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THE CANADIAN  
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1877.

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A VISIT TO THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.\*

THE New York Aquarium occupies a plot of ground most centrally, and hence favourably, located, at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. The boundary walls inclose an area of over twenty thousand square feet, which space, on the ground floor, is mainly occupied with the exhibition hall and tanks; the reservoirs and engine-rooms being below, and the hallway and naturalists' apartment above.

Entering from Broadway, the visitor passes along a corridor lined with a graceful array of blooming plants and shrubs, with the manager's rooms on the right, and the ticket office opposite. The first obstacle encountered is the ubiquitous doorkeeper, who ushers us into the beautiful realm beyond with a kindly word of welcome.

Now we find ourselves on a slightly elevated platform, overlooking a scene which the artist has faithfully, but with no embellishments of fancy, portrayed in Fig. 1. A broad pavilion, bordered with crystal walls, behind which the imprisoned wonders we have

\* Our former articles on "The Wonders of the Deep," as they are exhibited in the New York Aquarium, were received with such favour that we give in this number additional illustrations of the subject, together with a further description of that remarkable institution.—ED.

come to see swim and dart, as though in their own ocean home. Here, again, at the left, and extending to the western limit of the inclosure, are double rows of what are known as the table-tanks.

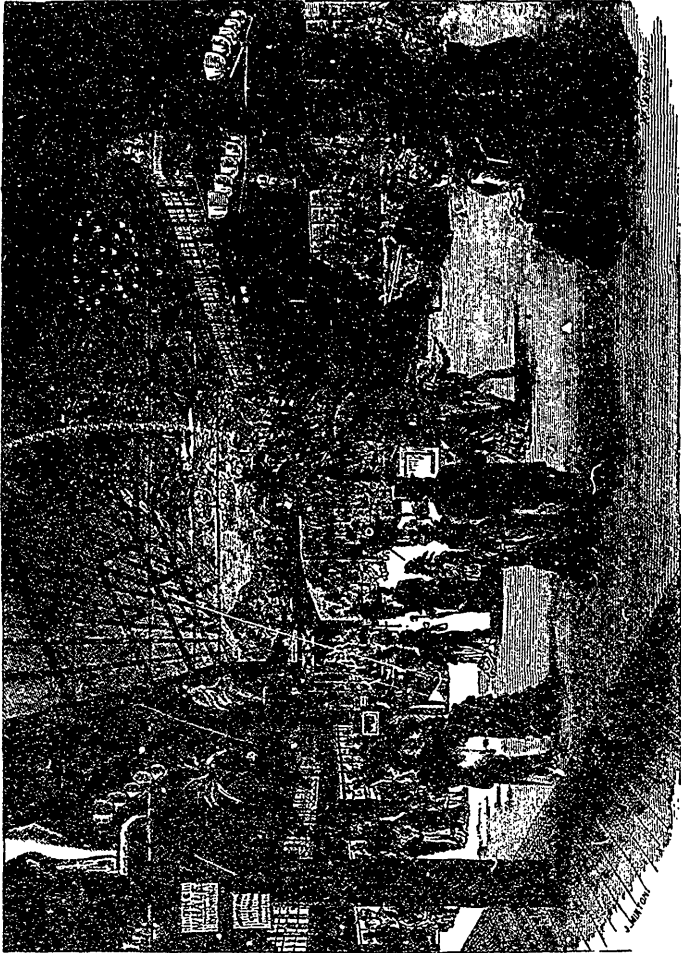


FIG. 1.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE AQUARIUM.

These, though less imposing in appearance, rival in interest and beauty the wall-tanks beyond, since nature often adheres to the custom of inclosing her rarest treasures in the smallest packages. In front of these great and small tanks rise rows of rustic columns, connected by graceful archways, while above all a

border of flowers finishes the whole. Across the distant end a rustic bridge spans the pavilion, and overlooks the grand central whale-tank. This latter is a circular structure, thirty feet in diameter, composed of light iron frames sustaining the grand plate-glass panes behind which his majesty, the whale, swims and blows as only whales can; a rockery for the sea-lion, and a pond for the seals, complete the central view.

Standing upon the platform, over the reservoir, we perceive at our right, and extending to the furthest limit of the pavilion, a series of compartments which are the great wall-tanks. These are the homes of the larger species of fresh and salt water fish, and, with an average height of ten feet, vary in length from sixty to six feet. These tanks are literally founded upon a rock, as the construction of the inclosed walls was preceded by deep excavations, and the subsequent laying of stone foundations over the whole area covered by the tanks. At stated and varying distances, the several dividing walls were built, being each two feet in diameter, and composed of pressed bricks laid in cement. The interior faces of these walls are lined with rock-work, so arranged as to heighten the natural effect. The fourth side—that is, the side toward the pavilion—is composed of a graceful framework of iron, into which great panes of plate-glass, one inch in thickness, eight feet high and five wide, are carefully and firmly fixed. It will thus appear that the fish, though confined, are not imprisoned, since they have ample room in which to display their native grace of motion, as well as their beauty of form and colour.

At proper distances in front of these glass walls, and below the rustic arches already described, depend a series of heavy curtains, thus separating the tanks from the main pavilion by a dimly lighted corridor. This exclusion of direct external light from the faces of the tanks is an essential precaution, since it enables the visitor to view the fish without being seen by them, and to accomplish this a series of sky-lights admit the sun's rays to the surface of the tanks by day; which need is met at night by a series of gas-jets and reflectors. But for this arrangement the fish, naturally timid and shy, would attempt to conceal themselves from the view of the visitor by retreating to the rear of

the tanks, or concealing their forms behind the rocks and seaweed.

Along the opposite wall of the pavilion are the long rows of table-tanks with which the lover of the home aquarium is familiar, and which, as already indicated, are designed as the



FIG. 2. — JAPANESE KONGYO.

homes of the smaller, though none the less interesting and curious, forms of fresh water and marine life.

Let it not be forgotten that fish, though they live in the water, breathe air; and hence, to confine them in a tank of water in

which only the original supply of air is contained would be like confining a man in an apartment having absolutely no means of ventilation. So long as the oxygen lasted all would be well; but the original supply once exhausted, either a fresh quantity must be obtained, or the creature, be it fish or man, must die. Let us now see how this problem of air supply or aeration is solved in the Aquarium. Here, beneath the platform upon which we have been standing, is a room containing two steam boilers and several pumps, and its ceiling crossed and recrossed by a lacework of iron and rubber steam and water pipes. Its western wall is also the limit of an immense salt water reservoir, and near the exterior base of this wall a platform of heavy masonry supports the pumps. That polished black one will be likely to puzzle even an expert; and well it may, for the material of which it is composed is one which has but recently been adapted to this purpose. It is hard rubber or vulcanite, since no other substance will convey salt water without destruction to itself, and the pollution of the water which it is designed to convey. A second pump is of iron, and is designed to distribute the fresh water only. From these pumps long lines of piping extend along and over the several series of tanks above. At stated intervals along these distributing pipes smaller ones depend at right angles to it, each terminating in still smaller orifices a foot or more above the level of the water in the tanks below. At either end of the series of tanks large overflow pipes conduct the water back to the great storage reservoir.

The salt water, originally obtained at great expense from a long distance "out to sea," is conveyed in vessels and transport-waggons to the Aquarium, where it is deposited in the great reservoir. From this it is forced through the whole system of distributing pipes. "But," it may be asked, "how does this distribution of the same water over and over again effect the supply of the much-needed air?"

In this way. As each small jet descends from the main pipe to the tank, it passes through an intervening stratum of air. Hence, when it reaches the water it is thoroughly impregnated with air, which, in the form of minute bubbles, distributes itself through-



FIG. 3 - A TANK WITH ITS INHABITANTS

out the tank, and thus places within the reach of the eager fish the life-sustaining oxygen.

In the early aquaria the supply of air was obtained by means of simple air-pumps, which forced the oxygen into the water. It was discovered, however, that, though this method might be



FIG. 4.—THE SEAL TANK—FEEDING TIME.

of service in the smaller tanks and during the cool months of winter, yet when the tanks were enlarged, and the summer season approached, some plan had to be devised for cooling the water as well as aerating it, since a low temperature is absolutely essential to the life of the fish. Moreover, it was also found that, in sea-water especially, there was rapidly developed, under



the influence of light, an active growth of minute vegetable forms, which soon rendered the water opaque and useless. Thus it became necessary to adopt the system above described, including deep, dark reservoirs, where the water might be cooled and the growth of vegetation checked, and also the hard rubber pumps and distributing pipes. As there had heretofore been no demand in America for a pump of this material, none was to be had; hence it must be procured in England, from which source was also obtained all the heavy plate-glass for the tank fronts.

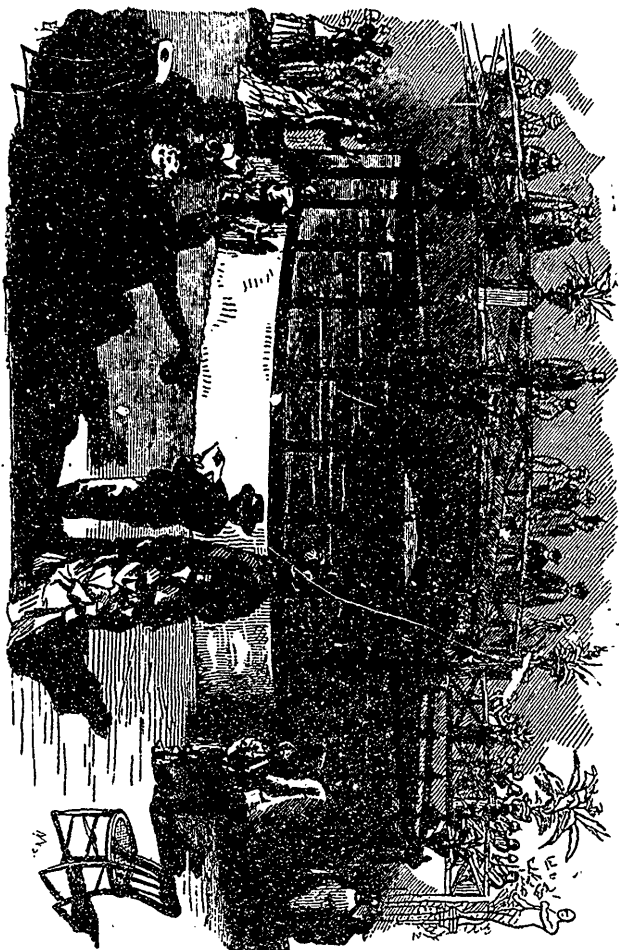
Having completed the inspection of the concealed but essential adjuncts to the aquarium, we now ascend to the main pavilion, and begin a tour of general observation. We first inspect the smaller, or table-tanks, as they are called. Here, bordering an extended and wide passageway or aisle, are two rows of tanks, each having an average length of four feet, with proportionate depth and height. Those on the right are for the smaller fresh-water fishes, while their kindred from the great sea hold possession of the left-hand series.

Among the former, the first creature which especially engages our attention is the now famous kingiyo, shown in Fig. 2. This fish would be simply a richly-hued gold carp, were it not for the marvellously graceful and delicate triple tail, which waves in the water like a delicate silk fabric. From the printed guide we have in hand, we learn that this fish is a great favourite with the Japanese, who cultivate and display it just as we do its less marvellous cousin, the gold-fish. The extraordinary development of the triple tail is said to have resulted from a long continuance and careful system of inter-breeding and selection. The artist, in this instance, as well as in many others here given, has produced such a perfect likeness of this fish, that, were the brilliant hues not wanting, we might almost mistake the image for its original.

Further on we view, without danger of their being disturbed by our presence, the familiar sun-fish, bull-head, pickerel, and the young salmon, which latter, a label tells us, were hatched in the aquarium hatching-troughs, together with sixty thousand of their own kind, and as many more brook-trout and white fish. Fig. 3 shows one of the compartments of the tanks, with a selection of their more curious inhabitants.

The display here presented, it may safely be asserted, excels, both in number, variety, and beauty, any that can be witnessed even in the older aquaria in Europe. Here are to be seen species of tropical fish never before confined in tanks, and whose forms

FIG. 5.—THE WHALE TANK.



were, until now, only familiar to the naturalist. The famed angel-squirrel and Hamlet fish from Bermuda were obtained only after repeated attempts, and kept alive by the most careful and judicious choice of food and regulation of water supply. There

are the anemones with their bright-hued "tentacles," which, though apparently but the petals of a sea-flower, are, in fact, the arms of a living creature, the control of which is evidently vested in an intelligent will. Here we encounter the sea-horses, whose heads give a reason for their name, but whose waving fins and fish-like motion betray their marine origin. Further on are the hideous sea-ravens and the graceful gurnards, the flounders, porgies, box-fish, and lings, and then the crabs—hermit, fiddler, spider, and a host of others—while star-fish, sea-urchins, and a long list of lesser marvels go to complete the roll.

We have now returned to the starting-point, and have yet to inspect the occupants of the grand wall-tanks, with whose structure a previous inspection has rendered us familiar. Of these, the first to attract attention will be that occupying the whole of the eastern wall, and which is known as the shark-tank. This mammoth receptacle has but one rival in the great aquaria of the world. It is sixty feet in length, with a width from front to rear of ten feet. As its name indicates, it is designed for the home of the man-eating shark, or, when not occupied by this fierce creature, it will serve as a sporting-place for porpoises, sturgeon, dog-fish, skates, and many other of the larger forms of the marine life. Similar tanks, smaller in size, and yet large enough when compared with the ordinary aquarium tank, line the whole northern wall. Four of these are devoted to fresh water fishes, and hence require a separate system of supply. In these, besides the familiar cat-fish, pickerel, trout, and carp, we note the graceful form of the Western gar-pike, with its bird-like beak, its lance-like body, and its motionless vigilance. Here, also, are fine specimens of fresh-water sturgeon, eels, dog-fish, and rays.

Passing back to the platform we encounter the seal-tank, where Professor Butler is exhibiting the intelligence of his pets by a series of marvellous tricks and antics. At the ringing of a bell they will promptly make their appearance, and, by their uncouth gambols, indicate their appreciation of their dinners; and, with a persistency worthy of *Oliver Twist*, will ask for "more." (See Fig. 4.)

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of enterprise on the

part of the manager of the aquarium was the capture and conveyance to his tank of a live whale. A strong seine of interwoven branches, strengthened with stakes, was constructed on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and here the agents of the aquarium watched and waited for weeks to catch their whale.



FIG. 6.—THE SEA-LIONS.

At length one became entangled in the seine, and was left stranded by the retreating tide. He was secured, not without difficulty, and placed in a large tank filled with moss, which was kept saturated with sea-water. Several days were consumed by the journey to New York before the whale could be replaced in his native element; but, as an air-breathing mammal, he was

better able to live out of water than almost any other of the inhabitants of the ocean. In the spacious tank, constructed at great expense for his reception, he was able to disport himself, to the great delight of his numerous visitors. (See Fig. 5.)

Scarcely less remarkable was the enterprise manifested in procuring the sea-lions, shown in Fig. 6, from the Pacific Ocean. They were obtained at the celebrated "seal-rocks," near San Francisco, and brought at great expense over the Pacific Railroad to New York. In the background of the picture may be seen a young hippopotamus enjoying his morning yawn.

Among the most repulsive looking creatures living in the sea are those shown in Fig. 7. The sea-raven has a ferocious expression of countenance, which is a correct indication of its disposition. Its mouth has an enormous gape, and, with its goggle eyes, warty protuberances, and spiny fins, give it a hideous appearance. It attains a length of two feet, and a weight of four or five pounds. Its colours present every shade of dark brown, blood red, and pinkish purple, with various markings and bands. It is often taken by fishermen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the coast of Nova Scotia and New England. It is an omniferous and voracious feeder, and acts the part of a useful scavenger in removing decaying matters.

The lower object in the cut, with its broad mouth, thick lips, wide-awake looking eyes, and generally comical expression of countenance, is the toad-fish. It gets its name from its flattened appearance. Some species make a grunting noise like a pig. It reaches a length of from eight to thirteen inches, and is found on the Atlantic coast, from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of Mexico, chiefly in lagoons or salt-water marshes. The disgusting appearance of this fish, and its slimy body, have generally prevented the use of its flesh for food. But it is better than it looks, and it is eaten in the East Indies, where it is esteemed as a delicate, palatable, and wholesome food.

The wondrous wealth of ocean in wholesome food for man is scarce apprehended by those who live far inland, and who derive their subsistence from the generous bosom of the earth. But among the fishing populations of the sea-coasts and islands of the world, the sea is far more than the land the source of their food supply. That wide, waste, tossing expanse, where the sower

soweth not his seed, nor plough turns up the sod, nor reaper gathers his sheaves, yet yields a rich harvest to the patient toil of man. The personal conflicts with the tumultuous elements, the wrestling with the storm and tempest, the peril and excitement of the fisherman's life, develop in his character at once a bravery and recklessness, and inspire in the hearts of these toilers of the

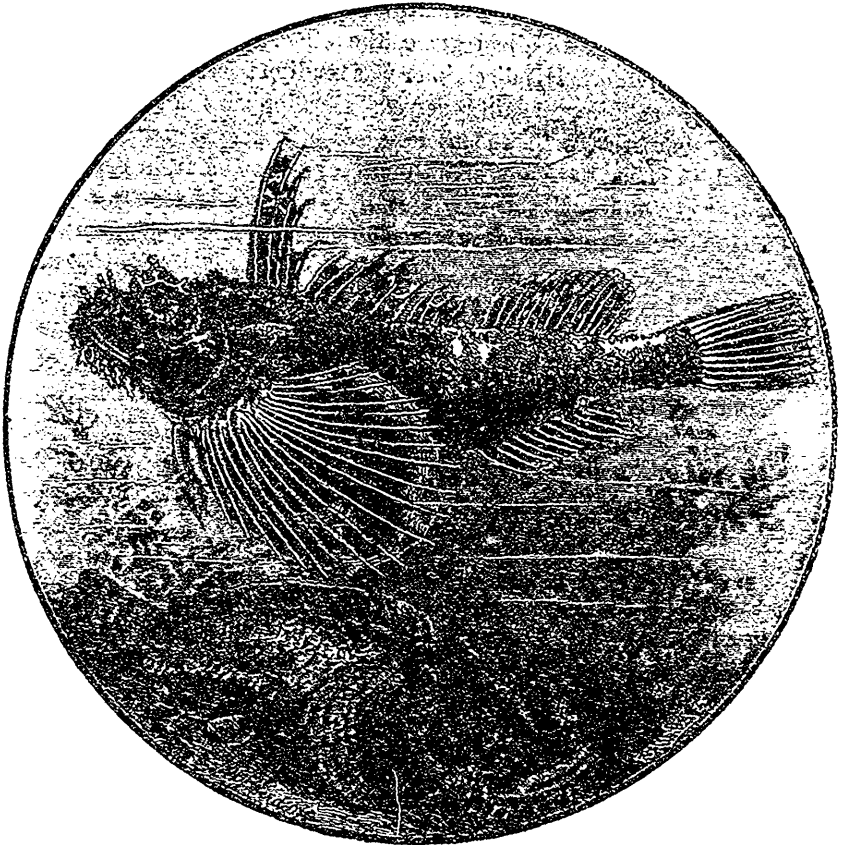


FIG. 7.—SEA-RAVEN AND TOAD-FISH.

sea a passion for its fascinating scenes that spurns the weary labours of the shore, and is undaunted by the thousand dangers to which they are exposed. More than any others do they see the workings of God's mighty power. "These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

## THE THEOLOGY OF AN ATOM.\*

BY THE REV. GEO. GRUNDY.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in a lecture delivered at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1874, on Crystalline and Molecular Forces, disclaimed, though with a bad grace, the atheism which had been attributed to him. His disclaimer was loudly cheered—the cheering being “again and again renewed,” showing that the audience had no sympathy with an atheistic scientism; and yet he proceeded, in effect, to retract his retraction, casting a slur, in passing, upon “conventional theology,” as if to avenge himself for the concession he had been constrained to make. The very tone of his disclaimer showed that he would willingly, if it had been possible, have proved that the universe was independent of a Creator; and in speaking of the molecular power giving us the movement of the sap in trees, and in ourselves the warmth of the body and the circulation of the blood, and all that thereon depends, he says, “We are here upon the edge of a battle-field which I do not intend to enter to-night, from which, indeed, I have just escaped bespattered and begrimed, but without much loss of heart or hope.”

If the Professor had really accepted the Bible doctrine of a Creator and a creation, assuredly his tone would have been altogether different. While, however, we thankfully accept from men of science the brilliant results of their investigations, we are not bound to accept their hypotheses, but claim the liberty to interpret the facts, which, for this purpose, are quite as much the property and in the province of the theologian as of the man of mere science; and we think we can show that the atom, instead of being a witness for atheism, notwithstanding Lucretius and his modern expositors, in a very striking manner testifies to an All-wise and Almighty Creator.

