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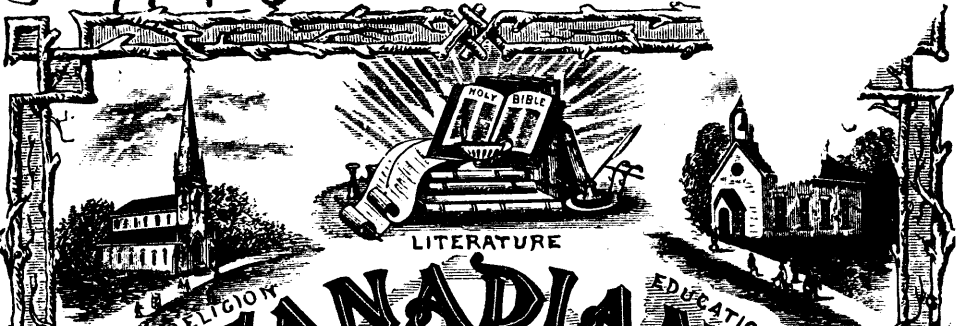
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RELIGION EDUCATION

# CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION, LITERATURE & SOCIAL PROGRESS

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D. D. EDITOR.

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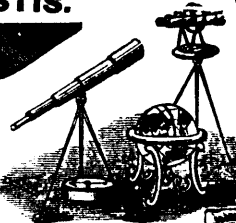
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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

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THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

III.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.



IMMIGRANTS EN ROUTE.

OUTSIDE of the Province of Manitoba extends the North-West Territory of Canada. It is bounded on the south by the 49th parallel, which divides it from the United States. It follows this line west to the base of the Rocky Mountains, which it touches at very nearly the 111th degree of west longitude, and takes a north-west trend to the base of the Rocky Mountains, until it comes in contact with the territory of Alaska, and proceeds thence due north to the Arctic Ocean. On the eastern side there is a

question with the Ontario Government as to the boundary. North and east of the points mentioned it comprises the remainder of the continent.

This vast territory contains great lakes and great rivers. The Mackenzie is one of the largest rivers in the world, and empties into the Arctic Ocean. Its estimated length is 2,500 miles, including the Slave River, which is a part of its system. This river is generally navigable, except at the base of the Rocky Mountains, where it is interrupted by cascades. The country through which it runs is rich in mineral deposits, including coal. The Peace, another great river of the North-West, has an estimated course of 1,100 miles, draining a country containing very great agricultural and mineral resources.

Another great river, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, is the Saskatchewan, which empties into Lake Winnipeg, having a total length of about 1,500 miles. The river is navigable from the lake to Fort Edmonton, and it drains an immense agricultural region. There are numerous other rivers in this territory, such as the Nelson, the Churchill, the Winnipeg, and the Assiniboine.

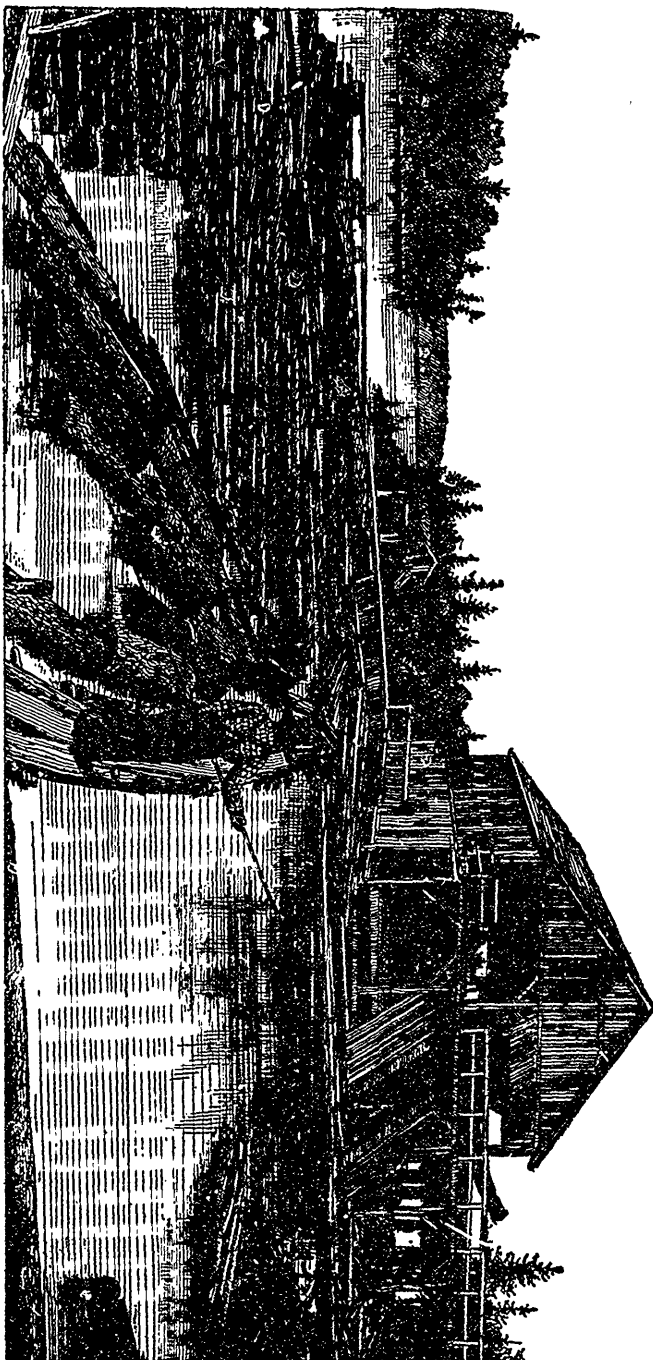
The lakes are the Great Bear Lake, the Great Slave Lake, the Athabasca, Lake Winnipeg, and others. The Great Bear Lake contains an area of 14,000 square miles. The Great Slave Lake has a length, from east to west, of 300 miles; its greatest breadth being 50 miles. The Athabasca Lake has a length of 230 miles, averaging 14 miles in width, having, however, a very much greater width in some places. Lake Winnipeg has a length of 280 miles, with a breadth of 55 miles. There are numerous other lakes of large size in the North-West.

The Nelson River drains the waters of Lake Winnipeg into Hudson's Bay; and the extent of its discharge may be imagined from the fact that this lake receives the waters of the Red River of the north, as well as of the River Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan and others.

The mouth of the Nelson River is nearer to Liverpool than is New York, and the navigation, it is believed, is continuously open for over four months in the year. Efforts are, therefore, already being made to render available this near communication from the very centre of the continent with the port of Liverpool.

A remarkable feature of this great extent of territory is its

LUMBERING ON THE KEEWATIN.



division along lines running generally north-west and south-east, into three distinct prairie steppes, or plateaux, as they are generally called. The first of these is known as the Red River Valley and Lake Winnipeg plateau. The width of the boundary line is about 52 miles, and the average height about 800 feet above the sea. At the boundary line it is about 1,000 feet. The first plateau lies entirely within the Province of Manitoba, and is estimated to contain about 7,000 square miles of the best wheat-growing land on the continent, or in the world.

The second plateau or steppe has an altitude of 1,600 feet, having a width of about 250 miles on the national boundary line, and an area of about 105,000 square miles. The rich, undulating, park-like country lies in this region. This section is specially favourable for settlement, and includes the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle districts.

The third plateau or steppe begins on the boundary line at the 104th meridian, where it has an elevation of about 2,000 feet, and extends west for 465 miles to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where it has an altitude of about 4,200 feet, making an average height above the sea of about 3,000 feet. Generally speaking, the first two steppes are those which are most favourable for agriculture, and the third for grazing. Settlement is proceeding in the first two at a very rapid rate; and in the third plateau numerous and prosperous cattle ranches have been established.

The prairie section of the Canadian North-West, extending westward from the neighbourhood of Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of over 800 miles, contains large tracts of the finest agricultural lands in the world. The prairie is generally rolling or undulating, with clumps of woods and lines of forest here and there. It abounds with lakes, lakelets, and running streams, in the neighbourhood of which the scenery has been described as the finest park scenery in the world.

The richness of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, which is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of grain and raising of stock, will assuredly cause this vast tract of country to become, in the near future, the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.

There is a generally accepted theory that the great fertility of the land in the North-West is due generally to three causes. —



STARRING A PRAIRIE FAULT.



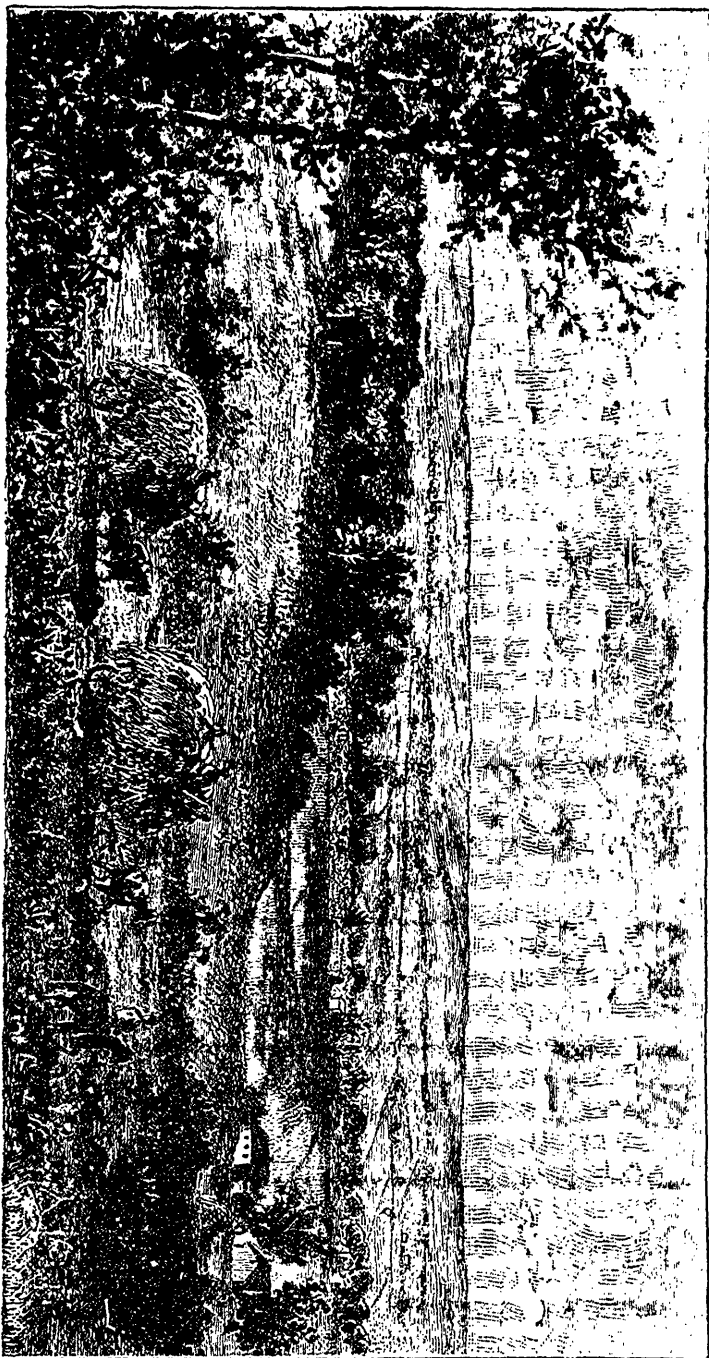
First, the droppings of birds and animals on the plains; second, the ashes left by the annual prairie fires; and third, the constant accumulation of decayed vegetable matter; and when the fact is considered that great herds of buffalo and other game have roamed for generations over the prairies; that wild fowl, to this day, are found in vast numbers everywhere; and that prairie fires have raged every year for many generations in the North-West, there is doubtless sound reason for this theory.

Whatever may have been the cause of the extreme richness of the land, however, there is one feature which is of great importance, and that is the depth of good soil in the prairie country. It has been frequently stated that the depth of black-loam in the North-West will range from one to four feet, and, in some instances, even deeper, but the statement, though received with a good deal of doubt, has in many cases been verified.

A supply of good water is an indispensable necessity to the farmer, not only for household purposes, but also for stock. The Canadian North-West has not only numerous rivers and creeks, but also a very large number of lakes and lakelets throughout the whole country, and it has now been ascertained definitely that good water can be obtained almost anywhere throughout the territory by means of wells; in addition to which there are numerous, clear-running, never-failing springs to be found throughout the country.

The North-West is destined to become one of the finest stock-raising countries in the world. Its boundless prairies, covered with luxuriant grasses—the usual yield of which, when cut into hay, being from three to four tons per acre—and the cool nights for which Manitoba is famous, are most beneficial features in regard to stock; and the remarkable dryness and healthfulness of the winter tend to make cattle fat and well-conditioned. The easy access to fine water, which exists in nearly every part of the of the Province, is another advantage in stock-raising. The abundance of hay everywhere makes it an easy matter for farmers to winter their stock; and in addition to this there is, and always will be, a ready home market for beef.

The cattle ranches established at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains have proved wonderfully successful, some of them having as many as 20,000 head of stock. Cattle winter well in the Canadian North-West, and, if properly stabled at night and carefully attended to, will come out fat in the spring.



GR. APPELLE VALLEY.

Apiculture is successfully carried on in the North-West, as bees require a clear, dry atmosphere, and a rich harvest of flowers; if the air is damp, or the weather cloudy, they will not work so well. Another reason why they work less in a warm climate is, that the honey gathered remains fluid for sealing a longer time, and, if gathered faster, then it thickens, it sours and spoils. Our clear, bright skies, dry air, and rich flora are well adapted to the bee culture.

Small centres of trade are continually springing into existence wherever settlements take place, and these contain generally one or more stores where farmers can find a ready market for their produce. The stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway are not more than eight or ten miles apart, and as it is the intention of the Company to facilitate the erection of elevators for the storage of wheat, etc., farmers will be enabled to dispose of their grain at good prices almost at their doors. A glance at the map demonstrates that Manitoba, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, will have closer connection with the seaboard than Minnesota, Dakota, or any of the more Western States now have with New York; so that the export of grain from the Canadian North-West at remunerative prices is assured. The very large influx of people, and the prosecution of railways and public works will, however, cause a great home demand for some years, and for a time limit the quantity for export.

In illustration of the manner in which new missions are organized in the North-West we quote the following from the letter of a Methodist missionary in that region:—"Permit me to address you a few words of soberness and truth anent my first visit to Crescent City. I accompanied the mail on Saturday 18th. The lakelets by the way, hovered over by various fowl, were a source of interest, added to the animation of the constant sight of grasses and flowers, while animal life was on foot or wing everywhere. The soil impressed us as being rich and capable of great yield. The wooded bluffs were cool to pass through, and were met every few miles. As we neared the settlement we passed two families and three young men, just arriving from England, to secure homes. They impressed me as being a worthy addition to the community. I enjoyed my arrival among the people. The prospect of the place is encouraging, and I think will be realized. The Sabbath was rainy, but we filled it up

with happy service. Bible-class in the morning, conducted by a layman. We preached afternoon and evening, and formed a class of the Methodists, numbering fourteen, which will soon grow



FIG. 1. EDMONTON, N. W. T.

larger. A Presbyterian and an Episcopalian, laymen, as well as our local preachers, have service when no minister is present. I find the people anxious for a church. We are building here in

Broadview; but I cannot do at Crescent City what I can do here, namely, go among a number of railway men, transient in their stay, yet giving from one to ten dollars toward our church. The people will do as much as they can, but outside help is needed."

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Province of British Columbia forms the western face of the Dominion of Canada; and in view of its great importance for the Dominion, it would be difficult to say whether its geographical positions or its great resources were of more value. It has a coast line of about 500 miles on the Pacific Ocean, with innumerable bays, harbours and inlets. It has an area of 341,305 square miles, and if it be described from the characteristics of its climate and great mineral wealth, it might be said to be the Great Britain and California of the Dominion.

The Province is divided into two parts—the Island of Vancouver and the main land. The island is about 300 miles in length, with an average breadth of 60 miles, containing an area of about 20,000 square miles.

First among the resources of British Columbia may be classed its mineral wealth. The exploratory surveys in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, have established the existence of gold over the whole extent of the Province. Large values have already been taken from the gold mines which have been worked. This precious metal is found all along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, and on Vancouver Island.

Want of roads to reach them and want of capital seem to have been the obstacles in the way of more generally working the gold mines in the past. These obstacles are, however, in the way of being overcome. Copper is found in abundance in British Columbia; and silver mines have been found in the Fraser Valley. The coal mines of British Columbia are probably even more valuable than its gold mines. Bituminous coal is found in Vancouver Island in several places; and anthracite coal, of very excellent quality, on Queen Charlotte's Island. This is said to be superior to Pennsylvania anthracite, and although coal is found in California, that which is mined in British Columbia commands the highest price of \$16 in San

Francisco. His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne said respecting it in a speech at Victoria, British Columbia:—"The coal from the Nanaimo mines now leads the markets at San Francisco.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—SEEN FROM THE EAST.



Nowhere else in these countries is such coal to be found, and it is now being worked with an energy that bids fair to make Nanaimo one of the chief mining stations on the continent. It

is of incalculable importance, not only to this Province of the Dominion, but also to the interests of the Empire, that our fleets and mercantile marine, as well as the continental markets, should be supplied from this source."

The forest lands are of great extent, and the timber most valuable. They are found throughout nearly the whole extent of the province. The principal trees are the Douglas pine, Menzies fir, yellow fir, balsam, hemlock, white pine, cedar, yellow cypress, arbor vitæ, oak, yew, white maple, arbutus, alder, dogwood, aspen and cherry. The Douglas pine is almost universal on the sea coast, and up to the cascade range. It yields spars from 90 to 100 feet in length, can often be obtained 150 feet free from knots, and has squared forty-five inches for ninety feet. It is thought to be the strongest pine or fir in existence. Broken in a gale, the stem is splintered to a height of at least twenty feet, and it is astonishing to see how small a portion of the trunk will withstand the leverage of the whole tree. The timber contains a great deal of resin, and is exceedingly durable. The bark resembles cork, is often eight or nine inches thick, and makes splendid fuel.

The white pine is common everywhere. The Scotch fir is found on the bottom lands with the willow and cottonwood. The cedar abounds in all parts of the country, and attains an enormous growth. Hemlock spruce is very common. The maple is universal. The arbutus grows very large, and the wood in colour and texture resembles box. There are two kinds of oak, much of it of good size and quality. There are few lumbering establishments, the trade being hardly developed. The value of timber exports in 1881 was \$162,747.

The Fraser River and its tributaries, with the numerous lakes communicating with them, furnish great facilities for the conveyance of timber. The Lower Fraser country especially is densely wooded. Smaller streams and the numerous inlets and arms of the sea furnish facilities for the region further north.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne said in his recent speech at Victoria :—"Every stick in these wonderful forests, which so amply and generously clothe the Sierras from the Cascade range to the distant Rocky Mountains, will be of value as communication opens up. The great arch of timber lands beginning on the west of Lake Manitoba, circles round to Edmonton, comes down



among the mountains, so as to include the whole of your Province. Poplar alone, for many years, must be the staple wood of the lands to the south of the Saskatchewan, and your great oppor-

HANOTICO RIVER, B. C.



tunity lies in this, that you can give the settlers of the whole of that region as much of the finest timber in the world as they can desire. Your forests are hardly tapped, and there are plenty

more logs, like one I saw cut the other day, at Burrard Inlet, forty inches square, and ninety and one hundred feet in length. The business which has assumed such large proportions along the Pacific shore of the canning of salmon, great as it is, is as yet only in its infancy, for 'there is many a river swarming with fish from the time of the first run of salmon in spring to the last run of other varieties in the autumn, on which many a cannery is sure to be established.' The fisheries are probably the richest in the world.

The Province of British Columbia cannot be called an agricultural country throughout its whole extent. But it yet possesses very great agricultural resources, especially in view of its mineral and other sources of wealth, as well as its position. It possesses tracts of arable land of very great extent. A portion of these, however, require artificial irrigation. This is easily obtained, and not expensive, and lands so irrigated are of very great fertility. Land 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, thus irrigated, yielded last year as high as forty bushels of wheat per acre.

The tracts of lands suitable for grazing purposes are of almost endless extent, and the climate very favourable, shelter being only required for sheep, and even this not in ordinary seasons. On the Cariboo road there is a plain 150 miles long, and sixty or eighty wide, and between the Thompson and Fraser rivers there is an immense tract of arable and grazing land. The hills and plains are covered with bunch grass, on which the cattle and horses live all winter, and its nutritive qualities are said to exceed the celebrated blue grass and clover of Virginia.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will be, when completed, the shortest trans-continental line in America. It will also be the shortest route between Great Britain and India, China and Japan, and will therefore assuredly secure a large proportion of that trade.

The valuable fisheries, forests and mines on the extreme western end of the road, the agricultural produce of the great prairie region, and the mines, timber, lumber and minerals of the eastern section, will be more than sufficient to ensure an immense local and through traffic over the Canadian Pacific Railway. In addition to this, the trade flowing from ocean to ocean, from east to west and from west to east, will undoubtedly make the great

Canadian highway one of the most important trunk lines in America. Already branch and independent railways are being projected and built through the prairie region, to act as feeders to the main line.

It is surprising to note the wonderful progress of the various



FORT KNOX, PACIFIC TERMINUS, C. P. R. R.

cities and towns along the route. Commencing with Winnipeg, we find that in 1870, a little over twelve years ago, it was a mere hamlet, containing but few houses and a population of a little over 200 souls. In 1874 it was incorporated as a city, with an assessment roll of \$2,076,018; in 1882 it could boast of 25,000

inhabitants and an assessment of \$30,432,270. To-day it can show broad, well laid-out streets, lined with handsome stores and warehouses, beautiful residences, and imposing public buildings. The city is lighted by electricity and gas. Street railways are in operation, an adequate fire brigade has been organized, and, in fact, all the advantages and conveniences of an old-established metropolitan city are already enjoyed by its inhabitants.

No less than seven lines of railway now centre in Winnipeg, and a grand union depot is in course of erection. Winnipeg is the doorway and chief distributing point between the east and the vast prairie region of the Canadian North-West.

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#### "THE LAND AFAR OFF."

A LAND wherein bleak winter doth not reign,  
 But always summer, sweet unto the core ;  
 Where broken hearts are knit in love again,  
 And weary souls shall wander out no more ;  
 Where bliss is greater for all woe before ;  
 Where fair flowers blow, without earth's sad decay,  
 And friendship's happy voices, as of yore—  
 But tenfold dearer—ne'er again shall say  
 "Farewell"—but ever "Welcome to this shore !"  
 Or, "Hail, tired pilgrims to this golden day ;"  
 And, "Come, ye blest, to joys which will not pass away !"

