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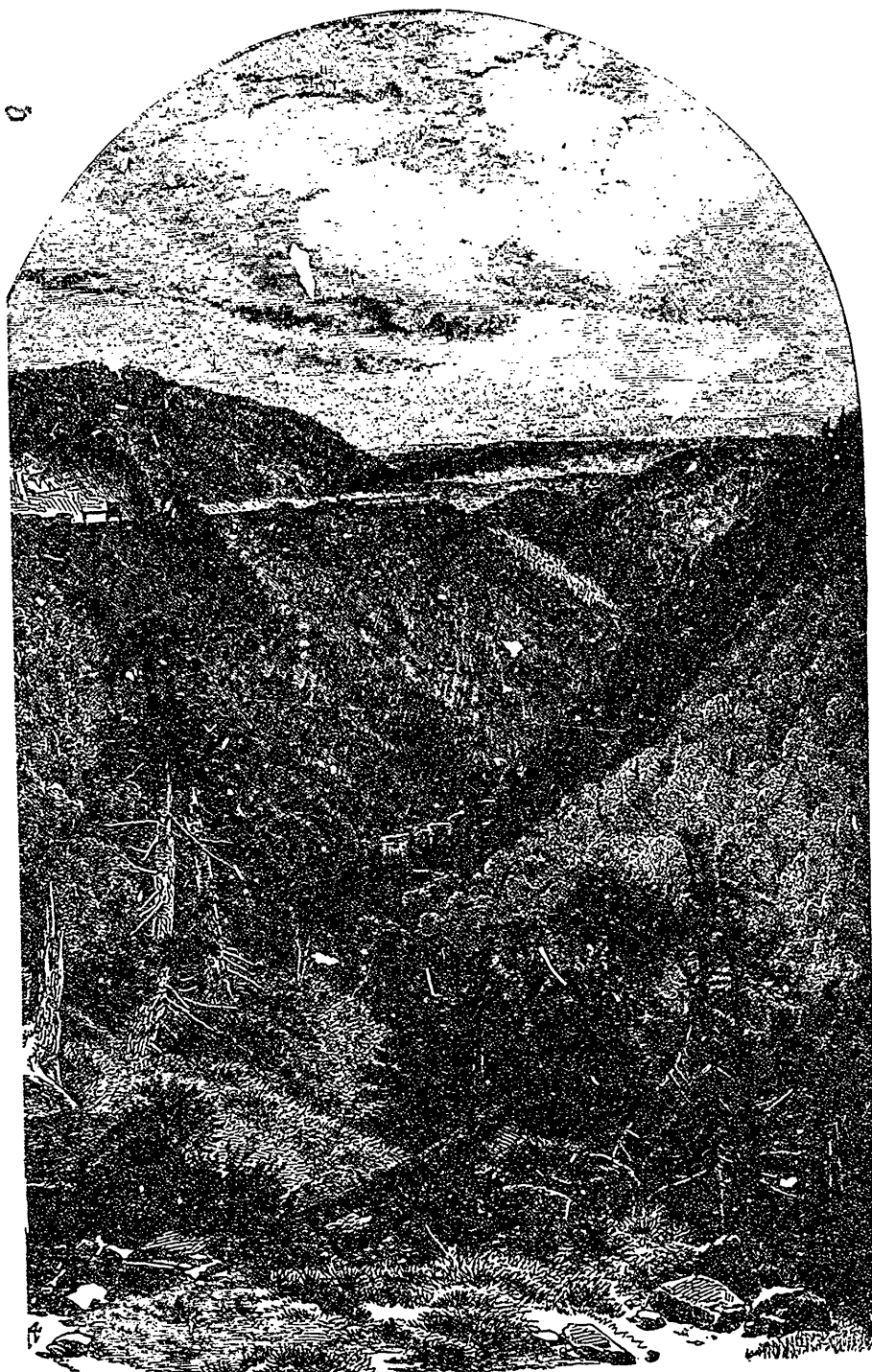
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ALLEGRIPPUS, SUMMIT LEVEL—PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST - MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1878.

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## OVER THE ALLEGHANIES.

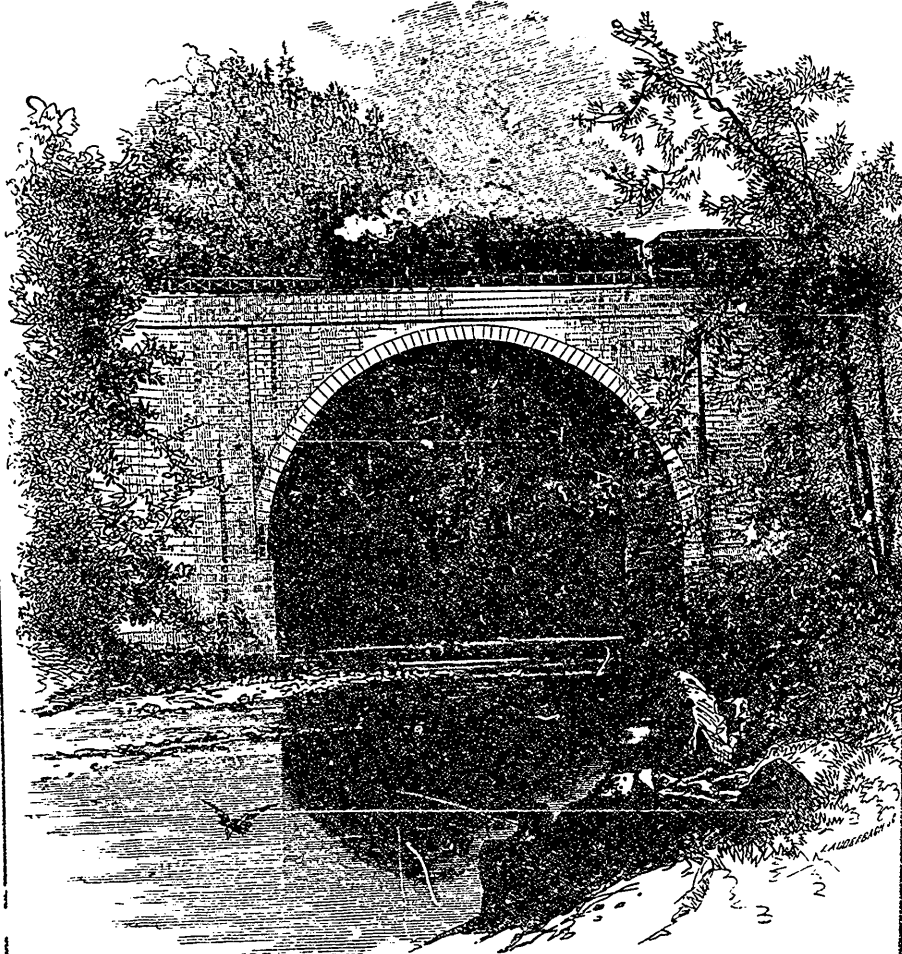
BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

### II.

THE summit scenery of the Alleghanies is of a very bold and striking character. It gives vast views over range on range of billowing hills, like a rolling sea of verdure sweeping away to the far horizon. Near at hand one looks from the windows of the rail car down into deep ravines, at whose bottom winds—gleaming in the sunshine, glooming in the shade—the mountain stream, seeking through many a devious course its destiny in the distant sea. Up the sides of the mountains climb in serried ranks—like a phalanx of soldiers, foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, storming a fortress—the dark brotherhood of the pines. Here and there, on jutting crag or spur, stands one aloof, like a lone sentinel, or, perchance, riven and shattered by the thunderbolt in the Titan warfare of the elements, like the conquered Prometheus on the craggy heights of Caucasus. Such a scene is that at Allegrippus, on the great water-shed between the Atlantic slope and the valley of the Mississippi, depicted with graphic pencil in our frontispiece.

No man, except the inspired Psalmist, has so entered into the secret of the mountains and interpreted their deepest meanings as John Ruskin, who has just gone from earth to “summer high in

bliss upon the hills of God." "Let the reader imagine," he writes in glowing periods, "the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country, dark with graceful woods and soft with



CONEMAUGH VIADUCT.

deepest pasture, filled to the utmost horizon with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life. Let him then conceive this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hand from one end of the horizon to the other like a woven garment, and shaken

into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulder; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges, and all its villages nestling into the new winding of its glens, and he will have as yet in all this lifted world, only the foundation of the great mountains.

"They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper,—with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars.

"The valleys only feed; the mountains feed and guard and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge unfathomable in its darkness, the other unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbols:

'Thy *righteousness* is like the great mountains :  
Thy *judgments* are a great deep.'

"The hills are ordained for the help of man. The mountain of the Lord's house is established above the hills. In His hand are the deep places of the earth, the strength of the hills is His also. To the end of time will still be heard along the Alpine winds, 'Hear, O ye muntain~ the Lord's controversy.' Still their gulfs of thawless ice and unretarded roar of tormented waves, and deathful falls of fruitless waste and unredeemed decay, must be the image of the souls of those who have chosen the darkness, and whose cry shall be to the mountains to fall on them, and to the hills to cover them; and still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the white pasture lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the



burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven shall be the types and the blessings of those who have chosen light, and of whom it is written, 'The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness.'"

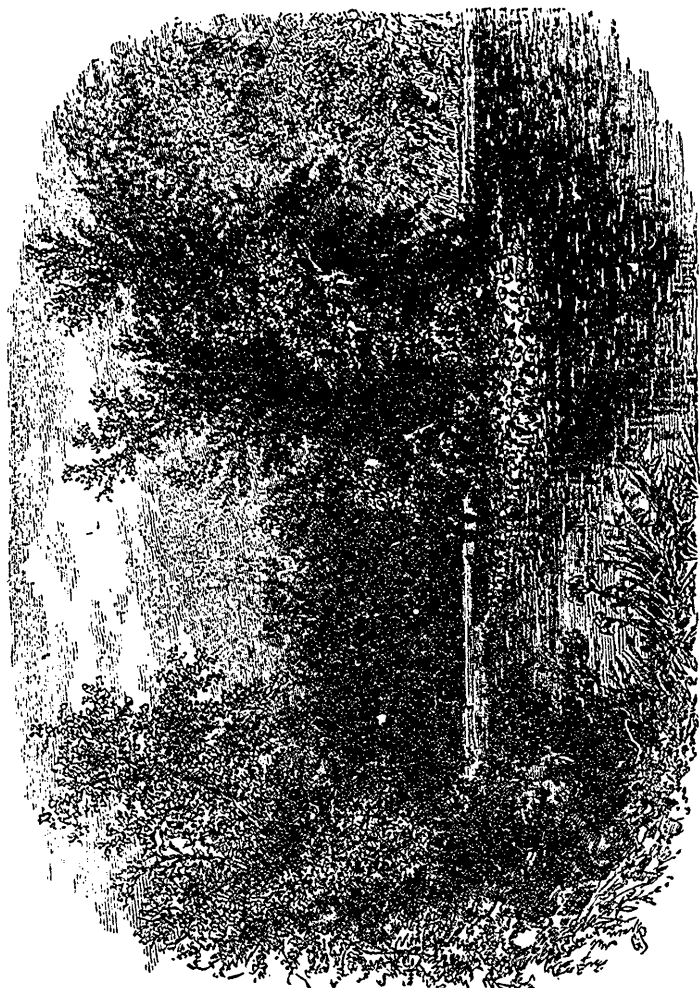
The charm, and also the abiding power, of Ruskin's analysis of the sublime and beautiful, and interpretation of nature, is that he sees teachings and revelations of God everywhere—in the starry heights above and in the grass beneath his feet, in the sunny cloud streaming like bright hair from the mountain's brow, and in the iris trembling in a dew drop. His philosophy, his political economy, his art criticism, and his poetry, are all instinct with God—a spirit as refreshing in this hard, prosaic materialistic age as a bright fountain amid desert sands. In his very last lecture, given but a few weeks since before his students at Oxford, this deeply devout and Biblical spirit\* is as intense as ever. It seems as if this prophet of the beautiful, the true, the good, about to be rapt away in the chariot of God, were letting his mantle fall on his young disciples left behind him.

In descending the western slope of the Alleghanies, the railway follows for many miles the valley of the Conemaugh. This is a beautiful stream winding among the mountains, full of picturesque surprises and leading through scenes of idyllic beauty. As it creeps shyly between its banks clothed with immemorial woods, the railway vaults lightly over it in an arch of singular boldness and combined strength and beauty. The thundering train and the cyclopean viaduct seem strangely incongruous with the sylvan quiet of the scene. See cut on page 386.

At length the bright stream escapes from the labyrinth of mountains, and emerges into the open and sunny valley. The hills recede on either side; broad uplands, cultivated like a garden, slope gently to the foot hills, the river widens in its course, thriving villages and iron works and busy manufacturing towns are strung, like pearls upon a necklace, upon its silver thread. Yet ever and anon, in huge boulders and Titanic masses,

\* The deep strain of Biblical thought and imagery in Ruskin's writings he attributes to having learned to read from the Bible at his mother's knee, and to that book being the text-book of his youth, as well as the guide and friend of his riper years.

of riven rocks, are seen evidences of the elemental warfare and convulsions by which this fair valley was prepared for the peaceful industries of man. Such is the view near Bolivar, on the Conemaugh, depicted on page 388.



SANG HOLLOW, ON THE CONEMAUGH.

Yet many a scene of seemingly primæval solitude still nestles amid the brooding silence of the everlasting hills. Many a fair and fertile island is enfolded in the river's soft embrace, and, Narcissus-like, might almost fall in love with its own beauty



reflected in the placid stream. The dense vegetation of the river valley gives an almost tropical luxuriance to the view. In such a scene as that pictured on page 390 we feel like saying, with Milton :

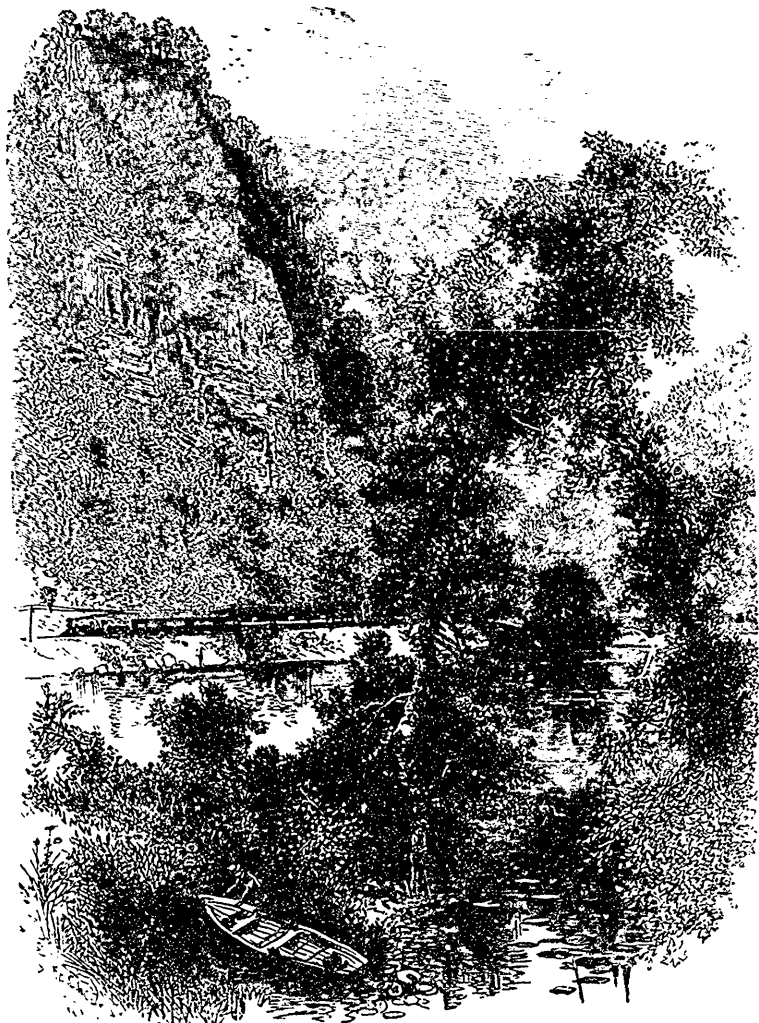
And ever, amid eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs ;

or like murmuring with Tennyson's Lotos-eaters :

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half dream !  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;  
To hear each other's whispered speech :  
Eating the Lotos, day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray.

We are now approaching Pittsburg at the junction of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers, the scene of the stupendous conflict between the French and English for the control of the vast Ohio valley, and, indeed, of the whole mid-continent. In 1754 the "Ohio Company," composed of London and Virginia merchants, began a settlement and fort where Pittsburg now stands. A strong force of French seized the fort, and having completed its defences, gave it the name of Du Quesne. Meanwhile, Colonel George Washington, then in the twenty-second year of his age, was despatched to hold the fort for the English. A small party of French soldiers advanced to warn him off what was claimed as French territory. Washington, apprehending that their purpose was hostile, and eager to distinguish himself, surprised them in a narrow valley. The French sprang to arms. "Fire!" cried Washington. "That word," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame." It precipitated the earth-shaking conflict on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Spanish Main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the heights of Quebec, and here in the valley of the Ohio, which led to the utter defeat of the French, and the destruction of their sovereignty on this continent.

Washington threw up entrenchments which he named Fort



THE ALLEGHANY RIVER AT FREEPORT.

Necessity, and with four hundred men held his ground for a month. Attacked by a superior force, he capitulated after ten hours' resistance, leaving the entire Ohio valley in the possession of the French.

Pitt, the British Prime Minister, who proudly declared that "England should moult no feather of her crest," resolved on the

re-conquest of the Ohio valley, and General Braddock was sent to reduce Fort De Quesne. The general was a brave soldier, but a martinet—arrogant, perverse, and obstinate. He attempted to wage war amid the wilds of America after the manner of a European campaign. He treated with disdain the provincial troops, and rejected the counsels of Washington and other backwoods fighters. With his little army of twenty-three hundred men and an immense baggage and artillery train, he hewed a road through the wilderness and over the Alleghany Mountains. Fearing the re-enforcement of Fort De Quesne, he left his heavy baggage with Colonel Dunbar, and pressed on with an advance body of twelve hundred men, and on the 9th of July had reached the neighbourhood of the Monongahela. It was a gallant sight—the bannered array, the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the little army, with flying colours, unconsciously pressed on to its fate—the fife and drum corps making the forest ring with the inspiring strains of “The British Grenadiers.” As they entered a narrow defile, suddenly the deadly war-whoop rang, and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by unseen enemies lurking amid the shadows of the primeval forest.

The British regulars were thrown into confusion, and, falling by scores, huddled together like sheep, till, panic-stricken, they broke and fled. In vain their officers tried to rally them. Braddock had five horses shot under him, and fell mortally wounded. “Who would have thought it?” murmured the dying man “We will know better how to meet them again.” His dear-bought experience came too late. That day was his last. The colonial troops under Colonel Washington displayed a steadiness that put the regulars to shame; but scarce one-fifth of their number left the field alive. Of the entire command more than half were killed or wounded. The fugitives fled through the night, and paused not till they reached the baggage camp, forty miles back. They communicated their panic to Dunbar’s troops, who broke up camp in dismay, burned their baggage, and precipitately retreated on Philadelphia. The French, who were only some two hundred and fifty in number, attempted no pursuit, and their six hundred savage allies reaped a rich harvest of scalps and booty, and brilliant British uniforms. The assailants

lost only forty men. This disastrous rout brought on the Pennsylvania and Virginia settlements all the horrors of a merciless border warfare. The western tribes seized their tomahawks and



MUNCEY MOUNTAIN, BALD EAGLE RIVER.

turned into one wide scene of havoc the entire English frontier. Braddock Station, on the Pennsylvania Railway, is situated on the scene of this conflict.

Three years later General Forbes, with a force of six thou-

sand men, advanced against Fort Du Quesne. Stricken with mortal illness, he was borne, a dying man, across the Alleghanies in a litter. A premature attack on the fort by Major Grant was repulsed with the loss of three hundred men. Colonel Washington, by his prudence and vigour, retrieved the disaster, and had the honour of planting the red cross flag on the ramparts of Fort Pitt, ~~as it was~~ thenceforth called. The name of the Great Commoner is inscribed forever on the gateway of the Ohio valley, in the designation of the city of Pittsburg.

The scenery of the Alleghany River, which the Pennsylvania Railway reaches at Pittsburg, is of a peculiarly striking character, and it well deserved the name given it by the early French explorers,—La Belle Riviere, the Beautiful River. For the greater part of its course it flows, not through a broad valley, but through a deep ravine from one hundred to four hundred feet below the surrounding country. This circumstance gives it a peculiarly picturesque appearance, sometimes approaching the sublime. The engraving on page 392, a view near Pittsburg, is a typical example of its character. The steep sides of the ravine are clothed with luxuriant forest growths, presenting the appearance of vast verdant walls. The limpid waters ripple and purl along at their base, making sweet music in the solitude; or sleep in placid pools where the white water-lily spreads its broad shield upon the surface, and breathes its tale of amorous sweetness to the fickle wind that comes and goes, like an inconstant lover coquetting with its beauty.

Another of the beautiful but unstoried streams of Western Pennsylvania is Bald Eagle River, shown in the engraving on page 394. As it winds among the mountains it seems—save for the railway skirting its banks, and an occasional house upon the upland slope or boat upon its bosom—the abode of utter solitude. This feeling is deepened as the sun sinks behind the hills, and their broad shadows creep across the scene, and the lonely river, in the reflected light from the sky seems, like the Nile smitten by the rod of Moses, turning into blood. “Unless you have witnessed a scene like this,” says Ruskin, “talk not of tenderness of colour.” In the soft light of the departing day all things seem transfigured and glorified, and as the solemn night comes down,



relieved by a slender crescent moon hanging low in the western sky, we feel God's benediction fall upon the beautiful world which, at its birth, He pronounced "Very-good."

