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THE Methodist Magazine.

June, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

MILAN TO PADUA.



LEMONADE AND FRUIT VENDORS, MILAN.

MILAN, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the most ancient and most interesting cities in Italy, dating from the sixth century B.C. Since the fourth century A.D., it has surpassed, both in extent and importance, Rome itself. It became an imperial residence, and the Church of Milan was long the rival of that of Rome. It has now 322,000 inhabitants,

and is the most progressive city of the peninsula, the representative of New Italy, with its energy, its aspirations, its civil and religious liberty.

Of course, the great attraction of Milan is its celebrated cathedral, and to it we first of all made our way. There it stood in the great square with its hundreds of glistening pinnacles and two thousand marble statues, like some exquisite creation of frost-work, which one might almost expect to see melt and disappear. The Milanese call it the eighth wonder of the world. Next to St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville, it is the largest church in Europe.

It was too late to enter, so we strolled through the magnificent Gallery of Victor Emanuel—a glass-roofed arcade 320 yards long, wide as a street, 94 feet high, with a dome crowning the inter-

section of the transepts, 180 feet high. It was brilliantly illuminated and adorned with statues and frescoes, and lined with shops of jewellers, silk mercers, art collectors, and cafés, and is the evening haunt of the fashionable Milanese. In an adjoining square is a noble monument of the great Leonardo da Vinci, at whose base a splendid military band discoursed fine music. All fair Milan was abroad, and I never saw such lovely children as some that were promenading with their parents through this brilliant gallery.

Next morning we visited again the cathedral. As we entered the vast and shadowy interior, the transition from the hot glare of the stone-paved piazza without to the cool and "dim religious light" cast by the "storied windows richly dight" was most refreshing. At first one can but dimly see the sweeping lines of the arches meeting one hundred and fifty feet above his head, and the cave-like vault of the chancel, with its sapphire-and-ruby-coloured traceried windows. High above the altar hung in air a life-sized image of our Lord upon a golden cross. Full upon the face of Christ fell a beam of light from the great rose window, bringing it into



CORSO VITTORIO
EMANUELE, MILAN.

brilliant contrast with the dark background. Rembrandt never executed anything so beautiful—nay, so sublime—as that glorified face of the Divine Sufferer, irradiating the darkness and scattering the gloom. It was a symbol and a prophecy, I thought, of the time when the glorious manifestation of our Lord, undimmed by the clouds of human ignorance and superstition, should scatter the darkness and shine forth in all His true Divinity. It was the most impressive interior we saw in Europe; and when the chanting of the choir and music of the organ

sounded through the long drawn isles and fretted vaults, the effect was indescribably sublime.

Under the altar is the shrine and tomb of the good bishop St. Charles Borromeo; and for a special fee we were permitted to see, enshrined in a casket of rock crystal, his mummy-like remains, blazing with jewellery, in ghastly mockery of death. Of noble rank and immense wealth, he devoted himself to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his diocese; and when the secular magistrates

fled from the presence of the loathsome plague, he fell a martyr to his zeal in ministering to the dying and burying the dead. He is regarded as the first founder of Sunday-schools, and every Sunday, in one of the chapels of the cathedral, the children are instructed and catechised to the present day. His tomb is visited as a sacred shrine, and his monument in hollow bronze, a hundred and twelve feet high, crowns a neighbouring height.

From the roof of the cathedral is obtained one of the finest views of the whole range of the Alps to be anywhere had, their

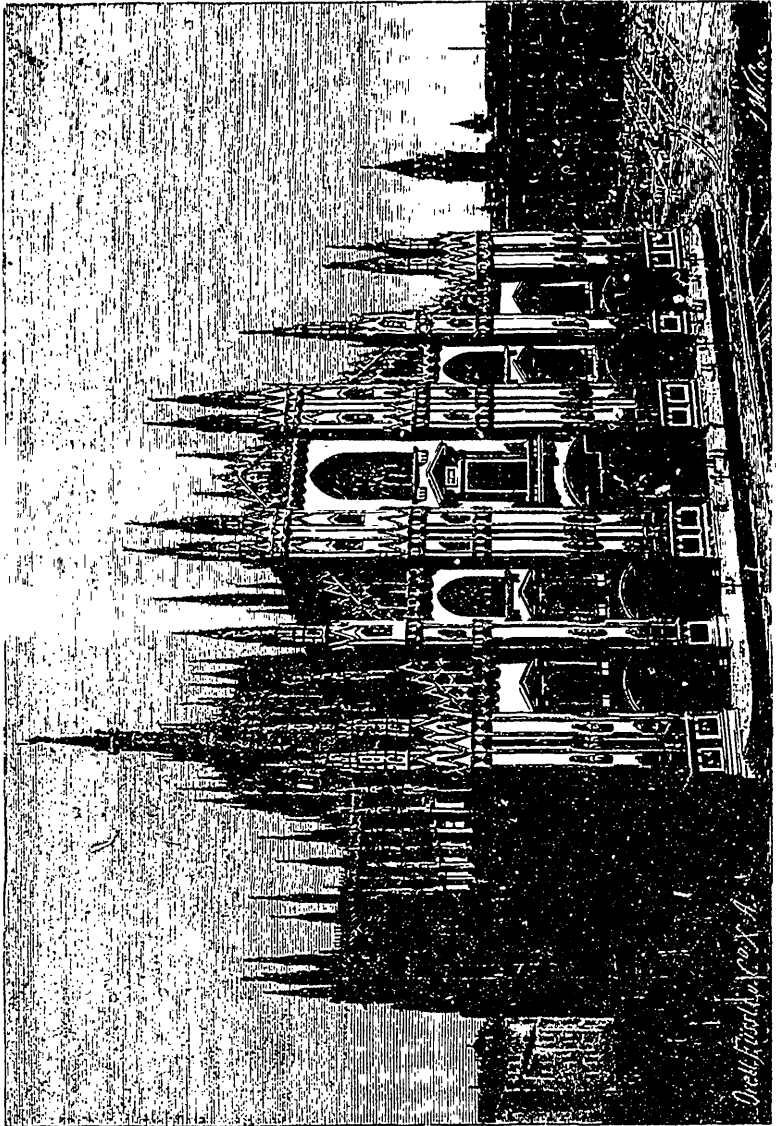


CHURCH OF THE SAN SARTIRO, MILAN.

sharp serrated outline clearly cut against the sky. The roof is studded with a perfect grove of pinnacles, flying buttresses and statues, all beautifully finished, notwithstanding their inaccessible positions, "for the gods see everywhere." The solid marble is fretted into a lace-like tracery or filagree in stone. This part, the guides call "the flower garden," and it truly seems as if the marble had blossomed into beauty at the artist's touch.

The most interesting church in Milan, on account of its historic associations, is that of San Ambrogio, founded on the site of a

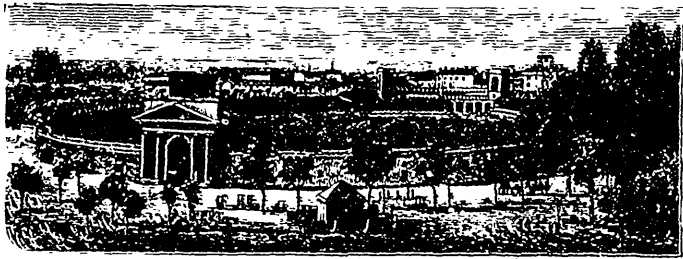
temple of Bacchus by St. Ambrose in the fourth century. The old Lombard architecture is very quaint and sometimes very rude especially the ancient stone pulpit and the episcopal throne.



The mosaics, dating from the ninth century, have a very stiff and infantile expression, like the inartistic drawing of a child. In the nave on a column is a brazen serpent, averred to be that

raised by Moses in the wilderness, although I was of opinion that that had been broken to pieces by King Hezekiah (see II. Kings xviii. 4). The rude bronze doors of the church are, more plausibly, said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius on account of the cruel massacre of Thessalonica. The Emperor remonstrated that even David had been guilty of bloodshed. "You have imitated David in his crime," replied the undaunted Ambrose, "imitate him also in his repentance;" and for eight months the lord of the world did penance on this very spot. Through this portal also passed Augustine, to be baptized by St. Ambrose in the presence of his mother, Monica.

A crowd of ecclesiastics took part in the service, chanting the same Ambrosian hymns which for fifteen centuries have been sung on this very spot. Few things which I saw so linked the present with the past as did this.



ARENA, MILAN.

In the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria della Grazia, now a cavalry barrack, we saw the original "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most celebrated paintings in the world, so familiar by copies in almost every house. It is painted in oils upon the wall, and is much injured by time. Yet it is full of sublime expression. There is a beauty, a grandeur, a majesty enthroned in the face of our Lord, that is reproduced in none of the copies, although not less than a score of these, of rare excellence, were in the room. It is one of the grandest paintings I ever saw.

We drove also to see the famous Campo Santó, or Cemetery of Milan, where the modern Italian sculpture was exquisite in technique, but, I thought, altogether too theatrically realistic in design. The crematory was examined with interest by the gentlemen of the party. The Triumphal Arch, erected by Napoleon I., is a poor imitation of the mighty works of the conquering Romans. He also constructed a large arena for races and the like in imitation of the ancient amphitheatres. It will afford seats for 30,000

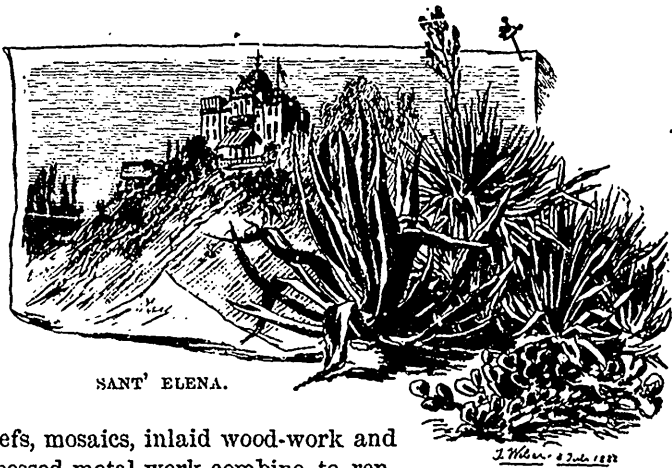
persons. It is a curious illustration of the Caesarism of the modern Colossus, who would bestride the world in imitation of the ancient despots of mankind.

About an hour's ride from Milan is the famous Convent of Certosa, shown in the cut below. The Convent was founded in 1396 by the originator of the Cathedral of Milan, Duke Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and was made over in 1398 to the Order of St. Bruno. Careful management of the revenues enabled the monks to adorn their church in its minutest details with the most mag-



THE CERTOSA, PAVIA.

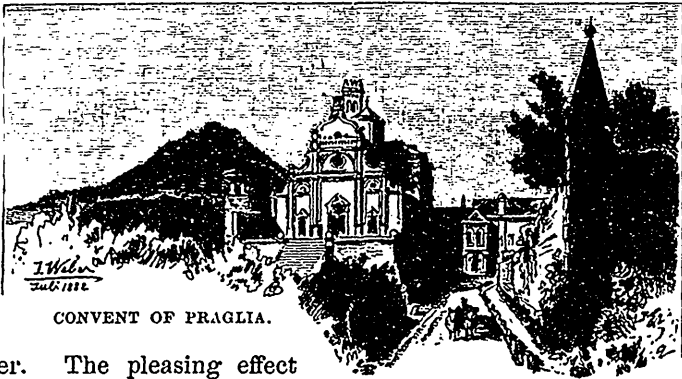
nificent works of art. Some years ago the monastery was dissolved; the buildings were declared national property and placed under the charge of a few monks who were still allowed to remain. Standing so solitary and isolated in the midst of the fields, the church makes a peculiar impression upon us. No longer thronged with worshippers, its walls dead to the echo of the solemn chant, no longer fragrant with the fumes of incense, its altars desolate, the Convent-church of the peaceful, white-robed Carthusian monks has become a quiet Art Museum. The style of architecture is the Italian Gothic. The ceiling is painted blue, glittering with golden stars. Magnificent paintings, statues,



SANT' ELENA.

J. Wilson. 27. 1877

reliefs, mosaics, inlaid wood-work and embossed metal-work combine to render each chapel a miniature museum of art. In the old sacristy an altar-piece of hippopotamus bone with sixty-six reliefs and ninety-four statuettes attracts universal attention. Around the church are pillared galleries, and above the roof rises the tower-like cupola, consisting of similar galleries placed one above the



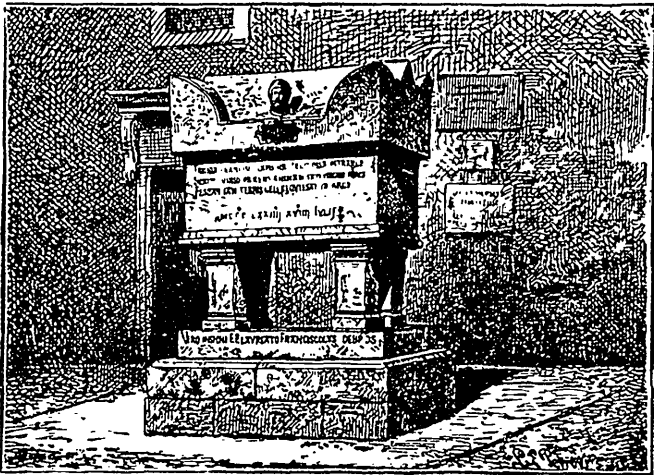
CONVENT OF PRAGLIA.

other. The pleasing effect is augmented by the tasteful alternation of different varieties of coloured marble. The court surrounding the cross-passages is planted with well-kept shrubs and trees, which add to the beauty of the scene. The numerous cactus and prickly pears indicate the sub-tropical character of the climate. Convents and religious houses abound throughout the land. Many of these are now secularized, and the monks are engaged in teaching school, and some in cab-driving and other employments.

From Milan to Venice is a railway ride of one hundred and seventy-five miles. The principal city on the route is Verona, a

decayed and poverty-stricken place, with extensive fortifications, and a population of 60,000. Its chief sights are its vast amphitheatre, which could hold 100,000 persons; the tomb of Scaligers, the house of the Capulets, and tomb of Shakespeare's Juliet. Before we reach Verona, we have a good survey of the Lago de Garda, on whose banks was fought the fierce battle of Solferino, 1859.

The country through which the railroad passes bears the characteristic features of the plains of Lombardy. Flourishing cornfields dotted with mulberry-trees alternate with verdant pastures and rice-fields; everywhere the canals furnish a plenti-



“PETRARCH'S TOMB.

ful supply of water for irrigation and the farm-houses are hidden among the luxurious foliage of the trees which surround them.

Within an hour's ride of Venice is the ancient city of Padua, one next to Rome in wealth. Rising above the rich foliage are seen the graceful domes and towers of the Church of St. Anthony, begun six hundred years ago, and larger than even the Church of St. Mark at Venice. Near Padua is the ancient town of Arquà, the home of Francesco Petrarch, the favourite of the Muses and the bard of the Scipios and of Laura. His tomb stands in the court-yard in front of the church, and his bones rest in the sarcophagus of red Veronese marble—complete but for the right arm, stolen one night by one of the poet's over-zealous admirers, who broke away a corner of the stone so that it would admit a boy to secure for him the precious hand of the immortal bard.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VI.

LABUAN AND MADAI, BORNEO.



PANGERAN'S ARRIVAL.

Wednesday, April 6th.—At noon we had run 230 miles under steam, and steered direct for the northern entrance to Victoria Harbour, off Labuan Island, where we dropped anchor at 2 p.m. This is the last British port before our long voyage to Australia. It is quite the funniest, most out-of-the-world place we have ever been in, just as Sarawak is the most wonderful little independent state—well managed, complete in itself, with its small army, still smaller navy, and miniature government.

Dr. and Mrs. Leys came on board in the afternoon, and later on

we landed with them, and reached a grass sward, by the side of which stand the public offices and a few shops. Some of the party walked, while others drove in various little pony-carriages. Baby and I went with Dr. Leys to see a party of Sarawak Dyaks who had just come in from the Barram River with wedges of gutta-percha, which they were offering for sale, as well as some weapons and clothing just captured. We also purchased two small rhinoceros-horns, greatly prized here for their supposed medicinal virtues, and considered to be worth their weight in gold. We succeeded likewise in getting some pairs of splendid pearl-shells, with fine golden lips and incipient pearls adhering to them; but I am obliged to admit that they are frightfully expensive. I rather think, by the way, that the Labuan treasury was at a low ebb when we were there; for I know that the question arose whether it contained enough money to meet some fifty or sixty dollar notes of ours which we had given in exchange for our purchases.

Thursday, April 7th.—
Weighed anchor at 7 a.m. Mr. Everett and Lieutenant Hamilton came on board, and soon afterwards the



BRUNEI HATS.

mail steamer arrived, with the Bishop on board. We steamed across to the mouth of the Brunei River, admiring the beautiful views on our way, especially at Coal Point, where we transferred

ourselves to the Rajah of Sarawak's steamer *Lorna Doone*, and proceeded up the river, the scenery of which is very picturesque. Brunei River has been called the Rhine of the East, and I think it deserves that name better than the town does its proud title of the Venice of the East, the sole point of resemblance in the latter case being that both cities are built upon piles.

The approach to the town of Brunei is extremely picturesque, but the place itself is not imposing. The wooden houses stand, as I have said, upon piles, and there is no means of communication between them except by boats, varying in size from house or shop boats to tiny canoes almost invisible beneath the wide-spreading hats of their occupants. The flooring of the houses is all open, and all refuse-matter falls or is thrown into the water beneath.

We anchored and sent a messenger to the Sultan to inquire when it would be convenient to him to receive us, for which purpose he appointed two o'clock. In the interval we went for a row, in quite the intensest heat I ever felt, to see something of the town and the market. The women's hats were enormous—from three to four feet in diameter. Anything more curious than the appearance of a boat-load of these ladies can scarcely be imagined. It looked just like a bunch of gigantic mushrooms which had somehow got adrift and was floating down the stream. The marketing is, of course, all done in boats; and it was interesting and amusing to watch the primitive system of changing and barter. All the young women are kept shut up in the houses, and those let out to buy and sell are indeed frightful specimens of the human race.

At two o'clock exactly we landed, or, to be more precise, climbed up a narrow ladder, the rungs of which were *very* far apart, to a wooden staging supported on piles. It was a difficult feat to perform gracefully, and the noise of a salute of nineteen guns, fired almost in our ears, did not tend to facilitate matters or make one feel more comfortable. Then we were led up to a long wooden pier, on which stood some small but beautifully ornamented cannon, of Brunei manufacture, until we came to a large room, at one end of which stood a sort of dais, like an enlarged bedstead, covered with mats. On this the Sultan—an ugly, smiling, feeble old man—shortly afterwards took his seat. He was attended by retainers bearing betel-boxes, spittoons, weapons, and all sorts of things which his Majesty might want, or fancy that he wanted. He received us affably, shaking hands with us all, and invited us to be seated, after which he ordered large wax candles to be placed in front of Tom and me, Tom's candle, how-

ever, being much the bigger of the two. This was intended as a great compliment, and if times had not been so bad and beeswax so scarce, the candles would, we were informed, have been of even greater size. We were then offered cigarettes and excellent tea, flavoured with herbs, very hot and sweet.

The sides of the room had been left open, for the sake of coolness, but the surrounding space was filled by a dense mass of human beings eager to see what was going on, so that there was



KUDAT.

not much fresh air. Conversation rather languished, for neither of the interpreters was very quick, and we had several misgivings as to the value and correctness of their translation of our pretty little speeches.

At last, after presenting the Sultan with some slight offerings and expressing our warm thanks for the kind reception accorded us, we retired, being escorted to the boat by the First Wazier and another officer of state. Having again admired the cannon, and heard the history of their manufacture, we re-embarked in our boats under a fresh salute of nineteen guns. I fear the poor town

of Brunei must have been put to great expense by the Sultan's desire to do us honour. Just as we were starting, the large candles, hastily blown out, were put into our boat, as a last and very special compliment.

We returned straight on board the *Lorna Doone*, and had scarcely arrived ere we saw a long, smartly ornamented thirty-paddle canoe emerge from among the houses near the Sultan's palace, and come swiftly towards us. It had a white flag at the stern and a green flag at the bow, and was crowded with people carrying umbrellas of all sorts, sizes, and colours, which served as insignia of the rank of their owners. Among them two very large yellow Chinese umbrellas, surrounded by three little carved galleries, were conspicuous. Two royalties, without their umbrellas, came on board the *Lorna Doone*, and were received by us in the extremely small deck-house, the remainder of the suite having to content themselves with looking through the windows and strolling about the deck. It was very puzzling to be obliged to invent fresh civilities, for we felt that our recent visit had quite exhausted our stock; but I luckily bethought me that there was some connection by marriage between the Sultans of Brunei and Johore; and the discussions of this point, which must have cost the poor interpreters much mental effort, lasted us a long time. In fact, with the exception of a short interval spent in inquiries as to our respective ages, it carried us on until it was time for our visitors to take their departure, which they did with many effusive hand-shakings, and many no doubt charming little farewell speeches.

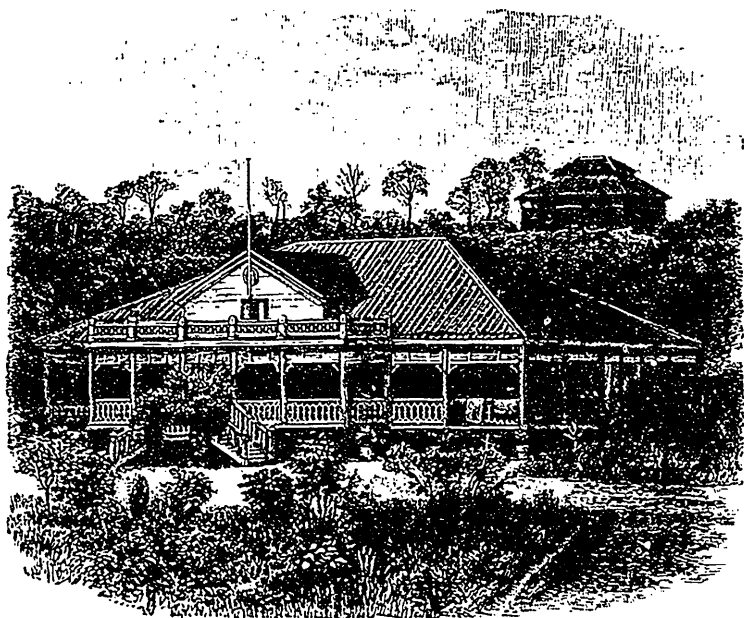
Brunei looked very pretty as we left it, in the light of the now setting sun. The *Pucknam* had already started on her return journey, and there was not much time to spare if we wanted to save the tide and the light. By five o'clock we had arrived alongside the *Sunbeam*, with quite a cargo of purchases, and soon afterwards, having said farewell to our friends and entrusted to their care a very heavy mail for England, we steamed away.

Friday, April 8th.—At 6 a.m. we opened out Ambong Bay, behind which rose Kina Balu (in English "the Chinese Widow"), 13,700 feet high, looking most beautiful through the morning mist. At 2 p.m. we reached the northernmost point of the island of Borneo, which used to be the favourite place of assembling for the large fleets of pirate prahus, formerly the terror not only of the neighbouring Straits but of much more distant seas and countries.

We landed at the usual rickety Borneo pier, took a few photographs, including one of a house on piles, and another of a long

Borneo house, in which many families live under one roof, with separate entrances for each family. Afterwards we strolled slowly on up the hill, towards the Residency. It was a pretty walk, but rather tiring this hot evening. I felt nearly exhausted myself, and was grieved to see how completely done up Tom was by what ought to have been for him very easy work.

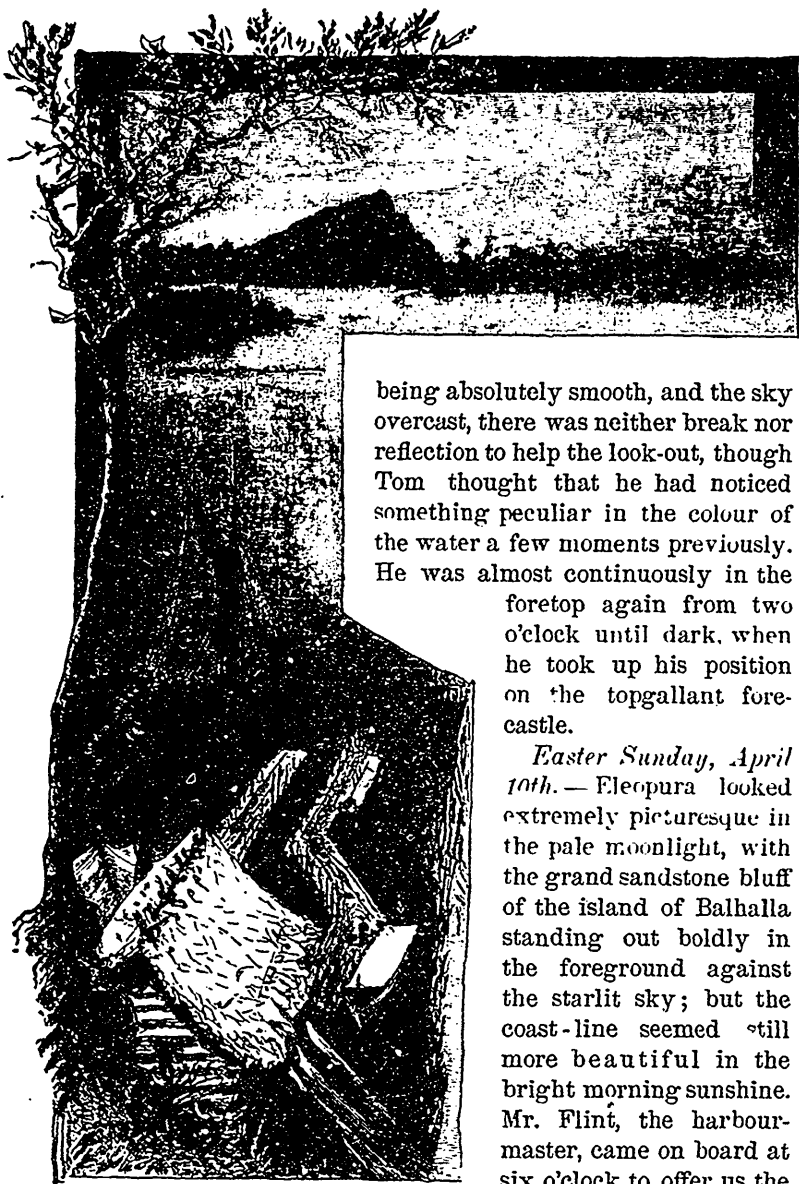
Saturday, April 9th—Tom went up on the foreyard at 6.30 a.m., and did not come down until 1.30 p.m., when we had virtually passed the most dangerous part of the coast. We sent



MR. FLINT'S BUNGALOW.

his breakfast up to him in a bucket, for he did not dare leave his post for one moment, the channel being most intricate, and the only guide the difference in colour of the coral patches. He suffered considerably from the heat of the almost vertical sun, which blistered his legs, in spite of extra protection, and made the glasses, which he had constantly to use, so hot that they burnt his hands and eyes, as they did ours when he brought them down on deck.

