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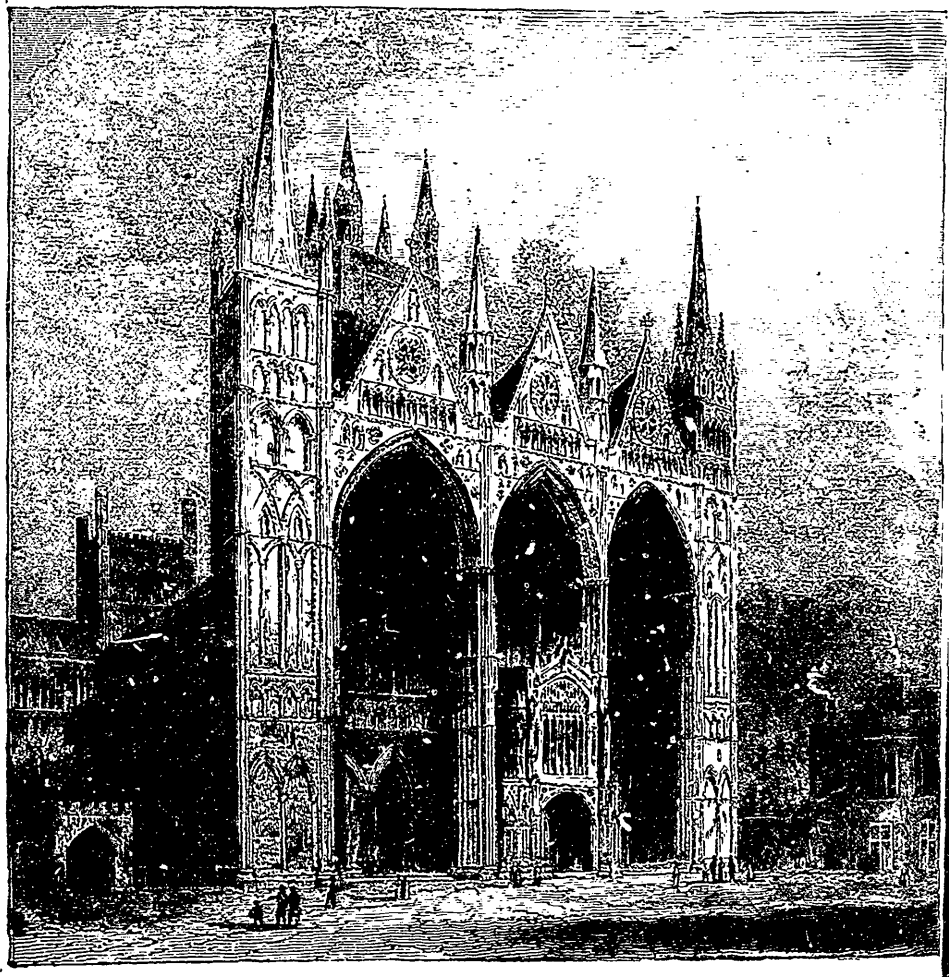
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PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

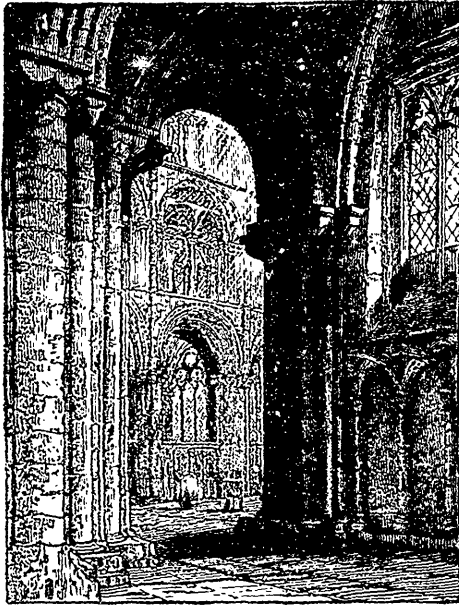
WEST FRONT.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1884.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

BY THE EDITOR.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR.

THE first great English cathedral that I visited—except St. Paul's, which is comparatively modern—was Peterborough. Few things so impress the tourist from the New World with the ancient religious institutions of England as a visit to one of the old cathedral cities. One seems to step back from this busy nineteenth century at least five hundred years. The great cathedral lifts its mighty walls and towers, a mountain of

stone, high above every other building. It dominates the entire city, and is the most conspicuous landmark for many miles. It seems a fitting symbol of the period when the Romish Church dominated over the entire civil as well as religious life of the nation, and when proud prelates in effect declared, The Church is the State.

This strikes one especially at Peterborough. In leaving the railway station you turn your back on the busy present and come face to face with the Middle Ages. There rises, like a mighty cliff, hollowed into three great arches, each eighty-one feet high, the west front of the cathedral—one of the most majestic in Europe. The bold tracery of towers and gables has been gnawed and worn by the storms of six hundred years. The vast groined arches are haunted with memories of the early Henrys and Edwards.

As one enters the western door a feeling of awe rests upon the soul. For four hundred and fifty feet stretches the Norman nave, vast and dim and full of solemn shadows. Milton etches with artist touch their majestic sublimity:—

“ But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars, massy proof,
 And storied windows, richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light ;
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below.”

The older portion of the cathedral, which dates from before the year 1200, is, as will be seen from our initial cut, of Norman architecture, with its round arches, stout, Atlas-like columns and “dog-tooth” mouldings. A massy tower, a hundred and fifty feet high, crowns the intersection of the nave and transept. As great cracks in the wall gave evidence of the instability of the tower, it has recently been reconstructed at vast expense.

I was especially interested in the ruins of the old Benedictine Monastery, founded A.D. 660 by Saxulf, a Mercian thane. For many a rood they covered the ground with broken arches and shattered walls and columns, bearing witness to the wealth and constructive ability of the Benedictine brotherhood. The old Abbey was dedicated to St. Peter, whence the name of the town. A visit to his shrine was esteemed of equal merit with a pilgrimage to Rome.

The storms of seven hundred years have stained and weathered those Norman arches to a grim and hoary aspect, with which they frown down upon the ephemerides of to-day. Here may still be

seen the tomb of that "most poor woman," Queen Katharine of Aragon. To her burial here we owe the preservation of the cathedral. When Henry VIII. ordered the dissolution of all religious houses, he commanded this to be spared, saying that he would leave Katharine one of the goodliest monuments in the kingdom. Mary Queen of Scots was buried here in the choir for twenty-five years, and was then removed, at the request of her son, James I., to Westminster Abbey, where she lies, in the solemn truce of death, near her great rival, Elizabeth of England. In this church Wolsey, in proud abasement, washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor people.

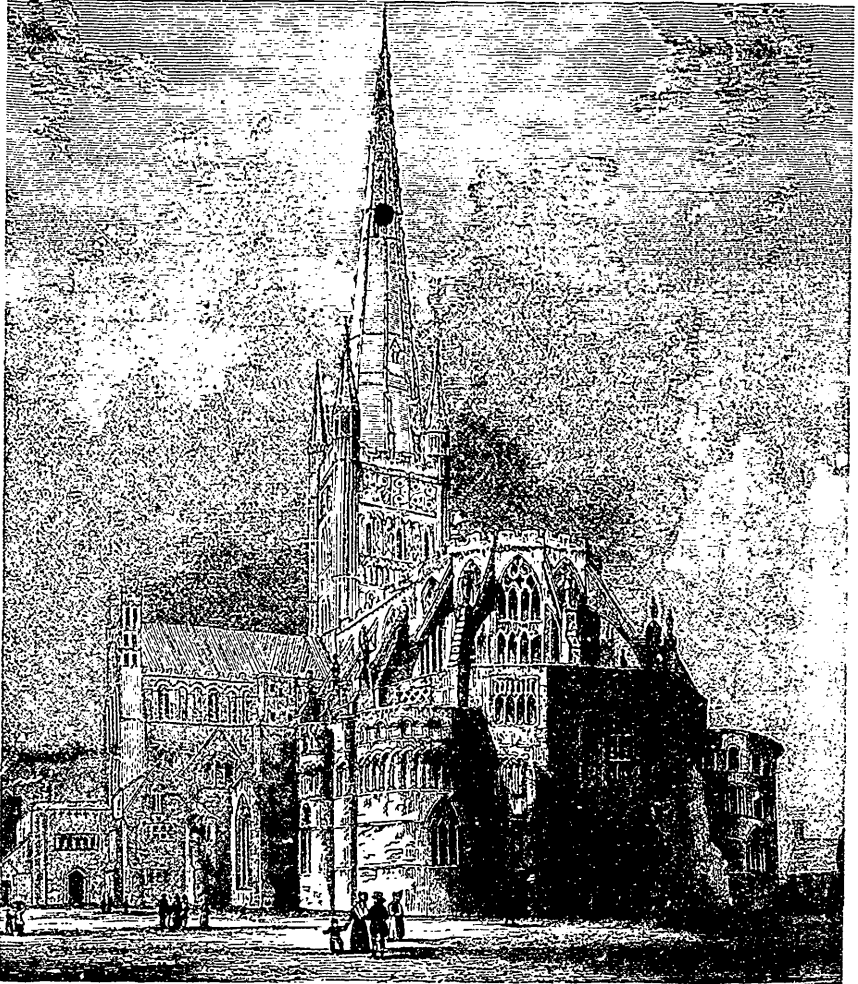
But of all the cathedrals of England which I saw, the most impressive is the mighty minster of York. How it symbolizes the profound instinct of worship of the human soul, its yearnings after the unseen and eternal! The sweet and solemn chanting of the choir seemed to me the litany of the ages, the echo of the prayers of the dead and buried generations crying out for the living God. The great east window Pugin thinks "the finest in the world." The monkish rhyme at the portal we feel is no vain boasting: VT ROSA FLOS FLORVM, SIC ES ' DOMVS ISTA DOMORVM.

The ruined Abbey of St. Mary's, founded 800 years ago by William Rufus, reminds us of the cowed brotherhood whose worship or wassail once filled those shattered vaults, now open to rain and wind. The old walls, the quaint "bars" or gates and the stern old castle, celebrated in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are grim relics of the stormy feudal times. But these seem but as yesterday compared with the older Roman ruins, dating back to the first century. Here the Emperors Severus and Constantius died; here Caracalla and Constantine were crowned, if indeed the latter was not a native of the place.

Amid the bolder scenery of the North Riding, crowning a lofty height with its majestic towers, rises the stately Durham Cathedral. Here repose the remains of St. Cuthbert, of Lindisfarne—the most famous of the hermit saints—and of the Venerable Bede, the first English historian, who died nearly twelve hundred years ago. On a low and inconspicuous tomb, beneath the grim and hoary Norman arches one may read his simple epitaph:

HAC SVNT IN FOSSA
BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA.

Norwich Cathedral, another famous Benedictine foundation, dates from 1096. Twice it was seriously injured by fire, but it was again consecrated with great pomp, in the presence of Edward



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

I., in 1278. The singular attached chapels, with Norman arcades, the bold flying buttresses, and the noble spire added by Bishop Pery in the fourteenth century, will be observed in the engraving.

The city of Wells dates from the time of the Romans and

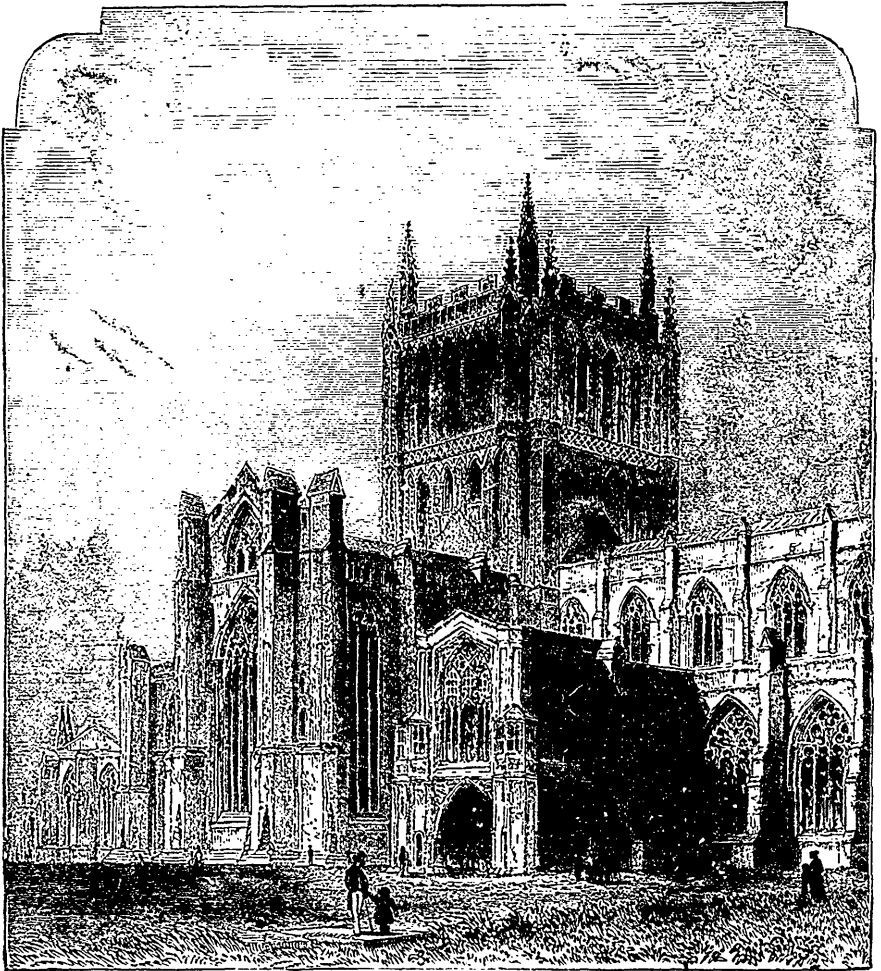
takes its name from the numerous springs with which it abounds. Among its most famous bishops were the "proud prelate Wolsey" and the apostolic Ken. When Ken was prebend of Winchester, Charles II. visited the town and asked the prebend to furnish lodgings for the notorious Nell Gwynne. He flatly refused. The Merry Monarch knew an honest man when he met one, and when the see of Wells became vacant offered it to "the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." Ken was one of the six bishops committed by James II. to the Tower, but declining to take the oath of allegiance to William III., he



CENTRAL TOWER OF WELLS CATHEDRAL.

was deprived of preferment and retired to the home of his nephew, Isaak Walton. The memory of the good bishop is kept green throughout Christendom by his sweet morning and evening hymns, written in the summer-house of the cathedral close. The most remarkable feature about the cathedral is the inverted arches under the central tower, forming a cross of St. Andrew, to

whom the building is dedicated. These arches were inserted subsequently to the erection of the tower to strengthen its supports—an ingenious contrivance not without a certain grace. The fan tracery above is very beautiful; the sunlight streaming through the openings has a striking effect.



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

Hereford is an ancient fortified city on the borders of Wales, and was often the scene of border warfare. Its cathedral is a fine Norman structure of the eleventh century, recently restored.

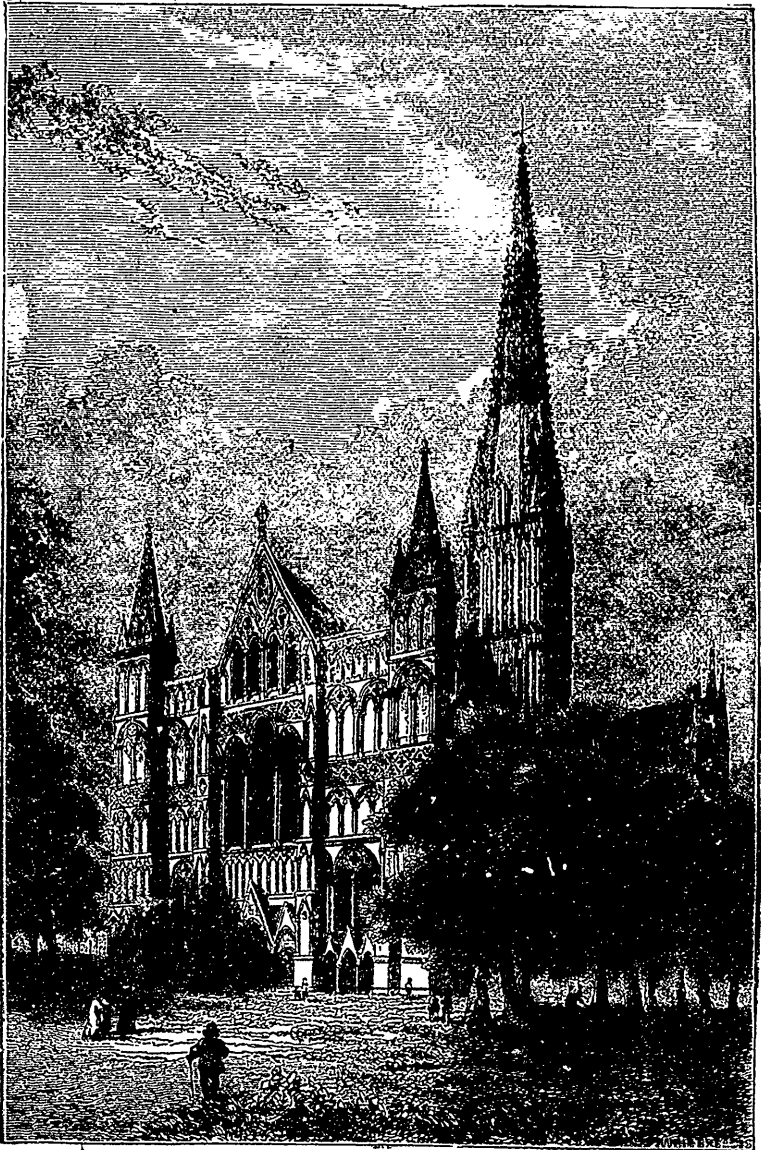
The most imposing portion is the north transept. The great square tower will command attention by its massive majesty. The smaller cut on this page shows the ruins of the old nave; the stalwart Norman arches will be observed.

Salisbury is eighty-two miles from London, an easy morning journey by rail. Its cathedral is one of the most beautiful in England. It is also beautiful for situation, rising from an expanse of verdure with such airy grace and buoyant beauty that it appears as if it were about to float away. And yet this structure is nearly 475 feet long with a spire 400 feet high, the



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.
RUINS OF NORMAN NAVE.

highest in the kingdom. Many great cathedrals are impressive by mere magnitude and mass. But this noble specimen of early English is a poem in stone, with lines and harmonies that make a perpetual anthem. The great cathedrals are the only works of man which appear to me akin to the sublimities of nature, like the everlasting hills in their heights and depths of light and shadow.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Salisbury Cathedral is built in the form of a double or arch-episcopal cross, and is the first instance of pure unmixed Gothic in England. It was begun in 1220, and finished in 1258, and the whole building is an example of "multitudinous unity." An old rhyme thus gives some idea of its dimensions:—

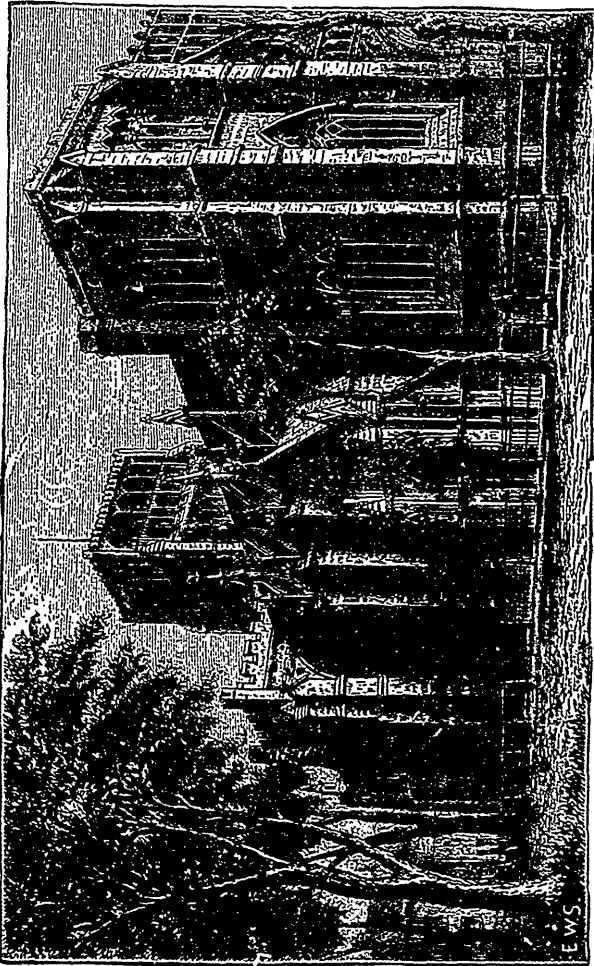
"As many days as in the year there be,
So many windows in this church we see ;
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year ;
As many gates as moons one year does view,
Strange tale to tell ! Yet not more strange than true."

The chapter-house is the most beautiful in the world. It is octagonal in shape, and supported in the centre by one small pillar, whence spring the groins of the arched ceiling. For the simplicity and grandeur of its style, Salisbury Cathedral may be characterized as the Parthenon of Gothic architecture.

Near by is the ancient borough of Old Sarum, which continued to send two members to Parliament for three centuries after it ceased to be inhabited. The elder Pitt was first sent to Parliament as a representative of Old Sarum's vacant mounds.

Bristol was in the Middle Ages the second port in Britain. Of this city Cabot was a native. As late as 1838 the first English steamer that crossed the Atlantic—the *Great Western*—was built at Bristol. The famous Suspension Bridge spans the Avon, at a height of 287 feet above high tide, and affords delightful views of the picturesque gorge through which the winding river flows. The cathedral presents a mixture of various architectural styles—Norman, early English, decorated and perpendicular. This is the cathedral of which Sidney Smith was canon, after his heroic struggle with poverty in Yorkshire and elsewhere. Among the names of note who have lived beneath the shadows of this ancient pile, and who have worshipped within its sacred inclosure are the poets Southey and Chatterton; the artists Lawrence and Baily; Bishop Buller, Robert Hall, Coleridge and Hannah Moore, the Misses Porter, Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Pritchard. Its fame, however, is owing most to the wonderful boy poet, Chatterton, and thousands go each year to see the cathedral in which he said that, while accidentally locked in, he found the remarkable Rowley manuscript.

