Monday, October 9th. — We are indeed most fortunate in having

another fine day. At 6 a.m. the anchor was weighed, and we resumed our journey. It was very cold; but that was not to be wondered at, surrounded as we are on every side by magnificent snow-clad mountains and superb glaciers. First we passed Snowy Sound, in Tierra del Fuego, at the head of which is an immense blue glacier. Then came Cape Notch, so called from its looking as if it had had a piece chopped out of it. Passing up English Reach, we now caught our first glimpse of the Pacific



GLACIERS, SNOWY SOUND.

Ocean, between Cape Pillar and Lecky Point. Steering to the north, we issued from the Straits of Magellan, and entered Smyth's Channel, first passing Glacier Bay and Ice Sound, names which speak for themselves.

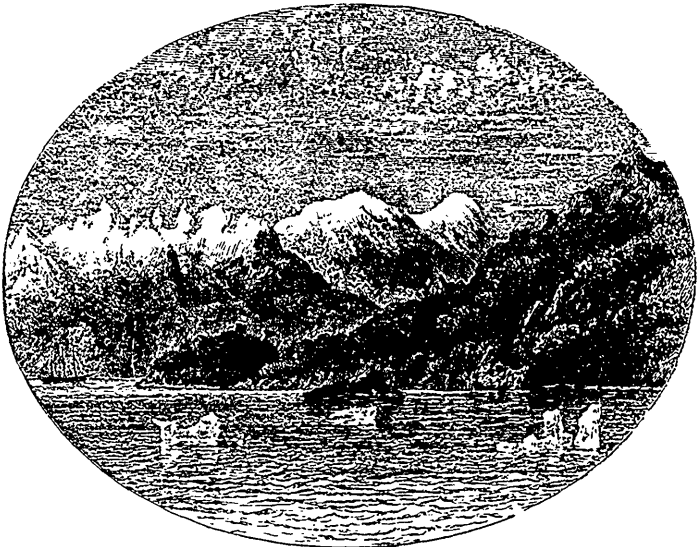
Tuesday, October, 10th.

—The line of perpetual snow commences here at an elevation of from 2,500 to 3,500 feet only, which adds greatly to the beauty of the scene; and as it is now early spring the snow is still unmelted, 500 feet, and even less from the shore. The stupendous glaciers run right down into the sea, and immense masses of ice, sometimes larger than a ship, are

continually breaking off, with a noise like thunder, and falling into the water, sending huge waves across to the opposite shore, and sometimes completely blocking up the channels. Some of these glaciers, composed entirely of blue and green ice and the purest snow, are fifteen and twenty miles in length. They are by far the finest we have, any of us, ever seen; and even those of Norway and Switzerland sink into comparative insignificance beside them. The mountains terminate in peaks,

resembling Gothic spires, carved in the purest snow; truly "virgin peaks," on which the eye of man has but seldom rested, and which his foot has never touched.

After leaving Mayne's Channel, and passing through Union and Collingwood Sounds, we found ourselves beneath the shadow of the splendid Cordilleras of Sarmiento, along the foot of which extended the largest glacier we have yet seen. With Tarleton Pass on our right hand, and Childer's Pass on our left, we came in sight of Owen's Island, one extremity of which is called Mayne Head, and the other Cape Brassey, these places having

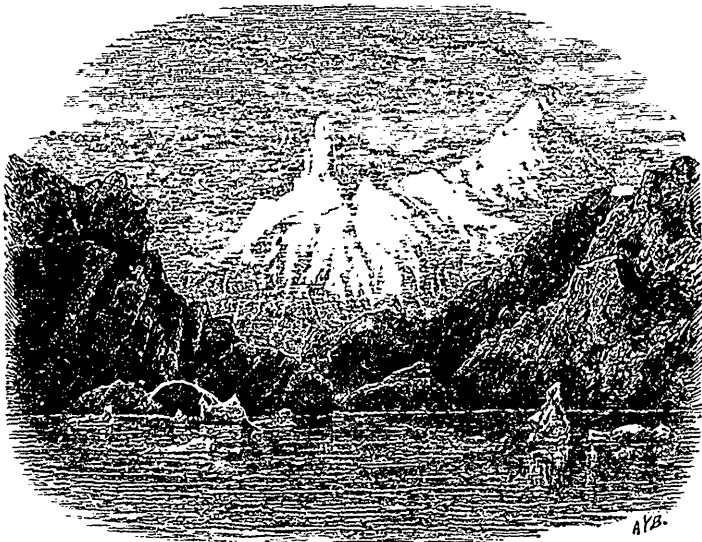


CAPE BRASSEY, SMYTH'S SOUND.

all been so named by Captain Mayne, during his survey in the *Nassau*, in 1869. The numerous floating icebergs added greatly to the exquisite beauty of the scene. Some loomed high as mountains, while others had melted into the most fanciful and fairy-like shapes—huge swans, full-rigged ships, schooners under full sail, and a hundred other fantastic forms and devices. The children were in ecstasies at the sight of them. The gig was drawn under a waterfall, and having been loaded to her thwarts with about three tons and a half of excellent water, she was then towed off to the yacht, where the water was emptied into our tanks, which were thus filled to the brim. A small iceberg, also towed alongside, afforded us a supply of ice; and we were thus

cheaply provided with a portion of the requisite supplies for our voyage.

Wednesday, October, 11th.—I never in my life saw anything so beautiful as the view when I came on deck this morning, at a quarter to five. The moon was shining, large and golden, high in the heavens; the rosy streaks of dawn were just tinging the virgin snow on the highest peaks with faint but ever-deepening colour whilst all around, the foliage, rocks, and icebergs were still wrapped in the deepest shade. As the sun rose, the pink summits of the mountains changed to gold and yellow, and then to dazzling white, as the light crept down into the valleys. The grandeur of



TWO-PEAKED MOUNTAINS.

the scene increased with every revolution of the screw, and when fairly in the Guia Narrows we were able to stop and admire it a little more at our leisure, Mr. Bingham making some sketches, while I took some photographs. Unfit Bay, looking towards the mountains, was perhaps one of the most striking points amid all this loveliness.

I have already referred to the extraordinary shapes assumed by some of the mountain peaks. That appropriately called Two-peak Mountain, specially attracted our attention to-day. It reminds one of the beautiful double spires at Tours. Nothing could exceed the weird impressive splendour of this portion of the

Straits. We were passing through a deep gloomy mountain gorge, with high perpendicular cliffs on either side. Below, all was wrapped in the deepest shade. Far above, the sun gilded the snowy peaks and many-tinted foliage with his departing light, that slowly turned to rose-colour ere the shades of evening crept over all, and the stars began to peep out, one by one.

Thursday, October 12th.—A day as perfect as yesterday succeeded a clear cold night. We weighed anchor at 5.15 a.m. and entered the narrow channel leading to Indian Reach. The greatest care is here necessary, to avoid several sunken rocks, which have already proved fatal to so many ships, a large German steamer having been wrecked as recently as last year. The smooth but treacherous surface of the channel reflected sharply the cliffs and foliage, and its mirror-like stillness was only broken at rare intervals, by the sudden appearance of a seal in search of a fresh supply of air, or by the efforts, until the very last moment, of a few steamer-ducks, gannets, or cormorants, to get out of our way. Not far from here are the English Narrows, a passage which is a ticklish but interesting piece of navigation. A strong current prevails, and, to avoid a shoal, it is necessary at one point to steer so close to the western shore that the bowsprit almost projects over the land, the branches of the trees almost sweep the rigging, and the rocks almost scrape the side of the vessel. Two men were placed at the wheel, as a matter of precaution, and we appeared to be steering straight for the shore, at full speed, till Tom suddenly gave the order "Hard a-port!" and the *Sunbeam* instantly flew round and rushed swiftly past the dangerous spot into wider waters. It is just here that Captain Trivett was knocked off the bridge of his vessel by the boughs—a mishap he warned Tom against before we left England.

We went up South Reach and North Reach, in the Messier Channel, till, just as we were off Liberta Bay, the blackest of black clouds came suddenly down upon us, and descended upon the deck in a tremendous shower—not of rain, but of *dust* and *ashes*. Windows, hatches, and doors were shut as soon as we discovered the nature of this strange visitation, and in about half an hour we were through the worst of it: whereupon dust-pans, brooms, and dusters came in great requisition. It took us completely by surprise, for we had no reason to expect anything of the sort. Assuming the dust to be of volcanic origin, it must have travelled an immense distance; the nearest volcano, as far

as we know, being that of Corcovado, in the island of Chiloe, nearly 300 miles off.

The weather was still so fine, and the barometer so high, that Tom determined to go to sea to-day. All hands were busily engaged in once more sending up the square-yards, top-masts, etc., and in making ready for sea. Just before sunset, as we were quitting the narrow channels, the sun pierced through the clouds and lightened up the lonely landscape as well as the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean. Its surface was scarcely rippled by the gentle breeze that wafted us on our course; the light of the setting sun rested, in soft and varied tints, on the fast-fading mountains and peaks; and thus, under the most favourable and encouraging circumstances, we have fairly entered upon a new and important section of our long voyage.

Although perhaps I ought not to say so, I cannot help admiring the manner in which Tom has piloted his yacht through the Straits, for it would do credit, not only to an amateur, but to a professional seaman. He has never hesitated or been at a loss for a moment, however intricate the part or complicated the directions; but having thoroughly studied and mastered the subject beforehand, he has been able to go steadily on at full speed the whole way. It has, however, been very fatiguing work for him, as he hardly ever left the bridge whilst we were under way.

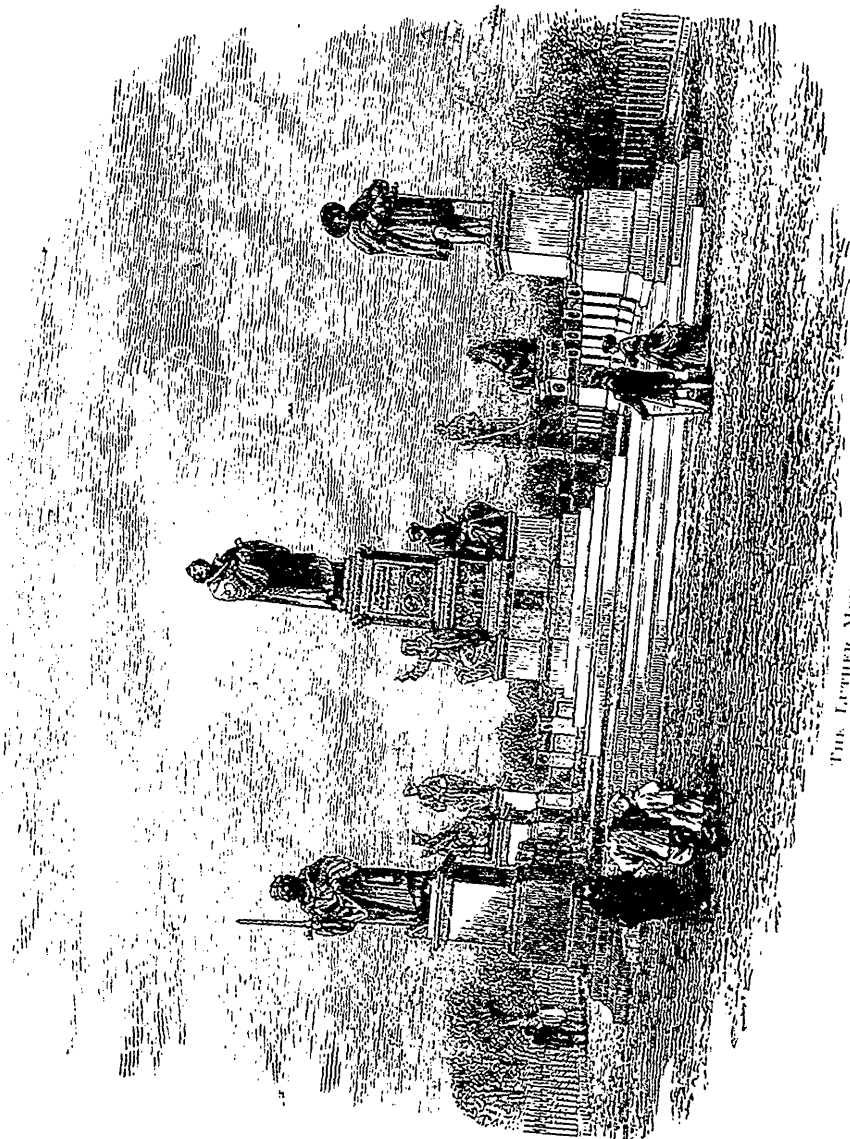
THE EASTER TIDE.

BY FLORENCE S. BROWN.

AT Easter tide, the sun's bright rays,
With splendour crown the lengthening days.
The crocus, gay in gleaming gold,
Defies the ling'ring winter's cold,
Brave songsters pipe their merry lays.

The long pent stream in freedom plays,
Verdant are fields, and road-side ways,
New life thrills through the fresh clad wold,
At Easter tide.

As voices sweet the anthem raise,
We listen to the peaceful phrase;
Again we hear, as oft as old,
The blessed, Pascal story told,
Our hearts are filled with loving praise,
At Easter tide.



THE FATHER MONUMENT, WORMS.

LUTHER AND HIS MONUMENT.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.

ACCORDING to Carlyle, a great man is a sincere man ; a man who walks not amid the vain shows of things, but amid the realities of existence ; a man who has a richly-endowed soul open to the divine significance of life ; a man who gets near to the heart of humanity and the universe. Given such a man, and you have, at least, the stuff out of which favouring circumstances will develop the great man of Disraeli's definition : " A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation ; whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus and giving a new character to the pagan world."

For such men the fortunes of the world wait. On such men, as on a pivot, the history of the world turns. Of such men, one of the grandest and most valuable God sent into the world, just when he was most wanted, four hundred years ago. For such a man the world was ripe. The mediæval papacy had done its work for good and evil, and it was an anachronism at the best, and by its gross corruptions a very nuisance in the world. The revival of letters was emancipating the intellect of the world. The printing-press was scattering literature broadcast, so that the clergy were no longer alone in the possession of all learning. " The thoughts of men were widening with the process of the suns." America opened a new field for enterprise. The growing spirit of nationality was hostile to papal centralization.

Perhaps no one has with greater truth and beauty sketched the state of the world—in the days preceding the Reformation—than Froude: " A change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up ; old things were passing away, the faith and the life of the centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying ; the abbeys and the castles were soon together to crumble into ruins ; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the

old world were passing away never to return. A new continent had risen beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid



PETER WALDO.

with stars, had sunk into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space, and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen

to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit which they had so laboriously built for themselves mankind were to remain no longer.”*

Some great change was inevitable, Luther or no Luther. For such a change many “Reformers before the Reformation” had earnestly laboured. And yet without a Luther the change would not have been what it was—so grand, so beneficial, and so permanent.

To lead Christian people out from the Egypt of the old papal bondage, through the Red Seas and howling deserts of negation, destruction, and transition, safely into the peaceful and fruitful land of positive Reformation, a man of peculiar ability and training was essential. A man was wanted of intense convictions and of terrible earnestness, and yet no mere iconoclast to alienate learning and refinement; a man of commanding ability and well-balanced judgment; a man who could evoke the spirits and yet control them, who could raise a storm and yet not perish in it; a man who could displace the false and yet retain the true which was connected with it. In the providence of God the man was found, and he was Martin Luther. He was no mere humanitarian to softly sneer and wittily rebuke, and yet to timidly submit. He was no fanatic to destroy from the mere instinct of destructiveness. He was a true, pure, brave, wise man, whose noble stand for truth was the world’s grander Marathon.

The crisis of Luther’s career and of our modern history was on that 18th day of April, 1520, when the poor monk stood so fearlessly at bay before the youthful Emperor and the dignitaries of Church and State assembled in the ever-memorable Diet of Worms. Here comes out the heroic temper of the man. Other spiritually-minded men had been sick at heart with the corruptions of their time, but had not dared to speak out their mind, make disturbance in the established order of things, and so bring down the avalanche of papal wrath upon their heads. Luther was of sterner stuff. Duty was more to him than self-interest, right than life. Once taking his stand, it was for better, for worse, for life, for death. The motto of his friend, the knight Ulrich von Hutten, might well have been his own: “*Ich hab’s gewagt* (I have dared it).” And yet he was not rash or reckless. He merely followed truth and conscientiously did his duty.

* Froude’s England, I. 51.

When first he came by simple faith direct to God in Christ and found peace, the logical consequences of his new attitude to-



WYCLIFFE.

ward God and the Church seem not to have occurred to him. He had no thought of reforming the Church, but only of saving his

own soul and faithfully doing his own duty. He did not attack the corrupt papacy, but the papacy, through the infamous Tetzels and his indulgences, attacked those committed to his religious care. The courage which he showed in nailing his startling theses to the church door, in burning the papal bull, culminated in his putting his head fairly into the lion's mouth by going to Worms at the summons of the Emperor. As he entered the city in his cart some cried warningly and encouragingly to him: "Whosoever denieth Me before men!" And in yonder hall he was *not* false to that appeal. Little did he, one poor monk confronting the military, political, and ecclesiastical power of the world almost, foresee that all our liberties and prosperities in these happier modern times hinged upon his steadfast courage there that day. But he was humbly, yet boldly, true to himself and God, and so was true to the best interests of us all.

It is right and proper that the grandest Luther monument should stand in Worms.

In the heart of the *Wonnegau*, the "joyous land" of the *Minnesänger*, the scene of the stories of the greatest of modern epics, the *Nibelungenlied*, within a mile of the Rhine, the roofs of Worms are still covered with red tiles as on the day when Luther, hearing that the Emperor had ordered his writings to be burned, cried: "I will go, if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops. Though they burne Huss, they could not burn the truth." The site of the Bishop's Palace in which the Diet was held is now occupied by a beautiful garden. On the west side of the city, near a remaining portion of the ancient city wall, stands the Luther monument.