One more bird's-eye view of mountain scenery from Emig's Gap, shown on the opposite page, and our journey "Over the Alleghanias," *via* the Pennsylvania Railway, is done. The country is sterile, and the spiry spruces that climb and cling with grappling roots to the bare rocks are dwarfed in size and meagre and starved-looking in foliage. But for league after league they stretch their sombre pall without sign of house or clearing to relieve the waste—deepening to a dark dull purple in the distance. Now waying curtains of opaque rain falling from the black clouds swinging low in the air blur and blot out the landscape. The rolling of the thunder-car reverbrates among the hills, and the rush of the awakened winds is felt, and the moaning of the pines, like the distant moaning of the sea, is heard. Then the glad sunlight bursts through, and the vanquished storm rolls sullenly away, its trailing skirts of rain flashing in the golden light in purple, crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle. "The rejoicing trees gleam in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turns to reflect or transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald."\* So is evil ever overcome of good, and the dark shadows of time shall be swallowed up in the golden light of eternity.

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## SORROWS.

Sorrows like showers descend ; and as the heart  
 For them prepares, they good or ill impart ;  
 Some on the mind, as on the ocean rain,  
 Fall and disturb, but soon are lost again ;  
 Some, as to fertile lands, a boon bestow,  
 And seeds, that else had perished, live and grow ;  
 Some fall on barren soil, and thence proceed  
 The idle blossom and the useless weed.

\* Ruskin.

## LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND AU SABLE CHASM.



THE BASIN—AU SABLE CHASM.

“TRAVEL,” says Lord Bacon, “is a part of education.” In no way can a person acquire a larger stock of new ideas and of pleasant memories than by judicious travel. Yet travelling is an expensive luxury, and many hesitate to indulge in it because they cannot go to foreign lands and visit world-famous and historic scenes. Yet in our own country, or within easy access, is some of the finest scenery in the world, associated, much of it, with the great events of our own national history. The places where brave men have done brave

deeds, and, perchance, have shed their blood and laid down their lives for their country, will ever more be sacred in the patriots' eyes. To stand upon the plains of Abraham or on Queenston Heights, and think of the heroic deaths of our Canadian heroes, Wolfe and Brock, must quicken the throbs of every Canadian heart. For sublimity of scenery the grand and gloomy Saguenay, the historic heights of Cape Diamond, Niagara's mighty cataract, and the cliffs of the Nipigon and Thunder Cape are unsurpassed; and one will travel far to find more picturesque beauty than that of Memphremagog, the Thousand Islands, and our numerous inland lakes.



About seventy miles due south of Montreal, and about half as far from the frontier, is the wonderful, yet comparatively little known, Au Sable Chasm, described by the celebrated traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, as well worth a journey across the Atlantic to see. The most pleasant way of reaching the Chasm from either north or south is by way of Lake Champlain to Plattsburg, and thence by rail to the Au Sable River. This beautiful lake is haunted with storied memories of the most heroic character. Its very name recalls the *preux chevalier* who, first of white men, gazed upon its fair expanse. For two hundred years it was the gateway of Canada, by which hostile invasion of red men or white penetrated our country.

Ticonderoga, at the southern extremity of the lake, the key of this gateway, has been the scene of as desperate a conflict, probably, as was ever waged. Here, in 1758, Montcalm entrenched himself with four thousand men, to await the attack of Lord Abercrombie with an army of sixteen thousand veteran troops. On a brilliant July morning, in a thousand barges and batteaux, in bannered pomp and splendour, with blare of music, flash of oars, and gleam of arms, the British force advanced to the attack on Montcalm. The army disembarked near the formidable fort and marched to the assault. In the first onset the gallant Lord Howe, the favourite of the army, fell at the head of the column. Montcalm had covered the steep glacis in front of his position with an impenetrable abattis of felled trees, the sharpened stakes pointing outwards. Abercrombie rashly resolved to attack in force, without waiting for cannon. The assault was gallantly made. For nearly six hours, under a burning sun, again and again the columns were hurled against the terrible abattis, and as often staggered and recoiled before a withering point blank fire of cannon and musketry. The brave Highlanders especially—lithe, active, and lightly clad—lacked their way through with their claymores or clambered over the abattis, and many of them died on the very ramparts of Montcalm's entrenchments. Baffled and broken, with the loss of two thousand men, the more than decimated army retreated panic-stricken to their batteaux, and retired to their entrenched position on Lake George.

Before twelve months, however, this disaster was amply

retrieved. In July, 1759, Lord Amherst, with eleven thousand men, appeared before the lines of Ticonderoga. But the genius of Montcalm was absent. After four days' vigorous resistance by the French, the fort was mined, fired, and abandoned. A tremendous explosion, shaking the ground like an earthquake, followed, accompanied by a volcano of fire which illumined the midnight heavens. Amherst promptly occupied the smoking ruins, and soon after seized Crown Point, eleven miles distant, which the French also abandoned. The British expended on these forts the enormous sum, for those days, of \$1,000,000. In 1775 Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen, with a handful of men, surprised and captured both forts. Two years later they were retaken by Burgoyne, but have since been allowed to crumble into ruins. The idle tourist wandering amid their grass-grown trenches and ramparts, sees slight trace of those deeds of violence and blood.

The French retreated to Isle aux Noix, at the northern end of Lake Champlain, which they determined to hold to the last extremity. Amherst, more cautious than enterprising, spent the summer in constructing vessels to cope with the little fleet of the French upon the lake. In the meantime Wolfe was assailing the very heart of Canada, and with the fall of Quebec and capitulation of Montreal the dominion of half a continent passed away from France forever.

In the war of 1812-14 attempts were again made to invade Canada by way of Lake Champlain. On the last day of July, 1813, Colonel Murray, the British Commandant at Isle aux Noix, sailed up the lake in two vessels which he had captured from the Americans, and destroyed an immense quantity of stores at Plattsburg, and burned the newly-built barracks for four thousand men. He then crossed the lake to Burlington, Vt., and destroyed four American vessels.

The following year, however, the British met with a disastrous defeat. In August, 1814, Sir George Prevost, Governor-General of Canada, advanced with a large force to Lake Champlain. Captain Downie, with a fleet on which the ship carpenters were still at work as he went into action, was to co-operate with the army in an attack on Plattsburg, which was defended by five

well-armed vessels, and by a strong body of troops under General Macomb.\* The British fleet gallantly attacked the enemy, but after a desperate battle, in which Captain Downie was slain, it

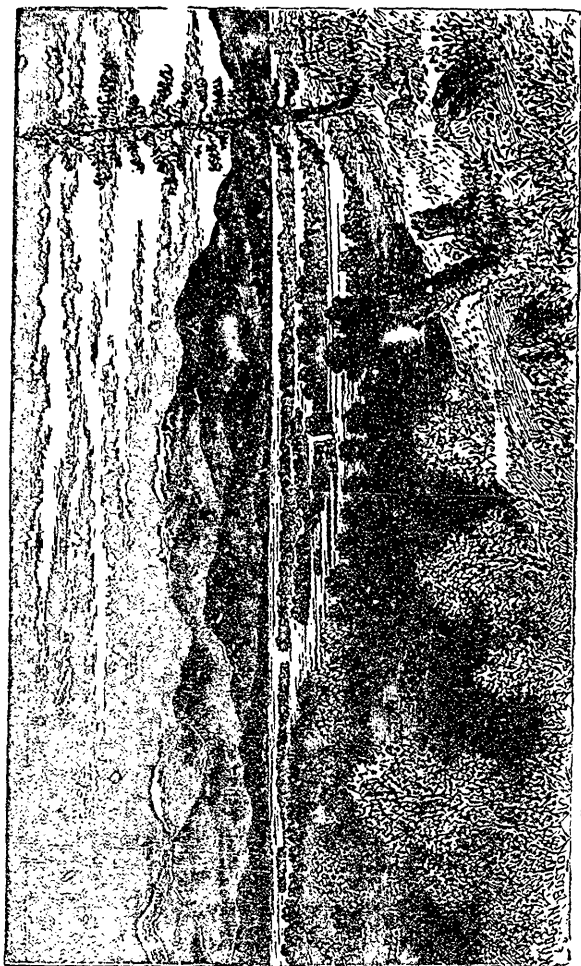


ST. ALBANS FROM PROSPECT HILL.

was compelled to surrender to a superior force. Prevost had tardily advanced his columns against the fort when the cheers

\*The *Saratoga*, the largest American vessel, was constructed with such speed as to be launched in forty days after the first tree used in her framework was felled in the forest.

from its ramparts announced the capture of the British fleet. Although far outnumbering the enemy, Prevost, fearing that the day was irretrievably lost, and humanely averse to the shedding of blood, to the intense chagrin of his soldiers gave the signal to



THE ADIRONDACKS, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST FROM ST. ALBANS SHORE.

retreat. Many of his officers, for very shame, broke their swords, and vowed that they would never serve again. Although an able civil Governor, Prevost was an incompetent military commander. He was summoned home by the Horse Guards to stand a



HORSE SHOE AND BIRMINGHAM FALLS.

court martial, but he died the following year before the court sat.\*

For over sixty years, thank God, no loud alarms of war have disturbed the sylvan quiet of these lovely scenes. A peaceful invasion of summer tourists yearly takes place who seek to recruit health and strength among the White Mountains or the Adirondacks—the Switzerland of America—or by the shores of Champlain, which possesses much of the beauty of Lake Constance or Geneva.

One of the most popular of these resorts is the beautiful town of St. Albans, on the eastern shore of the lake, and sixty-four miles from Montreal. Connoisseurs in travel affirm that no place

\* Withrow's "History of Canada," Chap. xxi., page 149.

in America presents such a panorama of rich and varied beauty. The engraving on page 401 does scant justice to this view from Prospect Hill—to be properly appreciated it must be seen. The town possesses a historic interest from a raid made upon it by a band of Southern rebels in 1864. A body of twenty-three Confederate refugees plundered its banks of \$233,000 and escaped to Canada with their ill-gotten booty, having added the crime of murder to that of robbery. Fourteen of them were arrested and were tried in Montreal, but they were discharged, and permitted to escape with \$90,000 of the stolen money. This amount the Canadian Government made good; but the occurrence, for a time, embittered the relations between the two countries. To prevent a repetition of these raids a patrol force of thirty volunteer companies was distributed along the exposed points of the frontier. An "Alien Act" was also passed, enabling the executive summarily to arrest suspicious characters.\*

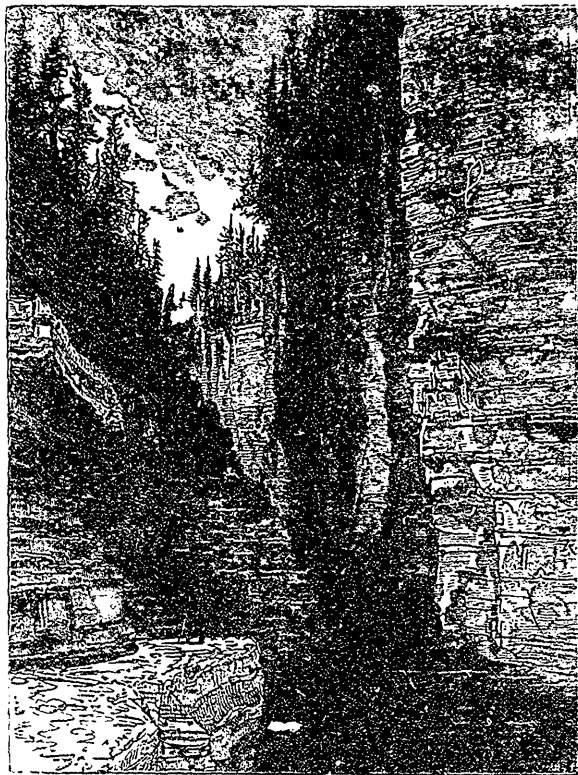
The engraving on page 402 gives an excellent view of the Adirondack Mountains from the St. Albans shore. In the middle distance, dimple and shimmer in the sunlight the waters of the lake, begemmed with emerald islets, and receding far away into the purple distance, peak behind peak, are Mounts Seward, Marcy, Whiteface, and five hundred others—many of them nearly a mile high. Among these hills are more than a thousand lakes, streams innumerable, and canyon-like "notches," the favourite haunts of the tourist, artist, and sportsman.

It is in the northern borders of this wild region that the mysterious gorge of the Au Sable occurs. This is a deep and narrow rift in the rocks through which flow the waters of the Au Sable River, between towering cliffs where the sun never shines. Till recently little has been done to render the chasm accessible for inspection. Some parts had probably never been visited, and there were but two or three places where it was safe to climb down into the gorge. At each end a stairway of nearly two hundred steps has been erected, a pathway cut along the base of the cliff, bridges thrown across the chasm, and boats provided whereby the most delicate may make the trip without fatigue. The river plunges down into the chasm over the Bar

\* Withrow's "History of Canada," Chap. xxxv. p. 245.

mingham and Horse Shoe Falls,—the former seventy feet in height, the latter not so high. These falls are shown in the engraving on page 403.

The chasm extends about two miles between perpendicular or overhanging cliffs a hundred feet in height, and in many places only a few yards apart. A strange feeling of utter seclusion from



MYSTIC GORGE AND BRIDGE.

the world is experienced—a feeling almost as if, like the Tuscan bard and his shadowy guide, we were traversing some weird region of the under-world. The dusky boatmen, who ferry us in their barges down the gloomy gorge, seem like grim Charons of the Styx, and intensify the sombre illusion. Such is the scene represented in the engraving of Mystic Gorge, at the entrance to the Grand Flume.



THE GRAND FLUME.

The boat ride down the Grand Flume is the great event of the visit to Au Sable. Here the river is compressed into a narrow channel, in one place only ten feet wide. The sky looks like a rift of blue a hundred feet overhead. The dark waters are sixty feet in depth. The current sweeps along with terrific energy. We can scarcely shake off the strange notion that we are sailing up hill—an illusion produced by the slope of the strata, which, though seemingly horizontal, dip sharply beneath the waves.

The Pool or Basin, shown in the initial picture of this paper, is the name given to a deep, mirror-like expanse, reflecting in its sombre surface the shadows of the cliffs, and of their crest of evergreen foliage and the sailing clouds above.

The cyclopean architecture of the cliffs assumes all sorts of



fantastic forms, and receives such descriptive names as the Pyramid, the Balcony, Pulpit Rock, the Anvil, and Cathedral Rocks. The latter are huge buttressed crags, which jut out into the stream, and which may well suggest thoughts of some vast cathedral's ruined towers and aisles.



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

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Table Rock overhangs the narrow pass in a manner which makes nervous people fear that it will topple down and crush them. But nothing less than an earthquake, apparently, could dislocate the solid strata of which it is formed. Sentinel Rock stands out in lonely grandeur, like the stern warder of the gloomy pass, keeping his ceaseless watch age after age—"in solitude eternal, wrapped in contemplation drear." At its base



SENTINEL ROCK.

the broad, smooth platform of rock is washed clean by the spring floods which sweep through the chasm.

At the lower part of the gorge are arrowy rapids, where the waters are lashed to fury and seem determined to swallow up the adventurous tourists who dare to invade their ancient and solitary domain. But the barge, skillfully steered, bounds over their crest and glides swiftly down into the calm water below. The tortured stream seems glad to emerge from its gloomy prison into the glorious sunlight, and glides on its way to blend its sandy tribute, derived from the disintegration of the rocks, to the waters of Lake Champlain. This is the feature which has unquestionably given it its name, Au Sable—"River of Sand."

The chasm was once crossed by a bridge, which, becom

unsafe, the planks were removed to prevent further passage, the string pieces, however, remaining. One night—it was pitch dark and raining hard—a traveller on horseback came to the village inn. “How did you get across the river?” asked the landlord. “On the bridge, of course,” replied the traveller, who had been familiar with the spot and was returning after a long absence. “Why,” exclaimed the landlord, “the bridge is gone.” “I crossed it nevertheless,” said the man. In the morning they both went to examine it, and there were the calk marks of the horse’s shoes the whole length of the string pieces. The traveller remembered that as he approached the bridge in the intense darkness his faithful beast seemed loth to venture upon it; but when urged, moved carefully forward, it alone conscious perhaps of the fearful risk they ran.\*

The tourist to the Au Sable Chasin will find the comforts of a home, and that “warmest welcome” of which Ben Jonson writes, at the Lake View House, a first-class hotel, under the skilful management of H. H. Vanaranam, Esq. From the deck on the roof is gained a superb view of the falls and Chasm near at hand; of the broad sweep of Lake Champlain, where the stately steamers and white-winged vessels glide swan-like among the islands; and in the distance Old Whiteface, Jay Peak, and the hoary brotherhood of the Adirondacks and White Mountains climb the skies and melt softly away in the ethereal blue.

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### THE SABBATH.

God of Sabbaths! Oh forgive,  
That we use thy gifts so ill;  
Teach us daily how to live,  
That we ever may fulfil  
All thy gracious love designed  
Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

—*Edmiston.*

\* We give the story from “The Adirondacks Illustrated,” the admirable guide book of S. R. Stoddard, from which we have derived much of the above information.

## DEAD SEA ROSES.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CH'EN D'OR."

## PART II.

NIAGARA'S stately river wide and deep  
 Swept into Lake Ontario's inland sea,  
 That lay upon the earth one summer day,  
 Broad in the sunshine like the shield of God.  
 Its waters stretched away to horizons  
 Rimmed with the firmament—as deeply blue.  
 Quiet as love's content, it lay and slept  
 In dreamy happiness—a sea of glass.

No cloud was visible in all the sky—  
 'Tis often thus in our Canadian land.  
 A snow-white sail that haply lay becalmed,  
 Wooing coy winds that came not, touched the verge  
 Of the round horizon—half sunk beneath—  
 Nor was ought seen to stir. The wing perhaps  
 Of the great northern diver slowly flapped,  
 And that was all—or chance a glittering fish  
 Leaped up with sudden splash and sunk again,  
 Getting strange glimpses of an aerial world  
 Above its watery sphere, unknown before  
 And all undreamt of by its funny kind.

So men immersed in seas of unbelief,  
 Fish-like will reason of the higher life,  
 Denying all above them—although much  
 God's kingdom presses on the purblind eye;  
 And sometimes opens with a sudden flash  
 Of spiritual light, that fills the soul,  
 When truth obtains fresh vision in the world.

Two grassy points—not promontories—front  
 The calm blue lake—the river flows between,  
 Bearing in its full bosom every drop  
 Of the wild flood that leaped the cataract,  
 And swept the rock-walled gorge from end to end.  
 'Mid flanking eddies, ripples, and returns,  
 It ushes past the ancient fort that once  
 Like islet in a lovely ocean stood,  
 A mark for half a world of savage woods;  
 With war and siege and deeds of daring wrought  
 Into its rugged walls—a history  
 Of heroes, half forgotten, writ in dust.

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

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

A generation more. Niagara's stream  
Scored a deep line that severed kindred lands ;  
Of one made two ; both from th' heroic loins  
Of England's greatness—one, the older born,  
Esau-like cast his heritage away  
In English freedom, ancient as the race  
And crowned upon the stone of destiny ;  
The other fast and true, impassioned stood,  
In love and loyalty, for brotherhood  
And unity of empire—every rood  
Of which was consecrate to noblest ends,  
Worthy a patriot's love, a soldier's steel,  
And all men's fealty. The two-edged sword  
Struck both ways, and for seven long years it smote  
The nation's life—cutting the heart in twain,  
Draining of truth and charity the brain,  
As each judged other for a hundred years.

Their wounds bled long—the bare and quivering nerves  
Shrank at a touch—a word. The kindly tongue  
Both learned upon their mother's knee, was turned,  
'Gainst nature, into sword-points—every stab  
Of syllabled invective drawing blood  
From hearts made of one flesh, too proud to show  
The tears that welled in unseen depths below.  
Their severance was wider than the gorge  
That shows the sundered strata face to face  
Upon Niagara's cleft and frowning sides ;  
A bridgeless chasm for long and weary years !

A generation passed, and still they drank  
The bitter waters of the fallen star,  
Called "Wormwood" by St. John ; and many died ;

The sword was drawn again ; and many fell.  
 The blood of Brock, made Paschal in defence  
 Of our dear land entrusted to his care,  
 Reddened forever Queenston's hoary height—  
 His liberated spirit filled the air  
 With breath of victory. October winds  
 Still freshly sing the requiem of the brave,  
 Turning our grateful thoughts toward his grave  
 Made monumental by a people's love.

Then shook Niagara fort to topmost tower,  
 At dead of night the wild alarms rose,  
 The grey old ramparts rang with sudden cheers,  
 Such cheers as mark an English fight begun  
 Or ended, when 'tis won. The gates were stormed,  
 All her defenders captive made or slain,  
 While her loud guns pealed forth the tidings far,  
 To friend and foe, — Niagara was ours.

The cannon thundering all one summer's night  
 At Lundy's Lane outdid the cataract's roar.  
 'Twas harvest time ; Death plied his bloody scythe  
 And men lay thick as sheaves, when morning dawned.  
 Gathered in heaps, the funeral fires ablaze  
 Burned up the dead, the fair-skinned Saxon dead,  
 One kindly race, unkind through hearts estranged.  
 Men fit to guide the world to wisest ends,  
 Fed full the fires and with their ashes strewed  
 The blood-soaked field on which they fought and died.