The cathedral system of England is a heritage from the Middle Ages, and is, we judge, ill adapted to the religious needs of the present time. Of the twenty-four cathedrals of England, every



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

one but St. Paul's was built in Roman Catholic times and for Roman Catholic services. Like the still vaster cathedrals of the continent they were designed rather for religious pageants and processions and scenic ceremonial than for the preaching of the Gospel, which is the chief part of Protestant worship. Hence the more elaborate architecture and greater dignity and sanctity

of the chancel, as containing the high altar and choir of officiating priests. This system engrossing such large ecclesiastical revenues and the services of such a numerous staff of clergy in the maintenance of services from which the majority of the nation dissent, is, we apprehend, a use of a national property and a national endowment which cannot much longer subsist. Disestablishment in England and Scotland is the inevitable sequel to Disestablishment in Ireland. It would remove one of the burning questions which furnish the stock-in-trade of the agitators of the Bradlaugh type, and would facilitate that equality and fraternity, not to say unity, of the Churches of Great Britain, for which so many look with longing eyes. That Disestablishment has been so long delayed is largely due to the habitual reverence of the English people for hereditary institutions. No one, though cradled in "Dissent," can fail to have his religious feelings profoundly moved as he listens to the solemn litany which for a thousand years, with very slight modification, have voiced the prayers of the nation. But he will also feel, we apprehend, if of spiritual susceptibilities, that the thousand mission services among the poor in lowly chapels, and "tabernacles," and "conventicles," are the truer hope for the moral regeneration of England than the stately pageants in cathedral fanes.

EVENTIDE.—A SONNET.

BY A. A. LIPSCOMB, LL.D.

"At evening time it shall be light."—*Zechariah*.

AMEN—my heart cries out—so let it be !
 For as the light o'er chaos first arose,
 And ancient strife then sank into repose,
 Oh, may its might survive the last for me,
 Sure pledge of strength to meet Death's stern decree.
 The joyous flush which on the morning glows,
 Or splendours full that later hours disclose,
 These ask I not in eventide to see.
 Enough ; though in my life's ordained decay,
 Most helpful friends are feeble by my side,
 Enough, my Lord, if I with Thee abide.
 No stranger Thou, along the sunset way ;
 Thy peace more peaceful than the parting day,
 If I but walk with Thee at eventide.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VI.

AND all throughout the air there reigned the sense
 Of waking dream with luscious thoughts o'erladen,
 Of joy too conscious made and too intense
 By the swift advent of excessive Aiden,
 Bewilderment of beauty's affluence.



CONVERSATION AT SEA—SIGNALING.

Wednesday, November 1st.—An almost calm day, with a few light showers, and fitful but unfavourable breezes. Some thirty or forty little birds, which the sailors called Mother Carey's chicken followed closely in our wake, though hundreds of miles from land.

Saturday, November 4th.—As fine as ever. This is certainly sailing luxuriously, if not swiftly. We have now settled down into our regular sea-ways, and have plenty to do on board; so the delay does not much signify. Still our time is limited, and we

all hope to fall in with the trades shortly to carry us to Tahiti or some of the South Sea islands. To-night's sunset was more superb than ever. Each moment produced a new and ever increasingly grand effect. I mean to try and take an instantaneous photograph of one. It would not, of course, reproduce all the

marvellous shades of colouring, but it would perhaps give some idea of the forms of the masses of cloud, which are finer than any I ever saw before.

Sunday November 5th.—Fine, and considerably hotter. We had the Litany at eleven, and evening prayers and a sermon at seven o'clock. Not a single ship has passed within sight since we left Valparaiso.

Monday, November 6th.—Passed, at 3 a.m. to-day, a large barque, steering south, and at 8 a.m. a full-rigged ship, steering the same course. We held—as we do with every ship we pass—



JUVENILE SCRUBBERS.

a short conversation with her through the means of the mercantile code of signals. (This habit of exchanging signals afterwards proved to have been a most useful practice, for when the report that the *Sunbeam* had gone down with all hands was widely circulated through England, I might almost say the world,—for we found the report had preceded us by telegram to almost all the later ports we touched at,—the anxiety of our friends was relieved many days sooner than it would otherwise have been by the fact of our having spoken to the German steamer *Sakhara*, in the Magellan Straits, Oct. 13, four days after we were supposed to have gone to the bottom.) The weather continues fine, and we have the same light baffling winds. With perfect weather, plenty of books to read and writing to do, and no possibility of in-

terruptions, one can map out one's day and dispose of one's time exactly as one pleases.

Wednesday, November 8th.—At twelve o'clock, to the great joy of everybody on board, Tom decided to get up steam. The alacrity with which the order to stow sails and raise the funnel was obeyed—every one lending a hand—and the delight expressed on every countenance, must have assured him of at least the popularity of his decision. Whilst we were waiting for steam to be got up, Tom took Muriel and me for a row in the *Flash*, his own particular little boat, with about four inches of freeboard. The possibility of doing this will give you a better idea of the tranquillity of this vast ocean than any description I can write.

Thursday, November 9th.—In spite of my remonstrances, Tom determined, at half-past nine, to cease steaming and try sailing again. About twelve o'clock a puff came that sent us along at the rate of $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots for a short time; but it soon dropped, and during the rest of the afternoon and evening our average speed was only three or four knots an hour. This is very poor work for the trades, but I don't believe we are really in them yet, in spite of the wind charts.

Saturday, November 11th.—At last we seem to be feeling the influence of the trades, as the wind continues to blow from the the same direction, though it varies much in force. Sometimes we are going along at the rate of $11\frac{3}{4}$ knots, sometimes barely five. In the afternoon we had the usual Saturday singing practice.

Sunday, November 12th.—Another lovely day. We had the Litany and hymns at eleven, evening service and sermon at four.

Monday, November 13th.—The wind increased in the evening and blew dead aft. In the middle of the night the mizen-halyards broke, and blocks and all came down with a tremendous crash, which caused both Tom and me to rush up on deck. About an hour and a half's work put everything straight again, however, though it looked a sad mess at first.

Tuesday, November 14th.—Fine, with a strong fair wind. I have been laid up for a few days with a touch of my old enemy, Syrian fever, but am gradually recovering, and enjoy very much lying on deck and reading. Tom and I are endeavouring to get through as many of the seven hundred volumes we brought with us as possible.

Thursday, November 16th.—To-day it is really warm—not to say hot—with a bright cloudless sky, which renders an awning acceptable. The rolling still continues, the wind being dead aft, and nothing but our square canvas being set. The effect is rather wearisome, and one longs to be able to say, “Catch hold of her head and keep her still, if only for five minutes’ peace and quietness.” Cooking is difficult, and even eating is a hazardous occupation.

Saturday, November 18th.—The days are so much alike that it is difficult to find anything special to say about them. The two green paroquets, “Coco” and “Meta,” given to me by Mr. Fisher at Rosario, have turned out dear little pets, with the most amusing ways. They are terrible thieves, especially of sugar, pencils,



INSCRIPTION FROM EASTER ISLAND.

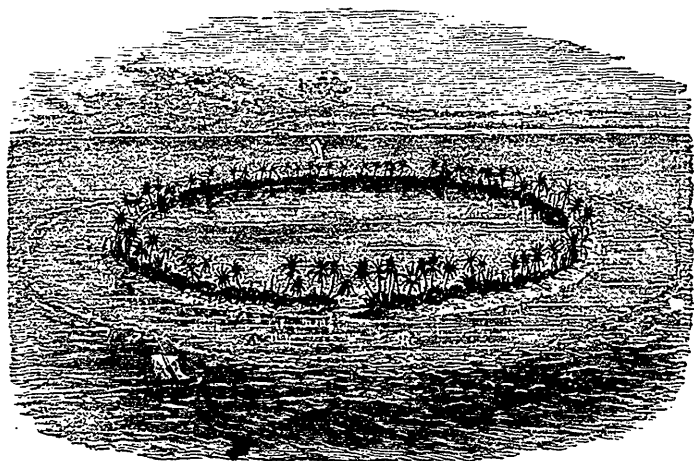
pens, and paper, and being nearly always at liberty, they follow me about just like dogs, and coax and caress me with great affection.

Sunday, November 19th.—I am convalescent at last, and appeared at breakfast this morning for the first time for ten days. At eleven o'clock we had the Communion Service and two hymns. To-day we were not far from Easter Island, the southernmost island of Polynesia. Here as in the Ladrões, far away in the north-west quarter of the Pacific, most curious inscriptions are sometimes found carved in stone. Annexed is a photograph taken from one I saw at a later stage of the voyage.

Thursday, November 23rd.—Twenty-four days out. We had hoped to reach Tahiti to-day, and Tom begins to regret that he did not steam some distance out from Valparaiso, so as to pick up the trades sooner. The sunrise was magnificent, and a splendid albatross, the largest we have yet seen, was at the same time

visible in mid-air, floating against the rose-coloured clouds. He looked so grand, and calm, and majestic, that one could almost fancy him the bird of Jove himself, descending direct from the sun. Where do these birds rest? How far and how fast do they really fly? are questions for the naturalist. We have seen them many times at a distance of at least two thousand miles from the nearest land. Whilst I was standing on deck at night a flying-fish flew against my throat and hung there, caught in the lace of my dress.

Sunday, November 26th.—Our fourth consecutive Sunday at sea, and out of sight of land. The Litany was read on deck this morning on account of the heat.

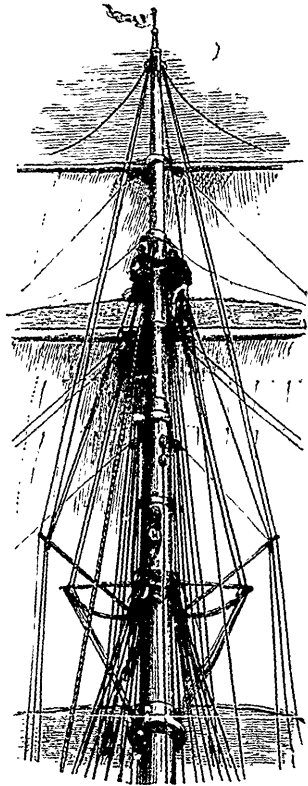


TATAKOTOROA, OR CLARKE ISLAND.

Monday, November 27th.—I was on deck at 3.30 a.m. Everybody on board was more or less excited at the prospect of making land, after twenty-eight days at sea. At 1.30 p.m. land was sighted from the mast-head, and at two o'clock I saw from the deck what looked like plumes of dark ostrich feathers rising from the sea. This was the island of Tatakotoroa—also known as Narcissus, or Clarke Island—to the eastward of the Paumotu or Low Archipelago of the South Seas. The sailing directions describe the inhabitants as "hostile," and Sir Edward Belcher mentions that some of them tried to cut off the boats sent from a man-of-war for water. We were therefore afraid to attempt a landing, but

sailed as near as we could to the shore, which, surrounded by a rampart of snow-white coral, and clothed almost to the water's edge with feathery palms, cocoa-nut trees, and luxuriant vegetation of various kinds, looking very tempting.

After lunch Tom had me hoisted up to the foretopmast-head in a "boatswain's chair," which is simply a small plank, suspended by ropes at the four corners, and used by the men to sit on when they scrape the masts. I was very carefully secured with a rope tied round my petticoats, and, knocking against the various ropes on my way, was then gently hoisted up to what seemed at first a giddy height; but when once I got accustomed to the smallness of the seat, the airiness of my perch, and the increased roll of the vessel, I found my position by no means an unpleasant one. Tom climbed up the rigging and joined me shortly afterwards. From our elevated post we could see plainly the formation of the island, and the



GOING UP THE MAST IN A CHAIR.



CHILDREN LOOKING UP.

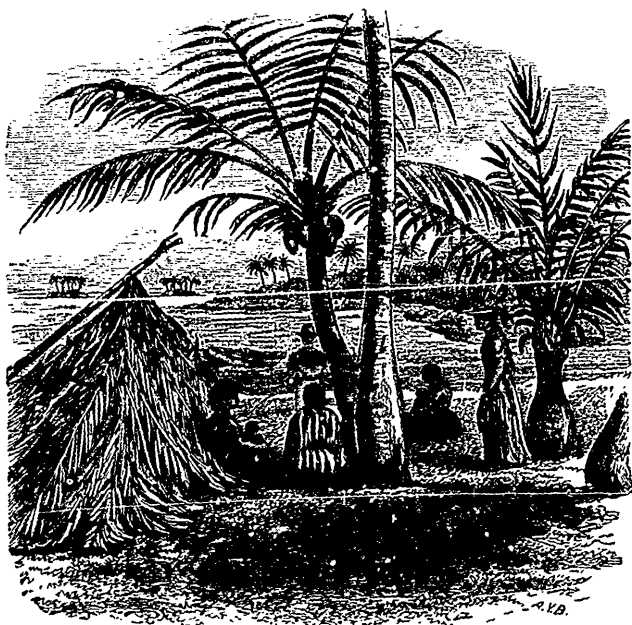
lagoon in the centre, encircled by a band of coral, in some places white, bare and narrow, in others wide and covered with palm-trees and rich vegetation; it was moreover possible to under-

stand better the theory of the formation of these coral islands.

I was so happy up aloft that I did not care to descend; and it was almost as interesting to observe what a strange and disproportioned appearance every thing and everybody on board the yacht presented from my novel position, as it was to examine the island we were passing. The two younger children and the dogs took the greatest interest in my aërial expedition, and never ceased calling to me and barking, until I was once more let down safely into their midst. As soon as we had seen all we could of the island, fires were banked, and we proceeded under sail alone throughout the evening and night.

Tuesday, November 28th.—We passed Anaa, or Chain Island, in the morning watch, before daybreak. I came on deck to try and get a glimpse of it, and was rewarded by a glorious sunrise. Before we had lost sight of Amanu, the island of Hao Harpe, or Bow Island, was visible on our port bow. I wished very much to land, and at last persuaded Tom, who was rather anxious on the score of the natives, to allow some of us to make the attempt, cautioning us to turn away from the shore directly, in case the islanders looked at all doubtful in their attitude and intentions. After lunch, therefore, we hove to, and the gig's crew were ordered to arm themselves with revolvers and rifles, which they were not to show unless required to do so. All the gentlemen had revolvers, and Mabelle and I were also provided with two small ones, Phillips and Muriel being the only unarmed members of the party. I took a bag full of beads, knives, looking-glasses, and pictures, for barter and presents, and with these preparations we set off to make our first personal acquaintance with the islanders of the South Pacific. Tom gave us a tow to windward, and we then rowed direct to a point on one side of the entrance to the lagoon, where we saw some natives waving something white. As we approached we could distinguish several figures standing on the point, under the shade of some cocoa-nut trees, and on the opposite side of the entrance some canoes were drawn up on the beach, by the side of a hut, close to a large clump of low trees. We were by this time surrounded by breakers, and it required no little skill to steer the boat safely through the broken water, between the race of the tide on one side, and the overfall from the coral reef on the other. It was successfully done, however, and, having rounded the point, we found ourselves at once in the waters of the tranquil lagoon. We should have preferred to land

at the point, had it been possible, as it was doubtful whether it would be safe to go round the corner, and so lose sight of the yacht, but the intentions of the natives seemed peaceable, several of them running into the water to meet us, while others could be seen hurrying along the beach, the women carrying what looked like bunches of fruit. Before us, on the shore, there spread the rich growth of tropical vegetation, shaded by palms and cocoa-nuts, and enlivened by the presence of native women



OUR FIRST LANDING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—HAO, OR BOW ISLAND.

in red, blue, and green garments, and men in motley costumes, bringing fish, fowls, and bunches of cocoa-nuts, borne, like the grapes brought back from the land of Canaan by the spies, on poles.

As soon as we touched the shore the men rushed forward to meet us, and to shake hands, and, having left the muskets and revolvers judiciously out of sight in the boat, we were conducted to a cluster of huts, made of branches, or rather leaves, of the palm-tree, tied by their foot-stalks across two poles, and hanging down to the ground. Here we were met by the women and

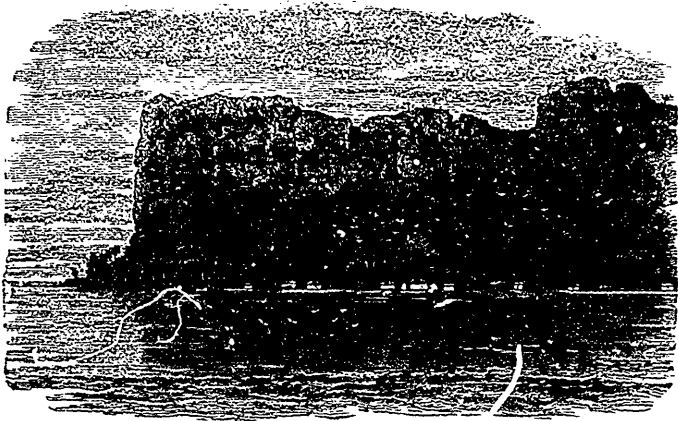
children, who, likewise, all went through the ceremony of shaking hands with us, after which the head-woman, who was very good-looking, and was dressed in a cherry-coloured calico gown, with two long plaits of black hair hanging down her back, spread a mat for me to sit upon just outside the hut. Most of the women were good-looking, with dark complexions and quantities of well-greased, neatly-plaited black hair, but we did not see a single young girl, though there were plenty of children and babies, and lots of boys, the latter of whom, like some of the older women, had only a piece of palm matting round their loins. We therefore came to the conclusion that the girls must have been sent away intentionally when the approach of the yacht was observed.

As soon as I was seated, the head-woman told one of the men to knock down some cocoa-nuts from the trees close by, and after cutting off the ends she offered us a drink of the fresh cool milk, which was all the sweeter and better for the fact that the nuts were not nearly ripe. While this was going on, the natives brought piles of cocoa-nuts, fish, and fowls, and laid them at our feet as a present.

Seeing smoke in the distance, rising from under some high palm-trees, we thought we should like to go and see whence it proceeded, and accordingly set off to walk through a sort of bush, over sharp coral that cut one's boots terribly, the sun blazing down upon us fiercely all the time, until we reached a little settlement, consisting of several huts, the inhabitants of which were absent. We saw three women, one very old, with nothing but a palm-leaf mat as a covering, the others dressed in the apparently universal costume, consisting of a long bright-coloured gown, put into a yoke at the shoulders, and flowing thence loosely to the ground, which completely conceals the wearer's form, even to the tips of her toes. The women seemed gentle and kind, and were delighted with some beads, looking-glasses, and knives I gave them, in return for which they brought us quantities of beautiful shells. The canoes in use here are very high, long, and narrow, and are only kept from upsetting by means of a tremendous outrigger, consisting of a log fastened to the extremity of two bent pieces of wood, projecting sideways from each end of the boat.

In nearly all accounts of voyages in the South Seas much space

is devoted to the description of the purchase, or rather barter, of hogs. We accordingly bought two little pigs for two shillings each. They were evidently quite pets, lying on the mats outside the huts, and coming when called, just like dogs. The one I first bought appeared to be quite happy and content to be carried under my arm. The natives seemed quite to understand the value of money, and did not hesitate to ask for it in return for the cocoa-nuts full of shells which they brought us. The cocoa-nuts, fowls, fish, coral, etc., having been put into our boat, we shook hands with the friendly islanders and embarked. The



MAITEA.

natives did not exhibit the slightest curiosity about us during our visit to the island, and though they received us with courtesy and assisted us as far as they could on our arrival and departure, they did not follow us about while on shore, nor, with the exception of one or two of them, did they take the trouble to walk across the point to see us get into the open sea and join the yacht. In this respect they might have given a lesson to many civilized people, so gentle, genial, and graceful, yet dignified, were their manners.

Wednesday, November 29th.—We seem to have got into the real south-east trades, just as the chart tells us we ought to expect to lose them; for there was a strong fair breeze all day, which made it very pleasant on deck in the shade of the sails. We had the bigger of our two little pigs for dinner to-day, and

a welcome change it was from the salt and potted meats. I mean to try and preserve the other one's life, unless we are much longer than we expect in reaching Tahiti. He is only about ten inches long, but looks at least a hundred years old, and is altogether the most quaint, old-fashioned little object you ever saw. He has taken a great fancy to the dogs, and trots about after me with them everywhere, on the tip of his little toes, even up and down the steep cabin stairs. I call him Agag, because he walks so delicately, while others accost him as Beau, not on account of his elegant manners, but as being the name of his former home. The moon was more brilliant this evening than we have yet seen her during our voyage, and we could enjoy sitting on deck reading, and even doing some coarse needlework, without any other light.

Friday, December 1st.—At 5 a.m. we made the island of Maitea, and expected to reach it in about an hour and a half; but the wind fell light, and it was a quarter to ten before we got into the gig and set out for the shore. There are not many instructions about landing, either in Captain Cook or Findlay, but the latter mentions that houses are to be found on the south side of the island. We thought, however, we could distinguish from the yacht a little cove, close to some huts, at another part of the shore, where the surf did not break so heavily. We accordingly rowed straight for it, and as we approached we could see the natives coming down from all parts to meet us, the women dressed in the same sort of long, bright, flowing garments we had seen at Hao Harpe, with the addition of garlands round their necks and heads, and men wearing gay-coloured loin-cloths, shirts of Manchester cotton stuff, flying loose in the wind, and sailors' hats with garlands round them, or coloured silk handkerchiefs—red and orange evidently having the preference—tied over their heads and jauntily knotted on one side. Several of the men waded out into the surf to meet us, sometimes standing on a rock two feet above the water, sometimes buried up to their necks by a sudden wave. But the rocks were sharp, the only available passage was narrow, and the rollers long and high; and altogether it looked, upon a closer inspection, too unpromising a place to attempt a landing. Seeing us prepare to depart, the people on shore immediately launched a tiny canoe, with an enormous outrigger, and a man dressed in a pale green shirt, dark

blue and yellow under garment, and with a silk handkerchief and garland on his head, came alongside and made signs that he would take us ashore one by one in his frail-looking craft. Some of the natives seeing us approach, plunged into the water as before, and seized the gunwale of the boat, while others on shore brought down rollers to put beneath our keel. We went in on the top of a big wave, and thus at last found ourselves—boat and all—high and dry on the beach of Maitea. The people came down to meet us, and conduct us to the house of the chief, who, with his pretty wife, received us kindly, but with much gravity



OUR BOATMAN.

and dignity. Mats were placed for me to sit upon, wreaths were offered me for my head and neck, and cocoa-nut milk to drink. We wished for some bananas, and they immediately cut down a tree in order to obtain a bunch. Cocoa-nuts were at the same time thrown down from the trees, and a collection of fruit, poultry, and meat—the latter consisting of the immemorial hog—was laid at our feet, as a present from the chief. The rest of the natives brought us pearls, shells, mother-of-pearl, small canoes, fish-hooks, young-boobies, and all sorts of things, for barter; but the chief himself refused any return for his gift. Perhaps the greatest curiosity they offered us was about six fathoms of fine twine, made from human hair. Before the islands were visited by Europeans, this was the material from

which fishing-lines were made ; but it is now rarely used, and is consequently very difficult to procure.

