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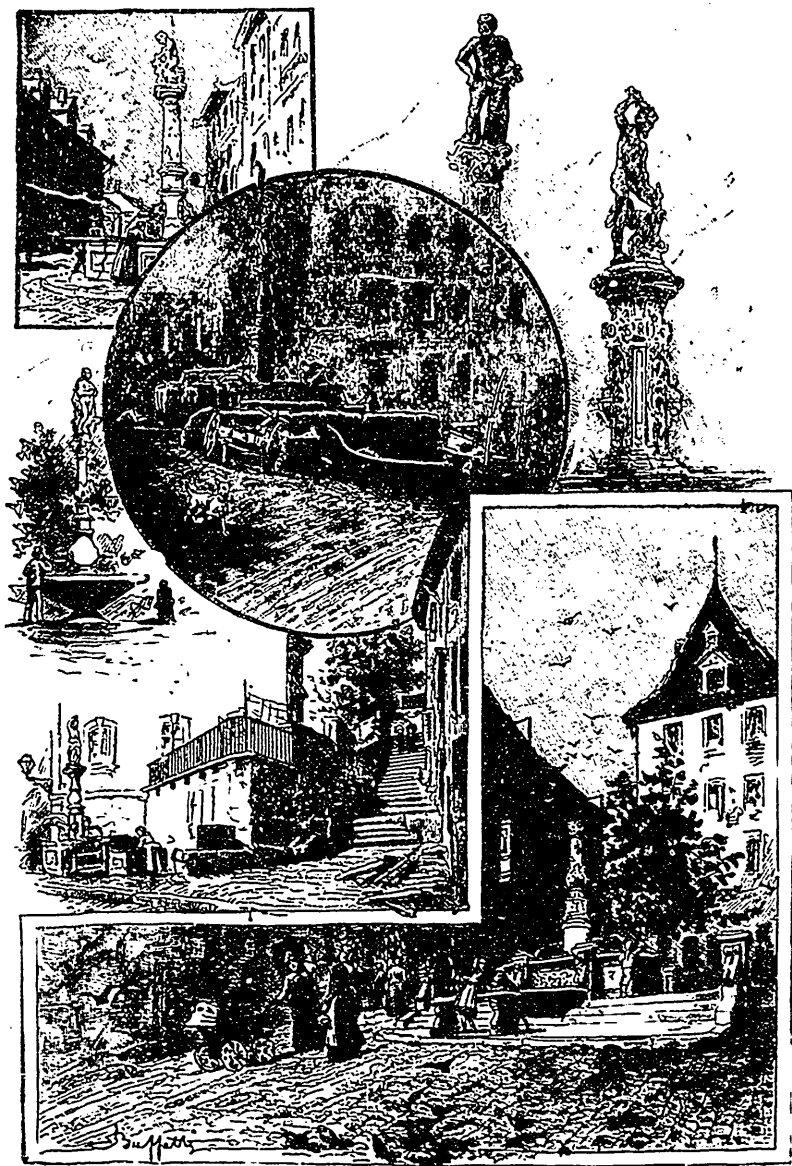
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Orell Fuessli & Co.

ANCIENT FOUNTAINS, ZURICH.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

May, 1891.

## ZURICH AND ITS MEMORIES.



CLOISTERS, GROSSMUNSTER, ZURICH.

"WHOM God loves He gives a home in Zurich," says a mediæval proverb. "Next to Damascus," exclaimed an English traveller once, "Zurich is the fairest, friendliest old city of the hemisphere." Whoever stands upon the upper Limmat bridge, on some calm, summer's evening, and looks to the south and east, will see a sight as fair, indeed, as any of the world. Beneath his feet, the broad, green river rushes by. On right and left are old cathedrals, casting their shadows to the low-arched bridge; in front, the enchanting lake, the smiling villages, the snow-topped Alps. The sun sinks low behind the western hills. His lingering rays, striking the rocks and snow and ice, produce the Alpine glow, making the semicircle of the Alps shine like a thousand crystal

palaces. The sun sinks lower still. The Alpine glow, the crystal palaces are gone, and in their stead are bleak and dreary walls, and peaks of rock—wield, flitting clouds—shadows that move about like ghosts—cold fields of snow and ice.

Zurich was an old town a thousand years ago. A half a century before the birth of Christ, tradition says, the Helvetians burned this among their other towns and villages, and started off to Gaul and Italy in search of a warmer climate and a more grateful soil. When Cæsar defeated them and compelled them to return to the Alps and rebuild their towns, Zurich was made a Roman military station and called Turicum.

Many centuries before that a numerous population inhabited the shores of this lake, whose remains reveal to us an unwritten page of history.

In the course of excavations, carried on during the winter of 1853, at Obermeilen, on the right bank of the Lake of Zurich, various utensils and weapons of stone, bone and horn, as well as fragments of pottery, were found embedded in the mud of the shore. The village school-master, Johann Aeppli, made further investigations, and soon came upon a regularly planned series of piles. He hastened to Zurich to call the attention of the learned archæologist, Dr. Ferdinand Keller, to the subject. Keller visited the spot, continued the excavations, collected the objects found, and soon hit upon the key to the mystery. He discovered that the various objects thus strangely preserved were relics of a people, who had in remote antiquity dwelt on the shores, or rather over the waters of the Swiss lakes, and who had vanished from the scene without leaving other records of their existence than those now brought to light.

The discoveries at Obermeilen were followed by similar ones at other points on the lake of Zurich, and not only on almost all the Swiss lakes, but in most of the lakes of Europe and in many marshy districts. The epoch of the prehistoric lake-dwellers was unveiled to modern gaze, and before our mind's eye we can now see the wooden huts on their pile-work foundation, with the bridges connecting the settlements with the shore; fishermen setting out in their primitive barks in search of booty, and hunters returning heavily burdened from the chase. The weapons found in the lake villages, here of stone, there of bronze, and elsewhere of iron, indicate the successive stages of civilization reached by their fashioners; while the weapons as well as the woven stuffs, the nets, tools of all kinds, potsherds, ornaments, fragments of bone, and remnants of vegetable material, indicate the various occupations of the people, the amount of manual

dexterity they had acquired, the manner of clothing themselves, and their food.

That these houses were not built as mere places of refuge, in case of danger, is pretty clear, from the fact that the relics found on every floor show that each family had there its full arrange-



DR. KELLER, AND LAKE DWELLINGS,  
ZURICH.

ments for cooking, weaving, making nets, and fishing; in short, everything that the people of those days did indoors at all, could have been done, and probably was done, inside these houses built in the lakes. Not only the houses were there equipped for ordinary life, but the cattle, the pigs, the sheep, and the goats, were stalled there in separate places on the piles.

The relics found, indicate that the people lived principally on fish, venison, chestnuts and corn-bread, with some wheat and fruit, while their clothing was oftener made of woven or plaited cloth than of the skins of beasts. Wheat and corn were cultivated as

food, and flax was grown for the loom. Each family did its own grinding of corn or wheat, and its own weaving at home; but there are evidences that there were special houses devoted to the manufacture of implements for the household, the field and the chase. Copper and bronze were but little known, though there are relics showing these metals were sometimes used, and there is an earth-bed about the piles three feet deep, composed of animal remains and the results of human industry.

Centuries went by and then came the dawn of history. Then followed the traditions of the Roman legions and the Roman civilization. Old ruined walls and fragments of fortresses about the town recall the time when Latins lived on the Helvetian lakes and Vindonissa. Four centuries later than the birth of Christ, the Allemanic hordes came in and burned and built, and built and burned, in all the district. Zurich speaks a dialect in 1875 that was the Allemanic tongue of fourteen centuries ago. For five and a quarter centuries Zurich canton has been an independent, self-ruling republic—a faithful member of the Bund of the democratic states, composing Switzerland.

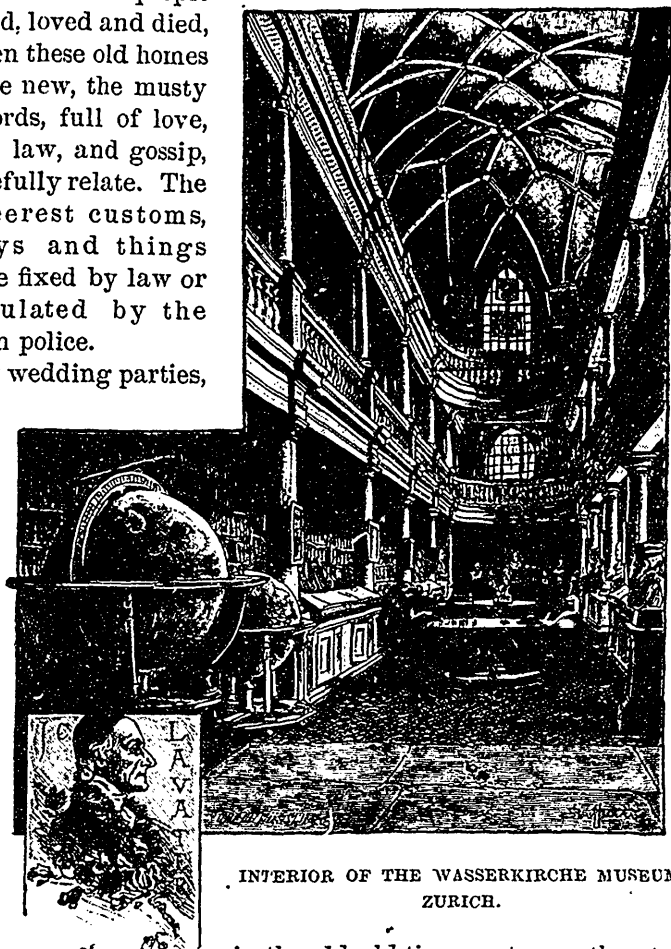
The city sits like a beautiful crescent around the foot of the lake. The old and the new are strangely intermingled in the houses, in the streets, and in the parks. Fair granite piles, built yesterday, stand side by side with queer old towers, walls and churches of two, three, and even five and six, centuries ago. The finest modern street covers a broad, deep ditch that was, in the olden time, a moat outside the military gates and walls. A lovely park stands where the walls of a Roman fortress have fallen to decay. A pretty school-house, of a modern style, crowds close upon a münster, built when Charlemagne was emperor. New fountains, built of brass and bronze but yesterday, are playing close by fountains and statues of another age. The railway train, that rushes to one of the finest railroad stations in the world, is met by the lumbering mountain *diligence*, and the shrill scream of the lake steamer is answered by the driver's horn.

There are streets that are broad and fair, and there are streets steep and narrow. The houses vary as the streets and as the times in which they have been built. But every house, high or low, good or bad, old or new, is built of stone, and built as if to last till the final trump of doom. High, old rusty-coloured buildings, with pointed gables and corner windows, still are seen. The entrances to these are cold, forbidding-looking halls, paved with brick or stone, and are as often at the back part of the house as at the front. The oaken doors, with their heavy iron knockers, swing to like gateways to a jail.

The rooms are dark and dull, the ceilings low, but the floors are white and clear as shining sand, and the great white porcelain stove, built in a former age, still fills an ample portion of the room, and is the most prominent article of ornament and use in all these antiquated homes.

How Zurich people lived, loved and died, when these old homes were new, the musty records, full of love, and law, and gossip, carefully relate. The queerest customs, ways and things were fixed by law or regulated by the town police.

At wedding parties,



INTERIOR OF THE WASSERKIRCHE MUSEUM,  
ZURICH.

in the old, old times, not more than twenty guests could be invited; and a forward step in Zurich's social life was made, when a city ordinance allowed that more than six right handsome folks could attend a wedding together, if they chose. Two singers, two fiddlers, and a pair of hautboys made all the music that the law allowed. The prices paid for wedding-dinners, though discriminating in favour of unmarried girls, were fixed. The gallant bridegroom paid the bill, which never could exceed three cents for every in-

vited male, two cents for married females, and a cent and a half for each unmarried girl.

Funerals were not less strange in character than marriages. In all the churches, black mourning-cloth was kept for the poor to use, free of charge. When men of worth, or some near friend dropped off, a sort of wake was held and all the friends assembled, to eat to gluttony, and to drink the dead man's health. Expensive show of dress or funeral gear was not allowed, and as late as the days of Zwingli even, the country people brought their dead upon a board and coffinless.

Gravestones were not allowed, and, dead or alive, but little more than twenty hours elapsed before the body was placed in the grave. Even to-day, unpainted boxes, instead of coffins, are used for the dead in Zurich, and iron crosses oftenest mark the last, long resting-place.

Church-going was thought a saving ordinance, and was enforced by fines and corporal punishment. Staying away from church, on Sunday mornings especially, was followed, two hundred years ago, by loss of citizenship; and standing at the church's door, to see the comers-out and the goers-in, was numbered with the things forbidden by law.

Dress had its limits, too. Gold and silver ornaments, worn on ladies' dresses, were unlawful, except at weddings. Zwingli's successor went into the Grossmünster pulpit with coat of black fur, white breeches, red jacket, and a dagger in his belt.

But the queer, old-fashioned ways of Zurich are disappearing with the city's mossy walls and moats and towers. A newer city with newer people is crowding in where the old town stood, and while many of the social customs of former centuries still prevail, new Zurich breathes a freer life, changed to a certain extent, to suit the modern tide of trade, of commerce, and of art. Still old, and cramped, and angular in social life, the city struggles to cast off the fetters of dead ages, and to reap the benefits that come of change and of keeping up with the world's new pace. Her tradesmen, bankers, teachers, manufacturers and business men generally, are awake to the new idea of progress.

The canton of Zurich, though the seventh in size, is the first in commercial importance in the country. It is the second in wealth, the second in population, the first in schools, the first in political consequence, and is the literary centre of the whole. Zurich's industry is changing the picturesque old town to a splendid modern mart, whence commerce and trade extend their arms to almost every quarter of the globe. Her business representatives go out to China, Russia, North and South America; and half the



islands of the sea pay tribute, more or less, to modern Swiss industry. The cotton of the sunny south is picked, baled and



GUILD-HOUSES.

sent across the sea, to be spun among the Alps. The Chinese silk-worms reel their fairy threads to be sent to the weaving-looms

of Zurich. Egyptian cotton leaves the Pharaohs' land, and the sons and daughters of Alpine shepherds weave it into fair embroideries.

The busiest industry conducted here is that of silk. Zurich is the second silk stuff manufacturing city of the world, and almost rivals Lyons in the quantity, if not in the quality, of the stuffs produced.

The process by which the humble worm is made to clothe the luxury-loving ladies of the day is novel and interesting. In Italy, in France, or far-off China, the silk-worm, well-fattened on his mulberry leaves, spins about himself his round, ball-like cocoon, and when his grubship's house is built, and he is ready to pierce his castle walls and soar away, no longer grub, but butterfly, the silk man comes and dashes cocoon and grub into a basin of boiling water. The dead grub and his water-soaked cocoon are oftenest sent to Lombardy, where nimble-fingered girls wind off the miles and miles of gossamer threads that made the dead grub's home. In strength these gossamer threads are equal to iron wires of the same thickness; and a cord of twisted silk, as thick as the cable sustaining the Niagara bridge, would sustain the same strain as easily. These threads are brought to Zurich and made ready for the dyer's hands. The colouring establishments are near the lake, and the low-covered boats, anchored on the water at many points between Zurich and Rappersweil, are usually filled with men, engaged in washing the skein silk just from the dye. Day in and day out, summer and winter, with their arms to their elbows in the cold water of the lake, and always stooping over the side of the boats, these washers work for from sixty to eighty cents a day.

The looms for weaving silk are found in almost every peasant's house around the lake. They are usually plain, cheap, wooden structures, resembling in every respect the old carpet looms, so often found among the farmers of our own country. Almost all the peasant women weave between the scanty hours given to the duties of the house.

In half the homes along the lake, the noise of the loom and the clink of the busy shuttle are ever heard, from early morning till late at night. The number of hand-looms employed is about 20,000. Two francs to three francs a day is about as much as the peasant weavers usually can make, but this amount is made without material neglect of the woman's ordinary household cares. The quantities of silk woven by Switzerland in her peasant homes is wonderful. Even in Zurich, where hand-labour is so cheap, the 4,500 power-looms in factories compete as to

quality and cost of silk produced. The export of silk is about \$15,000,000 a year.



MEETING OF A GUILD.

Zurich has an immense cotton and iron industry besides. By the latter, an enormous amount of work of excellent character is turned out every year. The city builds not only the iron steamers for the lakes of Switzerland, but for the lakes of Italy

also; and the Danube River and the Black Sea float iron boats built by Swiss hands at Zurich. These boats are first put together here, and, found complete, are then taken apart and shipped to the waters' of other countries, and are there again put together for use.

The guilds, formerly powerful political bodies, but now were mere private corporations, meet on the vernal equinox in their respective halls for a grand banquet. Many of the members, especially the younger ones, appear in fancy costumes, for the feast is followed by processions (usually organized by all the guilds in concert) through the town. Formerly these processions usually represented episodes from the history of Zurich; but of late more ambitious subjects have been attempted, and great historical epochs, etc., have been depicted, sometimes on a very grand scale. The chief artistic and literary talent of the town is devoted with patriotic zeal to the organization of these processions, which attains by this means to a firmly-grounded and well-deserved popularity.

After supper is over visits are exchanged. On the principal table the handsomest cups belonging to the guild are displayed. The visitors, with the officers still at their head, make their way into the festive chamber. All rise from their seats, and the leaders exchange greetings, sometimes in earnest, but more often in jocose phrase.

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#### LEAN HARD.

CHILD of My love, "lean hard,"  
 And let me feel the pressure of thy care,  
 I know thy burden, Child—I shaped it:  
 Poised it in Mine hand—made no proportion  
 Of its weight to thine unaided strength.  
 For even as I laid it on, I said  
 I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,  
 This burden shall be Mine, not hers;  
 So shall I keep My child within the circling arms  
 Of Mine own love. Here lay it down, nor fear  
 To impose it on a shoulder, which upholds  
 The government of worlds. Yet closer come,  
 Thou art not near enough,  
 I would embrace thy care,  
 So I might feel My child reposing on my breast,  
 Thou lovest Me? I know it, doubt not then,  
 But loving Me, "lean hard."

## NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE history of Napoleon Bonaparte has been written, alike by friend and foe. The world has been bewildered by the many conflicting and misleading accounts of his life and character. The same pen that stigmatized him as a usurper has admitted that the suffrages of a loving people raised him to the throne. He has been called

a human monster, thirsting for and delighting in scenes of carnage, by those who acknowledge that on more than one battlefield he wept unavailing tears of regret. While the few who have been most clamorous in declaring him an abhorred tyrant, have well nigh in the same breath been forced to confess that no one man ever so commanded the loyal love of his soldiers as their "Little Corporal."

The chief incidents of his life, more especially those which followed the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, are familiar to readers of history; the hurried flight, the second abdication, the voluntary journey to England and the sad sequel, all are "as a story that is told." Without pausing to question the justice of the sentence which condemned a guest, claiming British hospitality and seeking an asylum under British law, to hopeless exile, we purpose, in this short paper, to accompany the illustrious captive to that lonely isle, which was at once his home, his prison and his tomb.

On the 9th of August, 1815, the *Northumberland*, manned by more than a thousand sailors, and escorted by two frigates and seven war-sloops, all guarding one man, set sail for St. Helena.

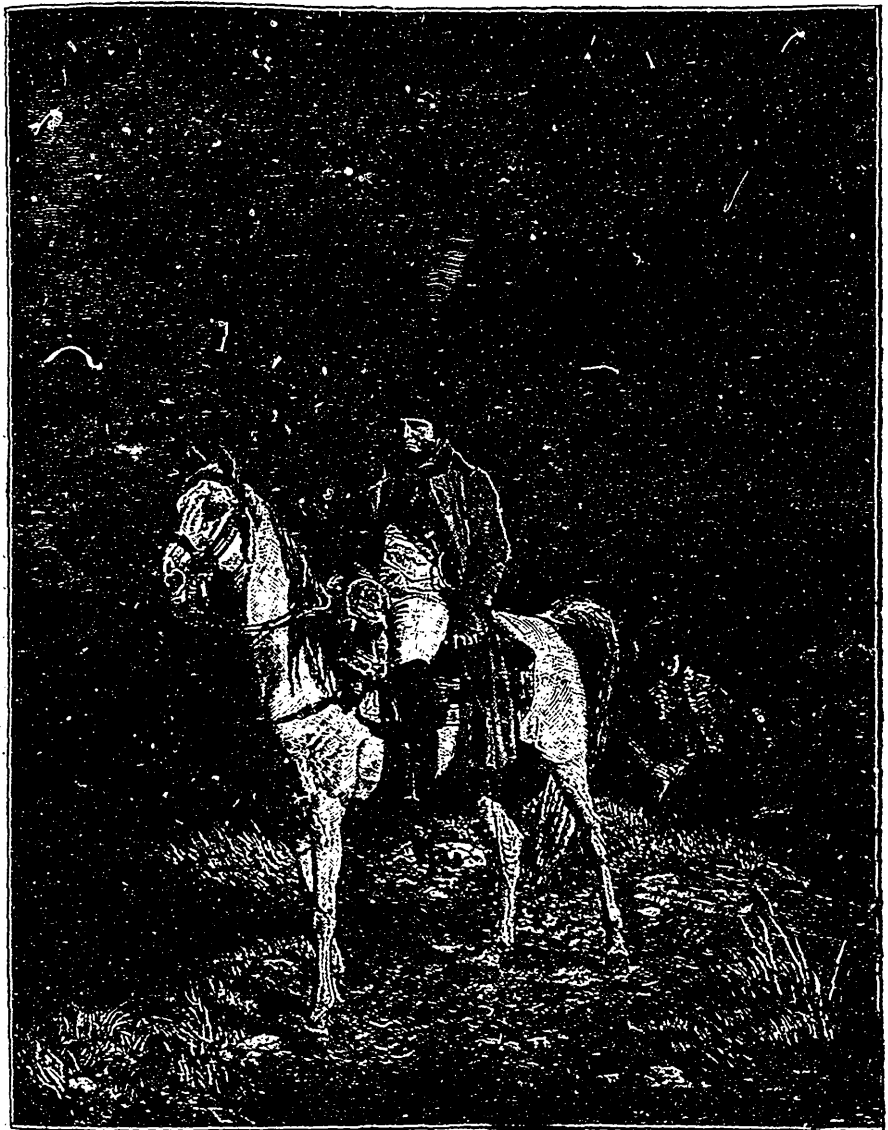
The rigour of the British Government permitted but three French officers to accompany the unhappy exile, and his choice fell on Grand Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon and Count Las Casas. Afterwards, by special permission, General Gourgaud was included. These, with their families and servants, and Dr. O'Meara, who volunteered his services to the Emperor as surgeon, constituted the entire household; a little court, truly, but a loyal one, willingly sacrificing kindred, country and freedom upon the altar of their devotion, while they wept most who stayed at home.

At noon, on the 15th of October, after a long and tempestuous voyage, whose hardships were borne by the Emperor with unflinching courage, the strange procession cast anchor in the harbour of St. Helena. With a sad interest Napoleon gazed upon his future home. The island is situated in the tropics, six thousand miles from Europe and twelve hundred from the nearest land on the African coast; and prison-like, indeed, is its gloomy exterior. Lofty peaks tower, verdureless, to the skies. What a dreary contrast to his loved and sunny France; a storm-drenched, barren rock, one day wrapped in the cruel embrace of a dense and damp sea-fog, the next panting beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun, while "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them," stood like silent sentinels guarding sea and land.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was setting, the little party disembarked, and the twilight found them toiling up the long and narrow street, which was the main thoroughfare of the village of Jamestown. A small room had been prepared for the accommodation of the Emperor, and here his camp bedstead was hastily erected, and, wearied by the tempestuous tossing of the long sea-voyage, worried and annoyed by the idle curiosity of the crowd that thronged about the dwelling, he at once sought much-desired seclusion and much-needed rest. Such was the first night at St. Helena. A strange picture, truly. In that darkened chamber, upon that rude couch, sleeping an unrestful sleep, guarded with unceasing vigilance by bayoneted sentinels, lies the man who, but a few months ago, held within his own right hand the destinies of Europe—a prince then, a prisoner now; a king then, wielding a power that knew no parallel, and rejoicing in the love of a people that with one voice raised him to the throne; aye! and a king now, captive as he is. A king in dignity, a king in patient fortitude; and from far-off France there comes the sound of lamentation and of mourning, for they love him yet, who ruled them as their sovereign and led their hosts in war.

About three miles from Jamestown, on a bleak and bare plateau fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, was situated Longwood,

Napoleon's future dwelling-place Though fancy would fain invest it with picturesque beauty, and romance would claim for



NAPOLEON—(After Meissonier).

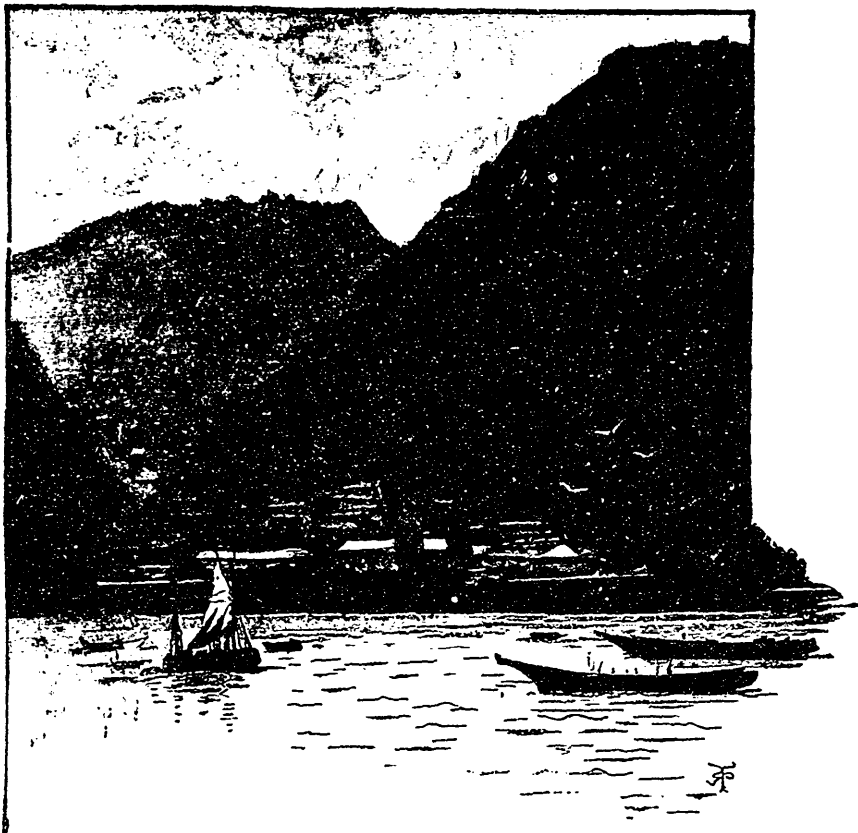
it a magnificence worthy such a resident, yet, without any reflection upon England's hospitality, truth compels the historian to relate that it was originally a cow-house, which, rat-

infested and old, had finally grown too dilapidated even for the cow. It had been converted by degrees into a kind of summer retreat, and Admiral Cockburn had received instructions to enlarge the house, and prepare it for the reception of "General Bonaparte." This work was immediately begun, and in the meantime, the Emperor, dreading the close confinement of Jamestown and the prying scrutiny of its residents, craved permission to occupy a summer house belonging to Mr. Balcombe, owner of a small place called "The Briars," about a mile distant from Longwood. The worthy man, only too glad to be of service, willingly granted the request; and in this unprotected and cheerless abode the fallen monarch began his long and drear imprisonment.

