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DEVOTED TO

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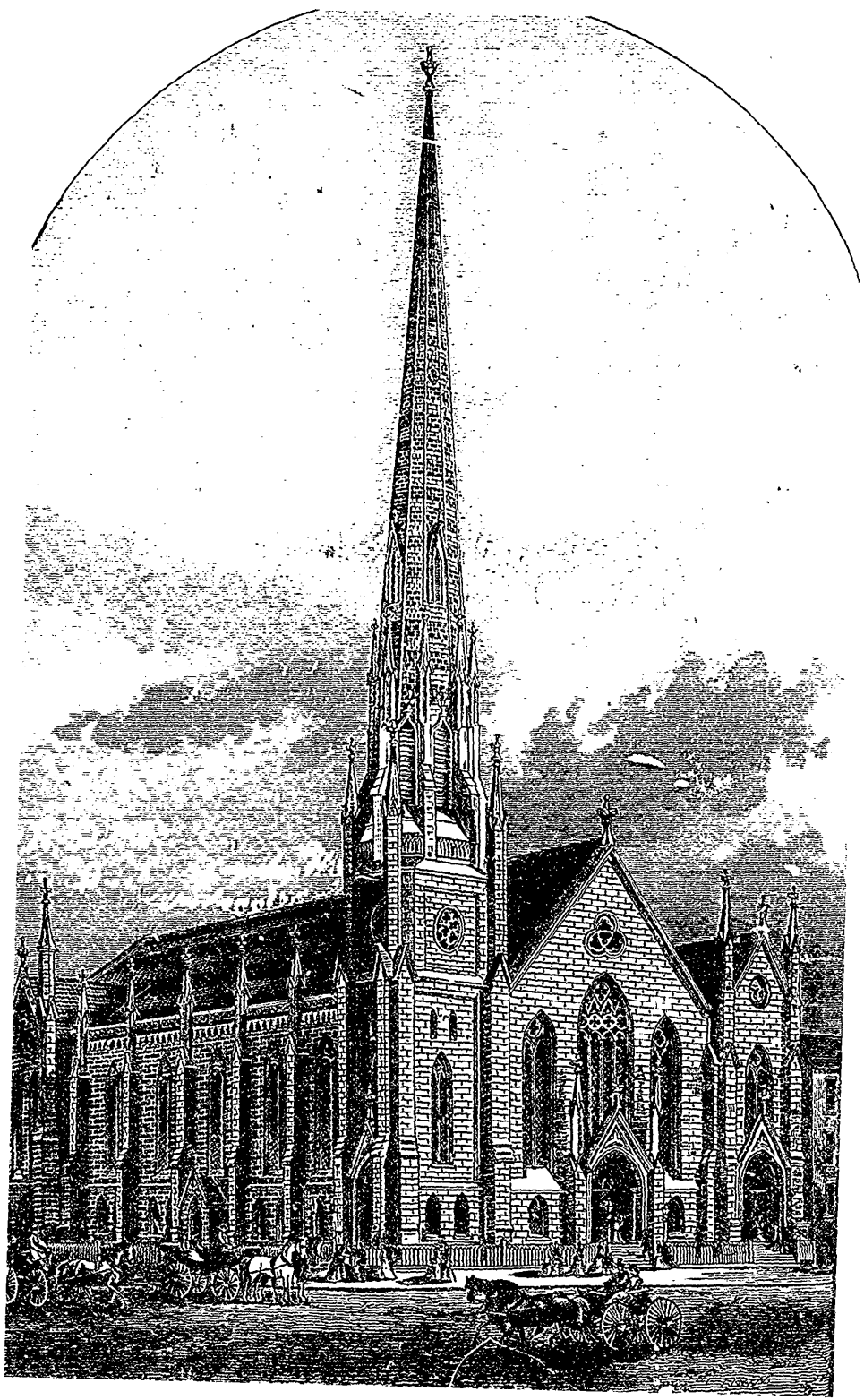
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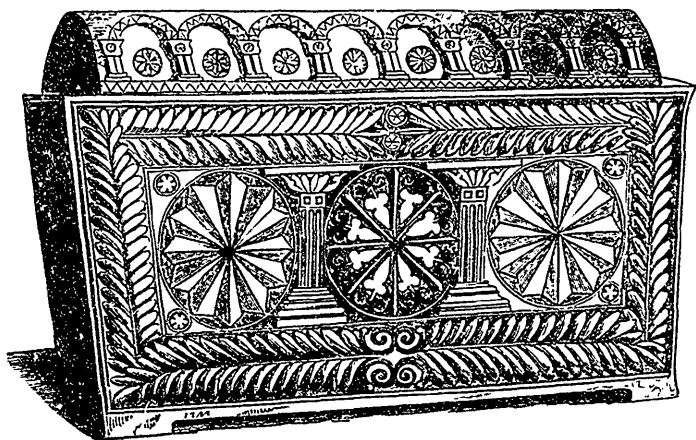


# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*JULY, 1879.*

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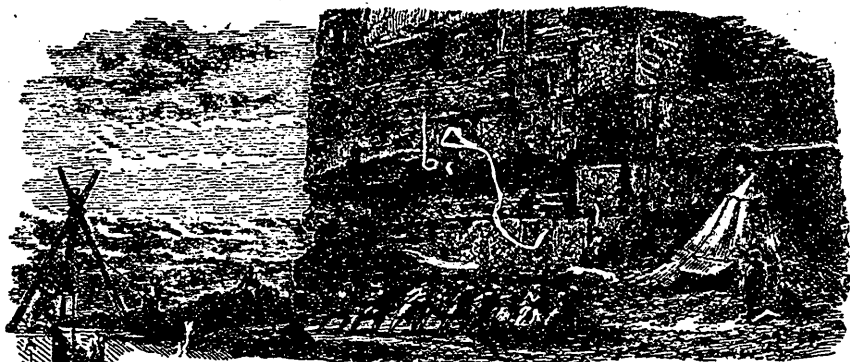
## UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.



SEPULCHRAL CHEST FROM JERUSALEM.

THE Palestine Exploration Fund was founded in 1865, for the sole purpose of elucidating and illustrating the Bible. It was proposed to effect this by a systematic exploration of the Holy Land, by excavation, by the collection of the traditions, manners, and customs of the people, and by an exhaustive research into the natural history, meteorology, and geology of the country, the whole to be conducted under the direction of a Committee entirely undenominational.

Among the more important results of the work up to the present, the following may be enumerated: All that was known of the site of the Temple was that it stood somewhere within



the vast enclosure now called the Haram esh Shereef, or Noble Sanctuary. Captain Warren, who conducted the explorations at Jerusalem, ascertained that the great surrounding walls, undoubtedly those of the Temple, are buried from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet deep in the accumulated rubbish of nearly eighteen centuries. He also discovered the remains of an arch, one of the ancient approaches to the Temple; perhaps that which Aristobulus broke down on the approach of Pompey, or that near which Titus stood when he endeavoured to persuade the Jews to surrender.

The Turkish authorities were very jealous of these explorations, and prohibited him from digging near the walls. With much difficulty he got permission to sink a shaft, that is, a sort of well, at some distance from the wall. When he had dug down, with the help of a lot of Arab workmen, about eighty feet, he began a horizontal excavation toward the wall, when, what was his delight to find that he had reached part of the old wall of Jerusalem, dating back to the time of Solomon.

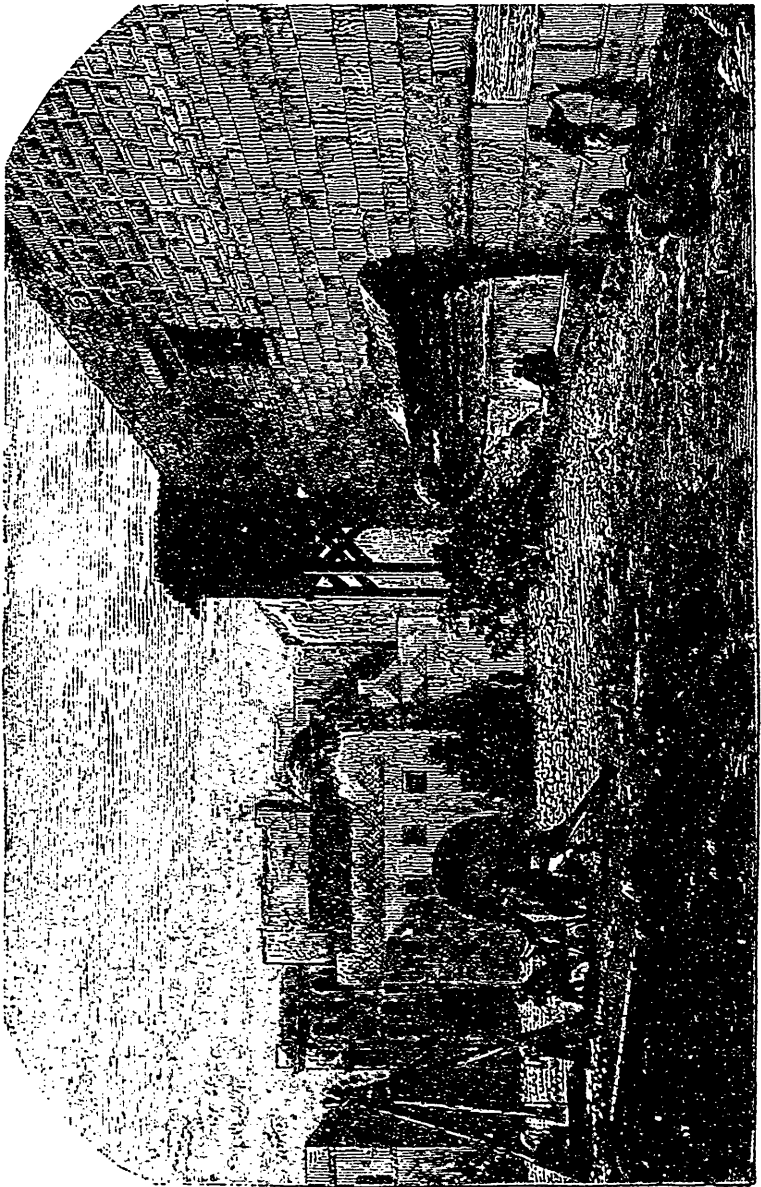
This shaft and gallery are shown in the engraving on the opposite page. A lady will be seen being let down by a rope, while an Arab attendant, on a shelf about midway down, is guiding the rope and holding aloft a torch to illumine the darkness.

In the gallery at the bottom will be observed a party of ladies and gentlemen examining the ancient wall. The eighty feet of rubbish above their heads has accumulated during the many years that Jerusalem has been "trodden under foot of the Gentiles," as was foretold in Holy Scripture. It is found full of relics of the ancient past,—broken tiles, pottery, lamps, vases, and many other evidences of the bygone races who have successively occupied this spot,—Jews, Greeks, Romans, Moslems, and Franks. The wall, of course, is continuous all the way down,—right through the reading matter on the page. The great and godly stones of the Temple will be observed—each as thick as the height of a tall man, and two or three times as long.

The results of the exploration at the south-east angle of the Haram wall were of the greatest importance. On the stones of the wall, as shown in the engraving, were found—the most important thing of all—characters in red paint, and others incised. These have been most carefully traced, and photographs taken of the tracings. They have been examined by Mr. Emanuel Deutsch, who saw them in Jerusalem, and pronounced them to be probably Phœnician, and representing numerals. Then, concludes the world at once, we have here the stones of Solomon's Temple, with the marks of his Phœnician workmen. Hiram, the great master mason, doubtless stood on this spot and superintended the lowering of these stones. Chippings, but no signs of extensive stone-dressing, were found about, so that these were those stones wrought in the quarries, and brought here to be set in their places.—See 1 Kings vi. 7.

The next series of excavations were those at Robinson's Arch, which yielded discoveries perhaps the most important and interesting of any. The pavement was broken through and found to be placed over a mass of rubbish twenty-three feet deep. At the bottom of this there was found a canal cut in the rock, and running north and south. This very curious canal was traced north and south for a long distance. It may possibly have been the same down which ran the stream of water which Captain Warren discovered at Wilson's Arch. Several lamps, weights,

jars, etc., were found in it. It runs occasionally into circular pools, one of which is cut across by the Haram wall, showing



ROBINSON &amp; ARCH.

that the pool is older than this portion of the wall. The canal is arched over, and at intervals holes have been cut for buckets

to be dropped through. The conclusions that Captain Warren came to are so important that we give them in his own words:—

“1. The winding aqueduct was cut in the rock.

“2. The Temple and Solomon’s palace were constructed, and a bridge leading over the Tyropœon valley connected the palace with the Lower city in the plateau below and east of the Upper city.

“3. The arch of the bridge fell, breaking in part of the arch of the aqueduct.

“4. The Temple was reconstructed by Herod, who took in the Palace of Solomon, and built the present south-west angle of the Sanctuary, and the new wall, cutting across portions of the rock-cut canal; connections were made by means of masonry passages. At this time the rubbish had begun to choke up the valley at this point to twenty-two feet, and the wall to that height was built with rough-faced stones, the portion above being made to resemble the older parts of the wall. A pavement was laid on the rubbish, and the pier and arch of Robinson’s Arch and viaduct were built. In order to obtain water readily, shafts, which still exist, were constructed at intervals from the pavement to the canal and pools.”

The next shaft sunk was at the western wall, at Wilson’s Arch. Beneath the arch is an old disused cistern, the pavement of which was broken through, and a shaft sunk along the wall. The stones here were all in their original positions, and appeared to Captain Warren to be probably one of the oldest portions of the Sanctuary now existing. If so, they formed, without doubt, part of the original enclosure wall of the Temple. At a depth of twenty-four feet they came upon a mass of masonry, apparently that of a fallen arch. Hence we may conclude that the present arch, which may be late Roman, stands upon the site of an older one. Lower down they came to the foundations of the wall in the rock, and here running water was found; and observations, extended over a long period, proved that a fountain of water exists in the city, and is running to this day far below the surface. It ran along the wall; but no trace of the stream was found lower down at the excavations near Robinson’s Arch. There is a tradition among the Jews that when flowing water has been found three times under the Temple walls, the Messiah is at hand. Now, according to their accounts, it had been found



twice before, so that this made the third time; and the Rabbis came down to look at the discovery, with cries of joy and thanksgiving.

Mejr-ed-Deen, an Arabic writer of the thirteenth century, mentions a subterranean gallery, "which David caused to be made from the Gate of the Chain to the citadel." This subterranean passage was actually found in the course of the explo-



CANAL BENEATH ROBINSON'S ARCH.

rations at Wilson's Arch. It lies westward of the vaulted entrance just described. It was followed up by Captain Warren to a distance of 250 feet from the wall of the Haram. It is a well-built arched passage, ten feet high and fourteen wide, and was evidently intended as a secret way of communication between the citadel and the Temple, by which troops could be brought, in case of an *emeute*, without exciting suspicion.

It was very difficult to do anything with the Golden Gateway, on account of a tradition among the Mohammedans that Jeru-

salem will not permanently remain in their hands, and that the conquering Christians will pass through this gateway in order to take possession of the city. As if to hinder, as much as possible, the fulfilment of this prediction, they have blocked up the entrance, and would resist to the utmost all attempts at excavation near it. In deference to these prejudices, a gallery was opened lower down in the Kedron Valley, and by making a



PHENICIAN MARKS ON STONES AT SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

double entrance the suspicions of the Moslems were diverted. The tunnel was driven in a direction perpendicular to the wall, in hopes of arriving at its foundations, and perhaps some further masons' marks, which might help in fixing the date of the building of the wall. It has been already mentioned that different opinions are held as to the Golden Gateway itself, and its original building. The tunnel yielded some very curious information, but not of the kind sought for. It was stopped by a massive wall, running north and, after a little, north-west. In

the gallery they came upon an inverted pillar—suspended, so to speak, in the rubbish—on which were engraved characters, as if it had been the face of a dial. It was concluded, though not with perfect certainty, from the nature of the ground and other reasons, that the Golden Gateway stands from thirty to forty feet above the rock. The very dangerous nature of the rubbish obliged Captain Warren to close up the shaft.

In another of these underground passages Captain Warren found the perforated slab seen in cut on page 11. "At the further end of the passage," says Captain Warren, "large, massive stones are seen, until the eye rests upon a large perforated stone closing it up. This is the first approach which we have yet found to any architectural remains about these old walls (which I believe are now admitted to be of the times of the Kings of Judah); and though it merely shows us the kind of labour bestowed upon a concealed overflow aqueduct, still it has a bold and pleasing effect, and, until something else is found, will hold its own as some indication of the kind of building at an early period. It consists simply of a stone closing up the end of the passage, with a recess or alcove cut in it four inches deep. Within this recess are three cylindrical holes, four inches in diameter, the lines joining their centres forming an equilateral triangle. It appears to me probable that the troops defending this portion of the wall came down the staircase into this passage to obtain water. At first sight this passage appears to be cut in the rock, as stalactites have formed all over it, and hang gracefully from every joint, giving the place a very picturesque appearance."

In the rubbish, also, was found pottery with the royal crest, an eagle, and Phœnician characters, the same as those of the Moabite stone, denoting that the vessel belonged to the king. Along the whole of the east wall, as on the west and south, were found most remarkable remains. The "wall of Ophel" (2 Chron. xxvii. 2; Nehemiah iii. 27) was found buried beneath the *debris*, and traced for 750 feet, including what was, perhaps, the "great tower that lieth out." The excavations of Captain Warren added a mass of information for the reconstruction of the city, which is absolutely inestimable. The shafts opened another and a lost book, so to speak, in the history of the Bible; they showed the actual works of the Jewish kings, they proved

incontestably the very words of the Sacred Narrative ; they enabled us to understand with a greater fulness the pride with

EXPLORATIONS AT WILSON'S ARCH.



which a Jew would regard his Holy City—the joy of the whole earth.

Among the other interesting objects found in these explorations were three sepulchral chests of the Christian period, one of which is shown in the initial cut. They are all formed of white or pale-red limestone, and the style of their execution is of considerable elegance. When discovered they contained human bones and skulls, and it is much to be regretted that the latter were not preserved. Captain Warren states that the skulls and other bones found in these chests are "generally adult."



INVERTED COLUMN FOUND IN GOLDEN GATE SHAFT.

They must, therefore, have been disinterred for some particular reason, and placed in the chests after the decomposition of the bodies. Is it possible that the individuals thus interred were martyrs ignominiously buried at first, and afterwards exhumed and honoured with more careful interment?

The work by which the Palestine Exploration Fund will become principally known is undoubtedly the Great Survey of the Holy Land. It is conducted by officers and skilled men of the

Royal Engineers, and is drawn on a scale of one inch to the mile. Up to the present date, over seven years have been spent upon the work, which is now approaching to completion, nearly 7,000 miles having been surveyed. A vast mass of material, in the shape of note books, sketches, plans, and drawings of ruins, inscriptions, and sites, has been sent home, and more is rapidly accumulating. The number of new identifications proposed has been very large.



PERFORATED SLAB IN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.

The survey, when complete, will give not only a perfect and accurate map of the Holy Land, whereby the whole history of the Bible can be clearly followed and understood for the first time, but also plans of all the existing ruins, identifications such as those quoted above, and a list of all existing names. As regards the last, the number at present obtained is about eight times that shown in the best maps. It is a work for all ages, and for the whole world. The cost is necessarily great, and the Committee, always heavily pressed for funds, earnestly ask for

immediate help. The expense of the whole is about four thousand pounds a year.

The Hon. Geo. W. Allan, President of the Toronto Auxiliary of the London Bible Society, has kindly consented to act as Honorary Canadian Treasurer and Secretary to the Fund, and will be happy to receive and transmit any subscriptions or donations sent him to the London Treasurer, who will acknowledge the same in the *Quarterly Statement*.

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## GIVE, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN.

A BEGGAR asked an alms  
 One day at an abbey-door,  
 Said Luther; but, seized with qualms,  
 The abbot replied: "We're poor—"

"Poor, who had plenty once,  
 When gifts fell thick as rain;  
 But they give us nought for nought  
 And how can we give again?"

Then the beggar: "See' your sins!  
 Of old, unless I err,  
 Ye had brothers for inmates—twins,  
 Date and Dabitur.

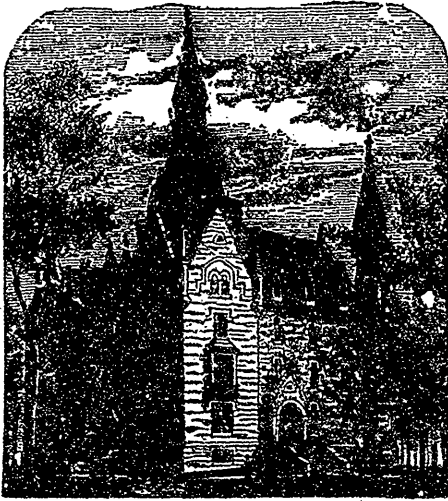
"While Date was in good case,  
 Dabitur flourished too.  
 For Dabitur's Lenten face  
 No wonder if Date rue.

"Would ye retrieve the one,  
 Try and make plump the other;  
 When Date's penance is done,  
 Dabitur helps his brother;

Only beware relapse!"—  
 The Abbot hung his head;  
 This beggar might be, perhaps,  
 An angel, Luther said.

## METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

## NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.



UNIVERSITY HALL.

IN the spring of 1850 a few persons favouring the establishment of a University under Methodist auspices, assembled in the law office of Mr. Grant Goodrich, in the city of Chicago. As a result, money was subscribed, and three hundred and eighty acres of land purchased as a site for the University at the village of Evanston, on the shores of Lake Michigan, about eleven miles from the city.

A college was soon organized, with the Rev. Dr. Hinman as its President, and opened in a temporary building.

In the flush and beauty of a generous, richly-endowed manhood, by overwork before his prime, the University's first President—the sanguine, silver-tongued, saintly Clark T. Hinman—fell in the work to which he had dedicated his life. His successor, Randolph S. Foster, blending all sweetness and gentleness of spirit with a mind of keen, incisive, controversial, crushing power—with winning, wonderful pulpit gifts, now serves the Church through her wide fields in episcopal supervision.

His successor, Henry S. Noyes, though never elected to the Presidency, was for many years the executive officer of the faculty, as well as industriously devoted to the material interests of the University. With a noble presence, with rich intellectual and manly endowments, with a love for the University that knew no abatement, living or dying, he has passed from his labours to the rewards of the faithful beyond the skies.

In 1869 University Hall, the handsome building shown in the initial cut, was erected. It is of stone, and cost over one



hundred and ten thousand dollars. It contains no dormitories, but is used for a chapel, library, museum, and recitation rooms. The Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., was elected President. He was succeeded in 1872 by the Rev. Charles H. Fowler, D.D., LL.D., who, in 1876, resigned the Presidency for the still more influential position of editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*. The acting President of the University at present is Oliver Marcy, LL.D., the distinguished professor of Natural Sciences.