The natives seemed quite *au fait* in the matter of monetary transactions and exchanges. For an English sovereign they would give you change at the rate of five dollars. Chilian or United States dollars they accept readily, but Brazilian currency they would not look at. They were pleased with knives, beads, looking-glasses, and picture papers I had brought on shore, and we did a brisk trade. Most of the natives seemed puzzled to comprehend why we had visited the island at all. "No sell brandy?" "No." "No stealy men?" "No." "No do what then?"

It was now time to bid farewell to our amiable hosts and their beautiful island. As we reached the landing-place, a small schooner, which we had previously noticed in the distance, came close to the shore, and a canoe put off from the island to meet it. We found that the vessel was bringing back from Tahiti and other places some of the inhabitants of the island, who had been away on a visit or in search of work. The meeting of the reunited friends and relatives was in some cases quite touching. Two women, in particular, sat and embraced each other for nearly a quarter of an hour, without moving, but with tears running down their faces.

All our gifts and purchases having been placed in the boat, and one or two of us having embarked, she was shoved out over the wooden rollers into the narrow channel, where she lay-to while the rest of the party were brought alongside, one by one, in a frail canoe—an operation which occupied some time, during which we had leisure once more to admire the little bay I have already attempted to describe. We asked the captain of the schooner, who spoke French, to give us a tow off to the yacht, which he willingly consented to do, chatting cheerfully all the time, but evidently fearful of approaching too close to the yacht, and positively refusing our invitation to him to come on board. There can be little doubt that he mistrusted our intentions, and feared we might attempt to kidnap him and his crew ; for the whites have, in too many cases, behaved in a most villanous manner to the inhabitants of these islands, who are, as a rule—to which there are of course exceptions—a kind and gentle people. I think if the many instances of the murder of ships' and boats' crews could be thoroughly sifted to the bottom, it

would be found that most of them were acts of reprisal and revenge for brutal atrocities committed on the defenceless natives, who have been kidnapped, plundered, and murdered by unscrupulous traders and adventurers. Unfortunately, the good suffer for the bad, and such lives as those of Captain Goodenough and Bishop Patteson are sacrificed through the unpardonable misconduct of others—perhaps their own countrymen.

Saturday, December, 2nd.—At nine o'clock we were safely anchored in the chief port of the island of Tahiti. We have been five weeks at sea, and have enjoyed them much. We saw but two ships between Valparaiso and Tatakotoroa. It is indeed a vast and lonely ocean that we have traversed.

SOUL REST.*

MY soul is resting in God's peace,
Without a care or fear ;
The tumults of my bosom cease,
For Christ my Lord is here.

The Spirit poureth from on high
A sanctifying tide ;
And bathing in its stream of joy,
My soul is satisfied.

He driveth curious doubts away,
He giveth childlike faith ;
And so I take the yea or nay,
Just as my Saviour saith.

I have not other wish to be
Than what my Lord ordains ;
So what he knoweth best for me,
That be my richest gains.

A spirit meek and quieted
Is better than a crown ;
How rich the blessing on the head
That Jesus sendeth down.

Here in His banquet house I bide,
His banner o'er me, love,
And wait the coming eventide
Of perfect peace above.

*The author of these lines, Thomas Mackellar, of Philadelphia, is at the head of the largest type-foundry in the world.

THE OBLIGATION OF THE GREAT COMMISSION.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES STEWART, D.D.,
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Matt. xxviii. 16-20.

THE closing sentences of St. Matthew's Gospel have a weight and a value peculiar to themselves. Their impressiveness, however, is enhanced by the circumstances in which they were delivered.

After His resurrection, the Redeemer had at several times appeared to His eleven disciples, either when they were met in separate groups, or were gathered together. But so far as they were concerned, His meeting with them on each occasion had been quite unexpected. It was different at this time. Even before His death He promised that after He was raised up He would go before them into Galilee.† To this promise the angel at the sepulchre referred the women who first saw the empty tomb;‡ and subsequently He Himself said, "Go, tell my brethren, that they depart into Galilee, and there shall they see Me."§ Notwithstanding, then, that they had once and again "seen the Lord," and heard His benediction of "Peace be unto you," after that He was "brought again from the dead," "the eleven disciples went into Galilee, into the mountain where Jesus had appointed them."

Probably, too, there were many besides the apostles present on this occasion. St. Paul affirms that the risen Lord was "seen by above five hundred brethren at once."|| Of this none of the evangelists had said anything; but there is much to confirm the belief that this was the time referred to. There is at least a congruity between the two narratives which we do not find elsewhere; and, on the ground that St. Paul's statement belongs to this point of time, we can the more easily understand St. Matthew's honest assertion that "some doubted." These were evidently not the apostles or any of the earlier witnesses of the risen Redeemer, but those who, for the first time since the

* All the quotations in this paper are taken from the Revised Version.

† Matt. xxiv. 32. ‡ Matt. xxviii. 7. § Ver. 10. || I Cor. xv. 6.

crucifixion, beheld Him whom, before that event, they had often seen and often heard. Whether their doubts were the result of some previous want of understanding and slowness of heart to believe,* or of some peculiar change in our Saviour's appearance, we are not informed, but it is of some value in the history of the evidences that they *did* doubt, and that the fact is placed on record. We are not told whether their doubts were dispelled; yet it certainly could not have been otherwise when "Jesus came and spake unto them saying, All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth."

The *place* was eminently suited for the solemn induction of the first Christian preachers. Here our Lord's own ministry had begun, here many of His mighty acts had been wrought, here He had been first publicly rejected; and here, again, amidst such scenes as were indelibly associated with the spiritual awakening and training of the chosen disciples, did the blessed Saviour reappear to transfer to their hands the sacred service of proclaiming the gospel of the grace of God.

Not now is there one word uttered respecting the past. To Him and to them, the grave, the cross, the manger—not to speak of types and ordinances, of predictions and of promises, which for four thousand years had prepared the way of the Lord—were placed in the background. In Himself all these facts were gathered up; and, standing forth among them in the power of His own resurrection, He forever sealed "the truth of God, that He might confirm the promises given unto the fathers,"† and render unbelief in the revelation of God, and especially in His own person and work, wholly inexcusable.

But His eye and His heart were upon the great future! Leaving this earth, where by sufferings unto death, and by triumphs over it, He had laid the foundation for the temple of God—that spiritual house of living stones—He was now about to intrust the bringing together of the materials, and the building of them up, to the men whom He had chosen as His witnesses, and to their associates and successors to the end of time. And it was with reference to the work before them that this address was delivered.

But what merely human mind could have sketched out so

* Luke xxiv. 25.

† Rom. xv. 8.

great and comprehensive a plan as is here laid down? It embodies doctrines the most profound, morals the most perfect, benevolence the most pure, hopes the most exalted, and personal claims and promises the most imperative; such, indeed, as the tongue of man had never uttered, and the intellect of man had never conceived. Yet among topics so varied, so new, so transcendently important, we discover no incoherence, no irrelevancy, no unnaturalness, but a well-compacted system, in words simple and few, and adapted for the guidance of every class and condition of men down to the very close of this world's history.

The several subjects embodied in this address are interwoven in such a manner as to render the detached treatment of any one of them a matter of no little difficulty. Yet here is the strength as well as the weakness of any specific discussion. The force of the whole communication inheres in each part of it so that if we can find a disclosure of Divine wisdom or grace, or the inculcation of a sacred duty, or the call to an exalted privilege, then we can claim the full value of the teaching of our Lord on this particular occasion in relation to this topic, and to its bearing upon ourselves.

Among other principles which are here clearly unfolded are these: That the accomplishment of the redeeming work of Christ on earth, in the evangelization of mankind, is to be brought about by the publication and enforcement of Christ's own doctrine and example; that for this action His people are held responsible, and that only as they fulfil His requirements can the success which His own words predicts, and His own presence ensures, be confidently expected. The twin obligations of the Christian Church to engage in missionary work, and to promote Christian education, are thus brought to light. Their witness-bearing is in themselves. They speak with authority. And only voluntary and cherished darkness can fail to see their demonstration, and only moral perversity fail to respond to their call.

Christianity is for the world. Needed alike by all, it contemplates nothing short of the subjugation of our entire race to the obedience of Christ; nothing less than the restoration of debased humanity to purity of heart and peace of conscience, nothing in order to these but the universal diffusion and applica-

tion of that truth which is "in Jesus," and which maketh "free indeed." In all this it is distinct from every other religion. Each of them is local, with a human beginning, and necessarily hastening to its end. Christianity is adapted to all men everywhere, irrespective of class, or clime, or age. And in this very adaptation is the proof that it is from heaven, and not of men. No founder of any religion, Christ excepted, ever contemplated universal and ultimate triumph for his views and requirements. The very construction of each of these systems limits its scope and its sway. Yet let us mark how calmly and confidently the Lord Jesus anticipates a perfect victory for His cause! He sends forth His messengers "into all the world," and however unfamiliar to their ways of thinking this commission might be, yet as the word passed His lips it carried its reasonableness to their minds so that they could say nothing against it. Further, while on the very point of withdrawing Himself from their senses, He yet declares that to the end of the ages, as well as to the utmost bounds of this habitable globe, He would Himself be with them. Of this no doubt is expressed, nor does any of the old questioning reappear, "Lord, what is come to pass that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us?"*

It is true that Christianity has not yet made the conquest of the world. But it is equally true that it is advancing towards it. The Church of Christ has been unfaithful; it has not always been aggressive; it has sometimes even slept when it ought to have been watching and working. Yet even in its times of greatest febleness, or sloth, or even of corruption, it has never lost sight of its foreordination and its duty universally to prevail. Each person who becomes a disciple of Christ instinctively perceives the adaptation of His religion to human nature, and is made sensible of an impulse to communicate his own experience to his fellow-men. Loyalty to his Master, he learns, is to be manifested in the use of means to enlarge that Master's kingdom. In proportion, too, as he is faithful to the principles of his religion, will the world take knowledge of him that he has "been with Jesus,"† and "whatsoever things are true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," and are thus adapted to the well-being of our race, and must event-

* John xiv. 22.

† Acts iv. 13.

ually be accepted by it, are the elements of his character. Above all, the duration and the success of this religion, notwithstanding such persistent and varied opposition as it has experienced through the course of eighteen centuries, prove conclusively in regard to its founder that "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth,* and that He must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet."†

Let us now mark the means which He has appointed His servants to employ for the spread and triumph of His cause. "Go," says He, "make disciples of all the nations, . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." Instruction, explanation, inculcation, enforcement of the truth about Jesus Christ, and from Him, form the essential features of the aggressive power of His religion. In this again it differs from all other systems. Judaism itself, though Divine, had no mission of propagandism.¹ It was preparatory, conservative, and therefore purely local. The philosophers of classic ages went forth with no message. For the few who came to them they had some special teaching, but for the many around them they had nothing. The false prophet of Arabia, it is true, was aggressive, but after what manner? "Go," said he, in effect, "and force the nations to submit. If they do so willingly, well; but if not, spare neither sex nor age; devastate their homes, reduce them to abject slavery, or put them to death, only let them know that if they refuse to surrender their conscience to my claims, no mercy can be shown to them!" We have propagandists, too, in our own day who are scarcely less enthusiastic in their way, or less appalling in the consequences of their work. Then the representatives of a science, falsely so called, and of a philosophy vain in its imaginations, also say, "Go, teach!" But what? Spiritual truth? Anything to uplift the burden of guilt from the human soul, or to infuse power and purity into polluted, enfeebled, crushed human hearts? Nothing of the kind. "Go," say they, "dispute, unsettle, deny. Cast doubt upon everything relating to man. Question his original and universal beliefs, and spare not the deepest instincts of his nature. Tell him that his best knowledge is visionary and unreal, and that therefore neither is he a spiritual subsistence nor his cause a personal Being. You will find him a subject of sorrow, a

* Isa. xlii. 4. † 1 Cor. xv. 25.

bearer of burdens, and prone to cry in the season of perplexity, 'O God, early will I seek thee;' but say to Him, that because we cannot know anything; therefore we do know that there is no God; or, if there be, He is unknowable; and that the ultimates of existence are only matter and force!"

How different from all these is the command of Jesus the Christ! He displayed another spirit as He looked out upon the world as it then was—a scene of vileness and of sorrow indescribable—and as He looked down the vista of these eighteen centuries, whose sad history has unfolded to our own times, or farther still, we do not know how long, amid all the wrongs which shall yet grow up, and all the sufferings which humanity shall yet experience! To His servants He delivered over a real gospel to be proclaimed in His name everywhere. Here was no hint of coercion, no surface dealing with our necessities, no mockery or scorn of our spiritual cravings, no blank, drear despair. On the other hand, His calm, majestic words imply that in His own Person, and in what He had already achieved, there was hope for every human being and a sovereign remedy for every human woe; and that what was really wanted was to bring the truth as it centres in Himself and as it proceeds from Him to the ears and hearts of individual men. For the rest, His word was pledged that Divine energy would accompany that truth, to render it efficient for saving ends.

This commission of Christ to His apostles and the early Church stands unrepealed to the present day; and in regard to it no change can take place in the future. The living Christ can never be dethroned, and the perfection of "grace and truth" is embodied in His arrangements for bringing the world back to God. As in the past it hath pleased God to save men from sin, and to refine and elevate our race by the proclamation of the gospel, and by the inculcation of Christian ordinances and morals, so will it be in the future. Here is the world's hope, and only here. Every other system lacks adaptation, sufficiency, authority, and, above all, a power behind itself to carry its teaching into life-producing effects in the experience of its followers. The gospel of Christ possesses every one of these qualities in a remarkable manner.

Let us mark the emphasis put upon the "teaching them to

observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Man's inward and outward wants, and his many-sidedness are thus provided for. Has he an intellect to enlighten, a will to regulate, or emotions to cultivate? Here is a perfect sphere for their development, and a perfect law for their guidance. Is he capable of action—that is, of right action or of wrong—and must he, by the very conditions of his being, produce such action every day of his life, not only affecting his own character but that of those around him, and putting into operation trains of good or of evil which shall go out into society, and reach down to the ages yet to come? Here is instruction for the endlessly diversified claims of conscience, so that he may perform "all that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Is there within him a powerful and inextinguishable craving after a Being who is worthy to be trusted, honoured, loved, and worshipped? Here is that Being revealed, made accessible, and actually brought into communion with mankind. In short, there is not a want of man but Christianity undertakes to supply it; not a question which affects his interests for time or for eternity, but it consents to answer; not a grief which he feels, or an affliction which he endures, but it transmutes into a blessing and a source of strength. Under its benign influence Satan is bruised beneath our feet, death is robbed of his sting, the grave despoiled of its victory, and God Himself becomes our portion, and our exceeding great reward.

And yet this ample provision all centres in the truth of the Gospel, and is inseparably bound up in it. Hence it refuses, as at once unnecessary and derogatory, all admixture with foreign elements. It disdains political support and all merely human authority. Its agents wield no magical power. They may neither take advantage of superstitious credulity on the one hand, nor of speculative license on the other. They are entrusted with no "gain of godliness" to attract one class of persons, and with no gratification of sensual desires to attract another class. Employing, as they ought, the best of their powers in this sacred service, they are nevertheless forbidden the use of merely secular arts to render their message pleasing, but "by manifestation of the truth" are they to "commend" themselves "to every man's conscience in the sight of God."*

* 2 Cor. iv. 2.

The most successful evangelist will start back with holy indignation from the suggestion that he had any power to bring about saving results. "What, then, is Apollos? or what is Paul? Ministers through whom ye believed, and each as the Lord gave to him."* "Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."†

But if these things are so, then is the Church of Christ not only under the strongest obligation to proclaim the gospel of Christ to every creature, but for this end to promote to its highest efficiency the cause of Christian education. The two are indissolubly united. They cannot therefore be placed in antagonistic relation to each other. Rightly viewed, they are mutually dependent, and therefore mutually helpful. Each is essential to the success of the other; and both must be prosecuted to answer the fulfilment of the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." It is self-evident that the ministry must be trained. How shall they teach others unless they themselves are taught? Apart from the consideration of special preparation in relation to the science of theology, ought not teachers of Christianity to be well-developed men—trained alike to know their powers and to use them to the best advantage? If "the Christian idea of education is simply this—the preparatory process by which a man is made ready for the highest service to God and man for which his powers and capacities are fitted,"‡ then it is not necessary to argue that every minister of the gospel should be a thoroughly educated man. For this service *men*, and men at the best, are required; and however the training is imparted, or at whose expense, it ought, as a matter of right as well to the individual himself as to the Church, to be secured.

It is instructive at this point to consider the history of the planting of Christianity—the history of the men to whom our Lord's words were first addressed. No weakling, no really ignorant person, much less rude or ill-mannered, would have been fitted for the work of an evangelist in those days, when the sign-seeking Jew, the corrupt Samaritan and the wisdom-loving Greek had to be drawn to Christ and won for Him. Simple-minded they were whom our Lord chose as His apostles, untaught in the higher but *effete* learning of their own age and country, but men

* 1 Cor. iii. 5.

† 1 Thess. i. 5.

‡ Speech of T. G. Osborne, *vide* Report of Œcumenical Conference, p. 304.

of robust minds, of good strong sense, and well read in the Holy Scriptures. These for three years He kept by His side educating them for the great work which He meant them to pursue. Nor was this all: the endowment which subsequently they were to "tarry in Jerusalem" till they received was, as the Spirit of power and of holy love, no less "a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ."* And thus it was that they were adapted to meet humanity in its various features, and were ready to "warn every man, and teach every man in all wisdom."

Since then, things have not much changed in the circumstances of those who need the gospel. Prejudices have to be met. Ignorance has to be enlightened. Error, held all the more tenaciously because it is error, has to be dislodged. Reflection has to be awakened and sustained, and the mind, under the influences of right reason, has to be brought round to self-reproach and self-despair. "And the Lord's servant must not strive but be gentle towards all, apt to teach, forbearing in [meekness, correcting them that oppose themselves." The foolishness of preaching must not degenerate into folly, nor simplicity into silliness, nor zeal into rant and extravagance.

But how great is the variety of work required at the hands of the Christian minister! What is preaching? It is seizing the living mind of man and the living word of God, and bringing these two into such contact as to establish a vital and fruit-bearing relation between them. What knowledge of human nature—of thought and feeling, for instance—are requisite for this purpose; what skill to unfold the law of God, to explain its bearings and enforce its sanctions; and what wisdom to set forth clearly and suitably the Divine resources of the glorious gospel of the grace of God! Then there is a pastoral work to be done among all classes of persons, and to meet all exigencies of experience. The care of the young, the care of the poor, and the management of the various local and general interests of the Church, together with such services to the public in matters of a philanthropic character as the times demand, all return upon the heart of the Christian minister, and at his very best compel from him the exclamation, "Who is sufficient for these things?"† And while, indeed, "our sufficiency is from God,"‡ we ought

* Eph. i. 16. † 2 Tim. ii. 24. ‡ 2 Cor. ii. 16; iii. 5.

not to tempt Him by putting the feeble or the incapable, the novice or the untried, into this great office.

Now, it is the purest enthusiasm to expect suitable agents to carry out the Saviour's final commission, without using the means to qualify them. A Divine call to this work neither implies that the requisite fitness for it is already attained, nor that it "will grow up, we know not how." The very persuasion of such a call should lead its possessor to look at his personal abilities, and, if they are not at their best, should lead him to resolve that all proper means shall be used to make them so. Yet often it has the very opposite effect. One is in haste to run. He must preach. Life, he argues, is short, and he must not delay with appliances for training, but press into the field. Sometimes others are at fault. If there be fluency and fervour, it is thought that mental power and furniture may be dispensed with; or perhaps that freedom of words and volume of voice are the essential make-up of one who is to stand as an ambassador of God, as the herald of Christ, as a teacher of the sublimest doctrines and of the purest and most comprehensive morality!

Far be it from us to disparage a Divine call to the work of the ministry. It is essential. Nothing in the way of natural ability or profound learning, or generous sympathy with the wants and sorrows of men, can take its place. Let, then, the Church maintain its watchfulness over the evidences of a call. Let it take and hold high ground in respect to personal piety, sanctified natural gifts, and undeniable fruits of tentative ministerial effort. But let it not, while this charge of the ascending Saviour is in the New Testament, stop here. Let it fix its eye on the vast importance of this "teaching of all things which Christ has commanded," and aim at the quality of the work to be done rather than simply at its quantity. The training of its pastors not only *in* the things necessary to their calling, but *under* experienced and proved men, may well compensate for any apparent loss of time in the young minister's actual work. But, on the other hand, apparent saving of a few years at the beginning may be productive of a life-long conflict with inefficiency. Let justice be done to the young man, to the Church, to the world, and to the world's Redeemer in this matter.

In another way, however, is the Church collectively, and every individual member of it, involved in this aspect of the great com-

mission. In its responsibility to make known to all men the joyous message, Christianity knows of no class distinction. As at the commencement of our Lord's own ministry, He said to all His disciples and not merely to His apostles, "Ye are the light of the world," so now at its close He puts the obligation to disciple all nations, and to teach to observe all things which He has commanded upon all that believe in Him. In a very important sense, all the Lord's people are prophets. They are each and every one, "an epistle of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God," and "known and read of all men."* And if the earth is to be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, so that one shall not say to his brother, Know the Lord this can only be by the utterance being made till all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest. It is only by teaching the lesson that the need of the lesson shall no longer exist. Hence it is that the Church of Christ can never blamelessly let the work of education slip out of her hands. If the work of the ministry is not to be counteracted by those who are, or should be, the members of the Church, and more especially if those members are to prove fellow-helpers to the truth, then is the Church bound by the most sacred obligations to make due provision for the thorough and Christian education of her members. Have not our coming local preachers, our leaders, our Sabbath-school teachers, and our private members a claim upon the Church for that training which will enable them to do the Church's work? If in all the relations of life—in the field, the mart, or the workshop—they are to "hold forth the word of life,"† and if even the poor menial, like the ancient slave, is to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour,"‡ then should the Church see to it that she prepares her servants for this high and honourable task.

The very principle which involves the need of direct Christian training in the family, which requires due provision for the efficiency of our Sabbath-school instruction, and for the education of our coming ministry, specially demands the Church's best efforts on behalf of her youth who are providentially called to move in the sphere of the professions, or to act in the higher walks of society. They must, of necessity, undergo a prolonged educational process. In most cases this implies absence from home, new associations, often ripening into friendship, and influencing for good or for evil

* 2 Cor. iii. 2, 3.