About 4 p.m. we touched on a coral patch, in two fathoms, not marked on the chart, which rather astonished us, and caused us to go still more slowly and carefully for some time. The sea



KAPUAN TIMBER STATION.

being absolutely smooth, and the sky overcast, there was neither break nor reflection to help the look-out, though Tom thought that he had noticed something peculiar in the colour of the water a few moments previously. He was almost continuously in the foretop again from two o'clock until dark, when he took up his position on the topgallant fore-castle.

Easter Sunday, April 10th. — Eleopura looked extremely picturesque in the pale moonlight, with the grand sandstone bluff of the island of Balhalla standing out boldly in the foreground against the starlit sky; but the coast-line seemed still more beautiful in the bright morning sunshine. Mr. Flint, the harbour-master, came on board at six o'clock to offer us the hospitality of his bungalow. We had service at

11.30, and the present Governor, Mr Teacher, and afterwards two other gentlemen, came to lunch. Later on we all landed, some of us going to the little church, where Tom read the service.

There is no resident clergyman at Sandakan, but the Governor supplies his place every Sunday, except when the Bishop happens to pay a visit to the place, as he did last week.

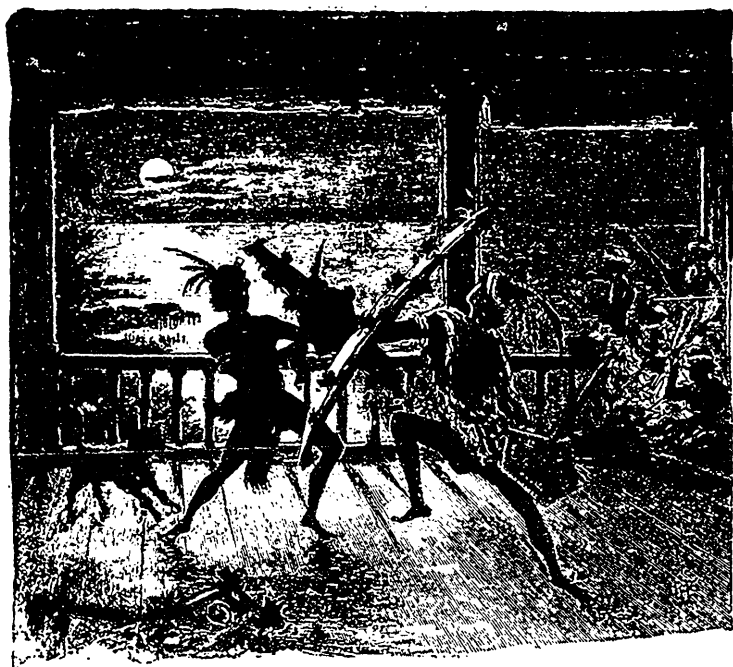
The luxury of getting on shore to large airy rooms, with deep cool verandas, and the feeling of perfect rest and repose, can only be fully appreciated after a long and anxious voyage in a hot climate on board a comparatively small ship. Our good-natured host had turned out bag and baggage, in order to make room for us, and had gone to Government House, leaving his comfortable bungalow entirely at our disposition.

Monday, April 11th.—We were all up early, anxious to make the most of our time in this pleasant spot. Tom went off for a ride with the Governor. I had been very anxious to go to the black bird's-nest caves of Gomanton, but was assured by everybody that the difficulties would be found insurmountable. A shorter expedition has been therefore proposed, and it is arranged that we shall cross the bay and look at the bilian-wood cutting. We glided through a perfect archipelago of small islands, where we saw curious houses, inhabited by Bajaus, or sea-gipsies. These huts are built on piles in the water, and round them dart the natives in their tiny canoes, throwing spears at the numerous shoals of fish. While we were sitting in the deep veranda, a steamer arrived alongside the pier, towing several rafts, which we saw unlashd and pulled to pieces in true primitive fashion, the heavy ironwood of which they are composed being simply cast into the river, as near the shore as possible, to be fished out at low tide.

None of our sportsmen turned up to dinner, at Government House, except Mr. Cook. Afterwards various dances were performed by the natives for our entertainment. In some of the war dances the men displayed much agility, and gracefulness, darting from side to side in their war cloaks of toucan's feathers, which floated out behind them with each movement. They were armed with shields, spears, and kreises. It was really a most picturesque scene, and the large open veranda of Government House, with the background of sea, sky, and distant mountains, seen in the bright moonlight, with the *Sunbeam* peacefully at anchor in the foreground, formed an appropriate setting.

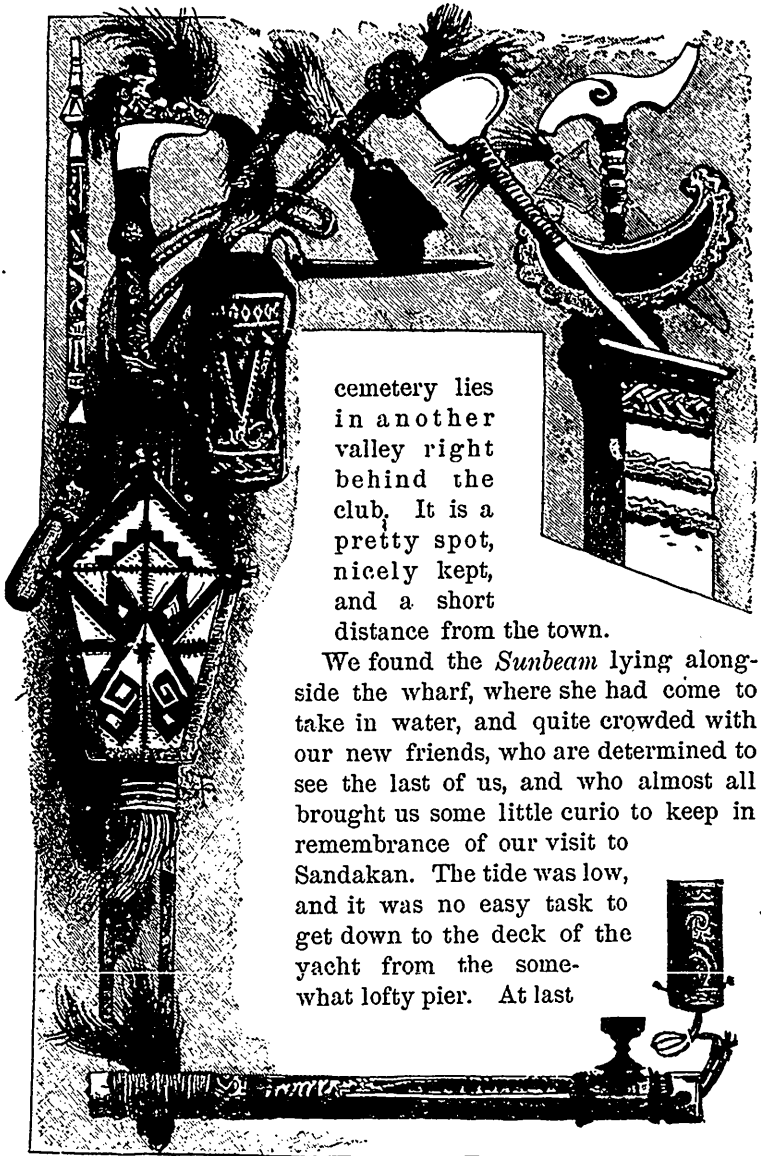
Tuesday, April 12th.—In the course of the morning we visited the town to see the bazaars and have a look at the museum. On the green in front of the Government building stands a handsome Irish cross, raised to the memory of poor Frank Hatton and other explorers who have perished in North Borneo. There was a large party to lunch at Government House, and more came in afterwards to attend my Ambulance meeting, at which the Gov-

ernor took the chair, and Tom explained the work of the society. I also ventured to say a few words, and Mr. Crocker supported the movement very cordially. Dr. Walker took the scheme up warmly. I earnestly hope that it may go on and prosper. There can be no country where it would be more likely to be of use, considering the wild sort of life the people have to lead here. I presented the new centre with a roll of anatomical drawings and a good many books and papers. I trust, therefore, that we may regard the Eleopura branch of the Ambulance Association as fairly started.



DYAK DANCE.

After the meeting, feeling very tired, I went in my chair with Mr. Wilson to the church, which is a pretty little building, and thence, a little higher up the hill, to the hospital. This appears to be an excellently well-managed institution, but is still sadly in want of a European ward, especially in view of the fact that the trade and population of the place are rapidly increasing. Ascending a few steps higher we arrived at the club, with its deep verandas and spacious windows and doors, arranged to catch every breath of air, and to command the finest views. The



cemetery lies in another valley right behind the club. It is a pretty spot, nicely kept, and a short distance from the town.

We found the *Sunbeam* lying alongside the wharf, where she had come to take in water, and quite crowded with our new friends, who are determined to see the last of us, and who almost all brought us some little curio to keep in remembrance of our visit to Sandakan. The tide was low, and it was no easy task to get down to the deck of the yacht from the somewhat lofty pier. At last

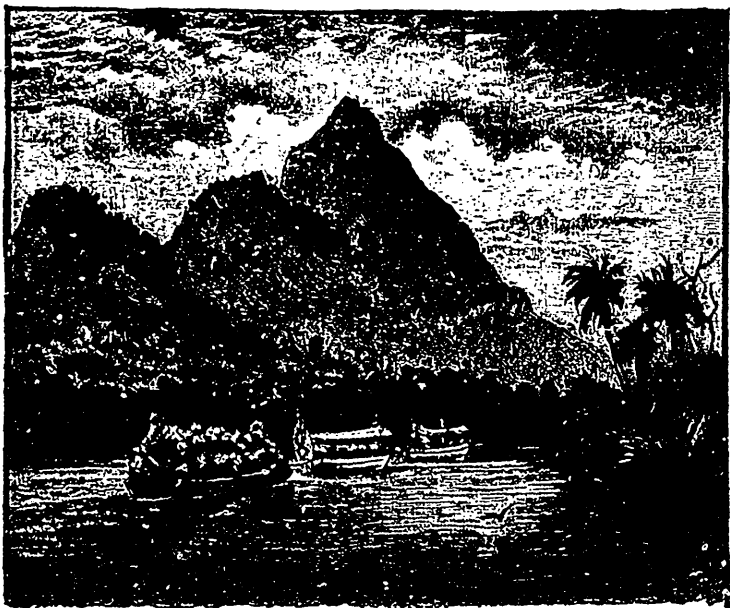
BORNEO WEAPONS.

we were safely on board, and slowly steamed away, amid a volley of ringing cheers, which we returned by sending up blue lights and flights of rockets.

The carrying capacity of the yacht was now rather severely

tested, for in addition to our own party we had Messrs. Teacher, Crocker, and Callaghan as passengers, besides some thirty Sikhs, policemen, coolies, and others, whose services would be required for the expedition to the Madai Caves.

Wednesday, April 13th.—Oppressively hot. Darvel Bay, which we reached at 6 p.m., is a most lovely spot, and in the sunset light I thought that I had never seen anything more beautiful in the world. We went ashore as soon as possible, having, however, first to climb with extended though uncertain strides up one of the dreadful wide-rung ladders which confront us at every



ENTERING RIVER MADAI.

pier. It was too dark to see much of the town, which appeared to be clean and tidy, with several well-furnished shops in the principal streets.

Thursday, April 14th.—At 3.30 a.m. I was called, and tried to dispel my drowsiness by the pleasing consciousness that an expedition to which I had long looked forward with such deep interest was about to be undertaken. An hour later we started in a long native canoe, with a crew and escort of thirty coolies, Sulus, Dyaks, and policemen. Our destination was the famous caves of edible birds' nests at Madai. The steam-launch led the way, having in tow the gig, filled with provisions of all sorts, and

materials for camping out. Then came the long prahu—also in tow—laden almost to the water's edge with her thirty passengers and their gear. The extent and weight of this little flotilla reduced our progress to a speed of about five knots. It was a perfect morning, and the air was quite calm except for the slight breeze which we created for ourselves as we progressed. Soon after seven o'clock the sun became unpleasantly hot, and we were glad to spread our awning. At eight we breakfasted extremely well, the necessary cooking being done over a small spirit-lamp, in the absence of kerosene or any of the mineral oils, the use of which is not allowed on board the *Sunbeam* or any of her satellites.

A little before nine we reached the mouth of the river. In about half an hour we reached a junction of two streams, where the steam launch had to be left behind, the prahu to lead the way, and the cutter to be paddled and punted up after us as far she could go. Birds'-nests, it may be remarked, are a profitable property, yielding a royalty of \$5,000 dollars, or over £2,500 a year, to the North Borneo Company.

From the cutter we embarked in the prahu we finally landed in a swamp, where an hour's rest was allowed for the coolies to get their food. At 10.45 a.m. we commenced the real hard work of the expedition. Every-one walked except me, and I had to be carried in a very light chair by two coolies, who were frequently relieved. It was rather serious work for the bearers—to say nothing of my feelings—for they had never carried a chair before. I scarcely know how they managed to make their way at all through the dense jungle which hemmed us in on every side. If one of the bearers suddenly plunged up to his waist in a morass, someone else instantly came forward to pull him out and to raise the chair again. When huge fallen trees obstructed the way, one or two men rushed forward to assist in lifting the chair and me over the barricade. In less than two hours I had been borne over an intricate and fatiguing path, up hill and down dale, with frequent changes but with no stoppages, until at last we fairly faced the limestone cliffs which we had seen from the distance rising straight out of the jungle.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A grand and holy creed.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

*ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION
TO HERMON.*

WE started from Nazareth at a more than usually early hour on Monday morning, so as to reach the Sea of Galilee by noon. My friend M—— and I essayed a photograph before sunrise, but were unsuccessful, and our company were already some distance along the road, as we reluctantly put up our cameras and mounted our horses for the start. Passing the Virgin's Well, we found the place full of the village women, as at sunset on the preceding day, coming and going with their huge and graceful pitchers. Turning up over the hill, in a quarter of an hour or so, we reached the highest point of the road and halted to look our last upon the scene of Our Lord's home-life. There it lay just below us in the cup-like hollow, its white houses all gleaming brightly in the newly risen sun—"Nazareth where He was brought up," the spot of all the earth chosen by the Almighty Father as the dwelling-place of His incarnate Son for thirty years of mortal life.

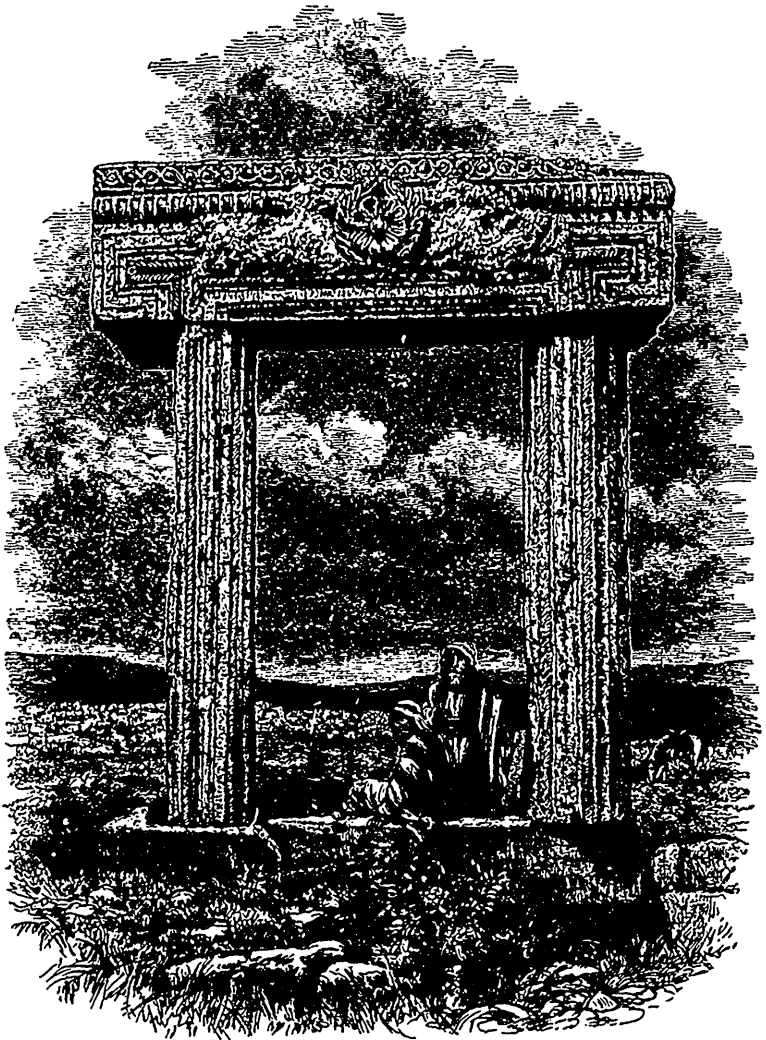
A shepherd was leading his flock along the rocky slopes close by the road, as we travelled on—a sight always interesting in the East from its many sacred associations. In about a half-hour we came to Kefr Kenna, by many supposed to be Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first miracle. There is a fountain by the roadside just outside the village where an ancient sarcophagus does duty as a water-trough, and two or three of the women were filling their pitchers as we rode past. Kefr Kenna is a village of eight hundred inhabitants, and of the usual type of Palestine villages. There is a Latin convent in the place, and of course some of the original water-pots, but we did not stay to visit the one or marvel at the other, but took our way quickly along the now rapidly descending road. There is another village some miles farther north—Kana-el-Jelil, which disputes with Kefr Kenna the honour of being the true scene where

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed,"

but which of the two places is the successor of the ancient Cana is, of course, hard to determine.

Our route now lay along a rugged table-land, with heights rising around on all sides, and then through the broad plain of

El Buttauf. The feet of Our Lord must often have traversed it, in His journeys to and fro between the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth. Here we met a long caravan of pilgrims, Russians, I



RUINS OF A SYNAGOGUE.

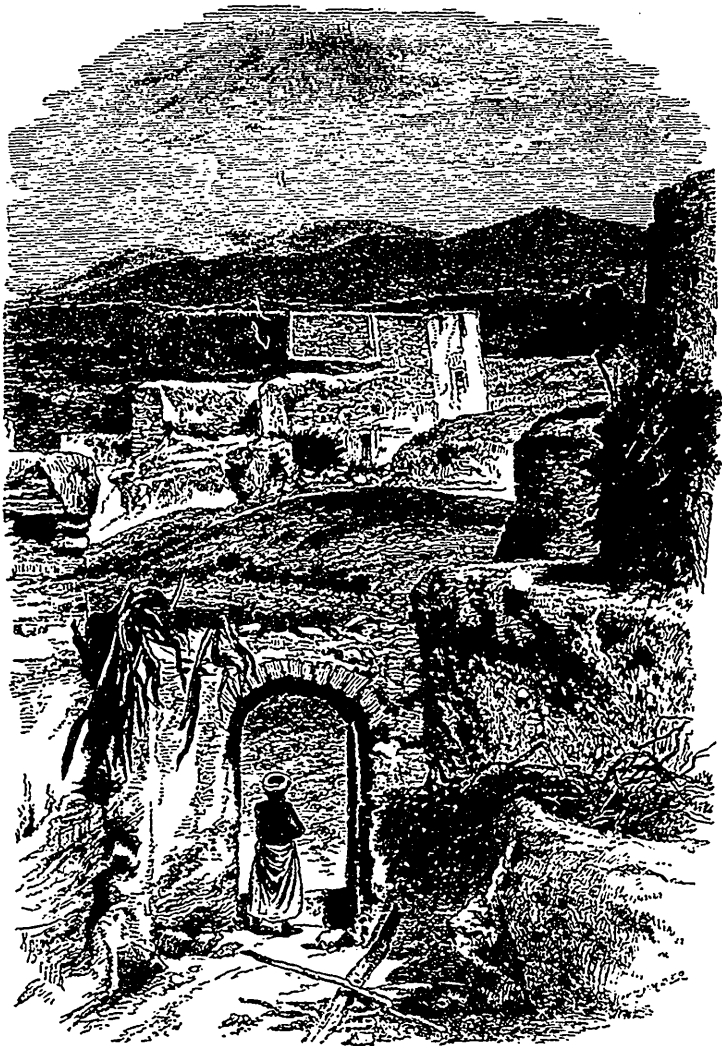
think, bound to Jerusalem for the Easter celebration. It was a strange and pathetic sight to see those scores of people of both sexes and all ages, some evidently very old, a few on horseback or on donkeys, but most on foot, travelling wearily, but cheerfully,

along the rough and tiresome road to the great goal of their religious life, and sustained through all their unspeakable hardships by a faith which, however dark and mistaken, was unquestionably sincere and strong.

At length we came in sight of the lake, away down below us in a far-off valley, and soon were descending by many a zig-zag towards its shores; embosomed in hills, and in a depression so deep that its surface is six hundred and fifty feet below that of the Mediterranean. The Sea of Galilee, apart from its sacred associations, has much natural beauty. From the table-land just above the final descent to the valley in which it lies, the traveller has a final and almost completely uninterrupted view of its whole extent, stretching immediately below him, with the town of Tiberias just beneath in the foreground, and the abrupt heights of the farther shore across the bright and sparkling waters. The double peak of the Horns of Hattin, the traditional scenes of Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, rises abruptly a little distance to its left, and its remarkable contour makes it a very striking landmark. From its position it may well have been the scene of that wonderful discourse with which it is traditionally associated, and it is certainly the scene of that disastrous and decisive victory of Saladin over the Crusaders, which, in the month of July, 1187, broke their power in the Holy Land, and led to their ultimate expulsion from its shores.

Tiberias itself, with its ancient looking wall, is as one looks down on it a most picturesque and interesting sight, though as one gets nearer and finally enters it, he finds that, as elsewhere, in the East especially, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." It is a tumble-down and dirty place, with a population of over three thousand; two-thirds of whom are Jews. Built in our Lord's life-time by Herod Antipas, it is never mentioned in the New Testament, except as giving its name to the lake. It was essentially a Roman city, and Our Lord's mission was to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and for that reason, perhaps, He never seems to have entered it, while we read of Him as frequenting many of the other towns which then bordered the Sea of Galilee. Besides, at that time, and for years thereafter no Jew would enter it without being defiled, as it had been built on the site of an ancient graveyard; though after the destruction of Jerusalem it became the headquarters of Judaism, the seat of the Sanhedrim and of a great Rabbinical school, whence issued the *Mishna* and the *Misorah*, the principal Jewish traditional works. The Maimonides sleep in its cemetery, and, according to Jewish hope, the Messiah will one day rise from the lake, gather His

people together at Tiberias, and march with them to Safed the "city set on a hill," a few miles away, where He will establish His kingdom and reign forever.



KEFR-KENNA--CANA IN GALILEE.—*From a photograph.*

After luncheon at Tiberias, close by the lake side, we got on board the boats for a row up the lake. Clumsy-looking craft they were, truly, tub-like in build, and very heavy. The sail was

useless, for there was not a breath of wind; and the sturdy Arab boatmen, tugging at the heavy oars, propelled the unwieldy craft but slowly through the water. How they worked at all is a mystery to me, for in the dead heat of the low-lying lake, with the glittering water everywhere reflecting the rays of a burning sun, it was all we could do to endure the tremendous heat, indeed, I think that but for our white helmets and light clothing we should have speedily succumbed; but they worked away, with patient and perspiring pertinacity, and we slowly moved up the lake.

What a row it was. Every rod of ground on these shores about us was sacred with memories of the Christ; we were on the very lake, quiet now, and unperturbed by a ripple, whose angry waves once heard His voice, and shrank into smoothness at His sovereign bidding. Somewhere on these surrounding hills was preached the Sermon on the Mount; somewhere upon these circling shores, the risen Lord broke bread with the fisher brothers, and challenged repentant Peter's love ere He renewed his great commission. There to the left is Mej-del—Magdala, and right across the lake, Khersa—the land of the Gergesenes. Still farther to the left, the valley of Gennesaret opens out its once fertile plain. But all is desolate. Of the fleets of boats that skimmed the waters in our Saviour's day, these two poor lumbering craft in which we sat were the only representatives. The lake teems with fish, but there are few to catch them, and the fields that slope down to the shores are unwatered and untilled. Chorazin and Bethsaida, in which His mighty works were done, Capernaum, "His own city," have passed away; their very sites are points of dispute.

