

THE QUTUB MINAR, DELHI.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1886.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

III.



WATER CARRIER.

THE Island of Ceylon is a most important appendage to our Indian Empire. Green all through the year to the water's edge and the mountain's brow, the claim of this lovely island to be called Paradise may be allowed without going up to worship the footprint of our great progenitor on Adam's Peak. The accompanying illustration gives a glimpse of the roads made since 1800; of the primitive and present luggage-van of the country, and of the cocoa-nut trees which

fringe the island, shade every village, and cover many a broad plantation. Next to the cocoa-nut tree in importance is the equally tall Palmyra, whose leaves are not only useful for thatch and fence, but for the fan and book, and whose tough

timber makes the frame work of the house and the machinery of the well. Of the pearl-fishery on the west, and the famous Trincomalie harbour on the east; of fruit-groves of various

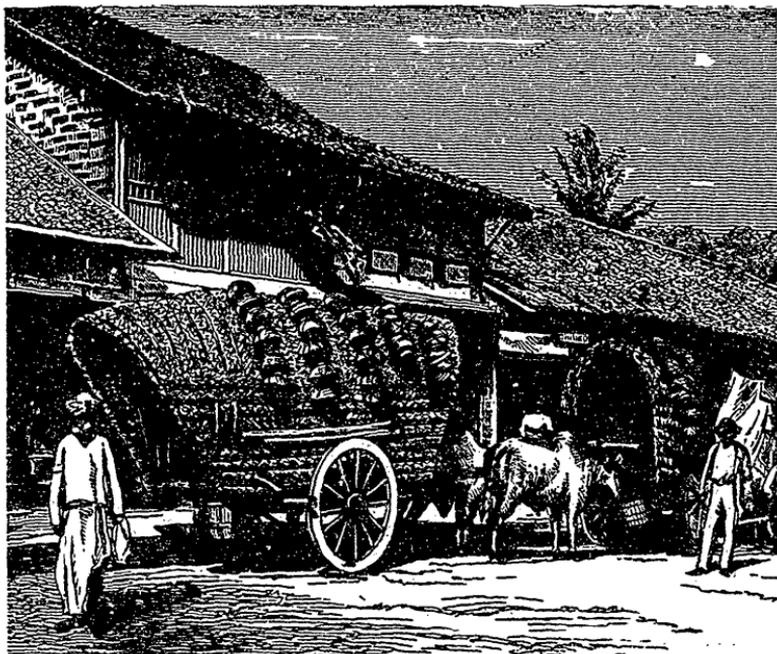


A ROAD IN CEYLON.

kinds, and cinnamon and coffee gardens; of the railway to Kandy; of Buddha's tooth; of apes and peacocks, serpents, cheetahs, elephants, and ivory; of satin-wood, teak, and ebony; of the wonderful remains of ancient cities; of costumes, ceremonies, and countless attractive matters, we have no space to

write. One of our engravings gives a photographic picture of a native bullock bandy—a large cart covered with plaited cocoa-nut matting. Over this are shown five rows of earthenware bowls, to be peddled through the country by the owner of the cart.

The cut on page 000 shows a still more primitive affair. In construction, cart, wheels, and all, are sufficiently rude to have descended from the patriarchs, being simply one or more



A BULLOCK BANDY, COLUMBO.

poles attached to a frame and run upon two clumsy wooden wheels; while the yoke lies unfastened upon the necks of the cattle, and is prevented from slipping off only by a pin at each end. This queer cart is drawn by two stout buffaloes, and the driver walks between them, at a leisurely pace, as he urges forward the plodding animals, by alternate cries and blows, neither of which the patient creatures seem to care for. This cart is used mostly for the transportation of produce from the farms of the interior.

The extreme length of Ceylon is 270 miles, its greatest

breadth 745; and it now contains a population of 2,400,000, of whom 1,670,000 are Singhalese, being Buddhists and devil-worshippers; 534,000 Tamils, votaries of Siva and kindred deities; 164,000 Moormen or Mohammedans, who speak Tamil and are the chief merchants and bankers of the island; some thousands of Burghers or Dutch descendants, whose dialects are English and Indo-Portuguese; and about 4,000 British.



BURMESE CART.

A fitter field for missionary operations could not have been selected. Not only was the country intrusted by Divine Providence to the British sceptre, it was a centre of influence for our millions of fellow-subjects in Hindustan, and for the outside multitudes of Burmah and China. We have already referred to the introduction of Methodism into Ceylon by the Rev. William Harvard, afterward Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in Canada.

Columbo, the maritime capital of the country, is an important mission station. It has much the appearance of a European town. It is entered by a bridge of boats, whose picturesque appearance strikes the attention of the traveller. Kandy, another important town, has a railway station, hospital, bar-

racks, banks, and Government offices. In this far-off place are two subscribers to this MAGAZINE.

Dr. Lathern thus describes the religious aspect of Ceylon:—

“Buddhism has been a perpetual blight and no blessing to Ceylon. For ages it has been the dominant faith. There has been ample time for the fullest experiment. No region could be more favourable or fitting for its development. It signally adapts itself to each surrounding scene. Floral offerings are the special demand for Gautama's service of worship; and in this island everlasting spring abides. Flowers are in constant bloom. Ceylon is ‘the resplendent,’ the fairest ‘gem of the Indian Ocean,’ and ‘the brightest pearl on the brow of India.’ From central peak to the border of its snow-white coral, the land is pencilled in lines of soft and exquisite beauty. Language fails to depict the charm and fascination of scenery and climate. In the midst of mingled grandeur and loveliness, perfumed by the fragrance of cinnamon groves, Buddhism has erected its stately temples. Through gorgeous grounds, avenues of palms and other tropical foliage, the worshippers pass into the spacious sanctuary of idolatry. Yellow-robed priests chant the doctrines of their national creed. But metaphysical subtleties are not comprehended by the mass of the people; and even moral inculcations have but little practical influence upon their hearts or lives. Men and women place bright garlands upon the altar, and bow before images of hard and hideous form and feature. There is no power to regenerate and save. A stanza of Heber's hymn written in the early days of missionary enterprise, still tells the sad story:—

‘What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.’”

Our smaller cuts illustrate some of the trades and occupations of the vast and varied population of that land. The hill tribes of the Himalayas are a much more vigorous and warlike race than those of the plains. In the portrait of Her Highness the Begum of Secunder, we have a type of the ancient ruling dynasty—astute, keen, crafty, cruel. Many of them are now pensioners of the British Crown, and their quondam subjects find the rule of their conquerors much more just and beneficent than that of their native princes.

The Kootub Minar is a tall shaft of stone, two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, and is said to be the highest column

in the world. It towers amid the ruins of ancient Delhi, one of two minars of a mosque; but the Kootub now stands in solitary dignity and splendour. Its base, a polygon of twenty-four sides, measures one hundred and forty-seven feet. The shaft tapers, and is divided into five stories, each girdled by a projecting balcony resting on elaborately-carved brackets. Fine red sandstone is the material up to the third story, and from the third balcony to the fifth white marble is used. Within, a staircase of three hundred and seventy-six steps turns round and round to the balcony of the fifth story. Several times injured, the pillar has been several times repaired. It is claimed to have an age of over six hundred and fifty years.

It is a very beautiful object as it stands, like a lonely sentinel, amid the ruins of the ancient Indian city. Its deep red in the lower part, crowned with the clean white of the upper, its graceful proportions, its fluted sides, and its richly carved ornamentations make it one of the most remarkable structures ever erected by the hand of man.

On the influence of Christian missions in this vast empire of India, the following is the testimony of a missionary well qualified to judge—the late Rev. M. A. Sherring, of Benares:—

“The question is often put in England as well as in India, What has been the real result on the Hindoo mind of all the influences derived from English education, English rule and laws, material improvements, railways, telegraphs, liberty, and, above all, Christianity, which have been playing upon it with more or less potency within the scope of the present century?

“As to the material or physical changes and improvements introduced into India, it is necessary to note how far the people generally have benefited by the vast and magnificent enterprises which have been of late years prosecuted in their country by their busy and restless conquerors. With freedom of communication between all parts of the peninsula, safety of travelling, and general security, they also enjoy an immense increase in what are termed the comforts of life. All kinds of merchandise, to many of which most persons were formerly utter strangers, find their way to every corner of the land. Food is more varied, clothing is finer and cheaper, money is more plentiful, houses are better built and better stored; trade, especially among small merchants, has greatly increased, and to crown all, peace prevails everywhere, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. In spite of famines, which were never grappled with in former times as they are in these, there is less poverty, less misery, and more wealth in India than there ever was; while the labourer is better paid, and receives greater consideration from those above him than he ever did. As a consequence, there is more real happiness among the people than at any period of their previous history.



HINDU COTTON OPERATIVES.

"Caste is now exposed in every direction to such a multitude of powerful adverse influences, that it needs no prophet to predict its eventual downfall. Railway travelling, the free intercourse necessitated by English institutions of every kind, education, with the general spread of knowledge and increase of enlightenment, and, in short, all the numerous improvements introduced



KANDY, CEYLON.

of late into India, are affecting Hindus on all sides, and are pertinaciously assailing their ancient and much-honoured social system. The result already achieved is to loosen its rigidity, and to engender among educated men an earnest desire for closer intercourse. Hindus of the old school, who are conscientious idolaters without exception, strenuously maintain its most rigorous and exclusive claims, and will never cease to do so. But Hindus who have been brought within the reach of the new influences are

beginning to feel their social bondage, and in most places are more or less releasing themselves therefrom. In Calcutta, and in many other cities and towns in Bengal, the most advanced among the educated classes have entirely thrown off caste, and associate freely with one another, and even with Europeans. Moreover, ominous signs of dissatisfaction are manifest among members of some of the inferior castes who have hitherto been held in subjection by the higher. If they are equal in intellect and in all other respects to men of an assumed superior order, they will not be contented long to occupy a degraded status in native society. A struggle of the castes is imminent, unless the Brahmans and other high castes will drop their pride, and consent to fraternize with those of humbler rank.

“The most marked sign of progress among Hindus as a class is their growth in intelligence. The stolid, senseless look which many once bore on their countenances is now chiefly visible among the most degraded castes. The spread of knowledge has been followed by an expansion of the intellect, and a general quickening of all the faculties. But this is not the whole result which has been achieved among the Hindus, for not only has their understanding received a new impulse, but their moral and religious sense likewise, so long dormant, has acquired fresh vigour. So that there is more honesty, more truth, more virtue, and more right religious feeling in India than there ever was. Not that the change in all these respects is very distinctly manifest, inasmuch as deceit and vice of many forms are still distressingly prevalent. Nevertheless, a change for the better is everywhere perceptible, especially when we compare the present condition of Hindus with what it was a quarter of a century ago. India under British rule, under the civilizing process at work throughout the length and breadth of the land, and, above all, under the stimulating and purifying influences of Christianity which are powerfully stirring the very heart of the people, has made a fresh start and has entered on a new career. The periodical literature of India is increasing rapidly, both in quantity and value. About 200 newspapers are now published in the various Indian vernaculars. Many of these are dailies. Many magazines, too, are being published, and some of these are edited and conducted with much ability. A large number of educational works are also published.”



CARPENTER.

The rapidity with which the use of the English language is growing in India, under the present system of education in that tongue in both Government and mission schools, is almost startling. In the last twenty-two years the Madras University alone has examined about 25,000 candidates for the matriculation examination, all of them possessing a fair knowledge of English. As many as eight or ten thousand candidates go up now annually for this examination in the three great universities of India, and English is the chief language used. This stream-



INDIAN MAIL CART.

of influence year by year is telling very strongly upon the country, more so than many suspect. The *Indian Mirror*, a native paper, said, the other day:—

“Foreigners can hardly realize the extent to which the English language is spoken and written among the educated classes in India, almost superseding in some instances the use of the vernaculars. When educated Hindus meet, they talk English; when they write letters to each other, they show their decided preference to English.”

One of the greatest obstacles to Indian evangelization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of the people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world. Till the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth as

the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, whom they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on either side. Should the hapless woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre, she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Sutteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibilities of home and family ties and support have been given her. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated; and the Zenana Mission has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race. One of our engravings shows the appearance of those Christian converts.

The following is a missionary's touching account of the fate of one-half the population of India:—

“On the day of her marriage the Hindu wife is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoilt pet of her mother; now she is to be the slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best, and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is kind, she will let the wife go home occasionally to visit her mother.

“While she is young, she is never allowed to go anywhere else. When she becomes very old, if she makes a vow to go on a pilgrimage to some heathen temple, she is permitted to go to offer a sacrifice for herself, or for others, but this is only occasionally done; very, very few ever undertake it. She always has her Takoors, or household gods, on a shelf in the house, most frequently over her own bed, and to them she pays her daily devotions, offering them rice, and decorating them with flowers; and so at length she draws near the hour of death, and when it is thought her end is just approaching, she is carried down to the banks of the Ganges, there to breathe her last in view of that holy stream whose waters are supposed to be efficacious in cleaning away sin. As soon as the spirit has departed, the remains are taken to the Burning Ghat (the place for burning the dead bodies), and laid upon a pile of wood. In a few hours nothing remains but a little pile of ashes. This is then taken up and cast into the river Ganges.

“Such is the life and death of the happiest, the most favoured, amongst these Bengali women.

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INDIAN CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

"The girls are married even as young as three years of age, and should the boy to whom such a child is married die the next day, she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood; she can never marry again. As a widow, she must never wear jewellery, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread on a hard brick floor, and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold bricks; and no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn all day.



HINDU SERVANT.

"She must eat but one meal of food a day, and that of the coarsest kind, and once in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours. Then not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips, even if she were dying. She must never sit down or speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, or either of her sisters-in-law, unless they command her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from the other women's. She is a disgraced and degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-caste Brahminic woman, but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow, she will immediately become one herself.

"I saw an account a short time ago, in an English paper, that they have been trying to take the census of the population lately in India, and as far as they had gone, they found that there were 80,000 widows under six years of age! Can you imagine the amount of suffering that little sentence tells and foretells?"

The following is the summary of the Rev. A. D. Rowe, M.A., on Missionary Effort in India:

"There is in India a native Christian Church scattered throughout the cities, towns and villages, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin—a Church which has not only numbers, but also influence, power, and all the elements of growth and self-propagation. We do not say that she has these desirable

qualities in as great a measure as we could desire, but she has them in a certain degree and to such an extent that, humanly speaking, even without foreign men and money she would be able to live and prosper. The number of foreign missionaries—European and American—labouring in India, Ceylon, and Burmah, is estimated at six hundred. Native labourers, ordained and unordained, are counted by thousands, while the number of baptized Protestant Christians is reckoned at five hundred thousand.



GUDDIES.—A TRIBE OF HILL MEN, HIMALAYAS.

“Some of the grandest results of missionary effort in India cannot be put into figures and set up in statistical tables. It is a glorious triumph for the cause to have secured a visible Christian Church, with hundreds of thousands of upright members; to have a respectable and respected native ministry, raised up for the most part from the lowest grades of society; to have a growing Christian literature for young and old; to have churches and schools in every section of the country; but it is scarcely a less glorious triumph to influence for good in indirect ways the whole Hindu nation, and the British Government itself, as Christian effort has done and is doing to-day.

“In summing up the results of missionary work in India, it is not inappropriate to call attention first to the changed attitude of the government of the country towards this enterprise. It was only through the indefatigable perseverance of missionaries and the friends of missions, in Europe and

America, that the presence of missionaries was at all tolerated in India less than a hundred years ago! Now, improved theological and moral ideas, due to the presence of Christian teachers, are gradually saturating the whole nation."



HER HIGHNESS THE BEGUM SECUNDER.

THROUGH THE OLD DOMINION AND THE CAROLINAS.

I.

THE Old Dominion and the Carolinas present to the Northern tourist probably greater variety and magnificence of natural scenery than any part of the American continent east of the Rocky Mountains. But till recently those wonders of nature have been almost inaccessible, on account of the lack of railway communication with the highlands and valleys of the Appalachians, the Blue Ridge, and the Great Smoky Range. That desideratum has at length been found in the Virginia, Midland, and Western North Carolina Railways and their connections, which traverse from end to end and from north to south the great States which are to be the scene of our present wanderings in search of the picturesque.

To the tourist, the invalid, the artist, the student of history, they offer a route full of natural beauty, ever changing but never wearying in its variety. Washington and its architectural fascinations and social attractions left behind, the tourist finds himself upon the Long Bridge, with Arlington House on his right, peeping from the wooded hilltops beyond Georgetown. Here lie 11,276 Federal dead, of whom 4,077 are unknown even by name.* Seven miles from Washington is Alexandria, once a port of much importance and destined to be so again, when the natural growth of its powerful neighbour shall absorb it, as Georgetown has already been absorbed. Braddock's headquarters in 1755, previous to the fatal march upon Du Quesne, Washington's pew in Christ Church, as it was when he occupied it; the house in which Ellsworth, the commander of the New York Zouaves, was killed, for tearing down the Confederate flag at the beginning of the late war; the residence of Canning, the British minister, and many other places of historical note are pointed out.

*Of the seventy-six national cemeteries, where are buried 308,331 Federal dead and 21,661 Confederate prisoners of war, seventeen are in the State of Virginia, in which are buried 68,823 Federal soldiers and sailors, 30,888 of whom are known, and 37,935 cannot be identified.

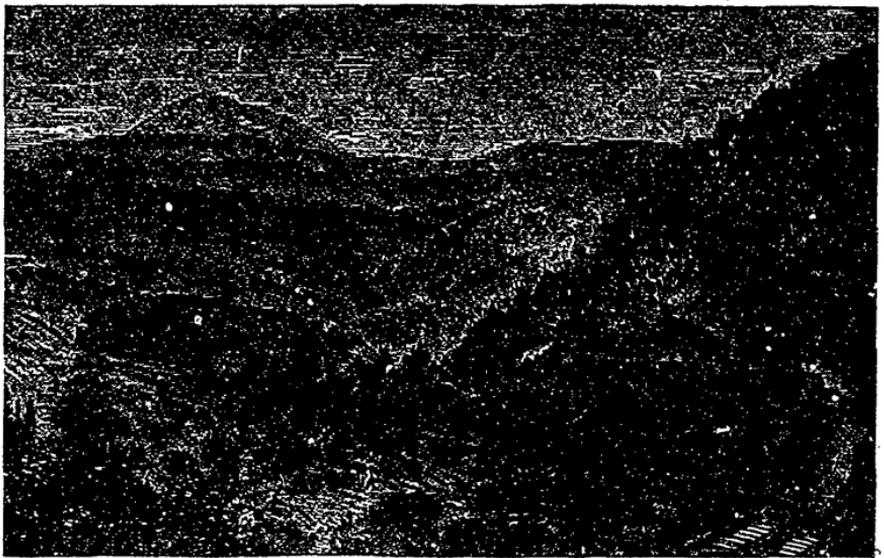
Following the south-westerly trend of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the railway, after it leaves Alexandria, shows an almost continuous ascent until it reaches the memorable battle-field of Manassas.



MONTPELIER—MANASSAS—THOROUGHFARE GAP.

Manassas being upon a table land, a fine view of the surrounding country may be had from the streets of the village; but from the earthworks, pared down by the hand of time,

which mark the outlines of the entrenched camp built by the Confederates, a very wide landscape is seen. The scene, from its mere extent, is most impressive. To the west and north are the dark ranges of the Bull Run Mountains; on the east and south stretches a vast plain, gently undulating to the remote horizon. Except when the trains are in motion, a solemn hush, a brooding spirit of repose, rests on the scene. The very stillness seems to have within it the repining sound of a low wind in a lone cemetery. One does not find it hard to realize that the storm of war once revelled here and passed on, leaving, it is to be hoped, eternal peace. A double consecration, in



A SEA OF MOUNTAINS.

which majestic nature and history no less majestic, each have borne an equal part, appears to hallow the place, and the tourist, returning in the twilight from the ruined bastions to his hotel, deeply impressed with all he has seen, carries with him a holy sadness which he will long remember.

Thoroughfare Gap is eleven miles from Manassas, and its gloomy passes, overhung by wooded cliffs, present a strong contrast to the smiling landscapes which are seen on either side. Scarcely less picturesque than the scenery at Thoroughfare Gap is that which, beginning at Linden, extends for miles in the direction of Front Royal. Here the passage of the Blue Ridge is effected by bold curves and grades that sweep around

and along the flanks and shoulders of the mountains, shaggy with rocks and pines, or draped with vines and running plants, and watered with clear streams that leap from the hills and hurriedly make their way down to the plains below. There are points which are wild, desolate and lonely, as in the midst of the Hartz Mountains. So lofty, broken, wild and beautiful



TOCCOA FALLS.