\* We have pleasure in submitting this valuable article, prepared for our pages by an honoured minister of the New Connexion Church in England, whose admirable volume, entitled “Ministerial Recreations,” was reviewed in this magazine a year ago.—ED.

The material universe has in all ages awakened wonder and speculation. It was reserved for the Greeks, however, some four or five centuries before Christ, to propound theories which in some degree anticipate modern discovery. Democritus, the successor of Empedocles in the physiological movement of the Greek philosophy, first conceived the idea that a pebble from the brook is not a blank-extended substance or dead stone, as it seems to the eye, but a compound thing, resulting from the congregation of multitudes of atoms, or particles incapable of being broken to pieces, as a stone itself is broken when dashed against a rock, or worn to powder by friction with its neighbours. It is not the object of this paper, however, to follow the course of investigation and discovery as Greek philosophers, alchemists, and school-men have speculated on the atomic theory, or as Newton and Dalton have expounded it, but simply to question the atom itself.

If we are filled with wonder at what astronomy reveals to us of the stupendous bulk of some of the heavenly bodies, we find a wonder of the opposite kind in the atomic form to which matter is reducible. The disclosures of the microscope are as astonishing as those of the telescope. We can obtain only an approximate knowledge of this ultimate form of matter. We have first to travel down a descending series of objects, the distinguishing feature of which is their minuteness. Tripoli, or rotten stone, from Bilin, in Bohemia, consists almost entirely of animacules, in the proportion of 41,000,000 to a cubit inch. "At every stroke that is made with this polishing powder several millions, perhaps tens of millions, of perfect fossils are crushed to atoms." There are living tribes surpassing even these in minuteness. To these a drop of water is an ocean; a cubic inch, it is computed, being capable of containing a thousand times as many of these monads as there are human beings on the face of the earth.

These minute creatures, however, are not indivisible points, but compound bodies, with perfectly organised skeletons, and all the conditions of sentient existence. How numerous, then, the particles of matter which enter into the structure of each of these monads! If each, in its minute self, is a world of contrivances and adjustments, what must be the minuteness of the atoms of which the exquisite edifice is built up? We seem, however, to



advance another step when we come to the fact that a grain of musk will continue to yield odour by throwing off fragrant particles for twenty years without any sensible diminution of its weight. What then must be their number and size? "Sir William Thompson, a great living physicist, has calculated approximately how large, or how small, atoms are; and he has come to this conclusion—that if you were to take a drop of water, and magnify it up to a globe of the size of the earth, then the atoms contained in that drop of water so magnified would not be so large as cricket balls, nor so small as shot pellets."\* "A million million million million molecules of any gas at a standing pressure and temperature, would weigh between four and five grammes." Of course the strongest eyesight, although aided by the most powerful microscope, could not detect one of these particles, if separate from the rest.

To John Dalton, the Manchester schoolmaster, belongs the praise—by his skilful use of the discoveries of modern chemistry—of establishing the accepted atomic theory, *the law of definite proportions*, by which it is proved that certain atoms have an affinity for each other, electing and mixing with each other in certain fixed proportions. From the operation of this law, it appears that the ultimate particles of which matter is composed are not uniform. By a process of reasoning upon the results of experiment, Dalton was able to ascertain the relative weights of atoms. He could not take a single atom and weigh it, but he could ascertain the relative weights of the atoms; the proportion which existed, for instance, between the weight of the atom of oxygen and the weight of the atom of hydrogen, and in 1803 he read a paper giving the relative weights of twenty-one elementary substances. Modern tables of atomic weights differ greatly from this. But although the details have been changed, as the result of more recent experiment, the principles upon which Dalton founded his theory remain firmly fixed, and all subsequent investigation and discovery has only served to illustrate the truth and value of the labours of this grand old Quaker.†

The atom still shrouds itself from actual inspection, but we

\* Professor Roscoe, F.R.S.

† Professor Roscoe.

have thus learned much as to its properties and the laws by which it is governed. It does not exist at random, does not fall or fly without relation to intelligible laws. In addition to the primary qualities of extension, impenetrability, and inertia, without which it could not be matter at all, it is endowed with other secondary properties, as gravitation, cohesion, magnetism, and crystallization, together with that beautiful law of chemical affinity, by virtue of which the elementary atoms combine with each other in definite and unchanging ratios of quantity, and yield up, when their compounds are decomposed, those identical ratios. Everything is accomplished by weight, measure, and number, and with geometrical accuracy. The expansion of solid, as well as liquid and gaseous bodies, when heated, and their dissipation into vapour under intense heat, proves that they are made of minute particles; and that these particles remain—that they are still real, though invisible, is clear from the fact that the process can be reversed, the vapour condensed into the liquid, and the liquid into the solid.

What, however, are the theological teachings of the atom? To what conclusions are we brought by the facts as they are known? There is nothing more surprising than the loose, off-hand, illogical manner in which eminent men of science announce their theoretical conclusions. Professor Tyndall insists that the marvellous and magnificent results in the natural world in form, beauty, fragrance, music, life, and its mysteries, are the products of the atom itself. His admiration of the effects of molecular action amounts to an idolatrous worship of the effects instead of the cause.\* He finds in that matter which, he says, "we in our ignorance have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every quality of life."† Professor Huxley is, if possible, still more confident and specific. "All vital action," he says, "is the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it." "The thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts in regard to them,

\* "Matter I define as that mysterious, thing by which all this is accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured to give an opinion."—*Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875.

† Belfast Address.

are the expressions of *molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.*"\*

Affirmations like these, we say, greatly astonish us, since these distinguished men utterly fail to prove, or to indicate in the slightest degree, any connection between their humble premises and their immense conclusions. No nexus, no transition-point, no power of causation, is ever pointed out between the atom and *life*, even in its humblest forms, much less intellectual and moral life. The old doctrine of spontaneous generation is disproved and discarded by Mr. Huxley himself; and his attempt, some time since, to trace the origin of life to protoplasm was an egregious failure. Professor Tyndall admits the "mystery" of the process by which the tree grows: the admission meaning that he is unable to discover the process by which atoms perform the functions of life in the vegetable world. What, then, must be the depth of the mystery when *mind* and its infinite activities have to be accounted for! It is true that Professor Huxley says, "There is *every reason to believe* that consciousness is a function of nervous matter, when that nervous matter has attained a certain degree of organization."

For these abundant reasons, however, we look in vain. It is a faith without facts. The only kind of evidence which Mr. Huxley has on which to rest his faith is such as this. "If it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time, to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, *I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from non-living matter!*" Of what value is such reason as this, which has to rest, not on the solid basis of known, present facts, but on the supposition of what might possibly have been witnessed some few millions of centuries back? But this is the kind of evidence, and the only kind, on which the attempt is made to destroy confidence in the Bible revelation as to creation, as the work of a Creator—a personal God and Father. We are asked to credit a dogmatic scientific hypothesis, on mere grounds of imagination and supposition, while the Scriptures, with all the

\* Lay Sermons, p. 138.

evidence on which they rest, the facts which they announce, and all the glorious doctrines resting on the facts, are to be set aside as fables, because they do not harmonize with the conceptions of the scientific imagination.

The first conclusion to which an examination of the atomic theory brings us is, that the atom is not *itself* God. Numerous and beautiful as are its properties, neither independence, nor volition, nor life is one of them. It is a thing dependent and controlled. Its qualities are simply those which fit it to serve, not to command: to fulfil the purposes of an intelligence outside itself, not to regulate or originate its own movements. Granting that atoms have "hooks and claws," and polarity, yet these are nothing but mechanical properties, and these are essentially different from the powers of the machinist. Professor Tyndall's own admission is very remarkable: "I do not think that he (the Materialist) is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost that he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is not in absolute ignorance." We cannot escape from this ignorance by attributing to the atom powers which it does not possess. It does not possess a self-regulating intelligence. It falls under the control of intelligence from without. It obeys every created and finite mind. How supple it is to the will of man! What an infinity of shapes it takes at his bidding. Even those elements which seemed to elude him by their subtlety, or to defy him by their power, have yielded themselves to his dominion and service. His intelligence, Orpheus-like, has drawn to him all the material elements, whether dull or stubborn, or active and ethereal, to be directed, combined, and used at his pleasure; and, if thus obedient to the mind of man, how absolute must be its subjection to the Infinite Mind? Notwithstanding the reasonings of a materialistic philosophy, it is still abundantly clear that matter, however refined and subtle, is not mind, but its servant, differing from it in its nature, its action, and its ends.\* On this topic, indeed, Professor Tyndall himself makes the following satisfac-

\* "I do know that the pen with which I now write is made of that which, to me, is known as matter; but I do not know that the ideas which are expressed

tory admission :—" You cannot satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind." If, then, between molecules and the human mind there is a gulf which evolution cannot bridge over, we may confidently affirm that these molecules cannot be *divine* any more than the particles of clay can be identical with the potter who moulds them.

We infer further, from what we know of the atom, not only that it is not itself God, but that it has a Creator. Sir John Herschel speaks of it as being evidently a " manufactured article." That matter is not eternal may be concluded from its having all the marks of being a secondary, not an original or independent substance ; from the fact that it is not necessarily existent ; and from the further fact that its actual combinations and motions point both to a commencement and an end. Did matter, then, make itself ? If so, each individual atom is its own creator, for each is distinct from, though related to, the rest ; and then there are as many creators, as many gods, as there are atoms. How divine is the universe of an Atheist ! And how surprising that these atoms should have created themselves so much alike as to be capable of combining, in all their countless billions, harmoniously together ! No theory can account for the existence of an atom in its present\* state, with even a show of reasoning consistency, which does not admit the fact of its creation by an intelligent being. The article made implied a maker, the atom attests a God.

And it exemplifies the wisdom as well as testifies to the existence of God. Its infinitesimal smallness is simply an adaptation to the ends it was designed to answer. We can readily imagine matter to have been created in much larger particles. But had even the grain of sand on the sea-shore been selected as the smallest size, could the purposes for which matter has been

in this writing are made of any like substance, nor even of any substance like the brain. On the contrary, it seems to me that these ideas cannot be so made, and that there is an absolute difference between thought and the external substances which it thinks about."—Duke of Argyle, in *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1877.

created have been answered? Would this universe of magnificence and beauty, amidst which we are placed, have been possible? Where would have been the splendour of the light, the fragrance of the flowers, and their rainbow tints? Where would have been the marvels of chemistry, electricity, and magnetism? The world of microscopic life, which displays the wisdom, power, and goodness of God more strikingly, if possible, than astronomy itself, could have had no existence. Life, in any of its present conditions, indeed, would have been impossible. Why is it that we cannot *see* the process of growth in any living structure, even with the aid of the most powerful instruments? Simply because life performs its functions by the ceaseless movement of particles too small for observation. Its nutriment is of such degree of fineness, such wonderful minuteness, that its transfer to the organized structure eludes the detection of the closest observer. Particles of no smaller dimensions than sand grains would thus be as unavailing as mountains. With that—the grain of sand—as the size of the atom, and with the ends to be answered which matter now serves, its creation would have been an utter failure. Whatever might have been the quantity of matter, it would have been “A lump of death, a chaos of cold clay,” unlighted, unfertilized, unbeautified, and useless. Can it be rationally doubted that God foresaw this, and therefore created matter with this marvellous minuteness of its ultimate particles, which, while it baffles human scrutiny, proclaims the perfect intelligence and wisdom of the Creator?

The same lesson is taught by the laws which govern it. What are called the laws of matter are simply the modes of its action which God has appointed or impressed upon it, and it may be conceived of as existing without some of the most beautiful of them, as attraction, crystallization, and chemical affinity. That matter does not observe these laws merely by virtue of its existence as matter, is evident from the fact that those laws are, in some instances, suspended in their operation for the attainment of special ends. Thus, by the inter-diffusion of the gases which compose the atmosphere, the law of specific gravity is made void. Universally as it operates, with this exception, here it is neutralized—that mysterious force, the law of gravitation

itself—suspended for the accomplishment of an obvious purpose, not otherwise attainable. Here, then, we see the evident control of intelligence over the laws of matter; for to assert that the atmospheric elements so arranged themselves is to assign effects without a cause. We are, then, shut up to the conclusion that these laws are not independent of the will of the Creator, but the expression of that will. They are, therefore, a test of the Divine wisdom. How wonderfully this wisdom displays itself in the laws impressed upon the atom, is clear from the fact that they fit it to fulfil the manifold ends for which it was created. The proof and illustration of this is found in the facts of all the physical sciences. These countless facts are all beautiful in themselves, and they show that the atom never fails to do the work assigned it. It takes every required shape, and enters into every desirable combination. It thus becomes the tenacious clay, the fertile soil, the massive granite, the precious metal, and the sparkling gem. It enters, then, into the endless variety of vegetable forms. Nor do we here reach the limit of its capabilities. After undergoing the transformations which we admire in the vegetable world, into myriads of graceful forms, flowers of all hues, and distillments of rich perfume, it passes into a still higher department, and performs a thousand offices in connection with the development of animal life; and in all the gradations and varieties of that life, from the insect up to man, it is equally at home. Whether required for the solid skeleton, the blood, the eye, with its delicate lenses, and its “miraculous” retina, the ear, with its “costis organ—an instrument of three thousand strings, built adjacent to the brain, and employed by it to sift, separate, and interpret, antecedent to all consciousness, the sonorous tremors of the external world” \*—whether required for the net-work of nerves or the tints on the cheek, it answers to the summons with a promptness and perfection which prove it—not to have intelligence in itself, for of this there is no trace or indication—but to be the product of perfect intelligence and power; the creation of an All-wise and Almighty God.

\* Professor Tyndall.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodland hoary,  
In the soft light of an Autumnal day,  
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,  
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,  
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,  
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,  
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning  
Beneath dark clouds around the horizon rolled,  
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining  
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist wind breathes of crisped leaves and flowers  
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,  
Mingling the freshness of Autumnal showers  
With spicy airs from cedar alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the cumbered meadow,  
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,  
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,  
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft-fringed lids the bee sits brooding,  
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell,  
Or with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,  
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely  
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,  
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only  
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,  
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight :  
And through the tranced wood soft airs are streaming,  
Still as the dew-fall of the Summer night.

So in my heart a sweet unwonted feeling  
Stirs, like the wind, in Ocean's hollow shell,  
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,  
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.



## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## X.

THREE months since I wrote a line in these pages! The last words seem faint and distant, like a voice across a chasm, as if the earth had opened beneath my feet and made a great gulf between me and the day when they were written.

One day mother and I were sitting sewing at the great window of the hall, and talking of Jack. We had written to him some time since begging him to come back to us, at least for a time, saying that we were all longing to have him with us again, and then at all events we could talk over his future plans together.

We had not had any answer. We had explained to each other again and again how natural it was there should be some delay, the posts were so irregular at all times. We were planning how the country might be made less dull for him, when suddenly a horseman galloped on a foaming horse into the courtyard, making the old walls echo and the windows vibrate with the noise.

"Sit still, Kitty. Let Betty see what it is."

"Bless your heart, Mrs Kitty, my dear," said Betty, "don't look so scared. It's only a servant of Sir John Beauchamp's; nothing but some fancy of Mrs. Evelyn's, startling folks out of their wits."

It was indeed a letter from Evelyn to me.

It began with tender, soothing, lingering words, quite unlike her usual way of dashing into the midst of things. It was meant to "break the news." It only threw my brain into such a bewilderment, that when I came to the news my heart beat and my head swam so that I could scarcely read it. But when I did take it in, I was calm again in an instant. For I could only think of mother.

I stood a minute afraid to look at her, and irresolute what to do, when she said softly,—

"Kitty, don't read it, tell it me. I know quite well it is not good news. And it's about Jack."

I looked at her. She was sitting with her hands clasped as if

in prayer. And I knelt down by her and whispered (how, I can never remember, for the words seemed to hiss from my lips like some one else's voice), that Jack had done something for which he was arrested, and was in prison at Newgate.

"Kitty," she said, "there is no time to be lost. Go and fetch your father."

Poor father! When I found him, and told him, he never uttered a word of reproach against Jack or any one. He said, "Poor fellow, poor fellow, I was too hard with him!" and that was all. We walked home across the fields in silence.

When we returned mother beckoned to us from the window of the porch-closet. Father joined her there. I remained in the hall below. In a few minutes mother called me, and I went up.

"It is quite plain, darling, what we must do," said mother, "it is a great mercy it is so plain."

"Father and I must go to him at once," said I.

"Yes," said mother, "to-morrow." And she pointed to a post-script of Evelyn's letter, which in my excitement I had not noticed, and in which she desired us, if we liked, to send the servant home by sea, and take his horse to ride to London on at once.

Everything was arranged before dawn the next day.

Father was to take his own horse, and I the man's. We might be in London in less than a week, and have besides the great comfort of making the journey alone, not exposed to the questions or prying looks of fellow-passengers.

Betty was too thoroughly one of us not to know our trouble, at least as far as that Jack was in prison. She believed it was for debt; indeed we scarcely understood ourselves whether it was for that or worse.

All night she was up making provision for the journey, insisting that I should keep quiet in my bed. In the morning as I was dressing, she said in a rapid, eager way, as she was packing and pressing my things into as small a bundle as possible, without pausing a moment in word or work so as to give me a chance of interrupting her:—

"Mrs. Kitty, I have put five guineas in an old stocking in a corner of the bundle. I should have given them to Master Jack

when he went to the wars. But mother told me to keep them for my burying, and I promised I would. But I've been thinking well about it, and I don't see it would be any sin to break my word.

"For a long time I have been of two minds about it; for what's the use of a fine burying to me, any more than to the rich man in the Bible? Fine buryings won't keep sinners out of the fire, nor will the sores of the poor body, nor the lickings of the dogs, poor fools, keep off the blessed angels from carrying the soul home. When I die, Mrs. Kitty, it's my wish that the class members should carry my body to the grave singing Mr. Wesley's hymns, while the angels are carrying my soul, singing *their* hymns. Not that I'm altogether sure, Mrs. Kitty, the angels even will be wanted; for Heaven seems nearer a good bit now, since the Lord died, than it was before; and maybe we shall step into it all at once, quite natural, without help from any one. But that's neither here nor there. It wasn't the burying that made me of two minds, but my word to mother. I've prayed many times about it; and last night I saw it all as clear as the sun. It's my belief that we are to do as we'd be done by, by the dead as well as by the living. And if I were dead and had got any one to make a foolish promise like that I should think it the greatest kindness if they broke it and put the money to a better use. So I shall do the same by mother, Mrs. Kitty. You needn't say anything to Master Jack about what I've told you. But it's my belief mother'll be smiling on them guineas from Heaven if she knows about it, if it helps Master Jack; which is more than she could do in conscience, if they were spent making brutes of folks on rum and gin at my burying."

So saying Betty limped down the stairs, leaving me sobbing out the first easy natural tears I had shed since the dreadful news came.

Mother insisted on coming down to breakfast with us, and she bid me good-bye: she looked so calm and cheerful, I could not help saying,—

"O mother, don't keep up so. You will break down so much the worse when we are gone."

"No, Kitty," she said, "I shall not. I am not keeping up. I

believe I am *kept* up. I cannot understand myself. I cannot feel hopeless about this. I have a persuasion, not like persuading myself, but like a prophesy, that good is to come out of this for Jack and all of us, and not evil, and the hope strengthens me to pray for him as I never prayed for him in my life."

And so we parted.

It was certainly a comfort that the rapidity of our journey depended not on the will and convenience of indifferent coachmen or sailors, to whom we could not have explained our terrible reasons for haste, but on our own exertions and on those of our horses.

I only remember distinctly two incidents of that journey, so completely were we absorbed by its purpose.

One was on a fine clear morning as we were riding down a steep, stony hill in a narrow lane, when we saw before us a gentleman, in clerical dress, on a horse which was shambling along at its own pace, with the reins on its neck, whilst the rider was reading from an open book laid on the saddle before him.

Father was so impressed with the peril of the proceeding, especially as the clergyman's horse made a very awkward stumble just as we passed him, that he took off his hat, and said to the stranger,—

"Sir, you will excuse an old soldier; but I should think myself safer charging a battery than riding in that way on that beast of yours."

The stranger bowed most politely, said something in a calm, pleasant voice about himself and the horse understanding each other; but as he thanked father for his advice, his face quite beamed with that cloudless benevolent smile no one who had seen it can forget; and I saw it was Mr. John Wesley.

The second incident which stands out from the dreary mist of anxiety which hangs about that journey, happened on the next morning.

It was not five o'clock and still rather dusk. We were always in the saddle as soon as we could see. But at the end of the town we were leaving, a large crowd was already gathered. We had to ride through it, and I never liked the look of faces in a crowd less. Many were of the very lowest type, dull and brutish,

or fierce with a low excitement, and above them rose a dreadful black thing with arms. At the outskirts of the crowd we encountered some rough jests. But when we got into the thick of it, all was quite still. Every eye was riveted on one spot, and every ear was listening to one calm, solemn voice, fervent and deep, but always natural and never shrill (he held it a sin to scream); and before we came in sight of him I knew it was Mr. John Wesley preaching.