Then God and man in either laud, cried " Shame !"  
 That wanton war should spill such kindred blood !  
 The mercy seat that covers freedom's ark  
 Was shaken, and the voice divine was heard  
 Between the Cherubim—pure consciences  
 Of right and wrong, which judge in truth and love.

" O ! men of England old ! of England new !  
 Throw down in peace these fratricidal arms !  
 The world is yours to make and not to mar,  
 To teach by your example how to live  
 In freedom worthily ; to guide the thought  
 Of nations to a hope of better things ;  
 You are your brother's keepers, each of each ;  
 Not deadly foes sworn to eternal feud.  
 'Tis yours to lead th' immortals in the van  
 Of men contending for God's truth and right ;  
 Shield touching shield and hand supporting hand,  
 For freedom, progress, peace, in every land !

They listen to the voice with cold disdain,  
 Their stubborn wills ungraciously obey.

Fale Peace returns with timid faltering step,  
 With leafless olives and without a smile,  
 For sorrow of the hardness of the race  
 That would not yet condone its bitterness.  
 All kindly trust was withered to the root  
 Like Dead Sea roses parched with heat and drought  
 Of angry summers that withheld the rain,  
 While Jordan's springs flow sand from their dry mouths,  
 And in the deep cleft G'hor, 'mid rocks unwashed,  
 His swellings narrow to a purling brook.

But, lo ! a wonderful unravelling;  
 Of right and wrong which men call judgment, came—  
 The end of old things and the birth of new.  
 God wrought a marvel no man thought to see :  
 The stone hewn from the empire broke in twain,  
 And in the strife that rent the Union,  
 And filled the land with blood and wail of woe,  
 Warring to keep unbroken all their States,  
 Men learned to honour the old mother land,  
 Who fought like them to keep her empire one,  
 For sake of all the hopes were set thereon.

And when a hundred years to their last dregs  
 Of bitterness ran out, the hidden springs  
 Welled from their stony hearts. A mighty flood  
 Swept down the valley from the urns of God !  
 For He alone had struck them with His rod !  
 Such flood the prophet saw in vision pour  
 Into the Dead Sea, making all things live.  
 Christ's fishers fishing for the hearts of men  
 Caught them with mighty draught and drew them in !

Then came the change ! Thoughts long suppressed found speech,  
 Their opened ears drank in the kindly words,  
 Each spake of other, wondering how long  
 Their hearts had hardened, and their hate so strong,  
 That only God could right the mutual wrong.  
 The healing waters flowed on every side ;  
 The hills with sunshine laughed, the vales with flowers ;  
 The Dead Sea roses bloomed ! And as the night  
 Melts into day, the old, old love returns,  
 Waking past heart throbs from the sleep of years ;  
 When all on earth who spake the English tongue  
 Were one imperial people, justly proud  
 Of England's empire, worthiness, and place  
 Upon the world's high seats—where still she sits,  
 Ruling in justice, with her sceptered hand  
 Outstretched in mercy, making wars to cease  
 In name of Him, who is the Prince of Peace.

## THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE BEECH WOODS CAMP-MEETING.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed  
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems: in the darkling wood,  
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication. BRYANT—*Forest Hymn.*

WHEN he reached the shanty Lawrence found that Dennis, with characteristic impulsiveness, had interpreted his promise in the sense that he himself had wished, and had announced that Lawrence would preach that night. The announcement was received with an amount of criticism which convinced the generous-hearted Irishman that few of the company shared his enthusiastic feelings on the subject. Matt Evans volunteered to read the Church service, on the ground of having been an Oxford scholar, who "might now have been in holy orders if he hadn't been rusticated from old Brasenose."

There were, however, two difficulties in the way. In the first place the audience did not seem to appreciate his offer, some of them, with a rude backwoods sense of the fitness of things, threatening if he attempted such a mockery of religion to give him an opportunity of preaching from a rail pulpit, meaning thereby that they would give him a gratuitous ride on that uncomfortable species of steed. The second difficulty was still harder to surmount: there was no Book of Common Prayer in the camp, and no one, not even this Oxford scholar on whose education the resources of the great university of the Established Church, with its host of clerical professors and vast endowments, had been exhausted, knew more than fragmentary snatches of the order of prayer.



When Lawrence entered the shanty therefore, he was met by Dennis with the startling information that he must preach to them, and that his congregation was all ready. Indeed nearly half of the company present, most of them in the expectation of having some fun at the expense of the boy, as they called him, had gathered in one end of the large room and were lounging on benches or tables or reclining in the bunks. It was a rough-looking group—red-shirted almost to a man, bepatched, unshaven, and almost as shaggy and unkempt in appearance as the bear which had so unceremoniously entered the camp a few nights before. A couple of Indians stood in the background, silent and stoical, smoking their pipes. In other parts of the room were men playing cards, talking or smoking, one making an axe helve, another repairing a snow-shoe, and a third cleaning a gun.

Lawrence had never studied rhetoric, but he began with a good rhetorical stroke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I never attempted to preach in my life, and I don't think I could if I tried; but, if you wish it, I will be happy to read you a sermon a great deal better than any I could make."

The modesty of the lad pleased the fellows, but especially the complimentary title by which he addressed them. He had called them gentlemen, rough and ragged as they were, and they felt that they must not belie the character he had given them. There was therefore a murmur of applause, and he went to bring from his little kit his Bible, hymn-book, and an odd volume of Wesley's works containing half a dozen of his sermons. He opened by accident at the hymn, or was it accident?—it seemed so strikingly appropriate to the soul-wants of his audience,—

"O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near;  
He utters His cry, ye sinners give ear!  
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out His hands;  
Now, now to receive you He graciously stands.

"If any man thirst and happy would be,  
The vilest and worst may come unto me;  
May drink of my spirit, excepted is none,  
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own."

The hymn was sung to a fervid lilting tune, and before it was

through everybody in the group was singing, and several from the other end of the room had joined the company.

Lawrence then said simply "Let us pray," and kneeling down, he fervently uttered the common needs of all human souls to the common Saviour of mankind. He seemed to forget where he was, and talked with God, not as to a Being afar off in the sky, but as to one near at hand, who would hear and answer his petition.

They then sang again, and Lawrence quietly read Mr. Wesley's grand sermon on Salvation by Faith. When he had got through, Evans, who during one of the intervals of singing had examined the book, said,

"It's all right, boys. That's sound doctrine. That old don was a clergyman of the Church of England, and a Fellow of Oxford University, and he must have been a pretty good scholar to have been that. See, here he is, gown and bands and all the rest of it," and he held up the historic portrait that has been familiar to successive generations of Methodists throughout the world.

"He maught ha' ben a great scholar," said Jim Dowler, a raw Canadian youth, "but he talks jist as plain as Parson Turner, the Methody preacher, up to our village, and *he* never wuz to no 'varsity 'xcept Backwoods College, as I knows on."

"What for is a man a scholar," asked Dennis O'Neal, very naturally, "unless to make hard things plain to unlearned folk?"

"Wal, I've seed college-larnt men that talked as if they'd swallered the dictionary an' it didn't agree with 'em—'t was so hard to get the hang o' their lingo," said our Canadian lad, who evidently had not acquired his vernacular from the dictionary.

"Did you know Mr. Turner," asked Lawrence?

"Wal, yaas," said Dowler. "Ther wuzn't many folks in our parts as didn't know *him*. Mighty peart preacher, he wuz, I 'low. Had a great pertracted meeting up to Brian's Corners. Did you know him?"

"Yes," said Lawrence, "he was on the Thornville Circuit last year."

"Blest if these Methodists aint everywhere," said Evans.

"Wal, yaas," said Jim, "I've bin whar ye couldn't see no housen in five miles, 'way up the Otonabee River. That's whar

I first seed Parson Turner: com'd all the way from the Bay o' Quinty, roads so bad couldn't ride, had to walk good part o' the way. I've know'd people walk five miles bar'foot to hear 'im preach, and bring their own candles, too; an' he never wuz to no college, nuther;" he concluded triumphantly, as though he thought having been to college was in some respect a *disqualification* for ministerial work.

"Let us 'ave some more de musique," said Baptiste, whose fine tenor voice was heard to advantage in the singing, "or I vill 'ave to gif vous de 'Roulant ma boule.'"

Lawrence now gave out in succession several of Charles Wesley's matchless lyrics, whose warmth of sentiment, vivid imagery, and hearty music strangely captivated the taste of these rude men. In this pleasant and profitable manner a portion of each Sunday and sometimes of a week evening was spent in the lumber camp.

As the stock of sermons in his precious volume became nearly exhausted Lawrence felt a good deal exercised in mind as to what he should do when he had gone through them all. This feeling was increased by the remark volunteered one Sunday by Dennis:

"That readin' 's all very well when ye can't get anythin' better; but couldn't ye jist tip us a sarmin' o' yer own, wunst in a while by way of a change?"

"Yaas," said Dowler. "It don't seem to come hum to a feller like what it doos when ye speak it right outen your head, ye know. I see a college-larnt feller couldn't preach a sarmin' no ways without his writin' afore 'im. Couldn't even say his prayers cept he read 'em outen a book. Guess he'd found it a hard sight preachin' at the camp-meeting at the Beech Woods, on the Otonabee Circuit. Old Elder Case wuz thar; his white hair a-streamin' in the wind while he exhorted the sinners—powerful hand to exhort, he wuz—an' a-half-a-dozen prayin' at wunst, an' as many more shoutin' 'Halleluyer!' and 'Hosanner,' an' p'r'aps a dozen fellers laughin', mockin' an' crackin' their whips among the trees. Takes a pretty peart preacher to keep his head in a meetin' like that.

"But Elder Case, he kep' 'em well in hand. He'd run a

camp-meetin' jes as easy as I'd drive a yoke o' breachy steers, an' I don't know but a great sight easier. I see him wunst when Jim Crowther and them fellers from Cavan, 'Cavan Blazers,' they used to call 'em, an' pretty rough fellers they wuz, swore they'd break up the camp-meetin'. Well, Jim Crowther, he wuz the ringleader, an' he was a-cussin' an' a-swearin', an' he says, 'Wait, boys, till I give the word an' then make a rush for the stand an' we'll clar the ranch o' 'em white-chokered fellers.' An' the old Elder, he kep' his eye on 'em, an' he jes' kep' on a-prayin'; an' he ast the Lord to swite them that troubled Izrel, and Jim Crowther, he began to tremble, an' soon he fell right down, an' the Elder came an' prayed for 'im an' talked with 'im, an', what d'ye think? that Jim Crowther that used to bully the hull neighbourhood, he got converted, an' he used to pray an' sing hymns as loud in meetin' as ever he swore an' sang songs at the old Dog an' Gun tavern at Slocum's Corners."

"Oui, oui," said Baptiste La Tour, "ze preaching all vere well, but me like ze muzique."

"Ye'd oughter heered the singin' at the Beech Woods camp-meetin'," continued Dowler, to whom his experience on that occasion had been one of the chief events of his life. "When the meetin' got so noisy he couldn't exhort no longer, then old Elder Case, he'd sing, an' a powerful sweet singer he wuz, too. An' ther wuz a band o' Christian Injuns used to come to the meetin', an' it wuz the touchin'est thing to hear those poor creeters a-singin'—couldn't tell a word they said, ye know; but the tunes wuz the same, an' their voices wuz that sweet—well, I never heered nuthin' like it.

"Mighty solemn, the singin' wuz, too, sometimes; made yer feel wuss nor the preachin'. I 'member one night there'd ben a drefle powerful sarmin by a tall, dark man, Elder Metcalf wuz his name. P'r'aps some on ye know'd 'im. It 'u'd e'en a-most make yer hair stan' on end to listen to 'im. Then they sung in a wailin' sort o' tune,—

Oh there'll be mournin', mournin', mournin', mournin',  
Oh there'll be mournin' at the Jedge-ment-seat o' Christ.

"I never felt so bad as I did that night. I wanted as much

as could be to go forrad to the penitent bench ; but Bill Slocum, he wouldn't, an' he made me come away, an' the road through the woods wuz awful dark, black as a wolf's jaws ; wuzn't no housen for two miles, an' far behind us the bright lights wuz a-shinin' in the trees ; it seemed like heaven a-most, an' we seemed in the outer darkness, where there's a-wailin' an' gnashin' o' teeth, an' we could hear a-sinkin' an' a-swellin' in the distance, as the night wind blowed an' moaned like evil sperits through the tops o' the pines, them awful words o' that hymn,—

O ! there'll be mournin' at the Judgment-seat o' Christ.

“I niver wuz so skeart in all my born days. But Bill Slocum, he coaxed me inter the tavern, an' he dranked, an' he made me drink, an' I got drunk for the first time in my life. It 'pears ever since then that preachin' don't have no effect on me ; got past feelin', kinder, I 'low. Many's the time I've wisht I'd gone to the penitent bench that night. But now I'm afeared it's too late, even if I had a chance,” and the poor boy heaved a deep and troubled sigh.

Lawrence tried to encourage the poor fellow with the promises of Scripture, but nothing seemed to give him so much comfort as singing the hymn,—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power.”

“That's one o' the hymns they used to sing at camp-meetin',” said Dowler. “It 'ud be nice now ef I could only b'lieve that 'ar. Wish to goodness I could, but 'pears I can't b'lieve in nuthin' no more.”

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## CHAPTER X.—FINDING THE FOLD.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
 In the shelter of the fold ;  
 And one was out on the hills away,  
 Far off from the gates of gold ;  
 Away on the mountains wild and bare—  
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“ Lord, thou hast here the ninety and nine—  
 Are they not enough for thee ? ”  
 But the Shepherd made answer, “ This of mine  
 Has wandered far away from me ;  
 And, although the road be rough and steep,  
 I go to the desert to find my sheep. ”

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,  
 “ Rejoice, I have found my sheep ? ”  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 “ Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own ? ”

—*The Lost Sheep.*

LAWRENCE took the poor lad outside of the lumber shanty, and walking beneath the frosty stars he talked to him out of his own experience—the surest way of gaining access to a barred and bolted heart, and of meeting the difficulties of a sincere and seeking soul. Still the cloud of darkness seemed to brood over the mind of this poor raw lad, who was yet dimly conscious of the deep immortal need of his nature—the hunger and thirst of his soul. Lawrence, about to bid him good-night, shook him warmly by the hand and promised to pray for him.

“ Will yer now ? that's very kind o' yer, what's such a scholar to pray fur a poor, ign'rant feller like me ; 'pears to me it's time I wuz prayin' fur myself. ”

“ Do, ” said Lawrence. “ ‘ If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God. ’ He will guide and teach you and bring you out all right if you will only ask in the name of Jesus and trust in Him. ”

“ But I don't know no prayers, ” said the poor fellow, “ ain't said none since I wuz a little chap at my mother's knee, long ago as I kin remember. ”

"But you remember the Lord's Prayer, don't you?" said Lawrence, in a sympathizing tone.

"I don't know," said the poor fellow; "what is it like?"

Almost appalled at such deplorable ignorance in a Christian land, Lawrence repeated that Litany of the Ages in which are voiced the wants of God's great family of suffering and sorrowing humanity.

"Seems to me I have heered that afore, at meetin', or somewheres. But I aint a boss hand at rememberin'. It doos sound nice though: 'Our Father;' that means everybody's father, don't it? no matter how poor or ign'rant or ragged, don't it? Well, I aint never had no father 'cept to cuss and swear at mother and me, and p'r'aps to beat us when he wuz drunk. I guess God must be somethin' like what mother wuz. She wuz amazin' good, I tell yer. I've know'd her, when there wuzn't bread enough for Martha an' me, to stint herself an' pretend to eat, and give it nearly all to us. An' when father wuz bangin' things around, I've know'd her to run between us an' him when he wuz goin' to beat us,—jest like a hen kiverin' her chickens when a hawk wuz arter them."

Happy he who rises to his highest conceptions of the love of God from its sublimest earthly type—the unwearying, utterly self-sacrificing love of a mother for her babes.

Deeply touched at the simple pathos of the poor lad's memories of his neglected childhood, Lawrence replied, "Yes, that's just like God. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,' He says, and 'as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,' so Jesus said He would gather His human creatures, if they would only let Him."

"Did He, now? Why, I allers wuz afeard o' God, an' wanted to hide away from Him, ye know. Yet many's the time, when I've been a-huntin' in the woods, I've felt that lonely I didn't know what to do. An' it wuzn't company like Bill Slocum I wanted, but some one like mother, only stronger, some one that could help me keep away from the taverns. An' when I've seed the wood pigeons in their nests *a-creustin'* under the wings of the old bird, I jest wisht I could creep somewheres and be jest as safe an' as happy as they wuz. But then I'd go back to the tavern

an' play cards with Bill Slocum, an' arterwards I'd feel wuss than ever."

"My brother," said Lawrence, solemnly, "God was calling you to Himself; His Spirit was striving with yours; He was saying, 'Son, give me thy heart.'"

"An' 'stead o' listenin' to Him and obeyin' Him I listened to the Devil, and minded him, and took to drink, although I know'd it killed my mother, and ruined my father. Oh! what an awful sinner I've been! D'ye think God 'ud forgive me after all?" asked this awakened soul with deep agitation of feeling, and with an eager, imploring look in his eyes.

"Yes, my brother, I am sure of it," replied Lawrence, with a quiet confidence that greatly reassured his faltering heart, bowed down beneath the weight of sins, now felt for the first time. "I am sure of it, for God, for Christ's sake, forgave me."

"But you never wuz such a sinner as I am," objected this despondent soul.

"Yes," said the minister's son, born and nurtured in the very lap of piety, "I never drank nor swore, it is true; but with brighter light and clearer knowledge, I long resisted God, and was thus, I believe in my heart of hearts, a greater sinner in His sight than you. But no matter how great nor how many your sins may have been, still the love of God and the blood of Jesus Christ can outweigh them ail!"

"I think I understand what you mean," said Dowler. "I remember wunst when I wuz quite a little chap, mother left me to take care of Martha, while she went to milk the cows in the fur medder. An' she told me not to go into the woods for fear I'd get lost. An' when we wuz a playin', I see such a purty butterfly, all purple and black and gold, an' I ran after it and Martha ran after me; an' when we came to the woods we saw such lots of flowers: the blue gentian and yellow golden rod, an' one splendid cardinal flower, they call it. An' we wandered on and on, and all at wunst we didn't know where we wuz at all. An' little Martha began to cry, an' I got so hungry, an' it got dark, an' we knew there wuz wolves in the woods, for we had often heerd them a-howlin' at night. But I telt wust of all



'cause mother'd come home an' find us gone, when she told us to stay.

"Well, Martha, she clean tuckered out, and couldn't go no furder, an' fell right down on the dried leaves. An' I sot down beside her, an' we waited there, oh, it seemed like all night; an' Martha went asleep, but I wuz afeard to shut my eyes for fear the wolves 'ud come and eat us. It wuz awful dark, I tell yer; and the wind wuz a-moanin' in the tops o' the pines so skeary-like. Bime-by I heard a shoutin' an' hollerin' in the woods, an' horns a-blowin', an' men a-beatin' the brush as if they wuz huntin' patridges.

"But I wouldn't leave little Martha for fear I couldn't find her again, an' when one of the men com'd near I shouted as loud as I could, an' the man runn'd to us with a great flarin' torch in his hand. An' who should it be but father! an' he hugged us and danced and shouted—I never see him so glad in all my life. An' he took Martha in his arms, and the men all com'd where we wuz, an' we went home together. An' there wuz mother on her knees a-reading of the Bible, an' she jest jumped up and didn't say nothin', but hugged us to her buzzum, the tears a-runnin' down her face like rain. Father went off to the tavern to treat the men; an' nex' mornin' mother went into her bedroom with Martha and me, an' knelt down an' thanked God we'd been saved from the wolves. An' she asked me if I didn't think I ought to be punished for takin' little Martha into the woods! And I said 'I know'd I should.' An' she kissed me, an' cried, an' gave me a good whippin', an' I never cried a bit, though it hurt awful, 'cause I didn't want mother to feel any wuss than she did. D'ye suppose I didn't know mother loved me all the time, an' d'ye think I went to them woods again? No sir-ree, an' it wuzn't the whippin' kep' me, neither. I didn't want to make mother cry again."

"It is just so with God," said Lawrence, who had not interrupted this long reminiscence. "No mother is so glad to rescue her child from death as He is to welcome wandering sinners who return to Him. Though He hates their sins He loves their souls. And that they might be saved, and at the same time their sins not go unpunished, He gave His Son to suffer in our room and stead, and Jesus bare our sins in His own body on the cross."

"Yes, I heer'd that afore, but I never seemed to understand it, like. But those awful sins : that drinkin', an' swearin', an' profanin' the name of that Good Bein' that's been a-lovin' me all the time ; oh, how I hate them ! an' God bein' my helper, I won't never do them again. But that won't make amends for the past !"

Patiently and lovingly Lawrence explained to this untutored soul the way of salvation by faith in Jesus. Retiring into the shadow of the trees they knelt down in the snow beneath the silent stars, and wrestled with God in prayer. Lawrence used, as the language of his petition for this struggling soul, that cry of a penitent heart, the fifty-first Psalm, to every clause of which the sin-convinced suppliant groaned assent. As Lawrence uttered the verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," the other sprang to his feet with the shout, "I've got it ! Halleluyer ! I've got it." As he afterward explained, when able to express his feelings more calmly, while he knelt with fast-closed eyes in the snow, his whole soul concentrated in prayer, he seemed to behold, by the eye of his mind, the Lord Jesus hanging bleeding, interceding on the cross. As He gazed, with a look of infinite compassion in His eyes, He seemed to utter, in a tone of tenderest love, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," and instantly a tide of light and peace and joy seemed to flood the earnest seeker's soul. He grasped the hand of Lawrence and shook it with vehemence, while tears of gladness flowed down his cheeks.