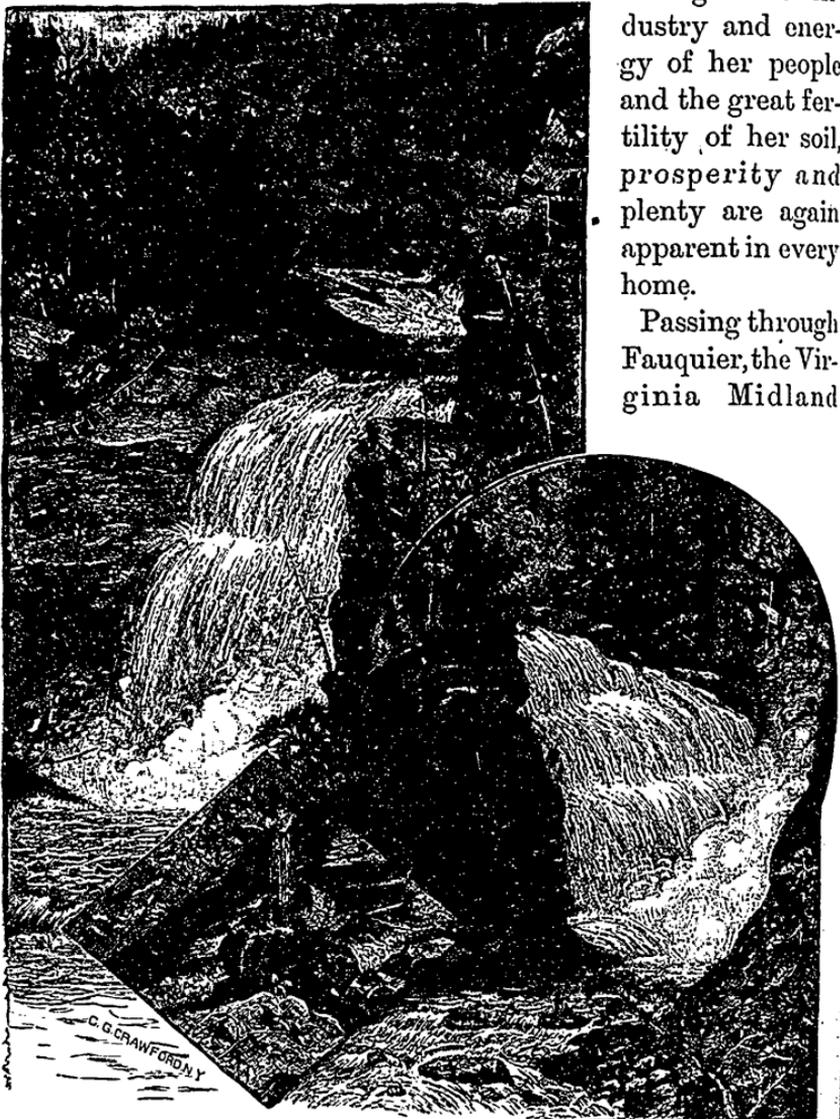
are the summits of the Blue Ridge, as seen from the cosy villages and quiet highways of Rapahannock, that the county has justly won the name of the Switzerland of Virginia. In Madison and Greene the scenery, if not so wild, is still lovely; and in the former county there is a valley so sweet, so secluded and so fertile as fully to justify comparison with the vale of happiness in which *Rasselas* dwelt. The productions of the country are still transported to market in the old-fashioned, but commodious, four and

six horse waggons. The horses, for their size, strength and endurance, are well fitted for the services they perform in these mountain regions. Southward, through a district peculiarly rich in picturesque and diversified scenery, the traveller is borne to Luray, and within a short mile of the famous caverns to which the attention of the whole world has been called

within the past few years. Shenandoah County, in the central portion, is mountainous, and, like the rest of the valley counties, the soil is extremely fertile. Despite the ravages of war,

through the industry and energy of her people and the great fertility of her soil, prosperity and plenty are again apparent in every home.

Passing through Fauquier, the Virginia Midland



TALLULAH FALLS.

Road enters the fine county of Culpeper, which was formed in 1748 and named for Lord Culpeper, who was Governor of Virginia from 1680 to 1683. Being debatable ground, Culpeper was fought over, trampled upon and denuded of its timber by the contending armies, during the late war, as no other county was. In

revolutionary times Culpeper County was famed for its "Minute Men," who, as Randolph of Roanoke said, "were raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute and vanquished in a minute."

No State of its size on the globe can boast so many great rivers as Virginia, and the Midland Road, running the whole length of the Piedmont region, necessarily cuts these rivers and many of their affluents at points more or less near their sources in the mountains, and just where their power is most available.

Orange County derives its name from the colour of its soil, and originally embraced all of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge. In almost every vale there is a stream; from every hilltop a beautiful view. A narrow-gauge road, 40 miles long, will conduct the traveller to the fields so desperately fought over by Grant and Lee, and also to Fredericksburg, a quaint old town, well worth visiting for its own sake as well as for that of the battles which occurred in and around it.

At Charlottesville are the University of Virginia; Monticello, the home of Jefferson, on its lofty and beautiful plateau; his mutilated tomb on the mountain side below; the Ragged Mountains, made famous by one of Edgar A. Poe's weirdest stories. How pathetic the fact, that "of the ten thousand acres once owned by Jefferson, all that now remains is 100 square feet of burial ground and a tomb hacked to pieces by vandals." The University of Virginia, founded in 1825, is one of the most famous schools in the Union. Before the war its average attendance was 600 students; now, owing to the impoverishment of the Southern people, the numbers rarely exceed 400.

In the well-named Ragged Mountains there was born, early in this or late in the last century, a boy named Samuel Miller. Obscure, poor as poverty itself, absolutely without education, this boy's destiny was to eclipse in real life the dreams in which Poe's imagination rioted when he chose as the scene of his story the wild hills among which this poor boy was born. Samuel Miller, at the time of his death some twenty years ago, was the richest man in Virginia. He left the bulk of his fortune to the endowment of a manual labour school for poor boys; first of Albemarle County and next of the State at large. In memory of his humble origin, and at his special request, this school was built in the very heart of the scenes of his childhood, and there solitude around it. It is admirably managed, has one hundred

it now stands—a marvel of architectural solidity and beauty, startling the beholder by its strong contrast with the untamed occupants, who are at no expense whatever, from the time they



TURNER POINT, FROM ANGELIN'S ROCK.

enter until they leave, and is undoubtedly doing a great deal of good in a direction where there is the greatest need.

At Charlottesville the Virginia Midland Railway unites with

the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway at the point where the latter begins in earnest the ascent from the uplands of the Piedmont District to the high grades that lead to the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This great road—the Chesapeake and Ohio—traverses the boldest and most picturesque scenery in Virginia.

Beyond the White Sulphur are the wooded chasms that have been cloven by the limpid waters of the Greenbrier River, the towering precipices at Hawk's Nest, the gray and awful canyon of New River, and the great Falls of the Kanawha. These have been already illustrated in this *MAGAZINE*.

Precipitous as Quebec; "live," almost, as Chicago; famous throughout the world for its tobaccos; romantically situated, is Lynchburg, the portal of the busy and prolific Southwest, amid the magnificent scenery far stretched on every side. Railroads fail of their moral purpose, it has been well said, if they do not bring together the people, especially of the hitherto discordant sections of the United States, and thus weld the national life into a firm and harmonious whole. That result these great trunk lines are grandly accomplishing, making the people of the different sections know each other better and esteem each other more. Bald Knob—a mighty rock—rises in lonely grandeur in Franklin County, and from its gray summit, green valleys, rounded hills, blue and misty peaks, billowy ranges of mountains and a seeming plain that stretches away into the hazy distance, form a panorama of almost unsurpassed magnificence.

A large number of persons from all the low country seek the mountains of South and North Carolina, making their entrance to them at Cæsar's Head, a noble spur of the Blue Ridge. This mountain is 4,400 feet above the sea. From its altitude and outlying position, it presents from its summit one of the grandest and most far-reaching panoramas to be found in the Alleghanies. It embraces almost the entire system of North Carolina. Under the eye are many of the finest peaks of the Appalachian chain. Towards the lowlands, the vision ranges from King's Mountain, on the southern border of North Carolina, to Currahee, in the northern part of Georgia, 210 miles from each other in a direct line. The view is such as to delight the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature. Especially is this the case at evening, when the delicious afterglow throws tints upon the mountains of indescribable tenderness and beauty.

The contrast between the bright green valley and the frowning brown precipices inclosing it is exceedingly impressive. It is equally interesting to watch the mists of evening creep like disembodied spirits up the heights, and hang upon the scraggy evergreens that fringe the summit; or, at morning, to see the fog-banks, at first so still and white, when the sun darts into the valley, wake up to life, as it were, and flit away before the darts of the sun-god.

Twenty-two miles south-west of Seneca, the road crosses the Tugalo—famous for its grand chasm, one of nature's loveliest aspects—and six miles further on enters Toccoa City, a railroad village. Only two miles distant are the celebrated Toccoa Falls. They tumble perpendicularly over a rock, down a height of 185 feet, and before reaching the bottom are dispersed in mist, which, visible to the eye against the background of dark rock, waves to and fro in a weird manner at once wonderful and beautiful. The Indian name signifies "The Beautiful." Mount Airy is well named, being 1,610 feet above the level of the sea. From Grand View Peak, the views surpass those of almost any other point in the State. To the north, the Blue Ridge stands in full view from Walker's Mountain into North Carolina, at least 150 miles. South-west, there is an unbroken woodland to the horizon, sixty to eighty miles, strikingly like a view on the ocean but more like the Great Plains as they appear from a cleft in the Rocky Mountains. This has been aptly called "Ocean View."

There is nothing in approaching Tallulah to warn the traveller that he is near a great chasm, and not till one stands on the dizzy edge of this tremendous canyon has he an idea of the grand—almost awful—character of the scene. To attempt a description of this chasm is futile. No adequate idea has ever been given of it in words, and no pictures (and there are many) have ever come near reality. Tallulah (The Terrible), a large stream, here breaks through the last obstacle in its eastward course and, for two miles, through a gorge 1,200 feet in depth and of unsurpassed grandeur is dashed over deep falls, over great rocks, broken into cascades in the wildest and most astounding manner. It requires steady nerves and strong muscles to visit the different points of interest along the edge of the chasm or to scramble down its deep and rugged face to behold the mad struggles of the troubled waters.

TWO MISSIONARY BISHOPS :

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN, JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

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GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

No intelligent Canadian can fail to have a lively interest in missionary work in the islands of the Pacific. India, Burmah, China, Japan, and Melanesia are the only portions of heathendom outside of our Dominion where Canadian Protestant Churches have conducted missionary operations. In the last of these, in the New Hebrides,

our Presbyterian brethren have had the highest honour the Church militant can enjoy, that of furnishing martyrs for Christ. The Presbyterian Church of Canada can proudly point to its fields of toil in Oceanica, where, notwithstanding persistent French and Jesuit intrigue, it has a most flourishing work in which two missionaries and their wives reached their martyr-crowns through martyr agonies. With similar feelings Methodists the world over regard Fiji and the Friendly Islands, where Wesleyan missionaries have sealed their testimony with their blood, leaving one of the grandest monuments of Christian faith and Christian heroism in nations raised from most degrading savagery to intelligence, peace, and Christian civilization.

The spirit of martyrdom did not end with the early Christians. There live this moment men of God, brave and holy,

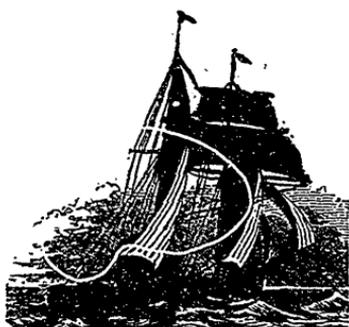
earnest and faithful, as ready as Polycarp or Cyprian to lay down their lives for their Saviour. Within the past twelve months the African missionary, Bishop Hannington, and quite recently the African Methodist missionary, Houghton, and his wife, in falling beneath the deadly blows of their savage murderers, have laid firm foundation for the permanent success of the kingdom of Christ in the Dark Continent. Within four weeks after the report of the death of Bishop Hannington reached England, fifty-three persons offered themselves as missionaries for service in the very society with which he was connected.

The numerous readers of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, sharing the broad catholic spirit with which it is edited, will not be displeased that for the present missionary sketch two men have been selected worthily representing the grand old Anglican Church, to which Methodism has been so closely related.

George Augustus Selwyn was born at Richmond, England, in 1809. Attracted in his early ministry by the commercial interest which was increasing in the islands of the Pacific, and as well by the glorious record of success there of the London Missionary Society, he felt impelled to offer himself for missionary work in those lonely islands away on the desert sea. He soon organized his operations so perfectly that in a short time a new diocese was ready, and he was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841, at the age of thirty-two. This diocese would gain in the comparison even with the fields of toil of the Methodist bishops of the United States, for its dimensions were 5,000 miles by over 1,200. It was an ocean strip of over eighty degrees of latitude by twenty of longitude. During the first seven years he had to confine his labours very largely to New Zealand. A great difficulty in evangelizing the more northern groups was that, as they were so near the Equator, Europeans could only live in them three months of the year. A further hindrance was the great diversity of dialects and languages. The London Missionary Society, which began its operations in Tahiti, 1797, had followed the plan, however, of sending native teachers from one island to others lying near it, and so gradually spreading the Gospel light from island to island. Landing the native catechists amongst their savage countrymen, they would

leave them for weeks or months, and then return to find them either killed or else surrounded by a body of attentive listeners, won by their earnestness and devotion to listen to the story of the Cross. Bishop Selwyn, observing the success of these missionaries from another branch of the Church, was constrained to write: "Many of these islands I visited in their days of darkness, and therefore I can rejoice in the light that now bursts upon them from whatever quarter it may come. I feel that there is an episcopate of love as well as of authority, and that these simple teachers scattered over the wide ocean are of the same interest to me that Apollos was to Aquila. I find them instructed in the way of the Lord, fervent in spirit and teaching diligently the things of the Lord."

The contrasted types of our headpiece and tailpiece, and of the two marginal cuts, on the following page, illustrate the world-wide difference between Christianity and Paganism.



THE "UNDINE."

Selwyn resolved upon visiting the northern groups of islands and adopting the plan successfully followed by others and upon getting children entrusted to his care to be educated in New Zealand. This work he commenced in his small missionary ship, the *Undine*, one of the pioneers in the great work now being done by the royal navy of heaven, the dozens of missionary ships carrying the invincible armament of the Gospel against the strongholds of Satan, the navy to which our Canadian Methodism has lately contributed an addition in the form of the *Glad Tidings*, now so serviceable on the Pacific Coast of our Dominion.

During a voyage in 1851, while the Bishop was landing at Mallicolo, one of the Loyalty Islands, large groups of men gathered at some distance shouting and throwing stones and shooting arrows. Desiring his party not to run nor show any sign of fear, he led them straight to the beach, careless of the threats and brandished clubs about them. This was only a sample of his reception on many an island. However, with a spirit of kindness and firmness, showing both courage and

sympathy, he conquered many a native tribe and secured young men for the Missionary Institute at Auckland.

The *Undine* had soon to be replaced by a larger vessel, the *Border Maid*, and this soon again by one still larger, the *Southern Cross*. With such increased equipment the work prospered grandly, and across the wide Pacific through the faithful labours of Wesleyan, Congregational, and Anglican missionaries, beacon lights were kindled on one island after another as glad signals to "give glory unto the Lord and to declare His praise in the islands;" and to-day, out of a total population of 863,000 in the islands of the Pacific, 324,000 are Christians.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

Bishop Selwyn was at length obliged by failing health to return to England, where he resumed work with influence greatly increased by the brave and noble spirit of self-sacrifice with which he had been toiling among the islands of the Pacific. His sterling merits were universally acknowledged, and in 1857 he was honoured with an elevation to the 'See of Lichfield, Stafford-



NEW ZEALAND SCENE.

shire. In this position he manifested great zeal in the moral improvement of the peculiar population in the "Black Country." In 1878 he closed his life and labours in the triumphs of Christian faith. He was greatly interested in the canal population of England—a very numerous class who lived, many of them, in large families in these canal boats, and for whose religious instruction almost no provision was made. He organized a canal mission for reaching this destitute class, and employed a mission barge to carry the Gospel to their rendez-

vous as the *Undine* had been employed to carry it to the scarcely less taught heathen of the Southern Seas.

In a visit Bishop Selwyn made to England, in 1853, in order to secure more missionaries for New Zealand, he naturally attracted to himself congenial and enthusiastic souls. One of these was John Coleridge Patteson, or, as he was familiarly called, Coley Patteson. The son of one eminent English judge and the nephew of another, he was born to ease, affluence, and honour, but was led to renounce all for the work of God among the heathen. Bishop Walsh, in his admirable work on "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field," touchingly relates how Patteson was aroused by Selwyn's appeals for the Islands of the Sea,



MISSION BARGE.

and how his fond mother was startled when she was asked to give her son Coley for missionary work. She replied that if it continued to be his wish to go she would give both her consent and her blessing. She only lived a year after this, but her prayerful interest in his design was a perpetual benediction to him to the end of life. It was the very Bible which she had taught him to read at the age of five years

which was afterwards placed in his hands in Auckland at his Episcopal consecration.

Patteson was born in 1827, and was educated at Eton and at Merton College, Oxford. In 1853 he was ordained to the curacy of Offington, and in 1855 he embarked with Bishop Selwyn for New Zealand, and early in the following year he started in the *Southern Cross* on his first Melanesian voyage. Bishop Selwyn went with him to introduce him to the scene of his future labours and to gather his first batch of scholars. Early in the voyage they were encouraged by touching at Aneiteum and observing the results of the faithful labours of Rev. Mr. Geddie, a Presbyterian missionary from Nova Scotia, and learning that out of a population there of 4,000 only 200 remained heathen. The principal method of labour employed

on this and subsequent journeys was in securing young men or boys and taking them to St. John's College, Auckland, where they were trained in the Christian faith, and where the more devoted and promising students developed into teachers or missionaries. In the college at Auckland, and afterwards at Kohimarama, Patteson taught the boys everything conducive to good habits and Christian character, sharing with them even the menial employment of cleaning their rooms, in order the better to instruct them. On one journey the *Southern Cross* called at sixty-six islands, landed at eighty-one different places and secured thirty-three pupils.

In 1861, Patteson was consecrated Bishop in Auckland, and speaking shortly afterwards of his responsibility and of his eagerness to be a blessing to the people, he says: "Those nights when I lie down in a long hut among forty or fifty cannibals—the only Christian on the island—that is the time when I pour out my heart in most earnest prayer that those dark, wild heathen about me may be turned from Satan unto God." Patteson's labours as bishop continued for ten years, from 1861 to 1871. In 1871, he mentions that the *Southern Cross* brought back that year twenty-nine native Christians to settle in their own islands, where now there were three hundred Christians to witness for Christ. Among these was George Sarawia, the first Melanesian to become an Anglican minister. This native minister baptized 293 persons in his own island, besides doing much evangelistic work in neighbouring groups.

The brave spirit which animated Patteson was also an inspiration to others, and enabled them to suffer martyrdom for Christ. An example of this we have in the death, in 1864, of two young Norfolk Islanders, aged respectively twenty-one and eighteen years. In Bishop Patteson's journal we find the record that he reached the coast of Santa Cruz on Monday, August 15, and put off from the vessel in the boat with Mr. Atkin, a sailor named Pearce, and Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, the Norfolk Island boys. He landed at two places, among many people, and after a time came back as usual to the boat. All seemed pleasant and hopeful, and he landed at a third place amongst a great crowd, waded over a broad reef which is partly uncovered at low water, and went into a house and sat there some time, after which he returned to the boat.

When the boat was about fifteen yards from the reef the natives began to shoot at it; why, the party in it could not guess. The Bishop took the rudder and held it up as a shield, hoping it might ward off some arrows, as it probably did. On looking around, he saw that Pearce was lying in the bottom of the boat with an arrow in his chest, Edwin Nobbs had one sticking close to his left eye, and many others were flying close to them from many directions.

Suddenly Fisher Young, who was rowing stroke, gave a faint scream, and the Bishop saw that he was shot through the left wrist. Not a word was spoken except the Bishop's word of command, "Pull, port oars, pull on steadily." Once Edwin, with the fragment of the arrow sticking in his cheek, and the blood running down his face, called out, "Look out, sir! close to you!" Yes, on all sides they were close to them.

It seemed wonderful any one escaped. Mr. Atkin had taken Pearce's oar and Edwin and Fisher bravely rowed on, in spite of their wounds, till they reached the schooner. The canoes chased them, but no one else was hit, and in about twenty minutes they were on board. But the worst might yet be to come, for the wounds remained; and even if the arrows should prove not to have been poisoned, there was the danger of lockjaw, to which these South Sea Islanders are terribly liable. Pearce seemed the worst, so the Bishop dressed his wounds first, then went to the boys. The arrow, which had gone right through Fisher's wrist and broken there, was very difficult to get out; and at length, as nothing else would do, the Bishop was forced to take hold of the wooden point and pull it right through. The pain was very great, the boy shivered and trembled; but when they had given him some stimulant, he revived, and after putting a poultice on the wrist the Bishop went to Edwin.

Mr. Atkin, who had been attending to him, had got the splinter out of his cheek. His was scarcely more than a wound, so that, had it not been for the possibility of lockjaw, they would not have been uneasy about it.

The boys' patience, calmness, and quiet resignation were a great comfort and support to those in charge of them, and for a few days all seemed going on well. But one morning Fisher said to the Bishop, "I can't make out what makes my jaws so stiff."

The Bishop understood. It was the first sign of approaching lockjaw. He says:—

“Then my heart sank down within me, and I prayed earnestly to God. I talked to the dear, dear lad of his danger, and day and night we prayed and read. A dear guileless spirit indeed. I never saw in so young a person such a thorough conscientiousness as for two years I witnessed in his daily life, and I had long not only loved, but respected him.

“We had calm weather and could not get on. By Saturday the jaws were tight locked; then more intense grew the agony, the whole body rigid like a bar of iron. Oh, how I bless God, who carried me through that day and night,—how good he was in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms, thanking God, praying, pressing my hand when I prayed and comforted him with holy words of Scripture. None but a well-disciplined, humble, simple Christian could have so borne his sufferings: the habit of obedience, and faith and patience, the child-like, unhesitating trust in God’s love and Fatherly care, supported him now. He never for a moment lost his hold upon God. What a lesson it was! It calmed us all. It almost awed me to see in so young a lad so great an instance of God’s infinite power, so great a work of good perfected in one young enough to have been confirmed by me.