A country in whose light our souls shall bask ;  
 A goodly heritage—where all we sought  
 Of hope, and love, and every pleasant task  
 Shall centre gladly—far beyond all thought !  
 And He the Lamb—who from all evil bought  
 His chosen people—shall our eyes behold,  
 And graciously, as when on earth He taught,  
 His voice shall speak again, clear, as of old,  
 But with no ring of sorrow in its tone ;  
 Glad presence, walking in the streets of gold !  
 A mighty king, with people all His own !

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## THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

## XI.



A NATIVE OF UHYEYA.

THE fatal 3rd of June found us refreshed after our halt of seven days, and prepared to leave Mowa to proceed to Zinga, there to establish a new camp above its great cataract, while the canoes should be leisurely taken down with such caution as circumstances demanded. Meanwhile, it was my duty to endeavour to reach Zinga in advance of the land party, in order to prepare the aborigines for the reception of the expedition. As I set out from Mowa Cove, Frank crawled on hands and knees to a rock overlooking

the river to watch us depart.

Turning to Frank, I told him I should hurry to Zinga, and after arranging with the chiefs would send him his breakfast and hammock; and if I found the men still there I would detail six to carry him, as he was unable to walk.

It was high noon when I arrived at our new camp, which we constructed on Zinga Point, about one hundred feet above the great cataract. There were four kings present, and hundreds of natives, all curious to view the Mundelé. Though somewhat noisy in their greeting, we were soon on an amicable footing, especially when a young fellow named Lazali began to ask me if I were "Ingiliz, Francees, Dytche, or Portigase."

About three o'clock I took my seat on a high rock above the falls, to watch for Uledi, as from the Zinga Point, with a field-glass. I was not long in my position before I observed something long and dark rolling and tumbling about in the fierce waves of Massassa. It was a capsized canoe, and I detected the forms of several men clinging to it! I watched the wrecked men as they floated through the basin. I saw them struggling to right the

canoe. I saw them climb on the keel, and paddle for dear life towards shore, to avoid the terrible cataract of Zinga. Finally, as they approached the land, I saw them leap from the wreck into the river, and swim ashore, and presently the unfortunate *Jason*, which they had but a moment before abandoned, swept by me with the speed of an arrow, and over the cataract, into the great waves, and the soundless depths of whirlpools, and so away out of sight.

Bad news travels fast. Kachéché, breathless with haste and



A NATIVE OF RUA, WHO WAS A VISITOR AT UJIJI.

livid with horror, announced that out of the eleven men who had embarked in the canoe at Mowa, eight only were saved.

“Three are lost!—and—one of them is the little master!”

“*The little master, Kachéché?*” I gasped. “Surely not the little master?”

“Yes, he is lost, master!”

“But how came he in the canoe?” I asked, turning to Uledi and his dripping comrades, who had now come up, and were still brown-faced with their late terrors. “Speak, Uledi, how came he—a cripple—to venture into the canoe?”

In response to many and searching questions I obtained the following account.

As Uledi and his comrades were about to push off, Frank had crawled up near the river and bade them stop and place him in. Uledi expostulated with him, upon the ground that I had not mentioned anything about taking him, and Manwa Sera, in charge of the canoes, hurried up and coaxingly tried to persuade him not to venture, as the river was bad; but he repelled them with all a sick man's impatience, and compelled the crew to lift him into the canoe.

"Little master, it is impossible to shoot the falls, no canoe or boat can do it and live, I tell you the truth," rejoined Uledi, as Frank shook his head sceptically. "Little master, I have looked at all the fall, it will be death to make the trial."

"I don't believe this fall is as bad as you say it is," said Frank. "I feel sure I could find a way. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

Frank referred, no doubt, to his companions on the Medway or Thames, as by profession he was a bargeman or a waterman, and being a capital swimmer had many a time exhibited his skill in swimming and diving.

"Little master," said the coxswain gravely, stung to the quick, "neither white men nor black men can go down this river alive, and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. How, then, can you say, master, that I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, the others do," retorted Frank.

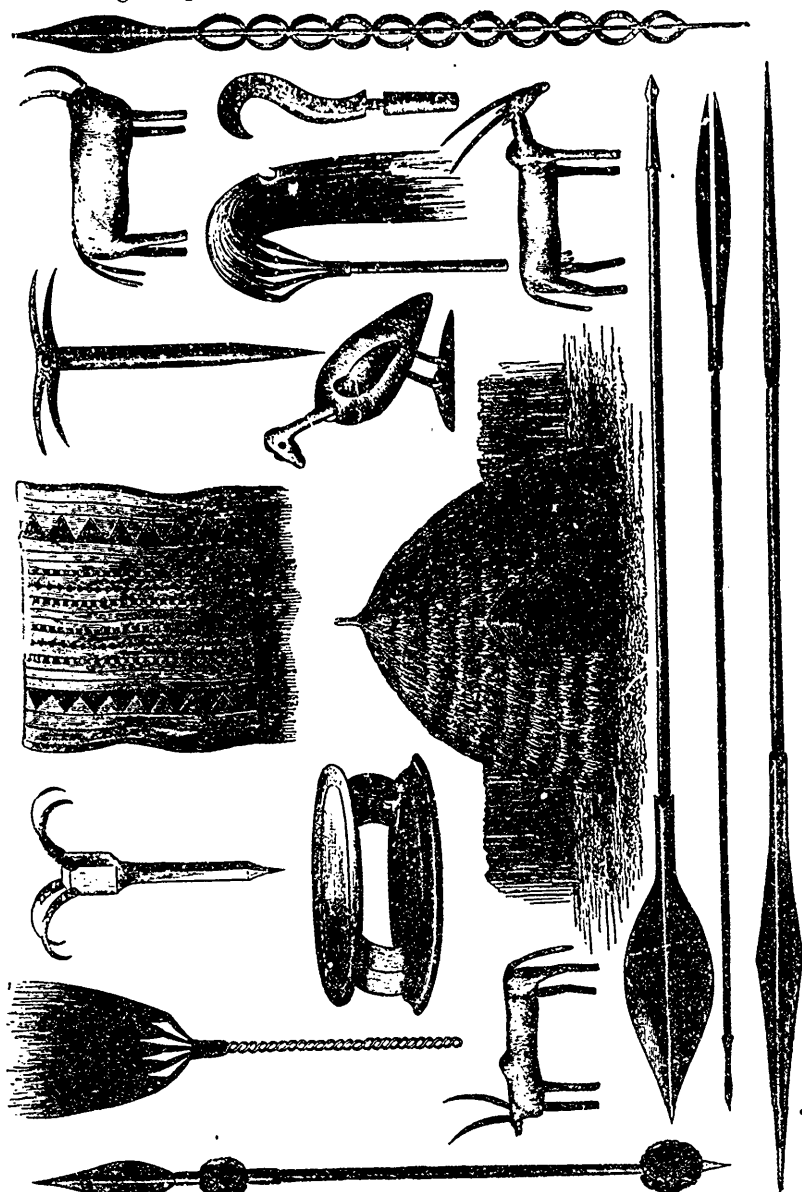
"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death—and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go, and we want your promise that if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' that you will bear the blame."

Uledi then turned to the crew, and said, "Boys, our little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract, but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once." "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God!" were the various answers he received.

"Enough, take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank, delighted at the idea of soon reaching camp.



TREASURE HOUSE, ARMS, AND TREASURES OF NUMANIKA.

"Bismillah!" ("In the name of God;") "let go the rocks, and shove off!" cried the coxswain.



"Bismillah!" echoed the crew, and they pushed away from the friendly cove.

In a few seconds they had entered the river; it was irresistibly bearing them broadside over the falls; and observing this, Uledi turned the prow, and boldly bore down for the centre. Roused from his seat by the increasing thunder of the fearful waters, Frank rose to his feet, and looked over the heads of those in front, and now the full danger of his situation seemed to burst upon him. But too late! They had reached the fall, and plunged headlong amid the waves and spray. The angry waters rose and leaped into their vessel, spun them round as though on a pivot, and so down over the curling, dancing, leaping crests, they were borne to the whirlpools which yawned below. Ah! then came the moment of anguish, regret, and terror.

"Hold on to the canoe, my men; seize a rope, each one," said he, while tearing his flannel shirt away. Before he could prepare himself, the canoe was drawn down into the abyss, and the whirling, flying waters closed over all. When they had drifted a little distance away from the scene, and had collected their faculties, they found there were only eight of them alive; and, alas for us who were left to bewail his sudden doom! there was no white face among them. But presently, close to them, another commotion, another heave and belching of waters, and out of them the insensible form of the "little master" appeared, and they heard a loud moan from him. Then Uledi, forgetting his late escape from the whirling pit, flung out his arms, and struck gallantly towards him, but another pool sucked them both in, and the waves closed over them before he could reach him; and for the second time the brave coxswain emerged, faint and weary—but Frank Pocock was seen no more.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank, have you left me so? Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," replied he, sadly and wearily.

Various were the opinions ventured upon the cause which occasioned the loss of such an expert swimmer. Baraka, with some reason, suggested that Frank's instinctive impulse would have been to swim upward, and that during his frantic struggle towards the air he might have struck his head against the canoe.

All over Zinga, the dismal tidings spread rapidly. "The brother of the Mundelé is lost," they cried.



THE VICTORIA NILE, NORTH OF RIPON FALLS, RUSHING TOWARDS UNYORO, FROM THE USOGA SIDE OF THE FALLS.  
(From a photograph by the Author.)

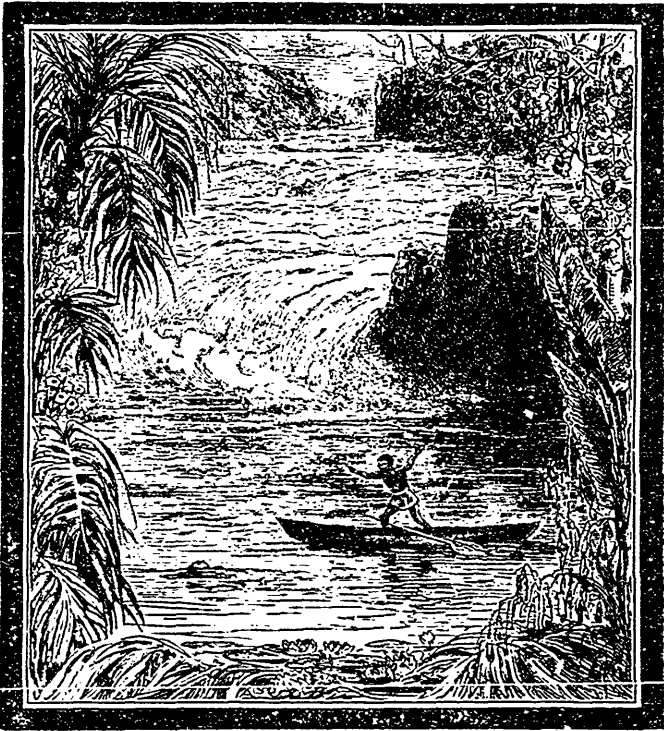
"Say, Mundelé," asked Ndala suddenly, "where has your white brother gone to?" "Home." "Shall you not see him again?" "I hope to." "Where?" "Above, I hope." "Ah! we have heard that the white people by the sea came from above. Should you see him again, tell him that Ndala is sorry. We have heard from Mowa that he was a good, kind man, and all Zinga shall mourn for him.

Sympathy, real and pure sympathy, was here offered after their lights, which, though rude, was not unkind. The large crowds without spoke together in low, subdued tones, the women gazed upon me with mild eyes, and their hands upon their lips, as though sincerely affected by the tragic fate of my companion. The effect on the Wangwana was different. It had stupefied them, benumbing their faculties of feeling, of hope, and of action. After this fatal day I could scarcely get a reply to my questions when anxious to know what their ailments were. Familiarity with many forms of disease, violent and painful deaths, and severe accidents had finally deadened, almost obliterated, that lively fear of death which they had formerly shown.

As I looked at the empty tent and the dejected, woe-stricken servants, a choking sensation of unutterable grief lulled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly recalled the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship; it dwelt upon the pleasure of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and cheerful trust in our success with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered only served to intensify my sorrow for his loss, and to suffuse my heart with pity and regret, that after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities and such long faithful service he should depart this life so abruptly, and without reward.

When curtained about by anxieties and the gloom created by the almost insurmountable obstacles we encountered, his voice had ever been music in my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives that were lost, he consoled me. But now my friendly comforter and true-hearted friend was gone! Ah, had some one then but relieved me from my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and, crying out, "Who dies earliest dies best," have embarked in my boat and dropped calmly over the cataracts into eternity.

Alas! alas! we never saw Frank more. But eight days afterwards a native arrived at Zinga from Kilanga, with the statement that a fisherman, while skimming Kilanga basin for whitebait, had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and, paddling his canoe towards it, had been horrified to find it the upturned face of a white man!



IN MEMORIAM.  
FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK,  
DROWNED JUNE 3, 1877.

The following are extracts from my journal:—

"June 4.—We are all so unnerved with the terrible accident of yesterday that we are utterly unable to decide what is best to do. My troubles increase. A messenger came this morning from Manwa Sera bearing the terrible news that the people have mutinied and refuse to work. They say they would prefer hoeing for the heathen to follow me longer, for they say that the end of all will be death. But I have not myself recovered from the shock, and I judge their feelings by my own, therefore it is better

they should rest where they are. The men were extremely depressed, rueful of face, and apparently sunk in despair. The full story of the sufferings I have undergone cannot be written, but is locked up in a breast that feels the misery in which I am plunged neck-deep. Oh! Frank, Frank, you are happy, my friend. Nothing can now harrow your mind or fatigue your body. You are at rest for ever and ever. Would that I were also!

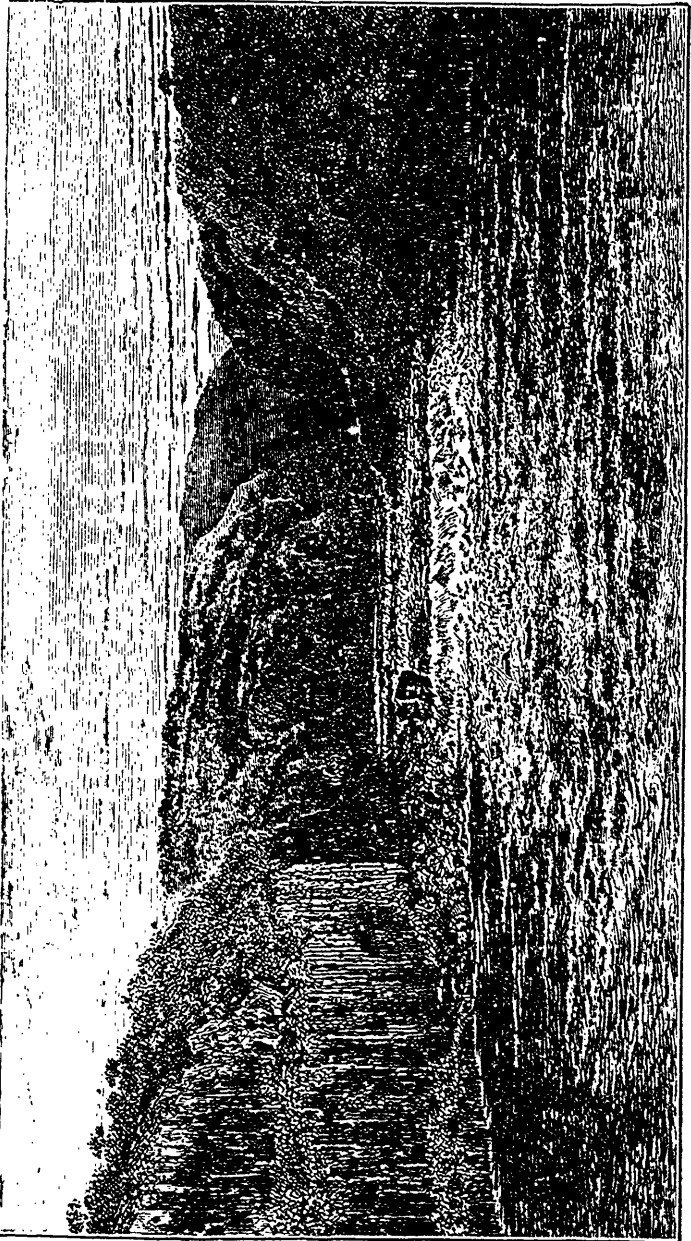
"*June 13-14.*—Sick of a fever; but in the meantime I am gratified to hear that Manwa Sera has been successful in bringing all the canoes down to Massassa, and that all the people have finally left Mowa.

"*June 18.*—The last three days have witnessed some hard work. To the astonishment of the aborigines, Massassa Point has been covered from end to end, a distance of 600 yards, with brushwood, in some places 40 feet thick, and three canoes have been hauled successfully past the falls, and dropped into Pocock Basin. Leaving instructions with Manwa Sera, I manned the canoes and proceeded to Zinga by water. Mid-way, as we skirted the base of the lofty cliffs, we came to a fine fall of the Edward Arnold River, 300 feet deep. The cliff walls are so perpendicular, and the rush of water so great from the cascades above, that the river drops on the boulders below fully thirty feet from the cliff's base.

"*June 19.*—The canoes have all, thank Heaven! passed the dread Massassa, and are safe at Zinga, about 200 yards above the Zinga Fall.

"*June 20.*—As we began to lay brushwood along the tracks this morning, by which we are to haul our canoes from the Pocock Basin past the Zinga point into the basin below, the people stirred about so languidly and sullenly that I asked what was the matter. One fellow, remarkable for nothing but his great size and strength, turned round and said sharply, 'We are tired, and that's what's the matter,' which opinion one-third did not hesitate to confirm. Such a spirit being most serious in these days of scant food and hard toil—men, like beasts of prey, being governed by the stomach—I invited the people together to rehearse their grievances and to describe their wrongs. They could say nothing, except that they were tired and were not going to work more. Death was in the river; a wearisome repetition of frightful labour waiting for them each day on the rocks; their stomachs were hungry, they had no strength. Said I, 'And I have none, my friends, I assure you. I am as hungry as any of you. I could get meat to make me strong, but it would be robbing you. I am so tired and sorry that I could lie down smiling and die. My white brother, who was lost the other day, is happier than I. While you stay with me, I follow this river until I come to the point where it is known. If you don't stay with me, I still will cling to the river, and will die in it.' I walked away from them. One man, Safeni, the *coxswain* at Bumbireh, on being asked by a disaffected body of men what was best to be done, said, 'Let us pack up and be gone. We shall die anyhow, whether we stay here or whether we travel.' They were not long in following his counsel, and filed up the steep ascent to the tableland, thirty-one in number. One of the tent boys came to announce the fact. On ascertaining that the infection was not

general, I then resolved that they should not endanger their own lives or the lives of the faithful, and called Kacheche and Manwa Sera to follow



THE MASSANSA FALLS, AND THE ENTRANCE INTO POCOCK BASIN, OR BOIHOLO POOL.

and plead with them. They overtook them five miles from here, but only received a determined refusal to return, and persisted in continuing their journey. Meanwhile the faithful are at work.

"June 21.—Despatched Kacheche and Manwa Sera again early this morning to cut off the fugitives, to inform the chiefs in advance that my people were not to be permitted to pass them, but if they persisted in going beyond them, to lay hands on them and bind them until I could arrive on the scene. The chiefs seconded me so well that they beat their war-drum, and the mock excitement was so great that the mutineers were halted, and I learn by my two men that they already regret having left their camp.

"June 22.—Again Kacheche and Manwa Sera returned to the mutineers, who were fifteen miles away from here, and promising them pardon and complete absolution of the offence, succeeded with the aid of the friendly chiefs in inducing them to return, sadder and wiser men, to resume their duties, and so to enable me to triumph over these obstacles.

"June 23.—We commenced our work this morning, assisted by 150 Zinga natives, and by 10 a.m. had succeeded in drawing three canoes up the 200 feet steep to the level of the rocky point. The fourth canoe was the new *Livingstone*, which weighed about three tons. It was already 20 feet out of the water, and we were quite confident we should be able with 200 men to haul her up. But suddenly the rattan cables snapped, and with the rapidity of lightning, the heavy boat darted down the steep slopes into the depths. The chief carpenter of the Expedition, who had superintended its construction, clung to it under the idea that his single strength was sufficient to stay its rapid downward descent, and he was dragged down into the river, and unable to swim, scrambled into the canoe. Uledi sprang after the carpenter, as the men remembered that he could not swim, and, reaching the canoe, cried out to him to jump into the river and he would save him. 'Ah, my brother,' the unfortunate man replied, 'I cannot swim.' 'Jump, man, before it is too late! You are drifting towards the cataract!' 'I am afraid.' 'Well, then, good-bye, my brother; nothing can save you!' said Uledi as he swam ashore, reaching it only 50 feet above the cataract. A second more and the great canoe, with Salaam Allah in it, was swept down over the cataract, and was tossed up and down the huge waves until finally a whirlpool received it. I reckoned fifty-four during the time it was under the water: then it rose high and straight out of the depths, the man still in it. Again it was sucked down, revolving as it disappeared, and in a few seconds was ejected a second time, the man still in it. A third time it was drawn in, and when it emerged again, Salaam Allah had disappeared. The fleet-footed natives and the boat's crew had started overland to Mbelo Ferry, and shouted out the warning cries to the ferrymen, who were at once on the alert to save the canoe. After riding high on the crests of the waves of the rapids, the *Livingstone* canoe entered the calmer waters of the crossing-place, and in view of all gathered to witness the scene, wheeled round five times over the edge of a large whirlpool and disappeared for ever! It was supposed that she was swept

against the submerged rocks beneath, and got jammed, for though there is a stretch of a mile of quiet water below the pool, nothing was seen of her up to sunset, five hours after the catastrophe. Two of the new canoes are thus lost, and another good man has perished. The Wangwana take this fatal accident as another indication of the general doom impending over us. They think the night of woe approaching, and, even now as I write, by the camp-fires they are counting up the lost and dead. Poor people! Poor me!

"June 24.—We were five hours engaged in hauling the *Glasgow*, our longest canoe, up a hill 200 feet, with over 200 men. Of the smaller canoes we ran up three. It has been my policy to excite the people, with whatever



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA FALL

tends to keep them from brooding over our losses, with wine, drums, and music, which I purchased liberally, because, though apparently extravagant at such a period, it is the most economical.