We rowed first directly to the northern end of the lake, to visit Tell-Hum, the most probable site of Capernaum. There is nothing to be seen as one approaches the shore, but a small building close to the water, and all around a dreary waste of tall thistles and reeds. Landing and going in shore a little one comes upon the shattered pillars and entablatures of an ancient building, evidently a synagogue, for there is a pot of manna sculptured on some of them. There they lie overthrown and overgrown, among the rank weeds. A little farther inland are more ruins—ruins of a town. That is all; nothing standing, nothing above the crowding thistles. Capernaum, "exalted to heaven," has literally been "cast down to hell." If this be really the site of Capernaum, what scenes these shores have witnessed, what gracious words have echoed over these quiet waters. If this be really Capernaum, then this White Synagogue, as it is called, may well have been that

built by the Roman centurion, that in which our Lord spoke those wonderful words of the Bread of Life. How significant and



THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED,

touching the sculptured pot of manna if this be the case. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. This is

the bread which cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die."

From Tell-Hum our boatmen rowed us about a mile and a half up the lake to where, on the western shore, was a crescent of sandy beach, through which a small stream poured its clear waters into the lake, a little to the south of a low cliff. Here, a few minutes' walk from the beach, on a small grassy meadow our camp was pitched, and right glad we were to leave the boats and seek the shelter and refreshment it afforded. Some indulged in a bath in the waters of the lake, others engaged the Arab boatmen for a half-hour's fishing, while all rejoiced in the delicious quiet and seclusion of our camping-ground, and felt, more or less, the spell of the memories with which its scenes were associated.



TIBERIAS, AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

After dinner most of our party strolled down to the beach, and sat chatting in groups beside its waters. It was a glorious starlight night, and our minds were full of the associations of the place, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. Nazareth yesterday, and Galilee to day; was it wonderful that as we sat beneath the starry skies, with the waters of the lake rippling at our very feet, while its storied hill-sides girdled the horizon, our hearts were full of thrilling memories and our feelings sought expression in sacred song?

While we were camped at Khan Minyeh a rather startling occurrence interrupted the quiet of our camp life. In the middle of the night, one of our muleteers on guard—for our camp was

always guarded, to prevent the depredations of prowling Bedouins, fell asleep over his loaded gun, and lodged the whole charge in his arm. Well for him that the accident happened in the company of Christians, rather than with his own compatriots or co-religionists. The other Arabs would have left him to perish; they would have said: "He is finished," and stoically left him to his fate. But he fared better with us. Our young American doctor soon had him in hand, and all the private stores of medicaments in camp were freely placed at his disposal. But rest and proper dressing he could not have, and did not get until five days after, when we reached Damascus; and all that weary journey, the poor fellow, perched on the back of a donkey, fevered and sore, with thirty-two pellets of shot in his wounded arm, bore with extraordinary endurance of body, and, apparently, with great patience of spirit, the jolting and unrest of that long ride.

A curious incident occurred the morning after our arrival at Khan Minyeh. With another of the party, I was strolling on the beach, when I noticed a fish lying apparently dead, some distance from the water. There was a wound upon its back, as if it had been speared by a fisherman or seized by the talons of some large bird. As there was no sign of human beings about, the latter was probably the case. "Hallo!" said I to my friend, "I've got a fish," and seizing it by the tail, I took it to the edge of the lake. It was alive, and as we put it into the water it swam off, as though nothing were the matter. How long it had been on the shore it is difficult to say. Thus, if I did not catch a fish out of the Sea of Galilee, I certainly put one in.

The road from the lake at Khan Minyeh winds close to the base of the Horns of Hattin, and then climbs through a series of rugged defiles overgrown with rank wild mustard and a wilderness of other weeds. Descending from this hill region, it enters a plain, bounded on the left by a hilly country, and stretching away to the right, swampy and reed-grown, for many miles. In the centre of this plain is Lake Huleh, supposed to be the waters of Merom, mentioned in the Book of Joshua as the scene of that warrior's victory over the hosts of the neighbouring kings. The plain is a vast pasture-ground for herds of buffalo, and the black tents of the Bedouin herdmen dot it at frequent intervals.

Our camp was pitched at Ain Balât, close to a stream, and the neighbourhood of Hermon was shown, not only by the view which we had of it from our tents, but by the rain which fell upon them, the only rain which we encountered in all our camping out. Here, I remember, the sheikh of a neighbouring en-

campment of Bedouins was engaged to guard us—on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief—and he stalked majestically and with a vast sense of importance and authority around our camp.

An hour's journey in the morning brought us to the Hasbany, a tributary of the Jordan, which here is spanned by an old Roman bridge, whose pointed arches seem strong enough to last for centuries longer, in another half-hour we reached a mound crowned with a noble terebinth tree and embowered in thick and brilliant foliage, at the base of which a large fountain of splendidly clear water burst out from under the rocks and flowed away over the plain. The Arabs call it Tell-el-Kadi, the Hill of the Judge. It is the Laish of the Phœnicians, the Dan of Scripture, one of the proverbial limits of the land of Canaan—"From Dan to Beersheba." The fountain at its base is one of the principal sources of the Jordan, and here the famous stream gushes bright and pure from its mother earth, to become dark and turbid in its long and tumultuous windings, till it pours its rapid torrent into the sluggish depths of the Dead Sea. The fountain and stream are called by the Arabs *El Leddan*, possibly a corruption of Dan.

The view from the hill out over the fertile plain still bears out well the description given of it by the Danite spies, who made the reconnaissance which led to its capture from its original Phœnician possessors, "We have seen the land and behold it is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." The old patriarch Jacob, in his dying prophecy said of the descendants of his son Dan, "Dan is a lion's whelp, he shall leap from Bashan;" and, in the capture and colonization of this site, the prophecy was fulfilled. Here are the foot-hills of the heights of Bashan, with its famous oaks still springing from their slopes. The Danites, separated so far from the rest of their brethren, became in time loose and lawless in matters civil and religious. They stole idols from their neighbours and set up an irregular priesthood, at the very beginning of their establishment here, and their later history is on line with that inauspicious beginning.

The short journey from Dan to Baniyas is through the fairest country I saw in Palestine. We rode over green and springy turf, under the spreading branches of oak and terebinth, through glades of exquisite greenery, a perfectly park-like landscape. The terebinths were in blossom, and the fragrant white flowers almost brushed against our faces as we rode slowly up the hill-slopes of Bashan, to our camping-ground near the upper source

of the Jordan, under the southern shoulder of Hermon, and close to the site of Cæsarea Philippi.

This lovely and romantic spot, almost a Syrian Tivoli, as Dean



SEA OF GALILEE.

Stanley calls it, sheltered by the lofty heights of Hermon, here wooded to their summit, and looking out over the wide landscape of the Plain of Huleh, possesses many points of interest beside that of its exquisite beauty. In the rocky base of Hermon there is a cave, sacred to Baal in the early times of Phœnician idolatry,

and to Pan in the later days of classic paganism. There are niches cut in the living rock at its entrance with Greek inscriptions in honour of the latter deity, and to keep up the chain of superstition, there stands a *waly* or shrine to El Khudr—the Moslem St. George—on a height near by. The site may, indeed, have been the “Baal-Gad in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon,” which formed the northern limit of Joshua’s conquests, and, at an earlier date than Dan and Beersheba, gave a reckoning of the length of Canaan—“From Baal-Gad to Mount Hulak that goeth up to Seir.” Later still, it took its name from the object of Grecian worship, and became Paneum, till Herod the Great erected here a splendid temple to Cæsar, and Philip the tetrarch gave it the name of Cæsarea Philippi. The Greek name



ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

lingers, while the Roman one has gone, for the village now occupying the site is known by the Arabs as the village of Banias.

Close beneath the mouth of the cave, a fountain bursts out of a mound of earth and apparently of *débris* of buildings, and pours through the valley in a rapid stream, flashing and foaming between banks lined with tall and vividly-green poplars, and fringed with a close thicket of oleanders. This is the highest source of the Jordan, and the stream here formed, after galloping through and gladdening this lovely glen, joins some miles farther down the valley, the stream issuing from the fountain at Dan, and the two united and joined, a little farther on, by the river Hasbany, make up the tortuous and turbid torrent that tears its track through the deep defile which cleaves the land of Canaan into two divisions throughout its entire length.

High over head, on an isolated height, are the vast and ro-

mantic ruins of a mediæval castle—the castle of Banius, *Khulates-Inbeibeh*, as the Arabs call it, and, in the midst of the modern village, stands the citadel, ruinous, indeed, but mighty in decay, for its quadrangle is four acres in extent, and on two sides its massive walls are still in places ten to twenty feet high. The village itself is small; there are about forty houses, some of them with bits of fine old buildings built into their rough walls, and all of them with quaint square arbours of branches built upon their flat roofs—the sleeping apartments of their inhabitants during the summer, with its invading and ruthless hosts of scorpions, fleas, and other hominivorous vermin.



THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE JORDAN.

But it is not from associations of ancient or classic character that the place derives its chief interest. Somewhere hereabouts—in “the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi”—it may be close to the rock on which the Temple of Augustus stood, and from under which the Jordan issues—the Saviour asked His disciples, “Who say men that I the Son of Man am?” And then in answer to His further and closer question, “Whom say ye that I am?” Peter made his grand confession of faith, “Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God,” and received the glorious answer, embodying at once the spirituality of true faith and the permanence of the Church established upon such a basis. Here also, somewhere, it may well have been on one of these wooded slopes, which form

the southern range of Hermon, was that "high mountain," to which He led His three disciples, Peter and James and John, when He was transfigured before them, and communing with the representatives of the Law and the Prophets—Moses and Elijah—"spake of His decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem;" and then, as the cloud enwrapped the awed onlookers, they heard the attestation of Jehovah to the person and office of their Master: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him."

Here, too, in this farthest limit of His travel and teaching, was the final turning-point of His earthly ministry, and by the same paths which we have trodden He went back to the sublime self-sacrifice of the cross. "And it came to pass, when the time was come that He should be received up, He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

And here, too, my gentle reader, we part company for awhile. We have traversed together in thought and study the paths trodden by the feet of the Incarnate Son of God; we have gone through the Holy Land—the Land of Possession—from its most famous city to its farthest northern bound. We have seen desolation and ruin where once the land laughed with luxuriant harvests, and where lordly cities with teeming inhabitants, occupied sites whose very position, so utterly have they disappeared, is now a matter of debate. The deadly upas-tree of Turkish domination spreads its poisonous shadow over these fair lands. His once favoured people are gone, scattered without national life throughout the world, and the land cursed for their sake groans still beneath the visible displeasure of the Almighty. Yet, who shall say what may be in the future? Let the "sick man of Europe" die; let his wretched travesty of government cease; let the foul oppression, which grinds the faces of the poor, be done away; let life and property become safe, and agriculture and trade be fostered and encouraged; and, once again, this land would flow with milk and honey. With the blight of Moslem rule removed; with the protectorate of a Christian power established; with wise laws equitably administered, and avenues of trade wisely opened up; with the appliances of modern agriculture introduced, and the comforts and cleanlinesses of civilized life made general, a marvellous change would come over this down-trodden country. "The wilderness and the solitary place would be glad for them, and the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose." And what sympathetic heart is there that does not utter the prayer, God speed the day.

WITH THE WEST CENTRAL MISSION.*

SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

BY H. E. T.



THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES PREACHING.

To the Christian worker, Sunday is like the month of August to the agriculturist, the great fruit-bearing time. I will therefore give some Sunday experiences. Hurrying down the new Shaftesbury Avenue one afternoon, a procession of thirty men turned out of a side street, singing: "Jesus is our Captain!" one of them distributing bills *en route*. It made a bit of commotion, especially in Piccadilly Circus; and so I asked a policeman, whom I saw looking after them, who they were. "Church Army, I should say, sir;" and, thanking him, I hurried after the procession. "Can you tell me who those people are?" I asked a watch-

* Abridged from the *Christian Miscellany*.

man at one of the new theatres rising in the street. "Church Army," was his reply. A second policeman informed me: "They belonged to Price Hughes:" and a third said: "They call themselves the Wesleyan Mission of St. James' Hall;" and the fact was proved by their turning sharp out of the road into the Piccadilly entrance, leaving two brethren at the doors giving out invitations. Up the fine marble staircase, with the haze of stained-glass and the soft tread of draperies, we enter the hall, now nearly full of people. As the brass band ceased playing, Mr. Hughes, followed by the sisters, came on the platform, prayed a moment, and then gave out a hymn from the Mission hymn-book, which went splendidly to the stirring accompaniment of the band. But if this was an innovation, the address of the preacher was more startling. He spoke on the subject of wealth; but as I had just been reading Wesley's sermon on the subject, I was quite prepared for him quoting and enforcing its remarkable teachings.

At the close of the meeting I was speaking to a steward who was picking up hymn-books, when he said to me: "Come to tea at Wardour Hall." Of course my modesty forbade my intruding on the company, but I finally started with him. Instead of the select company of a dozen young men workers which I expected to see, I was introduced to a school-room full of people of all sorts and ages, and soon made at home at Mr. Nix's right hand. Now, thought I, I'll test the work of the Mission on my neighbour. He was a small, poor man, and said he was converted in the Hall some months ago. "Well, you see, Sir, I hadn't anything particular to do, and was out for a walk down here on Tuesday, and saw all this going on, and went inside, and Mr. Nix came up and asked me to sign the pledge, which I did. Next Sunday I came in again and got saved that night." "How is it you come such a long way as to have to stay for tea here?" "Well, you see, there isn't anything like this up where I live; they're all so stiff and respectable there, nothing comfortable and easy, and all-at-home-like, like this." "Then you've joined Mr. Nix's class, help in the open-air, and attend the services above?" "Yes, Sir, that's it."

The quick tea over, we assemble in a long double lane for a half-hour prayer-meeting before going outside. How they did crowd the prayers into that short half-hour! No wonder Mr. Nix said, that some people had told him they "couldn't pray at Wardour Hall, for the brethren didn't give them a chance, but started two or three together." At last, in response to the request that any one who had not prayed before would now do so, a young man prayed that he might be kept from falling away the fourth time, and thanked "the dear Father" that he had been recovered three times; and a faltering sister prayed for her sick mother.

My friend again took charge of me, and we joined the procession which Mr. Nix ordered to "fall in four deep;" and, headed by a transparency, and over eighty strong, with a host of followers, we tramped through the Soho slush until, outside a public-house, we "formed ring" at command, and down went the harmonium, up went the large lamp, out came the cornet, and on to the low stool went Mr. Nix, and made a tremendous attack on the public-house and the devil. Then nearly a dozen men and women bore testimony to the power of Christ to save them. One fine man Mr. Nix called attention to, by saying: "There, look at him, isn't he quite smart now?" "But," said the man, as he



MR. NIX CONDUCTING AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE.

mounted the stool, "you all know me, and how I used to go into that pub; the landlord knows me; and when he had made me drunk turned me out. He'll never turn me out again. I've left for good. You all know me; I live in that street, and to-morrow morning I come out round that pub at four o'clock and back again at night. I bless the Lord for a new heart!"

"We must be going now," said my friend the steward. Within the hall he found me a seat right in front. It was, indeed, a wonderful audience, and the large orchestral band seems a credit to the Society and to Mr. Mills, who has worked so splendidly in organizing it. The service it renders in the preliminary music and in leading the hymns is invaluable. The sermon, on the Judgment, was impressive and powerful, as indeed one would expect from a man who feels like Mr. Hughes, and a large num-

ber went into the inquiry-rooms during the after-meeting, to which the band does not stay, the singing being led by a sister who plays the harmonium.

But I wanted to see Mr. Nix's Sunday afternoon class, and so resolved to accept his very kind invitation to dinner, and make a day of it with the Mission some other Sunday. I found a very large audience at Mr. Pearse's eleven o'clock service when I got in, hot and breathless; but I didn't wonder at his popularity with the workers when I heard him there. Said a military-looking



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

man to me in the afternoon, who rather took me under his charge: "I call Mr. Pearse the preacher, and Mr. Hughes the teacher. When I want my heart warmed and moved I go to the Sunday-morning service; for duty I go to the afternoon; and for history I go to hear Archde con Farrar." Behind the beloved man, who, as one of the audience suggested, is probably the most popular preacher in London to-day, sat the choir of thirty little girls dressed in uniform hats and capes of gray, and led by Mr. Mills at the harmonium. At his side sat his wife and some of the sisters, with the Rev. Dr. Lunn, assistant-missioner. We had "a

real good time" as Mr. Pearse talked to us of the cruel devil, and of One who would deliver us from his power. When my host had done shaking hands with the people, I got him to put me in charge of his lieutenant, and 'off we went to Fitzroy Square. "Allo! Mr. Piper," said the children as we passed, and my companion said he thought every man, woman and child within half a mile knew him.

As we slackened pace I heard the roll of a hymn by men's voices, and recognized: "Now I know what makes me happy!" and was asking: "How do the neighbours like this?" when it occurred to me that there could not be much time for singing as the young men gave all their evenings and Sundays to the work. Four were away missioning at Reading, but the thirteen present were a happy and intelligent company. Mr. and Mrs. Nix presided splendidly, and the Christian merriment kept up all the time was just what one would expect from a lot of young fellows whose hearts were light, and stomachs in good order. One of my host's tales deserves to be recorded: "Listen boys!" He was at a meeting up north when those who were saved were invited to stand up, and as the young man next to him sat still, he asked him how that was, and after a bit of talk promised to write to him. Recently one of the brethren asked him if he knew certain writing he showed him, and behold it was his own, and the cause of the young man's conversion, and his dedication to the Mission, and residence in the house.

After dinner Mr. Nix showed me and two other friends over the house, and told how he acquired it. Rent is so high in Soho, that they were compelled to look farther out, and when they found this house it had been let for years at one hundred and eighty pounds a year. The owner spent one thousand pounds on it, and then Mr. Nix presented himself with an offer of one hundred and thirty pounds. Of course the agent flatly declined; but the Methodist said he must see the landlord, and found him to be one of the richest Jews. Mr. Nix told his tale, and the Jew said: "I like your scheme, but you know I'm a Jew, and that means getting as much for it as I can; but, because I like your idea, I'll take one hundred and thirty-five pounds;" and then he wrote a cheque for five pounds towards the Mission; and a few weeks more saw them out of Lincoln House, which was required for other uses, and comfortably ensconced in the new Wiclif House. Two floors are fitted up with twenty-one little cubicals, making small but comfortable bedrooms for as many Methodist young men who are prepared, out of business hours, to devote themselves to the Lord's work. In a little back room, his study, Mr. Nix

showed us his lantern-slides for his Sunday-evening Gospel lectures; and then bade us put on our coats and go with him to his class. I have attended one of the best classes in our Society, and have had a little experience outside; but I never was present or even heard of such a class as this. There were said to be one hundred and fifty present. All stiffness was sweetly absent, but reverence was seen even through the bits of fun. The first man who spoke, a Swede by birth, had lately had it on his heart to do some more work for his Saviour; and so last week had been conducting a Mission. An unbelieving brother said it would be a failure; and when, on the first night, only a little girl gave her heart to the Saviour, he said: "There! didn't I tell you how it would be?" But the next night the child brought her mother, and the mother brought the father, and they had a glorious time. In a moment up rose a tall man in the back, who said that he had had a visit from a "captain" that week. Mr. Nix ejaculated; "And it did the 'captain' good I know." "Yes, and it did me good also!" and he went on to tell us that he was very anxious for the welfare of the young people in his house, and many of them now came to the services, but none to the class at present. What can the "captain" have to do with this? I thought. But the leader now explained that certain members were appointed to visit absent members, and were then called *captains*. "And we should now like to hear 'captain' S——, who had visited this last brother." The 'captain' rose blushing, and explained that he was, by this time, quite used to visiting coachmen, poor lodgers, and such like, but the name of the brother on the card half-staggered him. He now had the joy of seeing him there. He was pleased to be able to do such work, though he did not glory in it, "that the dear Lord knows;" and his voice trembled as he added: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ!" The leader explained again that this brother used to be "quite a swell;" and, as he had said, a few years ago such work was far from his thoughts; yet now he was to be found, the starch taken out of him, in the soup-kitchen with a cook's hat and apron on. Up jumped a brother who used to be a prize-fighter. Four or five more spoke in much the same style; we sang another hymn, and then some went to the hall, others to an open-air service, and some stayed.

Mr. Hughes spoke that afternoon; and then, before the tea in Wardour Hall, he was walking round in a bishoply way, with his quick eye seeing all and every one, when I introduced myself to him. He at once took me up to Mr. Nix, and asked him at the close of tea to send me round to Lincoln House, when he would show me over the building. Before six o'clock I rang loudly, and

again, at the door of the house. So evil, they say, was its character a few years ago, that a modest man dare not hear its dark tales; but what hath God wrought! Now one of the "Sisters of the People" opens the door fearlessly, and takes me up to Mr. Hughes, who, with Mr. Mills, is arranging the hymns to be sung that night. This settled, he takes me over the house from top to cellar; shows me the large room where Mr. Nix has his class, and Mr. Mills his choir and band practices; the little sleeping-rooms for young and friendless women out of situations; the old studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the roof, now a crèche; offices and class-rooms; and a basement containing a girl's club-rooms, the dispensary for the trained nurse, Sister Cecilia; and, as we return, a peep into the night kitchen, where the neat servant looks after the wants of the two sisters in charge. In the hall, Mr. Mills waits to accompany me to St. James', to be in time to conduct his band in the preliminary concert.

But suppose after tea we stay 'one evening for the service at Wardour Hall. At the open-air service this night the publican does not throw water upon us, but merely turns out his big lamp. On our return march we pass through a little company of Socialists in Broad Street, whose meeting is rather spoilt by us for a minute; and the sleet having driven us in rather early, the "lieutenant" announces that we will sing a few hymns. The place is an old-fashioned square chapel, with galleries, probably seating five hundred or six hundred, and only altered by having chairs instead of pews, and raised orchestra built round the pulpit. This was filled by Mr. Green's choir of little girls and other singers, and the front row was occupied by detachments of the brethren and sisters. The brother told us one or two good tales: one of how he was bill-distributing in a public house, when the landlord advised them, since they were no good to him, to go out; and on his replying that he was not annoying the customers, he proposed to put him out. At this a woman put down her pot, saying: "Well, if that's how yer talk to him, *I'm* going to clear out." She was followed by another woman and her husband, who said they should not soon visit the place after that. "Praise the Lord! that's how He cares for us!"

We had a lively service, there being a small string band as well as the harmonium and choir, and a powerful address on "Jesus, who He was; what He is; and what He will be." At the close we looked into the inquiry-rooms, and found that they had the names of seven men and six women. Amongst them was the servant of the publican who turned his light out, and we learned that his house-keeper was in distress about her soul.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

A NEWFOUNDLAND CHARACTER-SKETCH.

BY A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MINE FROM WHICH THE DIAMOND COMES.

IN one of the great bays which so deeply indent the surf-beaten coasts of "Old England's oldest colony," a long straight stretch of shore, unbroken by any harbour, presents its front to the Atlantic waves. Standing on the top of one of the cliffs, which in many places rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, you can look away towards the north-east, over miles of heaving billows to where sky and waters seem to blend into one; while, farther south, the blue line of hills on the other side of the bay bounds your vision, as, too oft, the "things of time and sense" come between us and the infinite, the eternal. Stand on those cliffs when you will, there is an ever-varying grandeur in the scene before you; whether it be on the tranquil summer evening, when the myriad wavelets of that vast expanse of sea sparkle beneath the rays of the setting sun, and the far-off cliffs are gorgeous in gold and purple; or, in the fierce autumnal gales, when the great green walls of water, the "waves of the mighty Atlantic," roar, and thunder, and dash themselves upon the rocks. On that wild coast you are pursued by the idea of vastness—immensity, infinitude, eternity—of change and yet unchangeableness of Almighty power.

Along these miles of shore, as I said, harbours there are none; but smaller inlets, known as coves, abound, and around most of them the hardy toilers of the sea have built their houses and enclosed their plots of land. Five of these hamlets, taking in about seven miles of the coast, form the important Methodist circuit of Birchy Head. They are ordinary fishing villages, very irregularly built; consisting principally of low white-washed wooden houses, with numerous porches and "linnies," built, certainly, with more regard to convenience than beauty, and each standing in its own little garden-patch. Scattered among the houses are various stores, stages, and fish-drying "flakes," which give unmistakable evidence of the occupation of the inhabitants to the senses both of sight and smell. Amidst these humble erections the school-house, in most places the only public building,

can plainly be distinguished; and through each hamlet runs a sparkling noisy brook, on its way to join the great sea.

The village of Birchy Head, from which the circuit takes its name, is the most central of the five; and here stands the Methodist church, one of the largest in the island. Near it is the parsonage, easily distinguished from the surrounding dwellings by its greater height, and the general appearance of design in its erection; and within the walls of which, for years back, successive pastors have prayed and studied, and thought and planned. Beside the indispensable school-house, Birchy Head can further boast a Temperance Hall, the scene of many a pleasant gathering, and a post-office, to which comes the tri-weekly mail from the outside world.

A good road connects the five coves, and the inhabitants are bound together by the strong ties of church-fellowship; for nearly all are Methodist in name, if not in reality, and are proud of the Church to which they belong. Their Methodism has been handed down from sire to son since the days of Coughlan and Geary, who walked over these cliffs, and preached in these coves; and it has become as much a part of their inheritance as the land they till, or the houses they inhabit. And if they are proud of their Church, no reason has their Church to be ashamed of them. A rough, rugged race of men are those sons of the sea; exposure to wind and wave has bronzed their faces, and the struggle for daily bread has bent their forms and furrowed their brows; yet under many a fisherman's guernsey beats a heart as true to God and humanity as ever throbbed beneath broadcloth or tweed.

"Diamond in the rough"—ah, yes!—but diamonds of the first water, notwithstanding!

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE DIAMOND FIRST FLASHED ITS RAYS ON THE MINISTER.

