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THE
WIND
AND
THE
WAVE

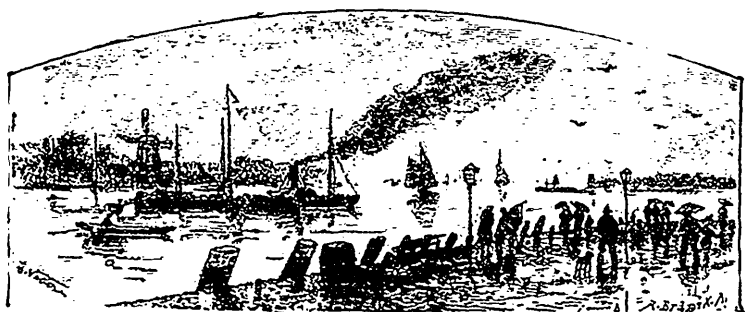
THE Methodist Magazine.

MAY, 1889.

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE.

I.



VIEW ON THE LOWER RHINE.

PERHAPS no nation has ever made a braver fight for existence, physical or political, than Holland. A study of the physical conditions under which its national life has been preserved, excites surprise that there is any Holland to write about or visit. An Italian traveller, Edmondo de Amicis, thus describes the natural features of Holland when first occupied by the Germans:

“It was almost uninhabitable. There were vast tempestuous lakes, like seas, touching one another; morass beside morass; one tract covered with brushwood after another; immense forests of pines, oaks, and alders, traversed by herds of wild horses; and so thick were these forests, that tradition says, one could travel for leagues, passing from tree to tree, without ever putting foot to the ground. The deep bays and gulfs carried into the heart of the country the fury of the northern tempests. Some provinces disappeared once every year under the waters of the sea. The large rivers, without any inclination to descend to the sea, wandered here and there

uncertain of their way, and slept in monstrous pools and ponds among the sands of the coasts. It was a sinister place, swept by furious winds, beaten by obstinate rains, veiled in a perpetual fog, where nothing was heard but the roar of the sea, and the voices of wild beasts and the birds of the ocean."

How indomitable the energy, how unconquerable the zeal, which have transformed this almost uninhabitable region into a wealthy, prosperous and well-governed country! To accomplish this no one well-fought battle was sufficient. The conflict is perpetual. But so bravely and wisely has the warfare been waged against the three-fold enemy—lake, river and sea—that enormous lakes have been replaced by fertile fields and populous villages, rivers have been trained to do service to the nation, and the ocean itself, though rising to a higher level than the greater part of the land, has not alone been compelled to restrain its greed and yield to the command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" but has been changed, as by a magician's wand, into a fortress, by means of which the intrepid Hollander has more than once bidden successful defiance to his foes.

Into the history of this marvellous victory over seemingly insurmountable obstacles, we may not enter. It is enough to say that hostile lakes have been redeemed by a system of drainage that reflects undying credit upon its promoters; that rivers, which were a constant menace to the safety of the villages and cities through which they passed, are channelled and defended at their mouths, bordered by powerful dykes, turned from their course, regulated, divided, or brought together, until compelled to minister where they had previously destroyed; that the advancing ocean is successfully resisted by dykes, which have been aptly likened to a fortress, in the shelter of which Holland lives "on a war-footing with the sea." As will be readily believed, "eternal vigilance is the price" of safety. It is never possible to "rest and be thankful," in the pleasing assurance that the enemy is overthrown. Holland maintains its physical existence by the exercise of the untiring energy and skill which redeemed its waste places, making them, in many instances, gardens of delight.

Nor is the political history of Holland less interesting or thrilling than its physical history. The story of its redemption from the pitiless grasp of river, lake and ocean, is typical of its conflict with the nations that have attempted its conquest. To employ the words of the graceful writer, from whom I have already quoted:

“This small territory, invaded from the beginning by different tribes of the Germanic races, subjugated by the Romans and the Franks, devastated by the Normans and by the Danes, desolated by centuries of civil war with all its horrors, this small nation of fishermen and traders, saves its civil liberty and its freedom of conscience by a war of eighty years against the formidable monarchy of Philip II., and founds a republic which becomes the ark of salvation to the liberties of all the world, the adopted country of science, the Exchange of Europe, the station for the commerce



DUTCH PEASANT.—By *Henner*.

of the world; a republic which vanquishes England on the sea, which resists the united arms of Charles II. and Louis XVI., and which treats on equal terms with the greatest nations, and is, for a time, one of the three Powers that decide the fate of Europe.”

Her prominence and power, as a nation, are apparently on the decline; certainly they are less than of yore. But her citizens are, for the most part, frugal, contented and well-furnished in this

world's goods; her system of government combines many of the best features of a republic with those of a limited and unostentatious monarchy; uniting a zeal for commerce, with a love for higher education, her people dwell in a country rich with inspiring and hallowed memories, ready, if occasion demands, to protect their national freedom against the invader with a courage not less than that of their fathers, whose nobly-won liberty and peace they inherit.

If your approach be by way of Zeeland, a south-western province of Holland, the trip may afford you a novel experience. You are at once brought face to face with evidences of Holland's great battle with and victory over the sea. Zeeland's ancient heraldic symbol, a swimming lion, tells the tale of its fierce and untiring fight for existence. What land there is in this province lies, for the most part, under the sea-level and is protected against its ever-present foe, by means of some three hundred miles of dykes. One traveller has found in the unceasing battle with the ocean, a battle marked by no new and lasting advantages on either side, a modern weaving of Penelope's web. It was in this province that the inhabitants, rather than accept defeat at the hands of the Spaniards, "cut their dykes, let in the sea, destroying in one day the labour of four centuries."

If your progress through the province be by canal-boat, your sight-seeing will be limited by "two lofty dykes which hide the country." It will seem to you as though you travelled in ambush, "ready to rush out at the other end to somebody's confusion." If your plans admit of it, you will make some acquaintance with Zeeland, visiting Middleburg and Veere, where a study of Dutch architecture is offered the traveller in the imposing abbey—which the former city boasts—and the town halls, of marked excellence, which both cities possess. With limited time for sight-seeing you will press on to Rotterdam, a city in shape resembling an equilateral triangle, the base being an immense dyke defending the inhabitants from the Meuse. Perhaps this may be your first introduction to a Dutch inn. If so, the characteristic cleanliness of the people will attract you. The linen will be snow-white, the window-panes transparent as the air, furniture will shine like crystal, and the floor will be found beyond criticism.

A walk through the city will introduce you to a unique place, the streets of which are unlike anything in Europe. The houses, unplastered, of every shade of brick, are, for the most part, two windows wide and two stories high. Their front walls, re-

sembling in appearance a "blunt triangle surmounted by a parapet," rise above and conceal the roofs. One traveller was astonished to discover that the whole city presents the appearance of a town which had been shaken by an earthquake. This is due to the fact that the houses, with rare exceptions, lean more or less,



GOING TO THE BAPTISM, HOLLAND.

—sometimes forward, as though on the point of tumbling into the street, sometimes backward, sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right. This is caused by the unequal setting of the piles on which the houses are built. The effect upon the sightseer is peculiar in the extreme.

Walking along a narrow street, you are surprised at the sudden

interruption of the forward view, by a curtain which appears a little ahead of you. It is the sail of a vessel upon the canal. The "network of cordage" which seems to stop your way at another time is "the rigging of vessels lying in some basin." The city is a seaport, and its canals are everywhere.

Rotterdam, the second city in importance in Holland, notwithstanding its great age, dates its chief commercial prosperity, only from 1830, the period of the separation of Holland and Belgium. It has a population of 175,000, who, according to one writer, "have more nearly mastered the art of perpetual motion than any of their neighbours." Its streets are thronged. One of them, the Steiger, a short street which can only be traversed by boat, and which is lined by some of the most curious and oldest houses of the city, presenting a picturesque appearance at night, when thousands of lights are reflected upon its waters. Between eight and nine thousand vessels annually clear the port of Rotterdam, while the inland steamboat traffic is extensive. Here Erasmus was born, near the close of the fifteenth century.

Its cathedral, once a Catholic church dedicated to St. Lawrence, is now the first Protestant church in the city. Its once glorious beauty and splendour are now mere memories of the past, in consequence of a mistaken zeal, which entered the "ancient churches with a pick and whitewash-brush," and reduced internal beauty to a uniform "whiteness and coldness." The architecture of the building marks the decline of the Gothic mode.

A stranger is soon impressed with the fact that the Dutch are great eaters. Their liquors have obtained a regrettably extended reputation. They are great smokers as well. With a spice of exaggeration, perhaps, one traveller tells us that the "boatman of the *trekschuit*, the aquatic diligence of Holland, measures distances by smoke. From here, they say, to such and such a place, it is, not so many miles, but so many pipes." A Hollander is credited with the proverb, "Smoke is our second breath." Another defines it as "the sixth finger of the hand."

Rotterdam affords an excellent example of the sudden changes in weather to which Holland is subject. One of these rapid transitions from sunlight to shadow, from heat to cold, has been thus described by De Amicis:

"All at once the sun vanished, the infinite variety of colours was dimmed, and an autumn wind began to blow. Then to the cheerful, tranquil gaiety of a moment before succeeded a kind of timid agitation. The branches of the trees rustled, the flags of the ships streamed out, the

boats tied to the piles danced about, the water trembled, the thousand small objects above the houses swung to and fro, the arms of the wind-mills whirled more rapidly; a wintry chill seemed to run through the whole city and moved it as if with mysterious menace. After a moment, the sun bursts out again, and with it come colour, peace and cheer. The spectacle made me think that, after all, Holland is not, as many call it, a dreary country; but rather, very dreary at times, and at times very gay, according to the weather. It is in everything the land of contrasts. Under the most capricious of skies dwell the least capricious of peoples; and this solid, resolute, and orderly race has the most helter-skelter and disorderly architecture in the world."

Winter in Holland is not altogether unlike winter in parts of our own Dominion. Abundance of snow and ice, and protracted cold, cause careful preparation for the winter months. To the hardy Hollanders the cold season is one of much enjoyment. Skating is a general accomplishment, two "schools of skating" being in existence. Sleighs of every size and form abound. Holland's finest festival occurs in the winter, and is held upon the ice. Rotterdam somewhat resembles Montreal in her carnival attractions. It is a curious fact, that at the International meetings of the Dutch Skating Association, held at Slikkerveer, in 1886-7, English skaters won the prizes in both amateur and professional races.

BEATRICE PORTINARI.

BY MARY S. DANIELS.

O LADY with the calm and holy eyes,
 Fixed ever steadfast on the Light Divine,
 What happy fate, what noble lot was thine,
 Thyself secure among the blest and wise,
 To draw thy poet-lover to the skies—
 Teach him the secret meaning 'neath the sign,
 And lead, through realms where sun doth never shine,
 His errant soul at last to Paradise.
 Now in the clear effulgence of the Day,
 Close drawn together by a deathless love,
 Thou and thy Dante, glad, serene alway,
 The joy of being and its fulness prove.
 O peace unmeasured, deep and high and broad!
 O hallowed union, perfected in God!

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

VI.



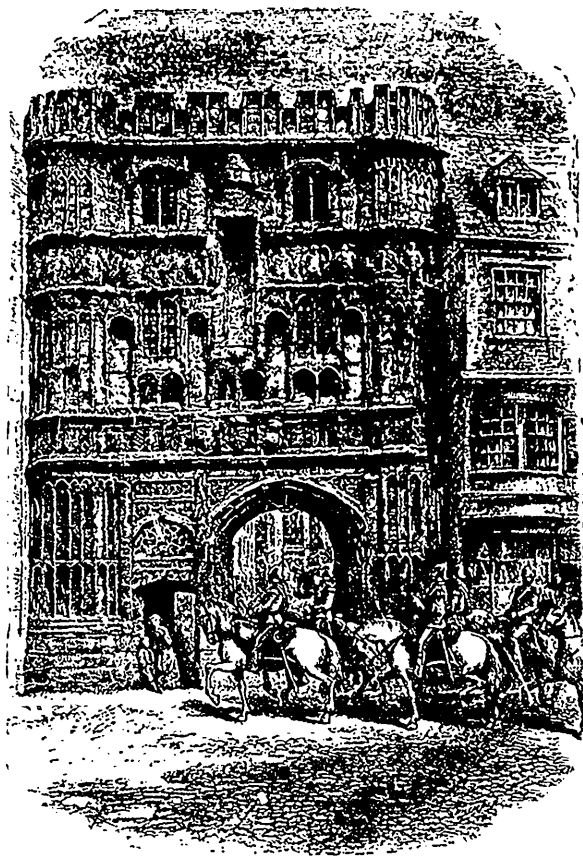
FIRST CLASS.

THE facilities for travelling "round about England" are not surpassed in any country in the world. The train service is frequent and rapid, and the luxury of the carriages leaves nothing to be desired. Whatever may be said in favour of the Canadian Pullman and Palace car, those who have made experience of the cosy comfort of an English carriage will think it is the very perfection of travel. The obnoxious tobacco habit finds entrance even here; but smokers are kept strictly by themselves.

We will, in this paper, take a glance at some of the more noted ecclesiastical structures of Great Britain.

The quaint cathedral city of Canterbury is one of the oldest and most interesting in the realm. Its history can be traced back over eight hundred years. Here are the picturesque ruins of St. Augustine's monastery, and here is the stately cathedral, the mother-church of Great Britain. It is 522 feet long, and the choir alone is 180 feet in length—larger than most modern churches.

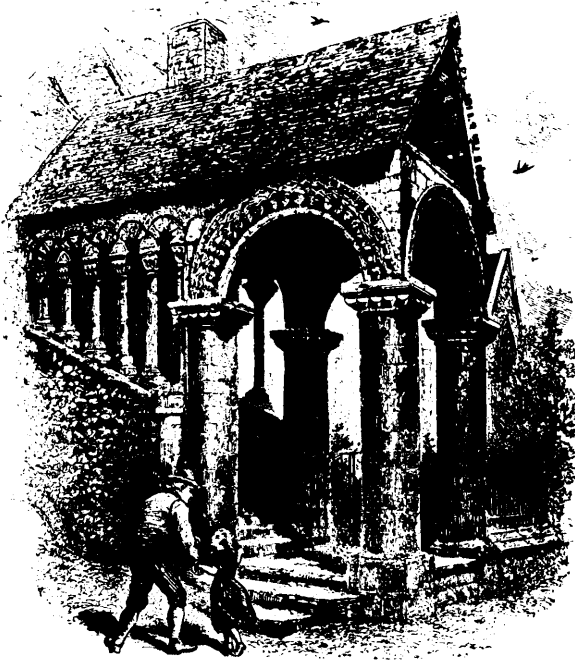
When the building is seen in all its grandeur, rising far above the trees and houses of the town—almost like a mountain of carved stone—dwarfing all surrounding objects, we realize that it is indeed worthy to be a mother-church of a great country. The old gray walls and circular towers, which still enclose part



PRECINCT GATE, CANTERBURY.

of the town, the narrow streets with their picturesque houses, and occasional fragments of ancient buildings—chief among which is the noble gateway of St. Augustine's Abbey—tell of a peaceful present and an unbroken continuity with the past, and fitly introduce us to the Precinct, or Christ Church Gate, an extremely rich and beautiful work of the early part of the sixteenth century. The Norman staircase in the outer court is a unique relic. This

now leads to the hall of the Grammar-School, which stands on the site of an older hall. The architecture, as the sketch on this page shows, is remarkably rich.



NORMAN PORCH, CANTERBURY CLOSE.

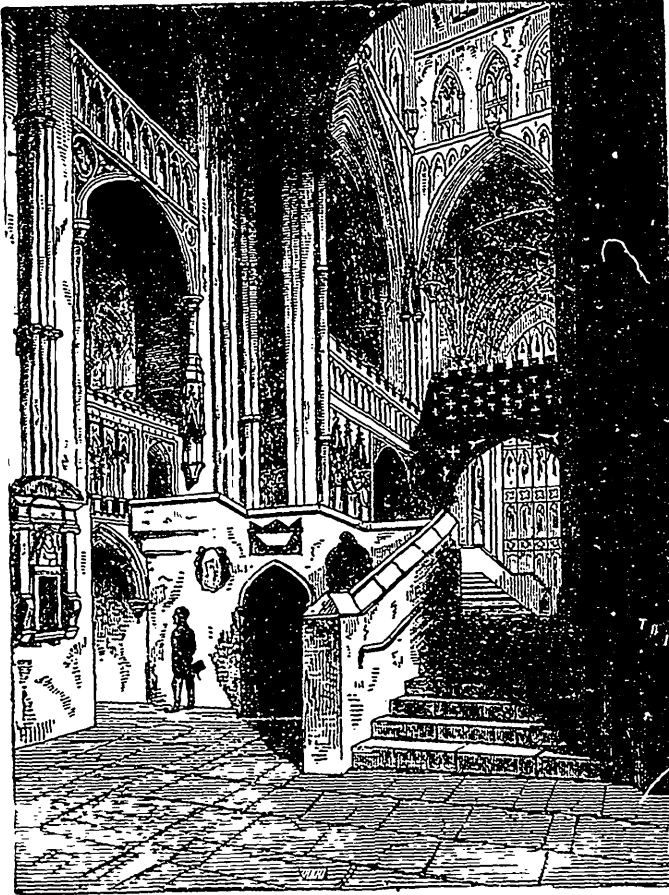
The celebrated Thomas-a-Becket was the first native Englishman who was appointed archbishop and primate of all England, in 1162—over seven hundred years ago. He had previously been Lord Chancellor of England, but he incurred the displeasure of King Henry II. on being made primate, by his devotion to the Church and championship of the rights of the people against the crown and nobility. For this he was bitterly persecuted, and for a time driven into banishment. The people of England gave him an



INTERIOR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

enthusiastic welcome on his return, which so provoked the

jealousy of the King, that he taunted some of his nobles for not revenging him on the overbearing prelate. Four barons, therefore, on the 29th of December, 1170, attacked the archbishop while he was celebrating evening service in the cathedral. He declined to protect himself by "turning the church into a castle,"



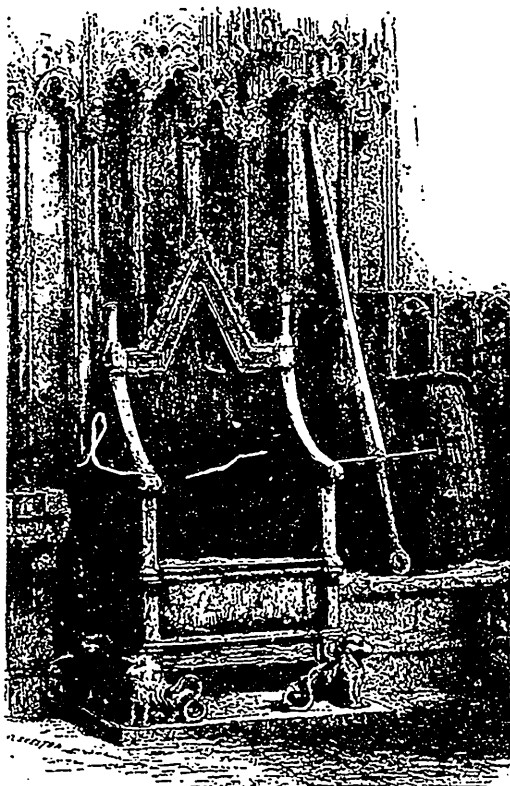
SCENE OF BECKET'S MURDER, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

and while kneeling at the altar was cruelly slain. For nearly four hundred years his tomb was a shrine to which pilgrimages were made from many lands. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, gives an account of these in his "Canterbury Pilgrims," and Tennyson has made the fate of Becket the subject of a magnificent dramatic poem. The stern old feudal castle now serves

as the town gas works—more useful, but less heroic, than its original purpose.

In our account of Westminster Abbey, in a recent number of this MAGAZINE, we made no reference to one of its most curious relics, the Coronation chair.

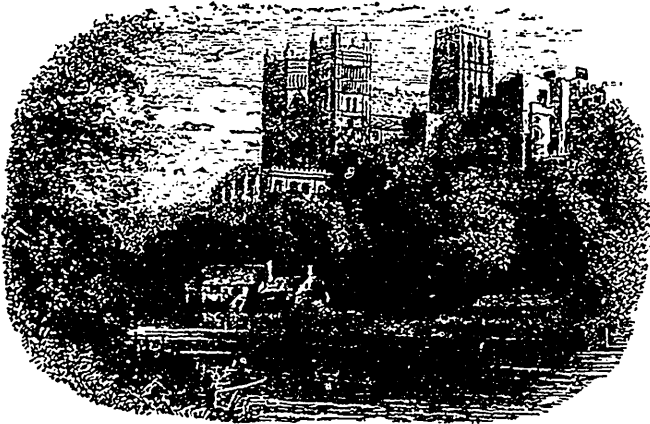
This chair, on which for centuries the coronation of the sovereign has taken place, was made by order of Edward I. "In



CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

the capital of the Scottish kingdom," says Dean Stanley, "was a venerable fragment of rock, to which, at least as early as the fourteenth century, the following legend was attached: The stony pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel was by his countrymen transported to Egypt. Thither came Gabelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. He and his Egyptian wife, alarmed at the rising greatness of Moses, fled with the stone to Sicily or to Spain." Thence it was taken

to Tara, where it became "Lia Fail, the Stone of Destiny, on which the Kings of Ireland were placed." Thence again, according to Scotch tradition, it was borne to Scotland. First placed in the walls of Dunstaffnage Castle, it was moved, in the middle of the ninth century, to Scone, there incased in a chair of wood, upon which the Kings of Scotland were enthroned by the Earls of Fife. "On this precious relic Edward fixed his hold. On it he himself was crowned King of Scots. . . . Westminster was to be an English Scone. It was his latest care for the Abbey. In the last year of Edward's reign the venerable chair which still encloses it was made for it by the orders of its captor; the fragment of the world-old Celtic races was imbedded in the new



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

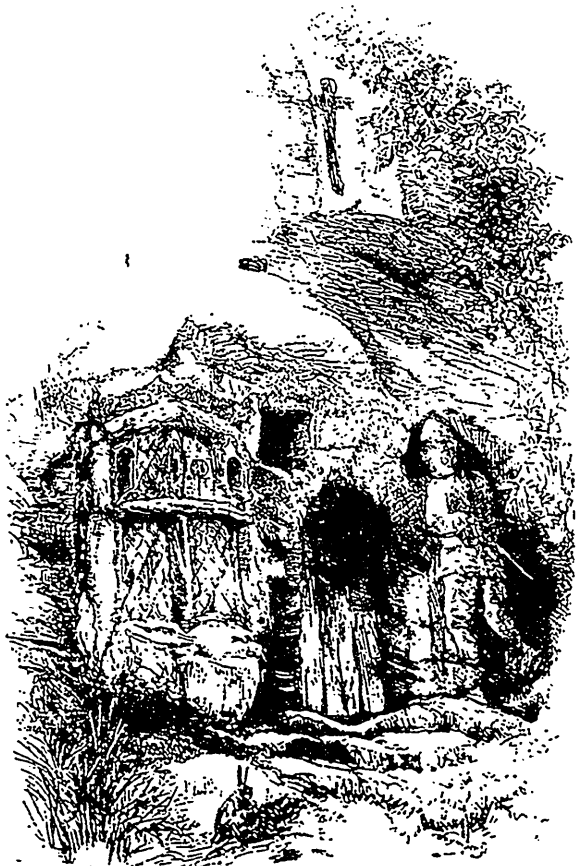
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Plantagenet oak." The Dean states that from the character of the stone there is little doubt its origin is from the sandstone of the western coast of Scotland, and that "of all explanations concerning it, the most probable is that which identifies it with the stony pillow on which Columba rested, and on which his dying head was laid, in his abbey of Iona; and if so, it belongs to the minster of the first authentic coronation in Western Christendom."