"June 25.—At dawn of day we were up and began to lower the boat and canoes into the basin below Zinga. By night, thank God, all our flotilla was below the cataract. The Zinguese say there are only three more falls!—and the last, I hope. Then, with bowed heads, we will travel for the sea as only hungry men can travel. A month ago we descended Upper Mowa Falls; it is still in sight of me, being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned even in this short distance. At 1 p.m. I descended the cliff again by means of ladders of rattan-cane, and embarked. Cautiously we moved along—ten men to the cane-cables at bow and stern—and step by step, with a prudence born of perfect



knowledge of its dangers, we approached the Mbelo Falls. As we neared it the faithless stern-cable parted, the river just then gave an uneasy heave, which snapped the bow-cable, and again were we borne, on the crests of the wild waves, into mid channel; rocks, boulders, and cliffs flying past us with incredible rapidity. There were six men in the boat besides myself, and Uledi was at the helm, cool, and confident. Our feelings are, however, different to those which filled us during a similar period of danger. There are certain voices whispering, 'What will be, will be,' 'One cannot escape the inevitable,' and such like, so that the sense of danger is somewhat blunted. Those lively fears which once oppressed us we know no more. Nerve and soul have alike been deadened by oft-seen woes, oft-felt strokes of misfortune. We have wept so often we can weep no more; we have suffered so much we cannot suffer more. Away down stream we dart, racing amid noise and waves and foam, and finally emerge in Nguru basin; and it is then we sigh, and murmur 'Saved again!' With nothing of triumph, nothing of the flashing glitter of proud eyes, but subdued and grateful, we seek the sandy beach of Kilanga.

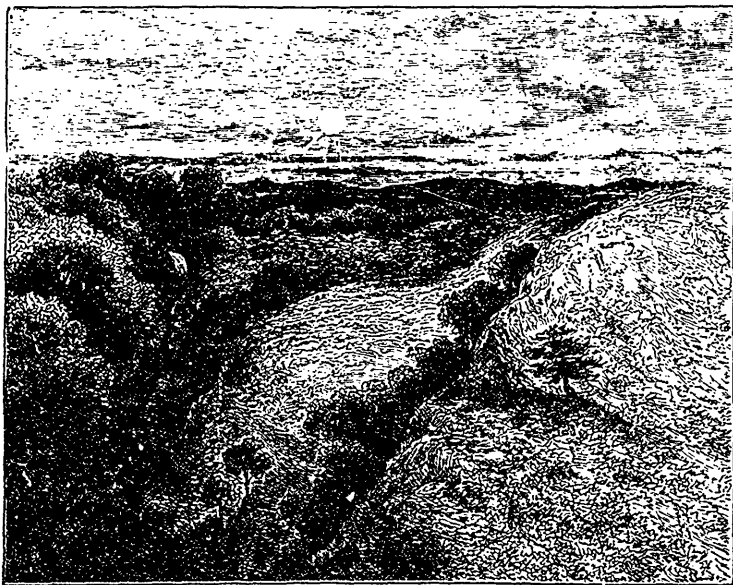
"Leaving four men in charge of the boat, I proceeded to meet the terror-stricken multitude, who could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw me advancing towards them. I was like one risen from the dead to them. 'Yes, we shall reach the sea, please God!' said they. 'We see the hand of God, now. But you must not attempt the wicked river any more, master. We shall do it ourselves. Better far that we die than you. You shall not go to the river again until we are beyond the falls.' Poor dear souls, they made me forgive them all. How bitter had my thoughts been lately; but this genuine expression of love and devotion healed the sickened soul, and infused new vigour into it, until I felt again that old belief that success would finally reward us."

The above, faithfully transcribed from my note-book, convey, more truly than any amount of after-written descriptions, the full sense of the miserable scenes we endured during that fatal month of June, 1877.

Strongly impressed with the knowledge that nothing but a persevering, persistent, even impetuous advance towards the sea could now save us from the pangs of famine, we only halted two days at Kilanga. We were 131 days effecting a journey of only 95 miles.

The Wangwana, weakened by scant fare and suffering from pining vitals, were intensely affected when I announced to them that we were not far from the sea. Indeed, one poor fellow was so intoxicated with joy that he became outrageous in his behaviour. Still I did not suspect that this was madness, and when he advanced to me and embraced my feet, saying, "Ah, master! El hamd ul Illah! We have reached the sea! We are home!"

we are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming!" the idea of his lunacy was far from my mind. I attributed his tears and wildness simply to excess of emotion and nervous excitement. I replied to him soothingly; but he plunged into the woods. After a few seconds' reflection, it occurred to me that the man was a lunatic, and I sent three men instantly to bring him back, and to recover him by force if necessary; but after four hours' search



VIEW FROM THE TABLE-LAND NEAR MOWA

they returned unsuccessful, and I never saw the sage Safeni more. We probably might have been able to recover him after several days' search; but valuable as he had been, and dear as he was, death by starvation threatened us all, and we were compelled to haste—haste away from the baleful region to kinder lands.

The freshness and ardour of feeling with which I had set out from the Indian Ocean had, by this time, been quite worn away. Fevers had sapped the frame; over-much trouble had strained the spirit; hunger had debilitated the body; anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people were groaning aloud; the sunken eyes and unfleshed bodies were a living reproach to me; their vigour was

now gone, though their fidelity was unquestionable; their knees were bent with weakness, and their backs were no longer rigid with the vigour of youth, and life and strength, and fire of devotion. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we yielded at length to imperious nature, and had but one thought only—to trudge on for one look more at the blue ocean.

Rounding, after a long stretch of tolerably calm water, a picturesque point, we view another long reach, and half way on the left bank we camp. Maddened by sharp pangs of hunger, the people soon scatter about the district of Kilolo. What occurred I know not. Likely enough the wretched creatures, tormented by the insufferable insolence of the aborigines, and goaded by a gnawing emptiness, assisted themselves with the wanton recklessness of necessity, and appropriated food unpaid for. While I am seated on the right bank, I hear shots on the cultivated uplands; and though I pretend to take no interest in them, yet a bitter, restless instinct informs me that those shots have reference to myself; and presently the people return, some with streaming wounds from oxide of copper pellets and iron fragments which have been fired at them. Uledi comes also, bearing a mere skeleton on his back, whom, with his usual daring, he has rescued from the power of the men who would shortly have made a prisoner of him; and he and the rest have all a horrible tale to tell. "Several men have been captured by the natives for stealing cassava and beans."

"Why did you do it?"

"We could not help it," said one. "Master, we are dying of hunger. We left our beads and moneys—all we had—on the ground and began to eat, and they began shooting."

In a very short time, while they are yet speaking, a large force of natives appears, lusty with life and hearty fare, and, being angered, dare us, with loaded guns, to fight them. A few of the men and chiefs hasten to their guns, and propose to assume the defensive, but I restrain them, and send my native friends from the right bank to talk to them; and, after two hours' patient entreaties, they relax their vindictiveness and retire.

We received the good news that Embomma, on the Atlantic Coast, was only five days' journey distant.

As the object of the Expedition had now been attained, and the great river of Livingstone had been connected with the

Congo of Tuckey, I saw no reason to follow it farther, or to expend the little remaining vitality we possessed in toiling through the last four cataracts.

I announced, therefore, to the gallant but wearied Wangwana that we should abandon the river and strike overland for Embomma. The delight of the people manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah! Quadruple ration-money was also distributed to each man, woman, and child; but owing to the excessive poverty of the country, and the keen trading instincts and avaricious spirit of the aborigines, little benefit did the long-enduring, famine-stricken Wangwana derive from my liberality.

Fancy knick-knacks, iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, were then distributed to them, and I emptied the medicine out of thirty vials, and my private clothes-bags, blankets, water-proofs, every available article of property that might be dispensed with, were also given away, without distinction of rank or merit, to invest in whatever eatables they could procure.

At sunset we lifted the brave boat, *Lady Alice*, after her adventurous journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks about five hundred yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. After a journey of nearly 7,000 miles up and down broad Africa, she was to bleach and to rot to dust!



CAMP AT KILOLO.

## THE FOUR-FOLD HUMILIATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.,

*Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.\**

## SECOND PAPER.

FIRST, He took upon Him the *form of a servant*. Second, He was made in the *likeness of men*. Third, He became *obedient unto death*. Fourth, He died as though guilty, even the *death of the cross*.

In the former paper it was shown how the Divine Christ, the origin and essence of sovereignty, and the fountain of honour and law, put Himself into relations and conditions wherein He renounced sovereignty, abdicated the ascribed honours and praises of eternity, and subjected Himself to the expectations, privations, exactions and demands of law. "Being in the form of God, He thought it not robbery," wrong—usurpation or violence—"to be equal with God." This asserts His perfect equality, His co-essentiality with God; lifted far above the subjection to law, which though subsisting in God and proceeding from God, does not make its demands till it runs out into the diverse relations of subordinate being. For law, which may be a principle or essence in unity, is only manifest in the regulation of diversity, the control and arrangement of variety and even contrariety. Being in the form of God, "in Him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily," even so being in the form of a servant, in Him dwelt the fulness of a servant's condition. As He was God, very God, so He became servant, very servant. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.

He was made in the likeness of men.

That is to say, His condition and service did not in this marvellous descent stop at even the angelic level and range, out stooped to the human plane of life and action with its inferior advantages and more complex and perplexing service. He would have been a servant had He been made in the likeness of the

\* Dr. Carman has been elected by the first united General Conference of the Methodist Churches in Canada one of the Superintendents of the proposed Methodist Church.—ED.

angels; for "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The angelic service, on the principle already stated, that the more varied and complex the relations the more exacting the law and the more burdensome the service, is by no means a human service or obedience to law, which is simply to say that in a good sense it is more difficult for man to be obedient to the law binding on him than it is for angels to obey the law binding on them. That men have relations that angels have not, is plain enough even from Holy Scriptures, such as husband and wife, parent and child; for it is written, angels neither marry nor are given in marriage. Thus, normal obedience for a man might easily be the grossest servitude, the direst bondage for an angel. Wherefore angels had less excuse for falling: and man's condition in relation to law is lower than that of angels. Wherefore, also, the adorable Saviour must needs come into our condition to exemplify obedience under the demands that are upon us and in our circumstances. His obedience as an angel, the service of an angel, would never have met this case. We should always have had a triumphant answer to the heavenly plea of angelic obedience: "But you did not come into our estate; you did not descend to our level; you were not tried and did not obey as a man." All this is recognized in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "We see Jesus who was made a little lower than the angels; for verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same. Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." So both the fact and the reason of the fact of this second stage of the great humiliation are clearly set forth: He was made in the likeness of men.

Hereby also is asserted the full human nature of Jesus Christ. Being in the form of God He thought it not robbery to be equal with God *upward*: being in the likeness of men He thought it not degradation to be equal with man *downward*. So He sweeps the infinite range of being from the heights of divine glory and

power to the depths of human weakness and disaster. He was very-man in all the normal conditions of our being: as perfect man as was the first Adam before the Fall. As other men, He grew in wisdom and in stature under the intellectual and physical laws; and under the laws of social and religious influence, in favour with God and man. The divinity would shine out and speak out and demonstrate itself; but aside from these exceptive acts and oracles the earthly life of Jesus Christ was essentially and amiably human. In the family, in the circles of friendship, in the day of darkness and grief, in the day of triumph and joy, in the secret place, the worshiping congregation, the open mart and the rabble crowd, everywhere and all the time He was the plain-speaking, unassuming, good man. In all respects He rounded out the character of human goodness, and in all His relations in life met the demands of human service. As a child He was obedient to His parents; as a dying son He pledged support to a lonely mother; as a man He observed the moral law with its spiritual intent; as a Jew He scrupulously regarded the Mosaic enactments and the Aaronic ritual; as a Roman citizen He respected the authority of the Government and paid his tribute to the Cæsars. Here in the sight of angels in gradual revelation was a prodigious humiliation: not indeed that a man, born should be a good and obedient man, but that the God they had worshipped, the Prince they had adored, the King they had obeyed should become indeed a man born; should come into the feebleness and dependency of infancy; the lowly estate of Bethlehem; the poverty, privation and labour of Nazareth; the wanderings, indifference and neglect of Samaria and Jewry; the desertion and conflicts of the desert, and the scorn and cruel hate of the proud city and the haughty school and temple; and all the time keep His mind and temper and life in obedience not only to the outer letter of the law but to its inner spirit, the law of love that He had voluntarily assumed, and had come to earth to exemplify, demonstrate and deliver: this was the wonderful humiliation; this the thing they desired to look into and could not understand.

Heaven's pure law might do very well for Heaven; but to undertake to prove it and obey it amid the multiplied and distorted relations of the sin-cursed earth; to bring Heaven's law of love into the very arena of the conflicts of ungodly men

and devils, and submit to all the renunciation of power and dignity, all the sacrifice of personal feeling and self-consideration, all the obloquy, opposition, oppression and contempt evidently involved in the undertaking, was more than even the angelic mind could comprehend. What! to contend with Satan whom they had hurled over the battlements of Heaven into the abyss profound, and be content to use meekly the word of God! To suffer long the pangs of hunger that an angel never felt and decline to use the divinity within Him for His relief! To take the weariness and sleeplessness that angel on tireless wing knew not of, and struggle all night, and many a night, in an agony of wrestling for a guilty, unfeeling, ungrateful race! and not claim the unutterable sweetness of the divine repose in the bosom of the Eternal Father! To bear the onsets of fierce men gnashing on Him with their teeth and not suffer the zealous follower and friend to draw a sword in His defence! To stand alone amid the combinations of principalities and powers for His destruction and the plots and violence of the hosts of the aliens, and not summon the legions of angels to his rescue: yea, not allow them, who, an innumerable host in serried ranks with flaming swords and lances poised were eagerly waiting the divine command, with a flight like the rolling of the thunder and a speed like the leap of the lightning to rush to His sure deliverance and strike His rapacious enemies down, as Pharaoh's hope and Sennacherib's trust had fallen before their resistless sweep in ages gone! What! when there is such a power and such a provocation to exert it, and then to depend on the quiet petition, "Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven!" What a law is this! What a self-renunciation! What a humiliation for the Prince of life and glory to render to such a law so meek a submission, so perfect an obedience! He whose will to the angels had been law, now in their sight yields that will to another. That He yielded to all the new conditions and demands of His human existence without murmur or complaint is not set before us as the mighty struggle of the Son of man, the Man of Sorrows. It was a little thing that He became subject to the unheavenly, the earthly, the physical, social, moral and intellectual relations of an inferior world: new experiences of heat and cold, hunger and weariness, the obduracy of matter and the warring of the elements; more intimate experiences of the ill-temper, pride, envy, over-reachings,



deceit, and malice of men, and more studious management of His own spirit and conduct with reference to these manifestations of human malevolence, and more gradual acquisition of some of the knowledges acquired by experience, and therefore some of the disadvantages of human growth in knowledge. These and similar things, though to Him an immense loss and disadvantage, an inconceivable humiliation and subjection to Divine laws, were not the mighty struggle. The great conflict was in the spiritual realm with the powers of darkness, and in the preservation under all provocations, oppressions, oppositions, and disadvantages of His perfect acquiescence in the Divine will and His perfect obedience to the Divine law of love and unreserved self-sacrifice. No matter what pain, anguish or self-renunciation, perhaps we might say degradation, it involved the will of the Father must be done. But what is that will? Is God a tyrant, delighting in the utmost abasement and most terrible wretchedness of His own Son? Nay, verily! verily, nay! But the Son of man in everlasting Covenant had undertaken the redemption, the restitution of a sinful, guilty race; a race not only under law, but under the penalties and forfeitures of violated law. He had undertaken the maintenance of Divine government and universal happiness. So if we were to put away for the present the idea of vicarious sacrifice, death and blood, and accept the view of some, that the restitution of our fallen race is by the obedience of Christ, yet we must see that there is a vicariousness about even the obedience itself. For the "Man of Sorrows" not only obeyed all the physical, moral, social and intellectual law that was binding by His creation on the unfallen man, but obeyed to the utmost limits and most unimpeachable perfection the law of love, the law of perfect obedience: the submission, not of body to a force or mind to a precept, but the entire submission of will to will, spirit to spirit, self to self. This was the all-encompassing obedience, and in that sense may be said to be a vicarious obedience, as may be subsequently shown the sacrifice was a vicarious sacrifice—an obedience for us who shall never be able with the same perfections of wisdom and the same possessions of power to render it as the degree and manner of the obedience that can alone satisfy the perfect government of the All-wise God. This obedience of the God-Man, of spirit to spirit, and will to will swept in all possible laws; not only

those that have been uttered, but those that can be uttered by the mind of Jehovah ; for it was not law subject to law, but will to will, and mind to mind. And this obedience is the type and standard of the Christian's entire consecration to his God ; not a yielding on this point or that ; an observance of this law or that ; but yielding of mind to mind and' will to will which sweeps in all law and joins the soul in holy covenant to God under the claims and obedience of the law of love ; not revoking moral, social, intellectual or physical law, but obeying all within the blessed compass of the law of laws, the law of love. Such is the service of a Christian. Such was the service of Christ. Surely He took upon Him the form of a servant ; and that to the uttermost. Surely His service was the human service under human conditions and law. "He was made in the likeness of men."

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"PEACE—IT IS I."

FIERCE were the wild billows ;  
 Dark was the night ;  
 Oars laboured heavily ;  
 Foam glimmered white ;  
 Trembled the mariners ;  
 Peril was high ;  
 Then said the God of God,  
 "Peace, it is I !"

Ridge of the mountain wave,  
 Lower thy crest !  
 Wail of Euroclydon,  
 Be thou at rest !  
 Sorrow can never be—  
 Darkness must fly—  
 Where saith the Light of Light,  
 "Peace, it is I !"

Jesus Deliverer !  
 Come Thou to me ;  
 Soothe Thou my voyaging  
 Over life's sea !  
 Thou, when the storm of death  
 Roars, sweeping by,  
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth !  
 Peace, it is I !"

—*St. Anatolins.*

WILLIAM O'BRYAN,  
*Founder of the Bible Christian Church.\**

BY THE REV. J. COOPER ANTLIFF, B.D.

IN one of Mr. Wesley's latest visits to Cornwall, after he had preached in the chapel at St. Austell, the superintendent minister of the circuit took a little boy, who had been present in the service, by the hand and presented him to the venerable preacher. Mr. Wesley kindly put his hand on the little fellow's head, and breathed a prayer, which, in the light of subsequent history, seems like a prophecy. The prayer is said to have been couched in these simple but significant words:—"May he be a blessing to hundreds and thousands!" It is of this little boy that we have now to write, for he subsequently became the founder of the Bible Christian Church, and as the Canadian branch of this Church is one of the four negotiating bodies in the unification of Methodism now being so happily consummated in this land, we venture to think that the readers of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE will be pleased to hear some particulars of his remarkable history.

William O'Bryan, whose ancestors appear to have come from Ireland with Oliver Cromwell, was born on February 6th, 1778—a day which is memorable in English history as being the date that France, to the intense annoyance of England, by treaty acknowledged the independence of the United States, which was then in the midst of war with Great Britain. The place of his birth was Gunwen Farm, Luxulyan, almost in the very centre of Cornwall. With the exception of Yorkshire, probably no English county has witnessed more moral and spiritual triumphs achieved by Methodism than Cornwall. On Methodism commencing its mission there, the clergy were in many cases men of dissipated lives, and the people were ignorant and brutal; but under the labour of the despised and often-persecuted itinerants the moral wilderness rejoiced and blossomed as the rose; and some of the

\* We are glad to present this sketch by a Primitive Methodist Minister, of the founder of the Bible Christian Church. We expect to receive from a leading minister of that Church a life-sketch of the Rev. Hugh Bourne, the founder of the Primitive Methodists.—ED.

most honoured names on the roll of Methodist worthies have been contributed by this county. Amongst these are Samuel Drew, the metaphysician; William Carvosso, the consecrated class-leader; the Treffleys—father and son, both eminent as preachers, and the latter the author of a valuable treatise on “The Eternal Sonship;” Billy Bray, the quaint local preacher, and Mark Guy Pearse, whose “Dan’l Quorm” has been such a delight to Methodist readers on both sides the Atlantic.

In this distinguished list the name of William O’Bryan must be accorded an honourable place. His parents were persons of some importance in their neighbourhood, for his father was a considerable landowner besides having an interest in certain tinworks. But like the founder of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and the founder of the Primitive Methodist Church, William O’Bryan’s religious character was chiefly moulded by a saintly mother. This devoted woman joined the Methodist Society in her early womanhood, and, notwithstanding the bitter opposition of her parents, she continued steadfast in her adherence to the Church of her choice to the end. She was a woman of more than ordinary intellectual power, being remarkable especially for her retentive memory. By reading over a hymn once or twice she could recite it, and she improved this gift by committing to memory the Book of Psalms and nearly every hymn in the Wesleyan hymn-book. She was a lover of a class of books that, we fear, finds but scant favour from many young Methodists in this age of light reading; for amongst her favourites were, William Law’s “Serious Call” and Baxter’s “Saints’ Rest.” In God’s providence she was led to the house of him who subsequently became her husband, as his housekeeper. On entering upon her duties she requested that family worship might be established, and, on consent being given, she undertook to conduct the service herself. Much to the surprise of her employer, she had a fresh prayer for every time they assembled for worship, for when she first prayed he supposed she was merely repeating a form she had committed to memory. Her influence on Mr. O’Bryan was highly beneficial, and he was induced to attend a Methodist service, which led to his conversion and membership. He continued a consistent Methodist till his death. As his housekeeper had been made a blessing to him, he decided, after due consideration, to ask her to become his wife, and they were

married in 1773. William was their the third child. The following extract from her son's journals shows how greatly he was indebted to her:—

“In the care she took of the health and morals of her children few equalled her. I well recollect her taking me into a room, when very young, and explaining to me the nature of my fallen state, the necessity of salvation by Jesus Christ, when her words so affected me that I wept, and thought myself the greatest sinner on earth, and the impression never altogether left me. As I came to understand more of the plan of salvation, she would not only pray with me at these times of private instruction, but she also desired me to pray. Here she taught me, prayed with and for me, and put me to pray for myself at the same time. Also she taught me the need of secret prayer three times a day, and living by rule, in keeping fixed times for this duty, which by the grace of God I strictly attended to, both when I was at home and when I was at school. Our parents set before us a good example, one or both praying daily in the family whoever was there or whatever business was in hand.”

We cannot refrain from remarking what a pleasant and instructive picture of the godly upbringing of children is set forth in this passage. We fear that in this age of business competition family prayer is not as well observed in professedly religious households as formerly; and if all the mothers amongst the “people called Methodists” would pray with and for their children as did Mrs. O'Bryan, there would be fewer instances of their children going astray.

But other beneficial influences were also affecting William's character; amongst which was the counsel of the travelling preachers, who made his father's house their home when preaching in the neighbourhood. We can imagine how interested he would be in their conversation as he heard them relate their singular experiences, and his youthful intellect would doubtless be invigorated as they discussed matters touching religious doctrine and experience. Amongst others who shared the hospitality of the O'Bryan family were the Rev. A. Wrigley and his colleague Dr. Adam Clarke, who travelled their circuit in 1784. Both these preachers took great interest in young people, and after leaving the circuit Mr. Wrigley wrote a kind letter to William exhorting him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth.

In 1789, when William was about eleven years old, a young man named Stephen Kessell, who had come to reside near St.

