

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

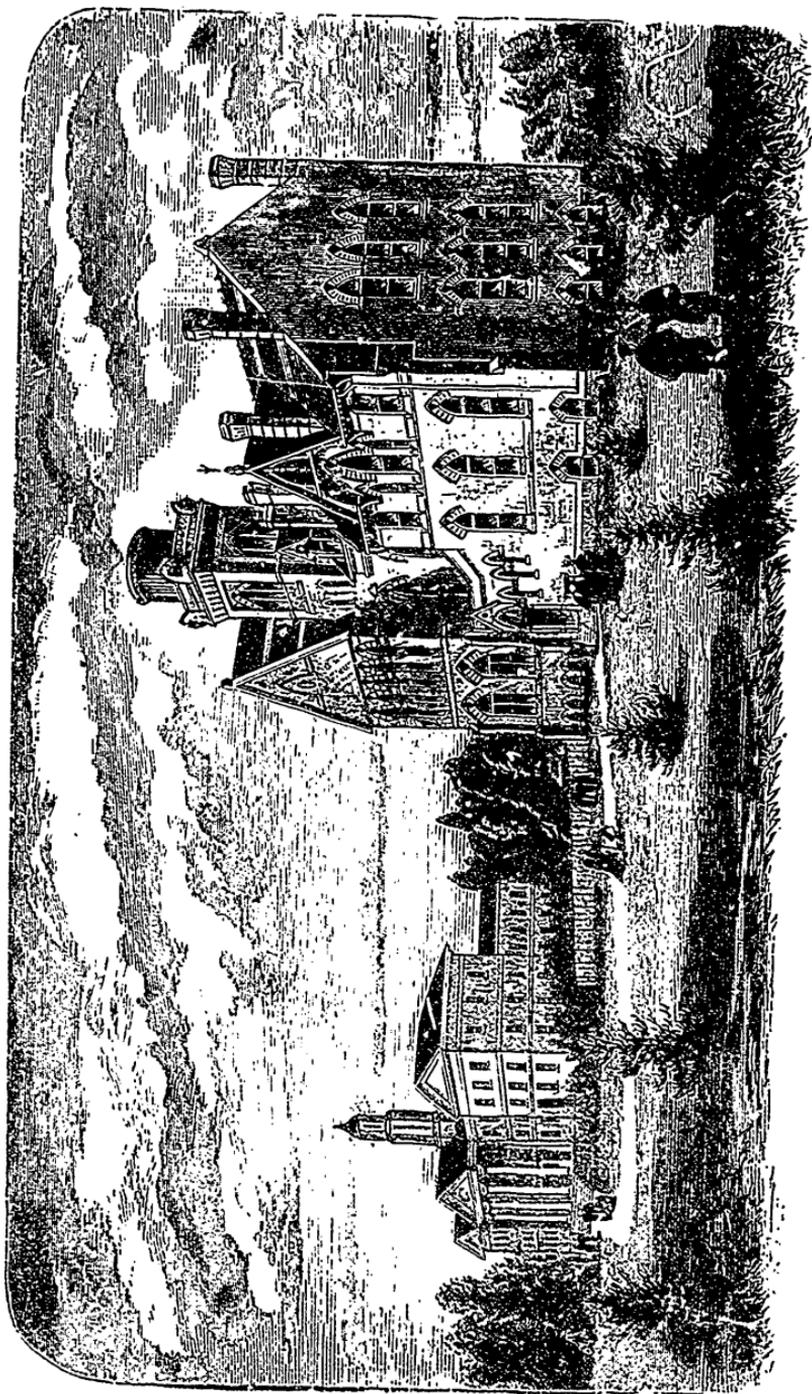
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>									



VICTORIA, COLLEGE COBOURG.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1878.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF CANADA.

No factor in national prosperity is more important than the education of the people. We have, therefore, pleasure in presenting a succinct account of the leading educational institutions of Canada. In a connexional magazine like this, it will be only natural to give especial prominence to the institutions of our own Church, as in them our readers will be more interested. It is a matter of honest denominational pride that the first chartered University in Ontario was our own University of Victoria College. It originated in a resolution prepared by a committee of nine persons, reported to the Conference of the Methodist Church held at Kingston in 1830, and unanimously adopted by that body. Amongst the members of the Committee were the Revs. John Ryerson, William Case, Franklin Metcalf, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, and Dr. Green. Measures were immediately adopted to canvass the country and raise funds for the erection of a seminary of learning for both sexes. After diligent inquiry and mature deliberation a beautiful site in the picturesque and healthy town of Cobourg was chosen for the location, and on June 6th, 1832, the corner-stone of "Upper Canada Academy" was laid by the late Dr. Gilchrist, of Colborne. Of the persons employed by the Conference to raise pecuniary aid, the late Rev. John Beatty was probably the most conspicuous for his indefatigable labours in the then sparsely settled portions of the Province. The Rev. Dr. Ryerson also took an active part by

visiting England in the interests of the Academy, in 1836, and there raising a considerable sum of money, besides obtaining a Royal Charter from His late Majesty William IV., for the new institution. On the 18th June of the same year, the Academy was opened for the reception of students, with the Rev. Matthew Richey, D.D., as Principal. It being subsequently decided to abolish the female department and seek University powers, a charter was obtained from the Canadian Legislature in 1841, and in 1842 the institution was re-opened, now as the University of Victoria College, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson. This position Dr. Ryerson held, with advantage to the institution, till his appointment to the office of Chief Superintendent of Education. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. McNabb. In 1850 the Rev. Dr. Nelles, then a very young man, was appointed to the important position, which he still holds. Dr. Nelles threw all his energies into this great educational work, and notwithstanding difficulties, chiefly, though by no means exclusively, arising from pecuniary embarrassments, the University has steadily advanced in patronage and influence till it has acquired a high reputation far beyond the bounds of this Province. During the twenty-eight years of his administration, zealously assisted by an able staff of professors in the several departments, President Nelles has, by his solid educational attainments, his efficiency as an instructor, and his ability as a manager, seconded, as his plans ever have been, by the College Board, succeeded in attracting to the institution a large number of young men, who have been so moulded and trained that they are now exerting a noble influence upon the community, and are occupying positions of responsibility and trust in their own and other countries.

This institution has the four Faculties of Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine. In the last mentioned is an influential French school in Montreal. Since its establishment, Victoria College has sent forth two hundred and fifty-five graduates in Arts and Science, twenty-nine in Divinity, seventy in Law, and eight hundred and forty-one in Medicine, making a total of one thousand one hundred and ninety-five.

The University was in receipt of annual legislative aid from 1842 till the Confederation of the Provinces, after which all

grants for denominational colleges were withdrawn. To prevent the utter extinction of the College it was resolved to appeal to the people for an Endowment Fund of \$200,000. The Rev. Dr. Punshon took an active interest in this movement, not only making a personal contribution of \$3,000 to the fund, but at public meetings and by private application raising upwards of \$50,000. Several ministers of the denomination were sent out as canvassers to visit the various congregations, who supplemented this amount; but the whole country having been visited and the amount falling greatly short, in 1873 the present agent, the Rev. J. H. Johnson, M. A., was appointed to make a second appeal, and to his perseverance and success the College is very largely indebted for its present improved financial position. The late Mr. Edward Jackson, of Hamilton, and his estimable lady, bequeathed to the Theological department the noble sum of \$30,000. The entire amount now invested, and which is being annually increased, is nearly \$115,000, and it is hoped that with the return of financial prosperity to the country, the balance of the \$200,000 will be raised.

The estimated cost of the original building was about \$40,000. The recent erection of Faraday Hall, chiefly for scientific purposes, thereby offering special facilities for teaching natural science in this University, as the Hon. Adam Crocks, Minister of Education, well said at the opening, "marks a new epoch in the history of Victoria College." At the head of this department is a German professor, familiar with English, and of distinguished abilities, Dr. Haanel. The cost of Faraday Hall is estimated at \$25,000. Of this sum, \$20,000 has already been raised in subscriptions by the College agent, the Rev. J. H. Johnson, M. A.—the sum of \$15,000 of it from the citizens of Cobourg alone. The entire assets of the College are given as \$166,319, and the liabilities \$21,699, showing property to the value of \$144,650 as a balance in favour of the institution.

Faraday Hall, the new and handsome structure shown in the foreground of our frontispiece, stands (detached from Victoria College, but in the same grounds) on a lofty elevation, commanding a magnificent view of Cobourg and Lake Ontario. There are few finer sites for an observatory in Canada. The

building is lofty, though only two and a-half stories high, and it has a capacious basement. The foundation is of limestone, and the body of the structure of red brick. Numerous windows of a peculiar design give the edifice a handsome appearance. The building is one hundred feet in length by fifty feet in breadth, and from the ground to the top of the tower it is ninety-seven feet. The general architects were Messrs. Smith & Gemmell, of Toronto; whilst Professor Haanel planned the interior.

Immediately opposite the main entrance, on the ground floor, is the lecture hall, which is admirably adapted for experiments and lectures. It is claimed to be the most complete room for that purpose on the continent. It is lofty and roomy. The amphitheatre is constructed on special optical and acoustic principles; so that each student can not only hear every word, but see distinctly every experiment performed at the lecturer's table, and yet be seated during the whole of the lecture. There is accommodation for one hundred and twenty-two students, and, on special occasions, two hundred can be seated. The room is lighted by nine windows, supplied with heavy, dark blinds, which work up and down in a groove. The perfection of many experiments can only be obtained in darkness, and much time is lost by drawing each blind separately. Professor Haanel has obviated this difficulty by connecting the whole of the blinds with a lever at his desk, by working which they can be either drawn up or down. He has also attached a key for the purpose of lowering the gas.

The mineralogy room is fitted up with sixteen tables, constructed under the directions of Professor Haanel, for the study of determinative mineralogy, *i.e.*, qualitative. Each table is replete with drawers, receptacles for tubes, cups, blow pipe, anvil, etc., so that a student can complete the analysis of any metal without once leaving his seat at the table. This is something new, the result of one man's fourteen years of experience, and not to be found elsewhere.

The Museum is a large, lofty room, supplied with eleven display cases, each case admitting of a roomy exhibition of hundreds of mineralogical and geological specimens. A cabinet of Egyptian curiosities and a case of antiquities have been con-

tributed by the Rev. Dr. Lachlin Taylor. Among the former are a well-preserved Egyptian sarcophagus and female mummy; relics of mummies; an embalmed sacred cat and an ibis from Thebes; a tear bottle, wheat, dates, and ornaments from the same ruins. A meteoric stone, discovered by the Rev. George Macdougall in the North-west, and for a long time adored by the Indians, is exhibited. It weighs three hundred and thirteen pounds, and, when found, was the largest ever discovered, but is now next to the largest, as some relic-seeker has decreased its weight.

The Observatory, which is situated in a revolving tower, will be under the control of Professor Bain, who will give practical lessons in astronomy by means of a telescope seven feet long. The view from the tower over the town of Cobourg and Lake Ontario is magnificent. Under the direction of Professor Haanel, in the constructing of the building, arrangements were made by which a portion of the flooring can be removed, and an open space had from the first floor to the floor of the turret, which enables the students to have a practical illustration of Foucault's experiment, which proves the rotation of the earth by the oscillation of a pendulum—the latter consisting of a massive ball of iron, supported by a wire seventy-five feet long, which is attached to the floor of the observatory.

The Hall is furnished with a complete and modern set of physical apparatus, selected in Paris by the gentleman at the head of the department, and embraces magnetism, electricity, and pneumatics. The acoustic apparatus was made by Professor Haanel. Among the more important auxiliaries to the laboratory are:—An induction coil by Rhumkorff, producing a spark forty-four centimetres in length; the secondary coil of which consists of one hundred and ten miles of fine wire. This was the largest instrument of the character on this continent three years ago; but it is probable that Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, now possesses a larger. There are also:—A very powerful Holtz machine; an electro-magnet for dia-magnetic experiments; a very elegant and powerful air-pump of Berlin make; a small spectroscope of Browning's make—everything necessary for organic analysis and experimenting in inorganic chemistry. The

most noteworthy fact is that the College possesses all the apparatus necessary for throwing a metallic spectre upon a screen. This is the only apparatus in the Dominion to enable a metallic spectre to be thrown on a screen; and was made by Browning.

The Hall was formally opened and handed over to the custody of the University on the 29th of May last.*

In connection with the University is the Theological Faculty, of which the Rev. Dr. Burwash is Dean. It enjoys, however, also the advantages of the Arts Faculty. The munificent bequest of \$30,000, by the late Edward and Mrs. Jackson, has placed upon a basis of permanent efficiency that most important department of our Church's operations—the theological training of the candidates for its ministry.

The history of Toronto University and of Trinity College are intimately associated. From the very beginning of the history of Upper Canada, the cause of education engaged the attention of some of its most eminent scholars and public men, and was early made the subject of legislative enactment.

In the year 1785 the Rev. Dr. Stewart opened a classical school at Kingston. Soon after a garrison school was established at that place, as also at other military posts. One of the enlightened schemes of Governor Simcoe was the establishment of a provincial university and of a grammar school in each district of the province.

In 1797 the legislature, then sitting at York, memorialized King George IV. for a grant of half a million acres of land for this purpose. The afterwards celebrated Dr. Thomas Chalmers was invited to become principal of the projected university; but, declining the position, it was offered to Mr., afterwards Bishop, Strachan, a Scottish divinity student and schoolmaster, who accepted it. On his arrival at Kingston, on the last day of the century, he found that Governor Simcoe had left the country, and that this comprehensive educational scheme was for the time abandoned. Mr. Strachan soon opened a classical school at Kingston, and subsequently at Cornwall, at which many of the leading men of the province received their scholastic training.

*The above account has been abridged from that published in the *Toronto Weekly Globe* of June 14, 1878.

In the year 1842* the long-projected University of Upper Canada was organized under the name of King's College, with the Rev. Dr. Strachan as its first president. It was established, however, on a strictly denominational basis, under the control of the Anglican Church, and all students were required, as till recently in the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to be members of the Church of England.

A liberal endowment was provided, an ample park secured as a home for the new college, and a noble avenue of trees, nearly a mile long, with broad boulevards—the pride of Toronto—laid out. The southern entrance to this avenue is shown in the accompanying engraving. A magnificent group of buildings was also projected, one wing of which was completed in the College Park.

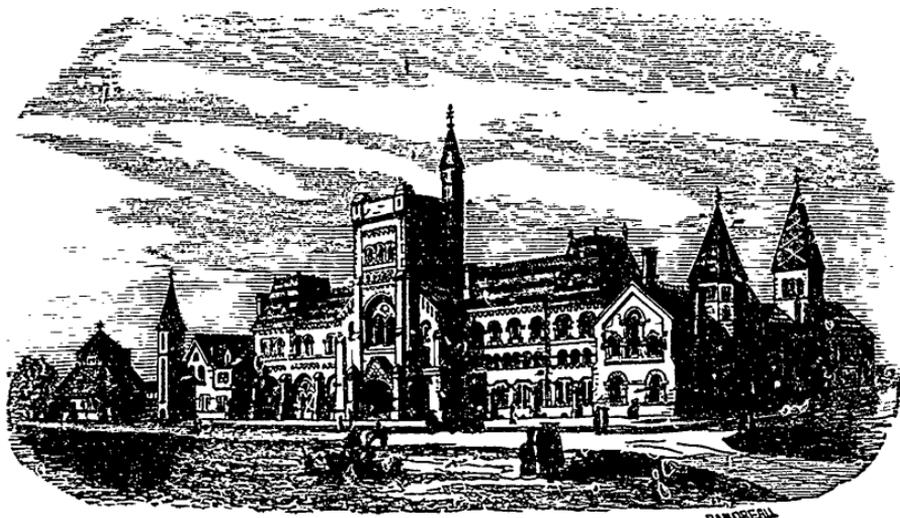
The denominational restrictions, however, were felt to be incongruous in a country where all Churches are, in the sight of the law, upon an equal footing, and an agitation was for some time kept up for the secularization of the college. By an Act of the legislature, therefore, the divinity chair was abolished, the religious tests removed, the name of King's College changed to that of Toronto University, and the institution thrown open to the whole province. Under the distinguished presidency of the Rev. Dr. McCaul, one of the first classical scholars of the age, the University has maintained a high character both at home



QUEEN STREET AVENUE,

* The Upper Canada College previously founded, 1829, with a permanent endowment, but without University powers, during the half century of its history has educated within its walls many Canadian youth, who, at the bar, on the bench, in the legislature, in the pulpit, in the army, in the navy, and in private life, at home and abroad, have risen to eminence, and, in many cases have won renown.

and abroad. Its ample endowment has enabled it to secure a large staff of able professors, several of them men of distinguished reputation in science and literature. The learned president is one of the first of living epigraphists. The contributions of Dr. Daniel Wilson to literature and the sciences of archæology and craniology, have won him not only American but European renown. Dr. Crofts, Dr. Chapman, Prof. Alleyne Nicholson, and Revs. Dr. Young, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Bevan, have contributed largely to the literature of their several departments, having enjoyed special facilities therefor in the use of an ample library and museum, and the comparative leisure of well-endowed chairs.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

In 1858 the University and University College took possession of the imposing group of buildings shown in the engraving on this page. They form a noble Norman Gothic pile, and one of the finest examples of architecture in America, possessing a wealth of detail in its stone carvings, which equals that of the work of mediæval days. The principal front is one of great grandeur, a lofty square tower rising in the centre, flanked on either side by wings, with long ranges of arched windows, and to the left a picturesque minaret, with shady cloister below. The entrance doorway contains the arms of the College, and is noticeably

carved in bold relief. The Convocation Hall has a highly carved gable roof, and contains a triple stained-glass window, in memory of students who fell in the Fenian raid of 1866. On the Senate Stairway are some wonderful carvings in Caen stone, copied from "Audubon's Birds," young birds in their nests, etc. The Library, in carved oak, contains 20,000 volumes; also a statue of William of Wykeham, etc. The Museum is worthy a visit. A winding stair of one hundred and sixty steps leads to the top of the tower, from whence a fine view of Toronto and its environs is obtainable, and in clear days of the cloud of spray hovering over Niagara Falls.



TRINITY COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. Strachan and other prominent members of the Church of England, dissatisfied with the undenominational character of Toronto University, determined to procure the establishment of one under the control of their own Church. The venerable bishop, then in his seventy-second year, proceeded to England to procure a charter and to obtain financial aid, in both of which objects he was successful. The elegant building shown in the above engraving, whose Elizabethan style of architecture recalls memories of Oxford or Cambridge, became the home of the new University. It has Faculties of Divinity, Arts, and Medicine.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada early felt the need of special educational and theological training for its ministers. To supply this want, in 1844 Knox College was established. Its

first home was the group of buildings, since enlarged, now occupied as the Queen's Hotel, on Front Street. It afterwards removed to Elmsley Villa, once the residence of Lord Elgin, now replaced by the Central Presbyterian Church. In 1876 it took possession of the commodious and handsome buildings shown in the engraving. The names of Professor Essen, Dr. Burns, and Professors Caven, Gregg, and McLaren, distinguished members of its theological faculty, would reflect honour on any institution.



KNOX COLLEGE—TORONTO.