A Sabbath morning in July, but no July sunbeams; instead, rain falling in a steady down-pour, leaden sky, and mist-clad hills; the white crests of the waves forming the only relief to the gray gloom of the landscape. There is an unusual stir in the village of Birchy Head and its neighbouring coves; for during the week a new minister has come to the Parsonage, and all are anxious to see and hear the man who is to be their pastor for the next three years. And when the flag on the tall flag-staff beside the church is lowered half mast, in token that the hour of morning

service is approaching, in spite of the rain, a goodly congregation make their way to the house of God.

The hearts of the minister and his wife are sad, as they wend their way along the road, and up the lane which leads to the church. The past week has been a hard one to them. The uprooting of the old friendships, the severance of the ties that have bound them to the people among whom, for the last three years, they have lived and laboured; the worry and care consequent upon the packing and the unpacking of the "household gods" which, in this country of unfurnished parsonages, every minister has to carry about with him, the fatigue of the journey, and the feeling of being among strangers, all combine to depress their spirits, and the mournful music of the falling rain-drops seems to suit their mood. But once within the sanctuary, after a few moments of the painful consciousness of being the observed of all the observers, the desponding mood changes to one of faith and hope; and they look around upon the faces of those who are now to be their people, with the prayer that their coming among them may indeed be with "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." The service proceeds, the hymns of praise are sung, the prayers offered, the Word read and expounded, the benediction pronounced, and the people disperse, the good seed sown once more in the hearts by the hands of a new sower.

All do not go at once, however, and when the minister and his wife come down the aisle, after various handshakes and words of welcome, they find a little group waiting for them in the spacious porch. Most of them are men past the prime of life, the veteran Methodists of Birchy Head Circuit, who have done duty as class-leaders, prayer-leaders, and local preachers for many a year, and they, too, press forward to grasp the hand of their pastor, and to bid him welcome to his new sphere of toil. One among them, a tall, stalwart man, with somewhat awkward gait, and the face rugged as the cliffs against which beats yonder sea, with many a line of care on the broad forehead, plainly telling of hard struggle for daily bread, keen, kindly gray eyes looking out from under beetling brows, and hair and beard thickly streaked with silver, draws your attention. His personality impresses you strongly at once; and you are attracted to him in spite of the rusty broadcloth suit, and venerable, much-battered beaver hat which form his Sunday costume. There is power in every line of that rugged face; there is truth in every glance of those keen gray eyes. As he grips the minister's hand, and utters his hearty "Welcome to Birchy Head, sir, and may God bless 'ee," the earnestness and sincerity of the man touch answering chords in the other's heart;

and from that day till the day of his departure from Birchy Head, Uncle Billy, as he was popularly called, was one of the minister's most trusted friends and fellow-labourers.

There are diamonds and diamonds! Some are polished and chiseled by the lapidary till they shine with tenfold lustre; others are left in their native rudeness and shapelessness, but are diamonds still, and the rough exterior cannot conceal their sparkling.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

CHAPTER III.

THE DIAMOND ILLUMINATES THE PRAYER-MEETING.

A few weeks after the coming¹ of the Rev. John Duncan to Birchy Head there was a prayer-meeting after the Sabbath evening service. Not that this was an unusual occurrence, for among Newfoundland Methodists the Sunday night prayer-meeting is as the key-stone to the arch of the religious privileges which they have enjoyed during the day. Then the nails, driven during the other services, are clinched by earnest, personal appeal; half-formed, vague aspirations are turned into firm resolves; and that omnipotent weapon, All-Prayer, is used with wonderful advantage, against the wily hosts of darkness. Many a heart has gained strength for hours of conflict, many a burden has been cast upon the great Burden-Bearer, and many a load of sin removed from guilty consciences, during this most sacred hour of the holy day.

On this particular night, then, there was a prayer-meeting. A lovely night it was, calm and peaceful, with scarcely a sound to break the Sabbath stillness save the splashing of the waves upon the shore. There had been an earnest sermon; the Word had gone home with power to many hearts; and quite a number of the congregation remained to ask God's blessing on the services of the day. A hymn of heartfelt praise was sung, and two of the old patriarchs of the church led in prayer. Another hymn; and again every head was bowed, and a solemn awe rested upon the whole assembly. For a few seconds no one spoke; but presently Uncle Billy's voice broke the silence.

"Blessed Lord," he said, "Thou art here! Yes, praise Thy name, we know Thou art here! We feels Thee in our hearts! Thou art speakin' to us now. We hear Thy voice; oh, may we do Thy will! Thou art drawin' us to Thyself, Lord; Thou dost want

us to come closer an' closer to Thee—right up into Thy arms, Thy everlastin' arms of love! And, Lord, some of us are yieldin' to the drawin'! We are openin' our hearts to let Thee in! Come in, Lord! Come in now, while we are waitin' here! Come in, an' make us all new creeturs in Christ Jesus! Come in, and give us poor weak sinful mortals the power to live new lives! Come in, Lord Jesus, come in!

“Send the power of the Spirit upon us now! Baptize afresh with fire from above. Lord, send it now, *now*, while we waits before Thee, in Thy house, on Thy own day; Lord send it *now*! Thou wilt send it, Lord, we believe it! We are waitin' for it! we know it is comin'! Thou wilt do it, Lord, accordin' to Thy gracious Word! We wait before Thee for the promised gift.

“An' Thou art comin', Thou are here! I feels Thee in my soul! Let all feel Thee now! Touch every heart in this house; set every soul on fire! Save precious souls to-night, Lord. Do it now, Lord! do it now, for Thy name's sake! Amen! Amen!”

Only a fisherman in rusty broadcloth, uttering the desires of his soul in simple and somewhat ungrammatical language. Yes, that was all; but Pentecost repeats itself often; and now, as then, the prayers of “unlearned and ignorant men” find their way to the ear of the Most High. Earnest, humble, believing prayer prevailed; upon minister and people came that night in rich measure the “power from on high;” and as they went home beneath the quiet stars, how many silent covenants were made with God, eternity alone will reveal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DIAMOND SPARKLES IN THE PARSONAGE.

The brief Newfoundland summer was over, and the keen blasts of autumn were beginning to herald the approach of winter. Many of the people who had been away at the Labrador fisheries during the summer had got safely home; and scarcely a day passed now but some white-winged schooner ran into one of the coves, and discharged her living freight. Among the earliest arrivals had been Uncle Billy's son, Watson, now the mainstay of the family; for advancing years had unfitted his father to endure the hardship and exposure of the Labrador voyage, and the old man had to be content to earn what he could by fishing along the shore. This summer had been a prosperous one to Watson; both codfish and herring had been abundant at the White Bear Islands,

off which he had been fishing; and he had managed to secure a goodly share of the harvest of the sea. As I said, he had reached home rather early in the fall, and on the day on which I write, he had just returned from St. John's, where he had gone to "settle up his account" with the merchant who had supplied him in the spring, and to purchase provisions and other necessaries for the winter.

"Watson, boy," said his father, as they sat at the table on which was spread the bountiful repast with which Watson's mother deemed it necessary to celebrate her son's return home; "Watson, boy, what are you goin' to 'low the parson this fall? 'cause now you're home, an' got settled up, I thought as how I'd go over to-night an' pay 'en his practice. The Lord's debts oughter be paid, so well as anybody else's!"

Watson, who was a broad-shouldered young fellow of about five-and-twenty, rather about the average height, and as unlike his father in face as he could well be, considered for a few minutes before reply; and then said, doubtfully, "Well, considerin' all things, s'pose I gives 'en a dollar and a half this year, as times is pretty fairish!"*

"Well, now, Watson Abbot, I did think yer heart were summat bigger than that," said the father. "Last year ye gave the pastor a dollar, and this year when yer got three times so much fish, ye're only goin' to give 'en a dollar and a half! 'Let every man give accordin' as the Lord hath prospered him,' the Bible says; an' accordin' to that ye oughter to give three dollars. Anyhow, s'pose we says we'll give five dollars atween us; I think's that's the least we can do."

"What do you say, mother?" said Watson, turning toward the third member of the family party, who had hitherto been silent. A little, brisk, bright, cheery woman was this mother of Watson's, not given to many words, but rather to quiet deeds of kindness; and as useful in her way as was her husband in his. She looked up with a smile as her son asked his question, and answered promptly:

"Your father's right, Watson; I thinks he most always is! An' there's one thing sure, ye can't never give too much to the Lord an' His work!"

So the matter was settled; and, when tea was over, Uncle Billy "got himself to rights," as he phrased it, and set out for the parsonage with his five dollars in his pocket. It was a glorious moonlight night; and as he walked briskly along over the road

*The custom in Birchy Head Circuit is for each married man to pay the minister two dollars, and each young man one dollar.

which led from his home to the parsonage, and looked out over the glistening expanse of ocean, the gladness of his heart at times found vent in the words of the good old Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" It was rather more than a mile and a half from Benson's Cove, where Uncle Billy lived, to the minister's dwelling; but the old man was still strong and active, and in a very short time he stood at the parsonage door.

"Good evenin', my dear," said he to the servant who opened the door in response to his knock, "Is the precious man home?" With a smile at the somewhat unusual appellation by which Uncle Billy had called her master, the damsel replied in the affirmative; and in a moment the old man was ushered into the little parlour where the minister's family were assembled.

Mr. Duncan rose to greet his old friend, and Uncle Billy, grasping the proffered hand between both his own toil-worn ones, held it as if he would never let it go.

"My precious man," he said, "how be 'ee to-day? My heart fair warms to 'ee every time I sees 'ee. It does me good in my soul to ketch a glimps' o' the servant o' the Lord! How be 'ee, too, Mrs. Duncan, ma'am? p'raps ye finds them nor'-easters as we bin a-havin' rather tryin'?" and, as he spoke, he smiled lovingly at the baby-girl who was laughing and cooing in her mother's arms; and, diving into his capacious pockets, brought out a pack of peppermint lozenges, which he put into the tiny dimpled hands. Then with sundry nods to the other children, he took the chair which the minister had offered him, and introduced his errand.

"I come over to pay ye yer practice, sir," said he. "Watson, he come home to-day from St. John's in the *Thomas Martin*, and as he was settled up with his merchant, I 'lowed I'd come and settle up with the Lord right to once. There's twenty-five shillings fur 'ee, sir—fifteen shillings fur myself, and ten fur Watson. The Lord give 'en a good viyage this summer, so we considered it no more than our bounden duty to give a little more to Him than us did last year."

"Thank you, Uncle William," said the minister, as the old man handed him the money, and he took out his pocket-book to make a note of the names and amounts.

"'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' you know."

"Bless yer, my dear one, I bin a-thinkin' o' that to-night comin' over; an' I bin a thinkin', too, of all He's given me, an' o' the little I gives Him." Why, my precions man, the hymn says:

"Were the whole realm o' nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

An' 'tis hard ef I couldn't give a few shillin's without grumblin'."

There was a pause, broken presently by the minister's wife, who asked, "How is your wife, Uncle William?"

"My 'Lizabeth, ma'am? Oh, sh'm smart, thank 'ee! She bin kind o' busy lately fixin' up Watson's clothes after the summer. Would ye let me see that paper, sir?"—this last to Mr. Duncan. "Is this what they calls the *Wesleyan*?"

"Yes. Don't you see the name there, Uncle William."

"My precious man, I can't read!"

"Can't read!" said the minister. "Why, you have a hymn-book in church, and I see you singing."

"Yes, sir, so ye does. I can read some o' the hymns I knows, but that's all. When I was a boy, I was like manys more; I liked playin' better than learnin'; an' 'stead o' goin' to school when my mother sent me, I'd mooch, an' go down under the flakes pitchin' buttons, or jiggin' tomcods over the rocks. Sorry enough I'd be fur it to-day, but I was a shockin' bad boy in them times. An' when I growed up to be a young man, my dear man, there couldn't be no wickeder. Not a hand among all the chaps in the cove could beat me at cursin' an' swearin' an' drinkin' an' fightin'."

"And what changed you, Uncle William?" asked Mr. Duncan. "You've been a Christian a good many years now."

"Yes, my precious man, it'll be thirty-five year ago come the 25th o' next March that I were converted. 'T warn't in a prayer-meeting, sir, nor any place o' that sort, but floatin' about on the ocean, clingin' on to a spar. Would ye like to hear the story, sir? 'Tain't a long one.

"I went to the ice that spring in the *Mary*, as fine a brig as ever sailed out o' Harbour Grace. Captain Whelan were skipper o' her, and he was a great man fur soiles (seals). We come across a big spot o' young harps off Bonavest' Bay; an' killed our load, an' got 'em on board in a mighty short time. We had to wait some days afore we could get clear o' the jam; but on the 25th, the ice slacked, an' we bore up for home in great sperits. When night come on, a good rattlin' breeze sprung up from the nor'-west, an' we was a-comin' along afore it pretty smart. 'Twas a terrible dark night, awful thick an' foggy; but we got a good ways out from land, an' we didn't dream o' no danger. All of a sudden there comes an awful crash, an' out o' the fog a great white mass looms up afore us. We had run on an island-o'-ice! Before we had time to think, she swung clear with an awful lurch, an' we heard the water rushin' into her hold like mad. We was so heavy loaded that we knowed she couldn't float many minutes. Every man was on deck in no time, an' the boats was

lowered fur dear life. But, my dear man, they couldn't take all, an' I was one that was left behind. I knowed ef I stayed on board, I'd go down with the swirl when she sunk, so I jumped into the water, an' the other fellers after me. In two or three minutes down she went; an' here we were, sir, swimmin' about in the water on that dark night, miles away from land. A spar floated past me, an' I clutched it, an' there, sir, I floated fur two mortal hours. Talk about hell, sir! that was hell to me. Every oath I ever swore, every lie I ever told, every bad thing I ever did, seemed to dance afore me eyes, an' ring in my ears. I thought sure I was goin' to be drowned; an' I knowed, if I were, that all them sins o' mine 'ud sink me deeper into hell than that load o' soiles sunk the *Mary* to the bottom o' the sea. But I minded a text my mother teached me when I was a youngster, 'bout 'him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out'; an' out there, clingin' on to that spar, my dear man, I come to the Saviour, an' He washed my sins away. I promised Him that whether I lived or died, I'd 'be His; an' I've strove to keep that promise ever since."

"And how were you saved, Uncle William?" said Mr. Duncan.

"Just at dawnin', my dear man, another Harbour Grace vessel, the *Diana*, who got a load o' soiles 'longside o' we, come along. She picked up the two boats with our men in 'em, and was keepin' a good look out fur any more that might have escaped, so they seen me. There was one more man picked up, a Harbour Grace chap; but all the rest was gone."

"And so you've been a Christian ever since, Uncle William?"

"Yes, my dear man, praise the Lord; an' I means to foller on till I dies. But my 'Lizabeth, she'll be wonderin' what's got me, Good-night, my dear man, good-night, missus, good-night, my little maid!" And Uncle Billy was gone.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH WE SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE DIAMOND.

July again—bright, sunny, beautiful July! It is early morning still, though the sun has been for some time kissing the wavelets of yonder bay, and making the dew-drops on the grass-blades reflect his radiance. On a big stone near the road sits a man, whose massive form and peculiar physiognomy we at once recognize—it is Uncle Billy himself. But what can he be doing

there at this hour of the morning, while other fishermen are reaping the harvest of the sea out yonder in the bay?

As we question thus, we hear the sound of wheels in the distance, and presently a carriage comes in sight. The old man starts up from his stony seat, and stands by the road-side waiting. As the vehicle comes nearer, the well-known features of Mr. Duncan may be recognized, and the other occupants of the carriage are seen to be his wife and children. The three years' pastorate is over, the moving-day—so well known to all Methodist ministers—has come; and the minister and his family have bidden farewell to their Birchy Head friends, and are on their way to a new field of labour.

Mr. Duncan stops his horse when he sees the old man, and Uncle Billy, baring his head, comes forward to the carriage. "An' so ye be goin' from us, my dear man! God bless 'ee! God bless 'ee! Praise the Lord as ever ye come to Birchy Head! We'll never forget 'ee, sir. God bless 'ee all! Good-bye! Good-bye!" And with hearty hand-shakes a'il round, the old man stepped back from the carriage, and the party drove on.

Still the diamond flashes and shines and sparkles; but its rays are for other eyes to look upon, for other hearts to be cheered by. By-and-by, when the Great Lapidary shall have carved and polished it into perfect form and lustre, we believe it will sparkle more brightly than ever in the diadem of the King of kings.

TO DIE IS GAIN—A SONNET.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

"To DIE is gain," he said, whose lips with fire
 Of truth and God were touched, and still we hear
 Through all life's toil and conflict ringing clear,
 As though in mockery of what men acquire,
 The petty compensations that so fire
 The head and heart in winning them, how'er
 Worthless they be—listen, who hath an ear!—
 Like words, "Death, death shall crown the heart's desire."

Sole good we find not : gain is marred with loss :
 Hope cannot keep back fear : joy stays not pain :
 How much that claims our labour turns to dross !
 What blessing does earth know without its bane ?
 He who passed by the Garden and the Cross
 Unto His crown, doth teach, "To die is gain."

BENTON, N. B.

SAM HOBART.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

THERE is no need to glorify the heroism of physical courage. That has been abundantly done. The hero of the battle-field has scarcely ever failed to evoke the praises of the poet and the plaudits of the world. But there are other heroes, less conspicuous, but of a nobler type—the moral heroes of mankind. The names and deeds of many of these are in the unwritten history of the race. Like some of earth's richest flowers, they bloom in deep obscurity, and need diligent seeking out and close inspection to reveal all that they really are. Such a character was Sam Hobart.

A few years ago an engine-driver might have been seen in Boston at the depot of the Boston and Gloucester Railway. He was a man of large physique. The bronzed face, the flowing beard, the manly tread, the masterly grip, the commanding mien, could scarcely have escaped the notice of the most transient observer. It was Sam Hobart. He was every inch a man, and every inch a locomotive engineer. His engine was his pride. He loved it as if it had been a thing of life. He delighted in his work. The glitter of his burnished locomotive, the bustle of the depôt, the gentle start, the panting heart-throb of his ponderous machine, the arrowy rush over the rails, the instant response to his slightest touch, the majestic pull into the station—all were to him inspiring—grand. "I am an engine-driver," he would say, "I want no higher post."

Few locomotive engineers on the continent knew their engines so well as he. He had studied it through and through. So thorough had he become and such excellent judgment had he concerning everything pertaining to an engine, that, for years, the company submitted most of the latest improvements for his inspection and opinion before their adoption. Sam touched the levers of his locomotive with the grace of a woman's hand, but he had the eye of an eagle and the heart of a lion. He was a splendid specimen of a class of men who, much more than many others, possesses a quick eye, a deft hand and a bold and brave heart—railway men.

As a boy, Sam started life as a cattle-driver. In Brighton, the cattle-market of Boston, where he was born in 1828, his early days were spent. Resolute, self-willed, daring and hard to manage, it was

* "Sam Hobart." By Justin D. Fulton, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

well said of him while still very young, "that boy will take care of himself." He did, and much more. He took care of whatever was given him to do. He was the hardest-working and trustiest boy the drovers had. He could fight his way, and sometimes swear fearfully. He had very little education. He loved his mother, and he learned from her one lesson never forgotten—to believe in honest work and hate lying and meanness. He had every element of a strong and fine manhood had it been brought under the blessed dominion of true religion. As it was he had no Christian friend to take any special interest in him. What thousands of magnificent men and women have thus been lost to the world! Thank God we live in better times in these respects, but there is still room for immensely more Christian work among the young.

Sam's first serious thoughts of religion came when his wife was pining in consumption. He loved her dearly, and for several years his tender and unremitting devotion to her excited the warm admiration of his many friends. The visits of godly ministers to his afflicted home impressed him deeply. He began to realize the need of God in the dark and troubled waters that were rolling over his soul. Henry Ward Beecher became acquainted with him and sometimes rode with him on his engine, talked with him, and lent him religious books. Through Beecher, another distinguished minister, who afterwards was Sam's pastor, became much interested in him. The latter while riding with him on his engine one day, said, "Sam, why don't you let the Lord Jesus run you as you run this engine?" Sam replied, "You don't know me. I am a very profane and wicked man." "Yes, but He wants you, and died for you, and God says, 'As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.'" "Where is that promise?" "In John, first chapter eleventh verse." "Can I pray?" "Jesus commands you to try, He says, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'" "But I am terribly profane." "Yes, but if you give Christ welcome to your heart, He will take that all out of you. Try it." He promised that he would bend his knees that day before God. The next night he came back, and said, "The profanity is gone, but I am in hell." "Not if you will confess Christ with your lips and believe on Him in your heart," was the earnest answer. He replied, "I am ready for this." "Then let us pray." Down he dropped on his knees, confessed Christ as his Saviour, and gave himself to God. He arose a new man. He had been a lion for Satan, he was henceforth to be a lion for Christ.

Prayer became his delight. He had a little room in his home of which he made a Bethel. Every morning he retired to it, and the tones of his voice could be heard in earnest pleadings with his God, and from this room he often came forth with eyes suffused with tears, while his countenance glowed with joy. His love for the Bible grew upon him daily. He got one placed on his engine, and for years it was his constant companion. He left his dying testimony that his Bible had enabled him to run his train in the name and fear of God; and that he never went round a curve on the road, without asking the guidance of God, he never pulled the throttle-valve of his engine without feeling a responsibility for the immortal souls under his care.

Sam soon got to work for God. One day he brought about sixty railway men to church. His pastor describes the scene. "I heard their soldier-like tramp outside. Soon the face of Sam Hobart was seen at the door. I was in the midst of a sermon. I stopped and said, 'Come on, Mr. Hobart!' He said to the men, 'Come on!' I asked that the front seats be cleared of people and given up to the railway men. In they came, some with their hats on, some with them off. I said, 'Well, Mr. Hobart, what do you desire?' 'That you should pray with these men.' 'Kneel down then.' 'Kneel,' said Sam. Down they went like soldiers. Some of them had still their hats on. Sam shouted, 'Take off your hats, don't you know enough to take off your hats before God?' Off came the hats. All bent their heads in prayer. 'Pray, Brother Hobart,' was my request. He prayed, and what a prayer! He was at home at last. Sam pleaded like a mother for a child. Tears ran down his cheeks. He told of the men, of their struggles, of what religion had done for him, and what it could do for all. When he arose, we had testimonies, and some wonderful conversions followed.

Fortunately Sam had never been a drinking man. After his conversion he became a great worker in the temperance cause. His visits to the homes of the drunkard, which he often made, needed much tact, but, like Guthrie, he knew how to get at the better side of human nature. A drayman of his acquaintance, who had once been owner of several carts and waggons, had lost nearly all through drink. Sam called at his home, helped the family, but his kindness only provoked the wrath of the drayman. He threatened if he met Sam Hobart, he would give him a "hammering." Early one morning the engineer saw his man coming towards him. "Good morning," said Sam, and he stretched out his hand. The drayman, cross and nervous, said, "You were in my house." "I was," replied Sam, "and a sorry home I found it.

Come, stop drink and build up. You have poured horses and carts enough down your throat. By sobriety and industry, get them back again, and rebuild your home." The poor fellow's heart was touched. He asked Sam to forgive him. He told him of his brothers, and wet the side-walk with his tears. Sam encouraged him, got him reinstated as a drayman, watched over him, and had afterwards the pleasure of seeing him thrifty and prosperous once more.

One day Sam came to his pastor and said, "I want you to go with me and see an official of one of our railroads. He is drinking fearfully. He is on my heart. We are praying for him. I want some one with me for this job." They went together to his office. The man, in a gruff voice said, "Well Sam, what is wanted?" "Just a moment of your time," said Sam, with a face full of suppressed emotion. The man came out from behind his desk and said, "Well." "Permit me to introduce you to my pastor, we have come to see you on a very important matter." Turning to the minister, he said, "Well, sir, what is wanted?" He replied, "Sir, my friend, Mr. Hobart, has been greatly troubled because of your intemperance. He feels that you stand on the verge of ruin, soul and body. He has tried to speak to you and failed, and he asked me to come and say a word to you in the name of our common Master." The man looked dumbfounded for a moment, and turning to Sam, said, "Good friend, I am obliged to you. If ever a man needed prayer it is I. Appetite has me in its grasp, and I seem unable to master it." "You can't hope to do it in your own strength," said Sam, "and so we have been praying that you might turn to the great helper, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." "What do you want me to do?" he asked. "Sign this pledge and rest in God for help." "I will do it." He signed the pledge and had help from God and won the victory. It was the beginning of the temperance movement among the other officials and many of the men.

Sam had been a slave to tobacco. He gave it up. He believed it was "a self-inflicted curse," and led to drinking and profanity. Many an earnest tussle he had with the men about this. His vigorous and well-timed arguments were not without avail. It grieved him sore to see ministers indulge in this habit. On one occasion, attending a temperance meeting in Vermont—he often spoke at these meetings—he was welcomed by a minister whose mouth was full of tobacco. "Glad to see you, Mr. Hobart; there is great need of a movement in favour of temperance here." Sam eyed him, saw him expectorating tobacco-juice, and in a polite and quiet way, walked on. At night the house was crowded.

