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BLACK FOREST COSTUMES.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

February, 1891.

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CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

## II.



PETERZELL.

WE are now in the Black Forest proper. Now higher and higher winds our train, affording an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery. I was much amused, on my first ride over this road, at the travelling equipment of an English tourist, who was constantly consulting his pocket compass and aneroid barometer and watch, to see how rapidly we rose, and how frequently we changed our course.

The road winds in great zig-zags and horse-shoe curves, and, crossing the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine, as rapidly descends. Leagues and leagues of dark pine-forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright streams leap and flash.

The poetic Dr. Hardmeyer thus describes Königsfeld:

“Königsfeld is a settlement of the Moravian Brethren, the silence and solemnity of which tend to render us meditative. The houses are arranged according to a regular plan, and are remarkable for their neatness and cleanliness. The “*Gasthaus zur Brüdergemeine*,” is a house of entertainment kept by the community as a whole. Poor people, whatever their religion may be, can obtain food and drink without payment, but are required in return to do a few hours' work in the houses or fields. In summer-time the tavern is frequented by numerous invalids, mostly such as are lovers of rural quiet and fond of taking walks through the magnificent forests near at hand, and who at the same time find the meditative character of the Moravian Brethren, and their religious exercises, to their taste.

“The two excellently organized educational establishments, for boys and girls respectively, are installed in suitable buildings. The cleanness of the village, the friendliness of the people, and the sedateness of their demeanour make the best impression upon every visitor. And when he learns that law-suits never take place in Königsfeld, that factions and parties in the management of the affairs of the community are unknown, and that none of the inhabitants of Königsfeld ever make their appearance in a criminal court, he may well pay a tribute of admiration and esteem to the Moravian Brethren.

“The meeting-house is plain to a degree ; Puritan simplicity can scarcely



WOOD-CARVERS AT WORK.

be carried further. The service itself is equally plain and devoid of ceremonial of every kind. But the fervour displayed at the hymn-singing is calculated to excite the envy of the worldling.

“The little church of Peterzell (shown in our dainty vignette), with its Gothic choir, stands out very prettily from the surrounding houses. Historians say that it was built as early as the time of Charlemagne, by the convent of Reichenau.

“The ‘Black Forest!’ How easy for one who has never wandered through these delightful valleys, to derive an utterly false impression from these words! The valleys so cheerful, thickly studded with trim villages, quiet hamlets, and snug farm-houses ; roads, maintained in first-rate con-



dition, leading over hill and dale; transparent brooks rushing swiftly through the valleys and turning the wheels of mills and factories; and all around us an industrious and good-humoured population. And then the fir forests that have given a name to the district—how refreshing is their shade in summer, what stores of luscious berries do they yield in autumn, how fragrant the balsam odour that exhales from the resin-distilling trees.

“It is long since the people of the Black Forest first began to try their skill on the material which they have at their door in inexhaustible abun-

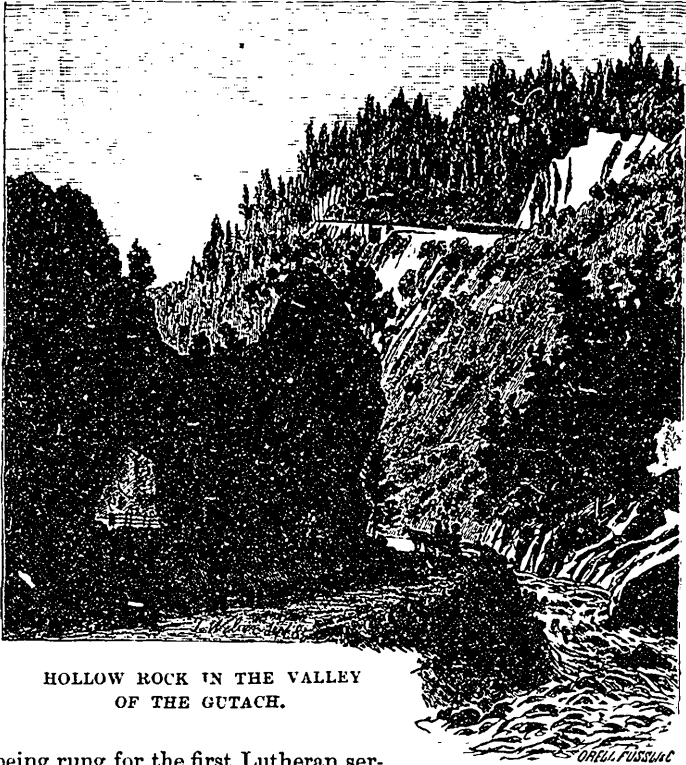


NUSSBACH.

dance—the wood of the fir-tree. They early became expert as wood-cutters, shingle-makers, sawyers, coopers, turners, and wood-carvers. They travelled about in the mountains with their wares, and at length ventured across the Rhine, into Switzerland and Alsace, where before long ‘Black Forest clocks’ were to be seen in thousands of cottages. Various mechanical contrivances were affixed to clocks—birds which uttered a cry, trumpeters that blew a blast from a horn, automatic figures of different kinds—all required complicated mechanism, and led by degree; to the perfecting of the more important parts. The Government of Baden established schools for the technical education of the workman, as well as museums of manufactures. The Black Forest clock-making firms now have branches in all the commercial centres of the old and new worlds, and Black Forest clocks are in use wherever the march of time is measured. About 18,000 people now earn their livelihood in this industry; between three and a half and four million clocks are now disposed of annually.”

St. Georgen is a very ancient town, founded in the eleventh century by the Benedictine monks, those pioneers of Christianity and civilization in these inhospitable wilds. At the time of the Reformation the town accepted the Lutheran faith and the monks were driven away.

“In connection with the pond at the foot of the convent hill the following legend is told ; it would seem to have originated in the excited imagination of one of the exiled monks :—While the old bell of the convent church



HOLLOW ROCK IN THE VALLEY  
OF THE GUTACH.

was being rung for the first Lutheran service, it fell from the tower, and rolled half way down the mountain-side. A waggon with ten oxen was brought to draw it up again, and the bell was placed in the waggon ; but the five yoke of oxen pulled and tugged in vain, the waggon did not budge. Hauling and pushing had no effect, except that finally the entire team—oxen, and waggon, and drivers—rolled altogether into the lake and sank to the bottom. Nothing more was ever seen of them, but at sacred seasons the surface of the water is always ruffled, even though not a breath of air be stirring, and people with sharp ears can then hear the oxen bellowing, the drivers cracking their whips, and the lost bell ringing in the depths.”

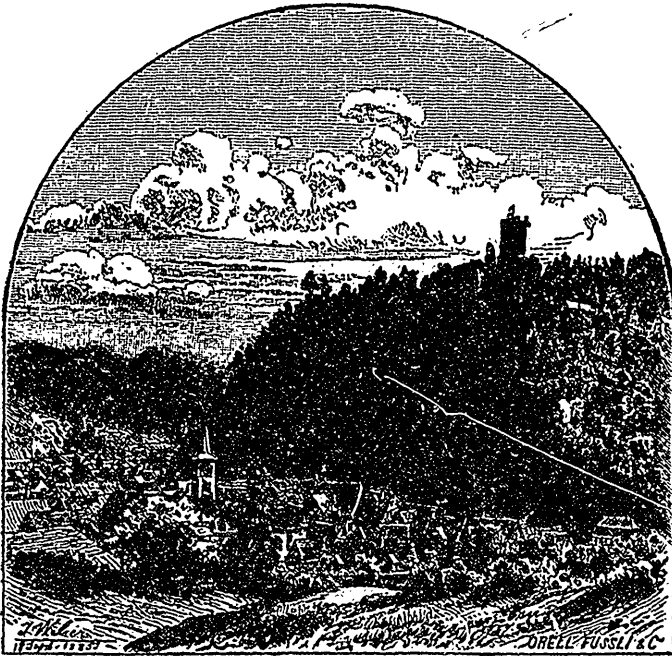
At Sommerau we reach the culminating-point of the railway

THE BLACK FOREST RAILWAY - BELOW TÄGERG.





(2730 feet above the sea). The *Rössle Inn* straddles, so completely the summit that the water falling on one side of its roof finds its way to the Danube and the Black Sea, while the rain-drops that trickle down the *other* slant find their way to the Rhine and eventually to the German Ocean. Now we begin rapidly to descend. The brief glimpses of the lovely Nussbach Valley, which the intervals between the tunnels afford, are among the finest specimens of Black Forest scenery; the valley is one carpet of verdure, intersected by little brooks that glitter in the sunshine;



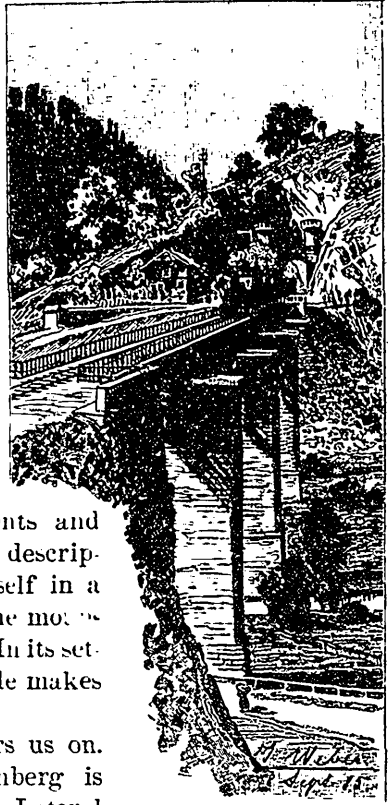
HORNBERG.

pretty cottages adorn the slopes, patches of forest crown the projecting rocks, and zigzag paths lead in all directions up the mountain-side—landscapes possessing greater charms than these would be hard to find.