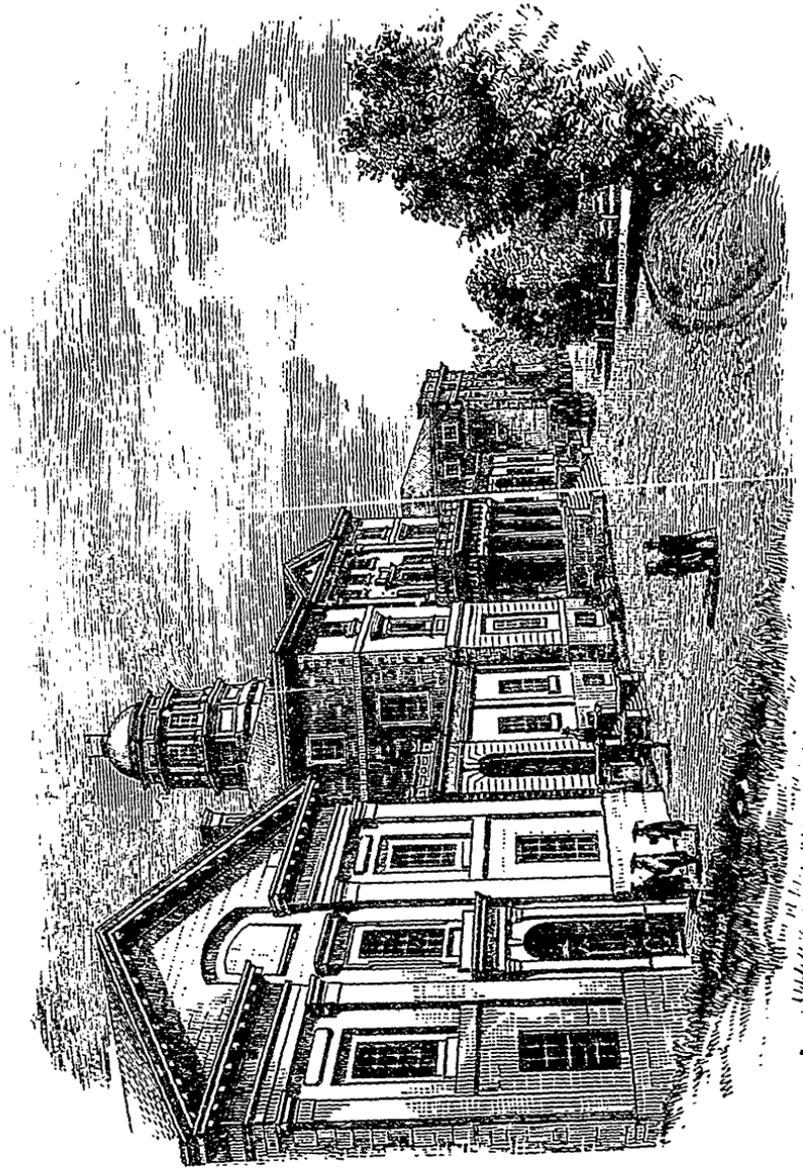
McGill College, the leading University of the province of Quebec, owes its existence, not to state endowment, but to private munificence. It was founded by James McGill, Esq., a merchant of Montreal, who died on the 19th December, 1813, at the age of sixty-nine years. Not having any children, he determined to devote a large portion of his fortune to some object of benevolence connected with his adopted country; and in his last will, made two years before his decease, he set apart his beautifully situated estate of Burnside, on the slope of the Montreal Mountain, valued at \$120,000, with the additional sum of \$40,000 for the foundation of the University of McGill College.

The will was contested and, with the exception of obtaining a

royal charter in 1821, no action was taken upon it till 1829, when Faculties of Arts and Medicine were organized. The University languished, however, for lack of adequate support, till 1856, when a vigorous effort was made to increase its endowment. Among the munificent donations to the college were the erection of the west wing by Mr. William Molson, at a cost of \$40,000, and the endowment of the Molson, Redpath, Logan, and Frothingham chairs at a cost of \$20,000 each. It has also received many exhibition and scholarship endowments and donations, till its annual income is \$38,700 and its capital \$662,700—a magnificent memorial and monument of the enlightened liberality of the leading citizens of Montreal. The University is Protestant, but undenominational in its constitution. The teaching staff in all its faculties consists of thirty-seven professors and lecturers; the number of students, not including those of affiliated colleges, is nearly four hundred. Our theological college in Montreal, which, under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, who is aided by the effective co-operation of Rev. Professor Shaw, is rendering such valuable services to our Church, is to be affiliated in arts with McGill and in theology with Victoria University.

Under the distinguished presidency of Dr. Dawson, McGill College has taken rank as one of the foremost educational institutions of the country. The learned principal's original discoveries in science, and contributions to scientific literature, have won him wide renown. He is a conspicuous example of an eminent scientist who is also a devout believer in the Christian revelation, and one who finds no conflict, but rather the most beautiful harmony, between science and religion.

The College is situated above Sherbrooke Street, near the base of the mountain, and the structure consists of a main building, three stories in height, with two wings, connected therewith by corridors. These buildings and corridors, which are built of Montreal limestone, contain the class-rooms of the Faculty of Arts, with its museum and library, and the residences of the principal, the professor in charge of the resident undergraduates, and the secretary. The library contains over 8,000 volumes of standard works. This number does not include the library of the Medical Faculty, which contains upwards of 4,000 volumes.



McGILL UNIVERSITY.

Engraved from a drawing by J. H. ...
Copyright, 1877, by J. H. ...

The museum contains a general collection of type specimens of Zoology; the Carpenter collection of shells, presented to the University by Dr. P. P. Carpenter; the Carpenter collection of Mazatlan shells; the Cooper collection of 2,400 Canadian insects; a collection of Canadian fresh water and land shells, also botanical, geological, and mineralogical specimens. The philosophical apparatus is valuable, and the chemical laboratory is furnished with all the necessary appliances.

At the west end of the college building is situated the observatory, the basement of which is devoted entirely to the observations on terrestrial magnetism. The ground story and leads are devoted to meteorological observations. The transit tower is for the purpose of furnishing time to the city and to the ships in the harbour, and is connected by electric telegraph with a "time ball" at the wharf. The grounds which surround the main buildings have been planted and laid out as walks, thus rendering them a favourite resort for the residents in the neighbourhood. Here, under the shadow of the institution which he founded, immediately in front of the main entrance, James McGill's remains now "rest in peace." At the eastern end of the college is the new building erected for the medical department. This is a fine stone structure, four stories in height, erected in 1872 at a cost of about \$30,000.

The other higher educational institutions of Quebec are Laval University, Roman Catholic, with Faculties of Arts, Theology, and Law; and Bishop's College, Lennoxville, under the control of the Anglican Church.

In Upper Canada, Queen's College, Kingston, under the management of the Kirk of Scotland, in 1842 received University powers. It has had a long career of usefulness, and, under the able administration of the Rev. G. M. Grant, aided by a liberal endowment movement, is exhibiting new vigour and energy.

In 1846, Regiopolis College, Kingston; in 1848, St. Joseph's College, Ottawa, and in 1852, St. Michael's College, Toronto, were organized, under the control of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1857 the Baptist Church established the Woodstock Literary Institute, and the Episcopal Methodists the Belleville Semi-

nary, which, in 1866, received a university charter as Albert University.*

An illustrated account of the University, Academy, and Theological Institution of our Church at Sackville, New Brunswick, and of the Ladies' Colleges at Hamilton, Whitby, and Stanstead, will form the subject of another article.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

FOR Thou wert born of woman. Thou didst come,
 O Holiest, to this world of sin and gloom,
 Not in Thy dread omnipotent array ;
 And not by thunders strew'd
 Was Thy tempestuous road,
 Nor indignation burned before Thee on Thy way ;
 But Thee, a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother undefiled,
 In the rude manger laid to rest
 From off her virgin breast.

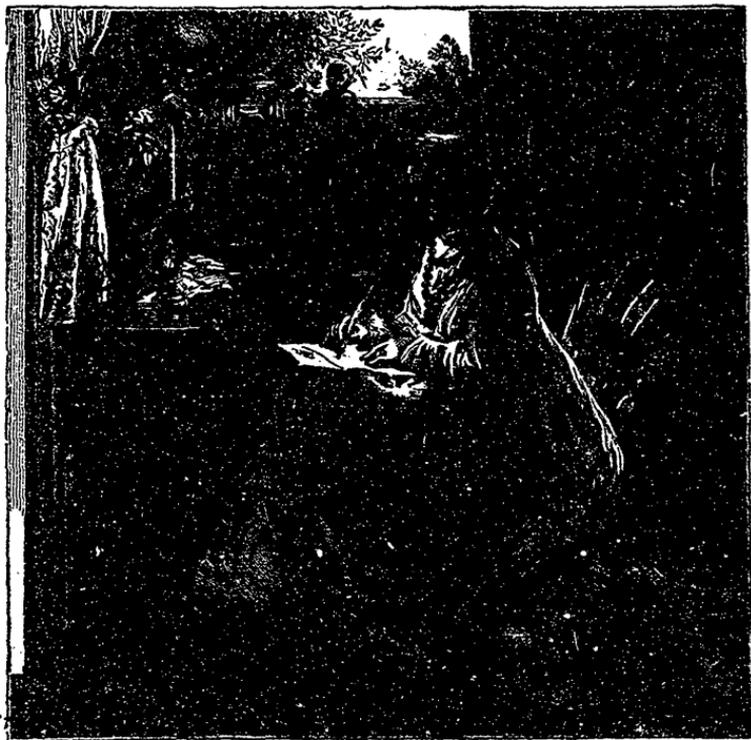
The heavens were not commanded to prepare
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air,
 Nor stoop'd their lamps th' entron'd fires on high ;
 A single silent star
 Came wandering from afar,
 Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky ;
 The Eastern sages leading on,
 As at a kingly throne,
 To lay their gold and odours sweet
 Before Thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
 Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
 Nor at Thy presence broke the voice of song,
 From all the cherub choirs
 And seraph's burning lyres,
 Pour'd through the host of Heaven the charmed clouds along.
 One angel troop the strain began :
 Of all the race of man,
 By simple shepherds heard alone,
 That soft Hosanna tone.

—*Dean Milman.*

* Of this University we purposed to have presented a brief historical sketch and an engraving. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Jaques, its accomplished president, we hope to do so hereafter.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."



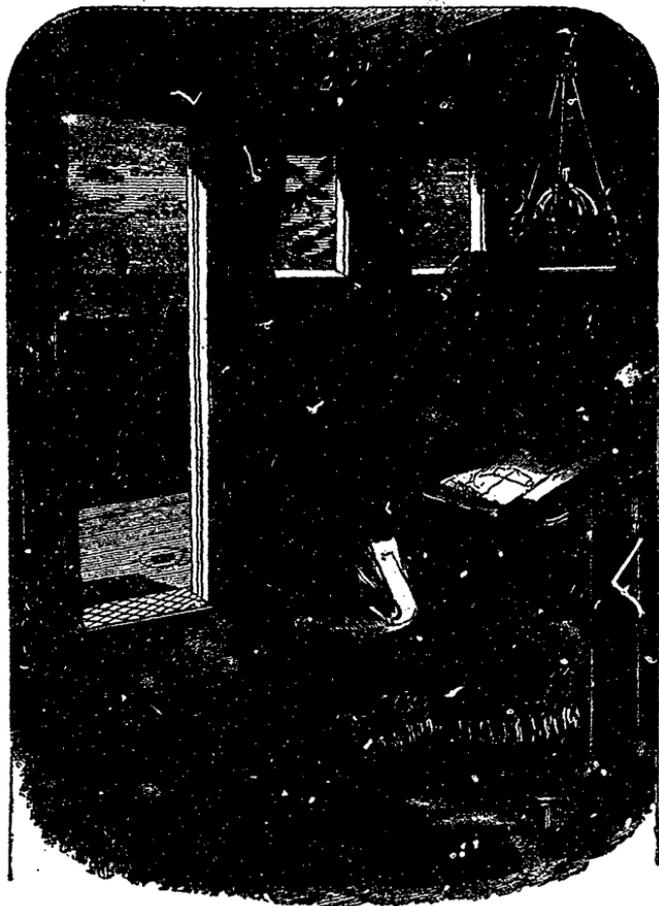
HOW THE JOURNAL WAS KEPT.

Of all the circumnavigators of the world since Magellan first ploughed with adventurous keel the lonely waters of the Pacific, few have made the voyage in such a luxurious style as the little company of the yacht *Sunbeam*, in the year 1876-77. Mr. Thomas Brassey, a son of the great Railway King, whose firm constructed our Canadian Grand Trunk and many other great railways, is an English Member of Parliament, of nautical tastes, and with abundant means for gratifying them. With his accomplished wife, his four children, a select party of friends, a tried crew, and a staunch ship, he set sail for a pleasure cruise around the world, July 1st, 1876. The *Sunbeam* was a luxuriously-



REIAMA PLAINS, CANARY ISLANDS.

fitted three-masted steam yacht of 350 horse-power: the company consisted of forty-three persons, including crew. Mrs. Brassey is the graceful historian of the expedition. The Hon. A. Y. Bingham, one of the guests, an accomplished amateur, was its artist, although Mrs. Brassey took a great many photographic



AMATEUR NAVIGATION.

pictures herself. Mr. Brassey was commander, and, in the more intricate navigation, sailing-master. The record of the cruise, which is a fascinating narrative of travel and adventure, is gotten up in a very sumptuous style. Its hundred and eighteen illustrations,



CAPE FORWARD, MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

of which specimens are herewith given, are of the finest execution. Through the enterprise of the Rose-Belford Publishing Company, a Canadian edition of this book* is printed in this city, a *fac-simile* of the fine English edition—certainly the handsomest book ever published in Canada. It is much superior to the American edition, which contains less than one-third the number of cuts, and those the less expensive sort.

The book is written in a very familiar style from a journal regularly kept day by day. It has thus a sparkling freshness. We are quite taken "into the family." We share the sports of the children, down to the baby who learned to blow like the whales; we join the adventures of their elders, and see the world through the intelligent eyes of the fair narrator, without the discomforts of storms or calms, heat or cold, to which the voyagers were exposed.

Mr. Brassey is referred to colloquially throughout the book as "Tom," as, for instance, "Poor Tom was up most of the night managing the vessel," "Tom read the Litany and Communion service, and preached a good sermon;" a practice which, we are happy to say, he observed throughout the voyage.

The first land made was Madeira, where they ascended the mountain and glided down its side on steel-shod sleds, steered down the zig-zag road, with great skill, by native guides. At Teneriffe the party climbed the Peak, the ladies, however, stopping 1,500 feet below the summit, which is 12,180 feet above the sea. The outlook was superb, but the fatigue of the ascent was very great, and, to make matters worse, in descending they became lost in the darkness.

A long stretch across the Atlantic brought the party to Rio de Janeiro. In crossing the line they had the usual visit from Father Neptune and his train. We get an interesting glimpse of life in Brazil, but our author was painfully impressed with the institution of slavery, and the sale, like cattle, of human flesh and blood. The exuberance of a tropical forest, with its wonderful fauna and flora, butterflies ten inches across, humming

* *Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam*, by Mrs. Brassey, 8vo, pp. 572. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., and Methodist Book Rooms Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$3

birds like living jewels, and gorgeous orchids, etc., awoke her enthusiastic admiration.

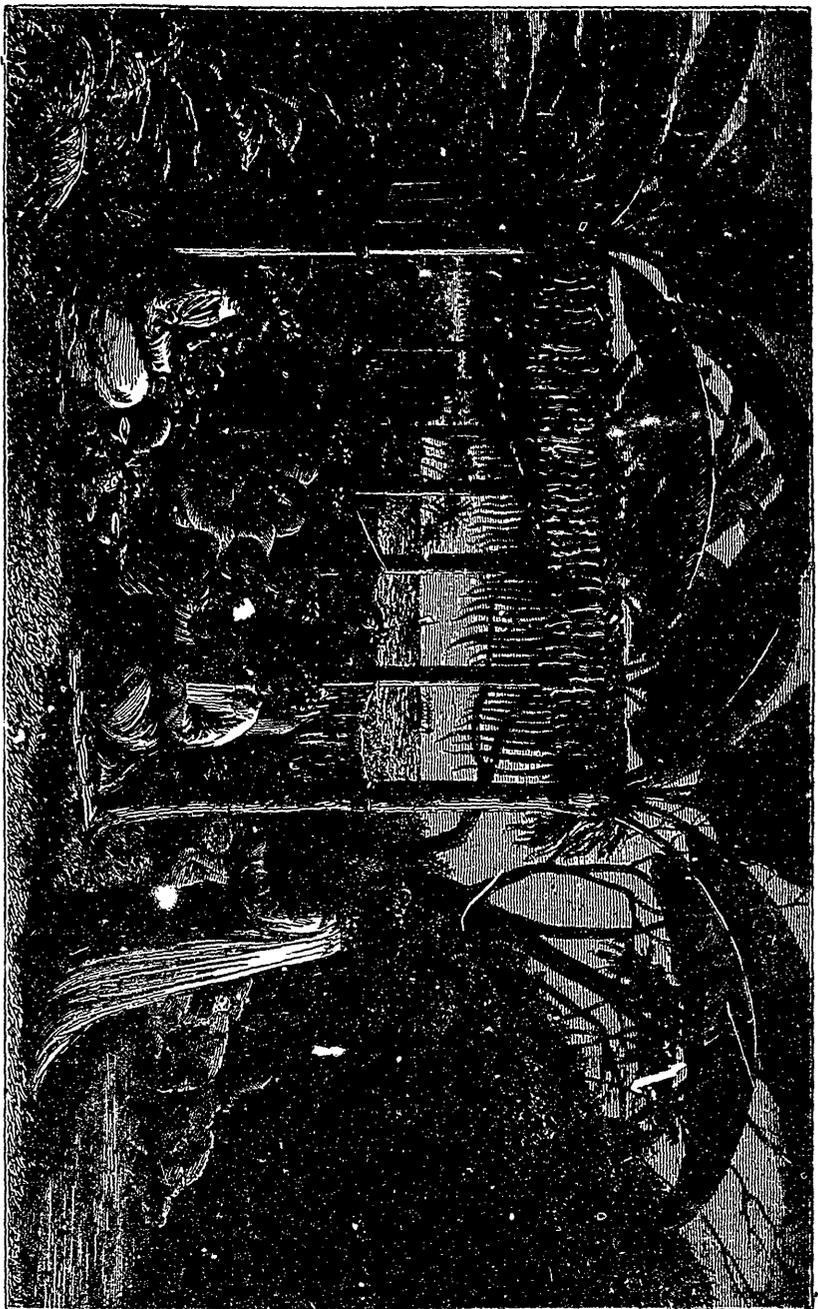
At Monte Video and Buenos Ayres they remained some time, sailing up the River Platte in a steamboat, thence to the heart of the Pampas by the Argentine Railway. Here they found an English settlement, with neat iron church, sent from England, a Sunday-school, and that British institution, a horse-race. Everybody almost lives on horseback on the pampas. Even beggars ride about with a certificate of mendicancy tied about their necks.



TAHITIAN BOATMAN.

While making for Magellan Straits, the *Sunbeam* was fortunately able to rescue the crew of the *Monkshaven*, a Norwegian ship, laden with coal, in which a fire had been smouldering for a week, during which time the crew had been living on deck, with hatches battened down and a volcano slumbering beneath them. Immediately after the providential rescue the flames burst out, illumining the midnight heavens as the *Sunbeam* sailed away. The tax of fifteen hungry mouths upon the ship's stores put all hands on half-allowance. But, fortunately, in a few days the rescued crew were transferred to a Pacific mail steamer and sent to England.

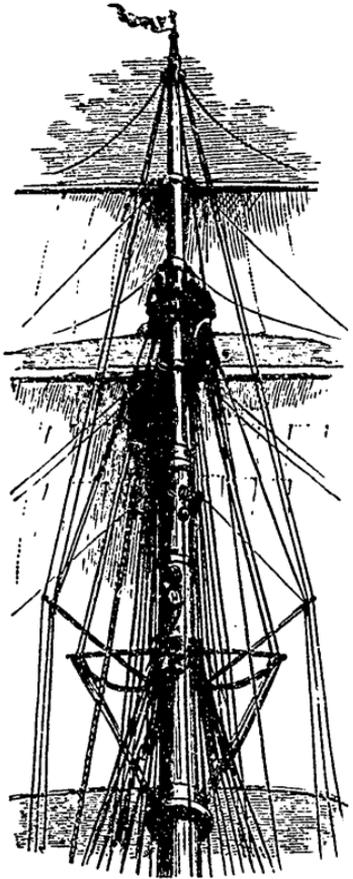
Mr. Brassey guided his vessel with great skill through the



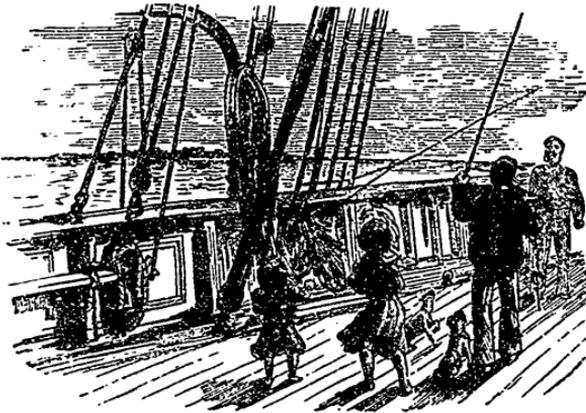
NAIVE EAST, TAHITI.

intricate navigation of Magellan Straits, stopping awhile at the dreary Chilian penal colony of Sandy Point. They met a few Patigonian and Fuegian natives in crazy boats of planks, tied together with sinews, with a fire smouldering on some green boughs in the bottom. For some tobacco and beads they purchased from them five sea-otter cloaks, worth £40 each in London. The glaciers were the finest they ever saw, even those of Norway and Switzerland being insignificant beside them. It added to the charm of travel amid these sublime scenes that, at the wish of the fair mistress of the yacht, the screw would be stopped to permit her to enjoy the prospect, or to ramble on the shore.