Despite the discomforts and privations of his position, despite the fact that his every movement was noted and reported to the Governor, that he was accompanied in his walks and rides by an English officer, and not allowed to pass certain limits, he seldom lost that dignified calmness and uncomplaining fortitude which made the sojourn at St. Helena one of the most brilliant pages of his history. With admirable composure he arranged for each day's duties and amusements. Certain hours were set apart for writing, and others for reading and dictation to Las Casas, his whilom secretary, while at eventime he would indulge in long and animated conversations with his followers, discussing vital questions of politics and religion; and thus they strove to make their loneliness endurable, if not enjoyable.

On the 10th of December, the Emperor and his suite removed to Longwood, now ready for occupation, yet still too small to accommodate those who had come to share the fortunes of their master. A room was furnished for Count Las Casas, but General Bertrand had to secure quarters in a distant hut, and General Gourgaud, with Dr. O'Meara, were under the necessity of "camping out." In time, however, rooms were prepared for all. At Longwood the fact that he was a prisoner was painfully impressed upon Napoleon's mind. As an exile on a desolate island, and with no hope of succour and no loophole for escape, common humanity would have dictated that he should be spared these humiliating details of prison life which must have been a constant fret to his proud and unbroken spirit. Armed guards patrolled his garden walks. Only on rare occasions was he permitted to make excursions, and never alone; and, adding insult to injury, the Governor, doubtless acting under instructions, refusing to recognize his imperial title, ever addressed him as General Bonaparte, and issued orders that his companions should accost him in like manner. But, as the ivy in the storm clings closer to the sturdy





HARBOUR AT ST. HELENA.

oak, as though to give it shelter and warmth, so did these few loyal friends gather round their sovereign in his adversity, loving him more and serving him better than in the old days when he had but to attempt to succeed.

“We are but a handful,” Napoleon said, on one occasion, “a handful in one corner of the earth, and all our consolation must be our regard for each other.”

On April 17th, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe, the newly-appointed Governor, arrived at the island, and was presented to the Emperor. If, under the new *régime*, the little party had looked and hoped for brighter days, they were doomed to bitter disappointment. The new-comer was a man singularly devoid of chivalrous instincts and brutally zealous in his capacity as gaoler. He brought with him permits for each of Napoleon's companions, which gave them liberty to leave the island if such should chance to be their wish; if, on the contrary, they decided to remain, they were required to

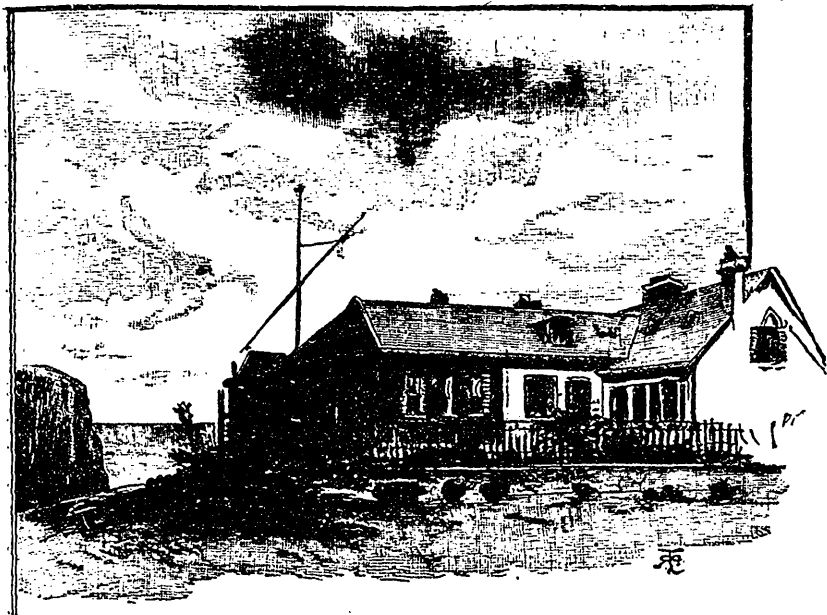
give a written declaration to this effect and to submit to the same restrictions which were imposed upon the Emperor. All signed except General Bertrand; and, hurt and mortified by his refusal, Napoleon said, "Bertrand is always the same; although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

Day by day the estrangement between Sir Hudson Lowe and his prisoners grew wider. No opportunity was lost to harass, annoy and insult these unfortunate men. Though their liberty in outdoor exercise was not absolutely curtailed, yet, rather than submit to the humiliation of an armed escort in his walks and rides, the Emperor, for weeks together, would shut himself up in his rooms, and seek in such recreations as reading and conversation forgetfulness of the past and some slight measure of present enjoyment.

Some days were dark, some days were bright. Dark, when weakened by close confinement, and dimly conscious of fast-failing health, he would sit in silence brooding over the failure of his ambitious schemes and the grim darkness of the impenetrable future. Bright, when some European vessel, anchoring in the harbour, would bring boxes of books and journals, which he would read with avidity and discuss with animation, cheering himself and charming his followers by the exercise of an intellect whose brilliancy no physical condition could dim and no imprisonment impair. One of these treasured boxes contained a picture of his idolized son, and the sight of the graceful and noble features awakened in Napoleon a wealth of parental affection which had long lain dormant. Tears filled his eyes, as he exclaimed, "Dear boy, if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father."

Thus closed the first year at St. Helena. Early in the second year the little family circle was broken; and Count Las Casas, who had thoughtlessly sent a letter to England describing their condition without first submitting it to the Governor, was put under arrest and finally sent away from the island, even permission to say a word of farewell to his beloved sovereign being refused. Napoleon felt this blow most keenly. Las Casas had been, of all his followers, the one most necessary to his happiness; the tenderest in affection, the most unremitting and zealous in respectful attention. The farewell letter that out of the fulness of his heart he wrote to his departing friend, was throughout expressive of unchanging love and esteem.

"Your society," he wrote, "was necessary to me. You alone could read, speak and understand English. How many nights have you watched over me during my illness? I request, and in case of need, command you to require the Governor to send you to the continent. When you arrive in Europe, whether you go to England or return to France, endeavour to forget the evils you have been called to endure, and be happy in the thought of the fidelity you have shown toward me. Should you see some day my wife and son, embrace them. In the meantime be comforted, and console my friends. My body, it is true, is exposed to the hatred of my enemies, they make me suffer the protracted tortures of a slow death, but Providence is too just to allow these sufferings to last much longer. The insalubrity of this dreadful climate, the want of everything that tends to



HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED.

support life will soon, I feel, put an end to an existence whose last moments will be an opprobrium to the English character."

Already it seems there was stealing upon his senses the darkening of the dim mystery of death. Constant and close confinement to his apartments had weakened him to an alarming extent. He yielded at last to the entreaties of friends and physician, and took an occasional walk in the grounds, or to some favourite secluded spot, whence he could look upon the sea. Here he would stand, a lonely, solitary figure, gazing gloomily over the broad expanse of turbulent, tossing waters, fit emblem of his own perturbed spirit.

It may be that, as he stands in silent musing, he strives with

hungry gaze to bridge the miles that part him from the land of his adoption and his love; it may be that there rises up before him, as in a dream, a vision of the faithful Josephine, who loved "not wisely, but too well," and memories of her loyal love crowd upon him, bringing with them shame and remorse; perchance he hears again the thunders of his conquering artillery, and his eyes gleam with the old-time light as in imagination he leads the veterans of the Empire on to victory or death; or it may be that, oppressed by the shadows which are closing in, there comes to him a sudden realization of the infinite, with the all-wise Judge and the great white throne, and, in the clear light of eternity, the power that he had wielded and the fame that he had won seemed as bubbles shattered by the lightest breath of God.

Long and weary months passed away during which Sir Hudson Lowe added daily to the misfortunes of his unhappy prisoner. Friendship with the Emperor meant disfavour with the Governor, and in consequence of this Mr. Balcombe, Napoleon's former host at "The Briars," was compelled to leave for Europe. In July, 1818, Dr. O'Meara, who had been zealous in untiring service, was withdrawn, and for six months Napoleon, refusing to accept the services of the British surgeon that the Governor would force upon him, was without a medical attendant. Thus lingered out in pain, loneliness and depression the third year of captivity.

In 1819, permission was given to the Emperor's friends in Europe to send another physician to his succour, and in September of that year Dr. Antomarchi, to whose journal we are indebted for many minute and interesting details of the last illness, arrived at the island, and was presented to his illustrious patient. He was accompanied by two ecclesiastics, one of whom, the Abbe Buonavita, had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba. Physicians alike for body and soul, all were warmly welcomed by the Emperor; and, his temporal comforts attended to, with characteristic impulsiveness, the invalid made instant arrangements for the ministry of those things which are eternal. At the close of an affecting interview, and feeling, no doubt, the near approach of death, he said, "We have too long been deprived of the ordinances of religion not to be eager to enjoy them, now that they are within our power. I wish to establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies which are celebrated at France."

A word or two here concerning the Emperor's views on religion, knowledge of and faith on Christ, may not be out of place. A man's inner life is his own peculiar property, and within the heart of that inner life are the vital questions of doctrine and faith settled for time and for eternity; and it is only by the out-

ward manifestations of that inner life, as betrayed in word or action, that men can form any opinion, right or wrong, of their fellows. How will they judge of the following clear and remarkable confession :



“Upon the throne,” said Napoleon, “surrounded by generals far from devout, yes, I will not deny it, I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, ‘I am a believer.’ I said, religion is a power, a political engine. But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, ‘Yes, I am

a Christian ;' and now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart."

On another occasion, during a conversation with General Bertrand, an avowed unbeliever, the subject of Christ and His divinity was discussed, and the Emperor, after expatiating at great length, and with lively enthusiasm, on the character of Christ the human and Christ the Divine, expressed himself as follows :

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections. Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places ; who has never succumbed to the influence of the times ; who has never compounded with any customs or passions ? From the first day to the last, Christ is always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle."

Leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions and form their own opinions of the religious side of Napoleon's character, we pass on, with a certain degree of sadness, to the closing scenes of his short but brilliant career.

The shadows still were closing in upon him—days and weeks, dark with fog and damp with cheerless, chilling rains, aggravated his disease, and hourly he grew weaker.

On rare occasions, when the sun shone kindly and the sea-breezes were less boisterous, he would venture into the garden, feed the fishes in the large basin that he had had constructed, and acting upon the advice of his physician, seek escape from inactivity by gardening, of which occupation he gradually grew very fond. His friends and attendants were all pressed into the service, and willing hands soon transformed the grounds of Longwood into a bower of beauty ; nor was the homely kitchen-garden forgotten.

But summer days are brief,  
Though summer days are kind,  
While changeful is the leaf,  
And changeful is the wind.

And the dismal weather, which on October 14th, 1820, ushered in the sixth and final year of his imprisonment, found him unable to leave his wretched apartments, and slowly and surely sinking.

Why dwell on the painful scene ? Each week, each day was but a repetition of the last, rally succeeded relapse, relapse followed rally, and the end came swiftly. Even now Sir Hudson Lowe heaped indignities upon his dying foe. He insisted that one of his orderlies should personally see "General" Bonaparte each day and report upon his condition, and on one occasion

attempted to force admittance into the sick-room; an intrusion which Dr. Antomarchi indignantly resented. "That soul," said he, "must be formed of the mud of the Thames who can come and watch for the last breath of a dying man."

On the morning of May 4th, 1821, the Emperor awoke early, and, calling his valet Marchand, bid him throw open the casement. "Open it wide that I may breathe the air—the good air which the good God hath made." Surrounded by his friends, among whom were the children of the household, to whom Napoleon had ever been a warm friend, the day passed in much pain. Toward evening he lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never again rallied. The night was stormy, rain fell in torrents, and the wind wailed out in long and melancholy cadences, as if in sympathy with those who wailed and watched within; and in that long, low room, lighted only by the feeble glimmer of the altar candles, are gathered the little band who have loved so loyally and served so faithfully, waiting the end. The stillness is broken only by the muttered prayers of the priests, and an occasional sob from some overburdened soul. About six in the morning the storm abated. All through the day he lay silent, with eyes fixed, and apparently feeling no pain. Let us join the watchers at the bedside. The shades of evening are gathering fast; the western sea is blood-red beneath the rays of the setting sun. See the pale lips move. Hush! weep not now, bend lower that we may catch the farewell message ere the angel comes. "France!" "The Army!" "Josephine!" And with one long tremulous sigh, the spirit of the great Napoleon leaves the clay inanimate and stands upon the eternal shore.

Dead! Oh, little band of loyal mourners, faithful until death, and naught is left you, save the memory of his greatness.

Dead! Oh, people of his sunny France, who knew not how they loved until they lost.

Dead! Oh, British rulers—dead before his time. He who troubled your peace has gone to one who tempers justice with mercy.

Dead! Sir Hudson Lowe; your petty insults cannot reach him now.

Dead! Oh, Heavenly Father, Searcher of all hearts, and into Thy good hands for good or evil, we commend his wayward spirit.

The usual formalities followed decease. After a careful, but hasty *post mortem*, the body was embalmed, dressed as in life, and laid in state in the small chamber where he died.

The funeral was singularly impressive, the most rigorous instructions had been received from the English Government con-

cerning the disposition of the body; and where he had been imprisoned there was he to be buried. On the 8th of May the inhabitants of the island turned out *en masse* to witness the interment. At half-past twelve the solemn procession started, the heavy coffin was carried to the hearse by twelve stalwart grenadiers. Close behind the bier followed the stricken household, and behind these the Admiral, Governor, and members of the staff. The whole of the British garrison, 2500 strong, lined the road on the route, and, forming in as the procession passed, followed to the grave, while bands on either hand made sweet the air with mournful requiems. As the body was lowered into its lonely habitation three successive discharges from a battery of fifteen guns proclaimed that the ceremonies were over.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

Even into the grave insult followed him, and only a plain headstone, without inscription, was permitted. Twenty years later, the French nation, as one man, rose and demanded from the British the remains of their beloved Emperor. The request was creditably granted, and amid the enthusiasm of a people, ever prone to enthusiasm, and with a splendour of ritual never since rivalled, they bore all that was mortal of the great Napoleon to his final resting-place, beneath the richly decorated dome of of the *Hotel des Invalides* of Paris.

Close we here, no space to moralize over this eventful history; one lesson, however, is so suggestive that it should not pass unnoted. The pursuit of fame is not the highest wisdom. Jason sought it with his Argonauts, when he stumbled on the golden



fleece. Columbus sailed after it in the track of the setting sun. Alexander gained it ere he was thirty, only to lose it in a drunkard's grave. What did it profit them? But there is a fame undying and an ambition which, in the sight of God, is worthy; and there is a work for us each to do, of which God grant we weave in our appointed portion with the threads of our lives, weave it, it may be with sorrow and sighing, stained with our life-blood, and soiled with our tears, but when finished to be cleansed, pure and spotless, "white as no fuller on earth can whiten it." And in the hereafter, God knows.

OSHAWA, Ont.

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AT THE LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
To love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold:  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

—Whittier.

## A VISIT TO EPWORTH.

BY REV. E. N. BAKER, A.M., B.D.



EPWORTH RECTORY.

I HAD always been anxious to visit Epworth, the birthplace of the Wesleys, one of the sacred shrines of Methodists. So in company with the Rev. Dr. Shaw, of Bloomington, Ill., I took the train from London, intending to visit the Wesleyan Conference, then in session at Sheffield, and from there go to Epworth.

As soon as our train started, as our custom was, we took out our guide-books to see the railway connections, and to read up the points of interest in the places we intended to visit. To our very great surprise Epworth was not mentioned. At first we were disposed to blame the publishers for neglect in leaving out the place

where one of the greatest of Englishmen was born; but, on further consideration, we concluded that the reason why it is not mentioned in the guide-book is because tourists, with few exceptions, never visit it. This conclusion was confirmed when we asked several railway men for the most direct route to Epworth, and did not find one who could give it.

It was easy to understand why it was not in the guide-books, and not difficult to explain how it was railway men did not know the best road to it; but what was, and remains to us a mystery, is that leading Methodists in Sheffield, although within a few hours of this "the cradle of Methodism," have never visited it. But such is the fact, and it confirms the statement of those who say, that



MARKET-PLACE, EPWORTH.

whatever may be done to erect a monument to the memory of John Wesley, this centenary year of his death, it should not be at Epworth, where few Methodists, outside of the immediate vicinity, would ever see it.

We took the Midland train from Sheffield to Doncaster, where we changed cars,

taking a ticket to Crowle. There was a one-horse 'bus waiting to convey us to Epworth, about four miles distant. This was my first carriage ride through a rural district in England, and it was, indeed, charming. The road was first-class, and the well-trimmed hedges separating the fields, which were covered with most luxuriant crops of hay and grain, were a great improvement on the crooked rail and barb-wire fences of my own country. I could scarcely imagine that a few centuries ago these beautiful and fertile fields were a mere swamp subject to almost constant inundation.

We soon reached Epworth, situated on a small hill. From this fact it gets its name. "Heap-eurde," "heap," meaning a kind of elevation, and "eurde," farm, hence a farm on the rising ground. I was very much disappointed as we drove up. I expected to see

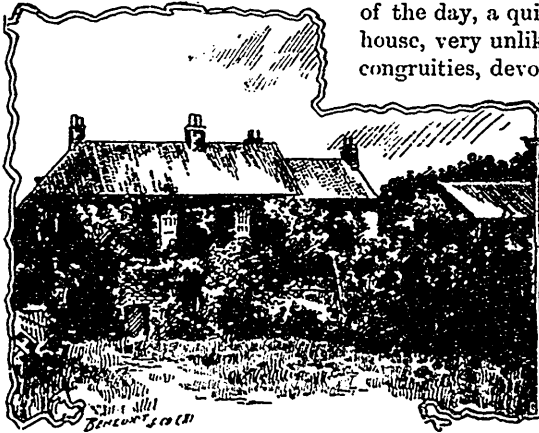
a large active town, but instead of that found a place of about two thousand inhabitants—no larger than it was in the time of the Wesleys—and as quiet as any of our country villages in harvest time.

The first place we visited was the rectory. It has in connection with it about three acres of ground. In front is a lawn and flower-plot, at the side a fruit and vegetable garden, and in the rear a small pasture-field. A writer in the *Saturday Review* has so fully and perfectly described it, as I saw it in the month of July, that I give his description.



RECTORY.—SOUTH FRONT.

“The present rectory, a long brick building, with a high-pitched tiled roof, rising from the bold projecting cornice, is an excellent specimen of the sterling, unpretentious architecture of the day, a quiet, genuine Queen Anne house, very unlike the crude heaps of incongruities, devoid of repose, which now



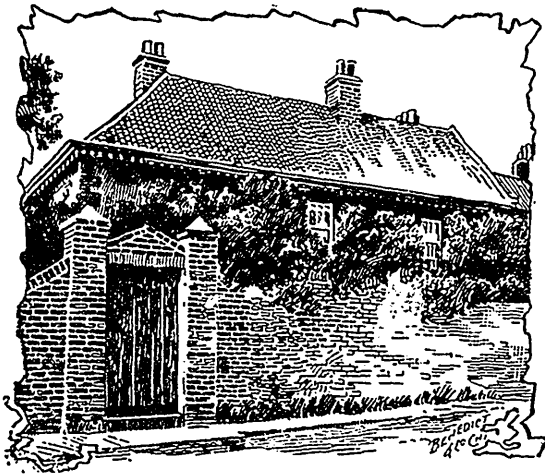
RECTORY.—WEST FRONT.

pass by that name. The garden, with its smooth lawn and long straight walks, bordered with the old-fashioned flowers, with hedges of sweet peas, fox gloves, sweet williams, and snap dragons, beds of odoriferous pinks, and a wealth of roses, is a delicious pleasure-ground in the true old-English sense of

the word, the rival of which one might go far to find.”

We were afraid that we were going to be disappointed in seeing through the rectory. Canon Overton was away, and his wife was ill; but, on expressing our desire to at least see the nursery, the

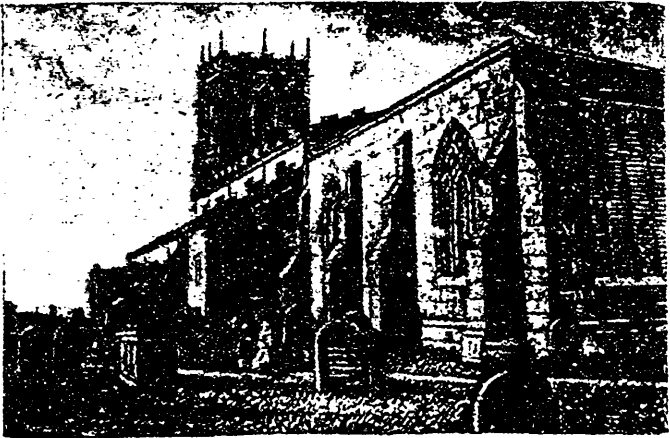
servant kindly consented to show us the principal rooms. As we were going through the hall we were shown some charred pieces of wood, that were found when the present rectory was repaired,



RECTORY.—EAST FRONT.

of the house in which John Wesley was born, that was partially destroyed by fire on the night of February 9th, 1709. We went up a narrow winding stairway and across a hall, where the servant opened a door, saying, this is the nursery. It is a room, I should say, about 12 by 20. What memories came up as I

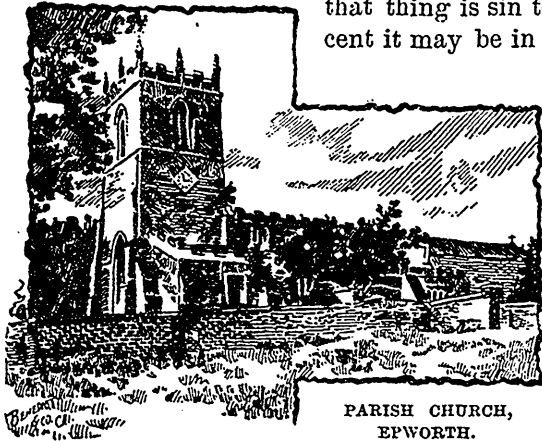
stood there! This is where the first Epworth League met—a League that had its literary, entertainment, social and religious departments. All the literary training the boys had before they



EPWORTH PARISH CHURCH.

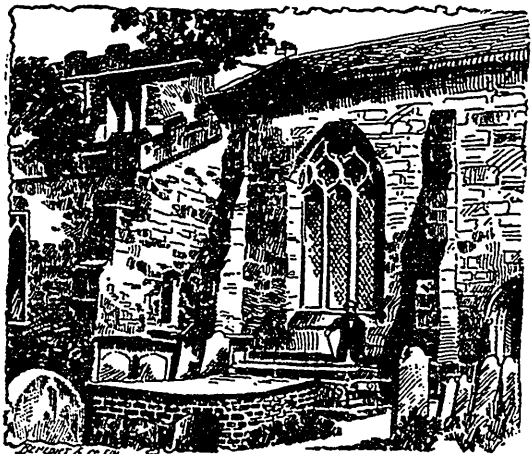
went to college they received here. The teacher, who was their mother, said, "The law that should govern entertainment was, whatever weakens your reason impairs the tenderness of your

conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes away the relish for spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."



PARISH CHURCH,  
EPWORTH.

which was made pre-eminent in the League, as it should be in all Leagues, was the religious department. They began their study by singing psalms and closed in the same manner. At five o'clock, the hour school closed, the eldest members of the family took the youngest, and the next oldest took the next youngest, until all went off, two by two, to study God's Word and pray together. The mother taking each member once a week in the evening for an hour's conversation and prayer. What wonderful results followed the workings of this League. Here the rules observed by Wesley and his fellow-labourers were formed. As Dr. Stevens says, "these rules of holy living were Epworth Rectory and Susanna Wesley's discipline." Here, too, the seed was sown from which grew the General Rules of the people called Methodists. Here, also, the foundation of that little book called the Methodist



SAMUEL WESLEY'S GRAVE.

Discipline was laid. All the results of the League that met in this room never can be fully estimated.

From the rectory we went to the church, about a quarter of a mile distant. We got the keys from the sexton and opened a heavy iron gate, which leads into a beautiful avenue that gradually ascends for a short distance. There are a high stone wall and shade-trees on either side. I was thrilled with the thought as I walked up this path that I was treading, in all probability, on the very flag-stones the Wesley's walked over as they went to church. At the end of the avenue we opened another iron gate, which led into the churchyard, which was covered with tombstones, chief among which, to us, was that of the father of the Wesley's. It is at the south side of the church, a plain marble slab, about three feet wide and seven feet long, resting horizontally on the walls of the grave. I transcribed to my note-book the following inscription :

“ HERE

LIETH ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF

SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.

HE WAS RECTOR OF EPWORTH 39 YEARS,

AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE 25TH OF APRIL,

1735, AGED 72.”

“ As he lived, so he died, in the true Catholic Faith of the Holy Trinity in Unity, and that Jesus Christ is God incarnate and the only Saviour of mankind.”—*Acts* iv. 12.