The minister presided. Sam said, "My pastor gave up tobacco to save a son of a deacon from making him an excuse for intemperance. He has fought tobacco as relentlessly as he fights rum because by striking tobacco, he hits the idol of vast numbers in the church." The minister, who was by his side began to move uneasily. His mouth was full of tobacco. Sam went on to relate how a man who was given to drink was remonstrated with, by a neighbour, who used tobacco. "Neighbour," said he, "I have come to you. We are greatly worried about you." "Why?" "Because you are drinking up health, property and happiness," "I am no worse than you." "Than I? What do you mean?" "Simply this, you use tobacco, and I use rum. Your wife knows that you befoul your house more than I do mine. And when they ask you to give up tobacco, you say it is necessary to you. That is what I say about rum." The man went home convicted. He called to his wife, "Have you been telling of my filthy habit?" "Certainly," she replied; "I was telling the wife of our neighbour who drinks, not to think she had all the trials; that I had mine. That I thought the use of tobacco was worse for the house than drinking, but not so bad for the man. You don't get crazy from the use of the weed, but go without it and you act like a fool or madman, and it must be bad." "Wife!" said he, "you are right. Bring me my box and pipes." He threw them into the fire. Next morning he went back to his neighbour, and told him that he had given up tobacco, and asked him to give up drink. "Agreed," said he, and he signed the pledge and kept it. The minister in the desk with Sam, said, "Hold up, Mr. Hobart, I am converted. Henceforth, I too will be free." He gave up tobacco, and it was the beginning of a great revival of temperance and religion in that region.

Sam was a working-man, but he had his own ideas of the best methods for the elevation of the working-man. His views were broad and deep. Much of the clap-trap that passes for philanthropy among working-men, he saw through, and would have none of. He bent his whole strength to lead his fellow-workmen to Christ. He believed that a true Christian manhood was the only basis broad enough and firm enough to sustain a substantial and many-sided prosperity.

Nor did he labour in vain. "There was a time," he remarked to a minister, "when there was not a man on this road that I knew confessed Christ, but now we have fifty who are professing Christians—men who do not drink, who love God, and are followers of our Lord Jesus Christ." In fact, all the spare time he could get he filled with earnest Christian work. He gave liberally

to the poor. His interest in the young was strong. The Young Men's Christian Association, Temperance, the Church, all found him ready to every good work. He became widely known and greatly respected.

In Sam Hobart a really new type of railway man had arisen. His change was marked, so morally grand, and so conspicuously beneficent to multitudes, that it set Christian men thinking and then planning and working. There can be little doubt that Sam was one of the most influential pioneers of modern organized Christian work among the railway men that work has grown to vast dimensions, and its range to-day is as wide as the continent.

In March, 1874, Sam took his last ride. He came into Boston wet through. He went home and lay down to die. The men of the yard went up in a body to tender him their sympathy and offer their services. He was too sick to see them. Two of their number were appointed to go in and ask him, "If the religion of Christ was all to him he thought it would be." This roused the dying hero. He turned and said, "Tell the boys I have tried every link in the chain and she holds. The cable and the anchor are all right, and I am safe." The men had hardly left when the change came. He cried, "Open the door." Before there could be an earthly response, Jesus Himself had spoken; "I know thy works, behold I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it, for thou hast a little strength and hast kept My Word and hast not denied My name," "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

I COME into Thy presence, Lord,
 And lift my heart and bend my knee,
 And thank Thee for Thy graciousness,
 And what Thou art, my God, to me.

Thou knowest best wherein is praise,
 Who bore the burden for my peace,
 If words may speak Thy faithfulness,
 Or praise be more if these shall cease.

I cannot know how great Thy name,
 I cannot see Thee as Thou art;
 I only stretch my human hands,
 And lift to Thee my human heart.

- *Edith A. Grant.*

THE FIRST METHODIST SOCIETY

BY ANNIE MARIA BARNES.

ON an autumn afternoon, in the year 1729, two young men might have been seen walking slowly across the grounds of Oxford University, England. Their heads were bent nearly together, their shoulders inclined slightly forward, and as they thus walked it was fully apparent that they were in deep and earnest conversation.

The elder of the two seemed about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. The other was some five years younger. Neither was above medium height, but both rather below it. There was, however, a kind of vigorous erectness plainly visible in the carriage of each, a clearly-defined grace of bearing that gave them the appearance of being many inches taller than they really were. The faces of both were guiltless of beard of any description, but this did not in the least detract from the manliness of their appearance. Each had clear-cut, prominently-defined features, a skin that glowed with the rich hue of health and exercise, scrupulously-kept hair that fell in rolling locks about their shoulders, and fine, expressive blue eyes.

These two young men were John and Charles Wesley, the sons of the Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley of Epworth, a rural village lying amid the sunny and level fields of Lincolnshire.

At six years of age John Wesley had been almost miraculously saved from the burning parsonage, and had henceforth seemed to his truly noble and consecrated mother as destined for some unknown, yet high and peculiar calling. Other events of his childhood combined to give the rich and encouraging promise that this hope would be eventually fulfilled. His school life had been passed in safety and with credit. The many weaknesses and temptations that assail young men of a less Spartan cast had passed him by harmlessly. Now, at the age of five-and-twenty, he was filling the duties of curate to his father, preparatory to finishing his course at the University, a young man mentally, if not physically, head and shoulders above his mates, and honoured and respected by all.

Charles Wesley, younger by only five years and a half than his brother John, seemed fully twice that much, for the guilelessness of youth was still fresh upon his face, whereas upon his brother's it had been swallowed up long ago in the graver and sterner lines that appeared now a very part of every feature. Throughout all

his youth Charles had been noted for an exceedingly sprightly and active temperament, for a mind the inclinations of which to boyish pranks kept full pace with its tendencies to more sober study. Although on this particular afternoon, when I have chosen to present him to my readers, his face bore an expression fully as grave and thoughtful as that of his brother, yet his eyes, especially as he raised them occasionally to a field near at hand, where a group of his mates were making merry over some boyish sport, had a gleam as cheery and ardent as any of theirs.

Charles Wesley had now been three years at the University, while John, after serving the same number of years as his father's curate, had returned a short while previous for his finishing term.

The subject of conversation between these brothers, as they walked so thoughtfully across the college campus this afternoon, in the late autumn of 1729 (November), was in full accord with the grave, nay, almost solemn expression of their countenances. Their talk was of a society which the younger brother, during the elder brother's absence, had formed, and which, although it was at this time in its infancy and numbered but three members, yet bade fair to strengthen and tower far above the ridicule of its enemies.

In the very midst of his fun-loving pursuits a spirit of deeper seriousness than any he had yet experienced had taken possession of Charles Wesley. Not that he had been previous to that time careless or unbelieving where his soul's good was concerned. The example of an honest and sturdy father, of a truly pious mother, the influence of a home-training unsurpassed the world over, were like steadying pulses beneath all lighter and frivolous tendencies. It was that Charles Wesley, for the first time, was beginning to feel a thrill of that consciousness which the true Christian must sooner or later experience—the desire to worship God in spirit as well as in the outward form.

He was greatly rejoiced, when, on broaching something of his feelings to a few of his more intimate companions, he found two of them ready to be impressed and willing to unite with him in any plan that had a tendency to their spiritual good. These two were Robert Kirkham and William Morgan, the latter a warm-hearted, impulsive, but sincerely zealous young Irishman. On first forming themselves into a club, or "society," as it was afterwards known, these young men had no definite purpose in view beyond a sincere desire to lead a better and purer life, and the steadfast determination to live bravely up to their duty to God and their fellow-men.

They now began to attend regularly upon the weekly sacra-

ment and the other services of the Church. Such a course in a college, filled with wild and dissolute young men, and what was worse, many of them partaking of the unbelieving and sceptical tendencies of the day, could not be pursued without calling down upon the heads of those engaged in it a perfect storm of ridicule and opposition. That they fearlessly withstood it, showed the mettle of which they were made. Thinking to mortify and irritate them, their tormentors now began to dub them "Methodists," not only because of the strict methods of their daily course, but also because the term had at that time, through certain connections, grown into ridicule. Ah, if they could have foreseen the power that name was to represent!

John Wesley returned from his father's parish to the University at Oxford in just the mood for Charles' communication in regard to the new society to fall upon fertile soil. Although he had been ordained both a deacon and a priest in the Church, and although for the past three years he had been carrying out both his religious and official duties with a rigid exactness characteristic of a man of his temperament, he had, nevertheless, missed the very key-note of duty itself, he had missed being a Christian.

But as the Voice which sooner or later speaks to us all, whether we heed it or not, had aroused the slumbering conscience of Charles Wesley, so had it also become a disturbing element within the soul of John. He was conscious of a vague unrest, of a mere automatic interest in all that he did. So far this arousing had shown him nothing beyond a desire to change his present course. There was nothing satisfactory. All was doubt and perplexity. At first he determined to retire from the world and lead a life devoid of all earthly cheer and comfort, hoping to please God the more by a rigid crucifying of the flesh. But this was not God's plan for John Wesley. He was not to stand idle, morbid and alone, but to serve bravely and cheerfully among thousands. A serious man, whom he at this time went many miles to see, said to him: "The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion; you cannot go to heaven alone, you must therefore find companions or make them."

A word it was most fittingly spoken, and at the season ripest to receive it. To change the figure, it was as though a powerful hand had placed itself upon every chord within John Wesley's breast and set them all quivering. "Religion was companionship—brotherhood, love!" How truly emblematical of the great religious sect his fearlessness and his faith afterwards founded!

Considering, then, the state of his mind on this autumn afternoon in November of the year 1729, we cannot wonder that he

listened with the deepest interest to his brother's account of the society so newly formed and so bravely determined to carry out the spirit of its organization. It needed no pressing on the part of Charles to induce his older and graver brother to become a member. Here was that very companionship, brotherly help and love the "serious man" had counselled.

Week by week the little band of fearless and devoted "Methodists" slowly, but surely, increased, despite the ridicule of thoughtless tormentors and the more serious opposition of those maliciously inclined. From that November day, 1729, they began, in addition to their regular attendance upon all church services, to hold a systematic course of exercises among themselves, such as morning and evening prayer, the study of sacred subjects, and the discussion of the same.

In 1730 the warm-hearted and zealous Morgan, overflowing with that love toward the less fortunate of his fellow-men that so characterized him through life, began to lead the little band out on missions of love and mercy to the poor, the sick, the sorrowing, and to those in prison. Thus at the beginning of a religious revolution, the mighty power of which has been felt in every habitable quarter of the globe, did its founders strike the very key-note of that grand, harmonious chord, that throughout a century and a half has been the governing principle of the spiritual life of the great sect known as "Methodists"—the chords of *fellowship, brotherhood, love.*

The times in which the star of Methodism rose, as a clear and beautiful light amid the darkness, were most sadly in need of such an uprising. The spirit of sectional bigotry and of strife was abroad in the land, and, like a great black-winged bird, blinding the eyes of all not already overshadowed by their prejudices.

"The history of religion in England," says Dr. Hyde, in his admirable Story of Methodism, "since Augustine with his company entered Canterbury, twelve hundred years before, shouting, 'Lord, save this guilty city!' had been, like the history of English politics, a tale of strife. Especially had the last two centuries, since Henry VIII. had broken from Rome, been a period of constant struggle. Protestant and Romanist, Prelatist and Independent had fiercely fought for existence and mastery. The fair fields of England had been stained with English blood shed by English hands; the fresh air had been tainted with the smell of human sacrifices in fires of English kindling."

That this war of passions was fatal to the steady and healthful growth of any pure religion, we may well believe. Not that

there were wanting at this time single instances of genuine personal piety, since those were the days that gave us Baxter, Owen, Howe and Barrow; but that the honest and manly efforts of even these sincere and sturdy spirits offered but weak resistance to the rushing tide of rank infidelity, of wrangling scepticism presented by court and people.

Even from the churches, from those that professed to be steadfastly grounded in the one living faith, no help seemed at hand, for the very churches themselves had been invaded and tainted by the corrupting influences then settling down like a blight over all the land. What was worse, they were "in a strange decay, worn with controversy, and smitten with the broad and baneful blight of half-heartedness."

Never in the days of Martin Luther had there been such actual and general darkness, such wide-spread barbarism. And as the Protestant Reformation was said to have been genuinely begun with the forceful efforts of the earnest and fearless monk who shook the world, so may we, without obscuring the light of any, in all honesty assert that with the uprising of the "morning star" of Methodism was inaugurated the day-dawn of that pure and truly Christian religion which throughout all sects owning Christ as their head has given to the world its noblest and grandest impetus.

At the very time that the chill and gloom of scepticism had settled down as a murky pall over all England, when Voltaire and his "school" had succeeded in their unholy designs of poisoning the whole religious and social atmosphere of France, and Frederick of Prussia with the Rationalist had made "a desolate waste of the faith in the very home of Luther," God was maturing His plans through a mere handful of brave and zealous young spirits, called in derision "Methodists." Thus the night had deepened, but the dawn was at hand. Truly might we search the world over for a more eloquent illustration of how man's direst extremity was God's richest opportunity.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little, day by day.

MASTER OF HIS FATE

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

XI.—EDITH WINS TWO VICTORIES.

EDITH left the presence of her father-in-law with a sense of great satisfaction. She had heard that he was rude and cross, and she had feared that he would reproach her. On the contrary he had been unusually kind and considerate. She felt able to face the world, able to endure her husband's absence, with such a father-in-law at her side. In reality Amos had never had any ill-will toward Edith. He had thought well of her in the beginning, for choosing Joe for her husband. During the first year of their marriage, he had watched events very closely, and had felt personally flattered by the young couple's "carryings on," their visitings at great houses, and their entertainment of great people. So that altogether he was well inclined to Edith.

"My word!" he said to himself, "Joe hed a lot o' spunk to mak' up to a woman like that. I would hev thought of Queen Victoria just as soon. And she called me 'fayther' too, as natural as iver was. And I'm going to eat a bit o' dinner with her to-morrow. It caps me! I do wonder what owd Luke would say if he knew his daughter called me 'fayther,' and came to me for advice and protection; and that I was going to put my foot under t' grand mahogany table he bought for himsen! Life is a fair whirligig, and nobody can mak' heads or tails of it."

But the whirligig pleased him, and he was so unusually smiling and bland in his manner that the hands snickered to each over his infatuation, the general opinion being that after all "it took an owd fool to make a big fool."

Edith also was quite aware of the triumph of her first move. But she felt considerably more doubt and hesitation concerning her next one. In the afternoon she dressed herself much more plainly. She was going to Leeds to see Martha Thrale, and she had a very certain opinion that Martha would not be won by either beauty of person or splendour of apparel, even though in the latter respect she should outdo Solomon in all his glory. But the modest elegance of her own black suit was fully compensated for by the baby's magnificence. All that lace and satin and fine embroidery could do to enhance the plump, pink loveliness of the little lad was done. For it was upon baby that Edith relied for her afternoon conquest.

The sudden pulling-up of the handsome carriage before the door startled Martha a little. She saw Edith descend from it, and her first thought was, "Joe is varry ill, no doubt, and she hes come for me to nurse him. There'll be summat for Aunt Martha to do, as nobody else likes to do, or Edith Braithwaite would niver hev come my way," etc., etc.

She was putting on a clean white apron and her best cap to such thoughts, when a little servant girl said, "Please, ma'am, there's a varry grand lady in t' parlour, and she's wanting to speak to thee."

"What of that?" answered Martha, fretfully. "Go on wi' thy own work, and I'll attend to t' grand lady, when I get ready for her."

And she entered the parlour so stiffly that Edith found it impossible to say Aunt Martha as at the mill she had said father. But Martha put out her hand and advanced to meet her, saying, "Keep your sitting, ma'am. I hope you haven't come wi' any bad news?"

"I have come to tell you something, Miss Thrale, and to ask you to be my friend."

"There's a deal will depend on what you hev come to tell me, ma'am; and as for my friendship, it isn't worth a half-penny more to-day than it iver was."

"To me it is worth a great deal more. I want you to stand by me while Joe is away. There is no woman living but you that I have any right to ask this favour of. And I want you to teach me how to be a better wife to Joe when he comes back."

"Joe away! What iver does ta mean!"

"I have not been very kind to Joe."

"I sudn't wonder! Well, ta needn't cry. Crying niver helps anybody but babies."

"Joe has gone to his godfather in Manchester."

"To Samuel Yorke? Does ta mean that?"

"Yes. He has gone to him for two years."

"For two years! I am fair taken aback."

"He has gone to learn calico weaving and printing."

"But what has he done a thing like that for?"

"He does not want to use my money—I know it is all my fault. Oh, Aunt Martha, please let me call you Aunt Martha—forgive me! I know it is all my fault."

"I hev'n't a doubt but that it is thy fault. I tell thee, it needs a bigger heart to tak' money than to give money. Joe allus took what I could spare him in such a way as made it a favour and a pleasure to hev him take it. Whativer hes ta been doing to Joe to drive him off to hard work?"

"It began with Perkins."

"There! I said so. I knew it would. I told Joe, t' first morning Perkins took his place in thy business that trouble had begun."

"I can see now that I treated him badly about the management of Bradley Manor; but I did it for the best."

"I think thou treated him shamefully. I won't mince matters, nor pick and choose my words about it. Thou treated Joe shamefully! Thou threw a doubt and a slur on him before ivery one. Let me tell how people talked of it: 'She may be varry fond o' him, but she's too clever a lass to trust a penny o' her money through his hands. She wants a handsome lad to husband her, but she knew owd Perkins was t' best husband for land and t'

gold. Joe Braithwaite is nobbut a figure-head in Bradley. T' varry servants call him t' missis's husband.' "

"Aunt Martha, please stop. I deserve it all, I deserve it all; but I cannot bear to hear such things."

"How does ta think I liked to hear 'em? Joe is all t' sanie to me as if he was my own son. I mothered him from t' varry hour he was born."

"Then you should have come and told me how people were talking. Indeed, I think you should! It was your duty to have done so."

"I don't want thee to tell me my duty. Not I. I did my duty to Joe—ivery way—until he was thy husband. And ask thysen if I hed come and told thee, say a month ago, or a week ago, what answer thou would hev given me. I'll tell thee; it would hev been: 'That meddlesome old maid, that bothering, vulgar old woman;' and thou would hev looked at me as if thy eyes were pistols. Varry likely thou would hev told me in so many plain words to mind my own business and leave thine alone."

"Oh, I don't think I would."

"Yes, ta would. I hev'n't a d'doubt of it. There wasn't anybody in this world that could hev made thee see thy faults but Joe. And I am right glad he hes hed t' gumption at last to tak' his manhood's rights from under thy feet. I am that! I think better o' Joe than iver I did before. And if he wants my help I'll work my owd fingers to t' bone for him; and glad to do it. Poor Joe! Poor, dear Joe!"

"Now you are crying, Aunt Martha."

"I'm not crying for mysen—I'm crying for Joe."

"Don't do it. You make my punishment greater than I can bear. Dear Aunt—"

"Nay, nay, I'm none dear to thee."

"You shall be—you are. Any one Joe loves is dear to me. Let me help you to help Joe. I know he won't take money from me, but let me send some through you. Let us help him together."

"Does ta think I would play Joe a trick like that? Niver! And I wouldn't deserve to be forgiven. He's gone away to show that he can do without thee. Does ta really think I'd help thee to spoil his plan? Samuel Yorke will pay him all he earns, I'll be bound; and if it is a bit scrimping, all the better, mebbe, for t' poor, dear lad."

By this time, Martha had in a measure lost control of herself; she was softly crying, with her face hidden behind her apron. Edith sat down by her side and touching her hand, said, "Aunt Martha, are you not going to stand by Joe's wife while he is away? I am sure Joe would like you to do so."

"I don't know. I must hev a bit o' time to think things over. I hev'n't liked thee, and thou hes niver given me any cause to like thee."

"My father-in-law forgave me at once, and he is coming to Bradley to-morrow, to consider what is to be done while Joe is away. Are you going to be harder than he?"

"Amos Braithwaite allus gave up to a pretty face; it tak's more than face beauty to get on my kind side."

"Wait a minute, Aunt Martha." Then, to the old lady's amazement, she left the room in a great hurry, returning in a moment or two with baby in her arms. Before Martha could speak, the child was on her knee.

"Joe's baby, Aunt Martha. Will not baby's innocent beauty find your kind side for me?"

The temptation was an irresistible one. She could not help lifting it in her arms. She could not but hold it to her breast, and gaze down into its pretty face. And as she did so it suddenly opened its two great blue eyes and smiled at her. She kissed it, she cried over it, she called it her bonny little Joe; she broke into smiles herself, and, looking up, met Edith's smiles and tears, the very complement of her own. She surrendered completely and at once.

"Tak' off your bonnet, Edith, and we'll hev a good cup o' tea together. I can't let t' little lad go just yet! My word! But he is like his father! I remember when Joe was just such another baby. How many teeth has he got, Edith? And he has curly hair, too! But let us have a' this satin and lace off t' little lad. Eh! but these are bonny socks he hes on his feet! I hev his father's first leather shoes, red morocco, ankle-tights, they are—and I'd like to give him them."

So the two women, with the child between them, sat and drank tea together, and Martha listened to such confessions as Edith chose to make, with more tolerance than might have been expected.

And Edith had determined, while Joe was absent from her, only to know Joe's friends. If she needed defence of any kind, they were the most proper people to defend her. Besides, she knew they would write to Joe. She wanted them to write of her, and to write kindly of her. Martha had taken the baby to her heart, and she had taken the mother on probation. And Edith felt that it would be worth while winning the heart of the stubborn but true old lady. She knew that it was something of a triumph to have obtained from her a promise to come to Bradley once a week, even though the concession had been only won by representing to her that, in order to prevent people speaking evil of Joe's wife, Joe's relations must visit her.

The next day, just at noon, the engine in Bevin Mill ceased its panting and groaning, the wheels and pulleys their revolving, and the little streets and lanes around were almost impassable for half an hour with workers loitering homeward. Generally Amos enjoyed his quiet mill on a Saturday afternoon. He liked to wander through to privately inspect all the wheels and bands and looms. But this day he had other thoughts and plans. That morning he had received a letter from Samuel Yorke, and in it Sam had dealt as faithfully with Amos as he had personally done with Joe. "But Sam allus lectured me above a bit when we were boys

together," he said to himself. "He were allus too good by half." And these thoughts passed through his mind he spread Sam's letter open on his desk and read it again, preparatory to answering it.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I should think, Amos Braithwaite, thou would feel a bit ashamed of me having to take thy son in hand, and to teach him how to make a living at this time of day. Joe has come to me for two years, and I am going to do all I can for him. I should ask any one but thee a big apprentice fee, but if I asked thee for one I don't think thou would feel it thy duty to pay it. Joe is a fine lad, and he would have been a deal finer if thou had brought him up in the way he ought to go. Late as it is, I am going to let him find out what earning his bread by the sweat of his brow means on every week day, and what going to the chapel means every Sunday. But thou knows I will be as good as I can to him. I shall remember the time when we were hard-working lads together, and I shall remember my own dear lads, and thou need never have one worry about thy Joe. He'll do pretty middling yet, no doubt. Deary me, Amos! How life does go on! It is fifty years ago this morning since me and thee stood on Windhill brow together, and I said good-bye to thee, Amos, and turned my face Manchester way, and thou said "Good-bye, Sam," and turned thy face to Bradley Mill. We were lads then, and there were something uncommon like tears in our eyes. Thou hast made a big lot of money since, but don't thee forget what a big fool thou will be if thou does not make out thy title clear to a place in the kingdom of heaven. And if thou hast not yet done so, make haste about it, Amos; thou hasn't any time to lose. God bless thee. Joe sends his love and respects to thee.

Thy friend,

SAMUEL YORKE.

This letter touched and pleased Amos. He was used to Sam's plain talking, and had generally felt all its truth and kindness. And he took comfort from the fact of Joe being with this man "too good by half," and had far more respect for his son, and far more hope for his future, than when he believed him to be under the counsels of one able to teach him "how to steal by line and level." His heart, too, was softened by Sam's allusion to the past and to the future. And he thought, as he had frequently done before, that Sam was right enough about its being time to look after the next world a bit, and that if he could possibly manage it he would begin going to church the next Sunday morning. Then he dipped his pen into the ink and wrote—

DEAR OLD SAM,—If thou hast got my Joe to train up in the way he should go, thou has got something worth the training; and rather more work on thy hands than thou thinks for. But if thou can only make him mind thee, as well as thou used to make me mind thee, as thou may happen turn out as steady a going man as thyself. As to 'prentice fees, I'm glad thou doesn't expect me to pay thee one, for I should have to disappoint thee. When Joe is doing good work, get one from him: he can afford it, I'm sure, and he will get to see into the value of thy teaching better if he has to pay for it. I hope Joe will be more of a comfort to thee than he seems to have been to any one else yet. His wife called to see me yesterday. She is a woman that any man might be proud of; how Joe can bide to leave her and stay away with thee for two years is one of them things as would cap anybody in their senses.

Thine, dear Sam,

AMOS BRAITHWAITE.

Having read over the letter and found it to his satisfaction, he sealed and posted it, and then went home and dressed himself for his visit to Bradley Court. All the way there he was in a state of suppressed exaltation, the beautiful park and gardens, the fine house, the silver and servants and general grandeur, affected him very strangely.

He told Edith that he had had a letter from Samuel Yorke, but he did not show it to her; he only told what pleasant promises Yorke had made about Joe, and how certain he was that Joe's queer notion would turn out to be the wisest notion he had.

Edith's first consultation with her father-in-law was in respect to the prevention of any general public discussion of their family affairs. "Joe has left me, father," she said, feelingly, "and there is nobody but you to take care of my good name."

"It will be a bad move for any one that says a wrong word o' thee," he answered. "I'll give them it that well that they won't know where to hide themselves."

"What shall we say about Joe's long absence?"

Say? Say the truth, my lass; truth may be blamed, but it never can be shamed. Say that Joe was disgusted with t' law, and weary to death o' doing nothing. Say that he wanted to learn some straightforward, interesting trade, that he could mak' a bit o' money by, and that he hes gone to his godfather to learn it. Surely to goodness, there's naught wrong in that! I'd like to see t' man as thinks there is, that's all! He'd come to a varry different opinion in a minute or two, I think."

"People will say, why did he not go to his father?"

"Tell them his fayther wouldn't hev him; and if they want to know any more of thy business send 'em to me, for t' information. I sall enjoy giving it to them, varry much."

"And as long as Joe is away I am under your protection, father?"

"I sud say thou art. And I'll tak' good care o' thee; see if I don't."