A stay of a fortnight was made in Chili, visiting Concepcion, Santiago, and Valparaiso—the Vale of Paradise, as the Spaniards called it, on account of its lovely scenery. In making a railway trip to the Andes, the author met a young Canadian engineer, to whose intelligence she pays a high compliment. The country is

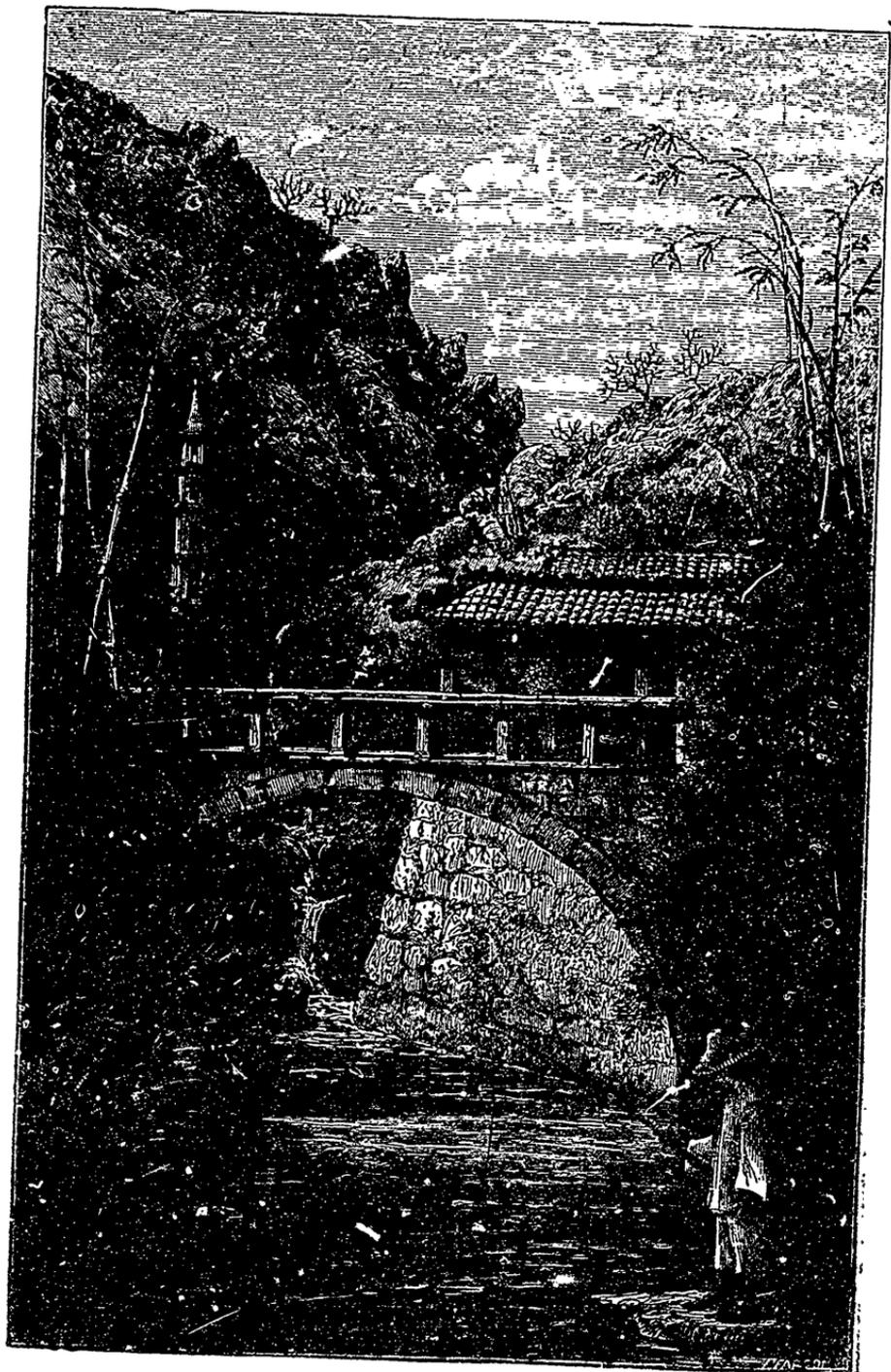


UP ALOFT.



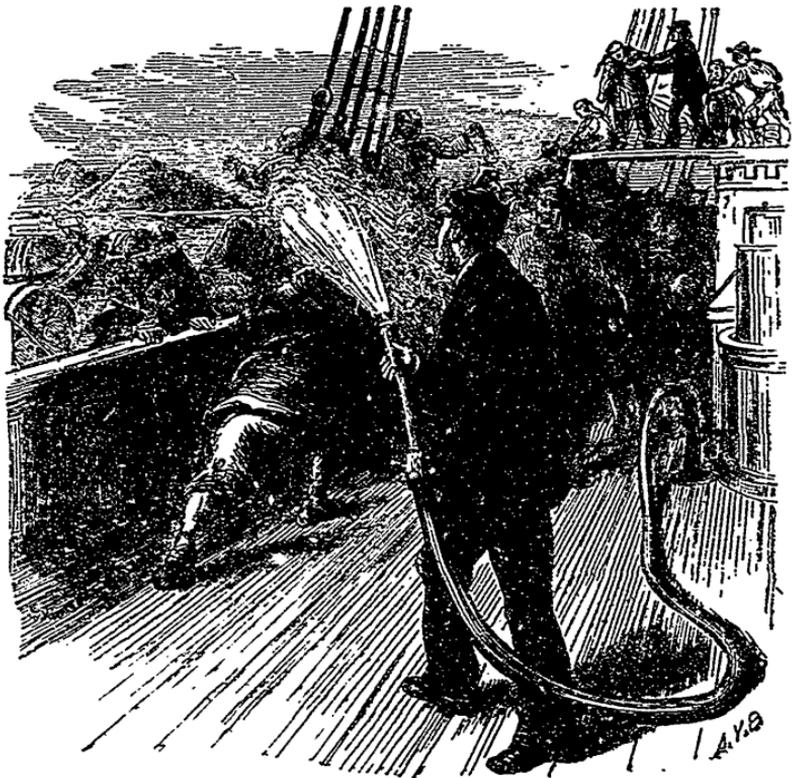
THE CHILDREN LOOKING UP.

rich in agricultural and mineral resources, but needs greatly for its development good government, capital, and, we may add, a Protestant Christianity, under which free institutions flourish as



CHOCK SING TOM, CHINA.

under no other auspices. She tells of a plucky English engine-driver who, although the tender had run over his foot, still stuck to his engine till it ran off the track. It was forty-two hours before he could receive surgical aid. One of the saddest sights was the ruins of the church at Santiago, in which two thousand persons, mostly women, were burned to death in 1863. The genuine Panama hats, we learn, are very expensive—the best costing as much as \$340; but they will last forever and wash like a pocket handkerchief.

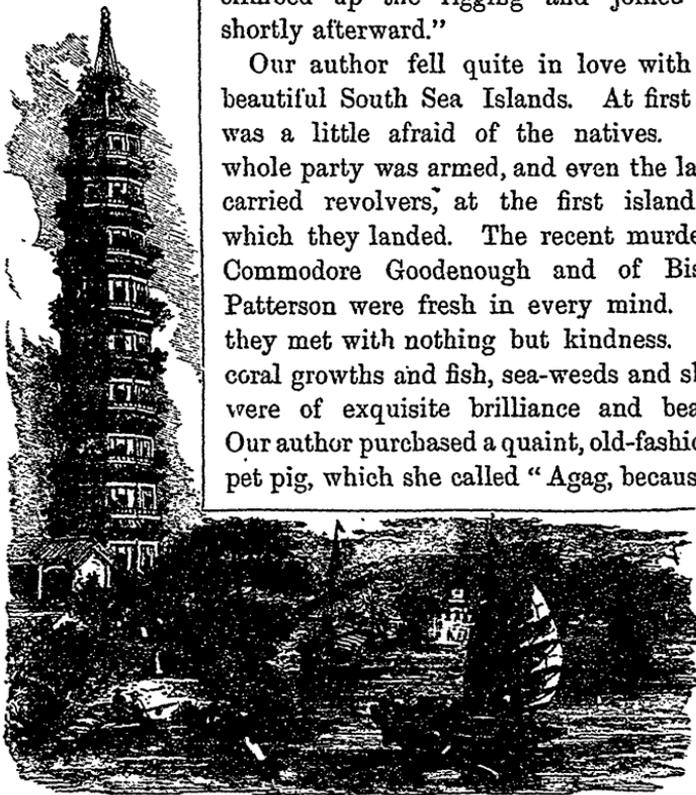


CHINESE BOARDERS REPULSED.

On the first of November they began their four weeks' sail of four thousand miles across the lonely Pacific to Tahiti. The party found the benefit of the library of seven hundred volumes with which the yacht was furnished. As they reached Clark's Island, a curious circular coral reef, Mrs. Brassey was hauled high up the mast, in a "hoatswain's chair," to enjoy the prospect.

"When I got accustomed," she says, "to the smallness of my seat, the airiness of my perch, and the increased roll of the vessel, I found my position by no means an unpleasant one," especially as "Tom climbed up the rigging and joined me shortly afterward."

Our author fell quite in love with the beautiful South Sea Islands. At first she was a little afraid of the natives. The whole party was armed, and even the ladies carried revolvers, at the first island on which they landed. The recent murder of Commodore Goodenough and of Bishop Patterson were fresh in every mind. But they met with nothing but kindness. The coral growths and fish, sea-weeds and shells were of exquisite brilliance and beauty. Our author purchased a quaint, old-fashioned pet pig, which she called "Agag, because he



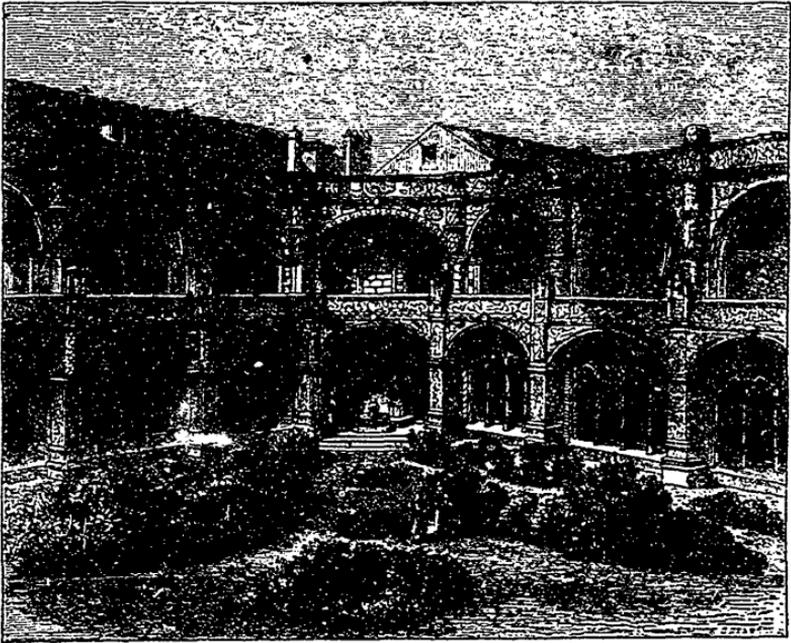
CHINESE PAGODA.

walked so delicately, but the others named him Beau, on account of his elegant manners." Tahiti seemed a fairy scene :

"Like a summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,"

abounding in the loveliest landscapes and exquisite fruits and flowers. The natives, dressed in bright-coloured robes and crowned with garlands, appeared to enjoy a perpetual holiday. But even this paradise had its drawbacks—cockroaches three

inches long and ravenous mosquitoes made life miserable at night. (In Ceylon our author found mosquito-proof rooms, like large meat safes.) The native church was crowded on Sunday with an intelligent congregation, many of whom diligently took notes of the sermon. These, the author found, were the Bible-class, whose pride it was to repeat nearly the whole of the discourse. The hymns were sung with much fervour, and the sacrament was administered with the substitution of bread-fruit



CLOISTER GARDENS AT LISBON.

and cocoanut milk for bread and wine. Under missionary influence the exports of the island has risen from £8,400 in 1845, to £102,000 in 1874.

On December 22nd they reached Hawaii, and visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued

from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids, and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff a hundred feet high into the sea at its base. But alas, many of the natives of this lovely land are lepers, and live in isolation on an island by themselves. A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious instruction of those outcasts of mankind, sharing also their irrevocable doom—an act of heroism rarely paralleled in the annals of philanthropy.

On the 4th of January, 1877, the tourists sailed from Honolulu for Japan, a distance of 2,700 miles. They reached Yokohama February 2nd, and saw the sun rise behind the snow-covered Fujiyama, or "matchless mountain" of the Japanese. *Jin-rikishas* were summoned, and the wonders of Tokio explored, of which a very graphic account is given. The strange blending of European and Oriental life, costumes, and customs makes Japan one of the most interesting countries in the world. Everything seems reversed; they clothe the cattle, and the men go nearly naked; the carpenter pulls his saw and plane towards him and the tailor thrusts his needle from him. The party visited the great bronze sitting figure of Daibutz, fifty feet high, six hundred years old, on whose thumb a man may sit.

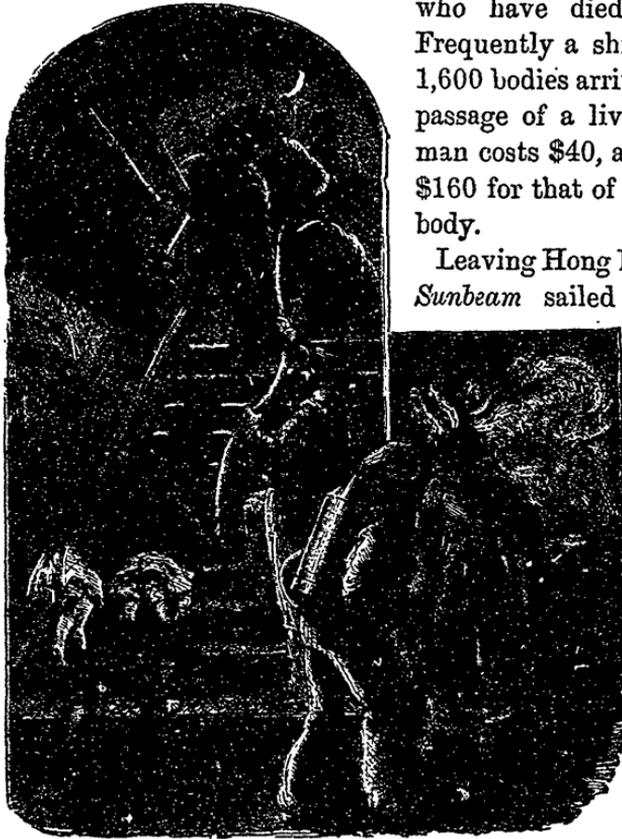
After a visit to Kioto and Osaka, they left with regret the "Sunrise Kingdom." The incorruptible honesty of the Japanese tradesmen is highly commended, as also the beauty and ingenuity of their art and the amiability of the people. As our January number will contain a well-illustrated paper on this subject, we pass over it here.

On February 26th they reached Hong Kong, that maze of junks, sampans, and shipping from every port in the world. The pertinacious Chinese so swarmed on the yacht that they had to be dispersed with the cold water hose. The "pidgion English," as spoken by grave merchants, seemed like the silliest of baby talk. "Take piecey mississy one piecey bag top side" seems as hard to understand as "Take the lady's bag upstairs;" but it is

easier to a Chinaman's intellect. The crowded towns, the vile odours, disgusting *cuisine*, squalor, and the seething mass of humanity of the miscalled Flowery Empire, were very distasteful after the neatness and even elegance of Japanese life. A strange superstition is that of sending home for burial the bones of Chinese

who have died abroad. Frequently a shipload of 1,600 bodies arrives. The passage of a live Chinaman costs \$40, as against \$160 for that of his dead body.

Leaving Hong Kong, the *Sunbeam* sailed through



THE YACHT ON FIRE.

the Straits of Malacca, stopping at Singapore and Penang. The passage of the Straits was delightful. The beautiful bright birds and flowers, the snowy turbans, gay silks, and bronze forms of the natives, and the luscious tropical fruits were full of novelty and attraction. But unfortunately the enjoyment was marred by the almost intolerable heat.

Long before they reached it the travellers could distinctly

smell the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon. The scarlet cranes, crimson-tipped cinnamon trees, purple sunsets, and brilliant gems, all seemed to glow with tropical sunlight. The Cingalese gem-sellers are sad rogues. They will ask a thousand rupees for a paste gem for which they will take fourpence. The small-pox was raging, and many houses had the warning words written on the walls in English, Sanskrit, and Cingalese.

Leaving Colombo, April 5th, in ten days the *Sunbeam* reached Aden, the "hottest place on earth," and, after ten days beating about in the Red Sea, reached Suez on the 25th. The weather became rapidly cool, furs were in request, and the ladies were busy making flannel jackets for their monkeys, who pined for their sunny Southern homes.

While the yacht passed through the canal, the party went by rail to Cairo and the Pyramids, rejoining it at Alexandria. Rapidly steaming up the Mediterranean, they stopped at Malta, and received a visit from H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who had made almost the same cruise in the *Galatea*. After stopping at Gibraltar and Lisbon, and getting a good tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, our tourists at last sighted old England with rapturous hearts, and reached Hastings, May 25th, after an absence of nearly eleven months. During this time they had travelled 35,375 miles, of which 20,396 was made by sail alone, not over 350 tons of coal being used during the voyage of forty-six weeks.

The trip was a most enjoyable one, though not without sundry mishaps. More than once the head gear was carried away and heavy seas deluged the cabin. Twice the ship caught fire, to the great consternation of the passengers, but the use of chemical *extincteurs* promptly extinguished the flames. The small-pox broke out in the fore-castle, causing much anxiety, but providentially no life was lost during the entire voyage. The narrative is one of great interest, and conveys in pleasant form much valuable information about out-of-the-way places and people.

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. M. MACGILLES.

HARK ! the Christmas bells are ringing
Thro' the frosty air again,
And the angel choirs are singing,
“ Peace on earth, good will to men.”

While with lowly reverence bending,
Worshippers of every place
Thanks and praise to Heaven are sending
For the blessed “ Prince of Peace.”

Hear the organ softly pealing
Ushering in the happy morn,
Louder now the notes are swelling :
“ Unto us a child is born.”

“ Unto us a Son is given,”
Spread the glorious tidings round,
Tidings sent from earth to Heaven,
All may hear the joyful sound.

Many a hundred years have vanish'd,
Many generations sleep,
Since the dawning of that morning
Which, with joyful hearts, we keep.

Still the same bright stars are shining
That of old lit up the plain,
Where the shepherds watch were keeping
When came by the angel train.

Singing “ Glory in the highest
To the world is born a Prince
In the city of King David,
Who shall save men from their sins.”

In the East one star appearing,
Brighter shone upon the way,
Showing to the wandering wise men
Where the Babe of Bethlehem lay.

Beacon Star ! how many weary
Wand'ring souls have seen Thy light
Shining o'er their pathway dreary
Making even darkness bright.

Kings have seen and bless'd Thy rising,
Princes, nations yet to come
Shall, when we in dust are sleeping,
Bless the beams that guide them home.

Star of Bethlehem, may no shadow
Ever hide from us thy light !
Shine as outward vision darkens
Brighter to our inward sight.

Welcome Christmas, happy season,
Thy return we hail once more.
Welcome ! bringing joy and gladness,
Cheering hearts of rich and poor.

TORONTO, Ont.

THE KING'S MESSENGER

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

—
A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.
—

CHAPTER XXIV.—PERIL AND RESCUE—THE GUIDING STAR.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

—LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.*

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

—WORDSWORTH.

LAWRENCE did not neglect during the winter to keep up the round of his appointments, far and near, especially, as may be supposed, that at Owen's Corners. On snow-shoes, or on horse-back, or in a rude jumper, how bad soever the weather or the road, he was always at his post. On one occasion when the drifts were so deep that his horse fell down, unable to proceed, he

unhitched the out-done animal, left his "jumper" in the snow, and led his horse to the schoolhouse, where a large company were awaiting patiently his confidently expected appearance.