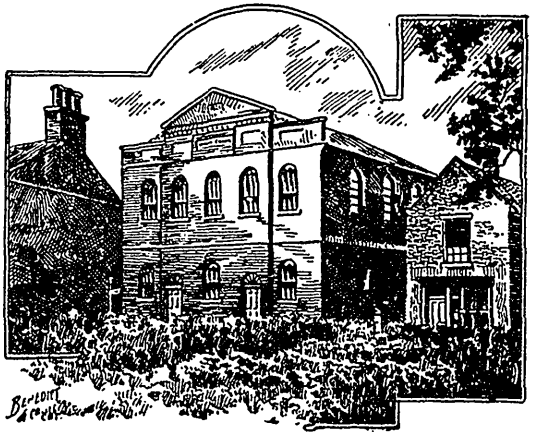
“ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.”—*Rev.* xiv. 13.

It was on this tombstone John Wesley stood while he preached to the people when he was forbidden the use of the church of which his father was so long the faithful pastor. To this fact the venerable Dean Stanley referred, at the unveiling of the tablet to the memory of John and Charles Wesley in Westminster Abbey, when he said :

“ John Wesley is represented as preaching upon his father's tomb, and I have always thought that that is, as it were, a parable which represented his relation to our national institutions. He took his stand upon his father's tomb—on the venerable and ancestral traditions of the country and the Church. That was the stand from which he addressed the world ; it was not from the points of disagreement, but from the points of agreement with them in the Christian religion that he produced those great effects which have never since died out in English Christendom. It is because of his having been in that age, which I am inclined to think has been

unduly disparaged, the reviver of religious fervour among our churches, that we feel we owe to him a debt of gratitude, and that he deserves to have his monument placed among those of the benefactors of England."

The style of the church is 'Gothic, largely built of cut stone, strongly buttressed, and has a massive tower. We entered through a portico on the south side, the only entrance that is now used. At the left of the entrance is a large plain stone font, the bowl of which is about two feet deep and two



OLD WESLEYAN CHAPEL, EPWORTH.

in diameter. In this font the Wesley children were baptized. On the inside of the door there hangs a card with the inscription,



NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, EPWORTH.

"Whosoever thou art that interest this church leave it not without one prayer to God, for thyself, for those who minister, and those who worship here. Pray for one another, and for all mankind."

The church is dingy and dark, very different in style and appearance from modern churches; and well it might be, for it

has stood here for six hundred, and possibly eight hundred, years.

We called at the parsonage of the Wesleyan minister, an unpretentious but cosy building. The pastor was attending Conference, but his son and daughter received us most hospitably, and gave us much valuable information concerning the present state of Methodism at Epworth. We were shown the Memorial Methodist Chapel. The foundation stone was laid by the Rev.



Charles Garratt, and the twelve memorial stones by leading men of the Connexion. It cost about \$20,000, and will seat about five hundred persons. This Wesleyan chapel does not represent Epworth Methodism. The Primitive and New Connexion have each a growing cause. It is a pleasure to think that in this town, where John Wesley had to preach on the market square, or on his father's tombstone, that there are now three Methodist chapels, with congregations, any one of which is as large as that attending the Epworth church. And yet this pleasure was mingled with regret. To me, a Canadian, who had seen the benefits of a united Methodism, it was a sad sight to see the followers of Wesley divided into three different denominations in the town which, more than any other, is associated with his name.

I could not but think, as I rode away from Epworth, of what God had wrought since the days John Wesley had walked its streets and preached upon its market square. Then he had but few followers, and they, with few exceptions, poor; now he has millions, and many of them rich; then he had to preach in the open air, now his successors in the ministry preach in magnificent and costly churches; then the name of Methodist was a by-word and reproach, now it is respected and honoured. What a change! What possibilities has Methodism to-day that it had not in the days of Wesley, and yet what perils in these possibilities. Only with the fulness of the Spirit of Him who raised up Wesley can his followers hope to continue the work that was begun by him.

PORT HOPE, Ont.

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"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."—Ps. XXXIV. 1.

BY IDA H. WILSON.

"I'll bless the Lord at all times,"  
And wherefore should I not?  
I'll raise my voice and still rejoice,  
Though sorrow be my lot.  
It was His will that ordered  
The cup that I should drink;  
Then why should I His love deny,  
And from His chastening shrink?  
  
I'll bless the Lord in sickness,  
When weak and filled with care,  
For it is still His loving will  
Which keeps me suffering here.

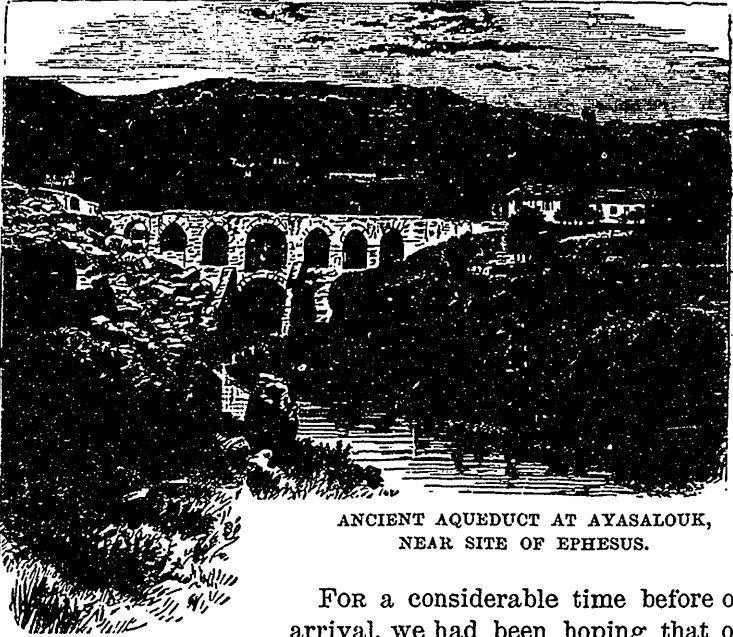
OTTAWA, Ont.

I'll wait with patient meekness  
His time, though tears fall fast;  
Still look to Him, with eyes so dim,  
And bless while sorrows last.  
  
I'll bless the Lord when sunshine  
Illumes my pilgrim way;  
His love and light dispel the night  
And shine in perfect day.  
He sends me joy and sorrow,  
He orders all my ways;  
He knoweth best, on this I rest,  
And bless His matchless grace.

## VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

IN THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—THE CITY OF DIANA.



ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT AYASALOUK,  
NEAR SITE OF EPHEBUS.

FOR a considerable time before our arrival, we had been hoping that our stay at Smyrna would be sufficiently long to permit of our visiting the ruins of Ephesus, and we were proportionately delighted, when it was clear that everything was propitious for the desired excursion. As soon as possible, on the morning of our arrival, we stepped ashore at the Government wharf, passed, thanks to our *teskaries*, without any delay the official Cerberus, and sought one of the large hotels, where we had arranged to meet several of the other passengers and form a party for a special train. For you can now go to Ephesus by train from Smyrna—how strangely it sounds—the line of rails from the great sea-port to the town of Aidin, running past Ayasalouk, the modern village which occupies the site, or rather a portion of the site, of the far-famed city sacred to Diana. At the hotel, we met our friends, and soon taking the tram-cars to the railway station, stepped on board the special train already engaged, and were “all aboard for Ephesus.”

We were a mixed company. Our leader, who had made all the necessary arrangements, was a quiet, but energetic and

scholarly, young German minister, who spoke English and, I think, French also, admirably. There were also several other Germans, a number of English—including two or three ladies—some Americans, probably, though I do not recall them, M—— and myself. In all, there were eighteen or twenty of us, and our special train, the expense of which was, of course, equally divided among the party, enabled us to spend all day at Ephesus and return to Smyrna at night. As we speed along in the well-appointed railway carriage towards Ayasalouk, let me glance at the wonderful history of the city which once stood in stately magnificence where that insignificant village now stands.

The origin of Ephesus is lost in the myths of prehistoric times. The fabled Amazons were traditionally its founders; but more to the purpose is the fact that it was one of those great and flourishing colonies, founded by the early Greeks, on the shores of Asia Minor. Three long rivers here run into the *Ægean*—the *Sternus*, at whose mouth was built the *Æolic* colony of Smyrna; the *Meander*, at the mouth of which arose the splendid city of *Miletus*; and between them a shorter river, the *Cayster*, close beside the mouth of which was built, by *Ionian* colonists, the city which was destined to eclipse both the others in size, in splendour, in influence and in fame. The fertile meadows by the banks of the *Cayster* form the primeval Asia—the Asia of the classic poets. Here was Homer's "Asian meadow by the streams of the *Cayster*," and thence the name spread till it has become, for centuries, the designation of the whole continent.

On a cluster of hill-slopes commanding the fertile plain, and close to the embouchment of the river, *Androclus*, the son of *Codrus*, king of *Ionia*, is said to have landed with a colony, in the eleventh century before Christ; and thenceforward for more than a thousand years, the history of the city is one of continued prosperity and development. From *Mount Coressus*, where *Androclus* built his town, it spread into the plain below, extending both farther inland and farther towards the sea. By-and-by, it became farther extended over the height of *Mount Prion*, every age adding to its importance, every change of dynasty or of rule increasing its influence. *Alexander the Great* gave it a democratic government: but, after his death, *Lysimachus*, into whose hands it then fell, endeavoured to give it a more distinctly *Hellenic* character than it had yet possessed, and recruited its inhabitants from *Colophon* and *Lebedus*. By an artificial inundation of the plain he caused the descendants of the original inhabitants to settle in the Greek quarter, and around this he built a strong wall, considerable remains of which still exist. When the Greek

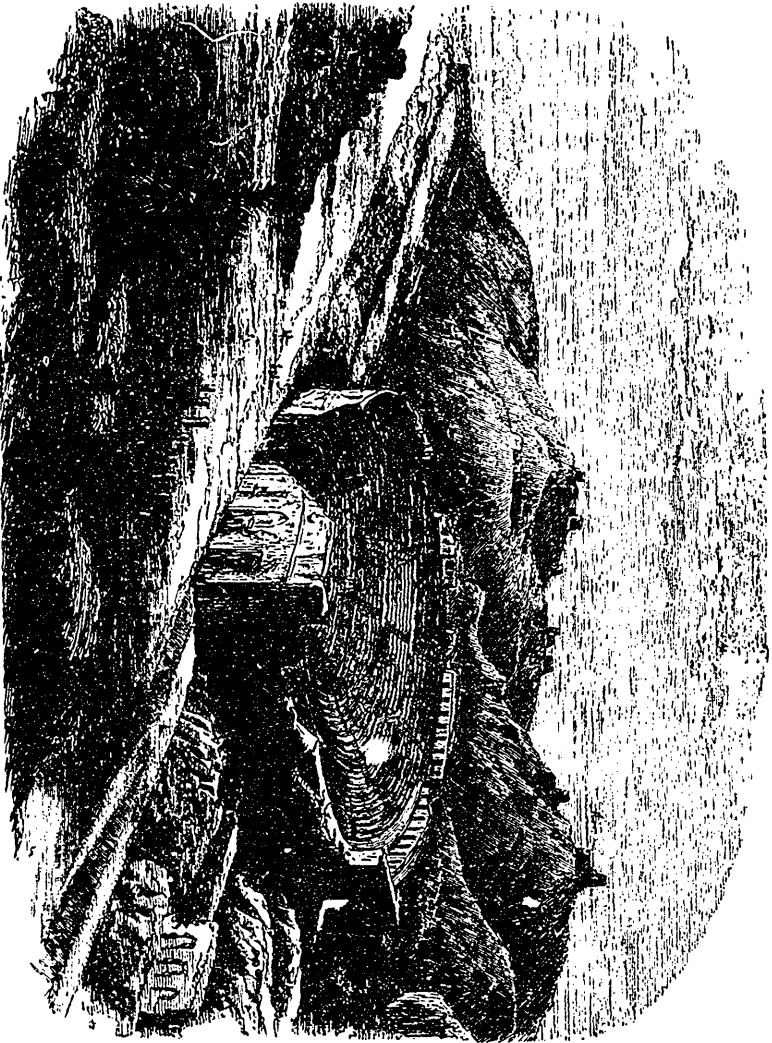
empire was succeeded by the Roman, Ephesus was given to Eumenes, king of Pergamus, and being bequeathed by one of his successors to the Roman people, became capital of the province of Asia and the residence of the proconsul. Thenceforward to the invasion of the northern barbarians, it continued almost uninterruptedly a Roman city, renowned for its wealth, its luxury and its devotion to the goddess, whose name is inseparably connected with it.

Diana of the Ephesians must be distinguished from the Artemis or Diana of the Greek mythology. The latter, the goddess of hunting, represented generally with bow and quiver and hunted deer, was a distinct conception, in idea and in art, from the Diana worshipped and imaged on the banks of the Cayster. The conventional representation of the latter is a stiff, mummy-like figure, the bust covered with many breasts, and she was evidently an embodiment of the fertility of the earth, and an outcome of the nature-worship of primitive Asia. To this deity, whom they found greatly revered by the natives of the country, the Greeks gave the name of their own deity Artemis, and sought to unite the two ideas in one. Through the long centuries, there was a constant struggle for the ascendancy between the Asiatic customs and religion, and the customs and religion of the Greek colonists; and the coins of the different periods show the prevailing custom and cult, by the style of the figure of Diana upon them. Sometimes it is the stiff, mummy-like Asiatic goddess, sometimes the graceful huntress of the Greeks. But whatever the type, the worship of Diana became more and more bound up with the life and being of the city.

As early as the sixth or seventh century before Christ, a magnificent temple was erected in honour of Diana, and this, enlarged and beautified in succeeding years, having been destroyed by an incendiary, a still more magnificent building was erected in its place. For this Alexander the Great offered to supply the whole cost if his name might be inscribed on the pediment, but his offer was refused. The city gave vast sums; the ladies sold their jewellery to swell the funds; neighbouring cities sent them contributions; and many kings presented the splendid columns which adorned the peristyle. The result was the erection of the finest example of Ionic architecture ever built; one of the wonders of the world in an age of splendid architecture and art. Its dimensions were three hundred and forty-two feet long, by one hundred and sixty-three feet wide. It was approached on all sides by a flight of steps, thirteen in number, and its peristyle had one hundred columns, over fifty-five feet high, and six feet

diameter at base. The most remarkable thing in connection with these columns was that thirty-six of them were sculptured in high relief, to a man's height from the base, with legendary figures. This great temple was lavishly ornamented, and en-

AMPHITHEATRE AT EFFRUSUS.



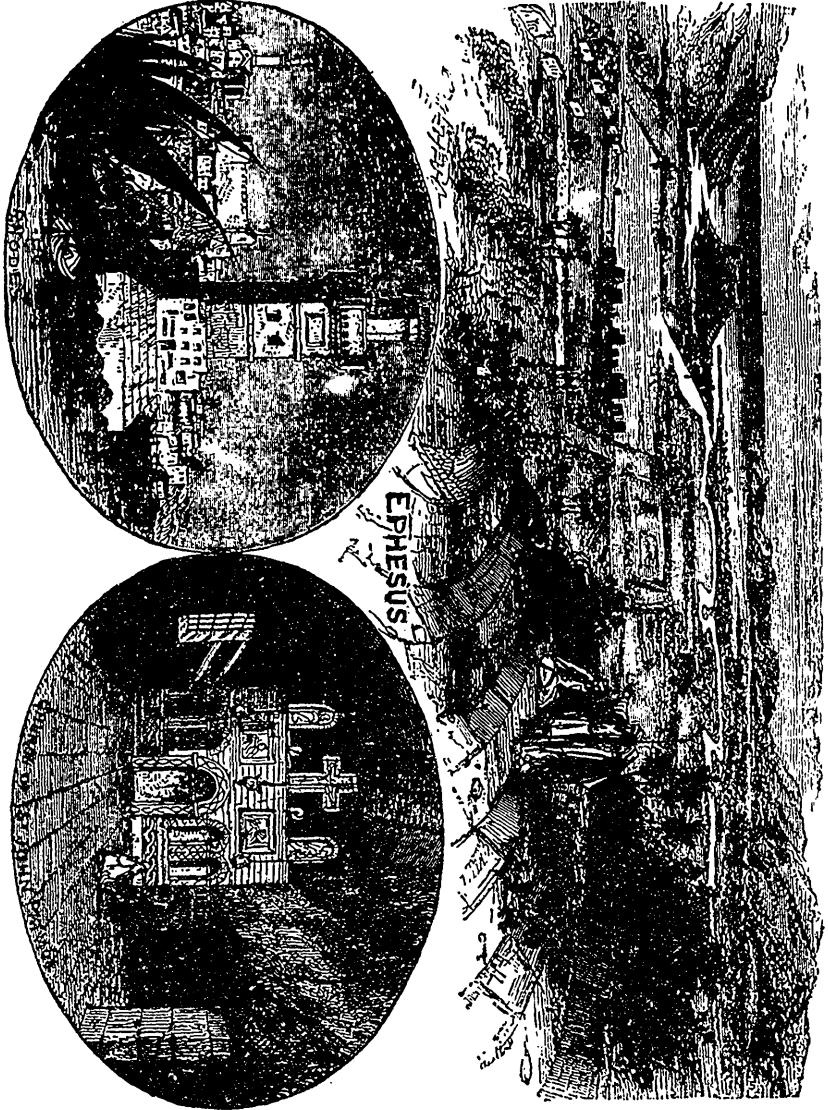
riched with statues and pictures, till it became a perfect museum of art; and pre-eminent among its treasures, if not for beauty, certainly for importance, was the image of Diana, said to have fallen down from heaven, and which some modern scholars suppose to have been an ærolite.

A host of attendants, of various degrees, conducted the religious ceremonies of this famous shrine. Chief among these were the virgin priestesses, who were called *Melissae*, or bees, and the priests, who were bound to celibacy—the chief of the latter being known by the official title of Neokoros (*Γνεωκοροζ*), and being, doubtless, an important personage in state, as well as in church. The temple and its precincts formed a sanctuary, where refugees from justice or vengeance were secure from pursuit and punishment; and, in addition to all these means of influence, it exercised something of the functions of a banking institution, its secret chambers being the depositories for the treasures of the wealthy. Here, then, we have the spectacle of a vast religious corporation, as the centre and heart of a great city's life, supported by its revenues, cherished by its people with a fierce and fervid fanaticism; and, on its side, yielding the city a rich return in extending its fame, increasing its influence, and bringing to its markets hosts of devotees and pilgrims whom it drew to its shrine.

Such was the state of things when Ephesus appears in sacred history in connection with St. Paul's visit; and our study of its origin and its peculiarities will help us to understand the remarkable incidents of that memorable episode in the life and labours of the great apostle. For three years, nearly, he lived in the midst of the refinement, the luxury, and the superstition of the great centre of heathen worship, and his character and preaching told with extraordinary effect upon the prevailing follies. In the Jewish synagogue, until his message to his brethren was refused, and then in the school of Tyrannus to multitudes of Jews and Greeks alike, the eloquent and devoted missionary preached Christ and Him crucified. As the name and fame of the preacher spread, strangers, as well as citizens, flocked to the school of Tyrannus. The attempt of the seven sons of Sceva to use the holy name of Christ as a means of exorcism, and the punishment which instantly followed, brought Paul and his preaching yet more prominently before the people. Asiatic sorcery had always distinguished the city, and elaborate and costly treatises on the art of magic were among the most valued possessions of its votaries. Now the converted and repentant conjurors bring out their treasured scrolls, and, in the presence of the public, testify the sincerity of their faith by burning the volumes of unholy lore to the amount of two thousand pounds sterling.

But so bold, uncompromising, and successful an opponent of prevailing error, and the vast vested interests which had grown up around it, could not expect to be free from bitter hostility and persecution; and this culminated, within a few weeks of his pro-

posed departure, in an outbreak of mob violence, which threatened destruction to the infant Church and death to its intrepid founder. One of the great trade interests associated with the worship of Diana, was the manufacture of miniature representations of her



shrine and temple, which were carried in the great religious processions, or taken away as souvenirs, by the thousands of pilgrims who flocked to the city to take part in them; and this prolific source of emolument to the manufacturer was in danger,

by reason of the emphatic protests of him, who doubtless declared here, as he did at Athens, that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

In a few graphic touches, the writer of the Acts gives us a vivid picture of the scene. Demetrius, one of the master tradesmen, excites his fellow craftsmen by an inflammatory harangue, in which he appeals, first, to their self-interest, by representing the loss to their trade through the teaching of Paul; and secondly, to their religious prejudices, by asserting that the very worship of the great goddess, Diana, was in danger of being despised. The infuriated mob catches fire at once, and bursts out into a frantic roar of passionate enthusiasm, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Again and again it echoes through the streets, until the crowd, increased now by hundreds of citizens and strangers, and gaining in excitement and frenzy with every accession, rushes in tumult into the theatre—the most central and convenient place for a great gathering. It is a wild, disordered mob, the most part not knowing for what they were come together. They have laid hold of two of Paul's companions in travel, but he—and it is a touch showing his personal influence—is restrained from adventuring himself among them by special entreaty of some of the Asiarchs, important officials in connection with the religious festival. The theatre is packed with the excited populace, and the blue sky which roofs it is filled with the hoarse and continued cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Indeed, it is hard to say what the end would have been, or how far the disorder would have spread, but for the prompt intervention of a high civic functionary, the *grammateus*—perhaps a sort of chancellor or recorder—translated in our version, "town-clerk."

In a speech, admirable for its adroitness and sagacity, Paul remonstrates with the lawless and unthinking throng. Is it not notorious, he says, that this city of the Ephesians is Naokoros of the great goddess Diana, and of the image that fell down from the sky?—the world knows that—a few strangers cannot affect it. Besides, this Paul has neither profaned the temple nor spoken with disrespect of your goddess. If Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen have sustained any injury, the proper courts are open, and the proper course is to use them. Besides, this mob-gathering is a dangerous business, and Roman law may deal pretty severely with disturbers of the public peace. And so, in a few quiet words, he throws oil on the troubled waters, and the howling mob disperses.

Such is the dramatic incident which will ever be connected in the minds of readers of the Bible, with their thoughts of this



famous city and its shrine; and it is full of touches which show that it is a real picture. The *grammateus* is a title found in the ancient records and inscriptions; and the very word which he uses as descriptive of the relation of the city to the goddess Diana, the word *Γνεωκοροζ*, translated in our version, "worshipper," but literally, "temple sweeper," was a title in which Ephesus gloried, as is indicated by its appearance on many of its coins.

With Paul's affecting farewell to his disciples, which took place soon after the riot, his connection with Ephesus ends, and the other early associations of Christianity with the city are in connection with Timothy, its first bishop, and St. John, who spent here the last years of his prolonged and devoted life, and of whom a suggestive memorial remains, in the name of the modern village of Ayasalouk, which is a corruption of the words *Hagios Theologos*, *Αγιοζ θεολογοζ*—the Holy Theologian—the peculiar title of St. John, after whom it was anciently named.

But to continue my narrative of our visit. A pleasant ride of, perhaps, an hour and a half brought us to the station of Ayasalouk, and we found ourselves in the midst of a hilly and fertile country, with a number of ordinary modern buildings at some little distance from the station. A most prominent object from the platform—we photographed it while some of the party were negotiating for a guide—was a large castellated pile of buildings on a hill near by, which, though apparently not more than mediæval, stood out in bold and fine relief against the sky. What it was, or was called, I did not learn. An old man having been engaged as guide, and a couple of horses hired for the accommodation of our ladies, we struck through the village and out among fields of growing corn, for the site of Ephesus. The first ruin we came to was an old gateway, close to which, among the tall grasses and weeds, were loose blocks of stone, the remains, evidently, of a building. It was called, I think, the Tomb of St. Luke; and upon one stone, which we photographed, there was sculptured the Christian symbol—a Latin cross, and below it the figure of a bull. Some distance farther on, a path led round a steep hill and descended into a plain, wide, open and marshy. The hill was the famous Mount Coressus, and the plain and swamp, the site of the former harbour and canal of Ephesus, long since silted up, and now completely overgrown with grass and reeds. Here once teemed the busy commerce of the great city, but now all was silent as the grave, and no human habitation remained to show where thousands had lived, and toiled, and died.

Around the shoulder of Mount Coressus, on the slope towards the harbour, was a spot covered with ruins of white marble, and

a little farther on another. Inscriptions in Greek, clear and sharp, some of them, as though recently cut, covered some of the slabs; but nothing of any size, no building or group of buildings, as at Baalbec, anywhere met the view. And yet, one of these sites was that of the mighty theatre into which the mob crowded, from the agora just below, when incensed by Demetrius against Paul and



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, EPHESUS.

his followers, and these weré the hillsides which echoed with the wild and frenzied clamour, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

It was a gloriously bright afternoon, and we loitered about the hillsides, examining the marble slabs and fragments, and trying to decipher their inscriptions; or gazing around on the bright landscape, once the scene of such wealth of art and taste, such orgies of luxurious lust, such dark deeds of necromancy and diablerie, such superstition and such sin. How little these rounded hills and these grassy plains told of the life and the times that

were gone; and yet, beneath them, waiting the explorer's spade, there still remains many a treasure for antiquarian and scholar.

But where was the Temple of the great Diana? We had not seen its ruins, we had not yet been pointed to its site. On our way back towards the village, and no great distance from it, we at length reached, at a little space from the road, a hollow, in which were lying, among the rank weeds which covered it, some huge drums of fluted marble columns, and other fragments of an ancient building. This was the site of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, the spot once covered by the splendid proportions of one of the seven wonders of the world.

A quarter of a century ago, its very site was unknown, so utter had been its destruction. Since then the excavations and studies of Mr. J. T. Wood, an English explorer, who spent many years in the work at the cost of the British Museum, have laid much of its foundations bare; but no towering Ionic column rears itself aloft amid the solitudes, to mark the spot where once stood, in its magnificence, the famous fane of the Ephesian Artemis. The rude and ruthless hands of the Gothic invader began the work of devastation, the early Christians continued it, and the intervening centuries have completed the decay. The stolid peasant tills his patches of farm land above the crumbling marble of the temple and the palace, and bands of brigands lurk in the rocky hills that overlook the plain, once peopled by the crowding population of the vanished city.