"Come on, Kitty," said father, in a low, trembling voice, laying hold of my rein as I paused an instant; "don't you see what the people are waiting for?"

I looked at his quivering lips, and did not venture to ask. But as I glanced back for a moment, it flashed on me what it was. It was Mr. Wesley preaching to a crowd collected to see an execution. That terrible black thing with arms was the gallows.

I shall never forget the respectful kindness with which Uncle Beauchamp welcomed father when we reached Great Ormond Street, nor his tender gentleness to me.

Evelyn explained everything to me, as Uncle Beauchamp did to father.

Jack was in Newgate; not on the debtor's side, but worse.

He had taken some money from that Company, only anticipating his salary, he said, by a few weeks, and, of course, intending to replace it. But the law does not deal with intentions, and the act was felony, and he had to stand his trial. Uncle Beauchamp and Uncle Henderson had engaged the best lawyers to defend him, and Evelyn said they assured them there was much hope.

"But if the defence fails," I said, looking into Evelyn's face, "what is the penalty?"

"It may be anything, or it may be nothing," she said, avoiding my eyes with evasiveness quite unusual with her, "the law is so uncertain, every one says."

"It might be *anything!*" Evelyn and I understood each other, and we said no more.

Father and I went the next day to Newgate. It was arranged that we should each see Jack alone to spare his feelings.

Grim walls with the windows placed so as to let in as little

light and pleasantness as possible, clanking of chains on prison bolts, grating of clumsy keys, the careful locking behind us of reverberating iron-doors, and through all a sense of being watched by curious prying eyes, and then the dreadful certainty that to so many these cells were but the ante-chamber to a dishonoured grave, made me feel like a prisoner myself, almost like one buried alive myself, as I stood alone in a gloomy little room with barred windows looking on a dull court, trying to pray, trying to think what I would say to Jack, but unable, try as I might, to do anything but mentally repeat words without meaning, and count the window-bars and chimney-stacks; so that when at last father came, and I was led into Jack's cell and left alone with him, I was entirely unprepared, and could only throw my arms around his neck, and sob out entreaties that he would forgive me for all the rough and cross words I had ever spoken to him.

"Poor little Kitty," he said with a deep voice more like father's than his own, "my poor little sister, you and father are both alike, not a reproach, not a complaint;" and then placing me on a chair, while he paced up and down the cell, he said, "I did think he would have been in a passion, Kitty, and, I am sure, I wish he had! It would have been much easier." Then, after a pause, in a tone more like his own old easy, careless way, "It is the most unlucky thing in the world. I am the most unlucky man in the world. Only three days and my salary would have been paid, and everything would have been right. However, one must never look on the dark side. Something may turn up yet." And then he asked eagerly all that the lawyers thought.

I said they seemed to have much hope of success.

He seized at this in his old sanguine way, as if success had been certain, and after talking some time about his unluckiness, he concluded.—

"But you know, Kitty, it's a long lane that has no turning. I always knew that there would be a change of fortune for me some day. And now I shouldn't wonder, if it's on the point of beginning; for, to confess the truth, they were rather a low money-making set after all, that Company. The secretary's a screw and a perfidious hypocrite into the bargain. Although not exactly in the way one might have chosen, I've no doubt it will turn out a

good thing in the end to have done with them. And as to any little hasty words you may ever have said, Kitty," he concluded, as we heard footsteps approaching, "never mention such a thing again, We all have our little infirmities, and you were always the best little soul in the world."

But as I drove back with father my heart seemed absolutely frozen. Here were we all breaking our hearts about the sin, and doing what we could to make it weigh less heavily on Jack. And his conscience seemed as light as air. He seemed to have no conception that he was anything but unlucky.

How could he ever be made to understand about right and wrong?

The next evening Uncle Beauchamp came to me from an interview with the lawyers, in the greatest perturbation. They said Jack would not enter into their line of defence, and it seemed doubtful if he could be got to plead not guilty.

"You must go and talk to him, Kitty," he said, "and persuade him. If any one can you will. For as to myself," he added, "people's idea of morality and religion seem to me so incomprehensibly turned upside down since the Methodists came into the world, that I cannot make out anybody or anything."

So next morning early I was admitted to Jack's cell.

"Uncle Beauchamp says you and the lawyers cannot understand each other, brother," I said, "and I have come to see if I can be of any use."

"The lawyers and I perfectly understand each other," said Jack. "They want me to swear to a lie, and I can't. I did take the money; and if my only defence is to swear I did not, why then, Kitty, there is no defence, of course, and I see no way out of it. I thought they would have found some other way, but it seems they can't."

I felt my whole heart bound with a new hope for Jack, and I went up to him, and took his hands, and said, looking up in his face,—

"You would rather suffer any penalty than tell a lie, brother?"

"Of course, I couldn't swear to a lie, Kitty. What do you mean?"

"Thank God," I said; and I could not help bursting into tears.

Jack paced up and down the cell a minute or two, and then he paused opposite to me and said very gravely, "Are you *surprised*, Kitty, that I will not tell a falsehood? that I will not perjure myself? Did you think I *would*? Did you think because I had anticipated a few days the salary due to me from a set of beggarly trades-fellows, I could tell a deliberate lie, and take a false oath?"

"Oh, Jack," I said, hiding my face in my hands, "how could I tell, since you took what did not belong to you? It troubled us so much!"

Jack turned from me angrily, and as I sat leaning my head on my hands, I heard him pacing hastily up and down. And then, after some minutes, not angrily but softly, and in slow, deep accents, very unlike his usual careless manner, he said,—

"I understand, Kitty; you thought if your brother could *steal*, he could do anything else."

"But you will *not*, Jack!" I said, kneeling beside him. "You will *not*. You will suffer anything rather than do what you feel to be wrong—to be sin. Thank God, thank God."

He sat for some time quite silent, and then he said, a little bitterly—

"You seem very thankful, Kitty, for what every one might not think a very great mercy, to have the way cleared to the gallows, as it is to me. I suppose you know a poor woman was hanged the other day for stealing sixpence; and I have stolen fifty pounds. Do you think father and mother will be as glad as you are?"

"Oh, Jack!" I said, "you *know* what I mean—you *feel* what I feel. We will move heaven and earth to get you set at liberty, and I feel such a hope that we shall succeed. I feel that God is on our side now, brother. And He is so strong to help."

But I felt that if we succeeded beyond my brightest hopes (and I was full of hopes, for there was prayer, and I thought of a plan), I think I shall never know a truer thrill of joy than that morning in Jack's gloomy cell, when he chose anything rather than do what he felt wrong.

For it seemed to me my brother was then for the first time his true self, the self God meant him to be. He was in the far country still, in the country of husks, where no man gave him even



husks ; but might I not hope he was "coming to himself?"—that the sin *foreign* to his character was (as Hugh once said it might) awakening him to the sin habitual to his character, which was indeed *his sin* ?

My plan was at first regarded as exceedingly wild by every one but Evelyn. But at last one objection after another gave way ; and Cousin Evelyn and I were suffered to drive in Aunt Beauchamp's coach to the residence of Elias Postlethwaite, Esq., Secretary of the Original Peruvian Mining Company.

Mr. Postlethwaite wore beautiful ruffles and very brilliant jewels, but his face wanted that indescribable something which makes you *trust* a man, and his manners wanted that indescribable something that makes a gentleman. He received us with most officious politeness, taking it for granted that we had come for shares (many fashionable ladies, Evelyn said, having lately acquired a taste for such gambling as more exciting than cards). He was afraid that at present not a share was to be purchased at any price. The demand was marvellous. But he did not seem much relieved when Evelyn told him we had no intention of investing in the Company. And his manner changed very decidedly when I contrived to stammer out the object of our visit.

"It is a most painful business, young ladies, a most painful business. The young gentleman was, moreover, an intimate friend of mine. I thought it would have been an opening for the poor young fellow."

I pleaded Jack's youth, I pleaded his refusal to plead not guilty, I even pleaded for father's sake and mother's, though it seemed like desecration to make them and their sorrows a plea with that man. But he could not be moved. He said it was exceedingly painful, and quite against his nature, but there were duties to the public which young ladies, of course, could not understand, but which, at any cost, must be performed. At last he grew impatient, the boor's nature came out under pressure, and he remarked with a sneer that those kind of scenes were very effective on the stage, in fact, always brought down the house ; but that, unhappily, society had to be guided not by what was pretty, but what was necessary. In conclusion he said that, in fact, it did not rest with him ; the Governors were suspicious, and had found fault

with the accounts before, and it was essential an example should be made.

Meantime Evelyn had been reading (I thought absently) over the printed paper on the table, describing the objects of the Company, and giving a list of the Governors, and at this moment, fixing her fingers on two or three of the principal names, she read them aloud, and said calmly,—

“These are the Governors, Mr. Postlethwaite; and you say the decision rests with the Governors. We will drive to their houses at once. Lord Clinton is one of my father’s most intimate friends.”

The manner of the Secretary changed again. “Lord Clinton,” he said nervously, “Lord Clinton, madam, knows very little of our affairs. In fact, he will no doubt refer you back to me.”

“We will see, sir,” said Evelyn coolly, fixing her calm, penetrating eyes on him.

He winced evidently.

“Lord Clinton,” he said, pressing his forefinger on his forehead, as if endeavouring to recollect something; “ah, I remember, there was a little mistake there, a little mistake which, but for press of business, should have been corrected long ago. Lord Clinton’s name was put down inadvertently, without his having been consulted.”

“Then the Hon. Edward Bernard, or Sir James Delaware, will do as well,” said Evelyn; “come, cousin,” she added, rising, “there is no time to be lost. I suppose, Mr. Postlethwaite, those two gentlemen were consulted before their names were printed?”

“Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!” he replied. “But, excuse me, what will you say to these gentlemen that they do not know already, or that I could not explain as well, and save you the trouble?”

“Thank you, the trouble is nothing, Mr. Postlethwaite,” said Evelyn quietly. “I will recommend these gentlemen,” she continued very deliberately, “who, you say, have had their suspicions roused about the accounts, to look into the accounts, and to see if no other victim can be selected for the office of scape-goat except my cousin, Mr. Trevelyman.”

His keen, fox-like eyes quailed visibly before her clear, open gaze.

"My dear madam," he said after a pause, "Mr. Trevelyman is your cousin; your cousin, and an intimate friend of mine. The Governors, I confess, are much irritated, but we must not too easily despair. Leave the matter to me, and we will see what can be done."

"Very well, sir," said Evelyn; if *you will* see what can be done, *I will not*. You will let us know to-morrow."

And she swept out of the room, Mr. Postlethwaite bowing her to the steps of the carriage.

"What do you think will be the end of it, Evelyn?" I said when we were alone in the carriage, for I felt very much bewildered.

"The end of what?" said Evelyn.

"Of this terrible affair of Jack's," I said.

"I cannot see quite as far as that, sweet little cousin," she said; "but I think I see the end of Mr. Postlethwaite and the Original Peruvian Company."

"And the prosecution?" I said.

"How can there be a prosecution, dear little Kitty," she said, "when the prosecutor is hiding his head, for fear of finding himself in Jack's place, and when the Company is scattered to the winds?"

"He seemed a terribly hard man," I said; "I never saw any one like him before, Evelyn. It makes me quite shudder to think of him. And you really think the whole thing was a deception?"

"Well, children," said Uncle Beauchamp, when we returned, smiling as he caught Evelyn's triumphant glance, "safe out of the lion's den at all events! I thought Kitty was to have brought the lion himself in chains of roses, like a fairy queen as she is. But she looks as if she had suffered in the encounter," he said, kissing my cheek, which was wet with tears.

"Kitty is only half-pleased," said Evelyn. "She scarcely knows whether to rejoice about Jack or to weep over the wickedness of human nature in the person of Mr. Postlethwaite

whereas I, on the other hand, having a hard and impenetrable heart, scarcely know whether to be most pleased that Cousin Jack is safe, or that Mr. Postlethwaite is not safe. I always have thought it one of the most delightful prospects held out to us in the Psalms, that the wicked are to be taken in their own net. But to draw the net tight with my own hands was a luxury to which I scarcely dared to aspire."

Then she narrated the interview. Uncle Beauchamp assured father and me that all would be right; and I was permitted to go at once to Jack, and tell him all we had accomplished.

Jack was very thankful, and most gentle and affectionate to me; but he said,—

"Don't think me the most ungrateful fellow in the world, Kitty; but I am not sure really after all, whether it wouldn't have been easier on the whole to have been sent to the colonies, or even put out of the way altogether, than to have to meet every one, and feel, as I do, that I have been the most selfish, cowardly dog in the world, all the while I thought myself a fine, open-hearted, generous fellow. And," he added in a lower voice, "I'm not sure that *that* isn't easier than to have to look at one's self as I have had to for these last few hours. It's a terrible thing, Kitty, to be disgraced in your own eyes."

"Don't talk so, Jack," I said. "Say what you will to yourself and to God, but not to me. It will do you no good, and I cannot bear it. You don't know, Jack, how good and noble you may be yet," I said, and I put my arm within his, and looked in his face, and said, "I should feel proud to walk with you, Jack, now, through London, in that very dress. The people might say what they would, but I shouldn't mind a bit, for I should feel 'that is my brother, who would rather die than swear to a lie.'"

"It's a brave little Kitty," he said, in rather a husky voice: "but hush, Kitty, hush!" he added hastily, "don't lift me up on my fool's pedestal again."

But as I went away he called me back, and said softly,—

"You have hope of me, Kitty; don't give it up, don't; and try to make father and mother have hope of me. It does me good to think you have, for God knows I have little myself."

The next day father and I went to him together; but that interview I cannot describe, because I never can think of it without crying, much less write. How father begged Jack's pardon, and Jack father's, and they both fell into weeping. It is such an overwhelming thing to see men like father and Jack hopelessly break down and cry like children.

To women, I think tears are a natural, easy overflowing of sorrow. But from men they seem wrung as if every drop were almost bled in anguish from the depths of the heart. With us tears are a comfort, to men they seem an agony.

But Evelyn was right. In a few days the Original Peruvian Mining Company's splendid offices were to let, and Elias Postlethwaite, Esq., was nowhere to be found.

And the prosecutor having come to nothing, of course the prosecution came to nothing too.

But that was not the chief joy; not by any means the chief joy to me, great as it was.

The day after I had told Jack the effect of our interview with the Secretary, I was permitted to sit with him some time in his cell. At first I talked to him about home, but I thought he seemed absent, and after a little while he said abruptly,—

“Kitty, I had a very strange visitor yesterday evening after you left,—an old sailor called Silas Told,—who, it seems, finds his way into all the prisons and to the hearts of the prisoners in a very remarkable way. He was a sailor in his youth, and a very bad fellow from his own account; involved in all kinds of horrors in kidnapping blacks from the African coast. At last he grew tired of his wild life, and settled down in business in London, and married. Not long after this a poor workman got him and his wife to go and hear Mr. Wesley at the Foundery. They were not convinced in a moment, but before long everything was thoroughly changed with them. They found great happiness in religion; and after a time he gave up his business to teach poor outcast children at a school in connection with Mr. Wesley's meeting-house at the Foundery, at a salary of ten shillings a week. For seven years he worked from morning till night for these destitute boys. He trained three hundred of them, teaching them to read and write, and fitting them for al

kinds of trades. But one morning, when he and his boys were attending Mr. Wesley's five o'clock morning preaching, the text was, 'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.' The reproach pierced his heart, he said, as if our Lord had looked sorrowfully at him while He spoke the words. For some days he was wretched, and from that time he has made it his work to visit every cell in every prison to which he can find admittance. He has gone in the cart to the gallows with criminals, praying for them all the way. He has brought joy, absolute joy, with the news of God's mercy, into condemned cells. He has made the most hardened criminals weep in an agony of sorrow for their sins,—such an agony, Kitty, that afterwards, when they were able to believe God had forgiven them their sins, it seemed nothing to go to the gallows. And what seems more wonderful still (this the jailer told me), sheriffs, hangmen, and turnkeys have been seen weeping as he exhorted or comforted the prisoners. The authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, have tried again and again to keep him out of the prisons, but he will not be kept out. And so yesterday evening, Kitty, he found his way to me."

I said nothing, but waited for him to go on. After a little pause he continued,—

"He found his way to me, and when I am free, if ever I am, I will find my way to him, for he prayed with me, and prayer like that I never thought there could be. He prayed as if he saw my heart, and saw our Saviour. I shall never forget it,—I trust I shall never forget it. What the words were I am sure I cannot tell. They did not seem like words, so fervent, so sure, so reverent, so imploring, so earnest, it seemed as if he would have stormed Heaven, and yet all the time the great power of them seemed to be, that he felt God was on our side, *willing to give, delighting to give, stretching out His hands to give!*"

"You had told him something of yourself," I said, when he had been silent a little while.

"I don't know what I told him, Kitty, or what he found out. I only know I intended at first to tell him nothing. I thought he was going to treat me as one case among a thousand of spiritual disease. But he came to me like a friend, like a brother,

so full of respect, so full of pity, there was no standing it, and before he left I was telling him what was in my inmost heart."

"And it has done you good, Jack!" I said.

"It has opened a new world to me," he said. "It has made me see that what you and father felt for me in my sin and trouble, God felt infinitely more. He has been *grieved* at my doing wrong, because sin is the worst misery, and His one desire and purpose is to lift me out of it up to Himself. And He will do it, Kitty; I do believe He will do it."

## HE LIVETH 'LONG WHO LIVETH WELL.

BY H. BONAR, D.D.

HE liveth long who liveth well !  
 All other life is short and vain ;  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !  
 All else is being flung away ;  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him,  
 Who freely gave it, freely give,  
 Else is that being but a dream,  
 'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;  
 Who wisdom *speaks*, must *live* it too :  
 He is the wisest who can tell  
 How he first *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

## BARBARA HECK, THE MOTHER OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

### II.

METHODISM having been established by lay agency in the largest city in the New World, it was destined to be planted by the same means in the waste places of the country. John Wesley, at the solicitation of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, the pioneers of an army of ten thousand Methodist preachers on this continent. To these Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit, and shortly after, in 1770, removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck and other Palatine Methodists, to Salem, Washington County, New York, near Lake Champlain.

This now flourishing and populous part of the country was then a wilderness. But under these changed conditions these godly pioneers ceased *not to prosecute their providential mission*—the founding of Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed grain the virgin soil of their new farms, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a “class”—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which has since multiplied to two hundred preachers and twenty-five thousand members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-five. “He was,” writes Asbury, who knew him well, “greatly



beloved and much lamented." He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of Heaven.'"

The loyal Palatines, whose forefathers had enjoyed a refuge from persecution under the British flag, would not share the revolt against the mother country of the American colonists. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, therefore, they maintained their allegiance to the old flag by removing to Lower Canada. Here they remained for ten years, chiefly in Montreal. In 1785 a number of them removed to Upper Canada, then newly organized as a colony, and settled in the township of Augusta, on the River St. Lawrence. Among these were John Lawrence and Catharine his wife, who was the widow of Philip Embury, Paul and Barbara Heck, and other Palatine Methodists. True to their providential mission, they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada as they had been in the United States. A "class" was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Thus, six years before the advent into Canada of William Losee, the first regular Methodist preacher who entered the country, Methodism was already organized through the energies of those honoured lay agents.

The first Methodist meeting-house in Canada was built at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, a deep indentation of the beautiful Bay of Quinte. It was a barn-like, wooden structure, thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with galleries, which still existed a few years ago in a tolerable state of preservation.\* On the sub-

\*The first place of worship erected in Upper Canada was the Church of England Indian Mission Chapel, near Brantford, built in 1784. On the severance of the thirteen American colonies from Great Britain, the loyal Indians

scription list appear the names of Embury, Ruckle, and other of the godly Palatines whose memory is associated forever with the introduction of Methodism to this continent and to this Dominion. The same year another church of similar size and character was begun at Earnestown, near Kingston, which we believe, in a renovated condition, is still regularly occupied for Methodist worship. This year also died at his home at Augusta, in the faith of the Gospel, Paul Heck, aged sixty-two years. His more retiring character shines with a milder radiance beside the more fervid zeal of his heroic wife. But "he was," writes our veteran Canadian ecclesiologist, the Rev. Dr. Carroll, "an upright, honest man, whose word was as good as his bond."