"Every week I shall ride over to Bevin Hall to see you; and every Saturday you will come to Bradley to see me."

Amos fidgetted and looked uneasy at the proposal.

"Why, ta sees, there is no woman body at Bevin; Martha Thrale went into a tantrum wi' me about Joe, and when Joe took himsen off she went wi' him. I hev'n't bothered mysen about women since, nor about t' house either. If I keep Bevin Mill spick and span it suits me well enough, and I don't bother mysen about t' house. I sud rather think it is in a bad state; t' mice and t' moths hev been heving it to themselves, and there isn't a room in it fit for a lady like thee."

"Poor Martha! I am afraid I made it almost impossible for Joe to show her the least affection or remembrance."

"He shouldn't hev let thee hinder him; I woudn't. Martha was good to Joe. It was a bit mean of thee to come between them."

Every hour reveals some new thing in which I wasn't fair or kind to Joe."

"I sudn't wonder. If a woman iver does get her eyes opened to her awn faults, she's varry likely to see into things that will keep her on t' stool of repentance a long tme. I don't say that Joe is without faults; he behaved varry badly to me. But still, I hev no doubt thou aggravated him into doing lots of things it wasn't Joe Braithwaite's nature to do."

"But I will be kind and gentle now, father."

"I hev no doubt. Thou wouldn't find it easy to be cross wi' me, Mrs. Braithwaite. Joe was too good-natured. He just led thee into temptation. No woman can resist the pleasure o' ruling her husband, when he puts t' reins and whip in her hand. And what comes o' the women ruling? Sin and sorrow, Mrs. B., sin and sorrow, allus."

XII.—AT BRADLEY.

Moral energy is never a failure; but when Joe came to realize his position he was a little amazed at the result of his godfather's prompt acceptance of his regret for an unsatisfactory past and his resolutions for a better future. He had really no idea of such heroic treatment of his dissatisfaction. He had coquetted with the idea of going to his godfather for some months, and when the visit to Manchester was proposed he had determined to take the preliminary steps to a wiser and more independent life. But so rapid a settlement of the affair had never occurred to him as possible.

He had expected to make some arrangement with Yorke, and then secure his wife's sanction to his plan. He was a little angry at himself, for submitting to that peculiar, forceful something in his godfather's manner which had gone at once to the solution of his difficulty and taken him with it.

"I should have returned home again, at least for a month," he thought. "There are things Edith will need some advice about. And I ought to see and talk with her on my plan, and I did not bring my wardrobe and books with me, and certainly I do not like the idea of being always under the eye of that old man. He is too masterful. I must have some different arrangement with him. The whole affair has been settled in too great a hurry."

But when the old man called at five o'clock and said, "Now then, Joe, pick up thy valise, my lad. If we don't be sharp we'll keep dinner waiting," Joe had no power to enter the protest he was thinking of. And though he felt worried, and even a little cross, it was impossible to show his temper to one so genuinely kind, so placidly unconscious of having caused worry or annoyance.

They stopped at a large brick house in the suburbs of the great city. It stood in a small, shady garden, and the garden was surrounded by a brick wall. Great solid gates admitted them to its seclusion, and before they could ring the bell the door was

opened by a young girl, who said, as Yorke removed his hat, "Dinner is ready to serve, sir."

"Then tell Polly to hev it served. Come, Joe, a bit o' dinner will mak' a new man o' thee."

He led him into a large, comfortable dining-room, handsomely furnished with the solid woods and heavy moreen that were fashionable forty years ago, and the table, though small, was laid with the utmost nicety and care. Joe's cover appeared as if by magic. If he had not been observant, he would have supposed that he had been expected.

"Sit tha down at t' table; thou won't hev to wait;" and with the words the door opened, and a most pleasant-looking woman, about fifty years old, entered. She wore a black stuff dress, and a snow-white cap and apron; her round, rosy face was beaming with smiles, and in her hands she carried a platter with a cut of fresh salmon on it; it was boiled to perfection.

"There, now, Master Yorke! I do hope as you and the young gentleman hev brought good appetites with you.

"We'll be varry apt to do our duty, Polly; hes all gone well to-day?"

"As well as could be expected, sir, with giddy young girls in t' house, and a pottering owd man in t' yard and t' garden.

"They do middling well—with thee—Polly."

"Thank you, sir." The words were accompanied by a little curtesy, and Polly withdrew.

The whole dinner was excellent, and Yorke was pleased to see that Joe enjoyed it. "A man who doesn't care for a good dinner, Joe, doesn't care about lots of other good things. I hev'n't much opinion o' him," said Yorke, as he rose with a face full of content from the table.

"I like a bit o' quiet after dinner, Joe; and I thought we hed best begin as we would be apt to carry on. But now thou can talk. I heard thou was a year among t' foreigners. Tell us summat about thy travels."

This was the subject Joe liked to talk about. He took his godfather from city to city, and the time went by unheeded. The old man was charmed. He had seen nothing of life beyond Bradford and Manchester; he listened as a child listens to a fairy story. Joe had been talking about Rome, and the great church of St. Peter.

"And did ta really go into a popish church, Joe! why, howiver did ta feel about it?"

"I will tell you. One night I went to the Sistine Chapel. It was after midnight, just befofe the dawning of Easter Sunday. They were singing what they call the "Miserere." At each verse a light was put out, and as the darkness grew deeper the music became sadder and sadder, until I could scarcely endure the sorrowful wail. But when every light had been put out, when thick darkness had fallen upon the kneeling congregation, then a voice began to sing; such a voice, godfather; alone, clear, triumphant; it sang the power of the God of Resurrection; and then

the lights suddenly blazed forth, and the whole people rose to their feet, and I could not think of any thing to say, but 'Glory, glory be to God!'"

The tears were in Joe's eyes, and Yorke's face was shining with the rapture of his own anticipations. "My word, Joe," he said in a low, soft voice, "I would like to hear a hymn like that; I'd go to Rome to hear it, I would that."

They were silent for a few minutes, and then a maid brought in lights, and a tray with tea, and Yorke said: "Phœbe, thou tell Polly to hev t' room above this one got ready for Mr. Braithwaite." Then turning to Joe—"We are early birds here, my lad. I sall hev thee called on t' stroke of seven. That is a working-man's hour. I hope tha isn't afraid o' work."

"Why should I? I'm not any better than you, or my father."

"And depend upon it, Joe, labour is the varry salt of life. I won't hear tell o' it being a curse. Before iver Adam sinned, when he was first put i' Paradise, he was commanded to dress and keep it. The Lord works for us all. T' angels run to and fro, doing His will continually. Ivery man ought to be wisely busy; and I'll tell what, any father that works hard, in order that his children may hev nothing to do, is working hard to mak' them as miserable as they can be."

"I believe it all, sir, but—"

"Now, Joe, don't thee get weak-hearted."

"I was thinking of my wife and child."

"To be sure; thou is right to think o' them, but they can't help thee in what ta wants to do, and they would be, varry sure to hinder thee. For two years thou must stick to thy work. I'll hev naught to do wi' thee, if ta is going to run between Bradley and Manchester. It must be one thing or t' other. Thou wilt hev to fill posts where ta can't be absent."

"You mean that I am not to go to Bradley for two years."

"That is about what I mean. Thou can't serve two masters; is it to be thy wife or Samuel Yorke?"

"Men generally manage to do their duty to both wife and business."

"Thine is a particular case, Joe. Because most rivers slope gently to t' sea, that doesn't prevent Niagara taking a leap of a hundred and fifty feet. Come, Joe, I'm doing t' right thing for thee, ivery way. Tak' my way for two years, and then thou can tak' thy way for all t' rest o' thy life; if ta doesn't tak' my way, thou art going to mak' a mess of t' whole affair, and I'll hev naught to do with it.

There was something irresistible about the man. After a moment's pause, Joe said: "I will do as you think best."

They were walking upstairs together as Joe came to this decision. Yorke was much pleased with it. He went with Joe into the room prepared for him, and said, with a sigh,

"It was William Henry's room; tha' sees I hev'n't moved a thing. And I'm glad I hev'n't; he was a good, kind lad, and I think he'd like to know thou wert comfortable in it. Good-night, Joe. We sall hev some happy hours together, I can see that."

Certainly Joe was not very happy at that hour. He had to tell Edith, and it was only after many efforts he succeeded in writing her the few lines she received the night she was so lovingly expecting him home. But when this letter was written and posted the difficulty of Joe's new life was over. For to the strong the irrevocable brings strength. Come what might he would now stand to the position he had taken.

And for the first few weeks his business-life was not altogether a pleasant one. The weather was damp and oppressive, and after his country-life the dense crowds in Dean's Gate, profligate and miserable, sickened him. But soon he became interested in his work, and so weary with it that he found, as Yorke had predicted, no inclination to go beyond the limits of his daily needs and duties.

But these results could hardly be foreseen in Bradley and Market-Bevin, and both Edith and Amos Braithwaite had many anxious hours the following week. After the father-in-law's visit Edith answered Joe's letter. And the answer did the very best side of her nature credit. She frankly confessed her faults; she assured Joe of her unalterable affection. She praised the spirit which had dared to face his mistakes and disappointments, and declared, "By so doing, dear Joe, you have put your feet upon your ill-fortune and made yourself master of your fate. I have never before been so proud of you, never before loved you half so well."

Then she told him of her visit to Aunt Martha and to his father, and of the latter's promise to take dinner with her the following day. "And I hope you will be glad that baby's name is settled," she said, "for when Aunt Martha saw him she instinctively called him little Joe, and I am sure he can have no better name than your own."

That first week Edith did not go over to Bevin Hall; she had perceived that it would be inconvenient to Amos, and she did not wish to associate herself with anything troublesome to his daily life. But about Thursday she rode over to Lceds again, and induced Martha Thrale to come back with her to Bradley for a week. Martha was very glad to go. Her arms had been aching to hold the child once more. She had begun to wish she knew Edith better, for she desired to love her as Joe's wife ought to be loved by her.

On Saturday morning Edith thought it best to tell her that Amos was coming to dinner. She was aware that they had not spoken to each other for nearly eight years. She understood the stubborn temper of both, and she did not suppose Martha would wish to meet her brother-in-law. "But if not, Aunt Martha," she said, "do not leave your rooms; I would not for the world have you suffer any annoyance in my house."

"That's all right, Edith," she replied; "but I can tell you one thing. I niver yet run away from either man or woman body, and I'm partic'larly sure that I won't run from Amos Braithwaite."

If he doesn't like to be in t' same room wi' me he can just tak' himsen further off, as soon as iver he chooses."

"I dare say that he will be very glad to meet you again, Aunt Martha. He ought to be."

"Ay, he ought. I did him a deal o' good for many a year. He hes mebbe found it out by this time. And he hes nothing to feel hard at me for, except that one night I told him t' truth about himsen, and if he didn't like it it was nobody's fault but his awr. He had no one to blame but Amos Braithwaite, if t' truth wasn't vary flattering."

So on Saturday the proud old lady sat steadily in the parlour with her knitting, her broad, placid, handsome face showing not a trace of anything but sincerity and content. Amos came bustling into the room in his usual pompous fashion, and his eyes instantly fell upon Martha, as she sat by the open window, busy with a sock of pink wool for little Joe. It was like a vision from his old life. In a moment he remembered all the years in which she had kept Bevin Hall a little palace of sweet cleanliness and exquisite comfort. His heart went out to her, but he only said,

"Well, I'm sure; is that thee, Martha?"

"Ay, it's me, Amos, wi' a difference o' eight years fash and worry and ageing. I'm glad to see thee looking so well and so like thysen."

"Is ta really? Martha Thrale, when is ta coming home? Thou ought to be ashamed o' thysen, leaving an old man like me to fettle for himsen a' these years."

"I hev'n't done a thing or said a word that I'm shamed for, niver in my whole life, Amos Braithwaite."

"I sud think that t' Resurrection Day was here, if I heard thee say different. It's natural to hear thee talking like that. It would be a strange thing to hear thee say as thou could be in the wrong. It would that. But I'll tell thee summat: t' rats, and t' mice, and ivery other kind o' vermin that thou hates, are heving a good time over at Bevin, among t' velvet chairs and t' hangings and t' vary best carpets. And that owd Tabby Askweth hes broke t' last bit o' thy sister Ann's best china, and I don't believe there is an ell o' ta fine table damask left."

"Amos Braithwaite! Such carryings on! It's enough to make anybody cry; Tabby Askweth ought to be in Bevin lock-up, that she ought."

"And I hev'n't t' ways, nor t' means, to ask my awn daughter-in-law to come and drink a cup o' tea wi' me. It's a shame, I say."

"It is thy awn fault."

"And I'd like to see my awn grandson, sometimes, in my awn house. Thou ought to think o' these things. Come home, my woman; I wouldn't be so stubborn and ill to move for anything. Look at me; see how forgiving I hev been. Why, aw was too soft even tell Joe's wife a bit o' my mind. Thou'rt worse than I am, Martha."

"Does ta want me to come back to Eevin? Is that what ta means?"

"Ay, I want thee to come home."

"Then I'll come, on one condition. Thou must ask Joe back. I left when Joe left, and I'm none coming back till ta asks Joe back wi' me."

"I'll do naught o' t' sort. He can come if he likes. Edith is coming once a week, and if a man can't follow his wife, I count nothing of him; he's too big a fool to ask. When will ta come home, Martha?"

"As soon as I hev put my furniture in safe keeping."

"Sell it."

"Not I. Thee and me might get to differing again, and I'm not goin' to put mysen out of a home. I'd be too much i' thy power, if I sold my furniture."

"Thou art eat up wi' pride, but I'll set thee an example, Martha. I'll show thee how to be generous and forgiving. I'll settle £200 a year on thee for life; whether ta stays wi' me, or leaves me, thou shalt hev £200 a year. What does ta say to that, now?"

"I niver asked thee for a penny-piece, Amos Braithwaite, and I don't know as thou hest any right to give me £200 a-year."

"Keep thysen cool, Martha; I'm not offering thee any charity. Thou earned all I offer thee, ay, over and over. I'm nobbut paying a just debt."

"If thou thinks of it that way, pay it. But I'm not the woman to take any mean advantage over thee. I'm more likely to stay wi' thee, when I hev t' power to leave thee, than I would be if I hadn't a penny."

"When will ta come home home?"

"Next Saturday thou wilt find me there, I'll warrant, when ta comes from t' mill."

Then Edith came in, and as the trio stood together admiring little Joe, the door opened, and Perkins entered. He was quite taken down by the presence of Amos and Martha, and could scarcely manage to explain that he was passing, and had called to see if there was anything for him to attend to, etc.

Amos watched his confusion with cynical pleasure. "Why, whatever is t' matter wi' thee, Perkins? Thou isn't thysen at all. Thou art blushing like a hobbledehoy! Doesn't t' company here suit thee? For my part, I'm varry glad to see thee. I have summat to say to thee after dinner."

"Dinner is served, madam," said a servant.

"Then come thou wi' me, Edith. I can trust Joshua Perkins with Martha Thrale. He'll hev to mind his P's and Q's if he is thinking o' cross-questioning her. I'm glad Martha is here. I like to eat my dinner without racking my brain to keep upsides wi' a clever owd lawyer."

"Oh, Mr. Braithwaite! Mr. Braithwaite! You must hev your joke, we all know that." And Perkins tried to hide his astonishment and annoyancé in a forced laugh, and in civil attentions to Miss Thrale, who, however, received them in an unusually silent and haughty manner.

"EAST END STORIES."*

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

FAIRY ARMSTRONG.

II.

TO FIND in the inhabitants of some very humble homes the follower of some very poorly paid employment, a thoughtful, well-educated person who had "known better days," was a common enough experience with me; still I felt surprised at finding what manner of man Fairy Armstrong's father was, and had been, and I listened to him with a sensation of wonder as well as of interest. For the moment I scarcely knew how to reply, and so merely observed—

"But your daughter is very young."

"She is, sir," he assented; but, whether for good or ill, I believe you'll find that she is a twig that has received its bent. There is one thing, I think, I am entitled to say," he went on, opening the door of the inner room, and beckoning me forward as he spoke, "and that is, that she is neither uncomfortable nor neglected. This is her nest."

Following the sweep of his hand, I glanced around the little inner room, which was upon the whole, bright, cheery and cosy—such a room as but few children, indeed of the poorer working classes, could have had to themselves. The little bed had a snow-white coverlet and hangings, and scattered about were pieces of cheap childish finery, picture-books, and even toys; while from the open window came a welcome perfume from a number of carefully tended pot-flowers standing on the window-sill, and enclosed by a neatly-painted lath-railing.

"That is her own room," Armstrong went on, when I had finished my survey; as yet she has never known what it is to want a meal, and very rarely known what it is to hear a cross word from me; and so far as I can I look to her moral and religious training, and shield her from all evil influences."

"Well, I was pleased to see that the child was so well cared for," I said, "and I did not doubt his affection for her, but—but—" and here I broke down.

"Don't think I would stand in the way of my child, sir," he said earnestly. "I am only anxious for her happiness—and I'll leave it to her. I give you my word that she shall have no hint from me of the object of your call here, and I will trust to your honour as a gentleman not to use any undue persuasion with her,

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR. London: C. Kelley, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

and with that understood, you can try her on the subject the first time you see her. If you find her willing to leave her present mode of life, if you find her even not unwilling, I will do anything I can to help you."

This arrangement was the only one to which I could come in the end. Such as it was, and I proceeded to carry it out at the earliest opportunity: but the alarmed manner and scared look exhibited by Fairy on my merely hinting at the possibility of her being separated from her father, were sufficient to cause me to desist in my attempt.

"I knew that it would be so," said the father, speaking to me a day or two later on meeting me in the street. "You see it would make her as well as me unhappy to part us. Not, mark you, sir, that I say she wouldn't give up her present way of life, if that was all; it's our companionship that is the pull. When I am gone, the case will be different; and I will go all the happier now, for knowing that there is at least one person in the world who takes an interest in her. She'll still be young enough to train for something else; for I'm not long for this world."

He spoke with a coolness that was astonishing, considering the nature of his remarks; but making no comment upon that point, I merely observed—

"How long we may be for this world is a thing that none of us can know."

"I mean nothing irreverent, sir," he answered; "that, of course, is only my impression, but I have grounds for it. I have felt for years past that whatever stamina I may have had has been diminishing. My chest has failed me so that for a year past I have had to give up wind instruments altogether, and now I habitually feel sick and shaky as I go about in the daytime, and exhausted when I get home at night. I am pretty near worn out, and as I am not in a position to lie by or nurse myself, I must die in the harness."

I scarcely knew what to answer to this, and while I was hesitating he resumed—

"If my fear, or feelings, or whatever it is, should prove true, would you still be willing to befriend my child?"

"More willing than even I am now," I replied.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed fervently, by way of answer; and as he spoke he grasped my hand, and then hastily walked away, though not before I had caught a glimpse of the tears that he sought to hide.

Looking at his bowed and wasted figure as he passed down the street, I could not help acknowledging to myself that there was in all likelihood a good deal of truth in what he had said about his being a worn-out man. But as this thought passed through my mind little did I think that for him the end was so near as in the event it proved to be. Three months later he was dead. The "outing" season was drawing to a close, and he had been working very hard as a member of bands accompanying or hanging on to excursion parties. On one of these excursions he had got wet, and

going about in his damp clothes for many hours afterward, had caught a severe cold. He had been strongly advised to nurse it, but saying that he must make a little money for "wintering" on, he persevered in going out day after day, and the result was fatal in the end. One night in the midst of a paroxysm of coughing, he fell from his chair, and the people in the lower part of the house rushing up, on hearing Fairy's screams, found him insensible, and blood gushing from the mouth. He had ruptured important blood vessels; and the next day Fairy was an orphan.

I heard of the death within a few hours of its taking place, and immediately hastened to the house, where the first discovery I made was that Mother Dreadful had already "come down like a wolf on the fold." I need scarcely say that I was greatly chagrined; but feeling that I must accept the situation, I did so with the best grace I could muster.

"Where is the child?" I asked, civilly.

"In her own room, pore little dear, a sobbin' her 'art out a'most," she drawled out in a whining tone that was palpably "put on." "It's so sudden, yer see, but I dessay she'll be better presently; I've been a cheerin' of her up all I can."

"Don't you think it would be well for me to take her away for a while?" I said; "I know a lady that would take charge of her till something could be arranged for her."

"Well, thanking you kindly, sir, I think I'd rayther take care of her myself," she answered, a covert sneer underlying her lachrymose tone. "I think her own grandmother is the fittest person to have charge of her."

I saw that any attempt at persuasion would be useless, and so assuming a sterner tone, I said—

"Now, look here, Mrs.—, this is neither a time nor place for wrangling, but I must be plain. I don't think you are the fittest person to have charge of this child; but, remember this, if you do persist in keeping her with you, you shall be well watched."

"I can stand being watched," she replied, now sneering undisguisedly; "I know what my rights are, and what yours aren't, and I don't care that for you or any of yer sort, snapping her fingers contemptuously.

I did see that she was watched in respect to her conduct toward Fairy, but I could hear of no attempt on her part to deal harshly with her. Finding, however, that at the end of three weeks she did not return to Sunday-school, I determined upon bearding the lion in her den, and accordingly proceeded to Mother Dreadful's residence.

"And what might you want?" was the greeting with which she met him on the doorstep.

"I wanted to know why Annie Armstrong did not attend Sunday-school now."

"Just because I ain't goin' to let her attend a school where her mind 'll be poisoned agen me—that's why," she retorted defiantly.

"That's nonsense," I said impatiently.

"It's what I'm going to stick to, any way," she answered, in the same tone. "As I told you before, I know my rights, and I intend to stand by 'em. I wouldn't spoil her, like her fool of a father, but I'm doing what's right by her; you can speak to her, if you like."

"By herself?" I questioned.

"Oh yes," she answered; "I'll take a turn up the street while you see her; "I know you can't stand to take her away."

Accepting this offer, I entered the house, where I found Fairy looking very thin and grief-stricken, and still mourning with heart-breaking intensity for her lost "dad," but while the sorrowful expression of her young face was pitiful to see, she was comfortably clad in mourning, and had no complaint to make of hard living or ill-usage, but spoke of "grandmother" being very good to her.

I could point to nothing substantial to justify suspicion, and my work at this time taking me into another part of my district, and giving me many other people and things to think about, Fairy Armstrong was comparatively forgotten.

But, as events proved, she was destined to be but too soon brought under my notice again. Some three months after my last-mentioned interview with her, on a sloppy, foggy, miserable Saturday night in December, I was surprised by a visit from my van-driver friend. He looked strongly excited and mysterious withal, and his greeting was in keeping with the expression of his face.

"Look here, sir," he broke out, "come with me, and ask no questions; the thing that I shall take you to see will explain itself."

"Can't you tell me what it is?" I asked.

"Well, of course I could," he answered, "but I'd rather not. An hour's telling wouldn't bring it home to you half as strong as a minute's seeing. You may take my word for it, sir, that when you have seen it, you'll say that seeing it first, without hearing about it, was out-and-out the best way."

I could see that he had set in his heart on having his own way in the matter; and so, waiving the point, set out with him. He kept a little ahead, with a view, as I took it, of avoiding questions on my part; and, after about ten minutes' walk, stopped in front of a large corner public-house known as the "Help-me-through-the-World."

"Are we going in here?" I asked.

"Yes, up into the sing-song room," he answered, and entering the house as he spoke, left nothing for me but to follow.

A description of a London sing-song would not be without a certain grim interest, but there is neither space nor necessity to give the description here. Suffice it to say that the large room was crowded with a rough, noisy, more or less drunken audience, and reeked with the fumes of rankly strong tobacco and cheap cigars. I entered at a favourable moment; for the audience being engaged in roaring a chorus, I was able to take a seat unobserved.

It was a last verse they were chorusing, and the retiring singer was succeeded by a father bringing on two tiny children, whom he put through a number of violent contortions. Then ensued a pause and buzz of expectation, until the chairman rose announced that Fairy Armstrong, of the Theatre Royal, would now make her first appearance as a juvenile character singer and dancer.

This announcement was received with enthusiastic approbation, which found vent in the hammering of pewter pots upon tables. Under cover of this, my companion whispered—

“There, now, the murder’s out! That’s Mother Dreadful’s doings. It was to bring her, to this that she pretended to be so kind to her. Look here, sir, I’d sooner see a little girl of mine laid in the grave than brought on to that stage. I say nothing agen the poor things as gets their liven in such places, God help ’em, they’re most likely been drove to it, or never known anything better; but you see for yourself what sort come here.”

“But what do you want me to do?” I whispered.

“Do!” he exclaimed, in the same low but energetic tone. “Why, if you really care for her, as I think you do, save her from this. Though her poor old father let her go with other children on the theatre stage, he’d have rather seen her dead at his feet than brought here to perform—he knew what it meant.

At this point the hammering and shouting suddenly ceased, and Fairy, clad in ballet costume, skipped lightly on to the stage, and gracefully acknowledged the round of applause with which she was received. Then she raised her head, gave a quick glance round the room and at the upturned faces, and instantly—as, watching her intently, I could see—turned pale and faltered.

My companion also noticed this, for, clutching my arm, he whispered—

“There, do you see that? the light has broke in on her; you may depend she didn’t know the sort of place she was being brought to.”

Before I could make any reply, all was uproar and confusion, for Fairy, after standing stock-still for a minute, gave a hysterical scream, and, covering her face with her hands, rushed from the stage. Amid all the noise in front of the stage, I could hear angry voices behind it; and, without a moment’s further hesitation, I pushed my way up, and boldly opening a side door, found myself in the little apartment which served the performers as waiting-room. Fairy was in the centre of an excited group, consisting of performers, waiters, the landlord, and Mother Dreadful. The last-named personage was grasping Fairy tightly by the shoulder, and trying to induce her to sip some brandy which she held in a glass. Fairy’s face being towards the door, she was the first to recognize me, and shaking herself free from her grandmother’s grasp, she sprang to my side, and seizing my hand, exclaimed—

“Oh, teacher, take me away; take me away from here, please.” For, though I was not her teacher, she had always addressed me by that title since the day on which I had got her the “treat” ticket.