As I stood among the ruins I took out my Testament, and laying it on the fallen drum of a great pillar, I read the account of the riot caused by Paul's preaching, and underscored with my pencil the wild cry of the fanatic mob, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" What a bitter sarcasm it seemed, read at such a place, and at such a time—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Aye, great she was then, and numerous; and sincere, and powerful were her votaries, while Paul and his handful of adherents were few, and poor, and powerless; but the Ephesian idol was the embodiment of error, and the humble apostle was the minister of truth; and the issue between these two forces is never doubtful, though it be often long delayed.

"Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,  
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng  
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

"Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just:  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside  
Doubting, in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

“Count me o’er earth’s chosen heroes, they were souls that stood alone—  
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;  
Stood serene, and down the future, saw the golden beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,  
By one man’s plain truth to manhood and to God’s supreme design.”

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“EYE HATH NOT SEEN.”

BY AMY PARKINSON.

WHAT must that city’s stainless lustre be  
Whose very entrance gates are fitly formed,  
Each several gate of one pure priceless pearl;  
Whose gleaming wall, on every side, is built  
Of jasper, such as fancy dreams not of;  
Foundation on foundation crusted thick  
With flawless jewels? Could the gems of earth  
Be gathered all into one glowing heap  
Of what we here should call unrivalled splendour,  
Yet would one gleam from those transcendent walls  
Turn all their glory dim. Within those walls  
The buildings are of gold, of gold so pure,  
So perfect in effulgence, that the light  
Ineffable reflects from it as from  
The clearest glass. Could all the mines of earth  
Give up their stores of gold to be refined,  
And thrice refined again, and laid before  
The sun himself in one grand glittering mass,  
To shine in his strong beams, one ray from out  
That city would efface its brightness all.  
O’er those unequalled walls and matchless towers  
No darkness e’er descends, for we are told  
No night is there; and through the endless day  
The gates stand open wide to all things pure;  
Not any impure thing can enter there,  
Nor aught untrue. The saints who gladly tread  
Those radiant streets have washed their garments white  
In the all-cleansing blood of that pure Lamb  
Once slain, but now alive for evermore;  
Who gave them entrance through the gates of pearl  
To dwell within the city.

Lord of love,  
Life of our lives, our Truth, our only Way  
To those unsullied courts, dwell in us now;  
Reveal to us Thy truth while waiting here  
And listening for Thy call. When that shall come  
Still be our guide right upward, till in Thee,  
The living Way, we reach our glorious home,  
And pass through those pure portals.

TORONTO.

## METHODISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

## II,

IN the fifth volume of Lecky's noble historical series a fine characterization is given of William Pitt, the Great Commoner, who made true his proud boast, that "England should moult no feather of her crest." In a venal age he proved himself an incorruptible statesman. He had no private ends to serve, but sought only the glory of England and the humbling of her foes. "I am sure that I can save the country," he exclaimed, to the Duke of Devonshire, "and I am certain that no one else can do it." His lofty courage, noble patriotism, and honest administration were the guarantee of success. We, in Canada, have good reason to remember his name. It was he who resolved on the absolute conquest of the country, "even at the cost of England's last shilling and last man." He had a difficult task before him. "We are no longer a nation," wrote Lord Chesterfield, "I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." Yet Pitt raised England from the slough of despond to the pinnacle of glory. He infused his own energy into every branch of the public service. On the plains of Plassey, in the trenches of Louisburg, on the heights of Abraham, his influence was felt. From the admiral of the fleet to the sailor before the mast, from the general of the army to the private soldier, every one caught the inspiration of his intrepid spirit. England was like the rampant lion rousing herself for the conquest.

Pitt chose his instruments well. With the true instinct of genius he discerned the surpassing merit of Wolfe, the young hero of Louisburg, and entrusted him with the conquest of Quebec. He infused his own spirit into every branch of the service. The world was ringing with British victories. In India, a merchant's clerk, with a handful of men, had conquered an empire, where the foot of Alexander had faltered. Senegal, Goree, Guadaloupe—her fairest tropical possessions—were wrested from France. On the bloody plain of Minden her choicest troops were crushed before the British lines. At Quiberon Bay, her fleet, destined for

\* "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century." By William Edward Hartpool Lecky. 8 vols., crown, 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. \$2.25 per volume, or \$18.00 the set.

the invasion of England, was shattered by the gallant Hawke. Alike on the banks of the Ganges, and on the banks of the Ohio, on the Moro of Havanna, the forts of the Gold Coast, and on the ramparts of Louisburg, the red-cross banner waved triumphantly, and it was destined soon to crown the heights of Quebec. In the Indian Seas, on the Spanish Main, on the Atlantic, and on the Pacific, British fleets were everywhere victorious.

Mr. Lecky, with due discrimination, characterizes the unhappy period of the regency, when the poor, phantom king, "like a weak, despised Lear," woke the pity of his friends and the contempt of his foes. He devotes also an important chapter to "the progress of religious liberty," under the influence of such great minds as Locke, Warburton, Paley and Burke. True toleration, however, is a plant of slow growth, and, like the aloe tree, finds its fruitage only after long delay.

The great influence of the French Revolution on English thought and politics is amply treated in a succession of brilliant chapters. In striking contrast, as admirably shown by Dr. Stafford in the February number of this MAGAZINE, is the long career of the cynical, waspish Voltaire and of the impassioned apostle of revived religion, John Wesley. Among the chief causes of the great social cataclysm which overturned in France both throne and altar in the dust, was the wide divorce between morals and religion, so called. It was not so much upon Christianity that Voltaire and his *confrères* made war, as upon the caricature of Christianity in the state-supported and state-supporting Roman Catholic Church of the day. Another exigent cause of the revolution was the pressure of heavy burdens of unjust and oppressive taxation upon the starving peasantry. Around the courts swarmed the butterflies of fashion, while the toilers in the human hive wasted their years in maintaining the useless drones of society. There was an enormous multiplication of pensions, sinecures and absurdly overpaid offices, reserved exclusively for the privileged classes.

In 1739 and 1740 the prevailing distress was such that d'Argenson expressed his belief that in those years more Frenchmen died in misery than in all the wars of Louis XIV. In 1750 and 1751 the same scenes were reproduced. Gaunt, famine-stricken crowds, shouting for bread, besieged the town hall, and followed the Dauphin as he drove to Notre Dame. In one month, in 1753, and in one quarter of Paris, no less than 800 persons died of misery.

In contrast to all this wretchedness, was the prodigality and profligacy of Versailles and Fontainebleau. When the starving people exclaimed, "What shall we eat?" they received the answer,

Eat grass." The tragic comment on this reckless trampling on the rights of man was the spectacle of the head of the beautiful Princess Lamballe reeking on a pike's point, its mouth filled with grass.

From such wrongs sprang the retributions of the Reign of Terror. Of course, such a social earthquake shook not only the broad continent, but even the island realm of Britain, though surrounded "by those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coasts." But for the Wesleyan revival, which did so much to amend the morals and to restrain the passions of mankind, not only Lecky, but almost every historian of the period admits that England was in danger of revolution.

Some of the most interesting chapters in Lecky's history are those which treat of the social and moral condition of the people, their industrial development, prevailing opinions and tendencies. Marked improvements are in many cases made manifest in his survey of manners at the close of the century, as compared with that at the beginning; and as we survey society to-day, we note a still greater progress, as doubtless our successors of the twentieth century will observe in comparison with the nineteenth century.

Our author describes with a touch of humour the brilliant colours in the attire of the "bucks," "beaux," "macaronis" and "dandies" of the period. Even Wilkes, though he claimed to be a thorough-paced radical, went about in a coat of green or scarlet cloth, and in a suit edged with gold; and Goldsmith, exiguous as his circumstances almost always were, sported, as a physician, silk small-clothes, a scarlet "roquelaure," a sword and a gold-headed cane. Clergymen usually wore their gowns in the streets. Chatham, in eloquent sentences, deplored the sudden influx of Asiatic wealth, which was bringing in its train Asiatic luxury; and Voltaire believed that Indian wealth had so corrupted England, that she had now entered upon her period of decadence.

It was not till 1750 that umbrellas were carried in London. In 1782, Dr. Jamieson was the first person to use one in Glasgow. In 1778, men were mobbed by a jeering crowd for carrying an umbrella. These new-fangled articles aroused the antipathy of the hackney coachmen, who regarded them as an invasion of their special prerogatives.

The popular amusements were neither refined nor elevating. Masquerades were constantly spoken of as the chief demoralizing influence of the time. Gambling was indulged in to a most pernicious degree. Gillray caricatures three of the first ladies of the land as "Faro's Daughters" standing in the pillory. Three

titled ladies were indeed fined for illegal gambling. It was common to sit over the cards till four o'clock in the morning. Late hours were bitterly complained of. Lord Derby's cook resigned his place because "he was being killed by preparing suppers at three o'clock in the morning." Hard drinking still prevailed, countenanced in an extreme degree by the example of the heir to the throne. Many hackney coachmen—known as "cruisers"—earned a living by picking up drunken gentlemen at night and conveying them to a place of safety. Dr. Johnson boasts that he had himself, when at college, drunk three bottles of port at a sitting. He afterwards gave up all wine-drinking, but declared that he remembered the time when "all decent people of Lichfield got drunk every night and were not thought the worse." The language on the lips of the men of fashion, their coarse and stupid jokes, directed especially against foreigners, and their violence of manner, were a disgrace to the age. Fencing, bull-baiting and cock-fighting were still popular; and among the rustics, badger-baiting and boxing.

A more pleasing theme is the popularization of knowledge, largely through the influence of John Wesley, who established the first cheap literature for the masses on a systematic scale. The love of travel greatly increased, and the facilities for it were multiplied. The roads were still atrocious, and "so narrow," says Arthur Young, "that for twelve miles a mouse cannot pass by any carriage." Twenty or thirty horses were sometimes employed to draw the waggons out of the ruts. England ceased to be a wheat exporting country, and the corn laws kept up an artificial elevation of prices.

A striking phenomenon was the extraordinary development of manufactures resulting from the inventions of Hargrave, Arkwright, Crompton and others. The inventors, however, had to pay heavy penalties for their services to mankind. Spinning-jennies, carding-engines, almost all kinds of machinery were wrecked, with the houses of their inventors and owners. Nevertheless, the manufacture of cotton, iron and the like continued to increase, and the greatest mechanical boon of the century to mankind—the steam-engine—came into operation.

The penal code of England a hundred years ago was of savage ferocity. Its laws, like those of Draco, were written in blood. The death penalty was inflicted not only for murder, but also for treason, forgery, theft, and smuggling; and it was often inflicted with aggravated terrors. Amongst the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding enumerates and lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual associa-



tion in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation, or shame.

The turnkeys of Newgate were said to have made £200 by showing Jack Sheppard; and Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *carpe diem*—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Boys under twelve were sentenced to death and hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naïvely added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so." When Blackstone wrote, says Mr. Lecky:

"There were no less than one hundred and sixty offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize."

Many persons now living can remember the gibbeting of murderers till the ravens devoured their flesh, and their bones rattled in the wind. Political offenders were still more harshly dealt with. Men then alive had seen the gory heads of knights and peers impaled on Temple Bar, and their dismembered limbs on London Bridge. The very contemplation of the subject excites loathing and abhorrence. In a hundred years posterity may look back with similar feelings on the executions of to-day.

Suicides were thrown into dishonoured wayside graves, trans-fixed with stakes and crushed with stones. The pillory and stocks still stood on the village green. Flogging was publicly inflicted by the beadle of the parish. The number of executions were enormous. In 1785, in London alone, it was ninety-seven. After a jail-delivery at Newgate, scores of miserable wretches were dragged on hurdles up Tyburn Hill, amid the shouts and jeers of a ribald mob, who either mocked the mortal agonies of the culprits, or exhorted their favourites to "die game," as the phrase was. The state of opinion touching executions in 1783 may be inferred from Dr. Johnson's protest against the discontinuance of the procession to Tyburn. It having been argued, says Boswell, that that was an improvement,

"No, sir," said Johnson eagerly, "it is not an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession; *the criminal was supported by it.* Why is all this to be swept away?"

So far were those exhibitions from deterring vice, they actually promoted it. Mountebanks, gamblers and jugglers plied their nefarious callings under the very shadow of the gallows and in the awful presence of death. On the outskirts of the throng, John Wesley, or Silas Told, often exhorted the multitude to prepare for the great assize and the final Judgment.

The condition of the prisons was infamous. Prisoners for debt were even worse lodged than condemned felons, and all were exposed to the cupidity and cruelty of a brutal jailor. In 1785 John Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedford. The horrible state of the prison pierced his soul. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in Europe, and dragged their abominations to light. They were the lairs of pestilence and plague. Men were sentenced not to prison only, but also to rheumatism and typhus. He bearded the fever demon in his den, and fell a victim to his philanthropy. But through his efforts, and those of Mrs. Fry, Fowell Buxton, and others, a great reform in the state of prisons has taken place. Methodism did much for the prisoners. The Wesleys sedulously visited them, and Silas Told, the sailor convert of John Wesley, gave himself exclusively to this work.

The slave trade was rapidly rising into that monstrous blot upon humanity upon which we now look back with surprise and shame that it was permitted to assume such appalling dimensions without a check. After thirty-four years of conflict with the House of Lords, and with the interests of the shipmasters and merchants of London and Bristol, and of the planters of Jamaica, the foul stain of the slave-trade and of slavery itself was wiped forever from the escutcheon of Great Britain. In this work John Wesley deeply sympathized. The last letter he ever wrote was one to Wilberforce on the enormity of the slave-trade.

The reforming spirit, however, was abroad. The moral effects of the evangelical movement were being more and more felt. Legislation for the poor and suffering, and sorrowing, and pauper children and lunatics took on a more humane character. With a passionate charity the Evangelicals were everywhere seeking, in the beautiful language of Burke, "to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken, and to care for the helpless and neglected." The influence of Sunday-schools has not failed to find its recognition in this philosophical history, nor the increased duty of society to savage and pagan nations. Christian missions, the glory of the nineteenth century, had already sown their germs.

A hundred years ago the elective franchise was vastly more restricted than at present. The parliamentary seats for the counties were generally the hereditary perquisites of the Knights of the

Shire. The pocket boroughs were the private property of the Lords of the Manor. Some landed proprietors held several of these boroughs. A few ruined huts on Salisbury Plain, where not a soul dwelt, returned a member to Parliament, while important centres of population, like Manchester and Leeds, had no voice in the councils of the country. A parliamentary majority could be secured by the combination of a few score of private landlords. Hence, nearly all the legislation was for their exclusive benefit.

The most glorious revolutions of science have been compressed into the last few years. The rocky tablets of the earth have been deciphered and its mystery wrested from the immemorial past. The arcana of nature have been explored, and their secrets discovered. The science of electricity is almost entirely the growth of the past century. The sciences of chemistry and medicine have received immense improvement. Some of the most devastating diseases have been rendered almost innocuous. Small-pox, that scourge of the last century, has been shorn of its terrors by the universal practice of inoculation, brought from Turkey to England by Lady Wortley Montague, and introduced into America by Cotton Mather. Probably the nineteenth century may be similarly noteworthy for the victory of the Koch lymph over the *bacilli* of consumption. The sanitary conditions of towns and cities has been greatly improved, and the duration of human life considerably extended. The growth of population in the United States and Canada during the last century has not been equalled elsewhere. At the close of the revolutionary war the population of the young republic was three millions, it is now over sixty-three millions. That of Canada in 1763 was 70,000, it is now five millions.

The progress of American Methodism has been astonishing. Its dozen members of 1766 are now five millions. Its two itinerants are now over thirty thousand. Its first educational institution of 1787 has multiplied to two hundred, with thirty-two thousand pupils. Its first Sabbath-school of 1786 has multiplied to over thirty thousand, with half a million of teachers and over four millions of scholars. Its first church of 1768 has increased to fifty-five thousand, or, including rebuilding and renewals, over one-and-a-half for every day in the past hundred years. And how many redeemed ones have during that time gone up on high to join the Church triumphant in the skies!

Lecky claims for the eighteenth century, on the whole, an honourable record, but for the fatal influence of the French Revolution and the war which it provoked.

“A century was certainly not without the elements of greatness which

witnessed the victories of Marlborough, the statesmanship of Chatham and his son, the political philosophy of Burke and Adam Smith, the religious movement of Wesley and Whitefield, the conquest of India, the discovery of Australia, the confirmation of the naval and the establishment of the manufacturing supremacy of England. In this century religious persecution practically ceased, and the form of the Constitution was thoroughly established."

A large share of this volume is devoted to the troubled history of the sister island. The closing years of the century were years of strife and tumult. Our author describes the Irish agrarian system, which has given rise to such perplexing social and economic problems, the rise of "Orangeism," the disturbances in the North, fostered by the intervention of the French, and finally, the wretched rebellion with which the century ended, and the subsequent union, by which an armed truce rather than a settled peace was secured. The following are the pregnant words with which our author closes his eighth volume :

"There is no fact in modern history more memorable than the contrast between the complete success with which England has governed her great eastern empire, with more than 200,000,000 inhabitants, and her signal failure in governing a neighbouring island, which contains at most about 3,000,000 disaffected subjects. Few good judges will doubt that the chief key to the enigma is to be found in the fact that Irish affairs have been in the very vortex of English party politics, while India has hitherto lain outside their sphere, and has been governed by upright and competent administrators, who looked only to the well-being of their country. The lessons which may be drawn from the Irish failure are many and valuable. Perhaps the most conspicuous is the folly of conferring power where it is certain to be misused, and of weakening, in the interests of any political theory or speculation, those great pillars of social order, on which all true liberty and all real progress ultimately depend."

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#### I KNOW.

I know the crimson stain of sin,  
Defiling all without, within ;  
But now rejoicingly I know  
That He has washed me white as snow ;  
I praise Him for the crimson tide,  
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, helpless plaint,  
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint ;"  
But now I trust His touch of grace,  
That meets so perfectly my case—  
So tenderly, so truly deals,  
Because I know that Jesus heals.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

POPULAR DELUSIONS ABOUT INSANITY AND THE  
INSANE.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.,

*Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.*

THE word *lunatic* has conveyed erroneous impressions to the public in respect to the insane. The inference is drawn that the moon has to do with, or in some mysterious way influences, the mentally deranged. There is a notion afloat that our lunar neighbour affects agriculture in respect to the sprouting and growth and ripening of grain. Many farmers will not sow grain except during certain phases of the moon. They will not kill swine unless the moon is in the right quarter, as they say the pork will keep better at this benign stage. A large number of superstitions cluster round the supposed potency of lunar influences. This is very natural when the ignorant observe its attractiveness in tidal relations. This occult agency of the moon was expected to have a perturbing effect on the insane, hence the expression being "moon-struck." There is no foundation for this delusion, as physical and mental diseases obey more powerful laws in their operation than any causes which could operate emanating from our satellite.

It is also supposed by those who do not come in daily contact with the insane that all those with mind disorders are *maniacs*, hence the nickname mad-house. The stage has done much to perpetuate this error. The Ophelias are decked out in the most absurd way, from straws in the hair to rags on the body. They are supposed to be always jabbering inanities, or shouting verbal nonsense, or muttering incoherent sentences. All this is a travesty on the facts as seen in the wards of an asylum. There are few to whom the term maniac could justly be applied. There is sometimes excitement; occasionally there may be sentences with exclamation points; those rhetorical flourishes may be accompanied with gestures which elocutionists might envy in respect to appropriateness; but there is little of the raving madness and delirium so dwelt upon by actors and novelists. The extravaganza belongs to the ideal more than the real. The demented insane, as a rule, seldom speak, and if so, it is usually in monosyllables. They sit in semi-stupidity on benches or in chairs all day long. Occasionally the higher intellects in this class may take the body for a walk or do some mechanical work in which they are accustomed to be employed, and which, thereby, has become largely

automatic from repetition. In sane and insane, habit becomes a second nature.

These persons compose the larger part of the asylum population. They are designated as quiet and harmless chronics. Such scarcely ever become excited during the long course of years which many of them live. If they are comfortable in their person and surroundings, if they have enough to eat, and have plenty of time to sleep, their cup of happiness is full. Past troubles cease to worry; past afflictions have no poignancy in the present; past loves and hates have lost their intensity; past plenitude, honors or disgraces are only as faint retrospects which have no abiding interest to such, hence the erroneous idea that all the insane must, of necessity, be very miserable has no existence in this class of demented. In fact, those in whom is mental deprivation of a lower grade still have no more intellect than the congenital idiot. It matters not how intellectual these persons may have been, and how capable they were to engage in the ordinary business of life, that day of mental grasp has passed away, and now they hopelessly and helplessly drift along the stream of time, heedless of their surroundings, of passing events, of friends or foes. Some of this class of mental negation would sit by the fire and burn before they would move away; they will allow flies to settle upon their eyelids, and not even attempt to brush them off; in short, they have no more ideality nor decency than has the child of six months of age.

The most dangerous of the insane are not the so-called maniacs, but the delusional, who may be very quiet in language and conduct, but who may at the same time be hatching mischief against themselves or others. The patient who is continually threatening to kill himself or some one else is not as dangerous as are such as give no sign, but who are cunningly devising ways and means to accomplish their purpose. Secretly lethal weapons are found and secreted; the opportune hour is sought out, any laxity in oversight is at once taken advantage of. Promptitude is not wanting to act in any one who has a dominant false idea prompting to action. The devil may order such to hang, burn or mutilate themselves. The demon must be obeyed, as his influence is paramount. Some officer or servants have been conspiring against the insane man, it may be to poison him, or kill him in some other way, so, in self-preservation, he must slay his enemy. Many such acts may be committed because he is urged to them by a direct command of the Lord, or of Satan. He may hear His voice, or the voice of one of His prophets to do these things, therefore it is a sacred duty to obey a divine or diabolical command. The moral

is to carry out the imaginary behest, and the ethical features from a sane point of view are never thought of. Granted the premises, the conclusion is logical.

Such insane with homicidal propensities kill from the promptings of such an inward monitor. They are put into the dock, indicted for murder; their mouths are shut; the evidence is against them; a jury looks merely at the act, and have no opportunity to study the actor, nor experience to know anything about insanity, nor capacity to analytically weigh evidence; so the verdict is "guilty," and the sentence, of necessity, must be hanging. The pages of history are bespattered with the blood of these innocents, if "malice aforethought" is the fulcrum idea in homicidal responsibility, and want of it coextensive with want of accountability. Mothers and fathers kill their families, whom they may fondly love when they are in their right senses, because of the orders of some inward prompter, or because of a blind and irresistible impulse incited by brain disease; but irresistible and, it may be, without motive.

Insanity is a degenerative process, and, as might be expected, in its chronic condition is a step backward towards childhood and childish ways. The same trinkets, trifles and fancies which amuse a child delight the insane in much the same way. In this respect, also, a majority of them never combine in concerted action with others. They have few, if any, confidences, hence conspiracies of lunatics are seldom heard of in asylums. The overt or cunning acts are usually done by individuals only and alone. Then, as is the case with children, they are selfish. Number one is the first consideration with those who have reached this low stage of mental enfeeblement. In children, the appreciation of the rights of others has not reached the height of moral obligation in development; in the chronic insane, this capacity has been removed in the retrograde steps of disease. The order of building up has conversely taken place in the pulling down. The moral nature is the first that gives way in the lesion of the mind. The sense of right and wrong is the last faculty to be developed in the natural growth of the individual from childhood upwards, so it is the first to suffer in mental alienation. The order of destruction downwards is in order as follows: Morals, intellect, instincts, and automatic animalism.

Another theory which is very popular, and has been prevalent for many years, is that insanity is purely a mental disease—simply that and nothing more. The believers quote the dramatist's poetic interrogation, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" Disease means a departure from the normal standard of health. If the

mind can become the subject of disease in any way analogous to the mortal body, then must it die, and for it there would be no immortality except through a resurrection. Of course, were man a tripartite being, as the theologians say, and composed of body, soul and spirit, then two out of the three existences might perish, leaving one entity to possess the attribute of perpetual continuation. Physiologists hold man to be composed of simply body and mind, and is thus a duality. The materialistic class mean by this an organ and its secretions. The metaphysical physiologists mean two existences in co-operation, the one being simply matter, and the other being a substance without the primary and secondary qualities of matter. Whatever view may be taken, it is interesting to note how interdependent these twins are upon one another. A fever will cause delirium; dyspepsia will produce hypochondria; opium or any narcotic, in large doses, will defy volition and induce stupor and temporary oblivion; our nightly sleep must be preceded by a slow pulse, languid and deficient blood circulation in the brain; and the wise man becomes a fool over too much wine. On the other hand, a hearty appetite is instantly destroyed by bad news; sleep is banished by worry or anxiety, and gladness will act at once as a bodily tonic and stimulant. In all these causes and effects it is the body alone which determines the conditions.

Insanity is always a bodily disease; and mental or moral perturbations are *occasions*, not *causes*, of brain disease. Were the organ in tune, the organist could bring harmony and melody out of it to the utmost of its capacity. No two of us have the same number of stops or octaves; but to the extent of our mechanism and its capacity so far can our mental capabilities go, and no further. The sound mind is hedged in by its physical and instrumental environment. No amount of culture, or training, or opportunity could produce genius, or even talent of a high order, in the vast majority of our race. The potentiality is not there, and never can be in the individual stamped with mediocrity. Such may never reach their best; but the utmost capability is a fixed boundary, beyond which it is impossible to pass. The transcendent sons and daughters of genius cannot be made out of congenitally ordinary organizations, any more than can good coffee be made out of an ordinary or inferior coffee bean. The mortal with thirty ounces of brain must perforce be a child or an idiot; but the brain of sixty ounces, healthy and well organized, has in it the possibility of mental scope and vigor. On the other hand, the brain of fifty ounces in weight, well organized, is much more useful to the mind than is one of sixty ounces, but primitive in its



construction, just as a pound of steel has more wear and elasticity in it than a pound of iron. As might be expected, the brain of an educated mortal when diseased is more likely to recover its equilibrium than is that of low organization, in which, consequently, there is weak mental power, so to speak; the former has a vitality and rebound to it which the latter does not possess, and is thereby so apt to degenerate into childishness and mental deprivation, which is virtually the tomb of the mind. In weighing probabilities of recovery from insanity, the existence of education is one of the factors on the favourable side of the equation in my experience, taking the averages by causation and results.