The University embraces several faculties, the most important of which, from a Methodist point of view, and with reference to the future ministry of the Church, is the theological faculty. This is composed of the professors of the Garrett Biblical Institute. This Institute has been in operation since 1856. It is



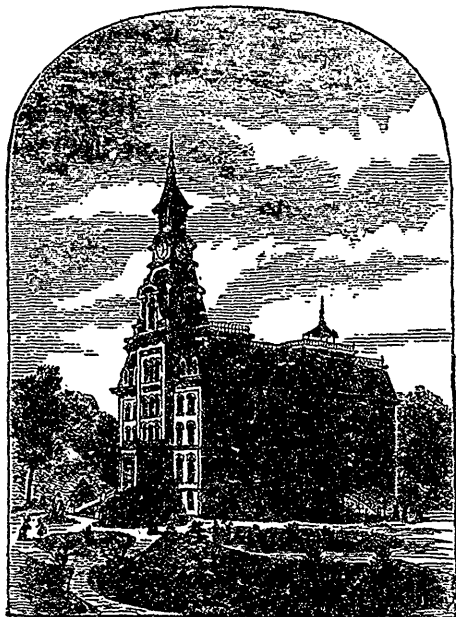
HECK HALL, GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

open to all young men from any Evangelical Church, who are proper persons to study in preparation for the Christian ministry. It was established especially as a seminary where young men of this class from the Methodist Episcopal Church may be educated. It is supported by income from property in the city of Chicago, bequeathed, as a perpetual foundation, by the late Mrs. Eliza Garrett. It invites to its care and instruction the hundreds of young men in the Church whom God has called to be His ministers.

The Methodists of the United States worthily honoured the memory of Barbara Heck, the mother of American and Canadian Methodism, by the erection of a memorial building, in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute, to be known forever as Heck

Hall. Thus do two devout women, one the heir of lowly toil, the other the daughter of luxury and wealth, join hands across a century's interval; and their names and virtues are commemorated, not by a costly but useless pillared monument, but by a "home for the sons of the prophets,—the Philip Emburys of the coming century—while pursuing their sacred studies."

The University makes ample provision for higher female education. The handsome building shown in the engraving is set apart for this special purpose. In his inaugural address, Dr. Fowler uses these words: "The Woman's College is an addeff grace as well as virtue. This fair daughter of the Church comes to this maternal mansion, raps gently on the door, and behold! the door swings round on its hinges, and the Woman's College takes her seat gracefully among the colleges of the University.

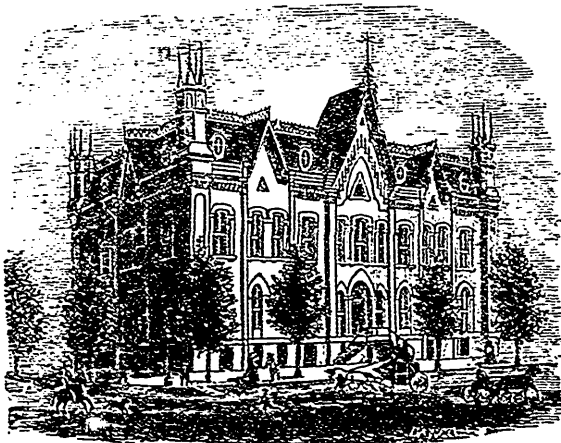


WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

She comes with a good dowry. Now the homes of the Northwest can feel that their sons and daughters are cared for in our literary home."

The learned President goes on to defend the principle of the co-education of the sexes as follows: "Co-education begins by God's plan in the family, and is continued in the public school, and no one objects. It is folly to fear more as danger diminishes. Without creating distinctions which do not exist except in our thought or in our customs, we will be safe in assuming that there is no danger that our daughters will know too much. We do not need to legislate against their intelligence. With the doors open before all, there will follow, without regard to sex, the endeavour of the most aspiring, and the 'survival of the fittest.' Opportunity is often ability; a chance is often a victory. With-

out reference to the old doctrine of appetency, experience demonstrates that motive and opportunity for a given activity in any class or community develop capacity for that activity. This law holds over the education of women. In 1863 the University of Cambridge reluctantly consented to admit English-women to university examinations, with a view to give them definite standing as teachers. At the first examination ninety-one candidates presented themselves, of whom fifty-seven failed; two years later one hundred and thirty applied, of whom only twenty-eight failed. This succeeding ratio has steadily increased, till now the examiners nearly always accredit the girls with the most thorough acquisitions. The demand for a fair and equal



MEDICAL COLLEGE.

chance hardly needs argument. Experience says intelligent men must have intelligent wives. The mother, more frequently than the father, transmits the fibre and character; nature requires that great men should be preceded by great mothers. A slave mother in Tennessee, by industry and ability, purchased her own and her children's liberty. She went to the Methodist preacher in the town and said, 'I am free; I have three sons; where can I make men of them?' He said, 'In Liberia.' She went: one of the sons, returning to America, graduated in medicine in New York, and became the ablest physician in the republic of Liberia; a second son became the first coloured bishop of the M. E. Church; the third son became the first president of the republic of Liberia. There was a vast amount of stock in that

'old black woman.' I recall but two other fountains so full of greatness; one on the island of Corsica,—the mother of the Bonapartes, that gave to Europe revolutions and emperors; the other on the island of Great Britain,—the mother of the Wesleys, that gave to mankind new hope and a new evangel."

Thoroughly equipped departments of law, medicine, and technology have also been organized, which add very greatly to the efficiency and success of the institution.

The Library of the University is the largest west of the Hudson River, and it possesses an actual annual income surpassing that of any college or university in the country, with funds so adjusted and secured as to double the income.

The Museum contains more than fifteen thousand specimens, selected with special reference to use for instruction. It is rich in typical specimens of the large groups of animals and plants. The national reputation of the scholar who is the living soul of this large collection, Prof. Marcy, now Dean of the College of Technology, explains its completeness in every department of natural history.

A well equipped Preparatory Department is also maintained as a feeder to the University proper, and for the benefit of those, divinity students and others, who may not be able to take a full University course. In view of the important work already done by this institution, and of the brilliant future before it, the following congratulations of the Board of Trustees seem not out of place:



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

"Twenty-four years ago the foundations of the institution were laid by a band of noble, self-forgetting, far-seeing men, to whom, in connection with education, all after-time will be a debtor. From small beginnings, by sagacity in accumulating, by frugality and patient husbandry of resources, by a wise blending of pro-

gress and caution, aided from time to time by generous gifts, there has been gathered, under control of and belonging to the University, for educational uses, in buildings, grounds, museums, libraries, apparatus, endowed professorships, productive and unproductive property, an aggregate value of one and one-half million of dollars. Including the appliances and property of the Garrett Biblical Institute—a separate institution for theological training, but closely allied, in some departments of its educational work, with the University,—an estate in value of two million dollars is held in trust for higher educational uses.

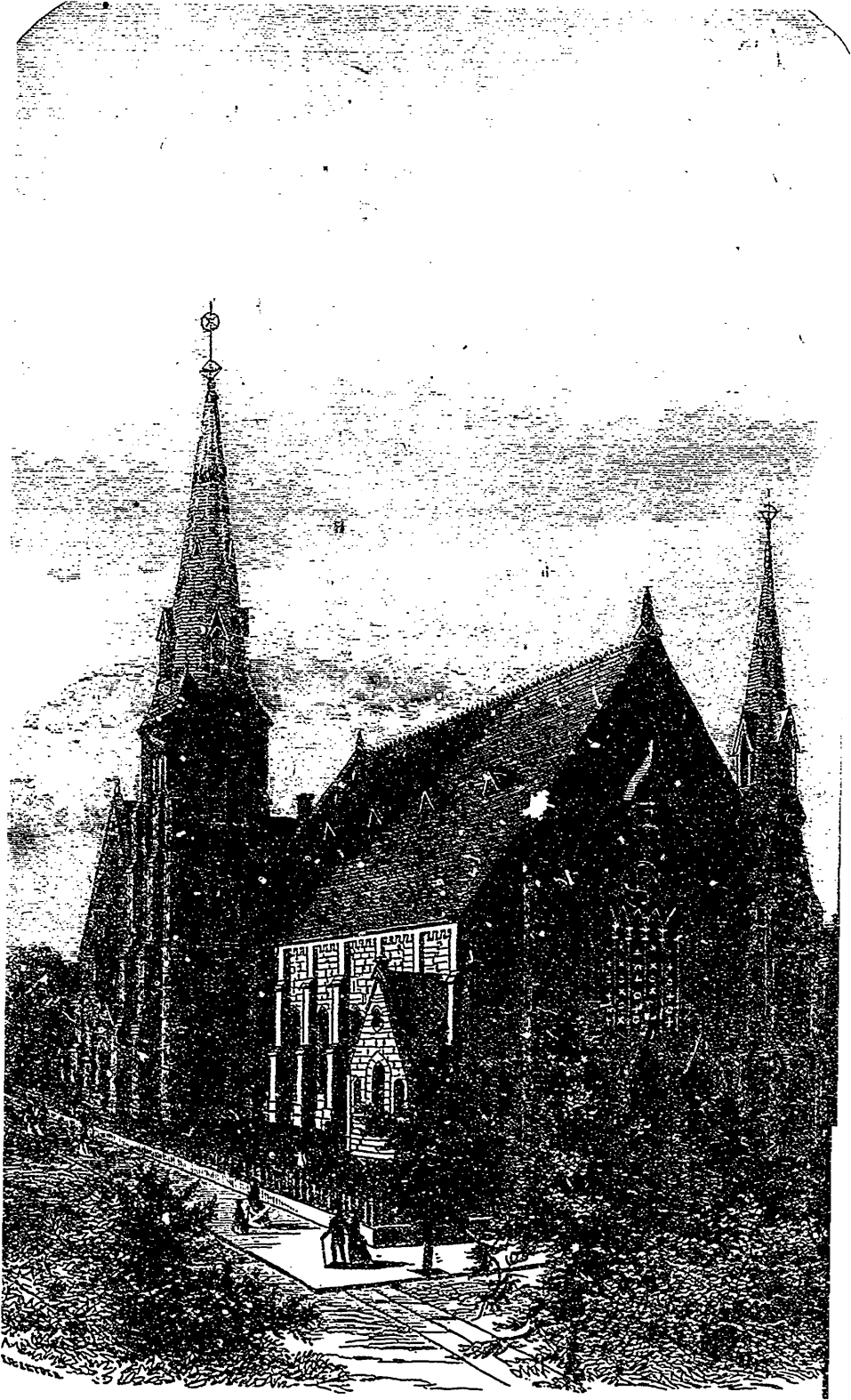
“The professors and instructors seem quite respectable, both in number and ability. Already the staff contains more than fifty experienced educators—men cultured and experienced in the leading institutions of America and Europe.”

We congratulate our Methodist brethren of the United States on the success which has crowned their efforts for promoting higher education under the administration of their own Church. We hope that we in Canada may be emulous to rival their zeal and liberality, and to procure for our own institutions, buildings, endowments, and equipment adequate to the great educational work before them.

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AH, the wrong that might be righted  
 If we would but see the way !  
 Ah, the pains that might be lightened  
 Every hour and every day,  
 If we would but hear the pleadings  
 Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold  
 Of our selfishness and pride ;  
 Let us lift our fainting brothers,  
 Let us strengthen ere we chide ;  
 Let us, ere we blame the fallen,  
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.



## METHODIST CHURCHES.

## IV.

TILL the erection of the Metropolitan M. E. Church in Washington, D. C., the Methodism of the United States was very inadequately represented at the capital of the country. The fluctuating population and political atmosphere of that city seemed unfavourable to the growth of Methodist institutions. It was felt, however, that a representative church of the Methodism of the nation should be erected in the great centre of political and social influence, especially as many of the leading men of the country attended the services of that Church. In 1853 a very eligible lot at the corner of two of the principal streets was secured, and steps taken towards commencing a Metropolitan Church; but the agitations that shortly followed on the subject of slavery, and the excitement of the public mind, prevented any great success, and the foundation of the church was the only indication of progress. With the close of the war, however, another effort was made to complete the structure, and under the labours of Dr. De Hass, subsequently United States Consul at Jerusalem, the present beautiful building, shown in our frontispiece, was erected, with the exception of the tower, which was subsequently added through the efforts of Mrs. Dr. Newman, and the liberality of Mr. Kelso, of Baltimore.

The Church has enjoyed the services of some of the leading minds of American Methodism. Among others, Drs. Tiffany, Newman (twice), and, at present, Dr. H. K. Naylor. Our own Dr. Punshon assisted at its dedication, and contributed greatly to the success of the occasion.

In the summer of 1875 we had the pleasure of visiting this beautiful church. Although it was only seven o'clock in the morning, we found Dr. Newman at work in his church-study, where he had an admirable library and biblical museum. He had just returned from his tour of consular inspection around the world, and the previous evening had been tendered a reception at which President Grant and family, with other dignitaries, had been present. Yet early next morning the Doctor was at work at his valuable volume of Oriental travel, since published

by the Harpers. He showed us a Babylonish brick, which he had carried a thousand miles on horseback. He also courteously did the honours of the building. The interior is finished in a very rich style, and the property is valued at \$225,000. President Grant was a regular attendant at this church. His pew differed in nothing from the others, but in the presence of a small silver plate with the words, "The President." President Hayes and family attend the much humbler chapel near the White House, known as "The Foundry." There are in all eighteen Methodist churches in Washington, including three coloured churches, one with a membership of 1,119.

We give also an engraving of Grace M. E. Church, Wilmington, Delaware. Methodism was introduced into this city in the year 1767, by the celebrated Captain Webb, of the British army, who preached under some trees at the corner of the two main streets. A society of fourteen members was soon formed, and Asbury, Whatcoat, and Coke often preached in the humble church which was erected. From this small beginning has grown the flourishing Methodism of Wilmington, now consisting of ten congregations. Grace Church, shown in our engraving, is one of the most elegant in the country, having cost over \$200,000.

For the engravings of these churches, and for the information concerning them, we are indebted to Bishop Simpson's Cyclopædia of Methodism,—a perfect treasury of knowledge on everything pertaining to the subject of which it treats.

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## HOME.

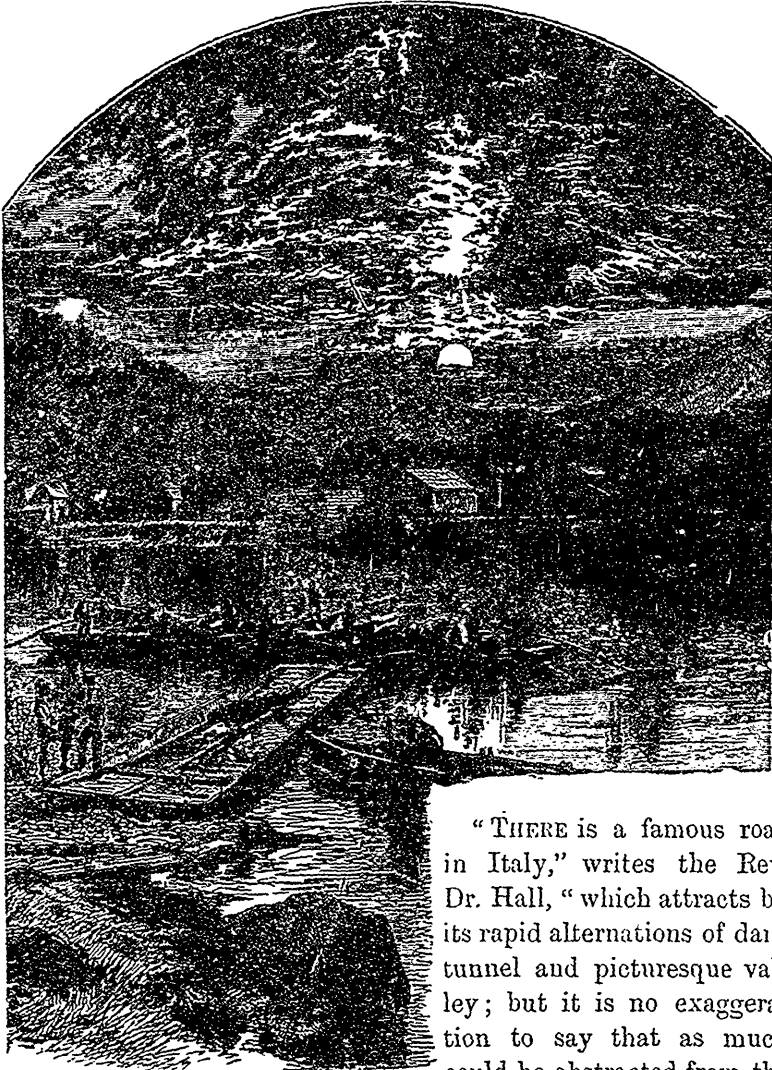
EACH man's chimney is his Golden Milestone,  
 Is the central point from which he measures  
     Every distance  
 Through the gateways of the world around him.  
 In his farthest wanderings still he sees it :  
 Hears the talking flame, the answering night wind,  
     As he heard them  
 When he sat with those who were but are not.

—*Longfellow.*



## PEEPS AT THE OLD DOMINION.

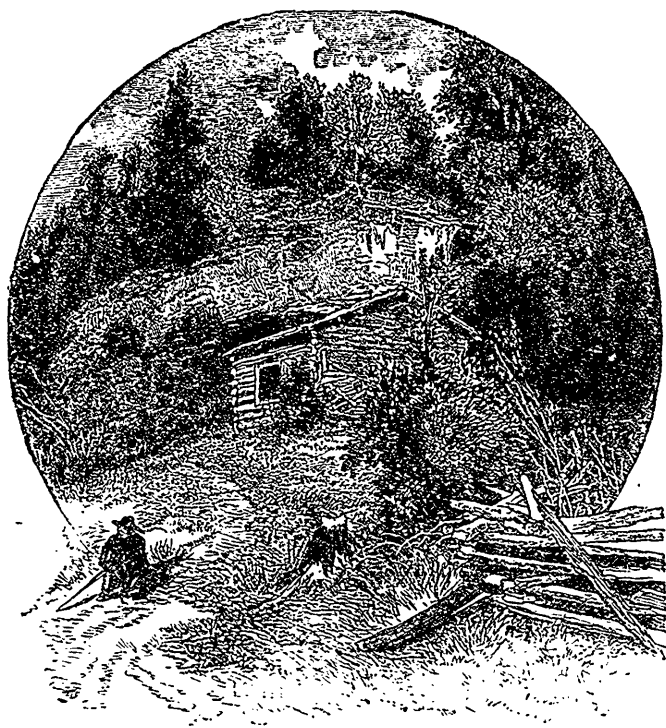
II.



VIEW ON THE GREENBRIER RIVER.

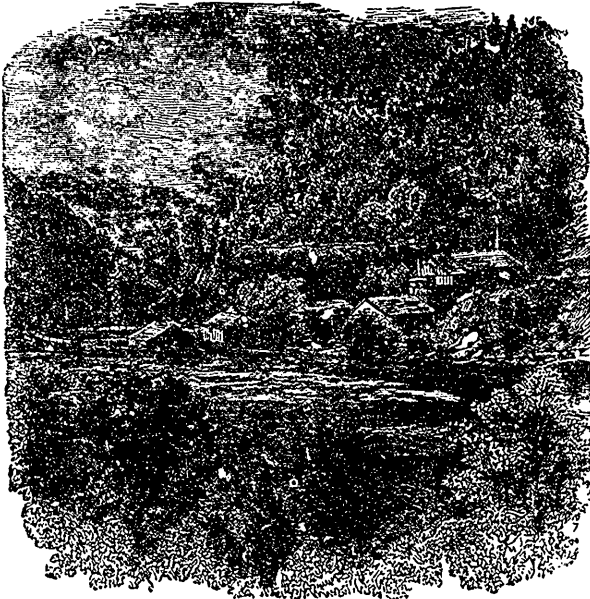
“THERE is a famous road in Italy,” writes the Rev. Dr. Hall, “which attracts by its rapid alternations of dark tunnel and picturesque valley; but it is no exaggeration to say that as much could be abstracted from the Virginias without being missed. Every one who ever crossed the Alps into Italy, remembers the zigzags from which he looks down on the valley he is reaching. But the hills around are bare and hard. The

generous Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge are richly wooded to their tops, and look as soft and green as the hill-sides around Lake Maggiore. All travellers by the Pennsylvania Central remember that attractive piece of fancy engineering known as the Horse-shoe, and nobody has gone to California without recalling the doubling of Cape Horn—where your train winds round the high brow of a mountain, as if it had climbed up to give you a look at the valleys below. The traveller across the Virginias can have delights like these again and again repeated.



MINER'S SHANTY.

The Rhine owes no little of its attractiveness to the battlements on its steeps. The New River is not indeed like the Rhine in depth or breadth; but it has features of its own. Now it is a broad stream leisurely chattering to the woods that overhang it; anon it is in a narrower bed scolding the rocks as large as houses, that have intruded themselves upon it from the hillsides, of which they grew weary. But for giant cliffs, Eagles' Nests, Lovers' Leaps, Drachenfels, and mountain fastnesses in ruins,



BUFFALO GAP AND FURNACE.

the New River can compete with any stream of travelled lands, and with this difference in its favour, that no cunning count or baron bold piled up those frowning battlements. Geological forces in an Omnipotent hand, and with unlimited time in which to work, placed these precipitous, castle-like crowns on the wooded hills, and gave them a peculiarity not seen elsewhere, namely, that behind them corn and wine abound; for the Alleghanies are fertile to their summits. As one is whirled along, it is difficult to say which challenges most admiration—the river below, the cliffs above, the graceful lines of the hills, the moving shadows over the green slopes of the mountain sides, or the sublime audacity that dared to run a railroad through such a region.

“But so much needs to be said about the picturesque that there is danger of overlooking the salt works, the marble, the iron works, the coal-mines that one notices on his way, and which long trains of freight-cars, respectfully waiting on sidings to let him pass, will not allow him to forget. There is no waste in the world’s wide domain, and these mountains, like those of a better known land, are iron, and out of them man may dig richer minerals than the brass of the olden time. The work is

begun. As in all great enterprises that affect the world, the earliest race of workers may reap but little of the reward, possibly; but some time men will see the gain, and admire the energy and skill that clasped the Virginias in iron bands between the open seaboard and the Great West.