Austell, preached at the village of Bokiddick, which was close by Luxulyan. His text was: "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus," etc., Jeremiah xxxi. 18-20. William was present, and the sermon powerfully affected him; godly sorrow for sin seized his mind, and a deep humbling sense of God's mercy overwhelmed him. He turned towards God as an anxious enquirer for salvation. John Wesley's edition of "The Christian Pattern," by that saintly Roman Catholic, Thomas A' Kempis, became his *vade mecum*, and the serious boy would leave his playful school-mates at the dinner-hour to peruse this treatise. At times his experience brightened, while at other times he walked in darkness, but he continued seeking and used both public and private means of grace. In the meantime he was attending the best day schools in the neighbourhood, though these were much inferior to the Board Schools of to-day.

In 1793, when fifteen years of age, William was taken from school, and he remained at home till his father's death in 1796. During these three years, in addition to assisting in farm-work he studied painting and engraving, and advanced sufficiently in the latter art as to engrave two tombstones. But he was not negligent of studies tending to spiritual advancement, and such authors as Fletcher, Baxter, Owen and William Law were among his favourites. But he was dissatisfied with his lack of zeal, and he endeavoured to stimulate himself on one occasion by spending a whole night in prayer. Though he had long been seeking the full assurance of acceptance with God, the blessing was not realized till Nov. 5, 1795. The following is his own account of this memorable event:

"On Thursday evening, Nov. 5, 1795, going as usual into my chamber to pray before supper, the Lord spoke peace to my soul, revealing Himself as my Prophet, Priest and King. Yet for the time I did not understand these glorious offices. Desirous of being on safe ground, I enquired while on my knees what they were, and was graciously answered—my Prophet to instruct me, my Priest to atone for me, and my King to reign over me. I then could fully believe in the salvation of God. Peace and joy followed this sense of righteousness or justification."

The change was real and permanent. There now sprang up in the heart of the young disciple an anxiety for the souls of others, than which there is no surer proof of conversion. He had adopted the plan of going round the neighbourhood the day preceding the

evening when the travelling preacher was appointed for Luxulyan, which was once in two weeks, to invite the people to service, and he availed himself of the words of invitation as an introduction to conversation on spiritual topics. The fulfilment of this duty, though it involved self-denial, brought much peace to his mind. By request of his class-leader, who seems to have been a man of a very easy-going disposition, but who had penetration enough to see that the zealous youth had ability for eminent service, he began to take part in conducting prayer-meetings.

After his father's death, which occurred this year, he went to St. Austell to learn the drapery business, but he returned home the following year on account of his mother's sickness, and took the management of the farm. His neighbours showed their respect for him by appointing him to places of parochial trust such as churchwarden and waywarden. Amidst his multifarious duties his religious zeal was chilled, but on February 13, 1801, on the occasion of a national fast on account of the long and destructive war with France, he was led to humble himself under the mighty hand of God, and the following Lord's day, after the local preacher appointed for the day had concluded his sermon which was preached in Mrs. O'Bryan's house William stood up and told his experience and announced a prayer-meeting for that evening at Bokidick. This was the commencement of his public speaking. During the following few months he went through the surrounding villages speaking for Jesus.

His devoted labours very soon excited the attention of the travelling preacher, and several spoke to him about entering the ministry, but his exalted views of the qualifications necessary for a true minister of the Gospel make him shrink from undertaking its responsibilities, and he says: "If any one had said I should be king of England, I should have thought it as likely to come to pass as the other." But God was fitting him for the higher service to which he was subsequently called. In the meantime, during a revival service he was holding in a village, a young woman, who was a sweet singer and powerful in prayer, came and assisted him. He learned that she was a godly Methodist, though she suffered much opposition from her kindred on this account. His esteem for the young woman ripened into affection, and though he had formed a purpose not to marry,

his resolution changed, as the following passage in his journal testifies: "July 9th, 1803.—I was married to Catherine Cowlin, of Perranzebuloe, Cornwall, in the church surrounded by sand blown from the sea." In finding Miss Cowlin for his wife, he obtained favour from the Lord, for she was in every way suited for him; she was at once industrious, educated and pious. She was gitted as a poetess, and wrote many hymns, one of which—No. 20—is in the hymn-book used in the Bible Christian Church; she became an acceptable preacher, and great crowds flocked to hear her declare the Word of the Lord. She was also a thrifty housewife, and in her husband's absence on his evangelistic tours she took care of the farm and also of the shop; and, to anticipate the narrative, when ultimately her husband gave up business to devote himself entirely to evangelical work, she willingly "went out not knowing whither she went." She died a triumphant death in 1860, and her remains rest on this side of the Atlantic in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

But to return to Dr. O'Bryan. In 1802-3, he opened preaching at Penvivian, Bodmin, and other villages. He saw some seventy converted at these places, and the conviction now took possession of him that he ought to give himself wholly to the ministry, but no opening presented itself. He was much perplexed; but when in 1804 a son was born, he thought that he might grow up to take his place as a minister. The following year, on March 3rd, he heard Dr. Coke preach at Bodmin on Eph. 1. 13, 14, and was greatly affected as he listened to the preacher's statement of the privileges of God's people. On the 20th of the same month, as he was riding on horseback, he fell into a train of thought relative to "The Spirit of the Promise," of which Dr. Coke had spoken. Dismounting and kneeling under a hedge, he pleaded earnestly for what is termed in Methodist phraseology *The Second Blessing*. After solemnly accepting the terms on which God grants this gift, he entered into the blessed rest of faith. He thus expresses his new-born joy: "Oh astonishing goodness! Unheard-of bounty to a hell-deserving wretch! My heart is filled with gladness, and my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory." He mounted his horse and went on his way rejoicing. His new experience was patent to all. He fasted till his pious mother said: "The devil would kill him with fasting;" he prayed till the minister said: "The devil wished to kill him with pray-



ing;" he visited from house to house till the parson of the parish thought him deranged. But his zeal was not without knowledge, for he rose early in the morning to improve his mind with reading. Like a flame of fire he went through the district round his home spreading vital godliness.

In 1808 trouble came to his home; first, his little boy, whom he had thought might be a minister in his place, was seized with fever and died; immediately afterwards he himself was brought to the point of death. While lying sick his convictions relative to the ministry, oppressed him; and he vowed that if the Lord would raise him up he would obey the call. A door opened the following July; for the minister on the circuit left before the Conference, and it was arranged for Mr. O'Bryan to supply his lack of service. While thus engaged he learned that Newquay was without preaching; he therefore proceeded thither and his service resulted in the conversion of many sinners. This encouraged him to proceed in this irregular manner, and he opened preaching at several other places. At the ensuing District meeting, on the suggestion of the preachers, he attended the meeting in the hope that he might be recognized as a travelling preacher, and appointed as the third preacher to the station on which he had been so greatly blest. The Chairman received him coolly, and advised him to return home and continue as a local preacher. But he declined to act on this advice, and continued labouring among the societies he had raised up. Attempts were then made to wrest them from him, and, for the sake of peace, he let them be joined to the Bodmin and other Wesleyan circuits. Owing to his absence from home his appointments on his own plan and his class were neglected, and so on the ground of his irregularity he was publicly expelled the Methodist Society in November 1810. It is noteworthy that the expulsion took place in a chapel near his house, which he had been the means of building, the land of which and the burying-ground adjoining he had made over to the Connexion. We think that the expulsion was an arbitrary act, just as the treatment that John Wesley was subjected to by Episcopalian dignitaries on account of his irregularities was arbitrary. We believe that the Wesleyan Methodist Church would to-day welcome such an irregular labourer, and, as in the case of the eccentric Peter Mackenzie, find a place for him in her ministry. While discipline and regularity are good, they may be valued too highly, and when

souls are being saved by scores and hundreds, the irregular agencies by which such blessed results are being accomplished should in some way be incorporated into the regular agencies of the Church. But was Mr. O'Bryan blameless? We cannot say this. He was naturally of an unyielding disposition, and probably did not endeavour duly to conserve the interests of the circuit on which he was numbered as a local preacher, and which suffered by neglect of his appointments. Still our sympathies are largely with him.

After his expulsion, Mr. O'Bryan left the societies he had formed, and learning of the spiritual destitution of many parishes eastward from his residence, he went thither and laboured with his former success, societies being formed in many places. In the beginning of the year 1814, he felt that the time had come when he must wholly relinquish business and give himself entirely to the ministry; he therefore sold his farm and removed to St. Blazey. The Superintendent of Bodmin Circuit was an old acquaintance, and he suggested that Mr. O'Bryan should unite his societies with theirs and co-operate with him. To this he acceded and a good understanding seems to have been arrived at, but he would not consent to be confined to the circuit plan of appointments as an ordinary local preacher. In the following January (1815), having learned that there were fourteen parishes in the east of Cornwall and the west of Devon that were needing evangelical preaching, he left for those parts. His labours were greatly blessed, and numerous places were opened for preaching, which were added to the Wesleyan Connexion. On June 1st he returned home and found that the superintendent had renewed quarterly tickets at St. Blazey in his absence, but had left none for him, so he was a second time expelled from the society on account of his irregularities, but the members of the society allowed him to preach just as if nothing had occurred.

As he could no longer hope for any pecuniary assistance from the Wesleyan Connexion, he thought that his friends in the west of Cornwall would probably render him assistance, and drew up a statement of his intention to visit destitute parishes, and asked their assistance. Some gave him money and others promised regular subscriptions; but as these were never needed, he did not apply for them. Having arranged his family affairs, he left home on July 15th for his mission. His wife, with a child in

her arms and another by her side, accompanied him a little on his way, and thus they took an affectionate leave of each other. He says in a pathetic passage :—"As I forced myself away one of the children began to cry aloud. I did not look behind for I found it was no time to parley, nor did I dare to look back before I knew I was out of the sight of my babes and wife ; for although I felt the goad of imperious duty, I felt also as a husband and father." Was there not high moral heroism in this act? As he travelled on to his destination, he preached with marvellous success at various villages, and in one place the people detained him twenty days, during which he preached between thirty and forty times, besides holding other services. At the quarterly meeting of the Stratton Wesleyan Mission, one of Mr. O'Bryan's friends proposed that they should arrange for him to take his appointments on Sabbaths like the other local preachers, but on the week-days he should be at liberty to go as a missionary when he thought proper, and on these conditions promised to contribute to his support ; but the travelling preacher would not listen to such a proposal, and, all overtures being thus rejected, Mr. O'Bryan decided to go forward and abide consequences. And now he began to lay the foundations of a separate denomination. His first plan of appointments was in the north-west of Cornwall and the adjoining part of Devonshire, and included Warbstow, Week St. Mary, Holsworthy. He formed his first society, after his final separation from the Wesleyans, at Lake, in the parish of Shebbear. Twenty-two gave in their names. This was on October 9th, 1815, which was thus the birthday of the denomination. About Christmas Mr. O'Bryan removed to Holsworthy, in Devonshire ; and the first quarterly meeting was held in his house on January 1st, 1816. There were reported 11 societies and 237 members. It was during this year that a friend informed Mr. O'Bryan that his people were called "Bible Christians," which name has since been retained by the denomination. On January 1st, 1817, the fifth quarterly meeting was held at Holsworthy, and so mightily had the Word prevailed that there were now 920 members and 66 local preachers. At the religious services held in connection with the meeting, which lasted day and night for two days and three nights, fifty obtained the blessing of justification or sanctification. The work was now assuming too large proportions for comprehension in a single circuit, and it was divided into three circuits, on which five itinerants, besides Mr. O'Bryan, were travelling.

On August 17th, 1819, the first Conference of the denomination was held at Launceston. Twelve itinerants were present. The subject of female preachers was considered, and their employment in the ministry was unanimously approved. The printed minutes contained the names of sixteen men and fourteen women. The work continued to grow during the succeeding decade; chapels were erected throughout the work; a Missionary Society was formed in 1821; a Book Room was opened in 1822; a Connexional hymn-book was published in 1823; a general chapel fund was established in 1825; and at the same Conference a deed for enrolling the chapels was prepared. It was drawn up on the principle that the sole authority of appointing preachers was lodged in the hands of Mr. O'Brian. But this provision gave rise to dissatisfaction, which increased until it reached a crisis at the tenth Conference, which commenced on July 24, 1828. Matters were so unpleasant that Mr. O'Bryan relinquished the presidential chair, and for the first time another occupied it. The brother on whom the honour fell was William Mason, who was one of the earliest preachers in the denomination. The difficulty was that Mr. O'Bryan claimed supreme authority, and desired to exercise similar functions to those exercised by John Wesley, but the preachers would not submit to this, and so he struck on the same rock that lies before "General" Booth of the Salvation Army. Men may for a time submit to autocratic power, but freedom is in the air, and power requires to be tempered with constitutional checks. When the Conference of 1829 assembled, it was felt that trouble, like a heavy cloud, was brooding over the Assembly. A preliminary meeting was held, at which Mr. John Blewitt, a venerable and judicious layman, presided. One question had been decided contrary to Mr. O'Bryan's views, and another was brought forward. In the midst of the discussion he said: "I will do no more business with you—I adjourn this Conference to Liskeard next Monday." Having said this he left the Assembly, but the Conference went on with its business. The statistics showed eighty-four itinerants and 7,599 members.

As might be expected, this breach caused sore contention throughout the societies, which it took years to overcome. For some few years Mr. O'Bryan went on preaching and endeavouring to gather another connexion around himself, but he met with comparatively little success, and we cannot but view his action with profound

regret. After six years of disastrous contention, negotiations were entered into between the adherents of Mr. O'Bryan and the Bible Christian Conference, which resulted in their re-union; but Mr. O'Bryan himself did not return, as he had formed the purpose of leaving England for America. Inasmuch as he had spent his fortune in the formation of the Connexion, the Conference very justly decided that an annuity of £20 a-year should be granted him, which was paid out of the general fund. Some years after he had settled in America he visited England and preached in many of the Connexional chapels, and expressed a wish to have past misunderstandings all set right. On reaching America he settled in Bethany, New York, where he opened a circuit, but he seems ultimately to have attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He lived to be ninety years of age. The following is the account given by his biographer of his last moments: "On January 8th, 1868 he got up, but soon returned to bed. He asked his daughter to read to him the prayer of Ezra, the prayer of Hezekiah, the prayer of Daniel, and the 40th Psalm. Then observing, 'That will do, shut the book,' he fell asleep" and entered into his eternal rest. His ashes sleep in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, awaiting a joyful resurrection.

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ONLY.

ONLY a little more climbing,  
 And then the heights are won,  
 And rest we have longed and toiled for,  
 Is ours, and labour done.

Only a heart that trusteth  
 The promise of rest to be,  
 With never a doubt of the heaven  
 Our blind eyes cannot see.

Only a faith unfailing,  
 Like that of a little child,  
 And the day will not seem dreary,  
 Although the way is wild.

Only a little sorrow  
 Before the end of tears,  
 Only an earthly morrow,  
 And then heaven's happy years.

## “THE STORY OF MY LIFE.”

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE book the title of which stands at the head of this article has been before the public for some time, and it may seem almost presumptuous to attempt even a brief review of it in view of what has already been written. But the life of Dr. Ryerson was too remarkable in itself, and too closely identified with all the great movements which have given character and colouring to the history of this country during the last sixty years, for its interest to be easily exhausted. It will bear a good deal of discussion; and will, in all probability, be even more interesting to the men of another generation than it is to those of our own. There are some objects the magnitude and grandeur of which can only be seen when they are viewed from a distance. This is true of the character and work of this remarkable man. He will be a larger figure in Canadian history, and his achievements will possess a grandeur and importance a hundred years hence that they do not possess to-day. And though his memorial is to be found in the institutions of his native land, which he did more than any other man of his time to mould, the book under review will be the chief means of perpetuating his memory.

The preparation of this volume for the press has evidently been with its accomplished editor a labour of love. Nobody but one who has undertaken a similar task, or who has been permitted to look behind the scenes while the work was progressing, could have anything like an adequate conception of the labour and care which it involved. From the title of the book one would be apt to conclude that it was strictly an autobiography prepared for publication mainly by Dr. Ryerson's own hand, and that Dr. Hodgins had little more to do than to add a few finishing touches and to superintend its passing through the press. This, however, would be a very erroneous conclusion. Dr. Ryerson had, indeed, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, undertaken to write the story of his life, but it was not commenced until he was very far advanced in years; and from this and other causes, it was found when it came into the hands of the

editor, to be altogether too meagre an outline to either satisfy the public or to do justice to its lamented author. And though all that had been written has been preserved, the work had to be re-written throughout, recast and enlarged to such an extent, in fact, that the honour of its authorship in its present shape properly belongs to Dr. Hodgins. "And yet," as the *Toronto Mail* very properly observes, "the title of the book accurately enough expresses its character. Dr. Hodgins has with rare soundness of judgment and good taste allowed Dr. Ryerson throughout to tell the story of his own life, adding only such observations as were necessary to illustrate what would have otherwise been obscure."

The preface is the joint production of Dr. Hodgins and Dr. Ormiston—the former a prominent member of the Church of England and the latter a distinguished minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in the United States, but both of whom had the amplest opportunity of forming a correct judgment respecting the character and work of the man to whom they so heartily unite in doing honour. The former of these gentlemen spent thirty-two years in the office with Dr. Ryerson, and during the greater part of that time was in daily intercourse with him; the latter was educated under his supervision, and was afterward associated with him in the work of the Educational Department of this Province, and enjoyed an intimate and life-long acquaintance with him. Dr. Hodgins does not hesitate to pronounce the subject of this memoir "the foremost Canadian of his time;" and Dr. Ormiston is no less eulogistic. He says: "A prominent figure in Canadian history for three score years, actively and ceaselessly engaged in almost every department of patriotic and philanthropic, Christian and literary enterprise, Dr. Ryerson was a strong tower in support or defence of every good cause, and no such cause failed to secure the powerful aid of his advocacy by voice and pen." He describes his intellectual powers as being "of a high order, admirably balanced, and invigorated by long and severe discipline," his moral nature as being "elevated and pure," and his religious life as being marked by "humility, consistency, and cheerfulness." He expresses the opinion that "Canada owes more to him than any other of her sons;" and adds that "whatever judgments may be formed of some parts of his eventful and distinguished

career as a public man, there can be but one opinion as to the eminent and valuable services he has rendered to his country."

The opening chapter covers the period from 1803 to 1825, the former being the birth of the subject of this memoir, and the latter the year of that in which he entered upon his life-work. This part of the book is full of interest, and ought to be read by every young man in the Dominion. It discloses the forces which were at work in preparing this remarkable person during his childhood for that career of eminent usefulness upon which he entered when he was little more than a boy and which ended only with his life. First among these was the piety of his mother, to whose counsel, prayers, and tears of solicitude and affection he was wont to refer with filial reverence even to his latest day. And probably he was almost equally indebted to the stern discipline of a father, whose word was law, from whom he learned to bear the yoke in his youth. His early conversion to God, evidently, was the event which more than any other gave colouring to the whole of his future life. It appears to have been accompanied with remarkable degree of intellectual quickening and consciousness of power, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. To this must be added the early formation of habits of industry both physical and intellectual. Almost at the dawn of life he appears to have become impressed with the value of time, and the importance of making the best of his opportunities. Even in our day, with all its educational advantages, how few lads can be found under twelve mastering such works as Murray's Larger Grammar, Lord Kames' "Elements of Criticism," and Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric." Fewer still, perhaps, can be found in their boyhood devoting themselves to the study of such works as "Watts on the Mind," and "Watts' Logic." But not only had this remarkable boy studied these works, but before he was twenty he had read "Locke on the Human Understanding," Paley's "Moral and Political Philosophy," and Blackstone's "Commentaries." This was the sort of pabulum with which the intellectual being of Egerton Ryerson was nourished while he occupied the position of a farm labourer, and afterward as an usher in a Grammar School.

The next chapter, which is made up of extracts from his



diary in 1824 and 1825, furnishes abundant evidence of the deep and earnest piety which characterized his early manhood. Arduous as were the efforts which were put forth by him in the pursuit of intellectual culture, they were not permitted to interfere in the slightest degree with the cultivation of the heart. His was, at this time, eminently a life of faith and of prayer. The chapter which succeeds this contains the history of his first year in the ministry and his first controversy. It was at this point—in 1825—that he entered upon what I am disposed to regard as his life-work—the work for which he was unconsciously fitting himself by the remarkable course of reading to which he was providentially directed when he was a boy—the patriotic and glorious work of delivering his native country from the last vestiges of priest-craft and despotism and securing to all classes of his Canadian fellow-subjects equal rights, civil and religious, irrespective of creed or ecclesiastical relations. For this purpose, evidently, was he raised up; and though afterward he was permitted to do more than any other of his contemporaries to prepare his countrymen for the enjoyment of the measure of liberty which he had been a chief agent in securing for them, the greatest part of his life-work was accomplished before he accepted the office of Chief Superintendent of Education.

Of his review of Archdeacon—afterward Bishop—Strachan's famous sermon it is not necessary to speak in this place. The story is too well known by the readers of this MAGAZINE to leave any necessity for my dwelling upon it. It is evident that nothing written or published in this country either before or since ever produced such a widespread and profound a sensation as did those letters. Their author tells us himself that it would scarcely be exceeded at the present time by a Fenian invasion. His father referred to those papers as having "convulsed the whole country," and having learned from Egerton's own lips that he was the writer of them, the old gentleman was filled with dismay and evidently believed, as he said, that they were all ruined.

The year 1826-27 which Egerton Ryerson spent on the River Credit, as missionary to the Indians, forms a singular episode in his history, and strikingly illustrates the simplicity of his piety and the versatility of his genius. His diary while en-

gaged in this work, which furnishes the material for a separate chapter of his biography, is full of interest and will be found to contain matter which will amply repay perusal. In the following year we find him in the thick of the fight. But though he was in the midst of the "Civil Rights Controversy," and at the same time preacher on a circuit which embraced a greater area than the whole of Cobourg District as at present constituted, he tells us that he does not think he ever missed an appointment during the year. His marriage and appointment to the Ancaster Circuit in 1828 concludes this chapter.

The next chapter introduces us to the "Ryanite Schism," and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. In this year began that series of divisions in the Methodism of this country which has been the source of so much weakness and heartburning, but which has happily become a thing of the past. In the following year the *Christian Guardian* was established, and Egerton Ryerson was appointed its first editor. The first number was issued November 2nd, 1829. The number of subscribers was at the time of its commencement less than 500, but during the next three years the subscription list increased to about 3,000. The *Guardian*, which at this period was regarded as the leading newspaper in Upper Canada, was devoted to "the defence of Methodist institutions and character, civil rights, temperance principles, educational progress, and missionary operations. It was during this period that the Methodist and other denominations obtained the right to hold land for places of worship and for the burial of their dead, and the right for their ministers to solemnize matrimony, as also their right to equal civil and religious liberty, against a dominant Church Establishment in Upper Canada." The exposition of the difficulties with which Mr. Ryerson had to contend almost single-handed at this time, which the Editor of this volume has given us in this chapter, forms not the least interesting or valuable part of the book. Would space allow, I would gladly reproduce what he has said on this subject.