When possible, the frozen lake was chosen as offering a smooth and level road. One night—it was toward spring and a thaw and rain had weakened the ice—he was overtaken by night some distance from the landing. As it became dark, he hugged the shore pretty closely in order to avoid getting lost on the ice. At length he saw gleaming in the distance a well-known light. It was that of the room in which the fair Edith Norris sat and read and sewed or sketched. Had he been sufficiently familiar with Shakespeare, he would probably have said with Romeo—

"Yonder's the East and Juliet is my sun,"

but he simply thought, "Is that fair creature to be the loadstar of my life?"

These pleasant reflections, however, were soon ended. Suddenly, in a moment, his horse disappeared, as utterly as if he had been annihilated. Lawrence sprang instantly from the back of his "jumper," but was immersed in the water up to his waist. He managed to scramble out on to the ice, however, and crept carefully around to the head of his horse, which was struggling in the water. He tried, after the backwoods' fashion, to bring the animal to the surface by twisting the "lines" around his neck and then to drag him on to the ice. But the ice kept breaking around the edge as often as he attempted this feat.

After struggling alone in the dark with the drowning horse for some time, he resolved to seek help at the landing, more than a mile off. He first drew the points of the shafts well up on the ice, so as to support the animal, and then started for the shore. But he had now completely lost his bearings and he could not form the least idea where the landing was. He eagerly scanned the horizon, but could only see, looming through the darkness, the shadowy outline of the shore. At length, oh joy! there, far to the left, gleamed the solitary light which had previously gladdened his vision. It became his loadstar in peril sooner than he had thought. Would its fair mistress also? He hurried, with

sturdy strides, to the shore, the chill wind piercing his wet clothing. Reaching the landing, he entered the village tavern, the nearest house, and cried, "My horse is in the lake. I'll give ten dollars if you'll get him out."

Four or five sturdy fellows immediately set out with ropes and a lantern. They spread out in skirmishing order over the lake, so as to sweep as much of its surface as possible. The rising wind blew out the lantern, and much time was lost in relighting it.

"This way," shouted Lawrence, who had run ahead. The poor animal, struggling hard in the ice-cold water, heard his voice and faintly whinnied a reply. Lawrence hurried on, and supported the faithful creature's head till the men came up, when by main force they dragged him out on the ice. The benumbed animal was able to walk to the shore, apparently not much the worse for his icy immersion.

"Gentlemen, you have my warmest thanks," said Lawrence when they were re-assembled in the bar-room, and he took out his meagre wallet to divide among them the promised reward.

"D'ye think we want your money?—not if I know myself and these jolly fellows," said the landlord, a burly, good-hearted man, though engaged in a very nefarious calling. But oftentimes, alas!

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

"Of course we don't," "Not a cent," "D'ye think we'd risk we're lives for money?" chorused the entire group.

One pitiful-looking sot, however, who had boozed by the fire while the others were on the ice, hiccupped out, "Ye might treat us to summat, noo ye've gotten yer 'orse as were as good as drooned."

"Gentlemen," said Lawrence, "it is contrary to my principles to treat or be treated to liquor. But I will be obliged, Mr. Landlord, if you will prepare for those gallant men the best coffee supper you can get up."

"Hurrah for the preacher!" "He's a brick!" echoed the group, the latter expression being the very quintessence of a backwoods' compliment.

Lawrence had been wet for over an hour and was shivering

with the cold. He forwent his purpose of going to the Norris's hospitable house in his then plight, and asked for a bed at the tavern, at the same time ordering a quart of spirits to be taken up to his room that he might bathe his benumbed limbs.

"It's good sometimes externally, gentlemen," he said, "and that is the only way it is good."

"'E wants to taak a soop on the sly," said the disappointed toper.

"Landlord," said Lawrence, not deigning to notice the insult, "haven't you some strychnine that you use for killing foxes?"

"Yes. What do you want with it?" he replied, as he brought a small package from the clock case, in which, for safety, it was hidden.

"Only this," answered Lawrence, as he poured it all into the vessel containing the spirits. "Now, gentlemen," he went on, "I'm not likely to take any of it 'on the sly,' nor any other way. But its poison is no more deadly now than it was before, only a little quicker in its operation, that is all," and he bade them a courteous good-night.

"He's a trump," said the landlord, "anyway, for all his notions. Pity he's a preacher. What a politician he'd make with that manner of his'n. He's nobody's fool, nuther,—'cute as a weasel, he is. If he was only runnin' for parliament now, he'd scoop up the votes at the Corners wholesale."

So great was that worthy's admiration of his unusual guest that he refused next morning to accept anything for his entertainment over night.

"The men preferred drinks o' whisky all round to any of yer coffee stuff," he said; "an' I won't ask ye to pay for what's agin yer principles." An' as fer your bed, you're welcome here any time."

Very warm were the congratulations of the Norris family, who, in consequence of the celerity with which news travels in the country, even without telegraphs or telephones, had already heard of his adventure.

As Lawrence told the fair Edith that it was the light of her lamp that had been the guiding star that rescued him from the peril in the dark, her eyes were suffused with a sympathetic emo-

tion. A great hope dawned like a brighter star in the young man's soul ; but he strove to put the thought aside as a temptation that might come between him and the great life-work to which he was espoused as to a bride,—that of the humble and ill-remunerated toil of a Methodist preacher.

The winter passed rapidly by. Successful revivals had taken place at several of the appointments, and the membership was largely increased. With the spring thaw the roads broke up and travel was almost impossible. To Lawrence's efforts to reach his appointments might almost be applied the words of Milton descriptive of the progress of a far different character on a far different mission.

“ O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

But still he bated not a jot of energy or hopefulness. As the bright spring weather came,—and it comes with an almost magical transformation in these northern latitudes—the church was approaching completion. Lawrence expected that that venerable, highly-honoured and much-beloved friend of missions, Dr. Enoch Wood, who has probably opened more churches for the worship of God than any other man in Canada, would conduct the dedication service. But that could not take place till after Conference, and so probably he would not even have the pleasure of witnessing the consecration of the building in whose erection he had toiled so earnestly.

There is probably no class of men in the world who more completely solve by their life of labour the Virgilian riddle,

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

They labour and another enters into their labours. Yet none are more zealous for the upbuilding of the cause of God than they, even in a neighbourhood which they expect soon to leave, probably never to see it again. In no Church is the unselfish, wide-hearted, comprehensive connexional spirit more grandly

developed. Their sympathies are not circumscribed by any local limits. The progress of God's work at Gaspe or Red River, nay, at Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, or in Japan, causes the same thrill of happy emotion as a revival on the adjoining circuit.

So Lawrence toiled among these people as though he was to live with them all his life. Or rather, he toiled harder, for he felt that whatever he would do among them he must do at once, for he might never have another opportunity. The people were exceedingly anxious for his return, and requested his re-appointment. But they could offer him no inducement beyond a hearty welcome, glad co-operation, hard toil and plenty of it, poor fare, and scanty remuneration. But for just such rewards hundreds of brave, great-hearted men are willing to spend and be spent in the most blessed service of the Divine Master.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE ACCOLADE.

Christ to the young man said, "Yet one thing more ;
If thou would'st perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me."

"Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head."

—LONGFELLOW—*Ordination Hymn.*

"O blessed Lord ! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way !
So many hands that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds and make them bleed !
So many feet that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray !
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,
I cannot lead Thy flock aright ;
Nor, without Thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway."

—LONGFELLOW—*Golden Legend.*

As the Conference was to be held not far from Northville, Lawrence yielded to the combined inducement of paying a visit to his home and attending as an interested spectator the meetings of that august body, which he regarded as entrusted with the

most important interests in the world,—and we are not sure that in this he was very greatly mistaken.

The home-greeting was of the warmest. There was much to hear and much to tell, notwithstanding that almost weekly letters were exchanged between mother or sisters and the absent one. Mary was blossoming into lovely womanhood, and proud was Lawrence as she gave him her sisterly greeting among the June roses, herself more blooming-fair than they. The saintly mother looked more saintly still, wan and worn with care and toil, and the streaks of silver were more abundant in her hair. But the same hallowed light was in her eyes, the same calm peace—the peace of God that passeth all understanding—was on her brow.

The period of the visit was a continual holiday. It was a short drive to the Conference town, and every day Lawrence took his mother or sister to the sessions of that body. It soon assumed a more important relation to him than he had anticipated. On his arrival he was informed by the chairman of his district that the Stationing Committee had put him down again for Centreville Mission; and, furthermore, that in view of the remoteness and isolation of the field and his own success and maturity of character, beyond his years,—here Lawrence blushed and bowed,—they had resolved to recommend his ordination “for special purposes,”—that is, in order that he might administer the sacraments and celebrate marriage.

This was unexpected, almost startling news; but as he looked into his heart, he found a feeling neither of exultation, nor of shrinking from his increased responsibilities, but of acquiescence with the will of God, whatever it might be. The Conference assented to the somewhat unusual proposal on account of the special circumstances of the case; and Lawrence was directed to present himself with the class of probationers whose reception was to take place on the Friday evening, and who were to be ordained on the following Sabbath. He sought solitude as much as possible during the interval before these solemn services, that he might commune with his own heart, and afresh dedicate himself to God.

That important service, to him one of the most solemn of his life, when he, so young, so retiring, so almost morbidly shrinking in his disposition, in the presence of a vast multitude, including

some hundreds of ministers, was to make his confession of faith and tell the story of his call to the work of the ministry, at length arrived. At first he had shrunk from the ordeal, but as the time drew nigh he felt strangely calm and sustained by the presence and power of God. His mother and sister, of course, were in the audience, and their magnetic eyes drew the gaze of his and inspired him with their sympathy till he seemed to forget the presence of all others than they. When called upon, he spoke as simply as in a quiet class-meeting in Muskoka, yet with a suppressed emotion that touched every heart.

He did not wonder, he said, that he was trying to serve God. He wondered that he was not trying to serve Him better. As he spoke of his early consecration to God, of the hallowed spell of his mother's influence on his young life, in moulding his character, and in leading him to the Saviour, his voice faltered and many an eye was suffused with tears. But that mother's eyes, into whose depths he gazed, lit up with a starry splendour, seemed to give him control over his emotions. Then he spoke of the moulding influence of the Sabbath-school, of the early strivings of God's Spirit with his soul, of his yielding to His lessed influence.

As he spoke of his father as the ideal hero of his boyhood, of his brave example, of the white flower of his blameless life, of his triumphant death, and of the promise made to follow in his footsteps as he had been a follower of the Lord Jesus, many of the ministers present, who had known and loved the man, carried away by the fervency of their feelings, cried out, "Hallelujah!" "God bless the lad!" "May the father's mantle rest upon the son!" "Amen!" "Praise the Lord."

Then he spoke of the great help he had received from his fathers in the ministry, and especially from the professors of the college, his brief season at which was an unfading memory of gladness and perpetual impulse to the culture of all his powers. But when he spoke of the great joy of gathering in the first harvest of souls in his far-off mission, his voice deepened and his form seemed to dilate as he rejoiced before God with the joy of those who bring their sheaves with them.

When he, with the other probationers, had sat down, he listened

with deep emotion and delight to the wise counsels, the fatherly and brotherly utterances of the senior ministers who moved and seconded or supported their reception. The names of some of these had been for years as familiar to his ears as "household words," and he now saw them and heard their voices, and felt that he was welcomed by these veteran warriors, who had borne the brunt of many a conflict with sin and wrong, to the same holy brotherhood to which they belonged—a grander knighthood than the mail-clad chivalry of arms.

But on the Sabbath his emotions were even deeper, as he listened to the solemn charge of the President of the Conference, and was set apart—as a being consecrate to God forever—by the laying on of hands of the presbytery. Never did he so feel how high was the dignity, how weighty the office to which he was called, how precious the treasure committed to his care, and how grave the responsibility which he bore. He therefore, while he almost trembled beneath the vows which he took, put his whole soul into the words he uttered in answer to the questions of the President, looking up to God for strength to keep these solemn vows.

As he repeated with the others that sublime hymn of the ages, the *Veni, Creator, Spiritus*, he realized in his soul the blessed unction from above of the Anointing Spirit and the impartation of His sevenfold gifts. As he received in his hands the Holy Bible which was to be the charter of his authority to preach the Word of God and to administer the sacraments in the congregation, he fervently kissed the sacred book, and then pressed it to his heart as his guide and counsellor through life, trusting in whose blessed teachings he hoped at last to go home in triumph to the skies. He grasped it in his hand as the sharp two-edged sword of the Spirit which he was to wield as his battle-brand; and he cried in his heart, as did David when he grasped the mighty sword of Goliath—"Give it me; there is none like it."

During the Conference sessions Lawrence took especial delight in sitting in the gallery of the church with his mother or sister, and listening to the debates. From his chairman, who sometimes joined them, he learned the names of most of the ministers, and sometimes sketches of their often remarkable history. They

seemed to him like the warriors of a Homeric battle-field; or rather, for that simile degraded their character, they were the plumed heroes of a nobler chivalry than that of the steel-clad warriors of old—the true Christian knighthood,

“ Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who revered their conscience as their king,
Who spake no slander; no, nor listened to it; ”

whose trophies were not garments rolled in blood and brazen helms all battle-stained and dented, but a world redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled by the mighty manumission of the blood of Christ.

At last came the closing hour of the Conference, and its crowning act, the reading of the stations. The scene rose to the dignity of the morally sublime. The galleries were filled with interested spectators. Every minister was in his place. Several of them were, for the first time, to learn their destiny for the year—often involving the sundering of tender ties, a long and tedious journey, and the seeking of a new home among perfect strangers. The President took the chair with unusual gravity of mien. The grand inspiring battle-hymn was sung—

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on.

A hero-soul looked out of each man's eyes. There was no faltering, no flinching. Each one was ready to accept his fate and go forth

Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son.

The Secretary read with a clear, distinct voice the decrees of the Book of Fate which he held in his hands. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. Every sound was hushed. The very ticking of the clock smote with unusual emphasis upon the ear. As Lawrence heard his name read out for Centreville Mission he bowed his head upon the rail before him and lifted up his heart to God, and when he raised it, by the glad light in his eyes it might be seen that his prayer had been answered.

Not a murmur arose, not a protest was heard in all that assembly

against the decisions of that day, although they vitally affected these men in their most intimate and personal relations. Has the world ever witnessed a sublimer spectacle?

Then they sang again, each man making the words the utterance of his own soul,

“Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I speak, or think, or do.

“The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.

“For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.”

With this as their sublime marching song and battle-hymn, they went forth again on their sacred crusade—the army of the holy cross—against the embattled legions of the Prince of the power of the air—to know no truce nor respite till the Great Captain of their salvation should say to each warrior—“It is enough; enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.”

The few days that Lawrence spent at home were days of hallowed enjoyment. But although they were to him like an oasis to a weary traveller, he was eager to be at his field of sacred toil. “I am the King's messenger,” he said when his mother asked him to stay a little longer, “and the King's business requires haste.”

“Go, my son,” replied that nobler than Spartan mother. “Had I ten sons, I would give them all to be the messengers of such a King.”

The next day, therefore, Lawrence departed, inspired with fresh zeal and courage, to labour for the glory of God amid the rocks and lakes and wilds of Muskoka. Here, for the present, we must leave him. The story of his trials and his triumphs, of his discouragements and successes, of his varied adventures on various fields of labour, in the wide waste and in the city full, and

the blending of his fortunes, after many strange and providential vicissitudes, with those of the fair Edith—this story may be hereafter told. For the present we bid “Farewell” to our kind readers, and “Farewell and God-speed” to LAWRENCE TEMPLE THE KING’S MESSENGER.

THE END.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great Night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

The pagan at his midnight board
Let fall his brimming cup of gold ;
He felt the presence of his Lord
Before His birth was told.

The temples trembled to their base,
The idols shuddered as in pain ;
A priesthood in its power of place
Knelt to its gods in vain.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light—

Light to the shepherds ! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold—
Light to the wise men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold—

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne ;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, as then,
“Glory, glory unto God !
Peace and good-will to men !”

ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

DR. COKE.—THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

DR. COKE had been requested by the English Conference to prepare a Commentary on the Holy Scripture. On his fifth voyage to America he devoted himself with assiduity to the task. "I find a ship a most convenient place for study," is his rather exceptional experience, "although," he adds, "it is sometimes a great exercise for my feet, legs, and arms to keep myself steady to write." Proceeding from New York to St. Eustatius in company with the sainted "Bishop" Black of Nova Scotia, he found the vessel exceedingly loathsome from the filthy habits of the crew, yet he was able, he said, to become a contented Hottentot, and the consolations of God superabounded. He found the Methodist missionary in jail for preaching the Gospel and Negro women publicly flogged for attending a prayer-meeting. The penalty for the second and third offence of preaching was banishment and death, but the imprisoned missionary still preached through his grated windows to the Negroes without who listened with tears flowing down their cheeks. The Doctor might well denounce these cruel laws as rivaling the edicts of the pagan emperors of Rome. He zealously interceded with the Dutch and English Governments for the cessation of these infamous laws, and eventually with success. In Jamaica he preached the first sermon ever heard in the town of Falmouth, although it had had for years a parochial clergyman with a handsome stipend. As he declared the necessity of the new birth, a sea captain exclaimed, "Sir, if what you say be true, we must all be damned. I don't like your doctrine at all," and the sermon was continued amid tumult and confusion. On his return to England his ship was chased by a French privateer, but was rescued by the appearance of Lord Hood's fleet.

The publication of Wilberforce's evidence concerning the slave

trade was to the heart of Dr. Coke an appalling revelation of the horrors of that "sum of all villainies." He therefore, in his yearning pity for the dark continent of Africa, projected a mission colony to that unhappy country, then seldom sought but for purposes of cruelty and crime. The expedition sailed for Sierra Leone in 1796, but, although the pioneer of successful missions, was itself a failure.

The same year he again embarked to attend the General Conference at Baltimore. Travelling now-a-days has lost much of the adventure and peril and discomfort it had in the last century. He describes the ship as a "floating hell" and the ill-treatment of the captain as too infamous to describe. He believed he wished to cause his death, out of hatred to Methodism. With a single shirt in his pocket, and refused the request for a little bread and pork, although he had paid eighteen guineas for his passage, Dr. Coke left the vessel in Chesapeake Bay in a small half-decked schooner, on whose bare deck he slept all night. With much privation and vexatious delays, travelling by boat, on horseback, or on foot, he reached Baltimore just in time for the Conference. *En route* he was joined by a Methodist preacher from beyond the Alleghanies, who had been lost sixteen days in crossing the mountains. His horse had perished and he himself had nearly died of the agonies of famine. Such were some of the episodes of the itinerancy eighty years ago.

On Coke's succeeding voyage the vessel was captured by a French privateer and confiscated with all the Doctor's baggage except his private papers. He was landed at Porto Rico, with scarcely raiment enough for his personal necessities, but escaping the horrors of a French prison, and at length found his way to Conference "on a borrowed horse with a great boy riding behind him."

During the terrible insurrection of "'98" in Ireland, Dr. Coke was in that distracted country, frequently exposed to personal peril, but providentially protected. It was a Methodist class-leader in Dublin who gave warning of the outbreak, and thus saved the capital from capture and pillage by the insurgents. The horrors of this civil war, for such it was, have never been fully recorded. A French invasion was invited by the rebels, and attempted under

General Huburt. In cabins, in turf heaps, in peat mosses, pikes were concealed for the massacre of the Protestants. Beacon fires flashed the signal of the rising from peak to peak. Infuriated priests instigated the mob from the parish altars. The houses of the Protestants were burned, their cattle harried, and multitudes of non-combatant men, women, and children were cruelly massacred. Tens of thousands of armed ruffians, maddened with whiskey and fanaticism, ravaged the country with fire and sword. The air was tainted with the stench of thousands of unburied dead. Thirty-seven thousand of the marauders encamped near Ross, and the next day seven thousand were slain in a conflict with the royal troops. The Methodists, especially the itinerent preachers, were, for their loyalty, particularly obnoxious to the rebels, and several were cruelly piked with aggravated barbarity. During the reign of terror the Irish Conference met, through the influence of Dr Coke with the Lord Lieutenant, in the city of Dublin. "O God, shorten the day of our calamity," it wrote, "or no flesh can be saved." With the magnanimity of a Gospel revenge, that very Conference set apart Charles Graham and James McQuigg as Irish evangelists, who, subsequently joined by Gideon Cuseley, preached and prayed and sang the Gospel in the Irish tongue into the hearts of thousands of their fellow-countrymen. Dr. Coke, it was, who proposed the measure, pledged its pecuniary support, and obtained for the missionaries the protection of the military authority. Soon after, he organized the missions among his Welsh fellow-countrymen, and had the happiness of seeing multitudes thereby brought to a knowledge of the truth. Two years later he formed a plan for the Home Missions, which have carried Methodism to the remotest hamlets of the island, and eight men were designated to destitute parts of England unreached by the regular circuits.