Barbara Heck survived him about twelve years, and died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in 1804, aged seventy years. "Her death," writes Dr. Stevens, "was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wildernesses of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose

on the Mohawk River, with their gallant chief, Joseph Brant, maintained their allegiance to Great Britain, and removed to the Indian Reserve on the Grand River. The old church is still in excellent repair, and is used for regular service. The old bell in the tower bears the name of its London maker of the last century. The communion service, of solid silver, was the gift, as an inscription which it bears asserts, of Queen Anne to the "Mohawk Chapell" of her Indian children. It must, therefore, date from the first fourteen years of the eighteenth century. Beside the old church, beneath a lichen-covered grey stone slab, slumber the remains of the stormy Chief Joseph Brant and of his son and successor John Brant. The present Indian mission school is maintained largely, if not solely, by the endowment fund of the "New England Society"—not a missionary society in New England, but one of the mother country which, in the seventeenth century, sent Eliot, Brainard, and other missionaries to the savage tribes of America. Thus are our first Canadian chapel and the present Indian school linked with the pious benevolence of those godly Puritans of two hundred years ago.

name shall shine with ever increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many of the descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in our Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee steward of three of the large Methodist churches of Montreal.\*

A correspondent of the *Christian Guardian*, we think the Rev. Dr. Carroll, writes that a grandson of Paul and Barbara Heck "was a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry when he was called to his reward. He was eminently pious, a clear-headed theologian, and a preacher of promise. His father, Samuel Heck, was an eminent local preacher for more than forty years, and, by his consistency, earned the meed of universal respect; and from none more than from his immediate neighbours, to whom he preached nearly every second Sabbath during that whole period. Jacob Heck," (his brother) continues the writer, "was one of the best read men we ever had the happiness to converse with, and one whose conversation was as lively and playful as it was instructive. We never saw a finer old man. We can imagine we can now see his venerable white head, stooping form, and sparkling dark eyes, and also hear his ringing, hearty laugh. He showed his amiability by his fondness for little children, who were equally fond of him. The ten surviving grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck are pious, and many of their great-grandchildren also."

Dr. Carroll has preserved, in the fifth volume of his invaluable history of Canadian Methodism, a letter of the venerable Elder Case, in which he writes as follows:—

"A few years since I visited John Embury and his worthy companion. He was then ninety-eight years old. The scenes of early Methodism in New York were revived in his recollections, and he referred to them as readily as if they had recently occurred. He said: 'My uncle, Philip Embury, was a great man—a powerful preacher—a very powerful preacher. I had

\* Letter of John Matthewson, Esq., of Montreal, in *Christian Advocate*, Jan. 11, 1866, quoted by Dr. Stevens.

heard many ministers before, but nothing reached my heart till I heard my Uncle Philip preach. I was then about sixteen. The Lord has since been my trust and portion. I am now ninety-eight.—Yes, my Uncle Philip was a great preacher.' After this interview he lived about a year, and died suddenly, as he arose from prayer in his family, at the age of ninety-nine. The Emburys, Detlors, Millers, Maddens, Switzers, of Bay of Quinte, are numerous and pious, and some of them ministers of the Gospel—all firmly grounded in Methodism. Their Palatine origin is prominent in their health, integrity, and industry, and their steadfast piety. The parents are gone, and the sons have followed them in the way of holiness to glory; but a numerous train of grandchildren are pursuing the Christian course 'their fathers trod'—intelligent, pious, and wealthy. 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'"

In the old "Blue Church Graveyard," on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, slumbers the dust of the founders and of many of the pioneers of Methodism in this land. The spot takes its name from an ancient church, now demolished, which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest trees which covered this now sacred scene were cleared away by hands which have long since ceased from their labour and been laid to rest in the quiet of these peaceful graves. Thither devout men, amid the tears of weeping neighbours and friends, bore the remains of Paul Heck and of Barbara his wife. Here, too, slumbers the dust of the once beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who, in her early youth, gave her heart to God and her hand to Philip Embury, and for love's sweet sake braved the perils of the stormy deep and the privations of pioneer life in the New World. Here sleep also, till the resurrection trump awake them, the bodies of several of the early Palatine Methodists and of many of their descendants, who, by their patient toil, their earnest faith, their fervent zeal, have helped to make our country what it is to-day.

"Canada," writes one who well knew this spot and loved to moralize among its memory-haunted tombs, "is highly honoured in having the guardianship of the sacred dust of persons who were instrumental in kindling that fire which has broken forth into such a glorious conflagration on this continent. It is, how-

ever," he adds, "to the shame of Canadian Methodists that no worthy memorial has been erected ere this to the honour of Paul and Barbara Heck."

The Methodists of the United States worthily honoured the memory of Barbara Heck on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the planting of Methodism in that land by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, to be known forever as HECK HALL. Thus do two devout women, one the heir of lowly toil, the other the daughter of luxury and wealth, join hands across the century, and their names and virtues are commemorated, not by a costly but useless pillared monument, but by a "home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies."

"Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbled into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother and the pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and, in the order of Providence, it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble; as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As we contemplate the lowly life of this true mother in Israel, and the marvellous results of which she was providentially the initiating cause, we cannot help exclaiming in devout wonder and thanksgiving, "What hath God wrought!" In the United States and Canada there are at this moment, as the outgrowth of seed sown in weakness over a century ago, a great Church organi-

zation, like a vast banyan tree, overspreading the continent, beneath whose broad canopy ten millions of souls, as members or adherents, or one-fourth of the entire population, enrol themselves by the name of Methodists, and go in and out and find spiritual pasture. The solitary testimony of Philip Embury has been succeeded by that of a great army of fifteen thousand local preachers, and nearly as many ordained ministers. Over two hundred Methodist colleges and academies unite in hallowed wedlock the principles of sound learning and vital godliness. Nearly half a hundred newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, together with a whole library of books of Methodist authorship, scatter broadcast throughout the land the religious teachings of which those lowly Palatines were the first representatives in the New World.

In these marvellous results we find ground not for vaunting and vain glory, but for devout humility and thankfulness to God. To all who bear the name of Methodists come with peculiar appropriateness the words of Holy Writ: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence. . . . He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."

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## ON PREACHING.

JUDGE not the preacher; for he is thy judge:

If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.

God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge

To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,

God takes a text and preaches patience.

—George Herbert.

“THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANSON GREEN, D.D.”

BY THE REV. EDWARD BARRASS, M.A.

THE early Methodist preachers were real heroes. The lives of such of them as have been published give evidence that there were giants in the earth in those days! Their names deserve honourable mention, and are worthy of being placed on the list of those of whom the pen of inspiration has declared that “the world was not worthy.”

The founder of Methodism desired all his “helpers” to furnish outlines of their own history, many of which he published in the early volumes of the *Arminian Magazine*, which were afterwards issued in book form. Six volumes of these are still sold under the title of “The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers,” and will ever remain standards in the biographical annals of the Methodist Church.

Our brethren of both branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States have been true followers of the Rev. John Wesley, in respect to the publishing of biographical records, especially of the pioneers of the Church, who have followed the early settlers as they have hewed out for themselves homes in the forest. In the wigwams of the aborigines and the shanties of the frontier settlers, the Methodist pioneers have proclaimed Christ and Him crucified; and have thus not only reclaimed many, but have no doubt saved the country from sinking into a state of barbarism.

In Canada, there have been those who were “in labours more abundant,” and who regarded no sacrifice too great to make that they might save their fellowmen, and lay, broad and deep, the foundations of the Church. We revere the memory of these men. They have bequeathed a noble inheritance to their sons, who would do well to cherish the names of those from whom they have received such a precious legacy.

Our indefatigable brother, Rev. J. Carroll, D.D., has been a most painstaking annalist. His versatile pen has rescued many important facts and incidents from the tomb of obscurity. The

venerable Dr. Ryerson is now engaged preparing a series of essays relating to the men and the work they have performed in building up that denomination now known as the Methodist Church of Canada. It will be a rich heritage to the people of the Dominion, who will then possess another monument by which to perpetuate the name of one whose life has been spent in the service of his country, and whose labours the future historian of Canada will gratefully record as being of incalculable service in perfecting a system of national education second to none that obtains among the nations of the earth.

The venerable man, whose name stands at the head of this paper, has long been known as one of the representative men of Methodism. He has almost become an octogenarian, so that, to use one of his own sayings, "his race is nearly run"; but we feel glad that during his declining years he has prepared a history of his "Life and Times," which is a valuable repertory of events which have occurred in Canada during the last half century. Had the venerable author passed away without publishing the valuable records which he has now given to the world, an amount of important history would have been lost which it would have been difficult to recall.

The book which Dr. Green has given us is a 12mo. volume of 450 pages; is written in an easy, flowing style; and abounds with incidents, some of which are amusing, while all are instructive. The author makes no pretensions to fine writing. He does not dazzle his readers with gorgeous sentences, but, in a plain and easy manner, he narrates the story of his life, which at once captivates the reader, so that he will not be likely to lay the book aside until he has read every chapter from beginning to end. Every Methodist household should possess a copy. The young people should read it, so that they may have an adequate idea of how much they owe to the labours of the fathers in Israel, who are fast passing away. As Dr. Green does not reap any pecuniary benefit from the sale of the book, the entire profits being given to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, we feel sure that they will wish for the book an extensive sale, which, aside from its merits as a literary production, it so richly deserves.



Dr. Green has laboured fifty-three years in the capacity of a Methodist minister, during which he has been circuit preacher, chairman of district, Book Steward, and President of Conference. He has attended more than fifty Annual Conferences, one General Conference, and one Special Conference. He has been three times at the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England as the representative of Canada, and also the same number of times as representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. In all the great movements of the Methodist Church in Canada for the last half century, Dr. Green has been called to take a conspicuous part. In all difficult and intricate cases he was a man who could be trusted; in all that he did he made the welfare of the Church his constant study. We heartily endorse the following sentence, taken from the Introduction, which is written by the Rev. Dr. Nelles:—"If he had not been a Methodist minister, he might easily have risen to éminence as a financier, or a diplomatist, and even a Methodist minister is the better of a capacity for both the one and the other."

It has not been our privilege to hear Dr. Green frequently preach, but we were always greatly profited when we did. We can readily believe what we have heard, that in his palmy days he was a powerful preacher. In the early period of his ministry he read the works of Methodist authors very extensively, so that he became an earnest, faithful Methodist preacher, such as the late Dr. Hannah would have commended as one who "preached the old Gospel in the old way."

Dr Green has always been regarded as an able executive officer. We have seen but few who could surpass him in this respect. His dignified presence, his extensive acquaintance with the Methodist discipline, to which he always firmly adheres, and his kind manner in conducting business enable him to discharge the arduous duties of President or Chairman with great despatch and general satisfaction.

The venerable author has associated much with ministers and friends of other denominations. He attended the first meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in London, and has always taken a deep interest in the movements of that body. During his long

residence in Toronto, though debarred by reason of physical infirmity from occupying the pulpit except occasionally, he has been a member of many of the benevolent societies of the city. He is in good repute among his fellow citizens, to whom he is best known.

When Dr. Green began his career as an itinerant there were only thirty-eight ministers in the Methodist Church of Canada, and about 6,000 members; but in 1874, when the Union was effected between the Wesleyan Conference in Canada and the Methodist New Connexion Conference, there were about 1,000 ministers and 100,000 members in the united body. The changes that he has thus witnessed in the Church of his youth are truly marvellous. Complaints are sometimes made about hard circuits, but when Dr. Green and his associates began their career there were but few churches, and those mostly built of logs. They had no certain dwelling-place,—the humble abode of the early settler, with its one room for kitchen, sitting, and sleeping-room, was their preaching-room and place of rest. One of his circuits, called Smith's Creek, comprised all the country between Bowmanville and the River Trent, and was 400 miles in extent. On horseback was the only mode of travel both summer and winter, and the greater part of the roads were through the primeval forest.

Dr. Green was the first Methodist preacher who preached in Port Hope, where he had for a church a shoemaker's shop, the cobbler's bench for his pulpit, and six persons formed the congregation. On this extensive circuit there were only two churches; but the same tract of country now contains twenty-four circuits, many elegant churches, and our noble Victoria University.

For several years past Dr. Green has suffered much from feeble health. Sometimes he has preached when his medical advisers were of opinion that to do so was at the peril of his life. He is necessitated to avoid night services and crowded houses, but his venerable appearance, his calm, pleasant smile, are always welcome, as, whoever may be the preacher, there is no more attentive listener than Dr. Green.

HAMPTON, Ont.

## JOHN TREGENOWETH: HIS MARK.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE DONKEY AND CART.

WE soon got the donkey and cart, and wonderful set up we were—little Mary an' me—she a-leadin' an' me at the back of the cart, goin' down to the sands or a-comin' home with the load and a-sellin' it to the neighbours.

It was about a fortnight after we'd got it, that one day we were comin' up the hill from the beach—I was walkin' behind with my face lifted up to the light and warinth of the sun, an' we were singin' a hymn that I'd picked up, sort o' tens and 'levens—

“ My God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know That my Jesus is mine ”—

All of a sudden the little maid stopped—

“ Good mornin', sir,” says she, and I could tell that she made a pretty curtsy.

“ Good mornin' to thee, my dear, good mornin',” says the gentleman—oncommon kindspoken he was. “ This is thy little maid Mary, I s'pose, John,” he says to me.

I was goin' to speak, but before I had time for a word, he began again.

“ I see thou hast got a donkey and cart then, friend.”

“ Ah, sir,” I said, “ I shall have to bless you all the days o' my life—you and the old coat.”

“ Why—didst thou find the donkey and cart in the old coat ?” he asked, turnin' round to little Mary in a merry way.

“ No, sir, but something a thousand times better than that ;” and as I spoke, tears o' joy ran down my cheeks.

“ Why, John, was there bank-notes in the pockets ?” says he, wonderin' whatever it could be.

“ Better than bank-notes, sir. I found a new heart in it, and a new life. Aye, sir, Mary an' Betty an' me have seemed

to find a new house in it, an' a new street, an' a new place, an' a new world. Everything be new, sir; and as we go a-singin' along now, so light and so happy as a bird, I feel that a king 'pon his throne bean't happier than we are. Ah, sir, it was a wonderful old coat!"

An' I told him all about the chapel,—about the sermon, an' the dream, and all about how I got converted. He didn't say a word for a minute a'most. Then he took my hand—'twas all sandy you know, sir—and, says he, "God bless thee, John—God bless thee!" and he was gone.

Ah, he's been dead years now. When he was ill one day he sent for me. I couldn't make out what he wanted.

He was very ill and could scarce speak, but when I was close by his bed, he whispered—

"John," he says, "tell me that story that thou didst tell me once—about thy goin' to chapel."

I began to tell him about the old coat.

"Not that, friend, not that," he whispered, "but thy dream—let me hear what it was that He said to thee in thy dream."

So I told him all about it till I come to those words, "Fear not: I have borne thy sins in My own Body upon the tree."

"That's it," he muttered, quite faint, "that's it;" and I heard him a-sayin' it over and over, "Fear not, fear not."

Then he whispers to me, "Thank thee, frier, thou hast done me good. The Lord bless thee. We shall meet again I trust."

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I should dearly love to have a bit o' prayer with 'e, sir."

"Thank thee, John, thank thee," he whispered. "Go, and when the Spirit moves thee, lift up thy heart for me, John. The Lord bless thee."

"Ah, sir," I says, as I went towards the door, "the Spirit has moved me hundreds o' times, and I have lifted up my heart for thee and voice too."

(There was an abundance of both whenever John prayed.)

He died next day, sir, very quiet. They thought that he was sleepin'. I often wondered how he managed about the

singin' when he woke up in glory. Ah, he was a blessin' to me and I have sung for him ever since, a'most enough for two.

The donkey an' cart prospered middlin' well. 'Twas a bit rough and wet 'sometimes 'pon the sands in winter, and comin' over the downs; but many a happy hour the little maid an' me has had down there.

After we had filled the cart with sand, we used to rest for a bit, and that bit o' rest was wonderful. When the tide was out we used to sit in a cave,—how pretty the singin' would sound in there, sure 'nough—and the echoes; and the low swell of the sea comin' always in tune with it. Sometimes, when it was high water, we sat 'pon the rocks. The little maid would read a chapter out o' the Bible, specially out o' Revelation—it be all full of the sound of the sea and music and glory. Then she would teach me a new hymn, or we'd sing an old 'favourite together, an' finish up with a bit o' prayer.

And the little maid,—why I could a'most see it all with her eyes, for she loved to tell me about the look of the sea an' the sky an' the cliffs. I could see the rocks shuin' wet as the tide went out—their sides all shaggy like with yellow and brown sea-weed, or the little pools in them full of red an' pink an' golden weed—and shells and dartin' fish, and the blue sky reflected ever so deep down.

Or sometimes she'd tell me about the cliffs—how it hung over us high up a'most against the sky—or how a great piece had fallen, and swept a place right down to the beach, and lay piled in great rocks—or where it seemed to spread out “like a lady's lap,” as little Mary called it; an' there were the green burrows, where the rabbits lived—how the little maid used to laugh at their twinklin' tails.

She would tell me about it till I could see it quite plain. How on a stormy day she would shout with joy as the wind came whistlin' about us, and the waves came sweepin' in.

“O, father, here's a great one comin'!” she used to say, holdin' my hand so tight; “the wind is blowin' back his white hair—how high he rises above the rest! now he's

curlin' himself over—here he comes—here he comes! What a rage he is in! Hark, father!" And I heard the thunder of his fall and the hiss'n', as the wave spread out and up the beach, and little Mary ran to let its foam catch her if it could; an' then would take my hand again, as with deepenin' roar and rattle of the shingle, the waters flowed out again, to be caught and curled and thundered back by another wave. I don't wonder, sir, that John was sent to Patmos to know about Heaven—I reckon that there's more of it in the sea than in anything else in the world—such grand music always.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE NEW PARSON.

So we went on pretty middlin' you know, sir, until the new parson came.

I knew the old man was dead, for the bell was tolled all day—but he lived in the South o' France, or some outlandish place or other, and had a sort o' curate to preach 'pon Sunday mornin's and to come over here for the berrin's and weddin's—leastways that be all that I could ever make out.

When we heard that the new man was comin', we was curious to know what he was like. Well, one day—we hadn't heard that he'd come—little Mary an' me was sittin' singin' in the cave, after we'd filled the cart with sand—we'd just finished the last verse, when a voice came out of the end of the cave.

"Thank you, good friends, thank you." Little Mary jumped up, and clingin' to me she looked into the end o' the cave; but I s'pose it was all dark, and she couldn't see nothing.

"Father!" she says, quite solemn, "did you hear that! Is it the Dev—?"

"No, no," laughed the gentleman, comin' nearer. "I didn't mean to frighten you"—and I heard him come clamberin' over the rocks.

"I do believe it be the new parson"—the little maid whispered, all of a tremble still.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he says, coming close to us, "I was curious to know how far this cave went back, and whilst I was away in the end of it I was startled by

the sound of your voices, almost as much as you were startled by mine. This little mermaid of yours has a very sweet voice."

"She be a pretty singer, sir," I says, takin' a fancy to the man at the very first.

"You don't know who I am?" he asked me. I told him that I didn't know, 'cepts it was the new parson.

"So you're expecting a new parson, are you," says he, like as if he didn't know anything about it.

"We heard tell that the old gentleman was dead, sir," said the little maid.

"But you've got nothing for a parson to do in these parts, have you? The folks are all Methodists—old Methodists, or Primitives, or Brianites, or New Connexion Methodists, or Teetotal Methodists. There's nothing for a parson but to marry and bury them."

"Well, sir," I says, "that depends what kind of a man he be. There's plenty o' work always for folks that'll do it."

"That's true—that's true," said he. "Now suppose I begin with you. Here's a job to hand already. I might teach you to read."

"Please, sir, father be blind—I have to read to him, sir," an' the little maid put her hand round my neck as she said it.

"Blessings on your kindly little face," says the parson, so as quite won my heart. "But if he could read for himself, it would do no harm, would it?"

The tears filled my eyes. I should never see another book, until *the* Books were opened; and I often prayed that I might read my name there—written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"Ah, sir," I explained with a sigh, "you don't understand. I be blind, sir—quite blind."

"But I belong to an Association for teaching the blind to read," says the parson.\*

"The blind!" cried little Mary.

\* A quiet but most useful little organization in Cornwall—"Itinerant Teaching of the Blind to read the Sacred Scriptures, and to write;" which reports no less than one hundred and eighty-two persons thus taught. (See Report for 1872.)

"To read, sir!" I said, shakin' my head, as much as to say—that'll never be.

He told us all about the raised type, and how the fingertips felt the words.

"Father, that will be nice," whispered little Mary; and then turning to the gentleman, she asked him, "But, please, sir, will there be *all* the Bible? will there be Revelation? Because father loves Revelation—he says there be so much music in it."

"I will get him Revelation," and the parson laughed. "Likes music, does he?" he went on. "Can you play, my friend?"

"Please, sir, father have sold his fiddle," said the little maid, a-takin' hold of my hand.

"Likes music, and sold his fiddle—that's strange!" and I could tell that he sat himself down alongside of us, and waited for us to tell how it happened. Well, I thought, it was part of my punishment, when the little maid gave me a kiss, and says she, "We never want it at all, sir; we can sing prettier now than we could then."

So without a word more about it, he turns round to the little maid, "Now, if I do this for your father, what will you do for me? Will you come and sing in my choir?"

"Please, sir, we do sing up to our chapel," says little Mary.

"She do mean the Primitives, sir," says I, wonderin' what he'd think of that.

"Ah, Methodists again—all Methodists," and he spoke so pleasant as ever. "But are you there all day?"