In 1833 the union between the British and the Canadian Methodists took place, in the negotiation of which Mr. Ryerson took an active and principal part. At the same time he was no less actively engaged in promoting the object upon which his heart had so long been set—the attainment of equal rights

for all classes of the people of this country. He took advantage of his official visit to England in connection with the consummation of the union in 1833 to bring this matter under the consideration of the Imperial Government. He carried with him a petition to the King, signed by twenty thousand of the inhabitants of Upper Canada, against the Clergy Reserve monopoly, and the establishment of a dominant Church in this country. This petition was presented to His Majesty by Lord Stanley, at the time Colonial Secretary.

Up to this time Mr. Ryerson had acted with a party of politicians of which the late William Lyon Mackenzie was a recognized leader. His controversial labours had brought him into such intimate relations with them that he had come to be recognized as one of themselves. But though he was in hearty agreement with them, so far as the secularization of the Clergy Reserves and devotion of their proceeds to the purposes of education, and the securing of equal rights, both civil and religious, to all the people, were concerned, beyond this he never had any sympathy with them from the beginning. His profound study of the science of government had given him an undying attachment to the British Constitution. And while Mr. Mackenzie and his followers—men to whom, by the way, Canada owes much—saw no cure for the evils and abuses which existed in this country, short of revolution, he always believed that the Constitutional provisions for righting these wrongs were ample, and that all that was required in order to secure to the people of Canada the largest possible measure of civil and religious liberty, was to have that system of government established among them in its completeness which the Constitution guarantees. He would not be satisfied with anything less than this; he did not ask for more.

It was this divergence of opinion, on the fundamental principles of government, which caused Mr. Ryerson to part company with gentlemen whom he recognized as personal friends, and with whom he had fought shoulder to shoulder for a common cause. Long before most other men apprehended any danger, he discerned the perils which was involved in the extreme views advocated by the advanced Radicals of the time. And it was for the purpose of averting from himself, his Church, and his country, what he believed to be impending calamities, that he

published his famous "Impressions" of public men and parties in England, in which he associated together the ultra-Tories with the Radicals as the common enemies of civil and religious liberty. He had long before brought down upon himself the wrath of the Tories of this country, and now he excited against himself the still fiercer displeasure of the Radicals. The "Impressions," while they did nothing to conciliate the former, brought him into violent antagonism with the latter. They fairly won for him the distinction of being the best abused man in Canada. Those who could not distinguish between principle and party looked upon him as an apostate, and did not fail to denounce him as such. It was announced that the *Christian Guardian*, under his management, had "gone over to the enemy—press, types, and all—and hoisted the colours of a cruel, vindictive, Tory priesthood." In Mr. Mackenzie's "Almanac," it was announced that "the arch-traitor Egerton, alias Arnold, Ryerson, and the *Christian Guardian* goes over to Strachan and the Tories!" But none of these things moved him. Evidently he had adopted his course after due deliberation, and with a profound conviction that it was the path of duty, and the only path of safety; and neither the denunciations of enemies nor the alienation of friends were sufficient to cause him to falter or turn aside. And it is remarkable that when the crisis came, which he foresaw was approaching, and the rebellion which he apprehended actually took place, not one of the Methodists of this country was implicated in it. That this would not have been the case if it had not been for the part which Mr. Ryerson played at this particular period, is pretty evident from the facts which Dr. Hodgins has massed together in this chapter devoted to the "Impressions" and the effects which they produced.

But here it becomes imperative to pause. The limitation of space makes it impossible, at least for the present, to go farther. The subsequent chapters are full of interest, and I would have been glad if it had been possible to have traced the career of this remarkable man up, at least, to the time of his acceptance of office under the Government as Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada; but even the most condensed and summary treatment of the events in which he was a chief actor, from 1834 to 1844, would require as much

space as could with propriety be devoted to a single subject in any one number of this Magazine. If, however, this dip into this interesting and valuable work should have the effect of calling public attention more fully to it, and especially if what has been written should have the effect of prompting any of the young men of this country to read it, and study the character and work of the illustrious individual the story of whose life it contains, this article shall have accomplished its purpose.

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SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

ALL days are great atonement days ;  
All men who come and humbly bring,  
As incense with their offering  
Of broken hearts, true prayer and praise,  
Are priests on God's Atonement days.

Their souls are sanctuaries where,  
Close curtained from a world of sin,  
The covering cherubs brood within,  
Making, amid earth's deserts bare,  
Holiest-of-holies everywhere.

The spirit-lighted mercy-seat  
To every alien's foot is free,  
Whate'er his Gentile life may be,  
If he but bring oblations meet  
To lay before that mercy-seat.

He does not need the priestly dress,  
The breastplate wrought of precious stones,  
Urim or Thummim ;—Christ alone  
In His supreme, white righteousness,  
Robes him as with the high-priest's dress.

He does not need to bear at all  
The mystic blood of sacrifice,  
Within His hand as proffered price,  
Before the absolving peace shall fall ;  
Our Lamb was sprinkled once for all !

Each day may be a sacred day,  
And every spot a holiest place,  
Where Christ doth manifest His grace ;  
Each day wherein men trust, obey,  
And love, is an Atonement day !

—Margaret P. Preston.

## A MISSIONARY REVIVAL.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER BURNS, D.D., LL.D.,  
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## I.

IT is more than eighteen hundred years since the Church received the Divine commission, "Go, disciple all nations," yet two-thirds of the human family have yet to hear the Gospel. When a writer declares it as his profound conviction that the sixteen years that yet remain of this century are more than enough to "preach the Gospel to every creature," he may be expected to give a reason of the hope that is in him. Now, not merely do I believe that the remaining years of this century furnish abundance of time for the accomplishment of this work, but I am thoroughly satisfied that its consummation would involve no more sacrifice than is now cheerfully made for any object really desired. More, that the Church at home would be richer in every way for the undertaking.

It is hard to doubt that the spiritual poverty of the present age is largely the result of our forgetfulness of the claims of our non-Christian brethren. It is equally clear that a return to apostolic thought and action, to its zeal and self-denial for the salvation of others, would reproduce the original concomitant—the revival that multiplies friends and silences foes; and that a new chapter on the "Evidences of Christianity" would be written in this new "Acts of the Apostles"—a chapter that would do more to put to the blush the assumption of secularism, agnosticism and materialism than the combined products of all the theological chairs of the age. The Church has before her the original commission. Never has she appeared so attractive or so impregnable as when she has marched in obedience to that command. The necessities of the world cry as loud to-day as they ever did. These wants are more intelligible now to eye and ear than they ever were, and the Church has no conceivable apology for deferring action, or for a weak and narrow policy. The uniform success that has followed Missionary effort in all ages and in all lands relieves us from the necessity of tentative measures, while

the magnitude of the work yet to be done laughs to scorn any policy that calls for less than the entire working force of the Church militant.

A glance at the work to be done, and our past methods and movements, will necessarily claim a place in our discussion.

Reliable statistics tell us that the non-Christian portion of the earth number at least eight hundred millions, or about two-thirds of the human family. There is added annually to this non-Christian population a number greater than that which leaves their ranks to join the Christians. There will be more heathen next year than there are now. The present effort of the Church to diminish their ranks are more than compensated by the natural increase of population. The aborigines of our continent are melting before an advancing civilization, until soon we shall have little trouble in arranging missions for their conversion. Not so with those solid phalanxes marshalled under the standard of Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed. They are a prolific people, nor are they decimated by their intercourse with other civilizations. Twenty times the population of Britain and her English-speaking colonies would barely equal them.

Toward this teeming mass what is the attitude of the Christian Church? Generally speaking, that of an indifferent spectator—sorry, indeed, that matters are so unfortunate, and willing to contribute a little to the general relief, but especially desirous that some fortunate concurrence should render further aid unnecessary. What of the ministry of the Church—those whose ordination vows declare them the bearers of good tidings? Ninety-nine per cent. of those ministers so construe their ordination vows as to justify themselves in spending their days among those who from the cradle have been conversant with Christian truth, and who might very safely dispense with their presence.

What of the Theological Schools? Few of the young men that leave these halls seem inspired with the apostolic ambition to be master-builders, themselves laying the foundation and not building on that laid by others. Imitating their elder brethren, they naturally fall into the ranks for homework, and are equally sought by charges that prize Christian culture and refinement and are willing to pay for these luxuries.

What of the Missionary Societies—that portion of the Church whose special function it is to reach out toward the heathen, to obtain information touching their condition and to advise and put in operation schemes for their salvation? Some branches of the Church have no Missionary Society. Separated from their brethren by causes that in many cases no longer exist, they find sufficient scope for their utmost energies in caring for themselves. They would not object, I presume, to aid the heathen if they would only come to them to be taught; but they will contribute neither a dollar nor a man to carry to them the bread of life.

Other Churches have Missionary Societies, but will not average the earnings of one day per annum to enable those Boards to devise liberal things. The desolate and desperate condition of my clients is my only apology for calling in question the wisdom of Missionary Boards. Yet if I describe accurately their attitude to the heathen, I must picture them as withholding two-thirds of all monies raised for missionary purposes, to be spent in lands Christianized long ago, or among men who have heard of Christ from childhood, while with the other fraction it is proposed to dissipate darkness almost impenetrable and to supply wants almost infinite. The Church as a body entrusts this interest to the Missionary Board, and exhibits the measure of her regard for the heathen by an annual offering of less than a cent a week. This is the attitude of the Church as a whole. It is the attitude of the evangelical branches of the Church—branches that consider as members only such as make a profession of religion. I will not mention at all the millions in our land not identified by profession with the cause of Christ. I take those who bear the name of Him who gave Himself for the world—those from whom should be expected the noblest examples of Christian philanthropy. And what have we seen? A ministry, ninety-nine per cent. of whom excuse themselves from sending the light of the Gospel to those in the very shadow of death; a membership whose conscience can be silenced on the claims of the heathen, not by the tithe of their income, but by the one-thirtieth of the tithe.

Can such a ministry, can such a membership have an adequate conception of the world's need of the Gospel? The question admits of but one answer, if language or conduct can be



interpreted at all, and that answer is in striking contrast with the course pursued in our home work, and differs *toto celo* from the instruction of the Master Himself as well as from apostolic and patristic authority. When Christ sent forth His disciples, their instructions were, "Go into all the world." And when the apostles addressed the people, the unambiguous response to those who asked the way of life was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Such was the implicit belief of the apostles—a belief that generated and sustained a heroism second only to the Master's. They were all things to all men, if by any means they might save some. Such also has been the faith of the Christian pulpit in all ages, and in none more than the present. Our appeals, our hopes, our prayers, all centre in Christ. Such being our position at home, how can we justify our treatment of the heathen? If faith in Christ is necessary to our salvation, let us put the Pauline interrogatory: "How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?"

Perhaps the very question may suggest an exit from the difficulty. Since they have never heard of Christ, they cannot be held responsible for rejecting Him. Not having heard the Gospel, they will not be judged by the Gospel. "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of Him." Grant it, as we do most cheerfully, how much will that mend the matter? How many will be likely to fear God and work righteousness in lands when degrading and ruinous notions of Deity are held and taught, and when truth has been covered by the incrustations of ages of darkness? If in our own land where perfect light and innumerable appliances are available, those who fear God and work righteousness are the few instead of the many, what must be expected in lands unvisited by the pure morality, the active beneficence, and the simple and elevating theism of our holy religion? I fear that the relief afforded by the theory is apparent rather than real. Peter's missionary enthusiasm was not abated by his belief that "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of Him." Neither was Paul's zeal and superhuman energy on behalf of the Gentiles dampened by the frank admission that "when the Gentiles who have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law," they should receive their reward. I can conceive of no argument

not entirely self-destructive and subversive of every principle of Christian philanthropy that can justify us in prolonging the eclipse of truth in heathen lands.'

By the majority of Christians, I presume, no other apology would be offered than inability. It will be affirmed that, whatever may have been the case with former ages, we can advance no faster than we are now moving. A comparison of what is now contributed for Missions with the offerings of fifty or one hundred years ago renders this reply somewhat plausible. Not blind to the indications of progress here referred to, I nevertheless unhesitatingly believe that, considering the commands of the Saviour, the necessities of the heathen, and especially the ability of the Church, what has been done is the merest bagatelle compared with what could and should have been done—merely the beginning of what must be done before we expect to see the knowledge of Christ cover the earth. Forgetting not the difficulties to be overcome, but calmly studying the resources of the Church, I believe that were she to rise in her strength and exert the full measure of her ability in obedience to her original marching orders, this generation need not pass before the great commission shall have been fulfilled. On the other hand, I fear that with existing agencies an impression barely perceptible is being made on these teeming millions, and centuries will certainly elapse before Christ shall have been presented to all. We have spoken of the vast numbers to be reached, let us refer to some of the difficulties encountered by our missionaries.

One of the pictures of our childhood was of millions of inert, thoughtless pagans, hanging so loosely by their creed so as to be ready to surrender at the very first approach of the Missionary, and to give to the moles and bats the once cherished but now abandoned idols. The old idea of swarming millions of submissive heathen waiting for the Missionary is certainly an anachronism. Heathenism has its hordes of illiterates whose prejudices and ignorance have to be overcome, but it has also its priesthood numbered by the ten thousand—formidable antagonists, who dispute every inch of ground, and fear not to measure swords in defence of their creed with our best equipped Missionaries.

Then let it not be forgotten that the Mohammedan wing of this

non-Christian host—a monotheistic mixture of Paganism, Judaism and Christianity—seems inspired with the spirit of proselytism at least equally with ourselves. Buddhism is said to be scarcely less aggressive. Confident in our strength, we despise Mohammedanism, but it is humiliating to have history hold before us the fact that although Christianity had a start of six centuries, it is outstripped in the race for the supremacy of the world. More devotees were secured for the False Prophet in twelve centuries than Christian zeal and activity had been able to bring to the shrine of Christ in eighteen. The baleful influence of Mohammedanism is prevalent over an area six times that of Europe. We do not forget that the sword was prominently instrumental in this success, but in later centuries its use has been superseded by Missionaries numerous, zealous, and unscrupulous. They have scores to our one. Statistics touching eastern lands are not easily obtained, yet it is ascertained that in the little island of Ceylon there are four hundred and fifty Mohammedan priests. The system is thoroughly entrenched in Persia, Arabia, Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, India, Tartary, and in several other countries. And never was the proselytizing spirit more vigorously or successfully exercised than at the present. The non-Christian religions have a priesthood more numerous than is ours at home. In one district, representing a population of two and a half millions, I find Buddhism defended by 5,345 priests, and the other non-Christian religions by at least 1,500 more—nearly 7,000 priests among two and a half millions. Grant also that this priesthood is not destitute of intellectual strength, but is conversant with philosophy, dialectics, and even casuistry, and you will have data enough to render credible my statement that through centuries more the contest may be prolonged.

No exaggeration is required to prove the formidable character of that fearfully dense mass to be reached, permeated and moulded by Missionary effort. Neither am I disposed to underrate Missionary sacrifice and enthusiasm. The best blood of the Church is on the foreign field. But as we look at the struggling band toiling against such fearful odds, we involuntarily exclaim: "What are they among so many?" The past half century has witnessed the grandest aggressive movements of the Church since apostolic times, and on the line of light

marking her conquests may be seen proof indubitable of the full possession of her pristine vigour and virtue. But evidence as cogent forces upon us the unwelcome fact that numerically our victories have been so inconsiderable as to make little or no impression on error's ranks. To-day a denser mass confronts us than when first we entered the field. The Church has more to convert than the apostles had. The sure word of prophecy may point to an issue not doubtful. Faith may picture a sequel to this struggle brighter than our fondest anticipations. But how long, O Lord, how long shall disappointment laugh at hope's career, and the heart of Thy people be sick through hope deferred? Eighteen centuries more? Perish the thought. It is insupportable. We cannot face the consequences of protracting this conflict. Who that heard the great commission from the Master's lips could have anticipated the present condition of our earth? Fifty-five generations have passed away since then. Fifty-five times has the earth buried her cheerless inhabitants. Yet two-thirds of her children remain unvisited by those specially commissioned to bear them their Father's message of life and love. Is it any wonder that heaven seems so far away, and that the accompaniments of apostolic preaching are construed as belonging exclusively to that age? The very heavens above us are dark with our iniquity, our sin is so deep as to almost forbid forgiveness. As "the light of the world" we have drawn over us the bushel, allowing to our less favoured brethren the straggling rays that have escaped through its chinks. As dispensers of the bread of life, after having eaten to satiety, and gratified a palate provoked by delicacies, we have thrown toward our brethren, the children of Him who is no respecter of persons, the merest crumbs from our feasts. Faithless but repentant executors, let us begin to be true to our trust, and, ere the present generation shall have passed away, let us read to them their Father's will, and show them how deep His love and how abundant His provision is for them.

Although I have dwelt at some length upon the magnitude of the work, I put its consummation within the limits of the present century. This, however, will necessitate a change of tactics. To expect success from our present working force is the veriest trifling, and guarantees indefinite postponement. To this nothing but the clearest necessity should reconcile us. Does such a necessity exist?

In answering this question I shall illustrate by the course pursued by nations in other aggressive movements. I assume that the same course of procedure must be followed by the Church if she desires an early triumph. The peace is broken, armies move, sieges begin. After testing each other's strength for a few days, it is found that although the advantage is clearly on the side of the invading force, although in nearly every engagement the enemy suffers more than they, although prisoners of war abound in the camp, still, as they are far from the base of supplies and suffer many and serious delays thereby, and as the invaded come to each new engagement with unthinned ranks and unflagging spirits, the contest may be protracted, even if the result be not doubtful. No spirited or powerful nation, certainly not our own, would quietly accept the situation unless the supply of men, arms or money was completely exhausted. So long as men could be obtained, either volunteers or by draft, and the administration was sustained in voting supplies, so long would the war grow in intensity. If ten thousand men cannot take the place, twenty thousand may. If the present financial basis be too narrow for so extensive a conflict, it must be enlarged. It is only when we are satisfied that we are working with our utmost energy, and that not another man can be spared, or another dollar raised, that we are reconciled to a protracted struggle. If we cannot conquer by our present force, we know that we cannot conquer at all. Patriotism is strained to its utmost tension, enthusiasm is all aglow with action.

But when a nation is thus aroused, it is terribly in earnest. Red tape is at a discount. Parlour soldiers die of fright, or grow into men. Men give their lives for principle. Money is as dross; and not merely the luxuries, but many of life's comforts are cheerfully forgotten. Our neighbouring Republic furnishes a fine illustration of this, as in her late struggle she moved under the afflatus of a heroic purpose, and taxed herself up to the utmost measure of her strength. Then she astonished herself, and the nations gazed with breathless wonder. But the weeds of widowhood were everywhere, orphan asylums were numerous and full, and a national debt was created of more than five hundred dollars for every man in the land. Yet they called the conquest cheap, and they meant it. They were in earnest.

Has the Church thus met the issues that were thrust upon her as she heard in the great commission her order, "Forward?" Has she given her sons until the draft for the front has affected the other callings in life? Have her trained soldiery rushed to the scene of conflict, to the thickest of the fight where their services were needed the most, entrusting to God, the home guard, and the war-worn veterans the guardianship of all dear to them? Have the different wings of the Church vied with each other in their eagerness to join in the fray, and to support each other in the presence of the common enemy? To these questions a mournful negative is alone admissible. This is true even of the present age, although considered wondrously aggressive. The Church is painfully silent touching the necessity of recruits for the foreign field. No grand aggressive policy is inaugurated, none is expected. Now and then a few men are sent to the front, while four or five hundred are added to the standing army at home. Then these ministers in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred take their ordination vows with the distinct or implied understanding that their field of operation shall be amid the genial influences of our Christian civilization. Cynical observers hint that points which, speaking after the manner of men, least require a minister's aid, are the ones most in demand. One thing is certain, few men enlist for the foreign field, and in Churches stoutly claiming to be in apostolic succession, a lantern might be needed to find a man prepared and anxious to follow in apostolic footsteps.

Instead of being weakened by the draft for the foreign army, we have sent so few that they are not missed at all; and if it were not for Missionary anniversaries we should hardly know that we had undertaken the conquest of the world.

It may be replied that the wealth of the Church is the measure of her working force, and that the limit of that wealth has been reached. The men could be obtained and spared, but the means for their support is not available, and the Church is already worked to the utmost limit of endurance. Leaving the idea, that the wealth of the Church is the measure of her working force, to be answered by the record of the first Christian century and of the first decades of Methodism, let us deal with the thought that the Church has contributed to the limit of her

ability. To hear or see such a statement is enough to shock eye or ear. Yet it is the only apology that the Church has for her attitude to the world. "She hath done what she could?" What Church? When? Where? Let us not be too diffuse. I have thus far spoken of the Church in general. But let us deal with the Methodist Church for a little, and say the Methodist Church of America, not any particular branch of it, and omitting for the time the Church South and the smaller branches—What is the Methodist Church doing for the conversion of the world? I am glad to believe that we have just claims to being considered an aggressive body. Our membership represents a large percentage of the solid wealth of the land. Not merely are the middle classes, the industrious, wealth-producing portion ours; we have many also of the rich. Yet I hesitate not to say that if our Church was constituted entirely of "the humble poor," our Missionary contributions could not easily fall below what they are. To talk of the Methodist Church exerting the full measure of its financial strength to produce fifty cents per annum per member, or a cent a week, borders too closely on the ludicrous to merit even a serious notice. No one, saint or sinner, believes it.

No, a thousand times no! The cry of the heathen has not exhausted the strength of the Church. The call for men and means has neither thinned her ranks nor depleted her treasury. It has not even diminished her luxuries, much less affected her comforts, or even hinted retrenchment. Let us frankly confess to Christ, who died for the heathen as for us, that we have almost entirely ignored both His injunction and their necessities, that we have been trifling with the very interests that brought Christ to earth.

A few figures taken from reliable sources will suffice. In 1832 we gave two cents per member. In 1836 we gave ten. In 1844 we reached twelve. In 1852 we gave twenty-four cents. In 1856 we reached thirty. In 1860 the same. In 1864 we gave sixty in largely depreciated currency. In 1870 we fell to forty-five. In 1875 we fell below forty. In 1880 we gave less than forty cents for Missionary purposes. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States and the Methodist Church of Canada are united in the above calculation; I purposely omitted all the weaker branches. The above is the best that American

Methodism has done for Missions, and five cents a month is the heaviest sacrifice we have ever made. Had I included all the branches of Methodism in the above calculation, the rate per member would have been much less.

The next question is—How much of the amount thus raised has gone to foreign Missions?

An examination of the appropriations of the Missionary Boards for the past twenty-five years shows that thrice, and only thrice, during that time has the foreign work received fifty per cent. of the amount. Usually the home work receives sixty cents, leaving forty for the foreign. This is about the present ratio. Some years, however, the foreign work has not been allowed thirty cents on the dollar of what is raised for Missions. Generally speaking, when the amount raised is fifty cents a member, twenty cents go for foreign Missions.