“At 1 a.m. on Monday, I moved from his side to my own couch, only three yards off. He said faintly, ‘Kiss me, Bishop; I am very glad I was doing my duty. Tell my father I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!’ Ah! my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives. And as I lay down almost convulsed with sobs, though not audible, Mr. Tilly afterwards told me he heard him say, ‘Poor Bishop.’

At 4 a.m. he started as from a trance. He had been wandering a good deal, but all his words even then were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw the consciousness gradually coming back into them. ‘They never stop singing there, sir, do they?’ for his thoughts were with the angels in heaven; then after a short time the last terrible struggle, and then he fell asleep. And remember all this in the midst of that most agonizing, it may be, of all forms of death. Oh! how I thanked God when his head at last fell back on my arm.”

Four days after this the same symptoms came on in Edwin’s case, and after eight days’ patient endurance of most fearful agony his soul was released to join the noble army of martyrs.

And now we come to the dreadful tragedy, in the year 1871, which took away Patteson himself and which excited such sorrow and indignation throughout Christendom, leading our noble Queen even in her Speech from the Throne in opening Parliament to make a most touching allusion to “the murder of an exemplary prelate.” The occasion of his

death will appear from the manner in which some English merchants in their greed for gain were introducing a terrible and disgraceful system of slavery among the islands of the Pacific. Their plan was to inveigle young natives on board their merchant ships, and then, having secured a sufficient number, fasten them below the hatches to carry them off for service in Queensland and Fiji. To aid them in this nefarious work they made their ships look as much as possible like the *Southern Cross*. They had black-coated persons conspicuous on the decks when approaching an island in search of victims, and even went so far as to have an exact representation of the Bishop himself reading a book. Patteson had begun to arouse strong feeling throughout the world against this abominable slavery, and there is on record an able memorial on the subject, which he prepared for the Provincial-Synod of New Zealand, but the evil rapidly grew and he himself fell as one of its victims. In September, 1871, the missionary ship was standing off the island of Nekapu near Santa Cruz. The Bishop had often landed there, and been most kindly welcomed. This time, however, the natives on the beach did not come out to meet him as usual, and this was looked upon as strange, but the Bishop, fearing nothing, pushed off through the blue waters for the coral strand. On reaching the reef, as the tide was low he got into a chief's canoe and went ashore. There then followed a shower of arrows upon the ship's boat, which caused her crew at once to make their way back to the ship, two of them, however, being mortally wounded. When the tide arose the boatmen were sent back to look for the Bishop, whose body, pierced and dead, they soon found drifting in a canoe.

Five men had been lately stolen from Nekapu, and the savages had taken vengeance upon the first white man who fell into their hands, probably with the full belief, for reasons already mentioned, that he was accessory to the wrong.

No Christian heart can be so narrow as to fail in admiration of a life so sublime and a death so heroic. Christians of all lands and of all names agree with Max Müller, the eminent philologist, when he writes of his intimate friend, Patteson: "To have known such a man is one of life's greatest blessings. In his life of purity, unselfishness, devotion to man, and faith in a higher world, those who have eyes to see may read the best, the

most real *Imitatio Christi*." Mrs. Fausset, honouring him with graceful verses, asks if he is to be remembered as warrior or knight, and then—

How shall we think of thee?—as one who dared the winds and waves,
On Heaven's sublime discovery, and brake men's living graves;
Whose mighty mind in patience tuned its wide linguistic lore
To wake the first *Te Deum* on a Melanesian shore.

Ah! no, thy style and title owns a bearing far more bright—
The MARTYR is a grander name than hero, sage or knight;
The lofty joy was thine, afar upon the wilds to trace
The Master's life, and loftiest souls wear still the lowliest grace.



NEW ZEALAND CHIEF AND WAR CLUBS.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty,
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

—F. W. Faber.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

V.

THE RIVAL FUR COMPANIES—RED RIVER SETTLEMENT—
FIRST NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

IN the year 1670, at the solicitation of Prince Rupert* and the Duke of Albemarle, King Charles II. created by royal charter the "Company of Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay." With characteristic lavishness the King granted to this company the sole trade and commerce of the vast and vaguely-defined regions to which access may be had through Hudson's Straits. Forty years before this, Louis XIII. had made a similar grant to the "Company of New France," and, for nearly a hundred years, there was a keen and eager rivalry between these hostile corporations. In order to control the lucrative fur-trade, the Hudson's Bay Company planted forts and factories at the mouths of the Moose, Albany, Nelson, Churchill, and other rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. Again and again, adventurous bands of Frenchmen, like D'Iberville and his companions, made bloody raids upon these posts, murdering their occupants, burning the stockades, and carrying off the rich stores of peltries.

Growing bolder with success, the French penetrated the vast interior as far as the head-waters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Saskatchewan, and reached the Rocky Mountains long before any other white men had visited these regions. They planted trading-posts and small palisaded forts at important river junctions and on far-off lonely lakes, and wrote their names all over this great continent, in the designation of cape and lake and stream, and other great features of nature. The *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*, to whom this wild, adventurous life was full of fascination, roamed through the forests and navigated the countless arrowy streams; and Montreal and Quebec snatched much of the spoil of this profitable trade from the hands of the English company. Every little far-off trading-post and stockaded fort felt the reverberations of the English

* Hence a large portion of this territory was known as Rupert's Land.

guns which won the victory of the Plains of Abraham, whereby the sovereignty of those vast regions passed away forever from the possession of France.

After the conquest, numerous independent fur-traders engaged in this profitable traffic. In 1783, these formed a junction of interests and organized the North-West Company. For forty years this was one of the strongest combinations in Canada. Its energetic agents explored the vast North-West regions. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, traced the great river which bears his name, and first reached the North Pacific across the Rocky Mountains. In 1808, Simon Frazer descended the gold-bearing stream which perpetuates his memory; and, shortly after, Thompson explored and named another branch of the same great river.

Keen was the rivalry with the old Hudson's Bay Company, and long and bitter was the feud between the two great corporations, each of which coveted a broad continent as a hunting-ground and preserve for game. The head-quarters of the North-West Company were at Fort William, on Lake Superior. Its clerks were mostly young Scotchmen, of good families, whose characteristic thrift and fidelity were encouraged by a share in the profits of the fur-trade. The partners of the Company travelled in feudal state, attended by a retinue of boatmen and servants, "obedient as Highland clansmen." The grand councils and banquets in the thick-walled state chamber at Fort William were occasions of lavish pomp and luxury. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred retainers, factors, clerks, *voyageurs*, and trappers were assembled, and held for a time high festival, with a strange blending of civilized and savage life.

In the early years of the present century, the feud between the rival companies was at its height. With the skill of an experienced general, Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, prepared for the strenuous conflict which he felt to be inevitable. He resolved to establish a colony of his countrymen at the junction of the Red River with the Assiniboine, the key of the mid-continent. He built Fort Douglas, near the present city of Winnipeg. The offer of free grants of land, and of sundry special privileges, induced a large number of hardy Highlanders to seek their fortunes in the far west.

In the year 1812, the first brigade of colonists reached Red River, by way of Hudson's Bay, having spent an entire winter on the borders of that icy sea. A stern welcome awaited them. Hardly had they arrived at the site of the proposed settlement, when an armed band of Nor'-Westers, the rival fur-traders, plumed and painted in the Indian style, appeared and commanded the colonists to depart. They were compelled to submit, and to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post at Pembina, within the territory of the United States. Even the guns that their fathers had borne at Culloden were taken from them, and the wedding-rings of the women were torn from their fingers.

Undaunted by this failure, they returned in the spring of 1812, built log-houses, and sowed their wheat. By this time the decree had gone forth from the councils of the North-West Company,—the colony must be destroyed. In 1816, there fell upon the little colony a crushing blow. In the month of June, a body of three hundred mounted Nor'-Westers, armed to the teeth, and begrimed with war-paint, attacked the settlement. A little band of twenty-eight men went forth to parley. By a volley of the enemy, twenty-one of them were slain, including Mr. Robert Semple, acting-Governor of the settlement. The town was sacked and burned, and the wretched inhabitants, driven from the blackened embers of their devastated homes, found refuge at Norway House, 300 miles to the north.*

Lord Selkirk was at New York, on his way to Rupert's Land, when he heard of this attack. He immediately assumed the offensive. The blood of the Douglasses was stirred in his veins. He had with him about a hundred Swiss, German, and French soldiers, and a few Glengarry men. With these he hastened by way of Penetanguishene and the north shore of Lakes Huron and Superior to Fort William, dragging with him two small cannon through the wilderness. There were in the neighbourhood of Fort William about three hundred French-Canadians and Indians in the employ of the North-West Company. Selkirk demanded the surrender of the guilty parties, and under warrant of his Justice's commission, broke open the gates and took possession of the fort. The prisoners were sent

* It was afterward noted that twenty-six out of the attacking party died untimely and violent deaths.

to York (Toronto) for trial; but, through incompleteness of evidence, were acquitted, and for some time Selkirk held possession of Fort William.

Lord Selkirk again established colonists in the thrice-forsaken settlement, furnishing them with agricultural implements, seed-grain and stock. But the summer was already half gone, the harvest was scanty, famine was impending, and the hapless settlers were again compelled, on the approach of winter, to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post at Pembina. In the spring, the Red River colonists returned for the fifth time to their abandoned habitations. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon their efforts. The crops were ripening around the little settlement and hope beat high in every heart; but an unforeseen catastrophe awaited them. Late in an afternoon in the last week in July, a cloud of grasshoppers—like the Egyptian plague of locusts, more terrible than a destroying army—darkened the air, covered the ground, and, in a single night, devoured almost every green thing. The land was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. It was a piteous sight. Strong men bowed themselves. The sturdy Highlanders, who had gazed on death unblanched, burst into tears as they thought of the famine-pangs that menaced their wives and little ones. Another weary march, and a miserable winter at Pembina, was their fate.

Again, in the spring, that forlorn hope returned to their devastated fields. But agriculture was impossible. The grasshoppers of the previous season had left a terrible legacy behind them. Their larvæ multiplied a thousand-fold. They filled the air, covered the ground, extinguished the fires kindled in the fields as a barrier against them, polluted the water, were strewn along the river banks like seaweed on the ocean shore, and the stench of their dead bodies infected the atmosphere. Pembina must succour the hapless colonists yet another winter.

The story of such uniform disaster becomes wearisome. Any one less determined, less dogged, it might perhaps be said, than Lord Selkirk, would have abandoned the colony. Not so he. That little company—the advance guard of the great army of civilization destined yet to fill the land so bravely won—returned to the scene of their blasted hopes. At the cost of \$5,000, Lord Selkirk bought 250 bushels of seed-wheat from

Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, a distance of twelve hundred miles. It was sown, and, by the Divine blessing, after eight years of failure, the harvest was happily reaped. Amid such hardships and privations was the Red River settlement planted.

The colony now struck its roots deep into the soil. It grew and flourished year by year. Recruits came from Scotland, from Germany, from Switzerland. They suffered many privations, and some disasters. With the spring thaw of 1826, the river rose nine feet in a single day. In three days every house had to be abandoned. The inhabitants fled to the highest ground adjacent. They beheld their houses, barns, crops, fences—everything they possessed—swept by on the rushing torrent to Lake Winnipeg. The waters continued to rise for nineteen days. The disheartened colonists proposed abandoning forever the luckless settlement. At this crisis tidings of the abatement of the flood was brought. A new beginning had to be made.

In a visionary attempt to manufacture cloth from buffaloes' wool, the magnates of the fur-trade, at great cost, introduced machinery and workmen from England. This failing, 15,000 sheep were purchased in Kentucky, 2,000 miles distant. Only two hundred and fifty survived the journey, and these soon died of exhaustion. In these ill-advised schemes Lord Selkirk sank half a million of dollars.

Exhausted by forty years of conflict, in 1821, the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies ceased their warfare and combined their forces, and were confirmed by the Imperial Parliament in the monopoly of trade through the wide region stretching from Labrador to the Pacific Ocean. The government of the united company, while jealously exclusive of rival influence, was patriarchal in character, and through the exclusion, for the most part, of intoxicating liquors, greatly promoted the welfare of the Indians, and repressed disorder throughout its wide domains.

The Red River settlement, in 1868, had increased to a population of about 12,000. On the formation of the Dominion of Canada, however, it was felt to be highly desirable that it should be included in the new confederacy, and also that the Dominion should acquire jurisdiction over the vast regions under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1868, the Rupert's Land Act was passed by the British Parliament, and, under its provisions, the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered to the Crown its territorial rights over the vast region under its control. The conditions of this surrender were as follows:—The Company was to receive the sum of £300,000 sterling in money, and grants of lands around its trading-posts to the extent of fifty thousand acres in all. In addition it is to receive, as it is surveyed and laid out in townships, one-twentieth of all the land in the great fertile belt south of the north branch of the Saskatchewan.

In April, 1869, the Dominion Parliament passed an Act, providing for the temporary government of the entire region, under the designation of the North-West Territory. In anticipation of its speedy cession, which was appointed to take place on the first of December, surveying parties were sent into the Red River country for the purpose of laying out roads and townships, with a view to its early occupation. Unhappily jealousies were awakened among the settlers lest this movement should in some way prejudice their title to their land.

In the month of September, the Hon. William Macdougall proceeded to Red River to assume the duties of Governor of the North-West Territory so soon as the cession should take place. He was prepared to establish stage and telegraph lines, and to carry out a vigorous policy of internal development and improvement. He was met near the frontier, on the 20th of October, by a band of armed men, and compelled to retreat across the border to Pembina. An insurrectionary council was created, with John Bruce as its president, and Louis Riel as secretary, although the latter was really the leading spirit of the movement. The insurgents, on the 3rd of November, took forcible possession of Fort Garry, a stone-walled enclosure containing the valuable stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, together with a number of small arms, several pieces of cannon, and a large supply of ammunition.

Colonel Dennis, a Canadian militia officer, who had been conducting the land surveys, and was commissioned as Deputy-Governor by Mr. Macdougall, hereupon organized a force of the loyal inhabitants, for the suppression of the revolt and the vindication of the Queen's authority. A party of these, forty-five in all, were besieged by the insurgents in the house of Dr.

Schultz, in the town of Winnipeg, and, on their surrender on the 7th December, were imprisoned for some months in Fort Garry. The number of prisoners was soon increased by illegal arrests to over sixty.

The temporary success of the revolt seems to have completely turned the heads of its leaders, and to have encouraged them to more audacious designs. Riel demanded a loan of £2,000 sterling from Governor MacTavish, which, being refused, he seized and broke open the safe of the Company and pillaged its stores, as well as the property of Dr. Schultz, and that of the Canadian Government, deposited in his warehouse. He proceeded further to the arrest of Governor MacTavish, then ill with his mortal sickness. A provisional government was created, of which Riel contrived to have himself elected president, February 7th. A Bill of Rights was formulated, the principal feature of which was a demand for local self-government, representation in the Dominion Legislature, and an amnesty to be granted to the leaders of the revolt. Riel had now an armed force of some six hundred men under his control, and carried things with a high hand in the settlement, arresting whomsoever he chose, confiscating public and private property, and banishing from the country persons obnoxious to himself.

This usurped authority proving intolerable to the loyal inhabitants, they organized a movement for the release of the prisoners and the suppression of the revolt. A party of these loyalists were intercepted by an armed force from the fort, and imprisoned, to the number of forty-eight. Their leader, Major Boulton, a Canadian militia officer, was thrown into irons, and, after a summary trial by a rebel tribunal, was sentenced to be shot. He was reprieved only after the earnest intercession of the leading persons of the English-speaking population.

Shortly after, however, another Canadian prisoner fell a victim to Riel's usurped and ill-used power. Thomas Scott, a brave and loyal man, for the crime of endeavouring to maintain the authority of his rightful sovereign, after a mock-trial by a rebel court-martial, was sentenced to be shot at noon the following day. In spite of the remonstrance and intercession of the Rev. George Young, the Wesleyan missionary, at Winnipeg, who attended the prisoner in his last hours, and of Mr. Commissioner Smith, the cruel sentence of this illegal and self-

constituted tribunal was carried into execution. On the 4th of March, Thomas Scott was led from his prison with pinioned arms, and shot in cold blood by a firing party of the insurgents. So unskilfully did the assassins perform their work, that it is said the unfortunate man lived and spoke for some time after he was thrust into his coffin, and was at last despatched with the stab of a knife.

The tidings of this assassination produced intense excitement throughout Canada, especially in the province of Ontario. Tumultuous indignation meetings were held, and a loud demand was made for the punishment of the instigators of the crime. A reward of \$5,000 was subsequently offered by the Ontario Government for the arrest of Riel. Measures were promptly taken by the Imperial and Dominion authorities conjointly for maintaining the supremacy of the Queen in the North-West. On the 20th of May, an Act passed the Dominion Parliament, creating the new Province of Manitoba, and admitting it into the Canadian confederation. In the meantime, Colonel Garnet Wolseley, afterwards distinguished as the successful commander of the British troops in the war in the Soudan, organized, in the month of June, a military expedition to restore the authority of the Queen in the insurrectionary province. A body of twelve hundred picked men, about a hundred of whom belonged to the Sixtieth Regiment of the regular army, the remainder being volunteer Canadian militia from both Ontario and Quebec, proceeded by way of Fort William and Rainy Lake and River to Fort Garry. For four hundred miles the expedition traversed a wilderness of labyrinthine lakes or rapid rivers. All the military stores and provisions, and the large and heavy boats, had to be borne with incredible labour over numerous portages—often long and steep and rugged. Yet the little army toiled on through innumerable obstacles, and, on the 24th of August, reached its destination, only to find that, as no amnesty for the leaders of the revolt had arrived, Riel and his fellow-conspirators had fled from Fort Garry.

The British troops immediately occupied the fort, and, to the great joy of the loyal inhabitants, the Queen's authority was again acknowledged as supreme. The troops of the regular army immediately returned, and the maintenance of order was entrusted to the Canadian militia; most of whom, however, were shortly after withdrawn.

The leaders of the Fenian conspiracy in the United States had, in the meantime, been endeavouring to keep up the delusion of their countrymen that a serious attack would be made on Canada. On the 5th of October, 1871, the irrepressible O'Neil, and O'Donohue, a confederate of Riel's in the late insurrection, with a Fenian band, crossed the boundary of Manitoba, at Pembina, and seized the Custom-house and Hudson's Bay post. They were, shortly after, followed and captured by a company of United States troops, the precise location of the boundary line being not then settled, and O'Neil and some of his fellow-conspirators underwent the formality of a trial in the United States court, but were discharged.

HE KEEPETH ME.

BY R. A. SIMS.

He keepeth me; my Lord and King;
He keepeth me, my soul can sing;
How bright and glad my life should be,
Jehovah Jesus keepeth me.

He keepeth me, He keepeth me;
Though King of kings He keepeth me.
He stoops in grace my path to see
And in His love He keepeth me.

He keepeth me; how sweet to know
He'll hold me safe, nor let me go,
Though storms may come with fury wild
Jehovah keeps His trusting child.

He keepeth me, He keepeth me,
With His strong arm He keepeth me.
However dark the night may be,
In peace I'll sing, He keepeth me.

He keepeth me in close embrace,
With love I gaze upon His face,
While He holds up my stumbling feet
And sings to me that song so sweet,

I'm keeping thee, I'm keeping thee;
But trust My love, I'm keeping thee.
Doubt not, though rough thy path may be,
Since I, thy God, am keeping thee.

—*Orillia Packet.*

BRICKS AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. NATHANIEL BURWASH, S.T.D.,

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THE conflict of Christianity with modern unbelief assumes two forms, the historical and the philosophical. Both forms are very ancient, but the historical has been based upon scientific principles only since the middle of the last century. That historical criticism now deserves the name of a science is unquestionable. Through the imperfection of its data, it may still lead us not unfrequently to wrong conclusions; but its general principles are in the main sound, and the investigations into which it leads us, whether of sacred or of profane literature, are never without permanent and valuable results. The period of its crude efforts is rapidly passing, and henceforth the theologian as well as the historian may gratefully accept its aid in the search for truth. But the first crude efforts of the incipient science have given us one of the strangest chapters in the history of modern unbelief. It is the record not so much of sneering and immoral doubt as of the combination of a certain scientific honesty with a lack of appreciation of the great moral and religious verities which underlie our holy religion. A stronger intuitive grasp of these would have led the men of the last hundred years to recognize the yet imperfect state of their incipient science, and to hesitate ere at its bidding they cast aside the old historic forms in which religion was enshrined. As it was, the gushing audacity of the young science almost obliterated in some places the old historic faith, and covered Germany, Switzerland, France, and even parts of Britain and America, with the flood-tide of rationalism. The full maturity of the same science is likely now to bring about a return of the tide, and give us back again our fields of historic faith fair and fresh, and all the richer from the deposits of the transitory inundation.

Some of the steps by which God hath wrought this we propose to trace in the present paper. The historical criticism was yet in its infancy when Napoleon Buonaparte arose to terrify the nations. In more than one way the influence of

this remarkable man upon the religious world was salutary. We cannot say that he was actuated by a profound religious faith, though too sagacious to profess open unbelief. But it was not his opinions, religious or irreligious, which were to influence the world. It was as God's rod smiting the nations, and especially that deeply devout, though intellectually skeptical, nation the great German land, that he was to leave a profound impress upon religious life. When after his terribly bloody victories the wail of mourning for loved ones slain was heard in almost every home, then the hearts of the people, high and low, learned and illiterate, turned back to a forgotten God and an almost discarded Bible, and while their intellects were still confused by the glimmering uncertainties of science, their hearts repented and turned to God. As a result, we have in Germany, in the first quarter of the present century, some of the most remarkable examples of honest skepticism combined with deep piety and fine moral character that the world has ever seen. But this was by no means all which God had to accomplish by this man.