Triberg is the great tourist resort of the Black Forest. It is abundantly supplied with hostelries for the accommodation and refreshment of travellers. The animals represented in the signs of the numerous inns and hotels would form a respectable menagerie, including as they do Lions, Bears, Stags, Oxen, Horses and Eagles; and beside these we find Suns, Angels, Lilies and Crosses. An abundant selection, surely!

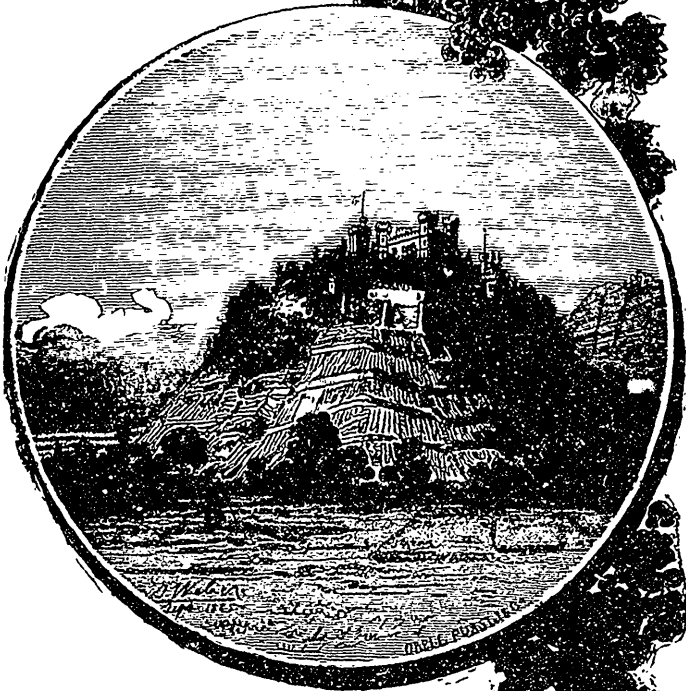
On the steeply sloping sides of the ravine every inch of cultivable ground has been seized upon and turned to account, even where the slope ends in a sheer precipice. We soon reach a pilgrimage church, which, together with the parsonage-house, is built on a sterile slope facing the north. The church turns out to be a favourite resort of pilgrims, and by the roadside there stand a number of booths, where devotional objects of various kinds are offered for sale, pilgrims being in the habit of carrying home with them some religious book, or picture, or image as a memento of their toilsome journey, just as tourists among the mountains are wont to purchase sprigs of edelweiss, crystals and similar trifles as souvenirs of their travels. The church itself contains nothing of interest with the exception, perhaps, of the usual diminutive wax legs, arms and hearts, and the numerous votive tablets such as are always found in churches frequented by pilgrims—depicting conflagrations, run-away horses, falls from trees, sick-beds, and miraculous deliverances from accidents and misfortunes of every conceivable description. Here the Gutach hurls itself in a series of headlong leaps down the mountain-side, a distance of 530 feet. In its setting of dark-green fir the cascade makes a very pretty picture.

All too swiftly the train bears us on. The ride from Triberg to Hornberg is an extremely interesting one. Lateral gorges, which expand farther back to pleasant valleys, open out on either side of the valley. We pass several romantically-situated farm-houses—which, prosaically enough, are known simply by their numbers, "First, Second, Third, and Fourth," like the streets of American cities. Tunnel now succeeds tunnel, and viaduct follows viaduct. We get a glimpse into the little valleys, notice numerous picturesque little houses, for the railway watchmen, perched on knoils and projecting rocks by the side of the line.



VIADUCT NEAR  
HORNBERG.

High above the valley, on a fairly broad terrace of the mountain-side, stands the hamlet of *Steinbiss*, with a finely situated chapel. Above the hamlet rise precipitous rocky walls surmounted by isolated crags. These tooth-like projections stand out so conspicuously above the rounded profile of the mountain, that the whole has acquired the very appropriate name of *Steinbiss* (stone-teeth). Shut in as it is between mountains, *Hornberg* is a favourite resort. On a precipitous rock above it stands the castle (shown in our cut).



ORTENBERG CASTLE.

The valley of the Gutach affords some of the finest scenery that is to be found anywhere in the Black Forest, and the many farm buildings almost appear to have been specially arranged with an eye to picturesque effect. No wonder that this valley is a favourite with landscape painters, who flock to it from all quarters, and set up

their easels at all points. Nor do they experience any difficulty in finding models for their figures. The peasant girls are attired in a very gay costume, which contrasts well with the brown wooden houses and the emerald-green meadows in a landscape. They delight in a gaudy mixture of red, blue and green. The high straw hats worn by the girls are ornamented with large balls of red wool; the married women wear similar hats with black balls. Under their hats they wear a cap trimmed with black tulle. A red collar trimmed with green ribbon, black jackets lined with red, a bodice laced with coloured strings, a



BLACK FOREST FARM-HOUSE.

black skirt, and blue stockings complete the picturesque and striking costume of the women of Gutach. But it is only on the occasion of her wedding that a Black Forest maiden is seen arrayed in all her glory; she then appears in her gayest dress,

and in a remarkable head-dress, called a "schappel."

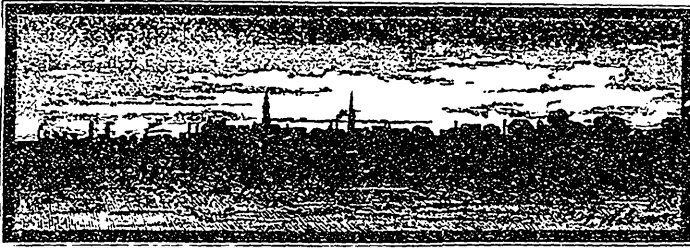
The mountain-slope near the church is known by a name which signifies "the miners' fields," in allusion to mining operations formerly carried on here. The metal sought for was silver, and a legend tells of a silver church supposed to be concealed within the mountain, which bears the name of the *Bühlerstein*. In the dead of night its bells may often be heard ringing beneath the ground, and it is said that the cross on the top of the steeple is so near the surface that it could be laid bare with the fingers if the exact spot were but known. Then by digging deeper the silver tiles and beams, and at last the body of the church itself, all of solid silver, would be reached—a treasure worth finding!

As a general rule it may be noticed that the deeper the recesses of the forest, the greener the meadows, so much the gayer are the costumes; bright colours seem to possess an irresistible fascination for the dwellers in forest solitudes.



The picturesque farm-houses are covered with a thick roof of thatch, projecting over the balconies that surround the house, which is generally coloured with patches of lichen of the most vivid hues—bright green, yellow, orange, and a rich rust colour. Everywhere women are at work in the fields. Women are on guard at the railway crossings in their quaint costumes, and bearing a red flag to use in case of need as danger signal.

While so far the houses of the peasantry have been one-story cottages, quite destitute of ornamentation, they now begin to assume the ideal Black Forest type—with thatched roofs projecting over the balconies which surround the houses. They are no longer crowded together in villages, but stand in the midst of the fields and meadows composing the farm. The pride of the peasant freeholder begins to show itself, and gives a peculiar stamp to the country-side.



OFFENBURG.

At Biberach, and for some distance beyond, we can scarcely help noticing the luxuriant appearance of the meadows; their fertility is due to an excellent system of irrigation. Running streams are seen intersecting the meadows at frequent intervals, and glittering in the sunshine; the Zinzig sends them out across the valley up to the acclivities on either side, and then receives them again like obedient children who have been despatched by their mother on some useful errand.

Monuments of antiquity abound in the district we are traversing, and soon we see the towers of the imperial town of Gengenbach, which lies at the foot of extensive vine-clad hills. Its walls and gates speak to us of its bygone glories. Proceeding onward we see a lofty eminence crowned by a noble castle, flanked with towers, and combining mediæval architecture with modern elegance and comfort. This is the old castle of Ortenberg, the former stronghold of the Imperial governors, and at the present day the country seat of the wealthy Strasburg family.