† Phil. ii. 16.

‡ Tit. ii. 10.

not only the character and the destiny of the individual, but through him the character and the destiny of many others, over whom, in the nature of things, he must in turn exercise a powerful and far-reaching influence. It has been justly affirmed that a college is a little world in itself. But its issues are not little. Any dozen of young men there are likely to produce a more widely extended and lasting effect upon the moral tone of society than a similar number of men associated in any other way. This arises from no choice of theirs, but from the fact that the educated classes must create and foster public sentiment—that most intangible but most powerful energy in national life. This energy is wanted by the world's Redeemer, and is claimed in His closing commission. We submit that if the Church of Christ consent to withdraw from college work, under any pretence soever, she is unfaithful to her Head, and practically thrusts herself in the way of the world's evangelization. She cannot afford to allow her best hope—the brightest, strongest, and most irrepresible of her intellects—to mature under even colourless views in relation to Christianity. Not to be positively with Christ is to be against Him. But where Christianity is eliminated from the college, its training is not colourless. The subjects on which education reaches its fullest development are test questions. They must acknowledge God as a Personal Being, communicating Himself to man, or they must deny Him altogether. And not only so, but knowing as we do the power which a professor must needs exercise over his pupils in infusing principles of belief and of action into their minds, it is well to remember that it would be treasonable for a Christian professor, if the thing were possible, to be vague in his belief, silent in his testimony, or unimpressive in his general bearing. It is equally impossible for one of a contrary mind to be so.

Never was there greater need of vigilance on this subject than at the present time. An air of skepticism, as subtle as it is deadly, has been largely diffused among the learned classes during the last few years. Purloining its morality, and philanthropy as well, from the Christian religion, and not daring in the presence of that great system of light and goodness to deny its claims altogether, it is yet disposed to ignore its foundation facts, and to assume that all that is pure and elevating in it may be held and

worked as well, and even better, without any faith in its supernatural character. Professedly doing honour to Jesus, it would yet bow the Christ of God out of His own domain, and turn away our thoughts both from His "sufferings and the glory that should follow"*—"which things angels desire to look into."†

On the other hand, superstition lifts up its head once more, and knowing full well that man will worship, she seeks to place herself forward as the only true and authorized instructor of mankind. She does not argue, but arbitrates and anathematizes, and with a certain class of minds such assumptions and threatenings are more convincing than strong reasons. Fain, too, would she take the control of the education of our times, and particularly of the higher education. With a clear perception of the immense advantage which this must give her in the coming time, she is working with assiduity, waiting with patience, and giving the best of her talent and the wealth of her treasures to secure this result. Meantime, hers is a gospel different from Christ's, and yet not another *gospel*. It does not give the pre-eminence to Christ, nor does it teach men "to observe all things whatsoever He commanded."

Against both of these systems, and every other which does not simply and loyally take the command which the Lord has given, the Church of Christ must take the stand of opposition. But how? Not by force, or fraud, or enthusiasm of ignorant devotion. She must yield implicit obedience to Christ. Him she must exalt as the "teacher come from God," the incarnate "Son," the "Redeemer," the "Risen One," the "Lord of all." Everywhere she must carry or send the glad tidings of His coming, His suffering, His reign. Everywhere, and to every one, she must echo His words and lovingly enforce His commands. She must do this in the best way, and by means of the best agency within her pale. Teaching, she must gain the world. And then she must expect the highest results because of the abiding presence of the Lord Himself. It is vain to expect the blessing of Christ if we fail either to aim at the universal diffusion of the gospel, or to attempt it otherwise than by teaching all the truth as it is in Jesus. It is equally our privilege to expect it if we do.

* 1 Pet. i. 11.

† Ver. 12.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

BY THE REV. LEROY HOOKER.

IN the brave old Revolution days,
So by our sires 'tis told,
King's-men and Rebels, all ablaze
With wrath and wrong,
Strove hard and long ;
And, fearsome to behold,
O'er town and wilderness afar,
O'er quaking land and sea and air,
All dark and stern the cloud of war
In bursting thunders rolled.

Men of one blood—of British blood,
Rushed to the mortal strife ;
Men brothers born,
In hate and scorn
Shed each the other's life.
Which had the right and which the wrong
It boots not now to say ;
But when at last
The war-cloud passed
Cornwallis sailed away ;
He sailed away and left the field
To those who knew right well to wield
The powers of war, but not to yield,
Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left
Full many a loyal man,
Who wore the red,
And fought and bled
Till Royal George's banner fled
Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,
When Britain's cause was lost ?
Did they consent,
And dwell content
Where crown and law and parliament
Were trampled in the dust ?

Dear were their homes where they were born ;
 Where slept their honoured dead ;
 And rich and wide
 On every side
 The fruitful acres spread ;
 But dearer to their faithful hearts,
 Than home or gold or lands,
 Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
 And Britain's flag of long renown,
 And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old
 To grasp the gaudy new ;
 Of yesterday's rebellion born
 They held the upstart-power in scorn—
 To Britain they stood true.

With high resolve they looked their last
 On home and native land ;
 And sore they wept
 O'er those that slept
 In honoured graves that must be kept
 By grace of stranger's hand.

They looked their last and got them out
 Into the wilderness,
 The stern old wilderness !
 All dark and rude
 And unsubdued ;
 The savage wilderness !
 Where wild beasts howled
 And Indians prowled ;
 The lonely wilderness !
 Where social joys must be forgot,
 And budding childhood grow untaught ;
 Where hopeless hunger might assail
 Should autumn's promised fruitage fail ;
 Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
 Might slay their dear ones at its will ;
 Where they must lay
 Their dead away
 Without the man of God to say
 The sad sweet words, how dear to men,
 Of resurrection hope. But then
 'Twas British wilderness !
 Where they might sing,
 God save the King !
 And live protected by his laws,
 And loyally uphold his cause.

'Twas welcome wilderness !
 Though dark and rude
 And unsubdued ;
 Though wild beasts howled
 And Indians prowled ;
For there their sturdy hands,
By hated treason undefiled,
Might win from the Canadian wild,
 A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada !
 These men of proof, whose test
Was in the fevered pulse of strife
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life ;
 And in that stern behest
When right must toil for scanty bread
While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
 And men must choose between ;
When right must shelter 'neath the skies
While wrong in lordly mansion lies,
 And men must choose between ;
When right is cursed and crucified
While wrong is cheered and glorified,
 And men must choose between.

 Stern was the test,
 And sorely pressed,
That proved their blood best of the best.
And when for Canada you pray,
 Implore kind Heaven
 That, like a leaven,
The hero-blood which then was given
May quicken in her veins alway ;—
That from those worthy sires may spring,
 In number as the stars,
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying
 Shall be in Right,
 Though recreant Might
Be strong against her in the fight,
 And many be her scars :
So, like the sun, her honoured name
Shall shine to latest years the same.

KINGSTON, Ont.

HOW METHODISM CAME TO FOXES.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER XV.—FOXES HAS A SERMON.

THE opening of the new church at Foxes was not the only landmark in the annals of the place that spring. The little community was to pass through a thrilling experience, and the Methodists received a blow that staggered many of them. The class-meeting at Uncle Peter's was always looked forward to by "the members" with delight. These meetings were milestones in their spiritual history. But this week, the week following the opening of the church—was a sad one. Uncle Peter had taken his seat behind the table with the snow-white cloth, the members dropped in one after another, and there was a sadness about the place that would at once indicate that something has gone wrong. John Simms was missing from his usual place in the corner on the settle. Jim, with his cheerful face, was absent; and Pete Black's melodious voice was missed in the singing. Several of the women were also absent. Uncle Peter rose slowly and gave out the hymn which is well known—

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face."

Then he prayed, but it was not the same as usual. He who trod the courts of the sanctuary as one who had been often there, seemed to falter that night. There was a tremour in his speech, and his whole frame manifested the fact that much pent-up feeling was struggling to get vent. By the time the opening prayer was over, most of that little assembly were bathed in tears. It was with much effort that the leader gave expression to his thoughts, and several times he had to resist the strong emotions that would gain the upper hand. That week gaps were made in homes never to be filled. Scars were cut deep in hearts that only eternity could efface. Members were absent from class never to attend again. We will let Uncle Peter relate the calamity that befell Foxes that week. Often in after days has he told the sad story.

“I tell ye what, sir,” said Peter, to a new minister one day, “that accident was the saddest that ever took place in Foxes. Ye see, a few of the neighbours the evenin’ afore saw some siles (seals), and next morning was as fine as ever we had before or since. Well, lots o’ punts went out, an’ about eleven o’clock the sky worked up to the nor’ard. Some of the punts came in, John Simms and Jack Abbott’s punts were near out of sight of land. I was watching ’em with the spy-glass, and in less time than I’ve been telling ye, the wind came all of a-rush from the nor’-east, and as thick o’ snow as ever ye seed it. Well, we could see nothing, and everybody was nervous ; and men, and women, and children were running here and there and everywhere. Well, some of the punts came in and told us that John Simms and Jack Abbott were a long piece off when the squall struck ’em. So we were waiting over an hour afore anything came in sight. I never thought a hour so long, and the wind and snow was wuss than at first. Well, here comes a punt, it was Jack Abbott’s, and a sorry tale he had to tell. He said that John Simms was half a mile ahead o’ them when the wind came, and Jim, poor fellow, was doing something to the sail. The squall took the punt, and she went right over, and John and Jim and Pete Black went under at once. Afore Jack Abbott could get there they were gone, poor fellows ! It was a dreadful loss to their families. Ye know I seemed to be wrapped up in those three. John was a great help to our cause. I shall never forget how he made me start holdin’ meetin’s when he was converted, and how he worked about the church. He was kind of a handy man to work was poor John. I remember that very week he was a-fixing the gate to the grave-yard, an’ he said, ‘Which on us both will be a-carried into this yard first ?’ Well, I little thought he would be buried in the mighty deep. And there was Jim, he was married to Caroline, ye know, and we counted on him as one of our own. He was a quiet lad allers, and when he was converted you could see he had a great change. Poor Pete Black ! it was only a month afore he was brought to the Lord. He was named after me. I stood godfather to him when he was baptized, and I looked upon him as one who was under my spiritual care. His father was terribly vexed when Pete got the change. He threatened him and did all he could to hinder him ; but, seemin’ to me, the grace of God in Pete’s soul was like the fire in that ere stove, the harder ye blow the more it will burn ; and the worse the family

railed against him, the more he grew in grace. But his death was a sudden blow to the family, and Will Black was never the same after his boy was lost. Ye would think that he would do anything to undo what he said to Pete about his religion. Well, I hope we'll never have another week like that. That was a loud sermon the Lord preached to Foxes; and I tell ye when Mr. Fielding came next time he gave us a grand discourse upon the text, 'In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' Seemir' to me those three, when they were lost, died like Samson, and slew more at their death than when living. Well I never learnt the meaning of those lines afore—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

I 'spects to hear the Master callin' me soon. I feels thankful that He has kept me through so many storms and trials. I suppose I baint ripe for glory yet, so I can wait for the coming of the Lord."

CHAPTER XVI.—FOXES HAS A MISSIONARY MEETING, AND
UNCLE PETER DEMOLISHES AN "IDOL."

THERE was another important usage in Methodism that Mr. Fielding was anxious to introduce on this circuit, and that was the time-honoured and universal usage of holding missionary meetings. At Snug Harbour the prospects were very promising. Mr. Cook took great interest in the missionary work of the Methodist Church, and had read much concerning Fiji, China, the North-West, and Japan, so that he was well able to assist. But when it was suggested that meetings should be held at each preaching-place on the circuit, he pronounced the scheme out of the question, because there was no possibility of getting anything for the trouble. Mr. Fielding, however, felt it to be his duty to put the idea into practice, and the next time he went on his rounds acquainted the people of his intentions and explained his object.

Strange to say, when he got to Foxes, he found Uncle Peter was much of the same opinion as Mr. Cook.

"Its no use thinking of making a missionary collection here this winter; the people have nothing to give," said Uncle Peter, while he and Mr. Fielding were discussing the missionary meeting project. "You might do something in the fall, but it's out of the question now," continued he.

"But you see, we must get the people to think and pray about missionary work and missionaries, so that they may learn to give towards missions," replied the earnest preacher.

"If that's your idea, maybe it's best to have a meetin'," said Uncle Peter.

"Then, about the giving," continued Mr. Fielding, feeling that he had gained one point. "If some of the people would only deny themselves we need not fear about the collection."

"Deny themselves!" asked Uncle Peter, who thought that every inch of self-denial was exhausted in building the new church, which was being finished that winter.

"Yes, deny yourselves, if it is only in one respect, for three months. I mean you men who use tobacco. What a fine collection we would have to be sure!" said Mr. Fielding.

This was not the first time the minister had made a raid upon Uncle Peter's smoking proclivities. He was an inveterate smoker, and Jane rejoiced whenever an attack was made upon the "dirty, idle habit." Uncle Peter invariably fell back upon the foolish excuse that "it was very harmless, and never took away people's senses like the grog." If anyone had attempted to defend some other evil in that style, the old man would have held up such special pleading to ridicule. Yet many worthy men, like Uncle Peter, fail to see the sin and folly of smoking until they are aroused, and some die without the sight, because their vision is lost in smoke. But the time was not far hence when Uncle Peter would see he held mistaken views concerning "the pernicious weed."

"Now you know," said Mr. Fielding, "that we should deny ourselves of everything that hinders us from fulfilling our whole duty to our fellow-men and to God, and I am sure that if you were to give the money you have spent for tobacco to the mission cause, you would be far better satisfied with it on the last great day."

That putting of the question quite upset Uncle Peter, and he said he would take time to consider. He took time. He thought and prayed over "the 'bacca question," as he called it, for some days, and often during the night.

In due time the missionary meetings were held. Mr. Fielding had, by dint of a little persuasion, induced Mr. Cook to go with him on the tour, and the results were far more gratifying than even Mr. Fielding had dared to hope for, and took Mr. Cook by surprise; so that when they got to Foxes they were brimful of missionary spirit and flushed with success. Mr. Cook made an excellent chairman. A few recitations by the young people added to the interest of the meeting; and Mr. Fielding, by this time feeling quite at home on the topic, gave a splendid address. But what meeting in Foxes would be complete unless Uncle Peter had a say in the matter? He was called upon and responded.

"Mr. Chairman and friends," commenced the old man, looking as uncomfortable as he could, "I'm no hand at a speech, but I think I would like to say a few words about those idols we have been told about to-night so much. I've been wondering if there baint some idolaters amongst us. If anybody told me a week back that I was no better than those people in Japan, who worship idols, I should feel insulted. But my eyes have got opened on the matter. A few hints from our minister here started me in the right channel, and by praying and thinking I have found out that I've been worshipping an idol these many years, and I'm going to follow the 'sample of that man in China we heerd of to-night, and smash up my idol. He's here. I've got the idol in my pocket." By this time all eyes, ears, and mouths were opened wide, wondering what was coming, then Uncle Peter thrust his fingers into his vest pocket and pulled out a little black pipe. Holding it up to the audience, which was laughing heartily by this time, he exclaimed—"That's been my idol for many a long year. I've been a slave to it, and it's cost a sight of money, which ought to have been gived to the Lord's cause, so I am going to demolish it;" and suiting the action to the word, he threw his pipe down and set his foot upon it, grinding the "idol" well-nigh to powder. The speech caused a sensation among the "members" that smoked, and several followed Uncle Peter's example.

The meeting at Foxes was a grand success, and Mr. Cook pronounced it "the very best of all." The collection surprised every one, and Uncle Peter commenced an unceasing war upon the "bacca idol worshippers" in Foxes.

CHAPTER XVII.—CHANGES EXPECTED AND UNEXPECTED
TAKE PLACE.

The busy winter made time slip away very fast. Mr. Fielding was surprised to find that spring had set in so soon, but he was not sorry. The last year of his probation was fast ebbing out; and having been on the Snug Harbour Mission two years he expected a removal, and, having travelled four years, he expected to be received into full connexion and ordained. When the time came for the District Meeting, he bade farewell to most of the people on the shore, and as he would be at Conference, he expected a month would elapse before he would return to Snug Harbour, to take his personal belongings to his new circuit.

While Mr. Fielding was away to Conference there was more sewing than usual going on at Mr. Cook's, and there was every sign of a coming event of some importance. It was already understood that Kate was about to enter the itinerancy, and everybody told everybody else that "it would be a very suitable match."

In due time the packet-boat arrived at Snug Harbour. Among the passengers were two gentlemen dressed in clerical garb. Mr. Fielding was one of them; the other turned out to be his successor, Mr. Jenkins, a worthy young man in all respects.

The foreshadowed event was to come off at an early day. The Methodists at Snug Harbour were charmed at the idea that one of their congregation was soon to be numbered among the ministerial ranks. Mr. Jenkins, of course, would be the one who would tie the knot. The church was crowded during the ceremony, and flags were flying from nearly every place where bunting could be displayed to advantage. The school children celebrated the event by doing justice to a good supply of tea and cake, wishing that a marriage might often take place if it

brought such a treat. At Mr. Cook's there was a nice little party gathered that evening. A good deal of well-wishing and a few presents were bestowed upon the happy couple. There was, however, one blank in the little gathering. Emily was absent. Duty kept her in Foxes, or she would have been there.

As it did not come in the scope of our story to speak of Master Wilcox's illness, we will pause a while. In the early spring Master Wilcox made a trip to St. John's in one of the schooners belonging to Foxes. On the homeward trip the frail little vessel had a bad time of it, and was well-nigh being lost. Wilcox was not used to the sea, and the rough usage he got that trip, made greater demands on his constitution than he was able to meet. The result was he came home weather-beaten and worn. He was laid up with what was thought to be only a severe cold, for a day or two. It was not attended to, and Wilcox was soon compelled to give up altogether. The sickness grew worse. Emily's time was fully taken up, and it was out of the question for her to think of being at Kate's wedding, though she wished it very much. There was, at least, one redeeming feature in the affliction. Master Wilcox felt that his spiritual interests were at fault. He manifested a desire to listen to hymns and prayer of Methodist type. Uncle Peter, at Emily's suggestion, was asked in, and the old man was surprised to find how willing the sick man was to listen to the Gospel truth. The old saint pronounced him to be "not far from the kingdom." Master Wilcox testified that the Christian demeanour exhibited by Emily from her conversion had led him to ponder much concerning his own religious state. The only prescription Uncle Peter knew of for a man in such a condition was "Faith and prayer, and that continually."

During the evening of the wedding-day, Mr. Fielding made a happy suggestion to Mrs. Cook, who was much downcast on account of poor Emily, as she called her daughter.

"I tell you what I have been thinking," said the happiest man in the little company. "As we cannot spend much time as honeymoon, Kate and I might go to Foxes to see Emily before we go to our new circuit, and we might take Mr. Jenkins with us, so that he will see the other end of his extensive mission. Kate was delighted with the thought.

Mrs. Cook looked much happier for the rest of the evening, and Mr. Jenkins thought it was a capital idea. In a few days the party started. When they reached their journey's end they took Foxes by surprise, and Emily could scarcely believe it when some one ran into her, telling her who had just landed on the wharf. The various flagstuffs displayed what bunting could be mustered,—and that was no mean share for a place like Foxes,—when the people heard that the wedding party and the “new preacher” had arrived. Uncle Peter was beside himself for joy, and gave himself and his fishing-punt a holiday to celebrate the arrival in Foxes of a Methodist preacher and his wife, and also the coming of the new preacher. But no one was more gratified and surprised than Mr. Fielding, when he found his brother-in-law—Wilcox—in such a penitent mood; and when the sick man suggested that a private prayer-meeting should be held, he even marvelled at it himself. That evening there assembled in the room with Master Wilcox, Mr. Fielding and his successor, Emily and Kate, with Uncle Peter. The little company felt it good to meet at the mercy-seat. But no one received such a blessing as did the sick and dying man. He felt that peace and joy which had thrilled the heart of many a penitent and contrite sinner trusting in the atoning blood of Calvary.

Foxes was soon alive with the news that “Master Wilcox was gone, and got converted at last.” Everybody was surprised at the event but Uncle Peter, who fully expected that his oft-tried prescription for hardened sinners, “Faith and prayer,” would prevail. After a necessarily short visit, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding left for their new sphere of labour, feeling certain that their brother-in-law was not far from the great eternity. Their forebodings proved too true. Master Wilcox was the first to be buried in the little plot of land that surrounded the Methodist Church. His conversion and death gave Methodism a stronger foot-hold than ever, and confirmed Uncle Peter in the efficacy of “Faith and prayer.”

CHAPTER XVIII.—NEARING THE END.

Some years have passed away since the events of the last chapter. Mrs. Wilcox continued to carry on her late husband's business. Her brother had been in the employ of Mr. Ridout, at Snug Harbour, and was thus qualified to manage things at Foxes. William Cook was an energetic member of the Church, and threw himself into the work with vigour. His place was in the Sabbath-school, which had done good work. Methodism, true to her mission, never forgets the young and thereby reaps much precious fruit. In Foxes the work of God was much helped by the Sabbath-school. The various modern appliances for teaching had not reached that remote place. No *Berean Leaves* or *Banners* were found among the teachers and scholars. But there was a need felt for such "helps." There was, however, one important feature in the Sabbath-school at Foxes,—it was the intense spiritual feeling that prevailed among all concerned.

"We mun give the lambs the best of the food," said Uncle Peter, when consulted upon some school matters. The old saint could not do much in the school, yet he often spoke to the members concerning their duties in the matter of faith and prayer, for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon "the lambs."

When we last visited Foxes, we found Uncle Peter almost too feeble to move about, excepting on very fine days. Jane had gone. "The Master took her across the Jordan," said the old man. Caroline was married again to a man whose heart and mind was after Peter's own heart. The house was as neat and as tidy as ever. Peter was seated in his home-made arm-chair: the once strong and stalwart fisherman was a decrepit old man. Asthma and rheumatism were doing their work most effectually in loosening the cords of his earthly tabernacle; the sea—over which poets and painters have got into ecstasies—had handled him very roughly in his time. That weather-beaten hulk, with innumerable scars and wrinkles; that bald head, with a fringe of white hair; those bony hands and aching limbs, that incessant coughing,—all tell of hard work and rough usage. Yet the voice has lost none of its pleasantness, those eyes have lost none of their cheerfulness. And in a few moments we found the soul was richer than ever in spiritual gifts and graces. The old motto, "Faith and prayer," ha not worn itself out, but

rather was wearing in, more deeply-rooted than ever, in the old saint's heart.