During the celebration in 1817 of the three hundredth anniversary of the Reformation, the project of such a monument was first mooted. In 1856 it took a definite shape. A committee was appointed at Worms, ten thousand subscription lists were opened in all quarters of the globe, contributions flowed in, and the design and execution of a worthy monument was entrusted to Ernest Rietschel, of Dresden, who had but recently completed the beautiful bronze group of Schiller and Goethe, at Weimar. In the highest spirit of artistic enthusiasm the great sculptor undertook the task. "I pray God," he said, "that He will enlighten my mind, guide my hand, and reinforce my bodily health, that I may execute this work to His honour, to the satisfaction

and joy of all Protestants, and I will add, likewise, with a just and tolerant respect towards those of the Catholic faith." His



JOHN HUSS.

intention was to commemorate, not only Luther, but the Reformation, by a grand historical group, of which Luther should be

the centre. Poor Rietschel did not live to see the work completed. On his death in 1861, when he had done no more than form the general design and complete models of the Wycliffe and Luther statues, his pupils Donndorf and Kietz took his place, and carried their work on to a successful issue in 1867. The various statues were cast in the bronze foundry of Lauchhammer. On the 25th June, 1868, the unveiling and dedication took place with much pomp and rejoicing.

The entire group stands upon a rectangular basis of granite, measuring forty feet on each side. On the four corners stand bronze statues of some of the chief helpers and defenders of the Reformation. In front, to the left of the observer, Frederick the Wise of Saxony; and to the right, Philip of Hesse; on the rear corner, to the left of the observer, John Reuchlin, the scholar; and on the rear corner to the right, Philip Melanchthon, the theologian. The sitting figures between these statues represent the three cities most closely identified with the Reformation—Between Frederick the Wise and Reuchlin, Augsburg; between Philip of Hesse and Melanchthon, Magdeburg; and on the rear wall, between Reuchlin and Melanchthon, Speyer.

In the centre of the monument, grouped around the statue of Luther, sit his four great predecessors. On the rear to the left of the observer sits Peter Waldo, that rich citizen of Lyons, who, towards the close of the 12th century, gave his possessions to the poor, had the Gospel translated into the Romanic vernacular, went forth amid the darkness of the age to hold up the torch of evangelical truth, and so became the founder of the Waldenses, whose heroic history in the lofty valleys of Piedmont is so familiar and so dear to us.

On the rear to the right sits John Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," who won a scholar's fame at Oxford, who assailed the corruptions and abuses of the Church, who sent his pamphlets and his preachers into all the land, and by his vigorous English and his moral earnestness stirred the popular blood and drew half of England, for the time, away from the allegiance to the Pope, and who before he died (in 1384) wrote the first translation of the whole Bible into English, and thus sowed a seed which lay unnoticed under ground during the long succeeding winter of repression and persecution, but pierced the soil at last and bore precious fruit in the English Reformation.

In front, to the right, sits brave John Huss, who, reading Wycliffe's writings and embibing the truth from them, taught it in the University of Prague and through Bohemia, was condemned by the Council of Constance, and, in violation of the safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund, was burned at the stake (1415).

In front, to the left, sits Jerome Savonarola, the saintly but heroic monk of Florence, who preached Christ, reformed the life of the people, and then at last was excommunicated in 1497 and burned in 1498.

These men laboured, Luther entered into their labours, and yet in toils and triumphs Luther was pre-eminent, and justly claims the central and supreme position in the great memorial of the Reformation. Other men prepared for the Reformation, other men helped in the Reformation. Luther *was* the Reformation. You cannot think of him and it apart.

The grand central figure of Luther, standing ten feet and a half, upon a pedestal twenty-seven feet high, represents the great Reformer holding the Bible in his left hand, clenching his right hand with iron resolution upon the book, and uttering his immortal words: "Here I stand; I can do no other. God help me. Amen."

It is a worthy monument—in many respects "the grandest artistic creation of our time." But the truest Luther monument is, after all, the freedom, power and prospects of the Protestant Churches and nations throughout the world, which gratefully thank him mainly, under God, for all they prize and cherish most, and gladly join in Carlyle's tribute to his name: "I can call this Luther a true, great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men—great not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain."

NOTE.—The engravings which illustrate this article, except the full page group of the monument, which is from the Religious Tract Society's attractive volume "Haunts and Home of Luther," are taken by permission of the publishers from the January number of the *Manhattan Magazine*. The very texture of bronze statuary, we think, was never better represented than in these figures. For clubbing arrangements of the *Manhattan* with this MAGAZINE, see our "Literary Notes."—ED.

" GONE ! "

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

"Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead." *Acts 17. 3.*
 "For the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour." *Heb. 2. 9.*
 "Perfect through sufferings." *Heb. 2. 10.*

"GONE," did they say? "Gone?" Say, is it true—and where?
 It cannot be. Ah me! There's the empty chair!
 Is it forever? Will he return no more?
 It is not so: he always came back before.

The journey is long, you say? Oh yes I know—
 And I know the good Father hath willed it so.
 Do not murmur? No, but earthly ties are strong,
 And my path seems weary, and dreary, and long.

Christ hath trodden it—wept at the open grave;
 He sanctified sorrow in dying to save.
 "Christ must needs have suffered"—the Human-Divine,
 To lift up the human soul, cleanse and refine.

If "perfect through suffering" I am to be,
 Still, oh, precious Saviour, make me like Thee;
 Shall I shrink from pain, when of thorns was Thy crown?
 Oh! Father, Thou knowest I dread but Thy frown.

"Gone!" I begin to see. "Gone" out of this life;
 "Gone" from Church, and State, and Home, and Son, and Wife;
 "Gone" from the realms of time to the Evermore—
 "Gone" from "crying" and "death" to the Shining Shore.

I hear the seraphs' wing on the golden strand,—
 The harps, the songs of bliss of that mystic land—
 See from the Pisgah of faith the home of rest,
 Where all the saints of the Lord, with Christ, are blest.

A double birthday,* Husband, this. 'Tis for thee
 A taste of the "crown of life"—of grief to me.
 Christ bringeth His saints when He cometh, and then—
Auf wiedersehen—till the seeing again.

Ardnacloich, March, 1.

* Mr. Lauder died on his wife's birthday, the 20th February.

HOW METHODISM CAME TO FOXES.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER XI.—MASTER WILCOX CHANGES THE TENOR OF HIS LIFE IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

THE winter during which the new church was going on Master Wilcox was also engaged in building and repairing. The preceding fall he resigned his position as schoolmaster and resolved to go into business more largely. Mr. Ridout encouraged him by every means. He not only built a small shop, but it was evident from the painting and the papering going on in the spring that he intended taking "a partner" in the concern. But this partner would manage the domestic affairs of the establishment. Of course people took notice and talked. Where is the hamlet where they would not? Why, if some such kindred topics did not exist in a place like Foxes it would be dreary indeed. And a birth, marriage, or death was to Foxes what a coronation or opening of parliament is to London, or an Egyptian war is to the world at large.

"I wonder who will marry Master Wilcox and his young lady?" asked a woman as she was going home from the service one evening with a neighbour.

"I can't tell, I'm sure. She's a Methodist you know," was the response.

In fact, no one could get any further on that subject than those two had. Indeed, Master Wilcox himself was not clear on the matter. He knew Emily's sisters were anxious to have the little affair come off in the Methodist church, but he knew that many of his best friends would think that a scandal.

"I have a good mind to say that I will not have anything to do with the wedding if you don't have Mr. Fielding," said Sarah one day to her sister while they were talking the matter over among themselves at Cook's.

"I don't see that it makes much odds, if Mr. Fielding does not feel slighted," said Emily, who was tired of the topic and wished it fixed somehow.

Shortly afterwards Master Wilcox made his appearance in Snug Harbour, and he had the entire arrangement planned in his mind to submit to Emily. That evening he stated his plans to her.

"You see, my dear, I owe a great deal to Mr. Flip. He has been more to me than a father. I would never have had the school at Foxes but for him," he said to Emily.

"That is true. In fact, I don't care very much myself, but it's the girls that make such a fuss," said Emily.

"Well, it is this way. I don't care who marries us, but see all that Mr. Flip has done for me. He raised my salary twice, and got me into Mr. Ridout's favour when I started to sell a few goods; then it was through him I secured the Government work that I get to do. So it would seem ungrateful if I did not ask him to marry us."

"Well, I am agreed, and I am sure father would not object nor mother. If you like, I will ask father to come in," suggested Emily.

"Do you think he would like to have Mr. Flip to marry us?" asked Mr. Wilcox, not knowing whether to have Mr. Cook in or not.

"Well, I will ask him in," said Emily, rising to go. Mr. Wilcox nodded approval, and Mr. Cook appeared in a few minutes. Between Mr. Wilcox and Emily he found out how things stood, and saw that it was better to let things go as his future son-in-law had suggested. Or rather he seemed to think that Emily had a hand in the scheme, she entered so heartily into her lover's proposals. Mr. Cook wisely promised he would put things before Mr. Fielding in their right light, and he had no doubt that all would be smooth. Mr. Fielding saw at a glance the situation, and sided with Emily whenever Kate grumbled about the arrangements.

The long-looked-for day came at last. Everything seemed propitious. Kate, with her good-heartedness, forgot her likes and dislikes. The wedding went off as "merry as a marriage bell." They had the usual expressions of good-will from everybody in Snug Harbour. A few presents were not wanting to make the event one to be remembered. Mr. and Mrs. Ridout told the story of Mr. Wilcox first meeting Emily at their house. Mr. Fielding with many others spent a pleasant evening at Mr.

Cook's. He thought Kate never looked so pretty. As the facilities for travelling were the worst in the world in Newfoundland at that time, the happy couple did not go far during their honeymoon. When a suitable day came, Mr. Ridout remarked that as he had a hand in making the match and felt interested in their future prosperity, he would loan one of his schooners with a crew to take Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox to Foxes. When they arrived at Foxes, young and old were wild with joy. Guns were fired, flags were flying, and everybody said Mr. Wilcox had a "first-class young lady for a wife." The women folk said "she was *not* stuck up with pride."

CHAPTER XII.—FOXES HAS A LOVE-FEAST: ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It needs no argument to show that Methodism always thrives best when "all the rules and usages" of "the people called Methodists" are duly kept and observed. The secret of so much feebleness, not only to spiritual things, but in finances, etc., in many places, is because the class-meeting, love-feast, and bands are considered out of date in these "modern times."

Foxes was happy in having one of "the old school" of Methodists in Uncle Peter. He knew nothing of the inquiry-room. The penitent-form was the only way he knew of or cared to know when folk were seeking Jesus. He would have opened his mouth and eyes very wide indeed and stand aghast if anybody even hinted a doubt concerning "class-meeting being the only test of membership," and the piety of the Methodists thrived uncommonly well with those old notions, and they are not out of date now, wherever sterling piety is found.

Uncle Peter had just pronounced the benediction at the close of a Sabbath-day service when he said,

"I tell you what, we mun have a love-feast the next time Mr. Fielding comes along."

Most of the people hardly knew what he meant by love-feast, but they thought it must be something good or Uncle Peter would not advocate it and link Mr. Fielding therewith. Even John Simms was not clear on the matter, and asked,

“What be like, Uncle Peter?”

So the old leader commenced telling them, and before he got through he gave vivid descriptions of several he had attended when he lived at Bonavista. The members saw that it was a new way of getting spiritual good, and anything in that line was just suited to their tastes. The interest became so great that at every meeting when the prayers were over some one would bring the love-feast up for Uncle Peter to give more reminiscences of those bygone happy days in Bonavista. By the time Mr. Fielding arrived their appetite for the love-feast was in good order, not for the bread and water, but for the spiritual food that they would relish better than ever kingly courtiers relishes their banquetings. Mr. Fielding was as ripe for it as any one, so the meeting was announced for the Sabbath afternoon. Not one of the members was absent, and several others, whom Uncle Peter pronounced as “not far from the kingdom,” were there also. The meeting opened in due form; the usual preliminaries of bread and water were disposed of. Then the preacher explained the purpose of the meeting. He also related his own religious experience, and told how a mother’s prayers and father’s piety led him to be a Christian man and minister. His conversion was of more interest because it happened in the old country. After singing a favourite hymn, Mr. Fielding invited anyone to speak that felt disposed. As Uncle Peter was an old hand in love-feasts, they waited for him. Nor did they wait long. Looking around him as he stood up with a face beaming with happiness at seeing so many there, he related his experience somewhat thus :

“Well, my dear friends, my soul is filled with joy when I sees so many here, though a few months ago I had scarcely a comrade. It makes me think of the passage which says that the desert shall become a garden of the Lord. And when the preacher took for his text those words this morning, ‘The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light,’ I thought we in Foxes were that people, and I feels like shouting ‘Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and let all that is within me bless His holy name.’ Praise God for this day. I well remember the time when, Gallio-like, ‘I cared for none of these things.’ I remember the Sabbath-day when both Jane and I were brought to the Lord. The text that morning was, ‘Prepare to meet thy God.’ The hammer of con-

viction broke my hard heart. The Holy Spirit was determined to make me surrender to King Jesus, and rebel as I was I enlisted in the army of the Lord, and ever since I have been 'fighting the good fight of faith.' It has been hard work sometimes, but 'when the enemy would come in like a flood,' the Lord would lift up a standard against him. When I think of the years I have lived in Foxes without any meetin,' seemin' to me I was like the children of Israel in the wilderness; it was hard travelling, but the Rock Christ Jesus sent forth plenty of water, and Marah would be sweetened with a bit of prayer. The heavenly manna never got stale. To-day I feels like Bunyan's Pilgrim when he got to Beulah Land. I don't wonder that the disciples forgot themselves when the blessed Lord took them up on the Mount of Transfiguration. Well, I ain't got long to bide in tents below. In my Father's house are many mansions; I'm going home soon. This old body of mine is getting worn out, but yonder's my house. Praise the Lord." By this time Uncle Peter had the entire meeting swaying under the influence of his words. Tears were shed in abundance. He addressed those present who were "still out of the ark of safety." The presence of God's Spirit was felt, and it was evident that there were those present anxious to enjoy the peace, love, and joy that thrilled Uncle Peter's soul.

When Uncle Peter sat down the little meeting was a Bochim; Mr. Fielding saw at a glance how things were. He gave out a hymn and then called upon two of the members to pray. The love-feast was turned into a revival meeting. Three or four found peace through believing. Thus ended the long-looked-for love-feast. Thus began a most powerful and long-prayed-for revival in Foxes. Nearly every soul felt the power of that revival. Scores were converted, and the cause of God was set upon its feet in Foxes to stand for all time.

No wonder Uncle Peter got into ecstasies over the grand work. The excitement was more than even Mr. Fielding bargained for. But like the seashore that is strewn with shells and pearls after a storm, so Foxes was furnished with many a precious gem many of whom are now shining in the New Jerusalem. The "Big Revival" is a prominent landmark in the history of Methodism in Foxes and a favourite topic with Uncle Peter in his latter days.

Mr. Flip put forth desperate efforts to stop the work, but his labour was in vain. An incident happened just as he was in Foxes that indicated the feeling of his own flock. A rich man, one of the leading Churchmen, sent for Uncle Peter to read and pray with him, and professed to enjoy a change of heart in his dying hours. Mr. Flip complained to the man's sons and to others, but his words only served to hasten them into the Methodist meetings to find salvation.

CHAPTER XIII.—UNCLE PETER LEADS A PENITENT TO JESUS.

The revival in Foxes was criticised from various standpoints. The excitement exerted the ire of a few who failed to see why a man should be under deep feeling when passing through the most important crises in his life. The number of converts added to the little handful of Methodists made even Mr. Flip fear that the Church was going to be deserted entirely, and Master Wilcox declared he never heard or read of such nonsense as was carried on in that revival. He had forbidden Mrs. Wilcox attending the meetings at Uncle Peter's on the ground of their lack of respectability. A few times she went to hear Mr. Fielding, and even then he manifested his disapproval. But when the revival broke out and continued, the Methodists had committed the unpardonable sin, and Mrs. Wilcox should on no account attend such meetings. But his opposition was overruled by a higher Power. During the revival at Snug Harbour the winter prior to Mr. Fielding being stationed there, Kate had been converted and Emily was under deep conviction, but somehow the season passed away and left her still "of world, worldly." Yet when she again heard of so many being converted every week, and meeting with some of them, her heart was stirred, and the conviction was renewed that she ought to be a decided Christian also. The barrier was in her way or she would have attended the services. The very fact of her being hindered made her feeling more bitter, and the chains of sin seemed to chafe all the worse for it. However, a way suggested itself. Uncle Peter was no stranger to her, and he was asked to visit the house. In the kitchen she had ample opportunity to converse on religious

matters, her servant-maid being a Methodist. Uncle Peter found no difficulty in embracing the opportunity of leading the willing penitent to the feet of Jesus.

"You see, Uncle Peter, I know that I need salvation and only wish I could get to the meetings. I am sure I would be converted right away," said Mrs. Wilcox.

"The Lord is just as able here, ma'am, as He is in our meetings, and the promises are just the same to you in your house as they be to me in mine," answered the veteran "in the way of salvation."

"But you know there is more faith and power where a number are united in prayer and supplication," she said.

"That's true; yet you know the promise is to two or three, and here is yourself and Marv (the servant) and me. We can claim all the power now, if we kneel in prayer."

Mrs. Wilcox asked Uncle Peter to sing a hymn or two, and one hymn led to another, until it was evident that Mrs. Wilcox was realizing a sense of guilt and misery unparalleled in her history. At last she broke down and commenced praying earnestly. Her soul was in deep agony, but she was fortunate in having met such a pilot as Uncle Peter, so that it was not long ere she burst out, in the joy of her soul, singing—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father! Abba, Father! cry."

The grand change had taken place. She has "passed from death unto life." The news was soon bruited that Mrs. Wilcox was converted. The fact enraged her husband beyond anything he had yet manifested. He declared that she should never attend "those ranting meetings." She bore what he said with patience. The next time Uncle Peter saw her she asked him if it would be wrong for her to attend the meetings in defiance of what her husband said.

"Well, you see," said Uncle Peter, "it would be no sin on your part because, seemin' to me, if we heeded what some folks say we would never go to meetin'; but yet perhaps it would

be more to the glory of God if the world saw that your religion didn't make you disobey your husband, and I think it is one of the ways we can bear persecution for Christ's sake. Anyhow, he cannot hinder you from praying, and, depend on it, if you pray in faith and live near to God the difficulty will be gone. Seemin' to me this is a case where the faith like a grain of mustard seed is to remove the mountain."