Two continents were now contending in friendly rivalry for his services. Alternately president of the English and American Conferences, his presence seemed so manifestly needed in both countries that he was continually crossing the ocean on his missionary voyages, as if either hemisphere were too narrow for the mighty energies of his large heart. At last the American General Conference of 1800 yielded to the request of the British Confer-

ence to allow Dr. Coke to remain in England. "We have, in compliance with your request" it wrote, "lent the Doctor to you for a season, to return to us as soon as he conveniently can, but at furthest by the meeting of the next General Conference." Only once more was he permitted to visit his American brethren, to whom he was endeared by most sacred ties and who mourned his death as that of the "greatest man of the eighteenth century." *

Amid the many wanderings of his active life, Dr. Coke found leisure for much literary work, as even the busiest may do if he will only improve his spare hours,—the *horæ subsecivæ*, which many think not worth trying to save. Among his useful writings are his History of the West Indies, in three volumes, octavo; five volumes of records of his missionary journeys; a history of philosophy, and numerous occasional pamphlets, sermons, and the like.

His *opus magnum*, however, was his commentary on the Scriptures, begun by request of the Conference in 1798 and finished, after nine years' labour, in 1807. It reached the somewhat portentous size of six quarto volumes, splendidly printed on the University press. The book, however, was not a success. It was probably too costly for the times, and was superseded by the more popular work of Dr. Adam Clarke. Disappointed at its failure, he offered the entire edition, worth at trade price £10,000, to the Conference for £3,000. This offer was accepted, and he bade farewell to literature for the more congenial field of missionary toil.

With redoubled zeal, as the years fled by, he traversed Great Britain from end to end on behalf of his Irish, Welsh, and Home Mission enterprises. He threw himself with vigour into the then novel work of promoting Sunday-schools and the temperance reform. The spiritual necessities of the soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, of whose trials and temptations, virtues and vices he had seen so much during his wanderings, lay like a burden on his heart. At length, in 1804, a Methodist missionary and his wife were sent to the Rock of Gibraltar. They were well-nigh wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and driven to the Barbary coast. Reaching at last their destination, it yielded them only the

* *Vide* Asbury's Journal, May 21, 1815.

asylum of a grave. Yellow fever wasted the little community, and the missionary and his wife soon fell victims to its power. An infant daughter survived, who, adopted into the family of Dr. Adam Clarke, became the wife of a Methodist minister and the mother of the distinguished Dr. James H. Rigg, now president of the Wesleyan Conference. But the historic Rock was not abandoned; and a succession of faithful missionaries, of whom were our own Dr. Stinson, and our living townsman, the Rev. Mr. Cheeseborough, have ministered to the wants, temporal and spiritual, of multitudes of England's gallant redcoats, among them several hundred Canadian youths, of the Hundredth, (Prince of Wales) regiment, quartered at Gibraltar.

The unhappy condition of the French sailors and soldiers, pent up in the prison ships of the great naval depots, also appealed strongly to that loving heart whose sympathies were as wide as the world. In the Medway alone was a prison population of 2,000; and altogether in England not less than 60,000, crowded into unventilated and often infected ships. Sometimes the friendless, hopeless, and often half naked wretches sought escape from their despondency by suicide. The Rev. Wm. Toase, the father of French missions, gained admission to the hulk *Glory*, and preached to the prisoners in their own language till forbidden by the commissary. Dr. Coke hereupon appealed to the Earl of Liverpool, and obtained permission to have preaching at all the naval stations, with characteristic generosity meeting the enlarged expenditure himself. Through this exhibition of love to our enemies, many French prisoners—among them some of noble rank—carried back to their native land not only kindly recollections of their "hereditary foe," but Christian fellowship in that kingdom which embraces all races of men. William Toase had also the honour of planting in France that Methodist Church which has survived the overthrow of successive dynasties and is contributing greatly to the moral regeneration of that lovely land.

At length Dr. Coke was permitted to see the successful inauguration of an African mission, the precursor of subsequent glorious moral victories among the Kaffirs, Hottentots, Fingoes, Bechuanas, Zulus, and other tribes of that benighted land. On the abolition of the slave trade, the British Crown established in

Sierra Leone the colony of Freetown, as an asylum for stolen Negroes rescued from re-captured slave ships. Here, in 1811, four volunteer missionaries were sent. Notwithstanding the more than decimation of the missionary ranks by the deadly climate, the work has been maintained, till in thirty chapels assemble more than twenty thousand native Methodists who have abandoned their vile fetichism for a pure spiritual worship, and five thousand children crowd the mission schools.

We now approach a romantic episode in the already venerable missionary's history. The flower of love, like the night-blooming cereus, blossomed late in his life ; but its beauty and fragrance were all the more grateful to his lonely heart. He was in his fifty-eighth year. His brow was bronzed by eighteen transatlantic voyages and by sojourn beneath a tropic sun, and his once raven hair was silvered by time. In his busy life he had never found leisure for courtship and marriage. But now in its quiet eventide, he found the solace of communion with a kindred spirit in the tenderest and most sacred of earthly relationships.

The growing claims of the vast and increasing missionary enterprises of the Church called for active efforts for their support. Dr. Coke not only exhausted his own large patrimony in their aid, but "toiled," says his biographer, "from day to day like a common mendicant." While at Bristol on a begging tour he was introduced to a Methodist lady of large fortune, who subscribed for his mission two hundred guineas. The generous gift led to an acquaintance, which, in time, resulted in the union of their hearts and lives and fortunes for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. "Unto Thee, O God," wrote the lady on her wedding day, "we give up our whole selves,—all we have and all we are,—to thee wholly and entirely."

But marriage made no change in the soul-absorbing pursuits of the zealous missionary organizer. He seemed to feel that the time was short, and it remained that they that have wives be as though they had none. He continued to travel, preach, write, and beg with unintermitted energy. His devoted helpmate was not long permitted to aid with her love, her sympathy, her fortune, which though ample, was unequal to her liberality, her noble husband. After six years of married life, he was again left alone in the

world. His heart, sore-stricken by her loss, having tasted the solace of domestic happiness, again sought an aftermath of joy in a second marriage. But in a few days from the anniversary of the wedding day, he was again left solitary. "With the presage," writes his biographer, "that these bereavements had been designed to leave him the more untrammelled for the tasks that might remain, he dedicated himself afresh to *God alone*. Henceforth he would think, preach, write, labour, and pray more fully than ever for one object,—the extension of Christ's Kingdom among men."

And faithfully he performed his vow. He was now about to inaugurate his last and greatest missionary enterprise. For many years the spiritual destitution of India had lain heavy on his heart. On the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk had conquered an empire. With three thousand troops, on the plain of Plassey, he routed an army of sixty thousand, with the loss of only two and twenty men, and laid the foundations of our Indian Empire of 200,000,000 souls. But though open to English commerce, India, by the decree of the Company of Leadenhall Street, was closed to Christ's Gospel. But "India," wrote Dr. Coke, "still cleaved to his heart; he could give up all for India." Parliament, wrote Wilberforce, was especially "set against granting any countenance to Dissenters or Methodists in favour of sending missionaries to India." Dr. Coke, therefore, rather than fail in his long-cherished purpose, was willing to go in his character as a clergyman of the Established Church, and as such offered his services. For this he has been censured, as if self-seeking and ambitious, and disloyal to the Church in whose service he had spent forty years of his life. The prudence of his course may well be questioned; of a hallowed ambition for the salvation of souls, he is certainly gloriously convicted; but of sordid self-seeking he was absolutely incapable. "He was already," writes Dr. Stevens, "wielding an episcopal power compared with which an Indian see would be insignificant." Salary, he sought not, only permission to spend and be spent for India.

The proposition, however, was not accepted. But Dr. Coke's

faith and zeal and courage were not to be overcome: Ceylon, "the threshold before the gate of the East," was more accessible than India; and thither he was determined, by God's grace, to go. Friends remonstrated against a man in his sixty-sixth year, worn with toil and heavy cares, braving the perils of a long sea voyage and residence in the torrid zone; but it was in vain. "I am now dead to Europe," he wrote, "and alive to India. God Himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon.' I am so fully convinced of the will of God, that methinks I had rather be set naked on the coast of Ceylon, without clothes and without a friend, than not go there.—I shall bear all my own expenses, of course," he adds. He eagerly began the study of Portuguese, which was largely spoken in Ceylon; and which he subsequently prosecuted on shipboard to the day of his death. The letter just quoted was written from Ireland, and he sought first the sanction of the Irish Conference to his purpose. Revering him as an apostle, and almost as the father of Irish Methodism, it supported with enthusiasm his project. Fired by his example, Gideon Ouseley begged with tears to be allowed to accompany him; but his providential work was too manifestly at home for the Conference to grant its permission.

Dr. Coke now sought the sanction of the English Conference. Unmoved by their fears for his health, he declared that "their consent, he believed, would add years to his life; while their refusal would infallibly shorten his days." "Many rose to oppose it."—We quote the narrative of Dr. Stevens.—"Benson, with vehemence said it would 'ruin Methodism,' for the failure of so gigantic a project would seem to involve the honour of the denomination before the world. The debate was adjourned to the next day. Coke, leaning on the arm of one of his missionaries, returned to his lodgings in deep anguish, the tears flowing down his face in the streets. He was not at the ante-breakfast session the next day. The missionary hastened to his chamber, and found that he had not been in bed; his dishevelled silvery locks showed he had passed the night in deep distress. He had spent the hours in prayer, prostrate on the floor. They went to the Conference, and Coke made a thrilling speech. He not only offered to lay himself on the altar of this great sacrifice, but, if the Conference could

not meet the financial expense of the mission, he offered to lay down thirty thousand dollars toward it. Reece, Atmore, and Bunting had already stood up for him, and Thomas Roberts made for him a 'moving appeal.' The Conference could not resist longer without denying its old faith in the providence of God. It voted him authority to go and take with him seven men, including the one for Southern Africa. Coke immediately called out from the session Clough, the missionary who had sympathized with him in his defeat the day before, and walking down the street, not now with tears, but with joy beaming in his eye, and with a full heart, exclaimed, 'Did I not tell you that God would answer prayer?'"

Among the missionaries who accompanied him was William Martin Harvard, who, after five years residence in India and Ceylon, became subsequently superintendent of missions in Canada, residing for ten years at Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and other important Connexional centres.*

Soon the missionary band assembled at Portsmouth for embarkation, Dr. Coke having first made his will and bequeathed all his property to the fund for aged and worn-out ministers. The Sunday before sailing, he preached his last sermon in England, from the text, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." With prophetic faith he exclaims, "It is of little consequence whether we take our flight to glory from the land of our nativity, from the trackless ocean, or from the shores of Ceylon.

I cannot go
Where universal Love not shines around ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy !"

Like this are the exultant words of the monk, Jerome, in the fourth century: "Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula cœlestis." †

Not from Jerusalem alone
The path to Heaven ascends ;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest climes extends
Frigid or Torrid Zone.

* He died in England, 1837, aged sixty-seven years.

† Heironymus—*Ep. ad Paulinum*.

“ On the 30th of December, 1813,” continues the narrative of Dr. Stevens, “ they departed in a fleet of six Indiamen and more than twenty other merchant vessels, convoyed by three ships of war. Coke and two of the missionaries were on board of one of the Indiamen, and the rest of the party on board of another. All were treated with marked respect by the officers and the hundreds of troops and other passengers who crowded the vessels. In about a week a terrific gale overtook them in the Bay of Biscay, and a ship full of people, in which Coke had at first designed to embark, was lost. On the tenth of February one of the Indiamen hoisted her flag at half-mast; all the fleet responded to the sad signal: the wife of Ault, one of the missionaries, was dead, and that evening was buried in the sea. She died ‘ triumphant in the faith.’ ”

“ Severe gales still swept over them, especially at the Cape of Good Hope. Several sailors were lost overboard, and the missionaries suffered much in their health. The fleet did not touch at the Cape, but McKenny was borne thither by one of the ships. In the Indian Ocean Coke’s health rapidly declined. On the morning of the third of May his servant knocked at his cabin door to awake him at the usual time of half-past five o’clock. He heard no response. Opening the door he beheld the lifeless body of the missionary extended on the floor. A ‘ placid smile was on his countenance.’ He was cold and stiff, and must have died before midnight. It is supposed that he had risen to call for help, and fell by apoplexy. His cabin was separated only by a thin wainscot from others, in which no noise or struggle had been heard, and it is inferred that he died without violent suffering. Consternation spread among the missionary band, but they lost not their resolution. They prepared to commit him to the deep, and to prosecute, as they might be able, his great design. A coffin was made, and at five o’clock in the afternoon the corpse was solemnly borne up to the leeward gangway, where it was covered with signal flags; the soldiers were drawn up in rank on the deck; the bell of the ship tolled, and the crew and passengers, deeply affected, crowded around the scene. One of the missionaries read the burial service, and the moment that the sun sunk below the Indian Ocean the coffin was cast into the depths.”

In his last letter written a few days before his death, Coke earnestly asks for additional missionaries, sketches his work in Ceylon and India, and anticipates tracing the work of "that holy and celebrated man, Francis Xavier."

The missionaries with heavy hearts proceeded on their voyage and after a passage of twenty weeks reached Bombay. But God raised them up friends and opened the way before them. On reaching Ceylon they were hospitably lodged in the Government House. Lord Molesworth, the commandant, who, with his troops, attended the first service, was so deeply impressed by the sermon that he left a dinner party to kneel in prayer with the missionaries till he found peace in believing. Soon after, returning to England, his ship was lost with all on board save two or three. While it was sinking, he walked the deck, pointing the terrified passengers to the Saviour of men. Embracing Lady Molesworth in his arms, they sank into the waves, locked in each other's arms, and thus folded together in death they were washed ashore. Such were the first fruits of the Methodist mission in Ceylon. Another trophy of that first sermon became the first native missionary to Asia. Many of the priests also believed. One of these introduced Mr. Harvard, afterward our Canadian superintendent, into a temple, where, in front of a great idol, he preached from the text, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one." The good work rapidly spread, till in 1876, the last Report at hand, there are in Ceylon 58 missionaries and assistants, 200 preaching-places, and over 3,000 Church members.

The death of Dr. Coke was the beginning of a new era in the history of Wesleyan missions. Auxiliary societies were organized with a central committee, which has become the most vigorous propaganda in the world of the Christian religion among the heathen. In Ceylon in India, in China, in South and West Africa, in the West Indies, in Australia and Polynesia, multitudes of degraded and superstitious pagans have been raised from most abject depths of degradation to the dignity of men and prepared for the fellowship of saints. And this glorious result is in large part the monument and memorial of the life and labours of
DOCTOR THOMAS COKE, THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

THE BROTHERS CHAMBERS.*

THE birthplace of the brothers Chambers was that old world town on the banks of the Tweed whose tranquillity suggested the proverb, "As quiet as the grave or as Peebles:" at the beginning of this century occupied by a prosperous, primitive, homely community of weavers, who burnt peat, ate from wooden platters with horn spoons, wore the stuffs they wove, and by way of dissipation invited each other to tea. A prominent man in the little community was James Chambers, sprung directly from generations of substantial woollen manufacturers. He is described by his sons as neatly made and rather short, with a handsome face, a kindly cheerful temper, and a taste for astronomy and the German flute.

Robert's earliest recollection of his mother is that of "a young woman of elegant shape and delicate features,—a being of ladylike grace and scarcely in her twenty-fourth year, though already the mother of four children. Punctiliously tasteful in dress and beautiful in feature, but with an expression of blended pensiveness and cheerfulness indicative of the position into which she had been brought. Even as a child I could see she had sorrows—perhaps regrets." The sorrows chiefly sprang from the temperament of her husband, whose genial disposition, tastes, and accomplishments exposed him to all the temptations attending social success, and who preferred cultivating his musical talent or studying astronomy with his celebrated friend, Mungo Park, then settled in Peebles as a surgeon, to superintending the hundred looms at one time in his employment. "Too slight a regard for personal responsibilities," as his son William gently puts it, threw the burden of them on the shoulders of his delicate wife, who, besides bringing up a large family, had to confront, and, where possible, conquer, the difficulties evaded by her husband.

Life at Peebles was very simple, as the following incident

* We have abridged this sketch from an admirable article in the October number of the *London Quarterly Review*, the highest organ of English Methodism, edited by the Rev. Dr. Pope, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference.—Ed.

shows: Tam Fleck, considered by his neighbours a "flichty chield," struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's *Translation of Josephus*, which he read as current news by the flickering blaze of the cottage fires. It was Tam Fleck's practice, says Dr. William Chambers—

"Not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off. 'Wal, Tam, what's the news the nicht?' would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside. 'Bad news, bad news,' Tam would reply, 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it's gaun to be a terrible business.' The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week. And when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman General, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such *seances* my brother and I were delighted listeners."

Nothing can, perhaps, be imagined much more dramatic than the sudden invasion in 1810 of this quiet sober-minded little Scotch town, whose inhabitants read Josephus for excitement, and took "a smell of fresh air" (generally in the kirk-yard) for recreation, by over one hundred French prisoners of war on parole. James Chambers, as might be expected from his social disposition and love of excitement, took kindly to the clever and interesting exiles. His new friends were not only welcomed to his house, but were liberally supplied with clothing from his stores. To these unprofitable business transactions Mrs. Chambers, with the welfare of a large young family at heart, demurred. But her husband, easy-tempered and sanguine, continued to give "unlimited credit" to his unfortunate customers and, when the

Government order for their removal to Dumfriesshire arrived, lost every penny due to him.

This brought on a crisis in his affairs, complicated by the roguery of a trustee. The home [at Peebles was broken up, and the family removed to Edinburgh. Though occasioned by loss and trouble, nothing could have been more fortunate for the two lads than the change of abode. They had exhausted the educational resources of Peebles, which were not vast, though ampler, and incomparably more accessible, no doubt, than in English country towns at the same period. The first school attended by the brothers Chambers was kept by an old widow, who undertook to carry her pupils as far as reading the Bible, with the exception of difficult words, "such as Mahershalahashbaz," which she told her pupils might reasonably be considered "a pass-over." Thence they were transferred to the burgh school, where reading and writing could be acquired for two shillings and twopence per quarter, with arithmetic thrown in for an extra sixpence; and where, during the teacher's too frequent absence on a carouse, the boys would have a "battle of the books," while the girls discreetly retired under the tables. The "finishing" academy was a grammar school of some celebrity in its day, boarders from Edinburgh and the colonies occasionally appearing there. Boys were even prepared for the University, being well grounded in Greek and Latin for five shillings a quarter. To this establishment Robert alone was advanced; William's education, technically so called, terminating at thirteen, having cost, books included, about six pounds. The boys learned more at home than at school. They had picked up conversational French from their father's unprofitable customers, studied astronomy through his telescope, and, inspired by his example, spent their playhours in devouring Pope, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smolleti, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The latter work was a mine of wealth, an intellectual Fortunatus's purse, discovered by Robert in a chest in the attic, having been, like the spinet, a white elephant of a purchase for which no standing room could be found in the crowded little house. "What the gift of a whole toyshop would have been to most children," he says, "this book was to me."