"The Blue Ridge range of mountains first takes its distinctive name at Harper's Ferry on the Potomac, and retains it through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. It is an outlying or flank range of the Alleghany chain, with an average elevation of 2,500 to 3,500 feet above sea level, with spurs or peaks occa-



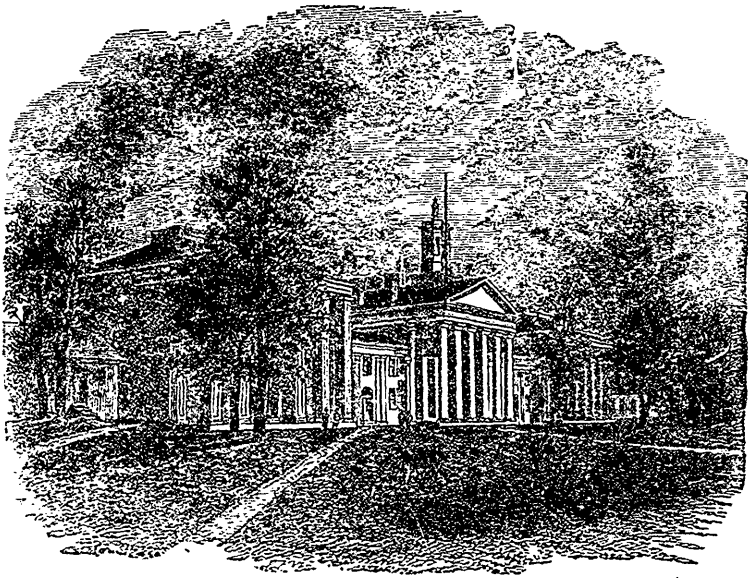
GRIFFITH'S KNOB AND COW PASTURE RIVER.

sionally higher, and with frequent depressions or gaps. It is penetrated by the James River; but south of the James, the Blue Ridge rises in elevation (in Northern Georgia over 5,000 feet above tide), and becomes the true divide between the Atlantic and Mississippi waters.

"The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad passes this mountain barrier with an average gradient of seventy feet per mile. The graduation is heavy; with much rock excavation, three spur tunnels, and the main tunnel, 4,260 feet in length, under the Ridge Summit. At the date of its construction this tunnel was one of the longest in the United States, and having been driven

without shafts, it was the subject of much notice in public and professional circles.

“One of the most beautiful panoramic views, or succession of views, on the line of this railroad, is presented in the Blue Ridge ascent. The upper valleys of the Rock Fish River and its branches are spread out far below, enclosed on the left by the south-west range of hills, and opposite by the more elevated Blue Ridge—with a very pleasing contrast of wild and cultivated ground, of farms, groves, and vineyards opposed by rocks, ravines, and the roughest aspects of mountain scenery. Nature is seldom seen more picturesque, or human art in bolder undertaking, close by.



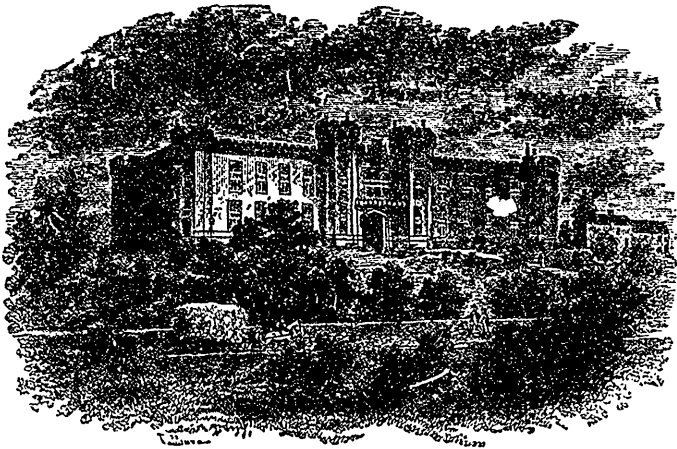
WASHINGTON-LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA.

“The railroad passes through the Blue Ridge tunnel at an elevation of 1,500 feet above tide-level, and descends into the Valley of Virginia, crossing the South Fork of the Shenandoah River 1,284 feet above tide. Thence the railroad crosses the Valley transversely, and twenty miles on ascends the slopes of its western rim.

“Buffalo Gap, 2,070 feet above tide-level, is the highest grade elevation of the entire line. Immediately to the northward of this summit gap rises ‘Griffith’s Knob’ (the Great North Moun-

tain), to a height of 4,480 feet above the sea ; it is another signal station of the United States Coast Survey.

“Lexington is an educational centre, and from its vicinity to the Natural Bridge, and other interesting localities, is much visited. The Washington-Lee University, founded by General Washington, and afterwards presided over by General Lee, continues its excellent course of instruction, with an able staff of professors and the necessary apparatus and library facilities for an institution of its grade. The Virginia Military Institute, on the adjoining grounds, sustains its high reputation as the first military school of the Southern States. A very fine mountain view is presented from the elevated plateau upon which both



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

institutions are located. Lexington possesses peculiar interest for many travellers, from its historic associations and as the resting-place of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

“Clifton Forge Station, 191 miles from Richmond, and 1,047 feet above tide-level, is directly opposite a remarkable water-gap cut through a spur, or prolongation of Waite’s Mountain, and through which pass the waters of the James River and its numerous tributaries. The discharge of this considerable basin has, in time, worn through the mountain barrier at Clifton Forge, breaking down a precipitous gorge, only 250 feet wide at its base, and with bold, high cliffs on either side, nearly perpendicular.

"Apart from other attractions, the locality is of peculiar geological interest. Whatever force cut, or created, the gorge, also laid bare one of the finest anti-clinal sections of American geology. The sandstone ledges of the mountain have been uplifted, preserving lines of singular symmetry, and in two regular defined segmental niches. Between these sandstone ledges, and concentric with the upper, lies a valuable seam of fossiliferous iron ore.

"Covington, at the eastern foot of the Alleghany foot-hills, may be considered the commencement of the ascending grades of the great water divide between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. The road ascends by a grade of sixty feet per mile a rugged mountain slope, with excavations and embankments following each other in rapid succession, unequalled, it is

PARTIAL VIEW OF CLIFTON FORGE WATER-GAP AND NATURAL ARCH.



believed, in this or any other country. There are a great number of cuts of sixty feet in depth, many over a hundred, and the slopes of some reach even to a hundred and fifty feet. Each of these interesting results of engineering skill adds new and fresh artistic features for the tourist's gratification. The embankments are equal in magnitude. That over 'Moss Run' is a hundred and forty feet in depth; over Jerry's Run a hun-



JERRY'S RUN.

dred and eighty-five feet. But even these huge masses are dwarfed by the mighty hills which surround them, so insignificant are the works of man when brought face to face with those of nature."

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Just as God leads me, I abide  
 In faith, in hope, in suffering true;  
 His strength is ever by my side—  
 Can aught my hold on Him undo?  
 I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
 That God my life is still bestowing—  
 The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, onward I go,  
 Oft amid thorns and briars keen;  
 God does not yet His guidance show—  
 But in the end it shall be seen  
 How by a loving Father's will,  
 Faithful and true, He leads me still.



## NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

*A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

## CHAPTER XII.—A DARK TRAGEDY—THE BURNING OF NIAGARA.

THE victory of the British arms in Lower Canada led to vigorous efforts to drive the American invaders out of the upper province. Lieutenant-General Drummond assumed command, and at once resolved to regain possession of Fort George. Early in December he despatched Colonel Murray from Burlington Heights with a force of five hundred regulars and Indians to drive in the marauding bands of the enemy that were pillaging the country. McClure, the American general, fell back on Niagara and Fort George, and, fearing an attack in force, and his garrison being much reduced, resolved to evacuate the fort and abandon the country. But before doing so he resolved, in obedience to instructions from the War Department at Washington, to perpetrate an act of inhuman barbarity which shall hand down his name to infamy so long as the story shall be told. In order to deprive the British troops of winter quarters he determined to burn the town of Niagara, leaving the innocent and non-combatant inhabitants, helpless women and little children, the sick and infirm, homeless and shelterless amid the rigours of a Canadian winter.

It is one of the dread results of international conflict that the inhabitants of the hostile frontiers, who may have previously dwelt in good fellowship and neighbourly helpfulness, are often changed to deadly enemies, and even claim for their bitter hostility the sanctions of duty. There was one conspicuous exception on the banks of the Niagara. Mary Lawson, the daughter of the village miller and merchant of the little hamlet of Youngstown, that nestled under the wing of Fort Niagara on the American side of the river, was as blithe and bonnie a lass of eighteen summers as ever gladdened a father's heart. Admirers Mary had in plenty, but the most eligible of them all, in the opinion of the village gossips, was young Ensign Roberts, attached to the American forces at the Fort.

Not so, however, thought Mary. The favoured of her heart was a smart young Canadian, who for some time had acted as clerk in her father's store, and had shortly before opened a small establishment of his own on the opposite side of the river, in the thriving village of Niagara. Every Sunday young Morton crossed in his own light skiff to attend church with Mary; and on summer evenings many were the pleasant sails they had upon the shining reaches of the river, watching the sun go down in golden glory in the bosom of blue Ontario, and the silver moon bathe in its pale light the bosky foliage of the shores, beneath which, dark and heavy, crouched the stealthy shadows, while the river rippled calmly by.

With the outbreak of the war, however, these pleasant sails and visits ceased. George Morton naturally espoused the cause of his native country, with which, too, all his commercial interests were identified. This brought him at once under the ban of Mary's father, and his visits were interdicted. Ensign Roberts took advantage of the absence of his rival to press his suit, which Squire Lawson favoured as being likely, he thought, to wean Mary from her forbidden attachment to one who was now her country's foe. But he little knew the depth and the strength of a woman's affection. The more her royalist lover was aspersed and maligned, the more warmly glowed her love, the more firm was her resolve to be faithful unto death.

In the action which led to the British evacuation of Fort George, young Morton took an active part in endeavouring to repel the invasion of his country. As barge after barge transferred to the shore, under cover of a heavy fire, the hostile force from the crescent-shaped fleet that lay moored on the blue bosom of the lake before the town, he with the militia company to which he was attached, was lying in a hollow near the beach, to check if possible the advance of the foe. A round shot from the fleet struck the ground in front of him, covering him with earth and breaking the arm with which he was loading his musket. At the same moment a bullet from the enemy struck his nearest comrade, passing right through his body as he lay upon the ground. A slight quiver convulsed his frame, and then it was at rest forever. As the foe advanced in force, driving back the British, George, unable to retreat as rapidly

as the rest, was taken prisoner and with others sent across to the American fort.

Personally, George Morton received every kindness from the officer and surgeons of the American hospital; and in the gentle ministrations of Mary Lawson, which he shared with the rest of the wounded, he found a compensation for all his sufferings. Upon his partial convalescence he was released on parole, and returned to Niagara to look after his disorganized and partially ruined business. By his skill and industry, aided by the fictitious prosperity caused by the presence of a numerous army, before the winter it had become again exceedingly flourishing, but only to be ruthlessly and completely destroyed.

Amid the active preparations made for the transfer of the American forces and *matériel* of war across the river, preparatory to the destruction of Niagara, intelligence of the atrocious design came to the knowledge of Mary Lawson, chiefly through the indignant dissent and remonstrance of some of McClure's own officers against the unsoldier-like cruelty. The intrepid girl's resolve was taken on the instant. She determined under cover of the night to give the alarm to Morton, and through him to the inhabitants, that they might, if possible, frustrate the infamous design, or at least rescue their moveable property from destruction.

It required no small courage to carry out her purpose. The winter had set in early and severe. The river was running full of ice, which rendered crossing, especially by night, exceedingly perilous. To this was added the danger of being challenged, and it might be shot, by the sentries of the American camp. But when did true love in man or woman stop to calculate chances, or hesitate to encounter danger or even death for the beloved one?

It was on the 9th of December—a bleak, cold, cloudy night—that Mary, having secured the aid of her father's faithful servant, Michael O'Brian, a jolly but rather stupid Irishman, who knew no fear, escaped through the window of her room after the family had retired to rest, which was not till near midnight, and set forth on her perilous mission of mercy. In order to avoid the American sentries they attempted to cross about a mile above the camp, and in the murky darkness, fearlessly launched their little boat, steering by the lights in the town,

slumbering unconscious of its fate, where some patient watcher kept her vigil beside a sick bed.

The dark water eddied and gurgled amid the ice-floes, from which a ghastly gleam was reflected, like that from the face of a corpse dimly seen amid the dark. Occasionally a huge fragment of ice would grate, and crash, and crunch against the frail ribs of the boat, as if eager to crush it and frustrate the generous purpose of its passengers. But the strong arm of O'Brian pushed a way through the ice, while Mary sat wrapped in her cloak and in busy meditation in the bottom of the boat.

But they had not calculated on the strength of the current, and the resistance of the ice. In spite of every effort they were being rapidly borne down the stream. Another danger stared them in the face. Should they be carried into the lake with the floating ice, they might before morning be drifted out of sight of land and perish miserably of cold or hunger; or be dashed upon the ice-bound shore, where they could hear the waves roar harshly, like sea-beasts howling for their prey.

But the bitter north wind, which had been such a source of discomfort, now proved their salvation from this imminent danger. Blowing fresher every moment it arrested the ice-drift, and formed a solid barrier from shore to shore and extending far up the river. But this in turn effectually prevented the progress of the little boat which had almost reached the Canadian shore; and worse still, the dim grey light of morning began to dawn.

Suddenly the sight of a black object in the middle of a white field of now dense ice, and the sound of O'Brian's oar striving to force a passage through, caught the watchful eye and ear of the sentry near whose boat they had unfortunately drifted.

"Halt!" rang out sharp and clear on the frosty air the challenge of the sentry.

"Faith an' it's halted fast enough I am," answered Mickey.

"Who goes there?" repeated the sentry's voice.

"Sure I don't go at all, that's what's the matter," said the boatman, unconsciously anticipating a slang phrase of later times.

"Advance and give the countersign," exclaimed the enraged soldier, who in martinet obedience to discipline, would challenge a drowning man before trying to save him.

"It's that same I would if I could," replied the bewildered

Irishman, "but I can't walk on wather, and this ice-slush isn't much better."

"Unless you answer, I'll fire," shouted the sentry, to whom Mickey's maunderings, half drowned by the crashing ice and gusty wind, were unintelligible.

"An' that same is the very thing I want, for it's starved wid the cowl'd I am," said the shivering creature, who with characteristic ingenuity had failed to apprehend the meaning of the menace addressed to him. But a sudden flash and the dull thud of a bullet against the ice beside him interpreted to his sluggish brain the danger in which he stood.

"The saints be betune us an' harm," he exclaimed, devoutly crossing himself. "Oh, sure ye won't murder a body in cowl'd blood who's kilt entirely already. It's half drowned and froze I am, without being riddled like a culender wid your bullets as well."

"Why, Mickey O'Brian!" exclaimed the astonished soldier, who had by the gun-flash recognized the familiar features of a quondam friend; "why on earth didn't you tell your name, man? I might have killed you as dead as a door-nail."

"An' a purty thrick it 'ud be for ye, too, Tommy Daily. It's not ashamed of my name I am, an' if I'd know'd it was you, I'd tould ye before. But he'p us out of this an' I'll bear ye no malice whativer."

The guard had turned out at the report of the gun, and getting such planks as were available laid them on the floating ice; but still they could not reach the boat. Tommy Daily with fertile ingenuity tying some twine to his ramrod fired it over the skiff, when it was easy to send out a strong fisherman's line, which Mick tied to the thwarts, and a dozen strong arms drew the boat ashore.\*

The benumbed form of Mary was borne to the guard-room, and Ensign Roberts, the officer of the night, immediately sent for.

"Why, Miss Lawson!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "to what can we owe your presence at such a time and place as this?"

"To the inhumanity of your commander, and to my desire to rescue an innocent people from its consequences."

\* The present writer witnessed the rescue of a shipwrecked crew, in the manner here described, near this very spot.

"I regret, Miss Lawson, that my military duty prevents my permitting you to carry out your generous purpose. You will be entertained here as comfortably as our rude accommodation will allow till the river clears, when you will be sent safely home."

"Is this your generosity to a fallen foe, Mr. Roberts?" she exclaimed; but, too proud to ask a favour from a discarded suitor, she relapsed into haughty silence.

But Colonel McClure was not without plain-spoken remonstrance against his contemplated act of inhumanity. In the prosecution of his spiritual functions Neville Trueman had free access to the people of the town of Niagara, many of whom were members of his church or congregation. Among these a large number of American soldiers were billeted, and very burdensome and unwelcome guests they were. From the unusual commotion and covert threats and hints dropped by the soldiers on the eve of the evacuation, Trueman apprehended some serious disaster to the towns-people. With the prompt energy by which he was characterized, he resolved to proceed to head-quarters and to intercede for the devoted town. He was received by Colonel McClure with a cold and repellent dignity, and obtained only evasive answers. As he was about to leave the presence of that officer, the Colonel said in a constrained manner,—

"Mr. Trueman, I respect your calling, and respect your character; I therefore advise you if you have any personal effects in the town to secure them at once, or I will not be answerable for the results."

"I have only a few books and clothes," said Neville, "but there are families here who have much at stake. Surely no evil can be intended those innocent and non-combatant people."

"There exist reasons of military necessity which I cannot expect you to appreciate," said the Colonel, stiffly.

"There are no reasons that can justify inhumanity," replied Neville, stoutly, "and inhumanity of the gravest character it would be to injure the persons or the property of these defenceless people."

The gallant Colonel seemed rather to wince under these words, but, as if anxious to exculpate himself, he replied, "An

officer has no option in carrying out the instructions received from the military authorities."

"That will not remove from you, sir, the responsibility of the act, if, as I infer, the wanton destruction of this town is intended," replied Neville, with significant emphasis. "I make bold to affirm that the act will be as unwise as it will be cruel. It will provoke bitter retaliation. It will tenfold intensify hostile feeling. I know these people. I have travelled largely through this province, and mingled with all classes. They are intensely loyal to their sovereign. They would *die* rather than forswear their allegiance. They will fight to the last man and last gun before they will yield. If wanton outrage be inflicted on this frontier, I predict that fire and sword shall visit your cities, and a heritage of hatred shall be bequeathed to posterity, that all good men, for all time, will deplore."

"Young man, I admire your zeal, although I may not appreciate your sympathy for a country which I understand is not your own," answered the officer, haughtily. "I am, however, responsible for my acts not to you, but to the War Department at Washington. This interview is fruitless. I see no advantage to be gained by prolonging it."

"Sir," said Neville, solemnly, as he rose to leave, "you are responsible to a higher tribunal than that at Washington. I have not learned to limit my sympathies and my instincts of humanity by a boundary line. You are a scholar, sir, and perhaps you remember the words of the Latin poet: '*Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*' I have the honour to wish you good day," and he bowed himself out.

As he returned to the town he beheld soldiers going from house to house warning the people to turn out and remove their property, and proceeding, with inhuman alacrity, to set the buildings on fire. Then might be seen the women—most of the men were away with the troops—hastily gathering together their own and their children's clothing and a few treasured heirlooms, and with tears and bitter lamentation leaving their sheltering roof, going forth like the patriarch, not knowing whither they went. The frost had set in early and severe. The snow lay deep upon the ground. Yet at thirty minutes' warning, of a hundred and fifty houses in Niagara, all were fired save one. There was scarce time to rescue the nursing babe, and the aged

and infirm, from the doomed dwellings. The wife of Counsellor Dickson lay on a sick bed. Her husband was a prisoner on the American side of the river. The unfortunate lady "was carried, bed and all, and placed in the snow before her own door, where, shivering with cold, she beheld her house and all that was in it consumed to ashes."\* Of the valuable library, which had cost between five and six hundred pounds sterling, scarcely a book escaped.

Late into the night burned the fires, reddening the midnight heavens with the lurid flames of comfortable homesteads, well-filled barns and stacks of grain. Herds of affrighted cattle rushed wildly over the adjacent meadows, the kine lowing piteously with distended udders for the accustomed hands of their milkers at eventide. Of the hundred and fifty dwellings fired, only two or three escaped by accident, one of which still remains; and four hundred women and children were left to wander in the snow or seek the temporary shelter of some remote farm-house or Indian wigwam in the woods. Some wandered for days in the adjacent dismal "Black Swamp," feeding on frost-bitten cranberries, or on a casual rabbit or ground-hog.

But a swift avenging followed the dastardly outrage. In two days the British re-occupied the site of the smouldering town, now but a waste of blackened embers, which the Americans had evacuated—horse, foot, and artillery—not a hoof being left behind. So precipitate had been their retreat, however, that a large quantity of stores, together with the barracks and tents, were left, which fell into the hands of the British. As the old red-cross flag was run again on the flag-staff of Fort George, an exultant cheer went up to heaven, and not a few eyes of those hardy militiamen were filled with tears. Their homes were but heaps of ashes, it was true; but their country remained; its soil was relieved from the foot of the invader, and their loyal allegiance to their sovereign had been shown by their costly sacrifice.

\* James, quoted by Auchinleck.



CHAPTER XIII.—A STERN NEMESIS—A RAVAGED FRONTIER.

ON the evening of that eventful day, again a family gathering took place at The Holms—for so closely had trial, adventure, and suffering for a common cause knit together the guests and inmates, that they seemed like a family group. The sword of the grandfather, above the mantel, was now crossed by the cavalry sabre of Zenas, and the old Brown Bess was flanked by the dragoon's carbine. Good cheer in abundance spread the board, for the broad acres of the farm and the kindly ministries of nature had not stinted their yield on account of the red battle-year. But an air of pensiveness, almost of dejection, broken by sharp outbursts of indignation marked the social converse. Many incidents of privation and suffering, in consequence of the burning of the town, were told. Indeed the resources of the household had been taxed to the utmost to relieve the pressing distress, and every room and guest-chamber was filled with houseless refugees from the inclemency of the weather.

"There will be a grim revenge for this, before long," said Captain Villiers, who had embraced the earliest opportunity to renew his homage at a shrine that had almost unconsciously become very dear.

"In which I hope to take part," interjected Zenas, with a fierce gesture.

"We must carry war into Africa," continued the Captain. "Hitherto, for the most part, we have acted on the defensive. The time has come when we must repay invasion by invasion, and outrage by retaliation." So does the cruel war-spirit grow by that on which it feeds.

"That 'ere fort with its big guns a-grinnin' an' growlin like mastiffs in their kennels, has bullied us long enough," said Tom Loker, who availed himself of the democratic simplicity of the times to express his opinion.

"It wadna be sae muckle a job to tak it, I'm thinkin'," said Sandy McKay, looking up from his musket that he was oiling and cleaning; "it's no sae strang as it luiks. I ken its ravelins and demilunes unco weel, bein' sax weeks a prisoner wi'in thae walls. Gin your ance ower thae brig and inside the outworks it wad be easy eneuch tae win an' haud the fort."

"That's the rub," said the squire, "to gain a footing and win the outworks. If they keep a vigilant watch it would be a difficult task. The only way would be to surprise the garrison. A few stout-hearted men, well supported, might overpower the guard. That's the way Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga, in the old war."

"Father," said Zenas, with enthusiasm "It can be done, and must be done, and I must help do it. I claim a place in the forlorn hope. I'd like to be the first man in."

The old man winced a little at the awful contingency of death and danger for his soldier boy, so close at hand; and Kate gazed at him, with tears of sympathy filling her eyes and the blood mantling her cheek.

"As God wills, my son," answered the sire. "I said the time might come when you should bear the battle's brunt. If your heart calls you I will not say nay. I gave you to your country, and dare not hold you back."

"Young maister," said McKay, with Scottish fidelity, "whaur ye gae, I'll gae. I'm an auld mon, noo, an' how better could I gi' ma life, gin sae it's written, than for my King? Forbye I ken weel the place, an' sae God wills, I can guide ye intill it by nicht as weel as ithers could by day."