Before I could make any answer beyond what was conveyed by a pressure of the hand, the grandmother, her face all aflame with passion, broke out—

“So it's you as has put her up to this, is it?” It's a plant, eh?”

“Look here, Mrs. ——,” I returned, “if I had known of this sooner, I would have interfered to prevent the child's being here at all, as now I shall interfere to prevent her being brought here again.”

“And how will you prevent it?” she asked, with a sneer.

“Not by any appeal to you, certainly,” was my answer, “but I warn the landlord that if he persists in being a party to the dragging of this child here against her will, I will do all that I can to get his license taken from him.”

The landlord protested that he would have nothing further to do with the affair; that he had been misled by Mother Dreadful, and “done out” of three pounds, which he had let her have in advance.

Hearing the landlord speak in this way, Mother Dreadful, shrugging her shoulders, and glancing significantly at me, observed—

“Ah, well, if she won't work at this sort of thing, she must at something else. I can't keep her in idleness.”

“You needn't keep her at all,” I said; “I am willing to take her off your hands.”

“But I'm not quite willing to let you.”

“Then you had better take care how you treat her,” I said.

“That is just what I will do,” she answered. “I know my book.”

As there was nothing more to be done under the circumstances, I left the house, but with a mind full of forebodings for poor Fairy.

On the life of the child for the space of three months following, I will not dwell. It would profit nothing, to speak of her termagant grandmother's cunning cruelty to her, or my feelings at finding myself impotent to prevent it. She “knew her book,” as she phrased it. She did not thrash Fairy, or starve her, nor did she make her do anything that was not done by scores of other children in the neighbourhood; and yet it is not too much to say that she was killing her by inches. In the cold, wet winter weather, poor little Fairy, her spirit utterly broken, was sent out step-cleaning, the result being that she caught severe colds, that her hands were chapped, her feet chilblained, and herself altogether miserable—and I could do very little to alleviate her sufferings, for the law, as she managed to keep within the letter of it, was upon the side of Mother Dreadful.

Such was the position of affairs when one dark and bitterly cold night in March, returning from the opposite side of the river in a small boat, I landed at the waterman's stairs of my district.

“A black night,” I observed, in passing, to the man in charge of the stairs.

"It is," he replied; "I wish it wasn't, for I'm trying to keep a bright look-out."

"Expecting anything particular up the river, then?" I questioned.

"No; it's on shore here I want to keep my eye," he answered. "There's some poor girl dodging about here in sad trouble; and young as she is, I do believe she means to make a plunge of it. I've heard her sobbing and moaning; but when I try to go near her she scuds away and hides, and I don't like to go far in case she should give me the slip and get down the steps. Whist!" he went on, suddenly dropping his voice, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, "there she comes, you'll see her in a half a minute; she'll come into the light of that lamp."

I turned my gaze towards the spot he indicated, and presently made out coming slowly forward, and peering anxiously about her—Fairy Armstrong.

In my surprise I blurted out her name, whereupon the man at my side, slapping his thigh, exclaimed—

"Bless me, so it is! To think as I shouldn't a known her. Here I dessay I've been putting myself in a sweat for nothink; it's most likely as she's just been a-looking out for you. Were you expecting of her?"

"No," I replied; "but if she had been inquiring for me she would be told I was over the water. Without waiting to say more, I hastened up the stairs, and the instant I came into the light Fairy rushed up to me, and, throwing herself sobbing into my arms, exclaimed—

"O teacher, teacher! take me with you; I daren't go back to grandmother again!"

Then, as well as her grief would let her, she told her story. her hands were so sore that she could not clean steps, and she had gone home on the previous day without having earned anything. But the grandmother had sent her out again this morning, telling her that, if she returned again without money, she would "lick her within an inch of her life." Fairy had attempted to clean one set of steps, but the pain of her hands was so great that she had been compelled to desist, and, being again without money, feared to venture home, believing that her grandmother would do as she said.

As in half-broken accents she poured out her tale, I resolved that I would defy Mother Dreadful, and chance her carrying out her oft-repeated threat of "lawing" me. Having found her a comfortable shelter for the night, on the following day I arranged with a benevolent lady that Fairy should be taken into her house; should be nursed there till she was strong again, and then brought in to be an assistant-nursemaid—always supposing that we succeeded in keeping Mother Dreadful at bay, as, happily, we were able to do, for though she came storming to the house and renewed her threats of "lawing," she took no action in the matter, probably seeing that she had as much to fear as we had from any appeal to law.

But alas for poor Fairy! Though she was lovingly nursed, she was destined never to be "strong again." The hardship she had gone through had been too much for her delicate constitution. The doctor called in to attend her could not say that she was suffering from any specific complaint. She simply faded away. She, as well as those around her, knew for weeks before she died that she was dying. And in a simple child-like but still confident and happy way, she was prepared to go. She spoke calmly, and with all the unquestioning faith of a child, of meeting her "dear Saviour," of being with the angels, and seeing "dad" again. She had a natural love of music, and her greatest delight toward the last was when the lady of the house would play over the air, while she (Fairy) murmured a verse or two of a favourite hymn of our Sunday-school scholars—

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

"Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night."

When the end came it was peace. Painlessly, and with a smile on her lips, she passed away. By the kindness of friends who had become interested in her, she was laid in the same grave as her father; so that of the poor broken-down busker and his child it might, with very little stretch of poetical license, be said that they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

BETTER THINGS.

BETTER the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favour proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better be fed by a mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to sit at the Master's feet than thrill a listening State;
Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

AN IMPARTIAL VIEW OF FEDERATION.

THE Editor of this MAGAZINE thinks that from the relation he has sustained to both Victoria and Toronto Universities, he has peculiar advantages for forming an impartial judgment on the subject of university federation. He attended each institution for three years, and is a graduate in Arts of both. He has hitherto refrained from references of this sort, from a reluctance to obtrude his own personality into the discussion, and from an apprehension that his motives and methods might be misunderstood and misrepresented. But being persuaded that what is most urgently needed by all candid inquirers, is all the light that can be thrown on the subject from any quarter, he frankly takes his readers into his confidence and recites some of the reasons which, operating through many years have led him to the firm and unflinching conviction that the policy of university federation is by far the best policy for the Methodist Church, for Victoria University, for the young men and women of Methodism in this Province and for the cause of higher education in this land. There are those who knowing *only* Victoria University think the writer's intimate acquaintance with both institutions a *disqualification* for forming a calm and even-minded judgment, but candid readers will discount that objection. He will, therefore, dispense with the editorial "we," and speak plainly on the first person.

Three of the happiest years of my life were spent at Victoria College, two of them in the pre-matriculation department. The intellectual quickening, the moral and religious influences and the mental training there enjoyed have laid me under life-long obligation. To have formed the personal acquaintance of such men as President Nelles, Dr. Rice, Dr. Whitlock, Dr. Wilson, Professors Kingston, Campbell, Kerr, the Rev. John Ryerson and others, es-

pecially at a time when heart and mind were receiving their earliest and strongest impressions, was an inspiration and a benediction for which I can never cease to be thankful.

Scarcely less helpful in the developing of character was the forming of life-long friendships with a noble band of fellow students, many of whom now occupy prominent positions in society, and many of whom are fellow-labourers in the Christian ministry. Thank God for those college friendships, more strong and tender and true than any others formed in life.

After three years spent at Cobourg, it was found more convenient and less expensive to live at home in Toronto, and to attend Toronto University. I was, therefore, transferred to an *ad eundem* standing at Toronto, and introduced to the genial president, Dr. McCaul, by a very kind letter from Principal Nelles. Here I remained three years, and came into contact with a number of able professors, whom to know was in its way a sort of liberal education: Dr. McCaul, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Professors Chapman, Cherriman, Crofts, Bevan, Forneri, Hirschfelder and Hincks. It was found to be no disadvantage, but very much the reverse, to make the intimate acquaintance of a large number of young men of other churches; especially was it of much advantage to form a classroom intimacy with earnest-souled young Christians studying for the ministry, several of whom afterwards won distinction.

It will be admitted, I think, that these intimate relations with both institutions give an opportunity superior to that of most persons for forming an impartial judgment of the advantages of federation with the Provincial University. One of the first things that struck me was the fact that the able and hard working professors at Cobourg were handicapped in their endeavours to do

justice to the very full *curriculum* by the necessity which imposed an undue amount of work on one man. One distinguished professor, for instance at Cobourg, had charge of four distinct departments, which at Toronto were distributed among four professors. It is no discredit to any man, no matter how gifted, that he is not able to do as much work as four men.

Another advantage was the free access to a large and well classified library. Every one who knows anything about university work, knows that a well equipped library is an essential part of the apparatus for high-class instruction. "The true university of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books," especially now that knowledge has become so specialized that no man can do more than push its boundaries a little in any one direction. A professor's chief work is to point to the records of latest discovery and exploration, to the original fountains of knowledge, and bid the student to draw and drink for himself. The most recent scientific books and journals, on account of their comparatively limited sale, are always expensive, and so rapid is the progress of science that any but the latest are soon out of date. When reorganizing the library of the Edinburgh University, Prof. Simpson ordered all the books in certain departments over ten years old to be removed as entirely useless.

But much of the best teaching nowadays is not merely from books, but from real things—by coming into contact at first hand with nature. For this, natural history collections, museums, technological models and apparatus are necessary, and these are still more expensive than books.*

Both Victoria and Toronto Universities have very greatly increased their facilities for doing high-class work since the date of which I write. They have both largely increased

their professoriate, enlarged their libraries and chemical and physical apparatus. Professors Bain, Reynar, Wallace, Badgley, Workman, Bell, Horning, and Petch, are additions to the staff, of whom any university might be proud. So also are Professors Loudon, Baker, Ramsey, Wright, Pike, Hutton, McCurdy, Ashley, Baldwin, Hume, Alexander, Dale, and others of Toronto University, and so pre-eminently was the late Dr. Young. But neither institution has at all the equipment required for the growing needs of the country and of the age. If, however, they would unite their resources, in doing the high-class educational work of the country, we may expect to have in the near future a university not unworthy of the Province, and of the twentieth century, on whose threshold we now stand. It is not to the credit of this large and rich Province of Ontario, with a population of nearly two millions, with six or seven chartered universities, that it should have to depend upon the private munificence of a citizen of the little State of Maryland for the advantages of such a real university as Johns Hopkins, for Canadian youth. Many cannot afford either the time or money to go to a foreign city to obtain in a post-graduate course the special training which their native province is well able to supply.

If the very *elite* of ambitious youth are compelled to go to a foreign country for the facilities for higher training that their own country should give them, they will be likely to drift away from their native allegiance and enrich that land which has furnished them the facilities they sought in vain at home. Our own rich resources of field, lakes, forest and mine, will remain undeveloped or be developed chiefly by the skill and for the benefit of foreigners; and we shall be, as we deserve to be, if we do not assert our manhood, the very Helots of the

*The scientific apparatus and contents of the museum at Toronto, imperfect as they were, were yet appraised at \$50,000. About half of this was saved. By purchase and gifts from the great museums of the world the defect is being rapidly removed. The University has already \$102,000 in cash, and nearly 10,000 volumes of books for its new library.

continent, and occupy a position as distinctly secondary, as some of us are content that our universities shall occupy to the universities of the neighbouring Republic—which country, to say the least, develops no better brains, or bodies, or morals, than our own.

A great deal is made by our anti-federation friends of the impropriety of accepting government aid for higher education. But those who now make that outcry contended very strongly and very justly for many years that Victoria was entitled to substantial aid for the educational work she was doing; they accepted it as long as they could, and complained very justly when that help was withdrawn. Now, by adopting the large and wise and patriotic course decided upon by the late General Conference, Victoria may obtain an amount of aid in the higher and more costly departments of education far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of her friends in days gone by. And this help will be obtained, not by antagonizing the national university, not by seeking to dismember it or to lessen its endowment, but by helping to build up a grand national institution of which we may all be proud. Surely the united action in the Senate of the great religious denominations of the country can save their common university from being given over a prey to Agnostics and Infidels as some timorous souls profess to fear. If there were any such danger, it is at least our duty to try to prevent such a disaster, and we would be recreant to our obligations as patriots if we failed to make the attempt.

Let us exhibit in the "Wesley Hall" of the confederated Victoria such a robust and manly type of piety as shall revive the traditions of the Holy Club at Oxford, as shall make it the rallying place for the very *élite* of the young Methodists of the Dominion, including the six score who now flock to University College, as well as to the thousands more who through the coming years shall seek to combine the highest culture and the deepest devotion. Thus shall the young life and young blood of Cana-

dian Methodism come into wholesome and helpful contact with the other religious forces which are moulding the future of the country. It shall receive a mental broadening, and a spiritual sympathy with other branches of the Christian Church. Thus shall it exert an influence upon the religious life of the country that it can never hope to exert by pursuing a policy of alienation and aloofness from the throbbing intellectual and religious life of the times.

It is said that Queen's University is too wise to come into such a federation as is proposed. The condition of Queen's University is very different. It has recently erected splendid buildings and has a large and able professorial staff—22 professors and lecturers. It is situated midway between Toronto and Montreal, with a large region from which to draw patronage. And it is demanding from the Government, in the establishment of a School of Science at Kingston, very much the kind of aid it would receive at Toronto.

With its very large endowment—nearly \$1,000,000—McMaster University, whose example we are advised to follow, reports a Faculty in Arts, and apparently also in Theology, of only six professors. Is she anything like as strong an educational force as if she were affiliated with the national university? Or is Trinity likely to be as attractive an educational centre if she continue her policy of isolation, as if she were to unite her forces with the Provincial University? Can Victoria, even if her friends were unanimous for independence, reasonably hope to surpass the educational status and equipment of the national institution, with the rich province of Ontario at its back? or can she be anything like as strong as she would be if in alliance with that university, instead of in rivalry to it? Will the young Methodists of Ontario be satisfied with anything less than the best that the country can give them? or have we a right to ask them to be satisfied with anything less? Have we the right to ask the Methodist people of this province—who from their num-

bers own one-third of Toronto University, and must pay their full quota for its amplest endowment—who are giving more for missionary and evangelistic work than any other Church, to also create a rival institution, at a cost of not less than \$1,000,000, when for \$110,000 more than they have already secured for federation they may have a much better Arts course than they could possibly hope for otherwise, and a Theological Faculty which shall prepare the ministry of the future, as it has never been prepared in the past, for the high calling whereto it is called? At the same time we may have the patriotic satisfaction of forming an integral part of the very crown and keystone of the educational system of the country, and of greatly increasing its strength and completeness.

The very disaster which seemed to overwhelm Toronto University has been a blessing in disguise. It has kindled the enthusiasm of its alumni as nothing else could do. It has shown how strong are its resources, how vital are its energies. It has caused an outburst of sympathy throughout the whole republic of letters. Almost every land in Christendom is bringing its tribute. Almost every great university is extending a helping hand. Almost every learned society is giving books for the library. Almost every great museum is sending gifts. It will rise from its ashes, stronger, fairer, more richly dowered with the gifts and love and fealty, not of a single Church, but of all classes and all creeds of the community.

Shall we join hands with this truly national institution? Shall we seek to build it up and strengthen it? Shall we claim our share in its privileges? Shall we assert our right to aid in moulding its future? Or shall we, by a policy of isolation, cut ourselves off and deprive our sons and daughters of their birthright as loyal Canadians?

The national university will re-

ceive from the nation all the aid it requires for its amplest development. It will grow with the growth of the country, an object of patriotic pride, whether we be its partners or its rivals. As Methodists we shall pay a larger quota than any other Church to this development as our numbers are larger than any others. We are confident that a broad minded patriotism—a true Christian fraternity, a sense of responsibility to God for the wise stewardship of the resources of the Church, will re-enact the wise decision of the last General Conference with still greater emphasis than before.

We have come to a place where two ways meet. If we accept federation, with all the wide possibilities which it unfolds, we may take our place with honour in the noble task of aiding the Christian Churches of this realm in establishing our highest educational institution on a broad national, patriotic, Christian and catholic basis. If we reject it, we shall largely cut ourselves off from the intellectual life of the nation. We shall sacrifice all hope of obtaining that material aid in the educational work of the country, which we have long claimed was our right. We shall be forever estopped from protest against the most generous endowment of the Peoples University. If we attempt to prevent such endowment, we shall raise up enemies embittered and incensed against us. We shall incur the accusation, whether justly or not, of arraying ourselves against the intellectual progress of the commonwealth. We shall lose the golden opportunity of uniting the Christian forces of the community for purposes of highest public good, and broadest Christian culture. May the Source of all light and wisdom give us grace and understanding to rise to the height of our privilege and obligation, and to act for the best interests of our Church, our country, our children, and our children's children for all time.

MINISTERS' INSTITUTES.

IN the January number of the *Methodist Review* Bishop Vincent has a striking article on what he calls "The Itinerants' Club." It contains matter of much interest to every minister in Canada, especially to every young minister. We purpose to quote from Bishop Vincent an account of some of those clubs, as existing in American Methodism, and to make a suggestion as to the adoption of similar institutions in this country.

One of these clubs was held at Lexington, Ky., last April, when about eighty ministers attended for ten days. Dr. Arthur Edwards, of the *Northwestern Advocate*, who was present, says: "The main body of those who attended are undergraduates in the Conference. . . The programme might easily be imagined by those who should hear that for good and sufficient reasons the course in a theological seminary must be pressed into eight days. . . . The enthusiasm rose almost to the shouting point from the first. Never have we seen a convention, class, club, or Conference more a success from the first prayer to the benediction. The club aims to magnify the Conference studies of Conference graduates."

"Another 'club' of the same character was held a month later at Mt. Union College, Alliance, O. It was well attended, and in a series of spirited conversations the following topics were discussed: 'The Conference Course of Study—How Use; How Improve; How Employ by Colleges and Seminaries, by Assemblies and Itinerants' Clubs; 'Post-graduate Reading Courses; 'Church Music; 'The Minister as a Man of Church Business—Keeping Church Records, Making Church Reports, Superintending Church Repairs, Buildings,' etc.; 'Social Meetings of Believers, Class-meetings, Religious Conversations, Cottage Prayer-meetings,' etc."

It resulted in a permanent organization, the object of which was:

"(1) To promote the more thorough prosecution of the Conference course of study; (2) to encourage the more critical study (professional and devotional) of the English Bible; (3) to promote among ministers the more careful and scientific study of the people of all classes—their opinions, habits, perils, needs, how to approach them, how win them to Christ, etc.; (4) to bring the undergraduates of the Conference, and of neighbouring Conferences, together as frequently and for as long a time as possible during the Conference year."

"An Itinerants' Club was advertised to be held in St. Joseph, Mo., December 16-20, 1889. The announcement says:

"This is to be a school in which all are students. The course in Biblical Introduction and Systematic Theology will be limited to the course for the first and second years for probationers in the Annual Conference. Lessons are announced to be given in Biblical Introduction, in Systematic Theology, in Church History, in Homiletics, in Rhetoric, Logic, etc., with "Conversations" on "How to Study," the "Pastoral Work," "Pulpit Manners," "Woman's Work in the Church," "How to conduct Prayer and other Social Meetings," "Our Benevolences," etc."

"A general interest has thus been awakened on the subject of Conference study. The young men clamour for such direction as the Itinerants' Club provides.

"Dr. Fry, of the *Central Christian Advocate*, says, in reporting some of these movements:

"During the first four years of their ministry, at the very time when, on account of inexperience in ministerial and pastoral work, the greatest demands are made upon them, they must give attention to the Conference studies. The result is, that hardly one of ten has really mastered the Conference course of study, and the greater part fail to

derive the benefits which would come from a thorough study of the course.'

"The Conference examinations are often conducted in a careless way. They are often inexact and superficial. They are at best testings on the 'contents of a book,' or 'the views of the author,' rather than a call for definitions by the student of doctrines which he accepts, his own statements concerning their historic development, their basis in Scripture and reason, the formidable oppositions which they have encountered, from what sources and with what results in theological thought and ecclesiastical usage. For, if I rightly understand the object of the Conference course, candidates who pursue it should find it a real school of theology, opening to its members the world of knowledge belonging to their office and profession.

"The time usually spent in Conference examinations is short, the burden of it coming at the closing up of the year's pastoral work. The making out of reports, the packing, the 'good-byes,' and the nervousness and anxiety of the candidate, put him then at great disadvantage. However, he learns to hope that the examining brethren will be 'easy' and 'sympathetic.' And he has the assurance from men who 'got through' without much trouble last year, or the year before, that they are likely to be both 'sympathetic' and 'easy'; and it happens, to the shame of the men who as examiners allow it, or who as ruling *presbyters*, whether over 'districts' or over 'the whole connexion,' wink at it, that men creep into our ministry through examinations that should make a grammar-school boy blush.

"The preacher must be a student. He must know how to study, how to think, how persistently and with concentration to apply his mind and heart to a subject until he can hold it firmly, turn it over, penetrate it, discover its anatomy and relations, and put it into shape for effective application to his hearers.

"The minister of God should know about the dangers to which our homes, our parents, our youth

are exposed, from false science, from lax theology, from bad ethics widely circulated in these days through current literature, the rostrum, the lyceum and the drama. By vigilance, by reading, by conversation, he should be ready to give a wise man's answer to a fool's folly. He should, in a general way, be abreast of the times in matters of literary taste and general culture. It does not require much time, when one has wise direction, to catch the current of popular thought; to take a wise view of the topics which are everywhere exciting popular discussion. The minister must understand the literary elements which quietly antagonize his gospel, and with taste and ability so deal with them that his matter and manner will command the respect of the most cultivated in his community.

"Above all, the minister should be familiar with the English Bible: how it has come to us in the English, the English people through whom it came, and the English in which it comes. This is the minister's one text-book. It contains the word of God, whose witness he is, whose law he is to declare, whose Gospel he is to proclaim, whose promises he is to announce. It is a book of books; THE Book of books; full of history, biography, philosophy, ethics, poetry, prophecy; and in its English form it has been given to us illuminated by the advance of archæological and of philological science, and by the illustration of its principles in the history of that wonderful race, a part of which we are. The preacher of the word should be a master of the English Bible. But the minister should study the English of the Bible—pure, simple, and full of vigour; forming in the critical and loving disciple a clear style, full of classic grace; a style both strong and keen, like a sharp sword which the Lord Himself hath made for the man who would do well the work to which the Lord hath called him."

Bishop Vincent closes his practical paper with the following eloquent paragraphs:

"There was once a great school of theology—of Christian theology—

with a Teacher who 'spake as never man spake.' Its pupils were divinely chosen. They were companions, fellow-travellers, friends, brethren, for three years, and their Teacher was Companion, Fellow-traveller, Friend and Brother. Theirs was a peripatetic school, and a school of practice. It abounded in demonstrations. Its Head Master was in Himself a perfect proof of the words He taught. He proved His doctrines by His deeds, and made both deeds and doctrines radiant and vigorous by the spirit that pervaded them all. He vitalized old and familiar truths till, like dull carbon points, they shone with dazzling light.

"Wonderful Teacher! Favoured disciples! Famous school, that built no marble halls, collected no great library, but turned the whole of every-day life into opportunity, making houses and streets, mountain and sea-side, places of discipline, and recitation, and delight! Once this great Teacher walked to Emmaus with two of His pupils. He opened the Word, and He opened their eyes and they saw—Him! So, blessed Lord, open the eyes of this great multitude of disciples in Thy Church that they may see—Thee!"

Two years ago an earnest endeavour was made in this country—at the Niagara Assembly—popularly known as the Canadian Chautauqua—to inaugurate an institution of similar character—a Ministers' Institute, conducted by Dr. Alfred A. Wright, Dean of the Theological Faculty of the Chautauqua University, assisted by an able corps of lecturers. The only time when Dean Wright's services could be obtained was very inopportune, as some of the Conferences were in session, and the announcement was necessarily very brief. It is contemplated during the coming season to carry on a very vigorous and well-equipped Ministers' Institute, at a time when a large attendance may be expected. There are in the five Conferences of Central Ontario over a thousand Methodist Ministers, about one hundred and twenty-five of whom are pursuing the Conference course of

study. There are in the same territory at least as many more of other denominations. Most of these are within 100 miles of the Niagara Assembly grounds. It is anticipated that from these numbers, from the young men who contemplate entering the ministry, and from local preachers and thoughtful laymen, ample material will be forthcoming to form a very successful Ministers' Institute. It is designed to have free and conversational discussions of almost every topic which can affect ministerial usefulness, such as those enumerated in the programmes of the above-named Itinerants' Clubs, together with the following: The Relations of the Minister to Secular Subjects—as the Temperance Reform, the Capital and Labour Question, Social Christianity, Labour Reform, the White Cross Movement, Anti-Poverty Principles, the Ethics of Politics, etc.; the Sabbath Question, the Sabbath-school, Epworth League, and other methods of retaining and influencing the young, How to Reach the Masses, etc.; Talks on Ministerial Difficulties and how to overcome them, Hints on Study, especially the Probationers' Four Years' Course; Talks on Sermon Making, Principles of Biblical Exegesis, Social Meetings, the Prayer-meeting, Revivals and how to promote them, Reading Courses and Post-graduate Studies, Church Music, Class-meetings, Mission Services, "Concerning the Collection"; Talks on Preaching, What the Pew has to say on the subject, Rented Pews vs. Free Seats, Church Finance, Quarterly Meetings; Amusements, how to Guide the Reading, especially of the Young; how to meet the Perils that Menace our Modern Civilization; Administration of Charity—Public and Private; Biblical Theology, its immutable principles, yet changing phases; Christian Archæology, Light from the Catacombs on early Christian Life, and Character, and Doctrine; Relations of Art and Symbolism to Christianity, and Reactions of Doctrine on Art, Growth of Error as traced in Art, etc. An important feature will be the Question Drawer and Confession Cards; What

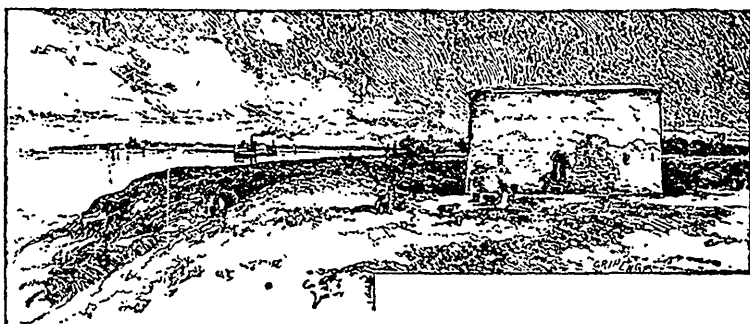
Books have most Helped, what Things have most Hindered? etc. The discussions will be opened by brief papers, and it is expected that a large number of leading ministers and laymen of the Methodist and other Churches will take part in these discussions.