In early times it was one of the most formidable castles in the land, but lost all its military importance on the introduction of heavy artillery. The castle well was three hundred feet deep, but failed nevertheless to yield a constant supply of water. The adjacent village of Gengenbach, of whose quaint old streets and

gate we give two cuts, was called upon to make good the deficiency—from a very early date it had been its duty to keep four asses for the purpose of carrying water up to the castle.

At the pretty town of Offenburg, the last place in the world one would look for it, is a statue of the gallant English sailor, Sir Francis Drake, erected to his honour for having "introduced the potato into Europe, 1586." A potato plant in the hand of a gallant sea-captain may seem derogatory to his prowess, it is true; but may not the potato, the valued nourisher of nations, be rightly deemed worthy of as much honour as the sword, which devours them?



TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS,  
GENGENBACH.

While waiting at the railway station for a few minutes whom should we see on the platform but two fellow-townsmen, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., and Mr. Treble, and Miss Treble, of Toronto. It was a delightful surprise, and we enjoyed their very genial company most of the time till we left the continent.

We now sweep into the Rhine Valley, studded with gray old castles, and crossing the river on a magnificent iron bridge, behold, glowing in the rosy light of sunset, the mighty minster of Strassburg. We make almost the entire circuit of the city, and passing through immense fortifications, which were the scene of some of the hard fighting during the late Franco-Prussian war, we reach, at length, the very handsome railway station.



GENGENBACH.

At Appenweir we passed a chattering crowd of school-children

returning from a picnic, under the charge of some lady teachers, wearing their extraordinary national headdress, whose flaring wings seemed large enough to fly with. The children looked healthy and happy, but their dress was extremely poor and coarse, indicating a much more straightened condition of the working classes than in our own favoured land.

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NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

BY ALEX. A. B. HERD.

WHAT shall I wish as the New Year falls  
For the loved ones far away,  
When the greeting of friends who are near recalls  
The absent ones to-day ?

Nought would I wish that may never be thine,  
Of pleasure or golden store ;  
No sparkling gems of an earthly mine,  
Or wealth of her glitt'ring ore.

All that I wish thee for happiness here,  
By love and affection blest,  
Is the peaceful calm of a heart sincere  
That stayed on its God will rest.

His gentlest help for the footsteps weak  
That follow less swiftly now ;  
His voice in that dulling ear to speak,  
His touch on each furrowed brow.

His strength for those who in life's young blush  
Went forth in the narrow way ;  
Brave may they stand in the fight for truth,  
And be crowned at the close of day.

His tenderest love for the one He has tried,  
And proved in the fire His own,  
To the pastures green, by the waters still,  
He leads by a path unknown.

To all I wish as the years may speed,  
Whate'er thou must do or bear,  
Nearness to God in thine hour of need  
And trust in His guardian care.

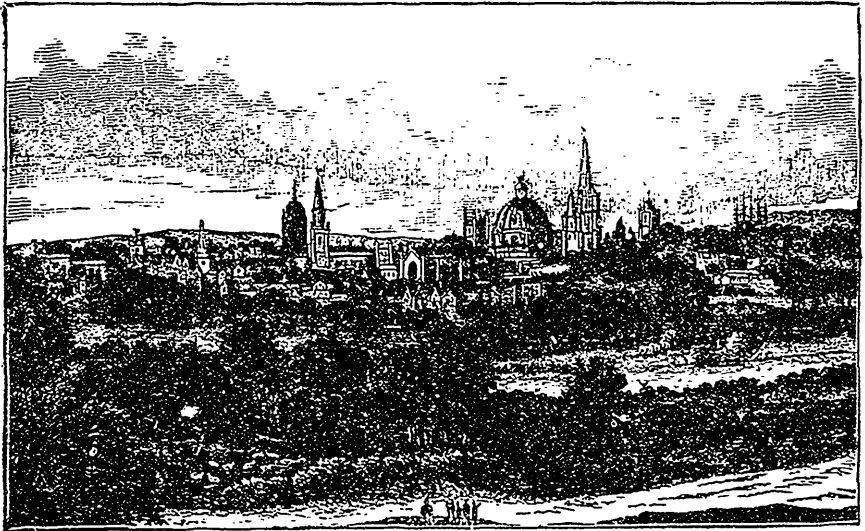
I wish thee what God would willingly give  
To each as the years go by :  
Wisdom and grace, in His smile to live, ?  
Serenely at last to die.

## FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY—OXFORD MEMORIES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE centennial anniversary of the death of John Wesley renders especially appropriate at the present time all traces of the consecrated life and heroic labours of the founder of Methodism.

It has passed into a truism, which is admitted by every student of modern history, that one of the most potent factors in the moral reformation of England in the eighteenth century was the life and



VIEW OF OXFORD.

labours of John and Charles Wesley. Every loyal Methodist, therefore, from whatever part of the world he comes, takes a special delight in tracing the footprints of the founder of that religious system which has belted the world with its institutions, "and the sheen of whose spires, as the earth revolves on its axis,

\*For the admirable cuts which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of Daniels' "Illustrated History of Methodism" (New York: Hunt & Eaton), from which much of the material of this article is derived. The cuts will give an idea of the sumptuous illustration of this handsome volume, which contains over 250 engravings, maps, and charts. Of the photographic fidelity of those of Oxford, we can bear personal testimony.

rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning."\* In this spirit, the day after my first arrival in London I paid a reverent visit to old City Road Chapel, and stood in Wesley's pulpit, and sat in Wesley's chair, and plucked a leaf of ivy from his grave. And influenced largely by the same feeling, I made a devout pilgrimage to the city of Oxford, the cradle of that wondrous child of Providence, the Methodist Church, much of whose after history has been strongly influenced by the scholastic surroundings of its early years.

This venerable seat of learning, dating from the time of Alfred, the ancient Oxenforde—its cognizance is still a shield with an ox crossing a stream—has a singularly attractive appearance as seen from a distance, its many towers and spires, and the huge dome of the Radcliffe Library, rising above the billowy sea of verdure of its sylvan surroundings. A nearer approach only heightens the effect of this architectural magnificence. Probably no city of its size in the world presents so many examples of stately and venerable architecture as this city of colleges. Look in what direction you will, a beautiful tower, spire, or Gothic façade will meet the eye. For seven hundred years it has been the chief seat of learning in England, and in the time of Wycliffe, according to Antony à Wood, it had 30,000 scholars. This, however, is probably an exaggeration.

"In the year 1720," writes Dr. Daniels, "John Wesley, then a youth of seventeen, was admitted to Christ Church College, Oxford, to which college his brother Charles followed him six years after."

Christ Church is the largest and most magnificent college of Oxford. It owes its splendour to the munificence of Cardinal Wolsey, by whom it was founded when he was in the zenith of his prosperity. But the fall of the great Cardinal prevented the fulfilment of his grand design, and the cloisters which were intended to surround the large quadrangle have never been constructed.

\* Mr. Richard Brown, of this city, mentions a striking illustration of the world-wide spread of Methodism, and of the instinct which leads Methodist footsteps to the mother-church of the many thousands of Methodist churches in the world. When in London, he attended a love-feast in the City Road Chapel, showing to the door-keeper his class-ticket received in Toronto. That gentleman, as he looked at it, remarked, with a smile, "The gentleman who has just preceded you has shown a class-ticket which he received in New Zealand." Thus from the very ends of the earth, the spiritual children of John Wesley come with loving reverence to visit the scene where he laboured in life and where his body rests in death.

The general features of the Oxford Colleges, of which there are no less than twenty, are similar. They consist, for the most part, of one, two, or three contiguous quadrangles, carpeted with a turfy lawn of exquisite verdure, and surrounded by long rows of collegiate buildings, containing lecture-rooms, library, refectory, students' rooms, and kitchen. Frequently there are quaint carved



WEST FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

cloisters, as at Magdalen, or pleasant gardens, shady alleys, and daisy-tufted lawns. The outer quadrangle is entered by an arched gateway from the street, where a porter peers out from his den, and touches a well-trained forelock to strangers. As I passed beneath the archway of Christ Church, through Wolsey's "faire gate," well worthy of the name, shown in the engraving on this page, I asked the porter which were the rooms that had been oc-

cupied by John and Charles Wesley. Somewhat to my surprise, the answer I received was: "I don't know. Never heard of them. That must have been a long time ago." I concluded that this ignorance must be an idiosyncrasy of the porter mind, for at Pembroke College near by, of which Blackstone and Whitefield were students, is pointed out the room occupied by Samuel Johnson; and the name of Addison is still linked with one of the pleached alleys of Magdalen. I climbed the old tower from which "Great Tom," weighing 17,000 pounds—twice as much as St. Paul's bell—every night tolls a curfew of 101 strokes, as a signal for closing the college gate. One spot, at least, I was sure must have been familiar to the Wesleys' feet—the great stairway, shown on page 126, leading to the splendid dining-hall. The beautiful fan-tracery of the roof, all carved in solid stone, and supported by a single clustered shaft, will be observed.