We have also fully described the magnificent cathedral of Durham, crowning like a glorious diadem the cliff above the Wear. We, therefore, merely refer to the cut on this page, and pass on.

A notice of the cathedrals of England, however brief, would be hardly complete without an example of the humble seed from

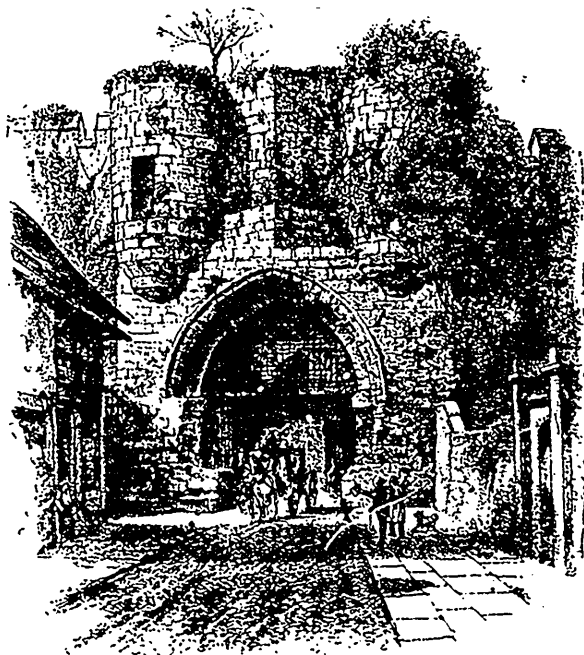
which sprang in process of time so many a stately tree. Ofttimes the stately structure had for its origin some anchorite's cell in a solitary glen or desolate plain. These were sometimes mere huts of wattles or of turf, sometimes caves or rock-hewn chambers. The former have, of course, long vanished away; of the latter some examples remain, scattered here and there about the country.



ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL, DEPEDALE.

One such is shown above. This Chapel of St. Robert, near Knaresborough, is excavated in a bold cliff, where the Ned winds along the craggy glens through a rich upland country that shelves down to the Vale of York. The former occupant of the cell was a son of Tooke Flower, Mayor of York in the reign of Richard I, a man famed far and wide for the piety of his life, who was made

Abbot of Newminster, in Northumberland, but resigned that office to end his days in solitude here. The interior of the tiny chapel—for it is only about three and a half yards long—is ornamented with carving, has an altar, a groined roof, and other ornaments. There is also an excavation like a stone coffin in shape by the door, on which is the rude figure of an armed knight in the act of drawing his sword. At a short distance is the “Dropping Well,” so long one of the principal attractions of the old town of Knaresborough.



CASTLE GATE, LINCOLN.

The feudal character of many of the ancient cities of England is well illustrated by the grim-looking, ivy-crowned gateways of the ancient city of Norwich, as here shown.

The ancient town of Christ Church, in Hants, is of Roman origin. Its chief attraction is the magnificent priory church, and the remains of an old British castle. The square church tower rises high above the town, a landmark from afar. The old Norman house, shown in our cut, is an ivy-clad shell of masonry, showing still the staircase and interior apartments.

Before closing this paper we give contrasted views of one of the

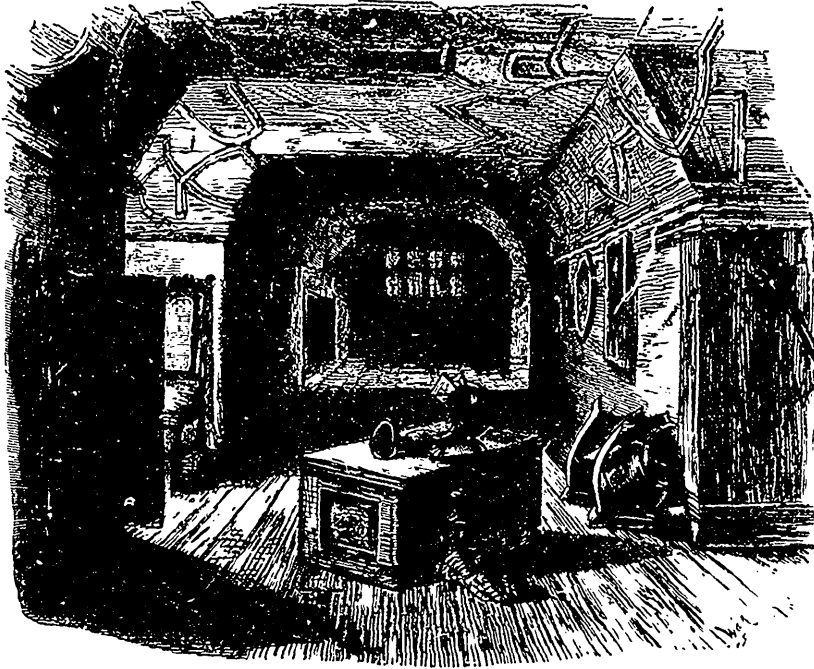
stately halls of England, and one of its cottage homes, each of which in its way has been a bulwark of the realm. The first of these is a Knole House, in the fair and fertile county of Kent, once the home of Archbishop Cranmer, whose higher distinction it is that he became a witness unto death of his fidelity to the truth.



PRIORY CHURCH, OLD NORMAN HOUSE AND VIEW FROM THE MINSTER,
CHRIST CHURCH.

The house is of many different ages. Its most characteristic features are its quaint low-roofed corridors, one of which, the Retainer's Gallery, we present on page 401. It runs the whole length of the house, and is strikingly picturesque. The panelled roof, the old portraits on the wall, and mullioned window will be observed; also the steel cuirasses the helmets, and gauntlets of some grim

warrior, who, perchance, has wielded on the field of battle the huge basket-hilted sword which we see. The walls of the adjacent armoury—for the old house, by the help of its retainers, withstood more than one stout siege, and had a good store of arms—are lined with old flint and steel muskets of formidable bore, cutlasses, iron skull-caps, fine halberds, and the like. The walls were also loop-holed for archers and musketeers. After a sharp assault, Cromwell captured Knole and carried off several waggon-



RETAINERS' GALLERY, KNOLE HOUSE.

loads of arms. The house is full of quaint, carved furniture, fine wrought metal fire-dogs, old oaken chests, such as that in the cut, and frayed and moth-eaten tapestry—wrought by fair fingers long since turned to dust. The King's Room, with its huge state-bed, has successively given repose to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I.

The humble cottage, shown on page 402, is a type of thousands of such in the old land. It was not like Knole, the home of the archbishop, but the birth-place of a Methodist preacher, who was

destined to become the apostle of a great religious movement in the New World—as true a Scriptural bishop in saintly zeal and tireless toil as the world ever saw.

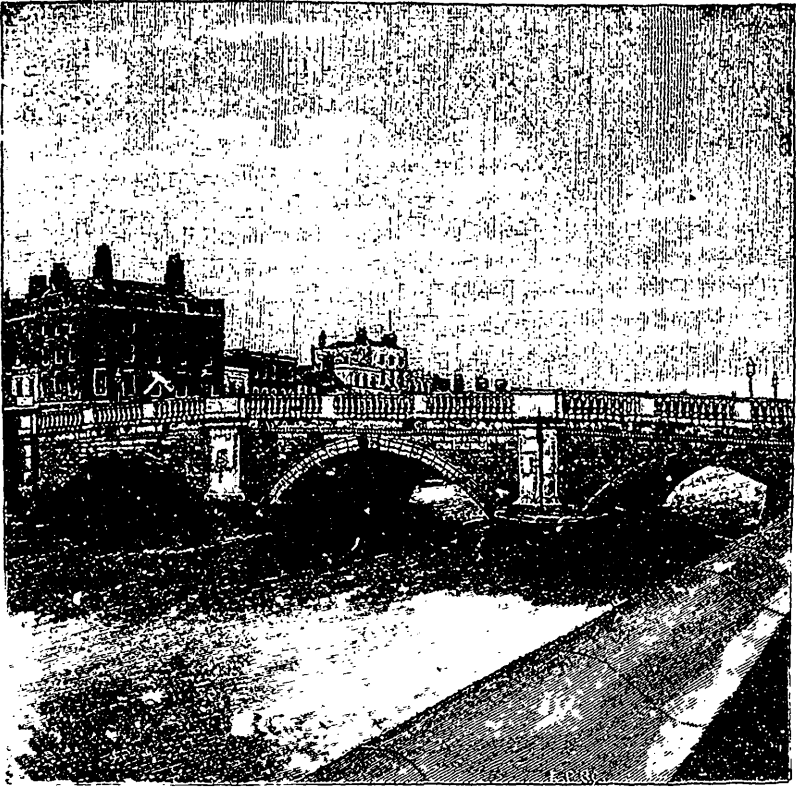
By a Hibernian privilege we may conclude our pictures of “Round About England” with one from Ireland—the O’Connell Bridge, Dublin. The famous patriot lives in the heart of his countrymen and is commemorated by the fine structure shown in our cut, page 403. The finest thing I saw in Dublin was Trinity College; indeed, not even Oxford has as large and wealthy a foundation. In “College Green,” so called, I suppose, *more Hibernico*, because it has not a blade of grass, stands the most preposterous equestrian statue in the world—that of William III. One would



ASBURY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

think that the man who made it never saw a horse in his life. As I strolled through the old Parliament House, now a bank, I asked a servant if he would like Home Rule again. “Some might, belike,” he said, “not I; shure, what’s the differ?” which cheerful philosophy I did not seek to disturb. St. Patrick’s Cathedral is said to have been founded by its patron saint A.D. 448. If that be so, it has done little for its environment in those 1400 years, for it has around it the most squalid purlieus of the town, which is saying a good deal.

The Liffy, the Four Courts, Nelson’s Monument, and the “Phaynix Park,” provoke the pride of every patriot, and not without due cause. The castle, a stern feudal tower, is characterized by strength rather than beauty. The carving in the Chapel Royal



O'CONNELL BRIDGE, DUBLIN.

is superb. The *custode* looked just like Dickens, and was such an eloquent gentleman that I had to double my intended fee. A ride in wind and rain over stony streets, in a jaunting car—it should be spelt j-o-l-t-i-n-g car—does not make one long for a repetition of the experiment. I had to hang on metaphorically, “with tooth and nail.” I suppose it is a little better than riding on a rail, but I am not sure.

THE TOILERS.

THOSE who toil bravely are strongest :

The humble and poor become great,
And from the brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,

The noble and wise of the land,

The sword and chisel and palette,

Shall be held in the little brown hand.

STUDIES IN ART.*

I.

THE accomplished author of the work mentioned in the footnote has, for many years, enjoyed a distinguished reputation as one of the most accomplished and accurate art critics of America. Her writings on the subject of art have been numerous and valuable. In this portly volume are collected three distinct works, treating the kindred subjects of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The study of art is becoming more fully recognized as an important part of a liberal education. As such it occupies a prominent place in the Chautauqua course of reading and study. Such a book as this would be an admirable one for Chautauquans, and for all others who wish to obtain a somewhat adequate view of the development of the fine arts. The author gives a succinct, but comprehensive, view of the three great departments of art in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. A brief anecdotal biography of the great artists, a description of their chief works, and a characterization of the different schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture are also given. One of the most important features of the book is its copious pictorial illustrations of the *chef-d'œuvres* of art of every age and country. Many of these engravings are of superior merit, as the fine portrait of Raphael, his exquisite Sistine Madonna, his Saint Cecilia, and others which we give. All of them will give a much clearer conception of the subjects than pages of description. The book is quite a library, or encyclopædia, on the subjects which it treats.

We purpose briefly to review some of the great art periods described in this book, on which we shall draw largely for both text and illustrations.

Michael Angelo, great in sculpture and in architecture, is no less great in painting. He stands out in the history of art like some one of his prophets in the Sistine Chapel, a man by himself, unlike his predecessors, and leaving behind him no descendants who resemble him. He learned the technical part of his art in the school of Ghirlandajo; but his Titanic creations were his own.

* *A History of Art for Beginners and Students: Sculpture, Painting, Architecture.* By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 8vo, pp. 850. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Toronto: William Briggs.



RAPHAEL'S ST. CECILIA.

Nearly all the great artists of the preceding century had had a hand in the decorations of the Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican, at Rome. It was in this same chapel that Michael Angelo reluctantly executed the remarkable frescoes that are now the chief glory of the place. The chapel is a very ugly shape—a narrow oblong room, with a high tunnel-vaulted ceiling.

The task that the artist had before him was to complete the history of the world, which previous artists had begun in the series of pictures on the side walls. Michael Angelo's first work was to prepare the ceiling for the reception of the pictures. This was done by an elaborate architectural design painted in grays. In the lunettes and arched spaces over the windows, he placed the ancestors of Christ, waiting in different attitudes for the coming of the Saviour. Between the windows are figures of the prophets and the sibyls, each one marked with so strong an individuality that it is scarcely necessary to know their names in order to recognize them. Jeremiah, in a dejected attitude, rests his head upon his hand; Ezekiel seems to see the prophetic vision; Joel reads from a scroll, deeply moved by what he reads; Zacharias turns the leaves of his book; Isaiah, with hand upraised, is awaking from a dream to tell the good tidings; Jonah leans back, rejoicing in newly-discovered life and strength; Daniel writes what he sees in the Spirit. The Delphian Sybil seems to gaze at her prophecy fulfilled before her expectant eyes.

Many years after his first work in the Sistine Chapel, Michael Angelo painted the Last Judgment over the altar, at the request of Paul III.

"Its chief defect lay deep in his very nature. As he had long severed himself from what may be called ecclesiastical types, and a religious tone of feeling; as he always made a man, whoever it was, invariably with exaggerated physical strength."

Michael Angelo opened up an undreamed-of future for his favourite art of sculpture. He aimed at an ideal so high that he never reached it, and all his works are in a measure incomplete. He seems to have been burdened with a restless, insatiable craving to express the mighty thoughts which were surging in his brain, and he seemed to be ever dissatisfied with his achievements. Many of his works were allegorical, meaning more than what appears at first sight; and their very incompleteness gives them a mysterious power over our imagination. He carried the modern idea to an extreme; and, in order to give the fullest possible expression to some abstract thought, he violated all the laws of

natural proportion, and made his figures monstrous and ungainly.

The colossal marble statue of David, which once stood in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, and is now under cover in the Belle Arte, was completed in 1501. It was the first work in which Michael Angelo showed the real stamp of his genius, and broke loose from



MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

all pre-established traditions. It was carved out of a rejected block of marble.

The colossal statue of Moses is one of his greatest works. "This statue," says Gregorius, "seems as much an incarnation of the genius of Michael Angelo as a suitable allegory of Pope Julius, who, like Moses, was a lawgiver, priest, and warrior. The figure



RAPHAEL.

is seated in the central niche, with long flowing beard descending to the waist, horned head, and deep sunken eyes, which blaze, as it were, with the light of the burning bush. . . . If he were to rise up, it seems as if he would shout forth laws which no

human intellect could fathom. . . . There is something infinite which lies in the Moses of Michael Angelo. The sadness which steals over his face is the same deep sadness which clouded the countenance of Michael Angelo himself," - the sadness of a great soul that realized, in some degree, the awful chasm between God, in His infinite holiness, and the sons of men, in their pettiness and folly.

Michael Angelo never married: he was a devoted and faithful son, but he lived a solitary life, and had no pupils. He died at Rome, 1563, committing, so runs his will, "his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his property to his nearest relatives." He was buried in Santa Croce, at Florence.

While without the sublime strength and majesty of Michael Angelo, Raphael was superior in his conception of beauty and expression of religious feeling. Raphael Sanzio was born in 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was an Umbrian painter; and Raphael was placed in the school of Perugino at an early age. The Umbrian school was not in its prime when the young Raphael came under its influence. Behind the Florentine, in drawing, composition, and the clear understanding of the human form, it had lost all but the outward expression of that devotional sentiment which had been its charm in its best days. Raphael, however, re-animated the dead forms with a new and living faith, and produced in the Umbrian style works which far surpassed the creations of his master.

Raphael made two visits to Florence, and stayed long enough at both times to become familiar with the methods and the works of the great Tuscan artists. His own individuality, however, was too powerful to allow him to become distracted by the conflicting influences of the masters of Florentine art, and whatever Raphael learnt from them he made thoroughly his own, and lost none of his originality in the process.

The most remarkable of his frescoes in the Vatican are those in the Camera della Segnatura, under the allegorical female figures of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Justice. The frescoes are the "Disputa," the School of Athens, Parnassus, and Jurisprudence. "In the Dispute upon the Holy Sacrament," says Burekhardt. "Raphael gave us, not a council but a spiritual impulse, which has brought suddenly together the greatest teachers of divine things, so that they have only just taken their place around the altar, and with them some unnamed layman whom the Spirit



THE SISTINE MADONNA.

seized on the way, and drew hither with them. The upper part of the picture represents the assembly of the blessed. Among those grouped around the altar in the lower part are Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Savonarola, and Fra Angelico.

The school of Athens bears off the palm among these frescoes. Plato and Aristotle are in the foreground, and the different schools of philosophy are so placed as to represent the historical development of Greek philosophy. The figures are arranged in animated groups, some listening, some disputing. Diogenes the Cynic, and the Sceptic are isolated, forming an agreeable contrast to the rest.

One of Raphael's most striking works is his *St. Cecilia*. *St. Cecilia*, the central figure, has hushed her music to listen to that of the angelic choirs above. Different musical instruments lie broken at her feet. Behind her stand *St. John* and *St. Augustine*, apparently engaged in conversation. *St. Paul* leans on his sword, with his head upon his hand, deep in contemplation. The *Magdalen* is entirely unsympathetic, while *St. Cecilia* with rapt attention drinks in the heavenly harmony.

Another great work is the *Dresden Madonna*, of which Dr. Green thus writes:

"We went first, as perhaps every visitor does, on his earliest visit, to the cabinet where hangs, alone, the masterpiece of Raphael, the *Madonna di San Sisto*. After all that has been said and written on this incomparable picture, it would be impertinent here to dwell upon its beauties: only I must say what thousands of spectators have no doubt said before, that, however we may recoil from the associations of mistaken reverence and false worship which have attached to the Virgin Mother as here portrayed, none can resist the exquisite appealing beauty of the child faces that look upon us from the canvas—whether of the Holy Babe, who, if a painter *can* portray the Divine, is so depicted here, or of the cherub countenances that gaze upwards with simple and adoring reverence from the lower parts of the picture. These two faces, in particular, seem to defy the efforts of all copyists, whether by painting, engraving, or photography, to reproduce."

The last picture that Raphael painted was the *Transfiguration*. It was in two parts; the lower representing the demoniac brought to the disciples, the upper the Mount of Transfiguration. The lower part was completed by Giulio Romano. There is something exquisitely touching in the thought that Raphael, just before he passed out of this world, should have been busy on such a scene. The figures of Christ, of Moses, and Elias, are floating in the air. The three disciples are prostrate on the ground, hiding their faces from the great glory that was so soon to burst upon the



BEATRICE CENCI.

artist in all its reality. Raphael died on his thirty-seventh birthday, April 6th, 1520.

Guido was one of the most eminent painters of the Eclectic school of Bologna. His soft and harmonious colouring constitutes

his chief charm. He was able to express grief or terror, without destroying the beauty of his faces; and his women are particularly attractive. His best-known picture, although it cannot be called his masterpiece, is Michael, in the Church of the Cappuccini at Rome. In a letter which accompanied the picture when it was completed, he says,

“I wish that I had had the wings of an angel to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beholden the forms of those beatified spirits, from which I might have copied my Archangel; but, not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search for his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination.”

The portrait of Beatrice Cenci is another very celebrated picture by Guido; it is in the gallery of the Barberini Palace, in Rome. The interest in the portrait of this unhappy girl is world-wide. She was the daughter of a wealthy Roman noble, who after the death of her mother married a second time, and treated the children of his first marriage in a brutal way. The story also relates that his cruelty to Beatrice was such that, with the aid of her stepmother and her brother, she killed him. At all events, these three were accused of this crime and were executed for it in 1599. Other accounts say that he was murdered by robbers, and his wife and children were made to appear as if guilty. So many reproductions of this sad face have been made that it is very familiar to us, and almost seems to have been the face of some one whom we have known.

LAUS CHRISTO.

REV. T. CLEWORTH.

PRAISE the Lamb through every nation!

Yea, let all the people sing;

He hath wrought a world's salvation,

Glory to our conquering King.

He hath all our foes defeated;

Sin and Death before Him fall;

High in glory see Him seated,

Listen to His heavenly call.

Boundless grace He waits to give,

Promises the weary rest;

Come to Jesus Christ and live,

Come and be forever blest.

THOMASBURG, Ont.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM IN TORONTO, FROM 1842 TO THE UNION WITH THE CANADIAN METHODISTS IN 1848, AND OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN) FROM 1840 TO THE DISRUPTION.

BY THE HON. SENATOR J. MACDONALD.

IV.

THE services, which in the present day are called special, were in those days designated by the word "protracted," and protracted many of them were, extending, not over weeks merely, but over months. The first service of this kind which I attended was on December 22nd, 1842. The meetings took place at the instance of the local-preachers, and were under the direction of Rev. Mr. Richey and Rev. John C. Davidson, and lasted for one week. They were not marked by any addition to the membership of the Church, nor were any invitations offered to any "desiring to lead a new life to manifest such desire in any visible way."

An American revivalist, the term then used, Rev. Mr. Birchard, was holding a series of services in the Congregational Church, the pastor being Rev. Mr. Roaf. I was present on January 10th, 1843; the building was fairly packed to the door. All who were anxious about their spiritual condition were urged to manifest it, and great numbers of persons of the various Churches did so, many of whom, I doubt not, with advantage to themselves.

On February 10th there began another series of meetings, which were destined to have an important influence upon the future of my life. How eventful they were to me it is out of my power either to determine or describe. As my object is to describe the various phases of Presbyterian and Methodist Church life of the period, I am anxious to avoid every personal reference further than is necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose. The service which I am describing was in charge of the local preachers, how many I do not remember, but the following I remember distinctly: Richard Woodsworth, John Sterling, John Rogers, the two Stephens, Henry and James. The meetings were protracted for a fortnight. Rev. Matthew Richey and Rev. John C. Davidson attended, but took no part in the services.

It seemed strange to me to hear laymen preaching, and the ministers sitting as hearers in the congregation; stranger still to hear the noise and the interjections during prayer—one

calling out, "Glory;" another, "Hallelujah," another, "Send the power, Lord!" another, "Come, Lord!"—all this, notwithstanding the noise, with a sincerity and earnestness which was unmistakable. Then came an exhortation from some one following the preacher; then an invitation to any feeling their need of pardon to come forward; then one of the revival hymns of the time, the following a popular one:

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

I believe it, I believe it,
I believe it just now;
Just now I believe it,
I believe it just now."

Another favourite was:

"Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me."

Another:

"Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him! O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

Another:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away," etc.

The meetings lasted for a fortnight, as the result three members were added the Church. As stated, I am avoiding as far as possible all that is personal, and therefore will not refer to my

own feelings in connection with these services; that they were made a blessing to me is clear, that they helped to change the future of my life is equally certain. To any one curious enough to look at the case and all that was involved in it, there will be found abundant material upon which one can moralize. Here was a young lad, eighteen years of age, too young to be noticed; certainly too young to initiate any change in Church life, attracted to a Church against which he was strongly prejudiced, drawn from one to which he was as strongly attached, from one to which all his friends belonged. Why was it that he should have become a Methodist, when under ordinary circumstances he should have continued to be a Presbyterian? Who was responsible for the step? The Church, in not fully having done its duty? or he, in forgetting its teachings, being influenced by feelings of and by forgetfulness for all that ought to have been sacred and endearing? The facts have been stated, the reader will decide.