Uncle Peter's words were heeded by the new convert. It was understood that Mr. Wilcox forbade her "going to meetin'." A way opened itself which foiled even the efforts of Mr. Wilcox. He could not object to his wife visiting the sick, and it was a kind of work she always delighted in, more so now that she had a message to deliver to such as needed spiritual consolations. She was in a position to furnish the sick with dainties which they could not get or cook. It was by sick-visiting she met others whose hearts beat in unison with hers, and oftentimes in the homes of the sick, through hymn-singing, reading portions of God's Word and other books with prayer, she found a well of salvation even in Baca, and streams in the desert of her exile from meeting. Her husband was soon on the alert even as to these means of grace, and endeavoured in various ways to obstruct her pathway. But her womanly common-sense prevailed against all his scheming, and she continued to enjoy her sick-visiting. Her Christian demeanour was a great barrier to Mr. Wilcox's persecuting spirit. Her loving, patient, Christian spirit in a little while took nearly all of the vinegar out of his sarcastic remarks about Methodism. She had deeply implanted in her heart the spirit of that passage which teaches us to "heap coals of fire" on the heads of those who would do us evil. She remembered that by copying the example of Him "who when He was reviled reviled not again," she was fulfilling the highest task a Christian is called upon to perform in this life. Her Christian demeanour won its way even to the hearts of the most bigoted Churchmen, and her advice and help was sought and given to anyone struggling with poverty and persecution in every phase of Christian experience.

CHAPTER XIV.—UNCLE PETER SAYS “THE MEHODISTS
MUST FLIT.”

The following summer saw the new Methodist church in Foxes rapidly advancing as to outward appearances; and its need was much felt when the congregation wedged itself into Uncle Peter's kitchen Sabbath after Sabbath, the intense heat making it unbearable sometimes. One morning, the wind blowing too high for the fishing-boats to venture outside the Heads, a group was standing on the main road. The subject of gossip that morning was the ill-treatment a young lad had received from his father because he attended “Methody meeting.” The group consisted mostly of adherents to the good cause, so that the conduct of the father was condemed and other cases of enmity to the growing congregation were talked over.

“I tell ye what,” broke in Uncle Peter after a little while, “the Methodists in Foxes must flit.”

“Where to, Uncle Peter?” asked one who spoke for the rest.

“Not far; I guess that kitchen of mine is getting too small. We mun put up the new church. We can make it answer during the warm summer, and when the fall comes we can pull out and get it ready for the winter,” replied the old man. The matter was talked over and a few rough benches were made, some placing a settle for their comfort, and a rude desk was set up for the preacher. Word was sent to Mr. Fielding that the new church was to be opened at Foxes and they wanted him to preach the first sermon. He was a favourite among them; many of them were his children in the Gospel, and therefore partial to him.

One evening at Mr. Cook's Mr. Fielding mentioned that he was going to Foxes to open the new church the next week. They talked the matter over, and during the conversation Mrs. Cook suggested that it would be a nice time for Kate to visit Emily, and stay a week or two. Kate took hold of the idea with avidity, and Mr. Fielding thought it was not amiss. A favourable opportunity presented itself, and both Mr. Fielding and Kate the next week left for Foxes.

Dame Rumour had long since declared that those two young people were more than mere friends. Kate was the chief of the

Band of Hope which Mr. Fielding had founded. She took unusual interest in the Sabbath-school and visited the sick. She was an earnest and diligent worker in the Methodist Church at Snug Harbour, and thus became better acquainted with the minister than some of the young people of the congregation, who took but little interest in such a work as Kate delighted in. No wonder that there was a little jealousy when Dame Rumour whispered that Mr. Fielding and Kate Cook were courting. This trip to Foxes put a finishing touch on the whole business, and it was confidently asserted that they were "engaged," whatever that meant.

However, Mr. Fielding arrived with his fellow-passenger. Foxes was in a heat of excitement. The opening of the new church was an important event in their annals, and Uncle Peter was wholly taken up with the affair. Emily was overjoyed to see Kate. Her mind found a relief in telling her sister how she had to struggle alone in trying to serve God. The two sisters had a long talk concerning matters in general, tears were shed, and they kneeled together in prayer.

Kate's presence made things smoother for Emily, and Master Wilcox found in Kate "a foeman worthy of his steel" whenever he attempted to ridicule Methodism. He found that other people beside Uncle Peter and Emily had "strange views" about religion and had reasons for holding them.

The opening of the church was a grand success. The rough-made benches were more than filled by the crowd that came. Visitors from other coves and creeks swelled the assembly and the church. People were surprised to see how plainly and scripturally Mr. Fielding set forth the Gospel plan of salvation. The prayer-meeting which wound up the proceedings of the day was a time to be remembered. "The Power from on high" rested mightily on the assembly, and Uncle Peter declared it was the precursor of another "big revival." The old seer, however, missed in his calculations this time, though it was not for want of faith, prayer and effort on his part.

That night Kate promised to Mr. Fielding a Bible and hymn-book for the new church, and also made other promises, so that the opening of the church was but part of the joy which the circuit minister felt upon this auspicious occasion.

EASTER-TIDE.

[WE have pleasure in presenting the following admirable Latin translation of a fine Easter Carol, by our friend, W. H. C. Kerr, M.A., of Brantford. It will be found, we think, that the musical Latin verses, on being sung over two or three times to the tune of "Near the Cross" will readily fix themselves in the memory.—ED. CAN. METH. MAGAZINE.]

EASTER CAROL.

AIR: "*Near the Cross.*"

LET the merry church bells ring,
Hence with tears and sighing !
Frost and cold have fled from spring,
Life hath conquered dying ;
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather ;
With our rising Lord to-day
All things rise together !

Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple ;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick
As the breezes flutter,
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.

Let the past of grief be past,
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last
But to-day He liveth.
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit !

The Cedars, Brantford, April, 1884.

PASCHÆ HYMNUS.

MELOS: "*Apud Crucem.*"

NOLIS* palpitet aër,
Absit mœror tristis !
Ut hibernum frigus ver,
Mortem vicit Christus ;
Ridet terra, blandus so!
Cœli templa purgat ;
Resurgente Domino,
Quicquid vult, resurgat !

Aves suaves nemori
Cantitent hosannas,
Hunc laudantes, quem mori
Tradidit Satanas ;
Audin' oden ? nonne sic
Voces spargit chorus :
" Resurrexit, non est hic,
En ! relictus torus ? "

Jam sat me mœstitiæ
Triste cor contrivit ;
Jesus cæsus pridie
Hodie revivit ;
Mox dolorem gaudio
Juvat mutavisse,
Obstante tumulo :
Christum surrexisse !

W. H. C. KERR.

* NOLIS.—Sc. church-bells. Large bells, according, to Polydore Virgil and others, were first applied to church worship, by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, about A.D. 400. Cf. *Nolæ* and *Campanæ*, [post-class.] bells. Hence, also, *campanile*.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY.

BY THE REV. W. W. PERCIVAL.

IN the month of May, 1497, Giovanni Gabota, better known as John Cabot, a Venetian, having received a commission from King Henry VII. of England, sailed from Bristol with a small fleet of seven ships. His destination was China, to reach which he sailed in a westerly direction. About daybreak on the 24th of June, the "look-out" from the masthead of the *Mathew*, proclaimed the joyful tidings to the weary voyagers—"Land, ho!" It was not, however, China, but a country upon which no European eye had ever yet gazed—the promontory since called Cape Bonavista. To this land Cabot gave the name of *Terra Prima Vista*—the "Land first seen;" from which the island has received its name—Newfoundland.

This was before Amerigo Vespucci—whose name was to give the title to the New World—had made his first voyage across the Atlantic. The importance of Cabot's discovery can hardly be overestimated. It gave to England her claim to the sovereignty of a large portion of North America. It inspired her first impulse to colonisation. But for the Cabots—for John's son, Sebastian, was with him—Spain would no doubt have monopolised discovery in North as well as in South America. On his return from this first voyage, the king presented John Cabot with the munificent sum of *ten pounds*. And in order that posterity might not forget his distinguished liberality, he caused the following entry to be made in the privy-purse accounts: "Aug. 10th, 1497—To Hym that found the New Isle 10£."

Posterity has been very tardy in doing justice to the illustrious name of Cabot. Although as noble and as brave a seaman as ever trod the deck of an English ship, yet no monument has ever been erected to perpetuate his memory. Although he gave a continent to England, yet in all that wide region there is not a cape, or bay, or harbour, or island called by his name; nothing, in fact, that we know of, except an insignificant tug-boat that plies in the harbour of St John's. Although he gave a new impulse to the commerce of England, yet to-day no one can point to the few feet of earth England gave as a resting-place for his ashes.

In the year 1500, Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese captain, visited the coast of North America. He was followed in 1502 by Hugh Elliot, and Thomas Ashurst, English merchants. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, who had previously been engaged fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, received a commission from Francis I., and with two small vessels, of sixty tons each, sailed from St. Maloes on the 20th of April, and arrived at Newfoundland on the 10th of May.

In 1579, Queen Elizabeth, desirous of reaping some advantage from the discoveries which Cabot had made eighty years before, granted to Sir Humphrey Gilbert—half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh—a patent for the “discovering or occupying and peopling such remote, heathen and barbarous countries as were not actually possessed by any Christian people.” Accordingly Sir Humphrey, with some two hundred and fifty followers, mostly from Devonshire, sailed from Plymouth on the 11th of June, 1583, with five ships. On the 11th of July, the fleet arrived off Newfoundland, and thinking they had found the place described in their patent, on Monday, August 5th, proceeded in state to St. John’s to take formal possession of the island. He appears to have remained but a very short time. On the 20th of August, he sailed from St. John’s with three of his ships, the *Golden Hind*, the *Squirrel*, and the *Delight*. The *Delight* drifted into the breakers and was wrecked off the Azores; the others encountered a terrible storm. At nightfall, the noble admiral was seen sitting calmly on the deck of the *Squirrel* reading, and was heard to exclaim: “Be of good cheer, lads, for we are as near heaven by sea as on the land.” The lights of the *Squirrel* were seen for a time, when they suddenly disappeared, for the angry waters of the Atlantic had swallowed her up. Thus perished Sir Humphrey Gilbert, scholar, soldier, coloniser, philosopher—one of the noblest of those brave hearts that sought to extend the dominion of England in the New World.

The first settlers had no government, no police or power of any kind, to restrain evil or punish wrong-doers; anarchy, therefore, prevailed. That this moral chaos might be reduced to order, Captain Whitbourne was sent out in 1615, with a commission from the Admiralty, to investigate the abuses complained of by the fishermen, and repress the flagrant dishonesty too generally manifested. This Captain Whitbourne is a noteworthy charac-

ter in English maritime history. He was one of the race of seamen who, in the days of Elizabeth and James, laid the foundation of England's naval supremacy. A brave man, he was just as ready and willing to fight as to sail a ship. After having spent forty years in trading to Newfoundland, it is not to be wondered at if he had formed a romantic attachment to the country. In his old days he returned to England, and wrote a pamphlet which he entitled "A Discourse and Discovery of Newfoundland." His book produced quite an impression at the time. King James thought so highly of it that he ordered a copy to be sent to every parish of the kingdom. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York issued a letter recommending it. Thus, two hundred and sixty years ago, Newfoundland was brought prominently before the notice of the people of England.

In 1623, another party of settlers came out, under the direction of Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore. Sir George was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. He obtained a large tract of land on the eastern coast, where, with a number of his countrymen and co-religionists, he took up his residence. To this immense estate he gave the name of Avalon, from the ancient name of Glastonbury, the place where, tradition says, Christianity was first preached in England. It is curious thus to find here in Newfoundland a trace of one of the myths of the middle ages. According to tradition, Joseph of Arimathea took refuge in Britain from the persecution of the Jews, carrying with him the Holy Grail—"the cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord drank at the last sad supper with His own"—and that he arrived at Avalon, afterwards Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and there founded a church. Here stood the ancient Roman town of Verulam. To perpetuate the memory of these traditionary events in the New World, Lord Baltimore called his Newfoundland estate Avalon, and his first settlement Verulam. The latter name, in course of time, became corrupted into Ferulam, and then into the modern name, which it now bears, of Ferryland. Here Lord Baltimore built a handsome residence, erected a strong fort, formed saltworks, and otherwise expended a large sum of money. But his high expectations were doomed to disappointment. The soil around Ferryland was not fit for profitable cultivation, and his settlement was frequently harassed by the French, who had obtained a footing on several parts of the

island. After about twenty years' residence, wearied out by these adverse circumstances, he returned to England, when, through the favour of Charles I., he went out to colonize Maryland, from whence arose the magnificent city in that State which still bears his name.

In 1635, the king granted permission to the French to cure fish on the land, on condition of paying five per cent. of the produce. Encouraged by this, the French afterwards formed a settlement in Placentia Bay, which they long continued to occupy, and which has been a fruitful source of trouble to the colony ever since. The French have the right of fishing along more than half the entire shore of the island, and of using that portion of the coast for such purposes as may be necessary for the prosecution of their fishing. These rights have been secured to France, first, by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, confirmed by that of Paris in 1763, and by that of Versailles in 1783, and by the Definite Treaty of Paris in 1814. The line of coast which the French claim extends from Cape Ray, at the south-western extremity of the island, around the western, northern, and north-eastern shore to Cape St. John, being fully half the entire coast of the island, and that by far the most fertile and valuable portion. There can be no doubt that this has ever been, and still is, a terrible barrier in the way of the prosperity of the colony. It is true that the French have no territorial rights, and are prohibited from forming any permanent settlements. It is also true that their right of fishing along the line of coast is not exclusive but concurrent; yet, practically, it amounts to exclusiveness, and that large extent of coast remains uninhabited. All efforts on the part of the colony to get rid of this frightful incubus have proved fruitless. It is true that in 1881 the present Premier of the Government, Sir W. V. Whiteway, was commissioned to visit London, with a view to bringing about a settlement of this vexed question. His mission was only partially successful. The exclusive or concurrent right to the fisheries has not been decided, and last summer the fishermen of Newfoundland were by physical force prevented from taking fish on the French shore (so called), and although we had two or three British ships of war in the harbour of St. John's at the time, yet no effort was made to prevent a repetition of these hostilities or carry out the obvious provisions of the ancient treaties.

To return : It has been a source of wonder to many that Newfoundland—the tenth largest island in the world, containing 42,000 square miles—should have such a small population. It is more than one-sixth larger than Ireland, and contains 12,000 square miles more than Scotland. It is three times as large as Holland, and twice as large as Denmark. It is twice as large as Nova Scotia, and one-third larger than New Brunswick. It has a splendid geographical position, forming as it does the stepping-stone between the Old World and the New. It has a much more temperate climate than Ontario or the Lower Provinces. Possessing also a large quantity of excellent land, how is it that its population is so limited, being in 1874—the period when the last census was taken—only 161,374? The history of the colony will perhaps afford us some light on this subject.

For many years it was the studied policy of the Imperial Government to prevent all immigration to the island. They evidently had the impression that it was a place fit to dry fish on, and nothing more—some of our friends in Canada have the same idea still. These English merchants sent their ships out in the summer, and, after having caught and cured their fish, they embarked for England in the fall. All settlers on land were regarded as interlopers. The most strenuous efforts were made to keep the resident population within the narrowest possible limits. Sir Josiah Child, who had vessels engaged in the bank-fishery, represented that the shore-fishery was an injury to the bank-fishery; he therefore recommended the Government not only to prevent more emigration, *but that those families who had already settled there should be removed.* That his influence with the Government was potent, was evident by some of their enactments. For instance, masters of vessels were compelled to give bonds to the extent of a hundred pounds that they would *bring back* such persons as they carried out to the fisheries. No inhabitant was allowed to live *within six miles of the sea*, and any person transgressing this law might be driven out of the country.

This oppressive policy went on for more than a century. Even so late as 1797, we find the Governor rebuking an official for having, during his absence, “permitted a resident to erect a fence,” and ordering certain sheds that had been erected to be taken down, and prohibiting others “from erecting chimneys to their sheds, or even to light fires in them of any kind.” A certain

Lieutenant-Governor of the island—the *gallant* Major Elford!—actually strongly recommended the Home Government, “to allow no woman to land on the island, and that means should be taken to remove those that were there.” Under such circumstances, marked prosperity could not naturally be expected.

For many years, law on the island was administered only through the agency of an illustrious historical personage known as the “Fishing Admiral.” The appointment of those admirals was worthy of the infamous Star Chamber, whence they originated. The law enacted that the master of the first ship arriving at the fisheries from England should be admiral of the harbour in which he cast anchor, and that the masters of the second and third following vessels were to be vice-admiral and rear-admiral respectively. These admirals were empowered to “settle all disputes among the fishermen, and enforce due attention to certain Acts of Parliament.” In their judicial character they would decide cases according to their caprice, frequently over a bottle of rum. As a class, these masters of fishing vessels were rude and ignorant men, and utterly unfit to act in the capacity of judges. Yet this iniquitous system continued for nearly one hundred years.

At length there came the dawn of better days for the colony. In the year 1728, the Home Government were induced to send out a Governor with a commission to establish some form of civil government. Captain Henry Osborne, of H.M.S. *Squirrel*, was the first constituted Governor of the island.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

EASTER.

LIKE a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born.

Then 'twas sepulchered in gloom
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn!

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY JUDGE DEAN.

I.

HE reads history superficially, or else with invincible prejudice, who finds, as a recent writer in this MAGAZINE seems to find, in the Church unity which St. Augustine did so much to secure only good, or in the dissensions "of the last three centuries" only evil. But this, I submit, is not the question which just now presses upon the Churches of this country. Whether or not, as matters now stand, any religious body could make such overtures to the rest of Christendom as could result in the universal, visible unity, is far too wide and indefinite a question for profitable discussion. Christian men may long for such a consummation, but until they have done all that in them lies to secure unity with those Christians whom they meet every day, they will not have done their share of the work of bringing it about. As well might the ambitious youth longing for the excellence and distinction of high scholarship expect to secure them by indulgence in day-dreams of their delight, while he neglected or refused to master those branches of knowledge which, in his present culture, were the only ones within his reach.