Passing through the centre door at the top of the stone steps, we enter the large dining-hall, which next to that of Westminster, is the grandest mediæval hall in the kingdom. The open timber roof, of Irish oak, 350 years old, with gilt armorial bearings, is as sound as when erected. The beautiful oriel to the right, with its fretted roof, lights a raised dais. On the wall are paintings by Holbein, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, and Reynolds, of distinguished patrons or students of the College, from Wolsey down to Gladstone, whose portrait occupied an honoured place. Here, at remarkably solid tables, the students dine. Here Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. banqueted and witnessed dramatic representations; and here, in 1634, the latter monarch held his last Parliament when driven from Westminster.

Beneath the stone stairway is the passage leading to the great baronial kitchen, with its high, open roof. A white-aproned, rubicund old head-cook did the honours of his important domain. He showed me a monster gridiron on wheels; the huge turnspit, on which they still roast, before an open grate, thirty joints at once; and the treadmill where the unhappy turnspit dog keeps up his unprogressive march on the sliding platform of his mill. Observing my admiration of a huge elm slab, about six inches thick, used for a kitchen table, "Fifty year ago," he said, laying his hand upon it, "I helped to bring that table into this hall." For half a century he had been cooking dinners for successive generations of "undergrads," and seemed hale and hearty enough to last for half a century more.

I went thence into the venerable chapel, whose massive columns and arches date from 1180. It is also the cathedral church of the diocese. The sweet-toned organ was pealing, and the collegiate

clergy was chanting the choral service, which has been kept up ever since the Reformation.

Amid these stately surroundings, John Wesley acquired that broad culture, that sound classical learning, and that strict logical



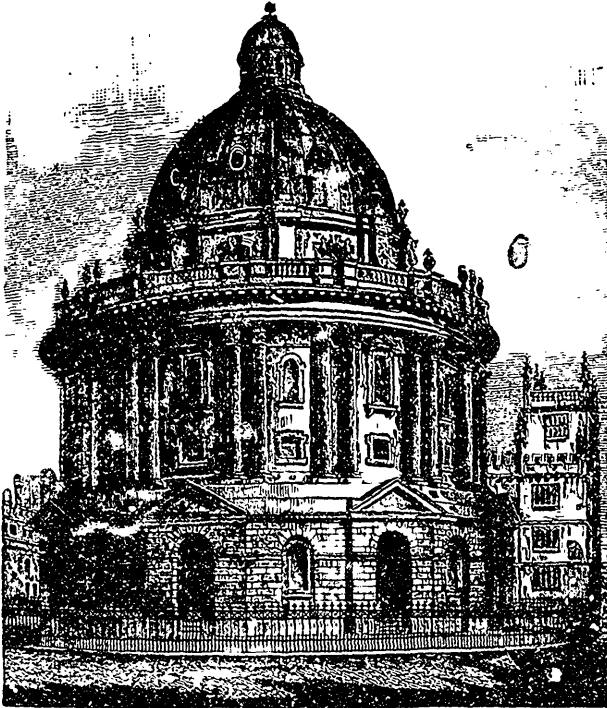
ENTRANCE TO HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

training that so efficiently equipped him for the great life-work he was to do. The influence of the wise home-training of his noble mother, her pious prayers, and her loving letters to her "Dear Jackey," were a spell to keep him from the fashionable



wickedness of the times, and to direct his mind to serious things. Here was formed that "Holy Club," from whose godly converse and study of God's Word such hallowed influences flowed. And here was first applied in derision the opprobrious name of "Methodist," which to-day millions throughout the world gladly wear as the highest badge of honour.

Oxford is such a crowded congeries of collegiate buildings, often connected by narrow and winding streets, that it is only by

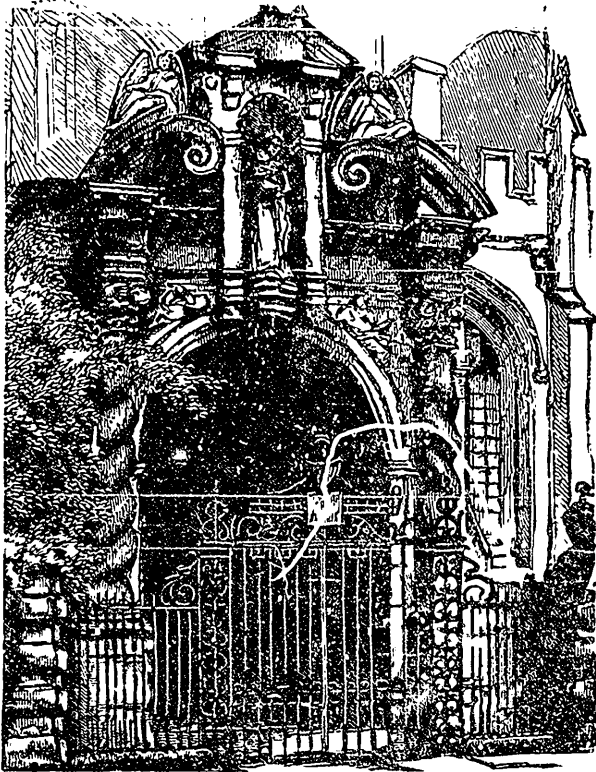


RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, OXFORD.

obtaining a bird's-eye glance that one can take in a comprehensive view of the city and its many colleges. Such a view may be had from the dome of the Radcliffe Library, shown in cut on this page. To the left may be seen the front of Brazenose College, said to be named from the *brassen-hus*, or brew-house, of Alfred's palace. Over the entrance—as a play upon the word—is a huge brazen nose, very suggestive of brew-house potations.

Near by is the Bodleian Library. A sacred stillness seems to pervade the alcoves, laden with the garnered wisdom of the ages, of many lands and many tongues. One speaks in tones subdued,

and walks with softened tread. It was an agreeable surprise to find a book by the present writer in such goodly company. Among the objects of interest are a MS. copy of Wycliffe's Bible, the true charter of England's liberties, and MSS. by Milton, Clarendon, Pope and Addison; the autographs of many English sovereigns; historic portraits, including one of Flora Macdonald, not at all pretty; Guy Fawkes' lantern, a very battered affair; a



GATE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

chair made of Drake's ship, in which he, first of English sailors, circumnavigated the globe; Queen Elizabeth's gloves, and a seal worn by Hampden, with the legend :

“Against my King I do not fight,  
But for my King and kingdom's right.”

The ceiling is studded with shields bearing the University crest, an open Bible, with the pious motto, “*Dominus illuminatio mea.*”

It struck me as rather an anachronism to be shown as “New

College" a building erected by William of Wykeham in 1386. Amid the religious silence and solemn beauty of its venerable cloisters—"a dainty relic of monastic days"—seems to slumber the undisturbed repose of five long centuries.

The ivy-mantled gateway of St. Mary's Church, shown in our cut, is an object of strikingly picturesque beauty. The image of the Virgin, above it, gave great offence to the Puritans, and was



MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

one of the causes of the impeachment of Archbishop Laud. It seemed to me a desecration to see the civic placards about gun licenses and dog taxes affixed to the doors and gateways of the churches.

The air of complete seclusion from the din of life of many of these colleges, is one of their chief charms. Not more sequestered was the leafy grove of Academus, than the gardens of Magdalen, or "Maudlin," as it is locally called. Within a stone's throw of

the busy High Street, deer are quietly browsing under huge old elms, with their colonies of cawing rooks, as though the haunts of men were distant and forgotten. Here, in a beautiful alley which bears his name, Addison used to walk and muse on high poetic themes. In the cloisters are a group of strange allegorical figures, the origin and meaning of which no one can explain. One of the Fellows with whom I fell into conversation, interpreted them as symbolizing the seven deadly vices and their opposite virtues—an admonition as necessary to the scholars of five hundred years ago as to those of to-day. On May morning a Latin hymn is sung on the tower, a relic, it has been suggested, of the May-day Baal worship of pagan times. The persistence of these old customs, amid the changefulness of modern life, is extraordinary. Another singular one, of unknown origin, at Queen Philippa's College, is that on New Year's the Bursar gives each member a needle and thread, with the words, "Take this and be thrifty." The scholars here have been, time out of mind, summoned to dinner by the sound of a trumpet, instead of by a bell, as elsewhere. Here, too, is the Boar's Head Carol sung at Christmas, to commemorate the deliverance of a student who, attacked by a wild boar, thrust into his throat the copy of Aristotle that he was reading, and so escaped. Of this College, Wycliffe, the Black Prince, and Henry V. were members.

John Wesley's distinguished scholarship won him, before he was twenty-four, a Fellowship at Lincoln College, and a Lectureship in Greek. In Hebrew, too, he was one of the best scholars of the age. Nor was his time engrossed in scholastic duties. With his brother Charles and others of the "Holy Club," he regularly visited the felons in the public prison. Within these gloomy dungeons, the martyr-bishops, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, were confined, and from them they walked to their funeral pyre. On this spot, we may be sure, the Wesleys often mused, catching inspiration from the example of those heroic men, and willing, if need were, to die like them for the Lord they loved so well. On the scene of this tragic event now rises the beautiful Martyrs' Memorial, shown on page 129\*. The effigies of the martyrs are of remarkable expressiveness; that of Latimer, bending beneath the weight of four score years, seems to be uttering his dying words, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Intrepid and

\* Just behind the monument is seen Magdalen Church, in which is preserved the original door of the dungeon in which the martyrs were confined.

blessed spirits! The flame they kindled filled the realm and illumined two hemispheres with its light.