I found myself placed in circumstances of difficulty, conscious beyond doubt that a new direction had been given to my life, through the instrumentality of the Methodist Church; equally conscious that it was my duty that my church relationship must be with the Presbyterian Church. What was I to do? First, it appeared to me that it was my duty to make myself familiar with its teaching, that is of the Presbyterian Church. Having thus resolved, it did not take me long to act; that very day I went to the book store of Hugh Scobie, King Street, and purchased a copy of the "Confession of Faith," the edition was that of 1842; the printers, Francis Orr & Sons, Glasgow; the price three shillings and ninepence. It is now before me, and marked No. 154, its place in the small library which I possessed. I began to examine it with a mind fully made up to endorse all that was contained in it. It would have appeared to me the most profoundly to question aught which it set forth. I expected from it to gather light, and knowledge, and strength.

When I came to ch. 3, pp. 26-29, entitled "God's Eternal Decree," and which read thus:

1. "God from all eternity did by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty of the contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established.

3. "By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death.

4. "The angels and men thus predestined and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

Here I stopped. What if I am foreordained to everlasting death? What if I am included in the number so ordained, so certain and so fixed, that no effort on my part or on the part of any one for me can change? Of what avail will prayer be? Of what repentance? By an unalterable decree my eternal condition is already fixed, to change it is impossible. Why those tender invitations:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else" (Isa. xlv. 22). "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye" (Ezek. xviii. 31, 32). "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up" (Hosea vi. 1-3). "For God so loved the world," etc. (John iii. 16). "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me" (John xii. 32).

But why enlarge? These passages will suffice. I found myself in a difficulty. If I was implicitly to accept the Confession of Faith, these passages to me were incomprehensible. I felt them to be the words of a beneficent Being, and yet I knew full well that if their application was to be limited in the case of a single individual on earth, I had no assurance that I was not that individual. I closed the book, determined to read no more, but to come for my light and teaching to the Word of God.

The thoughts which are here presented are those of a young lad. They are not presented here in a controversial spirit, nor in an unfriendly spirit. I well know that my Calvinistic brother will harmonize every passage here noted, and every one of the same character not referred to, with the Confession of Faith. The reference is made to show the workings of a young mind conditioned as mine was. The reader will, no doubt, think as I do that, for so young a lad without a wise and prudent guide, the Confession of Faith was too strong food. And yet, after a period of more than forty years which has passed over me since that time, can I, nay, dare I, question God's foreknowledge any more than I can question His goodness, His mercy, or His love?

I bought Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary, edition 1843, published by G. Lane and J. P. Sandford, New York; price £6. I

turned to the article described by him at the close of the Acts, second chapter, as "that awful subject, the foreknowledge of God," and I found him thus reasoning, "Though God can do all things He does not all things." God is omniscient and can know all things, but does it follow from this that He must know all things? The reader can find the full text in the reference I have given. The article on the decrees in the Confession perplexed me; this afforded me no satisfactory solution. I now say that I dare not question the subject of God's foreknowledge, I say with equal readiness that I dare not hold the view of Dr. Clarke.

In all such inexplicable matters the wiser course, it appears to me, for us to adopt is reverently and devoutly to recognize the truth set forth in Deut. xxix. 29, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

The fact was that that wind which bloweth where it listeth, whose sound is heard, but from whence it cometh or whither it goeth, none can tell, had blown upon me and brought with it the awakening of a new life—a life which had to gather strength and vigour from daily contact with those who were actively engaged in Church life, and from the same Source from which they gathered theirs. The conclusion was slowly but painfully reached, that this was not to be obtained in a Church whose public religious services for the week, apart from the Sabbath-school, were all embraced in the one morning service on the Lord's day; and thus the step was taken. The severance was made, and I had passed away from the Church under whose influences I saw the light, and to which all my friends belonged.

This long, personal reference would have been quite out of place, did it not seem needed to establish the qualification I possess, however small that may be, to present reminiscences of not Methodism only but of Presbyterianism.

There are those who object to any manifestations in public assemblies, such as have been referred to, who describe all such acts as being those of fanatics; others who think them irreverent and unbecoming the house of God. The result of my own thinking on the matter, after an experience of forty-eight years, has taught me that the man who will stand up in a public assembly and thereby show his determination not only to be a Christian, but his desire to secure the prayers of God's people to strengthen him in this determination, is in earnest. That that which prevents a man from taking this step is not a conviction that he does not stand in need of God's grace, *but pride*. That the step once taken,

this pride is humbled, the man has obtained the mastery over himself, he has proclaimed to his worldly associates that he intends to lead a new life. In one word, he has virtually said with the prodigal, "I will arise and go to my father." He is not far from the kingdom, he has gone to meet the Christ who is waiting to receive him.

Does it need an effort? If he is sincere it needs the effort of his entire nature; it will help him a thousand times more than all the promises to consider the matter and weigh its responsibilities. There are thousands of earnest workers in the Church to-day who have to thank God that He by His grace enabled them when invited to do so, to stand up and confess Him, to stand up and acknowledge their need of Him who are able to say that that was the way by which they were helped to find Him. And there are thousands to-day who regret that when such opportunities were offered them, shame prevented them from availing themselves of of such invitations.

And is this not Scriptural? Did Moses not say to the children of Israel on the occasion of their worship of the golden calf, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come up unto me" (Ex. xxxii. 26). Did Joshua not say, "If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve" (Josh. xxiv. 15). And is the Word of God not filled with such appeals, and is it not filled with illustrations of how God set the mark of His approval upon those who rightly decided? What are men asked to do in a political contest? this simply, that all who are in favour of a resolution endorsing a particular candidate manifest it by the holding up of their hands, and from that moment that act determines the side upon which they are.

And will men, with all the enthusiasm which is so common upon occasions of that kind, do for a political candidate to whom they are under no obligations, what they are ashamed to do for God to whom they owe their "life and health and all things." But helpful as I believe this to be—nay, helpful as I know it to be—is it not true that this liberty is abused by many, who, without judgment, present cases upon which they ask the assembly to pronounce? for example, asking all present who are determined to love and serve God to stand up—not merely at the Covenant service, for of this I approve, but repeated half a dozen times in a week. And this when nineteen-twentieths of those present are members of the Church, some of them having been members of the Church for twenty years before the preacher was born.

The Covenant service is one in which very appropriately an

open avowal of the whole congregation may be made, for it is a renewal of a solemn covenant; but the practice to which I have referred, all too common, I fear, with many ministers, is one in my humble judgment, to be deprecated.

Of the preachers who filled the pulpit in George Street at this time, the following names occur as having been there occasionally: Steer, Fear, Fawcett, Lanton, Scott, Douse, Evans, Andrews, Sunday. Of those who were appointed to the Circuit: John B. Selby, John P. Hetherington, and John Bredin.

Rev. Mr. Steer was an Englishman, from Hull I think, was intended for the law, possibly practised; at any rate, abandoned the law and devoted himself to the ministry; thin, sharp, intellectual face, clean-shaven; with a quick step, and military look. He was a devoted man, an original thinker, and spoke with much correctness. I find the following among his texts: Deut. vi. 6, 7, "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently," etc.; Psa. cxlvi. 5, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God;" Rev. iii. 15, 16, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot," etc.

Mr. Fear was an Irishman, and had been, I think, a hired local preacher; he had neither the education nor the culture of Mr. Steer. His style was heavy, an undoubtedly good man, his religion was not of a cheerful type. I find the following among his texts: Psa. cvii. 15, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men;" Rev. i. 8, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord." Fawcett, the brother of Michael Fawcett, preached once only, and from 2 Thess. iii. 1, "Finally, brethren pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have full course and be glorified, even as it is with you." He was an earnest, engaging preacher; he was killed at the accident on the Desjardins Canal.

Rev. Ephraim (now Dr. Evans) and Rev. Wm. Scott were among those who occasionally ministered to the congregation and took part in missionary and other anniversaries, both are still connected with the Church, each holding a superannuated relation, the former residing in London, Ont., the latter in Ottawa. The last sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Evans, on his departure to establish the mission in British Columbia with the brethren who accompanied him, was in the Richmond Street Church, and was from the text, 1 Cor. xv. 58, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Of those preached in George Street, we have Psa. vii. 9,

"Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end." A missionary anniversary sermon, and Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10, "The vision of the dry bones."

Of the texts of the Rev. Wm. Scott, we have the following: Luke xix. 41, "And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it," and 1 Cor. xii. 1-3, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant."

Of Rev. Mr. Douse, we have as texts from which he preached: Prov. xix. 2, "Also, that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good," etc. A missionary anniversary sermon, and Eccl. v. 1, 2, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God," etc.

Rev. Mr. King, of the Free Church of Scotland, and who preached occasionally with great acceptance. we have this text: Psa. lxxxix. 15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

Henry Lanton was an Englishman, he was, I think, from Richmond Theological Institution; he had a fresh English colour, and was a pleasing preacher, no great originality, yet always instructive. He died at Hamilton on the 19th September, 1888, in his 79th year. We find him as having preached from the following texts: "Hab. iii. 17-19, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom," etc.; Matt. vi. 6, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet," etc.; Eph. iii. 17-19, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted," etc.; 1 Pet. i. 3-5, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope," etc.

John Sunday preached with great acceptance from Luke xv. 22-24, "But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand," etc. I well remember his saying how like a ring was to God's love, for it had "no end."

DEATH.

Two travel-worn and weary feet at rest,
 From paths of sin now shrouded in the past;
 Two cold hands folded on a colder breast,
 From which the soul has taken flight at last.
 Two eyes from whose dark, vacant cells the glow
 Of sunlight seems forever to have fled;
 Two mute lips meeting like an unstrung bow
 From which the final arrow—speech—has fled.
 This is the subtlest of all mysteries:
 Some call it Death, and others name it Peace.

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,
A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

II.

HAVING gone in the preceding article upon the assumption that the Itinerancy and its Stationing Committee are as settled in our Methodism as the parliamentary system and its limited constitutional monarchy are in the government of Great Britain, it is our purpose now to survey the stationing system somewhat more in detail. How well the central post is planted, how firm the pivot stake is driven, how solid is the foundation, may have to do with the motions that can be ventured on, the changes attempted, and the pressure brought to bear.

And our first observation is that the Stationing Committee is a General Conference authority; so that each minister may say, and ought to feel, and the people ought to feel it likewise, that he is appointed to his circuit by the General Conference; that he receives his field of labour from the General Conference; that is, by and from the great legislative and executive authority of the whole Church. All primitive Conferences in the germ, as well as all the earliest organizations of civil governments embrace of necessity within themselves all governmental functions—legislative, judicial, administrative and executive—whence it often occurs in the separation and allotment of functions with the enlarging scope, multiplying demands and increasing responsibilities, that there is conflict and confusion of authority, friction in action, and failure in result. It also occurs, that minds trained under a system where all the functions are in one body take slowly and timorously to the distribution of power; and are sometimes inclined to imagine that such a distribution is indeed a centralization, since it locates power and responsibility, and puts all exercise of power under law. This it must do, because the legislative authority is not always at hand to pass resolutions, and repeal, modify and re-enact law; or, what amounts to the same thing, do the act, establish the precedent, and thereby embody and proclaim law, broadening down from precedent to precedent.

“Sovereign law, the state’s collected will, o’er thrones and globes elate, sits empress; dispensing good; repressing ill.” And

wise and happy that legislation; that distribution, harmonization, and adaptation of the functions that avoid collisions of interests and conflicts of authority among the grades of office and departments of government. The safety of the subject is, definite power in the ruler under law and definite responsibility of the ruler or officer for the administration of law: this is not centralization, but healthful distribution. That is the worst kind of centralization, and sure to produce the direst confusion, the compactest, cruellest tyranny, when it is not known whose is the sovereignty, whose the functions, whose the responsibility; but officers are left with undefined or ill-defined powers.

Nothing better demonstrates our Connexionalism than that the General Conference, at least indirectly, makes the appointments of all the preachers. Hence the General Conference may establish a Stationing Committee in each Annual Conference; or a Stationing Committee for several Conferences combined, as some seem to think a good idea; or one Stationing Committee, if it thought best, for the entire Church. This is further illustrated by the fact that the Transfer Committee acts for the entire Church. Both the Transfer Committee and the Stationing Committee are the General Conference in these separate functions, as are the Missionary Board, the Book Committee, and other Connexional Boards, the General Conference *ad interim* in their respective functions. Originally with Mr. Wesley in England there was only one Conference—the General Conference—both legislative and administrative, and that was small enough. It was annual biennial, semi-annual, or quarterly, as occasion required, and embraced all the powers and potencies of the nascent Church. Originally, with Bishops Coke and Asbury in the United States there was but one Conference—the General Conference—small enough again, and legislative and administrative. And there has been something of the same experience in Canada. But growth compelled division of labour, distribution of authority, allotment and separate exercise of function. In England originally, in state affairs, all legislative power, and judicial power, and executive power were in the small court and parliament about the Royal Person. That was the day of little or no legislation, meagre judicature, supreme and irresistible executive act. Rising liberties compelled enlarged parliaments, broader and minuter legislation, better ascertained judiciary, and limited executive force less arbitrarily and more lawfully applied. The enlargement of the realm and the broadening of freedom made imperative the restriction of legislative power to the parliament, of judicial functions to the courts, and of executive energy and act to the

royal estate and the Crown. Thus are guarded and maintained the rights and liberties of every Briton; all power from the highest to the lowest, under law; and all administration, through law, enacted and written, and itself enforced under due regulations and forms and according to law. The parliament and estates of the realm, in which originally at least were all sovereignty, power and right, have lodged all judicial functions, with little exception, in the courts; and though they may institute or abolish courts, and enlarge, transfer or modify functions, they may not withdraw these functions from the courts, and again themselves exercise them in the trial of criminals and the determination of cases; and though they may change the duties of executive officers and rearrange and readjust executive functions, they may not assume to themselves the responsibilities and prerogatives of the executive officary. They may not do the work of the executive officer; but through the courts, under Act of Parliament, they may hold the executive officer bound to the proper discharge of his duty. That is to say, the Imperial Parliament, or the Parliament of the Dominion after its model, can do through others, can accomplish through instrumentalities, what it cannot do directly, or undertake itself to perform. And so far as we know, this is true of all good government, even to the ultimate and supreme; rendered necessary more likely by the condition and relations of the subjects and their diverse affairs, than by any lack of ability or defect in the principles or character of government itself.

What has been said of British procedure, which we all admire and loyally accept, explains the genius of our connexionalism and the very important and emphatic sense in which the General Conference stations the preachers and lays out the circuits. Here is where the General Conference, by ill-arranged legislation, could have begotten a great deal of trouble by authorizing the annual Conference by its own act to station the ministers, and the District Meetings to lay out the fields. There would have been ceaseless conflict of jurisdiction and endless turmoil. But wisely arranged, there is continuity and consistency of enactment in that the Stationing Committee has final détermination of the fields of labour and final appointment of the men. Would not the General Conference save us from trouble if it would preserve the same unity in legislation throughout; as for instance, in the relations of the Transfer and Stationing Committees, both committees exercising General Conference functions? Is it not a pity, a mistake, so to arrange that after a decisive act of transfer on the distinct request of a society; the society, the brother transferred, and the Transfer Committee may all be subjected to indignity, virtually

smitten in the face? Is it a wonder that collisions and heart-burnings should arise?

The General Conference, possibly with a view to covering all the interests concerned, has enacted that the Stationing Committee shall be constituted partly out of the Annual Conference and partly out of the District Meeting; has empowered that committee, or series of committees, to move all the ministers every year, and required it to move them all with certain allowable exceptions every three years, and to find for every effective man his field, and for every field its man; reserving to itself, the General Conference and to its Boards, the right to draw off men for Connexional service; and putting it into the power of the Annual Conferences—not to change circuits or appointments—but to protect itself as to the stationing of its men and distribution of its work by holding the Stationing Committee on the final draft of stations, and requiring that all appointments made shall be in accordance with the provisions of the Discipline. And this is British, and Wesleyan, and Methodistic; and ought to be at least as acceptable to Methodist people in Canada as in the United States; to put all things by the legislature under law, and then require the appointed officary to do their duty according to law. If self-seeking or personal preferences or whims are coming in here to rule, who is safe? How is the work of God to go on? If the law is not right, make it right by authorized and constitutional means. But as it is, and while it is in black and white on the statute book, respect, regard, obey it; which is British and Methodistic as well. As the General Conference first forms annual Conferences, and then controls and directs both the Transfer and Stationing power, perhaps that august body—let us tread reverently here—is not altogether blameless in that it possibly hurls one into the face of the other, or makes such a conflict of jurisdiction probable as shall seriously annoy the Church and disturb and distress the societies. In civil legislation it is at least attempted that such conflict be avoided; or some court, intermediary authority, is provided to arrange the difficulties that may arise. A little better provision for greater harmony of action on the higher lines of the movements of the Church and its societies would possibly reflect no discredit upon our legislation. What harm if Transfer and Stationing Committees pulled the same way?

Our second observation as to the Stationing Committee is, that it can scarcely be supposed to proceed in its operations and the exercise of its functions upon the basis of natural rights in the civil or legal sense of that phrase, though some of the maxims of

civil law and natural rights may be applicable thereto; even as principles of universal justice and law come from the skies, permeate all moral relation and are eternally regnant here and there. But the Methodist Stationing Committee is perfectly *sui generis*, and proceeds upon facts and principles peculiarly its own—forms, in a sense, a code of its own. It proceeds upon the mutual surrender of natural right, except as that natural right is elevated to a spiritual plane, and elevated at both ends with the preacher and the people equally; and upon a surrender of many forms and claims of civil and political right; virtually ignoring such a right as supreme control; not through scorning it, but through the apprehension of a higher relation, and consequently a higher principle and law, even as obedience to the New Covenant is higher and more comprehensive than to the Old. Obeying the New we obey the Old. By common consent it is a "coming down" for the minister to be a politician; and something is supposed to be wrong more than with the civilian, if he make himself liable to arrest by civil law; so that while he may, as Paul did, claim the protection of civil power, he is supposed by higher motives to keep out of the claws and talons of that power, except the power itself be misdirected and wrong. With the rights and duties of a citizen, he holds the rights in abeyance in the interest of the spiritual kingdom. Natural law is not his supreme law; natural right must often be relinquished to obtain the deeper, higher right. Certainly a man has a natural right, as among other men, to decide where he shall work, what he shall work at, and whether he shall accept the proffered pay or reward. Certainly, again, the men among whom he is working have a natural right to say whether they will accept his work, whether they will pay the price asked for the work. A man has a natural right to decide where he shall live and bring up his family; in what community, amid what influences and at what occupations. But the itinerancy, and its central organ, the Stationing Committee, pay little heed to those natural rights. Certainly a man has a natural right, when he has reached proper age, to marry; to establish his house; to direct his studies and the employment of his energies; to gather means in worldly pursuit as he may be able; to travel at his pleasure and divert himself as he will, and as his substance will allow. But what cares the itinerancy for those natural rights as commonly asserted and enjoyed among many? The central claim of the itinerancy is the demand of a power above all natural right as understood among men. The central, impelling, and only justifying idea of the itinerancy is the positive and actual

call of God to preach the Gospel. In all his consideration, measurement and decision of human affairs, the "woe is me" is upon the Methodist itinerant. It may be very well to pull him this way, or push him that, by maxims of natural right; it may be very well for him to incline this way or plunge that, under the course of this world, or the impulses that ordinarily move men in their feeling and action; but all the time there is an unseen power, an invisible force stronger than they all, to which others must defer, if they would know what he should do and what should be done with him. It is hard to pull even a kite to earth, if it is held to the tree-top by a stronger cord than you have to pull on; and it is difficult to draw it aside this way if it is held in the opposite direction by more force, though invisible, than you can exert. Invisible, silent, spiritual energies must be taken into account in the estimate of effort and result, as well as the visible, palpable, tangible, temporal, ordinary, material impact and instrumentality. This positive call from God into the ministry is an element that must be considered.

The true Methodist itinerant, if he have one supereminent characteristic, has abdicated all natural right in his consecration to God, duty and his work; and has also merged civil and social right in that consecration; has entered into a sacred compact with men of similar obligations and of like aim and spirit; and can gather back these rights only as they are consistent with his high commission and the principles and purposes of the holy compact into which he has entered. Which is to say, there is a perfect self-surrender to God, to His Church and to the brethren for Jesus' sake. Was it not these very natural rights and their relation to the spiritual kingdom and the spiritual work Paul had in mind in his plea with the Corinthians? "Have we not power to eat and drink?" to take our own way of making a living? "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas? or I only and Barnabas, have we not power to forbear working?" to work or let it alone like other men? Certainly, but for the "woe is me" on the one hand, and the constraining love of Christ on the other. Was it not the very natural personal rights and their relation to the spirit of the Gospel and the Christian life that Christ Himself had in mind in the barrier-bursting, prejudice-levelling, fraternity-vindicating discourse on the mountain: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. And if any man sue thee at the law, and

take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." Perhaps there are stated and indicated here some of the very principles that should govern the ministers and people in the regulation and support of the ministry, and their reciprocal sentiments and movements in the Church of God. For if these doctrines will not hold in the Church, they will scarcely be of any avail in hell or among wicked men on earth. Then where do they apply?

We are accustomed to regard the Methodist ministry as a body of men ready to go where duty points in the work of God; the Methodist people as ready in Jesus' name to receive the messengers of Christ sent unto them by the proper authorities of the Church; and the Stationing Committee as that proper authority in the Church exercising its wisdom and power for the glory of Christ, the weal of the brethren, and the revival, perpetuation and extension of spiritual religion. If a precept of fundamental law, universal justice, natural right operate at all here, it operates with a tenfold force; and it operates because it has been transported into this realm, spiritualized; recognized not only as an instinct or a deduction of reason, or declaration of parliamentary statute, but as sanctioned of God, sanctified and adapted to His work; and made not merely the iron and steel of natural justice or positive law for strength and grasp; but, with more than the grip and spring of the iron and the steel, glorified into the brightness of the gold, the beauty of the pearl and the lustre of the diamond; transformed with a wealth of noble properties into the unfading splendours of the kingdom of God.

For instance, be it said: "No man is fit judge in his own case;" an axiom of natural justice, and necessarily of civil jurisprudence as well, it cannot be meant that a circuit has no idea whether it have the right preacher; or a Church member no idea whether he is ready to accept such spiritual instructions. It cannot mean that a minister has no idea whether his appointment is in violation of all charity, brotherhood, propriety, reason and righteousness; or that a layman does not know whether he is imposed upon, justice outraged, common sense disregarded, and religion ignored. Men are always allowed to judge in their own case, and to refuse and to consent upon that judgment, and they are expected finally and fully to submit to God. Paul states it thus: "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment; yea I judge not mine own self; but He that judgeth me is the Lord." This renunciation of the personal opinion and decision, is perhaps what is needed all round; this resignation to the Divine judgment is the higher

plane. But he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword. With what judgment we judge we shall be judged. If we appeal to Cæsar, to Cæsar we shall go; to natural law, by natural law we stand or fall.' If men on Stationing Committees act merely on the principles of natural justice and civil jurisprudence, when "self-defence is the first law of nature," and "possession is nine points of law;" where "yourself first in office, honour or emolument is no wrong," so long as you obtain without violation of written, proclaimed law, they should expect the natural justice and civil law interpretation of that axiom to be urged against them with full force and effect, and they should expect the machinery of natural justice and state law to execute it. But if the maxim is interpreted under the kingdom of the Golden Rule, or the apostolic dictum, "in honour preferring one another;" or the Pauline estimate of Timothy's fidelity, stated by contrast with "all men seeking their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's;" when we say "No man is a fit judge in his own case," we venture to say that the humble, consecrated soul, "not thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think," "but submitting himself to others in the fear of God;" "feeding the flock of God; taking the oversight thereof not by constraint but willingly;" not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; not as being lord over God's heritage, but being an ensample to the flock, shall not find supreme satisfaction in contentment of mind and triumph of spirit when at the behest of heaven and the command of the Church he is humbly and earnestly doing the best he can with God's blessing on his appointed field of labour.