Speaking of the last three centuries, the time is within them when the first band of civilized men stood upon the eastern shore of this continent and proposed to make of its pathless wildernesses a land for themselves and for their children. How well they have accomplished it all the world knows and wonders. But how was it done? By forming a grand and all-comprehending scheme by which each civilized nation was bound to contribute its quota, and having for its object the subduing of the whole continent? How long would they have had to wait before this convention could have come to an agreement? No; the children of this world are wiser in their generation than that. Each man went to work at the bit of forest nearest him, and as that portion of sunlight which he let in warmed him, and as the fruits of the earth which his labours called into existence fed him, he was

blest in his deed. How else has anything great or small ever been accomplished? All roads may lead to Rome, but to get there in the end one must always move to the point nearest him.

The very subject before us illustrates itself. Less than twenty years ago three bodies of Scotch Presbyterians were working conscientiously, but in real rivalry in this country. There were differences of opinion among them upon subjects about which men arguing from different standpoints might logically come to different conclusions. It is true that, though living issues in Scotland, they were of no practical importance in this country, and for that very reason they were all the dearer to their hearts. Well, the second and third of these bodies were not quite so wide apart as were the first and third on these points, and so on the principle of doing the duty that lies nearest to you, the second and third addressed themselves to the task of union with each other. It is true the ship came near being wrecked on the abstract rock of the unlawfulness of Church Establishments—a position which had been maintained in Scotland by one of the parties at great self-sacrifice—until it was suggested that, as there was not the remotest possibility of their ever becoming the Established Church of this country, the article need not be an article at all, and might be safely left to each man's conscience. The mutual concession was mutually accepted, and the world for the first time saw the spectacle of a Christian body not insisting upon the acceptance by their clergy of a tenet for which they had once contended, but which had been made obsolete by circumstances. It may seem a trifling matter looked upon from a distant standpoint, but when one remembers the history of the original struggles, and the tenacity of the Scottish character in any matter which the intellect and the conscience can both get hold of, it was a triumph of common sense over prejudice, which is one of the highest moral triumphs which man can achieve. I verily believe that if every true Christian in the world could rise above prejudice to a true conception of the truth, that there would be a consensus as to what are fundamental points, and upon them, that would astonish the most liberal-minded Christian in the world; that would utterly confound, for a time bewilder most of us; and that would very speedily knit together as the heart of one man, the hearts of a vast army who would quickly conquer the world for Christ

Now, mark the effect produced by this uniting of those nearest each other. A decade had not passed before there was but one Presbyterian body in the whole Dominion. I can remember the Disruption, and have a lively recollection of the terms of cordial hatred with which the adherents of the Old Kirk and Free Church in those days spoke of each other even in this country. Within twenty miles of where I am now writing, a minister used to bemoan his fears for his deceased father's eternal welfare, who had been a devoted minister of the Scottish Establishment, but who had not come out with the illustrious five hundred, as his son had done. And now these Presbyterians are all one, and are exerting in this country, at the least, one-half more influence than they would have done had they continued divided; and this was done by doing that which lay next them. If the Free Church and the United Presbyterians had not united the larger union would not have taken place. In working thus they were also, though unconsciously, working in the interests of another union. I do not know that the fact is generally recognized among us, but it is a fact all the same, that our union, now so rapidly approaching its consummation, was, if not suggested, at least much stimulated by theirs. The effect upon the laity was most noticeable. It preached to them the sermon of union in every town and village and in almost every neighbourhood in the country. Its lessons of unity and concord, of economy and comfort, had a good deal to do with the all but unanimous vote of our laity in favour of Methodist union. In this latter union the same principle of doing the work that lies nearest to the worker is exemplified; the Methodist bodies differing in some important particulars from each other, were yet more like each other than any of them were like any one else.

And now see how this subject intensifies. The Presbyterians have gathered themselves into one fold; the Methodists have gathered themselves into one fold. There are no other bodies left in the country nearly so like each other as those who have united in these bodies respectively were, and yet the question is being asked on all sides, What is to be the next union?

Bishop Fuller, in the full and frank paper with which he has interested and instructed the readers of this MAGAZINE, says: "The union of the Presbyterian and of the Methodist bodies in this country has struck a chord that has reverberated wherever

there are Christian feelings to be affected." Men's minds are growing familiar with the idea of Christian union; they are rising out of the old set forms and ideas, and are beginning to look into first principles. Why do Churches exist? What is the object of preaching? What is preached? These and many other fundamental questions are being asked with a freshness and meaning that has never been known in this country before. Can an answer be given to these questions, in face of the fact that hundreds of millions of men are yet without the Gospel, each one in the sight of God worth more than the whole world,—an answer which would justify the maintenance of a church and minister by each of these united Churches, where one building would be enough to hold and one man would be enough to minister to all the Presbyterians and Methodists in any one place? Some one replies, Calvinism and Arminianism. Ye sons of Zeruiah, are too strong for me. But it has been truly said that when the region of dogma is left and the region of the spiritual is entered, all Christian experience is the same; that calling things by different names, Calvin and Wesley underwent the same spiritual changes; that each was saved by the same unmerited grace; each was justified by faith alone, and each showed his faith by his works. Long ere this they and all other men of the polemic past, whose dogmatism has not kept them out of heaven, have learned that the duty of the Church is to save men; and that, as men's minds are constituted, to allow the largest liberty within the bounds of the Gospel, is not charity but common sense.

But to return: Is there no common work that can now be done by one or the other of these Churches as circumstances may point out? Let me illustrate: some two or three years ago, I met a Presbyterian minister from one of our large towns, on the railway train; he told me that he had been at a small backwoods village preaching to the Presbyterian congregation, which was then without a pastor. There were two Methodist churches in the place, and the officers of the larger of these asked him to bring his congregation and preach in the evening in their church, and they would get the other Methodist congregation to join them, and have but one service for the whole Protestant population. This was practically carried out, for nearly every one came to hear him, though an official of the other Methodists declined to

let their church be closed, remarking, that if they chose to come to their house they would be welcome, but he would not go to the other Methodist church. Thank God *that* devil is exorcised ! and that very official is now an enthusiastic union man. "I had," said my Presbyterian friend, "a house full of intelligent and interested hearers and enjoyed preaching to them very much. They represented the whole Protestant population ; and if they were always one congregation, they would be numerous enough to give one man full work and strong enough to pay a fair stipend ; but now these three Protestant ministers are largely supported by missionary grants ; not so much that they may have the Gospel, as that they may have our -isms preached to them. I think that we should withdraw, and hand our people over formally to the care of the Methodists, as they are stronger there than we, and that they should withdraw one of their men and all missionary grants ; and, as a set-off, the Methodists should withdraw from K—" (referring to a place where we had a weak congregation and the Presbyterians were strong), "and hand their people over to us."

Now, this man was a thorough-going Scotch Presbyterian, and as far removed from "gush" as any of his brethren. Is not this sort of thing one of the works that lie next to us of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches ? Has it not the stamp of common sense and the true ring of the Gospel of Peace ? I don't mean withdraw from stations in the new country that may grow into places of importance ; this may be asking too much of human nature ; but from those places where, if these rivalries are kept up, the daughters of the horse-leech will permanently entrench themselves, and devour the means that should carry the Gospel to the regions beyond.

If any one is fully persuaded in his own mind that a still closer union between these two bodies would be disastrous to religion in this country, it is but fair that I should warn him not to give his countenance to the above proposition, for no man can tell whereunto this thing might grow. Many a place that manages, by half-starving a minister of each Church, to be self-supporting, might take a hint from this arrangement, and begin to ask if the Gospel, with comfort, economy, brotherly love, and a fair hire for the labourer, was not even better than the Gospel with church debts, pinching economy, and

a little, perhaps a very little, jealousy and uncharitableness? Some one, more restless than his fellows, would begin to enquire if it was just or Christian to squander the Lord's heritage in sending missionaries to the same foreign parts, to perplex the heathen mind, and blur the heathen conscience with the divisions of Christians, when there were plenty of places where neither was represented, fainting for the Gospel! I fear these little unions would be as the letting out of water.

After all, is an organic Christian union among the orthodox Protestant Churches of this country desirable? So far as it could be secured, without the sacrifice of any of the fundamental truths of religion, or the introduction of an undue latitudinarianism, I think it is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for—growing, as in the nature of things it would have to grow, out of sincere conviction, if a *modus vivendi* could be reached by which they might be able to work together, making the most of their means of money, men, and moral influence; to this end submitting to some common control, that there might be nothing lost by themselves duplicated efforts, by rivalries, or by energies expended makes now upon the many separate agencies that their separate existence necessary. I believe I am not overstating the fact when I say that such a union would, for all Church purposes, quite double the financial strength of the common body; that is to say, that the money now at the command of the different Churches would be worth twice as much as an instrument of religious work as all the money which all have now is at present worth; and that the moral influence upon the community of such a Church, united under such circumstances, would be at the least double what the influence of all these Churches now is.

For many a year the spectacle of such a union being acted before their eyes would be a great moral force in itself; and the very self-discipline which the sacrifice of prejudices, of usages, of associations, of personal influence, and whatever else would have to be mutually given up to make such a union possible, would in itself bring such a benediction to the hearts and to the lives of those who were privileged to make the sacrifice, as would tinge and tone the religious life of the Church as it has but seldom been privileged to be since the time when it was first said, "See how these Christians love one another."

Anyone who thoughtfully considers this matter in all its bearings will admit, I think, that I have understated the good to

result from such a union, if it be possible; and it might be well to pause for a moment and contemplate what it would be to double the influence of Protestant Christianity in this country. If several great corporations, satisfied to pay their stock-holders five or six per cent. (and I do not think that the Churches increases in that ratio either in numbers or money), could suddenly, by some amalgamation, double their entire capital, and double or treble their entire earning power for the future, they would not long hesitate.

Perhaps the Churches would not hesitate either if they thought it possible to bring this about. Surely such a consummation is worth a great deal of labour, a great deal of self-sacrifice, a great deal of magnanimity. It is worth a resolute effort to rise above the merely conventional, above the prejudices and peculiarities of our education; and from a higher, wider, and therefore juster view of truth in all its relations, to try and find some common ground on which we can all work as one man. People equally thoughtful, pious, and learned, hold opposite views upon points non-essential to salvation, yet they love each other as brethren, and have confidence in each other's Christian character. Suppose it turns out, when all things come to be wound up, that my brother's opinions on things non-essential, and not mine, are right. It will only show that man's mind is not large enough to grasp the mind of God. The result, I suspect, will be that both will be found right, and both wrong. It would be marvellous, indeed, if through the little windows of our souls, the whole light of God could come: one catches one ray, another another, coloured and refracted by the medium of culture and prejudice, through which it has to make its way; and as each ray brings only a part of the truth, one sees one part, and another another part. If we only possessed the key to that Divine unity which would enable us, from these, to construct the whole, we would probably find beautiful concord in what now seems a contradiction. Humility is true dignity as well as wisdom in such a case; but we have not yet reached that point, and I think that, in a word, the only work which at the present time is practical, either in its mode or in its result, is the endeavour on the part of each Christian, especially of each Christian minister, to get his spirit into such a state that it can be said of all, in all the Churches, in reference to the Christian labours of the others—"The success of each is the joy of all, and the glory of each the pride of all." In no other way can they so

exemplify the mind that was in Christ. In no other way can they so surely vindicate the truth of Christianity to the world. Until they reach that point the triumph of the Gospel in the world will not have been secured. Until they are saturated with that spirit the Gospel will not have done its true work upon their own hearts. This may be a hard saying, but it is not the only hard saying that the Gospel propounds to human nature.

In the practical suggestions which I have ventured upon, I include all the non-prelatical orthodox denominations of the country; they all interchange neighbourly courtesies, exchange pulpits, and treat each other as brethren who, differing in minor matters of judgment, have, nevertheless, their hearts fixed upon one common object, and they are every year giving more prominence to the essentials in which they agree, and throwing more and more into the shadow the non-essentials in which they differ. Anyone who can remember the state of feeling even forty years ago, in this respect, must be amazed at the change. In this courtesy towards the honest opinions of others, I find strong grounds of hope that they will be drawn much nearer to each other in the spirit of the Gospel, and that in fewer years than may seem now possible they may become one in name, as they must inevitably, unless they begin to step backwards, become one in spirit. I would gladly include in this hope the other great branch of Protestant Christianity in this country, but, unhappily, it has not seemed to come within the scope of the practical view of the matter which I had proposed to myself in this paper. But as a venerable Bishop of that Church assures us that they, too, would gladly find some common ground, I shall, in a future issue of this *MAGAZINE*, seek earnestly to find if there be any practical way to meet his views from the standpoint of a Methodist layman.

RESURRECTION.

EACH night we seek a temporary death,
 And are unhappy if it fails to come,
 And morning dawns with life in every breath,
 And the tongue speaks that for a while was dumb;
 And when the longer Death, which none escape,
 Conquers our seventy years, or less or more,
 Is it not Sleep that takes another shape?
 And shall we not awaken as before?

—*Charles MacKay.*

MYRRH BEARERS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THREE women crept, at break of day,
 Agropé along the shadowy way
 Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.
 Each in her throbbing bosom bore
 A burden of such fragrant store,
 As never there had laid before :
 Spices, the purest, richest, best,
 That e'er the musky East possessed,
 From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
 Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
 In quest of nards, whose pungent arts
 Should the dead sepulchre imbue
 With vital odours through and through :
 'Twas all their love had leave to do !
 Christ did not need their gifts ; and yet
 Did either Mary once regret
 Her offering ? Did Salome fret
 Over those unused aloes ? Nay !
 They did not count as waste that day
 What they had brought their Lord. The way
 Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
 Thenceforth about the robes they wear
 The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
 Go women forth by twos and threes
 (Unmindful of their morning ease),
 Through tragic darkness, mirk and dim,
 Where'er they see the faintest rim.
 Of promise—all for sake of Him
 Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
 It just such joy as those of old,
 To tell the tale the Marys' told.

Myrrh bearers still—at home, abroad,
 What paths have holy women trod,
 Burdened with votive gifts for God—
 Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
 By this one thought, that all sufficed
 Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS OF CANADA.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

I.

“*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

THE existence at the present time of two great distinct political confederacies in North America, the United States and the Dominion of Canada, is primarily owing to the long continuous movements of two opposing sections or parties of the English people in the land of our common ancestors; the party of monarchical and the party of republican tendencies, divisions which seem to be inherent in human nature itself.

The Revolution of 1642 was the culmination of Puritan ascendancy in England, the reaction restored the royal authority in the Constitution. The distinct party lines of English politics take their modern form and under various names have come down to us from that time to the present. It will be found that those party struggles in the mother land furnish the key that unlocks the secret of British Canadian politics, principles, and tendencies—as distinct from the politics, principles, and tendencies of the United States—differences which perpetuate the division of North America into two distinct and rival, but not, it is hoped, unfriendly nations.

To understand the true genius and origin of the English-speaking people in Canada we have to go back to the settlement of the New England Colonies by the thwarted and, to some extent, persecuted Puritans of the seventeenth century. They left their native land full of bitterness, with no love for either its Church or monarchy. The English Commonwealth had been their ideal of civil government, and from the very first settlement of the Puritans in Massachussets their steady endeavour and policy was to separate themselves from the mother country and erect their ideal of a *Republican Church and State on this continent.*

The germ of the American revolt was planted in New England from its very origin, and nothing the mother country could do

for them—wars with France undertaken in their behalf, the conquest of Canada, tens of thousands of British lives, and hundreds of millions of British money spent in protecting them—were of any avail to excite a loyal and kindly feeling in New England towards the mother country. There were, of course, thousands of New England men who formed honourable exceptions to the general disaffection of the Puritan population; but they were outnumbered and overborne by their discontented fellow-countrymen.

In other colonies it was quite different. New York was colonized first by the Dutch and then by the English; the English settlers of New York were largely loyalist in principle. The same may be said of New Jersey, while the Quaker element in Pennsylvania and the German settlers were for the most part loyal and well affected to the Empire.

It is not necessary here to go over the causes of the disputes which arose at first in New England with regard to the mother country. The questions once raised grew rapidly to a head. The Stamp Act and the Revenue Acts of Great Britain, very impolitic certainly, yet in their intention good and excusable, were a bad means of bringing round a good end, namely, to supplement the want of a *united common government* among all the Colonies. These proposed measures raised the popular clamour in America. The infection of disloyalty to the Empire was zealously propagated from New England, and the people of all the Colonies, according to their sentiment and opinions, became divided into two great parties which in the end developed into the party of the Revolution and the party of the Unity of the Empire; the former tending to a severance and the latter to the maintenance of the old National ties with the mother land.

Of the progress of that great debate, and of the fierce and warlike tempers which it evoked, and of its final effect upon Canada, this memoir will afford some interesting evidence.

If the seeds of disloyalty were sown in the New England Colonies from their origin, so it is equally certain that the seeds of loyal connection with the Crown and Empire of Britain were sown in Canada and have ever borne the noblest and most glorious fruits. The settlement of this country by the expatriated loyalists of America was the leaven that has leavened the whole lump of Canadian nationality, and made this country

what, I trust, it will never alter from—the most loyal, orderly, and progressive part of Britain's Empire.

Yet we know and regret that modern history—English history through absolute ignorance, American history through suppression or misrepresentation of facts—fails to do the slightest justice to the men who founded this Dominion. I speak not with reference to our French fellow-subjects, but to the United Empire Loyalists who have given Canada its form and pressure, stamping upon it the seal of the Crown, the emblem of the grandest Empire the world ever saw. *Esto perpetua!*

This memoir of personal history was written solely as a family record, to preserve traditions that have for a century been kept warm by the fireside. It relates to a family in respectable middle life, who may be taken as completely representative of the great body of the loyalists generally who founded Upper Canada.

The true history of Canada cannot be written without deep study and investigation into the principles, motives, and acts of the American loyalists. Yet how little does professed history record of them!

English writers on this subject, with few exceptions, take their views at second-hand from American sources, and I have failed to find more than one American writer who is capable or willing to do justice to one-half of the American people who, during the revolutionary struggle, sided with the mother country; and when defeated at last in their efforts to preserve the unity of the Empire, left their estates, homes, and honourable positions in every department of life, and betook themselves to the wilds of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Upper Canada, to start life afresh under the flag which they refused to forsake.