That light for a time grew dim, and it was the Wesleys' privilege again to fan it to a flame. In this very centre of Tractarian theology, where Methodism was nicknamed, persecuted and despised, a Wesley Memorial Chapel has been erected, which is described in my guide-book as "a conspicuous addition to the architectural beauties of the city."

Another illustrated paper will follow the footprints of the Wesleys elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

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"PROSPICE."

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

FEAR death? to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place.

The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go.

For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbade,  
And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain,  
Then a light, then to my breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be at rest.

## THROUGH HUNGARY.

## I.



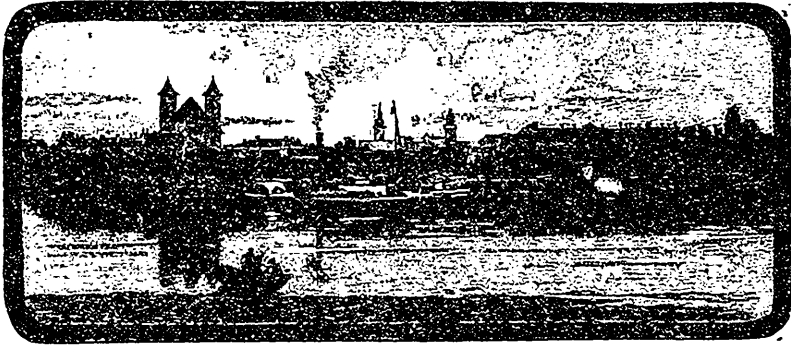
MICHAELER-GASSE, PRESBURG.

THE Austro-Hungarian Empire, with its numerous grand-duchies and provinces, is a land possessing probably the wildest characteristics of any European country. Across its extent of 240,000 square miles sweep range after range of rugged mountains, whose thousand peaks pierce the sky in numberless needle-shaped points, or whose stupendous snow masses rise far above the wooded valleys at their bases. In the vast forests that cover a great portion of the interior of the country, the bear and the wild boar roam unmolested, with the wild cat and the marmot, and among the higher wastes of rocky mountain the chamois share the soli-

tudes with the stone eagles and kites. Nowhere does nature indulge in wilder music than in the song of the wind through the great forests of the lower Tyrolese Alps, or the roar of the cataracts, as they dash and tumble over their rocky beds to the valleys beneath.

Nor does this wildness find expression in the forms of nature only. In the hearts of the people it is strongly marked, mingled equally with a strong love of freedom and liberty. Every village and farm-house, every inn and mountain ch  let, echoes those strains of music and wild song for which Hungary is especially famous. With their cousins, the Germans, the natives share that inborn power for musical expression, with its natural adjunct of taste and critical intuition, which is so enviable a characteristic, while so difficult to account for. Every village has its corps of musi-

cians, consisting of no mean performers on violin, flute or violoncelle. Those of us who have heard the so-called Hungarian bands know what extraordinary talents and knowledge of harmony, seemingly inborn, they evidence. On the leader striking up some unknown strain, the members of the band will gradually



DANUBE AT KORAM.

supply the rest of the harmony with surprising accuracy and expression.

This wild poetic feeling is characteristic of the inhabitants of this land of mountain and song, with its grim precipices, peaceful valleys and little villages nestling among the woods and streams. Charming little villages they are, too, with their picturesque

church towers, quaint and darkly-coloured houses; with the cows and goats grazing on the outskirts, the clear notes of whose bells sound musically amid the verdant fields. There is, indeed, here every element of natural beauty and wild freedom, from the rough stone bridge that spans the brawling torrent at the end of the

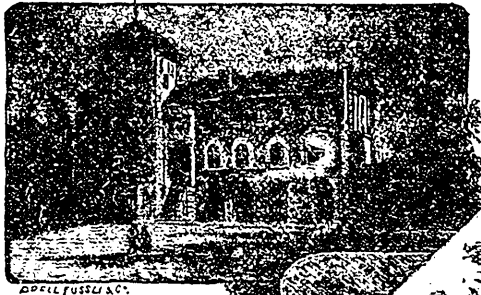


OBSERVATORY AT O-GYALLA.

little village street, to the bright-coloured bodice of the peasant women and hunting costumes of the men.

Hungary, with its past of stirring patriotic associations, is one of the most fascinating of countries for the explorer or tourist with ample leisure and an observant mind. In this village was

born some famous musician who, in the strains of the wild national music, gave expression to the deeply-felt wrongs of his country. In that was educated the heroic Kossuth, or there was born the patriot Deak, both of whom earned the gratitude of the people and won their hearts by unselfish devotion to what they deemed the best interests of the country. The towns and cities are by no means lacking in interest of the highest order: namely, the marks of great minds and brave hearts left behind in indelible forms.

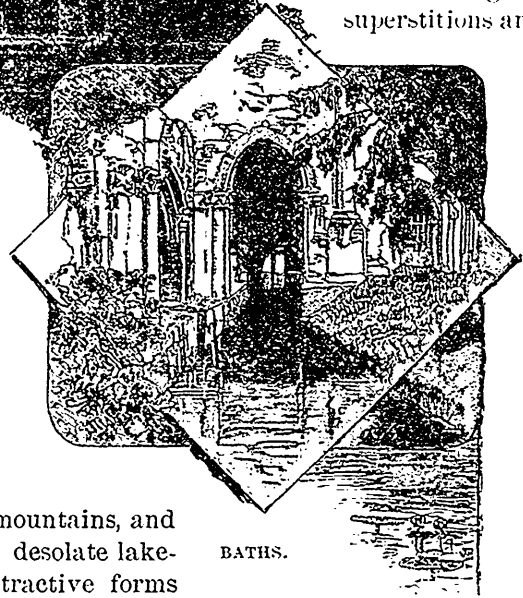


FORTRESS OF TOTIS.

wildest legends are rife. Here is, indeed, the home of a rich and varied traditional folk-lore: for in the howl of the wind-storm the natives hear the triumphant yell of the evil spirits of the mountains, and in the depths of the desolate lakelets they see the attractive forms of the sirens that allure to death.

In the valleys of the Danube, with its tributaries, the Enns, Traun and Inn, the soil is good and fertile, and the climate better suited for the production of cereals than in any other part of the Empire. A very considerable quantity of grain and other crops is here produced. Among the higher mountain valleys, shut in on all sides by jagged rocks and precipices, the hardest toil can produce very little result. The most persistent and tireless efforts of the hard-working peasantry can barely coax the

Out in the country, among the scattered villages, and up among the isolated farm-houses, perched on the steep mountain slopes, the strangest superstitions and

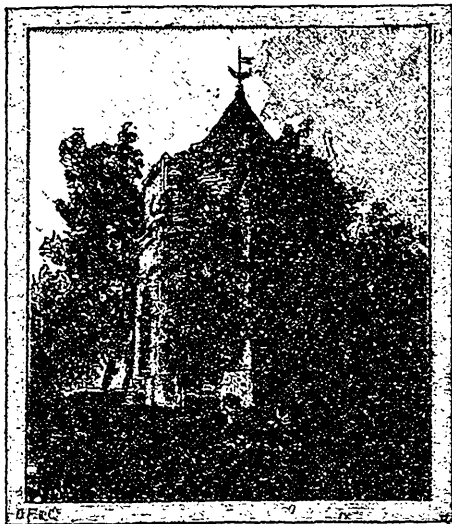


BATHS.



ground to yield them enough to live on. Yet every year they still go through the same persevering cultivation and live in hope. In these regions the higher mountains are dotted with beautiful little lakes called, in their poetic phrase, "eyes of the sea," and in all directions long, dark caverns wind their way into the very hearts of the mountains. Everywhere throughout the country we may note the effect of great natural beauty on a people of artistic feelings and poetic temperament.

From the days of the Huns and the Magyars, whose incessant raids devastated the land, down to the Revolution of 1848, the



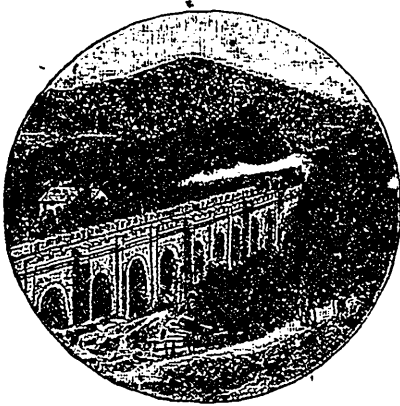
MOSQUE.

whole Empire but more especially Hungary, has been the scene of wars, internal excitement, fierce turmoil and revolution. It is, of course, around the Revolution of 1848, with the great Kossuth as leader of the people, that the chief historic interest of the country centres. During this revolution, when the muses were silent, excepting only to utter some stirring song of war, the battle-field closed many a glorious career and destroyed many an incipient

genius. The country was in a terribly unsettled state. Kossuth demanded the freedom of the people as a right, and threatened to extort it. He was denounced as a demagogue and an agrarian, and had already once been imprisoned. The chief grievance of the people was a prohibitory tariff, which limited the productive energy of the country's manufactures. With a view to remedy this Kossuth founded a union, whose members bound themselves for five years to use none but home productions, and hundreds of thousands joined it. Although this did not accomplish all that was desired, it certainly helped to focus and organize the disaffection among the people.