A man is fit enough to judge in his own case to accept with a cheerfulness a providential field under a providential constitutional system *honestly* administered. He is fit enough judge in his own case to work well his field under God, and to know whether it is worked and he is successful. And he is well enough judge for himself to be content in such work and grow in it and become mighty; not longing for the Metropolitan unless he is competent for it; and then longing for the personal and divine competency rather than the place; and not forever fancying the most learned, pious, and best qualified man for the Metropolitan should be sent to some remote and perhaps obscure field to let him into the vacancy. There is enough in which a man is a fit judge for himself; and if he is a right-minded man, he may judge all the circle. "No man is judge in his own case" is, of course, valid to its full extent in arranging districts and circuits and stationing preachers, if the circuits are a chessboard or their allotment a grab game. Then an umpire or a police magistrate

is required, and natural justice and civil law should have full swing. But if the higher law operate, or in the proportion it operates, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," "in honour preferring one another"—which surely ought to be authoritative and effective in a Methodist Stationing Committee if anywhere—a man can be allowed to judge in his own case; for he will not care to judge; swift to hear, slow to speak, will defer to judgment; will, perhaps, even retire for God's sake and peace sake, as Abraham before Lot on the old Stationing Committee four thousand years ago. He can judge this, to submit himself to the judgment of brethren, and thus throw himself under protection of the broader shield, the nobler principle than selfishness, or personal opinion and self-seeking. And if we have not faith in these principles, who should have it? In his own case, he would prefer that others judge, lest he give occasion for stumbling or offence. Let others, if they be right-minded, so far as he is concerned or his interests involved, press back the bold, the ambitious, the grasping and over-bearing, the conceited and incompetent; and urge forward the wise, the experienced, the godly, the well-qualified, modest and worthy. Let others discern if there be capabilities in him, and guard the interests of God's cause till they are committed to his hands. Then, with faith in God and man, let him accept the solemn trust.

And here the whole business hinges. The Methodist Itinerancy and Stationing Committee proceed entirely upon mutual confidence. Destroy this, and all is gone. On the high ground of love to Christ, piety, godliness, righteousness, truth, meekness and Christian charity, each must trust the other all the way round the circle. The minister must trust God, to commit himself in consecration to Him, and to His Church, and to its institutions and arrangements for evangelism. The minister must trust the authorities of the Church, to commit to them his personal interest, his family's happiness and welfare; the disposal of his secular affairs, his health, much of the education of his children and other things he holds dear as life itself. The brethren must trust one another, that there will be no over-reaching, or supplanting or undermining; no threatening, fawning, fear or favouritism in all the holy mountain of God. The minister must trust the people that he will be accepted as God's messenger for Jesus' sake and sustained in his work. If, indeed, he go among aliens for the sake of the same Jesus, he may suffer rejection, persecution, privation, contempt. The people must trust the Church and its authorities that they will send none but godly men and true, well equipped Gospel messengers confided and commended to them for

the Gospel's sake. The people must trust the ministers that they are sent of God, and accept them at once to their homes and their hearts. It needs a quick and safe action of confidence and love; for the man will be there only three years at the outside; and if he is going to do all he may, and the people receive all they can, the streams of mutual sympathy, helpfulness and power may not wait for a long Spring to thaw them out. The people must trust one another; the circuits must trust one another, that one circuit shall not strive to the prejudice of another; but each circuit receive in the Lord's name the man commended by the Holy Ghost through the Stationing Committee. The districts must trust one another, and the Conferences must trust one another, that a brother be not thrown into a disadvantage or loss or affliction by removal from one part of the work to the other for the work's sake. The Transfer Committee must be trusted; and the Stationing Committee must be trusted, that they will with facts before them, the Conference before them, the circuit before them, the men before them, do the best they can for the work as a whole, the people as a whole, the ministers as a whole, in the fear of God, remembering they too shall give account. Is there such another system as this in the world growing out of love and mutual trust; and, requiring love and mutual trust through every branch and fibre? And what shall become of it, if this love and trust be not its ever-increasing life and strength? if mutual love be not its natural law?

But what Atlantis is this? What fabled isle of peace, justice, security, liberty love and law? What vanished land of right government, wise administration, unselfish brotherhood, philanthropic religion, self-forgetful daring, heroic enterprise, and glorious tribulation? What tidal wave, what overwhelming flood hath swept over it and buried it from our sight? or why in this practical age should they tantalize us, mock our purer spirit and nobler act with the spectres and fancies, the ideal personages and achievements, the imaginary deities and demigods of the mythological era? It is here the Fathers used to talk about a call from God to preach: "Paul an Apostle by the will of God;" about a Divine commission; about a providential appointment to a field of labour; about receiving one's appointment from God; about the Stationing Committee's guidance by the Holy Ghost; about circuits that receive their ministers as from God; about unfailling divine direction of both preachers and people; about glorying in tribulation, rejoicing in privation, dauntless in encountering opposition, and resistless in surmounting difficulties; performing more labours than a Hercules and recording brighter victories than

an Alexander. But who does not know we have come through the dimness and shadows, the fables and myths, the fancy land, the empire of poetry and arts, into a clearer light, into a brighter, solid era? Who doesn't know we have risen above the exaggeration and distortions of the horizon, the spectres and ghosts of the twilight toward the resplendent noon? Who doesn't know that those antiquated ideas of early Methodism: "Call from God," and "must preach or die;" "receiving appointments from God;" "Stationing Committee's direction, the voice of God;" "obtaining preacher for our circuit from God," are all exploded; all gone up with the old looms and spinning wheels into the dim and dusty lumber garret, where the glinting ray may give the spider light enough for his web, or the mice may frolic in the boy's autumn store? Who doesn't know that consecration to God and submission to the brethren for Christ's sake are not half so mighty or worthy impulses as personal right, natural right, civil right, social right? Who doesn't know that the circuits must look out for themselves; and the ministers must look out for themselves, or the cause of God can never stand it, the Church and her work must die? These are the days of the clearer light and the safer ongoing. We may pity the consecrated, innocent fathers, and the simple-minded, unsuspecting people they served, but we have fallen on a better time, a nobler spirit and a braver deed. And for them we have this charitable consolation, so appropriate to all developing moral government; "the times of their ignorance God winked at;" suffering the people to walk in their own ways. Yet, somehow or other, with all their innocence, all their lack of self-seeking, all their ignorance of looking out for "number one," they planted a thrifty stock and it has grown into quite a tree. The question for us is, Is there not a worm at the root? Are all the branches thrifty and fruitful? Is any pruning needed? Is the old stock as vigorous as ever?

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY REV. J. C. SÉYMOUR.

My soul's too vast for earth to fill. Beyond
This narrow sphere my longings soar. I want
To search the stars, and roam through boundless space.
Even then, the universe may fail to tell
Me all I want to know. A universe
That's greater still, within me lies. But were
It vaster by ten thousand times, there's ONE
Can fill it all. It is my Saviour-God,
His Light! His Love! His Glorious Self! enough!

THE UNDERGROUND CITY.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

II.

This chapter we shall devote to the phenomena and tragedy of coal-mining.

After residing a few months in the vicinity of extensive coal-mine operations, we began to notice some unusual conditions attending the accidents so frequent among the workmen. The people of the place merely took them for granted. A stranger would at once begin to inquire for the cause. We soon reached one peculiar and very interesting fact.

Nature is most active in the morning. We begin with the atmosphere. There are powerful fans at the surface, driven by steam, which force the cold air down through perpendicular shafts; this air meets the warmer air below, which causes rapid condensation. The vapour clings to the roof of the mine, forming into multitudes of large drops. The precipitation of these drops begins after midnight and continues till six or seven o'clock in the morning. At one o'clock there are scattering drops, at three there is a shower, at seven all is quiet again till after midnight. Yet the temperature does not vary to any appreciable degree within the twenty-four hours.

These are the hours of weird excitement to a novice, particularly if his imagination be quick and suggestive. The caves of Æolus never held such enchantments as are here pent up. Gnomes and dragons are flitting about; armies are advancing with fusilades and roars of artillery; maniacs laugh and dying souls moan in agony. Anything, everything fantastic and horrible, as one's fancy may have been educated.

Nature seems to inhale in the morning and exhale at night. Experienced miners declare that, by placing a lighted lamp opposite a crevice—the breathing spaces of old mother-earth—the flame will be drawn in up to noon, and forced outward from noon till midnight. This indrawing of the atmosphere may account for certain other phenomena soon to be noticed.

An intelligent and observing engineer informs me that his fan has been showing marked signs of being affected by this morning-law of activity. The fan-house was built on solid masonry, beneath the action of frost. At one o'clock in the morning he noticed a slight noise as of friction, caused by the blades of the fan striking

the frame-work of the building. The sound increased up to six o'clock, after which time it died away gradually, till next midnight, when it invariably began again. The foundation was at length taken up and made wider to prevent recurrence of the trouble.

The strangest coincidences have yet to be noticed. Coal-mine accidents, caused by sudden falling of coal or stone, almost invariably happen in the morning. This is not the result of any changes in the mines. In the mine of which I am now writing, the work is carried on usually by three gangs, shifts, or relays of men, each taking eight hours of the twenty-four, so that the agitation and concussion is as great at one period as another. Only one miner have I met who offered a fair explanation of the strange coincidence; it is this:—The earth inhales freely in the morning from the outside air; this air expands the loose or porous places overhead, so that a sudden blow may be followed by as sudden a crash and severe, if not fatal, accident. What wonderful revelation is here; our globe expanding its huge chest as it breathes, and mortals perishing by the fragments which fall from its body! Dean Swift might thus have written of the Lilliputians meeting a horrible death by the scales dropping from the giant's body every time he took in a good breath of air.

Another coincidence, equally beyond contradiction, is this:—Mining accidents very seldom make their appearance alone—they occur in groups of two or three at a time. As a practised miner describes it, the word has just about time to go through the works, when word comes of another accident. There are weeks—sometimes months—during which all is quiet. But when we are least thoughtful about it, the ominous ambulance is seen passing up the streets carrying a wounded or dead body to its home. Then wives or mothers hold their breath, while the whisper goes round, "Who's next?" The fever of terrible anxiety may intermit in the vicinity of a coal-mine, but it never wholly dies out.

If natural causes produce these results, who will explain the working of this early-morning law? Two forces are challenging the attention of scientific men just now; it is possible one or both may yet be found closely connected with mining accidents—electricity and vibration.

Of electricity little can be said by advanced students of science. Of vibration we are equally ignorant. We only know that delicate instruments reveal a periodic return of something like attacks of shivering or spasm in the earth. Some go so far as to assert that the globe shows serious symptoms of illness; that its

fever spasms are as frequent and regular as those of a very sick human patient; and that its end is as surely approaching. The moon has died thus, they say; and the earth will die. We must leave this region of conjecture.

The wave, or undulatory, theory has not reached a stage sufficiently advanced to justify an opinion as to its probable effect on mining operations. Outside of mathematics—indeed, outside of the highest resources of mathematics—we have only fragmentary data and speculation. But it is remarkable that Nature shows a beautiful method even in its madness. Hugh Miller, in that wonderful boy-dream of his, noticed that the ocean in its fury worked by fixed movements—three waves, each heavier than the other, then a rest. Records kept by physicians show that death works most actively at certain periods of the twenty-four hours. Earthquakes have periods of rise and fall. It may even be discovered by-and-by that blizzards come and go with the regularity of a pendulum—that their uncertainty of movement is altogether the defective human powers of calculation.

THE TRAGIC SIDE OF MINING LIFE.

Let us follow the miner for a single day's work. He rises at four o'clock, eats his breakfast, walks to the pit, say half a mile, lights his lamp which he hooks into the front of his cap, walks down at an angle of thirty degrees a distance of from one to two thousand feet, strikes off to right or left, as his berth may lie, walking perhaps a mile or two over pools of water, jagged roads and in darkness of midnight. He reaches his destination, and strips himself for hard work. Hard? The bare arms and shoulders are often streaming with perspiration! He is well into his job when one smart blow brings down tons of coal and rock. A quick, sharp turn of his body may save him; or—as frequently happens—he is caught, and either killed or crippled for life. His hard wall of solid coal may need blasting perhaps. The charge is inserted, the match applied, and the miner is enveloped in clouds of white gas. It is not explosive; will not extinguish a light; but is deadly poison if breathed. Men have been carried insensible to their homes from this cause, though they generally recover after sensations which they describe as quite agreeable.

Here comes a watchman, with a "Davey's" lamp. It is his duty to test the air in every part of the pit; to sweep out gases overhead with a broom, should he find them. We will suppose he has passed carelessly by the place where our miner is at work, and left a cloud of this gas behind him. Our miner's lamp touches

the fringe of the cloud (carburetted hydrogen or explosive gas). What happens? There is a flash and the concussion of a thunder-bolt which hurls our miner, bruised and bleeding, to a distance of several yards. Or the watchman finds that this gas has accumulated, and is floating in thick folds throughout the mine. What follows the touch of the lamp then?

It suits the poets to draw word pictures of fire as the rejuvenating essence of humanity, Readers of "Lalla Rookh" will remember the vivid scenes when Hafed saw

"That pile, which through the gloom behind
Glimmers—his destined funeral pyre!
Heaped by his own, his comrade's hands,
Of every word of odorous breath:
There by the fire-god's shrines it stands
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there when hope was o'er—
The few to whom that couch of flame
Which rescues them from bond and shame,
Is meet and welcome, as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread
When pitying heaven to roses turned
The death-flame that beneath him burned."

A step farther on, Hafed himself is seen by Hinda, as he passes to immortality—

"Fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent,
While Hafed like a vision stood
Revealed before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a spirit of fire
Shrined in its own element."

Rider Haggard has stolen the thunder of the other writers and re-forged it into that pillar of fire which first immortalized and afterward annihilated his heroine. So the poetry and play goes on. Fire still the grand creature of the poet's fancy. But our miner meets it as a thing of terror and destruction always.

A mine explosion is, of all catastrophes, that which most excites the imagination and awakens the national sympathy. The agony of suspense at the mouth of the pit, as one blackened and mutilated body after another is brought to the surface, may be imagined but not described. Beneath is a charnel-house of death and darkness; above is a place of despair and anguish.

Now comes another and greater danger. Volunteers are ready

—they go down into the Gehenna of poison and death. If they walk erect they are suffocated by “choke damp;” if they stoop, the invisible, inexplosive “black damp” may strangle them. The whirlwind of fire meantime has swept through the pit, devouring everything combustible and burying itself in the coal strata. There is no remedy but to close the pit. From that moment the air which escapes is so deadly, that birds flying over the entrance fall as if shot by a bullet. The venture of re-opening the pit requires courage and supreme caution. The huge lungs below have drawn in immense volumes of pure air, and they give it back in gases that cut like pulverized glass.

Tremendous latent forces are dwelling perpetually in the air above and the earth beneath. And how direfully they have been at work through the ages. One may bridge the chasm of two thousand years by the imagination, when rising from the perusal of Tacitus, after following the group, headed by the brave old Admiral and his company, as they strive to escape from the convulsions of a vomiting Vesuvius, with pillows strapped upon their heads. The scene may be repeated any moment to-day, under conditions more appalling!

“A corner in coal!” “Bring up some coal!” Thus the speculator and the man-at-ease. The black diamond;—how it enriches the markets! How it impoverishes and saddens the homes of the miner’s widow.

“Strange Alchemy of secret skill
That thus sends forth in mortal frame
The germs of Good—the seeds of Ill,
Yet both, in elements, the same.

And angel’s feeling lights *this* eye
A demon’s poison fills *that* breath;
To one, a home of radiant sky,
To one, the blighted home of death.”

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

“It is the Lord!” Sad soul, whate’er the burden
That presseth sorely now,
Whate’er the thunder-cloud which hangs its shadow
Athwart thy storm-clad brow,
Fear not! No sorrow but to gladness tendeth
If faith’s expectant eye be upward cast:
The darkest cloud some subtle glory lendeth
And breaketh into blessing at the last.
Soon shall thy heart in rapture be outpoured,
And thou shalt testify, “It is the Lord.”

—*L. A. Bennett.*

ETCHINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

V.—THE CHRISTIAN PLATO.

“THE gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.”

—*Henry VIII.*, i. 2.

“Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.”

—*As You Like It*, ii. 7.

As Plato is the exponent of Socratic philosophy, breathing as well as expounding its ethical spirit, so Shakespeare is largely an exponent of Christian philosophy, especially on its practical side. Between these two great teachers, indeed, there is a most striking likeness. Each possess the poetic afflatus; the highest of the writings of both is their dramatic character; each is predominantly ethical in tone, while in both there are lofty moral and religious aspirations ever winging their spirit toward the beautiful and the good. Analogy might easily be traced to minuter points, but these already named are sufficient to justify our appellation of Shakespeare as the Christian Plato.

In estimating Shakespeare's place among the moral forces of the world, so as to determine his merit or demerit, account must be taken of several things.

One is, the Shakespearian period. The age of Shakespeare in its standard of morals was by no means fastidious or scrupulous; nor was the popular taste in this regard over refined. On the contrary, formality in religion, and of consequence, laxity in morals were the prevailing features of the Elizabethan period in English history. To be “a fair drinker,” for instance, in a land “most potent in potting” was considered a gentlemanly accomplishment. And so common was the drinking habit, that Shakespeare makes Cassio say: “Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.” It can hardly excite surprise, therefore, although it should awaken regret, to find that, living in such an age, the greatest of singers is not the greatest of saints, nor yet “too severe a moraler.” Un-

happily his genius is marred by moral blemishes, not so much, however, in direct teaching, as in the occasional impure metaphors and "unsavoury similes," compelling the exclamation of King Lear, "Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination," or the criticism of Cæsar:

"I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech."

Now and then "the immaculate and silver fountain through muddy passages hath held its current." Here and there sound teaching is ill-accommodated "like Jove in a thatched house," or "as your pearl in a foul oyster," or like "good meat put into an unclean dish." These spots on the sun have led some, like Frederick II., of Prussia, to pronounce the plays of Shakespeare immoral. But such an opinion is scarcely just, much less generous; for these taints, which after all are rare, are attributable to an impure age from which they are unconsciously caught by contact, rather than to any innate and wanton depravity in the author himself. Besides, it is gratifying to observe a marked development in the moral tone of Shakespeare's dramas. As years increase he grows less jocular and more serious, passing, not "from grave to gay," but "from lively to severe." In his later plays he dwells more upon the unseen, upon the moral law, upon the great characters of his tragedies; and less, except as a foil, upon the lower traits and the coarser in human nature.

Account must be taken, too, of our author's aim. Shakespeare's direct object in his dramas are more literary than moral—to reflect his age rather than to reform it; to mirror man more than to mend him. His chosen function and chief office is well expressed in the words of Hamlet to his queen-mother:

"Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

He never once affects the *rôle* of a moral reformer. He claims no right to administer "preceptual medicine," or to "apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief." On the contrary, he makes merry in the spirit of good-natured banter over a certain class of bungling reformers who "comb your noddle with a three-legged stool," and "rub the sore when they should bring the plaster." And yet, mirror as he is, and aims to be, Shakespeare is very much more than a mirror. He *is* a reformer without expressly aiming to be. Without formal design and profession he invariably makes for virtue and is on the side of good. He deals out

success to the virtuous and defeat and misery to the wicked. He makes a chaste Marina stand unshaken against all solicitation. He suggests by inference and implication that it is better to do well even through evil fortune than, doing evil, to be crowned with apparent success.

A further consideration is, that a dramatist is not like an essayist who speaks face to face, as it were, with its readers, for all his utterances are in character, masked for the time, but making each character act his own proper part. Hence Shakespeare never interferes with his characters—never himself interpolates stage whispers, but lets them speak out as they are supposed to think and feel. He sketches with an impartial hand a debauched Falstaff, and a pure Volumina; a lustful Lucio, and a chaste Isabella. If in almost every drama he has put a villain, he has put in also some character distinguished for goodness—matching an Iago with a Desdemona, and an Iachimo with a “divine Imogen.” But in this impartial treatment of opposite qualities and conflicting forces, Shakespeare ever witnesses to the influence of good over bad people. He makes Iago say of Cassio:

“He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.”

And Malcolm, looking upon Macduff’s grief, exclaims:

“Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour.”

Add to these considerations this final one—the moral effect of Shakespeare’s dramas upon personal character—and the verdict is decisive. “An author is,” says one, “what he causes us to love.” Now Shakespeare, as Coleridge justly observes, is the author of all others calculated to make his readers better as well as wiser. If, as he himself frankly confesses:

“Most true it is, that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely,”

at least, at times, he has nevertheless made the path of virtue and even piety “plain as way to parish church;” withal begetting in the mind of his readers a preference for “the rough and thorny road to heaven,” in comparison with “the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.”

Shakespeare as a moral and intellectual stimulus is generally recognized. To read his works, however superficially, is a pleasure,

while to study them profoundly is a real and lasting benefit. Many of his best passages can only be mastered by the closest application, refusing to surrender their secrets save to the mature mind, and to it only gradually like the dawn of day. He is a school of mental gymnastics where intellectual athletes may find heathful exercise. The pious, but cultured Frances Ridley Havergal, in her writings gives us this charming bit of autobiography: "I have been for some time giving half an hour a day to careful reading of Shakespeare. I felt as if I wanted a little intellectual bracing, as if contact with intellect would prevent me from getting into a weak, wishy-washy kind of thought and language. I like intellect to rub against . . . and so I bethought me what Shakespeare would do for me." The higher qualities of our bard led Dr. Adam Clarke to remark that "the man who has not read Shakespeare should have public prayers put up for him." Dr. Sharpe, in the reign of Queen Anne, affirmed: "The Bible and Shakespeare have made me Archbishop of York." And to cite but one authority more, John Wesley, than whom few have had finer literary tastes and none a saintlier mind, had a keen appreciation of our dramatist. Again and again he enshrined him in his Journals. Once he speaks of a visit paid to "that bad Cardinal's tomb," Henry Beaufort's, and says he was reminded of "those fine lines of Shakespeare which he put into the mouth of King Henry VI:

'Lord Cardinal,
If thou hast any hope of heaven's grace,
Give us a sign. He dies and makes no sign.'

Shakespeare was one of the books to be studied in the fourth year's course in Wesley's Kingswood School. And what is most interesting of all, he left behind him, in manuscript, an annotated Shakespeare—its margin filled with critical notes by Mr. Wesley himself—which unfortunately one of his executors committed to the flames as not tending to edification, or the world might have had, not only Wesley's Notes on the New Testament, but also Wesley's Notes on Shakespeare.

Our Christian Plato owes his influence in literature to his teaching.