His sympathizing friend gave vent to his feelings in that grand exultant strain of Charles Wesley's :

" My Jesus to know,  
To feel His blood flow,  
It is life everlasting,  
'Tis heaven below."

In this glad doxology the young convert joined, and the long-drawn shadowy forest aisles rang with the music of the strain, while angels in heaven struck their harps in a more rapturous measure as they rejoiced over the conversion of a soul, the return to the Father's house of a prodigal, long lost, now found again, once dead but now alive.

As they twain walked together to the lumber camp all nature seemed transfigured. The silvery moonlight glistened on the snow like the glorified garments of the saints in heaven. The stars seemed to throb with sympathy and to burn with a tenderer and more lambent light. The snow-laden branches of the spruces seemed stretched in benediction over their heads, and the whisper of the night-wind among the pines seemed to breathe a blessing as it passed. Even the prosaic lumber shanty, with its squalid surroundings, seemed ennobled and dignified, and in some sense rendered awful, as being the arena in which immortal beings were working out their eternal destiny.

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CHAPTER XI.—THE MAIDEN SERMON.

In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,  
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture ; much impressed  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

—COWPER—*The Task.*

LAWRENCE was greatly cheered and emboldened by this trophy of Divine grace vouchsafed to his humble efforts. He no longer therefore hesitated to take up the cross of trying to preach Christ to his fellow-men. On the following Sunday evening, accordingly, a tolerably numerous group were gathered in the shanty to hear his maiden sermon. Some were indifferent, some critical and some sympathetic, for the lad was liked in the camp. His face had a rapt expression as he came in from his forest oratory, whither he had retired to seek strength from God in prayer.

He wished to talk to those hard-handed, toiling men, in such a manner as to enlist their interest and sympathy. He therefore selected as his text that Scripture in which the kingdom of heaven is likened to a householder who went into the marketplace to hire labourers. He gave out the exceedingly appropriate

—

Are there not in the labourer's day  
Twelve hours in which he safely may  
His calling's work pursue.

He had the attention of his humble audience at once. And, what is more, he kept it to the end. He spoke to these, his fellow-workmen in his daily toils, in a manly, simple, straightforward manner. He made no attempt at eloquence, an attempt that is almost certain to defeat its object. Like Mark Antony, he only spoke right on what they themselves did know, and completely carried with him the convictions of their judgment and the assent of their wills—and this, we take it, is the true object of the highest kind of eloquence.

He spoke to them of life as the day of their work in God's world, of His claims upon their love and labour, of the grand opportunities and glorious reward He offered them. And as he gazed upon that company of strong and stalwart, although uncouth and uncultivated men, he beheld not merely the rough red-shirted lumbermen, but the candidates for an immortality of weal or woe, who should in a few short years stand with himself before the Judgment seat of Christ to receive the wage of their labour—the "Come ye blessed" that should welcome them to the joys of heaven, or the "Depart ye cursed," that should banish them to the doom of the lost. On this subject he held strong, clear, intense convictions. The thought fired his soul. It gave a burning vehemence to his words, a pleading earnestness to his tones, a yearning tenderness to his countenance, and made his eyes glisten with unshed tears. He spoke out of a full heart and as "a dying man to dying men."

His rude auditors listened with more and more absorbed interest. Presently one ceased to whittle the stick he held in his hand, another unconsciously let his pipe which he held in his mouth go out, another let the tobacco that he was cutting fall on the floor. Now sundry ejaculations of approval were heard, as "That's so," "True for ye," "You bet," and still stronger expressions than these. But they caused no feeling of interruption or incongruity any more than the "Amen," or "Hallelujah" of a Methodist camp-meeting.

After an urgent appeal to accept the service and salvation of Christ, Lawrence gave out the hymn

Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,  
And take, through His blood, a power to draw near ;  
His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,  
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

He was fond of those long lilting tunes, which had a measured cadence in their swell like that of an ocean wave. The hymn was sung with a right good will, and after a fervent prayer Lawrence disappeared from their midst. He sought the dim recesses of the forest, and falling on his knees gave vent to his feelings in a gush of tears—tears of holy joy that he had been permitted to preach the glorious Message of the King, the Gospel of salvation to his fellow-men.

Every Sunday evening for the rest of the season was similarly employed. Even the most reckless voted that it was "better than playin' cards, an' didn't rile the temper so much either; though it did mak' 'em feel kinder bad sometimes, an' no mistake."

Jim Dowler, with the characteristic enthusiasm of a young convert, enjoyed these services immensely.

"That's the sort o' preachin' I like," he would say. "None o' yer readin' outen a book. Mr. Wesley's sermons may be all very good, but I like to look inter a man's eyes when he's a-talkin', now this preachin' makes a body's soul feel good all the way down to his boots."

"Guess all the soul you've got's in your boots," sneered the Oxford scholar, who among other accomplishments had acquired at that great seat of learning a accent of skepticism and a tendency toward punning. "That kind of talk," he graciously admitted, "is not bad for a lumberman, and may do for the backwoods, but it would never do for old Brasenose."

"Who is ould Brasenose, any way?" inquired our friend Dennis O'Neal, who was greatly puzzled by Evans' frequent references to his *alma mater*. "Ould brazenhead, he deserves to be called if that prachin' wouldn't suit him."

SPRING.

BY ROBERT EVANS.



I saw the living leafage of the spring,  
What time the voices of the grove and dell  
Their tender tales of love so sweetly tell ;  
Lo, the clear dew-drops there stood quivering  
As though on their own rays they might take wing,  
And all the leaflets trembled with the thrill  
Of nature's music over vale and hill.  
As if some undertone soft echoing  
Had lisped the name of each, and sung its praise,  
The beauty of its form, its mitred edge,  
The vivid green it tenderly displays ;  
Its rustling ripple o'er the waving sedge,  
And all the harmonies of light and shade  
In which it's virgin beauty was arrayed.

HAMILTON, Ont.

## THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

*THE CONVERSION OF RUSSIA AND PRUSSIA.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE conversion of Eastern Europe was the result of the missionary effort of the Byzantine Church. In the ninth century the Bulgarians occupied the whole of that territory, which having been long usurped by the Turks, has been at length restored to them by the recent conquests of Russia. During a war with the Byzantine Empire in the ninth century a Bulgarian princess was captured. While a hostage at Constantinople she adopted the Christian faith. On her ransom and return home, she induced her brother, the reigning prince, to become also a Christian. Methodius, a Byzantine monk, at his request, adorned the walls of his palace with a painting of the Last Judgment. So vivid was the representation of the fate of the heathen, that many of the Bulgarians put away their idols and received Christian baptism.

In the vast Scythian wilds and steppes of the Don and Volga, the Russian kingdom was now being established. In the year 955 the Princess Olga made a visit to the city of Constantine, and was so impressed by what she saw and heard that she embraced the Christian religion. On her return she endeavoured to induce her son, the reigning monarch, to become partaker of the like precious faith. He was a stern warrior and refused to bow his neck to the Christian yoke. His son, Vladimir, however, was made of more penetrable stuff. A picture of the Last Judgment shown him by a Greek missionary profoundly affected his imagination. "Happy are those who are on the right," he exclaimed; but, with a sigh, he continued, "woe to the sinners who are on the left." "If thou wishest," said the missionary, "to enter with the just who are on the right, you must believe and be baptized." "I will wait awhile," said this Russian Agrippa, but, unlike Agrippa, he diligently studied the Christian religion, and sent ambassadors to the great city of Constantinople

to learn its rites and doctrines. "Let them see," said the Emperor Basil Porphyrogenitus, "the glory of our God," and they witnessed the grand festival of St. John Chrysostom, in the great church of St. Sophia.

Even now, its glorious frescoes and mosaics covered and defaced by Moslem iconoclasm and perverted to the superstitions of a Turkish mosque, this vast structure is the sublimest, as it is the oldest temple of Christian origin on the face of the earth. Soon may its swelling dome again re-echo the hallowed accents of Christian worship instead of the vain repetitions of the mufti. The Russian ambassadors were awe-stricken and profoundly impressed. The multitude of lights, the chanting of the hymns, the gorgeous procession of deacons, sub-deacons, and acolytes, and then the prostration of the congregation with the cry "Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!—Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" filled their souls with sacred emotion.

"We know not," said the envoys on their return, "whether we were not in heaven; in truth it would be impossible on earth to find such riches and magnificence. There, in very truth, God has His dwelling with men. No one who has tasted sweets will afterwards take that which is bitter, nor can we any longer abide in heathenism."

Soon Prince Vladimir embraced the Christian faith, and with it the hand of the Princess Anne, sister of the Byzantine emperor, as his royal consort. The huge idol, Peroun, was ignominiously dragged from its temple at a horse's tail and thrown into the Dnieper. "The people," writes the Russian historian, "at first followed their idol down the stream, but very soon gave over when they found that it had no power to help itself."

Vladimir, after the manner of his age, commanded the immediate baptism of his people. "Whoever, on the morrow," ran the proclamation, "shall not repair to the river, whether rich or poor, I shall hold him for my enemy." The whole population therefore, with facile obedience, transferred their allegiance from the gods of their fathers to the God of their king. They flocked in crowds to the Dnieper, and there, says the historian, "some stood in the water up to their necks, others up to their breasts, holding their young children in their arms, while the priests



read the prayers from the shores, naming at once whole companies by the same name." It was a strange sight and exhibited little of the intellectual conviction and moral change and Scriptural faith which we justly deem the very essence of conversion. Nevertheless, the lowest form of Christianity is infinitely better than the highest form of paganism, and there may have been the germs of true faith in the hearts of these rude people. The king himself seems to have correctly apprehended the only source of all spiritual help. "O great God," he exclaimed, "who hast made heaven and earth, look down upon thy new people; grant unto them, O Lord, to know thee the true God, as thou hast been made known to Christian lands, and confirm in them a true and unfailling faith; and assist me, O Lord, against my enemy that opposes me, that, trusting in thee and in thy power, I may overcome all his wiles."

In that old city of Kieff, on the site of the temple of the idol-god, was erected the stately Church of St. Basil, "which became henceforward," says Stanley, "the Canterbury of the Russian Empire."\*

During the mediæval centuries the Slavonic races occupied the whole of Eastern Europe from the Caspian and the Black Sea to the Baltic. On the banks of the Elbe, Oder, and Saale, dwelt a Slavic tribe of a fierce and turbulent disposition known as the Wends. The planting of Christianity among this pagan people was accompanied by an illustrious martyrdom, that of John, bishop of Mecklenburg. He was one of those zealous and intrepid Irish missionaries who crusaded through Europe in a holy war to conquer the kingdoms for Christ, not with the sword of steel but with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. His labours among the wild Wends were unusually successful, and thereby provoked the hostility of the pagan priests. He was beaten cruelly with clubs, and when he refused to deny his faith, his inhuman persecutors cut off his hands, his feet, and his head. His body was cast into the street for every trampling foot to spurn. His head was impaled upon a pole and borne in triumph to the temple of the pagan deity.

But not thus is the religion of the cross destroyed. Like the

\* "Eastern Churches," p. 409.

sweet rosemary and thyme that, bruised beneath trampling feet, give out their richer fragrance and are more deeply rooted in the earth, so the doctrines of Jesus can never be crushed. A spiritual essence, an immortal life is theirs. The blood of the martyrs is evermore the seed of the Church. Worthy successors burned to emulate the zeal and toil and sufferings of the martyr-missionary. St. Vicelin, Bishop of Oldenburg, with a band of earnest laymen and ecclesiastics "formed themselves into a fraternity," writes the historian of the mission, "who vowed to devote their lives to prayer, and charity, to visit the sick, relieve the poor, and especially labour for the conversion of the Wends." For nine years this pious band toiled on amid obstacles of every kind. But they were at length able to record souls rescued from pagan darkness, and brought to the light of the Gospel. By such pious toil was the torch of truth kept burning brightly and passed on from hand to hand amid the gathering gloom of the long dark ages of Europe, and thus was the wild Wendish land conquered for Christ.

The character of the Prussians from very early times has been one of indomitable energy and relentless persistence. The great Frederick snatching victory after victory from an alliance of nations leagued against him, and the stern Chancellor Bismarck welding by his Titanic energy the Teutonic kingdoms into a United Germany, and conquering the enemies of his country by the lavish expenditure of "blood and iron," are but characteristic types of the Prussian race at the dawn of missionary endeavour. Dark and stern superstitions, and bloody and cruel rites, including even human sacrifice, intensified their innate ferocity and their rough heathen manners. Yet in this unpromising field—on this stony ground—there were not wanting Christian missionaries to sow the good seed of the kingdom and to water it with their blood. One of the earliest and most notable of these was Adalbert, bishop of Prague. He lived in the closing years of the first millennium of the Christian era, when the general expectation of Europe was looking for the end of the world, the destruction of the wicked, and the glorious establishment of the kingdom of Christ.

This feeling found expression in that grand old hymn which has passed down to us through the ages :

The world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate:  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes with might,  
Who comes to end the evil,  
Who comes to crown the right.

Impelled by true missionary zeal Adalbert sought to win to the Gospel, before the awful and impending day of doom, the wild pagan tribes of Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland. As the time of the world's probation, as he deemed, grew shorter and shorter, his zeal redoubled, and he resolved to penetrate the hitherto unexplored heathenness of Prussia. In the year 997 he reached the town of Dantzic, on the marches of Poland. Here his labours were attended with much success, and he pressed on with two companions in a small boat to the still wilder region in the neighbourhood of Konigsberg. Their landing was opposed by the natives, who fell upon them with clubs, and Adalbert, while chanting the Psalter, fell stunned to the bottom of the boat. They managed, however, to escape. But no thought of turning back seems to have entered their minds. They still proceeded on their journey and soon came to one of the native villages. The chief of the tribe received them into his house and summoned his tribesmen to hear the message of the strangers.

"I am come to seek your salvation," said the missionary to the assembled multitude. "The gods whom ye worship are deaf and dumb, and blind. I come to bid you turn from these false idols to the worship of the one true God, Maker of heaven and earth and of all that are therein, besides whom there is no other God. If ye will believe in Him and be baptized in His name, ye shall receive hereafter eternal life and partake, in the mansions He has prepared for them that love and fear Him, of everlasting joy." But this blessed evangel aroused only their wrath and rage. Like the murderers of the proto-martyr, they were cut to the heart and gnashed on them with their teeth.

"Away with such fellows from our land," they exclaimed, "These are they who cause our crops to fail, our trees to wither our flocks and herds to sicken and die. Let them fly at once, or death shall be their doom."

Seeking those who would heed their message, Adalbert and his companions made their way along the bleak and barren Baltic strand. If they suffered their hair to grow after the manner of the country, and laid aside their ecclesiastical garb, and took to working with their hands, the missionaries thought that they might overcome the prejudices of the people and in time win a way to their hearts and bring them to the truth. But God willed it otherwise. As they slept in the forest, Adalbert received in a dream what he considered a premonition of his martyrdom. He hailed it with joy and proceeded on his journey with psalms and prayers and praises to God. When weary with the way, he lay down to sleep upon the ground as calmly as a child on his mother's knee. Soon they were aroused by the fierce onset of a crowd of the savage inhabitants of the district, who instantly made them prisoners and clamoured for their blood.

"Be not troubled," said Adalbert to his companions in tribulation. "We know for whom we are thus called to suffer, even for our Lord. His might surpasses all might, His beauty exceeds all beauty, His grace transcends all expression. What can be a nobler death than to die for Him?" Scarcely had he spoken when a pagan priest advanced from the infuriate mob and transpierced him with a lance. Others of the pagans rushed forward and buried their spears in his bosom. "Thus," adds the chronicler, "raising his eyes to heaven, and offering up prayers for his murderers, Adalbert perished on the 23rd of April, AD 997."

That brave death on the shores of the Baltic Sea, eight hundred and eighty years ago, still thrills our hearts across the centuries. Smitten by the accolade of martyrdom the heroic missionary has been exalted to the loftiest peerage of the skies. He has joined that great company of glorious confessors before the throne, who wave their palm of victory and wear for evermore, not earth's wreath of laurel nor its crown of gold, but the crown of life, starry and unwithering, that shall never pass away.

There is a record traced on high,  
That shall endure eternally ;  
The angel standing by God's throne  
Treasures there each word and groan ;  
And not the martyr's speech alone,  
But every wound is there depicted,  
With every circumstance of pain—  
The crimson stream, the gash inflicted—  
And not a drop is shed in vain.\*

So sang the Christian poet Prudentius in the fourth century, and still is the glorious promise true: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." The names of the "great army of martyrs," though forgotten by men are remembered by God; though unrecorded on earth's scroll of fame, they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Inspired by the heroic example of Adalbert and burning to emulate his zeal, his sufferings, and if need be his death, Bruno, the Court chaplain of the Emperor Otho III., left the pomp and splendour of the palace for the perils of the Prussian wilderness. Within twelve months he and his eighteen companions had all followed the brave bishop to the skies by the same glorious but bloodstained path of martyrdom. They made more conquests by their deaths than by their lives. In them was again fulfilled the experience of the early Christians described by Tertullian: "Kill us, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder; our numbers increase in proportion as you mow us down."† Again and again the forlorn hope of the army of Christendom rushed upon the threatened deaths of pagan persecution till the strongholds of heathenism were forced, the idols utterly destroyed, their worship abolished, and the praises of the true God banished the service of those gods that be no gods.

\* *Inscripta CHRISTO pagina immortalis est,  
Exceptit adstans angelus coram Deo.  
Et quæ locutus martyr, et quæ pertulit :  
† Nec verbum solum disserentis condidit,  
Omnis notata est sanguinis dimensio,  
Quæ vis doloris, quive segmenti modus :  
Guttam cruoris ille nullam perdidit.*

—PRUDENTIUS—*Peristephanon.*

† TERTULLIAN, *Apology*, cap. 50.

Yet paganism died hard. There were from time to time uprisings of the heathen party and reactions toward the worship of their ancestors. In one of these, as late as the thirteenth century, three hundred churches and chapels in Prussia were destroyed, and many Christians were put to death.

A military order, the "Brethren of the Sword," with which was merged the "Tuetonic Knights," was enrolled for the purpose of extirpating heathenism from its last strong holds in Europe. For forty years—A.D. 1240 to A.D. 1290—an armed crusade was waged against the lawless ritters who united paganism and plundering to the sore disquietude of the Christian populations. Churches and abbeys, monasteries and schools, were multiplied, and the Christian religion at length universally prevailed.

Then came the glorious Lutheran Reformation, emancipating the souls of men from the errors and thralldom of Rome. All Prussia became Protestant, and a bulwark of Protestantism in the stormy conflicts that accompanied this great political as well as religious re-organization of Europe. To day it is the most stubborn barrier, and in the person of Bismarck presents the most relentless opponent to that aggressive Ultramontaniam that would, if it could, again bring all kings and peoples under the civil as well as religious denomination of the Pope of Rome.

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## RECOMPENSE.

Out of the darkness, out of the night,  
 Out of the shadows of dole and dread ;  
 Out of the bitterness, out of the blight ;  
 O joy ! let the dead past bury its dead.

For the hurt there is healing ; for the weary ones rest ;  
 Comfort for those who in loneliness weep ;  
 Lo ! the last sun sinks away in the west.  
 And so He doth give His beloved ones sleep.

Large is the guerdon, O life, that thou givest ;  
 Recompense sweeter than rest there is none ;  
 O heart, it is thine ; be glad that thou livest !  
 Sweet, sweet is the calm when the tempest is done.

—James B. Ke yon in *Christian Advocate*.

## GIDEON OUSELEY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SHERLOCK.

THE life-record of this most remarkable minister by the Rev. W. Arthur is now before the public. It was once remarked that it needed "an Apelles to paint an Alexander," and we have in this biography a literary Apelles drawing the portrait of a spiritual Alexander. So great and so thoroughly unique was the impression made by our subject on the Methodist public that although an excellent "memorial" of his life and labours was written by Rev. William Reilly and published about two years subsequent to his death, yet those who remained of the generation that knew the man, and also many who grew up since his time, hungered keenly for a fuller delineation of his character and record of his heroic life. It was at one time arranged that the Rev. T. Jackson of the English Wesleyan Conference should prepare his biography, but that arrangement failed. It is no great disparagement to the talents of Mr. Jackson to say, as we do, that the work has been done by abler hands, for Mr. Arthur has scarcely any peer in those fields of literature in which he has exercised his peculiar powers.

Gideon Ouseley was born in Dunmore, County Galway, Ireland, and spent the first thirty years of his life at the paternal home or in its vicinity. His family belonged to the "gentry" class of Irish society, a circumstance which secured to him a degree of respect in some quarters which was not always accorded to his companions in Gospel labour. God chooses His special agents from every social stratum, that none may seem ostracized from His peculiar favours, and that no class may have occasion for such a pride as would grow out of a monopoly of such gifts.