The brothers were fitted for a wider career than their native

town could afford. They were independent, thoughtful, full of character, energy, and resource. When James Chambers, after some fruitless attempts to revive his commission business in Edinburgh, accepted the post of manager to certain salt works at Joppa Pans, near Portobello, Robert and William were left in the capital; the former to pursue his studies at the academy of Benjamin Mackay, the latter to begin life as a bookseller's out-door apprentice, at four shillings a week. It is immensely to his credit that he made this scanty sum suffice for lodging, clothing ("shoes," he says, "were an awkwardly heavy item"), and board, never asking the smallest help from his father, but living bravely and contentedly on threepence-halfpenny a day, thanks to the frugal catering of his landlady, who declared that eating was "just a use," and relied principally on oatmeal. For a time William managed to earn a daily hot roll (most welcome addition to his scanty breakfast of porridge) by reading aloud to a baker of literary tastes but scanty leisure, while he and his sons prepared their batch. Rising about four o'clock on winter mornings, the lad of fourteen, before beginning a hard day's work at Sutherland's shop in Calton Street, made his way across the silent town to the baker's cellar, where for over two hours he read aloud, seated on a flour sack in the window sill, with his book in one hand and a tallow candle stuck in a bottle in the other. The choice of books was left to the young reader, his employer only stipulating for "Something comic." Shop hours lasted from half-past seven till nine at night. Such infinitesimal leisure as remained, the brothers (for Robert temporarily shared William's bed-closet) spent with two studious lads, named King, "whose talk was of retorts, alkalis, acids, oxygen gas, Leyden jars, and the galvanic pile." Their experiments, such as the production of coal-gas in a blacking bottle, were conducted in the residence of a street porter, a handy and ingenious man, who in early life had broadened his sympathies and picked up an extensive assortment of odds and ends of knowledge by travelling as a gentleman's servant.

A varied experience of strange sorts and conditions of life, many of them long since obsolete, William Chambers gained during those early times of struggle and privation, which he half playfully, half sadly, calls the "dark ages." "Over the doorway

of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily," he writes, "was the inscription carved in stone, *He that tholes overcomes*; I made up my mind to *thole*—a pithy old Scottish word signifying to bear with patience."

But however distasteful the routine of the week might be, Sunday always brought its blessed rest and variety. Between nine and ten on Saturday night the brothers started for their long walk through Portobello to Joppa Pans. The salt works had ceased to send up their noxious fumes, the manager's cottage, however poor and small, was home, and the mother's welcome was loving. Next day would be spent in due visits to the old churches of Inveresk or Dalkeith, followed by rambles through fields which, though scarred by coalpits, still had hedgerows where birds sang and wild flowers bloomed; or amongst "the shell and tangle-covered rocks, against which pellucid waves dashed in unremitting murmurs." Even on these walks the rule of never losing a moment for mental cultivation was maintained, and the boys carried a French New Testament with them to study by the way.

They had not long even the home at Joppa Pans as a refuge. The trials of James Chambers and his wife reached a climax when he was waylaid, beaten, and robbed of some money which he had collected in Edinburgh for his employers. On Mrs. Chambers, in spite of her weak health and the cares of numerous children, devolved the task not only of nursing her husband, but also of supporting the whole family, except William. The change fell most heavily on Robert. From inability to pay the college fees, he was compelled to give up his cherished scheme of becoming a divinity student, to which end he had been working desperately hard both in and out of school, half starving himself, and abstaining from every kind of recreation. When this hope was dashed to the ground, and the reaction after so much effort and endurance came; when, in addition to his own disappointment, he was forced helplessly to witness the struggles and privations at home, "he wandered about with a sense of desolation," says his brother, "and abandoned himself to an agony of grief and despair."

Each brother had cherished a secret ambition: Robert's hope of entering the ministry must clearly be given up. William's dream

of becoming a bookseller might still be realized. Why should not both enter upon the same career, since the experience gained already by the one was fully at the service of the other? And not the experience only: during his apprenticeship William had contrived, by heaven only knows what frugality and self-denial, again to save a very little money, and this was at his brother's disposal, to start him on his new career. So in 1818, at sixteen years old, the disappointed divinity student set up as a bookseller in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, with his stock-in-trade, consisting of the well-worn remains of his father's library, displayed on a rude stall in front of the little room which "served him for workshop, parlour, and all," as the nursery rhyme runs, and for which he paid the gigantic rental of six pounds a year. William went to live with him in order to lessen expenses, and to be at hand for professional advice, regardless of the fact that a bed on the floor, with a bundle of books for a pillow, was all the accommodation his brother could offer him.

In May, 1819, William's apprenticeship came to an end, and he resolved to make a bold stroke for independence. Continuing to live with his brother, he rented a small shop and saved as well as earned money in every possible way. He bought books in sheets, and learned to put them in boards himself; and on wet days, when trade was dull, he transcribed poems for albums with exquisite neatness, in imitation of copper-plate lettering. Then he began to write a little himself, and next to print his own productions on a rude press of his own construction which cost only three pounds. The first work which issued from this apparatus was *The Songs of Robert Burns*, a popular subject, only too fascinating to the young printer himself, who "hung delightedly over the verses, and could not help singing them" as he set the type. After an interval of fifty years he adds, "I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure since of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it."

The profits of the venture, nine pounds, were found very useful in increasing William's stock of types, which he had been obliged to supplement by wooden letters cut with his chisel and penknife.

The printing stock had been enlarged just at the right time. A rage for writing fell on Robert (then nineteen), who projected a threepenny fortnightly periodical of sixteen pages octavo, to be called *The Kaleidoscope, or Edinburgh Literary Amusement*. Robert was the editor and author in chief; his brother William, printer, publisher, and contributor when leisure served. At the time William undertook these additional tasks he was already working sixteen hours a day, only allowing himself a quarter of an hour for meals which, indeed, did not offer much temptation to loiter, as he lived literally on the proverbial sixpence a day. Nothing but the energy and hopefulness of youth could have sustained such pressure and privation.

The satisfaction felt by the brothers in their success was alloyed by a piece of characteristic imprudence on their father's part. When his son's prospects improved he removed to Edinburgh, and began a lawsuit for the possession of "a wretched old house, not worth, perhaps, £200," which had once belonged to the family, but had drifted into other hands. Both Mrs. Chambers and her children strongly, but vainly, opposed the hopeless litigation. The case proceeded, was lost, and the costs not only swallowed up all their money, but also threw the brothers back a year or two in their brave struggle. Notwithstanding this heavy legacy of debt left them by their father, his widow found a peaceful and an honoured home with her sons, and had the consolation of seeing their progress, and being rewarded by their affection, till the close of her long and useful life in 1843.

Between 1822 and 1832, Robert Chambers produced, besides the *Illustrations and Traditions of Edinburgh*, his *History of the Rebellion of 1745*; *History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1638 to 1660*; *History of the Rebellions in 1689 and 1715*; *Life of James the First*; *Scottish Ballads and Songs*; *Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*; and *Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen*, in addition to editing an old-established newspaper called the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. This was a busy life, yet he found time in its course to fall in love with and marry Anne Kirkwood, a charming and accomplished woman—the heroine of some of his poems—whose musical and social talents helped to draw round their home a pleasant circle.

Meantime, William Chambers also was busy writing. His first work, *The Book of Scotland*, describing the secular and religious institutions peculiar to that country, he mentions as poor, and "now very properly forgotten." Nevertheless it procured his engagement, in conjunction with his brother, to prepare the *Gazetteer of Scotland*, a compilation from the best authorities, with additional matter, to obtain which William undertook pedestrian journeys of forty miles a day, consulting the "oldest inhabitants," and resting at the humblest inns. The compiled portions he wrote and rewrote so diligently, that his manual work amounted to 30,000 pages of MS., all transcribed behind the counter, or after business hours. *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the enterprise by which the brother's name became best known, was started in February, 1832. Popularly written, and plentifully mixing tales and poems with essays and "useful knowledge," at three-halfpence a number, it had an immediate success far beyond its projector's hopes. The circulation of the third number reached eighty thousand. The honour of the idea belonged to William. Robert was skeptical, and even a little shocked at it. By the thirteenth number he was converted, and became joint editor.

Such was their brotherly confidence that for twenty-one years no memorandum of agreement between them was thought necessary. In his opening address William Chambers hoped that the *Journal* would be welcomed by "the poorest labourers in the country." How the hope was realised is shown in this passage from a letter written by Allan Cunningham to Robert Chambers :

"My wife, who has just returned from Scotland, says that your *Journal* is very popular among her native hills of Galloway. The shepherds, who are scattered there at the rate of one to every four miles square, read it constantly, and they circulate it in this way: the first shepherd who gets it reads it, and at an understood hour places it under a stone on a certain hill-top; then shepherd the second, in his own time, finds it, reads it, and carries it to another hill, where it is found, like Ossian's chief, under its own grey stone by shepherd the third, and so it passes on its way, scattering information over the land."

It is impossible to enumerate here all the books for which *Chambers's Journal* led the way. A few instances will sufficiently indicate their nature and success, and enforce the lesson of their authors' struggling, persevering, and finally triumphant lives. *Chambers's Information for the People* sold 170,000 sets, was republished in America and translated into French. The *Educational Course* was so well received that it extended to a hundred volumes, several of them written by Robert Chambers, while William wrote many of their popular *Social Science Tracts*. Among Robert's earlier works was a *History of Scotland* (projected and published by Richard Bentley), to which his *Domestic Annals of Scotland* formed a valuable appendix. In Chambers's *Encyclopædia* and *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, the brothers were of course assisted by competent friends, including James Payn, George Dodd, and Robert Carruthers—the latter having been but recently taken from us in his 79th year.

The latter half of the brothers' lives was as full of prosperity as the earlier had been of privation. Visiting foreign countries and writing pleasant and reliable accounts of their travels; receiving municipal and collegiate honours in their own country; welcomed abroad by leaders of thought as worthy fellow-workers, and happy at home among affectionate families and "troops of friends," they amply reaped the reward of their labours.

At a time of life when most men allow their youthful acquirements to rust a little for want of practice, Robert Chambers took up a new science by way of recreation, and threw himself into the study of geology with an ardour worthy of the boy who preferred the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to fairy tales. The Rhineland, Switzerland, Iceland, and Norway, besides the remoter parts of Great Britain, were visited in the course of his explorations, which were described in readable and useful volumes. In America both brothers were warmly received. William was made LL.D. of Edinburgh (of which he was Lord Provost for four years), and St. Andrews conferred the same dignity on Robert.

In all their later successes the brothers never lost sight of their birthplace, or forgot their early friends. In grateful recognition of the benefits they had received from a little collection of books

called *The Elder's Library* in Peebles, William Chambers gave the town a suite of rooms consisting of museum, art gallery, lecture hall, reading-room, and a library of ten thousand volumes.

The last work of any magnitude undertaken by Robert Chambers was *The Book of Days*—a gigantic miscellany of popular antiquities, illustrating the calendar, “including anecdotes, biographies, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character.” As it was necessary to attend the British Museum almost daily in order to collect materials, Robert Chambers brought his family to London, and took for their accommodation Verulam House, St. John's Wood.

Here *The Book of Days* was begun in 1861, at which time also he was reading the proofs of his *History of the Indian Mutiny*, with the assistance of a new friend, Lord Clyde. Two years later *The Book of Days* was finished; but, as he said himself, it was his “death-blow.” It seems both sad and strange that a man who had attained greater wealth and popularity than his wildest boyish visions painted; who was surrounded by a loving and beloved family and a wide circle of eminent friends; who could rest or travel as he chose; and at whose command was every requisite for making life enjoyable, should have died of “overwork.” He died in his own house at St. Andrews—in his study, which had been fitted up as a bedroom during his illness. His last words were: “Quite comfortable—quite happy—nothing more.”

Consistently with his unremitting industry, he left an unfinished book; and consistently with his deep though unobtrusive piety, the subject was *The Life and Preachings of Jesus Christ from the Evangelists, for the Use of Young People*.

In an excellent summary of his brother's character, at the end of the memoir, Dr. William Chambers says:

“In the common language of the world, Robert's life had been successful. From humble beginnings, he had risen to the enjoyment of a fair share of earthly possessions. Let it, however, be understood that he never sought to acquire wealth for its own sake. He had a hatred of mere money-making. Life with him, as I may say with myself, was viewed as a trust for much more noble ends than that of miserly accumulation. At the outset we

had to encounter some privations, but the struggle was by no means either discouraging or cheerless."

He then speaks at some length of the "unextinguishable impulse upwards" which supported them, and pays a grateful tribute to the "sustaining influence of a keen love of and veneration for books. We revelled," he adds, "in imaginative as well as in more serious kinds of literature. Poor we were, but so far as the pleasures of reading were concerned, we might be said to be almost on a level with the affluent. There was a purity, a simplicity a geniality about his whole career which we do not often see so amiably or so consistently demonstrated. In youth, in manhood, and in declining age, in all the social phases through which he passed, he was ever the same gentle and benign being—loved and esteemed by all who knew him."

We have dwelt at perhaps disproportionate length on the earlier part of the brothers' gallant fight with fortune. But all who have to toil and struggle may turn for encouragement and example to this minutely-painted picture of self-denial, industry, and ingenuity. There is nothing in the story of the brothers Chambers which may not be imitated by young men beginning life with an equal amount of health, principle, and perseverance. No noble patron smoothed seemingly insurmountable obstacles out of their path by the touch of a jewelled finger; no Indian uncle helped them on by an unexpected legacy; no heiress fell in love with the heroic souls inhabiting those poorly-clad bodies, as virtue is usually rewarded—in novels. Their story is simply an excellent commentary on the brave old text: "God helps those who help themselves."

There is a fibre in the Scottish character which will bear a tremendous strain: the bracing of the keen native air, the Spartan simplicity of the national diet, may be among its material causes. Of its existence there can be no doubt. Every generation affords examples of Scots who, against innumerable and intolerable difficulties, have worked their way to stations honourable to themselves, helpful to those around them, and useful to the world; and in all this distinguished list few lives have been more admirable than those of the brothers Chambers.

HERBIE'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS M. R. JOHNSON.

LITTLE HERBIE was sick. You would have seen at once, when you looked at the blue rims round his large brown eyes, the unnatural flush on the thin cheeks, and the marble whiteness of his broad forehead, that the angels had been sent for him. Very happy were the last few months of Herbie's life. He lived in a very poor house, in an obscure street, in that part of Ottawa commonly called Lower Town; but he was very comfortable notwithstanding. He had four very dear friends: his father and mother; Corinne Saurin, a bright little French dressmaker who lived next door and idolized the boy; and Miss Ellinor Reardon, a lady who came very often to see her little *protege*; but best of all, and not to be mentioned as *one* of his friends because He is the only perfect Friend to mankind, the loving Son of God was smiling upon and tending the little bud, so soon to open in the kingdom of heaven.

What did his friends do for him? His father, not much,—alas for little Herbie! father was a *drunkard*. Not one who was always under the influence of liquor, but one who had a periodical "spree." Yet he loved his wife and child and was very tender to the latter when sober, and even when intoxicated he would not have hurt the little fellow for the world. Let us not blame him too much. When man-traps are placed at nearly every corner, can we wonder that many fall into them?

Had Herbie been a little older, he would have noticed that it was generally Saturday night when father came home very late, with a scowl on his brow and oaths on his lips, hushed only partially by the presence of the child, from whose eyes sleep often fled until far into the night. He would have noticed that it was Sunday morning when mother's eyes were red with weeping and she was too much oppressed by grief even to pay much attention to her little boy, so that he would have been sometimes a little badly off if it had not been for his two other friends. Corinne always went to mass at six o'clock on Sunday

morning, and then came to give Herbie his breakfast; this was her invariable custom, and she would have been so indignant if his mother had taken the task out of her hands; and sometimes even at mass her thoughts would wander to her little charge and she would wonder if he were awake and tired waiting for her. Sunday afternoon Miss Ellinor always came with some tempting blancmange or jelly, and bright picture-books or papers, and she sang hymns with him which delighted the little fellow more than anything else.

William Hatchard (Herbie's father) had not always been intemperate. His father before him had been a minister in England, whose highest wish for his only son was that he should enter the holy office in which his own life had been spent. With this end in view, he had sent him to school and given him every advantage, though the family were obliged to practise rigid economy in order to meet the necessary expense. William was a lad of fine talents, and would undoubtedly have made his mark at college had it not been for a restless disposition and want of application, which kept him always seeking for adventure and chafing under restraint. It was by means of this adventurous spirit that his career at school was brought to a sudden close when he was about nineteen years of age. In company with a few other young fellows, who were considered the "wild" ones among the students, he had indulged in a practical joke upon one of the professors, which, being discovered, brought down upon the perpetrators the threat of expulsion. William, in a fit of anger, determined to avert such a catastrophe, left the place clandestinely and enlisted in the army. Here, on coming to himself and realizing his situation, he bitterly repented the rash act, which would not only plunge his family in great agony on his account, but would ruin his prospects in life. He wrote a letter full of remorse to his mother, who returned to him words of forgiveness and counsel. For a time his friends talked of making an effort to buy his discharge, but William entreated them to do nothing of the sort, he had brought himself into trouble and must abide by the consequences; and his parents, thinking that even this sad action might be overruled for good and

result in the reformation of their boy, took up the trial and bore it bravely.

But his life being a comparatively idle one, surrounded by wicked men who jeered at any attempt among their comrades to lead a Christian life, and who were nearly all addicted to the vice of intemperance, not many months elapsed before William had plunged into all the excesses of his companions, had stifled the voice of conscience, and almost ceased all communication with his home. So great was the grief of his father at this second disappointment, that he lost all energy and soon sank into a decline, from which he never recovered. His widow and two daughters then established a school, and were thus able to maintain themselves in comfort, but with an aching sorrow in their hearts for their wandering one.

Why should such Christian parents be so afflicted in their sons? Was there a reason for all this? We think there was. The Rev. Mr. Hatchard, though so solicitous for the welfare of his children, so fervent in prayer for their conversion, though so scrupulous in the discharge of his duties to his flock, yet shut his eyes continually to the claims of the temperance cause, regarded wine as "a good creature of God, to be taken with thanksgiving," and rather sneered at the "fanatical temperance reformers" who would fain sweep the accursed thing off the face of the earth. In the blasting of his dearest earthly hopes, was his error visited upon him.

After William had been in the army about two years, his regiment was stationed in Liverpool for a time. Here some ladies took an active interest in the cause of the soldiers. One lady opened her drawing-room one evening in every week for the purpose of holding a Bible-class, which was attended by about sixteen or twenty of the soldiers. To this house William was one night induced to go by a pious comrade. Here his heart was melted as he listened to the sweet tones of this friend pleading with her Heavenly Father for the conversion of all present, and explaining to them the Word of God, pointing out the way of life. He became a regular attendant at the Bible-class, was converted, and joined the ranks of the "praying brigade," as they were contemptuously called by their comrades.

Once more hope revived in the hearts of his mother and sisters, when he wrote to them of the change that had taken place in him.

This continued until, in less than a year, the regiment was ordered to a place where there seemed no spiritual food for the little band, and where, sad to relate, nearly every one of those who had so loved to meet and talk over the Word of God together fell again into the almost resistless tide of sin, and were carried even farther into evil than ever before. After this William grew reckless, and when, his term having expired, he left the army, he came out to Canada with a party of emigrants, determining to leave forever the land where he had so disgraced himself, and with scarcely even a desire for a better life.

To relate his story briefly, William made one more attempt at reformation when he became acquainted with the gentle girl who afterwards became his wife. Her influence upon him was for good, though she was not then a decided Christian, and for fully a year after his marriage he was a steady man. He worked in a lumber mill, and might have risen to a better position had he not once more fallen into the snare of liquor, and was soon obliged to take employment by the day, and thankfully accept the work of shovelling snow on Parliament Hill for the winter.

One day, within about a fortnight of Christmas, Corinne Saurin ran in to pay a flying visit to Mrs. Hatchard and Herbie.

"Mrs. Hatchard," said she, "I was thinking of one ting."

"What is it, Corinne?" Mrs. Hatchard was busy ironing one of the little white night-wrappers with which Miss Ellinor kept Herbie supplied.

"Ze leetle Herbie is better, and he will be ze most better in two weeks. I am to borrow de small carriage and take him up to Sparks Street and Rideau to see de stores on Christmas Eve; will he not be one *enfant* glad?"

"O he would get cold, Corinne!"

"Non, non, we will put de blanket round him and he will not know to breathe de air; will you not be liking dat, Herbie?"

"O yes; when will Christmas come, Corinne?"

"In two weeks, and de street will be full of people and de windows with *arbres de Noel*."

"What's that?" asked Herbie.

"How you call zat, Mrs. Hatchard?"

"Christmas trees," replied Mrs. Hatchard, who had picked up a little French among her neighbours.

"O!" said little Herbie, clapping his hands, "a Christmas tree; I will ask my father, and he will let me go. O mother, I would like to see a Christmas tree."

A little more chat ensued, Mrs. Hatchard agreeing that if the child were well wrapped up the little excursion might do him good. Then Herbie said:

"I know a verse, Corinne."

"What is it, leetle one?"