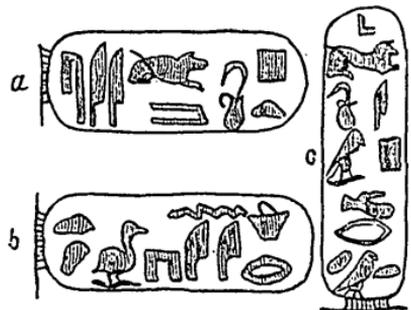
In the last year of the last century Napoleon was contending on the banks of the Nile for the control of what is to-day England's highway to her Eastern Empire. A body of French troops were digging a well in their camp at the town of Rosetta, and found buried in the sand a slab of black basalt inscribed with three varieties of characters. The engineers at once perceived the value of the find, and the stone was carefully laid by with the army baggage. By the fortunes of war it became the property of the English, and ultimately found its way to that repository of all curiosities, the British Museum. On examination the inscriptions were found to consist, first, of fourteen lines of hieroglyphics—a character representing what had been for fifteen hundred years an unknown tongue. Next came thirty-two lines of what is called "enchorial"—a popular current form of writing the hieroglyphic. The third part of the inscription was fifty-four lines of uncial Greek. From the first it was conjectured that these three inscriptions were one and the same record in different languages and different forms of alphabet; and the hope was entertained that by the aid of Greek, familiar to all scholars, the clue to the other forms of writing might be obtained.

The full realization of this hope has been the result of fifty

years of toil. The men who opened the way to its accomplishment were Dr. Young and M. Champollion—an Englishman and a Frenchman working hand to hand in this triumph of the arts of peace. The first thing to be found was an alphabet. The researches of learned men had already discovered that the ancient Egyptian was but an antique form of the Coptic, and that down to the time of the general introduction of Christianity the ancient alphabet had been used, when it was gradually replaced by an adaptation of the Greek alphabet. If the ancient alphabet could be recovered the probabilities were that with it we would regain possession of the whole ancient language and literature. But the task of recovering an alphabet by the aid of even the most literal translation was far from an easy one. Where the languages compared are of an essentially different root or family, the alphabetic sounds of the one give us not the slightest clue to those representing the same idea or root in the other. Compare the Hebrew *ejel* with our English calf, and it appears at once how utterly misleading would be the attempt to recover a Hebrew alphabet by writing the Hebrew word letter for letter over the English, even though we may be certain that both words represent the same object.

There is, however, one exception to this statement, and upon that exception the work before us was based. Proper names, especially of persons, are not translated but transliterated, i.e., the new language imitates, as nearly as its habits of speech will permit, the exact sounds of the original. Thus Smith becomes Schmidt, or Baur is Anglicized into Bower. Fortunately this custom dates back to the earliest times. If therefore the proper names in the inscription could be found in all three records, a clue might be obtained to the recovery of the lost alphabet.

In the Greek text were found the names Alexander, Alexandria and Egypt as well as Ptolemy. But though Dr. Young thought he could identify all these, his search for an alphabet



a Cartouche of Ptolemy.
 b Cartouche of Berenice.
 c Cartouche of Cleopatra.

was unsuccessful until he made a lucky or a Divinely directed guess. A word the same in component symbols occurs in the hieroglyphic inscription five times enclosed in the ring now known as a cartouche. This he conjectured to be the royal name Ptolemy—in Coptic, Ptolmes. The hieroglyphic form of this consisted of seven elements—a square representing p; a semicircle representing t; an onion for o; a lion for l; a pair of tongs for m; two quills or reeds for i; and a hook for s. This identification proved to be accurate and gave seven alphabetic elements, two vowels and five consonants.

Shortly after Dr. Young had, in 1819, gained this foothold, Mr. W. J. Banks brought from the island of Philæ a small obelisk with a bilingual inscription also of the age of the Ptolemies. A lithographed copy of this had been forwarded to Paris, and was placed in the hands of M. Champollion. The Greek showed that it was a copy of a petition of the priests of Isis to Ptolemy and Cleopatra. In this Champollion succeeded in identifying the name Cleopatra. This added four important facts to the knowledge already gained. First, it added the third fundamental vowel to the alphabet and two additional consonants. Secondly, it confirmed the accuracy of Dr. Young's identification of (l e o p) four letters. Thirdly, it gave a second form for the letter t, an open hand, showing that the same sound was represented by various signs. Lastly, by the full identification of the vowels, it proved that the symbols used were properly alphabetic and not syllabic, as Dr. Young had at first supposed. At the same time, Dr. Young was engaged in the identification of the name Berenice in an inscription found on a ceiling at Karnac, which gave him two additional consonants, b and n, as well as confirmed the accuracy of the identification of r in Cleopatra.

By such processes as these an alphabet was slowly reached, and the voices carved in stone, which for fifteen hundred years had been utterly silent, again began to speak. The words once reproduced, the key to the grammatical form and significance was found in the language of the Copts. They are to-day among the lowest of the inhabitants of Egypt. Turks and Arabs alike oppress them as a conquered race. But they are none the less the descendants of the ancient lords of the Nile; and their language bears the same relation to ancient Egyptian

that Italian holds to Latin, or the modern to the classic Greek. By long and weary labours, which we need not further detail, the difficulties were one by one overcome, and to-day we can read the hieroglyphics of Egypt with scarcely any greater difficulty than we find in dealing with the Latin inscriptions of the Catacombs of Rome.

But what has all this to do with historical criticism and the Bible?

When Egyptology, as this new field was called, was first opened up, the historical critics of the skeptical school were full of intense interest. They looked for materials to confirm the conclusions at which they had arrived. And materials they did find, but not such as they had anticipated. It is true that there were no records referring to the Hebrew people, for a proud race do not inscribe upon their public monuments the doings or fate of their foreign slaves. But in these monuments there is the record and perfect picture of Egyptian life from the time of Abraham to that of Moses and beyond. Now it is a fundamental principle of historical criticism that every book, poem, or other literary work bears upon its face the indestructible stamp of the age and environment in which it was produced. This stamp does not consist in a mere record of date. It is the correspondence of the form, the spirit, the facts, the entire texture of the literature with the spirit, the customs, the entire type of life and civilization in which it was produced. A great historical novelist of our time may lay his plot in the Roman world of the first century, but no competent critic could mistake it for a product of the first century, because it is still brimful of the thought and style of the nineteenth. And so we find the concluding chapters of Genesis and the opening chapters of Exodus full of the life and associations of Egypt in the fifteenth century B.C.

Let us open for illustration at the twenty-fifth verse of the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis, where our narrative first touches Egypt. The three articles there mentioned—storax or tragacanth, mastic and ladanum—were all articles of commerce between Syria and Egypt at that time. The merchantmen of that time were Arabs (Ishmaelites or Midianites), who journeyed as they do to-day in caravans or "travelling companies," who very frequently added young Canaanitish slaves to their cargo.

The narrative resumes its contact with Egypt at the beginning of chapter thirty-nine. Here Potiphar, "devoted to Phar or the royal house," is at once a thoroughly Egyptian name. The word translated officer is an Egyptian and not a Hebrew word, "saris," or in its Egyptian form "sheresheh," which is very common on the monuments. In the house of his master the usage of the times and country put no barrier in the way of his promotion. All the officers of the household were slaves, and the passport to high position was ability, and Joseph was a man who made things to prosper. But there is a peculiar minuteness of accuracy in the mention of the fact that his master was an Egyptian. What else should he be? The mention of this would be entirely superfluous in regard to a high officer of the King of Egypt, were it not that Egypt, as we now know from the monuments, was at this time ruled by foreigners of Canaanitish race. This officer might have been a Canaanite, hence the narrator is explicit in repeatedly mentioning his nationality. The temptation and victorious virtue of Joseph are parallel point by point with a narrative or tale recently translated by Prof. Ebers from an ancient papyrus, showing that all the customs of domestic life in that age were compatible with such a circumstance as they would not be to-day. When Joseph is cast into prison, the word is not either of the common Hebrew terms for a prison, "house of the bound," (used in Psa. cv., a production of a later age,) or "house of the pit," used in the age of Jeremiah. It is again peculiarly Egyptian, "house of the arch" or "vault," the Egyptian prisons being, as we know from the monuments, vaults in the arched foundation of the public buildings. And so as we read these chapters we might illustrate them verse by verse with pictures exactly copied from the monuments, of a royal butler with a cup in his hand pressing the grapes into the cup, a royal baker with a three-storied basket on his head full of sweetmeats, of an Egyptian execution in which the criminal was first beheaded and then his body hanged (chap. xl. 19).

But we must not tarry further on these illustrations. Suffice it to say that in the opening chapters of Exodus alone, which deal more directly with Egypt, between forty and fifty words are found of purely Egyptian origin—words of which the Hebrew gives us no explanation, but which are perfectly clear in the light of the recovered language of the Pha-

raohs. Upon these books is stamped the impress of Egypt. From the days of Moses downward never again was this a possibility. The Hebrews, it is true, touched Egypt again in the age of Solomon, but there is no trace of either the thought or outer life of the age of Solomon here. They were brought into close contact with Egypt again before and about the period of the captivity, but there is not the faintest trace of the war and political intrigue and peculiar Hebrew life of that age here. The demonstration is complete and the conviction irresistible that, however subsequently edited or transcribed, these books were produced in substantially their present form in that primitive age of the Hebrew people the history of which they record.

ANSWERED.

BY D. L. MACLONE.

I AM so weak and blind, O God,
 So slow to catch the meaning of Thy word ;
 So slow to live its meaning plain ;
 So quick to doubt if I aright have heard.

I am so easily o'ercome
 By sins of indecision, seeking oft
 Avoidance of the yea or nay,
 The stepping-stones by which we mount aloft.

I am so full of anxious cares,
 So fearful lest I lose the narrow way :
 I am so small and weak a thing,
 Alone to struggle onward day by day.

I AM THAT I AM.—(Exodus iii. 14.)

O God, I stand before Thee dumb ;
 Rebuked I am, ashamed and awed and stilled,
 Thy words have swallowed up my plaint,
 And all my soul with adoration filled.

Thy great " I Am " doth cover mine
 With silence—as a glorious song doth hide
 A tired sigh. It holds all things
 I lack, and draws me closer to Thy side.

Forgetting self, help me, O God,
 To dwell forever here beneath the dome
 Of Thy eternal, strong " I Am ;"
 To dwell in silent peace and be at home.

GEORGE MOORE.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

SPURGEON was once visiting in the house of a great London merchant. In the overflow of his wit and humour, he said to the merchant's wife, "You are a queen, for your husband is king of Cumberland." "Oh, no," she replied, "he is not that." "No," was the quick reply, "he is Mo(o)re." It was a good pun, and just as true a fact besides.

George Moore had indeed won a place in the hearts of men of which any king might be proud. He first saw the light up among the enchanting hills of Cumberland, in the year 1806. He was the son of a "statesman;" a class of Cumberland yeomen whose sturdy independence and martial spirit had been kept alive for centuries in the Border wars. At the war cry of "Snaffle, spur, and spear," his forefathers had often mounted and galloped off with the mostroopers to the fray with the "ruffian Scots." When he was six years old his mother died. Of his father he afterwards gratefully testified—"His integrity, generosity, and love of truth left an influence on my life and character for which I can never be too thankful."

At eight, he was sent to school about two miles from Mealsgate, his home. Both schools and teachers at that time were of the poorest sort. Any man who had a stick leg, a club-foot, or a claw-hand, thought himself fit for a teacher. The three R's formed the amount of the teaching given, and that was, for the most part, knocked into the boys by caning and whipping. George's teacher was called "Blackbird Wilson," because he could imitate the singing of any bird in the neighbourhood, and especially of the blackbird. To use George's own description:

"He was an old man—fond of drink. The scholars were sent out to fetch it for him three or four times a day. He used to drive the learning into us with a thick ruler. He often sent it flying amongst our heads. The wonder is that he did not break our skulls. Perhaps he calculated on their thickness. He never attempted to make learning attractive. I often

* Biography of George Moore, Merchant and Philosopher. By Dr. Smiles. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

played truant. Indeed, I should have been oftener absent but for the dread of the terrible floggings, which were then so common in Cumberland."

Young Moore grew up a strong and wiry lad, fond of the sports of the district, especially of wrestling, in which he became so proficient that few boys could stand before him. He searched the old towers of Whitehall and Harbybrow for jackdoves' nests, letting himself down by ropes into the old wide chimneys of the towers, where the nests were built. He was passionately fond of horses, and contracted a great love for following the hounds. At thirteen, he was apprenticed to a draper in the town of Wigton. He was civil, attentive, and hard-working. He had to make the fires, clean the windows, groom his master's horse, and endure a relentless persecution and oppression from a senior fellow-apprentice, the recollection of which was painful in all his after life. He slept in his master's house, and had his meals in the "Half-Moon Inn," near by—an arrangement which nearly ruined him. He learned to gamble, and became so fond of it, that he was found playing at cards almost every night. One night when he returned to enter by a lower window, he found it nailed—his master had shut him out. He managed to climb to the roof of the lowest house in the row, and crept along the ridges of the intervening buildings until he reached that of his master. He slid down the slates, got hold of the waterspout and hung suspended over the street. He managed to push up the window with his foot, and crept in. The next day was Christmas.

"I lay in bed," he relates, "almost without moving, for twenty-four hours. No one came near me. I was without food or drink. I felt overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. I thought of my dear father, and feared I might break his heart, and bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. If my master turned me off I would go straightway to America. I resolved, in any case, to give up card-playing and gambling."

It proved a turning-point in his career. His habits totally changed. He went to a night-school to improve his education. He won the affection and trust of his master and of the people of Wigton.

When his apprenticeship ended he resolved to try his fortune in London. He arrived there by stage in 1825. He set out to look for a situation as draper's assistant. For many days

he went from shop to shop—sometimes thirty in a day—with the most disheartening results. He was laughed at, because of his country-cut-clothes and broad Cumberland dialect. Every door was closed against him. No one knew or cared anything for his troubles and sorrows. To those who are friendless, London is the most solitary place in the world. According to promise, he wrote a letter to his father, telling him how he was getting on. It was so blotted with tears that he could not send it. At last, in despair, he determined to go to America. While preparing to carry this out, he heard that an old friend of his father, a merchant in the city, had been enquiring after him. George soon found him out, and joyfully accepted a situation at a salary of £30 a year. He hired a costermonger to take his trunk to his new quarters. It contained his money, his clothes, and all that he possessed. At a turn of the street, while he was looking about him, he missed the man, the pony-cart, and the trunk. He scanned the passing crowd, he looked over the heads of the people, but there was no pony and no trunk in sight. He sat down on a doorstep, almost broken-hearted. In his despair, he thought the man had robbed him and carried off his all. He sat on the doorstep about two hours. A pony-cart came up. He looked, and lo! it was the identical man and the identical trunk. He offered him all the money he had in his pocket. "No, no," said the honest costermonger, "the five shillings we agreed upon will be quite enough." His eyes were full of tears when he entered the warehouse. One who was employed there at the time remembers his first appearance.

"On looking over the counter," he says, "I saw an uncouth, thick-set country lad standing crying. In a minute or two a large deal chest, such as the Scotch lasses use for their clothes, was brought in by a man and set down on the floor. After the lad had dried up his tears, the box was carried up-stairs to the bedroom where he was to sleep. He set to work at once, and continued to be the hardest worker in the house until he left. Had you seen him then, you would have said that he was the most unlikely lad in England to have made the great future he did."

Everything was strange to him at first, but he was willing and eager to learn. He was always ready to do anything. He soon found how deficient his education was. After his work was done he went to a night-school, and many an hour he

borrowed from sleep to improve himself in study. About six months after he entered this establishment, he one day observed a bright little girl come tripping into the warehouse, accompanied by her mother. "Who are they?" he asked of those standing near. "Why, don't you know? That's the gov'nor's wife and daughter." "Well," said George, "if I ever marry, that girl shall be my wife." "What! marry your master's daughter. You must be mad to think of such a thing." The report went round; the other lads laughed at George, as another Dick Whittington. Yet, it was the foreshadowing of his fate. The idea took possession of his mind. It became his motive-power in after life. He became more industrious, diligent, and persevering. After many years of hard work the dream of his youth was fulfilled, and the girl *did* become his wife.

After a time he found a more congenial situation in a wholesale lace house. Here he improved so rapidly that his employers advanced him to the position of traveller for the house, first for the city, and afterwards for different parts of England and Ireland. For years he worked with tireless energy, and with extraordinary success. He became widely known, and made hosts of friends. The other travellers used to help him to pack up his goods. They took pride in his success, and boasted of his greatness. A young traveller who had just entered the northern circuit arrived at the "Star" Hotel, Manchester, while about a dozen travellers were helping George to pack up his goods. "Who is that young fellow they are making such a fuss about," he asked. "Oh, it's George." "And who is George?" "What! don't you know the Napoleon of Watling Street? Let me introduce you."

At twenty-four, he was able to secure a partnership in a small firm, which was afterwards known as that of "Groncock, Copestoke & Moore." He was now working for himself. His perfect health, iron constitution, and his power of will and perseverance enabled him to get through an enormous amount of labour and fatigue. Some of his fellow-travellers compared him to a lion, others to an eagle. He had the power and endurance of both. The business increased every year. He visited every market town in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. For eleven years he never took a holiday. His health at last

gave way. He scarcely knew what to do. He tried hunting. His first day's hunt he got seven rather bad tumbles, and at the end, the old master of the hounds, looking at his bloody face, smashed hat, and dirty clothes, said to him: "Young man, you have much more pluck than prudence. I advise you to go home." Nevertheless, Moore persevered, and for many years afterwards he was an enthusiastic lover of this sport, and regarded it as very beneficial to his health.

He had now risen to affluence. The recollection, however, of the long and severe struggles of his early days he never forgot. A charitable institution called the Cumberland Benevolent Society, for the relief of distressed persons from Cumberland, had early gained his warm sympathy. The first guinea he ever subscribed to any charity, he gave to this society, when he was only earning a very small salary. It early became a favourite wish of his to help poor Cumberland lads on first coming to the city. He found comfortable situations for hundreds of them. A project was started to provide for the education of the destitute children of commercial travellers. This awakened Moore's liveliest sympathy.

"I know," said he, speaking of commercial travellers, "the risks which they run, the temptations to which they are exposed, and the sufferings which they undergo. They spend most of the time away from their homes and their families. They are liable to be cut off by bronchitis and lung diseases. When they die, what is to become of their children? They have been able to save but little money, for they are, for the most part, badly paid. Here, then, is a fine opportunity for charity to step in."

Moore worked for it with all his might. At a public meeting in London, in aid of the enterprise, Charles Dickens presided, and made reference to Mr. Moore—

"A name," he said, "which is a synonym of integrity, enterprise, public spirit, and benevolence. He appears to have been doing nothing during the last week but rushing into and out of railway carriages, and making eloquent speeches, at all sorts of public meetings, in favour of this charity; sacrificing his time and convenience, and exhausting, in the meantime, the contents of two vast, leaden inkstands and no end of pens, with the energy of fifty bank clerks rolled into one."

His old master at Wigton broke down. He applied to George Moore, who maintained him while he lived, and paid his funeral expenses at his death. He helped, likewise, his old

fellow-apprentice, who so often had thrashed him, and once nearly choked him. The man came to poverty, and in his dire necessity sought assistance from George, who had long since forgiven him, and gladly helped him.

Moore loved to re-visit Cumberland. His most joyous holidays were always spent there. He could not rest content, however, with the wretched state of education that still prevailed in that region. He went to work, and by the most persistent personal efforts, liberal gifts, and a system of competitions, examinations, and prizes he succeeded in a few years in almost revolutionizing the entire district.

In 1852 he was named by the Lord Mayor of London as Sheriff of the City. The penalty for refusing the position was £400. The claims of his business, and still more, the claims of the many charitable institutions with which he was now connected, decided his choice. He declined the honour and paid the £400. The same year he was also invited to represent the electors of Nottingham, in Parliament. A similar offer was made to him for West Cumberland. He declined both, and for the same reasons for which he had refused the honour of Sheriff. In 1854 he removed to a fine mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. He always regarded this as an extravagant step. He had lived very happily in a small house. "Although," he says, "I had built the house at the solicitation of Mrs. Moore, I was mortified at my extravagance, and I thought it both wicked and aggrandizing—mere ostentation and vain show. It was long before I felt at home in it. Nor did it at all add to our happiness." The first visitors invited were the young men and women of his establishment.

He set out to visit all the prisons in London. He enquired what became of the inmates after the expiration of their term of imprisonment. The answer generally was, "They can do nothing but *return to stealing*, as nobody will employ them." He at once determined to establish a Reformatory. He enlisted other prominent philanthropists, such as Lord Shaftesbury, in the scheme, and soon large premises were engaged and the work vigorously prosecuted.

A remarkable and unique form in which George Moore displayed his benevolence, was in getting people married who were not, but who ought to have been married. Through the

city missionaries he found multitudes of such people, and for twenty years he supplied funds for this purpose, and many hundreds of couples were married who never knew who paid the fees.

In the early years of his life George Moore had thought very little about religion. The philanthropic efforts in which he had been engaged arose for the most part from the promptings of a benevolent heart. But great sufferings awaited him. Many of his dearest friends passed away one by one. His partner, Mr. Groncock, became seriously ill, and died. His own health was greatly impaired. After a long illness his wife died. He had loved her with the most intense devotion, and the anguish of his heart was indescribable. He began to feel, as he had never felt before, the need of a personal and saving interest in Christ.