The Americans have held their Centennial of Independence to commemorate the breaking up of the Empire in 1776. The descendants of the U. E. Loyalists are proposing to celebrate in Toronto in 1884 the Centennial of the arrival in Upper Canada of the expatriated loyal Americans who founded this Province.

That great design has been warmly taken up by many descendants of the loyalists in Ontario. It will do much to present to the world the opposite side of the great American question of the past century, and show the true grounds and reasons of Canadian adherence to the British Empire—grounds

and reasons which are so little understood except by our own people, who in the quiet of their homes live in the solid enjoyment of British freedom, law and security, and desire no other.

The following memoir of the Servos family is given as a typical example of the fortunes and fidelity of that old U. E. Loyalist stock to which Canada owes so much :—

After the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, when the country had measurably recovered from the ruin and devastation of that period of trial and suffering in the Fatherland, the ambition of France and the thirst for glory in the young King Louis XIV. again plunged Germany into a long war in which he wrested from her the ancient principality of Alsace and annexed it to France, and which only in our day, 1870, has been reconquered and restored to Germany.

The reign of Louis XIV. and that of his contemporary Leopold First of Austria, were memorable for the long, persistent and cruel persecutions of the Protestants in the dominions of each of those sovereigns. It were hard to tell to which of them the bloody palm was most due.

Louis, after years of persecution against the most industrious and enlightened of his subjects, at last repealed the Edict of Nantes, and with it the only guarantee for toleration in France. The Huguenots were persecuted and proscribed; they escaped by tens of thousands from France to England and wherever an asylum afforded itself.

Leopold of Austria was equally harsh and intolerant. Hungary was the chief seat of Protestantism in his dominions. A fierce persecution was directed against them with the result of expelling thousands of Hungarian Protestants, who found refuge in the Protestant States of Germany, Holland, and England.

Among the Protestant refugees from Hungary, about the middle of the seventeenth century, were the ancestors of the Servos family, of whom a brief account is here recorded.

On the right bank of the Rhine, eight miles below Coblenz, lay the ancient principality of Wied, a principality of the Empire and the inheritance of a long line of liberal and enlightened

rulers. Their residence was the old feudal castle of Wied, overlooking the broad Rhine and a fertile domain of vineyards, cornfields, and meadows, towns and villages which gave the title to their princes, of Counts of Wied and Lords of Runkel and Issenberg.

The most remarkable of these Counts of Wied was Prince Alexander, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century founded the town of Neu Wied on the Rhine, and made it the seat of his Government, instead of the old city of Alt Wied, which had previously been the capital.

Prince Alexander, at the time of the persecutions in France and Hungary, offered his protection and a free asylum to men of every religion in his new city of Neu Wied, which offer was gladly and eagerly accepted by the persecuted Huguenots and Hungarians, a great many of whom flocked in and took up their abode under the noble Prince of Wied. The city greatly prospered, and soon became a bright landmark in Southern Germany, known throughout Europe as a city of refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the continent.

Among the refugees from Hungary were the family of Servos. They were probably Hungarian, of Servian origin, as this is a Hungarian form for Serbos, pronounced Servos, meaning Servian. They settled in Alt Wied, and subsequently removed to the new city of Neu Wied, where they lived and prospered, some of them taking up the military profession in the service of their adopted and afterwards of their native prince.

Christopher Servos, born at Alt Wied about 1670, is the first whom we shall particularize as the ancestor of the Canadian branch of the family. He entered the service of the Prince of Wied as a private soldier of his guard in 1687, and in which by successive promotions, he attained the rank of officer. He served in the army thirty-nine years and nine months; he went through the great campaigns of Marlborough, serving in the German contingent which formed a large part of the army of that great commander.

On the termination of his long and honourable military service, Christopher Servos being then a man well in years, with a wife and family of six grown children, determined to emigrate to one of the English Colonies of North America, about which he had heard a good deal during his campaigns with the English armies.

Prince Frederick William, of Wied, the reigning prince at that time, gave him the most honourable discharge from the military service, and with it a large letter of introduction and recommendation under his own hand and seal, to the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania, in one of which Provinces he intended to settle.

This letter, written in old German on parchment, with the signature and seal of the Prince of Wied, is still preserved by the family, and is now in the possession of Mr. Ethelbert Servos, of Hamilton, Ont. It recommends Christopher Servos to the respective Governors of the Provinces of New York and Pennsylvania, and reads as follows :

“ We, Frederick Wilhelm, of the Holy Roman Empire, Count of Wied and Lord of Runkel and Issenberg, do hereby declare that Christopher Servos, a native of our principality, entered our military service in the year 1687. He served in our Guard as a musqueteer twelve years, as corporal five years, sergeant fifteen years, and as Landsfahndrick seven years and nine months, in all thirty-nine years and nine months. During this long service he was always distinguished as a brave and honourable man, faithful in the performance of every military duty and in all the relations of life of strictest integrity, upright and honourable, as becomes a good man and faithful soldier to be.

“ We, therefore, of our own motion and free will, understanding that he desires to emigrate to America with his wife and six children, do hereby grant him an honourable discharge from our service, and release him from all our spiritual and civil jurisdictions, declaring hereby the great satisfaction we have had from his long and honourable services. Not desiring to lose him, yet since of his own desire he has resolved to go with his wife and six children to America, the better to provide for their future welfare, and will betake himself either to New York or Philadelphia, and in order that he may be favourably received by the Honourable Governors of New York or Pennsylvania as a man every way worthy of their assistance and patronage, we recommend the said Christopher Servos to them, pledging ourselves by any means in our power to the said Honourable Governors, to reciprocate any kindness, good-will, and assistance which they may be pleased to show to the said Christopher Servos.

“ And in order to further ratify these presents, we subscribe them with our own hand and order them to be sealed with the great seal of our principality.

“ Given in this our Residence Hoff at Neu Wied am Rhein.

“ April 27, 1726.

“ FREDERICK.”

In the summer of 1726, Christopher Servos with his family embarked for North America, where this worthy pioneer of

German emigration duly arrived and landed at New York. We can imagine the stout, rigid old German soldier of forty years' service calling and presenting his letter of introduction to Governor Burnet—a clever man, the son of the famous Bishop Burnet—who doubtless received him most kindly. Whether he received from the Governor a grant of lands, or whether he purchased lands, is not now known, but he presently acquired possession of a large tract on the Charlotte River near Schoharie, in the Province of New York, and settled there with his sons, who were young men, and commenced to clear the lands and make a new home for his family.

His sons were intelligent, energetic, and reliable men. They cleared several farms, built grist and saw mills and started stores, as the fashion then was, upon the frontier settlements, traded with the Indians, and in time became prosperous, rich and widely known. The Servos settlement on the Charlotte was one of the landmarks of the frontier of the Province of New York and Pennsylvania until the Revolution. Old Christopher Servos died at a very advanced age, but in what year is not known. His sons, true to the military spirit of their father, held commissions in the Provincial Militia, and served under Sir William Johnson and Colonel John Butler in the French war. They were at the Battle of Lake George, 1754, and at the siege of Fort Niagara, 1759. The family were on familiar and intimate terms with Sir William Johnson, one of their sisters marrying a near relative of Sir William—Colonel Johnson—whom she accompanied through all the campaigns of the French war. That lady came to Canada and died at the Servos homestead, Niagara Township, in 1811, at the great age of one hundred and four years, and is buried in the family burying-ground, Lake Road, Niagara, where a monument records her memory.

After the close of the French war, the sons of Christopher Servos devoted themselves afresh to farming, milling, and merchandize, and prospered much. As magistrates, men of business, and officers of the Militia, they were, greatly respected throughout the district where they resided.

When the agitation which preceded the Revolution began in the Colony of New York, the Servos estates were held by grandsons of the old German soldier from the Rhine. The eldest of these, and the acknowledged head of the family, was Thomas

Servos, a man of large property and great business on the Charlotte River, who had four sons, young men, living with him at home.

The troubles of the Colonies arose mainly out of the permanent disaffection of the Puritan element in New England, which was disloyal from the very origin of its settlement in Massachussets; but the constant wars with France and the dangers ever dreaded from Canada, kept down open manifestations of disloyalty, until the conquest of Canada relieved New England of all fear of France, and enabled the heads of disaffection to be raised with boldness.

The way in which some of the Colonies had shirked their obligations in regard to their quotas of troops and money to be furnished for carrying on the war with France had long been a standing grievance, trouble and complaint.

As is well known, the proposal for a Colonial union in 1754, at the commencement of the last French war was mainly intended to equalize the common share of public expenditures and the quotas of troops and money to be furnished by the respective Colonies. The failure of the Convention that met at Albany to establish an equitable union of the Colonies, was the true reason of the measures taken up after the conquest of Canada, to equalize by Act of Parliament of Great Britain the contributions of the several Colonies to the common object of the defence of America.

As was remarked, the quotas of money and troops to be furnished by the respective Colonies for the French war had been most unequally paid, some Colonies giving their full shares, others evading their dues in the most dishonest manner. There was no central authority to compel payment but England, and she had no constitutional machinery to take the task properly upon herself.

The passing of the Stamp Act was an effort—a rash and injudicious one—to raise a common fund for the military defence of the Colonies, and do for them what had failed to be accomplished by the projected union of 1754.

The great error of this policy was in the British Government not considering that strong constitutional objection would be raised to the Imperial Parliament's legislating on a matter of great public concern which should only be legislated upon by

a Parliament of the Colonies themselves. England should have insisted on the project of union being carried out which would have enabled the Colonies to do for themselves constitutionally what the necessity of the case required. The Stamp Act and the other Revenue Bills, the proceeds of which were to be wholly spent in America, were wrong attempts to do a right thing, viz., to make the Colonies deal fairly and honestly by each other, and contribute equitably to the common burthen of their defence and government.

An immense agitation was started in New England over the Stamp Act which, by political arts, was extended to the other Colonies.

The Province of New York was on the whole loyal to British connection; its local politics had long been headed by the De-lancy and Livingstone families respectively, the former representing the Tory, the latter the Whig party, with the preponderance generally in favour of the former. The Tories or loyalists generally disapproved of the Stamp Act and other measures of like nature, but theirs was a loyal, constitutional opposition, and few at first of the Whigs even in New York, outside of a band of professed agitators in the city, headed by one McDougal, the publisher of a violent Whig newspaper, ever contemplated revolution.

The loyal party, while disapproving of many of the measures of the Imperial Government, saw nothing in them of sufficient importance to justify the factious clamour that was raised in Boston, which they well understood as arising not so much from fear of oppression and taxation, as from the natural disaffection of the New England people, and the selfish interests of the merchants of Boston, who, like Hancock, had grown rich by their systematic violation of the customs and trade regulations of the Colony.

The Stamp Act was a god-send to these people, as giving them a taxation cry, and presenting the question before the people, as a violation of their constitutional rights.

The loyalists of the Revolution were not blind defenders of arbitrary and unconstitutional power, any more than the Whigs were the virtuous assertors of pure liberty, which they pretended to be. The former, while admitting the impolicy of the Stamp Act and other revenue measures, saw nothing in them to warrant

the disruption of the Empire. The majority of the people were opposed to violence. The Colonial Assembly, lawfully representing the whole people of New York, was loyal to British connection, and refused to sanction the Declaration of Independence.

The election of the so-called Provincial Congress of New York, chosen by Whig partizans exclusively (the loyalists being disfranchized unless they would swear allegiance to Congress), threw New York into the most violent civil war of any of the Colonies. The Provincial Congress of the State decreed the confiscation of the property of all persons who adhered to their lawful Government. Loyalists were arrested, proscribed and declared to be "traitors" by men who were themselves legally and undeniably the only traitors in the Colony!

The most wealthy of the loyal people of New York were marked out for plunder, the most spirited for arrest and confinement. Men who had been born in the Colony and lived all their lives creditably as good subjects—magistrates, officers of Militia, members of Assembly, merchants, farmers, and clergymen who had taken the oaths of allegiance to the King, and upon whose consciences these oaths were held binding—were required, on pain of losing both property and liberty, to fall in with the revolutionary course of the Whigs and swear allegiance to the rebel Congress.

EASTER HYMN.

WHILE in the temple choir above
The harps of gold are ringing,
Our overflowing hearts of love
A song of praise are singing ;
Nor hearts alone ; each tuneful voice
Repeats the wondrous story ;
All nature seemeth to rejoice,
And give to God the glory.

How blest are we who thus may share
The harmonies of heaven ;
Each Christian heart a temple fair
To holy service given.

How blest are we upon whose sight
The Easter morning brightens ;
How blest are we whose mental night
The Gospel ray enlightens !

GEORGE F. PIERCE, D.D.,
SENIOR BISHOP, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

BY THE REV. A. A. LIPSCOMB, D.D., LL.D.,
Ex-Chancellor of the University of Georgia.

It is now almost thirty years since I first had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Pierce. If but thirty hours had intervened, I can hardly think that the impression, though more vivid to the senses, could surpass that distant recollection. I had just come through a great sorrow, and was finding my way back to the scenes of former life, the burden still upon my spirit, and the heavy shadows clinging to my eyelids. Circumstances were propitious to my hearing the Gospel with intensity greater than usual; and if other motives, such as curiosity and delight in listening to fine oratory, blended with the occasion, they were concurrent, I trust, with the dominant interest of the hour. Anyway, the time, circumstances, and ruling spirit of the scene, were favourable to devout enjoyment. Previously, for some years, I had often had descriptions of the Bishop's wonderful pulpit and platform powers as an orator, and the testimony was too uniform and intelligent for me to refuse the glow of anticipation in awaiting his effort. To be sure, I had been informed that at times he fell below himself, and I had better not allow myself too great a freedom to my imagination in picturing the ideal of the man. Despite these hints, I gave large scope to my expectations, for I concluded that one who could afford to fail under certain contingencies and yet retain his stronghold on the admiration of all classes of people, cultured and uncultured, was not likely to disappoint me in the Sabbath morning service of an Annual Conference. I fortified myself, moreover, by recollecting a remark once made by an acute critic of Mr. Wesley: "It was not a great sermon, but no one except a great man could have preached it."

Sabbath morning came. I hailed the day, and put myself in the best available condition to enjoy its exercises. There is much in this preparation to hear special sermons from particular preachers. So, at least, I find; and hence, I gave my nerves and temperament due notice of their prospective duties as to the

manner of their behaviour, and what I expected of them at a time so unexceptional. Much to my gratification, these habitual rebels were quite considerate; I had less neuralgia than usual; and throughout the discourse the restlessness of pain was at its minimum. No doubt I was indebted to the Bishop for this result, since in all effective preaching the body of a hearer has to be brought under the speaker's control before any specialized influence can be exerted on the mind. But this aside. The introductory services over, the preacher took his seat. From the outset I was interested. Look, tone, general air and bearing recommended him with instancy of charm to eye and ear, so that in five minutes my expectations were sufficiently indicated to acquire a new impulse. What struck me was that the oratory, though singularly graceful and energetic, was an exact counterfeit to the native eloquence of the man, a pure reflex from his inmost being, and no room was left to think of oratorical ability. Pleasant it was to be freed from that critical abatement—pleasant indeed—for I had no image of art or of artistic culture to intervene between the beautiful naturalness of the speaker and my listening heart. How quickly souls rush together sometimes.

Of course, then, his unconsciousness soon won upon my sympathies; not a particle of effort was traceable in either thought or expression. The facial vocabulary—in fact, the entire physiological language—kept even pace with the functions of words, most harmonious they were. It struck me on that Sabbath morning, as it has frequently done since, that Bishop Pierce has this fine interblending of natural and acquired language to an extent remarkable even among the remarkable men. I recall at this far-off day the symmetrical balance in all his faculties, the perfect equipoise of body and mind—the gentle deference of the one to the other in the inter-related offices of thought and representation—the soft flush of fervour that irradiated his manly face, the quick response of every nerve and muscle to the demand of the moment, the facile embodiment of the Greek idea of expression as pertaining to the whole physical system, and the concert of utterance led by a voice of singular melody and compass in which there was no hard, dry tone of mere logic or isolated intellect, but a most felicitous union of spirit and matter, which, by some mysterious oneness of functional activity, was able to articulate most impressively the blessedness of the Gospel.

Some men have soul and body much nearer together as to intellectual, emotional, physical and spiritual co-operation than others. The body is far more of a religious factor in certain cases than in other cases. Soul and body, which are ordained to develop a closer and closer relation to each other from birth till death, have a greater capacity for this acquired sympathy in the instance of the Christian orator than exists, I apprehend, in any form of human individuation. Never do I get so clear, so subtle, so inspiring an idea of the redeemed glory of the body as when I hear some noble Christian orator, in whom the physical man seems for the time being quite transfigured, as if it had ascended the Mount. One day we shall read in this and similar manifestations of the co-education and co-development of spirit and matter, the signs of the body's resurrection, the future "*spiritual body*," that other, fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians which lies beneath the present page, awaiting the hour of a "*Revised Version*," re-revised. Thanks to God, Methodism has given an account to the fact that man has a body as well as a soul! I wish, with all my heart, that the account could rise to the breadth and fulness of a great emphasis. A little thunder here would help our religion. If we laid more stress on the redeemed human body—the body now and ever in training for the resurrection—I doubt not but that the consciousness and conscience of the soul would be identified.

I can make but one reference to the matter of the sermon. Like all Bishop Pierce's efforts, it was full of evangelical thought, the scope never beyond the reach of an ordinary hearer, and yet adapted to persons of high culture; touched at times with exquisite figurative power, and always marked in those instances by metaphor rather than simile, and springing from passion not fancy; language chaste, variable and well-chosen for the highest pulpit effect both on intellect and emotion; voice, gesticulation, and all else we include in manner, as perfect as any one could desire to witness. Near the close of the discourse, he spoke of the loneliness and dreariness of a heart that had been weakened by fear and darkened by doubt—a heart not taking the side of its temptations, but struggling in its isolation and gloom, and seeking the lost light of God's countenance. A few sentences, instinct with picturesque vitality, set the solitary mourner before the congregation, and—a moment's pause, a sudden change

in his countenance, a suffused tenderness in his face, a lowering of his voice into the monotone of pathos that seemed to issue from a breaking heart—and then, “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him!” The “taken away” and “I know not” remain with me to this hour. After that, nothing was possible except to stop, and, for for one, I welcomed the release from a tension never felt before or since.