In 1847 Kossuth was elected member for Pesth, and in a very short time, comparatively, he became the leader of the House. The key-note of his life and action was the resolve that Hungary

should be restored to its former state of independence. The further career of this remarkable man is too well known to need repetition. Metternich, leader of the Austrian diet, was over-

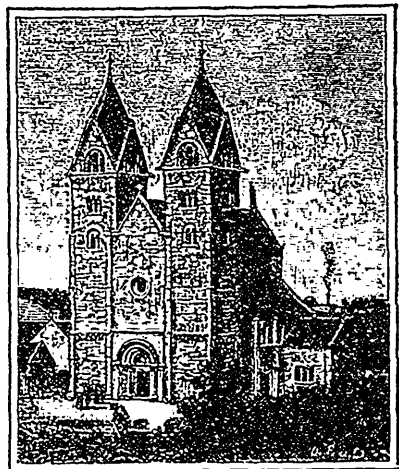


THE RED BRIDGE, NEAR PRESBURG.

thrown; the diet of Pesth was dissolved, and a national assembly appointed to meet at Pesth. By means of various proclamations, speeches and articles, Kossuth roused the nation to a fever-heat and the war was begun. It was from beginning to end a struggle for life or death under inauspicious circumstances, and the overwhelming power of Austria. The result is well known. The independence of Hungary, with Kossuth for its governor, was lost, and the story of his exile is a matter of recent history. He fled to England, and afterwards visited America, where he organized meetings, unions and so forth; but with no permanent result. Later he attempted to mature a scheme for attacking Austria in her Hungarian possessions, with the aid of the French Emperor; but this, too, was prevented by the peace of Villafranca.

Kossuth soon afterwards returned to Turin, where he remained in voluntary exile and devoted himself to the study of scientific questions. He protested, with considerable violence, against the ultimate settlement that was made between Austria and Hungary, in 1867, issuing addresses, and trying to rouse the feeling of the people that had formerly swayed and turned to his slightest will.

The language of Austro-Hungary is chiefly German, but so many dialects are spoken that it is almost impossible to divide

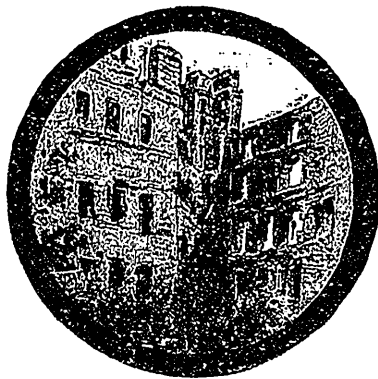


CHURCH OF LEBENY SZT. MIKLOS.

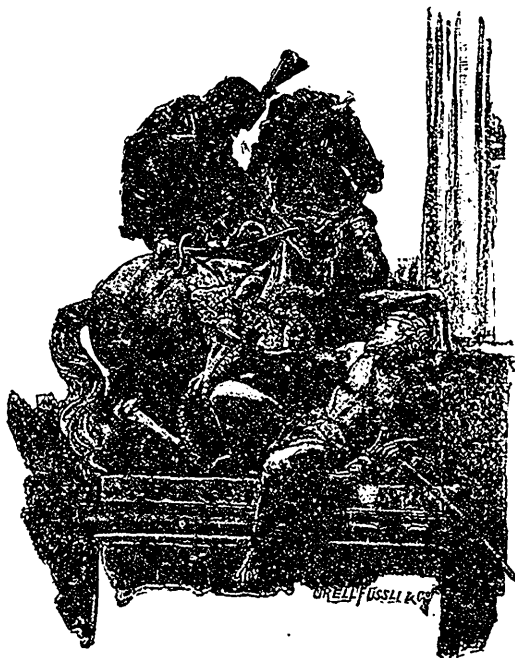
or even to classify them. "It is a significant fact," says a modern writer, "that at a Panslavic Congress, held at Prague, in 1848, the delegates found themselves under the necessity of using the German language, being unable to understand the different dialects of their own tongue."

Whilst, until recently, Vienna was the farthest goal of most English-speaking tourists, the stately imperial city on the Danube has now become the chief starting-point for the extremely interesting tour through Hungary. Among European capitals Buda-pest—originally Buda and Pesth, but united in

1873—is one of those especially deserving of a visit. Owing to its proximity to the Orient it possesses a peculiar charm for the



RUINS OF PRESBURG CASTLE.



STATUE OF ST. MARTIN, PRESBURG.

traveller from the West. To it, therefore, we shall make our way. Before the construction of the railway, travellers between Vienna and the capital of Hungary usually preferred the magnificent water-way of the Danube to the dusty or muddy high-road. But we will avail ourselves of the much more expeditious railway train. A motley throng of travellers is congregated on the platform: the dignified Hungarian peasant, the fair-haired, un-

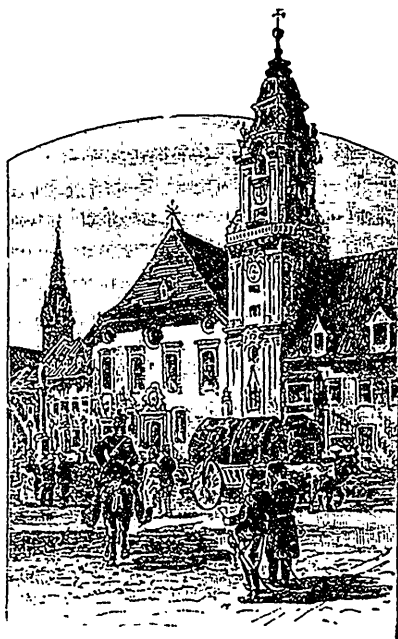
assuming Slovak, the Roumanian boyar, the German, the Armenian, Greek, Servian, and Croat, in their picturesque, though

not always spotlessly clean attire. From the pleasant Viennese German to the lingo of the travelling Gypsy, a dozen or more dialects fall on our ear, and prepare us already for our entry into the polyglot East.

The railway follows a low hilly country, studded with ancient towns, some of them dating from the time of the Romans. Frequently occurs a fine old Romanesque church, like that in our cut, on page 136, which dates from the thirteenth century.

The royal free town of Komorn is one of the strongest fortresses in the monarchy. It is the centre of a very lively trade in

cereals and timber. The town possesses eight churches, a college, several convents, a handsome town-hall, civil and military hospitals, and sixteen trade guilds; it is strongly fortified. From Komorn an hour's drive brings us to O-Gyalla, remarkable for the excellently arranged observatory which enjoys a European renown.



TOWN-HALL, PRESBURG.

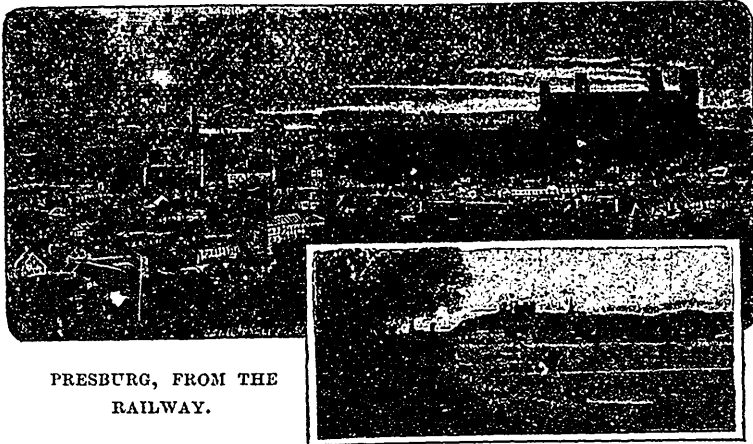
At Totis is the grim old fortress in which the Emperor Francis I. signed the peace of Vienna. The ruins of ancient Turkish baths are also seen. Other evidences of Turkish architecture are apparent in an occasional mosque, crowned with a crescent, which may in its time have originally been a Christian church.

Presburg, the ancient capital of Hungary, is charmingly situated between the Little Carpathians and the Danube. Its history runs back to the tenth century. For hundreds of years the town was a constant source of strife between the Germans, Magyars, and Slavs, and experienced many changes of ownership, until at last it passed into the undisputed possession of Hungary. It was a favourite residence of the Kings of Hungary. The ancient halls of splendour are now a melancholy ruin, whose vacant windows stare like the eyeless sockets of a skull.