"I can only say part of it."

"Well, say ze part."

The little fellow folded his hands solemnly and said:

"It's 'bout the ravens—'and God feeds 'em.'"

"Who have been teaching you zat?"

"One lady" (this was Herbie's invariable name for Miss Ellinor), "and she told me 'at God takes care of the ravens, and so He'll take care of me."

"You do always pray God, you are good leetle boy, Herbie," and tears came into the girl's eyes as she kissed the child good-bye.

After this Herbie was full of the excursion he was to have on Christmas Eve. He told "father" about it, and it seemed to inspire Hatchard with new hope for the child's recovery, and he said he would get a half-holiday and join the company in their trip "up town." He told "one lady" about it, and Miss Ellinor promised to lend him a little fur coat to wear on the grand occasion.

The morning of the twenty-fourth dawned at last, and was as bright as sunshine could make it. The party were to start at ten o'clock, and before that hour Mrs. Hatchard, Miss Reardon, and Corinne were all busy over the little invalid, preparing him for the first "outing" he had had for many months. When all was ready, William Hatchard himself appeared on the scene, and Miss Ellinor was quite struck with his "almost gentlemanly" appearance. She had often seen him in his working garb, but he

had always been shy of her, and she had had very little to say to him. Now, however, dressed in his best in honour of his little son, perfectly sober, as, indeed, he had been for a week, he took off his hat to her with something of the "air" he had when a youth at home. She remembered then what Mrs. Hatchard had once told her about her husband, "He's been to college, Miss, and he knows Latin and Greek," and she could believe that there was more truth in it than she had at first supposed.

Herbie drove "up town" in state, with his father to push the perambulator, and his mother and Corinne on each side of him. He was very quiet; poor little fellow, there was scarcely enough life left in him to enable him to clap his hands and shout like other children, but his large eyes grew larger and he breathed hard with the intensity of his delight at all the beautiful things he saw. "He certainly seems much better," his father said, and his mother thought so, too, while Corinne exclaimed:

"At present will he get *well, well!*"

All the afternoon, after they brought him home, he talked fast and excitedly of what he had seen, and when there was no one to talk to he sang of it to himself, his weak, sweet voice going over and over the quaint words of his own improvisation, and ever and anon dwelling on the refrain:

"O wasn't I so glad! O wasn't I so glad!"

On Christmas morning new surprises awaited him—presents from all his friends. Such a pretty blue dressing-gown from Miss Ellinor; grotesque toys from Corinne; a picture-book from father, and a mug from mother; they were simple things, all they could afford, but so charming in the child's eyes. As he seemed weary, his mother hesitated about going to church, but her husband wished to take care of Herbie himself, and insisted that she need not remain. It was a very happy day to them all, and hope of brighter days came to Mrs. Hatchard as she joined with the worshippers in praising God for the gift of the Blessed Babe.

Late that evening Mr. and Mrs. Hatchard sat together conversing in subdued tones, and with more of true sympathy with each other than they had felt for a long time. Herbie lay in his

little cot, attired in the blue wrapper, and with his Christmas presents strewn around him. They had thought him sleeping, but suddenly he commenced to sing; at first it was one of those childish prayer-hymns which he was so fond of making, sung in a low, soliloquizing voice:

"O Jesus, I wish you would come down
And fly me up to heaven."

And then in clear, distinct utterance he sang:

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

No one stirred until he had finished, and then, with a feeling of awe, his father went softly over and sat on the bed beside the boy. Herbie looked at him with a smile and a strange light in those brown eyes.

"Could you sing that again, Herbie?"

"Yes, father;" and when he commenced again a thrill went through the frame of the man; was his little son *really* "in the arms of Jesus" and would he be borne away from him forever? Ah, he himself had once been in those arms, but he had torn himself away. Before Herbie had finished the second time William Hatchard was sobbing; his wife had joined him at the bedside now, for Herbie's voice was silent and they felt that he was dying, and she tenderly raised the child in her arms and held him on her lap to die. He seemed not to be conscious of anything around him, but when his little head rested on his mother's arm, he raised his eyes upward, fixed them in one steady gaze, twice threw up his arms, and then his spirit had fled from earth forever.

"There was only a sound of weeping,
Of watchers around a bed;
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead."

But there was double joy in the presence of the angels over a child welcomed into God's bright *Kindergarten*, and a prodigal restored to his Father's house, never more to wander.

THE SONG OF THE AGES.

HEAR those grand, triumphant voices,
Chanting o'er that hymn sublime !
See that host of star-crown'd heroes
Marching through the fields of Time !
'Tis the army of the ages !
They of faith and courage strong,
Who, with pen, and tongue, and falchion,
Battled with the giant—*Wrong*.

Poets, sages, prophets, martyrs,
Men who dared, and men who fought,
Men of patient, stern endeavour,
Men high-brow'd with lofty thought.
Brave they labour'd, brave they suffer'd
Brave the Right did they reveal,
Mighty in their royal manhood,
Holy in their quenchless zeal.

Some in dungeons prayed and wrestled :
With their blood some sealed their vows :
Ye may know them by their glory,
By the flame upon their brows.
On they march ! one host triumphant,
Clad in bright, immortal youth,
Trampling o'er the graves of Error,
God-like in the living Truth.

Hark ! again swells forth the anthem,
'Tis the pean of blessed souls !
Fraught with joy and holy triumph,
Glorious to the stars it rolls.
Can we here lie cold and silent,
While ascends that mighty song ?
Can we listless dream and slumber,
While a crown awaits the strong ?

We, too, o'er a trust are stationed,
Sacred as the vestal fires ;
'Tis the truth from God eternal,
For which fought and died our sires.
Let us arm, then, for the conflict,
We must battle for the Right.
Sing, O conquering host of ages !
Breathe on us your hallow'd might.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY C. H. FOWLER, LL.D.

No event is so generally and gladly commemorated as the nativity of Christ. It dates the beginning of a new chronology and a new era in the history of the human race. Well-nigh nineteen centuries have elapsed since Jesus was born in Bethlehem, but through all the subsequent mutations of time, that wondrous advent at a Syrian manger has been celebrated with songs of joy. Resplendent hosts from heaven came down to announce it, and millions of human voices have since rehearsed the story of the birth of the peasant's son, who was the most august of beings. Doubtless the angel choirs, as well as the Christian world, do not cease to celebrate the event. It occurred at a time of universal peace.

No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle shield and spear were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat mute with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was nigh.

There was a wide-spread popular belief that some wonderful personage was about to appear to bless mankind. The persuasion rested on many glowing passages of the Jewish Scriptures that predicted the coming Messiah. Doctors, learned in those Scriptures, asserted that the prophet Daniel had foretold the very time when He would appear. The predicted weeks had now expired. Micah, another prophet, had foretold the very place where He would be born. It was in Bethlehem of Judea. The general expectation was heightened by a wondrous celestial manifestation to a holy family of the tribe of Judah, and of the lineage of David. An angel from the skies appeared to Mary, a virgin in Jerusalem. He saluted her with a joyous "*Ave Maria*" from a seraph's tongue. He told her that she should be the blessed mother, and her son should be the new-born King.

What rapture must have filled Mary's heart at the angelic salutation! She hastened to the house of Zacharias, at Hebron, and as Elizabeth saw her coming she blessed her, and exclaimed, "That the mother of my Lord should come to me!" Mary rejoiced, saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour!" 'The first Christmas was near.

Some Chaldeans, also, or wise men from the East, partaking of the general expectation that a great King would be born in Judea, and having seen a wonderful light or star, betokening the event, set out from their own country, journeyed near a thousand miles around the Syrian desert, and completing their journey, appeared in Jerusalem. They brought royal gifts with them, and earnestly inquired, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" and declared, "for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him."

We are told by Tacitus, Suetonius, and Josephus, that at this time there prevailed throughout the East an intense conviction, derived from ancient prophecies, that a powerful monarch was to arise in Judea who should gain dominion over all the world. There is, therefore, nothing strange in the journey of the Magi, nor in the alarm of Herod at their arrival in Jerusalem.

Meanwhile, in an eastern khan, or caravansary, of Bethlehem, where hay and straw had been spread for the food and rest of cattle, Joseph and Mary, on their journey from Nazareth, entered to find shelter and rest for the night—there being no room for them in the inn—and there, in circumstances devoid of splendour or comfort, Jesus was born. It was in "the winter wild" and at the deep hour of night, God was thus revealed in human form. The Magi, who had followed the strange star from beyond the Euphrates, again beheld it as they left Jerusalem for Bethlehem: "and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." "They saw the young child, and Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him." Their expectation became fruition, and their faith changed to sight.

The wonderful event of Christ's incarnation was signaled in

heaven. A mighty angel was commissioned to bear the tidings to men. Cohorts of other angels accompanied the Gospel-angel as his companions or retinue. With eager haste they flew, passing by stars and systems, till they found the night-side of earth over Bethlehem. The light from their flashing wings startled the shepherds, who in that region, were keeping watch over their flock by night. Then occurred the grandest celestial manifestation earth has ever witnessed. In glorious splendour cherubic choirs filled the open space beneath the star-spangled canopy. They were a multitude of the heavenly host, and were bright with celestial grandeur. Were they a part of heaven's heraldry who had accompanied the Redeemer to earth? The foremost of those heavenly messengers proclaimed the most auspicious announcement human ear ever heard.

These seraphs rejoiced over the most astonishing event that had occurred since the world began. They had descended from their shining realm to attend the incarnation, and to mingle in the scene, at once the most humble and most august, that had ever attracted angels from the skies. They expressed their congratulations and praises in a song, the echoes of which will never die. A thrilling *solo* and a halleluiah chorus were uttered by seraph voices. The singers came from before the throne. The air of Bethlehem was vocal with melodious strains that were brought from heaven, and that made earth resound with celestial harmony.

It was meet that such a stupendous event, as called forth that song, should be accompanied with demonstrations from the skies. How wonderful that omnipotence should slumber in an infant's arm! How strange that omniscience should sleep beneath an infant's brow! Well might angels sing:

"Gloria in altissimis Deo, et in terra pax, hominibus bonæ voluntatis."

Poetry, painting and imagination have essayed to portray the scene. Imaginative legends have clustered around the story of the nativity. The spurious Gospels of the early centuries relate how the cattle kneeled to worship the infant Jesus; how mysterious splendours blazed in the sky; how He spake with His first breath, and told His mother that He was the Son of God. There is a

chapter in the Apocryphal gospel of James descriptive of the awful moment of the nativity, when the pole of the universe stood still, and all nature, in awe at the event, was arrested in its course. Stars ceased to wheel, winds to blow, birds to fly, rivers to roll; and the kid, with its mouth in the stream, would not drink. If this hush and pause of awe-struck nature was seen, no trace of it is recorded in the New Testament. But He who was manifested in human form, is the author of nature, and all its wheels move at His command.

The blue depths of ether might have flamed with signals at His word, and suns and planets in the encircling heavens might, had He so directed, have telegraphed their congratulations to earth in mysterious signs.

Milton writes, in his hymn on the nativity :

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their gracious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespoke, and bid them go.

In the New Testament we have only the sweet idyllic story, chiefly given by St. Luke. There is the deep night, the starry watch, the startled shepherds, the angelic announcement, the seraphic minstrelsy, the Babe in the manger, the attending Magi, the star that led them there, the royal gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The scene of a winter night foretells the morning of an eternal day. The star that led the Magi to Christ, like a mysterious symbol in the skies, whispers that our seclusion from other worlds shall not last forever. The angels and the star that came to Bethlehem at the nativity of Christ seem to say, There is a relation between Him and the angelic company, and between Him and the starry worlds, and between Him and the dwellers of earth; and He, our forerunner, will prepare for us glorious society and many mansions in the skies.

The advent angels have shown that there is a pathway between

heaven and earth. They traversed it with such swift and powerful wings as to time their journey, and fix the moment of their arrival.

Only once before had angel melodies resounded beneath mundane skies. When this beautiful earth was finished angels came down to see it. Then the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. But the earth was then unpeopled of human kind. Therefore, the first time that cherubic strains of angel minstrelsy charmed mortal ear was when the Bethlehem shepherds heard the song of the advent seraphs at the Syrian Christmas scene.

If Jesus had not condescended to assume our nature, one brief and terrible sentence would have summed up the whole history of Adam's race. It would have been such as this: "*The wages of sin is death.*" Over the gateway to the tomb would have been written the inexorable words: "*Who enters here leaves hope behind.*"

"But thanks be to God forever for His unspeakable gift!" Now the song begun by angels over Bethlehem shall be the joyful theme of men till time shall be no more. "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST HEAVEN; AND ON EARTH, PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL."

"And the serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die."

—Gen. iii. 4.

STILL the old serpent doth deceive
The men who dare in sin to live:
Poor souls, they hold his promise fast
And hope—to be all saved at last:

"Ye need not be so much afraid
Of hell: whatever God hath said,
Ye shall not, who on me rely,
Not surely—not forever die."

—Charles Wesley.

METHODIST PERIODICALS.

The following remarks from the London *Watchman*, on the influence of Methodist periodicals in Great Britain, are equally applicable to their influence in this continent. We commend them to the consideration of our readers, and ask their hearty co-operation in extending the influence of so important an agency :

Christian literature has been regarded by Methodism from its beginning as an important means to be employed for the accomplishment of its avowed mission — that of spreading scriptural holiness through the land. Wesley himself so regarded it. He not only wrote and reprinted books so numerous as by themselves to constitute a library of considerable extent, but he also enlisted into this department of service the most eminent abilities possessed by his friends and associates ; and unceasingly, to the end of life, he urged upon his itinerant assistants the duty of promoting to the utmost sound and safe religious reading among the people. In this he was before his time, and in justice to himself and to his work he is to be ranked as foremost among those who have laboured to supply cheap publications for the middle and poorer classes. To perpetuate this means of usefulness he instituted a publishing establishment familiarly described as “ the Methodist Book-Room,” and by special deed conveyed it to the Methodist Conference in trust for the great objects contemplated by it. That trust the Conference has perseveringly fulfilled. Sometimes it has done so under heavy pressure of difficult and harassing circumstances, even of financial insolvency ; but in periods of extremity it was redeemed by the contributions of the ministers of the Connexion, and its agency was carried forward, until from its annual

returns it was able not only to meet its own pecuniary liabilities, but also to contribute largely in carrying on the work of God.

The amount of good produced by this agency of Methodism, by which pure Christian literature has been provided from year to year, and from month to month, for increasing multitudes is incalculable. Not only has instructive and edifying reading been thus supplied to the masses of working people in towns and cities, but also to the cottagers and labourers of scattered hamlets and villages. The circuit system, as worked by itinerant ministers, and who in their “ rounds,” or periodical visitation, bore with them publications from the Book-Room, secured to thousands and tens of thousands of the poor among the people profitable reading. It is a shortsighted view of the “ Book-Room ” and its doings to view it exclusively or mainly in connexion with what is secular or financial ; though, considering that all its profits are devoted to the work of God, either by contribution therefrom to the aid of aged and “ worn-out ” ministers, its financial results are not to be despised. But when the higher objects of religious enlightenment and of Christian philanthropy are taken into account, the advantages resulting from the employment of such an agency can scarcely be set forth with exaggeration. Especially in these times of superstition and skepticism can this means of religious instruction and counsel be overvalued. By it, quietly and yet effectually, “ the truth as it is in Jesus ” is defended and made known, not only among such as have what is termed “ learned leisure,” in which to study deliberately and at length what by scoffers and vain persons is put before them, but also among the

labouring poor and the working classes.

Nor is that circulation limited within its own denominational boundary. Devout readers of other Churches in increasing number purchase its books for their own spiritual edification. It is being more extensively learned that Methodist books are not only safe in their teaching, but also directly stimulative to growth in grace and to maturity in spiritual life. Its illustrations of Scripture precept by examples set forth in Methodist biographies, on Divine Assurance of Salvation, and on Christian Holiness are being more and more appreciated, as old prejudices against these truths of the Gospel are weakened under evangelistic efforts successfully made in the sight of all men. The doctrinal and experimental doctrines of the Gospel proclaimed by Methodism from its beginning, and against which, through most of a century, there arose so loud and general an outcry, have been openly proved to be what God owns and honours in the work of salvation. This naturally subdues and breaks down with thoughtful and candid minds the prejudice against Methodist teaching which, at former periods, existed so strongly; and increasingly they who, outside of Methodism, are earnestly seeking to know the Divine will, and to conform their lives to it, read its publications. And, from this consideration, as well as

others named and unnamed, we rejoice in the vigorous and successful efforts now made to spread, by Methodist agency, Christian literature among the people at large. It is gratifying to know that periodicals equal, in extent of circulation, most of the prominent and more popular magazines and reviews of the day; that increasing numbers of substantial volumes on Christian Theology, and of attractive books for general reading and for the young continue to be supplied through the press of Methodism; that the issues from it in the past year have averaged more than two volumes per week; and that the sales of religious tracts from it have risen to upwards of three millions. In this department of service there is evident reason to "thank God and to take courage." Far more by it, however, would be accomplished if the ministers and people of Methodism should practically and proportionately appreciate its importance, as did Wesley and the early Methodists. On no account would we have the agencies within itinerant Methodism weakened or suspended. If the higher motives influence those who belong to it, and who labour to promote its increased usefulness in the Church and the world, this will not be; but both ministers and people will regard this means of upholding and extending truth and godliness as essentially important.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

It is with a good deal of satisfaction that we look back over the year's progress of this magazine. Its improved and more popularized character has met with a very cordial response. Its subscription list has been almost doubled, and very many have been the expressions of appre-

ciation and approval which have encouraged us from many different quarters. We beg to express our warmest thanks to all our friends who have so kindly aided in extending its circulation, and especially to the ministers, who are, by virtue of their office, its authorized agents, and who have been its best friends

and warmest supporters. We solicit the renewed co-operation of every reader. Please show your magazine to your friends and neighbours, and try to secure their subscription to send with your own. We depend upon the goodwill of our readers for their assistance, nevertheless we will give handsome premiums in acknowledgment of their kind services. See announcement elsewhere.

We can promise that the volumes for 1879 will surpass in interest anything we have yet been able to present. In the two hundred and thirty-five engravings of this year we feel that we have more than fulfilled our announcement made a year ago. Never, we think, in the history of serial literature has so large a number of such high-class engravings been presented at so low a price. We are happy to say that we have completed arrangements for securing a greater range and variety of illustrations for the next year than those of the present year, including a series of specially Methodist interest, a series on Biblical subjects, and a series of Canadian scenes and cities. (See our programme in the November magazine.) In order to meet the demand for increased space each page will be made two lines longer, which will be equivalent to an increase of five pages in each number, or sixty pages in the year. Our Serial Story of the War of 1812 will be, we think, of much superior interest to the story of Canadian life which ends with this number and which has been received with very great favour. In other features, constant improvement—"going on to perfection"—shall be our endeavour. We wish to furnish a fresh and vigorous family magazine, every page of which shall interest, instruct, and religiously edify its readers; and one which shall be loyal to the institutions of our Church and country and to the teachings of Christian orthodoxy.

Our friends will please send their subscriptions promptly that they may secure their January number

without interruption or delay. We expect a large increase, but cannot print beyond the number which we consider assured. If that number be exceeded, we shall be unable to supply subscribers who may be late in renewing. Except in the case of persons who have paid to next June, all subscriptions terminate with the present number, and the publisher has no authority to continue the magazine after the expiration of the subscriptions. Our friends must, therefore, not be offended at the discontinuance of their magazine, unless they send us early notice that they wish their subscription renewed: this we hope will be the case with every one of them.

We have devoted so much space in this number to Christmas reading that we will not occupy any more than simply to wish all our readers, in the highest sense of the expression, a very HAPPY CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR, and to hope that we may continue our pleasant intercourse with them, by means of the printed page, throughout the months of 1879.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER.