But I must close. Recently, the Bishop announced that he was about to celebrate his “golden wedding,” February 4th, 1884, at his home, “Sunshine,” Sparta, Georgia. Rejoicing in a contented and happy age (born February 3rd, 1811), he uses these beautiful and touching words: “I left all to follow Christ, and I wish gratefully to record that He redeemed every word of promise to me. My life has been one of self-denial and close economy, but I have never suffered. Accepting Christ’s teaching, I have lived like the lilies and the birds, by the Providence of my Heavenly Father.”

One may say of the Bishop as Sir James Parry said of Sir John Franklin, “He was a man who never turned his back on a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito.”

I add a few lines, which I venture to call a “Sonnet,” as some people name a child after one whom they wish the child to resemble.

SONNET.

“The pains and infirmities of age are yet to come, if come they must. I thank God I am not superannuated.”—*Extract from the Bishop’s Letter.*

Greetings, my Friend, that threescore years and ten
 No rust have left on dial-plate of heart;
 Nor less thy “Sunshine” bright and glad than when
 In youth thy soul espoused the better part.
 Whate’er the joy of morn or zenith life,
 Earth’s truest bliss awaits our later days,
 Which faithful Time matures from toil and strife,
 And e’en to sense most clear Christ’s grace displays.
 Thanks, Friend, that ills of age are not yet known!
 Thy home is “Sunshine” and thy heart the same;
 In deep’ning peace and strength here hast thou grown,
 While struggling on to reach thy chosen aim.
 Joy, Friend, again! ’Tis in the sunset air
 That “Sunshine” finds its answered praise and prayer.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

TRUST.

SERENE I lie in Jesus' hands,
 Without one anxious care :
 Content to do what He commands,
 And what He wills to bear.

Just now the cup He bids me drink,
 Like Marah's water seems,
 And all the active scenes of life
 Come to me but in dreams.

Yet as I lie so faint, so weak,
 I feel that He can be
 A precious help in time of need.
 And Comforter to me.

So calmly, peacefully I lean
 Upon my Saviour's breast ;
 For if He sends me life or death,
 Whate'er He gives is best.

RELIGIOUS GROWTH.

One state of grace differs from another only in degree. A river is like a rivulet, only larger. As water is water, whether it be an ocean or a drop, so religion is religion, whether it be that possessed by an ignorant beginner or a matured saint.

The distinctions made by theologians between little piety and much are often merely nominal. They are like the different terms given by geographers to varied formations of land, such as isthmus, cape, mountain, etc. These are all in reality one, and the drowning man who reaches either is saved, and may, by travelling on, reach the rest. He who becomes, in the lowest degree, religious has touched the shore—the continent of all spirituality. Religion grows more profoundly satisfying as the work of grace deepens, but the highest experience, equally with the lowest, consists of nothing else than communion with God.

The Christian's path shines "more and more unto the perfect day," but the same kind of light which produces spiritual morning produces spiritual noon. The identical sun, whose refracted rays give us twilight, bathes our world afterward in meridian

brightness. Religion is from beginning to end, not only the same in kind, but the way in which we obtain one degree of it is the only way in which we can obtain any degree of it, even the most exalted.

As the earth grows lustrous by steadily turning toward the east, so Christians grow purer by steadily approximating God. The price paid by one who rises in the scale of experience becomes constantly larger, but it is ever one currency—the gold of self-surrender; that, and that only, is legal tender, and must be paid whether the blessing sought be initial or complete. One progresses in spirituality, as in anything else, by a process of repetition. The arithmetician advances from the lower to the higher mathematics by using, in ever-varying and more complex relations, the fundamental rules with which he began; he can never get beyond the necessity of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

A scholar becomes proficient in English literature by repeatedly reading, in its innumerable combinations, the English alphabet; the longest as well as shortest word among the more than one hundred thousand now used is nothing else than a piece of the alphabet, and it is by simply following his a, b, c's, as they wind in and out through the libraries of the land and the literatures of the world, that one develops into a savant.

Thus we must grow in grace. As we have received Christ, so must we walk in Him. We received Him by faith, and can grow up into Him only by a repetition of that exercise. It is the alphabet of all religion, and spells every possible experience.—*Rev. J. S. Breckenridge.*

POWER WITH GOD AND MEN.

In no one particular do Christians differ more than in spiritual and moral power. Some are weak, very weak, while others are strong. And this is often so where, according to all human calculation, the very opposite should be true. Power seems to be a special endowment for particular ends. The prophet Micah possessed it at one time, at least, when he said, "I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgression, and unto Israel his sin." "Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." (Acts vi. 8.) Jacob "had power with

God, and with men, and prevailed," under great discouragements. This power is generally recognized among all classes of active Christians as indispensable to success in bringing men to God. We can hardly enter a Christian church without hearing it urged as a necessary endowment. Nor do we know of any great achievement of this sort where somebody has not been especially favoured in this respect.

But the idea that power is to be obtained simply in answer to prayer, without reference to collateral duties, is a prevailing error. God bestows it only as it is needed. "Setting us up in business," with more or less capacity; He says, "now go to work for Me; seek the lost, and bring them to My fold;" promising to be with us, as may be necessary. If we attempt nothing, His help will not be required. He gives to those who use what they already possess. Here is just where most professors stand to-day—respectably orthodox in sentiment, moral in practice, and formal in religion, but not religiously active in doing good. They go to church, Sunday-school, and communion, and thus seem to take sides with God; but they go to the theatre, also, and other places of amusement, in obedience to the spirit of the age, and conduct themselves in many respects very much like common sinners. In these circumstances they are, of course, powerless for any spiritual and efficient work; and they often feel it, and are ashamed of themselves, and pray for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but to little purpose. It is hard work for them to pray or speak in public or private on the great subject, for the reason that their hearts are not spiritually alive, and they know that sinners have little confidence in their sincerity or piety. They have no power either with God or men, and will have none, however they may pray, until they change their attitude toward both.

—From "*Winning Worker*," by Dr. James Porter.

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
 In lonely paths of service free;
 Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care;
 Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear winning word of love;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward way.

—Rev. W. Gladden.

EASTER-TIDE.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

“The Lord is risen, indeed !”
Oh, verity most dear, most sweet,
That makes my faith and joy complete—
My soul's sufficing creed,
That all the past illumines,
Irradiates earth's glooms,
Sheds light on future tombs—
And kindles Adam's dust and mine,
To immortality divine !

“The Lord is risen, indeed !”
Then death is not an endless sleep ;
Grim warders shall not always keep
My flesh with ruthless greed.
Since the dear Christ arose—
Conqueror of those last foes
Which my true life oppose.
Lie where I may, low winds shall wave
Sweet Easter-flowers above my grave.

“The Lord is risen, indeed !”
I hear His Resurrection song,
This sacred morning, roll along
The paths of mortal need.
He could not rise alone ;
For me the hindering stone
And watch were overthrown.
Since He is risen I shall arise,
He lifts me to th' eternal skies.

“The Lord is risen, indeed !”
He lives that I may live through Him ;
And this, 'mid doubts and dangers dim,
Is my sufficient creed.
Oh, happy Easter morn,
For all of women born
Who put not Christ to scorn,
But lay their weakness in His tomb,
To vanish with its mortal gloom.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY IN THE EARLY CHURCH.*

BY THE EDITOR.

WE had the pleasure a year ago of reviewing in this MAGAZINE Dr. Uhlhorn's previous noble work on "The Conflict of Christianity and Paganism."† That book has become a standard authority on the great world-crisis which it records. This book may be said to be the complement of that—tracing the development in the Christian Church of those principles of practical beneficence which were its most striking characteristics. The learned Abbot of Loccum—one of the very few Protestant abbots in the world—describes, first, with an almost painful realism, the condition of the ancient world, as a world without love. "A man is a wolf," says Plautus, "to a man whom he does not know." Slavery had degraded honest toil, and embroiled both master and serf, and cruel tyranny had made existence almost intolerable.

On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

To this wretched and sinful social chaos came Christianity like an angel of light, and by the spell of her winsome presence and Christly ministrations won her way into many a hard heart, and solaced many a sorrowful spirit.

The ethics of paganism were the speculations of the cultivated few who aspired to the character of philosophers. The ethics of Christianity were a system of practical duty affecting the daily life of the most lowly and unlettered. "Philosophy," says Lecky, "may dignify,

but is impotent to regenerate man; it may cultivate virtue, but cannot restrain vice." But Christianity introduced a new sense of sin and of holiness, of everlasting reward, and of endless condemnation. It planted a sublime, impassioned love of Christ in the heart, inflaming all its affections. It transformed the character from icy stoicism or epicurean selfishness to a boundless and uncalculating self-abnegation and devotion.

This divine principle developed a new instinct of philanthropy in the soul. A feeling of common brotherhood knit the hearts of the believers together. To love a slave, or to love an enemy! was accounted the impossible among the heathen; yet this incredible virtue they beheld every day among the Christians. "This surprised them beyond measure," says Tertullian, "that one man should die for another."

One of the most striking results of the new spirit of philanthropy which Christianity introduced is seen in the copious charity of the primitive Church. Amid the ruins of ancient palaces and temples, theatres and baths, there are none of any house of mercy. Charity among the pagans was at best a fitful and capricious fancy. Among the Christians it was a vast and vigorous organization and was cultivated with a noble enthusiasm. And the great and wicked city, with its fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to succour, exposed to unutterable indignities and cruel

* *Christian Charity in the Early Church.* By DR. GERHARD UHLHORN, Abbot of Loccum, Hanover. Translated from the German with the author's sanction. 8vo., pp. 424. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$2.75.

† It is a gratification to us to find in this learned work that our book on the Roman Catacombs is repeatedly referred to as an authority on those important evidences of early Christianity. Dr. Whedon makes similar use of it in his Commentary on the Pauline Epistles.

punishment, even unto crucifixion, for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve, and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial. And doubtless the religion of mercy won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly charities and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians. This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief.

In the primitive Church voluntary collections were regularly made for the poor, the aged, the sick, the brethren in bonds, and for the burial of the dead. Our author points out, and we have ourselves shown elsewhere,† that there is abundant monumental and other evidence of the existence in Rome, in the time of the later Republic and of the Empire, of certain funeral confraternities—*collegia*, as they were called—much like the modern burial clubs. If a member died at a distance from Rome the confraternity sent to fetch the body. Even if they failed to obtain it the funeral rites were duly paid to an effigy of the deceased. There were also provision made for the members dining together on anniversary and other occasions according to rules duly prescribed by the *collegium*.

The names of very many of these *collegia* have been preserved, each of which consisted of the members of a similar profession or handicraft. Thus we have the *Collegium Medicorum*, the association of the physicians; *Aurificum*, of the gold-workers; *Tignariorum*, of the car-

penters; *Deudrophorum*, of the wood-fellers; *Pellionariorum*, of the furriers; *Nautarum*, of the sailors; *Pabulariorum*, of the forage merchants; *Aurigariorum*, of the charioteers; and *Utriculariorum*, of the bargemen.

They are frequently also connected by the bond of nationality or of common religious observance, as *Collegium Germanorum*, the association of the Germans; *Pastophororum*, of the priests of Isis; *Serapidis et Isis*, of Serapis and Isis; *Æsculapii et Hygeia*, of Æsculapius and Hygeia. Sometimes they were *Cultores Veneris, Jovis, Herculis, Dianæ et Aulinoi*—worshippers of Venus, Jupiter, Hercules, of Diana and Antinous.

These associations were often favoured with especial privileges, immunities, and rights, like those of incorporation, such as the holding of territorial property. The emperors, who were always opposed to associations among the citizens, made a special exemption in favour of these funeral clubs.

By conformity to the constitution of these corporations the Christian Church had peculiar facilities for the burial of its dead, and even for the celebration of religious worship. Indeed, it has been suggested, and is highly probable, that it was under the cover of these funeral associations that toleration was conceded, first to the sepulchres, then to the churches. Tertullian describes the practice of the Christian community in the second century as follows: "Every one offers a small contribution on a certain day of the month, or when he chooses, and as he is able, for no one is compelled; it is a voluntary offering. This is our common fund for piety; for it is not expended in eating and drinking and in wanton excesses, but in feeding and burying the poor, in supporting orphans, aged persons, and such as are shipwrecked, or such as languish in mines, in exile, or in prison." Thus the *Ecclesia Fratrum*, the "Congregation of the Brethren," mentioned in a Christian inscription,

† Withrow's "Catacombs" pp. 66-69.

suggests the pagan college of the *Fratres Arvales*; and the *Cultor Verbi*, or worshipper of the Divine Word, in the same inscription, would seem to the heathen magistrate analogous to the *Cultores Jovis* or *Cultores Dianæ* of the pagan *collegia*. Indeed, it is difficult to decide from the names of some of these associations whether they were Christian or pagan. Thus we read of the *Collegium convictorum qui una epulo vesci solent*—"The fraternity of table-companions who are accustomed to feast together." There may be here a covert reference to a Christian community, and probably to the celebration of the Agape or of the Eucharist. Another is the *Collegium quod est in domo Sergiæ Paulinæ*—"The association which is in the house of Sergia¹ Paulina." This possibly may have been a Christian community, like "the church which was in the house" of Priscilla and Aquila.

In the early Church fraud and deceit was abhorred, and all usury forbidden. Many gave all their goods to feed the poor. "Our charity dispenses more in the streets," says Tertullian to the heathen, "than your religion in all the temples." The Church at Antioch, he tells us, maintained three thousand widows and virgins, besides the sick and poor. Under the persecuting Decius the widows and infirm under the care of the Church at Rome were fifteen hundred. "Behold the treasures of the Church," said St. Lawrence, pointing to the aged and poor, when the heathen prefect came to confiscate its wealth.

The Christian traveller was hospitably entertained by the faithful; and before the close of the fourth century asylums were provided for

the sick, aged, and infirm. During the Decian persecution, when the streets of Carthage were strewn with the dying and the dead, the Christians, with the scars of recent torture and imprisonment upon them, exhibited the nobility of a gospel revenge in their care for their fever-smitten persecutors, and seemed to seek the martyrdom of Christian charity, even more glorious than they had escaped.

Christianity also gave a new sanctity to human life. It threw the ægis of its protection over the slave and the oppressed, raising them from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. With an unwearied and passionate charity it yearned over the suffering and sorrowing everywhere, and created a vast and comprehensive organization for their relief, of which the world had before no example and had formed no conception. It was a holy Vestal, ministering at the altar of humanity, witnessing ever of the Divine, and keeping the sacred fire burning, not for Rome, but for the world.

"The Church" says Dr. Uhlhorn, "could not save the old world, but she sat by its death-bed with health and comfort, and lighted up its last hours with such an evening glory as the world had never known in the times of the greatest prosperity."

This noble work traces the manner in which, amid the wreck of the old Roman world, the elements of a new, a nobler civilization, were preserved, to which were owing the alms and hospitals and monasteries of the Middle Ages, nay, the very existence of civilization itself. It is a new chapter in Christian evidences, a new and grand "apology" of the Christian faith.

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

We paid a visit the other Sunday to the Salvation Army barracks, and purpose briefly to record our impressions. We shall "nothing extenuate and set down naught in malice," but give a plain statement of fact. As we approached the place the loud playing of a brass band could be heard some distance off. The "barracks" well deserve the name—a large wooden, low and flat-roofed structure, as plain as can be without and within. It will hold some 1,200 or 1,500, and was crowded to the very doors, scores standing in the aisles. As we entered, the audience were singing with great gusto to the accompaniment of a brass band, big drum and tambourines, a hymn to the air of "Peek-a-Boo." The crowd of young men and boys near the door were singing the silly secular words; the "soldiers" and the more serious part of the audience sang the words of a beautiful hymn.

The audience were mostly young people, among whom a good deal of noise, talking and laughing, prevailed; but nearer the front the utmost decorum was observed. On a raised platform and gallery, step above step, sat the members of the army, and the singers, players and others. The soldiers wore a small silver shield, or a medal, and a badge on their collars. The female soldiers wore plain poke bonnets with a narrow crimson band. Of the musical band, one wore a scarlet tunic, and another a dark-coloured braided coat. The captain read a passage of Scripture and gave a brief and forcible exposition and appeal. The ensuing services were chiefly testimony and singing. The captain managed his motley audience with much tact. If it became too noisy, his "Steady there!" brought it to order, and his command to "Fire away, now!" called the speakers to their feet. The testimonies were

brief, clear, strong, and pointed experiences of present and conscious salvation. Converted drunkards, Sabbath-breakers and swearers, and one lad, not long out of jail, told how they had been saved and kept from falling. The experience was not always very grammatical and the h's were often sadly misplaced, but it was all intensely earnest and sincere. An ardent Yorkshireman was very enthusiastic and very fervent in his appeals, and evoked volleys of hearty "amens," and "hallelujahs!" Some of the young roughs laughed, some it may be jeered, but some who came perchance to mock remained to pray. It was certainly very noisy—quite as noisy as we have often heard at a camp-meeting or Methodist revival.

The singing was, doubtless, the great attraction. It was certainly very inspiring, accompanied, as it was, by the stirring music of keybugles and the throbbing of drums and tambourines. The songs were mostly martial in words and air, with a ringing chorus in which every one joined lustily. Such songs as "We'll Roll the Chariot Along;" "Oh, Yes, its Getting Better;" "We'll all shout Glory to Jesus," swept like a resistless tide over the vast audience.

When the prayer-meeting began scarcely anyone left, and the soldiers went "skirmishing" among the congregation, while the fine old hymn "Come to Jesus" was sung with great zest. The result seemed hardly commensurate with the amount of effort; yet, I doubt not, much good was done. Indeed, some most notorious drunkards and evil livers have been transformed into active Christian workers by the agency of the army. It attracts many whom it seems impossible to reach by the more decorous services of our Churches. Discount as one may the extravagances and grotesquenesses of the services, there is ample testimony of their beneficent effect. Before us

lies a letter from one of the most earnest Christian workers of the city—a member of our Church—which says of the army: “They continue to do a grand work. I visited a family the other day that they had been instrumental in lifting out of the gutter; and as I prayed with the saved woman, her father and seven children, in their miserable hovel, tears of gratitude flowed freely, and I tell you that in that scene of poverty the Lord was very precious.”