Not inferior in interest to the castle is the Cathedral of St. Martin, a Gothic building erected early in the thirteenth century.

A statue of the patron saint, cast in lead by the celebrated Donner, and standing originally in the interior of the sanctuary, has been removed to the exterior, the style in which it is executed being thought unsuitable to the sanctity of the place—besides, saints seldom wear the uniform of Hussars. According to the legend he divided his cloak with a poor beggar, who instantly on receiving the alms was transformed into the Christ—a common type of mediæval legend.

A walk through the antique streets, now often comparatively deserted, will show many quaint old buildings, with overhanging



PRESBURG, FROM THE  
RAILWAY.

windows, queer bulbous spires, mouldering fountains—with, perchance, a slow ox-team in the foreground. The mighty mass of the ancient castle is very impressive, as seen from the railway in nearer or remoter view.

A land to whose historic associations are added the charms of nature in mountain and stream, forest and valley, must offer great inducements to the thoughtful traveller, and in a course of papers, which we hope to furnish in later numbers of this MAGAZINE, we shall try to examine more minutely the various characteristics of this wild country of Central and Eastern Europe as they are to be seen in its cities and better-known parts of the country.

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Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,  
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates  
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again,  
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.  
—Edwin Arnold.

# THE HISTORICAL AND DOCTRINAL DEVELOPMENT OF METHODISM.

## A CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.\*

*Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.*

If we accept the dictum of some, Methodism has largely fulfilled her mission and should be relegated out of existence by absorption into the great historic Churches which have been evoked through the ages. But we are not willing to accept this dictum, and to be thus relegated. We plant ourselves upon the premises that Methodism had a great mission in the past, and holds a still greater in the future; and it is for us, this hour, out of our history of the past, to find inspiration and instruction to win grander triumphs in the future.

And here observe what *inspiration* comes to every minister and member of Methodism, from a review of the life-work of our illustrious founder. If we walk the galleries of the past, and stand before those historic niches in which are enshrined the records of those mighty reformatory spirits which God hath given to the ages and the Church, in every instance they are marked by an individuality and those distinctive attributes which adjusted them to their great work. Thus, in Judas Maccabeus we have the military hero, who repelled to the death those Vandal hordes who sought to pollute the temple and altar of God. Thus, when the Post-Apostolic and Patristic ages declined in their spiritual life, when aqueous baptism was declared to be the condition and instrument of pneumatic baptism, when the genuflects held that posture was attendant to grace, Montanus, mystical, fanatical, but true to the doctrine of Divine Indwelling, rang out over the Orient this truth—the life of God in the life of man.

When the Church was advancing in power, Pope Innocent III., mistaken though sincere, aspired to subjugate all kingly power and win for her an empire temporal as well as spiritual over universal humanity. When the decadence of the Papacy had begun and its brilliant assumptions were defeated, Pope Boniface VIII., of whom it is said that he grasped power like the fox,

\* A Centennial address delivered June 27, 1882, before the Nova Scotia Conference at Windsor, N.S. The occurrence of the double centennial of the death of John Wesley, and of the introduction of Methodism into the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, makes this eloquent address again especially timely.—Ed.

wielded it like the lion, and resigned it like the defeated dog, held, with best intent, that his commission was to restore the Papacy to the splendour of the times of Hildebrand. All unconscious of the grandeur of their mission, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante climbed, with adventurous step, the mountain heights, that first catch and kiss the morning light, and sighted from afar the coming day of intellectual and spiritual emancipation. Erasmus, the recluse, organizing the first Greek Testament; Zwingli, the true, witnessing for the simplicities of Christian worship; Melancthon, formulating the consensus of evangelical truth; Luther, the aggressive herald, who flashed upon the age the old truth of justification; Wycliffe, loyal to the Scriptures—how the brilliant array pass before us in their lustrous individuality. And what was the commanding power which lifted Methodism to an elevation that finds scarcely a parallel along the Christian ages? Wesley was the scholar, logical and classical; but he was more. Wesley, says Macaulay, had the genius of a Richelieu for government; but he was more. Wesley, observed Southey, could gather and hold the elements of power; but he was more. Wesley, writes Sir Walter Scott, had but few equals in the art of popular address; but he was more. Wesley had the soul of an adventurer, that like Columbus would seek out new continents; but he was more. Wesley had a will-power that would look defiant in the face of difficulty and never beat a retreat; but he was more. What constituted the triumphant talisman which lifted Wesley to pre-eminence? *It was his profound, entire and absolute consecration to God.* Wesley as the Oxford ascetic was impotent, as the adventurer of Georgia a visionary, who returned from his journey with the impress of failure. But from the hour when he became a consecrated man, kindled into enthusiasm by the power and love of an indwelling Christ, every element of his great character opened out and made him one of the most potential factors which the centuries have given to the world. And is there not an inspiration in this thought to every minister and member of Methodism?

What lesson do I read on this centennial occasion from the history of Methodism? Give Wesley's consecration to every minister and member, and their manhood and womanhood will be lifted to their highest possibilities, by opening up the intellectual powers to nobler conceptions and giving to the emotional nature the enthusiasm of a diviner love, impelling to the better accomplishment of God's great work among men. By this we do not mean that any consecration will give to rustic ignorance the

resources of scholarship, or to prosaic dulness the magnetic power of genius in its plenary endowments. But it gives the highest spiritual power, "to every man according to his several ability." Give Wesley's consecration to every minister, and it will send us back to our circuits with a passion to save men, and baptize all our churches with a new life that will carry us along the coming century to a more pregnant spiritual destiny, that holds within it the assurance and acclaims of ultimate victory.

And then, again, what instruction comes to us from our historical development as a Church! Of all epochs in the history of England, one of the most stagnant and utterly hopeless was that which marked the opening of the eighteenth century. Whether you read the charming pages of Green, the massive notations of Lecky, or the caustic and searching critiques of Leslie Stephens, all unite in depicting a state of moral degradation and blasphemous impiety well-nigh surpassing belief. With the brilliant Marlborough, corrupting the higher life of the nation; with Horace Walpole, reducing all politics to a game of bribes; with Congreve and Wycherly, the dramatists of the Restoration, for a polite literature; with a poetry without exaltation; with an insolent infidelity, which, from the days of Stillingfleet to Bolingbroke, last of the deists, held captive the leading intellects of the nation, while it smote with paralysis an effete clergy; with a universal wassail and riot and profanity, sinking the lower classes into nameless depths of infamy—what pen can adequately picture the repellant features of this repulsive age? Like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the ministry of Wesley began to be heard. It gathered to itself the elements of power, it multiplied its forces, till with ten thousand tongues it rang out the Gospel in every nook and corner of the mother-land.

What Johnson the moralist could not do; what Hogarth the caricaturist of vice could not do; what Dean Swift the satirist could not do; what the philosophy of Berkeley, the ethics of Butler, the evidences of Paley could not do; what the men of lawn sleeves and stately ritualisms could not do, in reforming the age, that John Wesley, with his grand evangelism; that Charles Wesley, with his hymns, sobbing in penitence, weeping in joy, ringing the battle-cry of advance along the line, springing triumphant on ecstatic wings to the heavens at the thought that Jesus shall reign; that John and Charles Wesley accomplished in the name and by the grace of God.

It has been well said by a recent writer that the unbelief of the eighteenth century was not arrested and overthrown by Butler's "Analogy of Religion," the "Twelve Witnesses" of Paley, or the



didactics of the day, but by the power of God authenticating the divinity of that Christianity as expressed by the early preachers of Methodism, which woke with a mighty resurrection the barbaric toilers in the coal-pits of the north, ploughing their grimy faces with the tears of penitence; the wasted multitudes in the dens of London, cleansing their foulness; and the Cornish miners in their deep galleries, where in the intervals of toil they could hear above them the sobbings of the sea. Now, if there is one lesson more impressive than another which the history of our Church reads, it is to lay hold of every means to ensure success. Wesley in early life was a churchman, an intolerant and bigoted churchman; but when God led him out he was willing to go into untried paths, and to employ the agencies of which the history of the Church supplied no parallel. He invoked the splendour of scholarship and seraphic culture, as in the case of Fletcher; but he did more. He took John Nelson, the mason; Alexander Mather, the baker; Thomas Oliver, the shoemaker; John Haime, the private soldier, and Pawson, the draper, all uncultured, and in the name of God commissioned them to go with homely speech to the perishing masses, justifying the utterance of the historian, "that as by speech the nation was governed, by speech, freighted with gospel truth, the nation was morally regenerated."