"I'm not the man to shirk the call to arms when the bugle sounds," remarked Tom Loker, "but I must say I've no stomach for this going before I'm sent. It's a sheer temptin' o' Providence, seems to me."

"Hoot, mon," said Sandy, "what is to be, is to be. Gin ye're to fa', ye'll fa' at the rear o' thae column as sune as at the heid o' it, an' I'm gey sure the first is the mair honourable place."

"Had I two score gallant fellows like you and Zenas," broke in Captain Villiers, grasping the hilt of his sword, "with a couple of companies to support us, I'd guarantee the fort would be taken before a week. Something more will come of this, I warrant."

Full of this daring scheme, the very next day he proposed to Colonel Murray the bold plan. That officer sent for McKay, questioned him thoroughly as to the fort and its defences, and had him draw a rude plan of its approaches, curtains, and

bastions. He heartily fell in with the idea and made immediate preparation for its execution.

The night of the eighteenth of December was moonless and dark. A column of five hundred men of the Forty-First and Hundredth regiments, a grenadier company of the First Royals, and fifty militia, filed out of the portals of Fort George, bearing scaling ladders and other implements of assault, as silent as ghosts. At the head marched the forlorn hope of twenty men, among whom were Captain Villiers, Zenas, and McKay. But each man, though he bore his life in his hand, walked proudly erect, as if with the assurance of victory, or of a reward more glorious than even victory. They marched several miles up the river to a spot where a crossing could safely be effected without discovery or interruption.

Now began the stealthy march on the devoted fort. Like an avenging Nemesis, shod with silence, the column approached the unconscious garrison. Every order was conveyed in a whisper. No clink of sabre, nor clatter of muskets was heard. The snow, which had begun to fall, muffled the tread and deadened each sound. The column wound on in the hush of midnight over the wintry waste, stealing like a tiger on its prey. The piquets, lulled into security by the storm, were avoided by a *detour*. Now amid the blackness of night, the deeper blackness of the fort loomed up. McKay and Zenas moved to the front beside Captain Villiers who whispered his commands. McKay silently led the way to the sally-port. A huge grenadier grasped the sentry by the throat to prevent his giving the alarm. The forlorn hope glided through the small opening of the sally-port, and, well instructed beforehand, rushed to the main gateway, overpowered the guard, and flung open the huge iron-studded gates. The British column now poured in, and before drum had rolled or bugle rung had reached the central quadrangle. The garrison awoke from slumber only to a futile struggle with an exasperated foe, and after a short resistance were compelled to surrender. In this assault the loss of the victors was only six men—a circumstance almost unparalleled in military annals—that of the vanquished unhappily was considerably greater. Three hundred prisoners, three thousand stand of arms, and an immense quantity of

stores were captured—the latter a great boon to the well nigh famished people of the devastated town of Niagara.\*

We would fain here close this record of retaliation. Enough had been done for British honour and for the punishment of the enemy. But when dread Bellona cries "Havoc," and slips the leashes of the hellish dogs of war, the instincts of humanity seem lost, and baptized men seem in danger of reverting to unredeemed savagery. Trueman expostulated, and pleaded, and prayed for a mitigation of the penalty inflicted on the vanquished, but in vain. In ruthless retaliation for the burning of Niagara, the British ravaged the American frontier, and gave to the flames the thriving towns of Lewiston, Manchester, Black Rock, and Buffalo. At the latter place, an American force, two thousand strong, made a stout resistance, but was defeated, with the loss of four hundred men, by the British, with only one-third the number of troops, December 30.

Thus the holy Christmas-tide, God's pledge of peace and good-will toward men, rose upon a fair and fertile frontier scathed and blackened by wasting and rapine, and the year went out in "tears and misery, in hatred and flames and blood."

The marks of recent conflict were everywhere visible, and—saddest evidence of all—was the multitude of soldiers' graves whose silent sleepers no morning drum-beat should arouse forever. The peaceful parish church of Niagara had been turned into a hospital, where, instead of praise and prayer, were heard the groans of wounded and dying men. Everything in fact gave indications of military occupation and the prevalence of the awful reign of war.

Seldom has the frightful destructiveness of war been more strikingly illustrated. The commerce of the United States was completely crippled by the blockade of her ports, her revenue falling from \$24,000,000 to \$8,000,000. Admiral Cockburn, of the British Navy, swept the Atlantic coast with his fleet, destroying arsenals and naval stores wherever his gun-boats could penetrate. Great Britain also recovered her old prestige in more than one stubborn sea-fight with a not unworthy foe.

\* The writer was intimately acquainted with an old resident on the Niagara River, who in his youth had been a prisoner in the American fort, and formed part of the forlorn hope which aided in its capture. From him many interesting incidents of the war were learned.

On a lovely morning in June, the United States frigate "Chesapeake," of forty-nine guns, stood out of Boston harbour amid the holiday cheers of a sympathizing multitude, to answer the challenge to a naval duel of H. M. S. "Shannon," of fifty-two guns. They were soon locked muzzle to muzzle in deadly embrace, belching shot and grape through each other's sides, while the streaming gore incarnadined the waves. The British boarders swarmed on the "Chesapeake's" deck, and soon, with nearly half her crew killed or wounded, she struck her colours to the red-cross flag. In five days the shattered and blood-stained vessels crept together into Halifax harbour, the American captain, the gallant Lawrence, lying in his cabin cold in death; the British commander, the chivalric Broke, raving in the delirium of a desperate wound. The slain captain was borne to his grave amid the highest honours paid to his valour by a generous foe. Amid the roar of Broadway's living tide, beneath the shadow of old Trinity Church, a costly monument commemorates his heroic and untimely death. A few days later, the British brig "Boxer," of fourteen guns, surrendered to the U. S. brig "Enterprise," of sixteen guns. In one quiet grave, overlooking Casco Bay, beside which the writer, one sunny summer day, meditated on the vanity of earthly strife, their rival captains lie buried side by side. Some kindly hand had decked their graves with tiny flags, which in sun and shower had become dimmed and faded; and planted fair and innocent flowers which breathed their beauty and fragrance amid the shadows of death. So fade and pass away the false and transient glory of arms. So bloom and flourish in immortal beauty the supernal loveliness of virtue and piety.

It is a relief to turn away from these scenes of war and bloodshed to the record of human affection and heroic self-sacrifice and devotion.

George Morton, the faithful Canadian patriot, crippled, impoverished, sick at heart, and despairing of ever claiming Mary Lawson as his bride, returned after the burning of his native town to the ashes of his ruined home to begin life over again. A partial indemnity from the Government enabled him to resume business on a modest scale, which, by thrift and industry, grew and increased with the gradual growth of the town. Ensign Roberts was among the slain at the taking of the Fort, and

Mr. Lawson's property was destroyed by the conflagration that followed. The old man, broken by his losses and by exposure gradually sunk and died, Mary nursing him devotedly to the last. After years of delay the love of the no longer youthful pair found its consummation in a happy marriage, followed by a calmly tranquil wedded life.

"Although this cruel war," whispered George to his bride upon their wedding-day, "has robbed us of all our own worldly wealth, has cost you your father, and has left me a cripple for life, yet it could not take from us the priceless wealth of our affection."

"Nay, dear heart," she replied, "the long trial of our love has purified it from earthly dross, and proved it the type of love immortal in the skies."

In after years, to children and to children's children on his knees, George Morton used often to recount the perils of those fearful scenes of war and wasting; but no theme was more pleasing to himself and to his youthful auditory, while the comely matron in her mature beauty blushed at the praise of her own heroism, than the episode of the fair Mary Lawson's midnight adventure in the ice on the Niagara, in the terrible winter of the war.

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## DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

"MY son, my son!" Hush, hush, O Mahanaim!  
 Hear'st thou the wail above the city gate,  
 Exceeding bitter and exceeding great?  
 The shout of victory, the voice of fame,  
 Shrink from that cry as with the thrill of shame.  
 What mighty sorrow dims thy regal state?  
 What mean those accents which the heavens repeat?  
 "My son, my son;" and then that tender name,  
 "O Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son!"  
 It burdens all the air with weight of woe;  
 'Tis like the cry of Egypt 'neath the throne,  
 Her first-born smitten at a single blow.  
 Thus David mourns his smitten Absalom,  
 And with his woes he builds for him a tomb.

## GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

*FRANCIS XAVIER, THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIAS.\**

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## I.

ON a blithe April morning in the year 1541, a gallant fleet dropped down the Tagus from the white-walled port of Lisbon. Many an eye unused to tears was dimmed as the orange groves and chesnut-forests and vine-clad hills that engirdled the city receded from view. For that fleet bore a thousand men to reinforce the garrison of the pestilent town of Goa, in Portuguese India—few of whom were ever again to see their native land. Yet one heart was unmoved by regret or foreboding, one countenance beamed with delight, one soul glowed with the raptures of religious exultation. For that fleet bore a lonely, serge-clad man, whose fame is destined to live as long as time shall last. For over two centuries he has been canonized among the saints in heaven and invoked on earth, and throughout Catholic Christendom have altars been erected to his name. The memory of Francis Xavier still stirs the soul to high emprise and commands the admiration of mankind, three hundred years after his body has returned to dust.

Among the chesnut-covered slopes of the Pyrenees, in the year 1506, this child of destiny was born. He grew up in the castle of his ancestors, strong of body, active of mind, and nourished in chivalric instincts by the heroic traditions of his martial line. He would fain have followed the career of arms, but the hearts of his parents yearned over the child of their old age, and at their desire he embraced the pursuit of letters and the arts of peace. He early won distinction at the University of Paris, and at the age of twenty-two he was elected Professor of Philosophy in the capital of France. The subtleties of Aristotle became a passion to the young enthusiast, and around his chair thronged the ardent youth of the University. Here he was brought under the spell of one of the most potent spirits that ever ruled the world.

\* Reprinted from Dr. Deems' excellent periodical, *The Sunday Magazine*.

Ten years before, Ignatius Loyola, the gay soldier of fortune, was stricken down by a French ball at the siege of Pampeluna. He arose from his couch the avowed soldier of Christ and His Virgin Mother. He was healed of his wound, he averred, by the touch of St. Peter; but the Apostle, if a good physician, was a poor surgeon, for his patient remained a cripple for the rest of his life. Clad in the filthy gabardine of a beggar, he plunged for months into a solitary cave, where he fasted and prayed, and tortured both body and mind till he was reduced to the verge of madness. Here he conceived and wrote those "Spiritual Exercises," consisting chiefly of meditations on the tortures of the damned and the raptures of the saved, which he formulated into the "act of conversion" whereby courtiers were to be changed into confessors, and soldiers into saints.

In his retreat, Loyola felt himself summoned to be the leader of a great spiritual army—a "religious militia," as he phrased it—which should battle in all lands, and by every weapon, against the enemies of the Pope of Rome and of the Catholic faith. And faithfully he obeyed that call. By the Society of Jesus more than by any other agency was the Protestant Reformation arrested and turned back, and the whole of Southern Europe retained beneath the spiritual despotism of Rome.

To prepare himself for his mighty work—to become the teacher of the future teachers of the world—he took his seat, a man of thirty-four, by the side of little boys learning the rudiments of Latin grammar. In prison, in exile, in shipwreck, in sickness, in hunger, in poverty, begging his way through Europe, wandering a pilgrim to Palestine, he cherished his inflexible purpose in his steadfast soul. He sought to attach Xavier to his person and his cause. But the courtly scholar shrank from the scourge, the fasting, the penance of the "Spiritual Exercises," and he laughed them to scorn. Yet the fascination was upon him. That potent spirit wove its spells about him, probed his conscience to the quick, fired his spiritual ambition, and won his heart.

Xavier became the disciple of Loyola, and surpassed all his brethren in the fervour of his zeal, the austerity of his devotion, the heroism of his life. To mortify his body, which had once been his pride, he tied cords around his arms and legs till they corroded their way almost to the bone. Twice these penances brought him to the verge of the grave. In the last hour, as it



was thought, he was borne into the public squares that by his death he might preach even more effectively than by his life. But he was restored, by a miracle, as he believed, to fulfil a ministry of toil, and trial, and triumph, such as rarely, if ever, has been equalled by man.

In his five-and-thirtieth year Xavier was summoned by Loyola to become the Apostle to the Indies. "Go, brother," he said, "whither the voice of God calls you, and inflame all hearts with the divine fire within you.—*Id y accendedlo todo y embrasadlo en fuego divino.*" Xavier responded with delight to the summons. Passionate sobs, not of sorrow, but of joy, attested the rapture of his soul in accepting the sacred mission. Penniless, alone, clothed but in a ragged cloak, he set out the very next day from Rome to Lisbon. As he descended the rugged slopes of the Pyrenees, he beheld in the distance the towers of his father's castle, where still lived, in the feebleness of extreme old age, the mother who had watched and blessed the years of his childhood and youth. But with that crucifixion of the natural affections which the religion of Rome calls virtue, he repressed the yearnings of his soul and saw her not. The perishing millions of India were awaiting him and he might not pause, even for an hour, to look for the last time on the face of her who loved him best of any on earth. As he stood erect upon the vessel's deck, and the white-walled convents, tree-embowered, and sunny slopes where Lisbon smiles among her vines, receded from his view, a strange light gleamed in his soft blue eyes, a strange joy filled his soul. He was seeking the shores of the "gorgeous Inde" not for its wealth of pearl and gold, not to win renown of arms, or the honours or rewards of civil power, but to tell of the love of Mary and her Divine Son to the dusky multitudes of that far-off land. He went forth like the first Apostles of Christ, with neither purse nor scrip, without money and without food. He fulfilled to the uttermost the vow of poverty of his Order. He was dependent for the bread he ate and for change of raiment on the charity of the soldiers and sailors of the fleet; his couch was a pile of ship's cordage; and the nausea of sea-sickness, aggravated by the coarse refuse food on which he subsisted, from choice probably as much as from necessity, wasted away his frame.

Yet, notwithstanding his own illness, he ministered with the utmost devotion to the scurvy-smitten crew of the infected vessel,

performing with alacrity the most loathsome offices, even for the unthankful and the unworthy. Before the filming eyes of the dying he held the crucifix and spoke of a Saviour's love. To the reprobate and the vile he declared the judgment of God's law. He sought to restrain their wickedness, and even invented innocent pastimes for their amusement, to divert them from their passionate and quarrelsome gambling. With the officers of the ship he discussed philosophy and politics, war and commerce, with all the grace of an accomplished scholar and polished courtier.

After a voyage of five weary months the fleet reached the coast of Mozambique. Beneath the burning sun of Africa an epidemic broke out, and carried death and dismay among the passengers and crews. Xavier was indefatigable in his ministrations to the sick and the dying. The former he nursed with a woman's tenderness; to the latter he gave the last consolations and rites of religion. At length he was himself stricken down by the infection, and well-nigh fell a victim to his service of love. Whenever he was able to leave his couch, "he crawled," says the chronicler of his life, "to the beds of his fellow-sufferers to soothe their terrors or assuage their pains." He was raised up, however, from the gates of death to be the messenger of life to the millions of India and Japan.

After many sufferings by sea and land, Xavier reached the scene of his future labours thirteen months after leaving Lisbon. At Goa he found the greatest obstacles to the conversion of the pagans to be the profligacy and wickedness of his Catholic countrymen. A greed for gold and a thirst for pleasure had utterly corrupted the ruling race. Lust and extortion and cruelty found their victims in a conquered and helpless people. Even the ordinary restraints of civilized society were wanting to shame into the semblance of decency the orgies of vice of the European inhabitants. Appalled at the profligacy and corruption of society, Xavier sought first to reform the morals of the Christians before he attempted the conversion of the idolaters. It is recorded, indeed, that some of the latter who had forsaken their false gods were so shocked at the vices of their masters that they returned again to the worship of idols.

Despairing of reclaiming the veterans of vice, Xavier resolved to try to rescue the children from its polluting power. Arming

himself with a large hand-bell, he roamed bareheaded through the streets of Goa, calling aloud on the parents to send their children to be catechised. Even in the vilest of men there is one chord, their love of their offspring, that promptly responds if skilfully touched. The strange spectacle of this saintly man, clad in rags like an eremite from the wilderness, with his noble and expressive countenance, pleading for those neglected children, touched even the stoniest natures. A multitude of all ages followed him to the church. With impassioned eloquence he probed their conscience and sought to awaken in them a desire for a better life. He won the hearts of the little children by his more than a father's tenderness and love. He shared their youthful games and amusements, while at the same time he inculcated the holiest lessons of morality and religion.

His great, loving heart yearned over all the victims of want and woe. He sought out the worst forms of suffering as other men seek out pleasures, in order that he might relieve the pangs of wretchedness. For this purpose he took up his abode in the lepers' hospital with the lazars and outcasts of mankind. But he sought especially, constrained by a passionate charity, the moral lepers of society—those smitten with the most deadly infection of sin. Even in the haunts of dissipation and profligacy his saintly presence was found, unstained amid the surrounding pollution—like a sunbeam illuminating the vilest places—and seeking by his pungent wit and keen irony to shame them from their vices, or by his earnest beseeching to woo them to purity of life. Nor were his efforts unavailing. By the strange spell of his influence even dissolute men were reclaimed from vice to virtue, and the very pariahs of society were elevated to the dignity of men, and often to the fellowship of saints.

After a year of successful toil at Goa, Xavier learned the existence of beings of still more abject and urgent misery than any he had encountered. They were the wretched pearl-divers of the Malabar coast. Their need was a call his soul could not resist. He sought their burning shore, and among those degraded people his bell rang out his call to prayer and its warning of doom. Impatient of the slow mode of preaching through an interpreter, he committed to memory translations of the Creed, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and recited them with impassioned earnestness and often with streaming tears. For fifteen months he

toiled among these fishermen, lodging in their squalid huts, sharing their simple fare of rice and water, consoling their sorrows, and inspiring the hope of immortality beyond the grave. He slept, it is said, during this period, but three hours out of the twenty-four.

Such zeal was not without its sure reward. Many a lowly cottage bore the consecrating sign of the cross, and many a humble neophyte received Christian baptism. Soon upon that arid coast no less than five-and-forty churches reared their altars to the worship of the Son of Mary. In such success Xavier's soul drank supreme content.

His faith and that of his humble converts was destined to undergo a severe trial. A hostile invasion uprooted the newly planted churches, and drove the Christian neophytes to take refuge among the desolate sand-bars and rocks of the Gulf of Manaar. Thither Xavier accompanied them, sustaining, consoling, directing them; and procuring succour in their utter poverty from the viceroy at Goa, seven hundred miles distant.

Eager to win new victories for the Cross, Xavier penetrated the jealous barriers of the kingdom of Travancore. The story reads like a romance, yet it is sustained by ample authentic testimony.

This solitary, serge-clad, unprotected man, by his lofty faith, his fiery zeal, his tireless energy, overthrew the immemorial idolatry of the realm, and substituted the Christian religion in its stead. The Rajah and his courtiers were among the foremost converts. The idol temples were thrown down and Christian churches rose everywhere throughout the land. Yet, this national conversion was not unopposed. The Brahmins, after the manner of the priestly caste, persecuted with fire and sword the converts to the Christian faith. They also procured, or encouraged, the aid of a foreign invader. The ancient chivalry of his martial line flamed up in the soul of the professed apostle of peace. Grasping a crucifix, he led the van of the defensive army, and with flashing eye and thrilling tones delivered to destruction the opposing hosts. He won the gratitude of the nation and received the title of the "great father" of the rajah.

The intoxicating draught of power seems to have fevered even the unworldly soul of Francis Xavier. The late obscure and humble priest demanded and obtained the recall of the Viceroy of

Portuguese India, Don Alphonso de Sousa, who had incurred, righteously it may be, his displeasure. Nor was he without other, and perhaps justifiable, secular ambition. The Island of Manaar, a dependency of the Kingdom of Jaffna, had been converted to the Christian faith and incurred, therefore, a bitter persecution. Six hundred of the islanders were massacred, together with the King's son. Xavier procured the equipment of a Portuguese expedition to dethrone the persecuting King, and to annex his dominion. But the warrior-priest no longer led the way to victory. The expedition was defeated, and Xavier departed to seek more appropriate fields of spiritual conquest.

After strengthening his soul by devout meditation and baffling an army of fiends—so reads the record—at the traditional tomb, on the Coromandel coast, of St. Thomas, the first missionary to India, Xavier set sail for the populous Portuguese port of Malacca. In luxury and sensual immorality it surpassed even the wickedness of Goa. Like a stern Hebrew prophet—a Jonah preaching to the Ninevites—he wandered through the crowded bazaars calling on men everywhere to repent; his warning bell pealing above the din of trade and the music of mirth. The faithless generation, however, laughed his warnings to scorn. But, blending his stern denunciations and fiery zeal with keen wit and courtly accomplishments, he at length overcame all opposition. Altars rose in the public squares, and confession and prayer succeeded profligacy and cursing.

The eager missionary pressed on to the Moluccas, far in the unknown Eastern seas. Scarcely had he reached the island of Amboyna, when a piratical Spanish fleet menaced its shores. The plague was on the vessels. With a burning charity that embraced enemies as well as friends, Xavier boarded the ships, ministered day and night to the sick and dying, brought succour to their bodies and preached repentance to their souls. Thus he melted even the stern hearts of pirates, and, with the weapons of love, repelled a wanton invasion.

Despite all remonstrance, he hastened on his perilous mission of proclaiming the Gospel to the barbarous tribes of the savage neighbouring islands. "If these lands," he exclaims, with a keenness of reproach that still echoes across the centuries, "had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would find courage to reach them; nor would all the perils of the world prevent

them. They are dastardly and alarmed because there are nothing to be gained but the souls of men. But shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice?" No! he boldly answered, and to the warning that he would probably perish by the hands of the inhabitants, he replied in the heroic spirit of a martyr: "That is an honour to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but this I will say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul."

Even the most awful terrors of nature shook not this steadfast soul. Amid the shakings of an earthquake, the convulsions of a volcano, the rain of falling rocks, and the peals of loudest thunder he calmly ministered at the reeling altar and exhorted his shuddering audience to flee from the wrath to come. But he also, with the characteristic casuistry of his Order, wrought upon their bodily fears for the good of their souls. The streams of molten lava, he assured them, were the outbursts of the fiery river of hell, the lightning's glare was the reflection of its lurid flames, and the crashing thunders were the echoes of its groans of everlasting torment. The convulsions of the earth were caused, he averred, by the flight of the demons before the archangel's sword.

His was a spirit born to rule. Even the haughtiest natures recognized his genius of command. The town of Malacca was besieged by a powerful Mohammedan fleet and army. The proud chivalry of Europe cowered before the insolent threats of the Moslem. In a weather-beaten bark Xavier entered the harbour. It was like the coming of Saint Iago to the aid of the Christians in a hard-fought conflict with the Moors. He seemed like a supernatural presence which put lions' hearts into the bosoms of the garrison. He sent forth the fleet with the assurance of victory. It met with shipwreck and disaster. The fickle multitude now menaced with death him whom they had just hailed as a deliverer. But he upraided their cowardice and re-animated their souls. The crisis of fate drew near. Full of faith and inspired with a lofty courage, Xavier knelt in importunate prayer at the altar. At length, springing to his feet, he exclaimed, in the spirit of prophecy, "Christ has conquered for us!" Soon the victorious fleet re-entered the harbour. Salvoes of cannon, a

triumphal procession, and the chanting of the *Te Deum*, celebrated the victory.