The people among whom Ouseley grew up to physical maturity would share those peculiarities to be found in the more Romish parts of Ireland at that time. The steam engine had not yet startled the echoes of Connaught mountains, no click-clack of telegraph tongue was heard in Dunmore, and the reading

of an English or Dublin newspaper would produce a village sensation. The religious enthusiasm of their Cromwellian forefathers was well-nigh extinguished among the rampant sins of an age on which the moral recklessness of the Restoration had left its sad imprint of corruption, and the little that remained of that religiousness was transmuted into a sentiment compounded of one part, hatred of Romanism, and the other, a red-hot loyalty that bordered on fanaticism. The "code of honour," the spirit of chivalry, and the feeble teachings of the Anglican Church, which shared the moral laxity of the time, furnished the standard by which men generally judged themselves, if not each other. The strata beneath him socially were immersed in religious ignorance, but filled with superstition, dreading the fairies and the ghosts, reverential to the priest and obsequious to the landlord; passionate in their intercourse one with the other, yet aboundingly mirthful and hospitable, and largely capable of that unselfish enthusiasm which is so prominent an element in the Celtic soul. However grave were its faults, it was a social state not very unfavourable to the development of a rough heroism of character, and, all things considered, perhaps not more inimical to serious thinking than the age we live in, with the all-embracing pressure of its many needs and excitements. And young Ouseley grew up with more thoughtfulness than most of his companions; he was "deeply affected with thoughts of God and eternity." Yet that thoughtfulness was not enough for the yet untamed exuberance of youthful passion, stimulated as it was by the influence of that society of which he formed a part.

The accidental discharge of a fowling piece in Dunmore street, wounded him severely in the face, and darkened one of his eyes forever. Confinement to the house as a consequence, separated him from the reckless associates with whom he had mingled, and kept him where his faithful wife read to him, as he in his boyhood had read to his mother, the solemn moralizings of Dr. Young. Serious meditation was evoked, the Scriptures were listened to with a new interest, solemn resolutions of amendment were made; and as each resolve was found to be a failure in practice, deeper and yet deeper anxiety fastened on his soul. Thus was Providence preparing him for the messages which



grace was making ready for his needy spirit. Those messages came first from one of a class which in the early days of Methodism furnished many an example of bright experience and manly zeal for God. The "quartermaster" of the village garrison held Methodist meetings with the soldiery. Gideon could not understand those proceedings, but kept on inquiring until the Methodist itinerant visited the place. The preacher's straightforward dealing with religious questions, supplemented by the simple relation of religious experience in the class-meeting, were the elements needed for his case, and the result was soon seen in the thorough, Scriptural conversion of Mr. Ouseley.

This event took place when our subject had reached the age of twenty-nine. It was the beginning of a new era in his life, as it is in that of every truly converted man. And with him it was not as it is with too many, a summit of quiet content where one can "rest and be thankful," but rather a vantage-ground from which he surveyed the "land of corn and wine and oil, favoured with God's peculiar smile," even the land of perfect love. He strongly felt its attractions, and soon acted on Caleb's resolution: "Let us go up at once and possess it." This memorable experience occurred about three months after his entrance on the Christian life, months in which doubts and fears, spiritual joys and moral defeats alternated in his experience. But after this, there are no symptoms of doubt for it was dead; there are no complaints of the power of inbred sin, for God had given the complete victory. Nineteen years afterwards his first biographer, Mr. Reilly, heard him joyfully relate the circumstances of his conversion, "and," said Ouseley, "three months afterwards my great Prince who sits upon the throne, said, 'Behold I make all things new.'" To the early attainment of that fulness and its constant possession is to be attributed that perfect devotion to his work, that abundant joy in its prosecution, that perfect patience under its many provocations, and above all, that holy unction which accompanied his words, diffusing an aroma of heaven around him and realizing to the thought of many of his hearers the highest ideal of Apostolic gifts and grace.

Arthur rightly places the record of this attainment in the chapter which records his conversion, for conversion is never

complete until this grace is bestowed. There was little work for God previous to this happy epoch, but ever afterwards Gospel labour was his glory and his joy. "He soon began to feel a loud inward call to go out into the highways and hedges and summon the people to repentance," and while intensely faithful in private conversation, he heard a voice which said "Gideon, go and preach the Gospel." Many and deep were the exercises of heart and head which preceded his first public address. A funeral crowd furnished the opportunity, the use of which was soon followed by addresses in places where business led him, and by preaching excursions extending during the next five years to most places in the adjacent counties of Connaught and Leinster. The interesting chapters which tell of his work during those years exhibit the genuine Gospel method, Ouseley doing the work that lay next him, "beginning at Jerusalem." So blessedly constrained by the love of Christ that he cannot and will not be idle, at many a country fair he exhibited the heavenly merchandise of Gospel promises, and gathered a larger and more interested crowd than surrounded the vociferous "cheap Johns" with their heterogeneous wares, or even the itinerant showman with all his varied attraction of dwarf and clown, of music, acrobat, and magician. Sometimes he would enter a Roman Catholic Church during worship, translate the best parts of the Mass into the most affecting Irish, and depart leaving the surprised people and priest feeling doubtful whether they had not been visited by an angel. At wakes and funerals he many times startled the assembled peasants with the cry "Prepare to meet thy God" and melted their astonished souls while in their own beloved language he told the love of "*Josa Criosd Moch Dhia*," who had given his life to secure their salvation. Some sudden conversions attested his commission, and many were the cases in which the spell of priestcraft was so broken as to open a cleft through which saving light entered in after days.

Mr. Ouseley had little expectation of being called into the regular itinerancy, seeing he was then past the usual age and married withal. But his spirit, talents, and success spoke in trumpet tones to the Church, demanding a fuller recognition and more regular employment in the work he loved so well. The

large-hearted Dr. Coke presided in the Irish Conference of 1799 and insisted on the formation of a mission to the Irish-speaking population, and overcame the fears of those who saw not the way to its financial support by promising that support himself. Accordingly, two members of the Conference were appointed to that work, and when a third was sought for, Ouseley was nominated and received the appointment. In a few weeks after, we find him fairly committed to his life-work, side by side with the scarce less celebrated Charles Graham and in the "General Mission." This was a speciality of the Methodist work in Ireland to which some of its ministers were appointed from time to time. They were not trammelled with any Circuit or similar local charge, but were devoted to out-door preaching throughout large sections of the country.

For this work our subject was eminently adapted. For the space of forty years, lacking a couple of months, from this time his evangelising career was marvellous for the amount of exposure endured and the prodigious labours performed. For this his uncommonly robust physical frame conspicuously fitted him. Marvellous also, for the variety and amount of soul-saving that resulted. For *that*, his peculiar mental gifts and glowing Christian experience eminently qualified him. Judging in full view of the peculiar circumstances of such cases as might be legitimately compared with his, we are safe in saying that he has had no superior, and his equals are not to be found in any class less laborious and successful than Wesley, Asbury, Whitefield, and Coke. Had he kept a journal with the same care that many lesser men have done, the materials for biography, ample as they have been would have been vastly greater. But his soul was so sublimely lifted above self-glorying or egotistic display, that he made no record of many of his most remarkable feats of controversial skill or converting power, and we should now know nothing of them had they not been recorded by others. He felt himself too busy in making history to waste time in writing it. The following account contributed by Rev. J. Tobias will illustrate his tact in managing his peculiar auditory. It is of a sermon in the street of Enniscorthy :

Before many sentences had been uttered, various missiles began to fly, potatoes, turnips, and even stones and brickbats, some of which reached him and inflicted slight wounds. He stopped and after a pause cried out, "Boys, dear, what's the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?" "We don't want to hear a word out of your ould head," was the prompt reply from one in the crowd. "But I want to tell you what, I think, you would like to hear." "No, we'll like nothing you can tell us." "How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love." "Who's that?" "The blessed Virgin." "Och, and what do *you* know about the blessed Virgin?" "More than you think; and I'm sure you'll be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you'll only listen to me." "Come then," said another voice, "let us hear what he has to say about the Holy Mother." So he again began: "There was once a young couple to be married, belonging to a little town called Cana. It's away in that country where our blessed Saviour spent a great part of His life among us; and the decent people whose children were to be married thought it right to invite the blessed Virgin to the wedding feast, and her blessed Son to and some of His disciples; and they all thought it right to come. As they sat at table, the Virgin Mother thought she saw that the wine began to run short, and she was troubled lest the decent young people should be shamed before their neighbours; and so she whispered to her blessed Son, 'They have no wine.' 'Don't let that trouble you, ma'am,' says He. And in a minute or two after, she, knowing well what was in His good heart, said to one of the servants that was passing behind them, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' And by and by our blessed Lord said to another of them—I suppose they passed the word among themselves—'Fill those large waterpots with water.' (There were six of them standing in a corner of the room.) So they did what He bid them and came back and said, 'Sir, they are full to the brim.' 'Take some then to the master at the head of the table,' He said. And they did so, and the master tasted it, and, lo and behold you! it was wine, and the best of wine too! And there was plenty of it too. And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing what she bid them! Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it,' and with good reason too, for 'she knows there is nothing but love in His heart to us and nothing but wisdom comes from His lips. And now I'll tell you some of the things that He says to us. He says, 'Strive to enter in at the straight gate.'" And straightway the preacher briefly, but clearly and forcibly expounded the nature of the gate of life, winding up with the Virgin's counsel, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." He also explained and pressed upon his hearers the words "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of God," and "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself," etc., closing up as before with the Virgin's directions, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Exclamations of assent were heard and the preacher got leave to finish his discourse with not a little good effect.

As to the amount of his labours, Rev. Wm. Reilly in his "Memorials" says, that during the seven years that he was associated with him in the General Mission, Mr. Ouseley averaged

eighteen sermons in the week, often riding on horseback in the same time from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles. He studied his Bible, and the Catechism of the Council of Trent and other valuable works in the saddle, thus storing his mind with material such as he needed and used with telling effect. In a letter written just two years before his death he says that he had preached nineteen times in eight days, and in a short time afterwards he tells how that even when suffering pain from the kick of a horse, "From Sunday morning, August 27th, to Thursday, September 21st, I was enabled by my Lord to preach fifty-four times in and out of doors, not far off my 77th year." And many of these were addresses of tremendous power, for it is said that "sometimes the congregation would simultaneously rise from their seats as by a sudden impulse, and all falling down, cry out with earnest tears, seeking mercy." After that, it does not surprise when we read in a preacher's letter, "Mr. Ouseley was three nights with us. In that time twenty-four persons found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, among whom were three Roman Catholics;" and that, in Cork "poor and rich, profane and moral, scoffer and inquirer, Papist and Protestant indiscriminately fell beneath the mighty power of God; in ten days one hundred and twenty persons were converted."

Successes like these are not rare or exceptional in his career, but the usual results of his mighty ministry. And it cannot be said that the enthusiasm which comes from youthful blood was the source of so much prevailing power, for we find his success to be as great in his seventy-eighth as in his fortieth year. Nor is it to be attributed to that mental adaptation to the Irish character which he possessed in an eminent degree, for revivals of great power attended his visits to England, on one of which occasions, he became the spiritual father of the Rev. T. Collins, a soul-saver of scarce less power than himself. Collins was one of quite a large number of ministers who have done worthy work in the different denominations of Protestantism, who owed their first strong impressions to Ouseley's word.

As revealing the secret of his power, we give an extract from his scanty journal written a few years after entry on his public work.

All glory to God! He met me here in a manner that I can hardly describe. So much of His love and power did He let down into my soul, that nature could hardly sustain itself. I for some moments thought I should have fainted; nor was I sure but that the Lord was about to call me from the body. O Lord, give me grace and wisdom to guard this sacred treasure!

The spiritual joy in which he hourly lived is revealed by the following extract. The Rev. John Hughes writes:—

My first remembrance of him goes back to my very early youth: on a raw November evening, he preached at the corner of the street on which we lived, in Portarlington. After preaching, he came into our house for refreshment and to wait until his time came again to preach in the chapel. When he took a seat in the little back apartment it was dusk. A turf fire played fitfully, and there was no other light. I crouched in an obscure corner, and Ouseley thought himself alone. He took off his cloak and hat, ejaculated "My blessed Master!" and wiped the perspiration from his head and face. After musing a minute he wept. Tear after tear rolled down his rugged cheeks. He repeated in a low but distinct voice the first two verses of the 210th hymn—"Thee wilt I love, my strength, my tower," and "Ah why did I so late thee know,"—smiting his forehead with his hand, and then in his strong hoarse voice he sang the fourth verse, "I thank thee uncreated Sun," etc.

Such rich and unrestricted communion with God could not but give its possessor power over men.

We had noted for extract some incidents illustrative of his peerless skill in controversy with Romish priests and others, but want of space forbids their insertion. Out of some of these contests grew his "Old Christianity against Papal Novelties," a book which is distinguished among works of its class by the thorough acquaintance with the Romish system which it exhibits, and also by a certain rare power of exposing the self-contradictory character of many of the dogmas in that creed. The mighty logical force of the author is exerted in a way well adapted to produce conviction, for he begins each discussion with a clear presentation of the truth which is common to Protestant and Romanist alike, and proceeds by successive steps of invincible reasoning, expressed in words which make logic synonymous with common-sense, and conducts the reader irresistibly to the demonstration that Romish doctrine is a lie.

How did he die? This very natural question is scarcely necessary with the record of such a life before us. His was a

ministry full of the Spirit, and the last words that escaped his dying lips were, "The Spirit of God supports me." So laying aside further reflections of our own we close with the last sentences of the beautiful biography in our hands.

That unction from the Holy One which taught Ouseley how to win souls, is the one all-sufficing cause, and the only cause, of his extraordinary usefulness which can be assigned. Through it every natural qualification and every acquired one, was endued with spiritual, in addition to human power. The elements of human were many and evident; but not these, but the Holy Spirit using them, led lost men to their Saviour. The one cry that seems to rise from every period of the labouring life of Ouseley is,—“Evangelise! evangelise! evangelise!” and that ye may do so with success, “Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high!”

LUCAN, *Ont.*

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## THREE LIVES.

BY MAY ELLIOTT.

ONE lives in the dim and shadowy past,  
With its faded joys that never again  
Shall bud, and blossom, and thrill with life;  
And the years are spent in murrourings vain.

And one in the shadowy future dwells,  
In dreams of passionate, rapt delight;  
Slighting the years as they steadily pass,  
Seeking forever some far-off height.

But one in the luminous present dwells,  
Counting the years by the harvests gained  
From words well spoken, from deeds well done,  
From pure thoughts, springing from life unstained.

Tell me, O friends, who may read my words,  
Which of the three wouldst thou choose to be?  
Treasures untold in the present are locked;  
In thine own hands thou holdest the key.

## O D D C H A R A C T E R S .

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

“*BUY-’EM-OF-THE-GROWER.*”

## II.

“When Sing-song and his wife took up their quarters in our neighbourhood,” continued Buy-’em-of-the-grower, “he had engagements, such as they were, but he soon began to drink himself out of them, and all things got worse and worse with them, and the wife got to look paler and thinner every day I used to think when I saw her, ‘You brave good little soul, I *would* li! to help you if I could only see my way to doing it without hurtin’ your feelin’s.’

“But it was some time before I did see my way, for chough she would pass the time of day, if we happened to be coming out of doors at the same time, she seemed too timid to do more. At last, however, one winter’s morning I was passing the pawnshop at the top of the street, when I caught sight of her with a parcel under her arm, and, though she was hanging back and a making believe to be only looking in at the sale-window, I could tell by her shamefaced, uneasy look, what her errand was ; and I knew, too, fast enough, without any telling, that cold though the weather was, it would be some of her own clothes she was going to part with ; for he wouldn’t have let anything of his have gone, and she wouldn’t have taken anything of the child’s while there was a rag of her own to be made away with. I watched her on the quiet, and I saw her walk up to the door of the shop quite half-a-dozen times, and then, just as her foot was on the step, change colour and turn back again, just as you hear of some people doing when they go to have a tooth out. Seeing her so distressed, I thought, ‘Well, I *will* speak to you now ;’ but when I started to do it, my heart failed me over that, as hers did over the going into the pawn-shop, and so I went on my round, leaving her there.

“When I got home I saw the child standing at the door, and



then it comes into my mind all in a minute, 'Make friends with the child, that's the way to make friends with the mother.' So I beckons her across, and gives her a couple of nice apples that I had in my stock, and stroked her hair and called her a good little girl, and spoke a word or two to her in a fatherly sort of way, though that sort of thing wasn't much in my line. The next morning when I was loading my barrow, she spoke to me out of the window; and the mother hearing us talking, comes to the window and joins in with us; and that was the beginning of our being neighbourly. She always tried to bear up, but now and again she would let fall a word about her troubles; and at length, one evening, she came over, and saying, with a look as made me feel proud, that I was her only friend; asked me if I knew where the women in the street that she saw sewing got their work from. I told her it was shirts, and what starvation prices was paid for it; but she said she would be glad to earn even a trifle, and didn't care how hard she worked. 'Well, if that was it,' I said, 'I thought I could get her a share of the work, as I sometimes served the manager of the outfitting shop that the shirts were for, and knew him well enough to be able to ask him to give work to a hand. She said she would be truly obliged to me if I would, and so I did; and went security for her, though I didn't tell her that. She turned out to be clever with her needle, and she taught the little girl to help her, and stuck to work late and early, and so, the prices considered, did very fairly out of it.

"They were just beginning to scrape along pretty comfortably when Sing-song himself got turned out of the last of the engagements that he had still hung on to. Then they began to come down hill again, till at last, one day when there was nothing in the house for the mother or the child to eat, and, what he cared a great deal more about, nothing for him to get drink with, he got on his stilts. He rolled out all sorts of big words and bits of plays about being neglected and hard done by, and cried out as he wouldn't bear it any longer, but would put an end to himself. Most women would have told him that was about the best thing he could do, but she, poor thing, only cried and begged of him not to take on so, and said that she would see what could be

done; and that was the beginning of her taking to selling the creases. Her clean, neat appearance soon got her a good round among the better sort of houses, and though people mightn't think it, there is a good deal more made out of such things as creases, when you really do a trade in 'em, than out of needle-work. He saw that fast enough, and that was what set him on to sending the child out to sell. The mother fought against that harder than she ever fought against anything, but she gave way in the end, when he flared out and talked again of about putting an end to himself. But she felt it none the less for all that, and I believe it has broken her down more than all the rest of her troubles. At any rate she is breaking. Though there is not much more than a handful of her, and for all she is so tender-hearted in some things, she has one of your reg'lar die-in-harness spirits. She struggles on to keep the pot a boiling, as the sayen is, but she is dying on her feet; there's death writ on her face. Hers has been a mighty hard journey, but it's about finished now. She's pretty nigh home, sir, where, as you know, the Book says 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' If it was only her that was concerned, it would perhaps hardly be worth while meddling with things; but if you could do anything for the little girl, could get her into an institution, or something of that kind, it would be a good deed."

"That will be a difficult sort of matter to accomplish against the will of a parent," I said; "however, I shall call and see the family." And with this assurance I took my leave of Buy-'em-of-the-grower, thinking more highly of him than I had ever done before, though I had always entertained a good opinion of him.

Two days later I called at the home of the Thompsons, where I found the mother and child busily engaged in "bundling" water-creases. The place was woefully ill-furnished, but unlike the majority of such scantily-furnished homes, was thoroughly clean, and the mother and child might be said to be in keeping with the home in that, though very poorly clad, they were scrupulously neat and clean. The real age of the mother was probably little, if any, more than thirty, but toil and trouble had so aged her that

she might easily have been taken to be fifty. The age of Sweet Lavender, as it appeared she was generally called, was ten, and she was a well-grown, pretty-looking child of her years; such a child as others beside old Buy-'em would have thought it shame and pity to send street-selling. As yet, however, it was easy to see that the nature of the child had not suffered deterioration from her way of life. Whatever of evil influence there might be in such a life had fallen from her innocency of mind as from a shield, and the teaching that amid all her trials her mother had found means to bestow upon her, had fallen upon good ground. She was well-mannered; though she had never been to other than a Sunday-school, she was a fair scholar, and more than all, she had been taught a lesson but too seldom, alas! taught to the children of the very poor—to seek her Creator in the days of her youth.

After this first visit I called pretty frequently, and the mother was always pleased to receive me, but it was evident she did not care to speak about her past life. She bore her cross not only bravely, but uncomplainingly, uttering no murmur on her own account, no word of reproach against the worthless husband who had brought her to this low estate. In any endeavour to interfere in the family arrangements Sing-song Thompson had, therefore, to be considered and consulted, and whenever I attempted to hint to him that the manner in which his daughter was employed was not, perhaps, all that could be desired for a young girl, or began to sound him on the subject of trying to get her admitted into some institution where she would be fitted for better things, he, in the phrase of Buy-'em-of-the-grower, got on his stilts, and talked very grandiloquently of his own flesh and blood, an Englishman's home being his castle, insults offered to misfortune, and the like. So, with all the will to serve Sweet Lavender, I could not see my way to doing it; and indeed, seeing that my visits were—after I had broken the ice with the father—likely to do her and her mother harm rather than good, I made my calls few and far between.

I had learned nothing of the family that materially added to the knowledge that I had previously gathered from what Buy-'em-of-

the-grower had told me. I told him of the failure of my efforts, whereupon with a half-sigh, he exclaimed—

“Ah, well, in course I’m sorry, sir, very sorry, but at the same time I can’t say that I’m much surprised. I pretty well expected as how he’d block the way; he is the out-and-outest bad lot that ever I did come across, and I’ve known some baddish customers, mind you. However, there is this in it, sir, as the Book says, though ‘the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak,’ and the wife’s health won’t let her go slaving on much longer, and when she can’t work for him you’ll see Mr. Sing-song will take himself off, and then, if no better offers for ’em, why neither mother nor child shall want a friend while I have a home to call my own, or one coin to rub agen another.”

He spoke in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, but he was none the less earnest on that account. He deliberately meant what he said, and when, about a year later, the day of trial came, he nobly kept his word.