But we must narrow the matter a little more. What is embraced in Foreign Missions? To the ordinary reader it is almost equivalent to Missions in non-Christian lands. But that is not its meaning in our Mission work. The foreign Missions of American Methodism embrace Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and other parts of Europe—lands that were Christianized long centuries ago, and that are now and have been for several generations well supplied with ministers professedly Christian, and not a few of them Protestant. Yet some of these countries take almost as much from our Missionary treasury as the whole empire of China, containing one-third the human family. Germany and Switzerland, the cradle of the Reformation—lands honoured as the homes of some of the noblest delegates to our Evangelical Alliances—had appropriated to them in 1872 more than China received. Norway received more than Liberia, and Sweden than Japan. In that year there were appropriated to foreign Missions \$246,488, and of this amount the non-Christian portions—Africa, India, China, and Japan—received a little more than half, \$140,509. As the total appropriation for the year reached \$688,888, the stations really non-Christian received but about twenty cents out of each dollar collected for Missionary purposes. Now, as the contributions to Missions were less than five cents a month, the heathen received less than one cent a month. In 1881 non-Christian lands received less than thirty per cent. of



the gross appropriations to Missions. I present this comparison not for the purpose of questioning the wisdom of the Missionary Boards, but for to show the extent of our liberality to our less favoured brethren. *One cent a month tells it all.* When we think of Missions, or feel like pluming ourselves on the magnitude of our offering, let us not forget that *a cent a month* is the full measure of what American Methodism has done for the heathen.

I have tried to find some little luxury that would equal this gift, but have failed utterly. There is nothing in all the range of our desires, natural or acquired, that will be dwarfed to such dimensions; no luxury of such microscopic insignificance. Were we to let *all* our Missionary collections go to the heathen, still the average is so nearly microscopic as to be absolutely unfelt by the Church.

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“IT IS MORE BLESSED.”

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
 Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
 Give as the free air and sunshine are given;  
 Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,  
 Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing,  
 Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river  
 Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,  
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;  
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring!  
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?  
 What if no blossom looks upwards adoring?  
 Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Almost the day of thy giving is over;  
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,  
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover.

What shall thy longing avail in the grave?  
 Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,  
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,  
 Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,  
 Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

## MEMORIES OF LUTHER.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

NOVEMBER is a proud month in the annals of German history, for it is the birth-month of the greatest Reformer the world has seen. Germany is celebrating the fourth centennial of his birth with a magnificence and enthusiasm worthy of the subject and of her national dignity.

Luther was born in Eisleben, in the eastern part of the Harz Mountains, the 10th November, 1483, his parents having gone there for a short time from their home in Dorf Möhra, near Eisenach. Eisleben was formerly the capital of the Earldom of Mansfeld, and is now the central point of this mining district abounding in silver and copper mines, has a school for the training of miners, a vitriol manufactory and smelting works. It consists of the Old and New Town, and in the former, in the *Lange Gasse*, stands the old house, then an inn, in which Luther was born. It has several times, during conflagrations, been rescued from the flames, and in 1601 a great fire destroyed the *Schloss*, or castle, and nearly every house, and the Luther-house was burnt from the roof downward to the first storey, but was afterward restored.

The birth-room is in the first storey, and remains perfect. A tablet on the outer wall of the house, above the windows of this room, bears the words: "*Anno 1483 ist Dr. Martinus Luther in diesem Hause geboren.*" "In this house, in the year 1483, Dr. Martin Luther was born." Over the street door is a poor stone bust of the Reformer; above it the couplet—

"*Gottes Wort ist Luther's Lehr, Drum vergeht sie nimmermehr.*" "God's word is Luther's teaching, hence it will never perish."

Above the door leading into the room where he was born are these words: "*Die Stätte, wo ein grosser mann die welt betrat, bleibt eingeweiht für jetzt und numerdar.*" "The place where a great man entered into the world remains a sacred spot forever." Yes, every stone in the dear old house is sacred.

In the upper storey one sees a portrait on wood, called the "unburnt Luther," and several other paintings, one by the

two Cranachs, one by Holbein, and a remarkable picture by Albrecht Dürer, representing Luther before the Diet of Worms. The faces are all said to be portraits. Here one sees Luther's seal—a red heart with a black cross on a white rose; two rings worn by him and his nun-wife; indulgences on parchment, written in Rome; autograph letters by Luther; one by Melancthon; and Luther's complete works in eleven folio volumes. At the beginning of the Seven Years' War, the Duke of Brunswick wrote after his name in the visitors' book: "*Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?*" "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The Eisleben people say they will erect a monument "that shall outshine that at Worms."

From the house we turned our steps to the St. Andreas Church on the market-place. The church has been restored with much taste. Against a pillar in the nave stands Luther's pulpit, a fine piece of German art, adorned with figures of saints, and with panels in red velvet, embroidered with New Testament scenes and arabesques in bright colours and gold. From this unique and beautiful pulpit Luther preached his last sermon, only two or three days before his death, and was borne exhausted from it. The baptismal font in which he was baptized is here. The chancel contains busts of Luther and his friend Melancthon.

The house in which Luther died is across the square, opposite the church. We were courteously permitted to enter the room, in which he died, but no relics of him are to be found there.

When Luther was six months old, his parents moved from Möhra to Mansfeld near Eisleben. One sees of the *Schloss*, or castle, at Mansfeld only a ruined tower and broken walls, arches and bastions. The Mansfeld *Kloster* or convent—now offices—founded in 1176, by Albert the Bear and Sophia of Saxony, lies in a pleasant solitude near the town. Many a forgotten prince, noble and crusader, found a burial-place in its cloisters. The drive from Eisleben to Mansfeld is a pleasant one, and we viewed with peculiar interest the district where Luther spent the first fifteen years of his life. He was then sent to the fortress city of Magdeburg, to the convent school of the Barefoot-monks, and helped to support himself by *Currend singen*—singing in the streets. However, he only remained a

year there; his parents not being able to support him, he went to Eisenach where he had relatives. There he attended the Latin school of Rector Trebonius, and used to sing in the streets, until his relative, Frau Ursula Cotta, took him into her house.

It would be impossible to compute the powerful influence of street-singing as a factor in producing the Reformation. The Germans have been from the earliest times a music-loving people, and interwoven with this love of music are a deep sensibility and a romantic nature which have given to German poetry a rich beauty and great depth of sentiment. During the Middle Ages the people were fascinated by the romances sung by the wandering minstrels to the harp. Thus street-singing arose, and the children knew all the songs. Sometimes these told of love, and again they assumed a political character, and sometimes they were religious. Luther, being, too, a street-singer, caught the spirit of the people, and when the mighty struggle of the Reformation had begun, he poured forth hymn after hymn, and these were borne on the wings of song—the old familiar melodies being frequently employed—from one end of the land to the other, till the popular heart was stirred to its deepest depths. In Germany the Reformation worked its way from the people up to the throne, and perhaps no agency was more powerful in producing this marvellous result than the street-singing of the hymns of Luther and his friends. Luther was a true poet and a fair musician, playing the flute and the lute.

Magdeburg suffered terribly for her adherence to the bare-footed street-singer and the Reformation. In 1631, during the Thirty Years' War, it was plundered and destroyed, and, by the command of the truculent Tilly, 30,000 of its citizens were put to the sword.

On the 8th of August, 1501, Luther entered the University of Erfurt as a student of jurisprudence. Erfurt, on the Gera, was the ancient capital of Thuringia, and is now a strong fortress with two citadels. Here in the eighth century St. Boniface founded a bishopric. Here the reconciliation of Henry the Lion and Barbarossa took place, and within its old walls the German Kaisers once held their Imperial Diets. Its historic memories constitute its chief attraction, for it can scarcely be called a beautiful town, save for its extensive and lovely

flower-gardens, the largest in Germany, except those of Quedlinburg in the Harz Mountains. Acres on acres of masses of brilliant-hued flowers form a striking contrast to the grimness of the grey old houses.

The Gothic *Dom*, or Cathedral, is one of the finest in Germany, and contains some interesting bronzes, a beautiful Cranach—Mary with the Christ-child—and a coronation of the Virgin by Vischer. One of the towers contains a chime of ten bells, its famous bell, the "*Maria Gloriosa*," weighing 275 hundred weight.

From the *Dom*, we wander through the narrow streets to the Augustine *Kloster*, and stand in Luther's cell, where he studied, and thought and prayed, and gained the light and strength that made him what he became. The convent is now an orphan's home. Lastly, wending our way to the University, we find in the library of 50,000 volumes and 1,000 manuscripts the world-famous Bible which Luther discovered, and so carefully studied. As we look upon it a peculiar sensation comes over us. We seem to feel the beatings of that mighty heart, and to see the cowed monk gazing with far-seeing eye while the fire is kindling that is to set Europe in a blaze.

Through the kindness of his superior in the *Kloster* at Erfurt, Luther was appointed to the Professorship of Philosophy in the new University of Wittenberg, founded by *Friedrich der Weise* of Saxony in 1508. Let us follow him there.

Arriving from Berlin by the Leipzig-Berlin railway, and passing through the pleasant grounds of the station, we come almost at once upon a memorable spot. Just at the *Elsterthor*, or gate, on the 20th December, 1520, Luther burnt the Papal bull. An oak and flowers have been planted on the spot, a slab with an inscription set up, and the whole enclosed within a bronze railing. On the entrance gate are the words: "These grounds are commended to the care of every German heart."

Next we seek out the Augustine *Kloster*. Here we found Luther's study and bed-chamber as he used them. The green porcelain stove, standing high like a monument, was made to his order, and decorated with figures of Christ and His twelve disciples. The writing-table stands in its old place—the table at which he wrote his ninety theses—by it the empty chair,

and close before the broad, low, tiny-paned window, with its broad window-seat, is the double *tête-à-tête* oaken chair with its backs reversed, where Luther and Melancthon always sat for conversation and disputation. The room is entirely wainscoted in oak. Over the door leading into the bed-chamber is Peter the Great's name written in chalk and now covered with glass. Under a glass shade are the fragments of Luther's wine-glass. The Czar desired to purchase this glass, but no money could buy it, and he flung it out of the window on the stone pavement, exclaiming: "If I cannot have it, nobody shall!"

Here Luther brought his wife, and here they lived for some time. There are shown some articles once used by her, and some of her embroidery. The house occupied by Luther and that of Melancthon, are now used for schools.

On the Market-square we find Drake's statue of Melancthon, and Luther's statue by Schadow, a beautiful work of art, bearing on the pedestal the words: "*Ist's Gottes werk, so wird's bestehen, ist's Menschenwerk, wird's untergehen.*" "If it be God's work it will endure; if man's it will perish.

And now we come to the most sacred spot—Luther's last resting-place—the *Schloss Kirche*. On the last day of October, 1517, Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the doors of this church, thus boldly attacking Tetzels sale of indulgences. How the ringing of that hammer has sounded down through the long centuries! These doors were destroyed by the French, but have been replaced by handsome bronze gates inscribed with the original Latin text. In the chancel, which is raised three steps above the nave, are the graves of Luther and Melancthon—one to the right the other to the left—in front of the altar, each marked by a stone slab in the floor. Here, too, rests Frederick the Wise, and Johann the Steadfast, tried and true friends of the great Reformer. The old pulpit in which Luther preached is preserved, although it has been replaced by a new one.

Adjoining this church, so precious to the world, stood the *Schloss*, long the residence of the Electors of Saxony; but nothing remains of it save one of the towers, where the archives are preserved.

Luther succeeded Brück, brother of the Chancellor, as pastor

of the *Stadt Kirche*, or city church. A painting represents him preaching, and it contains also the celebrated picture by Lukas Cranach, the Last Supper, in which Christ is handing Judas the bread.

Soon after Luther's appointment to Wittenberg, he went to Rome. During his stay in the grand old city, he resided in the convent of the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo,\* one of the richest in monuments and marbles in Rome. At one of its altars he said mass on his arrival and on the eve of his departure.

Luther was summoned to Rome a second time, when the dispute with Tetzel arose, but the Elector and his University interfered, and Cardinal Cajetan was appointed to confer with him. This meeting took place in the ancient city of Augsburg, founded by the Emperor Augustus, B.C. 12, the first to declare for the tenets of the Reformation. The most important events in the history of the Reformation are connected with this city. Not only was the famous Diet held there in 1530, but the celebrated "Augsburg Confession" was laid before Charles V. the same year in the royal *Schloss*, in a part of it which has been rebuilt. Augsburg is noted for its charities. The "*Fuggerei*" consists of a hundred and six houses, a church, and streets with gates, for poor Roman Catholic citizens.

Nothing being accomplished by Cardinal Cajetan's mission, Leo X. sent his Majordomo Miltitz to confer with the Reformer, and this meeting took place in Altenburg, some twenty miles south of Leipzig. The ducal *Schloss* is seated on a majestic, nearly perpendicular porphyry rock, and is indeed one of the loveliest seats in Germany, and of great historical interest. It has a handsome church and lovely park adjoining, and the *Coursaal*, or great drawing-room, contains a ceiling by Cranach.

Here Luther promised silence, but Eck renewed the strife, and challenged Luther to a public disputation in Leipzig. This accordingly took place in the Church of the Dominican *Kloster*, now the *Pauliner Kirche*—Church of St. Paul—of the University, which stands on the site of the old convent, many conventual buildings having been incorporated in it. The great entrance hall of the "*Augusteum*" is a cloister of the former convent, with some interesting frescoes which have been

\* St. Mary of the People, so called because built by subscriptions from the people.

cleared from whitewash and preserved. The church is stone to the floor, and the choir contains a mural tablet to Tetzels, who was buried in the cloisters.

While residing in Leipzig we visited Grimma, on the Mulda, some twenty miles east of that city, where are the picturesque ruins of *Kloster Nimptschen*, where Katharina von Bora was a nun. She was sent very young to the Cistercian Convent of Nimptschen, but the reformed doctrines penetrated into the cloisters, and Katharina, with eight other nuns of the convent, escaped, and were driven through the country in empty wine casks to Wittenberg. The convent estate is a farm, and from the farm-house we obtained fragrant milk and black bread.

And now we turn our faces toward Worms on the classic Rhine, in the famous "*Burgundenland*," the chief scene in the beautiful Nibelungen-Lied, the noblest epic of the German Fatherland. Worms once extended her walls to the Rhine, but during the wars that have swept over the land, all the old town has been destroyed but the Cathedral. It is in the same style of architecture as the *Dom* of Speyer, Romanesque. It is almost devoid of ornament, but its antiquity and associations invest it with a potent interest. By a tomb several people were waiting for confession, one knelt at the confessional near, and a number of nuns came in and entered a chapel for prayers. As I stood looking at this tomb, the woman in attendance in the Cathedral, came up to me and said :

"The Princesses of Franconia are buried there; one of them was burned for being a Roman Catholic."

"Ah," I said, "that was dreadful."

"Yes," she replied, "but that happened very often in the old days."

The Archiepiscopal palace adjoined the Cathedral, but all that remains of it is an arch and bit of the wall of enclosure. Trees and grass cover the spot where the celebrated Diet of Worms was held. Here we linger long and dream of that wondrous scene. We see that solitary man confronting the pomp and power of Christendom. He knows that the Emperor's safe-conduct does not cover sufficient time for him to return to Wittenburg; aye, and the "Wise" Elector knows it too, and his plan is laid. We hear, as in a dream, that fearless man making his defence. We hear the closing words of that defence, we see



the upturned face, and the hand clasping the Bible: "*Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir! Amen.*" "Here I take my stand, I can do no otherwise. May God help me."

It is said that when Luther was approaching Worms in a cart, he was met by a noble who asked him if he believed his doctrines would conquer. The Reformer, pointing to a shrub, replied: "So sure as that sprout will become a tree that shall overtop the towers of the city, so sure will my doctrines obtain the victory." This tree is regarded with great veneration.

The magnificent Luther Monument at Worms has of its kind no rival. The twelve statues, and the arms of the twenty-four cities that declared for the Reformation, are beautifully executed in bronze, the remaining portions of highly polished syenite, and the whole rests upon a granite foundation. Luther's kingly figure stands in the centre, the Bible in his hand, his face turned upward. This main pedestal is adorned with bas-reliefs of the burning of the Papal bull, the Diet of Worms, of his marriage, and his administration of the sacrament in both kinds to the laity. Around him are great Reformers. Wickliffe is buried in a study of the Scriptures; Savonarola, with hand extended, seems still to pour his words of living fire upon the people. Luther's two royal friends stand by him still, Frederick the Wise of Saxony, with the imperial crown at his feet, which he declined to wear, though offered him; and Philip the Generous of Hesse.

Luther, on his way back to Wittenberg, was seized, by order of the Elector of Saxony, at the *Luther-Buche*—Luther's beech. This memorable spot is just behind *Schloss Altenstein*—a summer residence of the Dukes von Sachsen-Meiningen, built partly on the foundations, and adjoining the blackened ruins of the ancient castle. In front of the Altenstein, a few yards distant, are the Boniface rocks, where it is said Boniface built a chapel in 724-7, and where he preached in the open air to vast multitudes.

To reach the *Luther-Buche*, one must leave the pathway and walk a short distance through the forest. A circular spot has been cleared of trees, and in the centre a simple Gothic monument has been erected, bearing an inscription on each side. On the front: "*Hier wurde Dr. Martin Luther am 4. Mai 1521, auf Befehl Friedrich's des Weisen, Kurfürsten von Sachsen,*

*aufgehoben und nach Schloss Wartburg-geführt. Er wird trinken vom Bache am Wege, darum wird er las Haupt erheben.*"\* On the side, Isa. 33. 15-16 and Psalm 18. 2, are inscribed.

In 1841 the tree was struck by lightning. The dead trunk is propped up and still remains. Close by a spring bubbles out of the rocks, ice-cold and crystal clear. It is a perfect solitude, with not a sound to break the stillness but that of the ever-flowing fountain—fit type of the Water of Life. I drank of the water and gathered some snowy daisies as *souvenirs* of one of the dearest spots I know. One asks in vain what the results would have been if the Elector had not taken this step.

And now, as "*Junker Jörg*"—the youth George—we find Luther in the fascinating retreat of the Wartburg. It stands on a conical mountain, and looks out on the mountains and lovely foliage, intermixed with fir, that renders Thuringia so beautiful. The charm of romance lingers here yet. Here Saint Elisabeth of Thuringia dwelt. The knightly hall and picture-gallery are full of fascinating interest.

Luther's chamber is just as he occupied it. In one corner his couch, there the writing-table, pen, and the inkstand that played such an important rôle. Above the table is the inkblot which we suspect is renewed by pious hands from time to time to keep it fresh. Here Luther employed ten months of calm, undisturbed by the raging storm beyond the mountains. He plunged into deeper study of Greek and Hebrew, continued his polemical writings, and finished his translation of the New Testament into German.

During the Diet of Augsburg, 1530, Luther resided three months in Coburg, and kept up the sinking courage of his friends by letters. The *Schloss* of Coburg, formerly a monastery, was converted into a ducal residence by Duke Ernst I., whose noble statue stands in front of it. Among the family portraits we see our own Victoria, the Prince Consort, and on the market-place his statue, which was unveiled by the Queen. But let us mount to the ancient castle. It stands on a height 521 feet

\*"Dr. Martin Luther was taken under the protection of Frederick the Wise, Prince of Saxony, and was brought by his command to the castle of Wartburg, May 4th, 1521. He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."

above the town, and commands one of the grandest prospects on every side to be found in the North or Central Germany.

Here Luther translated the Prophets and Psalms into German, and wrote his sublime hymn: "*Ein fest Burg ist unser Gott,*" translated by Dr. Hodge in our hymn-book, No. 506.

The fortress has lost all political importance, and is now a museum, containing a collection of firearms and many works of art, including the portraits of the ancient *Landgrafen* of Thuringia, and a goblet presented by Gustavus Adolphus.

The Reformation-room—Luther's room—contains a copy of a picture in the *Moritz Kirche*, the Diet of Augsburg, portraits of Luther, his wife, and Melancthon. On a column are the arms of the sixteen towns which declared for the Reformation.

In the celebrated Palatine library is a part of Luther's original translation of the Bible. It is one of the 3,522 rare manuscripts stolen by Tilly and carried off to Rome, and singularly enough was among the small fraction of the treasure afterward returned.

Luther also visited the beautiful and romantic Heidelberg to execute a commission for his *Kloster* in 1517, walking all the way from Wittenberg. He spent six months there, residing in the Augustine Convent, which stood in the present University square. He entered on a public disputation, the professors hearing him with trembling misgivings. One day, Professor Nigri said to him in the middle of his discourse: "If the people should hear that, they would stone thee," at which the students broke out into uproarious laughter, for "the common people heard him gladly." And through the ages, with ever-widening sweep, the teaching of the great Reformer expands, till now throughout Christendom unnumbered millions unite to celebrate the fame of the humble monk of Wittenberg.

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O HEARTS of love ! O souls that turn  
 Like sunflowers to the pure and blest !  
 To you the truth is manifest ;  
 For they the mind of Christ discern  
 Who lean, like John, upon His breast !

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

## I SHALL NOT WANT.

I SHALL not want ; in deserts wild  
 Thou spread'st Thy table for Thy child ;  
 While grace in streams for thirsting souls,  
 Through earth and heaven forever rolls.

I shall not want ; my darkest night  
 Thy loving smile shall fill with light ;  
 While promises around me bloom,  
 And cheer me with divine perfume.

I shall not want ; Thy righteousness  
 My soul shall clothe with glorious dress,  
 My blood-washed robe shall be more fair  
 Than garments kings or angels wear.

I shall not want ; whate'er is good,  
 Of daily bread or angel's food,  
 Shall to my father's child be sure  
 So long as earth or heaven endure.

—*Rev Chas. F. Deems, D.D.*

## SALVATION FROM SIN.

“FOR sin shall not have dominion over you ; for you are not under the law, but under grace.” This is a great proclamation ; but it is not greater than the fact it declares. The victory over sin which has been gained for us is so complete, and its effects so abiding, that now there is no reason why sin should have dominion over any child of Adam. The apostle reveals sin to us in three different aspects : as transgression, as disease, as a master-habit.

Sins of transgression spring from a disobedience in the way of omission and commission. “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” “By the law is the knowledge of sin.” We can discern the knowledge of our wanderings to the right hand and to the left by this unerring liner. But though our sins are more in number than the hairs of our head, the remedy which God has provided is full and sufficient. The blessed Jesus knew what He was doing when He was suffering on the cross. He was laying down His life for the remission of sins. Every believer now

can add his witness that after the eighteen centuries and more the blood has not lost its power to put away sins. It avails now for us altogether. We all need Him, without exception. In the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus we read of the day of atonement, that is, the prophetic type of the day of dispensation in which we live. We are told there that the high-priest took, in a basin, some of the blood which had been *shed* at the door of the tabernacle, and carried it out of sight inside the veil to the Holy of Holies, there to sprinkle the mercy-seat. In this action the Lord Jesus is typified as our High-priest at the throne of grace inside the veil, interceding for the benefit of believers. "If the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."