"Well, there be Sunday-school first of all," the little maid told him, "then preachin' in the mornin' sometimes, or else in the afternoon—then always preachin' in the evening, and a prayer-meetin' after."

The parson laughed again, "Not much time left for me then—that's clear. But if you understand music, we shall manage it." And he wished us good mornin'.

"He *be* a nice man," says the little maid when he was gone. And so he be still, sir, bless him—the same as ever.

That was our first meetin'—I've minded him of it scores



of times. And he were as good as his word and a hundred times better. Ah, it was wonderful—wonderful—that readin'! When I'd learnt to know the words, and knew them well enough to think about the meanin'—wonderful! I've very often thought about Thomas, sir, as his tremblin' fingers were put into the nail-prints, and as he felt the spear-wound, and cried out, "My Lord and my God!" That be just how my fingers seem to go along the ridges of the letters, *a-feelin' the truth*. You can take hold of it all so certain sure, and it is *my Lord and my God* all the way through; and I shut up the Book with my heart so full o' glory as ever it can hold.

But that was only the beginning of his kindness.

He paid a man to teach me how to make nets, so that the little maid an' me could stay home on wet days, an' do just so well as with the donkey an' cart; specially when we got clever at it, an' could get on fast enough. Bless him,—as I've often told him, he was a'most so good as another old coat.

An' then, like as if to make me so that I couldn't wish for anything, came that blessed organ.

You know, sir, there had been one in the old parson's time, but nobody ever touched it. 'Twas all rotten an' damp, an' no good at all, they said; and there it might have been till now, only the new parson had it all down, and made it over again; then one day he says to the little maid an' me—

"You told me one day, John, that you understood something about music."

"I do dearly love it, sir," I said; "an' love goes furthest in makin' folks understand anything, I do reckon."

"That's not far wrong, certainly," and he turned to little Mary in his laughin' way—she was about seventeen, sir—"so, for that reason, I s'pose your Mary here understands all about Zacchy Pendray."

I could tell that the little maid blushed, as we both laughed; for you see, sir, they always was mighty fond of each other.

"But I dare say that Mary is wondering what such impertinent questions can have to do with music," he said directly. "Well, you know, John, that I have finished the organ, and now I must find a player. I've been looking about, and can think of nobody but you, John."

"Me, sir," I cried, "me play the organ!" and it fairly took my breath away to think of it.

"O, father! O, sir, you are very, very kind!" cried the little maid, bewildered thinkin' about it.

"Well, come to-morrow to the church, and let me give you your first lessons," he said, as he went away.

So he taught me how to play. As I've told him, he was eyes to the blind before, but now he let Heaven in at my ears too.

Do you reckon, sir, that there be anything else in the world like it? The sea is fine—but then you can only listen to it—you can't make it storm an' ripple an' toss as you like. And the wind, sir,—that be very grand, when you get one of our sou'-westers a-roarin' an' moanin' an' playin' his great swell notes 'pon the sea. But those be God's organ that nobody can play only Himself. But next to them, isn't it wonderful to sit down and make such glorious music—now to have the sea an' the thunder, an' the wild wind, just as you like—then to make it all so soft an' gentle, it might be an angel a-whisperin' to a little dyin' child, an' tellin' it not to be afraid; and then burstin' forth in such rapture as if the host of Heaven sang triumphant welcome to some old warrior who had got safely home. I often think that they will have a grand one up in Heaven. Ah, what choruses we shall have—leastways, if there isn't, it must be because some of us would be lovin' it too much, an' forgettin' the King of Glory.

And now my little Mary be gone. Well, there, 'tis only a matter of four miles off, and Zacchy is a brave lad, and a good singer too. And he has got a treasure anyhow. Ah, sir, she was a'most an' angel born was my little Mary!

Here the old man paused. The belis had ceased. The glow that lingered in the western sky had passed from radiant gold and red to deep-toned purple, and now was sinking into calm blue depths all brilliant with the silvery sparkling of the stars. The sea was rippling to the shore with gentle melody, breaking into crests and curves of light. It seemed like a fair finish to the old man's story. With such a restful calm he was passing on toward Heaven, singing as he went, until his soul should break into light and music on the eternal shore.

DEATH.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Out of the shadows of sadness  
Into the sunshine of gladness,  
    Into the light of the blest—  
Out of the day very dreary,  
Out of the world of the weary,  
    Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,  
Into a blissful to-morrow,  
    Into a land without gloom ;  
Out of a land filled with sighing—  
Land of the dead and the dying—  
    Into a land without tomb.

Out of a land of commotion,  
Tempest swept as the mad ocean,  
    Dire with the wreck drifting o'er—  
Into a land calm and quiet ;  
Never a storm cometh nigh it—  
    Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers,  
Perish and fade all the flowers—  
    Out of the land of decay—  
Into the Eden where fairest  
Of flowers—and sweetest and rarest—  
    Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,  
Thronged with anguished and ailing,  
    Out of the world of the sad,  
Into the world that rejoices—  
World of bright visions and voices—  
    Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lonely,  
Out of a land ever moanful,  
    Where in bleak exile we roam—  
Into a joy-land above us—  
Where there's a Father to love us—  
    Into "Our home, sweet, sweet home."

## A MISSIONARY TRIP.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

OUR Indian Missions are justly regarded as among the chief glories of our Church. Through the zeal and faith and patient labour of devoted missionaries, pagan tribes have been reclaimed from the worship of false gods and taught the knowledge of the living and the true God. With this moral transformation has come also an improvement of their material condition and a more or less complete conformity to the usages of civilized life. I had the pleasure recently of visiting an Indian mission remote from the often demoralizing contact with the white man's civilization, and was so pleased with what I witnessed that I would like to record my impressions for the encouragement of the patrons of our Missionary Society and of all who feel interested in the condition of the aborigines of our country.

On a bright sunny morning in the month of August we embarked at Parry Sound, Georgian Bay, in the staunch two-masted mission sail-boat *John Wesley*, as I named her, otherwise called *Mishceneva—the Messenger*. Our destination was the Indian village of Shawanaga, on the north shore of Lake Huron. Our party was composed of the Rev. William Smyth, our worthy and popular missionary at Parry Sound; James Elliott, our intelligent native interpreter; James Pegamahgaw, our Indian assistant and *factotum*; the present writer and his son. Our equipment consisted of a tent for camping out; rugs for our bed; a box containing tea, sugar, bread, biscuit, pork, canned meats, pickles, condensed milk, coffee, etc.; cooking utensils and a trolling line for catching fish; some books for reading, and a supply of Sunday-school papers thoughtfully brought by Mr. Smyth for the Indian children.

There is a wonderful charm about out-of-door life on these cool northern lakes. The pure air, bright sunlight, transparent waters, and bold rocky scenery all conspire to make existence a delight. The sky seems several stories higher and the world ever so much wider than in the crowded streets of the city. Few things

are more exhilarating than the motion of a good boat before a brisk breeze; to watch the swelling sail and "feel the thrill of life along the keel;" to bound over the waves or plunge through their crests, dashing back their spray from the prow of the tiny bark; to lean before the wind till the gunwale runs nearly even with the water which laughs and dimples on every side. To a novice these experiences are not devoid of a little element of fear, but this feeling soon wears off and the delight of the sensation alone remains. A sympathy with the little craft, like that between a horse and his rider, springs up, and sailing becomes a fascinating enjoyment.

On our first day, however, we had little of this, the wind being light and variable, and we had to depend chiefly upon the "white ash breeze," as our Indian friends called the labour at the oar. At noon we landed on a bold rocky point to dine. In an incredibly short time a fire was blazing on the rocks, the kettle boiling, tea made, and dinner ready. We had been unable to catch any fish, but two exasperating bass gambolled about our boat while dinner was preparing, and refused to be enticed from their native element into the hospitable frying-pan that was awaiting them. Seated on a cushion of soft, deep elastic moss, beneath the shadow of the quivering aspens, we did eat our meat with gladness and singleness of heart, and were soon afloat again.

Oh! that long, golden, sunny summer afternoon! Now gliding along a reach of curving shore; then stretching across a broad bay; then threading a narrow channel between the islands, watching, through the translucent water, the ripple-marked sands or the cliffs and precipices over which we safely glide; then launching out in the unfathomed depths of the blue lake. Dependant on our trolling line for the staple of our evening meal, it is kept at work, its bright silver bait flashing in the water in a manner perfectly irresistible to any hungry bass or pike. And so it proves. Now comes a tug, the line is rapidly hauled in, a vigorous fish leaps out of the water and vainly struggles to get free. He is drawn into the boat floundering and threshing in a highly inconsiderate manner. A few well directed blows on the head with a rowlock stuns his power of feeling, and he quietly gasps out his life. Before night we have caught three

substantial fish, and our experienced guides look out for a camping place. A rocky island is selected. Our tent is soon pitched, our rugs are spread on the bare rock, our precious box of provisions is brought on shore, and supper is speedily prepared. Our fish, cooked by a skilful hand, prove delicious, and are enjoyed with an appetite that adds a most piquant sauce. The sweet, wild blueberries of the island offer a most dainty dessert.

With what a golden glory sinks the sun into the bosom of the lake, like some Eastern monarch wrapping his robes of royal state about him as he lies down to rest. After a dip in old Huron's waves we gather around our camp-fire, which flings its ruddy gleam far out over the waters, and beguile the hour with song and story. Our faithful interpreter recounts his adventures in his summer and winter journeys to the missions on this rocky coast, and hymns in the Indian and English tongues ascend to Him to whom all praise belong. After singing Keble's sweet evening hymn we kneel upon the rock and commend each other and our loved ones to God. The nearest human habitation is many miles away, and God seems more near that man is so far. We retire to our tent and sleep as best we may upon our rocky couch. So were wont to sleep, in their weary journeys from Quebec, by way of the Ottawa, French River, and Georgian Bay, to their Huron Missions, the Jesuit missionaries of two hundred years ago, some of whom sealed their testimony with their blood and at the fiery stake won the martyr's starry and unwithering crown.

During the night the rising wind and the lapping of the waves upon the shore indicate a change of weather. An early and hurried breakfast is made in the rain which has now begun to fall, and which casts quite a *damp*er on our enthusiasm. We spread our sail and glide rapidly on our way before the brisk breeze. The rain remorselessly descends for hours and we become pretty well saturated. At Turtle Point we land to visit an Indian manitou or "big medicine,"—the Old Turtle, a huge lichen-covered rock, having an extraordinary resemblance to that animal. Here, in the days of paganism, the Indians used to present their offerings of tobacco to their turtle god and pray for a fair wind and good fortune. It is even said that super-

stitious white men have offered their gifts, which rationalistic Indians, skeptical as to the influence of the dethroned god, afterward removed.

At length our welcome haven heaves in sight. The village is composed of a picturesque cluster of houses skirting a little river. A tall flag-staff, from which on the Queen's Birthday and holidays floats the Union Jack—for the Indians are intensely loyal—stands in front of the chief's house. We are heartily welcomed, and are soon warm and dry beneath the hospitable roof of Chief Solomon James. It is a comfortable wooden house of two stories with a "lean-to." On the table were a Bible and hymn-books, Wesley's Sermons, the Statutes of Canada—for the Chief is a Justice of the Peace,—and some newspapers. Our host is an exceedingly intelligent man, and on the occasion of the visit of Lord Dufferin to Parry Sound, presented His Excellency, on behalf of his tribe, with a very admirable address. He inquired with great interest after the welfare of Dr. Wood and Dr. Taylor, whose deep concern in the spiritual prosperity of his people he highly appreciated.

As Bro. Smyth was temporarily indisposed, I held two religious services and baptized an Indian babe. It was to me a deeply interesting scene. At the sound of a huge tin trumpet a congregation of between thirty and forty assembled in a comfortable log-house, filling every seat and several sitting on the floor. With the exception of moccasins all wore civilized garb. The utmost decorum and reverence was maintained. The singing, of a soft plaintive character, was excellent. The interpreter, with great fluency, and with not a little impressiveness and unction, translated my remarks, which were listened to with the utmost attention. It was pleasing to notice in that strange, foreign tongue that the names of Jesus and the words "Amen" and "Hallelujah" were in that language of Canaan from which they have passed into almost every language on earth. What gave additional interest to the service was the fact that probably scarcely a single adult in that company, now sitting clothed and in his right mind at the feet of Jesus, had not been reclaimed from paganism.

I would that every patron and friend of our Missionary

Society could witness the beneficent results that have followed its operations in this and other of our Indian missions. Even in a secular point of view, those operations are of incalculable advantage. How infinitely better and cheaper, as well as more Christian, is it to convert these wandering sons of the wilderness into peaceful subjects, than to have to wage a war of extermination against them, as the United States has now to do with the followers of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

The little village exhibits many signs of thrift and industry. Most of the houses are comfortably, and some tastefully, built. Almost every family keeps a cow, and some have a horse as well. Each has one or more canoes. A considerable quantity of land is under cultivation, and many of the gardens were evidently well tilled. Fish and game are plentiful, and in all the conditions of comfort the hamlet is ahead of many white villages—perhaps one cause is that no fire-water is allowed. I observe from the Report that the mission subscribed last year \$28.50 to the funds of the Society. At Parry Sound our Indian boatman, James Pegamahgabow, with his brother and their two wives, contributed \$8.75. If all the members of our Church, of their temporal ability, did as well there would be no debt hanging over the Missionary Society.

Our leaving the village was made the occasion of holding quite a levee. Almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, came down to the landing to see us embark and bid us farewell. Our party formed a line beside the flagstaff, and all the Indians passed in single file before us, shaking hands with us as they passed. Several of the squaws in passing produced from beneath their shawls little gifts, which were presented amid a round of applause—a birch bark-basket; fresh and smoke-dried blue berries, the latter rather pungent; some smoked sturgeon wrapped in birch bark; and one aged squaw presented my little son with a skilfully-woven tobacco pouch. I hope he will never use the vile weed; but, in appreciation of her kindness, I had the pleasure of sending her a brilliant-coloured headkerchief. One very old man and a squaw arrived a little late, and I had twice to return from the end of the boat to repeat the valediction. As long as our boat continued in sight the faithful, kindly creatures



stood watching our disappearing sails. At length, just as we rounded the point of an island, with a final cheer and wave of our hats we bade regretful farewell to the group upon the shore. The scene recalled the touching account of St. Paul's parting with his Tyrian friends by the seaside.

Our return voyage was successfully accomplished amid alternations of breeze and calm, sunshine and shower. We had occasion to admire the skill of our Indian boatmen in a sharp squall that overtook us. In a heavy sea, whose dark and lurid surface was flecked with the snowy white caps raised by a strong head-wind, they managed our little craft admirably. So at home are they upon the water that they will launch their frail bark canoes when the waves are running high and scud before or beat against the wind, with outspread sail, with almost the ease and grace of the seagull swooping and circling through the air. Navigation in those little barks has a peculiar charm. One bounds over the waters like a cork, and the rippling of the waves can be felt through the thin covering of bark. Yet, when accustomed to its motion, it is remarkably safe, and nothing else would answer for threading those intricate northern rivers with their frequent rapids, shallows, and portages. It is, in skilful hands, the very embodiment of grace and beauty.

All the forest's life is in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
As it floats upon the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

The scenery of this great northern archipelago is of surpassing beauty and variety. There are said to be no less than 27,000 islands marked in Captain Bayfield's chart. Many of these are mere rocky islets, which look in the distance like a flock of ducks asleep upon the waves. Others are large and fertile islands, some of them rising in places, in sheer craggy precipices, a hundred feet or more. The dense foliage sweeps down to the water's edge and rolls in verdant billows to the crest of the hills.

The iron-grey gneissoid rocks, upheaved, convulsed, and contorted by subterranean fires, fissured by planes of cleavage and rent by dykes of white quartz, worn and stained by a thousand storms, and by growths of many-coloured lichens, cushioned with deep elastic moss and bedecked with ferns, windflowers, trailing creepers, and sweet wild plants; the deep, cool bays, fragrant with water-lilies; the intricate channels, with opening vistas of ever varying delight; the long and shining reaches where the sunlight pours its wealth of radiance; and the brown pellucid water, laughing, dimpling, shining in the sun, and sombre in the shade—these form a gallery of pictures in memory's chamber of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. Then the feeling of utter seclusion, of primeval solitude have a reposeful charm for overwrought nerve and brain. The sweet wild echoes answer with phantom voices from the shore, like the laughter of coy wood-nymphs hiding in the deep recesses of the immemorial forests. Then the golden glory of the sunsets!—such an apocalypse of colour and beauty, —when the lake seems like the sea of glass mingled with fire, and the clouds like the new Jerusalem with the walls of jasper and gates of pearl, and foundations of sapphire and chrysolite and topaz and jacinth and beryl! In such an hour of the transfiguration of nature are we conscious of

A presence that disturbs us with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.\*

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\* *Wordsworth.*—“Lines written at Tintern Abbey.”

“THE CHILDREN’S HOME.”

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
 Ere the sorrow comes with years ?  
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
 And *that* cannot stop their tears. . . .  
 They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
 And their looks are sad to see,  
 For the man’s hoary anguish draws and presses  
 Down the cheeks of infamy. . . .

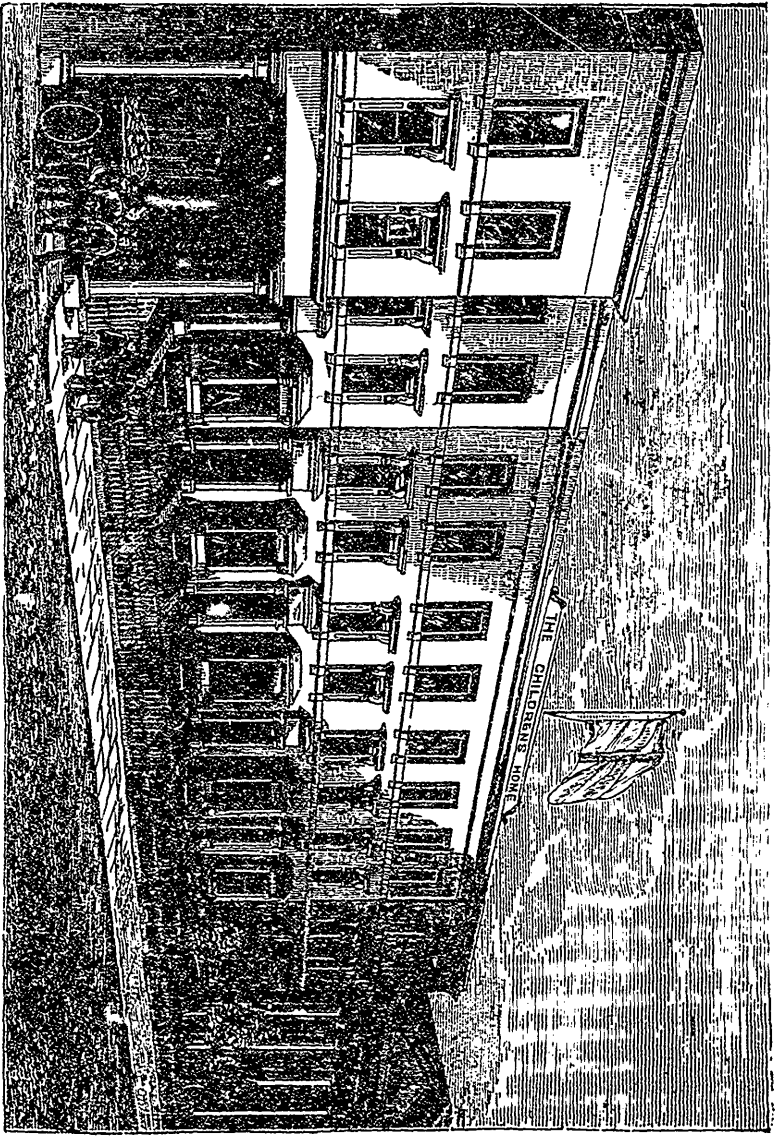
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom—  
 They sink in man’s despair, without its calm ;  
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,  
 Are martyrs by the pang, without the palm,—  
 Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.  
 Let them weep ! Let them weep !

*They look up with their pale and sunken faces,*  
 And their look is dread to see,  
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,  
 With eyes turned on Deity. . . .  
 And the young, young children, O my brothers,  
 They are weeping bitterly !  
 They are weeping in the play-time of the others,  
 In the country of the free.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

OVER thirty years ago Mrs. Browning’s impassioned “Cry of the Children” smote on the ear and heart of England like a revelation, and awoke the dormant sympathies of the nation to active efforts to succour the hapless victims of Mammonite oppression in the factory and the mine. Soon the strong arm of the law was thrown around the children, and they were rescued from the exhaustive and cruel labour by which their bodies were stunted and their minds starved ; and they obtained the right to at least a certain modicum of fresh air and mental training.

The loving Master, who took the little children in His arms and blessed them, has imparted His Spirit to not a few of His followers ; and one of the most delightful forms of Christian effort is that which, with a passionate charity, seeks to rescue



THE CHILDREN'S HOME (HEAD QUARTERS), BONNER ROAD, LONDON, E.

little children from want and woe and sin, and to bring them up at the feet of Jesus. In the great metropolis of England are multitudes of human waifs who know no father's care nor mother's love—the flotsam and jetsam of society, tossed to and fro on the eddying tide of life. For these Satan lies in wait, that he may take their souls as prey; and Vice and Crime contend for their lives.