That Sing-song Thompson was a “bad lot,” there could be no doubt. It was palpable that he was, and had been a thoroughly bad man—vain, bombastic, utterly and cruelly selfish, lazy, cunning, and a drunkard. In estimating his character, however, at the period when I came to know him, I differed on one material point from Buy-’em-of-the-grower. I was led to the conclusion that while there was a good deal of badness, there was also a little madness in his composition. It appeared to me that the shocks and irritation to which his overweening vanity must have been subjected in the course of his downward career, had, in conjunction with hard living and hard drinking, affected his brain, and was slowly but surely undermining it further every day. This view, as the event proved, was correct. The following winter was a very severe one, and the suffering it entailed quite broke down Mrs. Thompson, despite the strongest efforts of her too willing spirit. An attack of ague and low-fever laid her prostrate. She had been confined to her bed for two days without having received the slightest medical aid, before the neighbours knew that she was ill. When they did discover how matters stood, the women in the street expressed their feeling by publicly, and in no very gentle style, “crying shame” on the

husband for his neglect. Under this goading Sing-song Thompson rushed excitedly to the relieving office, and peremptorily demanded assistance. On an attempt being made to question him, he at once "got upon the stilts," and after denouncing the officials as a "menial pack," utterly unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath as such a man as he, stalked out of the office and was seen no more at his home until a little after midnight—the "closing time" of the public-houses. He was then carried there full of drink, and a raving lunatic. Before noon he was removed by the proper authorities. But those intervening hours of terror had been sufficient to snap the last frail thread of life in the unfortunate wife. Ill as she was she had struggled from her bed to assist in the task of restraining and soothing her husband, and when after his removal she lay down again, it was to die—and she knew it. Her life for years past had, in very deed, been a life of sorest hardship and bitterest trial, but the end at last was peace. Buy-'em-of-the-grower and two female neighbours, who had volunteered their services as nurses, were with myself around her bed when the great change came. Kind faces met her dying glances, kindly hands lovingly and reverently closed her eyes for her last long sleep. As regarded herself she seemed not to fear death, but to welcome it as a friend and deliverer. But the thought of her child seemed to weigh heavily upon her mind, and so to speak, to still chain it to this world. Though for a long time she lay silent, and with closed eyes, the workings of the thin, worn face told of a spirit ill at ease.

"O, my child, my poor child!" she at length feebly groaned out. "What will become of her? If I could but know that she had a friend I should die happy."

She opened her eyes and looked round appealingly till her gaze met that of Buy-'em-of-the-grower's. It was evident that he wished to speak, but was too strongly moved at the moment to command his voice. She fixed her eyes eagerly upon his face, and the changing expression of her own countenance showed that something in his looks had given rise to a feeling of hope in her breast. She became strongly agitated, and seeing this, the old man by a powerful effort controlled his emotion so far as to

be able to speak. Taking her hand in his, sinking gently on to his knees by the bedside, and speaking in a low, earnest tone, he said—

“She shall never want a friend while I live. Please God, I'll be a father to her as long as health and strength is left to me, and try to fit her to earn a living for herself by the time I'm past earning one for her.”

She had slightly raised her head, but now she let it fall back on the pillow, and, with a sigh of relief, exclaimed—

“Oh, I am so happy! God is very good to me!”

After this there was stillness and silence again for a minute or two, and then guiding his hand to her lips, she kissed it, and as she did so murmured—

“You good, good man; you true Christian.”

Buy-'em-of-the-grower<sup>1</sup> was not only affected, but confused by this expression of the dying woman's gratitude, and being at a loss what to say, fell back upon “the Book,” muttering, rather incoherently, and yet not altogether unaptly, “Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.” Presently, becoming calmer, he gently withdrew his hand from hers, and in a kindly, significant tone, said, “There are other things to be remembered, Mrs. Thompson.”

She understood his meaning, and turning her gaze on me, said, in as emphatic a tone as her weakness would allow of—

“I can pray with you now, sir.”

I had before prayed with her, but though she had attempted to join in the words, her thoughts had evidently been elsewhere. Now, however, with her mind relieved by Buy-'em-of-the-grower's generous promise, she listened to my prayer with all intensity and fervency of spirit, occasionally repeating words of it after me, or giving vent to some prayerful exclamation of her own. “Father, receive my spirit!” “Saviour, take me home!” were the last articulate words she uttered. Her lips continued to move as if in prayer for some time afterwards, and to judge from the smile that dawned upon her face when the spirit had passed to Him who gave it, with her death had no sting and the grave no victory.

I have said that his neighbours credited Buy-'em-of-the-

grower with the possession of an "old stocking," and they were right. He *had* "money to the good," and out of his savings he paid for a modest funeral for Sweet Lavender's mother, and the child's father dying a few weeks later, there was none to interfere with the old man's intention of adopting her. From the hour he took her under his roof, no father could have been kinder to her, or more thoughtful about her than he was, and certainly no child could have loved a parent more fondly than she grew to love him. It was a pleasant sight to see the proud and happy look of the old man, as all dressed in their "Sunday best" he trotted off to chapel with his son and his adopted daughter on either side of him; and to the few who were privileged to witness the scene, it was yet a pleasanter sight to see the three seated around the fire of their cozy little living room reading their evening chapter from the Book, "verse and verse about."

When the girl was about fourteen, young Buy-'em went into the service of a large market gardener, and only came home to his father's on Sundays. When she was about sixteen I heard incidentally that they were "keeping company," and meeting the old man some little time afterwards, I asked him if such was the case.

"Well, you may say it is, and you may say it isn't," was the answer. "They haven't said anything to me right out yet, and as I can trust them both, I haven't asked 'em; but all the same they are as good as sweethearting. I do believe now, you know, that they must have been a sort of little sweethearts that there time, you remember, when he got the black eye for her. Between you and me, sir, it's making a man of him. I can tell you how it is. He's said to himself, 'I should like to have Sweet for a wife, but I should like too to have a nice home to offer her, and to be able to keep her like a little lady as she is, and so I shall go in hard for trying to make something of myself.' 'Go-a-head' is his motto, and he don't mean standing still."

In one sense, at any rate, it turned out that young Buy-'em certainly did not mean to stand still, for, provided with a little capital, made up of some savings of his own and part of his

father's, he emigrated to Canada, and commenced farming there on his own account. Before he went Sweet Lavender and he were formally plighted; and at the end of five years he returned to make her his wife, and take her and his father back with him. He was even then a comparatively well-to-do man, and in a fair way to in time become a rich one.

I took my own farewell of my "coster" friend as the ship was leaving the dock. I found him sad of mood, but characteristically finding consolation for himself in "the Book," as he invariably styled the Bible.

"I had always thought, sir," he said, with a slight tremble in his voice, "to have had my old bones laid beside my wife's, but, after all, sir, it don't matter much, it was only a fancy of mine. If we do but live as the Book tells us, it don't matter whether we are buried in England or Canada, or as far as that goes, at the bottom of the sea. There is no knowledge in the grave; and we shall all meet again on the great day, when in the twinkling of an eye the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and the mortal put on immortality." He was looking dreamily skyward as he spoke, and his gaze was still fixed above till he became lost to my sight.

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### "O PILGRIM, COMES THE NIGHT SO FAST?"

O PILGRIM, comes the night so fast?  
 Let not the dark thy heart appall,  
 Though loom the shadows vague and vast,  
 For Love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see  
 Through tears that gather fast and fall;  
 Too great to perish Love must be,  
 And Love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and pain,  
 Our troubled space of days so small;  
 We shall not stretch our arms in vain,  
 For Love shall save us all.

O pilgrim, but a moment wait,  
 And we shall hear our darling's call  
 Beyond Death's mute and awful gate,  
 And Love shall save us all.

—*Scribner's for March.*



## INDIAN MISSION WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY J. E. M'MILLAN.

## II.

THE consistency and religious zeal of the converted Indians are as remarkable as praiseworthy. It is customary in the spring of the year for a number of the Fort Simpson Indians to go to the mines at Cassiar, finding employment on the way as packers. During the spring of 1876 several Tshimpsean Indians engaged to pack a quantity of goods for a company of miners, and worked faithfully day after day until Saturday evening came, when tents were pitched. Sunday morning the miners prepared to proceed on their journey, but were quietly informed by their native packers that they could not do so, it being the Sabbath day, on which they would do no work. The miners stormed and swore and threatened what they would do if the Indians did not proceed, but all to no purpose; they would not move, so the miners had to yield to circumstances they could not control, and keep the Sabbath day. The reading of the Bible and singing hymns occupied the time during the day, and on Monday morning they proceeded on their journey, all the better for having enjoyed a day of rest.

Fort Wrangel is the chief stopping-place for miners and traders going to and returning from the Cassiar mines. Besides a military and an Indian camp, there are a larger number of miners and traders who make that their place of rendezvous and residence. A more ungodly place could scarcely be found on the face of the earth. The population was almost wholly given over to drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery of the worst kind, and there were none to reprove their wickedness until the spring of 1876, when several Fort Simpson Indians arrived there *en route* for the mines. As the river was not free of ice, the town was full of people awaiting the opening of navigation, our Indian friends among the rest. In the face of the most adverse circumstances—mocked and jeered at by many of the “superior” white race—

those faithful witnesses for Christ obtained a place that had been used as a dance-house in which to hold religious services, and at once set to work to gather in as many of the natives of the place as they could to hear the word of life. At first the attendance was small, but the number gradually increased till the place was quite inadequate to hold all who sought admission. God owned the labours of those faithful men, and quite a number of the natives of Wrangel were brought from the darkness of heathenism to the light of the gospel, among the rest the head chief of the place.

For weeks and months the voice of praise and prayer were heard daily at Wrangel, the services being conducted wholly by native agency. As the place is under military rule, the commanding officer became much interested in the work, and enforced good order at the meeting. A custom prevailed amongst the Indians there, when one of their number died, of placing the body upon a pile, in the centre of one of their large lodges, setting fire to it, and then dancing and howling around the burning corpse until it was totally consumed. To this horrid practice the Fort Simpson Indians were instrumental in putting an end. They obtained a grant of a piece of land from the commandant of the place for a burial-ground, and buried the first Indian who died thereafter with all the rites peculiar to civilized life. There is now at Wrangel, as the result of the labours of those faithful natives, a mission established under the auspices of the American Presbyterian Church, that place being beyond the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of our Church. Our prayer is that it may prove a blessing to all whites and natives alike who come within the sphere of its influence.

As at Fort Wrangel so at Nass River—the first to carry the message of salvation to that people were the converted natives of Fort Simpson, if we except what little light some of them may have obtained at Mr. Tomlinson's station, near the mouth of the river, which is conducted partly as a trading post and partly as a mission station. As to the extent of spiritual profit derived from this mission, let the Indians themselves bear testimony, as they do in the subjoined address to Rev. Messrs. Green and Crosby. In the face of repeated threats of personal violence did

William Henry Laknate and George Pemberton, both natives of Fort Simpson, visit Nass River and preach Jesus and Him crucified to the people there who sat in heathen darkness. Mr. Crosby shortly followed and repeated the "old, old story," and invited them to come to "the fountain of living waters," and also to "taste and see that the Lord is good." At length the strong hearts began to soften and to yield to the influences of the gospel. Some of the Nass chiefs visited Fort Simpson and also Victoria, attended services in both places, after which they returned to their own homes, convinced that this religion which had been so freely offered to them was well worth accepting. At once the desire to have a missionary became general, and a delegation was despatched to Fort Simpson to confer with Mr. Crosby as to how they might obtain one. Mr. Crosby promised that he would do all he could for them—would write to the missionary authorities at Toronto and lay their case before them, and in the meantime he would visit them himself as frequently as possible.

At the district meeting held in Victoria last spring, Mr. Crosby in reporting upon the work in his circuit, brought up the question of a missionary for Nass River. He told how these people had visited him, how urgently they desired a missionary, what a vast field was there to be taken up, and not fewer than fifteen hundred precious souls calling for the gospel. Something, he said, must be done in answer to this call for the word of life from these perishing heathen, and he begged of his ministerial brethren to join with him in asking the Missionary Committee to appoint a man to Nass River. Every man in that meeting, clerical and lay, heartily sympathized with Mr. Crosby, as, with tears in his eyes, he pleaded the cause of the people of Nass River, but they felt that it would be useless to ask the Missionary Committee to take up new ground in view of the greatly depressed condition of the Missionary Society's finances, and the chairman of the district, for the reasons stated, said he could not recommend an appropriation for that purpose. "Well," said Mr. Crosby, "this call is of God, and *must* be attended to." Mr. Green, whose time would shortly be up at Wellington, said, if appointed to Nass he would go if he should not be guaranteed a dollar for his support.

believing that the God of missions would provide for all his temporal necessities. This occurred on a Saturday afternoon, and when the meeting adjourned Mr. Crosby, as he afterwards remarked, retired to his closet and spent an hour in earnest prayer to God that the way might be opened up for Mr. Green or some one else to go to Nass.

That same evening a prayer-meeting was held at the house of Mr. McKay, in the same room where the first meeting was held in 1869 to consider what could be done for the spiritual welfare of the natives in Victoria, and at that meeting Mr. Crosby was present and asked for the prayers and sympathy of his brethren in behalf of the people of Nass River. He obtained both, and the meeting at once took a very decided missionary character. No one anticipated an appeal for funds on the occasion, nor did any one ask for any. One kind brother, however, remarked that no doubt a fund of fifty dollars might be raised at once, in that room, toward helping forward the cause at Nass River, and that he himself would give ten dollars toward it. Soon \$236 were pledged to aid the cause at Nass. Besides this, \$137.50 were subsequently given for the same cause, not a dollar of which was solicited from any individual.

Mr. Green has been, at the time of writing, a little over three months on his field of labour, and the news thus far received from that interesting mission is not only gratifying, but exceeds anything its most sanguine friends ever anticipated. After reaching Nass River with Mr. Crosby, the chiefs gave them a hearty welcome. One old chief, as he leaned upon his staff, said: "I am getting old; my body is getting weaker every day: I am obliged to have three legs to walk with now (referring to his staff); this tells me I shall soon die; I don't know what hour I shall be called away; I want to hear about the great God, and I want my children to be taught to read the good book I want them to go in the new way; I am tired of the old fashion." Another said, as he pointed up the river: "There are ten tribes of people living up there. Missionary, we give them all to you! Go and see them; they all want to hear about the Great Spirit." Mr. Green then goes on to say: "Brother Crosby stayed with me five days. We held three services each day, and all the

people attended; and the best of all was God was with us, blessing His word, so that this great heathen house was filled with the cries of penitents seeking for salvation, who now stand up in class-meeting and say they are happy in Jesus; so that we have a class of twenty members who profess to have passed from death to life by simple faith in Jesus. We look upon these as the first fruits of what we have abundant cause to hope will be a great and glorious harvest."

In a subsequent letter, dated November 1st, 1877, Mr. Green writes: "The Lord is greatly blessing His word, so that we have had a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit all the time since the first week of our arrival here. The interest does not diminish, but increases every day. Men come daily to ask how they can settle their old heathen dance debts, as they want to love God and be Christians. One old doctor came with tears in his eyes to tell me he was so sorry he talked bad about me and opposed our work. He had not eaten any food nor slept for three days, as his heart was so troubled; and now he wanted me to forgive him and pray with him. We knelt down and prayed together, and God answered our prayer by setting his soul at liberty." "My congregations," he further adds, "average about five hundred. They all come to prayer-meeting, and one hundred meet in class."

Never were a people more anxious to receive the light of the gospel, and thousands along the whole coast of this province are, like the Macedonians of old, calling aloud for the missionaries of the cross to "come over and help them." "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." Our prayer is that the Lord will send more labourers into this part of His vineyard, and that friends may be raised up in Ontario and other provinces, with warm hearts and large purses, who will aid the Fort Simpson and Nass River Missions. The following is a copy of an address presented to Mr. Green and Mr. Crosby, on the occasion of their first visit to Nass River, and with this I shall close the present communication:

"We, the chiefs and people of the Nass, welcome you from our hearts on your safe arrival here to begin in earnest the mission work you promised us last spring when you visited us. We have seen the mission carried on about fifteen miles

from us, at the mouth of the river, for many years, but cannot see much good it has done to our poor people ; but as you say you do not come to trade with us, but only to teach us, we think it will be very different under your instruction, and we tell you that we will do what we can to assist you in the good work.

"Our past life has been bad—*very bad*. We have been so long left in darkness that we fear you will not be able to do much for our old people, but for our young we have great hopes. We wish from our hearts to have our young men, women, and children read and write, so that they may understand the duties they owe to their great Creator and to each other.

"You will find great difficulties in the way of such work, but great changes cannot be expected in one day. You must not get discouraged by a little trouble, and we tell you again that we will all help you as much as we can.

"We believe this work to be of God. We have prayed as you told us, and now we think that God has heard our prayers and sent you to us, and it seems to us like the day breaking in on our darkness, and we think that before long the Great Sun will shine upon us and give us more light.

"We hope to see the white men that settle among us set us a good example, as they have had the light so long they know what is right and what is wrong. We hope they will assist us to do what is good, that we may become better and better every day by following their example.

"We again welcome you from our hearts, and hope that the mission here will be like a great rock, never to be moved or washed away ; and in order to this we will pray to the Great Spirit that His blessing may rest upon this mission and upon us all.

"Signed,

"CHIEF OF THE MOUNTAINS,

"And six other Chiefs."

VICTORIA, B. C.

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### A LIFE MOTTO.

"I LIVE for those that love me,  
 For those who know me true ;  
 For the Heaven that smiles above me  
 And waits my coming too.  
 For the cause that needs assistance,  
 For the wrongs that need resistance,  
 For the future in the distance,  
 For the good that I can do."

## WILLIAM BRAMWELL, OR THE HIGHER LIFE EXEMPLIFIED.

BY THE REV. GEO. O. HUESTIS.

THIS remarkable man of God, and successful minister of Jesus Christ, was born at Elswick, Lancashire, England, in 1759. His parents being strongly attached to the Established Church, and religiously inclined, endeavoured so to train their children as to imbue their minds with respect and veneration for the Church, the Bible, and the Sabbath. There was, however, in their instructions nothing concerning the necessity of a change of heart, and of inward holiness. Their highest ideal of religion seemed to be the avoidance of gross sins, and a rigid adherence to the forms and ceremonies of the Church. To visit any other place of worship was considered a serious wrong, and subjected the offender to the stern rebuke of the father who was very strict in governing his household. The subject of this sketch, however, in after life, often with grateful feelings, spoke of the moral benefit he had received from parental restraints in early life.

One of the leading excellencies of the father's character, which was inherited by the son, was an unfaltering love of the truth. Even, while in his unconverted state, William was never known to tell a lie. A good basis this for a work of grace. The awakening influences of the Holy Spirit exercised his mind when he was ten years of age. Those serious impressions and convictions never wholly left him until he was converted to God. In his sixteenth year he removed to Liverpool to assist a brother who was there engaged in mercantile pursuits. Soon after this he engaged in another business in Preston, and gave great satisfaction to his master by his strict adherence to truth. Once when a salesman was extolling an article as of superior quality, and to strengthen his statements, appealed to Mr. Bramwell, he was much surprised to hear him say, "No sir, the quality of that leather is not as good as you have represented it." Such faithfulness would by some, in commercial circles, be regarded as quite unnecessary, if not blameworthy.

His convictions of sin now began to deepen, and in order to obtain divine knowledge he gave special attention to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. The sinfulness of his heart and life greatly troubled him. In deep patience before God he resorted to fasting, self-denial, and incessant prayer. Associating much with members of the Roman Catholic Church, who seemed to manifest more zeal in religion than other people, he was led to think that he must punish the body for the good of the soul. At midnight he would go to the kitchen, and when the household were asleep would sprinkle a corner of the floor with the coarsest sand he could obtain, and there, on his knees in pain, spend hours pleading with God for the forgiveness of sins. To mortify the body he would walk, after his day's work, ten miles to his father's house, and return the same night without any refreshment.

But deliverance was at hand. He had prepared himself, as well as he knew how, to partake of the Lord's Supper; and while receiving the sacred elements from a pious clergyman, he obtained a clear sense of God's forgiving love. All his mental sufferings at once forsook him. He was now a happy believer. He seemed alone in the world, for none of his friends or associates understood the secret of experimental religion. Gratitude to God filled his heart, while the language of praise was on his lips. About this time a friend lent him the works of the Rev. J. Wesley, but he returned them without a perusal, assigning as a reason that he feared such erroneous doctrine as he understood the Methodists taught would corrupt his mind and destroy his religion. Providentially led to form an acquaintance with a member of the Methodist Society at Preston, he was soon invited to hear their preachers. Overcoming his scruples, he at length did so. He was greatly pleased and profited, exclaiming, with joy beaming in his eyes, "This is the kind of preaching I have long wanted to hear. These are the people with whom I am resolved to live and die." His soul was again set at liberty, and he was enabled to rejoice in the God of his salvation.

Soon he was found labouring with great success as a local preacher. His mind was much exercised in reference to his call to the ministry. Oftimes he seemed in an agony respecting the



matter. On one occasion he spent thirty-six consecutive hours in earnest prayer for light on the subject. God was pleased to bless many souls through his preaching. This is one of the best evidences of a Divine call to the work.