Much of Shakespeare's wisdom is aphoristic. It were easy to focus the solar rays of his terse, pungent, and epigrammatic teaching: "Truth will out." "Love is blind." "Comparisons are odious." "Brevity is the soul of wit." "The private wound is deepest." "Truth hath a quiet breast." "The better part of valour is discretion." "Too light winning makes the prize light."

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." "Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break." "Melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy." "Society is the happiness of life." "Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent." "If money go before, all ways do lie open." "One may smile and smile and be a villain." "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind." "A man's good fortune may grow out at heels." "All difficulties are but easy when they are known." "Direct not him whose way himself will choose." And to cite but one more, and that one of Shakespeare's best: "Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living."

From Shakespeare might very easily be framed a Philosophy of Life. Few have known better than he how "to suck the sweets of sweet philosophy." Seldom does his observation, "by the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes," deceive him, finding comfort for misfortune even in "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."

Shakespeare's outlook on life in general is the calm outlook of a philosophic mind. He reads the world with an accurate and judicial eye; first noting facts and then connoting the facts with their causes and consequences. The dialogue between Celia and Rosalind, in "As You Like It," is an illustration in point:

Ros. . . . O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart."

The same union of eye-sight and insight that constitutes the sage is seen in Wolsey's pathetic soliloquy:

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

And—when he thinks, good easy man, fully surely

His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do."

Something of the moral philosopher is shown in the following profound reflections:

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

"To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters."

But Shakespeare's philosophy shines out brightest in his view of man's proper attitude toward the providence that determined his lot. When he makes Pericles say,

" We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea . . . Yet the end
Must be as 'tis,"

he teaches submission to the inevitable, for the sufficient reason given elsewhere:

" What's gone, and what's past help, should be past grief ; "

Yet it is not the submission of despair, nor yet of indifference, but rather the submission of hopeful effort whenever circumstances call it forth :

" In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and set the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height ! "

He bases this counsel on the principle of Cassius' observation to Brutus :

" Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils. "

Shakespeare, however, is much more than even a moral philosopher; he gives us a real standard of Christian morals. Next to Solomon, perhaps, he is the greatest moralist the world has ever known. He not only deals with moral facts, but he deals with them upon Christian principles. Inculcating plain lessons in ethics, he invokes Christianity to aid his philosophy. His mind is deeply imbued with the pure morality of the Gospel. As Othello says of Iago, but with more truth we may say of Shakespeare :

" This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. "

His moral teachings, if strung together, would form a necklace of pearls that might adorn the fairest character. The following address is made up entirely of selections from Shakespeare :

“My blessing with thee, and these few precepts in thy memory. May I have the spirit of persuasion, and you the ears of profiting, that what I speak may move, and what you hear may be believed.

“The time of life is short : to spend that shortness basely were too long. So take the instant way, for honour travels in a strait so narrow, where one but goes abreast.

“Now, what pleasure find we in life, to lock it from action and adventure ? Experience is by industry achieved, and perseverance keeps however bright. We are born to do benefits. But I hope I need not to advise you further than to be well content with any choice, tends to God's glory and your country's weal. The aim of all should be to nurse the life in honour, wealth and ease in waning age.

“Do wrong to none. Converse with him that is wise. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ? Delight then no less in truth than life ; let your integrity stand without blemish ; and, oh ! ask God for temperance. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your natures to war against your own affections, and the huge army of the world's desires.

“Be covetous of wisdom and fair virtue, and, being free from vainness and self-glorious pride, forgive all, as you hope to be forgiven. Consider this, that in the course of justice, none of us shall see salvation. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendering none ? We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.

“Serve God ! be wise and circumspect. Be also kind and courteous. This above all ! to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

“Vouchsafe yet to listen what I say, and let me draw a virtuous and Christian-like conclusion. Art thou yet to thine own soul so blind that thou wilt war with God ? Try what repentance can. Help, angels ! and ministers of grace defend us. In the name of God, Amen.”

PEACE.

WINDS and wild waves in headlong huge commotion
Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's breast,
While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean,
Lie peace and rest.

Storms in mid-air, the rack before them sweeping
Hurry and hiss, like furies, hate possessed ;
While over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping
In peace and rest.

Heart, O wild heart ! why in the storm-world raging
Flit'st thou thus midway, passion's slave and jest,
When all so near above, below, unchanging,
Are heaven and rest ?

—C. W. Willis.

DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

BY SAXE HOLM.

IV.

WHEN the Elder read of Draxy's note, he said aloud, "God bless her! she's one o' His chosen ones, that child is," and he fell to wondering how she looked. He found himself picturing her as slight and fair, with blue eyes and hair of a pale yellow. "I don't believe she's more than fourteen at most," thought he; "she speaks so simple, jest like a child; an' yet, she's goes right to the pint, 's straight's any woman; though I don't know, come to think on't, 's ever I knew a woman that could go straight to a pint," reflected the Elder, whose patience was often sorely tried by the wandering and garrulous female tongues in his parish. The picture of "Little Draxy" grew strangely distinct in his mind; and his heart yearned toward her with a yearning akin to that which years before he felt over the little silent form of the daughter whose eyes had never looked into his.

There was no trouble with the town in regard to the land. If there had been any doubts, Elder Kinney's vigorous championship of the new claimant would have put them down. But the sympathy of the entire community was enlisted on Reuben's side. The whole story from first to last appealed to every man's heart; and there was not a father in town that did not rest his hand more lovingly on his little girl's head at night, when he sat in his doorway talking over "them Millers," and telling about Draxy's "writin' to the Elder."

Before the first of May all was settled. Elder Kinney had urged Mr. Miller to come at once to his house, and make it a home until he could look about and decide where he would establish himself.

"I am a lonely man," he wrote; "I buried my wife and only child many years ago, and have lived here ever since, with only an old Indian woman to take care of me. I don't want to press you against your will; and there's a house in the village you can hire; but it will go against me sorely not to have you in my house at the first. I want to see you and to see your little daughter; I can't help feeling as if the Lord had laid out for us to be friends more than common."

Reuben hesitated. The shyness of his nature made him shrink from other men's houses. But Draxy inclined strongly to the Elder's proposition. "Oh, think father, how lonely he must be. Suppose you hadn't mother nor me, father dear!" and Draxy kissed her father's cheek; "and think how glad you have been that you came to live with uncle," she added.

Reuben looked lovingly at Captain Melville, but said nothing.

"I'll tell ye what I think, Reuben;" said the Captain. "It's

my belief that you'n that parson'll take to each other. His letters sound like your talk. Somehow, I've got an uncommon respect for that man, considerin' he's a parson; it's my advice to ye, to take up with his offer."

"And it seems no more than polite, father," persisted Draxy, "after he has done so much for us. We need not say how long we will stay in his house, you know."

"Supposin' you go up first, Draxy," said Reuben, hesitatingly, "an' see how 'tis. I always did hate Injuns."

"Oh!" said Draxy; "if she has lived all these years with this good old minister, she must be civilized and kind, I'm not afraid of her."

"But I think it would be a great deal better for me to go first," she continued, more and more impressed with the new idea. "Then I can be sure beforehand about everything, and get things all in order for you; and there'll be Mr. Kinney to take care of me; I feel as if he was a kind of father to everybody." And Draxy in her turn began to wonder about the Elder's appearance, as he had wondered about hers. Her mental picture was quite as unlike the truth as was his. She fancied him not unlike her father, but much older, with a gentle face, and floating white hair. Dim purposes of how she might make his lonely old age more cheerful, floated before her mind. "It must be awful," thought she, "to live years and years all alone with an Indian."

When Elder Kinney read Reuben's letter, saying that they would send their daughter up first to decide what would be best for them to do, he brought his hand down hard on the table, and said "Whew!" again.

"Well, I do declare," thought he to himself, "I'm afraid they're dreadful shiftless folks, to send that girl way up here, all alone by herself; and how's such a child's that goin' to decide anything, I should like to know?"

He read again the letter Reuben had written, "My daughter is very young, but we lean upon her as if she was older. She has helped us bear all our misfortunes, and we have more confidence in her opinions than in our own about everything." The Elder was displeased.

"'Lean on her;' I should think you did! Poor little girl! Well, I can look out for her; that's one comfort." And the Elder wrote a short note to the effect that he would meet their "child" at the railway station, which was six miles from their town; that he would do all he could to help her; and that he hoped soon to see Mr. and Mrs. Miller under his roof.

The words of the note were most friendly, but there was an indefinable difference between it and all the others, which Draxy felt without knowing that she felt it, and her last words to her father as she bade him good-bye from the car-window were: "I don't feel so sure as I did about our staying with Mr. Kinney, father. You leave it all to me, do you, dear, even if I decide to buy a house?"

"Yes, daughter," said Reuben, heartily; "all! Nothing but good's ever come yet of your way o' doin' things."

"An' I don't in the least hanker after that Injun," he called out, as the cars began to move. Draxy laughed merrily. Reuben was a new man already. They were very gay together, and felt wonderfully little fear for the people to whom life had been thus far so hard.

There was not a misgiving in Draxy's heart as she set out again on a two days' journey to an unknown place. "Oh how different from the day when I started before," she thought, as she looked out on the water sparkling under the bright May sun. She spent the first night, as before, at the house of Captain Melville's brother, and set out at eight the following morning, to ride for ten hours steadily northward. The day was like a day of June. The spring was opening early; already fruit trees were white and pink; banks were green, and birds were noisy.

By noon mountains came in sight. Draxy was spell-bound. "They are grander than the sea," thought she, "and I never dreamed it; and they are loving, too. I should like to rest my cheek on them."

As she drew nearer and nearer, and saw some tops still white with snow, her heart beat faster, and with a sudden pang almost of conscience-stricken remorse, she exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never, never once miss the sea!"

Elder Kinney had borrowed Eben Hill's horse and waggon to drive over for Draxy. He was at the station half an hour before the train was due. It had been years before the steady currents of his life had had been so disturbed and hurried as they were by this little girl.

"Looks like rain, Elder; I 'spect she'll have to go over with me arter all," said George Thayer, the handsomest, best-natured stage driver in the whole State of New Hampshire. The Elder glanced anxiously at the sky.

"No, I guess not, George," he replied. "T'won't be anything more'n a shower, an' I've got an umbrella and a buffalo-robc. I can keep her dry."

Everybody at the station knew Draxy's story, and knew that the Elder had come to meet her. When the train stopped, all eyes had eagerly scanned the passengers who stepped out on the platform. Two men, a boy, and three women, one after the other; it was but a moment, and the train was off again.

"She hain't come," exclaimed voice after voice. The Elder said nothing; he had stood a little apart from the crowd, watching for his ideal Draxy; as soon as he saw that she was not there, he had fallen into a perplexed reverie as to the possible causes of her detention. He was sorely anxious about the child. "Jest's like's not, she never changed cars at the Junction," thought he, "an' 's half way to Montreal by this time," and the Elder felt hot with resentment against Reuben Miller.

Meantime, beautiful, dignified, and unconscious, Draxy stood on

the platform, quietly looking at face after face, seeking for the white hair and gentle eyes of her trusted friend, the old minister.

George Thayer, with the quick instinct of a stage-driver, was the first to see that she was a stranger.

"Where d'yc wish to go, ma'am?" said he, stepping toward her.

"Thank you," said Draxy, "I expected some one to meet me," and she looked uneasy; but reassured by the pleasant face, she went on: "the minister from Clairvend village was to meet me here."

George Thayer said, two hours afterward, in recounting his share of the adventure, "I tell ye, boys, when she said that ye might ha' knocked me down with a feather. I hain't never heard no other woman's voice that's got jest the sound to't hern has; an' what with that, an' thinkin' how beat the Elder 'd be, an' wonderin' who she was anyhow, I don't believe I opened my dum' lips for a full minute; but she kind o' smiled, and sez she, 'Do you know Mr. Kinney?' and that brought me to, and jest then the Elder he come come along, and so I introduced 'em."

It was not exactly an introduction, however. The Elder, entirely absorbed in conjecture as to poor little Draxy's probable whereabouts, stumbled on the platform steps and nearly fell at her very feet, and was recalled to himself only to be plunged into still greater confusion by George Thayer's loud "Hallo! here he is. Here's Elder Kinney. Here's a lady askin' for you, Elder!"

Even yet it did not dawn upon Elder Kinney who this could be; his little golden-haired girl was too vividly stamped on his brain; he looked gravely into the face of this tall and fine-looking young woman, and said kindly, "Did you wish to see me, ma'am?"

Draxy smiled. She began to understand. "I am afraid you did not expect to see me so tall, sir," she said. "I am Reuben Miller's daughter—Draxy," she added, smiling again, but beginning in her turn to look confused. Could this erect, vigorous man, with a half-stern look on his dark-bearded face, be the right Mr. Kinney? her ministe"? It was a moment which neither Elder Kinney nor Draxy ever forgot. The unsentimental but kindly George gave the best description of it which could be given.

"I vow, boys, I jest wish ye could ha' seen our Elder; an' yet, I dunno's I do wish so, nuther. He stood a-twistin' his hat, jest like any o' us, an' he kind o' stammered, an' I don't believe neither on 'em knew a word he said; an' her cheeks kep' gittin' redder'n redder, an' she looked's ef she was ready to cry, and yet she couldn't keep from larfin, no how. Ye see she thought he was an old man and he thought she was a little gal, an' somehow't first they didn't either of 'em feel like nobody; but when I passed 'em in the road, jest out to Four Corners, they was talkin' as easy and nateral as could be; an' the Elder he looked some like himself,

and she—wall, boys, you jest wait till you see her; that's all I've got to say. Ef she ain't a picter!"

The drive to the village seemed long, however, to both Draxy and the Elder. Their previous conceptions of each other had been too firmly rooted to be thus overthrown without a great jar. The Elder felt Draxy's simplicity and child-like truthfulness more and more with each word she spoke; but her quiet dignity of manner was something to which he was unused; to his inexperience she seemed almost a fine lady, in spite of her sweet and guileless speech. Draxy, on the other hand, was a little repelled by the Elder's whole appearance. He was a rougher man than she had known; his pronunciation grated on her ear; and he looked so strong and dark she felt a sort of fear of him. But the next morning, when Draxy came down in her neat calico gown and white apron, the Elder's face brightened.

"Good morning, my child," he said. "You look as fresh as a pink." The tears came into Draxy's eyes at the word "child," said as her father said it.

"I don't look so old then, this morning, do I, sir?" she asked in a pleading tone which made the Elder laugh. He was more himself this morning. All was well. Draxy sat down to breakfast with a lighter heart.

When Draxy was sitting she looked very young. Her face was as childlike as it was beautiful; and her attitudes were all singularly unconscious and free. It was when she rose that her womanhood revealed itself to the perpetual surprise of every one. As breakfast went on the Elder gradually regained his old feeling about her; his nature was as simple, as spontaneous as hers; he called her "child" again several times in the course of the meal. But when at the end of it Draxy rose, tall, erect, almost majestic in her fulness of stature, he felt again singularly removed from her.

"'Ud puzzle any man to say whether she's a child or a woman," said the Elder to himself. But his face shone with pleasure as he walked by her side out into the little front yard. Draxy was speechless with delight. In the golden east stretched a long range of mountains, purple to the top; down in the valley, a mile below the Elder's house, lay the village; a little shining river ran side by side with its main street. To the north were high hills, some dark green and wooded, some of brown pasture land.

"Oh, sir," said Draxy, "is there any other spot in your mountain land so beautiful as this?"

"No, not one," said the Elder, "not one;" and he, too, looked out silently on the scene.

Presently Draxy exclaimed, with a sigh, "Oh, it makes me feel like crying to think of my father's seeing this!"

"Shall I tell you now about my father, sir?" she continued; "you ought to know all about us, you have been so good."

Then sitting on the low step of the door, while the Elder sat in the arm-chair in the porch, Draxy told the story of her father's

life, and, unconsciously, of her own. More than once the Elder wiped his eyes; more than once he rose and walked up and down before the door, gazing with undefined but intense emotion at this woman telling her pathetic story with the simple-hearted humility of a child. Draxy looked younger than ever curled up in the doorway, with her hands lying idle on her white apron. The Elder was on the point of stroking her hair. Suddenly she rose, and said, "But I am taking too much of your time, sir; will you take me now to see the house you spoke of, which we could hire?" She was again the majestic young woman. The Elder was again thrown back and puzzled.

He tried to persuade her to give up all idea of hiring the house: to make his house their home for the present. But she replied steadfastly, "I must look at the house, sir, before I decide." They walked down into the village together. Draxy was utterly unconscious of observation, but the Elder only knew too well that every eye of Clairvend was at some window-pane studying his companion's face and figure. All whom they met stared so undisguisedly that, fearing Draxy would be annoyed, he said,—

"You mustn't mind the folks staring so at you. You see they've been talkin' the matter all over about the land, an' your comin', for a month, an' it's no more than natural they should want to know how you look;" and he, too, looked admiringly at Draxy's face.

"Oh," said Draxy (it was a new idea to her mind), "I never thought of that."

"I hope they are all glad we are coming, sir," added she, a moment after.

"Oh yes, yes; they're glad enough. 'Taint often anything happens up here, you know, and they've all thought everything of you since your first letter came."

Draxy coloured. She had not dreamed of taking a whole village into her confidence. But she was glad of the friendliness; and she met every inquisitive gaze after this with an open, responsive look of such beaming good-will that she made friends of all whom she saw. One or two stopped and spoke; most were afraid to do so, unconsciously repelled, as the Elder had been at first, by something in Draxy's dress and bearing which to his extreme inexperience suggested the fine lady. Nothing could have been plainer than Draxy's cheap gray gown; but her dress always had character.

The house would not answer. Draxy shook her head as soon as she saw it, and when the Elder told her that in the spring freshets the river washed into the lower story, she turned instantly away, and said, "Let us go home, sir; I must think of something else."

At dinner Draxy was preoccupied and anxious. The expression of perplexity made her look older, but no less beautiful. Elder Kinney gazed at her more steadily than he knew; and he did not call her "child" again.

After dinner he took her over the house, explaining to her, at every turn, how useless most of the rooms were to him. In truth, the house was admirably adapted for two families, with the exception that there was but one kitchen. "But that could be built on in a very few days, and would cost very little," said the Elder, eagerly. Already all the energies of his strong nature were kindled by the resolve to keep Draxy under his roof.

"I suppose it might be so built that it could be easily moved off and added to our own house when we build for ourselves," said Draxy, reflectively.

"Oh, yes," said the Elder, "no sort o' trouble about that," and he glowed with delight. He felt sure that his cause was gained.

But he found Draxy very inflexible. There was but one arrangement of which she would think of for a moment. It was, that the Elder should let to them one-half of his house, and that the two families should be entirely distinct. Until the new kitchen and out-buildings were finished, if the Elder would consent to take them as boarders, they would live with him; "otherwise, sir, I must find some one in the village who will take us," said Draxy in a quiet tone, which Elder Kinney knew instinctively was not to be argued with. It was a novel experience for the Elder in more ways than one. He was used to having his parishioners, especially the women, yield implicitly to his advice. This gentle-voiced girl, who said to him, "Don't you think, sir?" in an appealing tone which made his blood quicken, but who afterward, when she disagreed with him, stood her ground immovably even against entreaties, was a phenomenon in his life. He began to stand in awe of her. When some one said to him on the third day after Draxy's arrival: "Well, Elder, I don't know what she'd ha' done without you," he replied emphatically, "Done without me! You'll find out that all Reuben Miller's daughter wants of anybody is jest to let her know exactly how things lay. She ain't beholden to anybody for opinions. She's as trustin' as a baby, while you're tellin' her facts, but I'd like to see anybody make her change her mind about what's best to be done; and I reckon she's generally right; what's more, she's one of the Lord's favourites, an' He ain't above guidin' in small things no mor'n in great."

No wonder Elder Kinney was astonished. In forty-eight hours Draxy had rented one-half of his house, made a contract with a carpenter for the building of a kitchen and out-buildings on the north side of it, engaged board at the Elder's table for her parents and herself for a month, and hired Bill Sims to be her father's head man for one year. All the while she seemed as modestly grateful to the Elder as if he had done it all for her. On the afternoon of the second day she said to him:

"Now, sir, what is the nearest place for me to buy our furniture?"

"Why, ain't you goin' to use mine - at least's far's it goes?" said the poor Elder. "I thought that was in the bargain."

Draxy looked disturbed. "Oh, how careless of me," she said:

"I am afraid nothing was said about it. But we cannot do that; my father would dislike it; and as we must have furniture for our new house, we might as well have it now. I have seven hundred dollars with me, sir; father thought I might decide to buy a house, and have to pay something down."

"Please don't be angry with me," she added pleadingly, for the Elder looked vexed. "You know if I am sure my father would prefer a thing, I must do it."

The Elder was disarmed.

"Well, if you are set on buyin' furniture," he said, "I shouldn't wonder if you'd have a chance to buy all you'd want cheap down at Squire Williams's sale in Mill Creek. His wife died the night your first letter came, an' I heard somebody say he was goin' to sell all out; an' they've always been well-to-do, the Williamses, an' I reckon you'd fancy some o' their things better'n anything you'd get at the stores."

Already the Elder began to define Draxy's tastes; to feel that she had finer needs than the women he had known. In less than an hour he was at the door with Eben Hill's horse and waggon to take Draxy to Squire William's house.

"Jest more o' the same Providence that follows that girl," thought he when he saw Draxy's eyes fairly dilate with pleasure as he led her into the old-fashioned parlour, where the furniture was piled and crowded and ready for the auction.

"Oh, will they not cost too much for me, dear Mr. Kinney?" whispered Draxy.

"No, I guess not," he said, "there ain't much biddin' at these sort of sales up here," and he mentally resolved that nothing Draxy wanted should cost too much for her.

The sale was to be the next day. Draxy made a careful list of the things she would like to buy. The Elder was to come over and bid them off for her.

"Now you just go over 'em again," said the Elder, "and mark off what you'd like to have if they didn't cost anything, because sometimes things go for's good 's nothing, if nobody happens to want 'em." So Draxy made a second list, and laughing a little girlish laugh as she handed the papers to the Elder, pointed to the words "must haves" at the head of the first list, and "would-like-to-haves" at the head of the second. The Elder put them both in his breast-pocket, and he and Draxy drove home.

The next night two great loads of Squire Williams's furniture were carried into Elder Kinney's house. As article after article was taken in, Draxy clapped her hands and almost screamed with delight; all her "would-like-to-haves" were there. "Oh, the clock! Have I really got that, too!" she exclaimed, and she turned to the Elder, half crying, and said, "How shall I ever thank you, sir?"

The Elder was uncomfortable. He was in a dilemma. He had not been able to resist buying the clock for Draxy. He dared not tell her what he had paid for it. "She'd never let me give

her a cent's worth, I know that well enough. It would be just like her to make me take it back," thought he.

"Oh, sir," said Draxy, "my father has never had a pretty home like this in all his life."

Ten days from the day that Draxy arrived in Clairvend she drove over with the Elder to meet her father and mother at the station. She had arranged that the Elder should carry her father back in the waggon; she and her mother would go in the stage. She counted much on the long, pleasant drive through the woods as an opening to the acquaintance between her father and the Elder. She had been too busy to write any but the briefest letters home, and had said very little about him. To her last note she had added a postscript,—

"I am sure you will like Mr. Kinney, father. He is very kind and very good. But he is not old, as we thought."

To the Elder she said, as they drove over, "I think you will love my father, sir, and I know you will do him good. But he will not say much at first; you will have to talk," and Draxy smiled. The Elder and she understood each other very well.

"I don't think there's much danger o' my not lovin' him," replied the Elder; "by all you tell he must be uncommon lovable." Draxy turned on him such a beaming smile that he could not help adding, "an' I should think his bein' your father was enough."