It is a curious and interesting study to note the various theories in respect to mind and its manifestations; and, as a corollary, the various views as to what is meant by a diseased mind. The pendulum of thought, in its definitions, has swung from the one extreme to the other since the days of Hippocrates. To classify generally, there were three opinions which held sway for longer or shorter periods during the centuries. In one it was held that mind and brain were simply the product and the organ, in short, the physical entity and its secretion. This theory goes under the much anathematized name of materialism. Cabanis says: "All intelligence consists in sensation, and all sensation resides in nerves;" and, "as the liver secretes bile, so does the brain secrete mind." Feuchtersleben asserts, that "the operations of the mind are emanations from those of the body, and, of necessity, mental disorders must be merely bodily ailments."

In recent days, Tyndall puts the same ideas as follows: "The animal body is just as much the product of molecular force as the stalk or ear of corn, or as the crystal of salt or sugar. The formation of a crystal, or a plant, or an animal is a merely mechanical problem. Not alone the mechanism of the human body, but that of the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—were once latent in a fiery cloud."

In a word, there is a school of materialistic physiologists who reduce man physically, mentally and morally to a mere machine. Mental action and moral judgments are mere secretions of nerve activity. The initiatory force to set in action our volitions, reasonings, imaginations, affections, emotions, and even our consciousness, is always and only nerve energy or brain function. There is no mind entity behind this organ directing or controlling it in any degree. The *I* is only a resultant of the *Not I* in action; and we are all mere machines obeying absolutely perforce the behest of brain atoms or molecules in concerted operation. There is no spontaneity independent of, in the least degree, the mandate

of this bodily autocratic taskmaster. I vainly imagine that my mind is dictating commands to my hand to do the writing I am now engaged in. It is a delusion according to this doctrine, for the first movement was that of a nerve atom or a community of atoms in concert, and out of it, in some way, sprang up an idea and then a volition. How the atoms came to be cognizant of the necessity of the moment in this and all ideality has not been explained. I have the conceit in my conscious being that I am making my brain a servant of my ideation in the conception of thoughts in this monograph. I feel within me a certain liberty of action to do or not to do, within certain circumscribed limits, according to my individual capacity, which no reasoning can banish from my consciousness, and which is manifested to me in my daily experience.

According to the modern and materialistic school of physiologists this is a delusion of mine, and to overthrow the evidence of self the data of consciousness and its presentations are ruled out of court. It is the chief witness for the defence, hence its evidence must be rejected.

These speculations would do very little harm were it not that of necessity they lead to a fatalism in respect to human thought and action. There can be no ethics and no responsibility in such a system of belief, and the sane, with the insane, cannot be accountable for actions, volitions and moral judgments which are purely mechanical, and in which can be no spontaneity. It will be seen that this theory is not merely speculative, but when applied to human conduct is of paramount practical importance. There is a great deal of experimental philosophy in the Poet Laureate's song:

“The baby, new to earth and sky,  
 What time his tender palm is pressed  
 Against the circle of his breast,  
 Has never thought that this is I.

“But as he grows he gathers much,  
 And learns the use of *I* and *Me*,  
 And finds I am not what I see,  
 And other than the thing I touch.

“So rounds he to a separate mind,  
 From whence clear memory may begin,  
 And through the frame that holds him in  
 His isolation grows defined.”

It is easy to see that the idea of man being simply a beautiful piece of material mechanism, with no controlling power behind

it, is a doctrine far-reaching in its results, not only in ethics and theology, but also in practical medicine in relation to morbid minds. There must, of necessity, be in it a fatalism which would paralyze all endeavour to help ourselves and our fellow-man, for if there is *nothing* to have a hereafter, and if the mind must become non-existent when the brain, its author, has mixed with the clods of the valley and dissolved into its kindred dust, it would be a merciful deliverance to free all the afflicted from their earthly bondage by an *euthanasia*. It would be a refinement of cruelty to prolong the lives of those afflicted with incurable, and it may be, painful diseases, and killing could involve no moral guilt if mind be only a brain secretion with no spontaneity, and no choice of action, and no moral obligation. There can be no murder when there is no responsibility, and law has no right to punish a mere machine. A theory of this kind is untrue, it is mischievous and is far-reaching in results. It flies in the face of conscious freedom and innate moral judgments.

That insanity is essentially and purely a disease of the mind is a form of error which has gone through many phases of thought during the last 2,500 years, in fact, since the days of Socrates. Were these opinions merely speculative and, consequently, harmless, no reflections could be cast on our ancestry in respect to the treatment of the insane. Such was not the case, because they were at once accepted as an axiom in that such were devil-possessed, and to-day, *Anno Domini* 1891, several acquaintances of mine, including clerical as well as lay persons, cling to this idea. The result was cruelties inflicted upon the insane, a mere recital of which would make the very blood run cold. These barbarities were inflicted to a greater or less extent until the beginning of this century. This demoniacal delusion, which meant that a personal devil had, by occupancy, possession of the individual in body as well as soul, was modified by the idea that mental dethronement was simply "a perversion of the soul, in fact, equivalent to *sin*." "The mind was the immediate seat of the disorder, and could be clearly traced to its origin, *sin*, error, passion." (Heinroth.)

Dr. Burrows in his standard work, and modern at that, says: "Madness is one of the curses imposed by the wrath of the Almighty on His people for their *sins*." This erroneous idea was universal, and still prevails, not merely among the ignorant, but also where the school-master is abroad. It is a vicious doctrine which holds that all sinners who become insane are so because of sin as a cause. This does not mean simply violators of physical law, but also those who are morally bad. To become insane

means wickedness. The good, the gentle, the noble in character, and those of whom the world is not worthy, have become insane by the tens of thousands, while many a vile wretch has escaped this dire infliction. Many of our citizens have had mental aberration because of hereditary tendencies in which they could have no part or lot, because of that inscrutable law of transmission—not of disease—but of liability thereto, if all the conditions necessary to evoke the latent weakness are present. A sunstroke, a fever, maternity, a blow on the head, worry, great afflictions, mental anguish, over-exertion, heredity, are among the many causes of insanity; but they come upon saint and sinner without discrimination as to moral guilt or worth, and without mercy. We only see a segment of the great circle of providential dealings, but,

“God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.”

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### STRENGTH.

BY LEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

What a promise this for thee!  
Fear not then what time may bring,  
Thou art safe beneath His wing.

Do the clouds of boding ill  
Overshade the future still?  
When the morrow comes apace,  
Thou shalt have the morrow's grace.

Dost thou dread the pain unborn?  
Fear the cold world's bitter scorn?  
Is it not enough to know,  
He will needed strength bestow?

Does the conflict from afar  
Make thee faint before the war?  
When the battle-dawn appears,  
Thou wilt laugh at all thy fears.

See! the warder angels teem  
Where the beaconed watch-towers gleam;  
Hear the cry they ring to thee:  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

THE ELMS, Toronto.

## THE LOVE-FEAST THAT CONTINUED.

## A FRAGMENT.

BY THOMAS THOMPSON.\*

AMONG the varied meetings held in the church, Didymus much enjoyed the old-fashioned love-feast. There he heard such a variety of experiences and style in relating them that interested and amused and sometimes edified him. Some of the garrulous old men and women illustrated the saying, "Once a man, twice a child," while some of the very glib brethren rolled it out so unctuously and easily, as if their tongues were hung on a pivot, and they were carried away by the swing of their own volubility. Occasionally a brother or sister had to be stopped short by the minister in charge commencing to sing a familiar hymn, thus giving an opportunity for the speaker to subside and cool off.

Another fact that struck Didymus was, that the more educated and cultured of the members were the least demonstrative in their manner, and this very circumstance seemed to make somewhat of a division or cleavage, that found expression in the more noisy members, when exercising themselves in testimony, indirectly referring to the quieter ones of the congregation as being cold, and formal, and worldly, and disloyal to the King of kings; and yet, when practical Christianity had to be exercised in the work of looking after the poor, and sustaining the various enterprises of the Church, it was evident that the demonstrative members left that part of the work to others. And then Didymus would ask himself, Which was the scaffolding, and which was the building? Whether the good time at the meeting, or doing acts of brotherly kindness and ministering to the needy were distinct matters? Unfortunately he came to the wrong conclusion, namely, that both classes were labouring under a delusion, the one in excitement and shouting, and the other in their trying to make their peace by giving of their wealth, and, so to speak, making their way sure to the better world\* by laying up treasures in

\*Nearly forty years have passed since some of the characters here portrayed were in the spring-time of youth. The elder ones of that time have entered into the skies, all of whom, without exception, as they passed through the portals into the eternal city, gave glorious testimony to the power of the grace that saves, while the younger characters of that period still live, evidencing in their lives the conserving influence of Methodist usages and doctrine, and the power of divine grace to control the individual character to the glory of God.—T. T.

heaven which they could claim when the work of life was over. Yet he seemed to think that the practical results were from the latter, and so his favourite gospel of humanity was practised as well as preached—good feelings turned into good actions; benevolence quickened into beneficence as burdens were lifted and hearts lightened.

It was the quarterly love-feasts that brought out the strong characteristics of the Methodism of those days. The members had to show their quarterly tickets of membership, while outsiders obtained their tickets of admittance from the minister, who sat in the little ante-room adjoining for that purpose, half an hour before the meeting started. Didymus and his young companions, though not members of the Society, were admitted by tickets upon representing to the minister that they were desirous "to flee from the wrath to come." In vain was the effort often made by some of the youthful ones to gain admission without first procuring the necessary order. The vestibule, or church porch, was guarded by the sexton, known as one Billy Andrews, a sturdy Yorkshireman, who brusquely, if not roughly, represented the law that came by Moses. His very countenance said plainly, "Thou shalt not enter here." He was known even to chase the boys down the steps, and, if necessary, to hasten their flight with a shove, as he would say, "Get out of here as quick as you can." All boys, and sometimes even girls, have an innate dislike to constituted authority, and naturally resent it, so that when Jack and Didymus, after one of these encounters, and being rushed down the steps, suddenly opened the door with a bang, where the minister was quietly sitting, and asked for admission tickets, the good old minister, Father Lyle, after squeezing their hands, asked them were they "desirous to flee from the wrath to come?" Jack looked up into his face and said, "We have just done it," referring to the sexton, who to his mind was the very impersonation of wrath. The minister smiled, and as he handed the boys the tickets for admission said to them, "Dear boys,

" 'Youth is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward.' "

Then they rushed up the steps again, and presenting their tickets, said to the sexton, "You durstn't refuse us now."

After the meeting was duly opened, bread and water was passed around among the members when, more or less, ejaculations would be made by some of the older ones. The service lasted for fully two and a half hours. First of all cubes of bread, about

an inch square, were handed round on plates to the members by the class leaders; then they sang:

“ Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.”

This was followed by big white jugs of cold water being carried round, each member taking a drink in turn. The outsiders, including the boys, also partook of the brotherly tokens of love, but felt like young hypocrites as they whispered to each other, that if there was not any more love than feast at the meeting it was a poor affair.

As soon as all the congregation was served the collections were taken up, when they all sang:

“ We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But praise Thee more for Jesus' blood;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven.”

The minister then led off by relating his own experience, which was generally short, practical and pointed, and was intended to serve as a model in those respects to those who should follow him; and knowing how apt some of them were to get prolix and tedious, he would say, “Brethren and sisters, we want to hear only how the Lord has been doing with you during the last quarter, and your present experience. Don't wait one upon another. If two or three at a time speak, all the better. The Lord can hear it all, and it will help to keep the fire burning.”

There was one good old sister, Stoner, who always dropped asleep when the minister was speaking, but who invariably started a hymn as soon as he sat down, as if her ear had suddenly caught the key-note of her refrain from the minister's last word, commencing with:

“ Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;  
Oh, Canaan is my happy home,  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?”

She then related her experience, and usually started off with the statement that she had been having “a refreshing time from the Lord”—which any one near her could testify to—but she was an honest, hardworking woman who took in washing, and the heated room overcame her.

The next to get up was the managing trustee and class-leader, Robert Walters; he was prompted from a sense of duty to speak early, and he always spoke briefly and to the point, in this respect following closely the minister's example. Good sense and well-chosen words clothed his thoughts, and every one felt that a true man stood up before the congregation as he related his experience. Then, one after another, the members stood up, some speaking but a dozen words, others spinning it out to pretty long lengths, commencing at their conversion twenty-five or thirty years before, and winding up with an exhortation. But there was one aged and very interesting brother whom all were waiting to hear, who never failed to interest even the youngest member of the meeting. He had spent the most of his life at sea, on board a man-of-war as a ship's carpenter. His figures of speech were nautical, and taken from his own experience of seafaring life. His manner of delivery was slow and impressive. His cheeks were like rosy-streaked apples, his face wonderfully mobile and expressive, while his voice was mellow and full.

Here some one started the hymn :

“ The Gospel ship is homeward sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore.”

This never failed to bring him to his feet. Then every eye turned towards Father Dutton, who, under the inspiration of the song, you could observe was unconsciously balancing himself as if he were on a rolling ship at sea, or like the ship's compass that is set upon pivots, swaying gracefully to the motion of the ship. His eyelids rapidly opened and closed and glistened with tears, then became suddenly transfixed, when a shade passed over his countenance, as if his perceptive faculties had retired and made way for his reflective nature. Slowly his thoughts found words to fit them, and without any introduction he at once plunged into the subject-matter of his meditations as follows :

“ Sailing across the Indian Ocean, from the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon, you come under the sun's directer rays. The moment comes that you have crossed the line of the Equator. The sun directly over your head, there is no shadow at your feet. Oh, the wonderful sensation, the moments rich in experience; and I thought, oh, to have the Sun of Righteousness right over our heads, shining down clear and full—no more shadow, no more sin, no more sorrow, no more death. The love that is eternal encompassing you, the arms that are everlasting embracing you. But the ship moves on, and we wake from our dreams to find we have crossed the line. Alas, there is the shadow again. The



favouring winds have died down to a whisper, the dead calm is upon us, and the vessel lying like a log upon the placid bosom of the mighty deep,

“‘As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.’

“And now the sun is obscured by clouds, but we point the vessel’s prow to our desired haven. For days and nights, no sun, no moon, no stars, no clear horizon. Dead reckoning only by the log. No, not altogether; thank God, we have the compass to steer by; and so, as we cross life’s dark and tempestuous seas, we take faith as our compass, we shape our barque heavenwards, and we take hold of God’s right hand in the darkness. But again our progress is painfully slow. What’s the matter with the ship? How we fret and chafe.”

Here the old man is suffused with deep emotion that affects every one in the little chapel; sobs are heard all around. He stands for a while without speaking, ere he incarnates his thoughts into speech, and then, with a face radiant with joy, and a full, sounding voice, he says:

“Oh, for a heavenly breeze! ‘Quartermaster,’ shouts the captain, ‘is all clear and taut about the decks?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir, everything is in trim shape.’ ‘Carpenter,’ sings out the quartermaster, ‘examine every board, and seam, and stanchion.’ ‘Aye, aye, sir.’

“Now the captain and bo’sn are looking away into the distance. It is a cloud no bigger than a man’s hand, but it is coming towards the ship. The very masts, and timbers, and flapping sails seem to wait in hopeful expectancy of work to do. Suddenly a mighty rushing wind sweeps down upon the ship, the bo’sn’s shrill whistle is sounding; the bo’sn’s mate and the sailors are flying all about, all hands are on the alert, and the ship is bounding on her course.

“Brethren and sisters, the breeze is springing up. Remember they were all with one accord in one place, in the upper room at Jerusalem, waiting, and the Spirit came down with mighty power.” Here he paused, overcome by emotion, lifting up his eyes streaming with tears, but only for a minute. “Friends,” he said, “the voyage of life will soon draw to its close. Some one will call out, ‘Land in sight,’ and then—the desired haven. Safe, safe in port, where all the ship’s company meet.”

Then some one, coughing away the lump in his throat, would start up the favourite hymn:

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.”

It took several minutes after this before any one would venture to speak, for all felt the highest point of the meeting had been passed. But, gradually, as one after another rose to their feet, and in simple language spoke of their hopes, and fears, and resolves; and when Mrs. Dyson and Mrs. Garton, in plaintive and subdued voices that seemed to fall like oil on tempestuous waters, had spoken, a holy calm rested upon the hearts of the congregation.

Just at this point a stranger, who sat away in one corner of the building, related his experience, in a soft, southern voice. He was, he said, all the way from Kentucky, and had dropped into the meeting accidentally, and had been richly blessed while he sat there; for he saw and felt how good it was for brethren to dwell together in unity. When the last two speakers, he said, were on their feet, a verse came into his mind that he had learned many years ago. It was as follows:

“When such as these, familiar with the skies,  
 Have filled their hearts from whence those waters rise,  
 And once more mingled with us meaner things,  
 ’Twas even as if the angels shook their wings;  
 Eternal fragrance filled the circuit wide,  
 Which tells us whence those blessings were supplied.”

He was, he said, returning to “Old Kentuck” the following morning, and he would take with him from Canada pleasant memories of this happy occasion.

A new face and a new voice, especially when giving out a new thought, and more especially when clothed in fitting words, never fail to waken up the interest of the listeners, and stir up the emotions that “among the people called Methodists” lie very close to the surface; but a sudden anti-climax was produced as the brother from Kentucky closed his observations by saying his business in Canada was to buy horses, and he thanked the Lord he had found some very good ones.

“Hallelujah!” shouted a brother from the country, who raised horses for the American market, and who drove to town regularly for the love-feast.

It is part of the training of a Methodist preacher to watch closely the drift of the meeting over which he presides. He knows it is often but a very short step from the “spiritually sublime” to the “raundane absurd,” and that when they cross at right angles the

sparks are apt to fly right and left. Some ministers pitch the meeting on a high key, and start it off at fever heat, allowing no pause for contemplation or reflection. Satan, to their ideas, not only goes about like a roaring lion, but with a satchel full of narcotics and anæsthetics, seeking to soothe with somnolent draughts, and quiet the aroused listeners into sleep.

At the request of the minister to rise up and sing, Brother Jacob Hicks struck up a hymn that he thought fitted into the experience of the brother from Kentucky, who had just sat down, and, with a strong baritone voice, led off with :

“ At Jacob’s well a stranger sought  
His drooping frame to cheer ;  
Samaria’s daughter little thought  
That Jacob’s God was near.

“ This had she known, her fainting mind  
For richer draughts had sighed,  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied.”

A good stand-up singing exercise shakes off the drowsiness and puts new life into the meeting, especially those old fugue tunes with their rapid runs, where the bass has to put in a galloping race of several bars while the treble is hanging on to a single note, all the time getting red in the face and short in the wind, and longing as anxiously for the bass voices to catch up as Wellington at Waterloo listened for the tramp of Blucher’s contingent, or looked for the nightfall to give him a rest. The time of the meeting was fast drawing to the hour for dismissal when the father of the two boys, Jack and Didymus, rose to his feet. He was a man of commanding presence, neat in his attire, and beyond the average in his clear, distinctive utterance. Somehow he seemed to command attention, as with a voice at first trembling with emotion, but gathering strength as he proceeded. He said but little, but that little was pregnant with strong feeling. He closed by quoting from the 122nd Psalm: “ Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.”

Why is it that some voices seem to catch every ear? Is it that too often when the lips open we hear only words, and that the soul has to speak, the intelligence to sparkle in the eye, and then only is the ear that hears quick to receive, as the heart-language sends forth words that make echoes that roll from soul to soul with a meaning strange to the Babel builders, and known only

to those, whether babes or adults, who are of the kingdom of heaven? And yet so it is. From the heart of those fleshly wrappings that enclose the mind comes a voice or a look that tells even from out of the common clay there dwells a soul longing and living for its native heaven.

The two brothers parted company at the church porch, Didymus, like many of his age, making use of the same as a meeting-house, for no sooner had he emerged from the sacred building than he hastily caught up to Ruth Garton, who was quickly walking homeward.

"You seem to be in a hurry, Ruth," said Didymus, after wishing her "Good evening." "Suppose you slacken your pace, for I want to talk with you about the service we have just taken part in."

"I did not know," said Ruth, pleasantly, "that you had taken any part in it. If you did it must have been a silent part. But I like to walk quick; it gives one a sense of relief after sitting over two hours in a close building; but first tell me what part you took in the meeting, and did you like it?"

"Yes," answered Didymus, "I like the meeting, this part of it, with the stars overhead and the moonlight struggling through the tree-tops making such delicate lines of tracery upon the pavement. But I did not hear your experience; what say you to making me your father confessor? I am ready to absolve you at a moment's notice, yet I think my office would be a sinecure, because you have no sin to cure."

"Oh, you are always playing upon words," said Ruth, "why can't you be serious? But you have not answered my question, how did you like the meeting?"

"That is a question, Ruth, that I would want time to answer," said Didymus, in a more thoughtful tone of voice, "for my liking it or not seems of such little consequence, and yet I would answer it, because you put the question. Suppose I replied this way: There was a good deal in it beyond my comprehension; there was a good deal in it, also, to amuse and gratify one; and there was just enough pure gold in it to save it from being called an imitation of the real article."

"Really," said Ruth, "I am surprised that those are your conclusions, and yet, 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned,' so, perhaps, that answers your first point; as for the amusing part of the meeting, I quite agree with you, for the testimony given by the gentleman from Kentucky made me laugh right out, but for the little bit of pure gold there I think you are mistaken. If, because an old Spanish doubloon, all battered and worn, looks very different to a Yankee half-eagle fresh from the mint, it is

none the less gold, and very likely with less alloy in it besides, for its very softness shows its pureness. So when you hear men speaking like Mr. Dutton, Mr. Walters and your father, you surely admit that such experiences are full of reality."

"I acknowledge the force of what you say, Ruth," said Didymus, "and the way you put it, for, under your influence, I confess not only that I am fallible but malleable, and I give you credit for more discernment than I have got. How I would like to see with your eyes, and weigh people's motives and actions with your scales. Unfortunately, nature and observation has left an impress upon me that I cannot alter, even if I would. I believe in my fellow-mortals, but that means that I believe they follow the natural bent of their natures. Some people are born believers in mysteries; others, again, come into the world and want to put their fingers on the spot before they can believe. You are, happily, more like the former than the latter. But with reference to the meeting, do you know, Ruth, when the 'old man eloquent' was recalling and spiritualizing his experience, I thought what a fine study he would make for an artist, while your spiritual eyes, I suppose, saw in him a saint, ready for heaven?"

Ruth made no direct reply to this, for she felt there was in the companion by her side a want, or rather a need, in his life that she could not supply; but she knew that he loved her, and she knew also that with all his lightness of character she was, by some invisible and unspoken bond, drawn to him. She did not know how and she did not want to know. But she broke the silence by saying:

"Heaven is a state as well as a place, Mr. Dyson, and we can have it in our lives if we only want it; but if one does not feel the need, why, of course, he can never know the want."

"Take care, Ruth, for you are drifting on to dangerous ground, because that's only another way of putting an old saying, viz., 'If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' and I am sure neither you nor I believe either in blissful or any other kind of ignorance. Were it not that disobedience is more to be condemned than the desire for knowledge is to be commended, I would say the fall of Adam was not such a terrible thing after all."

"Oh, Didymus Dyson," said Ruth, emphasizing his name, "how can you talk that way? Disobedience and unbelief are deadly sins, and no amount of argument can gainsay it."

"The minister told us in his last Sunday's sermon," said Didymus, "that sin meant, literally, missing the mark, and as it requires skill to hit the mark, how can one obtain skill but by practice. No doubt he will often miss the mark before he succeeds."

I can't imagine a loving father acting like the Austrian tyrant, Gessler, represented as ready to hurl the patriot, William Tell, into limbo if, trying his best, he missed shooting the apple from off his son's head. That God is good, I cannot doubt, but that He is a tyrant, I can never believe."

"He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," said Ruth.

"There I fully agree with you," answered her companion, "and now that we have found common ground, and very close to your own door, may I not interpret the omen this way? Where you live and where your better heart finds rest, I cannot be very far off, for the 'divinity that shapes our lives' is surely incarnate in those we love the most."

As Didymus said this he lifted his glistening eyes to Ruth, and as she took his outstretched hand, and said "Good night!" the sound of her voice went down into his heart like the song of birds in the spring-time, while the touch of her hand sent a thrill to his inmost nature.

"Good night!" he responded. "Every night is followed by a morning; the love-feast has lasted longer with me than with the congregation, and your 'Good night' is like the benediction that follows after prayer. Pleasant dreams to you, Ruth, and if in your dreaming you should see, like Jacob at Bethel, the angels ascending and descending, send by one of them a message for me."

"And what shall the message be?" said Ruth.

"That one of them would bring from heaven some potent medicine to cure my spiritual blindness."

"Christ Himself gives the cure," answered Ruth, "for He says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' Faith in Him will open your eyes."

TORONTO.

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#### A SONG OF THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
 The earth so bright;  
 So full of splendour and of joy,  
 Beauty and light;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
 Joy to abound;  
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
 Circling us around,  
 That in the darkest spot of earth  
 Some love is found.

## THE CASTAWAY OF FISH ROCK.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

"HAIRBREADTH escapes, did you say, sir? Ah, yes, I s'pose we've all had more or less of 'em, but may be sailors knows more about 'em than people livin' on the land ever can? Don't you think so, sir?"

We were on our way home together from a week-night prayer-meeting, Solomon French and I, under the bright crisp starlight of a Newfoundland winter night, the frosty ground ringing under our feet, and the clear air blowing sharply upon our faces, as we walked briskly along. Solomon was a fisherman, and a splendid specimen of his class. His broad shoulders and well-knit frame gave evidence of great strength and power of endurance, while his fine open features, with a smile of good-natured happiness beaming out from them, and his clear blue eyes, full of frankness and intelligence, won your sympathetic liking and confidence, on the shortest acquaintance. A good man was Solomon, a genuinely earnest and whole-souled Christian; warm-hearted and thorough-going in his practical devotion to God and duty. Deep spiritual experiences had come into his life and hallowed and mellowed his character, as only such experiences can, giving it an elevation and breadth that raised him above and beyond the commonplace and monotonous level of ordinary Christian life. In our short acquaintance, I had already been struck with the rare insight and outlook of his views, the richness and wisdom of his understanding of divine things, the simplicity and comprehensiveness of his faith, and the clear common-sense of his practical piety; and I saw in these the secret of the great respect in which he was held, and the strong influence for good which he exerted in the community.