Although now walking in the fear of the Lord, and enjoying the comfort of the Holy Ghost, Bramwell began to perceive that a further work of grace was necessary. For some time he sought with diligence the full salvation he saw in the provisions of the Gospel. But he obtained not because he sought it by works, and not by faith. Becoming conscious of his error, and being willing to accept it as a free gift, he soon realized the liberty of the sons of God. In describing his experience he says, "Heaven came down to earth; it came to my soul. I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking." Soon, greatly tried in reference to confessing the blessing, he boldly declared what God had done for his soul. He ever after entertained the opinion that this grace cannot be retained unless acknowledged.

At the request of Mr. Wesley, he now, for a short time, filled a vacancy on the Liverpool Circuit. Several letters from Dr. Coke, the eminent missionary, urging him to become an itinerant, induced him to do so. Obtaining a horse, an essential part of an itinerants outfit, he started, in mid-winter, on a journey of three hundred miles. It was soon apparent that he was admirably adapted for the work of a Methodist preacher. His preaching was in the demonstration of the Spirit, and in power. Wherever he went the Divine presence seemed to go with him. A heavenly influence often filled the place where he ministered in holy things. Sinners were awakened and led to Jesus while believers were built up in holy love. Yet, though favoured with manifest tokens of the Divine approval, he was, at times, strongly tempted to abandon the work.

Undaunted by the perils of persecution he fearlessly denounced error and preached the truth. Once where a vast concourse were assembled to witness the execution of seven young men, he began to preach, but was soon interrupted by loud cries of "Knock him down! kill him!" But he persevered and was unharmed. In 1787 we find him on the Blackburn Circuit enjoying, for the first

time, the comforts of domestic life. Home duties, however, never interfered with proper attention to circuit work. Here he was eminently successful, though he suffered much for Christ's sake. He was obliged, sometimes, to pass a place where several bull dogs were kept. These were generally let loose upon him, and often his legs were dreadfully torn by those fierce animals. His only weapon of defence was a large staff pointed with iron. This he kept many years as a memorial of his conflicts.

His power in prayer was remarkable. In many cases the answers were so distinct and immediate that they seemed more like miracles than ordinary answers to prayer. Several remarkable occurrences of this kind are mentioned in his life by Mr. Sigston. In 1818 he was at Conference, held at Leeds, residing with his warm friend and brother, Mr. Sigston. His conversation and general bearing at the house was so heavenly that all felt that he was indeed filled with the Holy Ghost. All his sayings seemed to possess a Divine power. To a friend he remarked, "My brethren have appointed me to return to Salford. But they will never give me another earthly station, for it is my hope to be in heaven before next Conference." At night after retiring to rest he was heard praying with great fervency, "O Lord, prepare me for Thy kingdom, and take me to thyself." Expecting to leave early in the morning for Manchester, he came down stairs at half-past two, and after partaking of some refreshment, and offering prayer with the servant, he left the house. Only a few moments elapsed when a messenger brought the intelligence that he was dying in the lane. A physician was in attendance in a few moments, but all was over, the vital spark had fled. Thus passed away to glory one of the sainted heroes of early Methodism.

MAITLAND, N.S.

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## THE ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

BY D. D. WHEDON, D.D., LL.D.

No topic of theology is at the present hour so prominently in the public mind as this. A large class of newspaper writers are unfriendly to evangelical religion, and would gladly make out that hell is a fiction. Much of the popular literature of the day is permeated with the sentimentalism that arrays a fatherly sympathy against the justice of God as a moral Governor. The Universalism of forty years ago, that deemed all punishment after death, and opened heaven with its glories to a Paine and an Ingersoll reeking with blasphemies, has been compelled to change its face, and proclaim for impenitent sinners a punishment beyond the grave. It may be of a thousand years' duration ; it may be a million : but somewhere in the ages of eternity it will come to an end. If it can be made clear that there is a certainty of getting out of hell, even at the end of a million years, the getting in is to multitudes seemingly a matter of small moment. "My friend," once said the venerable Frederic Upham, "I recommend you if hell does not last but a fortnight to keep out of it."

The plan and purpose of God were most certainly the ultimate salvation of the whole race, which only the perverseness of the race itself could defeat. That perverseness is continually manifest in spite of all the appliances of infinite love, and there is no known reason why it may not continue the same forever. We carry with us beyond the grave the characters with which we come to our final hour of earth. In so far as any change thereafter is a question of the power of God, the case is not changed at all by the passage into eternity. For omnipotence can no more trespass upon or force moral

freedom there than it can here. It is, then, a false putting of the case to say that God can stop men's sinning if he will. He can, indeed, stop it, as he did in Noah's time by the sweeping destruction of the flood ; but destruction is not salvation. And who shall say that some men in the exercise of their freedom and indulgence of their hate will not forever choose sin, and determinedly refuse any and all terms of reconciliation with God, even were reconciliation possible after death ?

We may be sure that God will be forever true both to Himself and man, and He will therefore, whatever may be the outcome, deal with man in accordance with the laws of the nature which He has given him. One of those laws is the permanence of character. We commonly expect him whose character is formed, to continue what he has become. The apostasy from Christ of John Wesley or Jonathan Edwards in old age would have shocked the world : it had become a moral impossibility ; and it is well known that the conversion of an aged sinner is seldom witnessed. Character hardens and solidifies with the passing years, and opposing motives and appeals steadily lose their power. This law men carry with them into the future world, both the saint into paradise, and the wicked into perdition ; and character will abide and go on hardening and solidifying. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Put with this the law of superinduced inability. Closing the eyes to the light, and refusing to hear and obey the truth, weaken and sometimes destroy the power to see and hear and obey. Wilful and long

persistence in sin results in inability to repent. Some of the Jews in our Saviour's time furnish a sad illustration; "Though He had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on Him, . . . therefore they could not believe." They *did not*—then, they *could not*. Now, if a continued refusal or neglect of the Gospel may thus ingrain the character and induce increasing diminution of power to repent in this world, and the soul carries its laws with it into eternity, how shall he repent there who has here utterly squandered and destroyed his soul's power of repentance?

But repentance is not the prescribed condition of salvation. The rich man in torment repented but it availed him nothing. It is too often forgotten by debaters on this subject that the moral government under which we are living is one of recovery of fallen and lost men through a redemptive scheme. "The wrath of God abideth" on all who refuse acceptance of Christ as a Saviour, while no one who comes to Him is or will be rejected. Repentance blots out no sin; faith in Jesus blots out all sin. The proclamation of mercy is to all who will take Him as their Mediator, and the dying sinner of a hundred years, believing, finds mercy, while the sinner of a day finds none. The point of test is in their treatment of Christ. And, as here the crowning sin is in rejection of Him, the chief element in the final condemnation will be, not the number, or the greatness, or long continuance of sin committed, but the neglect of the salvation offered and the failure to love Christ. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema;" and from this lies no appeal. Now, we have "one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus," the crucified Saviour, the living Intercessor, the final Judge. The period is coming when His work of mediation will cease; when, immediately following is the final judgment, "He shall have delivered

up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," said Jesus; and His work of intercession will then be forever done. If, then, salvation is attainable only by faith in Him, and His redemptive work ceases with this delivering up of the mediatorial kingdom, deliverance for the unsaved is thenceforth impossible.

There is coming a day of Judgment. At that time there will be two classes of men, the righteous and the wicked, standing before the Son of Man, their final Judge. The decisions of that day will be judicial decisions; its awards will be judicial awards; and *both must stand until they are judicially reversed*. Any other principle would make an earthly government a fluctuation and a sham, full of uncertainty and instability; and God will expose His government to no such possibilities or imputations. Among men, if new testimony is found, if the law has been misinterpreted, or if injustice has been done, a remedy is found in a new trial or an appeal to a higher court; nevertheless, the decree stands until it is reversed. But in that great day the Judge will know the law, and will make no mistake in its interpretation, and the whole testimony will be before Him. His awards will be judicial awards. There is no higher court; there can be no new trial; there is no reassembling of the tribunal; there will be no suspension of the pronounced doom. The awards of that day must stand forever, without possibility or hope of reversal. The sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed," will be irrevocable. Pardon on repentance is not the divine plan now, and it cannot be then. Pardon in the exercise of sovereignty, in abrogation of sovereignty, in abrogation of the decree of the great tribunal, would be a contradiction of Himself which God will not perform. And if to any this seems severe and shocking, let him remember the in-

finite love which gave the Son of God to prevent it, the tears and bleedings of Jesus over lost men, the agonies of Gethsemane, the shed blood of Calvary, the warnings and invitations of the Gospel, and the movings of the blessed Spirit, and that, in spite of all God can do, men refuse to be saved. It is shocking; but if men *will* be eternally damned, how can God prevent it? . . .

How widely the opinion prevails that hell is a place of physical torment, we do not know. The Scriptures do employ such weighty expressions as these: "Outer darkness," the "place of torment," "everlasting fire," "the furnace of fire," "the fire that never shall be quenched, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth." None of these is taken from the book of Revelation. Now, whether they should be interpreted literally or figuratively, who shall say? If the former, they are terrible enough without the least addition by medieval painter or modern preacher, if addition be even possible. If the latter, they are no less terrible, for types and figures only shadow forth the reality, and the mental woe suggested by such a word as "fire" must be indescribable. It should be observed, moreover, that the expressions are found in plain prose, where we do not commonly look for poetic figures; but in no case can any reasonable interpretation take from them their fearful significance.

Dr. Farrar protests with some vehemence, over and again, against dependence on texts and passages accepted as teaching the endlessness

of future retribution, to the neglect of the whole scope and tenor of the Scriptures, and the known character of God. It might be said that that scope and tenor must be gathered from the body of texts and passages which make up the Bible, and it is certainly wrong to wrench any text from its meaning in its connection. Now, the tenor of Scripture is that God in infinite love has provided a remedy for sin, which, with intense earnestness, He urges upon sinners, telling them most plainly that only by it have they possible hope of salvation. With this as its scope, no reliance on special texts is needed to learn that hurt must follow rejection of Christ, while they may and do show the measureless magnitude of that hurt. Yet he falls into the very error which he declaims against. Besides collecting half a dozen pages of texts, including "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," to show that hell is not endless, he is compelled by the force of "one or two passages" to declare that he is "unable to adopt the Universalist opinion;" and in one of the four places where he repudiates it, he assigns as a reason that "it is impossible for us to estimate the hardening effect of obstinate persistence in evil, and the power of the human will to resist the law and love of God." If the notion of material "fire" were eliminated from the Romish doctrine of Purgatory, what might be left would quite fairly exhibit Dr. Farrar's position, though he would *call* it by some other name.—*Methodist Quarterly Review* for April.

## THE SKEPTICAL SPIRIT, EVOLUTION, AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ATONEMENT.

BY THE REV. W. B. POPE, D.D.,

*President of the Wesleyan Conference, England.*

Our own is not a more critical and scrupulous age than its predecessors. What distinguishes it is this, that its inquiries and doubts are at once superficial and exceedingly bold; a combination, when religion is in question, to be trembled at. The tremendous questions which used to be agitated in polemical folios and quartos are now discussed in the pages of monthly and quarterly serials, where too much of the theological controversy of the day is conducted, by writers the best of whose time is often otherwise occupied, and who devote its fragments and interstices to speculations on the problems of human existence. But this is too grave a matter for pleasantry or satire. What I was going to say is this, that controversy is not confined to our age, or to any one age. The doctrines of the Faith are given to us as it were under this condition: that they must be constantly defended, and become brighter and more precious in the process. This is the price we pay for the inestimable blessing of an inspired revelation. I sometimes think that we chafe unduly under this burden; thinking of it too much as the result of human perverseness and too little as the ordinance of Divine wisdom. It is part of our probation. The cross laid upon us by our Lord is not only ethical; it is doctrinal also; or, rather, the most refined form of self-crucifixion is the moral sacrifice of our reason, or our ratiocination to the claims that Divine truth makes on our faith. Was not this in our Lord's thoughts on that only occasion when He spoke of our burden

and of our rest? He had been denouncing the most solemn and extreme judgments on those who despised His teaching; He had been uttering with thanksgiving His human submission to the awful truths committed to His incarnate mind; and then He spoke out to all future generations, and promised rest to all who should, in the spirit of His meekness and lowliness, bear His yoke. There is no such test of our meekness as the pressure of His own most sacred words. Is that yoke easy, is that burden light, which requires us to say, "Even so, Father!" to all those most dread revelations of the future which the Son hath taught? Does it not require the most profound humility before God, and meekness before man, to receive and to echo the Master's words when He looked up to heaven and said, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," or when He pointed to the Gehenna of another world, and likened it to the Jerusalem Gehenna, with this most vital difference, that there "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?" These are the two uttermost extremes of His imposition on our faith. But how many exactions are there intermediate between these! What deep submission does it need to hear Him say, and believe Him when He says, of the most fragile infants of the human race, that "their angels do always behold the face of my Father," having a spiritual and eternal existence in His presence! And when He declares that "for every idle word that man shall speak he shall give account!" I cannot pursue this sub-

ject. Suffice, that he who sits at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth should cry aloud for the Ephphatha before he listens, and must expect to hear mysteries which even then he can accept only in the faith of the heart which assents, "Even so, Lord!" while the reasoning of the mind may silently murmur, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it." We are so familiar with the great revelation that we are apt to be startled when some of its most thought-oppressing truths are brought with more than ordinary vividness before our minds. I may well repeat to you that the terms of discipleship are the same as the terms of salvation. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

This settles for ever to us the inspiration and authority of Holy Scripture. There are difficulties which it is beyond our power to solve. We must use our best endeavours to acquaint ourselves with the results of the latest investigations, and be thankful when they clear away the mists here and there. But we have to carry some to the Mount of Transfiguration, before the glory of which they all must needs vanish. There the Old Testament Scriptures, as it were, ask His authentication and receive it. And there we are bidden to hear Him who ratifies the old biblical records and gives us new. Meanwhile, we must needs hear science also; but with pre-occupied and defended ears. Just now, the question turns upon the interpretation of the earliest Mosaic record. The hypothesis of development urges its claims. If this is maintained by Materialists we may disdain the controversy. If those who insist that a principle of continuity, or continuous evolution, has been made the law of the construction of the universe of which man is the crown, it is our wisdom to wait until the hypothesis is disen-

cumbered of difficulties that seem fatal to it. Meanwhile, it is equally our wisdom not to be alarmed at anything which scientific reason may enforce upon Christian faith. The principle of evolution may have been used by the Supreme in His wisdom; not according to the working of Natural selection—a phrase that common sense abhors—but in a way that neither science nor theology can yet explain, and in perfect consistency with His own record. But, whatever affinity we may admit between our first father created from the dust and the beasts that perish, we must remember that the first note of the Bible about man, that his better part came from the Divine breath, and that he was created in the image of God, is of transcendent importance. With that breath began the eternity of the human creature; and a race of immortal spirits was linked with the mortal frame of humanity.

To return, however. Our Lord, we are pledged to hear: we have staked our reason, our faith, our hope, our all, on His lightest authentic Word. Let me beg you to consider well all that this involves. He has guaranteed to us the ancient Scriptures, and assured us of the permanent presence of the Holy Spirit in the writings of His apostles. It is a great privilege to be permitted to take refuge in this essential presupposition of apologetics. It does not preclude the labours of apologists; their labours are abundant, and they have been greatly blessed. It is my deep and firm conviction that the battle is turning at all points against the assailants of the integrity of Holy Writ. But I am writing to you as to those who have not much time to read this defensive literature. Remember the priceless value of the right you have to set your Master's word in the place—if need be—of all other evidences whatsoever.

It is matter of common observation that, while there is always around us a spirit of skepticism, con-

ceiving and bringing forth the doubt which when it is finished brings forth disbelief, there is generally one particular form of it that takes the lead in disturbing sincere minds. This remark, however, must be taken with some qualification. As the surrender of any one truth carries with it the surrender of others on which it depends, so strong doubts on any particular point may generally be traced to vacillation on some other more obviously fundamental doctrine. Speaking to you in all simplicity, I should say that the special difficulty on your mind at the present moment—if happily not on your mind as a difficulty, yet pressing on it for others' sake as a vital question—that of the eternal penalty of sin, is closely connected with a more or less implicit or explicit misconception of the Atonement. The root of most of the present distress is there. Time was when the Incarnation was specially assailed; and that assault was felt to be so vital that the whole Church of Christ arose to the defence against antichrist. But now many who accept the Divinity of our Lord—that is, His Incarnate Person—yield to the pressure of human reasoning or sentiment upon the vicariousness of His suffering for our race. We have to decide between two doctrines concerning the great Reconciliation: one which makes it a Divine expedient for moving upon man's enmity and removing his selfishness by giving him a Divine-human Exemplar of the evil of sin; and the other which makes it also the revelation of a process of unsearchable mystery in the heart of the Holy Trinity, a reconciliation of God to man rendering possible the reconciliation of man to God: in short, an Atonement in heaven before the Atonement on earth.

Between these two theories—if the word may be allowed—there is a difference the results of which are

all-pervasive and incalculable. I need only refer to the effect of the former type of doctrine, which is traceable in too much of the theology now counted orthodox. It insensibly but surely lowers the whole tone of the New Testament, while seeming to raise it: and in particular gives an undefinable unreality to its current language concerning the Saviour's relation to human sin and Divine justice. That He was made a curse, that He was made sin for us, that He bore the iniquities of the world, that He suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust; all these are phrases that have lost their deepest meaning. The cross is the beautiful symbol of self-sacrifice; but it is not also the awful scene of the condemnation of sin in the flesh. Hence this view of the Atonement affects deeply the theological estimate of the nature of the Supreme. The Being who is finally and fully revealed in Gethsemane and Calvary is not the God of this type of modern theology. Its God is not the God of the Holy Scriptures. In His government evil should never have existed at all; or, if it existed, must have been visited most tenderly, if not suppressed by instant omnipotence. I put it to you, my reader, whether the gentle Father about whom enthusiasts declare so much is the Very God of the providence of this world of sorrow and of the process of Christ's redemption. Sin itself is, in this theology, something very different from the abominable thing that God hateth, towards which He is a consuming fire. For my own part, I cannot understand this imaginary Judge to whom appeal is made against Himself. But I do find—though I exceedingly fear and quake at finding—in all the Scriptures a Being whose love and whose holiness are one and equal, and who does not “deny Himself” when He separates the wilful sinner for ever from His presence.



## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## THE WAR POLICY.

"Suppose" writes Dr. Sandwith of Kars, in the *Nineteenth Century*, "an English prime minister were to persuade himself and a large section of the public that the security of our dominion in India required the sacrifice, once a year, of twenty innocent natives of both sexes, with every circumstance of cruelty and indignity which could add bitterness to death; and suppose a bill were introduced into Parliament for the purpose of giving practical effect to such conclusion. How many members of Parliament would be found to vote for it? Not one, I believe. The most loyal and submissive of the minister's followers would recoil from participation in the guilt of so great a crime, even though the alternative should be the probable loss of our Indian empire.

"Now, what is the difference, in point of morality, between the policy which I have supposed and that which has found so many advocates in England during the last eighteen months? We have been told on high authority that we are bound for the sake of 'our own interests' to 'uphold' a political system of which we know that one of the inevitable fruits is the periodical torture and slaughter of 'ten thousand or twenty thousand' innocent human beings, to say nothing of other evils which are not periodical but chronic."

These are the words of a British surgeon in Armenia, who has for many years been an eye-witness of Turkish misrule and oppression. It seems to us that his words are especially applicable when England seems to be not drifting, but, as Lord Derby says, "rushing into a purposeless war"—a war for which many of the wisest and best minds in the nation see no adequate cause, and which may result in the unutter-

able agonies and cruel death of many thousands of the husbands, fathers, or sons of English wives, children, or parents, producing poignant anguish throughout the nation.