Many of the army customs we do not like, especially the selling the *War-Cry* on Sundays, the big drum and tambourines, and the secular tunes; but these are only the accidents, not the essence of their work. Their aggressive spirit, their dauntless courage, their fervent zeal, their unfaltering faith—it is these that give them power with God and with man. They revive many of the methods of early Methodism, and repeat many of its triumphs.

Is this to be, like Methodism, a permanent organization? We think not. We think we perceive in it elements of disintegration, especially its division into rival sects. Having accomplished its providential purpose, we think that it will give place to more decorous and seemly methods. We hope it will stimulate the Churches to more earnest efforts for the evangelization of the lapsed and fallen and churchless masses, who furnish the religious problem of the age, and thus remove the necessity for its irregular and extravagant usages.

Our own aggressive Methodism, adapted to every condition, and to every need of the soul, ought to furnish facilities for the evangelization of every class, even the most degraded. This she did in her early days, and unless the old fire has died out—which we do not believe—this she can do still. Can we not learn a lesson from the Salvation Army, and by the larger employment of our earnest-hearted laymen—many of whom are eager for work but are rusting for lack of opportunity—and by the means of lively and unconventional services, in mission-halls in poor neighbourhoods, carry the

Gospel to those who will not come to our churches?

DR. COOKE ON METHODIST UNION.

The following is an extract from a letter from Rev. William Cooke, D.D., to Rev. Michael Baxter, Fenwick, Ont., who, over fifty years ago, was an intimate companion of Dr. Cooke's in England:—

“Your people have been doing great things of late in promoting union, setting an example to the whole Christian world. The gracious influence has reached the Churches of the antipodes, for the several Methodist denominations in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania are inaugurating measures for union, and now the movement is begun in England. Your humble servant has been called upon to write an article on union for a widely-circulated review, which is to be followed by others from representative men in all the Methodist bodies in England. I am sure you will say, ‘May God's blessing attend the movement!’ I have, by request, supplied an article on the subject for your excellent MAGAZINE, which is one of the best of the age, and worthy of a most extensive circulation.”

THE BRIBERY SCANDAL.

THE only redeeming feature in connection with the painful scene enacted in the Ontario Legislature has been the virtual unanimity with which the press of the country, irrespective of party lines, has denounced the bribery of members of parliament, by whomsoever and for whatsoever purpose the attempt is made. In this feeling every lover of his country, whether Reformer or Conservative, will share. It would be a day of evil omen for the future of these provinces if such an attempt did not kindle the moral indignation of both political parties. The exposure of sinister influences which has taken place should arouse the conscience of the country. The fountain of justice and source of law must not itself become corrupt. The man who, for private gain or party ends, would traffic with the

honour of his country, is a traitor whom all true patriots must abhor. The ideal of statesmen should be so high that, "like Cæsar's wife," they would be above suspicion and their names live in history with those of an Aristides and a Phocion, of a Marvell and a Vane. This is no place for discussing the party aspects of the bribery scandal, or for apportioning the relative degrees of blame. But certain we are that every true Canadian, of whatever party, will desire to stamp out forever all tampering with the independence of the high court of the nation.

FREE DISCUSSION.

It will, perhaps, be a surprise to some readers of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, established by John Wesley and issued for over a hundred years under the authority of the Wesleyan Conference, to find in the March number an article

from a Jesuit priest. It is a reply by the Rev. J. McSwiny, S.J., to two articles by the Rev. Dr. Osborn, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, on the "Reformed Roman Breviary." The Editor of the *Magazine*, we are sure, has not the slightest sympathy with Father McSwiny's views, which we deem somewhat offensively expressed, but he has the courage and the courtesy to allow him the free expression of his opinion in a *Methodist Magazine*. Dr. Osborn, we understand, will reply in the April number. The Editor evidently believes with Milton that, "though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood wrestle, for whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter. For who knows not the Truth is strong, next to the Almighty!"

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

January 28th was New Year's Day in the Celestial Empire. On that evening certain Chinamen in London, who attend the Methodist Mission School, held a feast and invited their teacher, the Rev. Geo. Piercy, to be present. On the following evening Mr. Piercy invited his Chinese pupils to a Methodist tea-meeting. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Piercy, twenty-five Chinamen, one Arab, one Canadian, and eight other persons (English). Ample justice was done to the *yam cha*—the drink tea—and on the programme of the evening's proceedings was a talk on Canada, interpreted by Mr. Piercy. One of the Chinese songs was taken from the works of Sung-to-po, one of the two great poets of China—the Burns of their poetic literature.

The Wesleyans of London are preparing to appropriate \$125,000, and hope to increase the amount to \$250,000, for erecting chapels in the worst districts of the city, in the hope of relieving its spiritual destitution.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The annual meeting of the Book Concern has recently been held. The assets of the New York Concern amount to \$1,773,809.44; the liabilities are \$448,359.77, leaving a capital of \$1,352,449.67. The profits for the past year were \$77,169.35. The Western House shows a total gain of nearly \$60,000. This includes Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis.

Methodist Episcopal Statistics.—Annual Conferences, 99; Mission Districts, 14; Bishops, 10; presiding elders, 477; itinerant preachers, 12,546; local preachers, 12,025; lay

members in full connection, 1,601,072 (increase, 32,582); members on probation, 168,462; churches, houses of worship, 18,741; parsonages, 6,607; total value of both, \$79,238,085; Sunday-schools, 22,903; officers and teachers, 241,861; scholars, 1,691,065. The Book Committee voted to divide \$15,000 among the Conferences, as was done last year.

New York Church Extension Society.—The object is to establish Methodist services in neglected and growing quarters of the city, to aid weak churches, and in general to further the cause of Methodism on Manhattan Island.

Dr. Hartzell has just made an advantageous purchase, in one of the best localities of New Orleans, of a building and three acres of ground, and arranged for a \$40,000 building to be erected thereon for educational purposes.

Dr. Buckley, in a recent issue of the *New York Christian Advocate*, says:—"Let these blasphemers, infidels, and rationalized Christians prate on. Wherever the Gospel is preached in deed and in truth, it has its ancient power. We are literally flooded with intelligence of revivals. The best of it is, that the pastors and members of the Church are the instruments of their promotion."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Marvellous accounts are published respecting the extraordinary labours of the Rev. Samuel Knowles, who is at the head of an itinerating band which is visiting various parts of the North India Conference. Their movements are somewhat similar to those of the "Salvation Army." Mr. Knowles was a soldier at the time of the Indian mutiny, in which he fought most bravely, and since he became a soldier of the cross he has been equally valiant for Christ. The band consists of ten earnest men who all seem to be specially endued from power on high. They go to a town or city and sometimes remain for a week holding a series of meetings daily. Thousands are drawn to the services and much good has been accomplished. In one tour thirty

towns were visited, in one of which it was computed that seventeen thousand people heard the Gospel. There were more than two hundred anxious inquirers and six high caste men were baptized.

It is reported that the best camp-meeting ever known in India has recently been held at Dwarahat. A good number of people went eighty miles on foot that they might enjoy the services. Dr. Dease, of Bareilly, recently baptized over one hundred persons. He has begun to train a number of the young men recently baptized especially for village work.

The Anglo-Chinese M. E. College at Foochow, China, is well organized and doing good work. The cost of the property was \$14,000. Of this amount Mr. Ahok, a native Christian, gave \$10,000.

The Methodist Book Concern in Bremen is publishing a semi-monthly paper called the *Trumpet of Liberty*, exclusively devoted to the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

A Methodist woman's mass-meeting was recently held in Baltimore to take measures to secure the money, something like \$200,000, for an educational institution for the higher education of the daughters of Methodism.

Dr. Edwards, of the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, lately visited Rockford, Ill., where the Rev. Thos. Harrison has been labouring. He states that on the Sabbath services were held from nine a.m. until ten p.m. without interruption; one thousand five hundred people were fairly hungering for salvation. On another evening a jubilee of 1,000 seekers was celebrated. A remarkable incident occurred at one meeting. A German, unable to speak English, fell into deep trouble. A gentleman, who was not a professing Christian, acted as interpreter between the pastor and the anxious inquirer. The German and his interpreter both embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, and the place was a scene of great rejoicing. Over eight thousand conversions have been reported in one month in the *Methodist Advocates*.

The *New York Herald* says: "If

church building is any evidence of prosperity, the Methodist Church must be prospering, for she is erecting churches all over the country. Her journals record in every issue dedications, new organizations, and other evidences of progress and denominational extension." Bishop Foster says that the Methodist Episcopal Churches in and around Boston have expended over \$500,000 on their property in the past seven years.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
SOUTH.**

This Church gave \$37,000 in 1874 to Foreign Missions, and in 1882 the contributions were \$188,273.

The increase during the Conference year now closing has been 20,000. This brings the whole membership up to 900,000.

Dr. Allen, Superintendent of the China Mission, makes an urgent appeal for more labourers in that open field. Five competent men under the Parent Board, and nine Southern women under the Woman's Board, are imperatively needed to meet the immediate demands of the work.

Rev. Samuel Checote, for twelve years principal Chief of the Creek nation, has been for thirty-one years a minister in this Church.

The Centenary Medal of this Church, now being prepared, has Bishop Asbury's face on one side, and Bishop Pierce's, as the senior Bishop, on the other. It is notable that Lovick Pierce (who was more than seventy years in the ministry), the father of Bishop Pierce, was born in 1785, a year after Bishop Asbury's consecration and the organization of American Methodism, in 1784.

In Chung Kung, a girls' boarding house and day-school has been opened by a female Missionary under very favourable circumstances. Several earnest applicants had to be turned away.

At the South Georgia Conference, two young liberally educated Hebrews were received on trial. A Mission to the Hebrews in Georgia was established and these young men appointed to it.

The prosperity of the Publishing

House at Nashville, Tenn., for years past enables the management to retire \$100 per day to pay old debts, and the net profits last year reached \$50,000.

Arrangements have been completed for the striking of a centenary medal, bearing the profiles of Bishops Asbury and McKendree, to be distributed through the Sunday-school department of the Church.

Bishop McTyeire's history of American Methodism, which is being written at the request of the Centenary Committee, is in an advanced state of preparation and is being put through the press as rapidly as the great importance of the work will permit. It is hoped that it will be ready for the public by the first of May.

The Methodist Year-Book, which gives the latest statistics of all denominations, states that there are in the United States, 2,394,742 Baptists; 395,113 Congregationalists; 727,712 Presbyterians; and 344,888 Episcopalians, making a total of 3,854,961 of these leading denominations combined, while there are 4,019,658 Methodists. That is to say, the Methodists outnumber these denominations combined by 157,204. Last year the average weekly deaths in the Methodist Episcopal Church were 429, or an average of sixty-one daily.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

This denomination is rapidly prospering in England. The profits of the Book Room during the past year were \$19,575.

A good deal of discussion prevails relative to the ministerial term. For many years it has been the custom under very special circumstances to allow a minister to remain more than three years; but, latterly, the number of such cases has so rapidly increased that some are viewing the matter with alarm, as they think that the itinerancy is endangered. It is said that this year seventy ministers are staying a fourth year; twenty are staying a fifth; six are staying a sixth; two a seventh, and one an eighth year. The Methodist

Free Churches have gone beyond all others in this matter. Some of their ministers frequently remain a long term. The late Rev. W. Griffiths was a very peculiar case; he remained thirty years in Derby.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

These Societies now carry on about one-fifth of all the mission work in India.

The three Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions co-operating with the American Board have about 145 or 150 women in the field, and an income of over \$150,000 a year.

Forty millions of women are computed to be shut up in the zenanas of India. Ten millions of women are in the bounds of the North India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is a Christian community of women and girls in this mission, and thousands more in various parts of the country.

Miss Laura Hyde, M.D., is appointed to Cawnpore station. In that city, where Nana Sahib massacred four hundred men, women and children in the mutiny with the most horrid atrocities, the Christian women of America carry to the native women of that city the highest expression of Christian benevolence.

Miss Howard, the Canadian female physician in China, now treating the wife of the great Viceroy, is besieged by ladies of wealthy families, "who would rather die than be treated by a foreign male physician." Her success is but one indication of the need of female physicians in the far East.

Four missionaries left Boston on December 8th for India, under the auspices of Dr. Cullis. Their destination is Basim. They are all ladies.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

We do not remember any period in Canada when there were so many gracious revivals as at present. This year, which will be an epoch in our Church's history, is being signalised by works of grace in all the Conferences. Is not this a glorious result of union?

The editor of the *Outlook* seems jubilant at the prospect of the Church, and hopes for wonderful results by the year 1890. For instance, he wants—1. Such a missionary income as will guarantee every married missionary in Domestic, French and Indian Missions a minimum salary of \$750; 2. An increase of French missionaries to make the total at least fifty, instead of twelve, as at present; 3. To increase the force of the Indian Missions (missionaries, native assistants, teachers and interpreters) to one hundred and fifty (the number now is eighty-six); 4. To give Japan five well-equipped men for the Training College, increase the number of missionaries to twenty, and native evangelists by one hundred.

Such projects will require three hundred more men. The money would be forthcoming if the members of our Church would adopt the principle of giving, we do not say one-tenth of their income to the Lord, but one cent a day to the cause of missions.

The Methodists of Japan have caught the union spirit, and are now becoming favourable to a united Methodism in that Empire.

The Methodist Union Bill has passed both the Dominion and Ontario Legislatures, and will, doubtless, soon pass the Legislatures of the other Provinces. The first of June is the day fixed for the consummation of this happy union.

The presence of the Rev. Dr. Young, Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the North-West; of Dr. Meecham, from Japan, and of O. German at so many missionary anniversaries has awakened a deeper interest in Missionary affairs. Owing to the monetary reaction in Manitoba, many of the people have little or no money, and as the grants to the Missions have been reduced, the brethren in those places know what hard times mean. Too many, when a financial pressure overtakes the country, first of all reduce their contributions to Church purposes. Let there be no retrenchment in giving.

ITEMS.

The Syrian magistrates pay a fine compliment to the Christian religion, when they refuse to put an oath to a convert of the Missionaries, as they are said to do, saying, "He is a Protestant; he will not lie, he does not need an oath.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ulric Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, was celebrated on New Year's Day in nearly all the Reformed Churches of the Lehigh Valley, Pa. In towns and villages the churches were decorated with evergreens, mottoes, and portraits of Zwingli.

It is said that some merchants in Cork, Ireland have made more out of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings than by the Industrial Exhibition, in consequence of old debts which had been paid after Mr. Moody's appeals to make restitution.

Tokio, Japan, has its twelfth Presbyterian church. The Government daily paper advertized the Bible for sale. "In ten years Tokio may be a Christian city," was the prediction of its young men at the late Conference of Churches in Japan.

Two years ago, in spite of persecution, forty-five Jews and fifteen Jewish women in Hamadan, Persia, openly professed Christ.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The Rev. Sheldon Young, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently fell dead in his cutter as he was taking a drive in the city of Belleville. He joined the Bay of Quinte Conference in 1844, and from that time until his death he laboured with great zeal in his Master's service. He was brother to the Rev. W. Young, and uncle of the Rev. E. R. and W. J. Young.

The Rev. John Davison, of the Primitive Methodist Church, died recently in Toronto, in the 85th year of his age. He was a popular local preacher in the Wesleyan Church, England, for a few years, and in 1823 he entered the Primitive Methodist Ministry. During twenty-four years he was stationed in the most

important circuits, such as London, Bradford, Manchester and Hull. He came to Canada in 1847, since which time he has been a faithful servant of Canadian Methodism, and has filled every prominent position in the Church from the Presidency downwards. The writer heard him preach more than forty years ago, and feels great pleasure in paying this humble tribute to his memory. He was a man of blameless reputation.

Some time ago the Bible Christian Church lost a valuable minister in the person of the Rev. A. Clarke, whose death was somewhat sudden. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and for twenty-three years he was counted worthy of a place in the ministry. Those who knew him best felt no hesitancy in pronouncing him "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He never sought positions of honour, and not without great reluctance could he be prevailed upon to occupy the Presidential chair. From his splendid physique, many years of usefulness were anticipated from him, but the Master called him higher, and he has now entered the joy of his Lord.

As these notes were being prepared, news reached us of the death of the Rev. J. Inskip, who was so long identified with the "Holiness Movement," and was made abundantly useful in evangelistic tours on both sides of the Atlantic. He now rests from his labours.

We hear also that the Rev. R. McKechnie, a superannuated minister (though only thirty-six years of age) in Montreal Conference, has entered into rest, after a very painful affliction, which he endured with great patience and resignation to the Divine will.

The Rev. Thomas Hughes, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, has also been called to his eternal reward. He was a man of considerable ability, an original thinker, who always had the courage of his convictions. His relations to the Conference were unhappy, in consequence of a book which he published on Class Meetings, since which time he lived in retirement.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Labours of Charles H. Spurgeon. By GEO. C. NEEDHAM. 8vo., pp. 650. Boston: D. L. Guernsey. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, cloth, extra, \$4.00.

Few Canadian tourists remain over Sunday in London without going to hear the great Baptist preacher. No man of his generation has ever given more full proof a successful ministry. For twenty-eight years he has preached to a congregation of more than 6,000 persons. He has received into church membership nearly 10,000. He has furnished weekly sermons for twenty-seven years, and they have been translated into many foreign languages. He has founded and presides over a College which is unique in itself, preparing one hundred for the ministry. He is the originator and director of an Orphanage, giving a home to 500 needy children. On the 25th anniversary of his marriage, he gave the testimonial then given him, of over \$30,000, to provide an asylum for a score of poor widows. He is the author of over forty different volumes, including sermons, commentaries, lectures and essays. The sale of one book alone, John Ploughman, was over 300,000 copies.