On the night in question, the service had turned—the hymns particularly—upon divine providence, and the presence of God with His people in times of danger and distress, and our conversation, as we trudged homeward from the meeting, had naturally followed the line of our previous thoughts.

"Why, sir," continued Solomon, "as we were singin' that verse to-night,

'Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
And given me back at Thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand,'

my mind was busy enough with more than one experience of my own in my nearly forty years of knockin' about on the sea. Many a time I've seen God's hand plain enough. 'Deed I have. But when you started that verse, at the close of the meetin', sir, 'Though waves and storms go o'er my head,' I fairly broke down and cried, for it seemed to me God was remindin' me once more of His great love and care for me in a time when I sung that verse in a very different place from where we was to-night. Indeed, I can never sing that hymn or hear it sung without thinkin' of it. Some day, I'll tell you about it, sir."

"Come in, now," said I, for by this time we had reached my own door, and my friend was preparing to bid me good night. "Come in now, Solomon; I've heard something about that wonderful escape of yours, and I would like to hear of it from your own lips."

"Well, sir," said Solomon, when, a few minutes later, we were seated cosily before my sitting-room fire, "so you've heard something of the story of the Fish Rock? 'Tis a strange story, an' a solemn one, too; an' I can never tell it, even at this distance o' time without feelin' a good deal. In the spring of 1873, I shipped for the sealing voyage—for the ice, as we say—in the brig *Huntsman*, of Bay Roberts, in Conception Bay. Captain Dawe was the master, and there was a crew of sixty of us, all told. A good ship we had under us, an' an experienced man for our captain—a real old seal-killer. We left port about the fifth of March, and, near the strain of the Grey Islands we got about half a load of seals; but the seals were not plenty, an' we were a long time doin' little, so the captain concluded to go further north, as the season was gettin' late, an' try for some old seals, so we ran down to the Labrador coast. Just as we got down a gale o' wind sprung up, with a ter'ble heavy sea, and it got so rough that we couldn't stand in the open water, an' was forced to put into the ice for shelter—that is, sir, into a string of loose running ice, about three or four miles off the shore.

"There was a couple of other crafts not far from us, an' they put into the ice as well. 'Twas bad enough for us, you may believe, sir, but 'twas the only thing we could do in the ter'ble heavy wind an' sea, to get into the ice where, of course, it was smoother. We was far enough off the land, bein' on the outer edge of the ice to keep us from fearin' the lee shore, an', barrin' the danger of runnin' into an iceberg, we was fairly safe, we thought, for we had no idea of rocks at that distance from the shore. But, once in the ice, of course we had to go with it, helpless, as you may say, for there was a strong tide runnin' along



the shore, as well as the heavy wind an' sea. Ugly enough it looked, sir, I tell 'ee, as night come on, an' no sign of improvement—gettin' worse it was, indeed, all the time.

"We had some narrow escapes from icebergs, as we drove along with the wind an' tide; but, as I said just now, we never thought of rocks. 'Twas several hours after dark, and we was drivin' along, every man of us anxiously lookin' out into the darkness, when we saw what we took to be an iceberg some distance ahead. All of a sudden one of the crew sings out,

"'Rock! Rock on the lee bow!'

"'Twas no iceberg, sir, but the sea an' ice breakin' over a reef of rock, right ahead of us. Quick as thought, the captain sang out to back the head-sails, but 'twas no use; we drove on right fair for the rock.

"'God have mercy on us,' says the captain, 'we're lost. Let every man try to save himself.'

"'Twas an awful time, sir; sixty men of us there on the deck of that ship, drivin' right into the jaws of death, for there was no chance of escape that we could see. Some four or five men jumped from the weather-bow, but were smashed up at once; more took the riggin'. With some others, I ran out on the main boom, but couldn't see a pan of ice big enough to jump on, so I said to myself, 'I'm as well here as anywhere else.' Talk about religion, sir, I felt thankful then for my interest in Christ, an' I was as happy as I am in this room this minute. I was standin' there holdin' on by the topping-lift, when she struck, bow on, against the rock, an' as she reeled back from the blow, her stern went right under the sea an' ice, and I found myself rollin' over an' over among the breakers that were dashing up over the rock. I couldn't have thought it possible, sir, for a man to live a minute among that pounding, grinding ice an' sea, but I did. As it dashed me up on the rock, I got hold of the kelp an' stuff that was about it, an' held on for dear life. But the sea came in an' dashed me away. Again, I got hold, an' again the sea carried me away. I got another grip, however, an' held on, desperate, for I felt my strength givin' way, an' I knew I couldn't hold out agen many more seas. But again the sea dashed over me, an' swept me off, an' I gave myself up for lost. But I managed to get hold again, a bit higher up, an' I said to myself—I felt that much exhausted—'If another sea takes me off I'm gone, I haven't any more strength left.'

"Well, sir, the next sea came in to my feet, an' no further; an' sea after sea broke on the rock an' rolled that far, but not far enough to sweep me off. It was a kind of point of the rock, just

big enough for me to rest my hip on the top of it, and half sit, half lie, just out of reach of the sea. I say out of reach of the sea, an' so I was, so far as carryin' me away went, though I didn't know when a bigger sea than usual might sweep me off, and the blindin' spray was dashin' over me constantly. There I was, alone on that wild rock, drenched with icy water, bruised and bleedin' from the awful beatin' I had had when cast ashore, holdin' on for dear life in the darkness and storm. Half an hour before on the deck of our vessel, in the midst of my friends; an' now, so far as I knew, the only one living out of them all. It was pitch dark; I could see nothin' but the white breakers, as they dashed up to my feet, an' I could hear nothin' but the howlin' of the wind, the roarin' of the sea, an' the awful groanin' an' shriekin' of the ice. An' yet, sir, I thank God, I was kept in peace. He was near me. I felt His hand sustainin' and helpin' me, an' I sung about them words we sung to-night:

“‘Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Though strength and health and friends be gone,  
 Though joys be withered all, and dead,  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
 On this my steadfast soul relies,  
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.’

“You don't wonder, sir, that I can't sing those words or hear 'em sung, without rememberin' that ter'ble time. Yet, blessed be God, He kept me, as I said, in peace. Oh, how glad I was that I knew Him, that I loved Him, that I had been tryin' to serve Him. How glad I was that through it all I could feel around an' underneath me the everlastin' arms. It was dark, indeed, around me, sir, but I had wonderful views on that rock. I could see li'e as I never saw it before, the value of it, the need of a man livin' wholly for God an' in readiness for whatever might happen, an' the awful foolishness of livin' for anything else, busy about this thing an' that thing, an' leaving the most important of all things neglected. I had been servin' God, sir, but there, in the darkness, there come to me such wonderful thoughts about God, an' the importance of livin' for Him, that I felt as I never felt before how poor my service had been, an' how different my life might be made if I had it to live over again. An' yet, blessed be His name, I had the assurance of His love, an' favour, an' forgiveness. Jesus was with me, an' I rested on His arm.

“Well, the long night wore away, and when mornin' broke I could see somethin' of where I was. It was a dreary sight, sure enough. The ice was hove up all around me, but the wind an' sea was droppin' somewhat. The rock I was on was about fifteen

feet high, an' less than a quarter of a mile long—just a low, narrow reef of rock, almost covered by the sea an' ice, I could make out the hills on the mainland four or five miles or more across the ice, a rocky, desolate lookin' coast, but not a sign of a ship or of a human bein', livin' or dead, in all the miles of ice around me. I was alone, famished, bruised, half dead, on that bit of a rock in the midst of the icy sea. I was so sore that I felt as if I couldn't stir, an' so weak that I felt as if I had no strength to do so if I wished. The sea was smother, an' the day got clear, but there seemed little chance of anything happenin' to help me. I was beyond human help, to all appearance. Many a time that day I sat up as well as I could and looked all around to see if I could see any sign of help or hope, but there was nothin' to be seen but the miles of ice and the distant shore.

"It was a long day, sir, a long day. Stiff an' sore as I was, it was nothin' to the pangs of hunger that began to seize me as the day wore on. That was the worst of all. It was indescribable. I couldn't tell you what I suffered. So I made up my mind that, as the sea continued goin' down, I'd try to crawl ashore next mornin'. It was a poor chance of my gettin' there, an' a poor chance of my gettin' to any settlement if I did; but I felt I couldn't hold out much longer on the rock, an' that very soon I wouldn't have any strength to leave it. I'd perish if I stopped, an' I could only perish if I fell through the ice or failed to get to any place where people was livin'; so I said to myself, I'll try, anyway, in the mornin', please God.

"I didn't give up heart, you see, sir, at all, though everything looked so black. Seemin' to me God kept me from despair, an' sinkin' down under my desperate condition. I prayed to Him, hearty an' often, an' sung a hymn now an' then to brighten myself up. Well, the second night passed much like the first, except that the sea had gone down, and the spray didn't dash over me at all, and I could lie a bit more comfortable on the rock. But I was ter'ble sore an' cold, an' hunger was gnawin' at me more an' more. When mornin' came, the second dawnin' I'd seen on that rock, I saw that it was goin' to be a fine day, an' that the sea was smother than ever. I looked out an' saw a good big pan of ice a little distance off from where I was lyin', so, with a prayer for God's help an' guidance, I crawled off to it and started for the shore. It was slow work, sir, you may depend. I was that sore an' weak, it was ter'ble labour. I'd get over two or three pans an' then take a spell; then, maybe, go twice the breadth of this room, an' then stop for another spell. I suppose, in three hours or more, I wasn't a mile away from the rock. You see, I was beat

about wonderful, an' I felt my legs givin' out with weakness. However, I hobbled along, takin' short walks and then restin', but makin' poor headway. I didn't give up, though, not a bit, and I was sittin' down takin' off my pants to relieve myself of their weight, for they was all water-soaked an' iced up, when just as I was goin' to start again I heard voices, and lookin' up, I saw three or four men coming across the ice towards me. 'Twas a glad sight you may depend, sir, an' a very unexpected one, an' my heart gave big beats of thankfulness an' excitement. I felt that my troubles was over. They had come from the shore on purpose to reach an' save me, and they was ter'ble glad when they saw me.

"How do you suppose they came to know I was on the rock? Well, sir, 'twas wonderful. They told me the rock I was on was what is called the Fish Rock, off Cape Charles, which was the highland I had seen while lyin' there, an' Captain Graham, in his seal'n' steamer, had been in Cape Charles harbour during the gale, an' after it was over had happened to be up on the cape with his spy-glass lookin' out over the ice. He, or some of his men, caught sight of something movin' on the rock, an' at first thought it was only a seal, but after awhile, believed it was a man. So they determined to get him off, if possible. They set fire to a tar barrel so that the man on the rock might see it an' know there was people not far off, an' then the captain got about forty men to start out over the ice next mornin' an' try to get to him and bring him ashore. So they found me, sir, as I've told you.

"Well, they gave me a little bread, and changed my old water-soaked loots, an' I felt stronger, so, with their help, an' in one spell more, I got to the land. But I couldn't stand when I got there, an' they had to hand me up. Captain Graham was wonderful kind to me, took me in to his cabin, and cared for me like as if I was his brother. But I was very ill, an' a mass of bruises an' cuts, body and head. I was a poor sight to look at, an' I remember the captain wouldn't let me see the lookin'-glass, because he was afraid I'd be frightened at my own looks. They brought me home in the steamer on her return, an' by the time I got there I was beginnin' to mend fast. But it was a long time before I was much good. I went about on two crutches all spring and part of the summer, but by the end of it I was able to walk without 'em; an' now, sir, I never feel any ill effects of my dreadful exposure, except, sometimes, in my feet. I was on the rock, sir, from about nine o'clock Sunday night till about eleven on Tuesday morning.

"It wasn't till I got back home that I knew whether any others

than myself had been saved from the *Huntsman*, but I found that eighteen of 'em had got home before me; so there were just nineteen of us saved out of the crew of sixty. When the vessel struck, an' her stern went under the water, most of the crew was drowned or beat to pieces with the ice as the sea dashed over her, but some managed to get on the ice an' crawl off on the weather side. Many of these got smashed up between the ice, but eighteen of 'em reached a craft which was drivin' along a little distance from us, and bein' further out, fortunately, was able to clear the rock. This craft, the *Rescue*, which, strangely enough, happened to be commanded by our captain's brother, got safely home a couple of weeks before I did, but our own captain an' his son, with all the rest of our crew, perished in the breakers at the Fish Rock, or were smashed to pieces in the drifting ice, after the vessel went down.

"Now, sir, you have my story. I can never forget that time; never, never! If any man should be thankful to God it is me. If any man should love and serve Him faithfully, surely I ought. God was with me on the Fish Rock, an' He is with me to-day. Many a time in the storm an' calm of the years that have passed since then, I've proved Him to be a God near at hand and not afar off; an', bless His name, I find Him so still. An' when I tell my story, sir, an' I've told it many a time in these years since it happened, mostly to sea-farin' men like myself, I do want so to tell it that those who hear it may see the value of faith in Christ, an' the power of God to keep a man's soul in peace in the midst of the greatest danger an' distress. I do want to help them to seek that power, if they don't already possess it, an' to have their faith in it strengthened, if they already do. There's nothin' but the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ can keep a man straight, an' safe, an' happy, blow high, or blow low, in rough water or smooth, below or aloft, afloat or ashore."

NOTE.—The above story is true in all essential details down to the literal names and dates, and the hero of the remarkable escape is still living in veritable and vigorous flesh and blood. I have but supplied the connecting link between him and my readers, and painted the background of the striking picture.

GRAND BANK, Nfld.

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THIS is His will : He takes and He refuses,  
 Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,  
 Wise ones, nor mighty for His saints He chooses,  
 No, such as John, or Gideon, or I.

—F. W. H. Myres.

## ALL HE KNEW.\*

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE by little the Kimper family was made more comfortable and put in some condition for the coming winter. Broken window-panes were mended, though frequently only with bits of board closely wedged. Cracks in the wall were stuffed with dried grass and plastered with mud, and clean straw replaced the dirty substitutes for beds and mattresses. The head of the family worked hard at the cobbler's shop, yet did not cease working when he reached home.

Yet week by week Sam looked better than in old times. Conrad Weitz, the manager of the most popular drinking-place in the town, predicted that there would soon have to be a change for the worse.

"He ain't drinkin' nothin'," said Conrad, "and a fellow dat's been drinkin' all his life can't get along widout it afterwards."

The vendor of stimulants said this to Deacon Quickset, for the two men were incessantly quarrelling over the liquor question, and never lost an opportunity of bringing up a new point about it when they met by any chance.

"You're all wrong about that, Weitz," said the deacon, sitting upon an empty beer barrel in front of the liquor store. The deacon was accustomed to say with a grim smile that he was one of the very few men in business whose reputation would allow him to sit upon a beer barrel without giving rise to any suspicions.

"Deacon," said the liquor dealer, "you hadn't ought to talk about what you don't understand. How long since you stopped drinkin'?"

"Now, see here, Weitz, what do you mean to ask me a question like that? You ought to know well enough that I never drank in my life. If I haven't told you so again and again, I should think other people could have done it."

"Never drank anything, eh? never in your life? Well, well!" said the proprietor, caressing the beer-shop cat for a moment, "dat explains a good many dings about you dat I never understood before. I tell you vat I tink, deacon, if you'd been brought up in my country, mit all de brains you've got in your head, and yoost could 'a had a lot of German beer put inside of you beside, you'd been' about the finest man in the United States now. Den, besides dat, of course you ought to belong to my shurch too."

"Your church!" sneered the deacon.

"Come, now, deacon," said the shopkeeper, abruptly dropping the cat, "you can turn up your nose at my ideas all you vant, but

you mustn't turn it up at my shurch. I don't do dat to you, don't you forget it eider."

"That's all right, Conrad; I didn't mean to do it. Of course, every man will believe the way he is brought up, but I hope you won't go to tellin' anybody else in this town that that poor convict ought to be drinkin' and will have to do it again, because it might get to his ears, you know, and if it did it might break him down, and then he'd go to lyin' and stealin' and loafin' and fightin' again, and there is no knowin' whose chicken-coops and wood-piles would have to suffer. Yours might be one of the first of the lot."

"Vell," said the German, "is dat de vay you look at de question?"

"It's a fact, isn't it?"

"Yes, I s'pose it is. But I didn't tink dat vas de first ding for a man like you to tink about ven you vas talkin' about a fellow dat has broke off all bad habits and is tryin' to be just besides."

The deacon felt awkward for a moment. He did not like to be reminded of any of his faults by a neighbour, much less by one who belonged to a church so widely different from his own.

"Why, of course not," said he, "of course, I am thinkin' about the man's eternal salvation and about his future; but to tell you the truth, I haven't got much faith in his professions. A man that don't get any futher than he has done, and that don't seem willin' to learn from them that's his betters, and has gone into such things a good deal deeper than he has, ain't very likely to hold out. And the last condition of that man will be worse than the first."

"Vell," said the shopkeeper, "a good deal depends on dat. You vas a member of de shurch, and I vas a member of another, deacon, and we can talk together like brudders—a little vay, anyhow. Now, I tell you vat it is, dere's a good many men in dis town dat's behavin' very decent who don't belong to any shurch at all, and you yoost as lief discount deir notes as you would any other man's, and you'd go into business with dem just as quick as you take their word for anyding just as quick. If dat's de vay mit dem men, vy isn't it true dat Sam Kimper is a good deal better off with what he's got dan he would be midout anyding at all in de way of religion?"

"O Conrad," said the deacon, "you were brought up in darkness and error. You don't understand. I've got that Sam Kimper on my mind so much that I'm just keepin' our minister after him all the whole time."

"Vell," said the shopkeeper, "I tell you vat I'll do, deacon. You let your minister do all he can mit him, and ven he finds he can do nothing yoost you come and tell me, and then I'll send our priest after him. He's a good man. You can't say nojing against him; you know you can't. Needer can anybody else in dis town."

"No," said the deacon, "I don't mind sayin', 'cause I've said it a good many times before, that if Father Black belonged to my church instead of the one he does, I couldn't find a single thing to say or think against him. He is certainly a very good man, and doing a great deal of good among a lot of people that I didn't suppose ever could be kept out of mischief, but—"

"But he didn't keep them out of mischief in your vay. Dat's de trouble, isn't it? Come, now; own up like an honest man and I vont go tell nobody else about vat you say."

"Conrad," said the deacon, putting on a lofty air, "you're a good man to do business with, you're a respectable citizen, except that you sell rum. But there's some things you can't understand, and it's no use for me to waste time talkin' to you about 'em. If your mind was clearer, if it had been enlightened in the true way, you would not be sellin' rum, for instance."

"Wouldn't I, dough? Vell, I yoost vant you to understand dere's no better business in dis down dan I am a-doin' right in dis shop. But if I didn't dink it was right I wouldn't be doin' it at all. You talk in dis country as if de rum-sellers vas the very vorst people in de world. I vant you to understand over in my country, dat's a good deal older dan dis, and vere de peoples has a good deal more experience, a man don't get no right to sell liquor unless he is a first-class citizen in every respect. It's a sign dat man is honest and sensible, and knows how to manage oder man, if he gets de right to sell liquor. Dat's more dan you can say about *your* business, Deacon Quickset. Any rascal can go into de business dat you is doin' now."

"Well," said the deacon, beginning to feel that he was on dangerous ground, "this wasn't what we were talkin' about, anyhow. We began to talk about Sam Kimper, and I want you to promise me that you won't talk to anybody else about his needin' liquor, and about his breakin' down in the course of time unless he gets it."

"Of course I vont talk about it, deacon. Do you s'pose I'm a fool? Do you s'pose I vant to see people get drunk? No, sir; people dat gets drunk don't come to my shop. Dey know dey couldn't get anyding if dey did."

Meanwhile Sam Kimper went on after the humble manner in which he had begun to try to bring his family to his own new idea of respectability. He introduced family prayers, much to the disgust of his son Tom and the amusement of his daughter Mary. The privacy of family affairs was not entirely respected by the Kimper family, for Sam soon heard remarks from street loafers, as he passed along, which indicated that the devotional exercises of the family had been reported, evidently by his own children, and he heard quotations from some of his weak and halting prayers pass from mouth to mouth, and elicit peals of coarse laughter.

Nevertheless he found some encouragement. His son Tom was not quite as much of a cub at home as he had been, and actually



took to trying to find work, although his father's offer to teach him the trade which he had learned in the penitentiary was declined very sharply and without any thanks whatever. Billy, the younger boy, had an affectionate streak in his nature, which his father succeeded in touching to such an extent that complaints of Billy's truancy were nowhere near as numerous as they had been just after his father's return. Mary, the youngest daughter, was a less promising subject. Her precocity was of a very unpleasant order, and caused her father a great deal of annoyance.

But when all else failed him, he had the baby for consolation. The little wretch had been so utterly uncared for since its appearance that it seemed surprised for some time by its father's demonstrations of affection, but finally the meaning of this seemed made known to it, probably in the way the same meanings are translated to the babies everywhere else, and from being a forlorn and fretful child it gradually became so cheerful that its own mother began to display some interest in it, and make a plaything of it, to her own manifest advantage.

But Jane, the elder daughter, who was a woman in stature, and already knew more of the world than is good for women in general, was a constant source of anxiety to Sam. Many a night the unhappy father lingered in the neighbourhood of the hotel, seeking for an opportunity to see his daughter and talk with her—not that he had much to say, but that he hoped by his presence to keep more congenial company away from her. Whenever he heard village gossip in the house, he always could trace it to his daughter Jane. Whenever Mary broke out with some new and wild expression of longing, he understood who put it into her mind. Whenever his wife complained that she was not as well dressed as some other women, whose husbands were plain workmen, and expressed a wish for some tawdry bit of finery, Sam could trace the desire by very little questioning back to his daughter Jane.

He prayed about it, thought about it, groaned over it, wept over it, and still saw no means within his power to recall the girl back to an interest in her family, and to bring her up so that she should not disgrace the name which he was trying to rehabilitate. But the more thought and effort he gave to the subject, the less seemed his chance of success.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Eleanor Prency was the handsomest girl in all Bruceton. Indeed, she so far distanced all other girls in brilliancy and manners, as well as in good looks, that no other young woman thought of being jealous of her. As she was an only child she was especially dear to her parents, who had bestowed upon her every advantage which their means, intelligence, and social standing could supply, and she had availed herself of all of them, apparently to the fullest extent. She was not at all lacking in affection, sense, self-control, and a number of virtues which some girls entirely satisfactory to their parents possessed in less measure.

Nevertheless, the judge and his wife were deeply anxious about their daughter's future. She was good—as girls go. She attended regularly the church of which the family, including herself, were members. She had no bad habits or bad tastes. Her associates were carefully selected. And yet the judge and his wife spent many hours, which should have been devoted to sleep, in endeavouring to forecast her future.

It was all a matter of heredity. At middle age the judge and his wife were fully deserving of the high esteem in which they were held by the entire community. They were an honest, honourable Christian couple, living fully up to the professions they made. In their youthful days they had been different, in some respects. Well off, handsome, and brilliant, they had both been among the most persistent and successful of pleasure-seekers. Reviewing those days Mrs. Prency could say that entire selfishness and self-love had been her deepest sins. Her husband, looking back at his own life, could truthfully say the same, but the details were different. He had looked upon the wine-cup and every other receptacle in which stimulants were served. He had tried every game of chance, and gone through all other operations collectively known as sowing one's wild oats. Respect for his wife caused him to break from all his bad habits and assertions, at first haltingly and with many relapses, but afterward by joining the church and conforming his life to his faith. But the inheritance of the child was from her parents as they were, not as they afterwards became.

Therefore the couple became anxious anew when they discovered that their daughter had become very fond of Reynolds Bartram, for the young man forcibly reminded both of them of the judge himself in his early days, yet without his strong and natural basis of character, while the daughter was entirely devoted to the pleasures of the day. If Bartram were to remain as he was, and his self-satisfaction was to remain so strong as to be manifest upon all occasions and in all circumstances, they foresaw a miserable life for their daughter. Hence Mrs. Prency's solicitude about young Bartram.

One day, full of motherly fears and apprehensions, Mrs. Prency made a business excuse to call again on the cobbler's assistant.

"Mr. Kimper," said she, after leaving a dainty boot with some instructions about repairs, "Reynolds Bartram came to see you, I suppose, as I warned you he would?"

"Yes, ma'am, he came," said the cobbler, selecting some buttons from a box and beginning to affix them to one of the lady's boots.

"Did he talk with you on the subject that I supposed he would?"

"Yes," said Sam, "he did, quite a long time."

"Did you change your views at all under his arguments?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the man, looking up with an eager expression of countenance; "how could I?"

"I'm so glad," murmured the woman. "Well, what did he say?"

"I can't repeat all his words, Mrs. Prency, because he talks a good deal better than I do, you know, and maybe I wouldn't give 'em the sense that they had—the way that he meant them."

"How did he seem to take what you said to him?"

"I'm afraid, ma'am," said Sam, "that what I said didn't entirely suit him, because when I got through, all he said was 'Pshaw!'"

Mrs. Prency looked at the shoe through which the needle was rapidly passing back and forth, and finally said: "He hasn't come again, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, he has, several times. I never knew any other man to be so much interested in the making of one pair of shoes as he has been about them that he ordered of me that day. He says they're not in any hurry, and yet he comes in every day or two to talk about them."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Prency, her face brightening. "Doesn't he talk of anything else but his shoes?"

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Sam; "he comes back to the old subject always. And it does seem to me as if the one thing he was thinkin' about and tryin' to do was to break me down in what I've learned to believe. It don't seem, ma'am, to me that it's very big business for a smart fellow like him to be in, when he knows what a common sort of feller I am, an' what little I've got and how much I need all that I've got, if I'm goin' to keep straight any more."

"Mr. Kimper," said the lady, "try not to look at it in that way. He is not trying to break you down; he is trying to satisfy himself. Don't give way, and he dare not. If he did not believe a great deal of what you have been saying to him, he would not keep up his interest in it. Mr. Kimper, it may not seem possible to you, but there is a chance of your doing better work in the missionary cause for that young man than anybody and everybody else in this town has yet been able to do."

"Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Prency," said the cobbler, dropping the shoe and looking up incredulously. "He's got a thousand times as much head-piece as I have, an' if he can't learn what he wants to from other people, there ain't the slightest likelihood of my ever learnin' him anything."