We have greatly rejoiced at the strong, persistent, and outspoken remonstrance of the English Methodist press against the war policy which seems in favour with a considerable portion of the community. It requires great firmness of principle to protest against the war spirit when the nation's blood is up, and a martial enthusiasm is the prevailing popular sentiment. But this adherence to the teachings of the Gospel will bring with it the benediction pronounced upon the peacemakers; and, when moments of calmer reflection come, will command the reluctant admiration even of the Hotspurs who clamour for war. In a recent issue, the *London Watchman*, the most important Wesleyan paper in Great Britain, speaks thus:

We have consistently advocated peace; and if that course should expose us to the reproach of being peacemongers we can only reply that, under the present existing circumstances, we recoil in disgust from the alternative of being warmongers. The advocates of peace are sometimes rather severely reflected upon, as if they were careless of the credit and honour of their country. But, on the other hand, is it so very creditable to proclaim aloud to all the world that we are prepared to do anything or fight anybody, but that it must be in defence of British interests? Has a spirited foreign policy, then, come to this—that while liberty, life itself, and all that makes life worth having, are at stake for millions of our fellow-creatures, while blood has been shed like water, Great Britain stands coldly by declaring that her "interests" alone

shall weigh with her? Surely the term "spirited" is somewhat out of place; foreign critics account it sordid; and advocates of a policy which has its inspiration solely in our "interests" have but little ground for contempt of those who declare against war altogether. And if we consider only our interests, in one ever memorable sentence Lord Derby has decided the question from that point of view: "Of English interests, beyond all doubt, the greatest is peace." The reproachful term, "Peace at any price," applied to the opponents of war has been very misleading and injurious. It is not for peace, but for war, that the "price," any price, has to be paid, and often paid in vain. Any amount of treasure lavished, and of life expended, any awful "price" paid to ambition, or fanaticism, or lust of gain, is quietly overlooked or craftily thrown into the shade by the advocates of war, and yet they are allowed to taunt those who resist them with "being for peace at any price!" It is high time that the combined arrogance and falsehood of this most deceptive fallacy should cease to impose upon men. Any future struggle among the great European powers is likely to be both bloody and costly beyond all previous experience. When a single shot from a cannon costs five and twenty pounds, besides all charges for transport to the scene of hostilities, it is hard even to imagine, and impossible to calculate, the cost of a war. When a ship that has cost half-a-million, without her stores and armament, can be sent to the bottom in twenty minutes by torpedoes, the price of war has assumed proportions that are simply indefinite. (The Government has lately bought several 100-ton Armstrong guns, at £16,000, without the carriages, which are each very costly.) Then, on land, the forces required for modern campaigns are just nations in arms, nothing less. "To place an army in the field" is a phrase which has in recent

years lost much of its force; to keep it there is the achievement which taxes the belligerent. From almost the commencement of active operations, vast reinforcements have to be poured in; a series of successive armies is in fact required. Thus the accursed conscription is made into a "necessity;" the demon of war demands such hecatombs that the manhood of an entire nation must be laid under contribution to supply them. So it comes to pass that even the joy of a mother in her first-born son is damped by the thought that no sooner has he grown up than he must leave her for military training, and perhaps for a distant and nameless soldier's grave. She rocks the cradle with a pang, at the certain prospect of having, by-and-bye, to yield her darling to the perils of war. The writer has heard such things discussed amid the gladness of a baptismal party. Even in time of peace, the unsettling effect of compulsory military training is severely felt. Just at the age when young men should be getting into some satisfactory position, and perhaps preparing to marry, to be called away from trade or work and be compelled to devote a certain term of the most valuable and critical portion of life to military service, is in itself no slight calamity. And, worst of all, tastes and habits are often formed which affect the after years. If a young man returns to his civil duties, untainted in morals and with his business qualifications and diligence unimpaired, he has escaped dangers of the utmost severity and exhibited extraordinary force of character. Now, is England prepared for compulsory and universal military service, with all its attendant evils? If success did not attend our arms—and of all things the fortune of war is uncertain—it should not be forgotten that the custom of exacting an indemnity from the vanquished has been very much in vogue of late; and from no nation in the world would such an

indemnity be asked as from this nation, if any combination of forces or unforeseen disaster were to involve it in defeat. We will not now dwell upon the cost in suffering, in bloodshed, agony, and misery which has to be accepted and paid as part of the "price" of war. As education becomes more diffused, as the nature and results of war are better understood, perhaps not even the taunt of being desirous for "peace at any price" will arouse the nation's passions. A better educated, more enlightened, and above all, more truly Christian English people, may one day realize that it is for war and not for peace that the fearful price must be paid, and may refuse to pay it in tones which no Cabinet will fail to understand.

We hope, almost against hope, that these wise, Christian, and truly patriotic sentiments will prevail with the English people and English Government. But when one of England's noblest statesmen is mobbed in the street and his windows are broken on account of his opposition to the war clamours of a section of the country, and when high-minded noblemen like Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon are compelled to leave the Cabinet on account of its war policy, we may well apprehend the gravest consequences from that policy, not merely to England, but to the world. Never was there greater need on the part of the Churches of Christendom for pleading importunate prayer that peace and good will, and not war and ill will, may prevail among men.

The *Methodist Recorder* remarks, we think with all the emphasis of truth: "Unless moderate counsels almost immediately prevail, a knell little less than that of doom seems likely to be sounded. The statesman who shall deliberately abandon the attempt to pacify Europe with the help of the concerted Powers, and who shall prefer to risk the unimaginable horrors of a general European war will incur a frightful responsibility."

We think that all our readers will agree with the late utterances of Mr. Gladstone at Greenwich: "There is not a greater act of guilt and shame that a nation can perpetrate in the face of Almighty God and of His suffering creatures than to rush into war without sufficient justifications. May it please God to turn our hearts and minds to the ends of peace."

#### TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

We have before us a copy of the Hon. Mr. Scott's Act respecting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, at present under discussion in the Dominion Parliament. It is a bulky document of thirty-three folio pages. The Act, with certain amendments which we hope it will receive, if it become law and if effective measures are adopted for its enforcement will, we think, be a great improvement on any temperance legislation which the country has yet had. With its general provisions we presume our readers are aware from the daily and weekly journals. The clause requiring that petitions for the submission of the Act to popular vote must be signed by one-fourth of the qualified electors of the county or city, will make it a very arduous work to procure its submission. Seldom more than half the votes of a municipality are polled on any occasion. But, on the other hand, it will ensure that wherever the Act is submitted it will almost certainly be carried. The provisions made for taking the vote are very much better than under the old Dunkin Act. The adoption of the ballot will largely prevent those disgraceful scenes of intimidation and violence which so strikingly characterized the tactics of the Anti-Dunkinites in the late temperance campaign in Toronto and elsewhere. It will also greatly lessen the opportunities and inducements to bribery and corruption. The permission to "any merchant or trader" to sell in quantities of ten gallons or more, when he "has reason to believe" that it is not for

consumption in the district in which the Act is enforced, leaves a wide opening for fraud and collusion. We think some specially authorized agent ought to be appointed, under the most rigid supervision and control, for the vending of this deadly and dangerous poison for medicinal and mechanical purposes. The discussion of this Bill is being closely watched in the legislature both by the agents of the liquor dealers, whose craft is in danger, and by the agents of the Dominion Temperance Alliance. No Act will be satisfactory to the temperance community which does not furnish the means of fairly grappling with this giant evil of intemperance, which so seriously menaces the moral and material welfare of our country.

#### THE LESSONS OF THE CENSUS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Wm. Edwards, Esq., of the Department of Public Works, Ontario, for the following interesting statistics with respect to the several provinces of the Dominion, compiled by him from a comparison of the census of 1871 with that of 1861. The population of Ontario in 1861 was 1,396,091; in 1871 it was 1,620,857, showing an increase of 224,776, or a percentage of 16.08. The population of Quebec in 1861 was 1,111,566; in 1871 it was 1,191,516, being an increase of 79,950, or a percentage of 7.19. In New Brunswick the percentage of increase was 13.31, and in Nova Scotia 17.21—the greatest of any of the four provinces mentioned. The population of these four provinces in 1861 was 3,090,561; in 1871 it was 3,485,761, or an increase of 12.43 per cent. The population of the seven provinces of the Dominion in 1871 was 3,602,596.

The Roman Catholic population of the four larger provinces in 1871 was 1,492,029, being an increase of 8.67 in ten years. The largest relative increase was in Nova Scotia—18.21 per cent.; the least in Ontario

—6.20 per cent. The Protestant population of these four provinces in 1871 was 1,967,534, being an increase of 15.30 per cent. in ten years, or nearly twice as great as that of the Roman Catholic population. The percentage of increase in Ontario was 16.60; in Nova Scotia 17.37; in New Brunswick 13.48; but in Quebec 4.48, where the Roman Catholic increase was nearly twice as much, being 8.12 per cent. The population in 1871 of Prince Edward Island was 94,021; of British Columbia 10,580; of Manitoba 12,228; and of Newfoundland, in 1869, 146,536.

The Methodist population of Ontario in 1871 was 462,264—increase in ten years, 31.93 per cent.; Quebec, 34,100—increase, 10.55 per cent.; New Brunswick, 29,856—increase, 16.45 per cent.; and Nova Scotia, 40,871—increase, 19.62 per cent. In these four provinces it was 567,091, an increase in ten years of 28.56 per cent., which is greater than that of any other body. The aggregate of Presbyterians in these four provinces in 1871 was 544,998, but the increase in ten years was only 15.34 per cent. The aggregate of the Church of England was 494,049, and the increase in ten years only 6.11 per cent.

In ten years the Universalists *decreased* from 6,017 to 4,896. The number of Jews was 1,195, a decrease of 80 in ten years. In Ontario there are reported 1,884 pagans. Most of these are probably Indians on the more remote reserves, and a few Chinese in the cities. Thirteen Mahometans are reported in Ontario, 460 Mormons, 779 Swedenborgians, 1,083 Unitarians, and 7,100 Quakers. The latter sect is gradually declining.

These statistics are exceedingly suggestive and instructive, and, to ourselves as a denomination, exceedingly encouraging. Notwithstanding its aggressive Ultramontanism and its immense resources and marked increase in Quebec—chiefly through the fecundity of the French

population--Roman Catholicism is relatively falling behind, and the several Protestant denominations are rapidly going ahead as elements in the population of the Dominion. To the Protestants of Quebec, however, the prospect is anything but cheering. They are overshadowed by a compact and colossal system of popery, which holds the balance of political power, and acting at the bidding of an Ultramontane hierarchy, menaces the civil rights of the Protestant minority. With the exception of the vast resources of the Church, however, the bulk of the wealth, as well as the preponderance of intelligence, and social and moral influence--especially in the great commercial metropolis of the Dominion, Montreal--is with the Protestant population. Still more conspicuously is this the case in the other provinces.

Amid the intellectual activities of the present day the Church which represses thought, free enquiry, and mental independence must fall behind in the rivalry with communities which cultivate and stimulate these potent elements of material and moral progress. The law of the survival of the fittest is inexorable, and the superstitious mediævalism of the Church of Rome cannot, in the long run, compete in this eager, active nineteenth century with mental emancipation of Protestantism.

N.B. The publisher of this Magazine will give sixteen cents each for copies of the *February* number. Any persons having a copy with which they are willing to part will confer a favour by sending it to his address.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Missionary Notices for March are full of interesting details from various parts of the Mission field. The brethren in India have great difficulties to contend with, but all are full of hope that the idols will be abolished, and that Jesus shall reign. In South Africa the Kaffir war has greatly impeded the labours of God's servants, but there is reason to believe that the sword will soon return to the scabbard. When peace is proclaimed much labour will be required to place the churches in the state in which they were at the outbreak. Transvaal is a fine field for missionary enterprise, but the low state of the funds of the parent Society forbid any extension at present. There is a decrease of three

thousand pounds in the income of the Society for the year ending March 1st.

### LONDON.

During the last sixteen years ninety-one new churches have been erected in London and the suburbs. In ten years six thousand members have been added in the various Metropolitan circuits, and during the same period an addition of fifty-three has been made to the ministerial staff.

The Primitive Methodists stand next to the Parent Body, having increased during the same period twenty-six new churches, twelve hundred members, and nine ministers.

The Methodist New Connexion Missionary Society is about to send

three additional missionaries to China.

#### AUSTRALASIA.

The Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., appears to be enjoying himself among the Churches in the Southern world. He has everywhere met with a cordial greeting. The following item deserves special attention: "At Melbourne District Meeting it was resolved that in the examination of character each member of the meeting should be in his place when the usual questions are put, rise to his feet, and, according to the English usage, answer for himself with regard to his belief and preaching of our doctrines."

#### IRELAND.

Some of the Wesleyans want to

institute an annual lecture in connection with the Conference similar to the Fernley lecture in England.

Great preparations are being made for the union of the Primitive Wesleyans with the Wesleyan Methodists. Union committees are being formed at various central places, and several paternal visits have been made to each other's churches. There is every reason to believe that the union will be a happy consummation.

#### STATISTICAL.

The Methodist Almanac for 1875 furnishes in detail the official summaries of the various Methodist churches throughout the world, from which we learn that there are 28,714 ministers, 67,121 local preachers, and 4,383,888 members.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*The People's Commentary—Brief Notes on the New Testament.* By Amos Binney. 12mo, pp. 706. New York: Nelson & Phillips; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

One of the glories of Methodism is its valuable contributions to Biblical interpretation, comment, and popular exegesis. Wesley's Notes and the noble commentaries of Clarke, Benson, and Coke in the mother country, and of Whedon, Steele, Terry, and Binney in the United States, have kept up the succession of devout Biblical students and commentators from its beginning to the present time. The enterprise of the Methodist Book Concern of New York in projecting and carrying out a comprehensive Commentary on the whole Bible, under the editorial oversight of Dr. Whedon—the New Testament Commentary being almost entirely his own work—has laid the Methodism of the Old World,

where it has been republished, as well as of the New, under great obligation. From a letter recently received from the venerable editor, then in Florida, we learn that he is nearly through the Book of the Revelation, so that the New Testament in five volumes will soon be completed. Of all popular commentaries that we know, we regard this as by far the best. The present volume is not likely in any way to supersede it. Nor is it so designed. There are many persons, however, who cannot afford a commentary in five volumes, who will be glad to get this comprehensive yet compendious one, covering the whole New Testament in one volume. It is a marvel of compression, and of succinct yet not mere cursory treatment of the subject. Its Scripture references are especially full, thus making the Bible largely its own interpreter. The pronunciation of the proper names is carefully marked, another

great advantage to most readers. Mr. Binney spent twenty years of his life on this book, and had just completed it when "he ceased at once to work and live." The volume is beautifully illustrated with coloured maps and numerous engravings. It is just the thing that Sunday-school teachers, and all Bible-readers who cannot procure the larger work, will want to give them the results of the latest studies on the New Testament.

*The Temperance Reform and its Great Reformers.* By the Rev. W. H. DANIELS, A.M. 8vo. pp. 612. Illustrated. New York: Nelson Phillips.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times, one of the brightest auguries of the future, is the great temperance revival which is sweeping, in a wave of blessing, over the country. The popular conscience, long apathetic to the evils of intemperance, is being quickened, beyond all precedent, to a sense of its turpitude, and is being roused to effort for its removal. Many of the most earnest and successful moral reformers of the age throw themselves heart and soul into the temperance work. Some of these whose labours God has most signally blessed are men who have themselves been plucked as brands from the burning, are men into whose own soul the iron has entered. The handsome volume whose title is given above contains a remarkably full record of the Temperance Reform from the Blue Laws of Connecticut and the Father Matthew movement in Ireland down to the "Woman's Crusade" and the Red Ribbon and Murphy Movement. Mr. Daniels writes with eminent good taste and literary skill. The publishers have prepared a large and handsome well printed volume, illustrated by twenty-five engraved portraits of eminent temperance reform workers, of whom graphic life sketches are given. Among these are Dr. Beecher, I. B. Gough, Father Matthew, Dr.

Reynolds, Francis Murphy, Neal Dow, Dr. Fowler, Dr. Talmage, Mr. Moody, and many of the "elect ladies" of the Woman's Crusade. We do not envy the man who can read without emotion the story of the faith, and patience, and love, and zeal, and Christ-like tenderness and pity of those noble women—those Deborahs in this holy war—who, amid obloquy, and reproach, and insult, and injury, prayed their way from tavern to tavern, overcoming evil with good, and in multitudes of instances, procuring the close of dens of iniquity and vice. If Professor Tyndall wanted an application of his "prayer-test" he might have found it in the moral miracles which transformed blaspheming publicans into staunch temperance advocates. The names of "Mother" Stewart, Miss Willard, Mrs. Wittenmeyer and others are cherished as household words in many a heart and their noble work is worthily chronicled in this volume. Its circulation will kindle zeal and suggest successful mothers. The book is sold by subscriptions. Intending agents should correspond with the publishers.

*Twelve Months in Madagascar.*  
By JOSEPH MULLENS, D.D.,  
Foreign Secretary, London Missionary Society. Cr. 8vo. pp. 334. Illustrated, with map. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

The story of the conversion to Christianity of the Island of Madagascar is one of the most remarkable in missionary annals. It may almost be said that a nation was born in a day. The native queen has been indeed a nursing mother to the Church. The story is full of romance and of Christian heroism worthy of apostolic times. The name of Dr. Mullens on the title page of this book will be a guarantee of the accuracy of the statements made. He writes with a full knowledge of the subject. He had unusual opportunities of studying the country and the people. He was deputed to visit

the Government and the Churches by the London Missionary Society, which had befriended them for half a century. He was everywhere cordially welcomed, and came into closest contact with the native population; to an extent, indeed, that no English missionary or traveller had ever done before.

The Doctor testifies of the great religious revolution that has taken place that it is, to use his own words, "a real thing,—that it has affected and improved the nation most powerfully at its heart, the capital of the country, as well as far away in the interior." He received a formal reception from the Queen and visited most of the missions. He gives an accurate map of the country travelled—one example of the many benefits conferred by missionaries to geographical science. The book is handsomely illustrated with engravings of the striking scenery of the country. The extensive towns of Fianarantsoa and Ampanvarinana—the latter, with its large and lofty church, dominating the whole region like the cathedral of a continental town,—and the elegant palace of Her Malagasy Majesty, will be a surprise to most readers. If opportunity offer we shall give a more detailed account of this book.

*Forty Years' Mission Work in Polynesia and New Guinea.* By the Rev. A. W. MURRAY. Cr. 8vo., pp. 509. Illustrated. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

One of the least known regions in the world is the vast island of New Guinea, fifteen hundred miles in length and five hundred in breadth. Even its outline is not yet distinctly known, and much of its interior is a true *terra incognita*. Next to Australia, it is the largest island in the world. Yet in this great island no missionary efforts were made till the year 1871. This book gives a record of forty years of mission life in the adjacent islands of Polynesia and of visits and later efforts in Papua, or

New Guinea,—years of toil, and trial, and triumph, whose record absorbs our interest, awakens our sympathies and inspires our faith. In those summer islands of the Southern Seas with the feathery foliage of their tropic palms, the waveless quiet of their still lagoons, and the treacherous perils of their coral reefs, in whose balmy air mere existence seems a luxury,

"Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile,"

the Gospel is still found to be the only panacea for the wants and woes of humanity. And its efficacy proves as potent for the savage Papuan or the cannibals of Eromanga or Raratonga as for the philosophers of Athens or the warriors of Rome.

*Four Years in Ashantee.* By the Missionaries Ramsayer and Kuhne. Cr. 8vo. pp. 320. Illustrated. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

The records of missionary adventure possess a perennial fascination for the mind. Of no region is this more true than of Western Africa. The contact of deepest barbarism with Christian civilization proves the adaptation of the latter to raise the most fallen and degraded to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. Probably no mission field in the world presented a condition of greater barbarism than the dominions of King Coffee of Coomassie. "We slay," said the Court executioner to Sir Garnet Wolsley, in the tone of a butcher who speaks of his trade, "somewhere about five or ten a day," and during the year 1873 from two to three thousand had been slain by the will of the truculent monarch. Among these wretches it was the fate of Messrs. Ramsayer and Kuhne, Swiss missionaries, the former with his wife and infant son, to be made prisoners, loaded with irons and treated with the utmost indignities. The story of their captivity, perils, and deliverance by the intervention



of General Wolsley, the hero of our Canadian Red River campaign, and the stirring tale of the march on Coomassie, the gallant fight of the little English army—only 3,000 including the native allies—against 20,000 cruel savages, and the fall of the barbaric capital, are told with a simple directness that transcends in interest all the pomp of rhetoric. Dr. Christlieb urges on Britain the nobility of a Gospel revenge on these savage tribes by increased missionary zeal for their salvation. "We cannot doubt," he says, "that, side by side, the English Wesleyans and the Basil Society are primarily called of God to carry on this work." This peaceful campaign, he continues, which would cost the merest fraction of the expense of the Ashantee war, would under God's blessing "change the kingdom of Ashantee from a wily and cruel enemy, into a peaceful and civilized neighbour." Some of the engravings of the volume represent the sufferings of the missionaries and the cruel rites of the heathen.

*The Footsteps of St. Peter.* By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Cr. 8vo. pp. 632. Illustrated. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

Scarcely any character in Scripture history more fully secures our interest and sympathy than Peter, the apostle. His mingled greatness and weakness, his cowardice and courage furnish that touch of nature that makes the world akin. He was emphatically a man of like passions with ourselves—deeply sinning, deeply repenting, and, thank God! gloriously illustrating the heroic heights to which our nature may attain. Full of generous impulses, but unconscious of the deceitfulness of his own heart, in the record of his soul-history, do not many of us feel a transcript of our own. His bold

arraignment of Jewish malice in the temple after he was endued with the Divine power of Pentecost almost makes us forget the craven denial of his Lord in the same sacred precincts a few days before. Possibly without the deep humiliation wrought by the one we should not have had the grand heroism of the other. Dr. Macduff has brought to the study of his subject a keen sympathy, solid learning, diligent research, and a devout spirit. He has presented us therefore with a fitting companion volume to his world-famous "Footsteps of St. Paul." He traces the career of the apostle from his birthplace by Gennesaret and his early home at Capernaum, through the wanderings of his apostolate—to Samaria, Lydda, Antioch, Babylon and his crucifixion at Rome. He offers cogent arguments for accepting the tradition of his death on the Vatican Mount and his entombment first in the Catacombs and subsequently beneath the mighty dome of the grandest temple on earth, although rejecting utterly the legend of his episcopate at Rome. The story is lit up with a thousand graphic touches drawn from personal travel, sacred and legendary art, and classic and recent literature. The book is illustrated by thirty-one vignette and full-page engravings.

*By Celia's Arbour.* By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

*The Fortnightly Review* for March. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

A capital number of this leading review, printed from the plates of the English edition. Price 50 cents a number or \$5 a year.

# SING HIS LOVE.

W. A. OGDEN.

Greater love hath no man than this.—JOHN XV: 13.

KELLY. Earnestly.

1. Sing of Je - sus' love for - ev - er, Of the love that changeth nev - er, Who or what from  
 2. With his blood the Sav - ior bought us; When we knew him not he sought us, And from all our  
 3. Thro' the desert Je - sus leads us, With the bread of life he feeds us, And thro' all the

## CHORUS.

him can sev - er Those he makes his own. Sing his love, sing his love, Sing of  
 wand' rings brought us, His the praise alone. Sing his love, sing his love,  
 way he spends us, To our home a - bove.

Jesus' love for - ev - er, Sing his love, sing his love, Sing the Savior's dy - ing love.  
 Sing his love, sing his love,