Draxy looked seriously in his face, and said, "Oh, Mr. Kinney, I'm not anything by the side of father."

The Elder's eyes twinkled.

It was a silent though joyful group which gathered around the Elder's tea-table that night.

Reuben and Jane were tired, bewildered, but their eyes rested on Draxy with perpetual smiles. Draxy also smiled more than she spoke. The Elder felt himself half out of place and wished to go away, but Draxy looked grieved at his proposal to do so, and he stayed. But nobody could eat, and old Nancy, who had spent her utmost resources on the supper, was cruelly disappointed. She bustled in and out on various pretences, but at last could keep silence no longer. "Seems to me ye've dreadful slim appetites for folks that's been travellin' ail day. Perhaps ye don't like yer victuals," she said, glancing sharply at Reuben.

"Oh yes, Madam, yes," said poor Reuben, nervously, "everything is very nice; much nicer than I am used to."

Draxy laughed aloud. "My father never eats when he is tired Nancy. You'll see how he'll eat to-morrow."

After Nancy had left the room, Reuben wiped his forehead, and Draxy laughed again in spite of herself. Old Nancy had been so kind and willing in helping her, she had grown fond of her, and had quite forgotten her father's dread. When Reuben bade Draxy good-night, he said under his breath, "I like your Elder very much, daughter; but I don't know how I'm ever goin' to stand livin' with that Injun."

"My Elder," said Draxy to herself as she went upstairs, "he's everybody's Elder—and the Lord's most of all I think," and she went to sleep thinking of the solemn words which she had heard him speak on the last Sunday.

It was strange how soon the life of the new household adjusted itself; how full the days were, and how swift. The summer was close upon them; Reuben's old farmer instincts and habits revived in full force. Bill Sims proved a most efficient helper; he had been Draxy's sworn knight, from the moment of her first interview with him. There would be work on Reuben's farm for many hands, but Reuben was in no haste. The sugar camp assured him of an income which was wealth to their simple needs; and he wished to act advisedly and cautiously in undertaking new enterprises. All the land was wild—much of it deep swamps. The maple orchard was the only part immediately profitable. The village people came at once to see them. Everybody was touched by Jane's worn face and gentle ways; her silence did not repel them; everybody liked Draxy too, and admired her, but many were a little afraid of her. The village men had said that she was "the smartest woman that had ever set foot in Clairvend village," and human nature is human nature. It would take a great deal of Draxy's kindly good-will to make her sister women forgive her for being cleverer than they. Draxy and Reuben were inseparable. They drove; they walked; even into the swamps courageous Draxy penetrated with her father and Bill Sims, as they went about surveying the land; and it was Draxy's keen instinct which in many cases suggested where improvement could be made.

In the meantime Elder Kinney's existence had been transformed. Day after day he spent more and more time in the company of Draxy and her father. Reuben's gentle, trustful nature found repose in the Elder's firm, sturdy downrightness, much as it had in Captain Melville's; and the Elder would have loved Reuben if he had not been Draxy's father. But to Draxy he seemed to draw no nearer. She was the same frank, affectionate, merry, puzzling woman-child that she had been at first; yet as he saw more and more how much she knew of books which he did not know, of people, and of affairs of which he had never heard—how fluently, graciously, and even wisely, she could talk, he felt himself cut off from her. Her sweet, low tones and distinct articulation tortured him while they fascinated him; they seemed to set her apart.

He exaggerated all his own defects of manner, and speech, and education; he felt uncomfortable in Draxy's presence, in spite of all the affectionate reverence with which she treated him; he said to himself fifty times a day, "It's only my bein' a minister that makes her think anythin' o' me." The Elder was fast growing wretched.

But Draxy was happy. She was still in some way more child than woman. Her peculiar training had left her imagination singularly free from fancies concerning love and marriage. The

Elder was a central interest in her life; she would have said instantly and cordially that she loved him dearly. She saw him many times every day; she knew all his outgoings and incomings; she knew the first step of his foot on the threshold; she felt that he belonged to them, and they to him. Yet as a woman thinks of the man whose wife she longs to be, Draxy had never once thought of Elder Kinney.

But when the new kitchen was finished, and the Millers entered on their separate housekeeping, a change came. As Reuben and Jane and Draxy sat down for the first time alone together at the tea-table, Reuben said cheerily:

"Now this seems like old times. This is *nice*."

"Yes," replied Jane. Draxy did not speak. Reuben looked at her. She coloured suddenly, deeply, and said, with desperate honesty,—

"Yes, father; but I can't help thinking how lonely Mr. Kinney must be."

"Well, I declare," said Reuben, conscience-stricken; I suppose he must be; I hate to think on't. But we'll have him in here's often's he'll come."

Just the other side of the narrow entry sat the Elder, leaning both his elbows on the table, and looking over at the vacant place where the night before, and for thirty nights before, Draxy had sat. It was more than he could bear. He sprang up, and leaving his supper untasted, walked out of the house.

Draxy heard him go. Draxy had passed in that moment into a new world. She divined all.

"He hasn't eaten any supper," thought she; and she listened intently to hear him come in again. The clock struck ten, he had not returned! Draxy went to bed; but she could not sleep. The little house was still; the warm white moonlight lay like summer snow all over it; Draxy looked out of the window; the Elder was slowly coming up the hill; Draxy knelt down like a little child, and said, "God bless him," and crept back to bed. When she heard him shut his bedroom door she went to sleep.

The next day Draxy's eyes did not look as they had looked the day before. When Elder Kinney first saw her, she was coming down stairs. He was standing at the foot of the staircase, and waited to say "Good morning." As he looked up at her, he started back and exclaimed: "Why, Draxy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, sir," said Draxy, as she stepped from the last stair, and standing close in front of him, lifted the new, sweet, softened eyes to his. Draxy was as simple and sincere in this as in all other emotions and acts of her life. She had no coquetry in her nature. She had no distinct thought either of a new relation between herself and the Elder. She simply felt a new oneness with him; and she could not have understood the suggestion of concealment. Elder Kinney folded his empty arms very tight over his faithful, aching, foolish heart, and tried to say calmly and naturally, "Are you sure? Seems to me you don't look quite well."

But after that morning he never felt wholly without hope. He could not tell precisely why. Draxy did not seek seek him, did not avoid him. She was perhaps a little less merry; said fewer words; but she looked glad and more than glad. "I think it's the eyes," he said to himself again and again, as he tried to analyze the new look on Draxy's face which gave him hope. These were sweet days. The very air was loaded with significance to them. Always there was hope of meeting; always there was consciousness of presence; everywhere a mysterious sense that the loved one has passed by. More than once Seth Kinney knelt and laid his cheek on the stairs which Draxy's feet had just ascended! Often sweet, guileless Draxy thought, as she went up and down, "Ah, the dear feet that go over these stairs." One day the Elder, as he passed by the wall of the room where he knew Draxy was sitting, brushed his great hand and arm against it so heavily that she started, thinking he had stumbled. But as the firm step went on, without pausing, she smiled, she hardly knew why. The next time he did it she laid down her work, locked and unlocked her hands, and looking toward the door, whispered under her breath, "Dear hands!" Finally this became almost a habit of his; he did not at first think Draxy would hear it; but he felt, as he afterwards told her, "like a great affectionate dog going by her door, and that was all he could do. He would have like to lie down on the rug."

These were very sweet days; in spite of his misgivings, Elder Kinney was happy; and Draxy, in spite of her unconsciousness seemed to herself to be living in a blissful dream. But a sweeter day came.

One Saturday evening Reuben said to Draxy,—

"Daughter, I've done somethin' I'm afraid'll trouble you. I've told th' Elder about your verses, and showed him the hymn you wrote when you was tryin' to give it all up about the land."

"Oh, father, how could you," gasped Draxy; and she looked as if she would cry.

Reuben could not tell just how it happened. It seemed to have come out before he knew, and after it had, he could not help showing the hymn.

Draxy was very seriously disturbed; but she tried to conceal it from her father, and the subject was dropped.

The next morning Elder Kinney preached—it seemed to his people—as he never preached before. His subject was self-renunciation, and he spoke as one who saw the waving palms of the martyrs and heard their shouts of joy. There were few dry eyes in the little meeting-house. Tears rolled down Draxy's face. But she looked up suddenly, on hearing Elder Kinney say, in an unsteady voice,—

"My bretherin, I'm goin' to read to you now a hymn which comes nigher to expressin' my idea of the of resignation God likes than any hymn that's ever been written or printed in any hymn-book;" and then he began:

"I cannot think but God must know," etc.

Draxy's first feeling was one of resentment; but it was a very short-lived one. The earnest tone, the solemn stillness of the wondering people, the peaceful summer air floating in at the open windows,—all lifted her out of herself, and made her glad to hear her own hymn read by the man she loved, for the worship of God. But her surprise was still greater when the choir began to sing the lines to a quaint old Methodist tune. They had been provided with written copies of the hymn, and had practised it so faithfully that they sang it well. Draxy broke down and sobbed for a few moments, so that Elder Kinney was on the point of forgetting everything, and springing to her side. He had not supposed that anything in the world would overthrow Draxy's composure. He did not know how much less strong her nerves were now than they had been two months before.

After church, Draxy walked home alone very rapidly. She did not wish to see any one. She was glad that her father and mother had not been there. She could not understand the tumult of her feelings.

At twilight, she stole out of the back door of the house, and walked down to a little brook which ran near by. As she stood leaning against a young maple tree she heard steps, and without looking up, knew that the Elder was coming. She did not move nor speak. He waited some minutes in silence. Then he said "O Draxy! I never once thought o' painin' you! I thought you'd like it. Hymns are made to be sung, dear; and that one o' yours is so beautiful!" He spoke as gently as her father might, and in a voice she hardly knew. Draxy made no reply. The Elder had never seen her like this. Her lips quivered, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Draxy, do look up at me—just once! You don't know how hard it is for a man to think he's hurt anybody—like you!" stammered the poor Elder, ending his sentence quite differently from what he had intended.

Draxy smiled through her tears, and looking up, said: "But I am not hurt, Mr. Kinney; I don't know what I am crying for, sir;" and her eyes fell again.

The Elder looked down upon her in silence. Moments passed. "Oh, if I could make her look up at me again!" he thought. His unspoken wish stirred her veins; slowly she lifted her eyes; they were calm now, and unutterably loving. They were more than the Elder could bear.

"Oh, Draxy, Draxy!" exclaimed he, stretching out both his arms toward her.

"My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking on the thing so dear!"
Which lies so far and yet so near!"

Slowly, very slowly, like a little child learning to walk, with her eyes full of tears, but her mouth smiling, Draxy moved toward the Elder. He did not stir, partly because he could not, but partly because he would not lose one instant of the deliciousness of seeing her, feeling her come.

When they went back to the house, Reuben was sitting in the porch. The Elder took his hand and said:

"Mr. Miller, I meant to have asked you first; but God didn't give me time."

Reuben smiled.

"You've's good's asked me a good while back, Elder; an' I take it you haint ever hed much doubt what my answer'd be." Then, as Draxy knelt down by his chair and laid her head on his shoulder, he added more solemnly—

"But I'd jest like to say once to ye, Elder, that if I ever get to heaven, I wouldn't ask anythin' more o' the Lord than to let me see Draxy 'n' you a comin' in together, an' lookin' as you looked jest now when ye come in't that gate!"

CANADIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.*

CANADA, Canada, pride of the North !
 Thrice honoured Canada, gem of the Earth !
 Freeman and Brothers, we
 Pledge heart and hand to thee,
 Canada, Canada, land of our birth !

God of all power and grace smile on our land ;
 Pour Thou upon her the gifts of Thy hand ;
 Long may her people be
 Loyal and brave and free,
 And for the Right and Thee valiantly stand.

Be our defence in each threatening hour ;
 Shield us from pestilence, famine, and war ;
 Treason confound, and when
 Justly we strive with men,
 God of our Fathers, then for us declare !

Give to each toiling hand constant increase ;
 Rich be our land with the fruitage of peace ;
 Send us good laws, and bless
 Pulpit and school and press,
 That truth and righteousness never may cease.

Long may thy glory on Britain be seen,
 Long live Victoria, Britain's great Queen ;
 "Send her victorious
 Happy and glorious
 Long to reign over us, God save the Queen !"

* Composed and set to music by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, and dedicated, by special permission, to the Earl of Dufferin, when he was Governor-General of Canada, and through him to the Canadian People.

ONE WRONG STEP.

AN ORKNEY STORY.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.*

I.

"THERE'S few folk ken Ragon Torr as I do, mother. He is better at heart than thou wad think; indeed he is!"

"If better were within, better would come out, John. He's been drunk or dovering i' the chimney-corner these past three weeks. Hech! but he'd do weel i' Fool's Land, where they get half a crown a day for sleeping."

"There's nane can hunt a seal or spear a whale like Ragon; thou saw him theesel', mother, among the last school i' Stromness Bay."

"I saw a raving, ranting heathen, wi' the bonnic blue bay a sea o' blood around him, an' he shouting an' slaying like an old pagan sea-king. Decent, God-fearing fisher-folk do their needful wark ither gate than yon. Now there is but one thing for thee to do: thou must break wi' Ragon Torr, an' that quick an' soon."

"Know this, my mother, a friend is to be taken wi' his faults."

"Thou knows this, John: I hae forty years mair than thou hast, an' years ken mair than books. An' wi' a' thy book skill hast thou ne'er read that 'Evil communications corrupt gude manners'? Mak up thy mind that I shall tak it vera ill if thou sail again this year wi' that born heathen;" and with these words dame Alison Sabay rose up from the stone beach at her cottage door and went dourly into the houseplace.

John stood on the little jetty which ran from the very doorstep into the bay, and looked thoughtfully over toward the sweet green isle of Graemsay; but neither the beauty of land or sea, nor the splendour of skies bright with the rosy banners of the Aurora gave him any answer to the thoughts which troubled him. "I'll hae to talk it o'er wi' Christine," he said decidedly, and he also turned into the house.

Christine was ten years older than her brother John. She had known much sorrow but she had lived through and lived down all her trials and come out into peace on the other side. She was sitting by the peat fire knitting, and softly crooning an old Scotch psalm to the click of her needles. She answered John's look with a sweet, grave smile, and a slight nod towards the little round table, upon which there was a plate of smoked goose and some oaten cake for his supper.

"I carena to eat a bite, Christine; this is what I want o' thee:

* Those who have read Mrs. Barr's strongly-written story, "Jan Vedder's Wife," will be glad to read this sketch of Orkney life from the same graphic pen.—ED.

the skiff is under the window; step into it, an' do thou go on the bay wi' me an hour."

"I havena any mind to go, John. It is nine by the clock, an' to-morrow the peat is to coil an' the herring to kipper; yes, indeed."

"Well an' good. But here is matter o' mair account than peat an' herring. Wilt thou come?"

"At the end I ken weel thou wilt hae thy way. Mother, here is John, an' he is for my going on the bay wi' him."

"Then thou go. If John kept aye as gude company he wouldna be like to bring my gray hairs wi' sorrow to the grave."

John did not answer this remark until they had pushed well off from the sleeping town, then he replied fretfully, "Yes, what mother says is true enough; but a man gces into the world. A' the fingers are not alike, much less one's friends. How can a' be gude?"

"To speak from the heart, John, wha is it?"

"Ragon Torr. Thou knows we hae sat i' the same boat an' drawn the same nets for three years; he is gude and bad, like ither folk."

"Keep gude company, my brother, an' thou wilt aye be counted ane o' them. When Ragon is gude he is ower gude, and when he is bad he is just beyont kenning."

"Can a man help the kin he comes o'? Have not his forbears done for centuries the vera same way? Naething takes a Norseman frae his bed or his cup but some great deed o' danger or profit; but then wha can fight or wark like them?"

"Christ doesna ask a man whether he be Norse or Scot. If Ragon went mair to the kirk an' less to the change-house, he wouldna need to differ. Were not our ain folk cattle-lifting Hieland thieves lang after the days o' the Covenant?"

"Christine, ye'll speak nae wrang o' the Sabays. It's an ill bird 'files its ain nest."

"Weel, weel, John! The gude name o' the Sabays is i' thy hands now. But to speak from the heart, this thing touches thee nearer than Ragon Torr. Thou did not bring me out to speak only o' him."

"Thou art a wise woman, Christine, an' thou art right. It touches Margaret Fae, an' when it does that, it touches what is dearer to me than life."

"I see it not."

"Do not Ragon an' I sail i' Peter Fae's boats? Do we not eat at his table, an' bide round his house during the whole fishing season? If I sail no more wi' Ragon, I must quit Peter's employ; for he loves Ragon as he loves no ither lad i' Stromness or Kirk-wall. The Norse blood we think little o' Peter glories in; an' the twa men count thegither o'er their glasses the races of the Vikings, an' their ain generations up to Snorro an' Thorso."

"Is there no ither master but Peter Fae? ask theesel' that question, John."

"I hae done that, Christine. Plenty o' masters, but nane o' them hae Margaret for a daughter. Christine, I love Margaret, an' she loves me weel. Thou hast loved theesel', my sister."

"I ken that, John," she said tenderly; "I hae loved, therefore I hae got beyont doots, an' learned something holier than my ain way. Thou trust Margaret now. Thou say 'Yes' to thy mother, an' fear not."

"Christine thou speaks hard words."

"Was it to speak easy anes thou brought me here? An' if I said, 'I counsel thee to tak thy ain will i' the matter,' wad my counsel mak bad gude, or wrang right? Paul Calder's fleet sails i' twa days; seek a place i' his boats."

"Then I shall see next to naught o' Margaret, an' Ragon will see her every day."

"If Margaret loves thee, that can do thee nae harm."

"But her father favours Ragon, an' of me he thinks nae mair than o' the nets, or aught else that finds his boats for sea."

"Well an' good; but no talking can alter facts. Thou must now choose atween thy mother an' Margaret Fae, atween right an' wrang. God doesna leave that choice i' the dark; thy way may be narrow an' unpleasant, but it is clear enough. Dost thou fear to walk i' it?"

"There hae been words mair than plenty, Christine. Let us go hame."

Silently the little boat drifted across the smooth bay, and silently the brother and sister stood a moment looking up the empty, flagged street of the sleeping town. The strange light, which was neither gloaming nor dawning, but a mixture of both, the waving boreal banners, the queer houses, gray with the storms of centuries, the brown undulating heaths, and the phosphorescent sea, made a strangely solemn picture which sank deep into their hearts. After a pause, Christine went into the house, but John sat down on the stone bench to think over the alternatives before him.

Now the power of training up a child in the way it should go asserted itself. It became at once a fortification against self-will. John never had positively disobeyed his mother's explicit commands; he found it impossible to do so. He must offer his services to Paul Calder in the morning, and try to trust Margaret Fae's love for him.

He had determined now to do right, but he did not do it very pleasantly—it is a rare soul that grows sweeter in disappointments. Both mother and sister knew from John's stern, silent ways that he had chosen the path of duty, and they expected that he would make it a valley of Baca. This Dame Alison accepted as in some sort her desert. "I ought to hae forbid the lad three years syne," she said regretfully; "aft ill an' sorrow come o' sich sinfu' putting aff. There's nae half-way house atween right an' wrang."

Certainly the determination involved some unpleasant explana-

tions to John. He must first see old Peter, Fae and withdraw himself from his service. He found him busy in loading a small vessel with smoked geese and kippered fish, and he was apparently in a very great passion. Before John could mention his own matters, Peter burst into a torrent of invectives against another of his sailors, who, he said, had given some information to the Excise which had cost him a whole cargo of Dutch specialties. The culprit was leaning against a hogshead, and was listening to Peter's intemperate words with a very evil smile.

"How much did ye sell yoursel' for, Sandy Beg? It took the son of a Hieland robber like you to tell tales of a honest man's cargo. It was an ill day when the Scots cam to Orkney, I trow."

"She'll hae petter right to say tat same 'fore lang time." And Sandy's face was dark with a subdued passion that Peter might have known to be dangerous, but which he continued to aggravate by contemptuous expressions regarding Scotchmen in general.

This John Sabay was in no mood to bear; he very soon took offence at Peter's sweeping abuse, and said he would relieve him at any rate of one Scot. "He didna care to sail again wi' such a crowd as Peter gathered round him."

It was a very unadvised speech. Ragon lifted it at once, and in the words that followed John unavoidably found himself associated with Sandy Beg, a man whose character was of the lowest order. And he had meant to be so temperate, and to part with both Peter and Ragon on the best terms possible. How weak are all our resolutions! John turned away from Peter's store conscious that he had given full sway to all the irritation and disappointment of his feelings, and that he had spoken as violently as either Peter, Ragon, or even the half-brutal Sandy Beg. Indeed, Sandy had said very little; but the malignant look with which he regarded Peter, John could never forget.

This was not his only annoyance. Paul Calder's boats were fully manned, and the others had already left for Brassey's Sound. The Sabays were not rich; a few weeks of idleness would make the long Orkney winter a dreary prospect. Christine and his mother sat from morning to night braiding straw into the once famous Orkney Tuscan, and he went to the peat-moss to cut a good stock of winter fuel; but his earnings in money were small and precarious, and he was so anxious that Christine's constant cheerfulness hurt him.

Sandy Beg had indeed said something of an offer he could make "if shentlemans wanted goot wages wi' ta chance of a lucky bit for themsel's; foive kuineas ta month an' ta affsets. Oigh! oigh!" But John had met the offer with such scorn and anger that Sandy had thought it worth while to bestow one of his most wicked looks upon him. The fact was, Sandy felt half grateful to John for his apparent partisanship, and John indignantly resented any disposition to put him in the same boat with a man so generally suspected and disliked.

"It might be a come down," he said, "for a gude sailor an'

fisher to coil peats and do days' darg, but it was honest labour; an', please God, he'd never do that i' the week that wad hinder him fra going to the kirk on Sabbath."

"Oigh! she'll jist please hersel'; she'll pe owing ta Beg naething by ta next new moon." And with a mocking laugh Sandy loitered away towards the seashore.

Just after this interview a little lad put a note in John's hand from Margaret Fae. It only asked him to be on Brogar Bridge at eight o'clock that night. Now Brogar Bridge was not a spot that any Orcadian cared to visit at such an hour. In the pagan temple whose remains stood there, it was said pale ghosts of white-robed priests still offered up shadowy human sacrifices, and though John's faith was firm and sure, superstitions are beyond reasoning with, and he recalled the eerie, weird aspect of the grim stones with an unavoidable apprehension. What could Margaret want with him in such a place and at an hour so near that at which Peter usually went home from his shop? He had never seen Margaret's writing, and he half suspected Sandy Beg had more to do with the appointment than she had; but he was too anxious to justify himself in Margaret's eyes to let any fears or doubts prevent him from keeping the tryst.

He had scarcely reached the Stones of Stennis when he saw her leaning against one of them. The strange western light was over her thoughtful face. She seemed to have become a part of the still and solemn landscape. John had always loved her with a species of reverence; to-night he felt almost afraid of her beauty and the power she had over him. She was a true Scandinavian, with the tall, slender, and rather haughty form which marks Orcadian and Zetland women. Her hair was, perhaps, a little too fair and cold, and yet it made a noble setting to the large, finely featured, tranquil face.

She put out her hand as John approached, and said, "Was it well that thou shouldst quarrel with my father? I thought that thou didst love me."

Then John poured out his whole heart—his love for her, his mother's demand of him, his quarrel with Ragon and Peter and Sandy Beg. "It has been an ill time, Margaret," he said, "and thou hast been long in comforting me."