Sin as a master-habit—What is this, and what is its remedy? When the infirmity of our nature is indulged, in whatever form, it gains strength by this indulgence. In this way habits are formed and acquire a strength which is greater than the sin which was originally in us by nature. It is in reference to this greatest of the developments of the power of sin that the apostle refers in the text, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace;" that is, not under obligations and duties to be discharged in which you may and will fail, but under grace, which can deliver and make you free. We must all be painfully aware of the failure of some believers. We have seen men who have borne a good testimony to forgiveness of sins, and even to the cleansing efficacy of the sprinkled blood, who have yet been subsequently overtaken by some old sin or besetment to which they used to be subject. It may be that they have tried and resolved against the tyrant which held them, and cried to the Lord to help their efforts to overcome, instead of casting themselves in their helplessness upon the Lord, that He might overcome for them. When we ask the Lord in this way to *help* us to overcome, it implies that we can do something, and that we only need Him to supply our deficiency. It is this mistake that keeps so many from the liberty that they long for. If we would know the power of grace and its real liberty, we must be able to say, not we will give up all, or that we have done so, but "We have given up all to follow Thee."

## OUR LIFE AT GOD'S DISPOSAL.

YES, most truly, if I have given myself in unreserved consecration to God! He who chooses for himself, and prefers his will to God's will, and refuses to submit to the plan which God would have him work out in life, may say, "My times are in my own hand," and a miserable failure life will be. But the believer who is "sanctified wholly," may, in perfect truth, adopt the language of the psalmist; all his times are in God's hand. What confidence this inspires! The issue cannot be doubtful if God guides the life.

If the Saviour has His hand on the helm, we know what port we shall gain. We are not waifs on the ocean. However devious our course appears, infinite wisdom directs the whole; "my times," every one of them, however various, are all in God's hands.

My prosperity, it does not spring from my unaided plans, nor grow because I plant the seed, but it comes from the hand of God.

My adversity does not spring out of the ground. Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil? He doeth the wisest ever. Not a stroke is laid on but He has calculated the force of it, and intends to bring about the best result.

To the end of life it will be the same. Nothing passes but He puts His moulding hand on it; and when at last we come forth glorified in the kingdom of God, He shall have all the praise whose hand has moulded our times, so that they should issue in such a blessed eternity.—*From "Life of Faith."*

## THE BEATIFIC VISION.

How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we love on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, with every tear wiped from the eyes, standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, with white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever! What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach, not the house, but the throne of God, in company, in order to join the symphony of heavenly voices and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruition of the beatific vision.—*Robert Hall.*

## SACERDOTAL CELIBACY.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

WE had the pleasure, in a late number of this MAGAZINE, of reviewing Mr. Henry C. Lea's admirable volume of "Studies in Church History." The work at present under review is another by the same author, characterized by the same broad scholarship, careful study, profound investigation and judicious induction, and devoted to the special topic of Sacerdotal Celibacy. This subject he treats more fully than, so far as we know, it is elsewhere treated. He traces it from its incipient beginnings in the early centuries down to the present time. It is a long dark painful chapter of ecclesiastical history. This system had a most momentous influence on the great historic Church of Christendom—and through it on the development of civilization and the destiny of mankind. The author brings no railing accusation against that Church. From its own archives, from the decrees of councils, from capitularies and canon laws, he adduces copious citations in proof of every statement made. The volume exhibits a range of reading, an amount of research in obscure and little-trodden fields of literature, which few writers have the ability or opportunity to pursue. Although the author keeps steadily his main theme in view, yet much light is thrown upon such topics as the growth of heresies, corruption of doctrine, depravation of practice, the rise of Monachism, the development

of the Papacy, the appalling corruptions of society, and the progress of the Reformation in Germany, England, and Scotland; these and many kindred themes are treated with conspicuous ability. The author's literary style is extremely picturesque and vivid. We have read this work with absorbed interest, and can best show its scope by a brief description of its principal theme, based upon Mr. Lea's admirable and exhaustive treatment of the subject, and upon independent investigation.

One of the earliest manifestations of the ascetic spirit, which lies at the root of sacerdotal celibacy, was the exaggerated commendation of the supposed sanctity of single life. This, in course of time, led to the enforcement of the iron rule on whose Procrustean rack the tenderest and most sacred affections of the human heart were ruthlessly tortured. But this custom was only gradually introduced. During the first three centuries, there is no trace of a celibate clergy. There is also abundant evidence of the marriage of ecclesiastics of every order. Cyprian of Carthage, Demetrian of Antioch, Spyridion of Cyprus, Synesius of Cyrene, Eustathius of Sebastia, and Phileas of Thumis, were all married bishops.† Novatus, Cæcilius, and Numidicus, of Carthage, were married Presbyters. Tertullian, stern ascetic though he was, was married. So also were Gregory of Nyssa, Hilary of Poitiers, Valens

\* *An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church.* By HENRY C. LEA. Svo., pp. 600. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$3.75.

† Indeed, the primitive interpretation of the Apostolic injunction that a bishop must be the husband of one wife, regarded marriage as essential before ordination to that office. In this sense the Greek Church still regards it, and requires the marriage of priests and deacons before admission to holy orders. Primitive sentiment, however, tolerated only one marriage, stigmatizing all who married twice as digamists, a word of greatest opprobrium.

of Philippi, and numerous other ecclesiastics, of greater or less distinction.

The epigraphic testimony of the Roman Catacombs distinctly shows that in the earlier and purer ages of the Church the compulsory celibacy of the clergy was unknown. In numerous inscriptions, even of a comparatively late period, ecclesiastics of various ranks lament the death of their wives, "chaste, just, and holy." "Would to God," exclaims a writer in the *Revue Chretienne*, "that all their successors had such!"

The following are characteristic examples:—

"HVNC MIHI COMPOSUIT TVMVLVM LAV-  
RENTIA CONIVX  
MORIBVS APTA MEIS SEMPER VENER-  
ANDA FIDELIS  
INVIDIA INFELIX TANDEM COMPRESSA  
QVIESCIT.  
OCTAGINTA LEO TRANSCENDIT EPIS-  
COPVS ANNOS."

"My wife Laurentia made me this tomb; she was ever suited to my disposition, venerable and faithful. At length disappointed envy lies crushed; the Bishop Leo survived his eightieth year."

"GAUDENTIVS PRESB. SIBI ET CONIVGI  
SVAE  
SEVERAE CASTAE ET SANCTISSIMAE  
FEMINAE."

"Gaudentius, a presbyter, for his wife Severa, a chaste and most holy woman."

"LOCVS BASILI PRESB. ET FELICITATIS  
EIVS,  
SIBI FECERVNT." \*

"The place of Basil the Presbyter, and his Felicitas. They made it for themselves."

"LEVITAE CONIVX PETRONIA FORMA  
PVDORIS  
HIS MEA DEPONENS SEDIBVS OSSA LOCO.  
PARCITE VOS LACRIMIS DVLCES CVM  
CONIVCE NATAE  
VIVENTEMQVE DEO CREDITE FLERE  
NEFAS."

"I, Petronia, the wife of a deacon,

the type of modesty, lay down my bones in this resting-place. Refrain from tears, my sweet daughters and husband, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God."

"LEVITAE CONIVX SEMPER MIHI GRATA  
MARCIA  
CASTA GRAVIS SAPIENS SIMPLEX VENER-  
ERANDA FIDELIS."

"Marcia, the wife of a deacon, ever well-pleasing to me, chaste, grave, wise, sincere, venerable, faithful."

"CLAVDIVS ATTICIANVS LECTOR  
ET CLAVDIA FELICISSIMA CONIVX."

"Claudius Atticianus, the Reader, and Claudia Felicissima, his wife."

"JANVARIVS . EXORCISTA .  
SIBI . ET . CONIVGI . FECIT."

"Januarius, the exorcist, made this for himself and his wife."

It was not till the fourth century that this ordinance, "forbidding to marry," which has been fraught with such appalling moral evils to society, was authoritatively formulated in a canon of the Church. At the Council of Nicæa, "it seemed fit to the bishops," writes the historian Socrates, "to introduce a new law into the Church, that the clergy should have no conjugal intercourse with their wives married before ordination."† But the venerable confessor Paphnutius inveighed against placing a yoke on their necks that God had not imposed, and they were left at liberty.‡ This principle was also asserted by the previous Councils of Ancyra and Gangra: that of Neocæsarea, indeed (A.D. 314), prohibited marriage after ordination, but allowed those previously married to continue without censure. The decrees of the Spanish Council of Elvira were still more rigorous, but these canons were only of local authority, and were evaded by the scandalous subterfuge of *mulieres subintroductæ*, too often only another name for the concubines of the clergy.

\* Aringhi, *Roma Subterranea*, lib. i. c. 3.—Reinesius suggested that Aringhi had suppressed the word wife in this epitaph; but Fabretti has well observed that to none other than a wife can the expression "his Felicitas" be applied.

† Socrat. i. 11.

‡ Ib.; Sozomen, i. 23.



This enforced celibacy has been the secret of much of the power of the Romish priesthood. The suppression of the domestic affections only intensified their devotion to the cause of the Church. The Church took the place of both wife and child, and engrossed all their thought and energies. This social isolation developed also an especial *esprit de corps* in the clergy, who became thus a priestly caste, a great hierarchical phalanx, inspired by a common enthusiasm, and knit together by common interests.

The conception of the superior sanctity of celibacy thus rapidly spread. Marriage was tolerated as a necessary evil on account of the infirmity of the weak; the higher exaltation was that of single life. At first woman, rather than man, probably embraced this vocation, for the greater leisure and freedom it gave in an unquiet age for religious service. We find in the Roman Catacombs frequent evidence of the existence of a female diaconate, and the employment of widows and virgins in offices of charity.\* This fact is confirmed by ecclesiastical history: the order of *ministræ* is recognised by the Councils of Ancyra, Chalcedon, and Valence. At first, only those over forty years of age were admitted, and neither conventual residence, costume, nor discipline was required, nor the vow of perpetual virginity. The age of admission to this order was afterwards reduced to twenty-five or even sixteen years, and the abandonment of the lofty vantage-ground of virgin-

hood evoked severe ecclesiastical censure. Thus the primitive deaconesses gradually faded into modern nuns.

The vehement Jerome writes with enthusiasm in praise of single life. The community of virgins, he says, are the vessels of gold and silver, that of the married only those of wood and earthenware. "Marriage replenishes the earth, and virginity heaven."† In expounding the parable of the Sower, he writes, "The thirty-fold refers to marriage; the sixty-fold to widowhood; but the hundred-fold expresses the crowning glory of virginity."‡

In this revolt against the Divinely-ordained institution of marriage many of the Fathers denounce woman as a pernicious evil, a deadly poison, the work of the devil, and the door of hell, as the mother of all human ills, and the fountain of original sin. Her very presence was a continual temptation and snare. She should be ashamed of the thought that she was a woman. In their vituperation of womanhood they seem to have forgotten their own mothers.§

The monastic spirit only gradually pervaded Christianity; in the period of its primitive purity it was unknown. In the first flush of its youthful zeal, Christianity aspired to the complete regeneration of society, to the conquest of the world. It withdrew not from the stern conflict of life, but sought to hallow its daily avocations and lowly toils by consecrating all to God. "We are no Brahmins, nor Indian devotees," ex-

\* Thus we find such epitaphs as the following:—"OC. TA. VI. AE., MA. TRO. NAE.: VI. DU. AE. DE. I." "To Octavia, a matron, widow of God." "ANCILLA DEI," "A handmaid of God;" "VIRGO DEVOTA," "A consecrated virgin."

† *Nuptiæ terram, replent, et, ginitas Paradisum.*—*Adv. Jovin. i.*

‡ Cyprian ascribes the hundred-fold to martyrs, the sixty-fold to virgins. But when the two dignities are united, "the hundred-fold," he says, "is added to the sixty-fold."

§ Primitive Christianity owes much to its godly women. The mothers of Augustine, Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, and Theodoret aided in the conversion of their sons. St. Helena; Pulcheria, sister of Theodosius the Younger; Flaccilla, wife of Theodosius the Great; and Placidia, wife of Valentinian III., were conspicuous defenders of the faith. The lofty virtues, charity, and zeal of Marcella, Paula, Furia, and Fabiola will never be forgotten.

claimed Tertullian, "living naked in the woods, self-exiled from civilized life."\*

But as the years glide on iniquity abounds, the love of many grows cold, and Christianity herself becomes corrupt. The political aspect of the times becomes chaotic, hope grows dim in the hearts of patient watchers for the dawn, and, despairing of the regeneration of society, they seek in spiritual selfishness to save their own souls alive by fleeing from a doomed world and hiding in the clefts of the rock and caves of the earth till the indignation be overpast.

The doubtful honour of originating monastic life is claimed for the rival saints, Antony and Paul of Egypt.†

The practice of monastic retirement then spread like an epidemic throughout Christendom. Soon no lonely island, no desert shore, no gloomy vale was without its laura or monastery. At the close of the fourth century, Jerome declares that there existed an innumerable multitude of monks,‡ and bursting into poetical enthusiasm, exclaims, "O wilderness, blooming with the flowers of Christ! O desert, rejoicing in communion with the Deity!" The Thebaid swarmed with anchorets, who were seemingly spawned, it was contemptuously said, like the ancient plague of frogs, from the mud of the Nile. They became a mighty nation, soon rivalling in number the population of the cities.§ All classes of society shared the contagion. Men, weary of the ignoble life and petty ambitions of cities, left the palace|| and the forum for the solemn silence

of the desert, and forsook babbling strife of tongues for the solitary communion with God. Women, sated and sickened with fashionable folly and tawdry vanity, with something of the old Roman spirit flashing in their eyes, turned from the frivolous joys of the world to a life of stern asceticism. With hearts aching for a spiritual sympathy which they found not in their often loveless homes, they yearned for the Divine perfection, and poured the precious ointment of their lives on the feet of the Celestial Bridegroom. Worldly-wise mothers had to shut up their daughters to prevent their yielding to the persuasive eloquence of Jerome, the great apostle of monachism.

Doubtless much of error and of wrong was mixed with these spiritual aspirations. The tenderest affections of the human heart were relentlessly crushed, and the holiest domestic duties neglected, as an acceptable offering to God. The fanatical enthusiast often abandoned the wife of his bosom, became deaf to the cry of his famishing child, and refused to look on the face of the mother that bore him.¶ And this merciless severity was eulogised as the highest Christian heroism.\*\*

But these deluded beings were as savagely austere to themselves as to others. They regarded pleasure as synonymous with sin, cleanliness of body as pollution of soul, and even undisturbed slumber as a guilty indulgence. They often dwelt, like the demoniacs, among the tombs, amid the ghastly gloom of the sepulchre, and surrounded by the moulder-

\* *Næ que enim Brachmanæ, aut Indorum gymnosophistæ sumus, sylvicolæ et cæciles vitæ.*—*Apol.* 44.

† Socrates attributes their origin to an ascetic Ammon.—*Eccl. Hist.* iv. 22.

‡ "Monachorum innumerabilis multitudo."

§ *Quanti populi habentur in urbibus tantæ pæne habentur in desertis multitudines monachorum.* *Rufin* 7.—Pachomius, the first disciple of St. Antony, had 7,000 followers.

|| Arsenius, the tutor of Arcadius and Honorius, fled to the Thebaid and wept his life away. Constans, the son of Constantine, and the Emperor Julian, at one time wore the monastic habit.—*Oros. Hist.* vii., 40; *Soc.* iii. 1.

¶ See the case of St. Simeon Stylites *postea*, and the following epitaph of Paula:—  
"Fratrem, cognatos, Romani, patriamque relinquens,  
Divitias, sobolem, Bethlehemitæ conditur antro."

\*\* "Pietatem in filios, pietatē in Deum superans nesciebat se matrem ut Chr probaret ancillam."—Hieron. *Epitaph. Paulæ*.

ing dead; or, usurping the den of some wild animal, whose savage aspect they imitated, they became degraded to the level of the brutes.\* Sordid and filthy, clad in rags or skins, or only with their unkempt and matted hair, they lived outwardly the life of a beast, that, they said, they might live inwardly the life of an angel.† The anchorets of Mesopotamia seemed to have inherited the doom of Nebuchadnezzar. Self-exiled from mankind, they had their dwelling-place with the beasts of the field, and ate grass like the oxen.‡

Faint with fasting, and almost maniacal from solitude and long-continued austerities, the monk often mistook for palpable realities the phantoms of his own delirious brain. All hideous sounds and scenes of horror and affright haunted his midnight vigils in his desert cave. Furious and malignant fiends, whose demoniac laughter curdled his blood,§ contending for his soul, assailed him with their most subtle and terrible temptations; and forms of unearthly beauty beguiling him to sin, awoke to morbid intensity the appetites of the rebel flesh. He could fly from the abodes of men, but not from the passions of his own heart. Cries and tears, and agonies of prayer, alternated with the ecstasies of beatific visions and paroxysms of despair.

The record of these monkish austerities, as given by Theodoret, Evagrius, Socrates, Sozomen, and

other contemporary writers, is a painful chapter in the history of fanaticism. The once beautiful Mary of Egypt became sordid and emaciated. By constant genuflection and prayer the knees of the Roman damsel Asella became hard as a camel's. Arsenius wept himself blind for his sins. Hilarion, unable to find solitude in the desert, fled to a distant island, "that the sea might hide what the land would not." The fiery zeal of Basil early consumed his frame by the extraordinary penances it imposed. "For twenty years," said Macarius, "I have neither eaten, drunk, nor slept, as nature craved. My bread has been weighed, my water measured, and my sleep has been stolen while reclining against a wall."

But in the discipline of the pillar-saints the ingenuity of self-torture seems to have culminated. St. Simeon Stylites, the first of these enthusiasts, according to Theodoret, spent thirty-seven years on the top of four pillars respectively six, twelve, twenty, and forty cubits high, twenty years being spent on the last,

"In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes, and cramps,

In rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp,  
sleet, and snow."||

He had previously dwelt in a tank haunted by unclean spirits, and chained for years to a crag. He bound a well-rope round his body till it ate into his flesh. He fasted for forty days. He spent his time in prayer, with outstretched arms, or

\* Many of them never lay down. St. Simeon Stylites is said to have fasted forty days: another spake no word for forty years. Hilarion lived in a tomb-like cell, four feet long and five feet high, in which he could neither stand nor lie.

† The following is a Pagan opinion of these pious ascetics:—"There is a race," said Eunapius, "called monks—men, indeed, in form, but hogs in life, who practice and allow abominable things. Whoever wears a sordid robe, and is not ashamed of filthy garments, and presents a dirty face to public view, obtains tyrannical power."

‡ These *βόσκοι*, or grazing monks, are the subject of a panegyric by St. Ephrem, and are described by Sozomen, vi. 33.

§ Hilarion dwelt near an ancient demon-haunted temple, and heard ever on the night winds wailing voices sob around his lonely cell—doubtless the cry of wild fowls and beasts of prey.

|| See Tennyson's noble poem, which treats this strange theme with intense power and subtle mental analysis.

with ceaseless bowings and genuflections.\* Pilgrims by the thousand sought his benediction, and multitudes of pagans renounced their idols at his preaching. So holy was he that no woman, not even his mother, might draw near him. The latter, wishing to see him before she died, came and, standing afar off, besought him, by the birth-pangs she had suffered, by her mother's milk, and kiss, and care, to let her see his face. But hiding his features, he exclaimed, "Lady mother, wait a little while, and we shall see each other in eternal rest." And though she besought three days he refused to look upon her. He himself—was it a Divine retribution?—lay bowed three days upon the column before it was known that he was dead.† The loathsome and ulcered condition of this "all-holy martyr of the air"‡ was the highest ideal of the Christian heroism of the age, and became the model of numerous imitators.

But these solitary ascetics were harmless compared with the band of fierce and bigoted monks who prowled around the country,§ or swarmed in the great cities of the Empire, often filling their streets with violence and bloodshed. Alexandria stood more in awe of the mob of bare-legged, black-cowled fanatics by which it was infested, than of a hostile army. Their savage turbulence culminated in the barbarous murder of the noble and beautiful Hypatia, the finest representative of Attic culture in that last refuge of

the muses, where "the leaden mace of monkish bigotry shivered the tempered steel of Greek philosophy."||

The Western monk, however, never exhibited the delirious fanaticism which characterised the Eastern confraternities. He was more amenable to control and more industrious in life. "Beware of idleness," wrote St. Benedict, "as the greatest enemy of the soul." *Qui laborat orat*, was the motto of his order. Under the inspiration of this principle, work, before degraded as the task of slaves and serfs, was ennobled and dignified, and many of the Latin confraternities became the pioneers of agriculture and civilization among rude and barbarous European tribes. They were also less austere and ascetic than the Eastern orders. They exhibited less spiritual selfishness and clearer conceptions of Christian duty. "I serve God that I may save my lost soul," exclaimed the Stylite, and, fakir-like, cursed the world as a scene of baleful enchantment. The gentle heart of St. Francis of Assisi, the flower of the Western monks, went forth in affection to all created things,¶ and inculcated boundless beneficence as the essence of Christianity.

While fraught with much of error and of evil, this system was not without noble compensations. It asserted the dignity of humanity, rebuked the tyranny of kings, smote the yoke from the neck of the slave, maintained the sanctity of human life,\*\* and in an age of violence and blood exhibited the superiority of

\* One observer counted 1,244 prostrations, and then lost computation.—Theodoret, *Philotheus*.

† The wailing of the birds, and beasts, and people on this occasion, says Theodoret, was heard seven miles off.

‡ *Παναγιός και αείριος μάρτυρος*, is the title given him by the Emperor Theodosius.

§ "Gyrovagi," they were called, which may be translated "vagabonds."

|| "They mangled her body with shells and then burned it."—Socrat. vii. 15; Philostorg. viii. 9.

¶ In his "Song of the Creatures," he gives thanks for his brother the sun, his sister the moon, his mother the earth, for the water, the fire, and even for his sister death. St. Antony preached to the birds and fishes, and the whole monkish brotherhood possessed, it was said, wondrous power over the fiercest beasts.

\*\* The zeal of an Eastern monk, Telemachus, put an end for ever to the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre by the offering of his own life in a saintly martyrdom of humanity.—Theodor. v. 26, A.D. 398.

moral influence to brute force. It furnished an organization of charity for the relief of poverty and suffering when hospitals and asylums were unknown,\* and offered a quiet refuge for gentle souls, who, throughout the long dark night of the Middle Ages, trimmed the lamp of learning, flickering well-nigh to extinction. With the Christian Church, it was almost the only institution that survived the wreck of the old Roman world. The monks became the apostles of Mediæval Europe. St. Guthlac in Lincoln's fens and on Yorkshire wolds; St. Columba in lone Iona and on storm-swept Lindisfarne; St. Boniface amid Thuringian forests; St. Columbanus in Helvetian vales; Methodius and Cyril amid the recesses of Bulgaria and Bohemia; and Anskar amid Norwegian fjords

raised the voice of prayer and hymn of praise, and planted the germs of the new life of Christendom.