But Xavier, his task accomplished, turned his back on the grateful town. Human applause had no charms for him. Spurning wealth and pleasure, and homage and power, the zealous missionary sought only the spiritual succour of the perishing millions around him. In crowded bazaars or loathsome lazarettos, that lonely, wayworn form might be seen, swinging his faithful bell; his majestic countenance and pathetic eyes appealing with strange power to even stony hearts; his great soul yearning with love and sorrow for the sinning and the suffering; and his pleading voice calling on all men everywhere to repent. With a profound and subtle sympathy he accommodated himself to every condition—the loftiest and the lowliest: now banqueting in the palace of the rajah, and now sharing the rice and ghee of the humblest ryot or the outcast pariah; reasoning of high philosophy with the Brahmin pundit in the temples of Vishnu and Siva, or pointing the self-tormenting faquir to the Divine Sufferer who has taken away the sins of the world. He became all things to all men if by any means he might save some.

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## YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Out of the sunshine into the rain;  
The way is steep and I walk alone;  
I call aloud, but I call in vain,  
Through the darkness comes no answering tone.  
I have dreamed my golden dream, alas!  
I have buried my hope with a bitter pain;—  
Is it weak to weep when we sadly pass  
Out of the sunshine into the rain?

Into the sunshine, out of the rain;  
The clouds peel off and the sky is blue;  
I walk in the beautiful paths again,  
Where the song-birds built, and the roses grew.  
O the new-born glory round me shed!  
O the voices that charm like a sweet refrain!  
Thank God for the hand that my footsteps led  
Into the sunshine, out of the rain!

## THE GOSPEL OF THE INCARNATION.\*

BY THE REV. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

SOME eighteen hundred years ago, in the land of Judea, a strange restlessness had come upon the public mind. If a stranger, just about that time, had visited the holy city, and had made himself acquainted with the inner life of its inhabitants, he would have found them all engrossed with one absorbing theme. It had superseded, as a matter of interest, commerce and conquest and the intrigues of faction and the concerns of ordinary politics. It had become the unconfessed hope of matrons and the deep study of earnest men; and so thoroughly had it spread that it became identified with every thinking of the Hebrew mind and with every beating of the Hebrew heart. This subject was the advent of a deliverer who had been promised by God unto their fathers. In their holy books there were circumstantial accounts as to the signs of His coming, and as to the period at which He might be expected to appear; and these various prophecies converged to their fulfilment. There had been rumours of certain meteoric appearances which, in Eastern countries, were deemed the luminous heralds of the birth of a great king; and the pulse of many a patriot Jew would throb more quickly, as in his vain dream of material empire, he saw the Messiah in vision already riding upon the necks of His enemies and His followers flushed with the spoil. In the midst of this national expectancy, events of strange significance were occurring in a quarter from which the eyes of the world would have turned heedlessly or in scorn. The national census was decreed to be taken through all the provinces of the Roman empire, in the time of Cæsar Augustus. In obedience to the imperial mandate, each one went up for enrolment to his own—that is, his ancestral city. The influx of strangers had crowded the little inn in the little town of Bethlehem, so that the outbuildings were laid under tribute to furnish shelter to later comers. In the stable of that mean hostelry a young child was born. There was nothing about Him to distinguish Him from the ordinary offspring of Jewish

\* Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.—Hebrews ii. 14.



mothers, but at the moment of His birth a song from angel harps and voices rang through the plains of Bethlehem and ravished the watchful shepherds with snatches of celestial music. Small space had passed ere the wondering peasants beheld a star of unusual brilliancy hovering over that obscure dwelling. By and by the inn was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a company from afar, swarthy and richly appalled, who brought gifts and spices and presented them and bowed their knees in homage before the new-born babe as before a royal child.

Rapidly flew the glad tidings from lip to lip, and passed from one to another until the city was full of it—received by haughty Pharisee with scoff and derision, hailed with devout gladness by the faithful who watched for the consolation of Israel—startling all the masses of the people—shaking the vassal monarch on his throne, “Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.”

Dear friends, it is ours in this day to rejoice in the blessing which on that day descended on mankind. Blindness, indeed, hath happened unto Israel, so that they see not the glorious vision; but the advent of the Saviour is the chiefest joy of multitudes who once struggled like ourselves on earth and who now triumph through His grace in heaven, and multitudes more—believers in His true humanity and happy in their brotherhood with Emmanuel—thank God for the unspeakable gift, and that “Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.”

The one thought of the text and that to which I want for a few moments to confine myself, is our Saviour’s assumption of humanity; and I want just to present it in a few of the aspects in which it will be most easy for us to understand.

In the first place, perhaps, it will be necessary for us to remark that it was a condescending assumption of humanity. It is obviously impossible that the language in which the apostle here refers to Christ could have been used legitimately of anybody possessing essentially the nature of flesh and blood. The words as applied to any mere man, even the holiest, even the most heroic, are impertinent and without meaning.

There is necessarily implied the fact of pre-existence, and of pre-existence in a nature other and higher than that which He assumed. In a subsequent verse the implication is further made

that this pre-existence was in a nature other and higher than the angelic, for we are told that, in His descent from the highest to recover and to save, "He took not hold on angels." That is the way in which it should be rendered, "He took not hold on angels," but they perish without redemption, without hope, "but He took hold upon the seed of Abraham." In the previous chapter, the apostle largely illustrates our Saviour's essential superiority over angels. "And when he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him." Just as when a crown prince, you know, starts upon his travels into a distant country, the choicest of the nobility are designated to be his attendants and to follow in his train, so "when He bringeth His first begotten into the world"—a strange land to Him—He saith, "Let all the angels of God, all the principalities and powers in heavenly places wait upon, worship, serve, attend Him." Again He says, "Who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire; but unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever—a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom." From these passages and others of similar tenour, whose name is almost legion, we are swift to conclude and we are bold to affirm the proper and originated Godhead of the Saviour. It was God made man for man to die. Yes, brethren, that stoop of illimitable graciousness was from the highest to the lowest. In mysterious union with the child-heart of that unconscious babe, the veiled divinity slumbered. That weary and hungering traveller upon the journey of life—it was Jehovah's fellow! That sufferer, agonized but uncomplaining, who has just bowed His head to drink in meek submission the cup which His Father has given Him—it is the true God and eternal life. Strange marriage between the finite and Infinite! Incomprehensible union between divinity and clay! There are those scoffers in the world, I know, who dismiss the doctrine of the incarnation as the figment of fancy or as the dream of fanaticism. Some who try everything by the standard of their own perceptions and invest their own reason—at best of no great tallness, and which prejudice has dwarfed into still smaller stature, with absolute dictatorship over the world of mind. They profess to tell us that they disbelieve the fact of the incarnation simply—stripped of all the pseudo-philosophic words with which they veil their unbelief—because they do not understand it.

Meanwhile they live in a mysterious world. Nature has her thousand secrets which their art has no skill to unravel in the daily concerns of life, in the blessings Providence pours forth ungrudgingly. They take their churlish share in blessings whose wherefore they do not understand. They are themselves a mystery, perhaps greater than all. They cannot understand, any one of them, how that strange and subtle organism which they call "man" comes into being—how that strange and subtle principle which they call "life" floods them every moment with rapture; and yet, with marvellous inconsistency, credulous on matters where no mystery might have been expected to abide, they are skeptical on matters where mystery exists of necessity, and where the absence of it would have been a suspicious sign. "Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Canst thou, discover the Almighty to perfection?"

The incarnation of Christ is a mystery. We grant it—an inexplicable and a solemn mystery. Would there be no mystery, on the other hand, think you, in the event of its denial? Let us see. There is an individual obscurely born, reared in village humbleness, looked on by His kindred according to the flesh with coldness if not with dislike, with no influential connections, with no noble patronage, bold in His reproof of sin, austere in His mode of living, telling, with a strange candour, all to whom He ministered that He required absolute service, that He had no preferments in His gift, that He had no bribes to win the allegiance of the sordid, that it was more than likely that if they followed Him they must part with everything else; they must separate from all that was endearing; they must be cut off from ecclesiastical privilege; they must be traduced by slander; they must be haunted by persecution; nay, they must be ready for martyrdom, because they who killed them would think in their blindness that they were doing God service. Well, now, look at that individual. In spite of all these disadvantages, and in spite of all His honesty, by the mere charm of His teaching and of His life He gathers a multitude of followers. He charms the fisher from the lake; He charms the soldier from the standard; He charms the publican from the receipt of custom; and not only these who might be supposed, perhaps, to risk little by the venture, but He charms the physician from his practice; He charms the ruler from his pride; He charms the scholarly student

from the feet of his master. The chief authorities conspire against Him, but His doctrine spreads. He is attainted as a criminal, but His name is held dearer than ever. His death gratifies His bloodthirsty and relentless foes; but His disciples rally, and His cause lives on. His tomb is jealously guarded and hermetically sealed, but it is somehow found empty, notwithstanding; and He hath established an empire in the hearts of thousands upon thousands for which they are at any time ready to die, and which promises to be as permanent as time. And you ask me to believe all that could have been accomplished by a mere man like ourselves! Would not that be a mystery, think you, than all other mysteries deeper and more marvellous far? Well, again, look on that individual. During his lifetime, on the testimony of unquestionable witnesses, He exerted miraculous power. He has power over the elements, for the winds are still at His command, and the lawless sea obeys Him. He has power over inorganic matter and over vegetable life, for He blasts the fig-tree by a syllable, and five loaves and two fishes swell up at His command into a royal banquet for five thousand men. He has power over the ferocious passion, for at His word—at His look—the soldiery lose their malignity, and the foul demoniac is as comely as a child. He has power over sickness, for the numbed limbs of the paralytic quicken as he steps into the strength of manhood, and the leprosy scales off from its victim and he is ready for the fellowships of men. He has power indeed over death, for by Him the maiden rises from her shroud, and the young man greets his mother on the way to burial, and weeping sisters grasp their ransomed brother, a four days' dweller in the tomb. And you ask me to believe that all this can have been accomplished by a mere man like ourselves! "Oh," but they say, "He was a good Man we acknowledge, a model Man, a great Teacher, a representative Man, the highest Man. In some sense, indeed, He may be said to have had an inferior and derived divinity. No wonder, therefore, that He should thus exert influence and thus extend a dominion." No, pardon me, but this only deepens the mystery, for this model Man who held no compromise with evil, who frowned away dissimulation from His presence, of whose inimitable morals Rousseau, no friend of His, said that if the life and death of Socrates were those of an angel, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God; this

model Man professed all His life to be divine, received divine honours without rebuking the offerers, insisted upon His profession of divinity so strongly that the Jews stoned Him for blasphemy, never failed to say that He was one with the Father, and that He should, by and by, come again in the clouds of heaven. Oh, Jesus Christ cannot simply be a good and a benevolent Man. There are only two alternatives possible: He is an impostor or a God.

Now, unbeliever, you who scout the mystery of our faith, you who dismiss it as a figment of fancy or the dream of fanaticism, solve the mystery of your own. Pass through life disowning all the truths and doctrines in which we glory, but shut up—shut up as I shut you up—to this far deeper mystery, either on the one hand, of a good man who has spoken falsehood, or, on the other hand, of an impostor who cheated a world, while we, from the lowest dust into which gratitude can sink, will lift up our hearts and our voices, and say, “Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh.”

That is the first thought—that it is a condescending incarnation.

Well, then, following upon that, in the second place, the assumption of humanity was voluntary. This, indeed, follows inevitably from the foregone conclusion of His divinity. Being God, of course, he was under the pressure of no external obligation. To accommodate theological language to human infirmity, God is sometimes represented as influenced by outward things; but really every divine act is self-contained and self-originating. Christ, therefore, could be under the pressure of no possible obligation. Law was Himself in spoken precept. Justice was Himself engraven on the universe. Mercy was Himself—the radiation from the light of His own beneficent countenance upon the creatures that He had made. Every administration of physical government was His own, either in independent action or in harmonious union of the divine Trinity. It is manifest, therefore, that, so far as the divine nature was concerned His assumption of our humanity was disinterested and voluntary. In fact, there was nothing prompting Him to it but the upwelling of His own strong tenderness toward the hapless and fallen creatures that He had made. This spontaneity of the offering is necessary; and I will tell you

why I dwell upon it—because it rescues the Father from the suspicion of injustice which from the other side of infidelity is very often cast upon Him. But it seems as though our Saviour, knowing that some blasphemers would rise up in later times to throw a slur upon His Father's tenderness, defends Him by anticipation, and He says, "Therefore doth my Father love Me, because I lay down My life for the sheep. No man taketh My life from Me"—as if the thought had just struck Him that there might be those who would accuse His Father of injustice—"No man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again."

And beside this spontaneity, which at once redeems the act from the suspicion of injustice, remember also that it was a stoop of condescension undertaken with the object of a commensurate reward. That may seem strange to some, but the apostle understands it. "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." A world ransomed from the destroyer—a mediatorial kingdom erected upon the ruins of earth's falling thrones—a name that is above every name, honoured in heaven by prostrate obedience and undying song, honoured on earth by every confessing lip and every bending knee—this was the joy set before Him, and for this He endured—bore bravely—the cross, and despised—looked down with infinite contempt upon—mysterious and inconceivable shame.

And, besides, that an enforced submission could not be practically or judicially available, there is that in the voluntariness of the suffering which at once exalts our confidence and enhances our affection for our surety and for our friend. We judge of the excellence of virtue in our small way by the willingness with which it is practised, and although, as we are all under the bonds of a common obligation to obedience, we can hardly enter into a comparison, yet, unquestionably, the willingness—the infinite willingness—with which the Saviour threw Himself into the breach and rescued the world that was perishing is a claim upon our gratitude and devotion in no ordinary degree. Oh, let sinners, like ourselves, think of it, how, when the destinies of the world trembled in the balance, when the issue was so great, so fearful, so tremendous, that the voice from the throne, "Here am I, send

me. Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, to do thy will, O God ;” and in another passage, “ I delight to do thy will, O my God.” Now think of what the will of God in this instance comprehended—the veiling of essential glory, the enduring the contradiction of sinners, the pangs of desertion and treachery, the bloody death upon the cross, the mysterious and terrible abandonment, for the moment, by the Father ; sorrow’s crown, a sorrow a thousand-fold intenser and more terrible than any other suffering. And it was through this—for your sake and mine—that the Saviour intelligently volunteered to pass, that He might rescue a dying world. Oh, as we, sinners like ourselves, see Him as He enters upon His work, and as He prosecutes His work without difficulty and without hindrance, or rather with difficulty and with hindrance, but with difficulty mastered and hindrance overcome, surely there is enough to excite our deepest gratitude and our loftiest praise. When He came into the world—when, actually incarnate, He entered upon His brief ministry—it was with no reluctant step ; it was in no hireling spirit. No ; what said He ? “ My meat is to do the will ;” and you remember what the will was. It comprehended all that I have said. “ My meat,” as necessary and as pleasant to Him as his daily sustenance—“ My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.” Nay, he seems on one occasion to be altogether like a bird dashing itself against the bars of its cage for freedom, simply because the purpose of His mission tarried in its fulfilment. “ I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened ”—it was a baptism of blood, remember—“ how am I straitened till it be accomplished.” Thus did He think of and publish the great end of His coming.

Now, look at Him, dear friends ; look at Him. I would bring Him down before you. See Him in His sorrowful pilgrimage. Mark Him as, one wave after another wave, the proud waters go over His soul, and then he dashes the spray and the surge away from Him, and breasts them all like a strong swimmer, and goes through unto the end, trampling upon the breakers of God’s anger, and treads the wine-press of His wrath alone ; and then think of all your ingratitude, frailty, rebelliousness, pride ; and, while you humble yourselves in the dust, come gather yourselves up into a fresher consecration.

“O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine?”  
“Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands the soul, the life, the ail.”

This is the second thought.

Now, you have heard that the incarnation of Christ—His assumption of humanity—was condescending and was voluntary. Now, I want you to look at it as complete. It was no mock assumption of humanity. The entire nature was taken on. He had a human body with all its infirmities. He had a human soul with its completeness of faculty, and with its capability of endurance—with its every capacity and with its every affection.

There were three reasons which made this complete assumption of the nature necessary. It was necessary, first, because the human was the nature which had sinned, and the human, therefore, must bear the brand of the divine displeasure. It was necessary, in the second place, that the world might have the best possible embodied manifestation of God—that in the minds of men, too gross, too carnal, to comprehend ideas that were purely spiritual, there might be the vision of the incarnate Son as the highest embodied possibility of being. And then it was necessary, in the third place, that the great want of the nations in all the ages of history might be met and complied with—of perfect pureness allied to perfect sympathy—the arm omnipotent to deliver, and behind it the heart tender and brave and sympathizing to feel. These were the three reasons that made it necessary that Christ should take our nature completely upon Himself. And the real humanity of Christ is attested by abundant authentications. In every sense of the word—I am bold to declare it—in every sense of the word He was a man with men. He was born helpless as others are born. Through His early years He dwelt in obscurity at Nazareth in the house of His reputed father, and worked at His handicraft for bread. He grew as other children grow, in successive developments into maturity, and through the processes of the years developed the maturity of manhood. When in the exercise of His ministry He went out among His fellows, He sustained, as they did, the relations of mutual dependance and help. He was no breaker of existing states of things. He was no iconoclast of even that which was faulty in



the government that surrounded Him. He was a loyal subject. He paid the tribute-money without murmuring, and He submitted to every ordinance of men. He was no dark ascetic—no saintly anchorite—no recluse that dwelt apart like a star. If men asked Him to go to their houses, He went; and He blest the frugal board, and He poured His blessing upon the marriage festival; and He sorrowed with them when the homes of their love were invaded and the light of some loved one had been suddenly quenched in their sight. His filial affection shone conspicuously throughout the whole of His history and gleaned out, brilliant as a star, in the movement of His mysterious passion. His care for those who followed Him ceased not with His own life. “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end.” He was a man—thoroughly a man—with men. Does human nature hunger? He hungered in the plain where the delusive fig-tree grew. Does human nature thirst? He felt the pang sharply upon the cross. Is human nature wearied with excessive journeying and toil? “He sat thus on the well.” Does human nature shrink and fear and quail under the pressure of apprehended trouble? Listen, and as He at once told us what to do and told us how to do it: “Oh my Father, if it be possible.” Is not that human? “Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt.” Does human nature get possessed of a great terror? “He was heard in that He feared.” Does human nature weep unbidden tears? Pity wrung them from Him as He looked upon the fated Jerusalem with sorrow. Real and genuine human sorrow wrung them from Him at the tomb where Lazarus lay. Yes, he was a man with men. In all affection, sensibility, sympathy and everything but sin, He was a man with men. Look at Him as He sustains every grace and is disfigured by no blemish of humanity—banishing sorrow from the homes, and sin from the hearts of men, with not an act which men can trace up to selfishness, and not a word which they can brand as insincere—His whole life one kindness, and then His death an atonement. Behold the divine man! The divine man! The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, the skill to make canvas speak or marble breathe, or to play upon men’s hearts as upon a harp of many tunes, the glory of chivalry or of that baser chivalry that climbs to notoriety up the slopes where the

trampled lie, and where the red rain drops from many a heart—what are their claims to His? Behold the divine man! Be silent, ye competitors for greatness, and let Him speak alone. Erase all meaner names from thy tablets, thou applauding world, and carve this name instead. Shrine it in your loving hearts, ye who have learnt to believe in Him, and who trust in His atonement for light and life beyond the grave. Let it be there deeper than all other memory of home or friend—the man—the divine man! Christ Jesus. “Forasmuch, then, as children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.”

Then, one other thought, but it is the chief one. This assumption of humanity was condescending and voluntary and complete, that it might be atoning.

The great purpose designed in the Redeemer's advent could not be accomplished but through death. This was the supreme object—the ultimate object for which He came into the world—that He might “bear our sins in His own body on the tree.” There had been numerous predictions—in the seers' visions, from the prophets' lips, in the various adumbrations of typical foreshadowing—of some mighty one who should, in the end of the world, appear to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And this was a matter of such transcendent importance that all other purposes were rendered subservient to its achievement. He, therefore, took part of flesh and blood, not merely to furnish us with an example of unsinning obedience, although such was the illustrious holiness that beamed from His spotless life that the world had never seen the like—not merely to impress upon the world the teachings of a pure morality, although such was the spirituality of His lessons that never man spake like this man—not merely that He might work His healing wonders even, and show to the bleared vision of the world beneficence in action, although when the ear heard Him it blessed Him, and although at its every footstep some sorrow vanished and some joy came in. All these, however, separately noticeable, were only collateral—incidental—to the one purpose for which He came into the world. He was born to die. These were but the flowers that He scattered here and there right and left, on His way to the cross. Distinct, steadfast, from His very birth—more distinct and vivid through the last years of his ministry—there is the vision—the appointed goal—the cross—that to which all His struggles tended—that

towards which all His actions converged—that which was the supreme and ultimate reason of His coming into the world at all—the cross. And the figure of the cross was distinctly before Him, and His eye, steady, serene, unflinching, fastened always there. That is His design—to be the surety of an insolvent humanity—to be the friend of a forsaken race—to be the refuge and shelter of endangered men. All the former characteristics of His incarnation had a bearing upon this, the chief design, and were essential to its completeness and value? Do you not see how?

It was essential, first, that a being of high estate should condescend, because none other could avail. No angel had merit to spare; no man had merit at all. And, moreover, it was essential in order that the divinity might sustain the humanity under the pressure of its agonies, uniting with it to confer a plenitude of propitiatory value. Then it was necessary that the devotion should be voluntary, because there could be no availableness in exacted suffering, and it must be profoundly willing if it would be infinitely worthy. And then it was necessary that the assumption should be complete, because the human had sinned and the human must die—because as in Adam, the first federal representative of the race, all were dead, so in Adam again—another Adam, the second federal representative of the race—all might have the free gift come upon them, even to justification of life. Now you see where we have gone. We have got a willing victim. We have got a willing victim of high estate who wedded Himself to the sinning nature. It only wants one thing more to meet every requirement, and that is that this willing human victim allied mysteriously to the divine, should be without guilt, either hereditary or actual, in Himself. Well, the miraculous conception—and you see how one Scripture doctrine hangs upon another—the miraculous conception provided for the first. “He was born not of blood, not of the will of man, not of the flesh, but of God;” and, standing steadfast in the midst of the gainsayers, He could say, in the midst of His spotless life, “Which of you convicteth Me of sin?” He was in the world, but not of the world. Like the chaste and queenly moon that shines down upon the haunts of beggars and the dens of thieves, and loses none of its brilliancy and gathers none of their foulness, so He moved about among the

scum and offscouring of human society, and yet was perfectly and absolutely pure—without sin. No fault could be found in Him even by the embittered Pilate. Thrice the disparted cloud gave utterance to the voice that attested his righteousness from heaven. Aye, and the baffled demons, as they slunk regretfully and reproachfully out of the shrines they had inhabited, were obliged to wring out of themselves the reluctant confession, “We know Thee who Thou art, the Holy one—the Holy one of God.”