Well, Margaret had plenty of reasons for her delay and plenty of comfort for her lover. Naturally slow of pulse and speech, she had been long coming to a conclusion; but, having satisfied herself of its justice, she was likely to be immovable in it. She gave John her hand frankly and lovingly, and promised, in poverty or wealth, in weal or woe, to stand truly by his side. It was not a very hopeful troth-plighting, but they were both sure of the foundations of their love, and both regarded the promise as solemnly binding.

Then Margaret told John that she had heard that evening that the captain of the *Wick* steamer wanted a mate, and the rough Pentland Frith being well known to John, she hoped, if he made

immediate application, he would be accepted. If he was, John declared his intention of at once seeing Peter and asking his consent to their engagement. In the meantime the Bridge of Brogar was to be their tryst, when tryst was possible. Peter's summer dwelling lay not far from it, and it was Margaret's habit to watch for his boat and walk up from the beach to the house with him. She would always walk over first to Brogar, and if John could meet her there that would be well; if not, she would understand that it was out of the way of duty, and be content.

John fortunately secured the mate's place. Before he could tell Margaret this she heard her father speak well of him to the captain. "There is nae better sailor, nor better lad, for that matter," said Peter. "I like none that he wad hang roun' my bonnie Marg'et; but then, a cat may look at a king without it being high treason, I wot."

A week afterwards Peter thought differently. When John told him honestly how matters stood between him and Margaret he was more angry than when Sandy Beg swore away his whole Dutch cargo. He would listen to neither love nor reason, and positively forbid him to hold any further intercourse with his daughter. John had expected this, and was not greatly discouraged. He had Margaret's promise. Youth is hopeful, and they could wait; for it never entered their minds absolutely to disobey the old man.

Meantime there was a kind of peace-making between Ragon and John. The good Dominie Sinclair had met them both one day on the beach, and insisted on their forgiving and shaking hands. Neither of them were sorry to do so. Men who have shared the dangers of the deep-sea fishing and of the stormy Northern Ocean together cannot look upon each other as mere parts of a bargain. There was, too, a wild valour and a wonderful power in emergencies belonging to Ragon that had always dazzled John's more cautious nature. In some respects, he thought Ragon Torr the greatest sailor that left Stromness harbour, and Ragon was willing enough to admit that John "was a fine fellow," and to give his hand at the dominie's direction.

Alas! the good man's peace-making was of short duration. As soon as Peter told the young Norse sailor of John's offer for Margaret's hand, Ragon's passive good-will turned to active dislike and bitter jealousy. For, though he had taken little trouble to please Margaret, he had come to look upon her as his future wife. He knew that Peter wished it so, and he now imagined that it was also the only thing on earth he cared for.

Thus, though John was getting good wages, he was not happy. It was rarely he got a word with Margaret, and Peter and Ragon were only too ready to speak. It became daily more and more difficult to avoid an open quarrel with them, and, indeed, on several occasions sharp, cruel words, that hurt like wounds, had passed between them on the public streets and quays.

Thus Stromness, that used to be so pleasant to him, was chang-

ing fast. He knew not how it was that people so readily believed him in the wrong. In Wick, too, he had been troubled with Sandy Beg, and a kind of nameless dread possessed him about the man; he could not get rid of it, even after he had heard that Sandy had sailed in a whaling ship for the Arctic Seas.

Thus things went on until the end of July. John was engaged now until the steamer stopped running in September, and the little sum of ready money necessary for the winter's comfort was assured. Christine sat singing and knitting, or singing and braiding straw, and Dame Alison went up and down her cottage with a glad heart. They knew little of John's anxieties. Christine had listened sympathizingly to his trouble about Margaret, and said, "Thou wait an' trust, John dear, an' at the end a' things will be well." Even Ragon's ill-will and Peter's ill words had not greatly frightened them—"The wrath o' man shall praise Him," read old Alison, with just a touch of spiritual satisfaction, "an' the rest o' the wrath he will restrain."

It was a Saturday night in the beginning of August, and John was at home until the following Monday. He dressed himself and went out towards Brogar, and Christine watched him far over the western moor, and blessed him as he went. He had not seen Margaret for many days, but he had a feeling to-night that she would be able to keep her tryst. And there, standing amid the rushes on the lakeside, he found her. They had so much to say to each other that Margaret forgot her father's return, and delayed so long that she thought it best to go straight home, instead of walking down the beach to meet him.

He generally left Stromness about half-past eight, and his supper was laid for nine o'clock. But this night nine passed, and he did not come; and though the delay could be accounted for in various ways, she had a dim but anxious forecasting of calamity in her heart. The atmosphere of the little parlour grew sorrowful and heavy, the lamp did not seem to light it, her father's chair had a deserted, lonely aspect, the house was strangely silent; in fifteen minutes she had forgotten how happy she had been, and wandered to and from the door like some soul in an uneasy dream.

All at once she heard the far-away shouting of angry and alarmed voices, and to her sensitive ears her lover's and her father's names were mingled. It was her nature to act slowly; for a few moments she could not decide what was to be done. The first thought was the servants. There were only two, Hacon Flett and Gerda Vedder. Gerda had gone to bed, Hacon was not on the place. As she gathered her energies together she began to walk rapid over the springy heath towards the white sands of the beach. Her father, if he was coming, would come that way. She was angry with herself for the *if*. Of course he was coming. What was there to prevent it? She told herself, Nothing, and the next moment looked up and saw two men coming towards her, and in their arms a figure which she knew instinctly was her father's.

She slowly retraced her steps, set open the gate and the door, and waited for the grief that was coming to her. But however slow her reasoning faculties, her soul knew in a moment what it needed. It was but a little prayer said with trembling lips and fainting heart; but no prayer loses its way. Straight to the heart of Christ it went. And the answer was there and the strength waiting when Ragon and Hacon brought in the bleeding, dying old man, and laid him down upon the parlour floor.

Ragon said but one word, "Stabbed!" and then turning to Hacon, bid him to ride for life and death into Stromness for a doctor. Most sailors of these islands know a little rude surgery, and Ragon stayed beside his friend, doing what he could to relieve the worst symptoms. Margaret, white and still, went hither and thither, bringing whatever Ragon wanted, and fearing, she knew not why, to ask any questions.

With the doctor came the dominie and two of the town bailies. There was little need of the doctor; Peter Fae's life was ebbing rapidly away with every moment of time. There was but little time now for whatever had yet to be done. The dominie stooped first to his ear, and in a few solemn words bid him lay himself at the foot of the cross. "Thou'lt never perish there, Peter," he said; and the dying man seemed to catch something of the comfort of such an assurance.

Then Bailie Inkster said, "Peter Fae, before God an' His minister—before twa o' the town bailies and thy ain daughter Margaret, an' thy friend Ragon Torr, an' thy servants Hacon Flett an' Gerda Vedder, thou art now to say what man stabbed thee."

Peter made one desperate effort, a wild, passionate gleam shot from the suddenly-opened eyes, and he cried out in a voice terrible in its despairing anger, "*John Sabay! John Sabay—stabb-ed—me! Indeed—he—did!*"

"Oh, forgive him, man! forgive him! Dinna think o' that now, Peter! Cling to the cross—cling to the cross, man! Nane ever perished that only won to the foot o' it." Then the pleading words were whispered down into fast-sealing ears, and the doctor quietly led away a poor heart-stricken girl, who was too shocked to weep and too humbled and wretched to tell her sorrow to any one but God.

THE SKY AND THE WOOD.

THERE is a rainbow in the sky,
 Upon the arch where tempests trod,
 'Twas written by the hand on high,
 It is the autograph of God!

The trees their crowns of foliage toss;
 Where monarchs fell in thunder showers,
 Spring drapes their forms in mourning moss,
 And writes their epitaphs in flowers.

The Higher Life.

“HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?”

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

III.

OWING to the inexorable limitation of the space at our disposal, the preceding article closed rather abruptly, and a few explanatory sentences will be necessary in order to intelligibly connect it with what is to follow. Our object has been, and still is, to get as definite a conception as possible of the nature of the gift of the Holy Ghost, in the pentecostal sense, and the sense of the question which stands at the head of these articles; but in order to this it was necessary to exclude from this conception everything which did not properly belong to it. The last point which has been reached in this process is expressed in the proposition, that this gift does not consist of the power to work miracles. This existed in the Church in quite as eminent a degree before Pentecost as it did afterward. Besides, there was never a time, either before or since the inauguration of the dispensation of the Spirit, when the miracle-working power was not exceptional and extraordinary, whereas the gift of the Holy Ghost is the common heritage of all the people of God.

The only thing that affords even a colourable support to the theory that this gift consisted in the power to work miracles, or even that that particular form of supernatural endowment was one of its invariable attendants, is the fact that in two or three instances that are described in the Acts of the Apostles, the *glossolalia*, or gift of tongues, is referred to as among its effects. But even this is expressly excluded from the category of miracles by apostolic authority. It would, indeed, have been the power to work a miracle, and that, too, of one of the most extraordinary character, if it had consisted of the ability to speak one or more foreign languages which the possessor of it had never learned; but beyond question this was not the nature of it as it existed in the Church at Corinth. It is, however, a question upon which there is difference of opinion among the learned, whether the gift of tongues in that Church was precisely identical with that which was bestowed upon the disciples at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Mr. Beet, while admitting, as we have seen that the theory of this gift which makes it consist of the power to speak languages which the speaker had never learned, is entirely untenable, in view of what the Apostle says of it in 2 Cor. xii. and xiv., is, nevertheless, of the opinion, that the phenomenon of Pentecost was an exception to its general character, and that those upon whom the Spirit was poured out on that occasion were actually endowed with the power to speak a great number and variety of languages of which up to that time they had been ignorant. Neander and Meyer, however, take a different view; while admitting that the account given by St. Luke (Acts ii.), if infallibly correct and literally interpreted, would lead to this conclusion, evade the difficulty by assuming that St. Luke, following the tradition which was current in the Church at the time that he wrote, was unintentionally led to invest this gift with attributes which did not in reality belong to it.

It must be confessed that there are very serious difficulties in the way of the acceptance of either the one or the other of these attempts to reconcile St. Luke's account of Pentecost, as it is generally understood, with the apostle's account of the gift of tongues, contained in the chapters which have been so frequently referred to in the course of these articles. The hypothesis adopted by the two German divines shocks one by the doubt which it seems to cast upon the integrity of the narrative; and that adopted by Mr. Beet and others, is open to the objection that it represents a particular gift, though described in the same words, as meaning one thing in one place and an entirely different thing in another. The admission of such a principle would add immensely to the difficulty of the interpretation of Holy Scripture. In view of the objections which lie against both the one and the other of these theories, one is tempted to ask whether there may not be some other mode of reconciliation which will equally well account for all the facts, and that is more simple and satisfactory?

Assuming, then, the literal exactitude and entire trustworthiness of the narrative of St. Luke, and the complete identity of the gift of tongues bestowed upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost, with that afterwards enjoyed by the Church at Corinth, is there any sober and rational way of accounting for the astonishment experienced by the multitude which was present on that occasion, drawn from the ends of the earth, when each one heard the disciples speaking in the language in which he was born? The difficulty appears to have been felt at a very early period in the history of the Church, and a theory was adopted in order to get rid of it. As early as the days of Gregory Nazianzum, some held that the Pentecostal miracle was auricular rather than lingual. That it was rather a miracle of hearing than of speaking, or that if the tongue was the instrument of the Spirit in producing the miraculous effect, it was not produced by the sound proceeding from it, operating in the natural way upon the organ of hearing, but by the supernatural influence which attend these sounds. The theory was that the miracle consisted in this: though all spoke in one and the same language, each of the hearers believed that he heard them speak in his own. The speakers, by the power of inspiration, operated so mightily on the feelings of their susceptible hearers, that they involuntarily translated what went to their hearts into their mother-tongue. "By the element of inspiration," as one says, "the inward communion of feeling was so strongly brought forth, that the lingual wall of separation was entirely taken away."

The question, however, is whether the difficulties really exist for the removal of which these theories have been invented? The narrative in Acts is highly condensed, and may not this fact have been the occasion of some of the confusion of ideas which exist in respect to its teaching? What is described in the 4th verse, and that which is described in the 6th verse, are commonly understood as sustaining the relation to each other of cause and effect. But it is entirely overlooked that near as these two verses are to each other, an entirely new subject has been introduced between them. Indeed, the Revisionists have perceived this so clearly that they have made the fifth verse the beginning of a new paragraph. In the first paragraph, including the first four verses, the descent of the Holy Ghost and the immediate effects of it are described, and the description is complete. Then comes the statement of a fact without which what follows could not have

been so easily understood. "Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men from every nation under heaven." They were not mere transient guests drawn thither by the exigencies of travel and trade, but they dwelt there. They are supposed to have been attracted thither by the prevalent expectation of the Messiah. These pious people could not have been ignorant of what had recently taken place among them. They must have known a good deal about Jesus, they had heard, less or more, of the story of His life, they were acquainted with the facts of His death, and had heard the rumour of His resurrection and ascension. Is it too much to believe that many of these were in heart His disciples? Even in our own day, when it costs less to make a public profession of faith than it did then, there are not a few who, in the judgment of charity, are real disciples, though they have not formally connected themselves with the Church. But at that very time we know that "even of the rulers many believed on Him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess it." It is scarcely conceivable that after all that had taken place in Jerusalem, to say nothing of the regions round about, that there were no other real disciples there but the hundred and twenty persons who apparently lived in community, and "with one accord continued steadfastly in prayer?" St. Paul, enumerating the proofs of the resurrection of our Lord, says expressly (1 Cor. xv. 6), "He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once"; and where was this great gathering of the disciples more likely to have taken place than in Jerusalem? And is there anything unreasonable or violently improbable in the assumption that in it were a considerable number of these devout strangers gathered from the ends of the earth? In that case the infant Church, formed by the Redeemer and His disciples during His life-time, instead of being composed of a handful of Galileans, as the ignorant multitude in the streets of Jerusalem evidently supposed, was really made of the first-fruits of the great spiritual harvest which was afterward about to be gathered in all lands. And if this theory be correct, it is no wonder that these people were confounded in view of the state of facts which the events of the day of Pentecost disclosed.

These were the people who, when the rumour of what had taken place in the upper room was spreading in the city, were first to be attracted to the spot. And there is nothing at all improbable in the idea that long before Peter's sermon began, or even the general concourse commenced, many even among those of them who had not previously joined themselves to the disciples had submitted themselves to God, made a public profession of their faith, and entered into the joy of the great salvation. And the testimony of a score or two of souls to what the Lord had done for them would account, on perfectly natural grounds, for what is commonly supposed to have been the effect of the supernatural endowment by which the disciples were enabled to speak, in the instant, a great number and variety of languages which they had never learned. It is not at all inconceivable that, in this way, every one present, to whatever nationality he happened to belong, might, even in the early part of the day, have heard someone declaring the wonderful works of God in his own language.

Besides, it is evident that the original followers of the Messiah were not the illiterate and ignorant sort of people that many at that time supposed them to be, and that the linguistic knowledge which they possessed, independently of this particular gift, might account, in part at least, for the

wonder expressed by the multitude. It could not, indeed, be said of any of them probably, that they were learned men, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they were not fairly educated. They were, we know, eloquent and powerful public speakers, and some of them became authors of books, and books, too, that were not written in their own vernacular, but in a foreign language—books, it may be added, which have stood the test of ages, and are destined to endure to the end of time. The Aramaic was their native tongue, and the Hebrew was the sacred language of their nation, in which their sacred books were written and their worship was conducted; and yet the Gospel of Matthew is the only one of the books of the New Testament that was written in either of these tongues, all the rest being written in Greek. Besides, at that time Palestine was a Roman province, it was garrisoned with Roman soldiers, the civil administration was carried on chiefly by Roman officers, and doubtless the Latin, the language of the Romans, was the official language. It is probable, therefore, that some, at least, of these men knew the Latin as well as the Greek. This must have been the case especially with Matthew, who was a revenue officer commissioned by the Roman Government. The disciples were not, therefore, the illiterate and ignorant men that they were supposed to be; but, though not in the technical sense scholars, persons of superior intelligence and fairly well educated, having a knowledge of three or four languages, two of these languages being the Greek and the Latin.

Then another thing which must have made a profound impression upon the spectators of what occurred on the day of Pentecost was the spirit of the speakers. They spoke of spiritual and eternal things with a courage, a depth of conviction, an intensity of feeling, and with an overwhelming energy, that we may believe was altogether unique, and which in the absence of the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit would have been impossible. Besides there was in connection with this state of spiritual exaltation—as the result of it, in fact—a degree of intellectual quickening, which must have appeared to those about them as if they had become new men, or had been suddenly invested with new powers. They spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance. We must not anticipate what will be more appropriately treated when we come to the more direct treatment of the gift of the Holy Spirit; but this glimpse at the influences and agencies at work on that occasion, show that they were amply sufficient to account for all the effects which were produced, without investing the gift of tongues with attributes, and with an importance which, according to the clear teaching of the Holy Scriptures in other places, do not belong to it. And this view derives confirmation from the fact that St. Peter makes no reference whatever to this particular gift, in the highly apologetic discourse which he delivered on the occasion. Nor is there the slightest intimation in the whole of the New Testament that any apologetic use was ever made of this gift in apostolic times.

These observations are respectfully submitted to the consideration and candid examination of biblical students, who, like the writer, have no other object in view but the ascertainment of truth. It is in no dogmatic or controversial spirit that this humble attempt to remove what seems to be a real difficulty is made. And its acceptance or rejection will not have the slightest effect on the validity of the main argument of this and the preceding article, the object of which is to prove that the special gift of the

Holy Ghost, which is the subject of this discussion, is not only not identical with the power to work miracles, but that it has no necessary connection with that form of supernatural endowment. And now, assuming that this thesis has been established to the satisfaction of the candid reader, the way is at length prepared for the more direct and positive treatment of the subject under consideration.

Having separated from it those things which have frequently been confounded with it, or treated as if they were its invariable attendants, but which in reality are not it, nor indeed have anything necessarily to do with it, the object of what follows will be to get from the Scriptures which refer to this subject as clear a conception as we can of this thing which our Lord describes as "the promise of the Father," and as the baptism of the Holy Ghost, for which He instructed His disciples to wait at Jerusalem as the final preparation for the stupendous work of the world's conquest upon which they were about to enter, which every one of the Christian communities in apostolic times appear to have received, without which the Apostle Paul evidently did not think the Christian experience of the disciples at Ephesus or their equipment for their work complete, and which, is doubtless, just as essential to the success of the Church in her work of world-conquest in our day as it has been at any period in the past. Surely no words are necessary to impress the Christian reader with the superlative importance of such an inquiry.

The nature of this spiritual gift of the Holy Ghost may be learned in part from the terms in which it was promised. And the first thing about it which is likely to attract the attention of the careful student of the New Testament, in examining those passages in which this promise is contained, is that it was to be a real personal presence. It was not to consist merely in the shedding forth of a peculiar influence, the exertion of a remarkable energy. The coming of the Holy Spirit was foretold in terms which are only applicable to a person. The personal pronouns applied to Him are in themselves sufficient to establish this point. If what the disciples were to look for were a breath or a wind, an influence or a force, it is inconceivable that our Lord should have said, "HE shall teach you ;" "HE shall testify of Me ;" "HE will reprove the world ;" "HE shall guide you into all truth ;" "HE shall not speak of Himself ;" "What HE hereafter that shall He speak ;" "HE shall glorify Me, for HE shall receive of Mine and show it unto you ;" and yet all these things are affirmed of the Holy Spirit in the remarkable valedictory address delivered by our Lord immediately before His crucifixion (John xiv., xv., xvi.) Surely if there be any force in words, or any stress to be laid upon the grammatical structure of the utterances of the Lord Jesus Christ in respect to this matter, it was for the revelation of a real personal presence of the Holy Spirit that His infant Church was instructed to wait.

It is true, indeed, that in highly poetical and impassioned discourse an energy or force might be invested with the attributes of personality by a bold and striking figure of speech. It is possible that something of this kind might be found even in the Bible, among the passionate utterances of the Old Testament prophets. But there is nothing in the nature or style of the discourse from which these extracts have been taken, or in the sorrowful circumstances in which it was delivered, to lead us to look for this sort of personification. There is, in fact, nothing at all to indicate

that any figure of speech is intended. Besides, it is not by the application of pronouns to Him, alone, that the personality of Him who was to come was indicated, but by the acts which He was to perform, and the functions which He was to exercise. The exercise of thought and deliberation, and of volition and intelligent predetermined action are attributable only to a person. They are, in fact, the infallible signs of personality. Wherever they are found, whether in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, we are compelled to recognize the presence of a person. And all these things are attributed, by the Great Teacher Himself, to Him whose coming He foretold, and for whose advent He was at the time preparing the minds of His disciples when He delivered the discourse from which the citations in the preceding paragraph are made.

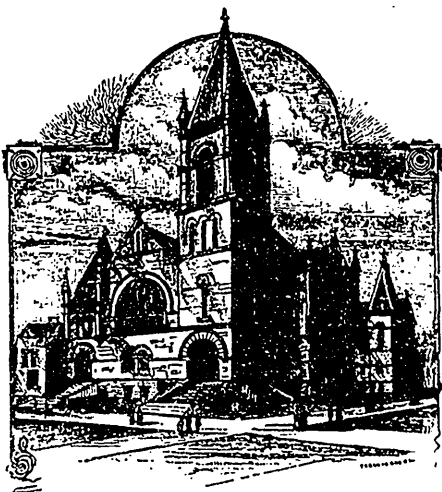
There are other passages of Scripture and other arguments by which the personality as well as Deity of the Holy Spirit might be proved; but the object of this discussion is not primarily to establish this, or, indeed, any other doctrine, but simply to ascertain as clearly as we can the light in which the great event which was to almost immediately follow His ascension, which was to give character to the new dispensation, and for which His disciples were to look and wait, was set before their minds by the Master Himself. In order to this it is proper that we should confine our investigations to those of His utterances which most unquestionably refer to this subject. And these are amply sufficient for our purpose. The light which they shed upon the point under consideration is so clear and steady that they really leave nothing to be desired. Nothing seems clearer than that what the Church was encouraged to look for, and for which the disciples were instructed to believingly, prayerfully, and patiently wait, was the personal coming of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps it should be said, for the establishment of the personal reign of the Holy Spirit in the Church, and in the individual souls of men.

The valedictory discourse delivered by our Lord on the night on which the sacrament of the Supper was instituted, the night on which He was betrayed, when the horror of thick darkness was gathering around Him, when probably His soul had already begun to be exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and the cross was just before Him, leaves no ground of doubt in this respect. In what is said therein of the Holy Spirit, all that is included in the highest conception of personality is implied. Without thought and deliberation, volition and intelligent pre-concerted and predetermined action, the things which are affirmed of Him are impossible. To "speak," to "teach," to "testify," to "reprove," to act the part of an intellectual and spiritual Guide, not to say to guide the souls of men into all truth, to receive communications of the most profound and spiritual character from one, and impart it to another, are acts in which all that pertains to personality is implied. And as these things are all, as we have seen, distinctly affirmed of the promised Spirit in the divine discourse which has just been referred to, the element of personality in the divine conception of His coming may be regarded as beyond question. He that was to come as the successor and representative of Christ, to carry on His work and to abide with His Church, was to be One capable of communing with His people, speaking to them, teaching them, testifying to them of Christ, and taking of those things which belong to Him, and which would otherwise have been invisible to them, and unknown by them, and showing them to them.

Current Topics.

GROWTH OF METHODISM IN CANADIAN CITIES.