"Here I be, you see," said he, that fine summer's day, with his chair drawn near the door, so that he might see the harbour with the fishing-boats passing to and fro, and enjoy the sunshine. "Here I be, lying up like that old boat of Skipper Black's, that's hauled up there on the beach. Seemin' to me, I baint much use here now, 'cept to tell the people that Jesus can save to the uttermost. I've heered them say that when a soldier gets too old to fight, they gives what you call a pension. Well, I was thinking that's what I be, a poor old pensioner; but, seemin' to me, the pay is better now nor it was when I could go about holdin' prayer-meetings, and visitin' the sick. I 'spects that King David was too old to praise God as much as he wished, when he wanted the trees o' the field and everything else to sing praises. I often feels like telling the folks to shout Hallelujah for me. This ere complaint I've got takes away my breath that I can hardly speak on times. But then, I often think of that verse they sings in meetin's :

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

"Well, I often think how the Lord has blessed us here in Foxes. You see there are plenty to carry on the cause and do it better than ever I did. Young Mr. Cook was a-telling me the other day that I brought Methodism to Foxes, and said I was the means of leading many to Jesus. But I soon stopped him. If it hadna been for Jane, poor dear, I should long since have got weak in faith, and careless about private and family prayer, afore the work of God started to take hold of Foxes; and seemin' to me, she's gone to get her reward afore me."

Here the tears began to well up in the old man's eyes and his speech began to falter.

"But then," he continued, "it's Christ who is all in all. He is the One who has wrought a great work, which is marvellous in our eyes. I 'spects to see many of my old friends when I gets to glory, and above all I shall see the King in His beauty." The old man paused again, but in a moment said, "I should like you to sing a hymn and read a chapter and have a word o'prayer."

We did so, and found the old man had lost none of his usual unction. As we left that bright afternoon we felt we were shaking hands with one who was not far from the pearly gates.

THE END.

IO VICTIS.—THE HYMN OF THE CONQUERED.*

BY W. W. STORY.

I SING the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part ;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes
away,

From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the
dying of day

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith over-
thrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have
won—

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat—
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying—and
there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe
a prayer,

Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, " They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that
tempts us within ;

Who have held to their faith unsuspected by the prize that the world holds
on high :

Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, history ! Who are life's victors ? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of
the day ?

The martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes ? His judges or Socrates ? Pilate or Christ ?

* This fine poem is quoted by General DePeyster, as singularly appropriate to
the U. E. Loyalists of Canada.

AT LUCERNE AND UP THE RIGI.

BY JOHN CAMERON, ESQ.

LUCERNE is situated on the lake of the same name. It is difficult to imagine a more fairily-situated town. The lovely lake ; the impetuous river ; close at hand, the Rigi and Mount Pilatus ; more distantly, a splendid range of Alpine scenery. Those who secure a good window in the well-kept Schwan Hotel feast on scenery such as seen in no other country. The hotels of Switzerland are the best in Europe. Switzerland is the most frequented summer pleasure ground in the world. The people devote themselves chiefly to the entertainment of visitors. Among the sights of Lucerne is the celebrated lion hewn in the solid rock, after a model by the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. The dying lion is forty-five feet in length ; its body is transfixed by a broken lance ; its paw shelters the Bourbon lily. It is a simple but impressive work. Lucerne has several quaint bridges. One, which crosses the river obliquely, is roofed over ; the roof is decorated with 154 odd paintings of religious subjects. Another bridge a little farther down, also covered with a roof, contains some extraordinarily grotesque representations of the "Dance of Death." A pleasant promenade is the Schweizerhof Quay, backed by handsome hotels and avenues of chestnuts, and fronted by the mountain-skirted lake. The water is crystal clear. Great speckled trout swim fearlessly about. In Lucerne, as in Vienna, dogs are devoted to usefulness ; a frequent sight is a man, with a large dog harnessed on each side, pulling a butcher's or baker's cart along the street.

Lucerne prides itself on possessing one of the finest organs on the continent. The instrument is in the picturesque Stifts Kirche of the two slender towers. An hour's performance is given every evening ; admission, one franc. The evening I strolled over to the church the performance opened with a profusion of sonorous chords from the full organ, whose voice sank gradually until it seemed as if it might be a faint echo from some far-away heavenly choir. The *piece de resistance* was a pastoral. It is supposed to be the occasion of a peasants' fair. All is joy and gaiety. A storm breaks over the scene. The

wind whistles about the eaves of the houses. The thunder mutters distantly, followed by a crash so unexpected that you start in your seat. The reverberations of the thunder continue to roll angrily. Down pours the rain; then the storm seems to pass over. Alpine horns are heard, echo answering echo. The *vox humana* stop is brought into play, and an excellently executed soprano solo is the result, followed by the distant effect of peasants singing in the village church.

On the Sunday morning following I listened to a good Presbyterian sermon in the Maria Hilf Church. As this is a Catholic church (adorned with the usual insignia of altars, statues, and pictures), in which mass is celebrated every morning, it is pleasant to think that an arrangement for regular Protestant service could be thus entered into. Over the altar are the words, in German, "Help, Mary, help."

It is time to set out for the ascent of the Rigi. About an hour's steaming on Lake Lucerne brings us to Vitznau, the starting-point of the railway to Cloudland. The Rigi railway is the most extraordinary in the world. It was a bold thing to propose to construct a railway that would climb 4,472 feet up the side of a steep and high mountain. Yet M. Riggerbach, the projector of the undertaking, had the satisfaction a few years ago of seeing it successfully accomplished. To judge of the ascent, take a stick four feet long, and under one end place a block a foot high. It is up a plane of this inclination that the dumpy-looking but powerful engine propels a car filled with passengers. The gauge is like that of ordinary railways. Between the rails runs a third broad and massive rail provided with teeth, on which works a cog wheel under the locomotive. The train is propelled upwards by simple steam power; the descent is regulated by an ingenious mode of introducing atmospheric air into the cylinder. The engine brakes are of great strength. The train could be brought to a standstill in a moment. Whether in going up or coming down, the passenger car (only one car is despatched at a time) is placed in front of the engine. As we move upwards beautiful and ever-varying views are obtained. Occasionally we run close by the edge of a precipice, looking into a depth which dwarfs great pines into the merest twigs. We ascend through a tunnel 240 feet in length. By means of an iron bridge a deep gorge is crossed. The air gradually gets fresher and cooler as we ascend.

We get glimpses now and then of slender waterfalls that hang from the rocks like white ribbons. We overtake and pass clouds.

The summit gained, the first care is to secure a room for the night. The object in ascending the Rigi is to view the surrounding mountains, but chiefly the sunset and sunrise. And what a view! A vast semi-circular snow-covered range of jagged hills—of all shapes, heights and tints—a panorama 120 miles in extent. In the other direction lie no fewer than a dozen valley lakes. To the northward the lakes of Lucerne and Zug—green and smooth, like polished slabs of lapis lazuli. On the neck of land between the two lakes is the pass where the tyrant Gessler was shot by the arrow of William Tell. In the distance are seen the steeples of Zurich; near by, Lucerne; here and there, various villages and hamlets. In a valley at our feet lies the little town of Arth; and farther on, near Goldau, is the scene of the landslip of 1806, by which four villages and 500 persons were swallowed up. We stand within view of classic ground. Schwyz, yonder, a few miles distant, is the birthplace of Swiss liberty—the spot where the flag of freedom first unfurled among these mountains and lakes. In one direction we see the Jungfrau crested with snow; in another, Mount Pilatus, stern and forbidding; in another, the chain of the Bernese Oberland.

I may as well make confession that the sunset did not turn out well. Clear weather can no more be commanded on the mountain-top than on the plain. I missed the sunset, but had an opportunity instead of witnessing an Alpine storm, looking *down* on its ain and fury. The Goldau Valley is filled with masses of thick cloud: at first occasionally, and afterwards incessantly, the bank of gloom is pierced by angry gleams of lightning.

From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.

At four o'clock in the morning we are roused by the sound of Alpine horns vigorously blown in each corridor. Hurriedly dressing, everybody tries to be first at the vantage-ground of observation. The air is keen. Overcoats and wraps command a premium. No Persian Sun-worshipper ever awaited the orb of day more expectantly than we at this moment. One bright

star alone is visible. The lakes in the unsunned valleys lie like pools of ink. The moon beautifies the long range of snowy mountains with a pale radiance. All eyes are towards the east. The flushing sky begins to indicate the sun's approach. The under edges of the clouds above begin to golden. The western sky takes on a faint glow. Most beautiful and curious, as the face of the sun peers redly over the mountain bar, is the gradual disappearance of the moon before the advance of the greater luminary. The pale moon glow gives place to a warm and rosy radiance. The valleys gradually fill with light. The inky lakes turn once more into lakes of blue. We have seen a sunrise on the Alps!

The Rev. Mr. Tyler (a missionary to the Zulus, on vacation) it was who proposed that we should "foot it" down. He assured me it was nothing to *walk down* hill. It was only four miles by railway up. It must be less down. These and other arguments prevailing, off we started by the mule-path. *En route* we passed numerous mountain crosses and shrines. We met Swiss men and women wearing wooden shoes, and carrying on their backs, on a sort of frame, loads of butter, milk or vegetables, that would make men and women unused to climbing faint at first sight. We had frequent offers of mountain berries for a consideration. We obtained many a sight of beautiful scenery from changing standpoints. But on the whole, it was hard work. Walking down hill by the mile is even worse than walking up. Missionary Tyler's interest in the scenery increased as he descended; at least, he wanted to sit down every few hundred yards! When he found out, about half way down, that the distance was fully *nine miles*, he was compelled to relieve his feelings, and mine, by suitable observations in Zulu. All things come to an end. In a couple of hours we reach the boat station, and an hour later finds us safely back at Lucerne.

Next morning—*en route* for Interlaken, *via* the Brunig Pass and Giessbach. The ascent and descent of the pass by the winding mountain road occupies about six hours. The scenery is wild and grand in the extreme. The Swiss seem to be a hard-working, well-dispositioned people. Many of them live in houses far up the sides of these lofty hills. Every foot of suitable soil, whether high or low, appears to be carefully cultivated. It is now about the time of haying; the scent of the new

mown hay is borne on the breeze from the mower's scythe. Many of the houses are of the most primitive construction; built of wood, steep roofs, pointed gables, covered with coarse wooden tiles held by large stones. Not much less primitive are the ideas of the carriage and diligence drivers who make their daily trips over the Brunig Pass. The latter half of the trace is a bit of slender-looking rope. In winding along the edge of a precipice half a mile deep, it is natural to wonder how much strain a rope is calculated to endure; whether it is an old rope; and whether a good leather trace would not be safer. In due time we safely reach the foot of the opposite side of the mountain over which we started; a short sail on Lake Brienz brings us to the Giessbach landing; and a climb by a winding path for twenty minutes ensconces us in the Giessbach Hotel. This hotel is delightfully situated in a sheltered, tree-surrounded plateau, about half way up the height immediately opposite the celebrated Giessbach Falls. The Giessbach Falls (or, more properly, cascade) throws itself from the summit of the steep mountain, making seven distinct leaps, one of them 180 feet in height, until its foaming waters dash into the lake. The appearance of the cascades—breaking into white spray, then gathering themselves up for a new leap—is very beautiful. The effect is increased by the contrast of the rich green foliage of the mountain. Every evening the falls are illuminated by Bengal lights of red, green, and various colours, each fall differently coloured.

This morning we came down and took boat for Interlaken, distant only about an hour's sail. Interlaken is situated between two lakes—Brienz and Thun—a narrow neck of land dividing, and a swift stream connecting, the two lakes. Its hotels are numerous and stately; it is a convenient centre for mountain and lake excursions; it is always crowded in summer, Americans and English predominating. Its wood carving, for which the Swiss are famous, is unique. Many of the quaint, high-pitched old houses of Interlaken are ornamented with long inscriptions in text letters from the Psalms.

Looming up before me, in mountain grandeur, stands Jungfrau—snow-covered, scintillating as with diamonds—towering far into the very skies, the rifted clouds about its head revealing “golden vistas into heaven.”

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.*

BY WM. KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

THE war was over. Seven red years of blood
 Had scourged the land from mountain-top to sea ;
 (So long it took to rend the mighty frame
 Of England's empire in the western world).
 Rebellion won at last ; and they who loved
 The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
 To England's crown, and scorned an alien name,
 Passed into exile ; leaving all behind
 Except their honour, and the conscious pride
 Of duty done to country and to king.
 Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
 Of patient toil and self-denying years
 Were confiscate and lost ; for they had been
 The salt and savor of the land ; trained up
 In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
 The wine upon the lees, decanted when
 They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn
 The tighter ; while the women only, wept
 At thought of old firesides no longer theirs ;
 At household treasures reft, and all the land
 Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
 In exodus to our Canadian wilds ;
 But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
 And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.—
 With thousand toils they forced their devious way
 Through the great wilderness of silent woods
 That gloomed o'er lake and stream ; till higher rose
 The northern star above the broad domain
 Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
 Defend, and keep forever as their own ;
 Their own and England's, to the end of time.

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves
 Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear,
 Put on their woodland state ; while overhead
 Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home

* From "The Hungry Year." A tale of the U. E. Loyalists. By William Kirby.

To the proud exiles, who for empire fought,
And kept, though losing much, this northern land
A refuge and defence for all who love
The broader freedom of a commonwealth,
Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees,
Proud oaks and pines, that grew for centuries—
King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted ; and each one,
With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made war
Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
Into the open glades, unlit before,
Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped
The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light,
Waking to life the burial seeds that slept
Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark womb.

. . . . The world goes rushing by
The ancient landmarks of a nobler time,—
When men bore deep the imprint of the law
Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained.
Amid the quaking of a continent,
Torn by the passions of an evil time,
They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
Defections, treasons, spoils ; but feared God,
Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

To keep the empire one in unity
And brotherhood of its imperial race,—
For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
Where losing was to win a higher fame !
In building up our northern land to be
A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea,—
A land of labour, but of sure reward,—
A land of corn to feed the world withal,—
A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace ;
Content and freedom, both to speak and do,
A land of men to rule with sober law
This part of Britain's empire, next the heart,
Loyal as were their fathers and as free !

NIAGARA, Ontario.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

JACK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"I'VE never told the whole straight ahead, ma'am. The Lord knows it all, an' there've been times I couldn't ha' done it, an' wouldn't ha' done if I could ha' helped it. For, you see, in spite of the wickedness I never quite got rid of the sense that God sat lookin' at me, an' that, I do suppose, came from what stuck to me, whether or no, in the school. An' you'd wonder that anything stuck or could.

"I'll begin at the beginnin'. Drink? No, it wasn't *my* drinkin'. You'd think that must ha' been it, but it wasn't, for all I came up in the Fourth Ward—the only sober bar-tender the ward ever see, or ever will see, I reckon.

"The very first thing that ever I remember is my mother dead drunk on the floor. I thought it was dead without the drunk, an' stood screamin'; an' my father come up an' some of the neighbours. We was all respectable then, an' one of them says, 'The Lord help you, Mr. Brown! She's begun ag'in.' He didn't speak, but just lifted her up an' put her on the bed, and then he sat down and covered up his face with his hands, an' was so still I thought he was dead too. I crawled up to him whimperin', an' he lifted me up.

"'Jack,' he says, 'my heart's broke. It's no use: she's bound to go to the bad, an' maybe you'll take after her.'

"I screamed ag'in, though I didn't know what that meant, but he hushed me. 'Jack,' he said, 'you're a little fellow, an' your troubles ain't begun yet. I'd give my life this minute to take you with me.' He held me up to him tight an' took my breath so't I couldn't ask him where; an' then he cried.

"That was the beginnin' of me, if gettin' a gleam of sense means beginnin' for folks; for though I didn't know what it all meant, I did know he wanted comfort bad as I did, an' we hugged up to one another. But I know now all the ins and the outs, for I was told by one that knew them both.

"She was a pretty girl in a mill in Fall River—with

an innocent face an' big blue eyes, like a child's, to the very last. Many's the time I've seen 'em with no more sense, nor as much, as a baby's in 'em. He was a young shoemaker, that fell in love with the pretty face, an' married her out of hand then an' there, an' took her to New York, where he'd got a good place—foreman in a factory. His folks lived in Fall River, and hers off somewheres. I haven't never seen any of 'em, an' good reason not to want to.

“She liked fine clothes, an' thought she was goin' to be a lady an' do nothin'; an' when the first baby come it was a bother to her, for she wasn't strong, an' one of the neighbours told her to drink beer. There's no use spinnin' it out. It began with beer, but it ended with whiskey, an' the first my father ever knew was the dead baby that she'd killed rollin' over on it in a drunken sleep.

“That cured her for a year. She was afraid of my father, for at first, in his fury, he swore he'd give her up to the officers; an' then she cried so, an' went on day after day, till he couldn't but be sorry for her ag'in. An' then I came along—many's the time I've cursed the day—an' till I was four all was well enough. Then it came. She'd been taken a little slyly a good while, but nobody knew till it got to be too much for her ag'in. It was partly trouble, I will say, for my father was weakly an' goin' with consumption, an' she was fond of him. But this time there was no stoppin' her. She'd pawn everything: she's taken the jacket off me in a winter's day an' sent me with it to the pawnbroker's, an' I not darin' not to go. To the last minute my father did what he could. I was six when he died, an' he'd dress me himself an' tried to keep me decent. She was drunk the very night he died, an' not a soul near. I sat on the bed an' looked at him. ‘Jack,’ he said, ‘hate whiskey long as you live: it's killed me, an' it'll kill your mother. It's a devil.’

“There was a saloon under us then. We had got lower and lower, for, fix up as father might, there was never any surety he wouldn't find things smashed or sold out; an' at last there wasn't anything to sell. An' when he was gone I can't remember as I ever see her sober. I got to hate the smell of it so it sickened me. It does now, though it was my trade to sell the stuff, an' I never minded that.

“I lost track of her. I was a newsboy an' looking out for my-

self when I was eight, an' sometimes I'd hunt her up, an' she'd hug me an' go on over me if she wasn't too drunk; but mostly I didn't. I might ha' been respectable enough, for I liked my work, but I got in with a set of boys that had learned to pick pockets. It was good fun. I had quick ways, an' the first time I ever hauled out a handkerchief I thought it about the smartest game anybody could play. It's more for the excitement of it, half the time, than from real native cussedness, that boys begin; an' I didn't think one way or another. But the time come when I did think. I was caught with fellows that had been up half a dozen times, an' because I was little they sent me to the House of Refuge.

"Now, I ain't goin' to say more'n I can help about that, for there was one man I sha'n't ever forget. He's dead now, but he meant work with them boys, an' he did it. I believe he loved 'em every one just because they had souls. But what I do say is, that, far's I know, eight boys out of ten come out wors'n when they went in. Why not? They're mostly the worst sort, an' it's a kind of rivalry amongst them which 'll tell the most wickedness. There ain't a trick nor turn you can't be put up to, an' I learned 'em every one. I learned some other things too. We had to study some, an' I was quick, an' learned Bible-verses so well they thought that I was a crack scholar; an' we all laughed, thinkin' how easy you can humbug a teacher. But the last year I was wild to get away an' try my hand at some of the new kinks I'd learned. I was fourteen and full grown, so't I was always taken for twenty; an' I thought I was a man, sure. I run away twice, an' was brought back, an' it went hard with me, for they flogged me each time so't I couldn't stir for a week.

"At last time was up. I'd made up my mind what to do: I'd settled it by that time that everybody was ready to humbug, an' the picus-talkin' ones worst of all, for I'd seen some that I'd spotted in lies many a time. The first thing I did was to chuck away the Bible they'd given me an' make straight for Micky Hagan's. You don't know what that means? I'll tell you. Micky Hagan's was one of the receivin'-places for river-thievin'. He had boats to let, an' bought out an' out or advanced on the swag, just as you pleased; an' mostly you're in his debt, because you get into the way of swappin', an' he sets his own price on the thing you fancy.

“ Now, I’ve thought it all out, ma’am, many a time. If there’d been anybody to take hold of us in the right way I don’t believe we should have come out as we did. I wasn’t bad all through then: I mean I was ready to do a good turn if I could, an’ bound for a lark anyhow. But we’d smuggled in novels an’ story-papers till our heads was full of what fine things we’d do. They didn’t give us better things. There was books—yes, plenty of ’em—but mostly long-winded stuff about fellers that died young, bein’ too good for this world. There wasn’t anybody to tell us we’d a right to some fun, and the Lord meant us to enjoy life, nor to get us busy in some way that would take our minds off real wickedness. These preachers hadn’t ever been boys; they’d been born in their white chokers, I believe, an’ knew no more of real human nature than they did of common sense. If I had a boy growin’ up I’d keep him hard at something, an’ try an’ have him like it, too. A boy don’t mind work if there’s anything he can see to be got by it. Why, see how I did. At fifteen out all night long, up an’ down the river, schemin’ always to circumvent the watchmen, for they’re that ’cute it needs all your brains an’ more to get ahead of ’em. You see, a ship ’ll come in an’ unload partly, an’ there’s two or three days they’re on the keen lookout till they’re nigh empty; and then’s the best time for light plunder—ropes an’ such. But I went in for reg’lar doin’s—bags of coffee or spice, or anything goin’. We had a dodge for a good while they couldn’t make out—goin’ along soft, oars muffled, hardly drawin’ a long breath, till we’d got under the dock, where I’d seen the coffee-bags lie, an’ a man on ’em with pistol cocked. Then, slow an’ easy, bore with a big auger up through them beams and straight into the bag, an’ the coffee’d pour down into the bag we held under. Went off with seven bags that very way one night, an’ I was that full of laugh! I walked back down the dock when we’d landed ’em, an’ saw the watchman jest dancin’ an’ swearin’, he was so mad.

“ ‘What’s up?’ I says, innocent as could be, goin’ up to him.

“ ‘It’s them river-thieves,’ he says, ‘with a new kink, hang ’em! I’ll be even with ’em yet. Here’s seven holes right up through. They’re that thick I believe that there’s one to every bag of coffee on ship or off; but I’ll get ’em yet.’ He looked at me sharp as a rat, but I kept my face straight till I’d walked off, an’ then I believe I laughed a day without stoppin’.

“That went on three years. I’d got to think no man alive could take me, for I’d been grabbed a dozen times, an’ always slipped out somehow. I’d been shot at, an’ hit twice; been knocked overboard, an’ swum under the dock—most froze an’ stiff with ice before I could get out. An’ then to think that it was only a coil of rope took me at last! I thought ’twas spices, but the captain ’d been too quick for us, an’ every bag was in the government storehouse. I crawled up the side like a cat an’ felt round, mad enough to find only that rope; an’ I’d just dropped it over the side when there was a light, an’ three men on me. I dropped, but they had me. I fought like mad, but the handcuffs were on, an’ I was marched off quicker’n I can tell it. An’ one was the very man that had sworn to be even with us, an’ he knew me on the spot. That trial didn’t take long. ‘In consideration of my youth, the judge said, I was to have ‘only ten years.’ Only ten years! He didn’t know how it looked to me, that loved my own life an’ freedom so’t I couldn’t bear a house over me even a day, but must be out in the air. I swore I’d kill whoever took me, an’ I fought with the keeper till they chained me like a wild beast; an’ that’s the way I went to Sing-Sing, an’ all warned they’d got the Devil’s own to deal with.