Among the contents of the January number of this magazine will be no less than four splendidly illustrated articles, viz.:—1. JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE, which will be of much value to our readers, in view of the missionary relations of our Church to that country. 2. THE LOK'S LAND, with a number of superb engravings illustrating recent travel in Palestine. 3. MOOSE HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK, which will be of much interest alike to our Maritime and Western readers. It will be illustrated by exquisite engravings after the designs of H. Sandham, Esq., a member of our Church in Montreal and one of the most accomplished artists in America. 4. ACROSS THE ANDES, with engravings of "a railway in the clouds," the most remarkable in the world, which crosses the Andes at a greater height than the summit of Mount Blanc.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER

PREACHER, A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812, by the author of the "King's Messenger," begins vigorously. The opening chapter is entitled "War Clouds," and describes the outbreak of hostilities on the Niagara frontier. A sermon by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon; a sketch of ORIGEN, the greatest of the Christian Fathers; "CORPORAL BRIMSTONE," a very "Odd Character," and other valuable articles will complete the number. Of special interest will be a review of the Marquis of Lorne's poem, "GUIDO AND LITA, A TALE OF THE RIVIERA," with copious quotations, by means of which our readers will be able to understand the scope, and appreciate the beauty of the charming poem by our new Governor-General. A brilliant article by Dr. Abel Stevens, on Madame De Stael, will also be given.

In early numbers will be given illustrated articles on THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW; FINE ART IN NEW YORK; UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM; MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN THE OLD DOMINION; HISTORIC METHODIST CHURCHES, MISSIONS, AND COLLEGES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD; etc., etc.

SOCIALISM AND NIHILISM IN EUROPE.

The following judicious utterances upon an important topic, of a contemporary, will be of interest to our readers:—

Evidently England has nothing to fear from Russian aggressions in the East. Nothing more improbable can be imagined than the commencement of hostilities by the Czar. The disturbed state of Russian society necessitates an adherence to a pacific foreign policy. The empire is on the eve of a social convulsion, and the signs of the times herald the speedy coming of the revolution. The Turkish war has only intensified the unsatisfactory internal condition of the Czar's dominions. It largely increased the national indebtedness, while the issue of paper

notes advanced during the same period from 700,000,000 to 1,100,000,000. But the embarrassment of the government is a small matter compared with the condition of the peasantry. Ground down by oppressive taxes, the lower orders have become ripe for revolution. The Nihilist agitators are busy among the masses, leavening the popular mind with their destructive tenets. The Nihilist creed is wholly negative in its character. Its aim is simply to destroy. The revolutionists have no scheme of their own with which to replace the social edifice they would overturn. Nihilism is a vague craving for an undefinable something which does not yet appear. Its vagueness constitutes its most dangerous feature. No possible measure of reform will satisfy the popular longing for change. The people will accept nothing less than the annihilation of Czardom, with all its attendant evils. The House of Romanoff can make no compromise with revolution, as the first condition of peace is the destruction of itself. Slavery does not beget the capacity for self-government. The tyranny of the autocrat can be succeeded only by the tyranny of the rabble. Freedmen are not freemen, and a release from chains means a carnival of disorder. The Russian revolution will not extend into western Europe. Revolutions can occur only in societies infected with disease and without the capacity of self-purification. Western Europe does not present the essential conditions of convulsive movements. But communism has died out in France only to take stronger and deeper root beyond the Rhine. Czar and Kaiser alone have anything to fear from the revolution. In both empires, like causes have produced similar effects. In Germany, however, the revolution can be averted, but will not, while in Russia it is inevitable. Though a great diplomat, Bismark is no statesman; though master of courts, he cannot control popular movements; though a great

chancellor of an absolute prince, he is not competent to the leadership of a free people. Germany, through her rulers, has aspired to the supremacy in Europe, and socialism is the product of this ambition. The German race desires unity, but not dominion, freedom, but not the glorious enslavement of a military empire. Socialism is the popular response to tyranny and confiscating taxation; its cure is liberty and economical government. Repression can only increase its violence and intensify popular discontent. But the capacity for a rational enjoyment of liberty is not gained in a day, and for a considerable period, freedom must prove anything but an unmixed good.

In Germany and Russia the desire of personal well-being among the people has extinguished military ambition and will restrict their national policies to the accomplishment of internal reforms and the removal of causes of revolution. Russia with Nihilism in her midst cannot safely intermeddle with either European or Asiatic questions. England will thus be left free to manage affairs in the East, in accordance with her own interests. She can have no rivals to dispute with her the possession of an Asiatic Empire. Russia may bluster, but she dare not fight; she knows that war will only make her destruction the more complete and irremediable.—*Recorder*.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., writes very encouragingly respecting his field of labour in Japan. His native assistant is full of zeal for Christ, and preaches with great power. On a recent Sabbath, not content with conducting the usual services, he went into the yard of the house and held another service, nor could he be prevailed upon to desist until he had completely exhausted himself. Mr. Eby also gives an interesting account of the District Meeting, which was attended by the missionaries and native preachers and some lay representatives. Within a radius of twenty miles round Kofu, there are more than twenty villages, to all of which Mr. Eby has been invited to preach. Some of the invitations contain promises of means to defray the necessary expenses. He purposes to visit them all as rapidly as possible.

The chairman of Belleville District, Rev. N. R. Willoughby, M.A., accompanied by some other brethren, recently visited the missions north of Belleville. It is a rocky region. The tour occupied about two weeks, during which meetings of various kinds were held, one Church was dedicated, and the corner stone of another was laid. The people were greatly delighted with the visit of the deputation, and the missionaries who are labouring in these lonely stations were greatly cheered.

The President of the Toronto Conference has issued a circular to the chairmen of districts and superintendents of circuits and missions, respecting the debt on the Missionary Society, and desires prompt action thereon. An advance of twelve and a-half per cent. on the contributions of last year is earnestly desired that a proportionate share of the debt may be liquidated.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Foreign Missions have ever been regarded as the glory of Methodism. The Monthly Notices contain gratifying intelligence respecting the spread of the Gospel "in the regions beyond." A great amount of business is done at the Mission House; in one Notice, we observed that one hundred and one letters had been received from missionaries. The departures and arrivals of missionaries are matters of frequent occurrence.

During the month of October an Ordination Service was held in the City Road Chapel, London, at which nine young men were dedicated to the mission work in different parts of the foreign field.

During the same week, in another of the London churches, three ministers, appointed to Africa, took leave of a deeply affected congregation. A third service was held in the town of Birmingham, when five young missionaries were ordained, and in a few days afterwards, proceeded to their respective fields in India and China.

The Missionary Meeting held in Exeter Hall, in October, was one of great enthusiasm. It was stated at the meeting that a returned missionary, who had repeated attacks of fever when abroad, and whose life had been despaired of three or four times, was greatly disappointed at not being permitted to go back to his beloved work in the interior of Africa. Another, who had laboured thirteen years in the sunny isles of the Southern sea, said he "never enjoyed more of God's presence than when he was travelling in Fijian canoes, sleeping in Fijian huts, and surrounded by savages."

A large committee on Connexional Finance is meeting while we are preparing these notes. It is proposed to raise from seven hundred and fifty thousand to one million of dollars, which will clear off most of the debts on Connexional Funds, leave a margin for the new College in the

Midlands, and a sum for appropriation in other ways. Noble object. May it be accomplished.

It is suggested that the proposed Ecumenical Conference be composed of ministerial and lay members in as nearly equal numbers as possible, selected by the highest executive authority. The various sections of Methodists, in their united capacity, form a community of fifteen millions of people, of whom rather more than four millions are recognized Church members. As nearly as can be ascertained, there are in connection with the various branches of Methodism thirty thousand ministers and about sixty thousand lay preachers. It is a remarkable fact that, subdivided as Methodists are into so many sections, each has been faithful to the doctrine of Methodism as it was preached by Mr. Wesley, and this for a period extending over more than a century and a quarter. Of the numerous divisions that have taken place during that time, not one has been caused by divergence from doctrine, but all on Church discipline and order.

After sixty-two years' separation, the Wesleyan Methodists and the Primitive Wesleyans in Ireland are re-united. The Methodist New Connexion society at Flint, England, has united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. There was considerable preliminary correspondence and conversation previous to the amalgamation.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
UNITED STATES.

The missions of this Church are divided into two classes, Foreign and Domestic. These are still further subdivided, the former into missions to purely heathen lands, such as China, Japan, India, and missions to countries claiming a Christian civilization—having the form but lacking the power—as Italy, Germany, Norway, Sweden, South America, Mexico; the latter into missions to English-speaking

Conferences, and missions to Conferences speaking foreign languages. It is among the Latin races that the most difficult field lies.

In Mexico there are seventeen stations, seventeen Sabbath-schools, and day-schools in most of the cities, two orphanages, and one theological school. That theological school is located in the old hall of the Inquisition. From its walls have been taken the skeletons of human beings there enclosed to starve. The government has one skeleton of mother and child preserved in the national museum, as a constant reminder of the faith that authorized such crimes. The churches in Mexico are fast growing to be self-supporting. Out of \$20,000 appropriated to them last year, they raised \$2,500. Atzala, a few miles from Puebla, has been the scene of the bloodiest onset yet made upon Protestant missions in Mexico. The fanatical and ignorant papists rose against the Methodists, and twenty-six of them were slaughtered. The rage of the people seems to have been excited by the rapid growth of Protestantism. Dr. Butler, being apprised of the danger, notified the American minister, who went immediately to President Diaz. The President assured Dr. Butler of his deep regret at the recent outrages, and promised to furnish troops to prevent any threatened disaster. The President said that years ago he had witnessed a mob in Puebla which two cavalry regiments tried in vain to disperse, because the Bishop of Puebla, Labastida, the present archbishop, was standing in his balcony urging them on. "The voice of that man," said he, "was more powerful than our two regiments of cavalry, and we had to arrest him, take him to Vera Cruz, and put him on a ship that carried him into an exile of years." The President further said, "I'll protect you and your Church if I have to call out the whole army. Every man has a right to worship God as he pleases."

The missions in India are divided

into two Conferences. The North India Conference has some twenty million of souls committed to its care. Two thousand converts have been gathered in this field since 1857. Schools, orphanages, and a theological seminary present forms of the religious activity as well as preaching, zenana, and the medical work. Ten thousand children have been drawn into the Sabbath-schools. The press at Lucknow prints books, papers, and lesson leaves in several languages. This Conference has twenty-one members.

The South India Conference has thirty ordained ministers, two of which are of pure Hindoo blood, and five are devoted to evangelistic and pastoral work among the natives. There are two thousand Church members, and two thousand two hundred Sabbath-school scholars. The entire work is self-supporting. Notwithstanding the famine in 1878, the poor people gave \$40,000 to the support of the missions, and even sent \$3,000 to the Rev. William Taylor, their friend and leader, to help him in sending out preachers to them. Of missionaries in India, Lord Lawrence said, "They have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined."

The Rev. William Taylor is certainly one of the most remarkable men of this age. His power of endurance is wonderful. He has probably travelled more miles to preach the Gospel, organized more churches, and seen more people converted than any other man now living. His labours in California, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and the West Indies were abundant, and attended with blessed results. He is now preparing the way for the spread of Protestant Christianity in South America. He first sent twelve men to that field, who will teach for a season and preach the Gospel as opportunity may offer. Six others have since been sent. He has sent about fifty missionaries into the foreign field, most of whom are

labouring in India, and are doing a great work for the Master, and all has been done without a cent of expense to any missionary society. During all these years of labour and travel he has supported himself by

the sale of the books he has written and published—some ten in number. After giving further attention to South America, he purposes to return to India

BOOK NOTICES.

Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin. By GEORGE STEWART, JUN. 8vo., pp. 684. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

It was a very happy idea to republish Lord Dufferin's public speeches and addresses connected by a historical narrative of his brilliant Canadian administration. We know of no series of speeches combining so much wit and wisdom—so much patriotic feeling and sound statesmanship as those of Lord Dufferin contained in this volume. We are charmed in turn by the delicate fancy, the graceful *badinage*, the noble sentiments and the fervid eloquence which they display. Many of the State papers here given deal with subjects of capital importance in the recent history of Canada, and show what a wise constitutional governor we have lost in the departure of Lord Dufferin. The accuracy of these speeches and papers is guaranteed by His Excellency's personal revision of the proof-sheets.

Mr. Stewart has done his part in this volume with marked ability and success. He brings to his task a fine literary taste and a practised pen. He writes, where the occasion gives opportunity, in a terse, epigrammatic, vigorous style. He follows His Excellency on his numerous journeys, and gives an account of the public entertainments and receptions in connection with which the addresses were given. The important political events of His Excellency's administration are sketched

with a firm hand. He minutely records the history of the "Pacific Scandal," reprinting a large portion of the now famous correspondence on that subject. The account of the Red River amnesty question is succinctly given, including Lord Dufferin's admirable State paper on the subject, addressed to the Imperial authorities—probably the most elaborate he wrote while in Canada. It would have added to the completeness of the narrative if an account had been given of the suppression of the revolt; but that was probably outside the scope of the author.

The treatment of recent political events is, like walking on eggs or skating over very thin ice, a proverbially delicate task. We cannot say that we coincide with all the accomplished author's expressed judgments. But no writer of independence will expect a universal concurrence with his opinions—certainly not in discussing the living questions of Canadian politics.

The publisher is to be congratulated on the handsome appearance of the volume. It is embellished with an excellent steel portrait of Lord Dufferin, and the clear double-leaded page makes the book a luxury to read.

Saintly Workers: Five Lenten Lectures. By T. W. FARRAR, D.D. 12 mo., pp. 207. Macmillan & Co. and Wesleyan Book Rooms

When he is not polemical, there is no more delightful writer than Canon Farrar. In this volume he

treats a subject which will command the sympathies of readers of whatever theological view—the saintly workers for God who, through the ages, have witnessed by their lives, their labours, and sometimes by their death, a good confession before a hostile world. The subjects of the lectures are the primitive martyrs, the early hermits, monks, and Franciscans, and the mediæval missionaries. Of many of these holy men, most Protestant readers know little more than the names, which are often names of abhorrence, because branded with the epithet of “papist.” But they forget that the faith which these “saintly workers” adorned with their holy lives was the only faith which man had to live by and die by through the long dark night of the middle ages. Yet their zeal for God amid their darkness often shames that of the dwellers in the light of to-day, and their moral heroism is an inspiration and a reproach to our sluggish devotion. No one can read the life-story of our own English St. Edmund of Canterbury, one of the holiest of men; of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, with his daily consecration to God; of St. Bonaventura, pointing to the cross when asked the secret of his great learning; of St. Bernard, rebuking kings, yet living in utter poverty; of Fra Angelico, painting his pictures of the Crucifixion on his knees, with streaming tears; of the gentle St. Francis of Assisi, whose life was a perfumed altar flame of love; of the sterner St. Dominic, around whom gather lurid memories, who yet offered himself to be sold into slavery to ransom a poor widow’s son; of St. Charles Borromeo, the founder of Sunday-schools, who, though rich, gave all his goods to feed the poor, yet betrayed by his bleeding footprints his own path of self-denial; of St. Francis Xavier, who gave his life that he might tell the perishing heathen of Jesus and His love. No one can study these noble lives,

though often marred by human infirmity and human error, without catching the glow of their zeal and being ennobled by their spirit. We hope in these pages to present, from time to time, sketches of those noble seekers after God, to the edification, & trust, of all our readers.

Work About the Five Dials. A Record of London Labour among the Poor. 12mo., pp. 257. Macmillan & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms.

The Five Dials, as most of our readers know, is a purlieu of London—somewhat like the old Five Points of New York,—the abode of poverty and wretchedness and vice. The devoted lady who writes this book discusses with the light of practical experience the best way of helping the poor, both as to their bodies and their souls.

Some of her narratives, in their mingled romance and tragedy, seem stranger than fiction, yet they have the corroboration of no less a personage than the veteran Thomas Carlyle. The writer, the sage of Chelsea says, he has known with esteem and affection ever since her childhood, and he can believe every word of her narrative to be scrupulously true. Persons engaged in evangelistic or philanthropic labours among the poor will find this book fertile in suggestions, that may aid them in their work.

The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems. By JOHN READE. 12mo., pp. 237. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. Reade has been favourably known to the Canadian public for several years as one of the sweetest of our native singers, and his numerous admirers, we are sure, will be glad of the opportunity of obtaining his collected poems in this handsome volume. They are characterized by a metrical and verbal felicity and a tenderness and beauty of sentiment, combined with a vigour of thought and fire of expression that will com-

mend them to the taste of every lover of genuine poetry. The principal poem in the book is "The Prophecy of Merlin." It reads like a supplementary Idyl of the King, without being in any sense an imitation of Tennyson. The treatment is original, and is marked by much beauty and vigour. Its central thought is the old legend of the reappearance of King Arthur in the after-time; and by a very ingenious device, Merlin the prophet foretells the story of that after-time when a new Arthur, the son of our beloved Queen, shall shed new glories on the name borne by the King of Camelot—*Flos regum Arthurus*. The poems illustrating Scripture incidents—Vashti, Balaam, Rizpah, Jubal, Sisera, Jephthah—have an exaltation of character which indicates the source of their inspiration. Several of the poems have a nobly patriotic ring, as that on the Fenian Raid, the long and spirit-stirring poem on the birth of the new Dominion, and the grand lament for the death of Thomas D'Arcy McGee :

O Canada, weep, 'twas for thee that
he spoke the last words of his
life!
Weep, Erin, his blood has been shed
in the healing of wounds of thy
strife!

The tender grace of the poem "Unus Abest" will touch every heart, and all will join in the prayer of the closing stanza :

Then let us live that when the call
Of the Great Trumpet wakes us all,
These words from God's high throne
may fall—

NULLUS ABEST.

The mastery of rhyme and rhythm is strikingly shown in the difficult metre of the poem "Per Noctem Plurima Voivens" :

When the moon is rising slowly with
a light serene and holy,
The Queen of all the Watchers,
the Sister of the Sun,
And hushed are all the noises from
Earth's unnumbered voices,
And the heart of Sleep rejoices in
the contest he has won.

A keen sympathy with Nature in her varying moods is shown in such poems as those entitled Spring, Winter Sunshine, Thalatta, Summer is Dead, A Field Flower, De Profundis, and others. The translations from the great masters of the classic lyre are admirably done, as well as those from the French, but few poets can equal the grace of his original Latin verses. We give as a specimen the accompanying Christmas acrostic, one of the most elegant little poems mastering technical difficulties of execution we have ever seen.

CHRISTUS SALVATOR.

C horo sancto nunciatus,
H omo, Deus Increatus,
R egum, Rex, Puella natus,
I n ignaris habitat
S umit vilem carnis vestem,
T radens Gloriam Cœlestem
U t dispellat culpæ pestem,
S atanamque subigat.

S urgit Stella prophetarum,
A dest Victor tenebrarum,
L umen omnium terrarum
V ia, Vita, Veritas
A nimas illuminavit,
T enebrarum vim fugavit,
O ras Cœlicas monstravit
R edemptoris Claritas.

In a future number we shall enrich our pages with one or two poems which we have not here room to quote. But we advise our readers who love good poetry to procure the volume for themselves. It can be obtained from Dawson Brothers, or C. W. Coates, Montreal.

SOFTLY UPON BETHLEHEM'S PLAINS.

REV. LUKE H. WISEMAN, M.A.

Andantino.

1 Soft - ly up - on Bethlehem's plains, Falls the gen - tle dew of night;
2 O'er the stop - ing moun - tain's side, Clust'ring flocks of sheep re - pose;

Sweet - ly so - lann si - lence reigns, Earth how calm! and heav'n how bright!
Watch - ful shep - herds there "a - bide," Feed and guard them from their foes.

Ev - 'ry star shines out a - lone, Look - ing down from heav'n to earth;
There they watch from ev'n-ing's ray, Sleep - less un - til midnight's hush;

Beau - ti - ful as first they shone, Ra - diant at cre - a - tion's birth.
There in thought - ful musings stay, Till the tears of twi - light gush.

3 Happy shepherds! lift your eyes,
Eastward cast your glance afar,
See! what lustre gilds the skies,
Lit by yonder signal star!
Slow descending from above,
See! an angel form appears,
God's own messenger of love
Brings glad tidings to your ears!

4 See! he folds his snowy wings,
Heaven in mercy stoops to earth,
Listen to the news he brings,
News of the Messiah's birth,
Shout in triumph, earth and heaven,
Swell the song of sweet accord!
Jesus lives! the "Son is given,"
Bow and worship "Christ the Lord!"

5 Multitudes of angels sing
Strains celestial! songs divine!
Glory to the new-born King,
Men may now with angels join.
Hallelujahs, loud and long,
Swell upon the shepherd's car;
Richer far than earthly song,
Or the music of the spheres.

6 Happy shepherds! let us go
Unto Bethlehem, and see
God, made manifest below,
Smiling on his mother's knee!
Babe Almighty! earth's desire
Heaven's Anointed One art thou,
Men and angels—son and sire,
Place the crown upon thy brow.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.