But this system, however clear in the spring, became, as our author clearly shows, miry in the stream. It shared an inveterate taint from which sprang frightful corruptions invoking its destruction. Upon these evils, of which Mr. Lea cites from Romish authorities only too positive testimony, we have not the heart to dwell. The picturesque ruins of the abbeys and priories of Europe are the monuments of an institution out of harmony with the spirit of the age, and to be remembered without regret. In lands where it still exists it is an anachronism and an incubus—a belated ghost of midnight walking in the light of day.

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## CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1884.

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The past year of this MAGAZINE has been the best it has ever known. No effort shall be spared to make the coming year still better. Its circulation, during '83 increased nearly one third, an increase at least equal to this is expected for '84. This will require over 900 new subscribers. With our enlarged constituency this we believe will be obtained. Our announcement, when complete will be the best we ever made—far ahead of that of last year, excellent as it was. Several of the best writers in the Methodist Church and in other Churches, in this land and in other lands, have already promised contributions; and correspondence is in progress with many others. Our arrangements are only

partially complete; but among those who have already promised contributions are the following: Bishop McTyeire, delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to the General Conference of 1882—Bishop McTyeire's article is now in hand, and will appear in the January number; Bishop Carman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; President Nelles, of Victoria University; Principal Grant, of Queen's University; Professor Badgley, of Albert University—on "St. Anselm;" Professor Shaw, of the Montreal Theological College; Rev. Dr. Burns, of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton; Rev. Dr. Austin, Alma Ladies' College; Rev. Dr. Clarke, of McMaster Hall—on "The Contact

\* In the terrible Black Death of the 14th century, 124,000 Franciscans fell victims to their zeal in their temporal and spiritual ministrations to the sick and dying.

of Theology and Christianity"; Dr. Daniel Clarke, of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane—on "Heredity"; His Honour Judge Jones on "Methodist Evangelists"; Dr. J. E. Graham—on "A Visit to the Leper Hospital at Tracadie, N. B. ; S. P. Robins, LL.D., Principal of McGill Normal School, Montreal—on "The Chasm between Living Organism and Dead Matter as related to the Theories of Evolution;" Rev. Hugh Johnston—"The Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" illustrated; Rev. J. Cooper Antliff, B.D.; Rev. G. Webber; Rev. Dr. Sutherland; John Cameron, Esq., Editor of *Toronto Globe*—"Sketches of Italian Travel;" John Reade, of the *Montreal Gazette*; and others. We expect shortly to announce as contributors, others of the foremost writers, clerical and lay, of Canadian, English, and American Methodism.

#### ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

The principal of these will be "AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT 'SUNBEAM,'" by LADY BRASSEY, with the whole of the engravings of the sumptuous English edition—118 in number. This is a delightful record of travel in the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, in South America and through the Straits of Magellan, among the Society and Sandwich Islands, in Japan, China, the Malay Peninsula and Ceylon, and in the Red Sea and Mediterranean. The illustrations are very elegant, and the narrative will run through the entire year.

Among the other illustrated articles will be "Life in the Canadian North West," with first class engravings procured from the Century Co., New York; "English Cathedrals,"—with engravings of the most famous of these venerable fanes; "Walks about London,"—with pictures of some of the most important structures of the world's greatest city; "A visit to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky,"—by the Editor, splendidly illustrated; "On The Hudson;" "Wonders of the Yellowstone;" "In Bible Lands;" "Italian Pictures;" "Sackville College,"—by Dr. Inch; "Distinguished Canadians," and "Living Authors,"—with portraits; "In Mission Lands;"

"Scenes in Japan;" "The Island of Newfoundland." Negotiations are also in progress which we believe will enable us also to present handsomely illustrated articles on "The Oil Regions of Canada;" "Picturesque Ireland;" "Old England;" "Through Normandy;" "Holy Russia;" "At the Antipodes,"—by the T. Bowman Stephenson, LL.D.; "Recent Art Progress," together with a series of fine views in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Our Serial Story, the MS. of which is all in hand, will be, "How Methodism Came to Foxes." This is a clever and graphic tale of village life in Newfoundland. The story is written by a Methodist Missionary, abounds in stirring incidents by flood and field, and blends deep pathos and rich humour with intense religious earnestness. A new series of Helen Campbell's Dicken's-like sketches of Mission work in the slums of New York, which have attracted so much attention, will be given; and several illustrated papers on Foreign Missions by the Editor. We shall also give a reprint article by James Anthony Froude, on "Great Britain and Her Colonies;" one by Phillips Brooks, on "The Pulpit and Skepticism;" and if space will permit, articles by Edward A. Freeman, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Dawson, and other foremost living writers.

#### OUR PREMIUM.

The Premium offered with the Magazine for 1884 is, we think the most attractive ever given therewith. The title is, "Anecdotes of the Wesleys," by the Rev. J. B. Wakeley. These are gleaned, the author tells us from all the Lives of the Wesleys, from Wesley's Journals, the Arminian and Wesleyan Magazines, and from hundreds of volumes and pamphlets. Though an American book it has reached a *tenth* edition in England, and sells at one dollar and a quarter, without the steel portrait. It gives over four hundred pithy and racy anecdotes, that cling like burrs, to the memory of the Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and of John and Charles Wesley. The wisdom and piety, the wit and

humour of the Founder of Methodism and of the remarkable family to which he belonged are strikingly set forth. The book contains 391 pages and is handsomely bound in cloth, with stamped and gilt back and side. A special feature, not found in the English Edition, is an admirable steel portrait of the venerable Founder of Methodism, so familiar in the old Wesleyan Hymn-book, which has been specially imported by the Book-Steward, and never before printed in Canada. This of itself is almost worth the price asked for the book. This attractive premium is now ready for delivery, and will be sent, *Postage Paid*, to all subscribers to all Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, old or new, for the merely nominal sum of THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

This handsome volume is issued *below cost* as a premium to our sub-

scribers. Otherwise we would gladly send, without charge, a copy to each of our ministers who have so nobly in the past aided by their generous efforts the circulation of this MAGAZINE. We hope, therefore, that all the ministers will kindly send their order for this valuable premium, by post card at once, when it will be promptly sent them and charged to their personal account.

We are anxious that they should be in immediate possession of a copy, as it will greatly help them in their canvass. The price of the MAGAZINE is as heretofore \$2.00 a year, MAGAZINE and *Christian Guardian* together \$3.50. The *Century Magazine* and *Harper's Monthly* will be sent to Subscribers for \$3 each. The regular price of each of these is \$4. Terms to Agents, same as heretofore.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The total number of members in Great Britain, reported at the late Conference, is 407,085, showing a net increase of 13,331. The Conference resolved on the recommendation of the Missionary Committee, that the week beginning with Sunday, November 11th, shall be set apart for intercession in behalf of the Foreign Missions, especially for the increase of liberality at home, as well as for the increase of success abroad. The subject is to be brought before all the congregations on the Lord's day, and also before the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-schools, and prayer-meetings are to be held throughout the week in all the circuits, and, as far as practicable, in all the chapels and preaching-places.

The report of the Book-Room, London, was very gratifying, and

grants of over \$20,000 from the profits of the year were made. The Salvation Army has purchased on an extensive scale, which is certainly a good sign, for Methodist literature will make strong recruits. No less than 1,100,000 copies of the Sunday-school Hymn-Book has been sold.

An exchange says:—"Methodism seems to take kindly to French soil. The recent French Conference shows a most encouraging state of affairs. There are 134 churches and other preaching-stations, eight ministers' houses, and six school premises, worth about \$165,000. There are 29 ministers, 11 evangelists and teachers, 100 local preachers, 117 class-leaders, and 2,000 members. The increase of members is about 7 per cent. The Sunday-schools are correspondingly flourishing."

Some of the Methodist Mission-

schools of India of a high grade, for boys and girls, are full to overflowing, and are obliged to stop advertising and enlarge their accommodations.

The Missions in the West Indies are to be formed into two Conferences, and a General Conference to meet once in three years.

The openings for missionary labour in the Transvaal, South Africa, are becoming numerous. A most interesting account is given of Samuel Mathabathe, who has been a grand pioneer, and for years has been engaged in pushing the triumphs of the cross among the natives without any aid from the missionaries.

As a fruit of the Ecumenical Conference, the three Methodist denominations in Germany—the Wesleyan, the Evangelical Association, and the Methodist Episcopal Church—have been drawn nearer together. They have held several union meetings in Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg, and arranged to observe on February 11th a day of humiliation and prayer for German Methodism.

Two missionaries of more than ordinary fame have lately died in the Southern world—Revs. John Hobbs, and Thomas Buddle. Both were pioneers in Australasia. The services of Mr. Hobbs were of great value to the Government when treaties were being made. He acted a part very similar to that of our own George Macdougall.

#### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The General Missionary Board held its annual meeting immediately on the rise of the General Conference. The income was reported at \$168,000, but though this amount is a gratifying increase on the preceding year, the grants made to missionaries, especially on Domestic Missions, were less than last year. This arose from the increase in the number of claimants, hence it is evident the funds must be further increased or there will be considerable suffering in the homes of the missionaries. The Board authorized the purchase of a piece of property in Tokio,

Japan, for collegiate purposes, but none of the cost is to be taken from the ordinary missionary income. An additional missionary is also to be sent to Japan. A member of the Board generously offered to defray the expense of his outfit and voyage, and also to give an additional sum of \$500 for three years. Another member promised to give \$250 towards educational work in Japan. May such noble friends increase.

Two missionaries were present at the meeting of the Board, Revs. Dr. Meacham, of Japan, and C. M. Tate, of British Columbia. The latter has returned to his field of labour. The former is to remain sometime in Canada, and will be of service in advocating the claims of Japan. The Rev. Dr. Cochran has gone to the Eastern Provinces as a deputation from the Missionary Board. He will visit the principal circuits and probably attend 50 or 60 missionary services before his return.

The anniversary of the Woman's Missionary Society was recently held in the Metropolitan Church. There are now six auxiliaries, with a membership of 350. The amount raised during the year was \$961, an increase of \$78. Another female labourer is being sent to Japan. If auxiliary societies were formed in all our churches great good would be sure to follow.

A Methodist Evangelistic Association has recently been formed in Toronto, the design of which is to visit small places for the purpose of instituting religious services by means of local agency. The Association will not interfere with any circuit agency, but rather supplement and aid the same. It is hoped that the Association may be the means of accomplishing much good in small places which are in danger of being overlooked.

The work of Methodist Union progresses. We are glad to learn that the ministers of various branches of the Church are in several places engaged in revival campaigns. A grand work of grace in all our Conferences would be the best guarantee for the success of the Union move-



ment. It has also been gratifying to see that ministers have been helping each other at missionary and other services.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF  
CANADA.

The Rev. Dr. King, Moderator of the Assembly, and for about 20 years one of the leading ministers in Toronto, has accepted the appointment of President of the Presbyterian College, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and is to enter upon his duties immediately. He will be followed by the prayers of his numerous friends.

An interesting ordination missionary service was recently held in Toronto, when Joseph Builder, late student in Knox's College, was set apart for mission-work in India. It was stated at the same meeting that in response to Dr. Mackay's appeal from Formosa, \$1,250 had been sub-

scribed towards the erection of places of worship, and that the Rev. Mr. Jamieson was about to proceed to assist Dr. Mackay.

The Home Missionary Society has resolved that an effort shall be made to secure a sufficient amount of income to provide a manse and a salary of \$750 for every minister in Ontario and Quebec, and for those in Manitoba and the North-West a salary of \$950.

BAPTIST CHURCH, CANADA.

The College in Toronto has recently added two members to its Faculty. Through the amalgamation of the College in Nova Scotia with the College in Toronto, the latter is now greatly strengthened. The additions to the staff of the Revs. Dr. W. N. Clarke and Dr. D. M. Welton will greatly increase the efficiency of the Faculty.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*The Life of Martin Luther.* By JULIUS KOSTLIN, Professor at Halle. Edited by John G. Morris, D.D., LL.D. 8vo. Pp. 496. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price \$3.50.

The Luther celebration has given a striking impulse to Luther literature. One of the most notable results of this is Kostlin's new "Life of Luther." Of this book Mr. Froude, in his recent article on Luther says: "At last we have a Life of Luther that deserves the name. Here we have the great Reformer in all aspects, as a child, as a man, as the antagonist of popes and princes, as a father and householder in his own home, as he appeared to the world, and as he appeared to his wife and children and to his personal friends—for such a biography Europe has waited for the eve of the 400th anniversary of his birth."

A student who has read these pages

of Herr Kostlin attentively, will have few questions left to ask. "He will have heard Luther speak in his own racy, provincial German; he will have seen him in the pulpit; he will have seen him in kings' courts and imperial diets. He will have seen him at his own table, or working in his garden, or by his children's bedside."

The life of Luther is the history of the Reformation in Germany. He was its very heart and soul. The story thus combines the dramatic interest of a personal narrative with the history of a great world-movement. We are brought into contact with Pope and Kaiser, Prince and Bishop, Soldier and Priest. This man was the pivot on which the destinies of Europe and of the ages turned. But more fascinating than the records of his public life and great controversies, heroic and great-hearted as he appeared in these,

will be found the story of his home life, of his strong domestic affections—his gambols with his children, the hymn-singing around the Christmas-tree, the wise and witty "table-talk" at his hospitable board, his loving fealty to his "gracious Mistress, Doctor Kathe," his quaint letters to his little Hans, his poignant grief at the death of his beloved Lenchen—these reveal the deep tender heart of the husband and father, and, across the centuries, touch our hearts to smiles or tears.

*The Royal Canadian Readers.* I to V. Toronto: Canada Publishing Co. (Limited.)

It is a cause of patriotic pride that such an admirable series of Readers as this should be so distinctively Canadian in authorship, in art illustration, in manufacture, and in special adaptation to Canadian use. If we are ever to cultivate a national sentiment, it will be the out-working of such a patriotic spirit as is evinced in the preparation of this national series. The very names of Canadian places and treatment of Canadian subjects in their reading lessons, the pictures of Canadian scenes, the writings of Canadian authors, will cultivate in the minds of young Canadians, an intelligent love of country which would be otherwise impossible. Such an engraving, for instance, as that designed by Mr. Bell-Smith, of the busy scene on Yonge Street Wharf, Toronto, will open the eyes of the young folk to the picturesque aspects of every-day life about them, and the pictures by pen and pencil of historic Canadian scenes will quicken the historic imagination and call back to life the dead past. In the earlier books of the series we are especially pleased with the admirable chapters on natural history—the growth of plant and animal life, Canadian trees, etc. Such reading will cultivate the powers of observation in the young, and open their eyes to the wonder-world of nature all around them.

We are glad to see also selections from the Holy Scriptures in this series. Every education must be

seriously defective which does not secure familiarity with the Book of books—the noblest classic in the world's literature, as well as the supreme rule of life and conduct. It is well, too, that the subject of temperance receives such direct treatment as that of the chapter by Prof. Foster.

The last volume of the series is unique in Canadian literature. Nowhere else can be found such a full account and critical estimate of the principal authors of our nascent Canadian literature, with copious citations from their works. The portrait and sketches of Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Professor Goldwin Smith, Dr. Dawson, and other Canadian authors gives this volume a value peculiarly its own. The similar treatment of the chief writers of English and American literature, with the explanatory and critical notes, makes the study of this book in itself quite a liberal education. We would very much like to see this series extensively used in our schools, and the advanced books for private reading.

*Illustrated Catalogue Art Exhibition of New England Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institute, Boston, Mass.* Cupples, Upham & Co. 4to. Price \$3.

This is the most sumptuous art catalogue we have ever seen. It was, we believe, the directors of the Paris Salon who introduced the fashion of such illustrated catalogues. But they have been left far behind by American enterprise. No such elegant art catalogue as this, we think, has been before attempted. It fills a large quarto volume of 300 pages, and contains sixty-three superb full-page illustrations. These consist of 19 etchings, 12 albertypes and 32 drawings, contributed by the most eminent living artists in America. The value of the book is enhanced by a series of 20 articles by well-known specialists in the several departments of art, written expressly for it. In issuing this work, it has been well remarked, the aim has been to present to the public

in as compact and artistic a way as possible the means of estimating the position of America in the art of the world. The book is hence of marked interest, not merely to artists and savants, but to all persons engaged in the pursuits and industries of art. The etchings especially are admirable. The albertypes reproduce with great fidelity every shade of the originals. The articles on various phases of American art are not merely of value to professional readers, but also to all lovers of good pictures.

*Illustrated Catalogue of the Art Department of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition.* 8vo. Pp. 120. Cincinnati: O. Reich, Publisher. Price 25 cents.

This catalogue contains 109 reproductions of the principal paintings of the Cincinnati Exhibition of 1883, most of them from sketches by the artists themselves, together with a large number of fine art photo-engravings. The historic portraits reproduced by this process are among the best specimens of this art that we have seen. Many of the pictures are printed in monochrome colours. While this is sometimes very effective, we prefer, on the whole, the black and white. "Little Bo-Peep," a great favourite when exhibited in the Toronto Gallery, is finely reproduced. We hope to give examples of these fine engravings in an early number of this MAGAZINE.

*The Boy-Lollard. A Tale of the Readers of Tyndale's New Testament in the Times of Henry VIII.* By the REV. FREDERIC A. REED, A.M. Pp. 302. Illustrated. Boston: Congregational House. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is a stirring story of one of the most heroic events of English history—that sixteenth century when by the aid of Tyndale and his fellow-Reformers, the Word of God was freely given to the English people. It gives a vivid picture of the times. The author has carefully preserved the historical "keeping" of his pic-

ture, and indicates his historical accuracy by copious citations of authorities. We strongly commend this style of literature for Sunday-school libraries, instead of the frivolous fiction, too much in vogue. A pathetic interest is given to this volume from the fact since the author revised the final proof he was suddenly summoned to his final reward.

*Stories of Patriotism and Devotion. For Young People.* Translated from the French by MRS. BELLE TEVIS SPEED. Pp. 325. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

The French have a particularly interesting and vivacious way of writing, especially for young people. The accomplished translator of this volume presents four most attractive French stories to her readers: Maroussia, a Russian Legend; The Valley of Yseult; The Shepherdess of the Alps; and The Young Ladies' House. There is a fine foreign flavour about these stories that gives them quite a piquant interest; and they are, what many French stories are not, thoroughly sound and wholesome.

*Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden.* By REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON. New York: Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 98. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

This is a new book from the vigorous pen of Mr. Spurgeon. From the twenty-two volumes of the staunch Puritan, Thomas Manton, the renowned editor has culled a collection of figures and metaphors rich in thought and fertile in illustration. The terse sentences and pithy phrases of the old writer have a freshness about them that is morally invigorating. Mr. Spurgeon has added to each saying remarks of his own, giving much additional interest to the volume. An Index of subjects accompanies the volume, and will be helpful to public speakers and writers.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The approach of Christmas is always pleasantly heralded by the appearance of the snow birds and the red-breasts, and of the gorgeous gold and green, and blue, and crimson Christmas books. Few things so heighten the joy of the season, and at once delight and instruct, like this most appropriate of all Christmas presents.

A very pretty series of those, in small 4to, elegantly bound and illustrated, is issued by Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, New York. Among them are: "Queer Little People"—Stories of Pets and Animals; "A Dog's Mission and other Stories;" and "Little Pussy Willow, and The Minister's Watermelons," all by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Price \$1 25 each. In a thousand dainty touches in the stories the skill of the most successful writer of the age is seen. Lessons of kindly sympathy with our dumb friends are well brought out, and for literary charm the books suggest the French sketches of Theophile Gautier on similar subjects.

In the same series is Rossiter Raymond's "Merry-go-Rounds," a volume of stories for Boys and Girls. Pp. 161. Price \$1 50. It abounds in some of the most ingenious fancies. The story of "The Star of Bethlehem"—a quaint conception of the reanimation in a New England village of one of the Magi of the East—carries with it its lessons for both old and young. The books are almost too prettily bound for Sunday-school library use; but would suit admirably for the Christmas tree.

Another very attractive series of books, not so much in appearance as the bright and clever nature of the stories, is the "Young People's Series," reprinted by the Harper's from the fascinating pages of their "*Young People*." "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," by that rare raconteur for boys, W. L. Alden; "Tim and Tip, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog," and "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," by James Otis; and especially the charming story of "Nan," by Lucy C. Lillie, have won wide fame in that popular paper. In

this convenient reprint they are destined to win still wide popularity. They are good not merely for Christmas but for all the year round. We cannot say that we would recommend them for Sunday-school libraries, or Sunday-school reading. They are too full of fun and frolic for that; Mr. Stubbs' Brother, for instance, is a particularly mischievous monkey. But for the Christmas holidays they will prove more attractive than many more ostensibly Christmas books. They are neatly bound in stamped linen, and handsomely illustrated. Price \$1 per volume.

Before us lies a series of very hapsome and very instructive books from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York—such books as will lure to the reading and will leave memories of solid information behind them. We begin with "Boys of other Countries," by the veteran traveller, Bayard Taylor. It describes boy-life in the wilds of Sweden, amid the ice-fields of Norway, on the Steppes of Russia, in the forests of Thuringia and in the land of the Upper Nile. In "The Big Brother," George Cary Eggleston, describes historic events of Indian war and hair-breadth 'scapes in 1813. In "Captain Sam" he describes, from an American point of view, the closing scenes of that war in the neighbourhood of New Orleans. "The Signal Boys" is devoted to the same period and event. "The Wreck of the Red Bird," is a stirring story of adventure on the Carolina Coast. The series is handsomely bound and illustrated in four 12mo. vols. \$1 50 per vol.

The best way to crowd out pernicious, vicious, and sensational books such as incite boys to vice and crime, is to furnish wholesome instruction and interesting reading. Those parents who neglect to do this, neglect a very important duty. The holiday season is a very appropriate time to turn over a new leaf in this respect. In nothing, we think, does one get so much for their money as in good books.

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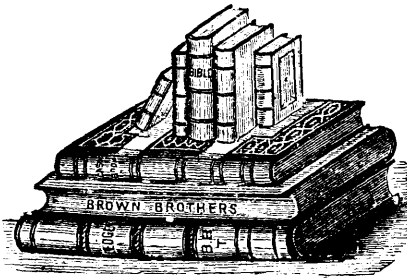
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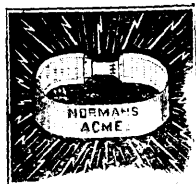
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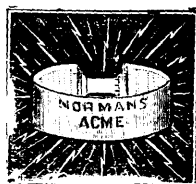
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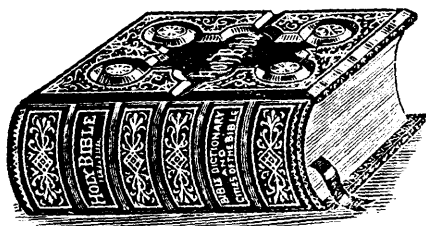
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