"In looking back," he says, "upon my past life, I have a great deal to deplore and repent of. In my struggling days, when I travelled and worked on Sunday and Saturday, and sometimes all night, I scarcely ever heard the Word of God. I did not understand the scheme of salvation. Yet, strange to say, I had a sincere belief in the efficacy of prayer. It was not until I gave up travelling that I regularly went to any church."

After much heart-searching, deep repentance and many earnest conversations with godly ministers and others, including Mr. Moggridge (Old Humphrey), he found peace in beliving in Jesus.

After the death of his wife he made a brief tour on the continent. On his return he was again urgently asked to stand for Nottingham in Parliament. He firmly declined. At a subsequent period he was offered a seat for London, but nothing could induce him to enter Parliament. The reasons he assigned were—"1, My education is not equal to the position. 2, I can do much more good in other ways. 3, It would keep me more and more from serving God and reading my Bible."

He was at this time an active officer and vigorous promoter of a dozen or more of the principal charitable institutions in London, besides being the leading spirit in several great works of charity in Cumberland. He gave to all their charities by hundreds and thousands of pounds. During the last three years of his life he gave away an average of sixteen thousand pounds a year. He was besides the most indefatigable and

successful beggar in the city. For twenty years of his life he went round amongst his friends, and amongst many who were not his friends, and implored them for money on behalf of the charities of London. He met with rebuff after rebuff, but would start out fresh as ever saying, "I must not be discouraged, I am doing Christ's work." He was eminently catholic in spirit.

Not the least part of this benevolent work was done among the employees in his own establishment. He took them into his confidence and affection. He often invited them to his splendid home. He recognized them as fellow-helpers in the acquisition of his wealth, and they shared with him in its use and enjoyment. He was never done devising means for their mental and moral improvement. And above all, he took special pains to help them heavenward. Their spiritual and eternal welfare lay nearest of all to his heart.

It had been the dream of his boyhood that he would one day own the old towers of Whitehall in Cumberland. His dream came true. He bought the estate which contained the old playground of his childhood. Here for years he established a centre of princely hospitality and Christian activity of all sorts, the like of which had never before been seen in the country. When George Moore was on his visit everybody knew that great things were coming. The children of the neighbourhood more than all welcomed his arrival; for were not the competitive examinations coming on, and then the prizes, the books, the sweetmeats and the tea feasts. He had scarcely settled down when friends and acquaintances gathered round him. Archbishops, bishops, deans, nobles, artists, squires, clergymen, dissenting ministers, farmers, merchants, city and county missionaries, schoolmasters, great men from London, and small men from everywhere.

Notwithstanding his two splendid homes, his sense of loneliness, since his wife's death, became more and more oppressive. He was advised to marry again. After much thought and prayer he married a Westmoreland lady. She proved a right loyal and noble wife.

In 1871 at the surrender of Paris, the terrible condition of the citizens excited the compassion of London. A fund of £120,000 was raised to provide for the immediate wants of the

famine-stricken people. George Moore entered into the work with all his characteristic energy. He, with several others, were deputed to go over and distribute the food and money. They had the greatest difficulty in reaching Paris and beginning the work. Moore was in a terrible state of excitement. He said afterwards, "I think I should have died had I not been first in Paris." Many hundreds, probably thousands, of old people, little children, and ladies had died of hunger. The famished multitudes of all classes gathered round their depôt. Moore wrote at one time :

"There is a *guene* of ten or fifteen thousand women waiting to-day. They have waited all through last night. I felt heart-sick when I saw them. It was one of the wildest nights of sleet and fearful wind, and starved and exhausted and drenched as they were, it was a sight to make strong men weep. We are straining ourselves and all about us to the utmost. I believe we were just in time. A few days more and the people would have been too far gone. Many were hardly able to walk away with the parcels ; after waiting with wonderful patience, when they got the food, many of them fairly broke down with overjoy. I have seen more tears shed by men and women than I hope I shall ever see again."

On his return to London, his charitable work grew upon him amazingly. His zeal for the prosperity of all his old enterprises was unabated, and many new ones were undertaken. He was fast wearing out his strength in his almost boundless benevolence towards his fellow-men. In 1876 he wrote in his diary, "I must not forget that I am three score and ten. My time here must be short. I have no doubt of my Father's love." In the same year, while in Carlisle, and about to attend a meeting in aid of the "Nurses' Institution" of that place, as he was standing in front of his hotel, two runaway horses came dashing past, and before he could get out of the way he was knocked down. The injuries he received proved fatal. His last words to his wife were, "I fear no evil, He will never leave nor forsake me."

The feeling in London at his death-stroke was intense. When the telegram arrived, "George Moore is dead," strong men broke down and wept. His funeral was attended by multitudes of all classes who came unbidden, and eager to pay the last tribute of respect. And when the Bishop of Carlisle pronounced the benediction, the whole assembly sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Public meetings were held for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to his memory. George Moore, at the time of his death, had on hand a scheme to provide for the higher education of poor Cumberland boys. It was soon decided that his memorial should take this form, and £8,300 were immediately subscribed for the purpose. The employees in his own establishment at Bow Churchyard raised £500 and presented a life boat to the National Life Boat Association and named it "The George Moore Life Boat." By a singular coincidence the first crew saved by the "George Moore Life Boat" was that of a Cumberland schooner. The supporters of the "Commercial Travellers' School" could not forget him. A few weeks after his death, subscriptions to the amount of £17,000 came in for new buildings for the institution, which were called "The George Moore Memorial Buildings." There were many other more humble tributes to his memory. Men and women who could not give money freely gave the tears of loving remembrance. Many came long distances to look at his tomb. His good acts had left living influences on their hearts.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

TRUST.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my
hearth
With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to
sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows
smite—
I shall not fall.

If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis
light :
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in
hand
Far into bliss.

—Dean of Canterbury.

CHIVALRY.

BY ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.*

THE spirit of chivalry may be inferred from the vow which in its early history was confession of faith to the chevalier, and is thus epitomized: "To speak the truth, to succour the helpless and oppressed, and never to turn back from an enemy." Fidelity, clemency, courage, courtesy—these four seem to sum up the main points of the chevalier code. From this vow, taken by youths of noble lineage at the age of twenty-one, and accompanied with the investiture of arms, arose the institution of chivalry, which, from small to large, grew in the lapse of time into the vast proportions of a military organization, and for several centuries formed a cavalry which was the nearest approach to, and substitute for, a standing army in the new nations of Europe.

The ceremony of initiation into the rank of chevalier at the age of twenty-one was preceded by a regular education from the age of seven. From this time up to the age of fourteen the boy was page to the lords and ladies in the castle of his feudal superior, and at this impressible age acquired, from association with its votaries, the notions and manners of chivalry. The next seven years he was called squire, and his duties were those of attendance upon his superior at tournament, or joust, or real battle, where skill and prowess in the field duties of knighthood were acquired. Then, this seven years of apprenticeship being served, at the age of twenty-one the young squire takes the vow prescribed, is invested with arms, and made a knight in the presence of an assembled multitude.

The question, Where was chivalry born? may be answered in a monosyllable. For in that twilight time the stars shone chiefly on one spot. Not Italy, decrepit and dismembered; not Germany, the prey of savages from eastern wilds; not Spain, as yet unallied with Germany and standing quite at bay, with lance of French hunter on the east, and howl of wolfish Moslem

*Sister of the President of the United States.

on the west; not England, unarisen from the ground where Saxon grapples Norman ere their wrestle grows to an embrace.

Nowhere but over France is there space of tranquil sky in which the star of chivalry can rise and reach its zenith. And there it burns, illuminating the neighbouring nations, and lighting distant ones with a lengthened ray. The fiery Spaniard, senile Roman, sullen Saxon, and afar the subtle Saracen, copy the graces of the chevalier of France, despite the intermittent discords among their nationalities. The ferocity of their wars is greatly mitigated by the manners and virtues of the code of chivalry. There was much of the joust and something of the tournament in these engagements, despite the bloodshed. In the closing decade of the eleventh century the star of chivalry rested in its zenith over the sepulchre in Palestine, and was reflected thence until all these tilting lancers—Spaniard, Saxon, German and Italian—rallied round the chevalier of France, and bore in common cause a common lance beneath the Oriflamme!

We gaze upon this phenomenon of chivalry, pre-eminent not only in the history of society in the Middle Ages, but pre-eminent in the history of society in all ages, and we wonder whence this wondrous bloom amid the desert. We look so unbelievably upon the good side of our humanity that a development there is first incredible and then unaccountable. A Sardanapalus does not tax our credulity, nor a Nero—the horrors of ancient and modern pagan societies; but a Gautama, a Socrates, an Aurelius upon the throne of the Cæsars, and Epictetus in the days of Nero—these strain our credulity, and we constantly wonder how it was. Yet these knights had the historic Christ, and some of them loved and served Him with the knightly love that makes all who have it “Knights of the Holy Ghost;” for the modern phenomenon, a Christian, has in him the mediæval phenomenon, a chevalier. But the institution of chivalry did not spring from Christianity, nor were the creed, tradition, or practice of what the theologians call revealed religion any essential of the creed, tradition, or practice of chivalry; yet it had its springs in the religious nature of man; it sprang from the necessity of man to create for himself an ideal from that inalienable endowment of human nature by which we must worship, aspire, obey.

Speaking of links in the chain of causation, however, I must mention one which was certainly original with these mediævals—the *woman* in it. The romancers and poets, Chaucer at their head, make her the first cause here; this I do not admit, but I shall do no violence to my convictions if I consent to call this natural religion, which was not the worshipping, obeying, and following of a historic Christ, the worshipping at least of woman. And here we strike upon the great distinguishing characteristic of chivalry—something we find nowhere else—its mystic ideal, the woman. The last lines of Goethe's greatest work sums up the essence of the chevalier's theology: "Ever the woman soul leadeth us on." The *Erwigewibliche* was their misty, mystic deity; the woman supplied to them their anthropomorphic deity. Of course what I have said by way of indicating the lines of thought along which we must travel in order to arrive at the parent causes of chivalry relates to the spirit or theory of chivalry rather than to the institution.

The institution of chivalry, as it became elaborated and corrupted with accretions alien to its spirit, lost its chemistry, and became a thing of mechanism. Its affinities unlocked, and its substance went into solution. From this solution came as permanent political precipitate the standing armies of Europe. Its fantastic adornments and sentimental practices passed, as its superficial social crystal, into the courtiers of other days, the cavaliers of English Stuart and French Bourbon *régimes*. That intrinsic, indestructible, immutable element, the spirit of chivalry, evaporated into those high regions whence it came and comes again, wooing, by its gentle virtues, from the soil of all ages rare blooms of knightly service to the world.

Hallam says the invention of gunpowder made an end of the institution of chivalry. This engine of modern civilization was known in the thirteenth century, but did not reach efficiency in warfare until the commencement of the fifteenth. The crusades of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries engrafted upon chivalry that excessive elaboration which is the inevitable precursor of corruption in all human institutions. In time the golden article of chivalry—clemency to the weak and conquered, and courtesy to all—took on the character of gallantry toward women, which was, as its workings show, either a sensual sophistry or a fantastic sentimentality, emasculating

ideal knighthood. I think, in a sense not wholly literal, Hallam is right. The cannon of the fifteenth century blew up the thing still bearing the name of chivalry. The gun superseded the lance. The pomp and circumstance of chivalry dispersed, its day being done. But when the artillery of modern times levelled this breastwork of the mediævals, if fallen, as a whole, there yet remained fractions of the structure, but units in themselves, imperishable granite stones wedged into the edifice which no shock could disintegrate, and which will endure for the admiration of the ages. There were immortal lords and ladies—for, as we have seen, ladies were *sine qua non* of knights—men and women—the men and women—the world's best—aristocracy of all the ages; a Richard, lion-hearted and yet shedding knightly tears of knightlier penitence at his father's grave—solid gain for any dubious, superhuman Arthur; a veritable Tancred in good change for Tasso's saint; and his uncle, Robert Guiscard, the Norman knight of marvellous renown. Of less fleshly splendour is a St. Louis, most tender son, most valiant Christian, whose virtues and graces realize the Arthur of poetry; and his mother, Regent Blanche, every inch a monarch and every inch a mother; and his seneschal, the Sieur de Joinville, of frankest heart, most lovable in child-like chivalry.

Some antiquarians seem afraid of too much light upon these fine antiques, and perhaps many of us may have a subtle suspicion that by a too free ventilation these time-tinted portraits may lose those lovely hues of age which suffice to stamp them as "genuine." This feeling comes from the enchantment which distance lends to our ideals, and is something to be gently criticized. But in this particular case I think there is small ground for fear. Rob him of much with which hero-worship invests him, and there still remains to this mediæval chevalier that which will forever stamp him *sui generis*. There are and will be men as strong of heart, but there never will or can be, I venture, men so strong of nerve and muscle—men of such physical perfections, of such matchless prowess, of such superb endurance.

Then there is a quality of mind to match this physical attribute which cannot be restored by any modern process—the quality of *unconsciousness of self*, lack of that essential

ubiquity, self, which our refinements of analysis and vivisection have fastened, like an "eating lichen," to the thought of all thinkers; that critical detective, which unceasingly attends our footsteps, never letting down his watch. The places that we moderns tread are vastly finer than those barren rooms of the mediævals. Our feet sink deep in soft Axminster, and our spacious parlours are crowded with every possible and impossible appointment for use, and luxury, and enervation. We look down upon the owners of those rude oak-raftered halls, wherein was only board and bench. But our magnificent apartments are everywhere hung with mirrors. Every article is a reflector, and nowhere can the opulent occupant look that he can fail to see his own image. We are ever in the custody of self-officered police, and cannot forget ourselves long enough to breathe freely. They—the mediævals, the unencumbered—they were free!

Nay, take this mediæval knight, with his physical perfections, his unconsciousness of self, his picturesque costume, his gentle mien, his powerful carriage, his knightly courtesy, with that inviolable faith toward all, which made of every knight a Regulus, and we have a picture of man of such proportions that, "taken for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Something better we shall see and do see, yet not the same.

"Never; never more," says Burke, "shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom; . . . that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched . . . Chivalry, the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and her fit enterprise!"

The benefits which such an institution, founded upon such principles, must necessarily have conferred upon society in the middle ages and immediately subsequent times, must be readily inferred from what has gone before in this very imperfect sketch. We have seen that this institution was the embryo of modern military discipline and tactics, and the beginning of a standing army; that it afforded a school for the exercise of manly virtue and the foundation of refined manners; that

its interior ideal, its primitive mainspring lay in the normal religiousness of man's nature—an outcome of which was the exaltation of woman. Hallam calls it “the best school of moral discipline of the Middle Ages,” and this is high praise from one whom Lord Macaulay calls the least of a worshipper he knew. Still I venture a step farther, and dare to affirm that the pure and simple creed of the mediæval chevalier affords to all ages the best formulation of, and that its pure and simple practice affords the best illustration of, the natural religion of humanity; and this is as much and something more than a moral discipline. To us moderns—

“ Heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time ”—

a glance backward toward this phenomenon of the times we are accustomed to call dark is, or should be, useful. It is good for us to turn the yellow leaves of time's herbarium and look upon this faded mediæval bloom, howbeit our nineteenth century hot-house cultures can far outvie the lone wild-flower of the past. We have indeed the needle-gun and *mitrailleuse* where they had lances; we have churches, one for every dozen worshippers, where they had a dozen monasteries for a nation; we have schools, one a piece for every boy and girl, where they had one university for an empire; we have Tyndalls and Huxleys to scatter broadcast science (exact or otherwise) where kings and scholars in mediæval times had but the rudiments of each; we have Moodys and Sankeys and Salvation Armies where they had mendicant friars and barefooted pilgrims; we have summer schools of philosophy and religion where they had blind and bloody crusades. All this and immeasurably more we have in our day over the Sodoms and Gomorrachs of their day. And for all this gigantic aggregation of culture and science and art—for all the accumulations of these successive centuries—how as pigmies to giants, in point of moral altitude, should most of us compare with these unschooled mediævals! No need to comment here. Our morning papers bring us all we need, with their long black list of betrayed trusts, of cowardice, of falsehood, of political intrigue, and if the velvet curtains that background our “best society” but rise a little, ah me! what skeletons dance behind the scene! When in our arrogant nineteenth-century hearts we shall have fully apprehended

the truth that intellectual accumulation is not moral attainment; that civilization is not Christianity; that culture is not character; that, however lit up by the blazing chandeliers of science and culture and art which swing from our frescoed ceilings in place of that single star of chivalry which beamed down through the rafters to the mediæval chevalier, we have not, *therefore*, gained one particle the more illumination of soul—then, indeed, we shall not disdain to turn our proud faces backward, and learn how to salt our unsavoury knowledge with the wisdom of time's children, the creed of the chevalier!

And while we gain ourselves one good thing from the backward glance, let us add to it another. While we are learning to respect mediæval humanity, let us try to strengthen our faith in modern humanity as well. In our reaction from our own century, let us not join the ranks of those few eminent persons, and those many persons who desire to be eminent, who seem to find it necessary to do injustice to the present in order to do justice to the past. Let us cry with Sir Bedivere:

“Oh, my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy elders, with the gifts of myrrh.
But now the whole round table is dissolved
Which was an image of a mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me and the years
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

But let us answer with Arthur:

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself—what comfort is in me,
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!”

Ilium fuit!—and Anchises, and Priam, and Hector! But let us bethink ourselves also that Æneas was, and the Lavinian shores, and the lofty walls of Rome; and as we look around

us on our Western lands—Lavinian shores on which many modern knights draw consecrated lances—let us acknowledge that “there is a spirit in man—man, the man of Egypt, the man of Hellas, the man of the Tiber, the man of history, the man of to-day—a spirit breathed into him with God’s own breath, which makes grand and chivalrous deeds possible in every age.

“Mother Earth! are the heroes dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red

All that is left of the brave of yore?

Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,

Far in the young world’s misty dawn,

Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?

Mother Earth! are the heroes gone

“Gone! In a grander form they rise;

Dead! We may clasp their hands in ours;

And catch the light of their clearer eyes,

And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done

’Tis the pulse of a hero’s heart is stirred;

Wherever Right has a triumph won,

There are the heroes’ voices heard.

“Their armour rings on a fairer field

Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod,

For Freedom’s sword is the blade they wield,

And the light above is the smile of God.

So, in his isle of calm delight,

Jason may sleep the years away;

For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,

And the world is a braver world to-day.”

POOR sad humanity
 Through all the dust and heat
 Turns back with bleeding feet
 By the weary road it came,
 Unto the simple thought
 By the great Master taught,
 And that remaineth still:
*Not he that repeateth the name,
 But he that doeth the will.*

—H. W. Longfellow.

HOW AMERICAN METHODISM WAS PROMOTED BY METHODISM IN YORK.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M.A.

ONE of the oldest cities in England is that known by the name of York, and it is that probably which gave the name of New York to the metropolitan city of America. When David was King of Israel, nearly three thousand years ago, there was a city called Kaer-Ebrane, on the spot where York stands, and in it was a temple of Diana. Ebrancus, the third from Brute, the first British king, founded a city there about 983 B.C. Cæsar and Tacitus mention that there were colonies of Gauls settled in that part of Britain before their time, and some think the old name of the city was made up by them from Eborā, in Andalusia, with "c" added to denote the lesser, with the Latin termination "um"—hence Eboracum—which is the designation of the Archbishop of that city to this day. Camden supposes that the change was gradually brought about; and Leland, the antiquary, supposes that the river which runs through the city was formerly called Eure (now the Ouse), and that during the Dark Ages it was first Tsurewick, then Yorewic, and finally York. The Latin *Urica*, meaning watery, well describes the valley through which the Ouse still flows, and the waters often overflow their banks. Some think that may have originated the modern name of York.

One thing is certain: Agricola, A.D. 79, the Roman Governor, having completed the conquest of Britain, made Eboracum the capital of the new Roman kingdom, and he there laid the foundation of its future greatness. The Emperor Severus saw York in the height of its glory. It was then modelled in many aspects after the city of Rome itself, and some of the features of similarity remain to this day. Constantine the Great received the purple investiture in his father's palace in the city of York, but the Roman power waned, and the Saxons conquered the land in A.D. 450. Under the government of Marcus Aurelius, the British king, Lucius, embraced Christianity. He is said to be the first crowned head in the world

who became a convert to the religion of Jesus Christ. Constantine is said to have been born at York, and his father, Constantius, died in that city, A.D. 307. Medals were struck to commemorate these events.

To this venerable city Methodism found its way as early as the year 1744, and it took root at once, germinated, and diffused its influence far and wide, till it reached across the Atlantic and became a helpful blessing to the Methodists in America, now more than a century since. John Nelson, Mr. Wesley's Yorkshire stonemason, was the first to carry the new religion there—first to the village of Acomb, three miles from the city, but it soon travelled over that short distance, and the village converts, who had daily to visit the city for their supplies of food, carried with them the good news of salvation. The good work was never allowed to stop, and meetings were held in York in cottage homes, which resulted in many conversions, some of which attracted the notice of Mr. Wesley, and in February, 1747, he himself gathered his first of many congregations in the city. His visit decided many doubting minds, and the first society was formed soon afterwards in what was called the Bedern, a district where the poor dwelt. Wesley, in one of his early visits there, was met by an intruding inquisitor with "I say, sir, what is God?" Pausing a short while, the preacher replied, "God is Love." That silenced the enquiry and answered the question. Methodist preaching was held in private houses for some years. In 1751 the whole of Yorkshire formed only one Round, or Circuit, which occupied the itinerant preacher about eight weeks to visit, preaching daily in some fresh place. In 1753 a large room was secured for services, but it was so crowded when Mr. Wesley was there that he several times speaks of it as "the oven," it was so hot; yet he records the fact, that for numbers in society their contributions to the cause were so generous, he says "the 'oven society' was the richest in England."