“ Give me the little children !”  
 Cries Crime, with a wolfish grin ;  
 “ For I love to lead the children  
 In the pleasant paths of sin.”

But God is raising up loving friends for these “ little ones,” whose angels do always behold the face of our Father. One of the most enthusiastic and successful of these is the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, B.A., of the English Wesleyan Conference, who is now on a visit to this country in the interest of the Children's Home. We cannot give a better idea of his work and its results than by condensing the following account from a paper on the subject by George Stevens, Esq., of the Religious Tract Society :—

“ The Children's Home ” is the name borne by a group of buildings in the East of London, in Bonner-road, not far from Victoria Park. It is both orphanage and refuge, but is the centre of a much larger work, having some peculiarities which deserve attention. Like many other institutions, it owes its origin to one man; for happily the doors of Christian usefulness are open to all who will knock at them. Mr. Stephenson, the founder of this Home, was brought as a minister from country duties to reside in the midst of London, and eight years ago or more found himself in Lambeth, in the neighbourhood of the notorious New Cut. “ I soon saw little children,” he says, “ in a condition that made my heart bleed. There they were, ragged, shoeless, filthy; their faces pinched with hunger, and premature wretchedness staring out of their too bright eyes; and I began to feel that now my time was come. Here were my poor little brothers and sisters, sold to hunger and the devil, and I could not be free of their blood if I did not at least try to save some of them.” Long before he had been brought to the conviction that “ the religion

which does not fathom the social deeps, and heal the social sores, cannot be Christ's religion." A few friends were first consulted, and a beginning made, by way of "private venture." A house was taken that was little more than a cottage. "A stable at the back was made the dining-room and lavatory. The loft above became a dormitory, and the only playground was a patch some four yards square, with a gateway, meant for the passage of a single cart. And this was workshop too!" But here they contrived to receive and shelter twenty poor lads. The work rapidly grew upon them, and in like proportion the means came in, so that week by week all debts were paid. An adjoining house was taken, and the number of boys under care increased to thirty-seven. The more that was accomplished, the greater seemed the need; the applications for admission were soon too numerous; children were being turned almost daily from the doors, and beyond them and around them was a great world of wretchedness all untouched.

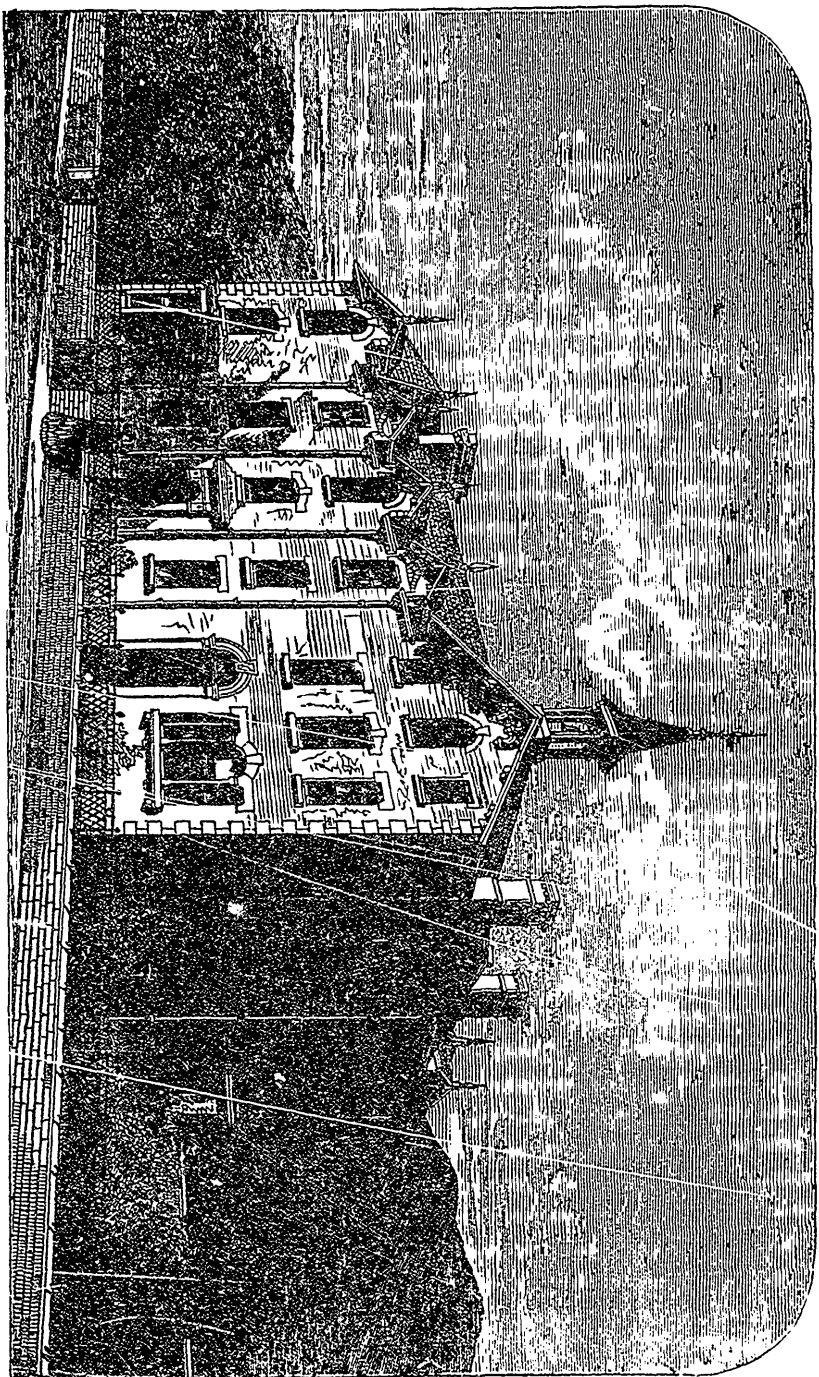
The institution has since developed into a wider field; it has now a Certified Industrial School associated with it near Gravesend; it has a Farm Branch, near Bolton, in Lancashire; and it has a Reception Home in Canada. It has now four hundred and thirty-five children in residence in these four branches; and it has sent forth four hundred to earn their living by honest labour. Mr. Stephenson is widely known as a Wesleyan minister, and his special work, gradually demanding his almost exclusive attention, could not but be recognized with thankfulness by his brethren in the ministry. The Children's Home has therefore been adopted as a Methodist institution; and makes its annual report to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

The sins and sorrows of the great world are reflected in the histories of these children. Not a few of them have been gathered from the streets; all have been exposed to suffering or hardship of some kind. Other institutions show similar records; but every individual life has its own pathetic story, and every fresh case requires its own peculiar handling. Let Mr. Stephenson's account of one case serve as an illustration of one aspect of the work that is doing:—

"One night I had been out on a search-expedition; and after

visiting several likely places, but without success, I was moving homeward about one o'clock in the morning, with feet very weary and heart rather heavy. I came at length to the Mansion House, and was turning up Threadneedle-street. . . . Just at the corner of the Bank of England stood a group of three boys, and a little farther on were two others. It was a strange and moving sight. There, of all places in the world, to meet five boys, as thoroughly heathen as any savage in Africa! . . . I went up to them, and got into conversation with them. They told me many lies, and some truth. But this was plain enough: that they needed a friend and a home—some one to tell them of God, and to teach them a trade. So I offered them a supper, and took them to one of the very few eating-shops that were still open. There they had as much to eat as they liked; and then with one accord they came with me, through the silent streets and the now grey dawn, to the Children's Home. There they soon had a welcome; for at any hour of night or day, when God sends us a poor waif, we manage to open the door and spread a table for the famished and forlorn wanderer. The eldest of these boys, whom we will call 'Big Joe,' had been for a long time friendless, save for one brother, whom he saw occasionally. For months before I met Joe, he had been living by his wits—sleeping in low lodging-houses when he could get the money, and coiling himself in any temporary refuge when he had not the necessary pence at command for a bed. His face was sullen and forbidding, yet now and then it would brighten up with the gleam of a kindly heart on it. And we did not despair, for what need is there that God's grace cannot meet? So thinking that Joe's strong limbs would be best employed in subduing the earth, and that Joe's Bohemian instincts would be most likely to be tamed if he were sent to the quiet and regularity of country life, we despatched him to our farm. It was hard work for our brethren there to love Joe, as they wished to do, and to bear with him, as they were often compelled to do. His sullenness, his waywardness, his selfishness were terrible to see. But at length the flow of his life became steadier; he was less liable to those half-insane fits; and now and then, when the Bible was being read, or words of peace were being spoken, Joe's eyes, fixed upon the speaker, would tell that the Word was

THE CHILDREN'S HOME (LANCASHIRE BRANCH), EDGEMORE, NEAR BOLTON.





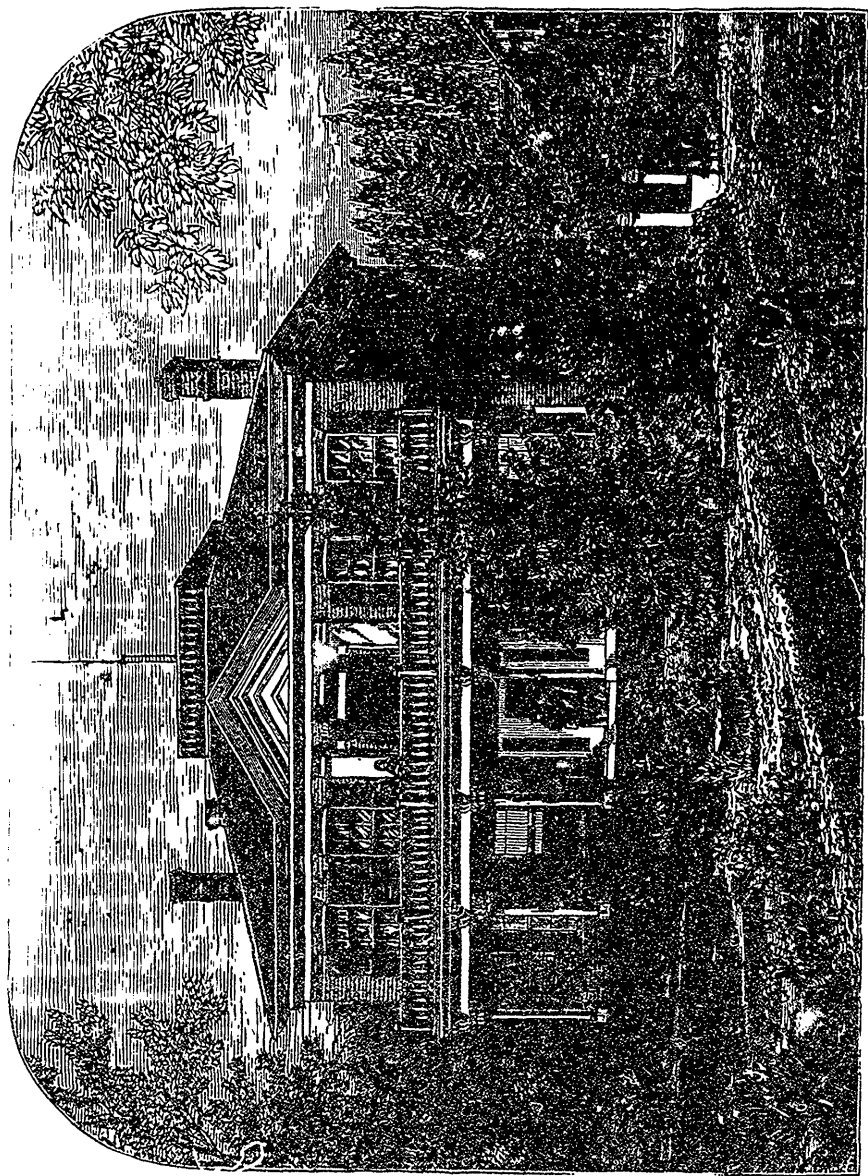
finding lodgment. And at length the day came when I stood on the deck of the ship at Liverpool, with Big Joe's hand in mine. What a contrast, that parting from our first meeting! Now Joe was a strong, healthy-looking young man, clad in respectable clothes (partly paid for out of his own earnings), with a face from which the hang-dog look was gone—with the fear of God before his eyes. He was just about to put the broad ocean between himself and his miserable past. . . . A few months afterwards I saw Joe in America, standing beside his master, an intelligent Christian farmer, who told me that Joe was doing well, and giving promise of a useful and respectable life."

Take any group of children in these Homes, and causes will appear to have been at work which will continue to operate till the world is changed. In one of the first rooms we happen to enter an infant lies sweetly sleeping, unconscious of the dark shadows that encompassed its little life: it has been rescued from a French baby-farm, having been deserted by both parents. In a crib close by lies another tiny child, screwing up its eyes in mimic sleep, saved from the death to which its mother had doomed it in a frenzy of shame and despair. Ask the histories of elder children; sometimes poverty, sometimes misfortune, sometimes vice or crime has brought them there: causes for which no provision can be fully made, save that which God provides in the charity of others, and in His own free love. Not one of the eight hundred and sixty children but have had some claim to pity.

There is nothing in the little terrace of houses fronting the Bonner-road to suggest a public institution; but the visitor who enters by the gateway at the end finds convenient and business-looking offices on his right hand, and sees before him a small playground surrounded by buildings, some new and others with the appearance of having been adapted to their use as the necessities of the work increased. The signs of gradual growth are here, and of economical and ingenious adaptation to circumstances. Some of the new houses bear the names of special donors: one of these is called "Sunday-school House," having been erected by the contributions of Sunday-schools. We enter the houses; the rooms are comparatively small; the passages

narrow; the staircases are cramped; but a good ventilation is obtained, and cleanliness and order are the rule, although there are now two hundred and ten children sheltered here. There is this advantage even in the *res augusta domi*, that the girls become accustomed to the economies of space, so necessary to comfort in most households.

The family life is maintained as the strongest bond of the place. "Yours is the right plan," said Dr. Guthrie, shortly before his death; "God's way is not to bring up children in flocks, but in families." The idea is not always practicable, but is finding general acceptance wherever it can be freshly applied. Each house is complete in itself, with play-room, dining-room, and bedrooms. We cannot better describe the organisation that prevails than in Mr. Stephenson's own words: "In each house there is a group of twenty children, who, with the officers having charge of them, constitute a 'family.' To each there is a 'mother'—a Christian lady, who, for Christ's sake, tries to act a true mother's part towards the children. Besides, in each boys' house there are two or more young men who are engaged in various departments of service in the Home, or are being trained for some kind of Christian work—(a few young men have entered here as their first preparation for the ministry)—and act in the houses as elder 'brothers,' living with the boys and maintaining order. In the girls' houses the 'mothers' are helped by a younger Christian 'sister,' who also is being trained for service in some sort of church-work. The family thus constituted live together, have their own family-prayer, associate at meal-times and in play-hours; have their own special festivals, keep birthdays, know each other by their Christian names, and, in a word, live as nearly as possible like any other large family. There is great value in this system. A thorough knowledge of each child is obtained, which is almost impossible when a great number of children are massed together. A personal tie of affection and intimacy grows up between them, and discipline can be obtained with less of mechanical strictness, while allowing freer scope for the genuine child-life." The family principle also appears in the association of children of different years, as in ordinary home-life; nor are the girls always strictly separated



THE CHILDREN'S HOME (CANADIAN BRANCH), HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

from the boys; they not only meet in school, as it is found with some advantage to both sexes, but in some instances the little fellows enjoy something like sisterly care. Again, there is no attempt to preserve uniformity of dress; the natural diversities of outside usage are allowed.

It is in the intermingling of the families that the *institution* appears, and in common governing order. Every morning all meet in the chapel; afterwards they gather in the school, or, according to their age, go to their several workshops or other duties. A religious spirit pervades the place, and is the motive-power of all its training and instruction. Each case is watched, the individual conscience is dealt with; and experience shows that no motives are so strong to elevate as those which the Gospel supplies, and no remedies so healing as the words and grace of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

It was after school-hours when we looked into the long room dedicated to educational purposes; but the drum-and-fife band was then taking its lesson with a vigour and military precision that made the place ring again. The workshops are grouped together; the carpenter's shop, the shoemaker's shop, and the printing office, in all of which work is done under competent teaching. There is also a wood-chopping yard, for less skilled hands. The girls have their work in the kitchen, the laundry, the book-binding shop, or the sewing-room.

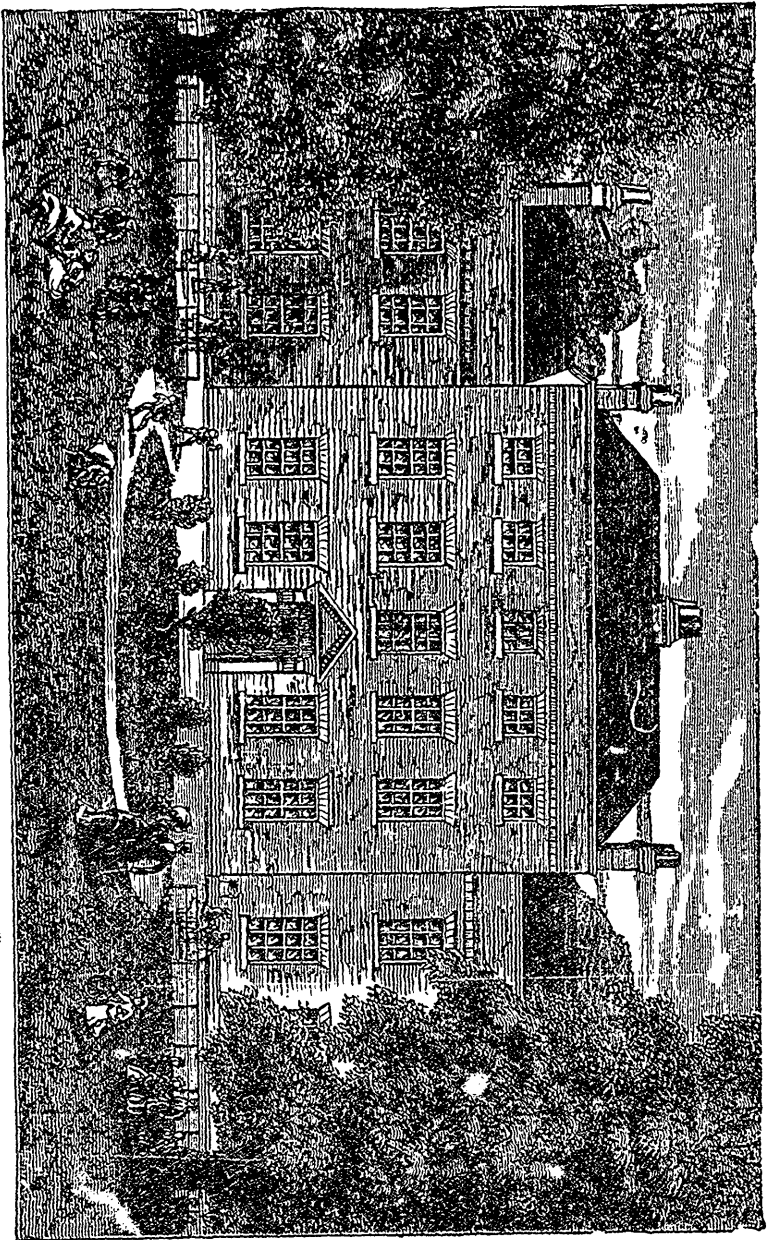
The family system multiplies officers; but it is found that this can be done without swelling the cost, where many of the officers are actuated by the purest Christian motives, and for their services receive no salary, or one that is only nominal. This feature is among the most valuable in the establishment; there are ladies among those who bear the office of matron who have come to their work from a strong sense of vocation, and who soften the hard lot of the children they tend with some of the refinements of more cultivated homes; and in other departments the same superiority of character is sought and maintained. All the officers appointed pass through a special course of reading and training. Common sense and the homely virtues count for much in this work; but what a sphere for educated woman is

there yet unoccupied in the wide fields which these refuges, reformatories, and orphanages have opened!

The Lancashire Farm, which consisted of seventy-six acres, and was the gift of a friend, who has since secured to it the use of thirty acres additional, is conducted on the same principles. It takes time to accustom the denizen of city streets to its more solitary life and rural ways; but its training often opens to him a new career. There are now one hundred and five lads at work in its fields. The Industrial School at Milton, near Gravesend, is under similar rule; but it is certified, and so brought under Government inspection, and it receives a certain proportion of boys brought under control by the compulsory provisions of the Education Act. One hundred and twenty-five boys are already in residence.