There, then, you see the willing victim—the human victim—the victim mysteriously allied to the divine—the victim without obligation and without taint—the divine human Saviour—man’s appointed Saviour—God’s incarnate Son.

Brethren, look at this Jesus thus incarnated for you, and as you look let your prayer rise—

“ Answer Thy mercy’s whole design,  
My God incarnated for me.”

Close upon the sharp agony of Gethsemane came His arrest by the treachery of one whom He had trusted. Patiently he bears the ribaldry and insult in the dishonoured judgment hall of Pilate. Wearily he treads the rugged pathway to Calvary, bearing His own cross. And now the mighty crowd is gathered upon the hill of shame; and now the cross is reared, and the nails are fastened into the quivering flesh, and amid the scoff and slander ebbs His pure life away. The last ministering angel leaves Him, for He must tread the wine-press alone. Darkness gathers solemnly, and oh—mystery of mysteries!—the Father hides His face from the Beloved. Darkness deepened in the sky, and on the mind; how long the affrighted gazers knew not. Then comes a cry, sharp, piercing, agonizing, and all is silent. “It is finished. It is finished.” The darkness gradually disperses; the malefactors and their companion are seen hanging upon the crosses three. The herding multitude of human beings gradually swarm off the hillside, talking eagerly and wonderingly about the events that they have witnessed. The moon rises calmly in the night sky, as if her sister sun had never set upon a scene of blood. But, oh, what a change had those few hours wrought in the destiny of the world! Brethren, in that death is the life of man. We can never fail to recognize it. God forbid that the

time should come when we should ever fail to preach it. In that death is the life of man. Christ hath died, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." Christ hath died. Tell it to that despairing sinner—that man who is just about to escape from the upbraidings of an angry conscience by the terrible alternative of self-murder, that man that hath the cord about His neck, or the pistol at his throat. Go to him. Be quick ! Tell him he need not die, for Christ hath died—hath died to bear his sin away.

Salvation ! That is the end of it. That is the gospel—the inner kernel of the gospel under all the wrappings—salvation. Sound it out from that hillside of Calvary. Let the summits of the sister hills echo it. Sound it out from every avenue of this necropolis of the world. Salvation for the guilty, for the condemned, for all, for *you* !—for *you* !

Now that is the gospel of the incarnation. My dear friends, receive it into your hearts, and may God help you to live it out, until at last you see Jesus, not on the cross, but on the throne.

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## DEUX HOMMES EN MOI.

MON Dieu, quelle guerre cruelle !  
Je trouve deux hommes en moi ;  
L'un veut que, plein d'amour pour toi,  
Mon cœur te soit toujours fidèle ;  
L'autre, à tes volontés rebelle,  
Me révolte contre toi.

L'un, tout esprit et tout céleste,  
Veut qu'au ciel sans cesse attaché,  
Et des biens éternels touché,  
Je compte pour rien tout le reste.  
Et l'autre, par son poids funeste,  
Me tient vers la terre penché.

Hélas ! en guerre avec moi-même,  
Où pourrais-je trouver la paix ?  
Je veux, et n'accomplis jamais :  
Je veux : mais, ô misère extrême !  
Je ne fais pas le bien que j'aime,  
Et je fais le mal que je hais.

## ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"PENNY PLAIN" AND FRIEND.

## I.

AMONG the gutter merchants of my district was a middle-aged man, who dealt in cheap prints, and was known as "Penny Plain." He made his Saturday night "pitch" in the High Street, in front of a butcher's shop, the outside "Buy-buy" man of which might, in the slack intervals of his own business, be often seen looking over the print-seller's shoulder, as kneeling down he displayed his wares. There was nothing particularly striking in his appearance, and a casual observer would, in all probability, have passed him by unnoticed, seeing that he was lacking in those amusing characteristics which chiefly make it worth while—if it is worth while at all—to become one of a gutter merchant's audience. But to one who, like myself, was used to reading between the lines in such matters, his very negative qualities made him an object of interest, and that on other grounds besides those of mere contrast. As a gutter merchant he was evidently *not* native, and to the manner born. He could not "patter;" his bearing, instead of being swaggering and self-assured, was timid and retiring, and the few words in which he recommended his goods to those whom the display of them drew round him, showed him to be a man of some education. He was thin and rather frail of frame, his countenance had a careworn expression, and altogether it would have been palpable at a glance, to one accustomed to judge in such things, that he had come down in the world, and that his downward path had been a very thorny one.

Without knowing him, or what his story might be, I pitied him, and one day when I was having some conversation with an old gutter merchant, who knew most of the others in the district, I asked,—

"Who is that picture-seller who pitches in front of S——'s shop?"

"Oh, yer means Penny Plain," answered the old fellow. "I

dunno who he is, and I dunno any one as does, 'ceptin' its Jim Burns, and if he knows he keeps it to hisself. They seem to be fast friends, and to understand each other, which it's rather a rum start, for you'd hardly think they'd make a pair, Penny being so quiet and back'ard, and Jim being all cheek and patter, and go-a-headness."

I made some commonplace remark about difference of disposition often being a ground of friendship, and then the subject dropped; and it was not until some three months afterwards that I again attempted to gratify my wish to learn something of the history of the poor printseller. At that time I chanced to meet the Jim Burns mentioned above. He, too, was a gutter merchant, but he was also the manufacturer of the braces and belts which constitute his selling stock in trade, and was, moreover, held to be one of the most knowing and well-to-do of the fraternity. He was about five or six and thirty years of age, smartly built, good-looking, and, according to his notions on the subject of dress—neatly attired in a tight-fitting suit, consisting of a hairy cap, sleeved waistcoat to match, and woollen cord continuations. Meeting him reminded me of the other man, and after we had exchanged salutations, I said,—

"Let me see, Jim, Penny Plain and you are very friendly, arn't you?"

"Yes," he answered; "in fact, we pretty well pal in together. We pitches next to each other, lodges in the same house, worry often takes our meals together, and talks over our good or bad luck, and things in general; and though I says it, as perhaps shouldn't—bein' one in the swim—neither on us would see the other want while we'd a copper in our pocket or a crust in the cupboard."

"I asked you," I said, "because I often notice him, and often wonder who he is, or what he has been; for it is easy to see he hasn't always been what he is now."

"Well, there's no tax on wondering in this free country," said Mr. Burns, smilingly but drily.

"Nor on asking a question either," I retorted. "So is it a fair question to ask you what he has been, supposing you know?"

"Oh, I know fast enough," he said, in a parenthetical tone, "but whether I should tell any one else is up another street.

You don't be able to see through a brick wall to tell as he's been misfort'nate, and has seen better days; and sich-like don't always care about them as they're a living among in wuss days knowing how them days come upon 'em—'specially, it' like poor Penny, they aint hard-faced and don't-carish. If anybody else hereabout had asked me who he was, I would have told 'em, and in a very no two-ways-about-it style, that it weren't a fair question. But suckumstances alter cases, as the sayin' is; you don't ask just for curiosity or to blab it about."

He looked at me questioningly as he spoke, and responding to the look, I answered that I should certainly not blab about anything that was told to me in confidence, and that I had merely spoken from feeling a sympathetic interest in his friend.

"Well, that was what I thought," he said, "and so I don't think Penny would object to my telling yer about him. Yer see him and me is as good pals as we can be, but all the same he's been edicated and I ain't, and there's times, I know, when it would do him good—cheer him up, and open his heart a bit—if there was another edicated person he could speak to in a friendly way. So hoping that it may help to bring you together, and perhaps be the means of doing Penny a good turn, I'll tell you his story, and, mind you, I can warrent it gospel true, for I know the worst part on it on my own hook, independent of his telling me.

"I dessay from you having took stock of him, and seeing how shy I fought of speaking about him just now, you'll have put it down as his is a case of character lost—and so it is. When I first know'd him he was a number of cuts above me in the world. He was a counter-clerk in a warehouse where most of the gutter-men in my line used to buy their leathers from; and he was a bit of a favourite with us, for he was a pertic'lar, quiet-going sort of a chap, and had always a friendly word or nod for us, which was more than the rest of 'em had; for, like a good many other people, they seemed to think as how civility were too precious to be wasted on poor people, though there ain't a greater mistake out, for there's none as it'll go further with. But that ain't the pint jest now. One day I goes to the warehouse, and one of the other fellers coming to serve me, I asks, 'Where's ——?' naming Penny by his proper name, and meaning as how I'd rather be served by him.



“‘Oh, he’s got another place,’ says the feller, with a snigger.

“‘Oh,’ says I, not tumbling to his meaning, ‘well I hope it’s a good one.’

“‘Oh, a werry good one,’ says he, sniggering again; ‘’tis one of them ere places where there are servants in livery to wait on you, and they are that fond of you that they won’t let you out of their sight, and lock you up at night as carefully as if you were so much cash.’

“I tumbled to his meaning fast enough that time, and I felt as if I would have liked to have floored him for his sniggering; but I kept my temper and asked, ‘What was he took for?’ ‘For doing a little bit o’ cooking on his own account,’ says he; and then, seeing as how I didn’t understand his lingo—any more than I dessay he’d have understood mine—he told me plain that he had been took on the charge of embezzling his employer’s money to the tune of twenty pound odd. He was tried for it, and got six months, but, more’s the pity for him, pore chap, it turned out to be a case of six months for life.

“‘Six months for life!’ I echoed.

“‘Ah, I see, *you* don’t tumble now,’ he said; ‘when yer says as a feller ’as had so many months or years for life, yer means that though his sentence is only for that length of time in prison it ruins him for life. There’s many when they come out of prison for doing tune for a first offence finds friends—and God bless all such friends, say I—ready to take them by the hand, and give them another start in life, and they, making good use of the start, and letting what has passed be a caution to them, get on in the world again, and then the world forgets or forgives their slip, and they hold their head as high as any, which it’s right that they should, when they’ve suffered for what they’ve done, and repented of it. But there’s others that, though they both suffer and repent, the world don’t forgive, or, at any rate, don’t give another chance to. They either haven’t got friends, or only sich fair-weather sort as’ll cold shoulder a man that’s been in trouble, and for a feller without friends and without money, and, wot is the blackest of all black marks, *Jail-bird*, agen his character, there’s generally only two things open—either to take to bad ways, or to come down and down as poor Penny ’as done.’

“There is a good deal of truth in what you say, Burns,” I

remarked on his making a pause ; “ but people should remember all that when they are tempted to be dishonest.”

“ I know’d you’d say that,” he answered, “ and it’s right enough as far as that goes. People *should* think of all that when they are tempted to be dishonest, as you say, and I dare say some on ’em does ; only they think at the same time that *they* are too clever to be found out ; and them’s the sort as mostly goes to the bad altogether when they once make a start, for yer worst of rogues is the one that fancies ’isself, and as thinks it’s the being found out in it, and not the roguery itself, as is the thing to be ashamed on. But there’s others as don’t think of consequences at the time, ’cos their mind is that full of what’s druv ’em to it that it ain’t got room for anything else, and so it was with Penny. I don’t say that such shouldn’t be punished, but I do say that when a man that’s gone wrong once chooses to come down as Penny’s done, rather than go wrong again, he has good in him, arter all, let who will think what they will on him. But there, I’m a argufying and preaching—I suppose it’s the way with us fellers as are always pattering—instead of getting along with my story. However, here goes for a straight run now. It was about four years arter I’d heard on Penny—though, in course, he worn’t Penny then—getting into trouble, when one night, when I was on a favourite gutter pitch in another district, I see a lot of the fellers a chaffing and hustling a new-comer as had come to try his luck with a little tray of stationery. He was a quiet, timid, broken-down looking chap ; and seeing that they were getting, as I considered, too rough with him, I interfered, and took him to stand beside me ; and when I got a fair look at him his face struck me directly as being one I ought to know. I couldn’t recollect it, though, and so arter awhile I asks him, ‘ Haven’t I seen you somewhere before ? ’ and he answered me in a shamefaced way, and in a voice hardly above a whisper, ‘ I believe you have ; I used to be in —’s warehouse, and I think you were one of the men that used to come there for leathers.’ ‘ Right you are,’ I said ; ‘ you’re Mr. —, and sorry I am to see you like this ; and werry sorry I was when I heard of yer getting into trouble.’ I could see his heart was full at the mention of what was past, and so, to turn it off, I asked, ‘ What was the other fellers on to you about just now ? ’ ‘ To pay a footing,’ he answered me ; ‘ they tell me it is

a rule for new-comers to do so, and I would pay if I had it; but I do assure you I stand here penniless, homeless, and friendless. Since my first wrong-doing I have tried hard to earn a honest living, but everything has gone against me; and if this last humble attempt fail me, as far more promising-looking things have done, I cannot see that there is aught else for me—God help me!—but to lie down and die!”

“He was certainly to be pitied then, whatever his past faults might have been,” I said, as the brace-seller again came to a pause in his story.

“You’d a said so if you’d a seen him that there night,” remarked Mr. Burns emphatically. “I’m a telling you what he said to me all straightfor’ard, but he had to tell it to me a few words at a time, between the spells of me pattering or serving a customer; and his voice was that chokey and heart-broken, and he looked so ill, and humble, and hungry, that I couldn’t help feeling cut up when I thought of how he had come down from the smart young feller he was when I first know’d him. But of course the cheer-up style was the one to speak to him in, poor chap, and so that was the style I put on with him. ‘Well, the luck has been agen yer in the fight,’ I says, ‘there’s no denying that, but, arter all, you mustn’t think too much of a knock-down blow or two—mustn’t be too down-hearted, ye know, as the song says :—

‘There’s many a dark and cloudy morning  
Tuns out to be a sunshiny day.’

‘Hope on hope ever,’ that’s the motter to take, and it’ll help yer along wonderfully. Going *down* Luck Lane *is* heart-breaking work, we know. It’s a hard road, and though there’s so many always a travellin’ it, a lonely ‘un too, for them as you meet going up it take the other side and pass yer in the don’t-know yer, touch-me-not style, and them as yer overtake have generally as much trouble of their own as takes up all their time and attention—though for all that they’re more likely than the up passengers to give you a lift if they see you regular dead-beat. ‘But, arter all, what of all that,’ ses you to yerself, ‘it aint a laughing road certainly, but cryin’ won’t mend it; I’ve survived all the roughest of the journey so far, and as, judging by the look of things, I can’t get much funder down, I must be near the up turning.’ This seemed to put him in heart a bit, for

brighteni up he says, ' Well, my lane has been a long one, and a thorny one, but it looks as if I had come to a turn in it when I unexpectedly meet so kind a friend-in-need as you.'

" ' Well, in course, I hope our meeting may be a good sign,' ses I, ' but as to the rest it ain't worth mentioning, it's more a case of bein' willing to help you than bein' able; but I know by your style when you was in the warehouse as you'd be one to help a feller over a stile if it was in your power, and if I can help you over this 'ere stile in your lane, as we may say, I will. I'll make it all right with the other chaps about the footing. They're a roughish lot, and a good many on 'em is too foud on the drink to be *very* particular as to how they get it; but take 'em all through, they ain't a really bad lot, and they know too well what it is to be poor themselves to be down on another for being poor. They know I'm square, and when I tell 'em as it's not won't but can't with you, they'll be all right; and as to lying down to die, you mustn't think of anything of that kind if you don't happen to sell to-night, or for that part of it if you do—for you must keep your stock money together. You shall come home with me, it air't much that's in my power, but I can give you shelter, and share a crust with you for a week or two till you have time to turn yourself round.' He wasn't for coming, but I meant what I said and made him, and having him with me I was able to put him up to the wrinkles of the trade. It was me as put him up to starting with the prints, which there is a living—such as it is—to be got out of them, while there ain't out of stationery."

" And why not out of stationery in particular?" I asked, prompted to put the question from the decisive tone in which he made his concluding observation.

" Why!" he exclaimed, as if surprised to find that I should consider it necessary to ask such a question. " Well, I'll tell you. Writing paper has come to be that cheap that those as has anything like regular use for it generally keeps a stock on hand and buys in the regular shops. Them as are so poor that they'd buy it in ha'porths or pen'orths—street quantities—are the sort as has very little writing to do, and what little they do have mostly turns up unexpected. Then when they've got their letter to write, or to get wrote for them, they can pop out to the nearest huckster's and get the ha'porth of paper that's enough to serve

their turn. So it's come about that stationary is about done up as a street-selling trade. Besides, us gutter men are down on it. We *earn* our livin', workin' a good deal harder for it than most people would think, and the stationery has been took hold of by the cadgers and the sneakingest sort on 'em; the sort as gets into yer house as if they'd come on some particular business, pitches yer a long yarn (which its lies from beginning to end—just so much patter, as yer may say) about their being highly respectable people, but misfortunate through ill health, or being security for a friend, or summat of that sort. Them and their wife (or their sick husband, if it's a woman as is performing) and their dear children are starving, and though at one time they had never thought they could come to anything like this, and are that ashamed that they scarcely know how to look at you, they must do something—and all of a sudden they whip out a little packet of stationery or a few boxes of matches, and ask you to buy; though it's *give* that they mean; and many do give, being surprized."

Mr. Burns gave this explanation with a heartiness of contempt that was wholesome, though somewhat laughable to witness.

After waiting a minute for him to cool down, I asked,—

"Who are the people now that buy prints from such dealers as your friend Penny?"

"Oh, different sorts, about as many sorts of people as there are sorts of picters, in fact it's a kind of give and take atween 'em, for the picters sort out the people, as the people sort out the picters. 'The Sailor Boy's Farewell,' and 'The Soldier's Return,' and sich-like, draw the old folk, cos, yer see, there's some on 'em as has sons sailerin' or soldierin', and they're good customers too for the 'Wreck of the So-and-So,' or the 'Battle of So-and-So,' or the 'Launch of the Life-Boat.' The young married people they go in for 'The Angel's Whisper,' 'Gone,'—the picter of the young mother standing beside the empty cradle, and any others with mothers and babies, babies being most run upon. The go-to-meetings are the best customers for Scripture pieces, though others buy 'em; portraits sells to all sorts, and so do landscapes pretty well, the highest coloured 'uns going the best, being wanted to warm up the walls. The sporting ones, 'The Champion Sculler,' 'The Winner of the Derby,' and the like, they goes to young fellers; and the 'Characters'—though they've nearly

died out now, and no partic'lar bad job—are took up by boys and girls as is stage struck, and fancy it 'ud be fine to be the character."

"You mean the little prints of 'Mr. Jones as the Pirate Chief;' 'Miss Smith as the Pirate's Bride,' and that sort of thing?" I said questioningly.

"Yes, them's 'um; they were pretty well a business in themselves at one time. You got an umbrella, opened it, turned it upside down, put yer stock in it, and let your buyers pick 'em out all at the same price, a penny plain and twopence coloured. It was over them that Penny got his name; they were rather a go when he first took to the business, but after a little while he gave 'em up of his own accord, cos he come to think as how they did harm to the youngsters. He was right, too, yer picters and yer books—and specially yer books—about yer Pirates of the Deep, and Jack Sheppards, and Dashing Highwaymen, and sich like, do a wonderful lot of harm. They're the right out ruination of scores of boys, makin' good 'uns—or what might a been good 'uns—bad, and bad 'uns worse. If I had a boy and was to catch him a reading of any sich stuff, I'd give him sich a quiltin' as I'd lay odds 'ud make him fight shy of dashing highwaymen; it would be doing him a kindness, though in course he wouldn't think so. Sich reading is at the bottom of many a case of snatching and till robbery. Bless yer, the young roughs and snatchers swear by 'em."

"But there are not many of that sort who can read?" I said.

"There ain't; more's the pity—in a general way, I mean, and not as to these ere books—but here and there is one as can read, and the others get him to read out to 'em. Man, a time I've seen a dozen or more on 'em, all ears, round one as was readin', just like a school, as yer may say, but a lot more attentive than they would be in any school, and yer may take my word for it they don't hear about a lot of high-flyin' robbers, as is always livin' in clover and doing the grand, and never been took, without its telling a tale on 'em. I'm no scolard myself. I can hardly tell a big B from a barn door, as the sayen is, and I wouldn't be such a fool as to set up to talk about books in a general way; but, for all that, I've nous enough to know that them as writes sich books must know fast enough what harm they are likely to do, and I tell yer candid, it wouldn't be good for their 'ealth if

I had the settlin' of accounts with 'em. I'd 'Life on the Road' 'em! I'd give him a turn of life on the mill; that's what 'ud suit *their* complaint, and it's what they've brought many a youngster to. Them's my sentiments on that point, that's the figer I reckon such books—and them as write 'em—up at; and I'll back it to be a correct figer too, one as no feller can take change out of, let him count as he likes, or argufy, or twist as he will."

Penny's friend speaks with a warmth that, in his concluding sentences, rises to something very like a challenge, and so I answer that I am not in the least disposed to dispute the accuracy of his reckoning up; that, on the contrary, I fully agree with him as to the evil wrought by the kind of works of which he speaks; but, on the other hand, I add, he should remember that much good results from the reading of good books.

"In course there does," answered Mr. Burns heartily. "I ain't one of the sort as cries down learning cos I ain't got any myself, or as says readin' is no use cos I happen to see as a feller as can read is no better off than me as can't. Penny, he's a great hand for reading when he can pick up a book cheap, which he can do nows and thens, and I goes him shares in some on 'em, for you see he reads out to me, and many a pleasant hour we've had in that way, which was a treat I never had till we come together. I should say there wasn't many bits of the Bible we hadn't had over, and some on 'em a good many times; and we've been right through 'Captain Cook's Voyages,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a 'History of England,' and some others as I don't remember the names on just at the minute, and now we're a-going through the 'Life of Columbus.' Talk of yer 'Rovers of the Deep!' If boys must read about Rovers, that's the sort for 'em, not yer thievin', murderin', skull-and-cross-bones sort, which I suppose there ain't none in real life now; and which I tell yer plain again there shouldn't be sham ones in books for boys to read about if I had my way"

"Then I wish you had your way," I said, smiling; "but in the meantime we're wandering away from your friend—what more of him?"

"Well, not much more," answered Burns, "at least, not for me to tell. That was how we came to part in together, and arter we were pals he told me how he was druv to go wrong over his

master's money ; but that part of the story I'll leave him to tell you hisself—that is if he likes to tell it. Anyways, I would like you to drop in on him nows and thens. You see, he don't take up with the other gutter men—not from bein' proud, but from bein' backward, and feelin' brok down—and so he's a sort of lonely, and, as I said afore, I know he'd be pleased to have a bit of talk with an edicated person."

"Very well, then," I said, "I shall give him a call some day when I am in his neighbourhood."

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## THE PEACE OF FAITH.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
 'Tis said far down, beneath the wild commotion,  
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,  
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;  
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !  
 There is a temple sacred evermore ;  
 And all the babble of life's angry voices  
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,  
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;  
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O Rest of rests ! O Peace serene, eternal !  
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;  
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth  
 Fulness of joy, forever and forever.



## THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

ONE of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from; perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the Divine support! The first idea of infancy is of resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick-room experiences confirm the impression when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the household. In the case of our Heavenly Father, the arms are felt, but not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness or trouble; for God knoweth our feebleness, He remembers that we are but dust.

We often sink very low under the weight of sorrows. Sudden disappointments can carry us, in an hour, from the heights down to the very depths. Props that we leaned upon are stricken away. What God means by it, very often, is just to bring us down to "the everlasting arms." We did not feel our need of them before. We were "making flesh our arm," and relying on human comforts or resources. When my little boy dashes off to his play, brimful of glee, he does not stop to think much about his parents; but let him be taken suddenly sick, or an accident befall him, his first thought is to go to his mother. God often lays His hand heavily upon us to remind us that we have got a Father. When my neighbour A—— failed in business, and twenty-four hours made him a bankrupt, he came home, saying to himself, "Well, my money is gone, but Jesus is left." He did not merely come down to "hardpan;" he came to something far more solid—to the everlasting arms. When another friend laid her beautiful boy in his coffin, after the scarlet-fever had done its worst, she laid her own sorrowful heart upon the everlasting arms. The dear little sleeper was there already. The Shepherd had His lamb.

There is something about deep sorrow that tends to wake up the *child*-feeling in all of us. A man of a giant intellect becomes

like a little child when a great grief smites him, or when a grave opens beneath his bedroom or his fireside. I have seen a stout sailor, who laughed at the tempest, come home when he was sick, and let his old mother nurse him as if he were a baby. He was willing to lean on the arms that had never failed him. So a Christian in the time of trouble is brought to this child-feeling. He wants to lean somewhere, to talk to somebody, to have somebody love him and hold him up. His extremity becomes God's opportunity. Then his humbled, broken spirit cries out,—

“ O Lord, a little, helpless child  
Comes to Thee this day for rest ;  
Take me, fold me in Thy arms,  
Hold my head upon Thy breast.”

One great purpose in all affliction is to bring us down to the everlasting arms. What new strength and peace it gives us to feel them underneath us! We know that, far as we may have sunk, we cannot go any further. Those mighty arms cannot only hold us, they can lift us up. They can carry us along. Faith, in its essence, is simply a resting on the everlasting arms. It is trusting them, and not our own weakness. The sublime act of Jesus as our Redeemer was to descend to the lowest depths of human depravity and guilt, and to bring up His redeemed ones from that horrible pit in His loving arms. Faith is just the clinging to those arms, and nothing more.

This first lesson in conversion is to be practised and repeated all through the subsequent Christian life. To endeavour to lift our own souls by our own strength is as absurd as to attempt to lift our bodies by grasping hold of our own clothes. The lift must come from God. Faith cries out, “ O my Lord, Thou hast a mighty arm ; hold me up.” The response from heaven is, “ I have found thee ; Mine arm shall strengthen thee ; on My arm shalt thou trust.”

Here lies the very core of the doctrine of “ Assurance.” It simply means that I can feel, and every Christian believer can feel, perfectly sure that the everlasting arms will never break, and never fail us. I am *not* so sure that in some moment of waywardness, or pride, or self-sufficiency, I may not forsake those arms, and trust to my own wretched weakness. Then the curse which God has pronounced on those who depart from Him

and "make flesh their arm," is certain to come upon me. I learn from bitter experience what a pitiable object even a Christian can be, when he has forsaken the living fountain, and has nothing left but his own broken cistern. God's word is full of precious encouragement to faith; but it contains terrible warnings against presumption and self-confidence. And while presumption is swinging on its spider's web over the perilous precipice, faith calmly says,—

"All my trust on THEE is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring."

While unbelief is floundering through the darkness, or sinking in the waves of despair, faith triumphantly sings,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
Here by His love o'ershadowed,  
Sweetly my soul doth rest."

This is the theology for times of temptation. Such times are sure to come. They are the testing processes. A late Sunday's equinoctial gale tested every tree in the forest; only the rotten ones came down. When we read or hear how some professed Christian has turned a defaulter, or lapsed into drunkenness, or slipped from the communion-table into open disgrace, it simply means that a human arm has broken. The man had forsaken the everlasting arms. David did it once and fell. Daniel did not do it, and he stood. "The Lord knoweth how to deliver *the godly* out of temptations."

This is a precious theology, this theology of trust, for the sick room. We called, not long since, to visit one of Christ's suffering flock. We talked for a time about the ordinary consolations for such cases as hers. Presently we said, "There is a sweet text that has been running in our mind for days past; it is this: '*Underneath are the everlasting arms.*'" The tears came in a moment. That precious passage went to the right spot. It did good like a medicine. And our suffering friend lay more comfortably on that bed of pain from feeling that underneath her were the everlasting arms. Reader, may they be under thy head in the dying hour!

## THE CALL.

BY THE REV. GERVASE SMITH, D.D.\*

IN earliest years I heard  
 A voice which said to me,  
 "O child of many prayers !  
 The Master calleth thee."  
 I came, and all my sins confest ;  
 He whispered, " I will give thee rest."

There came another voice :  
 "The world is sick and sad,  
 And men are dying now  
 Whom Jesus would make glad.  
 By diligent and studious care,  
 For paths of usefulness prepare."

And then again I heard  
 The word of high command :  
 "Into my vineyard go  
 And work with ceaseless hand :"  
 Prostrate before the divine decree,  
 I cried, " Lord, here am I, send me !"

And oh ! the grace of God,  
 Which for so many years  
 Hath borne with wayward love  
 And unbelieving fears,—  
 With time misspent, with plans unwrought,  
 And opportunities forgot !

Once more, at eve of life,  
 In weakness and in pain ;  
 And done with toil and strife,  
 I hear the call again :  
 "The warfare o'er ; the victory won ;  
 Come hither and receive thy crown."

O'erwhelmed with sense of shame,  
 Yet filled with reverent love,  
 Exulting I ascend,  
 And take the prize above ;  
 Pleading the sinner's only plea :  
 "O Christ, I cling to THEE, to THEE."

\* These verses were not intended for publication, but were enclosed in a private letter to Dr. Ryerson. By him they were read to Dr. Green, a few hours before his death, to his great comfort and joy. Dr. Rose obtained from the author permission for their publication, and we have pleasure in submitting them herewith.—ED.

## BEING SAVED.

BY THE REV. D. N. BEACH.

“How can I find God?” you ask. If you wished to find me to-night, you would find me. You would come up and speak to me. You would call at my house. If I were out of town, you would telegraph me. You would find me. You can find God a great deal easier than that. You can whisper, “Lord, help me!” You need not say one word,—you can just give up to God. If I should announce that any one who chose could go to the bank to-morrow morning and draw a hundred dollars on the account of some wealthy friend of you all, you would not need to talk about it, to argue it, to have the doubts about it cleared up. You would think before any chance had come to say a word to anybody, “I will avail myself of that offer. I am in need of it. The offer is from one who can afford it. It is from one who really desires me to have the money. I will draw it.” When you had thought that; when you had thought less than that; when you had simply thought, “I will,” without even whispering the words, the money would be yours,—not in your hands, but in the bank at your disposal. The “I will” would make it yours. The offer of salvation is just like that. It is the offer not of a hundred dollars, but of everything—complete forgiveness, sweet peace of conscience, spirit and strength to do right, God’s friendship, God’s help, His truest blessings all through your life, a happy death, a blessed immortality. “All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.” And all, absolutely all, that you have to do, is to think, to feel, “I will. I will let God save me. Lord, I will let Thy sacrifice take the place of my penalty. I will be saved. I am saved. ‘Whosoever will.’”

But that will have bound up with it four things :

It will involve the overthrow of your pride. It will be as good as to say, “Lord, I am undone. I cannot save myself. I am lost, but for Thee. Without Thee I am less than nothing.” To say “I will,” will be to confess that. And that will take the self-sufficiency out of you forever. It will make you humble, and keep you so.

It will involve a full purpose to turn away from sin with all

your might henceforth. It is to be delivered from sin that you let God save you. But it is not in the nature of things that you should be saved without a willingness to be a worker together with God in the process. Hence what little will and power you have must be set upon the purpose of helping God to deliver you from sin, by turning from it all you can yourself. Also, to ask to be forgiven with the intention to go on sinning, would be to insult God. He could not, with self-respect, forgive you, while it was your purpose to go on and sin over again.

It will involve placing all your dependence on Christ for strength in the time to come. You cannot say, "Now all the old score is wiped out,—I will go on and do right in my own strength." You haven't any strength. Only the first part of Christ's saving work is done when sin is forgiven. After that He must make you holy. He alone "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." "Without me," he says, "ye can do nothing." "I can," wrote Paul, in that spirit of dependence, "do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

It will involve taking a new and supreme object of affection to your heart. Henceforth you cannot love your money best, your reputation best, your home best, your husband or wife best, your children best, yourself best. Having died for you, Christ has the right, if you accept His death for you, to your supreme devotion. When Christ has won this supreme affection from a person, He will not be selfish with it. He will use it as the key to all blessedness for that person. "If," He says, "a man love Me, he will keep My words." "Henceforth," He says, "I call ye not servants, . . . but I have called you friends." "Father," He prays, "I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." Thus power to overcome sin, the personal friendship of Christ, and the heavenly inheritance, will be objects which Christ will secure to you by the aid of your supreme affection for Him.

Can you do this? Can you give up all self-sufficiency, cut sin away, lean on Christ alone for strength, and love Him with a love superior to all other loves? Not easily. Not at all without the help of the Holy Spirit. But a genuine "I will" will bring that help. And so being saved is the easiest thing in the world, and yet the most weighty and difficult. Be brave before the difficulties, and say, "God helping, I will."

## THE TEACHER'S WORK IN THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.\*

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, COBOURG.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention* :—I have yielded to your earnest request to offer some remarks on this occasion, chiefly from a desire to show my sympathy with you in the common work in which we are engaged. For the work of higher education and that of intermediate and elementary training is one. The Universities are not only fed by the schools below, but in a manner tethered to them, dependent for their progress and power upon the preparation which has already been made for the wider and more finished culture. If the work of the schools be poorly done, or turned in bad directions, the entrance examinations of the Universities will be proportionately poor, and the subsequent academic career made to suffer. The schools must rise to touch the Universities, or the Universities must descend to reach the schools. It is but a few years since John Stuart Mill had to use the following language : "But schools of a still higher description have been, even in Scotland, so few and inadequate, that the Universities have had to perform largely the functions which ought to be performed by schools. Every Scottish University is not a University only, but a high school, to supply the deficiency of other schools. And if the English Universities do not do the same, it is not because the same need does not exist, but because it is disregarded. Youths come to the Scottish Universities ignorant and are there taught. The majority of those who come to the English Universities come still more ignorant,

and ignorant they go away." Complaints are often made of the low standard in the American Universities, but our American neighbours have made good progress with the materials in hand, and all premature attempts to build beyond the time have failed. Dissatisfied with the ordinary type of American Universities, some notable efforts have been made to establish something more imposing, something to vie with the German Universities, but it has usually been discovered that Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Amherst, are still in keeping with the national needs. The German University is only made possible by the German Gymnasium, and to over-leap the latter and grasp at the former, is to climb without a ladder, "to leap at stars and fasten in the mud." The best impetus and power of advancement that has been given to Canadian Universities during the last few years, must be accredited to the improvement that has taken place in our elementary schools, and especially to the increased efficiency of our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

On the other hand, there is a similar dependence of elementary and intermediate education upon the work of the Universities, and in fact upon all higher learning. This holds good both of the *matter* and the *methods* of instruction, although the fact is one that the mass of people seldom recognize. It is assumed that the colleges need the schools, but that the schools could do well enough without the colleges. Never was there a greater mistake.

\* This address, which was delivered extemporaneously to the teachers of Northumberland County, at their late Convention, has been greatly condensed and almost mutilated in writing it out, so as to bring it within reasonable limits for publication. Only the urgent request of others could have induced the writer to furnish, in this form, what was prepared very hastily, and was only intended as a word of encouragement to the teachers assembled at the time.—S. S. N.

Quite recently a public complaint was put forth by one of our most efficient and prominent educators against the endowment of a national University in Ontario on the ground that the general wants of the community are sufficiently provided for by the preparatory schools, and that the University, being chiefly of service to professional men, should be supported by those who reap the advantages. This is hardly sound doctrine, and I hope it will not spread. Doubtless the endowment by the State of one single college is a very one-sided policy (what, by way of legitimating the common phrase, we may call a "one-horse" policy), and inflicts serious disadvantages and injustice upon the other outlying Colleges; but for all that, even a member of any outlying College may be permitted to deprecate the state-abandonment of higher learning. The public good would appear rather to call for the support of several Colleges than the disendowment of the one. However this may be, it is all-important to remember the inestimable benefits conferred by these higher institutions, and by all men of science, not merely upon the professional classes, but upon the people at large, and especially upon the work of the intermediate and elementary schools. The schools indeed teach only rudimentary knowledge, but what is elementary now was not always elementary, nay rather, it is the simplified and popular statement of what was once scarcely known at all, or known only to men of profound thought, and discovered by them after many years of laborious investigation. Nor would their laborious researches have been crowned with success, but for the tentative efforts and frequent failures of a long line of predecessors. The torch to be handed on must be kept always burning. The rotundity of the earth, the Copernican astronomy, the law of gravitation, the circulation of the blood, the existence of an American continent: these are all elementary matters now, and more or less inculcated in our common school-books,

and implied in the ordinary speech of the common people, but they were once hidden in darkness and were only made visible by the light of intense thought, focalized long and earnestly in the distant watch-towers where men of genius have stood through the chilly hours watching for the dawn. Euclid and Kepler, Copernicus, Newton and Faraday, these are the men who have snatched from heaven the immortal flame that burns so brightly where our busy youth first grow warm with intellectual life. And we are not to suppose that this great law of intellectual heritage is abrogated. The hills still water the plains, and far up the cold mountain side may be now rising the rill, that, by-and-by, as a majestic river, is to sweep grandly on across the continent, with its curves of beauty and its fertilizing power. In the endowed halls of science, or in the heroic exploring expedition, still toil the men who are to make new discoveries "for the relief of man's estate." It was no sordid aim that sent Livingstone and Stanley to open up the recesses of Africa, but already the merchant scents from afar the fragrance of new fields of commerce. Nor do studies which yield the quickest return always yield the largest. The manifold relations and ultimate effects of the great secrets of nature are seldom obvious even to the man of genius, and what seems purely speculative or matter of idle curiosity, has often been found pregnant with vast results, both for the convenience and the ornament of life. Here also the promise holds good, he that seeketh findeth, but oftimes findeth better than his hope. Saul, seeking asses, found a kingdom, and the alchemists seeking gold sometimes made discoveries more precious than gold. The so-called practical man has doubtless his uses, but one of his uses is to eat, at the bottom of the tree, the fruit which the man of genius and high culture hands him from the sunlit boughs beyond his reach. The Baconian clamour for "fruit," which Macaulay has so par-



tially interpreted, is a natural cry, but is, after all, the cry of a helpless babe, to which only mother-wit of a very rare order can give the answer, otherwise the babe remains empty-handed and empty-mouthed,

“And with no language but a cry.”

Let those then who value the common schools and the common weal, learn also to value all higher learning, and not look grudgingly on money expended for Colleges and Universities. The teacher that was wont to stand uncovered before his pupils, seeing their future greatness in the dormant capacity, was touched with a genuine and far-seeing gift of reverence; but the mechanic, or farmer, or sailor, who should always uncover in view of a college dome or magnetic observatory, would have an equally commendable sense of “the eternal fitness of things.” To such minds these things may seem cold and distant as the clouds, but the distant clouds that seem to go drifting coldly and idly by, will in due time fall in refreshing floods to quicken the growing harvest and to swell the autumn fruit.

As regards *methods* of instruction, there is the same law of dependence. Dr. Johnson indeed declared that no further light could be shed on systems of education, and that the subject was as well understood as it ever would be. But Dr. Johnson, being a great man, sometimes made great blunders, and this is one of them. Against such high authority we have the authority of a host of modern educators, together with the fact of many educational improvements introduced since the time of Dr. Johnson. There is scarcely any branch of learning that may not be made to throw light on educational methods. Physiology, psychology, ethics, æsthetics, political economy, history, each one comes laden with a contribution. Nearer, therefore, to the truth than this dictum of the great lexicographer, would it be to say that education is an inexhaustible science, limited in its developments only by the intuitions of genius and the progress of the race.

And now, I may refer to another bond of union or point of agreement between us, and that is the somewhat galling bond of poverty. It does seem a little strange that we teachers, who stand so high as public benefactors, should stand so low in point of remuneration. The chief waiter of a large hotel receives higher pay than a Head Master of a High School, or, perhaps, a University Professor. We learn on high authority that the most lucrative office in the University of Oxford is that of College Head—*with the exception of the cook!* This disposes one to exclaim with Carlyle, “On cookery let us build our stronghold, brandishing our frying-pan as a censer.” It is indeed not easy to be a cook, and cater to the fastidious palates of a variety of guests, but it is just as hard to provide mental pabulum for slow-digesting pupils; and at the same time please the ill-instructed fancies and niggardly dispositions of trustees, parents, and ratepayers. Let us console ourselves with the recollection of the nobleness of our work, and the excellency of our company. All the world's greatest benefactors have found that the reward of virtue is not bread. But it is nobler to diffuse knowledge among the people than it is to wear soft clothing in king's palaces. Let, then, the school-teacher, like the preacher and the poet, rejoice in the high honour of representing that which, being more precious than rubies, is not to be rewarded by secular emoluments.

Let no one wonder that I have named the teacher along with the preacher. They are as closely allied in their work as in the scantiness of their remuneration. We may differ as to the prominence to be given to religion in the school room, but no Protestant Christian can doubt that popular education is indispensable to a pure and progressive Christianity. “No savage,” says Whately, “can be a Christian.” It is certain that no Christian can long remain a savage, and equally certain that an ignorant people will always tend more or less to narrow and adulter-

ate the purest religious faith. The sacred element will take the hue and the flavour of the vessel in which it is lodged. *Quicquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis.* Pulpit and pew, church and school, theology and literature, act and react upon each other in a thousand ways. We cannot, indeed, affirm that culture and refinement will heal the leprosy of the soul, but they will hold in check the demon of superstition, and afford the most natural and proper alliance for the religion of Him "in whom lie hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." We shall find our security for the State, not of necessity in combining within the same place and person the two-fold office of spiritual teacher and secular, but in providing both in due efficiency for all classes of the people:—

'Nor heed the skeptic's puny hands,  
While near the school the church-spire  
stands,  
Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near the church-spire stands the  
school."

I think the time has come when we Canadians must feel more than ever how deeply urgent is the need for calling into fullest play the intellectual energies of our people. Great questions are upon us. Sometimes within a few hours we are called upon to give our verdict upon controversies affecting the highest interests of the State. Only a thoughtful, well-informed people can govern themselves, as we are called to do. It is the schoolmaster alone that can make self-government possible, or infuse something like rational method into the madness of universal suffrage. "All glories," says Macaulay, "fade before the glory of the statesman," but when statesmen (or rulers at any rate) are made and unmade by the voice of the crowd, there is danger lest the glory of the statesman should fade before the glory of him who knows best

"To fool the crowd with glorious lies."

It is the schoolmaster that gives the true statesman power to save the State. Let the marble monument

proclaim in every land the glory of the statesman, but let the people tread lightly, too, upon the green sod that wraps the grave of the village schoolmaster. All honour to the patriot who falls in the fight for freedom, but history teaches only too well how little avail the victories of the battle-field, without intelligence and virtue to preserve what battles have won. It is chiefly from within that nations perish, and in the humble school-house Canadians must build the bulwark to guard the precious heritage of constitutional freedom, which statesmen have matured, and for which heroes have died. Nor is heroism altogether wanting from the teacher's life. There are many kinds of heroism, and not the least to be admired is that which lies back in the quiet and obscure places. Nay, it is often easier to die amid the blare of trumpets, the waving of banners, and the high enthusiasm of war, than to toil and suffer bravely on through the long years of poverty and neglect. Wherever true work is done, wherever pure motives prevail, wherever, amid circumstances of trial, privation, and discouragement, the heart and hand fail not, but with self-sacrificing fortitude struggle patiently on to the required end; there always is heroism. Such a lot is often laid upon the teacher, but let him labor in faith and hope as one who builds more grandly than they who shaped the Parthenon or piled the Pyramids. Of all the fabrics reared by man, what can rival his in beauty, in value, or in imperishability? Who else on this earth can build above the storms? Mutation and decay sweep round the globe. History itself is but a kind of epitaph. While we build we die, and our buildings crumble upon our graves. Pictures fade, statues are broken, or buried, philosophies shift and reshape themselves like the visions of a kaleidoscope, cities and civilizations break into dust, and if the Pyramids still raise their massive forms above the Nile, it is only to mark the vanity of kings and the pride of power—the melancholy re-

mains of a departed glory,—a memorial, but a tomb. And what is gone comes not again. Hannibal and Cæsar may indeed have a resurrection, but the cerements of old Carthage and Rome shall never be burst asunder. But within the immortal spirit of man, where the teacher carves his lines and moulds the character, the winds and the floods have no power. The teacher does indeed build above the storms, and may defy the pitiless pelting of the rains. His marble temple shall never be "moss-grown nor frost-flung." Goth nor Vandal shall mutilate the stones; the drifting sands of the desert shall not cover them; but, all untouched by "Time's effacing fingers," shall they abide from age to age, taking on ever-new grandeur of outline, and ever-new light of beauty. The familiar illustration of Addison, in which he likens the work of the educator to that of the sculptor on the marble, will never lose its aptness or value, but how far short after all it falls of doing justice to the teacher's mission.

It is counted high praise to say of the sculptor that he can "*almost* make the marble speak." He gives us the simulation of a man; but how much greater and nobler to give us by education the man in reality! To evoke from the rude mind the power to think, to feel, to imagine, to enable it "to borrow splendour from all that is fair, to subordinate to itself all that is great, and to sit enthroned on the riches of the universe!" The well-shaped statue lifted to a niche in some palace or famous abbey preserves the memory of the dead, and gives immortal fame to the sculptor; the living spirit, endowed with illimitable powers of development, chiselled by a finer touch, and fashioned by an inward growth, is raised to a sphere beyond the palaces and galleries of earth, to be radiant forever with a celestial light, vocal forever with a celestial song, and employed forever

"In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven."

—*Canada Educational Monthly.*

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

### THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF METHODISM.

Methodism is a social as well as a religious force. It owes much of its influence to the facilities it offers for the development of the social instincts of our nature. Those instincts are an essential part of our constitution, and their due development is necessary for the perfect symmetry of character. Not cloistered recluses nor the inmates of monastic cells are the true ideals of religious life; but a Christian brotherhood, dwelling together in mutual helpfulness and sympathy. As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend, and in nothing more than in religious intercourse. And for such intercourse Methodism makes especial provi-

sion. Not merely in the great congregation do her worshippers meet, but in the more social and private means of grace—the love-feast, the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, the revival service, and the various meetings for the promotion of religious or philanthropic objects. Especially is the class-meeting a bond of unity and source of strength to the Church. Apart from its directly spiritual results, the frequent, and regular, and intimate intercourse which it fosters, creates a feeling of Christian brotherhood to which we find nothing comparable elsewhere except in the hallowed fellowship of the primitive believers, where the rich and the poor met together, and felt that the Lord was the maker of them all,

and that they were all one in Christ. God sets men in families like a flock, and this sort of Christian family-life develops some of the noblest traits of Christian character.