Such a man as this is worth knowing about. Mr. Needham, the well-known evangelist, is in hearty sympathy with his subject, and in this noble volume has given us a biography worthy of the man. The vigorous intellect, the deep spirituality, the earnest zeal, the strong common sense, the executive ability, the broad charity, the racy humour of the great preacher are well set forth. Converted in his sixteenth year in a Primitive Methodist chapel,* he began forthwith to preach the Word, and became thenceforth a burning and a shining light on the right

hand of God. No man of his time, by the living voice and printed page, has influenced so many minds. To carp at his Calvinism is to seek for spots on the sun. God abundantly owns his preaching, and well may man. His great soul spurns the limitation of close communion, and welcomes every believer to Christian fellowship.

Copious extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's writings are given. No man better knows how to use homely Anglo-Saxon speech. His John Ploughman is as pithy as Bunyan and as witty as Fuller, and the pictures are very funny. This book has over forty illustrations, including steel portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, and numerous others of much interest. We commend it warmly to both ministers and laymen.

Pre-Adamites; or, A Demonstration of the Existence of Men before Adam. Together with a Study of their Condition, Antiquity, Racial Affinities and Progressive Dispersion over the Earth. With Charts and other Illustrations. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D. Third edition. 1 vol., pp. xxvi.-500, 8vo. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, cloth, \$3.50.

Professor Winchell, whose masterly work on World-Life we recently reviewed, has won the right to speak with authority on all questions on palæontology and ethnology. His studies on these subjects have placed him in the first rank of American savants. This book is the best storehouse of information bearing on the topic it treats that we know of. The learned author marshals the facts and opinions in a very cogent manner. He examines first the ethnography of the Bible, and concludes

* Preaching in the same church fourteen years after, he pointed to the very pew in which he was converted, and preached from the same text which had aroused his own soul.

that it was not designed to cover all the peoples of the earth, but only those of Adamic descent. The proper names in the tenth chapter of Genesis, he argues, are not personal, but tribal and geographical, and covered but a small part of the earth's inhabitants. From the fact that the oldest Egyptian monuments represent the black and red races as strongly differentiated as they are at present, he concludes that the accepted Biblical chronology will not give time enough for that early differentiation, even from the time of Adam, much less from the time of Noah. He quotes Biblical statements which seem to imply Pre-Adamites, as the marriages of the Adamites, the curse of Cain, his building a city, the crime of Lamech, etc.

The theological objections to the theory of Pre-Adamites the author thinks untenable. A redemptive plan retroactive from Christ to Adam might be still further retroactive, as Dr. Whedon admits; and, even as Bishop Marvin, Chalmers and Brewster agree, might have extra-mundane efficacy. Our author stoutly maintains the origin of man from a common stock, of which the Adamite is the highest development, as the Negro, Mongoloid and other races are earlier and inferior stages of development. Dr. Winchell devotes much attention to the ethnology and dispersion from a common centre—the sunken continent of Lemuria, in the Indian Ocean—of the various Pre-Adamite races, illustrated by an admirable ethnographic chart. As regards the antiquity of even the Pre-Adamites, cavemen, stone-folk, etc., he joins with Southall in refuting the demand for a very long period made by Lyell, Lubbock, and their school; though he claims, under a revised Biblical chronology, for the Adamite a period twice or thrice as long as is generally accorded.

Our verdict on the theory of this book must be that of a Scottish jury—"not proven." The claim of the title-page we think too positive. It is not to our mind a "demonstration," but rather an argument for a strong probability of the existence

of Pre-Adamite races. While strong and clear and cogent in his reasoning, from a scientific basis, he is less successful in his textual criticism of the early Oriental documents bearing on the case.

Words and their Uses, Past and Present: A Study of the English Language. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Cr. 8vo., pp. 467. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.25.

Every-day English: A Sequel to "Words and their Uses." Same author and publishers. Cr. 8vo., pp. 512. Price \$2.25.

Few subjects will better repay minute and careful study than our wonderful English speech. From words can be reconstructed much of the history of the race, as from a few fossil bones a palæontologist can reconstruct an extinct creation; or, rather, words are living things, instinct with the spirit and activity of the age. Mr. Richard Grant White is, we judge, the foremost American philologist—not in the sense of being a dull, pedantic grammarian, but in his shrewd observation of the use and abuse of words in common speech and writing. There are few who cannot learn much from his keen criticisms, whether they may at all times agree with them or not.

The success of these books may be judged from the fact that the first of them has already reached a seventh edition. The range of topics is indicated in the titles of some of the chapters, as: Newspaper English, Big Words for Small Thoughts, Misused Words, Words that are not Words, The Grammarless Tongue, *Jus et Norma Loquendi*, British English and American English, Shall and Will, Reformed Spelling, Common Misusages, The use of Cant, Slang, etc. It requires the utmost vigilance on the part of cultured critics like Mr. White to prevent our language becoming utterly corrupted by the slipshod English of penny-a-liners and interviewers, and through the slashing, dashing newspaper writing of the day. We can-

not—especially young people, and teachers and writers cannot—set too careful a watch upon the lips or the pen, that they sin not against the laws of good English. These books will greatly help them by their sharp criticism and illustration of popular errors. They are also very amusing reading, and will often barb the criticism by the laugh it raises.

Natural Laws in the Spiritual World. By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., pp. 414. New York: James Pott; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.75.

This book is not a "harmony of Science and Religion," but a study of spiritual phenomena by scientific methods. For this task the author, as a brilliant Professor of the Natural Sciences at Glasgow University, is eminently qualified. The results of the application of this method is to give something like a scientific demonstration to many important religious truths. The doctrine of the new birth, for instance, is but an illustration of Biogenesis—*Omne vivum ex vivo*. There is no spontaneous generation, physical or religious. So also degeneration, growth and death in the physical world are but analogies of spiritual phenomena, whose laws they illustrate. The chapters on environment—our relations to God, and the result of being in harmony with that environment or the reverse; on conformity to type, imitation of Christ, the true type of ennobled humanity; and on semi-parasitism and parasitism, are suggestive and instructive. By semi-parasitism the author means salvation by institutions as in the Church of Rome, and salvation by formula as in what he calls "extreme Evangelicalism," what we would call Plymouthism. By parasitism he means salvation without a living personal faith—faith in truth apprehended for one's self as opposed to credulity in the opinions or creeds formulated by others, which he avers is the great fault of the Church of the day. The closing chapter, "on Classification," is a brilliant exposition of the radi-

cal difference between mere moral beauty of character and spiritual life. While the analogies between nature and grace, as set forth in this book, are wonderfully strong, some of them strike us, like the remarkable analogies between physical and mental phenomena noted by Herbert Spencer, as being *only* analogies and not the demonstrations of spiritual laws.

Christian Educators in Council. Edited by the REV. G. C. HARTZELL, D.D. 8vo, pp. 266. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

Last August the National Educational Assembly of the United States held its sessions at Ocean Grove, N. J. This is a *verbatim* report of the papers read and addresses given. The sixty addresses include "Education and man's improvement," "Illiteracy in the United States," "National aid to common schools," "The Negro in America," "Illiteracy, wealth, pauperism, and crime," "The American Indian problem," "The American Mormon problem," "Education in the South since the war," "Christ in American education," "Tables: Illiterate and education status, United States, 1880." These subjects concern the welfare of the nation, if not indeed the welfare of the planet. They are discussed exhaustively, temperately, sagaciously, by the best minds of the nation.

The key-note is struck by Burke's apothegm, "Education is the cheap defence of nations," by Fenelon's "Moral education is the bulwark of a state," and by Goldwin Smith's "Not democracy in America, but free Christianity in America, is the real key to the study of the people and their institutions." These mottoes appended to the book express its scope and spirit.

We would like to reprint had we space, Dr. Newman's paper on Religious Education the Safeguard of the Nation, and other of these valuable articles. But the book is gotten up in cheap style that every educationist, at least, may possess it.

Things New and Old in Discourses of Christian Life and Truth. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. 8vo, pp. 288. A. H. Smyth, Columbus, O.

Dr. Gladden rose at once to fame through his able articles on Christian unity in the *Century Magazine*. Those articles attracted much attention and have done much to foster a spirit of inter-denominational friendship and co-operation. These sermons are marked by the same elevation of thought, the same breadth of sympathy, the same beauty of diction. That on "The Church of the Future" is an augury of the happy time when "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."

Prusias. A Romance of Ancient Rome under the Republic. By ERNST ECKSTEIN, from the German by CLARA BELL. 2 vols., pp. 355-335. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: James Campbell & Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

We had the pleasure some months ago of reviewing in this MAGAZINE the companion volumes by Ernst Eckstein, entitled "Quintus Claudius." That tale was a vivid presentation of the conflict of Christianity with Paganism under the Empire. In that work, notwithstanding the fiery trials and persecutions of the martyrs, there was the note of triumph, the assurance of final victory. "Kill us, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder!" exclaims the intrepid Tertullian. "Our numbers increase in proportion as you mow us down." The earth was drunk with the blood of the saints, but still they multiplied and grew, gloriously illustrating the perennial truth—*Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesie*.

The story of Prusias is in a sadder vein. It takes place in that darkest hour before the dawn, when the world was weary of waiting for the Healer of its woes, before the Great Deliverer came. It describes the "striving of an oppressed people for freedom, for release from centuries

of slavery, for the commonest rights of man, which the selfishness of an overbearing race refused to allow them. Hence the main action of PRUSIAS is that of a tragedy. The tone is minor throughout, the close a painful and unresolved discord." The historical "keeping" is of the same admirable character as that of Eckstein's other works, and the copious footnotes give evidence of the scholarly accuracy with which the work is written. It is a fitting addition to the fine series of foreign classics—Ebers, Dahn, Hamerling, Von Hillern, and others—which the press of William Gottsberger has given the American public.

But Yet a Woman. By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY. 12mo., pp. 348. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

There are a few publishing houses whose imprint on a book is a guarantee of the high class literary character and moral tone of their books. Such is emphatically the case with the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., whose catalogue comprises the very cream of the prose and poetry of British and American literature. The book above mentioned has sprung at once to remarkable popularity, being already in its 18th thousand. The scene is chiefly in France and Spain, and the book has all the French vivacity and epigrammatic and aphoristic brilliancy, with a much higher moral tone than most French books. It traces with fine discrimination the unfolding character of a young girl destined for a convent. But "Love is lord of all," and the nobler vocation of wifehood supplants that of the convent cell.

Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer for the last Fifty Years. An Autobiography. By SAMUEL THOMPSON. Pp. 392. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

As Mr. Goldwin Smith truly remarked on Toronto's Semi-Centennial Day, the noblest chapters in the history of Canada are buried in the graves of the early pioneers throughout this land. For lack of the *sacer*

vates their very names are forgotten. We cannot be too grateful when one of these pioneers leaves us a record of the early days of Canada. It is peculiarly rare to find one of the literary merit of Mr. Thompson's volume. It is the best account of pioneer life that we know. The sketches—of Toronto of old, of Rebellion days, civic memories, and the like—make it a very appropriate semi-centennial volume. The poetical contributions exhibit superior ability.

Life Thoughts for Young Women.

By M. RHODES, D.D. Pp. 290. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price \$1.25.

This is a series of wise and weighty and well written discourses on some of the most important aspects of the "Woman Question" that is so strikingly challenging the attention of the world. From an entirely conservative point of view the author discusses Woman's Rights and Privileges, Woman's Mission, Usefulness, Beauty, Education, Faults and Perils, Matrimony, Piety, etc. No young woman can read this book without nobler conceptions of the possibilities of womanhood and nobler resolves that these possibilities shall be realized.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *London Quarterly Review*, in the new series, has renewed its youth, and exhibits a vigour and vivacity that augur greatly increased success. A very able article is one on, the Uncertainties of Science, showing a great lack of agreement among those who so captiously criticise the certainties of religion. Other instructive articles are the Antiquity of Civilization, Luther and His Critics, First Principles of Methodism, Spain, etc. The article on Church Congresses exhibits a liberal appreciation of their valuable discussions. The Book Notices, by Drs. Rigg and Pope, are a very valuable feature. We are thankful for its flattering notice of this MAGAZINE, and on the style which it congratulates the Canadian Church.

We beg to call attention to the announcement in our advertising pages to the second edition of the Rev. E. Barrass' excellent book, "Smiles and Tears." The author to his powers of observation of unusual acuteness, adds powers of description of unusual vividness. He presents here a sheaf from the gleanings of a lifetime. It will be found to contain, intermingled with flowers of fancy, wholesome "herbs of grace," together with the fine wheat of true wisdom.

The January number of the *Methodist Quarterly* (Phillips & Hunt, New York. \$2.50 a year) is one of the best ever issued. Among its noteworthy features are articles by Dr. Whedon, on Prayer and Science; by President Warren, on the Earliest Creed of Mankind, showing the mutual destructiveness of the infidel theories; by Bishop Hurst, on Our Periodical Literature; and by Dr. Stevens, on The Problem of our African Population, arguing that the occupation of Texas, Mexico, and the Gulf States, and the amalgamation with the mixed and white populations is its inevitable destiny; and an able article by Dr. D. A. Whedon, on Probation after Death.

The able papers by George T. Curtis in recent numbers of the *Manhattan* have attracted much attention. This Magazine is surpassed by none of the Monthlies in the excellence of its illustrations, of which we give several examples in this number. Though possessing such literary and artistic merit, it is a dollar less in price than either *Harper's* or the *Century*, \$3 a year. We will club it with the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for \$4.50.

The Illustrated Christian Weekly (American Tract Society, New York, \$2.50 a year) is an excellent, pure and wholesome family paper; an important thing when so much literary poison finds its way into even Christian homes through the story press. A late number has a fine engraving of the new Cantilever Bridge near the Niagara Falls.

We are sorry to learn that the *Catholic Presbyterian*, an able Magazine, edited by Prof. Blackie, has been compelled to suspend publication. Such failures of this and that of the Magazine of the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, makes more conspicuous the success of Canadian Methodism in sustaining a monthly, on existence of which the *London Quarterly Review*, in its last issue, heartily congratulates us.

The Scientific American and Supplement are, we think, the foremost journals of practical science in the world. (Munn & Co., New York, \$4 and \$5 respectively, the two for \$7). They are large sixteen-page weeklies, copiously illustrated, and record the progress of scientific discovery, invention, and construction throughout the world. Recent numbers give an account of the new Cantilever Bridge over the Niagara and of the Chaudiere Bridge over the Ottawa.

Dr. Marvin R. Vincent's admirable address before the students of Union Theological Seminary ("The Expositor in the Pulpit," A. D. F. Randolph, & Co., cloth, 30 cts.), strongly urges the advantages of expository preaching, not because the preacher "when persecuted in one verse can flee unto another," but because it "rightly divides" the word of God, and makes its own interpreter. He gives some ingenious and some amusing examples of pulpit methods.

The Bedell Lecture for 1883, at Kenyon College, Ohio, was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Henry Cotterill, D. D., Bishop of Edinburgh, Scotland. His subject was, "Revealed Religion Expounded by its Relations to the Moral Being of God." It is an able presentation of God's unchanging love as related to the atonement, the Trinity, and other fundamental religious truths. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.

Our Easter Anthem will be accepted as a fine example of Canadian poetry and music. Mr. Tipton, the author, is a gentleman of fine poetical abilities, and a member of our Church

Dunnville, Ont. He has written at several fine hymns, one of the most difficult of musical feats. The music, by the Rev. John Lanceley, of the London Conference, is a worthy setting of a poetical gem.

The Rev. Cranswick Jost's lecture on Miracles (Theological Union, Wesleyan College, Sackville,) is late in reaching us. It is an admirable treatment of an important subject. The Rev. John Burwash's Sermon, which accompanies it, points out the only true antidote to the paralyzing doubt of the age.

One of the finest commemorations and souvenirs of the Luther Festival is the memorial number of the *Illustrirten Zeitung* (J. J. Weber, Leipzig, price 30 cents). It gives 32 large folio pages of fine Luther engravings and letterpress. There are over 50 engravings, many of them full page, and all of great interest.

The Current (Chicago, \$4 a year) is a high-class weekly that promises a keen rivalry to the best eastern journals. It announces a hundred of the foremost writers in America, Great Britain and Europe as its contributors. A peculiarity is that the articles are all signed with *fac-simile* autographs.

We beg to call attention to Dr. Laing's important pamphlet on the Bible in the Public Schools. It is an unanswerable argument on the subject, and we trust that its cogent reasonings will so rouse the people of this Province as to demand their indefeasible rights in this important respect.

Ten Thousand Questions Answered: A Popular Dictionary of Fine Art (Detroit, H. A. Ford) is a very useful and concise account of the artists of all the ages, the great schools, academies and galleries of art, the great art works of the world, and a brief bibliography and glossary of fine art.

Choice Literature (John B. Alden, New York, \$1 00 a year), is a cheap and excellent selection of the best current magazine and review articles.

EASTER MORNING HYMN.

Words by T. L. M. TIPTON,

Music by the Rev. J. E. LANCELEY.

Con espressione.

1. How sweetly sleep the si - lent dead ; How fair God's ac - re seemeth ! How bright on eve - ry

p *pp* *mf*

2. Low in the tomb, the Saviour lay ; His loved ones watched around Him ; He burst His bonds e'er

3. Night heard the mourners' plaintive sigh ; The morn dispelled their sorrow ; Their Lord arose, no

4. Oh why do tears bedim our eyes, For them that Christ is keeping ; Their Lord a - rose—they

narrow bed, The morning sunlight streameth ! They rest, they rest, their la - bour done,

f *m p*

break of day, At morn the seekers found Him. O watching eyes, how sweet that light,

more to die, All glorious broke the mor - row. Our Je - sus rose, He rose to save ;

all shall rise, They are not dead, but sleeping. With harps of gold, with robe and palm,

They wait the trum - pet's warn - ing ; Like Him, their light, their life, their sun,

f *ff* *m*

Which saith "the day is dawn - ing ;" Tho' dark and drea - ry be the night,

The saints a - wait His warn - ing ; He will not leave them in the grave,

With crowns their brows a - dorn - ing, They'll sing the praises of the Lamb,

They shall a - rise at morning ! They shall a - rise, They shall a - rise, at morn - ing.

Unison f *m* *ff*

How beau - ti - ful the morning ! How beau - ti - ful, How beauti - ful, the morn - ing.

He'll come for them at morning ! He'll come for them, He'll come for them, at morn - ing.

When they a - wake at morning ! When they awake, When they awake, at morn - ing.