From the various branches about four hundred and thirty children have gone forth into the world, to fill various situations, and, with very rare exceptions, they are doing credit to themselves and to the home. Of these two hundred and seventy-five have been brought to Canada, and placed in situations here. The Canadian friends of the movement have purchased a house at Hamilton, Ontario, to be used as a distributing Home, and as a centre from which a kindly oversight of the children might be kept until they were able to stand alone in life. The Canadian Home consists of very excellent premises, the whole cost of which has been about 12,000 dollars, and of this about 9,000 dollars have been contributed by friends in Canada. There are on the property a good house, a cottage, and a large wooden building, which can be used as a reception house when the parties of young emigrants arrive. Mr. R. Riley is the Governor in charge of the Canadian Branch of the Work; but this, like the English Branches, is under the general direction of Mr. Stephenson, who is Principal of the whole Institution.

The success of this work has been most encouraging. The exceptions to the good conduct of the children have been very rare; whilst in some cases there has been success of the most gratifying kind. For reasons which will be understood by every thoughtful reader, we do not specify instances. Suffice it to say, that some



THE CHILDREN'S HOME ('LITTLEFIELD INDUSTRIAL BRANCH), MILTON-SIXT-GRAVESEND.

of the children have been adopted, and are growing up happily in their foster-families: some of them are valued as trusty and attached helpers; and a considerable number of the older ones have already gained a position of independence and thorough respectability. They are perhaps the most valuable emigrants that come to this country. Trained carefully, for a period which averages nearly three years, before they come, they are better able to appreciate the advantages of their position in this thriving community, and to reward the patience and care and kindness which may be shown towards them by their employers. At the same time they are young enough to form local attachments, and to become thoroughly identified with the country of their adoption. Best of all, a considerable number of them are members of various Christian Churches, and are illustrating by their consistent conduct the Gospel they have been taught with so much care. We are confident that the more Canadians examine the character of this work, the more convinced will they be of its value to the Dominion, and the more ready will they be to acknowledge that it has a strong claim on their sympathy and liberality.

It is earnestly hoped that during Mr. Stephenson's present visit to America, the balance of 3,000 dollars yet to be raised for the purchase of the Canadian Home will be obtained. Mr. Stephenson does not seek for himself any advantage whatever. The entire proceeds from the meetings he holds, and the profits on the sale of the "Songs of Christian Life and Work," will be given to this object; and if any person is disposed to assist by a contribution, such contribution will be thankfully received by W. E. Sanford, Esq., Treasurer, Hamilton; or by the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, B.A., The Children's Home, Main Street East, Hamilton, Ontario.

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SAY, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?  
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.  
The man is praying who doth press with might  
Out of his darkness into God's own light.—*Trench.*

JOHN LAING, THE LIFE-BOAT MAN; OR, THE  
WARNING UNHEEDED.

"THANK you, John, again and again. I always knew I had your confidence; but this is more than kind."

"Tush, Mary! we haven't lived as man and wife this long time without my knowing your worth. Why, it's twenty years ago—it seems but yesterday—since you left your comfortable home to marry me; twenty years ago this very morning! And this is my wedding-day gift, Mary. It should have been a large again. But for the life-boat, the good ship must have been lost, crew and cargo, on the Scroby Sands—but such as it is, it is yours, wife, yours and our boy's."

"Thank you again, John;—but much as I value it, you have given me a better wedding-day gift, John—hope."

"Ay, wife, I guess what you mean. There's been but one thing that has clouded our happy life, and that a fault of mine. You do well to remind me of it to-day, Mary."

There was no reproach in his tone, although his words might seem to suggest it, but his wife thought that she saw sadness in his downcast face, and went at once to his side. John Laing was a tall, strong, middle-aged man, with a tanned weather-beaten face set in a frame of thick grizzled beard. He was clothed in the beachman's rough, warm attire, and looked the frank, brave, honest man the captain of a life-boat's crew on the most dangerous coast of England should be. Upon his skill and courage human life had often depended: often, had his strong right-hand trembled, his shrewd head wavered, his brave heart failed him, the sea would have claimed fresh victims.

"You will forgive me, John," his wife said; "my heart was full of gratitude and joy."

"Hark ye, Mary," he replied, "I should not have spoken of this, but I cannot blame you for reminding me. We beachmen lead a hard life, and a dangerous one too. There's never a sun rises which we can reckon upon seeing out. 'Tis the same with all the world else; but we are more often face to face with death



than shoremen are, and perhaps it is this which makes us so reckless. Anyhow, many of us are over fond of the drink, wife. I've often seen you look reproach, Mary, although you've said but little. And I'm not wishing to excuse myself for liking it too. Well, I'd just come in after a hard day's work, and a social glass at the Three Mariners tempted me. But I didn't stop there, Mary, for it was a merry party, and the song and the joke went briskly round, and the liquor too.

"I was just getting far enough gone to lose all command over myself; another five minutes and another glass, Mary, and I should have been drunk, ay, drunk. My hand was upon it, lass, when there was a noise outside of voices, and the sound of feet. I knew what it meant before Harry Norris run in and said, 'You must turn out, Laing, there's a schooner aground on the Scroby.' I got on to my feet, lass, with an unsteady reel at first, but the fresh night air, and the spray, and the danger set me right. Well, we saved the crew and the cargo—(that's my share of the salvage on the table)—but you see, lass, if I'd drunk that other glass, the life-boat would have lost its coxswain that night, and the bones of the schooner's crew might be whitening on the Scroby Sands, and John Laing a dishonoured man."

"A fearful warning, John."

"Yes, and I will profit by it, lass. John Laing's no drunkard, and I'll take good care to keep to windward of danger in future."

"I know you will; I believe I can trust you, John. But are you surc you can trust yourself, John?"

He looked at her, and then at his own strong hands, and laughed. "Trust myself! I've had to do so many a time, in many a peril, lass. John Laing trust himself! What do you mean, Mary?"

"Only—only that it might be safer to keep from the temptation altogether; to do what Morris and Davis and many others have been glad to do."

"To take the pledge, lass! Is that what you mean, Mary? Nay, no need for that. Come, don't look disappointed, Mary. You don't really want me to be an abstainer?"

"Only for your own safety, dear John."

"Tush! I can see to that. Come, I must have no tears on our wedding-day. Where's the boy?"

"He went out at dawn. He'll be back with the flood, I dare say."

"A fine fellow, Mary—a credit to both of us, and a prop for you when I'm called away."

"You called away, John," said the wife fondly; "you great strong man, with a score of years before age will weaken you, please God."

"Amen, if we may spend them together, lass."

John and Mary Laing were a happy couple on that pleasant February morning. It was a warm, sunny day. The wind blew from the south-east, just breaking the smooth sea into a rippling smile, while the sun shone warmly from a cloudless sky upon the little town clustered under the cliff, as it for shelter from the north winds, and upon the flat country inland, varied here and there with wide meres, above which, flocks of sea-birds swept, now darkening the sky like a cloud, now with a sudden backward plunge glistening in the sun like a cloud's silver lining.

It was a holiday with John Laing and his wife, pleasantly spent—rich in memories of twenty such days, landmarks of a happy journey taken together. Nothing had clouded their wedded life, save that one sad indulgence of the husband. But a warning had been given him (it might be in mercy), he had understood it, would profit by it, and Mary's heart was full of hope. During the afternoon, a message came from her aged mother, living in a village some two miles away, that she was worse than usual, and wished to see her daughter. And promising to return early in the evening, Mary Laing left upon her filial errand. But she found her mother very ill, and it was late before the sick woman allowed her to start homeward.

Meanwhile John Laing strolled to a ruined battery which had been built during the old French war, and since allowed to fall into decay. He was leaning over the broken parapet, looking seaward, in the hope that his yawl with his son and two other men might soon come in view. Here he was joined by an old friend.

"Good even, John, and many happy returns of it to you. Why, man, I remember your wedding-day as though it were only yesterday. But where's your wife?"

"Gone to Northam to see her old mother, Baker. I'd have gone with her, but the poor old soul wanted to talk about some little property which the boy is to have. But I expect her home shortly."

"Come, then, and have a social glass in the meanwhile, John."

Laing hesitated for a few moments. "It must only be one, then," he said at last; and he thought as he followed his companion to the Three Mariners that there would be no harm in that, and that Mary surely would not wish him to deny himself that slight indulgence.

Night closed in rapidly, dark threatening clouds had gathered in the west, through which the sun had fought its downward path, breaking them up into picturesque confusion. The vane, variable all the day, pointed steadily northward at last. The old coast-guardsman, walking on his beat, heard the wind wail fitfully and knowing that sign, looked out to sea and saw through the gloom the white breakers rise, and stopped to ask what boats were out and who were with them. They came in now fast before the wind like birds, when a storm threatens, and were hauled high and dry upon the shingle.

Another hour, and the wind had risen, coming heavily from the north, driving the sea before it, in long regular waves, which hurled themselves upon the steep beach, and broke into clouds of spray. There were but two boats out now, and as the night wore on, the coast-guardsman said to himself, "They've put into Hollesley Haven by this time, and small blame to them. It will be an ugly night."

John Laing was the centre of a merry group, Other friends had crowded around him with congratulations and good wishes, and before long he found himself the host of a large party. Habit and fashion seemed to forbid escape, which at first he desired, and before long the one glass to which he had limited himself was far exceeded. Then, as the night wore on, he forgot his son's absence, his wife's delay, the growing storm without, in the excitement of company and intoxicating drink.

The merriment of the party assembled in the parlour of the Three Mariners was at its height, when a single shrill cry was above the storm. There was a momentary pause, and then a

hundred voices seemed to take it up and repeat it, and the air was alive with danger and distress. Five minutes before and the long esplanade was deserted, and the town seemed slumbering deeply; but now it was crowded with men, women, and children, their eyes strained in one direction, the Scroby Sands, where a bright light, the signal of distress, blazed for a few minutes, and suddenly expired.

It is at times like these that experience and energy assume the lead, be their possessors who they may. An old weather-beaten pilot pushed through the crowd, around whom the beachmen instinctively gathered. He listened to their account of what had happened, and said at once—"Where's Laing? its seldom that he is the last at times like these. Go some of you and knock him up, while others go round to the crew; we must put the life-boat off if she can live in a sea like this." And then he knelt down beside one of the boats on the beach, and resting his glass on the stern, looked long and steadily towards the Scroby Sands.

"I can make out nothing," he said as he rose and slammed the the glass to. "Pray Heaven it's none of our people. Who's out?"

"Only Laing's yawl," answered a voice; "and that's snug in Hollesley Haven by this time, I should think."

The news had emptied the parlour of the three mariners of all its guests save one. John Laing had neither heeded the cry nor the confusion that followed; when they left him, the head of the coxswain of the life-boat sank upon his breast. He was powerless for help and succour now, as a child. His strong hands were crippled, his lion heart as weak as was Samson's betrayed by Delilah. And the Delilah which had betrayed John Laing was Drink. There he sat senseless, powerless, even when his wife ran in in an agony of fear, calling that it might be their own boy, wrecked and drowning within sight of home.

Death was busy out at sea that night.

Who is that worn, aged, grey-haired man, whose chief occupation seems to be creeping to the sea's margin, looking longingly and wearily out to sea towards the fatal Scroby Sands—looking wistfully as though for a face he may never more see.

There is something so sad and hopeless in his manner as he turns away, and creeps on a little further, to repeat the same gesture, that you feel sure a sad story is connected with him and his daily task. You learn that a few short years ago this man was John Laing, and that his only son perished on those Scroby Sands, and very likely your informant will add, "If he had been at his post he might, please God, have saved them as he had many others; but the coxswain was a young hand, and all went wrong."

Reader, John Laing rejected a warning, and suffered for it as you have seen. Is not a similar warning given you daily, and may not a similar penalty attend your neglect? Look around you, and see the hands and hearts crippled by Drink, and then ask what is to prevent you or those dear to you falling victims to its influence? and if the answer should be 'Total Abstinence,' you will do well to heed it, and act upon it.

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### ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,  
 The hidden river runs;  
 It quickens all the ages down,  
 It binds the sires to sons,—  
 The stream of Faith whose source is God,  
 Whose sound the sound of prayer,  
 Whose meadows are the holy lives  
 Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;  
 And fresher, fuller grows  
 A sense as if the sea were near,  
 Toward which the river flows.  
 O Thou, who art the secret Source  
 That rises in each soul,  
 Thou art the Ocean, too—Thy charm  
 That ever-deepening roll!

—*Christian at Work.*

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### CAMPMEETINGS AND SUMMER RESORTS.

The last time we had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Dr. Punshon was at an old-fashioned campmeeting on the Grimsby camp ground. We have not had the opportunity of revisiting that spot, fraught with so many sacred memories, till the present season. It was then, save during the campmeeting, a sylvan solitude. It is now a popular summer resort, with rows of elegant cottages, a large auditorium, a capacious hotel, a railway station, a steamboat landing, and a considerable number of permanent summer residents. A regular series of services for religious revival, social reform, and consultation on Church work—a campmeeting proper; temperance assembly; Sunday-school, local preachers', and class-leaders' conventions have been held. We were glad to learn that a record of some seventy conversions was the result of the former, and great benefit accompanied the latter. Similar arrangements also obtain at the Thousand Island Park and at several other summer resorts.

A question has arisen in the minds of some, Whether there is not an effort in these gatherings to combine diverse and, perhaps, incongruous purposes? Campmeetings are good, and summer recreation is good; but the question arises, Can they be easily combined? Will not the attractions of boating, and bathing, and social visiting have a tendency to interfere with the old-fashioned campmeeting work of soul-saving? We are of opinion that while the campmeeting proper is in progress, that work should be the supreme, the sole object kept in view. To this everything else should be made subservient, with this nothing what-

ever should be allowed to interfere. During this Sabbath week we would be inclined to keep every boat under lock and key as strictly as on the Sabbath day. Such a service might well inaugurate the season. It would give a key-note to the summer holiday. The subsequent enjoyments would thereby be attuned to a grander accordance and would keep time to a statlier march than the music of mere worldly pleasure. There is no sin, and there may be much virtue in boating, bathing, and athletic recreation. The enjoyment of God's pure air and bright sunshine may be as promotive of spiritual as of bodily health. We may grow in grace and in physical vigour at the same time. But during the sacred work of special revival effort the physical, we think, should be held in complete subjection to the spiritual—the temporal to the eternal.

The great advantage to denizens of the crowded cities of being able, at a reasonable expense, to take their families to a summer resort which shall be surrounded by the religious atmosphere and associations of home and Church life, and which shall be free from the demoralizing surroundings, the frivolities, follies, and dissipations of a fashionable watering place, will commend these gatherings to many Christian heads of households. To prevent the intrusion of excursionists and other outsiders who attend merely for junketing and picnicing, even on the Sabbath day, we judge that it would not be amiss to charge in every case during the week an admission fee for entrance to the grounds, and on Sunday to close the gates at an early hour so as to exclude, as far as possible, all but those who come for religious worship. All buying, sell-

ing, boating, or other violation of that sacred day should be absolutely prohibited. We understand that this, substantially, is the purpose of our Grimsby friends next season. The promoters of this movement are men of God, zealous for His glory and for the salvation of souls; and the working out of this important social and religious problem may be safely left to their judgment. All things are possible to them that believe. To faith and prayer even difficulties become easy, and obstacles stepping-stones to success.

#### WESLEYAN ORTHODOXY.

A good deal of newspaper comment has been made upon certain utterances on this subject of leading men of the Wesleyan Conference in Great Britain at the late Bristol Conference. Two or three of the young ministers on probation, it appears, had tendered their resignation on the ground of their inability to accept the teaching of the standards of the Church on the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment. The question was simple enough and might have ended at once by accepting their resignations. But the Rev. Thomas Hughes, apparently a kind-hearted brother with an irrepressible propensity for helping lame ducks over the fence, inquired if nothing could be done to save them to the Connexion. The Rev. Dr. Osborn submitted that this could not be an open question among Methodist preachers. It was open enough, he said, to Independent preachers, and Baptist preachers—to men who had not subscribed to any creed; but no man in the Methodist Conference was in that position. They did not seek him; he sought them, and came to them, and said, "I, Thomas Hughes, or I, George Osborn, etc., believe the doctrines taught in Wesley's first four volumes of Sermons, and his 'Notes on the New Testament.'" It is no strength to have a hundred preachers about whom you do not know, when they

go into your pulpits, what they will teach. To say "this is an open question," and "that is an open question, and we must all allow liberty of conscience," etc.—that is not Methodist preaching. Methodist preaching is a *testimony*. We have received a message—a message that God the Holy Ghost Himself inspired—and that God the Holy Ghost is waiting to deal upon the consciences of the people that hear us, a testimony—a something handed on to us—that we in our turn are to hand on to our children. Let us have no separation about these matters; no open question about everlasting bliss or woe—no open question about the "*indefinite* future."

The Rev. Dr. Pope, President of the Conference, whose theological attainments gave great weight to his words, expressed similar sentiments and cited salient Scripture texts bearing emphatic and unequivocal testimony on this important and solemn subject. These views were strongly endorsed by the Conference.

Whereupon the "liberal" newspapers favoured the Conference with certain lofty criticisms on its bigotry, intolerance, and inquisitorial tyranny; very much as if that body had used rack, stake, and thumbscrew upon these young men to enforce conformity to Methodist standards. The Conference had no right, purpose, nor inclination to exercise any control over their conscientious beliefs. It only declared that they should not employ Methodist pulpits as the vantage ground to sow broadcast in Methodist congregations doctrines which it believed to be unscriptural, dangerous, and, in their possible results, deadly. Could it, in fealty to its sacred trust as the responsible guardian of the spiritual interests of the Church, and as having the watch over souls, as those that must give account, do otherwise? We trow not. The same conclusion, we conceive, applies to a certain recent judgment of our Church in Canada, which has been the subject of adverse criti-

cism by writers of such a "liberal" school, that they would diffuse spiritual malaria, and scatter firebrands, arrows, and death, and say, Are not we in sport?

#### LITERARY TOMAHAWKING

In response to frequent suggestions, the Rev. S. Rose, our energetic Book Steward, recently published a new edition of Gideon Ouseley's "Old Christianity Against Papal Novelities," a book which had previously passed through ten several editions and circulated on both sides of the Atlantic by the thousand. Whereupon the literary critic of the *Canadian Monthly* fell upon the hapless book, like an Indian brave upon his victim, with tomahawk and scalping knife, and wrought himself into quite a fine frenzy in denouncing its character. The style and tone of the work, it seems, offend the refined taste of this fastidious critic. He therefore, probably as a lesson in the true etiquette of polite controversy, employs towards it, in a short notice, the following choice anthology of epithets: "Violent and unscrupulous book," "rabid and virulent specimen of religious controversy," "grossly unfair in argument, bitter and unchristian in tone," "miserable outburst of the theological fury," "fanatical writer," "trash," "raking over a theological dunghill," and "such works rival the vocabulary of Billingsgate and the pit." Quite a fragrant bouquet of flowers of rhetoric is this. If Ouseley, stung to controversy by the evils of Romanism in his native country seventy years ago, could equal in vigour of expression this modern apostle of "sweetness and light" who has enjoyed the advantages of such rare æsthetic culture, we have not been able to discover it. We suppose that our irate critic imagines that he has danced the scalp dance over this luckless book that has dared to come betwixt the wind and his nobility. It is not dead yet, however. It has survived severer attacks than

this during the last sixty-three years and, we believe will survive many more. We do not here undertake a defence of its treatment of the "Great Apostacy." Ouseley was brought up surrounded by the errors of Romanism. He beheld the spiritual bondage of his countrymen. He preached like an apostle through the land, and multitudes of Romanists were converted to Methodism by his warm, loving, earnest words. He was publicly challenged by a "Catholic priest" to dispute the controverted points between the two Churches. He ventured to measure swords with this champion. In their sword play it may be that some white-hot sparks were struck out. If our readers will examine the argument for themselves they will find that it is a trenchant weapon which has not yet lost its edge. When the present edition is exhausted, we presume that the Book Steward, not having the fear of this critic before his eyes, will have the temerity to issue another.

#### YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The first Canadian convention of these Associations has recently been held at Quebec. The meetings were of great interest and cannot fail to stimulate the several organizations represented on the occasion. They gave evidence of a large amount of Christian work being done in our towns and cities by young men whose own hearts God has touched; and of the utilizing of invaluable resources for evangelistic work existing in all our churches.

One of the most pleasing episodes of the month has been the out-of-door entertainment of the Toronto Association in the beautiful grounds of John Macdonald, M.P., and Senator McMaster. Some seven thousand persons spent a golden afternoon in the enjoyment of the delightful scenery, music, speeches, and other entertainments provided. The vigour and activity displayed by



the young men in their games of lacrosse and athletics showed that they were no milksops but manly specimens of "muscular Christianity." We were sorry for the credit of our Church, that the Presbyterian team beat the Methodists at lacrosse. Its real success, however, depends on grander victories than these.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the fine programme of forthcoming illustrations that we submit herewith. Early numbers will contain the following copiously illustrated articles: "The Bermuda Islands," of special interest to our readers as being within the bounds of our own Church; "Watkin's Glen," with its unrivalled scenery, the finest of the sort in America; "How a Railroad is made," with engravings of the works on the Inter-colonial; "The First Christmas in New England," by Mrs. Stowe, with engravings; "How Bohemian Glass is Made," with engravings, etc. A succession of articles of great interest and beauty of illustration will follow.