But there are those attending the ministrations of our churches, who, to their own loss, do not avail themselves of these social means of grace as they should. And in large city churches, where there are a great many members, we can conceive that some additional opportunities of meeting together in social intercourse, for the cultivation of mutual acquaintance and friendly sympathy, would be highly desirable. Provision for meeting this want has been made in one of the principal churches in a neighbouring American city. The Sunday-school room of the church is itself a very beautiful apartment, with high ceiling, frescoed walls hung with beautiful pictures, with comfortable seats, and an elegant fountain in the middle of the room; connected with this by folding doors, is a large church parlour, carpeted, and containing a piano or cabinet organ, and tasteful furniture. Here are held the frequent social gatherings of the church—not formal meetings where three or four persons do all the talking in set speeches, but where the people do their own speech-making, and enjoy it much better than when others do it for them; and where new comers may be introduced to this church-family life. Those who are musically inclined gather around the piano, those who are fond of books and pictures around the church library and stereoscope table, the patrons discuss family matters together, the young folks improve the opportunity of becoming acquainted, the pastor saunters from group to group, promoting good fellowship and Christian intercourse, and devotional exercises always give a hallowing influence to the occasion.

Now it can easily be conceived that, under proper safeguards, some such arrangement as this might be of great religious as well as social benefit. In city churches persons may sit in neighbouring pews for

years with only a very slight acquaintance, unless they meet in the same class. Such a gathering would facilitate their becoming acquainted. Our young people *will* seek social enjoyment, and better that they should seek it under Church auspices than under the frequently unhalloved and soul-destroying auspices of the world. Religious influences would be thrown around even their hours of relaxation, and would tend to leaven their character and mould their conduct. The church would become in a manner a religious home, and would possess, even for the religiously indifferent, attractions that might woo them to its spiritual ministrations. Social cliques in the Church would be less likely to be formed, and its poorer members would feel more at home in these common gatherings than in the dwellings of the rich, and would here enjoy social and æsthetic pleasures for which they may possess a keen relish, but from which they might otherwise be cut off.

#### H. M. S. PINAFORE.

This play was first produced in London less than a year ago, and is now, we are assured, the "reigning sensation" all over the world. There are said to be about thirty companies rehearsing it every night in the United States and Canada, and probably as many more in Great Britain—say a thousand performers exhibiting it to not less than 50,000 persons every night, or to 300,000 in a week, or over a million persons in a month. Dr. Holland, in *Scribner's Monthly*, asserts that thousands have gone to see it who never went to the theatre before, and commends its innocence as a striking contrast to the vile French plays so common on the stage. Such a phenomenon in the intellectual history of the times surely deserves the examination of the moralist.

Well, a copy of this play lies on our desk. It can be read in half an hour, and we have carefully read it. And this is our sober judgment: Of all the weary, dreary twaddle that ever was written, this is the

dreariest that we ever read. How any human being, outside of a lunatic asylum, could find any interest or amusement in it passes our comprehension. There is more genuine wit in a single sermon of quaint old Fuller, in a single essay of Sidney Smith's or Dr. Holmes, in a single poem of Hood or Lowell, than in a cart-load of such trash as this. The verses are the veriest doggerel, the utterances even of the humblest personages are the most stilted and unnatural, and the humour is—well, it is invisible to us. This is supposed to be a satire on civilian admirals, who never go to sea. It is, of course, easy to represent a high officer of the crown as a born fool, but where in the humour of such elephantine satire consists we do not see. The most brilliant stroke of wit in the whole, if we may judge of the frequency with which it is repeated, is the chorus of the female relatives of the admiral's—"and so do his sisters, his cousins and his aunts," which is reiterated *ad nauseam*. Another brilliant flash is the captain's asseveration that he "never—well—hardly ever—uses a big, big D—." This, however, he forgets, and thrice swears roundly before he is done. And this is the sort of rubbish that thousands flock nightly to hear.

What is the secret of this fascination? It is this. The music to which it is set is said to be of a very superior order. If that be so, it is

the only thing that is not inferior about it. It seems to us a great degradation of a noble art to use good music to such silly words. On the same principle we might have the nursery rhyme of "the cat and the fiddle" set to sublime music and sung as an oratorio. Seriously, however, we regard this Pinafore mania, which is now epidemic throughout Christendom, as an ominous exhibition of the utterly frivolous character of many of the popular amusements of the age. What shall be the sober judgment of history, apart altogether from its religious aspects, on the fact that the greatest *chef d'œuvre* of the advanced culture of the Victorian era, when the sublime Shakespeare can scarcely get a hearing, is a piece of imbecility of which a lunatic should be ashamed?

We are glad to have our judgment of this silly play corroborated by the opinion of the distinguished critic, Mr. Frederick Harrison, which we have just found reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*. Commenting on the frivolous character of the age, he remarks: "A generation which will listen to 'Pinafore' for three hundred nights can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription." Still less, we may add, will be its moral ability to read its Bible or any serious and devout literature that will ennoble and hallow both head and heart.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* 12mo., pp. 776, and the same *with Tunes*, 8vo., pp. 485  
New York: Nelson & Phillips.

The hymns we sing very largely mould the theology and daily life and practice of those who sing them. They are also a common bond of sympathy and union in all the congregations in which they are sung.

The service of song is a very im-

portant part of the public worship of God.

The Church, therefore, does well to provide the best possible collection of hymns for that purpose. The committee to which was assigned this important work by the Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, have done their work with no ordinary degree of wisdom, good taste, and careful painstaking.

This is doubtless one of the very best collections of hymns in the world. Some ten thousand hymns, we believe, were diligently sifted, and in the 1,117 here given, the very finest were carefully selected. The range of authors is very wide, embracing over three hundred names. They range in time from Ambrose of Milan in the fourth century to writers still living, and include translations of the best hymns of ancient and modern languages.

About one-fourth of the entire collection are the matchless lyrics of Charles Wesley. Then follow, in order of the number of selections, Watts, Montgomery, and John Wesley. We are glad to see some of the grand hymns of the mediæval church. The immortal Jerusalem the Golden of the monk Beinar of Cluny, and several hymns from Bernard of Clairvaux, and a beautiful translation by Dean Stanley of the sublime "Dies Irae" of Thomas of Celano. There is another source from which many noble hymns might have been taken—the Greek bishops of the Eastern Church—Ephraem Syrus, the two Gregories, —Nyssen and Nazianzen,—and also from the fine hymns of the Latin poet Prudentius. One noble hymn given in the new English Wesleyan Hymn-book, but omitted in this one, we hope will be included in our own new book—that from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaite, beginning, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" Its sweet and tender pathos has already made it a favourite in many of our churches. The grand *Te Deum Laudamus* which has voiced the aspirations of the Church for fourteen hundred years, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the *Tersanctus* and *Trisagion*, though omitted in this Hymnal are included in the Tune-book. We would like to see them included in our new hymn-book. They are a testimony of the unity in the faith of the holy Catholic Church throughout the world and through all the ages, and make us feel our spiritual kinship to the early Church of the martyrs and confessors in the fiery days of trial and persecution.

The grouping and classification of those hymns is admirable; and the selection of tunes, we are assured by competent judges, is of unique excellence.

*International Scientific Series: Education as a Science.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. 12mo., pp. 453; price \$1.50. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Education is one of the most important of the sciences; yet it has very largely been prosecuted in a very unscientific manner. The present volume is an endeavour to survey the teaching art as far as possible from a scientific point of view. The author first discusses the intellect and emotions in their bearing on the subject of education, and then treats of the memory, judgment, imagination, etc., as instruments of education. A separate consideration is bestowed on education values, *i.e.* An inquiry into the worth of the various subjects included in the usual routine of instruction; the decided preference being given to science. The main topic to be discussed is the methods of teaching, including their application to geography, history, and the sciences.

A chapter is assigned to an estimate of the value of Latin and Greek. "The provisional arrangement," our author remarks, "whereby the higher knowledge was for centuries made to flow through two dead languages, should now be considered as drawing to a close." He argues that the literature of those languages may be rendered for the masses more easily accessible in translations; that the mental discipline can more advantageously be otherwise obtained; that they are no special preparation for the study of the mother tongue, for the new meanings of words from the classics must be learned, and he asserts that the Greek and Latin Syntax is actually obstructive to the study of English. While admitting the force of much that our author urges on these points, we are by no means inclined to concede it all.

Among the positive evils he cites the cost of time and toil and money, the lack of interest in the study, and the evil of pandering to authority.

The curriculum of the future should embrace, he asserts: I. Science; II. The Humanities, including (1) History and Social Science, and (2) Some part of Universal History; III. English Composition and Literature, with Foreign Languages if required. Of course the study of the sacred writings would render desirable the study of these languages.

The subject of moral and religious education also receives judicious treatment. The general strain of the book, the author affirms, is not so much against any positive errors of education, as against confusion in its logical sequence. The book may be studied with advantage by all practical educationists, and by those having to do with the forming of courses of study.

*Boston Monday Lectures: Heredity with Preludes on Current Events.*

By JOSEPH COOK. 12mo., pp. 268. Price \$1.50. Houghton, Osgood & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

These lectures are among the most remarkable of the age. The present volume completes the number of one hundred which have been already given, and sold in book form to the extent of some 40,000 copies, besides being published in several of the most widely-circulated papers in England and America. They have also filled one of the largest halls in Boston, at noon hour of Monday, for thirty weeks in the year, with an audience composed of the literary elite of that Athenian city. Mr. Cook derives no advantages from his graces of manner or of person. He possesses a stout, thick-set figure, sandy complexion, rather ungainly manner, and an utterance somewhat indistinct at times from rapidity of utterance. The literary style of his lectures has also been severely criticised. One epigrammatic reviewer has characterized them as a compound of "sound sense and sound

without sense." And we must admit that much of his rhetoric is of a rather tawdry character. But with all abatements they exhibit much eloquence, much learning, and much good sense. The subject of the present volume, Heredity, is one of the most important of the series. The Preludes rather mar the unity of the plan; but they will be regarded by many as the most interesting parts of the book.

*The Vision of Echarad and other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co., and Methodist Book Room, Toronto. Price \$1.25.

These are the latest gleanings of the rich aftermath of poetry in the ripe harvest of the dear old Quaker poet, Whittier. Strange that so rich an efflorescence of song should blossom upon the stern glebe of so grave a creed! There is a mellowed charm about Whittier's later poems that was wanting in his early anti-slavery lyrics. But though rude was often times their rhythm, their words, like Luther's, were half-battles, and they had no small share in the overthrow of slavery. The wide charity, the devout spirit, the keen sympathy with nature—these seem to grow wider and deeper and keener every year. Two of the poems of this volume record that strange historic phenomenon, the persecutions of the Quakers by the stern old Puritans—themselves the refugees in the New World from the persecution of the Old.

*Addresses and Sermons, delivered during a Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1878.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. New York: Macmillan & Co., and Methodist Book Room, Toronto. Price \$1.20.

Any of the public utterances of the genial and wide-minded Dean of Westminster are well worth thoughtful study. Whether we agree with his exceeding liberalism or not, there is something inspiring and stimulating in the contact with his vigorous mind. To Methodist readers

the most interesting address in the volume will probably be that on John Wesley, given at the public reception at St. Paul's M. E. Church, New York—a noble tribute by one of the most independent thinkers living. Among the sermons is one preached in the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec, the day after the departure of Lord Dufferin, in which he pays a fine tribute to our late Governor and to his successor. We feel bound to dissent from some of the views expressed in the address on Liberal Theology. But in reading it and other wide-minded opinions of our late distinguished visitor, we cannot

help cultivating a deeper sympathy with the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world.

*The New Testament Church: A Synopsis of its Theology and Government.* By the Rev. E. HURLBURT.

This is a thoughtful Essay on a very important subject by one of the most judicious thinkers of our Church. In a brief space is given a concise statement of the author's views, which we think will commend themselves to the judgment of his readers.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

We write these notes on the day on which the Annual Missionary Meeting is being held in Exeter Hall. The Hon. Alex. McArthur, who has been on a visit to Australia, was expected to give important information respecting the Methodist Missions in the Southern world.

The amount actually paid by various subscribers to the Thanksgiving Fund, exceeds eighty thousand dollars, which has been allocated *pro rata* to various Connexional Funds.

The Wesleyan Conference of New Zealand reports in that distant land, 150 churches, 116 other preaching places, 203 local preachers, 149 class leaders, 3,500 members, and 474 Sunday-schools. The average attendance at public worship during the year was 29,540.

The entire month of May is occupied with the annual meetings of various societies, which are held mostly in Exeter Hall, London, and not unfrequently two or three are held on the same day. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Missionary Society in connection with

the Wesleyan Methodist Church, the Church of England, and the London Missionary Society are amongst the most famous that are held. All the societies are feeling the commercial pressure, and are unable to meet the pressing demands which are made upon them. The Wesleyan Missionary Society asks for an advance of at least one hundred thousand dollars per year. The deficiency for the past year exceeds that amount. Pressing demands are especially made for an increase of labourers in Africa and India. Two gentlemen have offered to give one thousand pounds each for aggressive work in the Transvaal, and another the same amount to establish a new mission in Eastern Africa. Among the speakers at the annual meeting were Hon. Sir A. Gordon, G.C.M.G., late Governor of Fiji, who gave a most interesting account of what he had seen in that celebrated mission field. His Excellency stated that out of a population of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, one hundred and twenty thousand are members of the Methodist Church, while the remaining eighteen thousand are not heathen.



More than 800 churches have been built; and out of sixty-two ordained ministers, more than fifty are natives. The testimony of His Excellency was noble.

The Chinese breakfast meeting, held on the Saturday preceding the annual meeting, was crowded by persons from town and country. Missionaries were present from China, Ceylon, and Spain.

The Wesleyan Home Missionary Society employs one hundred ministers, chiefly in the rural and manufacturing districts of England. Some of the bishops and clergy of the Establishment display great intolerance towards those devoted labourers. Fifteen missionaries are employed for the benefit of Methodist soldiers in the army and navy. A mission is established at Aldershot, where twenty-five thousand military men assemble every year. Three Methodist churches have there been built. Wesleyan missionaries have accompanied the army both in Afghanistan and Zululand.

#### MAY MEETINGS IN TORONTO

A few evenings in the first week in May were devoted to these anniversaries. The first was the Religious Tract Society, which employs several colporteurs, who travel extensively in Ontario and Manitoba, also a missionary on the Welland Canal.

The Upper Canada Bible Society meeting was the most numerous attended, but the receipts were much below the expenditure.

The Young Men's Christian Association held their fifteenth anniversary in Shaftesbury Hall. The Association is doing a good work among the young men of the city. The ministers from a distance who addressed the meetings were Revs. Dr. Pierson, from Detroit; Dr. Sullivan, from Montreal; and our own beloved brother Cochran, from Japan.

#### METHODIST CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. W. M. Todd, recently appointed to Brinkley, Arkansas, was

waylaid and shot in cold blood while returning from church, on the evening of March 27th. His only offence was preaching the Gospel.

The Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church has made a statement respecting its condition, from which we take the following facts. It has an investment of \$102,000, which is used to aid students called to the ministry. The Board distributes about \$8,000 annually among at least one hundred students. Since 1875, 475 have been aided; some of whom are labouring as missionaries in India, China, Bulgaria, and the home Conferences.

The Methodist Protestant Church is about to send a prominent member of its Pittsburgh Conference as a pioneer missionary to Japan. Thus there will be another branch of Methodism established in that country.

Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday at the house of his son, Bishop Pierce, in Sparta, Ga., March 24th. There were present five generations. Several of his descendants were baptized, the doctor prefacing the administration of the ordinance by a ten minutes' talk of singular clearness and beauty. In a greeting to the Church, Dr. Pierce says: "Life, as a whole, is like light—it is emphatically sweet. But there is always some discount—sometimes pretty large. Yet the world, as a home for probationers, is very good. And it has fitted me so well that I have never been packing up and hurrying away because the old, fine boat of saints, on the river of death, all the time coming and going, leaves on its embarking wharf no one uncalled for."

#### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland has returned from his visit to Bermuda. His graphic letters should awaken a deeper interest in the subject of missions in that island.

The London Conference is in session as we write these notes. Rev.

W. S. Griffin presides with great dignity and acceptance, and the Rev. Geo. Cornish makes an efficient Secretary. We were glad to learn that the increase of members is nearly nine hundred. Twenty-one young men had completed their probation and were ordained to the full work of the ministry, among whom we were pleased to find four sons of ministers. Eleven others were received on probation. There is no lack of labourers in this Conference. As was to be expected, some of the treasurers reported a deficiency of funds. There has been a large mortality among the members of this Conference, no less than eleven having finished their course with joy,—two died a few days previous to the Conference. We were glad to learn that there is a net increase of 887 in the membership within the bounds of this Conference. The services of the Sabbath, and the public meeting for the reception of the young men who were ordained, were of the most hallowed character, and could not fail to leave a very salutary impression.

Rev. J. F. German, M.A., from Manitoba, is visiting the Conferences of Ontario, and asks for at least six additional missionaries for his field. Rev. J. McDougall is also present from the North-west, having travelled twelve hundred miles with his own team. He brings with him two Indian young men to be educated at Victoria College for the ministry among their countrymen.

Rev. W. Hicks, of Prince Arthur's Landing, visits a new settlement once a month, to which he walks a distance of fifty miles, but he reports "three interesting congregations and a Sabbath-school." He expects to build a new church during the summer. The population increases as the Pacific Railroad is under construction.

Rev. John Walton, of Edmonton, Saskatchewan, visits Victoria once in four weeks, and finds the journey a very dangerous one. More than once he has been in great peril. He

describes a scene which our readers should not forget. Here are his own words: "The snow was deep, and my horse could not get beyond a walk, so I got out and ran all day (forty miles); night came on, the track was drifted over, and at last I had to stop and camp. After chopping a good supply of wood, and trying to make things as comfortable as possible, I laid down to sleep; but my clothes were so damp that all the fire I could make would not keep me from freezing. After shivering through several hours, I started again, feeling for the road with my feet, but soon lost it, and had to tie my horse to a tree overhanging the river and wait until day-break. Retracing my steps for a mile, I got on the road, and reached Victoria wearied and sick. Preached twice on Sunday; started for home in a snow storm and bitter cold wind—roads very heavy—run half the day and camped, but having hired a man to come with me and camp over night, I was able to rest. Snowed all night. Up by daylight; parted with my companion; snow so deep my progress very slow; took my wrappings and ran to Fort Saskatchewan, twenty-five miles, by noon, and reached home late the same night. The whole distance is one hundred and fifty miles, and I must have run ninety miles; but for several days I was scarcely able to move after reaching home."

Rev. C. M. Tate sends a cheerful letter from Nanaimo, British Columbia, in which he states: "My farthest appointments are Hope and Sumas Lake, the former being thirty miles north while the latter is about twenty miles south of my home." In the winter season the lakes, rivers, and sloughs freeze, but not sufficiently hard to carry a horse, and in breaking through, the sharp ice cuts their legs; this makes it very difficult to travel. I made one attempt to cross Sumas Lake with horse and sleigh, but broke through, and might have lost my horse had it not been shallow water. When it is impossible to reach all the appointments, the leaders conduct the

regular services, so the people do not suffer the missionary's absence."

Rev. Enos Langford, ordained at Bracebridge, May 18th, will proceed immediately to the mission at Oxford House, North-west.

Quick work.—The frame of the Methodist Church, at Rockport, New Brunswick, was commenced on a recent Monday and raised on Wednesday. Twenty-five men volunteered their gratuitous services for this laudable service. After the completion of the frame, the Rev. Mr. Clarke was called upon for a short address, in response to which he offered a few words of congratulation. Three hearty cheers were then given, and all left delighted with the result.

The roll of the dead has been increased in our own Church by the names of the Rev. Wm. Andrews and C. W. Hawkins. Fourteen honoured brethren have thus been called to their reward from Ontario during the present ecclesiastical year. This is the largest mortality we have ever had in so short a space of time.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*India.*—In Calcutta there are 199 Hindoo temples, 117 Mohammedan mosques, 31 Christian churches, and two Jewish synagogues.

Protestant Christianity has spread more rapidly in India than did Brahmanism, Moslemism, or Romanism in the East. A uniform increase, equal to the last decade, will afford one hundred and thirty mil-

lions of Christians in India in the year 2001.

Probably not less than 60,000 idolaters in Southern India cast away their idols and embraced Christianity in the year 1878.

Dr. Judson was at his station six years before he baptized a convert. After three years he was asked, in view of his apparent little progress, what evidence he had of ultimate success, "As much," he replied, "as that there is a God who will fulfil his promises." His faith had not grasped a shadow. Years have elapsed since the first baptism, and now there are seventy churches, averaging one hundred members each, on the former field of his labours.

*Africa.*—The Church Missionary Society has been gradually extending its work on the Niger River, until it now has ordained missionaries at nine stations, all under the charge of Bishop Crowther, a native, whose interesting history has been frequently told. Archdeacon Crowther writes from Bonny that the Sabbath services are attended by 500 persons. At Brass, persecution raged some years ago, but it ceased in 1876, and the king turned the large idols over to the Bishop. The mission has entered on its eleventh year, and counts now over 100 worshippers.

Rev. Mr. Penrose has been killed in the Unyamweyi county with all his camp followers; and Mr. Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, is reported dead at Ujiji, of sunstroke.

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

## WHEAT AND TARES.

Rev. H. KINGSTON.

I Grow - ing to - geth - er, wheat and tares, Clus - ter - ing thick and green,

Fann'd by the gentle sum - mer airs, Un - der the sky se - rene.

O - ver them both the sunlight falls, O - ver them both the rain, Till the

an - gels come when the Mas - ter calls, To gath - er the gold - en grain.

## Chorus.

Je - sus, O grant when Thine an - gels come, To reap the fields for Thee,

We may be gath - er'd safe - ly home, Where the precious wheat may be.

- 2 Growing together, side by side,  
Both shall the reaper meet;  
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,  
Bowing their heads the wheat.  
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain,  
The sickle sharp shall fly,  
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,  
Shall be harvested in the sky.
- 3 But for the tares, for them the word  
Of a terrible doom is cast;  
"Bind and burn," said the blessed Lord,  
They shall leave the wheat at last.

- Never again the summer rain,  
Never the sunshine sweet,  
That were lavished freely, all in vain,  
On the tares among the wheat.
- 4 Where shall the reapers I ok for us,  
When that day of days shall come?  
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,  
Of that wondrous harvest home.  
None but the wheat shall be gathered in,  
By the Master's own command,  
For the tares alone, the doom of sin,  
And the flame in the Judge's hand.