“There was six months I fought: there wasn’t a week I wasn’t up for punishment. Do you know what that means? It’s better now, they say. Then it meant the shower-bath till you fainted dead, an’ when you came to, put back to have it ag’in. It meant the leather collar an’ jacket, an’ your head well-nigh cut off when, half dead, you had to let it drop a bit. It meant kicks an’ cuffs an’ floggin’s an’ half rations. I was down to skin an’ bone. ‘You’re goin’, sure, Jack,’ I said; an’ then I said, ‘What’s the use? Behave yourself an’ maybe you’ll get pardoned out, or better yet, maybe you’ll get away.’

“It was tough work. I hated that keeper so’t I could have brained him joyfully any minute. I’d set my teeth when he came near, for the murder ’d run down my arms till my hands twitched an’ tingled to get at him. I swore I’d kill him if I ever got the chance to do it quietly, for he treated us worse than dogs. But I mended my ways. It took a year of hard work before I could hold on to myself. I’d get a sight at the sky when we crossed the yard, an’ my heart was up in my throat every time. Oh, to be out! If only I could be on the river ag’in an’ smell

the salt an' feel the wind! I've lain on my floor in the cell many a night an' cried like a baby for only ten minutes' freedom. I'm that way yet: there's wild blood in me somewhere, an' I'd make a better Indian than white man any day."

Jack's restless motions were the best proof of his theory. As his story began he had sat quietly in the little mission parlour, but now he was walking hastily up and down, stopping a moment at some special point, then starting again—a tall, lean figure, with characteristic New England face, very thin now, and with a hectic flush on the sunken cheeks, but shrewd and kindly. Born in his own place on some quiet inland farm, he would have turned peddler, or, nearer the sea, would have chosen that for his vocation; but it was impossible to look upon him as an ex-convict or to do away with the impression of respectability which seems part of the New England birthright.

"At last," he went on, "things changed. A new chaplain came, for one thing, an' I'd go so quiet they changed my cell an' put me on the other side the buildin'. I went on in a kind of dream. I worked like two, an' they begun to take notice of me. The chaplain 'd come an' talk to me, an' he worked over me well; but he might as well have talked to the dead. But my very keepin' still made him think he'd half got me, an' he'd fetch books an' papers; an' things got easier that way. I read an' studied: I was bound now to know something, an' I worked at that hard as I did at everything else; an' there come a time when I was recommended for pardon, an' five years an' a day after I went in he brought it to me. I couldn't speak: I could have gone on my knees to him, an' he had sense to know how I felt.

"'Jack,' he said, 'you're very young yet, an' now is your chance. Try to be an honest man an' pray for help. I wish I knew if you will pray.'

"'You'd make me if any one could,' I says, 'but I ain't sure of the use of it yet: I wish I was.'

"He just looked at me sorrowful, for I hadn't said even that much before, an' I went off.

"An' I did mean to keep straight. I'd had enough of prison; but when I went round askin' for work, not a soul would have me. A jail-bird!—well, they thought not. I grew mad ag'in, an' yet I wouldn't take to the river, for, somehow, I'd lost my

courage. Then I met an old pal, an' he took me round to Micky's saloon. The barkeeper 'd just been stuck in a fight. I'd been a profitable one for Micky, an' maybe he thought, beginnin' there, I'd go back to the river once more. An' there I was three years, an' fights nigh every night of the year. I could stop 'em, when no one else could, for I was always sober.

"'Why don't you drink?' they'd say, an' I'd tell 'em I wanted what brains I had unfuddled. But I hated it worse an' worse. I'd have stopped any minute if there'd been one alive to take me by the hand an' say, 'Here's honest work.' I looked at folks when I went out, to see if there was one that could be spoken to. An' at last I made up my mind for another try. I'd saved some money an' could live a while, an' one Saturday night I just left when Micky paid me. 'Get another man,' I said: 'I'm done;' an' I walked out, with him shoutin' after me.

"Then I waited three months. I answered advertisements, and put 'em in. I went here an' I went there, an' always it was the same story, for I answered every one square. An' at last I was sick of it all: I had nothing to live for. 'I'm tired of living with rascals,' I said, 'an' good folks are too good to have anything to do with me. I've had all I want. If work don't come this week I'll get out of this the easiest way.'

"It didn't come. My money was gone: I'd gone hungry two days. I'd been on half rations before that, till my strength was all gone: I'd pawned my clothes till I wasn't decent. Then I hadn't a cent even for a place on the floor in a lodgin'-house, an' I sat in the City Hall Park long as they would let me. Then, when I was tired of being rapped over the head, I got up an' walked down Beekman-street to the river—slow, for I was too far gone to move fast. But as I got nearer son. thing seemed to pull me on: I began to run. 'It's the end of all trouble, I said; an' I went across like a shot an' down the docks. It was bright moonlight, an' I had sense to jump for a dark place where the light was cut off; an' that's all I remember. I must have hit my head ag'inst a boat, for when they took me out it was for dead. Two of my old pals hauled me out, an' worked there on the dock to bring me to, till the ambulance come an' took me to Bellevue.

"I wouldn't have lived, but I didn't know enough not to, bein' in a fever a month. Then I come out of it dazed an'

stupid, an' it wasn't till I'd been there six weeks that I'd got my senses fairly an' knew I was alive after all.'

" 'I'll do it better next time,' I said, bein' bound to get out of it still; but that night a man in the bed next me began to talk an' ask about it. I told him the whole. When I got through he says, 'I don't know but one man in New York that'll know just what to do, and that's Jerry McAuley of Water-street. You go there soon's you can stir an' tell him.'

" I laughed. 'I'm done tellin', I said.

" 'Try him,' he says; an' he was that urgent that I promised. I'd ha' given a hand if I hadn't, though.

" I went out, tremblin' an' sick, an' without a spot to lay my head; an' right there I stood by the river an' thought it would come easier this time. But I'd never go back on my word, an' so I started down, crawlin' along, an' didn't get there till meetin' had begun. I didn't know what sort of a place it was.

" It was new then, in an old rookery of a house, but the room clean an' decent, an' just a little sign out, 'Helping Hand for Men.' I sat an' listened an' wondered till it was over, an' then tried to go, but first I knew I tumbled in a dead faint an' was bein' taken up stairs. They made me a bed next their own room. 'You'd better not,' I said: I'm a jail-bird an' a rascal, an' nobody alive wants to have anything to do with me.'

" 'You be quiet,' says Jerry. 'I'm a jail-bird myself, but the Lord has forgiven me an' made me happy; an' He'll do the same by you.'

" They kept me there a week, an' you'd think I was their own, the way they treated me. But I stuck it out: 'When I see a man that's always been respectable come to me an' give me work, an' say he's not afraid or ashamed to, then maybe I'll believe in your Lord Jesus Christ you talk about; how am I goin' to without?'

" An' that very night it came. You know him well—the gentleman looks as if the wind had never blown rough on him, an' yet with an eye that can't be fooled.

" 'You don't need to tell me a word,' he says: 'I believe you are honest, an' you can begin to-morrow if you're strong enough. It's light work, an' it shall be made easier at first.'

" I looked at him, an' it seemed to me something that had frozen me all up inside melted that minute. I burst out cryin',

an' couldn't stop. An' then, first thing I knew, he was down on his knees prayin' for me. 'Dear Lord,' he said, 'he is Thy child, he has always been Thy child. Make him know it to-night: make him know that Thy love has followed him and will hold him up, so that his feet will never slip again.'

"These words stayed by me. I couldn't speak, an' he went away. He knew what he'd done.

"That's all. Some of the men shake their heads: they say it wasn't regular conversion. All I know is, the sense of God come into me then, an' it's never left me. It keeps me on the watch for every soul in trouble. I'm down on the docks o' nights. I know the signs, an' now an' then I can help one that's far gone. I'm goin' myself, you see. There ain't much left of me but a cough an' some bones, but I suall be up to the last. God is that good to me that I'll go quick when I do go; but, quick or slow, I bless Him every hour' of the day for the old mission an' my chance."

LINES ON A PORTRAIT OF LISZT.

BY T. C. JEFFERS.

IN a great oaken chair, that oft hath held
 The dignity of scarlet cardinals,
 Calmly he sits, with fingers loosely clasped,
 And eyes that, seer-like, 'neath his shaggy brows
 Gaze with prophetic vision on his fate.
 On either side the shrunken face hangs down
 The long white hair—fit frame for that square chin,
 And lip whose curve of stern resolve gives index
 Of the thoughts that oft-times sweep across
 The soul within. Stricken in years is he,
 But from his furrowed visage outward looks
 An untamed spirit—proud, invincible—
 That mocks at Time and Passion's wear and tear.
 So sits he there, until we half expect
 To see him burst his worn-out, earthly chains,
 And like an eagle seek the lofty sky,
 Cleaving the air with broad and eager pinions,
 Untill he gains at last the glorious sun!

THE HIGHER LIFE.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

COME Jesus, Saviour, make this heart
E'en of Thine own the counterpart ;
Thou God of mercy, love and grace
Within us make Thy dwelling-place.

Oh let us feel Thy Spirit's pow'r
In this Thy love appointed hour,
So shall our gladsome song arise
A constant grateful sacrifice.

We long to feel the pow'r within
That breaks the manacles of sin,
That sets the prison'd spirit free
To soar aloft and dwell with Thee.

Thou blessed Jesus—Thou alone
Didst for a guilty world atone,
And Thou alone the grace canst give
Which says to sinners, "look and live."

To us the grace of faith impart,
Bid ev'ry doubt and fear depart,
Reign in us, Lord, our hearts Thy throne,
No rival there, reign Thou alone.

So shall we best the grace proclaim
Which saves thro' faith in His dear name,
Which points the path which Jesus trod,
And guides the sinner back to God.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Communion with God is a thing of infinite delicacy. It is the sensitive plant of the soul, and loses not its fragile nature when its occasions are public. The exceeding delicacy is at once its beauty and its snare. In a quiet room a happy family is gathered. Their fellowship is perfect. Each delights in the society of all the rest. The young people presently consult together, and as the outcome, one, the choice of the rest, moves to the father's side. He is about, in the name of all, to utter certain affectionate sentiments, when the door sharply opens, and a stranger enters. The intruder closes the door clumsily after him, chooses a seat without consideration for any one's convenience, and begins to stare about him. The fount of affection has sunk back to its secret spring

in every breast. For the tender address intended, some cold, common-place utterance is hastily substituted. The little family has been suddenly deprived of whole leagues of sunlight, and the time for breaking up is welcomed by all. This parable of prayer needs no interpretation.—*W. B. Haynes.*

JOY OF PERFECT LOVE.

When love is the master-passion of the soul duty rises to delight—"We lose the duty in the joy." Duty is there, stern as ever. It must be. But when the heart is "dead to sin," and perfect love is enthroned, that which would otherwise be a burden or a task becomes a pleasure. The mother owes many a duty to the child of her bosom, and the little one by its very helplessness appeals for their performance. Yet the mother never hears the stern demand of duty. Her warm heart beats to the sweet melodies of a quenchless affection. She never thinks of duty while she is yet discharging it. And so with obedience to a heart that perfectly loves God. Nay, the Saviour has in infinite condescension used earthly relationships to teach and illustrate Divine truths. And we find Him calling the Church His "bride." What does it mean? On this side it means that He "loved the Church, and gave Himself for it;" that He loved human souls enough to die for each, a whole Christ for every sinner. But surely on the bride's part it implies the perfect love that loves too much to swerve from duty. Can it mean less? In every age and clime the bride and bridegroom have been the emblems of highest choice, deepest attachment, perfect love. And the moment that affection declines to mere duty, the union is broken. It has given up its very life. The outward bond that still exists is but a name, a flower without a scent, a cloud without rain, well without water, a day without brightness. If the Church is the bride of Christ, perfect love should be her very life.

Yes, to perfect love obedience is joy. And it is a thousand-fold more exalted and Christ-like to have the whole stream of affection running toward God and obedience than to have to fight an "enemy within" in order to be able to keep a clear conscience. Better to pray because I delight than because I must! And more beautiful to "work the work" which God has given me to fulfil, because "the love of Christ constraineth," than to have the task element as an unlovely feature in one's religious life, through not possessing perfect love.—*Rev. W. C. L. Christien.*

HOLINESS.

Holiness is an expansive energy : it cannot be restrained. It will diffuse and communicate itself by its own inherent force. It is a kindled fire within, and whenever God has applied the live coal from the altar there will be inward commotion, and the soul refined with fire will be all astir with restless anxiety and burning desire to declare the word and spread the fire. He will feel like Jeremiah when he said : " His word was in my heart like a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay," and when God calls, he will respond, " Here am I, send me." Thus holiness is a light, a fire in the heart, and it will shine and burn and catch from heart to heart and kindle a generous glow, a holy warmth of adoration and of love, until

" Jesus' love the nation fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze."

Personal holiness is an experience that excludes selfishness. Its possessor loses himself in his mission. He so loses sight of self that ease and affluence and honour and health and safety and life are as small dust in the balance compared with the fulfilling of his mission to save souls.

A spirit of holiness is a spirit of sacrifice. A holy church is one all given to God,—person, reputation, influence, money, life, all the Lord's. And with the calm dignity of those determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, they repeat :—

" Here, on Thy altar, Lord, I lay
My soul, my life, my all ;
To follow where Thou lead'st the way,
To obey Thy every call."

And this spirit is resting more and more upon the Church of God. Her sons and daughters are receiving the baptism of power, and if the tongues of fire sit not upon their heads the living flame burns brightly in many hearts to fit them for their mission. The inquiry has been heard *here*, " Whom shall I send, and who will go for us ?" and those of your own number have answered, " Here am I, send me." They have forsaken *all* for Christ, and the billows of the ocean bear them to heathen lands to preach Jesus and the resurrection. The God of missions go with them and give them grace to gather multitudes of souls to be garnered in glory.—*Rev. G. C. Wells.*

SERVING THE FUTURE.

There is a volume of suggestive thought in the following illustration from the pen of Rev. William Arthur :

I have said you cannot serve the past, but you can serve the future. This generation contains all that is coming. Suppose that David, some day in his wanderings, when he had got upon the goodly mountain and sat down weary at the eventide under some great cedar, the pomegranate blossoms blooming before him, and with his great poet-eye looked out across the gleaming Mediterranean away to yonder sun that was going to lose itself, and between him and the sun saw a Syrian sail mysteriously flickering on the borders of he knew not what—suppose he had said to himself: “What is there, stored away beyond the waters, in the strange realm where the sun loses himself at night-time?” And suppose that some angel had then been commissioned just to lift up the veil and permit him to cross the Mediterranean, then the continent of Europe, then across another sea, until away in the cold and foggy seas of the North he beholds some island lying and sees the people of some distant generation. Up there spring towers and spires. God’s Sabbath-day sounds upon the land and there they come, fathers and mothers, boys and girls, in the streets by thousands and tens of thousands, crowding to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In families and tribes and multitudes they lift up their Sabbath song and proclaim the God of Israel, “Bless the Lord, O my soul,” ringing up to the heavens in a language David never heard. He might have said: “Am I to serve these distant generations?” Yes; he served your mother many a time and my mother; he has served you and he has served me. He has been serving us this day and we have sometimes heard the hundredth Psalm, the words of David in one age, the music of Luther in another age, the language of our mothers and our fathers and our own voices all uniting, binding the angels of the nations together in the one great work of praising God. So serve your own generation and you serve every other. Serve the men and women now living and you serve all that are yet to come. Working for this moment, you are working for all future times; bringing one poor boy to Christ, bringing one lost girl back to the Saviour, you are working for unborn generations and the influence of your action will never be lost.

INTERRUPTIONS IN WORK.

Some of the best portions of Paul's writings were given to the Churches while he was incarcerated in a Roman prison. He wrote under the impression that one word of an infatuated royalty might consign him to ignominious martyrdom. Under these circumstances, his view of Calvary, and of the adaptation of the gospel to meet the deepest needs of the soul, came to be with him an all-absorbing conviction.

Interruptions in service are often the beneficial experience of Christians. They come to us in varied and unexpected ways—in seasons when we seem to be necessary to the welfare of others, when promising fields open wide before us, only waiting for the reaper's sickle to insure an abundant harvest. The pastor, through illness, is compelled to forsake his flock and seek rest; the Sunday-school teacher to resign the class; the Bible reader or tract distributor to abandon the chosen service; and that which is so inexplicable, the family is deprived of the only one upon whom the happiness of the home depends. But for all these, when such suspensions occur, according to the divine order, there are rich and blessed compensations. It is a mistake to think that the religious life is only to be matured amid the activities of our calling. Separated from the world, waiting the pleasure of our Lord, we often reach a deeper consciousness of His favor. Here are clearer answers to prayer; here an invisible hand consciously smooths our pillow; here our anxieties are assuaged and our bodily distresses alleviated; here are the sweet glimpses of that city of God, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain." Solitude, when permitted for our chastisement, is most favorable to spiritual growth. The soul, alone with God, has then but one resource. Out of the depths of humility and confidence the cry will then be heard, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside Thee."

SOME in their sorrow may not know
How near their feet those waters glide,
How peaceful fruits of healing grow
And flowers for beauty by their side.
They may not see with weeping eyes
Upon the dreary desert bent,
How glorious, straight before them lies
The Eden of their souls' content.

A CENTENNIAL RETROSPECT.

THE PROGRESS OF METHODISM AND OF CHRISTIANITY DURING
THE PAST ONE HUNDRED YEARS—1784—1884.

BY THE REV. D. DORCHESTER, D.D.

[AT the International Sabbath-school Convention in Toronto, three years ago, Dr. Dorchester made a profound impression by his address and diagrams showing the accelerated increase of religious progress in recent times. That theme he elaborated in a very valuable volume, and condensed into an article for the centennial number of the *S. S. Journal*, from which we quote this article. The substance of the article is as follows.—EDITOR METHODIST MAGAZINE.]

The century which comprises the entire history of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the most remarkable for Christian progress of all the Christian centuries.

Forty-five years (1739-1784) comprise the period from the origin of Methodism in England to the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. At the latter date Methodism had been planted in this country eighteen years (1766-1784), but it existed in scattered, unorganized forms, without ordained ministers and sacraments, under the general, but very limited, supervision of Rev. John Wesley.

At the time of the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1784, the followers of Wesley in the whole world were very few.

	British Isles.	United States.	Total.
Itinerant preachers	197	83	280
Communicants	49,219	14,988	64,207

There were only 72 circuits in the

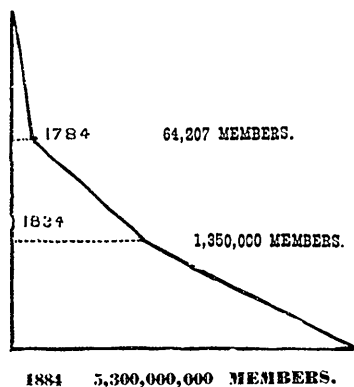
British Isles and 46 in America, between North Carolina and the Hudson.

The growth of Methodism since 1784 is one of the marvels of ecclesiastical history. The following diagram will illustrate it :

DIAGRAM I.

GROWTH OF METHODISM IN THE
WHOLE WORLD.*

1739 ORIGIN IN ENGLAND.



In 1834 the itinerant preachers of Methodism in the whole world were 5,800, and the communicants 1,350,000.† In 1884, there were in all the world 34,000† itinerant preachers, about 79,000† local preachers, and 5,300,000 communicants. The statistics of Methodism,*

* Including all branches of Methodism.

† Close approximations.

prepared with great care, in 1880, showed—

evidences of this progress will be interesting.

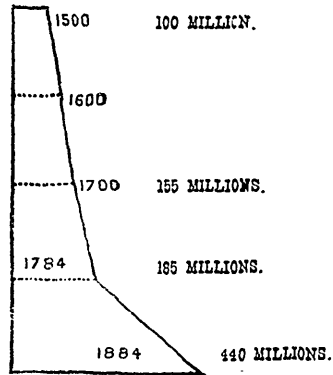
Ministers. Com'cants	
In North and South America	27,220 4,008,150
In all Europe	3,375 920,632
In Asia	315 13,517
In Africa.....	177 51,651
In Oceania	435 75,153
Total	33,522 5,069,109
In 1860	17,200 2,818,414
Increase in 20 years.	16,322 2,250,695

NOMINAL CHRISTIANITY.

In 1784 the nominal Christians in the world were not far from 185,000,000, but in 1884, according to the best estimates, they cannot vary much from 440,000,000, an increase of 255,000,000 in the last one hundred years, exceeding any other equal period in the history of the world.

DIAGRAM II.

GROWTH OF NOMINAL CHRISTIANS.



The total communicants of several other denominations in the whole world in 1880 were as follows: Baptists (all kinds), 2,939,673; Presbyterians (all kinds), 2,578,707; Congregationalists, 896,742; Moravians, 43,754.

Such are the encouraging exhibits of the growth of Methodism as a whole. Methodism, less than one hundred and fifty years since its birth in England, has, with over twenty millions of adherents, come to be the largest religious force in the world, except the Roman Catholic Church.

During the brief period of its existence, Methodism has been a most potential religious factor, contributing largely to the new era of religious progress which has made the last century so much brighter than the preceding centuries. Eminent writers outside of Methodism have declared this. Isaac Taylor said that the Established Church owes to the Wesleyan movement, "in great part, the modern revival of its energies." "By the new life Wesleyanism has diffused on all sides it preserved from extinction and reanimated the languishing Nonconformity of the last century, which, just at the time of the Methodist revival, was rapidly in course to be found nowhere but in books." Leckey said: "It incalculably increased the efficiency of almost every other religious body." "It has been more or less felt in every Protestant community speaking the English tongue." Dean Stanley and others have similarly spoken. Some of the

In the last one hundred years Christianity has gained 70,000,000 more nominal adherents than in all the 1784 previous years.

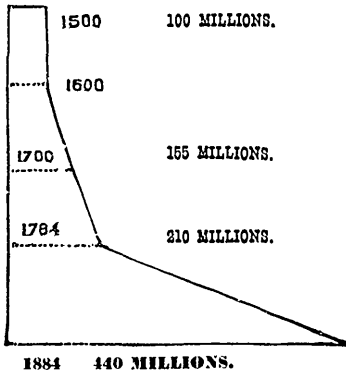
CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENTS.