The new departure in the way of

introducing these engravings and giving greater variety to this magazine is received with marked favour. Anticipating a large increase in circulation, an additional number of the illustrated series since July has been printed, so that back numbers can be supplied. The last five numbers contain fifty-seven engravings. The future numbers will contain numerous engravings of Canadian and foreign scenery, and copious illustrations of art, science, and industry.

The revival of trade, consequent on the abundant harvest, offers an opportunity of largely increasing the circulation. Will not our ministerial brethren, and the friends of this Connexional enterprise, kindly lend us their aid by actively pressing the canvass at the present season? With an increase of even five hundred subscribers the new volume will be still further improved, and the magazine made one of the best, as well as one of the cheapest, in the world.

One dollar will pay for the ILLUSTRATED SERIES from July to December, or \$2 for the entire year. Let us have a large increase and we will make the magazine better than ever deserving of your support.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*The Origin of the World, according to Revelation and Science.* By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., cr. 8vo. pp. 438. Dawson & Bros., Montreal; and Methodist Book-Rooms.

Dr. Dawson, our distinguished Canadian *savant*, by the publication of this book, has added to the obligation under which he had previously laid that large and increasing class of readers who wish to know the true relation between science and revelation. He is one

of the comparatively few scholars who are well read in the records of both of these hemispheres of truth. He is thus able to take a binocular view, to borrow a figure from the stereoscope, and to recognize the firm solidarity of the perfect sphere. Each of these records is the complement of the other, and this book admirably shows the wonderful harmony and thousand coincidences between them. It critically examines the grand hymn of creation in the first chapter of Genesis,

gathering illustrations from the Psalms (especially the one hundred and fourth) and from Job, and by an exposition of the cosmical and geological history of the earth, shows that true science is the best commentary on Scripture, and that neither has anything to fear, but much to learn, from the other.

While recognizing the reign of law in the domain of natural causes, Dr. Dawson devoutly recognizes also the Great Lawgiver, and behind every chain of sequences and secondary causes sees God, the great first cause of all things.

We would like to quote Dr. Dawson's able vindication, even upon the basis of scientific argument, of the efficacy of prayer. We must make room for a sentence or two. So far from being opposed to the reign of law, he maintains that "in truth, the belief in law is essential to the philosophical conception of prayer.

"If the universe were a mere chaos of chances, or if it were the result of absolute necessity, there would be no place for intelligent prayer; but if it is under the control of a Lawgiver, wise and merciful, not a mere manager of material machinery, but a true Father of all, then we can go to such a Being with our requests, not in the belief that we can change His great plans, or that any advantage could result from this, if it were possible, but that these plans may be made in His boundless wisdom and love to meet our necessities." The best testimony to the efficacy of prayer, however, is the personal consciousness in our souls—a testimony which not all the cavils of the skeptic or gainsayer can ever shake.

It is satisfactory to old-fashioned believers in the Bible to find that one, who is not a whit behind the chiefest of the scientists, protesting strongly and with cogent arguments against the modern scientific drift in favour of the development of species by evolution and its necessary corollaries, the immense antiquity and brute origin of man. The chapters

on these subjects are of great value. We had marked several passages for quotation, but limits of space compel us to refer our readers to the volume itself.

Rejecting the words "palæolithic" and "neolithic" as misleading when signifying definite chronological succession, the Doctor employs the happy expressions "palæocosmic" and "neocosmic" for the earlier and later tribes of pre-historic man. The former, big-boned, large-brained men, as their remains indicate, he thinks were antediluvian, probably allied to the "giants in the earth in those days" mentioned in Scripture. The neocosmic men, akin to the Lapps in structure, were probably the degenerate outskirts of the post-diluvian population, driven before the more vigorous central tribes. The unity and recent origin of the human race are strongly corroborated by the cumulative testimony of philology, history, geology, the evidences of monumental archæology as to chronology and industrial, artistic, and governmental development. Such is also the testimony of religious and mythologic traditions, and the evidence of human anatomy, psychology, and sociology. "We require," says Dr. Dawson, in summing up the arguments on this subject, "to make great demands on time for the pre-human periods of the earth's history, but not more than sacred history is willing to allow for the modern or human age."

Our author denies also, what some scientists, in the pride of their modern material civilization, assert, that "man primeval was a lazy savage, gathering acorns," and maintains that though without machinery or art, he possessed in his early innocence a moral and intellectual culture of loftiest type—

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve."

The noblest discoveries ever made were those of primitive man in the earliest times. He manifested the genius of the inventor, the reason of

a philosopher, and not the stupidity of a savage. The rudiments even of writing were already in possession of the oldest race of men known to archæology or geology.\*

The principal argument in favour of the immense antiquity of man seems to be the necessities of the unverified and unverifiable hypothesis of evolution—to give time for the development of Adam, king of men, from an ape. But the evidence of palæontology is decidedly against such development. The missing link is nowhere found. And even in the earlier alleged developments from the monad to the mammoth the facts are against the theory. The earlier forms of successive types of life are not inferior, developing into nobler forms. "On the contrary," says our author, "they appear at once in their most perfect state and continue unchanged till they are forced off the state of existence to give place to other creatures." "The earliest fishes rise to the highest structures of their class." The great sauroids that

"— huge of bulk,  
Wallowing unwieldily, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean,"

are unequalled in any modern seas. The huge mammals and giant birds that are our amazement, as we gaze with awe upon their remains in our geological museums, appear suddenly, in all their pride of strength and dignity of organization, at the very beginning of the periods of their respective classes, and they have no living congeners. Instead of progressive development, there is in nature an apparent tendency to retrogression, and in the carefully cultivated varieties of modern domestic animals, there is a strongly marked "atavism" or tendency to revert to the original stock. "The drift of the testimony," says our author, "is that species come in *per saltum* rather than by any slow and gradual process."

\* Dr. Daniel Wilson—"Prehistoric Man," vol. ii. p. 54.

Recent astronomical investigations show also, that even the almost immeasurable period allowed by the nebular hypothesis is not enough for the exigent demands of the development theory. We believe that a reaction from this passing fashion in science, or at least a great modification of its conclusions, is already taking place.

One of the most valuable sections of this book consists of the important appendices on True and False Evolution, Evolution and Creation by Law, Modes of Creation, Theories of Life, and other cognate topics, giving the most recent results of scientific investigation.

*The Popular Science Monthly—Supplement.* 8vo., pp. 96; \$3.00 a year. D. Appleton & Co.

No exchange which comes to our table is more welcome than this. It is by far the best eclectic magazine we know. It gives the very cream of the high class current literature. It wastes no space on fiction or topics of ephemeral interest, but reflects the opinions of the most acute intellects of the day on the most important topics of modern thought. To preachers especially many of its articles are of great value. Recent numbers have contained the following: "The Bible," by Prof. W. Robertson Smith, reprinted from the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: it gives much valuable information, though characterized by extremely "broad" views; "The Soul and the Future Life," by Frederic Harrison, the outcome, profoundly sad to the Christian thiest, of the positive philosophy on this momentous theme; "The Mystery of the Pyramids," by Prof. R. A. Proctor, in which he thinks they were astrological monuments for casting the nativity of the Egyptian kings; and many others of great value. One of the most remarkable is that on "The Trial of Jesus Christ" by an eminent English jurist, who is thoroughly versed in

the intricacies of both Jewish and Roman law. He points out the indecent haste, the illegal holding of the trial by night, the violation of the humane provisions of the Jewish law, the flagrant subornation of witnesses, and the injustice, even upon the evidence, of the sentence, and concludes—"that such a process had neither the form nor the fairness of a judicial trial."

*The Second Advent: Theory, Evidence, Issues.* By the Rev. JOHN G. MANLY.

We had much pleasure in submitting to our readers in last number a few pages of a valuable work upon which our valued contributor, the Rev. J. G. Manly, is at present engaged. His distinguished ability as an exegetical writer, and the exhaustive study which he has given to this important subject, are a guarantee that the book will be one of great and permanent value. His theory of interpretation will be to most readers novel, but he brings to its support a strength of demonstration and a close-linked chain of logical argument that it will be difficult to gainsay. For preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and indeed for all students of the Word of God, it will be one of much interest and importance. The following is the outline of treatment followed:—

PART I.—THE THEORY OF THE ADVENTS—Two *Eras* of Redemption, Two *Departments* of Redemption, Two *Organs* of Redemption, Two *Advents* of Redemption, Two *Issues* of Redemption, Two *States* of Redemption, Two *Revelations* of Redemption.

PART II.—THE EVIDENCES OF THE SECOND ADVENT.—National Evidence, Personal Evidence, Dispensational Evidence, Apostolica Evidence, Proleptical Evidence, Modal Evidence, Numerical Evidence.

PART III.—THE GENERAL ISSUES OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

We hope that many of our readers

will become subscribers to this book and thus secure its early issue. To subscribers the price will be only one dollar. All persons intending to become such will confer a favour by intimating their purpose, by post-card or otherwise, to the Rev. J. G. Manly, 88 Bond Street, Toronto.

*A Needed Exposition; or, The Claims and Allegations of the Canada Episcopal Calmly Considered.* By one of the alleged "Seceders" (JOHN CARROLL). 12mo., pp. 72. Samuel Rose, Toronto.

The Rev. Dr. Carroll has here placed on record in a very commendous form the chief facts of the history of Canadian Methodism, so far as it affects the relations of our own Church and the "Canada Episcopalians." His extensive documentary researches and his minute personal acquaintance with the circumstances involved make this statement an exceedingly trustworthy one. It is one, also, with which every Methodist, to which ever section of that family he belongs, should be familiar. The case is here put in a nutshell, and we hope that this pamphlet will have a wide circulation. We cannot, however, altogether assent to the proposition to discontinue fraternal relations with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States on account of the tergiversations of those who bear the same name in Canada.

*Rainsford's Sermons and Bible Readings, with Biographical Sketch and photograph portrait.* Belford Brothers and Methodist Book Rooms.

The thousands of persons whose enthusiastic friendship Mr. Rainsford made during his brief sojourn in our country will be glad to have this record of his life and labours. And many more will be glad to read the earnest sermons which stirred the heart of our cities as they have seldom been stirred by any living preacher. Night after night for

weeks the largest Protestant church in this city was crowded with eager listeners to the simple, manly, burning words of this youthful evangelist. Mr. Rainsford is by birth an Irishman (born in Dublin in 1850), although educated chiefly in England. He had predilections for a military life, and in his eighteenth year accompanied some seven hundred English emigrants to this country to assist in getting them settled in Canada. He then crossed the continent, chiefly on horseback, on a hunting expedition. On his return to England he studied for "holy orders," and on his ordination devoted himself largely to evangelistic work, first in England, then in the United States and Canada. This book contains seventeen characteristic sermons and "Bible readings," a sketch of his life, and an excellent photograph of his handsome person.

*Errors and Fallacies in a Pamphlet entitled "Catholicity and Methodism" Exposed and Refuted,* by JOHN G. MARSHALL, 8vo. pp. 56, Halifax. Methodist Book-Rooms.

This is a vigorous reply to the late pamphlet of the Rev. James Roy, M.A., assailing several of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith as held by the Methodist Church. The venerable Judge Marshall has been specially fitted, by a long course of legal training and balancing of evidence, to investigate and weigh the arguments adduced. He takes up consecutively the opinions of Mr. Roy, and clearly points out their departure, in many cases, from Scripture and orthodoxy, and ably refutes their errors. We must, however, dissent from the assumption of the learned Judge that the Catacombs of Rome cannot afford proofs of Christian doctrine. We cannot think that that opinion is based upon an adequate examination of the evidence which may be adduced on this subject. The learned Dean Stanley, who is eminently qualified by his thorough investigation of that evi-

dence for expressing a sound judgment, writing on this subject remarks: "What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the primitive ages of the Church can be compared with that afforded by the Roman catacombs? . . . The subjects of the painting and sculpture" (and he might have added, "especially of the inscriptions") "place before us the *exact ideas* with which the early Christians were familiar. . . He who is thoroughly versed in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer to the thought of the early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or of Origen."

*History of the Great Fire in Saint John.* By COLONEL R. H. CONWELL. 12mo., pp. 359, illustrated. Boston: B. B. Russell; Toronto: Might and Taylor.

This is a remarkably vivid account of the greatest disaster which has ever befallen any Canadian city. Instead of dealing in vague generalities, the author takes a single individual and follows the thrilling adventures of a leading merchant and his family during the course of the fire. He then takes up the subject historically and gives an account of the founding and early progress of the city, and of its remarkable later development. A description of the progress of the fire, with illustrations of its strange blending of tragic and absurd incidents, and a noble tribute to the spontaneous outbursts of charity and administration of relief follow. Col. R. Conwell, as a successful author, writes with the pen of an accomplished *litterateur*. The book is of absorbing interest, and proves that fact may be often stranger and more deeply thrilling than the wildest fiction. It is embellished by steel portraits of Governor Tilly, Mayor Earle, and John Boyd, Esq., chairman of the relief committee; and by thirteen chromo-lithographs of the city before, during, and after the fire.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The conflagration at St. John, N. B., has stricken the heart of Methodism throughout the Dominion. We are glad that so much sympathy has been extended to our suffering brethren; but after all has been done, we fear that many will still suffer severely. The majority of the Methodists in that city were burnt out; and after receiving all the insurances for churches and parsonages that were destroyed, about \$80,000 will be required to replace those edifices, so that our readers will see that the amount required will tax the liberality of the benevolent. We hope that our friends everywhere will respond liberally on behalf of their suffering brethren.

The last number of the *Missionary Notices* contains very pleasing letters from our brethren in Japan. The missionaries are laying the foundations of the Church broad and deep. Accessions are being made to their numbers. Mission property has been purchased at Yedo. Some young men are being trained for the ministry, but those who renounce the religion of their fathers experience much difficulty and suffer great persecution. The success of our brethren is very gratifying.

From the Saskatchewan District we learn that a new church is very much needed at White Fish Lake. The missionary, Bro. Steinhauer, is certainly ingenious in his method of raising means to that end. The following paragraph from Bro. Manning's letter has the right ring: "To become a missionary in the Northwest is no longer to sacrifice everything but life and imperil life itself. After nearly two years' residence at Edmonton, we are not sensible of having given up anything worthy of

mention, except the society of friends and of the brethren; and as to the perils of journeying to this distant land, they are but the figments of imagination."

The account given respecting the moral state of some who went from Ontario should awaken anxiety in the breasts of those who have an abundance of religious privileges. A young man said to a missionary, "This is the first Sabbath we have had for a whole year."

The news from British Columbia is gladdening. The church at Victoria deserves to be designated "a model church;" not merely is their own minister sustained, but six hundred dollars are contributed to the General Fund, and a considerable amount has been given in support of the mission at Naas.

In Red Piver District opening doors of usefulness are increasing, so that everywhere the cry is, "Mer of Israel, help."

We are glad to find that an aged superannuated minister in Nova Scotia, who possesses the true missionary spirit, seeing a destitute neighbourhood, has commenced holding services at two places, and has succeeded in gathering congregations and establishing the usual Methodist ordinances. A friend has given two acres of land, which includes eligible sites for a church and parsonage.

*Campmeetings.* These "feasts of tabernacles" have been numerous this season. Grimsby grounds were well utilized, not merely for a camp-meeting, but also conventions were held for local preachers, class leaders, and Sunday-school teachers. Some sessions were also devoted to the advocacy of temperance. Excursions from Toronto, Hamilton, and other places were matters of daily

occurrence, so that the population often amounted to thousands.

Some are afraid that the camp-meeting grounds may become places of mere summer resort rather than of religious gatherings. The crowds at Chautauqua and the Thousand Island Park have far exceeded former years, which necessarily increases the responsibility of those in charge of the meetings; for, while it is right to secure pecuniary returns for investments made, it is of more importance that the meetings should give an impetus to Church work. We are glad to learn that the meetings held at Parry Sound and other places were a great benefit to the Indians. These children of the forest should never be forgotten.

As we are preparing these notes

we learn that our dear brother Rev. John Howes, of the Montreal Conference, has been called to his reward. He was, for many years, a faithful labourer in the Ottawa valley.

We regret to have also to announce the death of the Rev. George Macnamara, of the London Conference. Bro. Macnamara was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but becoming convinced of the errors of that system, he diligently studied and found the "truth as it is in Jesus." Soundly converted to God himself, he laboured successfully for twenty years, principally in our mission work, with much esteem and usefulness. His end was quite unexpected; after a few days' illness he died in the full triumph of the Christian faith, at Arthur, August 3rd, 1877. -E.B.

### Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."*

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE.	DATE.
Mrs. Mary Schurman.	River Philip, N.S.	River Philip ..	73	May 13, 1877.
Ada Mary Baker . . . .	Fairville, N.B.	Randolph . . . .	17	June 9, "
Mrs. M. A. Canfield . .	Wallace, N.S.	Wallace . . . . .	63	" 22, "
James Nichol . . . . .	Gabarus, C.B.	Gabarus . . . . .	79	July 9, "
William Fulton . . . . .	Wallace, N.S.	Wallace . . . . .	93	" 13, "
Samuel James Cosford .		Florida, U.S.	27	" 16, "
Eliza Broddy . . . . .	Brampton, O.	Brampton . . . .	56	Aug. 3, "
Rev. Geo. McNamara.	Arthur, Ont.	Arthur . . . . .		" 3, "
Mrs. Wm. Amberman.	Granville, N.S.	Granville . . . .	33	" 6, "
Frances M. Holmes . .	Holmesville, O.	Holmesville . .	22	" 8, "
Frederick Howard . . .	Kintore, O.	West Nissouri..	44	" 11, "
James Irons . . . . .	Young's Cove NB	Young's Cove..	30	" 21, "
Ann Pearce . . . . .	Newboro', O.	Leeds . . . . .	58	" 22, "
Archibald Morton . . .	Halifax, N.S.	Halifax . . . . .	76	" 27, "
Mrs. David McKeen . .	Ingonish, C.B.	Ingonish . . . . .		" 28, "
John Earle . . . . .	Hantsport, N.S.	Hantsport . . . .	82	" 31, "
Mrs. Thankful Bent . .	Granville, N.S.	Granville . . . .	98	Sept. 1, "
Rev. John Howes . . . .	Portage DuFort.	Portage Du Fort		" 1, "
Joseph Bell . . . . .	Shawbridge, P.Q.	Shawbridge . . .	77	
Mrs. Kines . . . . .	Ont.	Sunnidale . . . .	78	" 2, "

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

(By permission.)

# HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

Words by F. W. HAVERGAL.

Music by T. B. STEPHENSON.

Have you not a word for Je - sus? Not a word to say for

Chorus—Yes, we have a word for Je - sus! We will brave-ly speak for

Him? He is list'ning thro'the cho - rus Of the burn - ing se - ra -

Thee, And Thy bold and faithful sol - diers, Sa - viour, we would henceforth

- phim! He is list'ning; does he hear you Speaking of the things of

be: In Thy name set up our ban - ners, While thine own shall wave a -

earth— On - ly of its pass - ing plea - sure, Self - ish sor - row, emp - ty

- bove. [Go to ♪ for finish of Chorus.]

mirth? He has spo - ken words of bless - ing, Par - don, pe - ce, and love to



HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?—continued.

*cres.*

you, Glorious hope and gracious com-fort, Strong and ten-der, sweet and

true; Does He hear you tell- ing o-thers Something of His love un-

*D.C. for Chorus.*

- told, O-ver -flowings of thanks-giv- ing For His mer-cies ma - ni - fold.

*Finish of Chorus.*

⊕ With Thy crimson name of Mer-cy, And Thy gold-en name of Love.

2 Have you not a word for Jesus?  
 Will the world His praise proclaim?  
 Who shall speak if ye are silent,  
 Ye who know and love His name?  
 You, whom He hath called and chosen  
 His own witnesses to be,  
 Will you tell your gracious Master  
 "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?"  
 "Cannot!" though He suffered for you,  
 Died because He loved you so!  
 "Cannot!" though He has forgiven,  
 Making scarlet white as snow!  
 "Cannot!" though 'Tis grace abounding  
 Is your freely-promised aid!  
 "Cannot!" though He stands beside you,  
 Though He says, "Be not afraid!"  
 Yes, we have a word, &c.

2 Have you not a word for Jesus?  
 Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,  
 Wait and weary for your message,  
 Hoping you will bid them "come";  
 Never telling hidden sorrows,  
 Linger just outside the door,  
 Longing for your hand to lead them  
 Into rest for evermore.  
 Yours may be the joy and honour  
 His redeemed ones to bring,  
 Jewels for the coronation  
 Of your coming Lord and King.  
 Will you cast away the gladness  
 Thus your Master's joy to share,  
 All because a word for Jesus  
 Seems too much for you to dare?  
 Yes, we have a word, &c.