Pleased with the good work carried on in York, Charles Wesley visited the city, preached almost daily, and made a stay there of several weeks in 1755, the results of which were abundantly manifest, for they resolved to have a chapel of their own, and in 1758 the Peasholme Green Chapel was opened by

Mr. Wesley. It held from 500 to 600 people, and from that time York was made the head of a new Circuit. That chapel was on the outer edge of the city, and the Circuit, with many places cut off, still took the preacher eight weeks to go the round, and all that time he was from home. In 1766 John Wesley was again at York, and Mr. Cordeux, the clergyman of the St. Saviour's Church, near Peasholme Green, warned his congregation not to go and hear "that vagabond Wesley." On the following Sunday morning, after reading prayers, seeing in his church a clergyman in full canonicals, he sent to ask him to preach, which he did, and then left with the people. Mr. Cordeux, in the vestry, asked the clerk if he knew who the preacher was. He replied, "Yes, that vagabond Wesley you warned us not to hear." "Never mind," said the clergyman, "he gave us a good sermon." The Dean threatened to report the clergyman's indiscretion to the Archbishop, so in a few days after, Mr. Cordeux met His Grace in the city, and himself reported what he had done, to which the Archbishop replied, "And you did right."

Mr. Wesley was again in York in 1768, and his work for Sunday consisted of preaching four times and giving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to 500 persons in his own chapel—a fair day's work for a man of 65 years. At that time the stewards allowed each itinerant preacher fourpence each day for breakfast and supper, and sixpence for dinner, clothing and shoes being found in addition (that was just at the period Methodism was being established in America.) No allowance was made for wives.

At the English Conference of 1769, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pillmoor, warm-hearted and sturdy Yorkshiremen, born within the limits of the York Circuit, were set apart to help the cause in America—the first English Methodist missionaries—and they visited Peasholme Green Chapel, in York, to state their proposals, and there made the first public collection for missions, the result of which was ten shillings—about two dollars and fifty cents. This was the first missionary collection made in Methodism. Now the English Methodists raise about a million dollars, the M. E. Church of America a million dollars, and the M. E. Church South half a million dollars yearly for missions, besides what is raised by smaller sections

of the Methodist Church. How truly we can say, "What hath God wrought!"

One other interesting fact is worth recording. In 1772, Thomas Rankin was appointed by the English Conference to superintend the Methodist Societies in America, and having to wait more than half a year before he could sail, he was sent to superintend the York Circuit during that period. How much he awakened in the minds of the Yorkshire people interest in his mission cannot now be ascertained, but he was privileged to convene and preside over the first, second, and third Conferences of Methodist preachers held in America. His services in that department are unknown to most Methodists of the present day, even in America, and to-day Thomas Rankin's dust rests near Mr. Wesley's, in the City Road graveyard, London, without any stone, to record the fact. There should be one; there was one in 1840.

There are many incidents connected with York Methodism, both during the last and present century, which are worth recording, but I must limit this communication to those which are connected with American Methodism. The last one to which reference must be made relates to Robert Spence and the hymn-book he published. There were two Methodist booksellers in York, Richard Burdsall and Robert Spence, both local preachers and class-leaders there during half a century, and their influence still survives in various Methodist families. When John Wesley published, in 1780, his collection of hymns for the use of his society and congregations, there was only one size issued, and the lowest price was 4s. He soon learned, from various sources, that hundreds of his followers would not pay so much for a hymn-book. To meet the condition of such persons he prepared and published, in 1785, a pocket hymn-book, containing about half as many hymns as the large book, and sold at one shilling. At that time there were many popular hymns in use in his societies which Mr. Wesley called "doggerel double distilled." All these he omitted from his collections, desiring to raise the taste of the people to appreciate good poetry. Some of the preachers urged Robert Spence to issue a pocket hymn-book, the same size and price as Mr. Wesley's, but to include those hymns the people had made popular. This last book rapidly spread all over the land, and

was known as "The York Hymn-Book." Mr. Wesley met with it in all directions. In 1788 Mr. Wesley was again at York—an old man of 85 years—and he sent for Robert Spence to breakfast with him at three o'clock in the morning. They spent an hour together. Wesley asked Spence how many of his hymn-books were sold last year. "Nay," says Spence, how many of yours were sold, Mr. Wesley?" "One thousand," was the reply. "I sold ten thousand," said Spence; thus showing the strong preference of the people, and their dislike to have their taste for good poetry raised by compulsion. Mr. Wesley's design was good, but the people were not educated up to his standard.

Now comes the sequel. One of the ten thousand copies of the York book, sold in 1787, found its way into the travelling bag of Dr. Thomas Coke, who that year visited America; and when the question arose as to the hymn-book to be used by the Methodist Societies in America, the Doctor produced his copy of the York book, revised it, added eight or ten new hymns to it, and that became the first hymn-book used in American Methodism. There may not be any copies now existing of the earlier editions, but a few years ago the contents of the fifth edition, about 1795, were detailed by an American Methodist minister to the present writer with the request to try and find out the origin of the book, and the result was as above described. In this way York Methodism has contributed, in an undesigned way, to aid Methodism in America. I have an autograph note of good old Robert Spence before me, which I value much, and which always reminds me in how many ways God can make use of His servants, without their knowing how much good they are really doing.

THE desert rose, though never seen by man,
Is nurtured with a care divinely good.
The ocean gem, though 'neath the rolling main,
Is ever brilliant in the eyes of God.

Think not thy work and worth are all unknown,
Because no partial penmen paint thy praise;
Man may not see nor mind, but God will own
Thy worth and work, thy thoughts and words and ways.

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XIII.—LITTLE JAN'S TRIUMPH.

MARGARET intended leaving Saturday, but on Thursday night something happened, the most unlooked-for thing that could have happened to her—she received Jan's letter. As she was standing beside her packed trunk, she heard Elga call:

"Here has come Sandy Bane with a letter, Mistress Vedder, and he will give it to none but thee."

It is not always that we have presentiments. That strange intelligence, that wraith of coming events, does not speak except a prescient soul listens. Margaret attached no importance to the call. Dr. Balloch often sent letters, she supposed Sandy was waiting for a penny fee. With her usual neatness, she put away some trifles, locked her drawers, and then washed her hands and face. Sandy was in no hurry either; Elga had given him a cup of tea, and a toasted barley cake, and he was telling her bits of gossip about the boats and fishers.

While they were talking, Margaret entered; she gave Sandy a penny, and then with that vague curiosity which is stirred by the sight of almost any letter, she stretched out her hand for the one he had brought. The moment she saw it, she understood that something wonderful had come to her. Quick as thought she took in the significance of the official blue paper and the scarlet seal. In those days, officers in the Admiralty used imposing stationery, and Jan had felt a certain pride in giving his few earnest words the sanction of his honour and office. Certainly it had a great effect upon Margaret, although only those very familiar with her could have detected the storm of anxiety and love concealed beneath her calm face and her few common words.

But oh, when she stood alone with Jan's loving letter in her hand, then all barriers were swept away. The abandon of her slow, strong nature, had in it an intensity impossible to quicker and shallower affection. There was an hour in which she forgot her mortality, while her soul leaned and hearkened after Jan's soul, till it seemed not only possible, but positive, that he had heard her passionate cry of love and sorrow, and answered it. In that moment of intense silence which succeeds intense feeling, she was sure Jan called her. "*Margaret!*" She heard the spiritual voice, soft, clear, sweeter than the sweetest music, and many a soul that in extremities has touched the heavenly horizon will understand that she was not mistaken.

In an hour Tulloch sent for her trunk.

"There is no trunk to be sent now; tell Tulloch that Margaret Vedder will tell him the why and the wherefore tomorrow." Elga was amazed, and somewhat disappointed, but Margaret's face astonished and subdued her, and she did not dare to ask, "What then is the matter?"

Margaret slept little that night. To the first overwhelming personality of joy and sorrow, there succeeded many other trains of thought. It was evident that Dr. Balloch, perhaps Snorro also, had known always of Jan's life and doings. She thought she had been deceived by both, and not kindly used. She wondered how they could see her suffer, year after year, the slow torture of uncertainty, and unsatisfied love and repentance. She quite forgot how jealously she had guarded her own feelings, how silent about her husband she had been, how resentful of all allusion to him.

Throughout the night Elga heard her moving about the house. She was restoring everything to its place again. The relief she felt in this duty first revealed to her the real fear of her soul at the strange world into which she had resolved to go and seek her husband. She had the joy of a child who had been sent a message on some dark and terror-haunted way, and had then been excused from the task. Even as a girl the great outside world had rather terrified than allured her. In her Edinburgh school she had been homesick for the lonely, beautiful islands, and nothing she had heard or read since had made her wish to leave them. She regarded Jan's letter, coming just at that time, as a special kindness of Providence.

"Yes, and I am sure that is true," said Tulloch to her next morning. "Every one has something to boast of now and then. Thou canst say, 'God hast kept me out of danger, though doubtless He could have taken me through it very safely.' And it will be much to Jan's mind, when he hears that it was thy will to go and seek him."

"Thou wert ever kind to Jan."

"Jan had a good heart. I thought that always."

"And thou thought right; how glad thou will be to see him! Yes, I know thou wilt."

"I shall see Jan no more, Margaret, for I am going away soon, and I shall never come back."

"Art thou sick, then?"

"So I think; very. And I have seen one who knows, and when I told him the truth, he said to me, 'Set thy house in order, Tulloch, for it is likely this sickness will be thy last.' So come in and out as often as thou can, Margaret, and thou tell the minister the road I am travelling, for I shall look to him and thee to keep me company on it as far as we may tread it together."

It did not enter Margaret's mind to say little commonplaces

of negation. Her large, clear eyes, solemn and tender, admitted the fact at once, and she answered the lonely man's petition by laying her hand upon his, and saying, "At this time thou lean on me like a daughter. I will serve thee until the last hour"

"When thou hast heard all concerning Jan from the minister, come and tell me too; for it will be a great pleasure to know how Jan Vedder turned his trouble into good fortune."

Probably Dr. Balloch had received a letter from Jan also, for he looked singularly and inquisitively at Margaret as she entered his room. She went directly to his side, and laid Jan's letter before him. He read it slowly through, then raised his face and said, "Well, Margaret?"

"It is not so well. Thou knew all this time that Jan was alive."

"Yes, I knew it. It is likely to be so, for I mean I was sent to save his life."

"Wilt thou tell me how?"

"Yes, I will tell thee now. Little thou thought in those days of Jan Vedder, but I will show thee how God loved him! One of His holy messengers, one of His consecrated servants, one of this world's nobles, were set to work together for Jan's salvation." Then he told her all that had happened, and he read her Jan's letters, and as he spoke of his great heart, and his kind heart, the old man's eyes kindled, and he began to walk about the room in his enthusiasm.

Such a tale Margaret had never heard before. Tears of pity and tears of pride washed clean and clear-seeing the eyes that had too often wept only for herself. "Oh, Margaret! Margaret!" he said, "learn this—when it is God's pleasure to save a man, the devil cannot hinder, nor a cruel wife, nor false friends, nor total shipwreck, nor the murderer's knife—all things must work together for it."

"If God gives Jan back to me, I will love and honour him with all my heart and soul. I promise thee I will that."

"See thou do. It will be thy privilege and thy duty."

"Oh, why did thou not tell me all this before? It would have been good for me."

"No, it would have been bad for thee. Thou hast not suffered one hour longer than was necessary. Week by week, month by month, year by year, thy heart has been growing more humble and tender, more just and unselfish; but it was not until Snorro brought thee those poor despised love-gifts of Jan's that thou wast humble and tender, and just, and unselfish enough to leave all and go and seek thy lost husband. But I am sure it was this way—the very hour this gracious thought came into thy heart thy captivity was turned. Now, then, from my own experience thou can understand why God hides even a happy future from us. If we knew surely that fame or pros-

perity or happiness was coming, how haughty, how selfish, how impatient we should be."

"I would like thee to go and tell my father all."

"I will tell thee what thou must do—go home and tell the great news thyself."

"I cannot go into Suneva's house. Thou should not ask that of me."

"In the day of thy good fortune, be generous. Suneva Fae has a kind heart, and I blame thee much that there was trouble. Because God has forgiven thee, go without a grudging thought, and say—'Suneva, I was wrong, and I am sorry for the wrong; and I have good news, and want my father and thee to share it.'"

"No; I cannot do that."

"There is no 'can' in it. It is my will, Margaret, that thou go. Go at once and take thy son with thee. The kind deed delayed is worth very little. To-day that is thy work, and we will not read or write. As for me, I will louse my boat and will sail about the bay, and round by the Troll Rock, and I will think of these things only."

For a few minutes Margaret stood watching him drift with the tide, his boat rocking gently, and the fresh wind blowing his long white hair, and carrying far out to sea the solemnly joyful notes to which he was singing his morning psalm.

"Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, and not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits He hath bestowed on Thee.
Such pity as a father hath unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such as worship Him in fear."

Ps. ciii. 2, 13.*

"Thou art a good man," said Margaret to herself, as she waved her hand in farewell and turned slowly homeward. Most women would have been impatient to tell the great news that had come to them, but Margaret could always wait. Besides, she had been ordered to go to Suneva with it, and the task was not a pleasant one to her. She had never been in her father's house since she left it with her son in her arms; and it was not an easy thing for a woman so proud to go and say to the woman who had supplanted her—"I have done wrong, and I am sorry for it."

Yet it did not enter her mind to disobey the instructions given her; she only wanted time to consider how to perform them in the quietest, and least painful manner. She took the road by the sea-shore, and sat down on a huge barricade of rocks. Generally such lonely communion with sea and sky

* Version allowed by the authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland.

strengthened and calmed her ; but this morning she could not bring her mind into accord with it. Accidentally she dislodged a piece of rock, and it fell among the millions of birds sitting on the shelving precipices below her. They flickered with piercing cries in circles above her head, and then dropped like a shower into the ocean, with a noise like the hurraing of an army. Impatient and annoyed, she turned away from the shore, across the undulating heathy plateau. She longed to reach her own room ; perhaps in its seclusion she would find the composure she needed.

As she approached her house she saw a crowd of boys and little Jan walking proudly in front of them. One was playing "Miss Flora McDonald's reel" on a violin, and the gay strains were accompanied by finger snappings, whistling, and occasional shouts. "There is no quiet to be found anywhere, this morning," thought Margaret, but her curiosity was aroused, and she went toward the children. They saw her coming, and with an accession of clamour hastened to meet her. Little Jan carried a faded, battered wreath of unrecognizable materials, and he walked as proudly as Pompey may have walked in a Roman triumph. When Margaret saw it, she knew well what had happened, and she opened her arms, and held the boy to her heart, and kissed him over and over, and cried out, "Oh, my brave little Jan, brave little Jan ! How did it happen then ? Thou tell me quick."

"Hal Ragner shall tell thee, my mother ;" and Hal eagerly stepped forward :

"It was last night, Mistress Vedder, we were all watching for the *Arctic Bounty* ; but she did not come, and this morning as we were playing, the word was passed that she had reached Peter Fae's pier. Then we all ran, but thou knowest that thy Jan runs like a red deer, and so he got far ahead, and leaped on board, and was climbing the mast first of all. Then Bor Skade, he tried to climb over him, and Nichol Sinclair, he tried to hold him back, but the sailors shouted, 'Bravo, little Jan Vedder !' and the skipper he shouted 'Bravo !' and thy father, he shouted higher than all the rest. And when Jan had cut loose the prize, he was like to greet for joy, and he clapped his hands, and kissed Jan, and gave him five gold sovereigns,—see, then, if he did not !" And little Jan proudly put his hand in his pocket, and held them out in his small soiled palm.

The feat which little Jan had accomplished is one which means all to the Shetland boy that his first buffalo means to the Indian youth. When a whaler is in Arctic seas, the sailors on the first of May make a garland of such bits of ribbons, love tokens, and keepsakes, as have each a private history, and this they tie to the top of the main-mast. There it swings,

blow high or low, in sleet and hail, until the ship reaches her home-port. Then it is the supreme emulation of every lad, and especially of every sailor's son, to be first on board and first up the mast to cut it down, and the boy who does it is the hero of the day, and has won his footing on every Shetland boat.

What wonder, then, that Margaret was proud and happy? What wonder that in her glow of delight the thing she had been seeking was made clear to her? How could she go better to Suneva than with this crowd of happy boys? If the minister thought she ought to share one of her blessings with Suneva, she would double her obedience, and ask her to share the mother's as well as the wife's joy.

"One thing I wish, boys," she said happily, "let us go straight to Peter Fae's house, for Hal Ragner must tell Suneva Fae the good news also." So, with a shout, the little company turned, and very soon Suneva, who was busy salting some fish in the cellar of her house, heard her name called by more than fifty shrill voices, in fifty different keys.

She hurried up stairs, saying to herself, "It will be good news that has come to pass, no doubt; for when ill-luck has the day, he does not call any one like that; he comes sneaking in." Her rosy face was full of smiles when she opened the door, but when she saw Margaret and Jan standing first of all, she was for the moment too amazed to speak.

Margaret pointed to the wreath: "Our Jan took it from the top-mast of the *Arctic Bounty*," she said. "The boys brought him home to me, and I have brought him to thee, Suneva. I thought thou would like it."

"Our Jan!" In those two words Margaret cancelled everything remembered against her. Suneva's eyes filled, and she stretched out both her hands to her step-daughter.

"Come in, Margaret! Come in, my brave, darling Jan! Come in, boys, every one of you! There is cake, and wheat bread, and preserved fruit enough for you all; and I shall find a shilling for every boy here, who has kept Jan's triumph with him." And when Suneva had feasted the children she brought a leather pouch, and counting out £2 14s., sent them away fiddling and singing, and shouting with delight.

But Margaret stayed; and the two women talked their bitterness over to its very root. For Suneva said: "We will leave nothing unexplained, and nothing that is doubtful. Tell me the worst that thou hast thought, and the worst thou hast heard, and what I cannot excuse, that I will say, 'I am sorry for,' and thou wilt forgive it, I know thou wilt." And after this admission, it was easy for Margaret also to say, "I am sorry;" and when that part of the matter had been settled, she added, "Now then, Suneva, I have great good news to tell thee."

But with the words Peter and the minister entered the

house, and Margaret went to Dr. Balloch and said, "I have done all thou bid me; now, then, thou tell my father and Suneva whatever thou told me. That is what thou art come for, I know it is."

"Yes, it is so. I was in the store when thy little Jan and his companions came there with the gold given them, and when the sovereigns had been changed and every boy had got his shilling, I said to thy father, 'Come home with me, for Margaret is at thy house, and great joy has come to it to-day.'"

Then he told again the whole story, and read aloud Jan's letters; and Peter and Suneva were so amazed and interested, that they begged the minister to stay all day, and talk of the subject with them. And the good man cheerfully consented, for it delighted him to see Margaret and Suneva busy together, making the dinner and the tea, and sharing pleasantly the household cares that women like to exercise for those they love or respect. He looked at them, and then he looked at Peter, and the two men understood each other, without a word.

By and by, little Jan, hungry and weary with excitement, came seeking his mother, and his presence added the last element of joy to the reunited family. The child's eager curiosity kept up until late the interest in the great subject made known that day to Peter and Suneva. For to Norsemen, slavery is the greatest of all earthly ills, and Peter's eyes flashed with indignation, and he spoke of Snorro not only with respect, but with something also like a noble envy of his privileges.

"If I had twenty years less, I would man a ship of mine own, and go to the African coast as a privateer, I would that. What a joy I should give my two hands in freeing the captives, and hanging those slavers in a slack rope at the yard-arm."

"Nay, Peter, thou would not be brutal."

"Yes, I would be a brute with brutes; that is so, my minister. Even St. James thinks as I do—'He shall have judgment without mercy that showeth no mercy.' That is a good way, I think. I am glad Snorro hath gone to look after them. I would be right glad if he had Thor's hammer in his big hands."

"He hath a Lancaster gun, Peter."

"Jan hath done his part well, and I wish that he could see us this night. It hath been a day of blessing to this house, and I am right happy to have been counted in it."

Then he went away, but that night Margaret and her son once more slept in their old room under Peter Fae's roof. It affected her to see that nothing had been changed. A pair of slippers she had forgotten still stood by the hearthstone. Her mother's Bible had been placed upon her dressing-table. The

geranium she had planted, was still in the window; it had been watered and cared for, and had grown to be a large and luxuriant plant. She thought of the last day she had occupied that room, and of the many bitter hours she had spent in it, and she contrasted them with the joy and the hope of her return.

But when we say to ourselves, "I will be grateful," it is very seldom the heart consents to our determination; and Margaret, exhausted with emotion, was almost shocked to find that she could not realize, with any degree of warmth, the mercy and blessing that had come to her. She was the more dissatisfied, because as soon as she was alone she remembered the message Tulloch had given her. It had remained all day undelivered, and quite forgotten. "How selfish I am," she said wearily, but ere she could feel sensibly any regret for her fault she had fallen asleep.

In the morning it was her first thought, and as soon after breakfast as possible she went to Dr. Balloch's. He seemed shocked at the news, and very much affected. "We have been true friends for fifty years, Margaret," he said; "I never thought of his being ill, of his dying—dying."