"Sam," said Mrs. Prency earnestly, "in the book that you have been reading so industriously, from which you have learned so much, and from which I hope you will continue to learn a great deal, don't you remember something that is said therein about the Lord having selected the feeble ones of this world to confound the wise?"

Sam looked down meditatively at the dropped shoe and replied in a moment, "Well, now you speak of it, ma'am, I think I do."

"Well, you will certainly believe that as much as anything else you have read there?"

"Well, of course; I'll have to."

"Very well, then; apply it to yourself, and try to be patient next time that young man comes to annoy you."

Sam rested his elbows on his knees and dropped the shoe again for a moment, and at last, resuming his work, said, "Well, I'll take your word for it, ma'am; you know a good deal more about such things than I do."

Gradually the cobbler's face began to contract. His needle and thread moved more and more rapidly through the buttons and the leather. At last he laid the shoe aside with an air of desperation, looked up defiantly, and said, "Mrs. Prency, I don't mean no offence, an' I ain't the kind of person that meddles with other people's business, an' I hope you won't feel hurt or angry at anything that I'm going to say to you, because there is something behind it. So I hope you won't think I'm meddlin' with your affairs, if you'll listen to me just a little while. I— I——"

"Well?" said the lady, for Sam seemed to be hesitating about what he wanted to say.

"I don't hardly know how to say it, ma'am, an' I'm awfully afraid to say it at all; but—well, there, Mrs. Prency, I guess I know why you are so very much interested in the religious welfare of that young lawyer."

The judge's wife had naturally a very good complexion, but her face flushed deeper as she looked inquiringly at the cobbler, but said nothing.

"I've seen him," said Sam,— "I can't help seein' things when I'm goin' along in the street, you know, or happen to look out through the windows—I seen him in company once in a while with that daughter of yours, Mrs. Prency—with that young lady that seems to me to be too good to talk to any young man that lives in this town. He is very fond of her, though; nobody can help seein' that."

"I suppose he is," said Mrs. Prency, with an embarrassed manner. "Young men have very quick perceptions and correct tastes in matters of that kind, you know."

"Yes, ma'am," said the cobbler, "and they don't differ much from young women, seems to me. Your daughter, ma'am, seems to think a good deal of him, too. Well, I don't much wonder at it, for he's the finest-looking young feller anywhere about here, an' if they go to thinkin' more and more of each other as they go on, you would like him to be a good deal better man than he is."

The judge's wife dropped her eyes and seemed in doubt for an instant as to whether to be angry or only amused. Finally, she looked up frankly and said, "Mr. Kimper, you're a parent, and so am I. I see you have been putting yourself in my place. It is quite natural that you should do so, and it is very creditable to you that you have done it in the way you have. You are quite right in your surmises, but may I ask why you have spoken to me about it in this way?"

"That's just what I was comin' to, ma'am," said the cobbler. "I've got a daughter, too. I suppose you think she ain't fit to be mentioned in the same day with that glorious gal of yours."

"Oh, Mr. Kimper!" murmured the lady.

"Well, if you don't, I don't see how you can help doin' it, that's all. Your daughter is a lady. She shows in her ev'rythin' that there is in her father and mother, and everybody knows that they are the finest people hereabouts. My child is the daughter of a thief and a brawler, and a loafer, and she is a servant in a common hotel, which is about as low down, I s'pose, as any gal can get in this town that don't go to the bad entirely. Mrs. Prency, that gal has broken my heart. I don't have no influence over her at all. You want me to help you out about your daughter. I am goin' to do it just as far as Heaven will give me the strength to do it. Now, I want to throw myself right at your feet and beg you, for the love of God, to try and do somethin' for *my* child."

"Why, Mr. Kimper, certainly," said the judge's wife. "I am very glad you spoke to me about her. But, really, I have tried to do a great deal for her, so that the child might be able always to make a proper appearance at school."

"Yes, ma'am, so you did," said the cobbler; "and it's a shame that I should ask anythin' else of you, for I know you're generous-hearted, an' the Lord knows there's enough other poor and wretched people in this town that needs lookin' after, and I know you're doin' a good deal for all of 'em. But this ain't a matter of poverty, Mrs. Prency; it goes a good deal deeper than that. I'm not thinkin' about her appearance; she's better dressed now than she ort to be, though I don't think she shows much good taste in what she buys to put on her. But I wanted to have somebody to take some interest in her, that will make her change her thoughts and feelin's about the way she's livin', and the kind o' company she's keepin'."

The judge's wife looked thoughtful, and Sam contemplated her with wistful eyes. There was a long silence. When at last Mrs. Prency spoke, she said: "Mr. Kimper, I think I know what you mean, but I am puzzled as to what I can do and how I can do it. Can you suggest anything?"

"That's just the trouble, ma'am," said Sam, "I can't. I don't know how. I've thought an' cried an' prayed about the gal more than anybody'd ever believe, I s'pose—anybody that knows me an' knows her, too. But I can't get no light nor no sense about

it. But I'm only a man, Mrs. Prency, and you're a woman. She's a woman, too, and it did seem to me that maybe you, with all your good sense, and all your good-heartedness, could think of somethin', some way that would bring that gal back to what she ort to be, before she goes and does what her mother done—marry some worthless fool before she's old enough to marry at all, and then be helpless and downcast all the rest of her life."

"I might," said the lady, after musing a little while—"I might possibly make her a place among my own servants, but I imagine she would not care for such a position, for I have always discovered that the servants who have been to hotels are dissatisfied with any other sort of service. Besides, you probably do not wish her to associate with the servant class, and it would be far better for her if she did not."

"She'd have to go ma'am, if you was willin' to take her," said the cobbler, "but as you say, whether she'd stay or not is a question. Oh, Mrs. Prency," said he, resuming his work again with violent energy, "it's the hardest question that ever came up to me in all my life. It's harder than bein' in gaol, or in breakin' off drinkin', or in anythin' else that I ever tried. I give you my word it is."

"Mr. Kimper," said the lady, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will think earnestly upon the subject, and do it at once, and give myself no rest until I have devised some plan to do what you have asked me."

"God bless you, ma'am, God bless you!" said the cobbler, dropping a tear upon one of the grimy hands at work upon the lady's shoe.

## THE POET'S INSPIRATION.

BY GEO. H. COMMANDER.

ONE morn while in his study, all alone,  
 Indulging in day-dreams of varied hue,  
 There floated through his casement, open thrown,  
 An angel, pure and bright as morning's dew ;  
 Who paused for one brief instant ere she spoke,  
 And then with words like these the silence broke :  
 "I bring you inspiration, sent of heaven ;  
 So that you use it well, 'twill stay forever,  
 But should one trace of evil your thoughts leaven,  
 'Twill go to whence it came, returning—never !"  
 This said, upon him fell a wondrous power,  
 He knew not what ; like the new birth of mind,  
 The blessed gift is with him to this hour.  
 The angel floated outward on the wind.

## THE CENTENARY AND METHODIST UNION.

"THIS Centenary," says *The Methodist Times*, "has been made the occasion of a quite unprecedented display of true catholicity and of brotherly love. It is already evident that the great and most blessed result of the occasion will be to bring all sections of Methodism nearer to one another, and to hasten that general reunion which will do more than anything else for the maintenance of evangelical Christianity and the evangelization of the world.

"Nothing could be more significant or gratifying than the words of the Presidents of the various Methodist communities at the historic meeting on Centenary Day. Every one spoke wisely and well. The spirit which animated the address was excellent, and the aspirations which these distinguished brethren expressed were altogether Christ-like. The Vice-President of the Irish Conference, our oldest and nearest kinsmen, properly led the way, and reminded us that the two important sections of Irish Methodism had already united with the happiest results. We hope that the handful of New Connexion and Primitive societies in that country will soon throw in their lot with the United Methodist Church of Ireland. The representatives of the various sections of British Methodism followed in due historic order. The President of the Methodist New Connexion delivered a singularly chaste, finished and spiritual address, which was heard with great delight. The President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, in simple and homely English, worthily represented his vast community. The President of the Bible Christian Conference gave an intensely interesting and touching account of the way in which William O'Bryan was led to found his devout society in the south-west of England. The President of the Wesleyan Reform Union, although representing, as he said, the extreme radical wing of Methodism, proved himself quite as hearty a Methodist as the rest. And the President of the United Methodist Free Churches worthily concluded the great occasion in a speech which, by its masculine energy, its fiery eloquence, and its splendid tone, provoked thunders of applause.

"While these admirable addresses were being delivered every Wesleyan Methodist must have been saying to himself, 'What a calamity it is that men so good and so wise should be separated from us even by the narrow ecclesiastical borders which separate them now!' They all realized the misfortune of having two, three, and even four Methodist chapels in villages that could maintain only one in strength and prosperity, with the further serious disadvantage of withdrawing from the great centres of population thousands of preachers who might evangelize them. Our brethren of the other Methodist Churches may be fully assured that the Christ-like sentiments they expressed are heartily reciprocated by Wesleyan Methodists. There are still a few among us who remember and represent the antipathies and prejudices of the past. That is inevitable in a world of sin. But the present generation knows nothing of those bygone strifes, and prays earnestly for the day when the real oneness of Methodism, which was so strikingly exhibited in this centenary, will be perpetuated in organic union. Even those who hesitate as yet to pray for that devout consumma-

tion are extremely anxious to cultivate the most friendly relations with every section of the Methodist family. The Conference itself has recommended fraternal reunions, the interchange of pulpits and brotherly counsel wherever possible.

“The only argument of any force that our bitter sacerdotal enemies can bring against us this week is that Methodism is split up into a number of distinctive communities. That is the weak place in our armour. That is the vulnerable heel of Achilles. That is the argument which Romanists and Anglicans are able to fling in our teeth with great effect. Let us close our ranks. Let us bury our differences forever, and we shall have done more than we can achieve in any other way to arrest the revival of mediævalism and to promote the true unity of the Church of God.”

We give the more striking passages of these addresses :

*The Glory of the Past and the Want of To-day.*

Rev. James Le Huray, President of the Methodist New Connexion, said he was present to reciprocate the brotherly sentiment which was implied in the invitation, and he cherished the hope that this meeting was but the pledge and promise of closer approximation of kindlier fellowship and of more serviceable co-operation in the future. Surely such aspirations are in harmony with the place and purpose of our meeting. We meet in the mother church of our beloved Methodism, to do honour to the memory of our great and long-glorified founder. At the father's grave all the children's differences are forgotten. In such a hallowed atmosphere we cannot think of sect for love of the brethren. All human adjustments seem to vanish, and one sees but the heavenly side of our Methodism, and on its heavenly side there are no differences. We all breathe the same atmosphere, drink from the same fountain, and break the same bread. In the spirit of Gospel truth, as in the bonds of Gospel love, all the family are one.

As I look into your faces and join in your songs Methodism seems broader and more beautiful to me than ever before. It has all the radiance and charity of a divine reality. In Wesley's life and influence we have a common heritage. His name is fragrant to us as the flowers of spring, and his history inspiring as mountain breezes. He needs no marble to perpetuate his fame. What avails the sculptor's art to him whom the Holy Church throughout all the world has embalmed in her everlasting remembrance? His monuments are reared in millions of glad and grateful hearts—monuments built up by the prayers of the penitent and the praises of the redeemed; monuments that are numbered by the harps swept by immortal fingers; monuments that will endure when the marble has crumbled and the bronze has melted, and the heavens, rolled up as a scroll, have passed away. “They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.” Even outside our Methodism no true lover of his country will willingly let the name of Wesley die. Other sons have saved her from the enemy without, not counting their lives dear unto them; they have hurled back the armed legions that would have crushed her beneath their heel. But Wesley, with other God-raised men, saved her from the enemies within—the moral foes who were insidiously undermining her greatness and threatening her with ruin dire as that which has overtaken



others on whose broken pillars and blackened ruins time has long since written "Ichabod." The century which witnessed Wesley's birth has been described as a "dewless night succeeded by a sunless morn." There was no freshness in the past and no promise in the future. Whilst literature flourished, religion drooped and died. A faithful few still trimmed their lamps in a darkness which might be felt, "but their feeble light only served to make the darkness still more visible." The Church was designated "a fair carcase without a spirit," and the clergy had less authority and were under more contempt than those of any other church in Europe.

Christianity, systematically invested by an alliance of all her foes, scientific and sensual, philosophical and frivolous, was, perhaps, more fiercely and forcibly assailed than at any previous period of her history. And the defenders of the faith, all too few and far between, kept puffing out half despairingly from behind their paper bulwarks, their feeble replies to the well-directed volleys of their phalanxed foes. The upper classes were avowedly infidel and shamelessly profligate; the lower stupidly ignorant and grossly irreligious. If the nation was to be saved from riot and ruin, then it had become time for God to work. And now the mighty, merciful work began. In this hour the men were born on whom tongues of fire were hereafter to descend, and in whose lips the old truths of a dead orthodoxy were to become keen and powerful—the very sword of the Spirit Himself. God, in His mysterious providence, was able to make Methodism the counteracting salt by which the nation was to be preserved from the putrefaction into which it was fast sinking. Three men stand out foremost and tallest in this marvellous work, *i.e.*—Whitefield and the brothers Wesley—men who, in contrast to the sinful and sceptical and superficial around them, were animated by a piety which went deeper than the face and further than the words. Alike in their inspiration, they were as diverse in gifts as in face, symbolizing respectively the soul and system and song in the new movement. Whilst John Wesley was the founder of Methodism, Charles was its sweet singer; whilst the one brother laid the foundations and reared up the pillars of the new tabernacle, the other filled it with melodies. Methodism was builded rapidly; but the walls would never have gone up so rapidly had they not been built to music.

#### *A Primitive Plea for Unity.*

Rev. John Hallam, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, who said he left Newcastle at two o'clock that morning in order to attend the Centenary meetings, was glad to be present when City Road Chapel was described as "beginning to renew its youth." Outside their chapels there were the seething lapsed masses, men and women perishing by thousands, and there were questions involved which touched the hearts of all, and Methodists could not stand by and be silent in the face of these things. They must present a united phalanx as Methodists. There were several regiments represented on the platform, but they must all be one army. They might be different tribes, but they must be one Israel. It was true, however, that they had broad lines of demarcation. (A voice: "Rub 'em out!") (Laughter.) He thought they would get rubbed out. There were, however, lines of demarcation. Perhaps some might think them broad, but he rejoiced there was no impassable gulf. He would like them

to get to know each other a little better. They knew so little of each other because of their itinerant system. They did not stay long enough in their stations to get to know each other. The lack of knowledge of each other was not due to dislike, mistrust, hatred, jealousy, or envy. Mr. Hallam gave a striking illustration, in conclusion, of the disadvantages and waste of energy attending the present system. Last week he was one of four preachers who held four different services in connection with four different denominations of Methodists in one village, and he should think the total of those congregations would not exceed fifty persons. He did not want to blot out village Methodism, but he appealed to them whether what he had described was the right thing for village Methodism.

*Founding of the Bible Christian Connexion.*

Rev. William Higman (Bible Christian) told the story of the founding of that branch of the Church of which he is the President. He recapitulated their successes in the past, and spoke of the prospect before them of still greater usefulness. If John Wesley were alive to-day he would say: "Economize your time, your talents, your money, and keep out of each other's way." And would he not say: "Be one body; find a foundation for one Church, equalize the distribution of ministers, and not have seven where three can do the work, while you leave the large centres to perish for want of workers!" It was time to face these facts, and to well and wisely weigh and handle them, not in the light of a denomination, but in the light of God and eternity.

Rev. George Green, President of the Wesleyan Reform Union, spoke of the harmony and pleasant feeling that had characterized their meetings so far. This meeting had not been marred by a single jar, and he thought it might well be compared to a family gathering. He spoke of the importance of all branches of the Methodist Church taking every care to recognize the absolute necessity of the presence of God, through His Spirit, in all their work, if they would have their efforts crowned with success.

Rev. M. T. Myers, President of the United Methodist Free Churches, said: We need, and might have, a little more united action. We have peace. But Methodism is split up into many sections, each having its own peculiarities, and each doing a great work, no doubt. There needs to be a little more united action on the part of all these sections on all public questions affecting the interests of the Church and the well-being of the masses of the people. I don't mean organic union. That will come; but for all that we are not yet prepared. I wish we were. Yet in view of the difficulties, and the need of strength to meet the growing emergencies of the moment, there is something we can do. We can at least prepare the ground. Methodists of all shades of opinion should be willing so far to unite for the common good. A united Methodism would be the strongest bulwark of Protestantism in this country. It is amazing what a few men can do when they are united and determined, especially when they are right. The poor Waldenses, notwithstanding the power of kings, and the fulminations of the wrath of the Vatican, kept the pure fire burning in the mountains of Piedmont for hundreds of years. One million Methodists, with all our organizations and an open Bible, would be far more certain of

success than Leonidas with his three hundred brave Spartans in the Pass. Is it too much to ask, or suggest, that some means be devised by which all the sections of the Methodist family can federate, so that we can move steadily and unitedly in any case when the Ark of the Lord is in danger. I ask for nothing impossible. I ask for nothing in my own personal interests, or the interests of the community I have the honour to represent. I ask for nothing but in the name and interests of the great Head of the Church, and the welfare of mankind. This is a fitting moment to inaugurate some scheme which would rally all the hosts of our Israel, and present such a front as would deter those who are wrong, and strengthen and encourage those who are right. Men of light and leading, judge ye what I say.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, said: "I wish to take this opportunity of reciprocating those aspirations towards union. But we can never cure the awful overlapping locally until we have cured it at the centre. We already have evidence before us that this is not impossible. The representative of the Irish Conference told us of the happy results of Methodist Union in Ireland. In Canada they have Methodist Union, and the Methodist Church was the most powerful Church in that country. If, by the grace of God, we could overcome our differences at home, it would be followed by Methodist Union all the world over. The one taunt I have felt keenly this week has been this—that although so young we are already so much divided. But standing here to-night, close to John Wesley's tomb, on this great historic occasion, I venture deliberately to prophesy that the devil will not be able to keep the Methodists of England apart much longer. At a dark hour in the history of Israel, the prophet Elijah took twelve stones, representing the divisions of the tribes, and built them together into a united altar to God; then the fire fell and there was abundance of rain. And, sir, I am sure that the day will come when some successor of yours will in this very sanctuary gather together the disunited sections of British Methodism and build them up in one great altar to Almighty God. Then the Pentecostal blessing will come, and then the latter-day glory of which John Wesley was the herald will burst upon the whole world."

Dr. Moulton's sermon at City Road Chapel was very impressive. It closed as follows: "The future waits for us who are the living Methodists of to-day, depends upon us, must be moulded by us. In so far as we apprehend and make our own the living influences around us and within us, shall we be a source of living power for the years that are not yet born. O Methodists of to-day, hold fast the doctrines of our fathers with a firm and steady grip; but let them never be divorced from the Christian experience which reveals the life and soul of the doctrines themselves! May our conversion be clear, our conviction of sin intense, our joy in the Lord exultant, our consecration to Him complete! If we have St. Paul's singleness of purpose, St. Paul's breathless effort and energy of life, we shall be free to choose, we shall see our appointed work, we shall serve the Lord without distracting thought. Every element of life belongs to Christ; but in the absence of the one mighty and constraining force it is possible that we may cultivate the lesser faculty and neglect the higher. Learning, and art, and science, citizenship, business, trade, recreation, literature,

travel, the quiet home, the busy market, the toil of solicitude, the excitement of thronged assemblies—whatever may be the calling of each man, each woman, we shall be fitted for all our work if the principle that guided Paul and Wesley alike is our unfailing guide."

The Wesley Centenary has been observed even beyond the Tweed. We all especially realize the importance of the Centenary Service in St. Giles' Cathedral, when the authorities of the city and of the University were officially present, and when the Rev. W. J. Dawson, of Glasgow, preached to a remarkable and distinguished audience, which crowded the cathedral. No memory of the centennial will be more gratifying to us all than the tribute paid by the cultured and devout Presbyterianism of Scotland.

*The Secular Press and the Centenary.*

Most of the great dailies, weeklies, magazines and reviews have written intelligent and appreciative and useful leaders on the Wesley Centenary. *The Daily News* led the way on Saturday morning with a kindly and liberal appreciation of John Wesley.

The wise and magnanimous leader in *The Times* on Methodism has given universal satisfaction and pleasure to our people everywhere. "The Church of England," says *The Times*, "is what it is because John Wesley lived and taught in the last century." "John Wesley," adds the great journal, "still remains the greatest and most potent, and the most far-reaching spiritual influence which Anglo-Saxon Christianity has felt since the days of the Reformation."

*The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "What the future of Methodism may be it is hardly within our province to discuss. It has at present a vigorous life. Some of its younger leaders, at all events, are showing that they have an understanding of the times and are shaping their policy accordingly. Herein lies the strength and hope of Methodism, as of every other sect; and the followers of Wesley who best appreciate his progressive and tolerant spirit will do most to perpetuate and extend his influence and the principles for which he contended."

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IF there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on ;  
 If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do ;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant ;  
 Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace, that dearer is than joy ;  
 Out of self to love be led  
 And to heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

## SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

BY E. H. STAFFORD, M.D., C.M.



SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

A PURPLE richness fills the silent air,  
 And the clear shining sky is slowly streaked  
 With green, saffron, and crimson. Everywhere  
 Sleeps vague enchantment, and the mountains, peaked  
 With white snow, rise above the dusky wood,  
 Their far-off coronals with colours freaked,  
 Caught from the sun ; and, over all, Mount Hood,  
 Amid the Cascades, with that awful crest  
 Upraised amid the stars' bright solitude,  
 Looks calmly out upon the ocean's breast.  
 And still the sun sinks lower—rolling slow,  
 Falters the mighty River of the West,  
 Ere she slips forth from her green banks to know  
 The larger liberty of ocean's bed.  
 And now the wandering waves are all aglow  
 With the sun's blazing beam ; o'er fields of red,  
 In still, black outline ride the far-off ships :  
 And now the violet sky pales overhead,  
 And fainting from the world a glory slips,  
 As the sun, sinking in the western sea,  
 Within the burnished waters slowly dips  
 And disappears ; what time impalpably  
 A most sad shadow through the valley steals,  
 And a dim gloom clouds every forest tree.  
 Then the lone lighthouse on the point reveals

Ilwaco's promontory, and the bar  
 Where shipwrecks lie beneath the gliding keels ;  
 And there it shines on like an ocean star,  
 While the loud breaking surf forever makes  
 A low monotonous thunder from afar ;  
 And "eight bells" rings from all the harbour decks,  
 And in the softened twilight come and go  
 The wide-winged sea-gulls with their bended necks,  
 Creening and fluttering while the tide is low.  
 ASTORIA, Oregon, 1891.

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## Current Topics and Events.

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### THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

The widespread attention which has been given to the centenary of the death of John Wesley cannot fail to be an inspiration to renewed Christian consecration and zeal. We are not one of those who believe that the former days were better than these ; but no one can read without a moral inspiration and uplift, the story of the heroic devotion, the lofty faith in God, the endurance of trials and persecutions of the early Methodists, without feeling that it was indeed an heroic age. It will do our young people especially incalculable good to read, in the light of to-day, the stirring traditions and stories of early Methodism. The extraordinary degree of attention which has been paid to this great movement, not only by every Methodist journal, but almost by every secular journal in the English speaking world, is a tribute to the pervading influence of the movement called Methodism. Not only thoughtful and philosophical historians like Lecky, Greene, Macaulay, Leslie Stephens, but the busy and crowded secular press pays its tribute to the memory of a great and good man, and to the work which, under God, he was permitted to accomplish.

"The centenary in England," says the *S. S. Chronicle*, "has been a great success. The whole arrangement of the services was conceived in a catholic spirit, the promoters of the celebration having recognized

unreservedly that all the Churches have their 'part' in John Wesley. They will have their reward. The fraternal spirit between the Wesleyans and the other denominations of Nonconformists will be warmer, while the desire for reunion on the part of the severed Methodist societies will be immensely strengthened. The Protestant feeling of the country will henceforth look mainly to the Wesleyans to maintain the conflict against aggressive sacerdotalism in the country parishes of the land. The characteristic Methodist doctrine of the witness of the Spirit is one of the surest weapons with which to defeat the pretensions of the sacerdotal theory. Men need no priest to assure them of their part in Christ ; they have a better witness."

HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q. C., ON JOHN  
 WESLEY.

We have received the accompanying note from the Hon. S. H. Blake, Q. C.: "My Dear Dr. Withrow,—I should have written to you earlier in answer to your request for a contribution to your symposium on John Wesley, saying that it was impossible for me to comply. I felt that it would be wrong, on such an occasion, and touching such a person as John Wesley, to send you any words that were not well weighed and worthy of the great centennial that you are celebrating. Much has been said, and truly, upon the splendid character of the man, and the grand life of

devotion that he lived ; much has been truly said of the splendid organization that he was permitted to bring into existence ; but I feel, that beyond all this, there was an immense work, too little touched upon, which is to be largely traced to the efforts of John Wesley. I refer to the regeneration of the English people at a period of time when everything seemed ripe for revolution, and when, unless some grand man like him had been brought into existence to fulfil the needed demands of the age, our land might have been like France, convulsed with revolution, instead of being reformed by the awakening and healthy teaching of John Wesley."

#### BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION.

It is gratifying to know that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine have both agreed that the controversy existing between the United States and Great Britain as to their rights and immunities in the Behring Sea, be submitted to friendly arbitration. It would be in the last degree disgraceful and wicked if these two great nations should proceed to war about a matter which could surely be adjusted by a little common-sense and international comity. Some American "tail-twisters" and British "jingoists" talk quite lightly of war and predict it as a possibility within a year. We believe that it is morally impossible, and should it happen, it would be one of the greatest calamities the world has ever known, a disgrace to Christendom, and a hideous comment upon the teachings of the New Testament and the prophecies of the time when men shall learn war no more.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND.

It is pleasing to find that the strained relations between Britain's oldest colony and the mother country are likely to yield to the influence of diplomacy. It is understood that the British Government consents to the rather unusual course of granting a guarantee to a railway in Newfoundland. This is probably on the ground that it will be in the imperial interests, as furnishing more rapid

transit from Europe and to the eastern possessions of the empire. A railway from St. John's to the southwestern part of Newfoundland, and a ferry to Cape Breton would make the ocean passage a very short one. The railway would, doubtless, develop the rich resources of the forest and the mine of the interior of the island.

#### NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

The better class of American papers are unanimous in denouncing the recent massacre of supposed agents of the Italian *Mafia* in New Orleans, by a well-dressed mob of that city. It is an outrage upon civilization, when men who are acquitted by the courts are shot down in cold blood within the walls of a prison. If justice had miscarried in their acquittal, that was a good ground for reforming the courts, but not for this wanton defiance of all law and order. Some of the southern papers apologize for the outrage on account of the similar outrages of the *Mafia*. But this is not the day for private vengeance, nor for importing the methods of the Sicilian *vendetta* into the foremost city of the south.

We apprehend that this lawless and turbulent spirit is an inheritance from the days of slavery, when black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect. We ourselves have seen, lying beside a railway station in Georgia, the dead body of a negro, ruthlessly shot for demanding his wages from his employer "with impudence," it was said. The incident seemed to make not the slightest ripple of excitement in the place, and there was the smallest possibility, we were told, of any punishment being meted out for the crime.

Respecting the recent New Orleans massacre, the *North-Western Christian Advocate* frankly says:

"We deserve the humiliation of a joint protest by Italy, Germany, Russia, England, and Austria, and the presence at the mouth of the Mississippi of an overpowering iron-clad fleet, sent to insist that foreigners in this country shall be protected from our Thugs in broadcloth. We

deserve to be bombarded into respect for the rights of others, unless the whole country rises to demand the reform and civilization of lawless states and cities."

The *Independent* says :

"The fact is that Louisiana is a State which still exists in semi-barbarism. Like portions of Kentucky, it has not yet recovered from the barbarizing influences of that barbaric institution from which the war delivered it. Such an occurrence as this is a confession of failure and an act of barbarism."

The *Christian Union* says :

"Such crimes as that committed in New Orleans not only blacken the fair fame of the country and misrepresent it in every community in the world, but they are crimes against civilization. No matter what the provocation, people like ourselves should stand by the law. The killing of the Italians, like the brutal murder of the Chinese, puts us on a level with the barbarians."

#### THE WAR SCARE.

The sharp exchange of diplomatic compliments between the Governments of Italy and the United States, is only what might be expected as the result of the recent New Orleans embroglio. It is in the last degree unlikely that anything like war, with its dreadful train of consequences, will result. Italy has some tremendous ironclads, one or two of them among the strongest in the world, but to build and equip them, and maintain her large army, the country has been taxed almost to death. The United States, happily free from European complications, has spent comparatively little on either army or navy, and is one of the richest countries in the world, with exhaustless resources and vast areas of virgin soil. In the case of war between the two, Italy might, at first, do great damage, but in the end would be terribly punished by the richer country. No one knows this better than the Italian Government; besides, Italy cannot afford to quarrel with one of its best customers for its silks

and fruits, and especially with the country that furnishes the annual crop of tourists, which is one of the chief sources of income of the impoverished, but picturesque and historic Italian peninsula.

Italy would do a good service to civilization by suppressing the odious *Mafia*, and lawless banditti of Calabria and Sicily. Eighteen hundred years of so-called Christian teaching has left these hot-blooded communities little more Christian in spirit than their Pagan ancestors. They still swear "Per Baccho," and by the Pagan gods, and their religion is often little better than a baptized Paganism. "The Catholic," says Madame de Staël, "is the Pagan's heir," incorporating classic conceptions with Christian influences. And nowhere is this truer than in southern Italy. Nevertheless, the Government is right in resenting the lawlessness of the Louisiana mob, as odious and inexcusable as the assassinations of the *Mafia*.

THE generous gift of \$20,000 by Mr. Chancellor Blake to the University of Toronto is a proof at once of the growing appreciation of the university as a great educational institution and of the love and loyalty of its most distinguished *alumnus* to his *alma mater*. The application of these funds to the endowment of matriculation scholarships distributes its beneficent influence over a very wide area, and reaches very many persons. It will doubtless be a great stimulus to higher studies. It is certainly much wiser to become one's own administrator and see for one's self the benefits conferred by one's benefactions, than to make such donations only when one can no longer obtain control of them.

THE beautiful engraving of the "Old, Blue Church, and Barbara Heck's Grave," in April number of the *MAGAZINE*, is made from a water-colour sketch, by Mrs. I. B. Gara, of Erie, Penn. This was first re-drawn in pen and ink, then photo-engraved, and is a very faithful delineation of a historic scene.



## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Butterworth Mission, in South Africa, has made marvellous progress since its commencement, in 1827. 3,520 persons meet in class, and about 10,000 attend public worship, to whom the European missionary, three native ministers, twelve evangelists, and 145 local preachers minister.

Harmony has been completely restored at Tonga. The king has instructed the Minister of Lands to restore all the lands taken from the Wesleyan Mission under Baker's *regime*. It is not expected that the mass of the people will return to the Wesleyan Church during the King's lifetime, but there will be perfect religious liberty.

The mission to New Guinea is to be pushed forward. Tongan teachers are volunteering, as are also Fijians and Samoans.

When Rev. James Calvert was asked to give, in one sentence, a proof of the success of missions, he said, "When I arrived at the Fijian group, my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet and heads of eighty victims, whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see those very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman feast gathered about the Lord's table." Truly the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Wuchang, China, has been the scene of persecution. Dr. Morley and Mr. Warren both suffered severely. Dr. Morley was bound hand and foot, and tied up to a crossbeam of a temple. The house in course of erection was considerably damaged by the mob. The missionary, the Rev. David Hill, believes that even this persecution will be a prelude to a large ingathering.

The missionaries at Bankura, India,

recently baptized a Brahmin. The friends and relatives were greatly excited, collected a mob about the church, assaulted the missionaries with stones, sticks, ropes, hot ashes, etc., and after a day or two the mission property was burned. The young man, nevertheless, remains faithful.

Rev. T. Champness has started a "Mission Car," which he calls "Faith, No. 1." The car travels among the villages, and is attended by two brethren, who dispose of useful literature, and hold meetings where they tarry for the night. This agency is accomplishing much good.

Rev. H. P. Hughes says that it has taken the Anglican clergy one hundred years to destroy the kindly feelings of English Methodists for the Established Church, and now, for the first time, if the question of disestablishment were raised, two-thirds of them would vote with the Liberation Society.

The second young woman in Great Britain to get the degree of LL.D., is a young Methodist girl of Ireland. She is a worthy descendant, ecclesiastically, of the brilliant household at Epworth, where the young ladies were as gifted as their famous brothers. The true Epworth spirit encourages the highest culture and its consecration to the King of kings.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Book Committee lately held its annual meeting. The profits of the New York and Western concerns were, respectively, \$140,276.48 and \$130,124.55; \$120,000 were appropriated to the Annual Conferences, for distribution among the aged and infirm ministers. The number of church members is 4,980,240, an increase in two years of 365,000, or 500 per day.

The Indian Mission Conference covers territorially 53,000,000 acres, embraces seventy-eight appointments, and reports fifty churches built during 1890.

Revival services, conducted by special evangelists and ordinary agencies, are reported. Here is a remarkable account of what took place near Leeds. "The Brunswick Wesleyan Brass Band paraded the streets to mission services in Craven Road Primitive Methodist Chapel. A few streets farther on, a band of singers, with a huge lamp, were issuing invitations to a Congregational Mission. Hard by, an amateur bellman was announcing special services at the Wesleyan Chapel. The Salvation Army was also beating its drum. All were calling people to the various houses of prayer."

Many of the churches are large and magnificent structures, and incomparably more costly than English Methodist Churches. There are about 150 in New York City and 120 in Brooklyn. Twelve of the finest of these cost an average of \$150,000 each. The city of Baltimore, of whose inhabitants one-third are Methodists, have an unusually stately church, the estimated value of which is \$320,000.

In Great Britain there are 830,000 members of Methodist Churches, about one-sixth of the number in the United States. The Methodist population in the States is 15,000,000, about one-fourth of the whole. The gain in membership for the past decade was, in round numbers, half a million.

The total capital of the book concerns is \$2,957,331, and the net profits last year, \$264,451.

There are three conferences in India, with eighty-one foreign missionaries and 10,241 native communicants. There are 101 churches, 41,198 scholars in the Sunday-schools, and 20,458 pupils in the day schools. The baptisms last year number 4,308.

Revivals have been numerous in the New York city churches under the Rev. Thomas Harrison and others. There have also been "showers of blessing" in several States. In one

week the revival reports in several church papers amounted to 8,783.

The quarter-centennial anniversary of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society was recently held. Twenty-five years ago, along the border of the northern South, there were 75,000 whites and 30,000 coloured members. Now there are, in the whole South, 253,000 white and 227,000 coloured—increase, white, 179,178; coloured, 196,908; total, 377,086. This increase for twenty-five years is more than three times as large as the entire membership of Methodism (133,000), at the close of the first fifty years of its growth. As the result of fifty-seven years of foreign missionary work there are 68,798 members in the foreign fields.

The return of the voting of over three-fourths of the districts, on women in conference, indicate that 216,960 votes are in favour, and 132,940 against. The largest majorities in favour are from the Western and Central States. The German and Negro votes are, almost, to a man, on the other side. Japan gives 243 votes for, and 69 against. India, China, and other foreign conferences have not yet reported. The ministerial vote in the various conferences is largely against it.

By the will of the late Oliver Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., nearly \$100,000 is left to various benevolent societies, all of which are Methodist, except the Bible Society, which receives \$10,000.

Centennial services in memory of Wesley's death, were held in St. James', New York. The pastor, Dr. Price, administered the wine at a communion service from the cup used by John Wesley at the first communion service held by him at Epworth. Dr. Price also preached, in the evening, from a pulpit made of the woodwork of the original pulpit from which John Wesley preached in the City Road Chapel, London.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

It is stated that 191 ministers died during the year 1890.

Miss Holding, who is under the care of the Woman's Missionary Society, in Mexican Border Mission, has erected "Faith Hall," at Serado. She applied for aid to the Woman's Board, but there was "no funds." After much prayer, she proceeded with the erection on her own responsibility, and after one year she had the pleasure to report that the building was erected, and "free from debt."

#### UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.

Rev. Alfred Jones intends to establish a training home for female evangelists. He has more applications for female assistants than he can supply.

The mission premises at Golbanti have been destroyed by the Sultan of Vitu.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Some remarkable united revival services have been held at Ruddington. The Wesleyans, Primitive Methodist and Baptist ministers conducted the services alternately; near one hundred persons professed conversion as the result.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Newfoundland has a population of about 200,000, one-fourth of whom are Methodists. A debt of \$20,000 rests on the Educational Board. If the readers of this MAGAZINE would assist in the liquidation, a great boon would be conferred.

The church and outbuildings at Saugeen Mission have been destroyed by fire.

A medical missionary has been stationed at Port Simpson, B.C., for two years. Steps are now being taken to establish an hospital, which is greatly needed, as there is no medical centre, from which help can be obtained, nearer than 600 miles. The Provincial and Dominion Parliaments will be asked to render help.

The Mission yacht, *Glad Tidings*, is laid up for repairs, having sustained great injury last autumn. It will cost at least \$600 to fit her for sea again.

The Central Mission Hall in Tokyo, Japan, has been rebuilt and opened for worship. It is a large, handsome structure, well-suited for its purpose. Mr. McLain Brown, one of the workers, has a class of seventy-five natives, who meet for instruction three times a week. Fifteen of these students are candidates for baptism.

A new mission is to be established in the Province of Ty-Chuen, China, with the city of Chen-too as the centre of operations. Four missionaries, including two evangelists and two medical men, will constitute the staff. The Rev. J. C. Hart, D.D., for over twenty years connected with the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China, will be placed in charge of the new mission.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. S. Card, one of the most indefatigable and successful ministers of the Montreal Conference, has been appointed Chaplain to the Ontario Reformatory at Penetanguishene. We are sure that Bro. Card will throw himself with enthusiasm into the work. He has keen sympathy with young people, and will be an efficient counsellor and friend to the boys under his care. He has a fine field of usefulness, which he will fully cultivate.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Bishop Paddock, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, has departed this life. He was bishop for seventeen years, and laboured with great zeal to build up the various institutions of the Church. No man could be more indefatigable, more wise and effective in administration. He was truly a great man, and was remarkable for simplicity.

The Rev. Fred. Upham, D.D., died at New Haven, March 20, aged 92 years. He had been seventy years in the itinerancy, and was supposed to be the oldest itinerant in the world. He was a man greatly beloved. His son, Rev. S. F. Upham, D.D., is Professor in Drew University, and two grandsons are also in the ministry.

The Rev. George Carr, a superannuated minister, in Bay of Quinte Conference, died March 22. He commenced his itinerant career at Asphodel, in 1842. For thirty years he was a diligent, faithful pastor, and generally remained the full term in his circuits. He retired from the active work in 1873, and settled in Colborne, where he died.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. Morton, Hamilton, one of the most highly esteemed of the superannuated ministers of the Methodist Church. He was indefatigable in his labours to the end of his life, and the last Sunday but one before his death he preached three times. His funeral was very largely attended by the ministers and friends of Hamilton and vicinity. He was a good man, full of faith and good works. He entered the itinerancy in 1842, and laboured mostly in the Eastern portion of Ontario and Quebec. For three years he was Chairman of District. In 1871 he removed westward, and laboured within the bounds of the Niagara Conference, in which he died. His death occurred March 23rd.

We regret to record the death of the late William Brown, of Charlottetown, P.E.I. He was an honourable and upright business man, and a devoted Christian. He was a prominent, active and consistent member of the Methodist Church, in which his loss will be greatly felt. We tender the bereaved widow and family our sincere sympathy.

The death of Mr. E. A. Dunham, of St. Thomas, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, removes one of the few remaining links that connect us with the Methodism of one hundred years ago. Mr. Dunham was the son of the Rev. Darius Dunham, one of the first two Methodist preachers who came to Canada. He was announced to take part in the Centennial of Canadian Methodism in Toronto, on Monday, March 9th, but he was called to a higher and holier service in the sanctuary above. It

is a curious circumstance that the first two Methodist preachers both fell in love with the same young lady. Mr. Dunham, senior, was the successful suitor. William Losee, of whose unspoken attachment Mr. Dunham was unaware, was so affected by the circumstance that he lost his mental balance and was compelled to retire from the ministry—a strange bit of romance to be associated with the pious toils of the first two Methodist missionaries of this country. Dr. Carroll says he does not wonder that these ardent and not too much experienced young men were so smitten with one in youth, who, when he saw her at the age of sixty, was still fascinating.

During the present ecclesiastical year there have been fourteen deaths in the ministry in the Western Conferences, nine of whom were superannuated, and four of them were in the Bay of Quinte Conference.

Eighty-nine ministers in the Congregational denomination died last year. Their average age was a little more than sixty-one years.

We have just received intelligence, rather out of date, of the very successful Wesley Centennial in the Queen Street Church, Kingston, Ont. Rev. R. Whiting, who preached in 1839 on the centennial of the birth of Methodism, preached an admirable sermon on "One hundred years of Methodism, since the death of John Wesley." In the evening four laymen considered Methodist topics. Mr. R. Meek racyly reviewed the life of John Wesley. Captain Crawford discussed "Methodist Hymnology." J. G. Elliot, Esq., "Saintly Women of Methodism;" and Dr. Lavell gave a comprehensive sketch of Canadian Methodism. In the Sydenham Church, the venerable Dr. G. R. Sanderson preached the centennial sermon, and in the evening, Mr. James Latterney gave an address on "Methodist growth and development;" Mr. Howard, on "Methodist Hymnology;" Mr. W. H. Gooderham, on "The death of Wesley."

## Book Notices.

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*Hindu Literature; or, the Ancient Books of India.* By ELIZABETH A. REED, Member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. 8vo, pp. xviii. 410. Chicago, Ill. : S. C. Greggs & Co. Price \$2.00.

The writer of this book well remarks that a most fascinating field of study and research is to be found in the ancient literary productions of the Hindus. After a brilliant description of their physical environments, she adds: "The literature born in this dreamland of beauty and fragrance bears within its bosom the eloquence of poetry and the rhythm of song; but India's ancient books are so colossal in their proportions, that European scholars looked upon them for years with dismay. Life is too short to enable any one student to obtain a complete knowledge of Oriental philology, language and history." The accomplished author of this volume has, therefore, conferred a great boon upon Occidental readers who wish to have a clearer and more connected idea of the sacred literature of the Orient. By this succinct description and characterization of its most important remains the work is most thoroughly done. She avails herself of the studies of the great original investigators, Max Müller, who has given twenty of the best years of his life to the Veda alone, and Sir Monier Williams; both of whom have revised and annotated the important sections of the volume.

Our author does not, like some enthusiasts, unduly magnify the value of this literature. "Orientalists," she says, "were at first unable to resist the temptation of giving to the public the gems only, which they recovered from masses of almost worthless literature." "The time has come when the Vedas must be treated with more candour, even though with less enthusiasm."

It was claimed in former times by

the Brahmins that no commandment and no precept in the New Testament had not been anticipated in the Veda. It has been claimed also that the Veda was thousands of years older than the Old Testament, and that much of the latter was borrowed from Hindu sources. Both of these claims are here shown to be unfounded. The oldest MS. of the Veda dates from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, A.D. Its oldest portion may date from the tenth to the twelfth century, B.C., but this is not certain.

"In many points," says our author, "the great epic of India will compare with the immortal productions of Homer. The imagination of the Hindu is as luxuriant as his own tropical forest. Poetry lives in the atmosphere of the Himalayas." In a series of admirably-written chapters she describes the mythology of the Vedas, the Brahmins, the Code of Manu, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and other famous Hindu poems. She finds in the older literature of the Hindus the doctrines of monotheism, the descent of man from a single pair, and the immortality of the soul, of rewards and punishments, and other great primary truths. The so-called resemblance to Christian history, she affirms to be very slight.

Referring to the moral and religious deterioration of the Hindu, she says: "The early Vedic worshipper paid his homage to the sun and moon, but the modern Hindu adores the crocodile, which hides amidst the weeds of the Ganges. How is the mind of the worshipper fallen when, instead of offering his praise to the icy brow of the Himalaya, flushed with the rays of the setting sun, he brings his oblation to the serpents that infest the rocks at her feet?"

"Far better than modern idolatry was their primitive worship of moun-

tain and storm. Better than the confused medley of their creeds were the oblations down by the shores of the crested sea ; better than warrior worship their songs of praise to the stars that sweep around the midnight throne. Better than the idol temples of to-day were the sacred groves on the foothills of the Himalayas, where the golden eagle circled above the highest crags, and the goddess of the morning, with tinted robe and crown of pearl, smiled down upon her worshipper."

In contrast with both these she places our glorious Christianity: "Far over and above the worship of the Hindu stands the ever-living Son of God. From His stainless life and cruel cross has been born the hope of the world, One glory-lit sentence from His divine lips, if lived out in the lives of men, banishes forever the pages of wrong and cruelty from blood-stained earth. One touch of His hand has broken the cold seal of the death angel and brought immortality to light through the Gospel. One mark of His footstep left in earth's tomb illumines its portals with the golden promise of life. One word from His lips will lead His risen host to the fountain of living waters, where the waves of the beautiful river flow from the foot of the throne. He is the Captain of our Salvation, leading on to victory. He is the Morning Star, shining in brightness beyond the night. He is the Sun of Righteousness, flooding with golden light the coming ages."

This is a very remarkable book to be the production of a lady, and is another indication of the advanced position which women will occupy in the higher literature of the future. Women, too, have, like most French writers, graces of style which adorn everything they touch. It would seem as if the literary centre, like the centre of population of the United States, were shifting from the sea-board to the mid-continent. The catalogue of books issued by the enterprising publishers of this book would be a credit to any publisher in Oxford or Leipzig.

*John Wesley.* By J. H. OVERTON, M.A. Pp. vi. 216. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Of the many lives of Wesley that have been written, this appears to us, from its compendious size, succinct treatment, breadth of view, and insight into his character, one of the best we have seen. It is specially interesting from this fact: Canon Overton is a native of the same county, a member of the same University, and a fellow of the same College; a clergyman of the same Church, a dweller in the same house, and a worker in the same parish as was John Wesley. He is at present incumbent of the parish at Epworth, and occupies the old parish rectory. He has a genuine admiration for his distinguished predecessor. He speaks of Wesley's life as "the busiest and, in some respects, the most important life in the eighteenth century." His purpose, he says, is to select the salient points in Wesley's life, and to draw as vivid a picture of the man and his work as space will permit. In this he has admirably succeeded. Canon Overton is a liberal, broad-minded churchman. He quotes, of course without indorsing, John Wesley's historic saying, "I firmly believe I am as much an *Episcopus* as any man in England, for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable which no man can prove." In a series of interesting chapters he describes the different stages in Wesley's career and phases of his character, as the Moravian influence, Wesley's teachings, Wesley as an itinerant, as an organizer, his literary work, personal traits, etc. The chapter on the controversies of the times gives a painful view of the vituperation in which such good men as Sir Richard and Rowland Hill, Toplady, Berridge, Oliver and others indulged. We would like to have seen a somewhat fuller account of the last days and happy death of John Wesley, but we presume that limits of space enforced extreme condensation. To many persons this life by an evan-

gical and sympathetic Church of England clergyman will be more impressive than one written from an exclusively Methodist standpoint.

*American Orators and Reformers:* Horace Greeley, Editor. By FRANCIS NICHOL ZABRISKE. 12mo. Pp. 398. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. J. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street.

The enterprising house of Funk & Wagnalls has projected a comprehensive series of books on leaders of opinion and reform in the United States. Very properly, a foremost place in this list is given to the distinguished editor and reformer, Horace Greeley. Greeley was one of the most noted of the makers of modern journalism. The *New York Tribune* is his monument. It was the first and the best of the papers of the country, a power for righteousness in the great social and moral struggles of the times, and is still one of the noblest, cleanest, strongest journals of the world. But he was more than a journalist, he was a great moral reformer. In his youth he threw himself with zeal into the temperance reform, the anti-slavery reform, the defence of the Sabbath, opposition to the tobacco habit and everything else that was bad, the uplifting of the masses and the championship of the right as he understood it without fear or faltering or favour.

The story of his life, which is here told with remarkable vigour and vivacity, has all the interest of a romance. Born of good Scotch-Irish stock, in Amherst, New Hampshire, he went to school at three years of age, decided to be a printer at six, became apprenticed at fifteen. At twenty he walked six hundred miles to visit his father, who had "gone west," and almost starved himself to pay his father's debts. At twenty-one he walked most of the way to New York, which he reached with a pack on his shoulders and only \$10 in his pocket. He found work in printing an agate type New Testament, which paid his board for a few weeks. He started a paper with a subscription list of twelve. The first

number sold only one hundred copies. He in time founded the *Tribune*, which did more to mould the political life and destiny of the country than any other agent. He worked often sixteen hours a day, sometimes twelve hours without leaving his chair. We have not space to speak of his free soil campaign, of his opposition to slavery, intemperance, capital punishment, etc.

During the war the *Tribune* was a mighty power. The office was sacked, and the editor barely escaped massacre by the pro-slavery mob. He was one of the most hated and reviled men in the country; yet, rank abolitionist as he was, he joined with Henry Ward Beecher in becoming bail for Jefferson Davis. This act caused an outburst of rage, the *Tribune* losing thousands of subscribers. After the war he became a candidate for the Presidency, but was defeated by General Grant, a man of incomparably inferior powers, although a dogged soldier and probably a "safer" figure-head for the Republic.

The close of Greeley's life had a dramatic pathos. Watching at the bedside of his dying wife for weeks, he writes, "I am a broken old man, I have not slept one hour in twenty-four for a month." Insomnia resulted in brain fever, and in a few days the brave soul passed away. His private life was pure and sweet and irreproachable. "He was," says his biographer, "a modern knight-errant in his championship of the weak and oppressed, and in all chivalry of a true soul, and yet a Don Quixote in his person and in his oft-times incapacity to distinguish windmills from giants." Intense moral earnestness was his characteristic. Like the apostle, he might have said, "I believe, therefore have I spoken." He was a man of hot temper. Like Cassius,

"He carried anger as a flint bears fire,  
Which, much enforced, showeth a  
hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again."

He was not without his faults and failings; but, doubtless, at the final account, the just Judge shall say,

"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

"The elements were  
So mixed in him that nature might  
stand up  
And say to all the world: He was a  
man."

*The Wonderful Story of Jesus, told in Pictures and in Words of Easy Reading for the Young.* By JOSEPHINE POLLARD, author of "The Bible and Its Story," "Young Folks' Bible," etc. Small 4to, pp. 455. St. Louis and New York: N. B. Thompson Publishing Co. Sold only by subscription.

The wonderful story of the life of Jesus is more and more asserting its power over the heart of the world. Through the ages it has been the theme of art and song; but by such books as this it more directly moulds the thought and life of Christendom by moulding the thought and young life of the children. Miss Pollard has shown admirable taste in writing for the young in other books, and in this she brings to the most august theme in the world the tact and skill of making simple, even to young minds, the facts of the life and spirit of the teaching of Jesus. The story is told in clear, strong, yet simple, Saxon words. The book is copiously

illustrated with more than two hundred pictures, many of them copies of world-famous works of art, others depicting the scenes of the sacred story, and some exquisitely printed in colours. Children need no book of fairy tales or extravagant romance while this story of matchless power to charm, to inspire and to instruct is available. Mothers will find this book a great help in impressing the young life of their children, and leading the lambs of the flock to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

*Eighty-Seven: A Chautauqua Story.* By PANSY. London: Charles Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

What we like least about Mrs. Alden's stories is the rather sentimental pen-name she assumes. The book itself is excellent, and illustrates the inner spirit of that wonderful system of self-education which has belted the world and is finding much favour even in the conservative Mother Country.

In our notice of Dr. Maturin Ballou's "Aztec Land," in the April number, we inadvertently omitted the name of the publisher. It was the standard publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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#### LOWLY SERVICE.

IN some still nook dost toil unknown?  
Thy simple fare unnoticed take,  
Keeping true heart asleep, awake  
While deeds less brave than Thine, have flown  
Where fame's proud trump is loudly blown?  
Work patiently for God's dear sake,  
Give what thou canst to hearts that ache;  
Thy Lord some day will claim His own.  
And when He counts His treasures o'er,  
Upon eternity's bright shore,  
It may be He will value more  
The fragrance of the lily's bell,  
Shed richly in its narrow dell,  
Than stars whose praise the ages tell.