It is proposed to hold this Institute from the 18th to the 28th of August, in the large auditorium of Niagara Assembly, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, as the closing series of a number of Sunday-school, Chautauquan and Teachers' Conventions, Missionary and other important educational and religious gatherings. Among those who have kindly agreed

to take part are Chancellor Sims, Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Principal Grant, Rev. Chancellor McVicar, Rev. Principal Caven, Rev. Prof. Clark, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Prof. McCurdy, Prof. S. H. Clark, Chaplain Searles, Principal W. M. McIntyre, Ph.D., Rev. Dr. Stafford, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, M.A., 27 years Missionary in India, Principal Burns, Rev. Dr. Potts, and many others. Every facility will be given to make travel and entertainment as inexpensive and comfortable as possible. For full information apply to the Editor of this MAGAZINE.

FORT MISSISSAUGA.

BY JANET CARNOCHAN.



FORT MISSISSAUGA, NIAGARA.

DESERTED, drear, and mouldering to decay,
 A square low tower stands grim and gray and lone.
 From Newark's ruins built its walls, storm-blown
 When sword and flame alternate seized their prey.
 Ontario's waves in rage or idle play
 Sap palisade and fort with ceaseless moan.
 Shall we historic relics see o'erthrown
 And not a voice be raised to answer nay?
 Four races here for empire sternly fought,
 And brightly gleamed the red man's council fire,
 The beacon lights the dancing wave and lea,
 Where brave La Salle both fame and fortune sought;
 In fratricidal strife fell son and sire,
 Where friends stretch hands across a narrow sea.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

According to recent returns, the net increase of members for the closing year is 2,719 with ninety-one, candidates recommended by the quarterly meetings for the ministry.

The *Recorder* admits that the Forward Movement saved English Methodists from a disastrous decline. Remarkable success has attended the mission services which have been held since last October in the Shetland Islands.

Fifty years ago there was not an inhabitant of the Fiji Islands who was not a heathen, now there is not an avowed heathen there, and careful observers testify that nine-tenths of the people are in the habit of attending churches regularly on Sunday.

The last Education Report contains 230 octavo pages. The number of day-schools now established is 847, and of scholars 179,578. The expenditure of the schools amounted to \$1,247,485. In 1889 there was expended on day and Sunday-school buildings \$320,860. There are in Great Britain 6,908 Wesleyan Sunday-schools, with 129,472 teachers and 928,506 scholars.

The students of Handsworth, Birmingham, have sent a neat card with the words, "Please remember the children," illuminated in silver text on an olive-green ground. They are sending a sufficient supply to every superintendent minister to allow one card to be placed in every pulpit to remind the preacher of his duty to the lambs of the flock, who too often "look up and are not fed."

The Wesleyans have fifty-one chapels and other preaching places in Italy and eighteen in Spain and Portugal.

At the March quarterly meeting

of the West London Mission, the Superintendent was able to report 827 full members with 251 on trial, an increase of 344 on the year.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A serious riot took place in Nankang-fu in November last, where the China Inland and Methodist Episcopal missionaries have been at work. The chapels of the missions were destroyed.

The Lucknow Methodist Publishing House prints 50,000 copies of Bishop Thoburn's sermons every week.

On April 3rd the corner-stone of the Methodist University was laid at Denver by Bishop Warren, who immediately took the train for his mission work in Europe. A new thing in corner-stone boxes was a phonograph on which a part of the Bishop's speech was inprinted.

Bishop Taylor is making a short visit to the United States, not to rest but to work. He is gratified with the progress in Africa. There are also thirty-five stations opened on the self-supporting basis, seven churches have been organized from the raw heathen, numbering from six to 175 members each.

The Book Concern has an invested capital of about three million dollars and a business of two million was transacted during the past year. The dividend to the Conferences is \$110,000.

The deficiencies in the ministers' salaries between 1833 to 1872 in thirty-five Conferences amount to \$5,450,000. For nearly forty years these Christian people failed to pay their debts at the rate of about \$140,000 a year. The *Christian-at-Work* says "these figures are simply shocking."

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. E. Crummy who went to Japan on "the self-supporting" plan, writes, "We are having a capital time down here, the best of health, and are spending every moment out of school at the language. I think I will pass the first three years' course by the time I am in the country three years."

The report of the energetic Book Steward, Rev. Dr. Briggs, submitted to the Book Committee at its meeting, May 14th, was very encouraging. The volume of business during the year has been larger than during any previous year. Out of the profits the Committee voted \$6,300 to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, and presented a resolution of thanks to Dr. Briggs and the Editors, Drs. Dewart and Withrow, for their services.

Rev. E. Robson writes from Vancouver, "I baptized three more Chinese last Sunday after careful examination." The work never looked so hopeful as now. The Rev. L. Hooker baptized two in Toronto—fruit of the Sunday-school.

Dr. Green says over one-half of the membership of the Christian churches in Japan is made up of Samuria, the old soldier-class, now the literary class of Japan. Thirty students in the Imperial University are acknowledged Christians. In one of the Congregational churches there are a judge of the Supreme Court, a professor in the Imperial University, three government secretaries, and members of ten noble families.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter are holding evangelistic services at Oshawa, where they are meeting with great success. Hundreds are reported as being converted. After a few weeks' rest they intend to go to Manitoba and British Columbia.

Two new boats are being built for the use of the missionaries at Christian Island and Parry Island.

It is very gratifying to report revivals everywhere, but it is more especially so when they occur in the centres of population which necessarily exert a great influence on the whole country. Bowmanville has

been graciously visited, a grand prelude to the unification of the two churches, which are now worshipping in one building until the new church edifice is completed. A new preaching place has also been opened in the south ward.

At a recent monthly sacramental and reception service at the Euclid Avenue Church, Toronto, fifty members were received. Rev. George Webber is pastor.

The Wesleyan Theological College has had a prosperous year. The number of students attending last year was forty-two including four in the preliminary course, ten undergraduates in the McGill University, twenty in the course in Theology and eight in the course of B.D. These eight are graduates respectively of McGill, Bishop's, Queen's and Victoria Universities. Degrees were as follows:—S.T.L., H. Caldwell, J. Kennedy, and W. M. Patton; B.D., W. Howitt, B.A., J. H. Stevenson, B.A.; D.D., Rev. Joseph Wood, M.A., Principal of the Primitive Methodist College, England, Rev. T. G. Williams, Montreal. These brethren will accept our congratulations. Dr. Potts delivered a characteristic address at the close of the exercises.

RECENT DEATHS.

The cruel murder of the Rev. T. A. Large is a severe blow to Japan, but who knows but that even this calamity may be over-ruled for the further extension of the work. Mrs. Large will return to Canada in July. She received some severe physical injuries at the murder.

The following is the vivid account of the tragic event given by Mr. Hiraiwa:

"About eleven o'clock on Friday night when the night watchman was here, two men, masked and armed, came in. They seized the watchman, told him the least noise meant death, tied his hands behind his back, and asked him where the money was. He led to the safe. 'Where is the key?' 'In the principal's room.' 'Take us to it!' When upstairs they fastened the watchman to the wall and gagged him, and then entered Mr. Large's

room. Mrs. Large opened her eyes and saw, by the dim light from the hall lamp, two men standing over her bed, and holding in their hands what, to her, looked like bamboo sticks, but which were unsheathed, keen-edged swords.

"'Non diska?' (what is it?) she said. 'Yo ga aru,' (we have business) one of them answered. No other words were spoken. Mr. Large, awaking, jumped instantly out of bed and attacked them. They ran into the hall and he pursued them, and there the encounter took place. Mrs. Large hastened to his help, and she says that he fought desperately, and at one time getting one of the men nearly over the railing, but what could any one expect to do against such odds.

"As the days pass, I admire more and more the manly bravery of Large. When the six hundred went into the valley of death, they had the enthusiasm of numbers, but he alone threw himself against these men with no possible hope of success. It was the true man that would rather die than surrender a trust; the protector, who held his own life cheaply, if by any possibility he might save his wife and child. He was a noble fellow, worthy of his country, worthy of the Christian name. He, poor fellow, fought the battle for us all.

"When, in a few moments, the men had silently disappeared, there are eleven gashes and stabs in the poor body that lay in a pool of its blood; three on the head, one of them having cleft the skull, and others through the body; all the work of skilled swordsmen. Mrs. Large had the two first fingers and thumb of the right hand cut, and received a gash on the side of the face downwards, which doubtless, was given with intent to kill."

Rev. Paul Robins, who was the oldest minister in our Church in Canada, died at Bowmanville, April 29th. He was eighty-six years of age, and for sixty-seven years had been engaged in the work of the ministry. For several years he resided at Bowmanville, and was highly

esteemed as a devoted Christian. His active ministry was confined to the Bible Christian denomination. Since his superannuation he only accepted one-half of his annuity. He was the first Book Steward of the Bible Christian denomination, and managed the business with great prudence. His allowance was always, small and yet by his industry and the careful management of his wife he accumulated considerable wealth and devoted thousands of dollars to church purposes. He was a fine example to junior ministers.

The Rev. W. Willoughby another Methodist veteran, died at Brantford, Sabbath, April 13th. He entered the ministry in 1836, and for more than forty years was a diligent, plodding, faithful servant of the Church. He was successful in winning many souls to Christ. During the last few years he sustained a superannuated relation, but continued to take great interest in the work of the Church.

Rev. Andrew Armstrong, finished his course at Meaford, April 18. He commenced his ministerial career in 1854, and spent some years in Quebec and Eastern Ontario. He was a member of Toronto Conference, but had been superannuated five years. He was a good man, and had laboured hard to build up the Church.

The Baptist Church has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Principal McGregor who was only forty-two years of age. He was three years professor in the McMaster College, and was then elected Principal. He was a man of rare ability.

The Rev. Joseph Cummings, D.D., President of the North-Western University, Evanston, near Chicago, is dead. He was a native of Maine. After spending some years as pastor of important churches in New England, he became President of Genesee College and Middleton University. In 1881 he was elected President at Evanston, where he remained until he died.

Book Notices.

The Unknown God: or, Inspiration Among Pre-Christian Races. By C. LORING BRACE. 8v, pp. xii-336. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Many of our readers will remember with much pleasure Mr. Brace's former admirable volume "*Cesta Christi, a History of Humane Progress under Christianity*"—a volume whose distinguished merits have carried it into a fifth edition. The present work is a worthy successor to that book. It is marked by the same wide reading, the same devout spirit, the same literary style. We cannot better express the purpose of this book than by a short extract from its preface, it is designed by the comparative study of the ethnic or heathen religions "to see how the man of other races and times regarded the problems of the universe. What was his conception of the Primeval Cause, what he considered his relation to that strange power; and how far that relation affected his daily life and practical morals. . . How he regarded the great darkness beyond life . . . what moral ideals and conceptions he transferred to another existence, and how far he succeeded in lifting the great veil which hangs before it." In this study Mr. Brace finds "foot-prints of the Divine Being on the shifting sands of remote history." In the mythologies and superstitions of ancient lands and peoples he finds evidences of the inspiration of the Divine Spirit; proofs that those ancient religions reflected "broken lights" of the true revelation of God; that in every age the more thoughtful souls of men have been stretching out blind hands of faith and prayer "feeling after God if haply they may find him;" or, as Longfellow beautifully expresses it:

"The feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,

Touch God's right hand in the
darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

Our author begins with the early Hamitic civilization of Egypt, and finds in the symbolism and religion of the old land of Nile strong foregleams of the clearer light of later times. The traditions of Ra and Thoth, of Orus and Osiris, and the solemn liturgies of the Book of the Dead, all give evidence of a profound belief in one God, the Creator of heaven and earth, the rewarder of good and of evil.

Then we have in the "Penitential Psalms" of the old Akkadian race the proofs of a deeply religious spirit, akin to that of another Semitic race, the Hebrews, whom God made the especial depositaries of His revealed will.

Especially in the literatures and religions of the Aryan races is it apparent that God has not left Himself without a witness in the hearts of men. In the Greek mysteries; in their symbolical worship; in the ancient hymns to Zeus and Apollo, in the avenging deities of the Greek dramatists, Æschylus and Sophocles; in the high philosophy of Socrates and Plato and the Stoics; in the pure morality of Seneca and Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius—these glimpses and glances of the Divine are seen.

Our author then turns to the venerable religions of the Orient, the mystic teachings of Zoroaster, the ancient Vedic hymns of the Hindus, the sacred writings of the Buddhists and the blameless life of Gautama for additional reflections and refractions of the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

This noble volume is but an expansion of the argument of St. Paul with the Athenian worshippers of the "Unknown God." The Divine

illumination, says our author, seen in all lands and all time lights up the dark past with gleams of radiance from on high. Under this heavenly glow have sprung up the unknown virtues, the purer aspirations, the heroic deeds, the sweet affections, the humble prayers, the unseen patience under suffering, the faithfulness which no dangers could shake, and the love which the waters of death could not quench—all that is best in human life and which no historian or poet has recorded. All these have been stimulated among the non-Christian races by faith in an unknown God and by union with Him.

The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, the Prince of Pulpit Orators, the Secret of his Success and Specimens of his Sermons. By the REV. A. S. BILLINGS. 8vo, pp. 437. Philadelphia: P. W. Ziegler & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

A few years ago the present writer made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Rev. George Whitefield in the Presbyterian Church in the town of Newburyport, Mass. A large marble cenotaph, with an inscription commemorates the labours of the great evangelist, his 18,000 sermons, his thirteen voyages across the Atlantic, his frequent journeyings—from New Hampshire to Georgia. The monument is crowned with a flaming heart—a fitting symbol of the quenchless zeal of the earnest-souled preacher. Going into a vestibule behind the pulpit, the sexton raised a trap-door and descended by a short stairway into a small brick vault. As he lighted a gas jet three wooden coffins became visible; two on the brick floor, the third lay across the others. The topmost one was that of George Whitefield. The upper part of the cover of each coffin was hinged, and could be turned back revealing the dessicated skeleton within. That of Whitefield was in an excellent state of preservation, considering that for more than a century it has slumbered in that narrow vault. By a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," the

visitor is permitted to take the skull in his hand and moralize—Hamlet-wise, if he like—upon this memento of mortality. As one stands by that open coffin and gazes on the mouldering remains of the mightiest of modern preachers, thoughts of the greatness and littleness of man fill the soul. Of him who once flamed like a seraph through two hemispheres, and swayed the thousands who hung upon his speech as the wind the waving grass, naught earthly remains save this handful of dust. But this we felt was not Whitefield. This was the mere tabernacle of the holy and consecrated soul, which, having proclaimed like an angel the everlasting Gospel on earth, now "adores and burns before the throne."

A little box lying on the coffin has a curious history. Some relic-monger by stealth abstracted a bone of the fore-arm and conveyed it to England. Twenty years after, stung by compunction, on his death-bed, he gave direction that it should be restored. So the sexton explains that, while Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, his arm crossed it fifteen times.

George Whitefield was the flame of fire sent to light the minds and warm the hearts of Christian millions at a time when the Church was dead to its earthly mission. The Whitefield flame burst like a glory from the sky upon a startled world. His life was so eventful as to read like a romance. Its activities were startling, its conquests miraculous. Never before nor since has one man been able to make acres of people hear his preaching and feel as if the lips of the Lord were open. He walked earth like a conquering king and vast audiences bowed before him, paying the homage of their tears. Whole cities were moved by his eloquence. States and countries awoke from spiritual lethargy at sound of his mighty voice and thrilling exhortations.

In preparing the life of this "Prince of Pulpit Orators," the author has made an extremely readable and fascinating book. It traces the boy from infancy to that meteoric

outburst which astonished the Christian world. It gives detailed accounts of his six voyages to America and of the awakenings which followed his preaching in rural districts, towns and cities. It follows him through England, Ireland and Scotland, and makes the reader see those vivid pictures of conquest which illustrated his triumphal career. It shows him as a hero in the midst of opposition, persecution and threatened assassination. The secret of his mighty power is revealed by careful analysis of his work and character. The styles of his sermons are given by copious extracts and truthful synopses. It is an ably written book, relieved throughout by those anecdotal touches which give piquancy to narrative, and by those adventures of the great man with the hosts of sin, which are as thrilling as border tales.

New Zealand After Fifty Years. By EDWARD WAKEFIELD. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

This beautiful, curious and productive country was merely a group of savage islands inhabited by ferocious cannibals, pirates and outlaws, when Edward Gibbon Wakefield, formed the New Zealand Company in 1839 and sent his brother Colonel William Wakefield, to take possession of the territory and found a colony there. Young Edward Wakefield having spent his early years in the practical work of the pioneer was sent to England and educated expressly for the colonial service, and at the age of twenty he found himself in a post under the New Zealand Government, in which he enjoyed unique opportunities of studying the country. After serving as confidential secretary under successive governments, he was elected to the legislature and took an active part in some of the most important episodes in the political history of the colony, and also rendered active service against the Maoris at the most critical period of the wars which lasted twenty years. He became Colonial Secretary, and in this volume has

given an exact and deeply interesting account of the discovery and settlement of the country; its natural features, its fauna and flora, its trade and commerce, and its present political, social and industrial condition. The work is brought up to date, and is mercifully free from statistics or dry matter of any sort. The illustrations are numerous and original. "New Zealand after Fifty Years" is a welcome addition to geographical and historical literature, and gives a very attractive account of our antipodien kinsfolk.

Leaders Upward and Onward. Brief Biographies of Noble Workers. Edited by HENRY C. EWART, with 80 illustrations. Pp. 366. New York: Thomas Whittaker; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1.50.

It is a noble group of leaders in the upward and onward march of humanity to whom we are introduced. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. It is impossible to read the record of these heroic lives without catching the glow of their moral heroism and being by their example lifted up and strengthened. The eleven selected brief biographies are those of some of the most noteworthy recent actors in English religious life and work. Only two of them, that of the robust and manly Frederick Denison Maurice and of the great and good Dr. Arnold, are by Mr. Ewart. The others are by writers having special advantages for knowing the persons whose lives they record. That of Charles Kingsley is by Dr. Japp, Dean Stanley's is by Prof. Story, Archbishop Tait's by the Bishop of Dover, Bishop Fraser's by Mary Harrison, Edward Irving's and John Curwin's are by Norman J. Ross, Norman Macleod's by Dr. W. C. Smith, Thomas Guthrie's by Prof. Blackie and Principal Tulloch's by Donald Macleod. The eminence of the subjects and of the writers of these biographies gives this book a unique value. The numerous portraits and other illustrations add greatly to its interest. We would like to see it largely used in our

Sunday-school libraries, instead of much of the foolish fiction with which they abound.

Articles on Romanism. By the REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, S.T.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This book contains two very vigorous articles by Dr. Hopkins, controverting the claims of Monsignor Capel as to the superiority of the Church of Rome, and a defence of Dr. Littledale's "Petrine Claims" against the animadversions of Father Ryder. A good deal of spicy correspondence between the learned polemics is also given. We think that Dr. Hopkins has much the best of the argument, but we also think he exhibits a needless warmth in the controversy, and, as is the wont with polemics, uses the *argumentum ad hominem* with needless frequency and severity.

Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets. By G. S. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

The accomplished scholar and critic whose identity is but thinly veiled under the initials here given, generously issues for private circulation the dainty *fasciculus* of translations from his favourite Latin poets. And a pretty wide range of favourites it is: Martial, Lucan, Claudian, Seneca, Catullus, Horace, Propertius, Ovid, Tibullus and Lucretius. Of course such a master of both languages will give very happy translations from the stately Latin into musical and adequate English. They give a strange insight into that old Roman life, so removed in point of time, but so like our own, as the author remarks, in intellectual sympathy. An admirable feature of the book is its charming introduction, in which the learned author briefly characterizes Latin poetry in general, and in particular the selected authors whose genius he illustrates by translation.

The World Energy and Its Self-Conservation. By WILLIAM BRYANT. Pp. 304. Chicago: S. C. Griggs. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is one of the series of works on higher philosophy issued by its enterprising publishers. It deals with some of the profoundest problems of the universe. It discusses that strange border-land between physics and metaphysics, which has such a fascination to philosophical minds. Among the subjects treated are matter and its properties, qualitative and quantitative; the nature and the laws of motion, both molar and molecular; the correlation of forces and conservation of energy; the doctrine of cause; the evolution of life-forms; and the culmination of the life process in a living unit which is characterized by reflective consciousness. The conclusion of the whole matter is summed up: "The World-Energy is God. Its self-conservation is the eternal process of creation. 'Evolution' is the temporal aspect of this progress. The self-unfolding of God culminates in man. For man is the son of God."

LITERARY NOTE.

The Humboldt Library is published semi-monthly at 15 cents per number, or \$3 a year, by The Humboldt Publishing Company, New York. The following are recent issues: "Electric Light and the Storing of Electrical Energy," illustrated, by Gerald Malloy, D.D., D.Sc.; "The Modern Theory of Heat and the Sun as a Storehouse of Energy," illustrated, by the same author; "Utilitarianism," by John Stuart Mill; and part I. of "Upon the Origin of Alpine and Italian Lakes, and upon Glacial Erosion," by Sir A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S., etc., Sir John Ball, M.P.I.A., F.L.S., Sir Roderick I. Murchison, F.R.S., D.C.L., etc., Prof. B. Sluder, of Berne, Prof. A. Favre, of Geneva, Edward Whymper, Prof. J. W. Spencer, Ph.D., F.G.S., with an introduction and notes upon the American Lakes, by Prof. Spencer.

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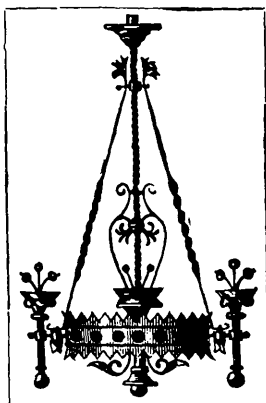
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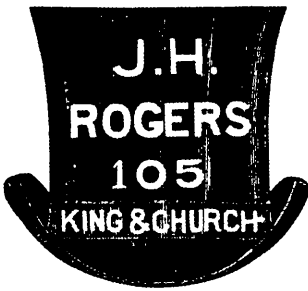
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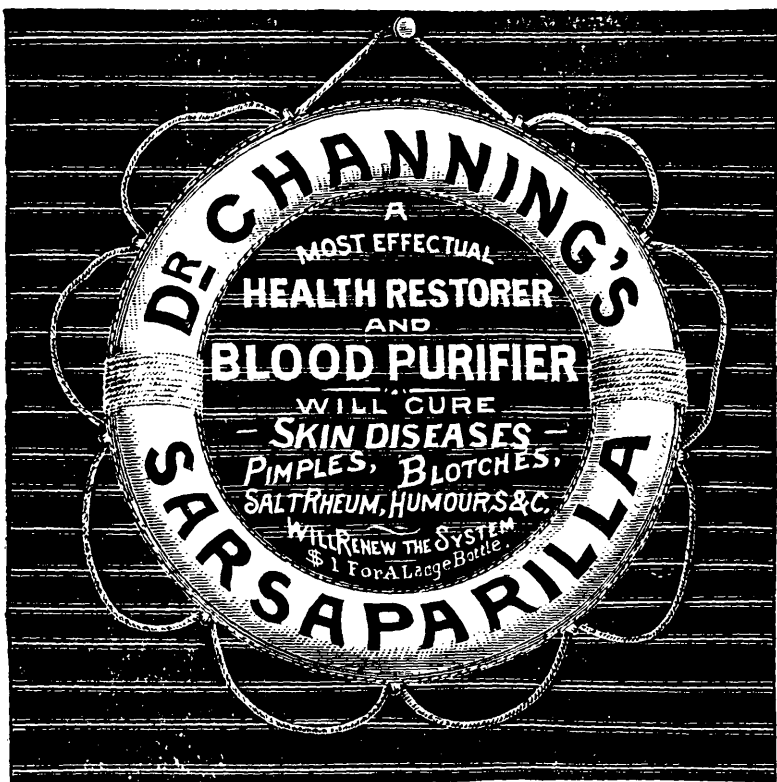
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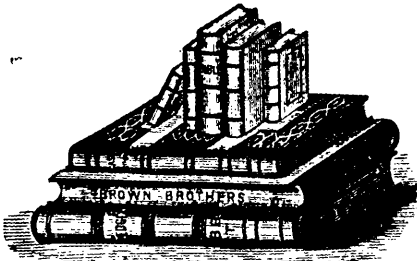
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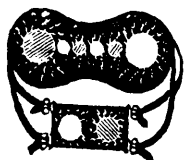
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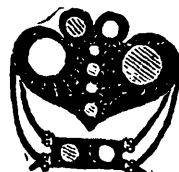
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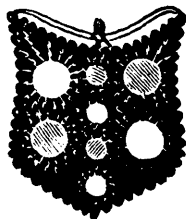
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