"He does not appear to fear death, sir."

"No, he will meet it as a good man should. He knows well that death is only the veil which we who live call life. We sleep, and it is lifted."

"Wilt thou see him to-day?"

"Yes, this morning. Thirty-eight years ago this month his wife died. It was a great grief to him. She was but a girl, and her bride year was not quite worn out."

"I have never heard of her."

"Well, then, that is like to be. This is the first time I have spoken of Nanna Tulloch since she went away from us. It is long to remember, yet she was very lovely, and very much beloved. But thou knowest Shetlanders speak not of the dead, nor do they count anything from a day of sorrow. However, thy words have brought many things to my heart. This day I will spend with my friend."

The reconciliation which had taken place was a good thing for Margaret. She was inclined to be despondent; Suneva always faced the future with a smile. It was better also that Margaret should talk of Jan, than brood over the subject in her own heart; and nothing interested Suneva like a love-quarrel. If it were between husband and wife, then it was of double importance to her. She was always trying to put sixes and sevens at one. She persuaded Margaret to write without delay to Jan, and to request the Admiralty Office to forward the letter. If it had been her letter she would have written "Haste" and "Important" all over it. She never tired of

calculating the possibilities of Jan receiving it by a certain date, and she soon fixed upon another date, when, allowing for all possible detention, Jan's next letter might be expected.

But perhaps, most of all, the reconciliation was good for Peter. Nothing keeps a man so young as the companionship of his children and grandchildren. Peter was fond and proud of his daughter, but he delighted in little Jan. The boy, so physically like his father, had many of Peter's tastes and peculiarities. He loved money and Peter respected him for loving it. There were two men whom Peter particularly disliked; little Jan disliked them also with all his childish soul, and when he said things about them that Peter did not care to say, the boy's candour charmed and satisfied him although he pretended to reprove it.

Jan, too, had a very high temper, and resented, quick as a flash, any wound to his childish self-esteem. Peter was fond of noticing its relationship to his own. One day he said to the boy: "Do that again and I will send thee out of the store."

"If thou sends me out just once, I will never come in thy store again; no, I will not; never, as long as I live," was the instant retort. Peter repeated it to Suneva with infinite pride and approval. "No one will put our little Jan out for nothing," he said.

"Well, then, he is just like thee!" said the politic Suneva; and Peter's face showed that he considered the resemblance as very complimentary.

INFLUENCE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
 But for a thousand years
 Their fruit appears,
 In weeds that mar the land,
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say
 Into still air they seem to fleet;
 We count them over, past;
 But they shall last—
 In the dread judgment they
 And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the year gone by,
 For the love of brethren dear,
 Keep, then, the one true way
 In work and play,
 Lest in the world their cry
 Of woe thou hear.

The Higher Life.

RAINY DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY J. L. JOHNSON.

It had rained heavily during the early morning, and throughout the day the sky had been black and lowering. Toward evening the clouds suddenly lifted, and a shower of sunbeams streamed athwart the landscape. In an instant everything was transfigured. The flowers, which had seemed just before to be cowering amid the leaves and grasses, suddenly assumed a brighter look, while soft on the gray old mountains fell the lingering glory of the day's decline.

Sitting by my open window, looking out upon the scene before me, the thought occurred to me that the lives of many Christians were like that day. Instead of trusting Jesus fully, they only trust Him partially; and sadly, doubtfully and despondingly spend years that should be bright with the sunlight of loving, implicit faith. By-and-bye old age—life's evening—draws nigh, when, having nought else in which to trust, the weary-hearted one begins to trust Jesus more, the clouds begin to disperse, and "through the valley and shadow of death" he passes joyfully and triumphantly home.

Now, friends, I think those years of sadness ought not to be, and yet I know they are the experience of many, very many of Christ's professed followers at the present day. The poet asks, and not without reason :

"Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?"

I don't imagine that the children of earthly sovereigns go about with sorrowing hearts and tear-wet faces. It would be more reasonable to suppose that, rejoicing in their exalted position, they seek to derive all the happiness from it that they can. But how much more exalted the position which we as children of a heavenly King are privileged to occupy, and how infinitely greater the happiness accruing therefrom. "Heirs of God and

joint-heirs with Christ." Oh what pen can describe—what language adequately express—the love, joy, peace—deep and abiding peace—of such as these!

“When they wake or when they sleep,
Angels' guard their vigils keep,
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love have nought to fear.”

Suppose that Queen Victoria should take a poor, starving, naked, sick, and suffering child, and, adopting him as her child, extend to him all the privileges of a prince—supposing her to do all this, would it be likely that boy would return all her care with distrust and sadness? Oh no! Would he not rather place every confidence in his royal benefactress and rejoice in the knowledge of his adoption into her family? Christian friends, you and I were just in the position of that suffering, helpless child—only far, far worse—till Jesus came and, with tenderest pity, did for us far more than any of earth's sovereigns could do. Shall we return His kindness with doubting and despondency? Rather let us honour Him with a cheerful obedience and an unwavering trust. Let us ever be willing to acknowledge His goodness unto us. As I once heard an old pensioner say (his face all aglow with smiles), “Why, I am supported by my King!” so let each and all of us, who have been made partakers of our Saviour's grace, exclaim with grateful, loving hearts, “I am supported by my King!”

“When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He knows my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.”

BEAR RIVER, N. S.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Holiness is obedience to infinite Love. In its intrinsic character a life of obedience to God is the most beautiful life possible to us. A piece of machinery that accomplishes perfectly the work for which it was constructed, works beautifully. Much more a soul that fulfils its Maker's will. The life that flows in harmony with the will of eternal Love, so accomplishing life's

great end, must be accounted beautiful. And just in proportion as our life makes approaches to fulfilling the Divine will, does it become truly beautiful.

Men make mistakes often in their estimate of what the Divine will requires, as many make mistakes with regard to what constitutes true holiness. They form exaggerated and sometimes twisted conceptions of what constitutes a holy life, and then present, as their idea of it, what is neither graceful nor beautiful. If one, not endowed with any delicate appreciation of musical harmonies, who thinks that almost any noise is music, should devote himself to writing music, he would be likely to introduce a good many discords. And any great composer would shudder to think that such a jangle should be written for music. We have seen attempts at poetry that were enough to make all the Muses crazy. After the same manner a morally depraved being is liable to give, as his ideal of a holy life, a plan of living so lacking in beauty as to make an angel shiver! And probably our best ideals fall infinitely short of the Divine idea of the great beauty of a perfectly holy life.

The most beautiful life the world has seen was that of Jesus Christ, whose holiness shone not merely in the avoidance of sin, but in prayer and praise, in loving words and deeds of helpfulness. He spoke the truth in love—the love of truth, the love of souls. His life shows how truly beautiful a life may be, even in this world of sin. It illustrates the true way of solving the problem of sin; that is, by overcoming evil with good, in the manifestation of good-will to the erring. Those most attractive colours, which make his life so beautiful, are to be woven into our Christian life, and array our souls in a beauty not of earth but heaven. When our life, hid with Christ in God, becomes all beautiful, because flowing from that fountain of benevolence, it will commend to the world our Christianity as nothing else can do. A beautiful life, like a beautiful act, is impressive beyond all comparison. It brings heaven near, and fills our ears with celestial singing.—
Golden Rule.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

“Praying always” (Eph. vi. 18). The soul of man is like a kindled brand—so long as the air breathes on it it will retain

to the last its genial warmth and crimson glow ; but let the air stagnate around it, and, flake on flake, the white ashes will gather over it, and the fire will die away within it, and under those ashes it will be left black and charred, a cold and useless log. What the breath of wind is to the glowing brand, that prayer is to the soul. Let the man or woman live a prayerless life, and all the light and the fire and the glow, all the wisdom and generosity and love, will die away from it, because these are the results of spiritual grace above ; and covered with the dead, white embers of its own selfishness and pride, it, too, will be cold and dead and hard—a useless thing, half consumed with impenitence and sin.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

TRIED AS SILVER IS TRIED.

BY L. M. LATIMER.

“Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.”—Psa. lxxvi. 10.

I SAW them crush the silver ore
Till all the hills around,
That lay in beauty calm and still,
Re-echoed with the sound.

I saw when hoofs of angry steeds
Had trampled out the ore ;
And fiercely burned the furnace fires,
To purify still more.

I saw the silver in the fire,
The dross all burned away,
And perfect in its purity,
A thing of beauty lay.

As silver Thou dost try us, Lord,
Till melted at Thy will,
In sweet submission we have learned
To suffer and be still.

The die must heavy press the heart
To bear Thine image there,
And those who love Thee most, dear Lord,
Gladly Thy sufferings share.

O sit beside the furnace, Lord—
Refiner of the heart—
Till perfect, spotless, pure and white,
We see Thee as Thou art.

Current Topics and Events.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

This great question was the subject of one of the most important and masterly debates in the General Conference which ever took place in any deliberative assembly in Canada. Intense convictions were held on opposite sides by ardent friends of Victoria University and of higher education. With great ability and cogency and eloquence, and, with scarce an exception, with good temper and moderation of language, these views were set forth. Especial commendation must be given to the speeches of Drs. Sutherland, Dewart, Nelles, and Burwash, and of Judge Dean, J. Mills, and J. J. Maclaren, the leaders in the debate. We never listened to more vigorous arguments or more skilful word-fencing. Intense interest was felt in the subject, not only by the members of the Methodist Church, but by the general public. Day after day the galleries were filled by deeply interested auditors who on the last night of the debate remained till midnight to learn the final decision. The papers, both of Toronto and other cities, gave extended reports of the speeches, and the present writer was requested by James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, to furnish a daily dispatch for that paper. Among the auditors of the debate were members of the Government—Dominion and Provincial—heads of colleges, and many distinguished educationists.

And small wonder that this intense interest was felt. The educational policy of Methodism for the future was in the scales. We believe that the decision reached was a wise and just and patriotic one; that a great impetus will be given to the cause of higher education in our Church and in the entire country, and that fountains of liberality will be opened which would otherwise have re-

mained sealed. Of this the munificent offers of Messrs. Macdonald, Cox, Gooderham, and Sanford are proof. We believe that just such a crisis was needed to rouse the Church from its apathy on this educational question, and to kindle that enthusiasm which alone can make the federation movement an assured success.

The duty of the hour is for every one—whether opposed to federation or in favour of it—now that the decision has been made, to join hands heartily and work out the problem before us. We believe that upon every institution and enterprise of the age—especially upon our institutions of higher education—should be written "Holiness to the Lord." We trust the Methodist Church will unite with the other religious denominations of this land, and in no narrow or sectarian sense, but in the broad free spirit of our common Christianity, strive to so surround the highest seat of learning in the land with all the influences of faith and hope and prayer and consecration and high endeavour as shall make it like Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and other great seats of learning—a centre of light and power and moral energy for the glory of God and the uplifting of man.

THE CONFERENCE ELECTIONS.

It must be very gratifying to those who have had charge of the important connexional interests represented by the General Conference Officers, to find that their administration of the departments severally allotted to them has so far commanded the continued confidence of the General Conference, and we believe of the entire Church, as to lead, almost without exception, to their re-election to those responsible positions. Although strong reasons, chiefly on the ground of economy, were urged for reducing the number

of General Superintendents to one, it was felt by the General Conference that the saving thereby effected would be attended with the loss of efficiency in the oversight of a Church extending over an area as large as the whole of the United States. It was a striking and well merited tribute to the high character, the splendid abilities and the wise administration of those honoured brethren, Dr. Carman and Dr. Williams, that by such an overwhelming vote they should be reinstated in their positions of important trust and pre-eminence of toil. The re-election by acclamation of the Book Stewards at Toronto and Halifax was a testimony to the appreciation by their brethren of their arduous labours. The brilliant success of the Western Publishing Department in the wide field of its operations enables it to materially as well as morally assist the more circumscribed Eastern House, and thus prove the vital unity of the Connexion. The re-election of Dr. Dewart to the editorship of the *Guardian* and of the Editor of this MAGAZINE, after a period of service of seventeen and twelve years respectively, is a highly appreciated proof of the confidence of their brethren. We have only two causes for regret in connection with these elections, first that ill-health has compelled the retirement of the accomplished and successful Editor of the *Wesleyan*, the Rev. T. Watson Smith. But we rejoice that he has found so worthy a successor in the person of the Rev. Dr. Lathern, a frequent contributor to this MAGAZINE, whose fine literary taste and Connexional zeal will find such congenial employment in the pages of the *Wesleyan*. The second cause of regret is the necessity, on the ground of economy, in the opinion of the Conference, of electing only one editor for the *Guardian*. The Rev. Dr. Stone, Associate Editor for the last three years, by his ability, his indefatigable energy, his genial courtesy, has won the warm regard of all who had personal relations with him and contributed greatly to the marked success of the *Guardian*.

The re-election of the versatile and accomplished Missionary Secretary and of his honoured associate, Mr. John Macdonald, Missionary Treasurer, were of course a foregone conclusion.

The appointment of the Rev. Dr. Potts to the important office of Secretary of Education will, we are confident, kindle the enthusiasm of the entire Church in this great movement and carry the scheme of university federation to assured success.

BAND WORK IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

The Rev. D. Savage, with some of his band of Christian workers who have been so successful in the West, has been labouring for a few weeks, with great acceptance and profit to the people, in the Eastern Townships. From a letter to a friend of date August 25th we glean the following items:—

“Dear Brother, I have to stand off and look at this great work which God has done, and which will yet be done, and feel I have no right to take any of the glory to myself. It is the Lord’s doing, bless Him for it. Lord, make me more worthy of any connection with it and any part in it. Amen. And now, brother, we will all unite in heartier consecration, and God helping us, to fuller devotion to His dear work—

‘Come, Holy Ghost, for thee we call,
Spirit of burning, come.’

“You will all rejoice to hear of much blessing at this distant point. Rev. G. H. Porter, M.A., to whom and at whose earnest invitation I came, is a grand man, gifted and good. He knows the ground in these Eastern Townships so well, and the ministers also, that I am leaving him to lay out my work. We came here on Saturday night, Aug. 7th. Spent our first week at the village of Martinville, with great encouragement. Large gatherings of people; Christians warmly responsive, and a spirit of awakening abroad from the first. Soon the altar was crowded with seekers, who came readily into the light of God. We have now

given one week of work to Compton village, where also great blessing has come. Night before last the altar was more than crowded with young men only, while four pews had to be given up to other seekers. Some of the young men were Christians who brought seekers with them. It was a service never to be forgotten. One of the young men was a stranger from San Francisco. He stood up last night to declare what God had done for him on the previous night, and gave us a touching testimony. God keep him. The whole country around is moved. Brother Porter has, I believe, been led of God in his plans. He takes us for occasional afternoon and evening services to outside points—Ives' Hill, Richby, Moe's River; and at a cordial invitation from our Congregational friends at Waterville we hold a service in their church this afternoon and back to Compton for the evening.

"The dear people are most kindly and co-operative; singers from their choirs help us; conveyances placed at our services, even floral decorations greet us at some points we go to. And best of all, God is with us. Some twenty circuits are calling for

"help through this section. Yesterday I invited two of our young men to come from the West to us. On Thursday Dr. Stirling arrived. He feels led into Band work. Brother Clemens and Sister Hall are tired with the steady strain of the song service that has been upon them. I keep up wonderfully, thank God. It must be in answer to the many earnest believing prayers that go up to God for His poor weak servant. Well, by and bye, they that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together. Indeed, it is so already.

"I cannot describe to you the charming scenery of this country. It is properly named the 'Switzerland of Canada.' In some localities the wildness, ruggedness, and majesty of unsubdued nature. In others the sweetness and softness of touch which comes of taste and culture; forest and flood, hill-slopes with a mosaic of well-tilled fields, golden, brown and green. Blue mountains in the distance with quiet lakes sleeping at their feet or held up to the sky on their steepes

"Affectionately yours,
"D. SAVAGE."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

This greatest ecclesiastical court of the Methodist Church assembled in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on September 1st, and was still in session when we went to press.

Great interest is always felt in the meetings of the General Conference, but as the present meeting was the first which had been held since the various branches of Methodism formed one united body, there was greater interest felt in the proceedings of the present gathering, as the Church had been travelling a new

path. The reports which were presented from all departments of the Church clearly indicated that the Lord of Hosts was leading His people forward to greater conquests than have ever yet been achieved.

STATISTICS.

In respect to members of the Church there are now 198,000—an increase of 30,242 since 1883. Ministers and probationers 1,543, with 1,900 local preachers. At the last census about one-fifth of the popula-

tion of the Dominion declared themselves Methodists. The 2,634 Sunday-schools now contain 220,575 scholars, with 24,450 officers and teachers, a grand Sunday-school army of 247,659. The number of conversions during the two past years amounts to 24,167, and the number meeting in class is 34,636. Raised for missions, \$20,762.97; for school purposes, \$71,358.60; for Sunday-school Aid Fund, \$1,782.23.

This fund is a valuable auxiliary which greatly assists poor schools and helps to establish new schools. During the past year there is an increase of 142 new schools, with 1,349 officers and teachers, and 10,785 scholars. From the statistics reported to the International Sunday-school Convention of 1884 there were more Methodist Sunday-schools and officers and teachers and scholars in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland than those of all the other Protestant churches taken together.

In respect to missions there has been great advance since the Union. The foreign missions in Japan have been greatly strengthened. The success in the North-West would have been much greater if there could have been a more liberal support given both in respect to men and money. The visit of the Rev. John Macdougall and the Indians who accompanied him will, it is hoped, cause greater liberality to be extended to those missions, while a more just policy from the Dominion Government towards the McDougall Orphanage and the Indian schools will greatly tend to the prosperity of the Indian Missions.

There is a fine opening among the Chinese in British Columbia, and arrangements have been made for the students attending the Institute in Tokio to share the benefits also of the Institute of the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

The Domestic Missions do not become self-sustaining as they ought. There are no less than 160 missions, each having 100 members—87 of them over 130 members. Several of those missions are established in long settled parts of the older Provinces.

The income of the Missionary Society has increased during the past quadrennium more than \$10,000, and continues to average about one dollar per member, while the charge of management is less than that of any other Missionary Society in the world. The Woman's Missionary Society and the Sunday-schools are rendering valuable aid in the work of evangelizing the world.

The Book Room and Publishing House in Toronto has enjoyed a term of great prosperity. The number of books sold during the quadrennium exceeds the number sold during the preceding by 392,794. Increase of pamphlets and tracts, 74,200. The *Christian Guardian* reports an increase of 11,000, and the MAGAZINE 3,000 subscribers, while the Sunday-school publications—eight in number—have an increase of 156,021, or nearly 150 per cent. The object of the Book Room is not solely to make money, but to circulate good wholesome literature; nevertheless, while the assets far exceed the liabilities, there has been given to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund since the last General Conference the sum of \$11,000.

The Eastern Book Room at Halifax presented a report which contains several items of encouragement. The *Westleyan* has an increased circulation, but the health of the editor, the Rev. T. Watson Smith, is such that he has been compelled to retire from the tripod. The branch Book Room in Montreal is doing a good work by the circulation of good books.

EDUCATION.

Victoria University, with which Albert University was amalgamated two years ago, reports 322 students. The total number of graduates is now 1,981, an increase of 525. Of these 492 are graduates in arts, 1,319 in medicine, 104 in law, and 66 in theology, being a considerable increase. The average attendance during the quadrennium is 478, an increase of 126. Among the graduates in arts are two young ladies, and one in medicine; they are the first "girl graduates" in Victoria Uni-

versity. All honour to Misses Greenwood, Willoughby and Stone.

Of the theological students it is reported that in fifteen years 253 have entered the ministry of our Church, of whom 68—over 25 per cent.—are graduates in arts, and 17—nearly 17 per cent.—graduates in divinity; 19 of these are labouring in Manitoba and the North-West, 6 in Japan, and 4 in British Columbia, or 11½ per cent who have consecrated themselves to purely missionary work, a work which, apart from the Newfoundland Conference, occupies only about 5 per cent. of the ministerial force of our Church.

Mount Allison College suffered great loss by fire in 1881, but a new university building has been erected at a cost of \$60,000, of which there is only \$15,000 debt. The value of the whole property, including land, buildings and endowment, is \$230,000, against which the total debt is only \$25,000. The University comprises a college, a ladies' college, and an academy for young men and boys. The total number of graduates is 115, of whom 22 graduated during the last quadrennium.

The Ladies' Colleges at Hamilton, Whitby and St. Thomas are all doing a good work. Three ministers are appointed by the Annual Conferences to act as Principals of these institutions. All these colleges report an increase in the number of students and graduates.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

Some time since a conference consisting of the heads of several colleges was held with the Hon. G. W. Ross, with a view to form a federation of colleges. Knox College, Toronto Baptist, and Wycliffe College have entered into affiliation with Toronto University. Queen's and Trinity refused the Government plan. The Hon. O. Mowat's ministry still offered fair terms to Victoria University to join the federation. The question came up for consideration in the General Conference when the report of Victoria University was presented. There was great diversity of opinion among the members

of Conference on the subject. Dr. Sutherland led the discussion in opposition to the scheme, while Dr. Dewart led the discussion in its favour. These brethren spoke about two hours each in their usual energetic and eloquent manner. For most of four days, of three sessions each, was this subject debated by several of the most able members of the Conference. It is only seldom that such forcible speaking is heard in any Conference. During some of the sessions the church was crowded. Among the speakers were several distinguished men, as Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. E. Blake, Hon. G. W. Ross, W. Mulock, Esq, Vice-Chancellor of Toronto University; Dr. Castle, President of the Baptist College, all of whom expressed their admiration of the talent displayed both by the ministerial and lay members who took part in the debate.