Not long ago many governments were unfriendly to Christianity, and the Church offered many prayers that doors might be opened for the Gospel, but in the last one hundred years Christianity has gained very wonderfully in its civil sway, and now about one-half of the population of the globe is under Christian governments. (See Diagram III.)

	Populations under Christian gov'ts.	Average increase per century.
1500.....	100,000,000
1700.....	155,000,000	27,500,000
1784.....	210,000,000	70,000,000
1884.....	730,000,000	520,000,000

DIAGRAM III.

POPULATIONS UNDER CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENTS.



One hundred and eighty years ago nearly all of Asia and of Africa was under Pagan and Mohammedan sway, and the mighty worlds of Australasia, Polynesia, and the Indian Archipelago lay in the undisturbed slumbers of savagery and superstition. Scarcely four hundred thousand Protestant colonists occupied both American continents. Great Britain and her colonies did not then number more than ten millions of people; now she comprises a population of more than three hundred millions under her civil sway. Of the 730,000,000 people under Christian governments, 450,000,000 are under Protestant governments.

CHRISTIAN AREAS.

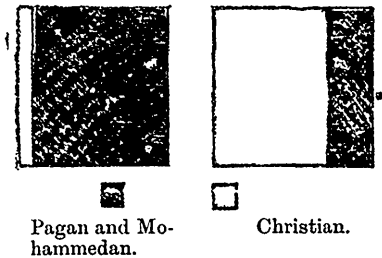
In the year 1500 only 3,777,783 square miles of the earth's surface, or seven per cent., were under Christian governments; and 48,284,617 square miles were under Pagan and Mohammedan governments. In 1884, 19,624,555 square miles are under Pagan and Mohammedan governments; and 32,419,915 square miles, or sixty per cent., under Christian governments.

DIAGRAM IV.

AREAS UNDER CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENTS.

1500.

1884.



In the year 1500 there was no Protestant government. In the year 1884, of the 32,419,965 square miles under Christian governments, 14,377,187 are under Protestant governments; 9,314,305 under Roman Catholic governments, and 8,778,123 under Greek Church governments. Changes now going on will transfer many more millions of square miles, in a few years, to Protestant governments.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

date their origin to 1780. The centennial of American Methodism, therefore, almost exactly synchronizes with the centennial of Sunday-schools. At the end of the first half-century of this institution, in 1830, there were in all the world 1,689,693 Sunday-school scholars; in 1880, 12,680,267, besides officers and teachers. But these belong to the evangelical Churches only. Probably the total Sunday-school scholars, officers, and teachers, of all religious bodies, in 1884, would not fall much short of 18,000,000 in the whole world. Of these one single branch of Methodism—the Methodist Episcopal Church—has about 2,000,000. What a religious product, 18,000,000 Sunday-school members, besides a vast enginery of appliances, in a single century!

DIAGRAM V.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

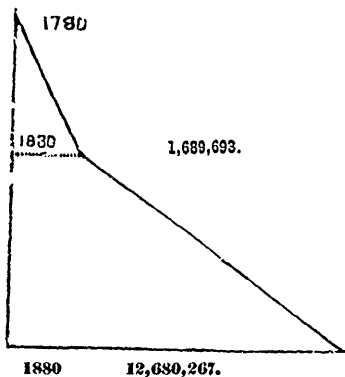
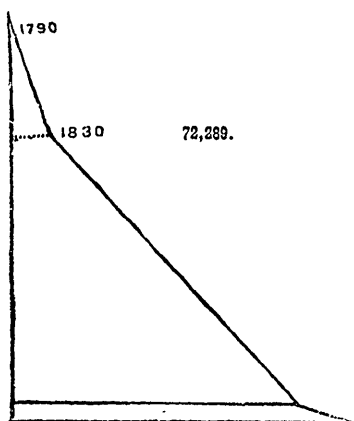


DIAGRAM VI.

FOREIGN MISSION COMMUNICANTS.



FOREIGN MISSIONS

were only a little more than feebly begun one hundred years ago. The 125 years prior to 1785 was the darkest period since the days of Luther. Christianity was reduced to a minimum, and the only form of it which was not aggressive was Protestantism. Prior to 1790, only three small Protestant missionary societies existed. From 1790 to 1800 five of the great societies were organized; 1800-1830, sixteen more; from 1830-1850, thirty-three more; and now there are seventy-five foreign missionary boards, besides numerous subsidiary organizations. In 1830 the converts enrolled as communicants in the various foreign missionary stations of Protestantism, in the whole world, were 70,289. Probably in 1884 they do not fall short of one million.

Such are some of the remarkable advances of Christianity during the century which comprise the entire history of the American Methodist Church. It has been the greatest revival century, the greatest century of moral achievements, of Bible study, of pecuniary benevolence, of religious literature, of heroic self-sacrifice, of lay activity, of Christian missions, of all the Christian centuries. It is a grand advancing age in which to live, and labour for God and humanity. How great the privilege to live in such an age! How great the duties devolving upon us!

“GREAT THINGS.”

“The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”—Ps. cxxvi. 3.

THE Lord *hath* done great things for thee!
 All through the fleeting days,
 Jehovah hath dealt wondrously;
 Lift up thy heart and praise!
 For greater things thine eyes shalt see,
 Child of His loving choice!
 The Lord *will* do great things for thee;
 Fear not; be glad; rejoice!

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.*

It is somewhat remarkable that one of the most eloquent vindications of the United Empire Loyalists of Canada is from the pen, not only of a citizen of the United States, but of a Breve. Major-General of the State of New York. General DePeyster has good reason for his enthusiasm for the U. E. Loyalists. Both of his grandfathers held Royal commissions. Three great uncles were shot on the battlefield. Many others gallantly served the King, and for their loyalty to the Empire died in exile. Though raised to high honour in his native city and State, he still sympathises strongly with the old flag and vindicates eloquently their fidelity and valour.

The amplest treatment of history of the U. E. Loyalists, is that by the venerable Dr. Ryerson,† himself an illustrious scion of the goodly stock. Never before have they received such adequate vindication and such well-founded eulogy. He who would comprehend in its fulness the heroic story of the Pilgrim Fathers and Founders of Upper Canada, must carefully read this admirable history.

It will suffice here to briefly indicate some of the most important facts connected with the exile of these heroic people—an exile without parallel in history—unless it is the expulsion of the Moriscoes from Spain or of the Huguenots from France by Louis XIV. As Mr. Kirby has shown in his admirable papers in this MAGAZINE, the condition of the American colonists

who, during the Revolutionary War, remained faithful to the mother country, was one of extreme hardship.

They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced. The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother country.

Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, or, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in the seaboard provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness. These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

Several thousand settled near Halifax, and on the Bay of Fundy. They were conveyed in transportships, and billeted in churches and private houses till provision could be

* Address read before the Historical Society of New Brunswick at the U. E. Loyalist Centennial, in the City of St. John, 1883. By Gen. JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER, LL.D., A.M., Brev. Maj.-Gen. S. N.Y.

Life and Misfortunes and Military Career of Brig.-Gen. Sir John Johnson, Bart. Same author.

The Burgoyne Campaign. Same author.

General De Peyster is also a prolific author in general literature and especially Military History and Biography. Among his more important works in polite letters was *Mary Stuart, a Study; Bothwell, a Vindication*, and other historical essays.

† *The Loyalists of America and their Times.* By the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D.; 2 vols. 8vo. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$5.

made for their settlement on grants of land. Many of them arrived in wretched plight, and had to be clothed and fed by public or private charity.

A still larger number settled near the St. John and Kennebecasis rivers, in what is now the Province of New Brunswick, of whose fertile lands they had received glowing accounts from agents sent to explore the country. On the 18th of May, 1783, the ships bearing these brave-hearted exiles arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not an encouraging one. The site of the present noble city of St. John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of Fort Frederick and of a few fishermen's huts, met their gaze; together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores. A rude shelter was speedily constructed for the reception of the destitute families, and before the summer was over a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity. Among these were seventy-four refugees from Maryland. They were the survivors of the wreck of the *Martha* a ship of the September fleet, which had sailed from New York to Quebec, with eight thousand of these exiled people. To the new settlement the name of Partown was given, in honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. In a letter to Lord North, in September, 1783, that gentleman estimates the number of refugee loyalists in Nova Scotia and St. John's Island at thirteen thousand.

What is now the province of Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War was almost a wilderness. The entire European population is said to have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara and the St. Clair rivers. The popula-

tion of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create, as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful bay of Quinte, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

To each United Empire Loyalist was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child, even to those born after immigration, on their coming to age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing, and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe, and spade; a plough, and one cow, were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessaries of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were for the most part poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.*

* Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. Toronto: William Briggs.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

METHODIST UNION.

The first of June, 1884, will be for all time an historic day of profound significance to Canadian Methodism. In the good providence of God the long-divided sections of the Methodist family in this land are at length brought together into one household and "beneath one roof." Old alienations have passed away and old breaches have been healed. Long-estranged brethren have come together, to find a brother's love throbbing warmly in their hearts. As they have engaged in united revival efforts, Divine approval has attended those efforts, and such a year of grace as we have seen the annals of Canadian Methodism do not previously record.

The spirit of a larger charity and of brotherly love thus manifested is spreading like a Divine leaven from land to land. In Australia, in New Zealand, in Japan, in Great Britain, its influence is felt. A yearning for the integration of Methodism throughout the world is taking the place of the strifes and disintegration of former times. And Canadian Methodism has the honour of showing the world how minor differences can all be merged into a higher unity of love and Christian brotherhood.

The spirit and results of this union, we think, are justly characterized by the following remarks of a leading secular journal:—

The whole movement, says the *Toronto Globe*, is a remarkable illustration of the supersession of the centrifugal forces which keep religious bodies apart by the centripetal and integrating tendencies which bring them together. It was a great triumph of Christian principle that men who cherished strong personal sympathies, and preferences, and prejudices should over-

come them all for the greater common good. The united Church enters upon its new career with a membership (*i.e.*, communicants) of about 162,000, and about three-quarters of a million of adherents; with about 1,700 ministers; with ten institutions of higher education, having ninety-three professors, 1,800 students, and nearly 2,000 graduates. It has 394 missions and 461 missionaries and paid agents carrying on domestic, Indian, French, and foreign missions—the latter in Japan, Bermuda, Newfoundland, and Labrador.

The newly organized Church, through the economy of men and means which will result from this union, will be able to carry on its evangelistic work much more efficiently, especially in the sparsely settled regions of the great North-West. Its wide field of operations, extending from Bermuda to Japan, will be divided into ten conferences. These will soon meet for the consolidation of circuits, rearrangement of work, and appointment of ministers to their several charges. In many places throughout the country union religious services have been held with the happiest results—an augury of the still more beneficial results which may be anticipated from the full consummation of union.

We hope that with this union we shall see a revival of the old aggressive spirit and methods of early Methodism; that a grand movement, "all along the line," shall carry forward the victories of the Cross as never before done among us. If increase of numbers, of wealth, of influence, should lessen our spiritual earnestness, our consecration, our zeal, they would be a curse instead of a blessing. They lay us under increased obligation to do more for God and for the salvation of souls than we have ever done. We rejoice

at the adoption, in many places, of more flexible methods of operation, adapted to the varying circumstances of the times. Many of these are but the revival of primitive usages which had fallen into abeyance. Such emphatically is the larger employment of lay agency for Christian work. For every minister we ought to have ten, twenty, or forty active lay helpers. Many of these are rusting for want of work. How the work of soul-saving would go forward if this great army, fifty or a hundred thousand strong, would engage in individual effort for the conversion of those whom they, better than any others on earth, can lead to the Saviour!

As an organized Church—with an ordained and specially trained ministry, with the institutions and sacraments of a Church, with the means of instructing the young and building up new converts—we are better equipped for doing the full work of a Church than the Salvation Army, or any similar organization can possibly be. We can employ all the really valuable agencies that they employ—fervent exhortation, individual witness-bearing, lively singing, earnest prayer—without the objectionable features, the sensationalism, the flippancy, not to say irreverence, that is sometimes manifested by the "Army."

Within our own recollection the Methodists in Toronto had open-air preaching in the streets in the parks, and open spaces. Their stirring hymns attracted a crowd, an earnest exhortation followed, and a singing procession led many unwonted hearers to some adjacent church. We don't need a big drum, and tambourines and banners—though we have no special objection to them, and the *Wesleyan Recorder* recently urged Sunday-schools to organize bands of music for street service—but we do need aggressive Christian work. We would like to see Methodist preaching—lay-teaching for the most part it would necessarily be—in the public parks, at street corners, at the island and pleasure resorts, on the shipping, and wharves, at the immigrant sheds, in mission-

halls, and cottages, and suburban villages—wherever there is a chance to speak a word for the Master, and wherever unsaved souls can be induced to hear.

In the early home of the present writer—Methodist home as it was—students of Knox College, year after year, kept up a week-night prayer-meeting, which was filled to overflowing by scores of the neighbours. These students learned more practical theology therefrom than they could from the ablest professors. So our zealous young men, and older men, will gain more good by doing good than by sitting at ease in Zion, and letting the minister do all the preaching and practical Christian work that is done.

We rejoice at the various forms of active lay co-operation, of which we have heard, at Belleville, Trenton, Petrolia, Montreal, Toronto and its vicinity, and elsewhere. We hope that more and more such efforts will be multiplied and that more and more the Methodists of Canada may deserve the eulogy pronounced by Chalmers on those of his day—"All at it, and always at it."

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

This year is the Centennial Anniversary settlement of Upper Canada by the United Empire Loyalists. We have therefore given a good deal of space in this number to an account of those heroic founders and fathers of this goodly commonwealth. The Editor of this MAGAZINE is proud of the fact that his own paternal ancestors were staunch U. E. Loyalists, who left the British provinces of the Carolinas and Virginia, when they revolted from the King, and for conscience' sake went into exile in what was then the wilderness of Nova Scotia. He has often heard with thrilling interest how those ancestors—a grandfather and two granduncles—fought for King and country. One was a cavalry soldier, and as the bugle sounded the charge, closing his eyes for a moment, he lifted up his heart to God, saying, "Lord, have mercy on my soul," and gripping his sword the tighter,

and putting spurs to his horse he dashed into the midst of the battle.*

The sons of U. E. Loyalists should be worthy of those patriotic sires. They met defeat, but never knew dishonour. They were the heroes of a lost cause. It was theirs to sing the sublime "Hymn of the Conquered," and yet to plant in the virgin soil of this Northern land the germs of a new nation which shall maintain, let us hope for all time, British laws, British institutions and British liberty.

Our friend, Mr. Kirby, whose stirring poem on the U. E. Loyalists we quote, writes thus of these brave men :

"The exile of the loyalists from the United States (Judge Jones says that 100,000 left the Port of New York alone) forms one of the grand unwritten chapters of American History, and one of the noblest. Nothing since the expatriation of the Huguenots from France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries equals it in magnitude and in interest. Americans will yet be more proud of those high-principled exiled loyalists than of those who banished them and ungenerously seized their properties, and confiscated all they had. I hope the coming anniversary will open the world's eyes to the merits of those loyal men. It will be like writing with electric light a *new, true and grander* chapter of American history than has yet been written. American historians and compilers have ever most completely ignored or misrepresented the character, numbers and position of the loyalists in the revolution. They will learn that the oldest, purist and best breed of the Anglo-American stock is no longer in the United States, but in Canada, where it was transplanted a century ago, before the United States became the common recipient of the overflowings of every European nation. That old, genuine breed is here now in the fullest vigours of national life, and as true to the British Crown and

Imperial connection as their loyal fathers were a century ago. When you touch the loyal U. E. sentiment in the breasts of Canadians you make their hearts vibrate in its inmost chords."

DEATH OF THE REV. J. E. BETTS.

The present writer was not intimately acquainted with Bro. Betts, but the Rev. E. Barrass, his friend of many years, writes thus :—"This esteemed minister, who was a member of the Toronto Conference, was called to his reward on May 9th, in the 60th year of his age. Brother Betts was a great sufferer for several years, but he continued his beloved work of preaching until within two weeks of his death. His sufferings were most excruciating. Medical attendants pronounced the disease, which ended in death, beyond their skill. But death had no terrors. Among the last words which he spoke was the verse commencing—

'O what are all my sufferings here
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at Thy feet.'

No words of murmur fell from his lips. He possessed his soul in patience, and so long as he could converse he spoke words of triumph. For most of the last days of his life he was speechless, but perfectly conscious. When told that death was near, he expressed a wish to live until some friends at a distance could reach him, and happily his wish was granted. They reached his bedside in time to receive his friendly greetings. The writer was with him a few hours until within a short time before his final departure, and although he could not converse with him, his smiles and the firm grasp of the hand in answer to our interrogations will ever be remembered.

"Brother Betts was a grand man, He was characterized by sterling integrity, blamelessness of life, and unswerving fidelity. He was a safe

* Other kinsmen of the writer, shared the fortunes of the Republic and one of their descendants—Dr. J. L. Withrow—is now pastor of one of the oldest Puritan Churches in Boston, the Park-street Congregational Church.

counsellor, his judgment was always formed after careful and mature thought. Brother Betts was about thirty years in the Methodist ministry, but before leaving England he was an active official church member.

"His appointments were Quebec, Kingston, Hamilton, Bloor Street, Toronto, Barrie, and several important country circuits. Though never anxious to occupy prominent positions, he was Chairman of District for a few years, and was a member of two General Conferences.

"His beloved friend, Rev. Dr. A. Sutherland, conducted a funeral service in his house on Sunday afternoon, May 11th, and on Monday, 12th, his remains were conveyed to the Tilsonburg Cemetery; six of his brother ministers acted as pallbearers. A funeral service was also held at Tilsonburg on the arrival of the funeral cortege.

"'Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given—
And glows once more with angel steps,
The path which reaches heaven.'"

DEATH OF MRS. JEFFERY.

This "elect lady," so well known and so greatly beloved in many of our churches, was suddenly called from labour to reward on Sunday, May 4th. Her condition caused no alarm till a very short time before her death. As her husband, the Rev. T. W. Jeffery, went to his morning service at Queen St. West, Toronto, she asked for a text for meditation, and he gave her the passage: "Though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." On his return she was speechless and soon passed away. Her death gave a painful shock to the community and will be a great loss, especially to the Woman's Missionary Society, of which she was the able, and energetic president. Her funeral service was held in the Metropolitan Church, when the Rev. S. J. Hunter gave one of the most beautiful and appropriate addresses to which we ever listened, and the Rev. Dr. Sutherland read a most admirable tribute from the officiating of the Woman's Missionary Society.

ILLNESS OF THE REV. DR. RICE.

For some weeks the revered and honoured chief officer of the Methodist Church of Canada, and senior Superintendent of the United Methodist Church, has been seriously ill—so ill, indeed, that at times his life was almost despaired of. But through the good providence of God, and in answer, we doubt not, to many fervent effectual prayers, a great change for the better has taken place, and we trust he will in a few weeks be again restored to the discharge of his important duties. His illness may, we think, be largely attributed to overwork during the last year and more. He has thrown himself with intense energy into his official work, travelling many thousands of miles, and labouring, especially in connection with our educational work, with a zeal that would have taxed the strength of many a younger man.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

The Rev. Robert Newton Young, and Sylvester Whitehead, delegation from the British Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Philadelphia, landed in America as these notes were being prepared for the press. Mr. Young is secretary of the Conference, and occupies the position of Classical Tutor in the Theological Institution at Birmingham. Mr. Whitehead was formerly a missionary in China.

A few years ago the English Conference set apart a few ministers to labour as evangelists, and last year the number was increased. The Rev. H. P. Hughes has been especially distinguished. At Swansea he commenced a "Five Days' Mission," which was marvellously successful. Two or three services were held daily, one of which was a Bible-reading—this is a specialty with Mr. Hughes, and God honours His own word. At Glasgow more than 400 gave in their names as "inquirers" during the season of special services.

Methodism seems to take kindly to French soil. The French Methodist Conference was recently held at Dieu-le-Fit, Drome, when a most encouraging state of affairs was reported. The denomination now owns 38 chapels, 8 ministers' houses, and 6 school-premises, worth about \$165,000. There are 134 other preaching stations, 29 ministers, 11 evangelists and teachers, 100 local preachers, 117 class-leaders, and about 2,000 members.

The Wesleyan Conference, in New Zealand, had an animating debate on Methodist Union, which closed by a vote of 38 yeas and 9 nays.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Spring Conferences have mostly been held. Several of them have discussed the question of extension of the ministerial term. It is evident that there is a strong feeling in favour of increasing the term of ministers' appointments, but we would not infer that there is a majority in favour of such change. By the time these notes are in the hands of our readers the question will have been set at rest in one way or other. Dr. Dorchester, who is so distinguished for gathering religious statistics, recently delivered an address in which he stated that, "notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties that Methodism had encountered in New England, while since 1850 the Congregationalists and Baptists have grown less than the population, it had grown more than that has, and now numbered 133,881 communicants, 1,095 churches, and 619 parsonages, worth \$9,779,593."

The New York *Advocate* states that Methodism in that city has made more progress during the past four years than in any corresponding period since 1850. During the past year four new churches have been built and paid for, costing nearly half a million of dollars. It has also increased its gifts to all the institutions of the Church. Since Brooklyn was incorporated, fifty years ago, the number of Methodist churches has increased from three to thirty-seven, worth \$1,500,000. During the last four years the Book Concern has paid \$244,000 of its bonded debt and only \$190,000 is still outstanding.

The General Conference is now in session at Philadelphia.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
SOUTH.

A number of centenary meetings have been held in Nashville, Tenn., at which \$15,969 was subscribed.

At the recent Conference in Mexico a marvellous incident occurred. One of the members was Crisanto Cepeda, who, ten years ago, was a bandit, and was induced by the priest to head the mob which killed the missionary Stephens, and he is now an evangelist. He and the Rev. D. F. Watkins embraced each other in the Conference, while all present were affected to tears. Mr. Watkins was present when Stephens was murdered, and only escaped death by climbing a tree. The two men had never met since the fatal night.