The growth of Methodism in the great cities is a very important factor in its general prosperity. The cities are centres of influence and power. They are in large degree the strategic points in the country. The religious denomination which most largely holds the cities will largely hold the country. Methodism, in Canada, has been far more successful in holding these strategic positions than in either Great Britain or the United States. During the last few years English Methodism has been putting forth strenuous efforts to obtain a better footing in London and the provincial towns, and now the "Forward Movement" is making most successful aggressive efforts in this direction.



TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

In the United States, in many of the cities of the west and south, Methodism holds a very commanding position; but in the cities of the east, especially in New York, its condition is not at all comparable with that throughout the country. But few cities in the world compare with Toronto, Hamilton, London, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John and Halifax, for the number and excellence and religious earnestness of its Methodist Churches. Montreal now possesses the noblest Methodist Church in the world. In Toronto the growth of Methodism has more than kept pace with the phenomenal growth of the city. The new Sherbourne Street Church, McCaul Street, Carlton Street, Bathurst Street, Dundas Street, St. Paul's, Trinity, and Spadina Avenue, Churches, all recently enlarged or opened or now approaching com-

pletion, and others already projected, are evidences of great material prosperity. If this were *all* it would be no ground of just congratulation. But such church-building activity is an evidence also of large Christian liberality, of faith in God, and of earnest endeavours to mould the future of this land on a lofty Christian model. Methodism has long been noted for its practical ubiquity through this Dominion. Go where you will through its length and breadth, you will scarcely find a hamlet, except in the French districts of Quebec and the Gaelic-speaking portions of Cape Breton, without its Methodist church. These hundreds of humble sanctuaries will always be the stronghold of Methodism in the land; but it is well also in the centres of wealth of trade and commerce, of the political and intellectual life of the nation, where

costly secular buildings arise on every side, to erect also worthy structures for the worship of the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

THE JESUIT QUESTION.

If the overwhelming majority at Ottawa who voted down Col. O'Brien's motion for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill think that their action settles the question, we think that they are very much mistaken. There are some questions that will not down till they are settled on the basis of eternal truth and righteousness; and this is one of them. The Protestant conscience of the country is deeply stirred; never within our recollection so deeply stirred on any moral question. This is not a mere fanatical, "No Popery" cry. It is a deep and intense conviction of duty to God and to the country that animates the men who are taking the lead in this matter—men who, like Principal Cavan, have more the character of the scholarly recluse than of the public agitator. It is a crisis of no ordinary importance which causes the General Superintendents of the Methodist Church and the Presidents of nine Annual Conferences to append their names to the following document—a document which we are sure will have due weight with the thoughtful laymen of the country:

"We, the General Superintendents of the Methodist Church of this Dominion, and the Presidents of the Annual Conferences assembled, without assuming to speak for any other men's consciences or intelligence than our own, and with only the desire to obtain righteous ends by righteous means, deem it our bounden duty to protest against the aggressions of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, as we believe, to the serious prejudice of our civil and religious liberty, more especially in the recent Act for the incorporation and endowment of the Jesuits, a society which has been suppressed in Great Britain, and again and again disqualified by Imperial Statutes to hold property within the British realm, and has also been expelled from all Christian and civilized lands because of its influence in the

subversion of government and the corruption of morals, and notably from the Republic of France as lately as 1879-80; and which society, for similar and other causes, was abolished in all the world by the Pope himself.

"We further protest against the recognition of the authority of the Pope in any civil affairs of a British Province, as we believe to be the case in this Act respecting the Jesuit estates, and further, against the appropriation of public funds to ecclesiastical and secular uses as a discrimination betwixt religious bodies, and subversive of the principle of separation of Church and State, as recognized in the British North America Act; and further, we desire to declare that our aid and influence shall be given to all efforts to test the constitutionality of these Acts before the proper tribunal; and we cannot but express our deep regret that the House of Commons, in its recent vote upon the subject, should have manifested so little regard to petitions asking for disallowance, and to the strong expressions of feeling from influential bodies in various parts of the Dominion.

"In putting forth thus moderately our convictions on these important matters we disclaim any and every intention to interfere with the full rights of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens in civil and religious matters. We appeal to the history of Methodism as to her advocacy and guardianship of equal privileges to all. We desire earnestly the peace and prosperity of our commonwealth, and must cast upon aggressors the responsibility for disasters which we gravely apprehend. Ever confident that Protestantism in the fear of God will stand for the liberty of the subject, the honour of the Crown and the full freedom of worship according to the dictates of conscience, under the sense of personal responsibility and the exercise of individual right."

THE SCOTT ACT REPEALS.

We confess to very great regret at the recent repeals of the Scott Act in so many counties and towns of Ontario. Imperfect as that Act was, and imperfectly as it was carried out, it, nevertheless, had the effect of considerably restricting the sale and use of intoxicating drink. Even the liquor dealers themselves cannot

but admit the fact which the excise returns of the country make manifest. It largely abated the pernicious practice of public treating, and drove what drinking was still practised into dark holes and corners, and placed upon it the ban of the law. We hope that temperance electors will "vote as they pray," and exact definite pledges in favour of total prohibition of every candidate for their suffrages at the next elections. We heartily concur in the following vigorous utterances on this subject of the Rev. John Burton, of this city :

"This question of intemperance has more importance than that other question which just now stirs so deeply the public mind—the Jesuit Estates Bill. That Bill has its political significance, and should be made the occasion of convincing us that we need a purer, more earnest and united Christian witnessing to effectually meet the active earnestness of Papal Rome; but what of that dread evil which undermines individual, private and public good under the guise of a "good creature of God"—which seduces the young, goes hand in hand with lust, wrecks an otherwise noble life and destroys the family peace? St. Bartholomew's massacre and Alpine slaughter, soon satiated, stayed; but intemperance claims more victims than all combined, and continues. More defiant than ever now will the traffic rule and curse."

JOHN BRIGHT.

Our very familiarity with the great

reforms, secured largely by the efforts of the great English statesman who has recently gone to his reward, tends to obscure the memory of the lasting obligation under which he has placed society. The abolition of the oppressive corn laws, the vast extension of the franchise, the disestablishment of the Irish State Church—these have almost been crowded out of view by the pressing public questions which still urgently demand solution. Bright's greatness is not that he appealed chiefly to economic considerations, but rather that he appealed to the heart and conscience of the country. He was not so much the politician as he was the statesman—not so much the party leader as the seer and prophet of his age. His solemn protest against the Crimean War has been more than justified by the stern logic of subsequent events. Place and power had absolutely no attractions to him if opposed by the voice of conscience. Amid the strifes of tongues and the rancours of political life, not a taint of reproach for place-hunting or of insincerity touched his name. Though he felt it his duty to diverge from the course of action of his leader for many years, not a shadow of estrangement came upon their private friendship; and when the great English Commoner, the People's Tribune, lay silent in death it was the greatest living Englishman who pronounced over him the most sincere and eloquent eulogy.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Two hundred and three essays on the class-meeting were sent to the adjudicators, three of which have obtained prizes and will be published. Rev. W. H. Thompson obtained the first prize.

Funds are being collected to defray the salary and expenses of a Travelling Temperance Secretary to be appointed at the ensuing Conference.

The missionary recently appointed to Burmah, wants more help than

the committee can grant, and in one of his letters he says: "I should hold on here if the committee's support failed altogether. I would rather earn my living and preach the Gospel as I could, than leave the country."

A native church was recently dedicated in Transvaal, South Africa, which is graphically described by the Rev. Owen Watkins. The total cost was \$1,250, toward which every man, woman and child in the settlement gave a contribution; some gave \$20, and others only five cents. The native men made the bricks, some 50,000. The day of dedication was a real red-letter

A glorious revival progressing at Havre and Paris, in France, under the Rev. W. Gibson. One night more than thirty consecrated themselves to God. A Missionary Restaurant has been opened in Paris.

Revs. Thomas Cook and Thomas Waugh, connexional evangelists, have been labouring at Leeds and Walford respectively. The churches were crowded every night. At Leeds the service for men only was attended by 1,900 persons. There were hundreds of inquirers.

There has been a revival at the hamlet called Gare Hill, near Frome, which contains only nineteen houses; but out of those houses thirty persons have sought and found Christ. The sacrament was administered one Sabbath, of which forty-nine persons out of a congregation of fifty partook.

City Road Chapel, the cathedral of Methodism, is moving with the times. Among other new efforts to reach the outside masses, "pleasant evenings for the people" are held weekly, and, as elsewhere, are proving a great success.

The first Annual Report of the London Central Mission has been published. It is a pamphlet of 100 pages, and is a marvellous record of an extraordinary work. There are various departments, all of which are important auxiliaries. The bodies and souls of the people are cared for. The work of "the sisters," in house-to-house visiting and ministering to

the sick and aged, is especially worthy of emulation. No one could have supposed that so much good could have been accomplished in the short space of one year.

The success of the Forward Movement appears to have thrown new life into many departments of Methodism, hence Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and other important centres, have wisely imitated London, and commenced organizations which are exerting a powerful influence for good. In some instances the places are so crowded that overflow meetings have to be held. In Manchester 300 persons, chiefly from the working classes, have become members of the Church.

The Mayor of Manchester, Alderman Batty, who is the first Wesleyan that has held that position in the cotton metropolis, recently gave a conversazione in the Free Trade Hall, in honour of the Rev. Joseph Bush, President of the Wesleyan Conference. A great number of invited guests were present, among whom were the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference and several other ministers and friends of the various branches of Methodism.

The Liverpool Wesleyan ministers have appointed a committee to make arrangements for holding united evangelistic services in that city next October or November. The Leeds circuits are also contemplating holding a similar series of meetings.

The Old Leysians have established a White Cross Mission near the well-known Chequer Alley, and they intend to erect premises for a grand mission centre. There is a dense artisan population in the locality. This is a noble undertaking for classical students.

Alderman Moscrop, ex-Mayor of Bolton, has recently been called to his reward. By his will he has bequeathed \$75,000 in charities, \$65,000 of which is given to various Wesleyan institutions.

Rev. H. P. Hughes says that in 10,000 out of 15,000 parishes in England sectarian schools have the monopoly, and are used for the destruction and persecution of Meth-

odism. He demanded that in every place there should, at least within three miles, be an alternative school.

At the last Conference, the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., related a little of his experience. He said that when he was in New York many years ago, Mr. Harper, the publisher, said: "You have plenty of genius, I should like to have your pen. You shall preach and lecture as much as you like if you will only allow us to publish whatever you may write." For this Mr. Harper proposed at first to give him \$10,000 per year. This offer he declined, resolving that if he sold his ministry he would not sell it at that price.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The reports from the various circuits indicate considerable accessions to the membership. It is believed that the net increase for the year will be in the neighbourhood of 2,000, and only one-half of the circuits have been heard from.

Rev. B. Senior has been pastor of Surrey Chapel, London, ten years. During that time \$75,000 have been raised for all purposes, and 500 members have been received into the church. Sixty years ago the Primitives did not own \$5.00 worth of property in London, and they had only 300 members. Now there are 7,574 members. Surrey Chapel alone cost \$65,000.

A bazaar was held in connection with the opening of a church in Manchester, when \$3,000 was realized.

Rev. W. N. Barleycorn, native missionary from West Africa, has visited many circuits in England, and has succeeded in raising great interest in the cause of missions.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A brief statement of thirty-eight Annual Conferences is given in the *Western Christian Advocate*, every one of which endorses the deliverance of the Bishop's address to the late General Conference on the matter of saloon license. The address says: "The liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin.

License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy." General Conference of 1884, and re-adopted in 1888. "We are unalterably opposed to the enactment of laws that propose by license, taxing, or otherwise, to regulate the drink traffic."

There are twelve Methodist theological schools in the United States, and five others in foreign countries. These institutions are endowed to the amount of \$1,256,000, and last year 883 young men studied theology within their halls. The denomination also has fifty-six colleges and universities, besides a large number of other schools and seminaries, the property thus devoted to the cause of education being valued at \$10,083,725, which with endowments amounting to \$11,079,682, and students numbering last year 32,277. The new catalogue of the North-western University, near Chicago, shows a grand total of 1,449 students in all departments, which puts it among the half-dozen largest universities in the country.

Dr. E. W. Warren, Rector of the Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, preached three sermons in the series recently delivered in old John Street, one on "Thine is the kingdom," a second on "Thy kingdom come," and a third on "Thy will be done." The congregation of business men was greatly delighted and profited by these discourses.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

It is proposed by the friends of Bishop McTyeire, to place a mural tablet and memorial windows in the new church-building, near Vanderbilt University, Nashville, in which the Bishop took great interest, and where his family hold membership. Dr. Fitzgerald, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, is receiving funds for the purpose.

Bishop Wilson and his wife, who have been absent in Japan, China and India since May, 1888, have just returned. The Bishop was ill during part of the time, but he has now recovered.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A new church is about to be erected on Wellington Street, Point St. Charles, Montreal, to seat 700 persons, without galleries. The Sunday-school contains nearly 500 pupils. The population of the neighbourhood is increasing rapidly, and the present place of worship is crowded.

Three new churches have recently been dedicated in Toronto, one is on McCaul Street, and takes the place of good old Richmond, the others are new interests.

The Rev. E. R. Young is meeting with great success in London, England. His story of missionary life among the Indians in the North-West is creating great interest. His lectures will give the people a vast amount of information respecting a country of which many of them know comparatively little.

A Central Mission Hall is about to be erected in Tokyo, Japan, which will seat 1000 persons. The brethren in Japan hope to receive much financial aid from Canada towards the erection. They have raised a large amount, but they still need \$5,000.

The District Meeting was lately held, when an increase of 500 members was reported, and the financial increase in the evangelistic field was more than 100 per cent. A central mission was established, to which the Rev. Dr. Eby was appointed. The mission is in the midst of the great colleges and over one hundred of the important schools of the empire, the very brain-centre of forty millions of people.

The Rev. John McLean, Ph.D., our missionary to the Blood Indians, has returned to his field of labour, and has been elected by the Board of Education of the North-West Territories one of the examiners for teacher's certificates. This, in the North-West, is one of the most important offices in the gift of the Board of Education.

The French Methodist Institute, in Montreal, now being erected, will soon be ready for occupancy. The present building is crowded. The Principal, Rev. E. M. Taylor, M.A.,

will return to the pastorate next Conference, and the Rev. W. Hall, M.A., has been appointed to the office.

The Rev. Alexander Campbell, Montreal Conference, has been appointed Travelling Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance in Canada, and has entered upon his duties with his well known energy.

The Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, well known evangelists, are labouring at Peterboro'. Rev. Charles Fish has been visiting various places within the bounds of the Guelph Conference. Conductor Snider recently spent a Sabbath in Berkeley Street Church, Toronto. All these brethren are doing a grand work for the Master in evangelistic labours.

Methodist ministers are proverbial for their temperance principles. During the late Scott Act campaign a few have had to suffer severely for their advocacy. In Sydenham, the Rev. Reuben Stillwell's house was shattered with dynamite.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Wm. Ward, Primitive Methodist, England, departed this life January 20th, aged eighty years. He laboured in the itinerancy thirty-six years, and was a superannuate for eighteen years.

Rev. Geo. W. Armitage, also Primitive Methodist, England, was called to his reward Feb. 28, aged eighty-five years. The writer knew him forty years ago, and always regarded him as a pious, faithful minister.

We regret to learn, just as we go to press, of the death of the Rev. Thomas Hannah. Bro. Hannah entered the work of the ministry in 1844, but has been superannuated for some years.

Rev. F. B. Knowlton, of Montreal Conference, died in great peace at Verona, on April 1st. Bro. Knowlton had been superannuated for some years. Thus God honors His workmen but carries on His work.

Book Notices.

My Confession. By COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI, Translated from the Russian. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.

This history of a soul, and its progress from doubt to faith, is worthy to be placed beside the immortal *Confessions* at St. Augustine. There had been in the case of each the same reckless, godless youth; the same lofty genius and literary power; the same intense moral earnestness. Both attained the same calm assurance of faith in the unseen and eternal, and in both God justified His ways to man. Both books may be said to be written in the heart's blood of their authors. But happier than Tolstoi, Augustine, though he had a heathen father, had a saintly mother, the spell of whose goodness he never, even in his wildest orgies of vice, forgot, and whose prayers and tears at length brought her erring son to God. Tolstoi, though a son of the Orthodox Greek Church, says: "A man belonging to our class may now live through long years without once being reminded of the fact that he lives among Christians, and calls himself a member of the Orthodox Church. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life," he continues. "I was met with contempt and derisive laughter; but directly I gave way to the lowest of my passions, I was praised and encouraged." He was even counselled by a near relative—an aunt, a "good woman in her way," he says—to mortal sin. Small wonder that he gave way to a life of profligacy, and ran to all manner of excess in riot. He entered the Emperor's suite, he travelled far, he won literary fame. He had wealth, he married happily; but he found, though he lived in luxury and perfect physical health, that life had no joys, that it had no meaning. It

seemed to his tortured soul like a hideous mockery. Ever and ever the same questions presented themselves to his soul, "Why?" and "What after!" He describes his condition by the fable of a man attacked by a wild beast who took refuge in a dried up well, at whose bottom he sees a dragon with its jaws wide open to devour him. He catches hold of a branch of a wild plant growing in a crevice in the well. While his arms grow weary with the weight, he sees two mice, one white and one black, gnawing steadily through the branch which supports him. He finds some drops of honey on the leaves of the plant, and though he knows he must soon fall into the jaws of the dragon, he stretches out his tongue and eagerly licks the bitter-sweet honey.

"Thus do I cling to the branch of life," he exclaims, "knowing that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me; so do I strive to suck the honey which once comforted me, but it falls on my palate, while the white mouse and the black—day and night—unceasingly gnaw through the branch to which I cling. It is no fable, but a living, undeniable truth. The horror of darkness was too great to bear, and I longed to free myself from it by a rope or pistol ball." He steeped himself in the pessimism of Schopenhauer, and echoed the complaint of the sated monarch of Israel, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." He tried to pray, but he felt he was not heard, that there was no one to whom to pray. He felt like a fledgling flung out of a nest. But if so, Who flung him out! He must hear his cries. He must see his search and his despair, and he continued to cry. He would have killed himself, but for the dim hope of finding out God. He was adrift, but he felt that God was the shore. Gradually into the prayers of the Church, which he repeated, there came a glimmer of

meaning; but there was so much of error mixed therewith, that he broke away from the Church which authorized war and oppression, and turned to the words of the New Testament, which he accepted in their most literal signification. The next volume noted describes, in part, his social philosophy.

What To Do. Same author and publisher. Price \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

Upon the newly awakened conscience of Count Tolstoi the appalling condition of the poor brooded like a nightmare. He explored the slums of Moscow, and found an indescribable degree of wretchedness and vice. He turned to the Gospels for an answer to the question, "What shall we do?" and read, "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat let him do likewise." In a very unpractical way he began to squander his alms on the reckless and unworthy. He began, too, to labour with his hands, making shoes, curting manure and the like. In both religion and social economics he is a very unsafe guide. But, like another John the Baptist, he protests against the hollowness and heartlessness of much of the formal religionism of the age, and probes to the quick many of the ills of society. Perhaps even more than a safer guide, he may rouse the torpid conscience of the selfish aristocracy, or beaurocracy, of Europe, which, like a bloated parasite, lives on the wrongs and oppressions of the great dumb mass of the poor.

Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. I. Genesis and Exodus. By MILTON S. TERRY, D.D., and FALES H. NEWHALL, D.D. Pp. 570. New York: Hunt & Eaton; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$2.25.

This is the latest volume of the standard commentary projected, and in large part written by the late lamented Dr. Whedon. It lends

pathetic interest to the series that the original editor and five of his co-labourers have passed away from time, among them Prof. Newhall, who has done much of the work of this volume. But two more volumes are required to complete the series. These, we are informed, are in able hands, and may be expected at no distant day. This commentary is already, in our judgment, the best apparatus procurable at a moderate cost for the critical study of the Holy Scripture. The volume just issued is one of the most valuable of the series. The book of Genesis has long been the battle ground, fought over inch by inch, of hostile critics, who would arraign the science, cosmogony and ethnology of the Bible. Every difficulty is here fairly met, and fully, yet succinctly, discussed. One of the most important parts of the book is the sixty pages of Introduction, in which the various and conflicting views of the "Higher Criticism" are examined. While giving due weight to the facts of the case and the theories based upon them, safe and conservative views are supported by sound arguments.

John the Baptist, the Forerunner of Our Lord: his Life and Work. By ROSS C. HOUGHTON, D.D. Pp. 372. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

By his previous works, Dr. Houghton has shown his eminent qualification for writing just such a careful historical and biblical study as he has here given us. He has focussed upon his subject all the light to be derived from every source, sacred and profane. As a result, he has given us a vivid picture of the great Forerunner of Our Lord, and of the epochal period in which he lived. The tragic story of his brief but wonder-working ministry is told with much force and eloquence. In a curious appendix he traces the legendary history of the relics of St. John. Cardinal Manning's personal testimony as to the genuineness of these relics is a remarkable example of the credulity that Rome cultivates in her devotees.

Sowing and Reaping; or, My Records of the Ellisson Family. By MRS. J. C. YULE. Introduction by W. H. Withrow, D.D. Pp. 404. Price \$1.00. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is, unquestionably, a book with a purpose. The interests of temperance and religion are kept constantly in view. The book strikingly illustrates the Scripture motto on which its teachings are based—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Moreover, this is no air-drawn picture of the fancy. Its chief incidents are, alas, too true in real life; the traits of character of the principal actors are drawn from life; and the aim of the book has been to keep strictly within not only the possible but the actual, without the least exaggeration.

The lessons of a book of narrative-interest which gives, as this book does, vivid impressions of the scenes described and characters portrayed, are much more forcibly fixed upon the mind than those conveyed by a book of didactic counsel. We therefore, heartily commend this volume for Sunday-school and family use, with the prayer that, by the blessing of God, its important teachings may be so indelibly engraved upon their hearts, that they sow not to the wind, less they reap the whirlwind.

Toronto Public Library. A Subject Catalogue of Books in the Reference Library. 1889, 8vo., pp. 381.

Not many persons are aware of the admirable apparatus for investigation and study that exists in the Toronto Public Library. It now contains over 53,000 volumes, including a large number of very rare and valuable works, especially in the departments of the industrial and fine arts, in the social and political sciences, in theology, in natural and medical sciences, in language and literature, in geography and history, especially in the history of the

Dominion of Canada. These literary resources are rendered doubly available for use by the admirable classified catalogue and finding list, compiled under the direction of the indefatigable librarian, Mr. Bain. One can see at a glance just what there is available on any subject; and the many cyclopædias and books of reference and Poole's Index of the voluminous collection of standard periodicals, will enable a student to explore the ramifications of a subject with very great ease and economy of time. This institution, especially in its Reference Department, is becoming year by year a more valuable apparatus for study, and cannot fail to be an increasing attraction to literary workers from other parts of the Dominion. It must soon outgrow its present accommodation; and we hope it will be housed in a building which shall be worthy of the fine collection of books, and of the literary metropolis of Canada.

The Physiology of the Soul. By J. N. WYTHE, M.D., D.D., LL.D., Professor of Histology and Microscopy in Cooper Medical College, San Francisco. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

In this volume Dr. Wythe discusses some of the profound and interesting problems of life—the relation of mind and brain—the physiology of consciousness, automatism and freedom, heredity and "biblical psychology." A competent critic has well said that, "This, like former works of the same author, is based upon the Christian philosophy of science. It proves that modern unbelief has no right to trench itself in physiology, and drives it from its last stronghold by showing that vital as well as intellectual functions require the presence of a spiritual nature. To ministers and students it will be an arsenal of defensive weapons, as well as an indication of the true method of psychological research."

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.