Every one was anxious to do what was best for Victoria University, and all seemed to be satisfied that to remain in Cobourg would render a large expenditure of money indispensable, and then success would not be certain; while an expenditure of a slightly larger amount of money in Toronto would bring the University into such a position as would be almost certain to ensure its success, and bring the young men of our Church more under Methodist influence. Some gentlemen in Hamilton made a good offer to secure Victoria to that city, Cobourg also made liberal promises of aid if it could be retained there; but Toronto presented the best claim, inasmuch as Messrs. W. Gooderham, Geo. Cox, and John Macdonald made an offer amounting to nearly \$100,000. At length the vote was taken, and by a majority of 25 it was decided that Toronto should be the seat of Victoria College.

FRATERNAL DELEGATIONS.

Methodism is one the world over. The parent body in England has always taken deep interest in the welfare of its Canadian offspring. The Rev. Dr. Stephenson, well known as the founder of the Wes-

leyan Children's Home, attended the Conference as the representative of British Methodism. The Rev. Dr. Joyce represented the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop Galloway represented the Methodist Episcopal Church South. These honoured brethren occupied a whole session by their fraternal addresses and on Sabbath each of them preached twice. They won for themselves the esteem of every member of the General Conference, and it was difficult to say whether their addresses in the Conference or their sermons on the Sabbath were the most acceptable. Their appearance in Toronto at any time will be hailed with delight.

The Conference at one of its early sessions sent a cordial letter of greeting to the Anglican Synod then meeting in Montreal. The Synod responded with a communication which breathed a spirit of true Christian fraternity.

The Bible Christian Conference in England, in its sixty-eighth annual session, sent a fraternal letter to the Conference rejoicing in its prosperity and the success of Methodist union, and expressed the hope that its happy consummation would be the heritage of a Methodist union in England and throughout the world.

A delegation from the Presbyterian Church visited the Conference and conveyed the greetings of that denomination and prayed for the continued success of Methodism.

The Dominion Alliance also presented its greetings to the Conference, and acknowledged the indebtedness of the Alliance to the Methodist Church for its earnest advocacy of the cause of temperance.

METHODIST LOYALTY.

Readers of this MAGAZINE do not need to be told that Methodists everywhere are distinguished for their loyalty to the throne and person of the Queen. As this is the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's reign, it was deemed proper by the Conference to send a congratulatory address to Her Majesty. The Conference not only agreed to do so, but

in a spirit of loyalty sung the National Anthem. When the Editor of this MAGAZINE submitted the address the Conference signified its approval by another burst of the National Anthem. Lord Lansdowne sent a letter to the Conference thanking the members for the loyal address which he received from the Methodist Church when he came to Canada as Her Majesty's representative.

VISITORS.

We do not remember any Conference at which there was such a number of distinguished visitors in attendance, some of whom addressed the Conference, others were merely introduced. Of the former we may mention Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon.-E. Blake, Hon. G. W. Ross, W. Mulock, Esq., M. P.; and Rev. Dr. Castle. Of the latter there were the Rev. Dr. Wild, Dr. Morrow, from Philadelphia; Dr. Cummings, from Wellsville, N.Y.; Dr. Grey, Rochester; Dr. Crawford, and J. M. Phillips, Esq., New York.

In this connection also may be mentioned the Indians who accompanied the Rev. John Macdougall from the North-West. These distinguished strangers, members of a race now greatly diminished, were most cordially received by the Conference, which set apart an evening session for their special benefit. Mr. Macdougall explained that the Indians now present were consistent Christians rescued from heathenism by the labours of Methodist missionaries. They were loyal to the country during the late rebellion, and but for their influence among the tribes to which they belong a greater amount of treasure and many more valuable lives would have been sacrificed. The church was crowded, and the singing and speaking of the Indians, interpreted by Mr. Macdougall, greatly interested and edified all present.

PROPOSED CHANGES.

Memorials and special resolutions were very numerous. The various committees, more than twenty in

number, carefully examined everything sent to them and then presented their recommendations to Conference. In most cases the recommendations of the committees were adopted. There were some exceptions. Several verbal changes in the Discipline were adopted. A commission was appointed to sit during the quadrennium to examine the Book of Discipline and report such alterations and amendments as they may deem necessary to the next General Conference. There were some memorials to extend the pastoral terms to five years; the committee on the itinerancy recommended four years, which at first was accepted by the Conference, but on reconsideration the report was not adopted. The term therefore remains as it is at present, being limited to three years.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

This is always an interesting episode in the proceedings of Conference. The following appointments were made:—

Revs. A. Carman, D.D., General Superintendent, to hold office for eight years; J. A. Williams, D.D., to hold office for four years; W. Briggs, D.D., Book Steward, Toronto; S. F. Huestis, Book Steward, Halifax; E. H. Dewart, D.D., Editor of *Christian Guardian*; W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor of *MAGAZINE* and Sunday-school publications; J. Lathern, D.D., Editor of the *Westeyan*; J. Potts, D.D., Secretary of Educational Society, A. Sutherland, D.D., Missionary Secretary; John Macdonald, Esq., Missionary Treasurer.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Conference of 1886 of the parent body of Methodism was held in City Road Chapel, London. The Rev. Robert Newton Young, D.D., was elected President. Dr. Young has the honour to be the first President's son elected to this office. He was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father was stationed as a Wesleyan missionary. He is the second President which Canada has given to the English Conference;

Dr. Pope, who was President a few years ago, was also born in the Dominion of Canada. Dr. Young has long occupied a prominent place in the British Conference, of which he has been Secretary for several years. His most elaborate literary work is a condensed edition of Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary of the Holy Scriptures.

The Conference was more numerously attended than usual, there being over 1,000 ministers present. The vacancies in the ranks of the "Legal Hundred" were filled by the Revs. H. P. Hughes, M.A., R. Martin, S. Whitehead, F. Kellett, G. Alton, and J. D. Powell. The Rev. D. J. Waller was elected Secretary. There were delegations from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, Bishop Foss and Dr. Hunt; the Methodist Conference in France, the Irish Conference, South African Conference, and the Methodist Church in Canada. Our readers may be sure that Dr. Sutherland, the Canadian delegate, was not behind the chiefest of his associates. We learn that he "mingled much wisdom with the witty and happy remarks which made his speech to sparkle and glisten."

Thirty ministers had died during the year. Probably those best known were Revs. Dr. Geden, H. W. Holland, Jos. Hargreaves, and Dr. Lyth. Mr. Hargreaves had been 57 years in the ministry and was beloved for his saintly character; Dr. Geden was Theological Tutor, and the four others were distinguished for authorship as well as preaching ability.

One of the most interesting meetings held in connection with the Conference was the "Recognition of Returned Missionaries." Those noble champions of the cross are always cordially received in the parent Conference. Their stirring tales of heroism and triumphs in the high places of the Church greatly cheer their brethren and tend to fan the missionary spirit among the churches at home. This year there were representatives from Jamaica, Ceylon, Natal, Negapatam, and Antigua, who told of the success of the Gospel among persons of various relative

positions, to all of whom the good old Gospel proved its adaptation. One hundred and thirty-nine candidates for the ministry were recommended from the districts, 115 of whom were received. Thirty-four probationers were ordained. In addition to these thirty others on foreign mission stations, fifteen of whom were native ministers, were also received into full connexion, making sixty-five in all.

The following elections were made: Rev. Marshall Randles, Theological Tutor; the Rev. J. E. Clapham, Home Missionary Secretary; Dr. Greeves, Principal of Southland's College; Rev. M. G. Pearce, London Evangelist. Rev. John Bond is to be Secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of holding an Ecumenical Conference in America in 1891.

The Rev. T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., whose former visits to Canada are remembered with such pleasure, was appointed representative to our General Conference.

It is remarkable that there is a decrease in the membership of the Church amounting to 779, especially as no less than 45,230 new members had been received. Great attention is paid to evangelistic movements. District Missionaries under the care of Chairmen of Districts have been very successful in revival work. The Rev. Thomas Champness also employs a number of laymen whom he sends chiefly to villages, where they spend one or two weeks in house to house visitation and holding evangelistic meetings. He pays them no stipulated allowance beyond board and lodging, with small pecuniary gifts. The incidents which he related in Conference respecting the success of those lay evangelists were not only interesting, but some of them were truly marvellous. There is a growing tendency for voluntary labourers in missionary and evangelistic movements. During the sessions of Conference a communication was received from a minister in Adelaide, who offered to give ten years services as a missionary in India

and contribute £100 annually towards his own maintenance.

There is a growing desire for unification of the Methodist forces, and a purpose to prevent needlessly duplicating the Methodist agencies, especially in mission fields.

A Temperance Convention also was held which continued a whole day. Essays were read by medical men and ministers which elicited profitable discussion. The number of juvenile temperance societies is rapidly increasing in connection with the Sunday-schools.

The report from the Book Steward was not so encouraging as some of former years. This was owing chiefly to the depression of trade; still some liberal grants were made from the profits to various funds:—Ministers' Annuitant and Auxiliary, \$20,000; Home Mission and Contingent, \$2,500; Irish Conference, \$20,000. A gentleman donated through the Rev. J. Kilner \$10,000 to the Ministers' Annuitant Fund, and \$2,500 on behalf of the orphans of deceased ministers.

A memorial church has been erected at Ballingrave, Ireland, in memory of Thomas Walsh, in which a tablet has been placed at the expense of the Rev. Dr. Hunt, of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, New York.

Methodist Jubilees.—The Australian Provinces have recently celebrated their Methodist Jubilee. The result of 50 years' toil in Victoria alone is 460 churches, 311 other preaching places, 113 ministers, 751 local preachers, 818 class-leaders, 4,691 Sunday-school teachers, 16,095 church members, and 94,223 adherents. The sum of \$20,000 was contributed as a thank-offering.

Jubilee in Fiji.—Some fifty years ago an appeal was made to the British people for missionaries to be sent to Fiji. At that time all the natives were heathens of the most degraded character, now there is not a heathen among them. Among no people in modern times has the triumph of Christianity been so complete, and it is claimed that out of a population of 102,000 over 95,000

are Wesleyans. There are 900 churches, 1,236 chapels, 55 native ministers, 1,785 local preachers, 26,880 communicants, and 40,661 children in the Sabbath-schools. The Roman Catholics, who have been in the islands since 1846, claim a large portion of the balance.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The great event of September is holding the General Conference. Rev. John McDougall, accompanied by three Indian chiefs, is visiting Ontario. The chiefs are delighted with their visit. Several public meetings have been held on their behalf. They were all loyal to the Government during the late rebellion. They visited Ottawa, where they presented a petition to the Indian Department asking for more liberal aid on behalf of their industrial schools.

The labours of Dr. Eby on behalf of Japan are bearing fruit. The Rev. F. A. Cassidy, M.A., and wife, Rev. J. W. Saunby, and Miss Wintemute, have been designated to the Methodist Mission in that place. A farewell service was held in Queen's Avenue Church, London, in which Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, and several other ministers took part. In response to an appeal from Dr. Eby the congregation gave over \$100 as a special donation to the work in Japan.

The Rev. A. E. Green, of Naas River Mission, B.C., has been visiting England and has returned. Friends in London presented him with musical instruments for a brass band on his mission. Those who know the love of Indians for music may be sure that the red-men will be delighted with these instruments.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Dr. George A. Norris, of Omemeë, died in August after a few days' severe illness. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. James Norris, and received such an education as Canada furnished forty years ago. He became a medical student under the late Dr. Rolph at Victoria Uni-

versity. He occupied some of the most important positions in the gift of his fellow-citizens. He was a member of two General Conferences, and often served on the General Missionary Board. He was a true friend, a good counsellor, and a devoted Christian.

Rev. George C. Haddock, pastor of the first Methodist Church in Sioux City, Iowa, U.S., met with his death by assassination as he was returning home one evening in August. He was a prominent prohibitionist, and was most active in enforcing the liquor laws. It is universally believed that his murder was 'accomplished by the liquor dealers. The Governor of the State has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

John Dougall, late of Montreal, has finished his course very suddenly in New York. His life would be a fine study for the young men of Canada. In early manhood he left his native land—Scotland—and came to this country, and by industry, frugality and hard work he became one of the best known men in the Dominion, for whose welfare he was in labours more abundant for more than half a century. He was one of the temperance pioneers, and will be best known as the founder of the *Montreal Witness*, which has always been true to temperance and the Protestant religion. When advancing years might have reminded him that he should rest, he went to New York and established the *Witness* in that city. He was an indefatigable man, and was unceasing in his efforts to do good. The writer of these notes saw him last at the Temperance Centennial at Philadelphia, and of the hundreds present on that grand occasion none were more interested than this venerable man. He was 78 years of age, and had long been a member of the Congregational Church, but his great soul grasped Christians of all denominations, and was always ready to join hands with all who would stand forth in defence of truth and righteousness.

Book Notices.

History of Interpretation. The Bampton Lectures of 1885. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. 8 vo., pp. 553. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$3.50.

"There are things in the Old Testament," says Professor Drummond, "cast in the teeth of the apologist by skeptics to which he has simply no answer. These are the stock-in-trade of the free-thought platform and the secularist pamphleteer. A new exegesis, a reconsideration of the historic setting, and a clearer view of the moral purposes of God, would change them from barriers into bulwarks of the faith."

"These difficulties vanish," says Canon Farrar, "before the radical change of attitude which has taught us to regard the Bible as the record of a progressive revelation divinely adapted to the hard heart, the dull understanding, and the slow development of mankind." In this volume he addresses himself to the task of robbing of all their force the objections of infidels and free-thinkers to the Scriptures, and to pointing out and eliminating the errors of successive schools of exegesis.

He begins with the exegesis of the Rabbinical school, showing its servile legalism, its casuistry, its sacrifice of the spirit to the letter, its exaltation of tradition, its teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. He treats next the Alexandrian school, showing its allegorical method, its perversion of Scripture, its trifling plays upon words, the falseness of its methods, the emptiness of its results. He discusses, third, Patristic exegesis, and notes its limitations, and, amid many excellences, its deficiencies, its arbitrary methods, its often mistaken assumptions, and, on the whole, the high services rendered by the Fathers.

The next chapter treats the me-

diaeval exegesis of the great schoolmen, Alcuin, Erigena, St. Bernard, Aquinas, William of Occam, and other bright lights amid a dark age. The influence of Aristotle, the servility of scholasticism, the neglect of philology and lack of equipment, the abuse of dialectics, the growth of mysticism, and influence of monastic theology, and of the interests of the papacy, are with great ability and lucidity pointed out. Then comes the great period of the Reformation, the emancipation of the minds of men from the fetters of tradition and superstition, the free study of the unveiled Word of God, the right of final judgment, the acceptance of the final authority and sufficiency of Scripture, the rejection of allegory and recognition of the analogy of the faith, and necessity for spiritual illumination. These are illustrated from the writings of Reuchlin, Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle and Calvin. Of the latter the greatness and weakness, the intolerance and ruthlessness are pointed out. A chapter sets forth the post-Reformation school, its exorbitant systematization, its multiplication of symbols and formality, its theological bitterness. Then comes the dawn of clearer light, of tolerance and culture, of increased knowledge, the phenomena of pietism and mysticism, and the growth of Arminian interpretation. A last chapter discusses modern exegesis under the influence of Leibnitz, Lessing, Euler, Herder, Kant, Fichte, Schliermacher, Hagel, Strauss, Baur, Neander, Tholuck, Coleridge, and others.

This brief outline will show the wide scope and great importance of this work—one of the most valuable its learned author has prepared. Some may consider that he concedes too much to the opponents of the theory of verbal inspiration; but there can be no question as to the

candour, the fairness, the learning, the devout reverence of spirit, the unflinching search for truth, of this great writer.

Constance of Acadia. Cr. 8vo., pp. 368. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There is no more romantic episode in colonial history than the story of the heroic Constance of Acadia, Madam LaTour. This intrepid woman, an Acadian Jean d'Arc, after a prolonged conflict with the unchivalric Seigneur d'Aulnay Charnisy, in which she narrowly escaped capture by his piratical ships—valiantly defended, in her husband's absence, the fort at the mouth of the St. John. With a little handful of soldiers she rushed to the ramparts, firing the cannon with her own hand, and repulsing an attack by a far superior force. When, anxious to save life, she at length capitulated, the false-hearted d'Aulnay treacherously broke his plighted word and hanged every man of the garrison save one, who had the baseness to act as executioner of his comrades. As a crowning atrocity, the titled ruffian compelled the twice-betrayed lady to witness the cruel spectacle, as an additional indignity wearing a halter about her neck. Such is the outline of the stirring story which in this volume is wreathed with the grace and pathos of imagination and poetry. Every patriotic Canadian, especially those dwelling within the confines of ancient Acadia, will find this story intensely interesting and historically instructive.

General Gordon, Hero and Saint.
By ANNIE E. KEELING. Pp. 269.
Illustrated. London: T. Woolmer.

The age of chivalry has not passed. The names of Vicars, Havelock, Lawrence, Gordon, would render illustrious any age. The story of Gordon, hero and saint, shall be for all time an inspiration to heroism. The record of his life reads like a perpetual romance. Although a man of war from his youth, who sadly wrote of himself toward the close of his splendid military career, "killing people, or devising means to do so,

has been my lot," it has been said that "Gordon was the nearest approach to the one man Christ Jesus of any man that ever lived." Miss Keeling has done an admirable service in bringing within a compendious and inexpensive volume the record of this remarkable life—more strange than the strangest tales of romance. She follows his marvellous career in China, at Galatz, in Equatorial Africa, in the Soudan, in Abyssinia, in India, China again, the Holy Land, and finally in his tragical mission to Khartoum. Yet no glory of his life was grander than his teaching the ragged boys of Gravesend the way to the Saviour. This book should be a household treasure.

Nature: Musings on Holy-Days and Holidays. By the REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK. With an Introduction by W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S. Pp. 232. London: T. Woolmer.

This is another of those books of the fairy tales of science which are more wonderful than the fairy tales of fiction. The author, who is a keen and loving observer of the world of nature, describes with pen and pencil the wonders of sea and shore and pond and stream and air. There is a fascination in the study of the plans and methods upon which God constructed the vast variety of nature—the infinitely little no less than the infinitely great. Through all these marvels and miracles of grace and beauty the author devoutly looks "from nature up to nature's God." The numerous engravings are exceedingly clear and of photographic fidelity to life.

Report of the Superintendent of Education for the Protestant Schools of Manitoba for the year ending January, 1886.

The progress of education in the great and growing North-West is simply marvellous. In the year 1871 there was but 1 teacher and 30 pupils in Winnipeg; now there are 45 teachers and 2,300 pupils enrolled. In the whole Province there were, in 1871, 16 schools and an attendance

of 816; but in 1885 there were 426 schools and 13,074 pupils in a school population (the school age is from 5 to 15) of 15,850, which is certainly very creditable. In the list of County Inspectors we are glad to find the names of three of the Methodist ministers, the Rev. J. A. Jackson, A. Stewart, B.D., and B. Franklin, B.A., and also the name of Mr. Allan Bowerman, B.A., Principal and Classical Tutor of the Collegiate Institute in Winnipeg. E. B.

Death of Hewfik Pasha: A Confession. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 12mo, cloth. Price 60 cents.

This is a story that claims to be based on fact. Whether imaginary or essentially truthful, the narrative, or "Confession," as it is called, is highly interesting, not to say exciting. It will serve to recall the mystery and excitement caused some years since by the assassination of Hewfik Pasha, ex-Prime Minister of the Sultan. This claims to narrate the circumstances which led up to that event, and to be the confession of the person who did the deed.

Sermons and Sayings. By the REV. SAM P. JONES. Edited by the REV. W. M. LEFTWICH, D.D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House.

This is a 12mo vol. of 304 pp., with a steel portrait of the distinguished revivalist, whose fame has now become so well established on the American continent. Doubtless some of the sermons contain expressions which may not be approved of by persons whose taste is refined; but we feel sure that such as are unprejudiced cannot read them without profit. They are full of stirring truths. The sins of the present day are exposed in the most fearless manner. The preacher is in dead earnest, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, his sole object is to do good. His sermons have sold by thousands. The copy before us belongs to the twenty-eighth edition.

E. B.

My Mission Garden. By the REV. L. LANGDON. Pp. 200. London: T. Woolmer.

It was a happy idea of this veteran missionary to give these stories of mission scenes and mission life in Ceylon. They are written in a fascinating style for young people and communicate a large amount of interesting information. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated. We wish that books of such solid value and such inspiring character furnished a larger proportion of the reading of our Sunday-school and home libraries.

The Jewish Altar. By the late JOHN LEIGHTON, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, cloth. Price 75 cents.

This is a highly valuable work on Old Testament Typology. It is written with singular clearness, conciseness, and painstaking care. It is a timely and scriptural contribution to the better understanding of the Ritual of the Jewish Altar Service. The author's views conflict with the common interpretation of much of the Mosaic Ritual, and he supports them with reasoning and Scripture that it will be difficult to refute.

LITERARY NOTE.

Macmillan & Co.'s Announcements for the Fall Publishing Season include the *Letters and Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University; a new volume of *Historical Lectures*, by Prof. Edward A. Freeman, reviewing the "Chief Periods of European History"; and a new and cheaper edition, in four volumes, 12mo, of the late M. Lanfrey's great *History of Napoleon I.* Among their illustrated works may be mentioned an important book on *Greenland*, by Baron Von Norden-skiöld; *Days with Sir Roger De Coverley*, with characteristic illustrations by Hugh Thomson; and an Edition de Luxe printed on fine paper, in one vol., of Washington Irving's *Old Christmas* and *Brace-bridge Hall*.