Bishop McTyeire is about to visit the Missions in China.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

In compiling notes for the July number of this MAGAZINE, the new name of the Church will have to be adopted. On the first day of June four bodies of Methodists in Canada will commence a new existence under the autonomy of THE METHODIST CHURCH.*

The second volume of the census of 1881 shows the total number of churches in the Dominion to be 8,652, of which 3,017 are Methodists, or 34.8 per cent. In Ontario nearly half of the churches are Methodists. Quebec is the only province in which the Roman Catholics stand first, having 712 churches out of a total of 1,280. In the Maritime Provinces the largest number of churches belong to the Baptist denomination, the Methodists standing second in New Brunswick and third in Nova Scotia. In Prince Edward Island the Presbyterian Church takes the lead, and the Methodists stand second. In Manitoba the Methodist Church is first, but only one in advance of the Church of England, while in British Columbia and the

North-West Territories, the Roman Catholic Church again takes the lead.

Gratifying intelligence still reaches us respecting revivals that are visiting so many sections of our work. Surely these are days of grace. On the first Sabbath in May the pastor of Sherbourne St. Church, Toronto, received more than 100 persons into church fellowship, as the result of the special services during the few previous weeks.

COLLEGE CONVOCATIONS.

During the months of April and May several of these were held. They all exhibited evidences of prosperity. The claims of higher education are being better understood. It is a marked feature at all our seats of learning that women are no longer debarred from the privileges of graduation.

Queen's College, Kingston, has followed the example of Victoria last year by adding to its lists of graduates the names of a few ladies who have been honourably crowned. One of the lady medical graduates intends to devote herself to missionary work in India. Queen's has had an unusually prosperous career during the incumbency of its present distinguished Principal, Dr. Grant. He has adopted the plan of having a course of sermons preached on Sunday afternoons during the college term, by leading ministers of various denominations. Queen's conferred the honorary degree of D.D. on Professor Burns, of Glasgow; and LL.D. on the Rev. Archibald Geikie, D.D., of New South Wales. Dr. Geikie was formerly a minister in Canada. He is brother to Dr. Geikie, Dean of Trinity Medical College, Toronto.

The Baptist Church is to be congratulated on the successful career of McMaster Hall. The honourable Senator, whose name this seat of learning bears, has conferred a great boon upon the denomination in es-

* In commencing a new era it is to be hoped that the income of ministers on poor circuits will be augmented. The Presbyterian Church has set us a noble example. In less than a year they have raised a sufficient amount to give every minister a minimum salary of \$750 a year and a free manse.

tablishing this college, and has also set an example to other merchant princes, which they would do well to follow. The Baptists throughout the Dominion are concentrating all their theological training in Toronto.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

The Convocation for the present year commenced on Sunday, May 4th, and closed on the Wednesday evening following. On the Sabbath the Rev. W. R. Parker, M.A., preached the annual sermon of the Theological Union. In the afternoon a profitable fellowship meeting was held in Jackson Hall, which was conducted by Professor Shaw, from Montreal. It was delightful to listen to the testimonies of some of the older students of the benefit which they derived from their attendance at Victoria College, not only intellectually, but spiritually. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. D. G. Sutherland, LL.B. Dr. Nelles, President of the University, gave a few words of parting counsel to the graduating class. The services of the day were attended with a gracious influence of the Holy Spirit.

On Monday afternoon Professor Shaw delivered the annual lecture before the Theological Union in Jackson Hall. The subject was "Retribution," and was a sound, practical exposition of the solemn theme.

The Rev. W. R. Parker, M.A., was elected President of the Theological Union; Rev. A. M. Phillips, M.A., was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. Rev. F. H. Wallace, B.D., was appointed to deliver a course of lectures on preaching before the students during the year.

On Tuesday afternoon Professor Haanel delivered a masterly lecture in Faraday Hall on "The Physical Bases of Certain Mental Operations."

In the evening J. J. McLaren, Q.C., delivered a lecture before the Science Association, which afterwards formed the subject of a lengthened and earnest conversation.

Wednesday was the great day. The weather was very unpropitious;

nevertheless Victoria Hall was crowded to witness the conferring of the degrees. Principal Nelles presided in his own able style. Mr. W. Elliott delivered the valedictory oration on "Dr. Livingstone," which was well delivered and was greatly cheered. Thirteen young gentlemen received the degree of B.A. Miss Greenwood received the degree of B.Sc. The Senate conferred the same degree *ad eundem* on Mrs. Haanel. On Miss Greenwood presenting herself, she received a complete ovation. She is the first young lady who has received such degree in Victoria University. We understand that Mount Allison University, New Brunswick, conferred the first B.Sc. degree on a lady some years ago. It is a pleasing sign of the times that the seats of learning everywhere are throwing open their doors to women. J. B. Freeman, B.A., received the degree of B.D. He has been appointed to labour in Japan as a missionary teacher. The Rev. E. A. Stafford, M.A., B.D., received the degree of LL.B. Five gentlemen received the degree of M.A. Twenty-four medical students from Toronto received the degree of M.D. and C.M., and twenty-eight from Montreal School of Medicine received the degree of M.D., two C.M., and one M.B. Rev. B. Gregory, editor of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, England, received the degree of D.D., and the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, of Wesley College, Sheffield, England, received the degree of LL.D.

In addition to the gold medals donated in perpetuity by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, the following gentlemen have also donated gold medals: H. Hugh, Esq., M.A., J. J. McLaren, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Q.C., W. Sanford, Esq., and the Rev. G. R. Sanderson, D.D. A great number of honour prizes were awarded to successful students in various branches of study. Six prizes of money were also awarded. In the Faculty of Theology a gold medal and the first-class honours in theology were awarded to the Rev. J. B. Freeman, B.A. A Macdonald Bursary was also awarded.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, Bishop Carman, and Rev. Dr. Meacham addressed the Convocation in an able manner. The two latter gentlemen are graduates of Victoria, and both indulged in many pleasant reminiscences. The Hon. Minister of Education for Ontario not only expressed his admiration for Victoria University, but desired its increased prosperity. He would much desire to see all the Colleges of the Province affiliated with one grand University.

The income of the University has more than met the outlay during the past year. As from July 1st Albert College is to be amalgamated with Victoria, it has been deemed proper by the Board, in anticipation of increased attendance, to appoint the Rev. Dr. Badgley, of Albert University, additional Professor. Professor Workman has been allowed two years' liberty to attend foreign seats of learning in order to still better equip him for the duties of Theological Professor.

WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE,
MONTREAL.

The closing exercises of this flourishing institution have been of much interest. The College, which now occupies its elegant buildings, has had a highly successful year.

The Endowment Fund showed cash receipts for the year of \$10,000, and new subscriptions of \$5,000. The Building Fund (\$30,150) shows cash payments to date of \$20,200, with one year left for remaining two instalments to mature.

The Registrar's report showed that the number of students who have entered the past session is twenty-three. The entire number of students who have attended the College during its history of ten years is 106. These are widely scattered throughout the Dominion, six of them being in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. They evince a loyal and growing interest in the institution.

Under the able Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, who is admirably supported by the energetic Registrar, Rev. Prof. Shaw, LL.B., and his co-

labourers, this institution is rapidly growing in prestige and influence.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CANADA.

Rev. Dr. Mackay, Formosa, has sent the gratifying intelligence that the inhabitants of several villages have renounced idolatry, and he wants to build ten churches at \$250 each. The committee has authorized him to draw for the required amount, and has also sent another missionary to his assistance. Rev. J. K. Wright has also been designated a Missionary to Trinidad.

Rev. Hugh McKay, of Manitolin Island, says that when he went to an Indian settlement there, he found fifty Indians waiting for to hear the word. At the close of the service, one of them said, "Thirty years ago we were sounding our war-cry and fiendishly counting the scalps of our enemies, but now we are sitting at the feet of the Prince of Peace and doing all we can to make known His name. Three years ago there was not a single person in this settlement who professed to love Jesus; to-day there is worship in every family."

Rev. H. A. Robertson recently returned from Erromanga, and brought with him the tomahawk with which the last of the three brothers Gordon, missionaries, was killed. He gives an interesting account of the work of God in that island notwithstanding the dreadful acts of barbarity which have been perpetrated upon those who have attempted to introduce the gospel among the people. It was in this island that John Williams was clubbed to death more than forty years ago. These red men agreed to separate, take smaller reservations, raise cattle, and send their children to schools. A school is to be established for every thirty children. . . . When Western immigration was only a fore-flying spray, the Indians fought; now that the big ocean tide rolls out on the plains, the leaders of the red race call for cattle and schools.

Bishop Maclean has in Emmanuel College at Prince Albert, North-West Territory, thirty-four young

men and boys as pupils; eight are missionary students, and among these are represented three different Indian tribes—the Crees, the Blackfeet, and the Chippewa.

ITEMS.

There are hopeful signs among some of the Indian tribes. "The bloody Sioux," for example, promise to become the red ploughmen and cattle ranchers of Dakota. It seems too good to be true, but a Government Commission has recently held councils with the Indians of the Santee, Pine Ridge, and Rosebud agencies, at which there were present nearly 17,000 Indians.

The Salvation Army in England is having fifteen halls built, with seating capacity for 25,000 persons. In Canada it is also very successful.

The Bishop of Paris intends to build a floating cathedral, to be propelled by steam and to be used for Romish services on the river Amazon.

A training college to prepare young Spaniards for evangelistic and pastoral work, an institution much needed for years, has been opened near Cadiz.

Chicago has a novelty in the way of a Gospel-ship called the *Glad Tidings*. It is in command of Captain Burley, his wife and two daughters. It makes trips through the Northern lakes, religious services are conducted by the family.

It is not sixty years since the first Christian missionary visited Madagascar; now there are 70,000 professing Christians out of a population of 2,500,000. During the last ten years the native Christians have contributed \$1,000,000 for the spread of the gospel among their brethren.

The English missionaries in Madagascar heaped coals of fire on the Jesuits by interfering in their behalf and saving them from being murdered by the natives. They have gratefully acknowledged the service.

The Protestant Church has in Japan eighty-nine male missionaries, fifty-six female missionaries, ninety-three organized churches, 4,987

members, and sixty-three secular schools, with 2,546 pupils.

The agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, in a recent letter, tells of the conversion of two Koreans, one of whom, named Rijutei, is a person of high rank in his own land. He is an intimate personal friend of the present King of Corea. When the rebellion occurred in that country a year ago, Rijutei saved the life of the queen, and the king offered as a reward to give him any rank or honours he desired. His reply was, "I only ask to be permitted to go to Japan that I may study and see the civilization of other lands." He called upon a Christian Japanese to learn about Christianity. He was deeply impressed with the truth, and was very soon converted and baptized. Rijutei's great desire is to give the Bible to his people, and he was filled with joy when he learned what the American Bible Society had done for other lands and was ready to do so for Corea. He has entered upon the work of preparing a Chino-Corean version with great zeal. Having been recently urged to return home, he replied, "I have very important work to do here; I have found something that is better for me and for our people than railroads, or telegraphs, or steamboats." He announces a widespread desire among the young men of Corea to be educated in Japan. The applicants for such a privilege already number 700. The Corean Government is making a selection by competitive examinations. About twenty have passed the ordeal.

Agitation on the subject of Methodist union in England has commenced. The *Primitive Methodist Review* continues the symposium in its pages on the question of a feasibility of union. Representatives of four branches contribute to the debate.

The Frances Ridley Havergal Fund now maintains seven native Bengal women in India. The fund has also made grants for the translation of one or more of Miss Havergal's books into the native languages.

At a recent meeting of the Salvation Army, in London, England, 500 newly-made sergeants received their colours. It was stated that the Army now has in Great Britain and Ireland 493 corps, in addition to 241 outposts, which are under charge of sergeants, and comprise persons who work in the villages in such places as they can enter. Much of their work is done in tap-rooms. The Army has now 1,461 commissioned officers. Abroad in various parts of the world there are 70 corps, with 174 officers; and on the continent of America and in Australia the Army is more than holding its own. At present there are in course of erection, in England alone, 15 halls.

Those additional Army barracks will afford seating accommodation for 25,200 persons, and will cost more than \$100,000. The newly-made sergeants subscribed to the articles binding themselves to obey the orders issued by superior officers, not to accept presents for themselves, but for the general good of the Army, and to sacrifice themselves entirely to the furtherance of the cause of Christ.

The demand for Bibles and Testaments for the last three months has been so great that the American Bible Society, although it publishes several complete Bibles and Testaments every minute of working time, is unable to supply it promptly.

BOOK NOTICES.

Kadesh-Barnea: its Importance and Probable Site, with the Story of the Hunt for it; including Studies of the Route of the Exodus, and the Southern Boundary of the Holy Land. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D.D., Editor of the *Sunday School Times*. 8vo., pp. 478. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$5.

One of the vexed questions of Eastern exploration and topography often is the identification of Biblical sites. One of the most striking examples of this is the important place of sojourn of the Israelites, Kadesh-barnea. It is interwoven with the whole history of the Exodus. It is the place from which the spies were sent into Canaan. Here the people murmured against Moses, and were turned back to wander forty years, probably in its circumjacent vicinity. Here Miriam died and was buried. Here Moses struck the rock, and for his impatience was forbidden to enter the promised land. It is frequently alluded to in the sacred text, and in secular history. But for nearly a thousand years from the time of Jerome its identity was lost. And small wonder, since for a

similar period the Catacombs of Rome—scene of the martyrdom of some of the early bishops, and of some of the most stirring events in Church history, and long places of sacred pilgrimage—were utterly lost sight of till discovered by accident in 1578.

Many recent attempts have been made to identify Kadesh-barnea. In 1842, John Rowlands, an English clergyman, found it, but his identification was severely criticised. In 1881 Dr. Trumbull, the accomplished Editor of the *Sunday School Times*, was enabled to confirm beyond doubt Rowland's identification. The story of Trumbull's hunt for the lost site has all the fascination of romance. By dint of Yankee wit and shrewdness and masterful energy, he overcame the reluctance, the fears, the attempts to deceive, of the Arab guides, and, invading hostile territory, reached the scene of so many and striking Biblical events. Then, in the light of the knowledge thus gained, he studied the copious literature of the subject, and reconstructed in large degree the route of the Exodus. The results of these studies are given with great clearness

and cogency in this admirable volume—one of the most valuable contributions to Biblical exploration of recent times.* The book is mechanically an *édition de luxe*, and has two maps and four full-page illustrations, some of these phototypes of great beauty.

The Pulpit Commentary, edited by the Rev. CANON H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and by the Rev. JOSEPH M. EXELL, with introductions by CANON FARRAR, BISHOP COTTERILL, PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, PROF. PLUMMER, &c.: *The Acts of the Apostles, Exposition and Homiletics* by the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS. 2 vols., royal 8vo., pp. xiv. 457—xi., 345. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.25 per vol.

This able commentary, of which seventeen volumes have been issued, has been received with a unanimity of favour such as falls to the lot of few works of the kind. The American publishers are therefore issuing an edition for the United States and the British-American Provinces, from duplicate stereotype plates of the English edition, at about one-half the price. The purpose of this commentary is to provide scholarly introductions to the sacred books, and to supply such expositions as shall meet the wants of the student, and such homiletical suggestions as shall assist the preparations of the preacher. These are followed by a comprehensive Sermon Outline, embracing the salient points of the preceding critical and expository section, and by brief homilies from various contributors, designed to show different modes of treatment, and to bring into relief different aspects of the passage under consideration. The contributors embrace many of the ablest critical and expository writers of the various Churches of Great Britain. Among these we may mention Canon Rawlinson, Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, Dean Bickersteth, Canon Spence, Canon Farrar, Prof. Blackie,

Dean Howson, and Principal Moulton of the Wesleyan Church. The commentary gives the results rather than the process of criticism, though it is not defective in this. It is fuller and more comprehensive than Bishop Wordsworth's or the "Speaker's" Commentary, and is more concise than the somewhat pedantic and prolix and expensive *Bibel-werk* of Lange. For ourself, we prefer the exegetical to the homiletical portions; but these are of much value as pulpit and teaching helps. The two volumes on the Acts are among the best apparatus extant for the study of the Sunday-school lessons for the current year. For combined quantity and quality of material, this is the cheapest commentary, as it is one of the best, that we know.

My Reminiscences. By LORD RONALD GOWER, F.S.A. 2 vols., pp. 361-323. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price \$2.00.

This is a book of remarkable interest. Lord Gower is a son of the Duke of Sutherland, and uncle of the Marquis of Lorne, though only about the same age as the latter. As a scion of one of the oldest families in Britain, he has the *entree* to all the great houses and to the best "society" in the kingdom. He is a busy man of affairs, a painter, a sculptor, a clever writer, a successful M.P. He knows everybody worth knowing, and gossips in pleasant vein about the chief notabilities in Europe—the Queen, Prince of Wales, Lorne, Louise, Dufferin, Gladstone, Disraeli, Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, Lecky, Dore, Hugo, Thiers, Louis Napoleon, Eugenie, Kaizer Wilhelm, the Crown Prince, Bismarck, Garibaldi—all of whom he met intimately, and sketches with vivacity. He makes very free with his ancestors, and scarce less so with contemporaries. He is a confirmed "globe trotter," and thinks nothing of starting across America to Australia, China and Japan on twelve hours' notice, besides travelling in Italy, Austria, Russia, Spain, and many out-of-the-way places.

* Mr. Rowlands has this spring, although in his seventy-fifth year, revisited Kadesh-barnea. See *Sunday School Times*, April 26.

He was with the Grand Prince during the Prussian invasion of France, and in Paris during the siege, and with Garibaldi in Caprera and in one of his campaigns. For so young a man, he has seen a great deal and describes it well. It were well if all lords were as well employed. His book has not a dull page.

Saunderings in Europe. By CHAS. WOOD. Pp. 346. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

It is a tribute to the fascination of this book that we read it through at a sitting. As compared with Lord Gower's volumes, it presents remarkable resemblances and contrasts. Instead of a young lord; we have a young Presbyterian minister on his first tour abroad. But, like Gower, he was well introduced, and met intimately such men as Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Dean Bradley, Thomas Hughes, and distinguished British and foreign professors and divines. Like Gower, he travels in out-of-the-way corners of Europe, and gives vivid pictures of Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Prague, Augsburg, and Nuremberg, as well as of the more familiar tourist routes. It is the fashion to sneer at books of travel, but if they are as well written as this, few books are more interesting or instructive.

Studies in the Forty Days between Christ's Resurrection and Ascension—a Series of Essays for the Times. By A. A. LIPSCOMB, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 382. Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing House. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

Dr. Lipscomb, Emeritus Professor of Vanderbilt University, and ex-Chancellor of the University of Georgia, is one of the most accomplished and scholarly writers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In this volume he gives us the ripe result of many years' profound and reverent study of the last forty days of our Lord's sojourn on earth. We venture to say that not elsewhere in the language will be found such suggestive and thoughtful studies of this

important period. Apart from the exegetical merit of the book, as an element of value is its fine literary form. It is suffused with an atmosphere of artistic culture as well as of deep spirituality, which we think among the highest products of our holy religion, all assisting to bring the living Christ before heart and mind.

Heroic Adventure. Chapters in Recent Exploration and Discovery. Pp. 258. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Cloth extra.

Truth is stronger than fiction, and no books will exert a greater fascination or inspire a nobler courage than the stories of the heroic adventures of the great explorers and discoverers of modern times. Most of these narratives are contained in large and costly volumes. The publishers of this work have done an important service in condensing into one handy volume the following stirring stories:

Schweinfurth and the Heart of Africa; Prejevalsky in Eastern Asia; Commander Markham's Whaling Trip; Vambéry's Dervish Disguise; Markham's Arctic Sledging Experiences; Major Serpa Pinto's Journey across Africa; Nordenskiöld and the North-East Passage. Each chapter is full of interesting information and adventure. There are also several good illustrations.

The Great Army of the London Poor. Sketches of Life and Character in a Thames-side District, by a Riverside Visitor. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 533.

These sketches of life among the lowly attracted much attention as they appeared in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine* and other periodicals. They are as graphic sketches as any that Dickens ever penned of those queer characters developed by the struggle for existence of the London poor. The author knows every inch of the region he describes as well, he says, as he knows the room in which he writes. He enters into the feelings and speaks in the language of his queer friends, coster

mongers, gutter snipes, and the like. The stories of old "Cough-no-More," "Tough-un," "The Rasper," "Buckle-To," "Duke Soap-Suds," and "Penny Plain," and the rest of the strange company, will provoke, by turns, smiles and tears.

A Study; with Critical and Explanatory Notes of Lord Tennyson's Poem, "The Princess." By G. E. DAWSON. Second edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is as dainty and delicate a piece of literary criticism as we have read in a long time. It is as acute in its analysis as Matthew Arnold, but far more sympathetic than that literary cynic. Mr. Dawson has studied this noble poem with loving minuteness—line by line, word by word. Indeed some of his most instructive notes are on the verbal felicities of the great artist, especially his quaint archaisms. One of the most striking features of this volume is a six-page letter from Lord Tennyson, in which he vindicates himself good-humouredly against the charge of borrowing certain expressions, for which our critic finds literary parallels, by describing the very circumstances which suggested the lines. We thus see the poet at work, as it were, in the "pleasing toil," as Cowper calls it, of fitting choicest words to noblest thoughts.

Old Lady Mary: a Story of the Seen and the Unseen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, 75c.

This is another story of the borderland between two worlds. It compels thoughtful attention, from the fact that through some phase of the experience described we all must pass. Though published anonymously, we feel confident that it is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Oliphant. It has features strongly akin to her previous borderland stories, "The Little Pilgrim," and "The Beleaguered City." It has, too, a similar vague and unsatisfactory religious teaching. It is properly not a story, but an allegory, with its solemn lesson not to leave undone

life's duties, lest they be the cause of poignant and unavailing regret. There is a weird fascination in the fruitless efforts of the dead lady's ghost to communicate with the living and retrieve her undesigned neglect and wrong, that haunts the imagination with a strange power.

A Graveyard Flower. By WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. From the German, by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo. Price 90 cents.

This is a very tender and pathetic story. It is suffused with an atmosphere of German poetry akin to that of the accomplished author's previous stories, "The Hour Will Come," and "Higher than the Church." The delineation of child-life, its joys and sorrows, is very beautiful; and the closing scenes are inexpressibly touching and sad.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Hon. Lucius S. Huntington, who was lately Postmaster-general, and has been for years a member of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, to the agreeable surprise of his friends is now appearing in the role of a novelist.

Mr. R. Worthington, of New York, has issued his new venture, which appears under the title of "Professor Conant." The book abounds in English, American, and colonial social pictures; and while the Professor studies democracy, now in the great cities and anon at the feet of the farmers, the land leaguers, the working man and the colored people, the "young folks" of his party weave romances and the great lord woos the "gentle American girl." One week the reader visits royalty, far among the winter sports of Canada, and the next counts flocks and herds among the ranches of the Sacramento Valley. The book is written in a kindly and fraternal spirit, and should promote acquaintance and good feeling between the English, American and Canadian cousins, from among whom its characters are drawn.