The genius of Methodism not only commissioned man, but it vindicates the ministry of woman. I have stood before the sepulchres of statesmen, orators, and divines, whose name and fame have filled the world, but I never felt a deeper emotion than when standing by the tomb of Susannah Wesley. In that presence the orator is dumb; poetry has no lines, and music no notes, to tell the grandeur of her womanhood. Conservative, yet radical and aggressive; deferential to authority, yet firm in her God-like purpose; no mystic was she, though gifted with a depth of insight seldom surpassed. Graceful in person, her tender eyes looked love; wise in her motherhood, it has been well said that if John Wesley ruled Methodism, his mother ruled John Wesley, and revealed to him the power of womanhood as an agency, gentle and persistent, in building up the spiritual Church of God.

And now, out of this history what lesson do I read? Conservative in essentials, yet radical and aggressive in action, I would have every minister remember that he is ordained for victory and that he should command success. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." I would commission every son and every daughter to prophesy in the name of the Lord. Methodism has no greater danger, than a

decorous respectability that resists all innovation. If ordinary appliances fail to draw the people to Christ, I would invoke the very forces of the Salvation Army; I would put trumpets in men's hands to call the people to repentance, anything! anything! The spirit of Methodism, aggressive it shall live—stagnant, it shall die, dishonoured, an anachronism amongst men.

And then look at the sweep of this Methodism of ours. If we go back one hundred and thirty years we see a man in clerical attire passing under the arch that led into the quadrangle of the old Glasgow University. Above the arch, in a little room, sits a homely toiler, engaged in sketching a design. What prophet of destiny could have predicted that, more than kings, statesmen, and congresses, these two men, John Wesley and James Watt, would shape the destinies of this American continent? It was the genius of James Watt which harnessed the forces that slumbered in the water, and gave steamboats to every river and steam-cars to every valley and prairie on this continent, thus giving to it in a single century, a degree of civilization that otherwise would have demanded a thousand years and more. It was the genius of John Wesley to project on this continent his original conception of an itinerant ministry, which would follow the tidal waves of humanity that have diffused themselves from Atlantic to Pacific, and but for this would have sunk into degradation, vandal and destructive as those that followed the train of Alaric and Genseric of old. Before his eyes closed in death he had sent Laurence Coughlin to the misty isle of Newfoundland; Strawbridge to the sunny south; Asbury beyond the Alleghanies; Webb along the valley of the St. Lawrence; and William Black to be the standard bearer of Methodism along the valleys and bays of fair Acadia. While the rolling tides of the ocean sing their thunders along your coast, and toss their crested spray against the granite cliffs, coruscating into perpetual brilliance, the name of Black shall be held in honour throughout this land.

And then, once again, what *inspiration* comes to us from the *full-orbed theology* which is our heritage and the foundation of our power. In our time of pretentious, speculative and unsettling thought, a damaging impeachment is laid at the door of Dogmatic Theology. It is held by some that he who enters here abandons hope of progressive research, since its dogmas are immutable, and its spirit in antagonism to the life and progress of the age; but never was impeachment more false. What is the history of religious thought but one of sublimest evolution? Look at the record. The Oriental or Greek Church formulated the doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ, and established them for

all time, The early Latin Church revealed this humanity of ours, and formulated at once the doctrine of sin and grace. It was the honour of the Mystics and Port Royalists to unfold the possibilities of communion with the Divine. And was it not the glory of the Reformation age that it educated the conscience and brought out broad and clear the doctrines of forgiveness and divine acceptance; while the Remonstrants affirmed the universality of the atonement?

And, now, what constituted the central truth which John Wesley published in advance of all others and which has rallied the million? I answer, the radical existence of a free spirit as the crown of our humanity. When Wesley appeared, the intuitional philosophy of Descartes, of Spinoza, and afterward of Kant and Coleridge, had gone into an eclipse; while the materialistic philosophy of Hobbes, and Locke, and Hume, and Berkeley, and Priestly, which asserted that the world without controlled the world within the man, was everywhere triumphant. The vindication of the universality of atonement, and the freedom of will, and spiritual witness by God to man's inner consciousness, smote to the death this philosophy of necessity, that still languishes in Buckle and Tyndall, while it uplifted this intuitional philosophy which stands by the truth that man is a *prima potentia*, an originating will force, while God is no respecter of persons.

Thus, from age to age, the evolution of Christian dogma has gone forward, and the eternities shall never see its consummation. Theology a stagnant science! I affirm it is the most progressive on the face of this earth, for is not the truth of God infinite, and will not the infinite intellect be ascending for evermore in the apprehending of its wondrous harmonies?

And so it comes to pass that the theology of Methodism is on the ascendant all over this earth. I think the sublimest event in the Methodist Œcumenical Conference was the attestation of this truth. There were gathered men who had come from beneath almost every sky. They had come from the fields and steppes of Scandinavia; they had come from the Confederated Empire of Germany; they had come from the vine-clad hills and sunny vales of France and from the mountain passes of Switzerland; they had come from the wildering fragrance of Andalusian Spain and from beneath the shadow of the Quirinal, the horse of Praxiteles and the Vatican of Rome; they had come from where Stamboul proudly overlooks the Hellespont; they had come from the death-dealing malarial coasts of Western Africa and the arid plains of Kaffraria; they had come from the shadow of the Hima-

layas, where the cactus and magnolia fling their fragrance at the feet of those colossal heights which bear upon their brow the crystal crown of an eternal winter; they had come from the ancient lands of Northern and Southern China, whose standing wonder is the multiplied millions of men; they had come from the isles of Japan, where nestling flowers adorn the creviced heights of volcanic desolation, and from every colony of great Australia; from Tasmania and the fern valleys of New Zealand; they had come from the isles of the South, that, like emeralds set in cameos of coral whiteness, gem the bosom of the great Pacific: they had come from the cooling shades of the palms that skirt the pampas of South America; they had come from the tropic isles of the West Indies, and from the silver canyons of Mexico; from almost every state in the great Republic, and from most of the provinces of our Dominion. And what was their testimony? It was that the Gospel which William Black, one hundred years ago, began to sound throughout this land, is the Gospel which has brought salvation to uncounted thousands and to which 25,000,000 within the bounds of Ecumenical Methodism pay homage, while thousands without accept it as their faith.

“When the work at first begun,  
 Small and feeble was the day;  
 Now the work doth swiftly run,  
 Now it wins its widening way.”

Isles of the South! when my eye was undimmed and the dew of youth was on my brow, standing on their hills I watched the tropic sun as he grandly marched to his seeming rest. Dipping into darkness, refracting his light, like a magic builder, in a moment he threw up a triumphant arch wide as the canopy of heaven, garnished with gold, festooned with brilliant blue, while far along the vista there seemed a glory yonder too great for mortal eye to behold. Symbol of our future! As we bid farewell to the century that is gone, tender in its memories, rich in its inheritance of history, I believe we are marching as through a triumphal arch and into a century of more resplendent triumph upon earth. Be it ours to well perform our work, serve our generation, and then rejoin that blissful company whose eyes once met our glances, whose voices fell upon our ears, but who are now enthroned as victors forever.

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THE friendships old and the early loves  
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
 In quiet neighbourhoods. —*Longfellow.*

## LAY PREACHERS.\*

BY THE HON. J. W. F. WHITE, LL.D.

THE words of the saintly mother to her son, who was hurrying to stop the irregularity of Thomas Maxfield's preaching, "John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are," were a revelation to John Wesley, and have been the inspiration of the religious movement that, for a hundred years, has been spreading holiness over all lands. Without the assistance of lay helpers and lay preaching, Methodism would have died in its infancy, and John and Charles Wesley would never have been admitted into the company of England's illustrious sons in Westminster Abbey.

A regularly organized Church, with sacraments and ordinances, and men set apart to administer them, is a divinely appointed institution. It is not merely a politic arrangement, but an absolute necessity, for the moral and spiritual welfare of the race. Without organized churches and regular pastors, Christianity would sink down into a cold philosophy, personal piety cease, and all moral reforms go backward. I have little confidence in any moral reformer who is not a member of some Christian Church, and no faith in the permanent success of any moral reform movement carried on outside of church influence and control. A Church may have a false creed, or may fall into error, or grow corrupt, but the evil can be corrected only inside the Church, or by establishing another and better Church.

It does not follow, however, that the regular ministry are wiser or better than the laity. The age of monastic learning is past. The laity of this day are as intelligent, and as capable of judging and deciding correctly, as the clergy. Men must be moved now by appeals to their judgments and consciences, not by assertions of superiority or claims of divine right. Priestcraft, as a potential agency, was buried in England years ago, and is hastening to its dying struggle in Europe. Nor does it follow that the regular ministry are the only ones authorized to preach the Gospel and offer eternal life to perishing sinners. Every one who is truly "moved by the Holy Ghost and called of God" to preach has a commission superior to parchment roll, and needs not the imposition of human hands. God works by human agency, and often by the humblest instruments. His work is pro-

\*A paper read at the Œcumenical Conference, City Road, London.

gressive. The volume of divine truth was gradually revealed, and His great plan of saving man gradually developed. Every age presents a new truth, or a higher development of the old. The indications of Providence and the call of the Church now are for a more hearty and thorough co-operation of the laity in the work of redeeming the world. And the laymen are answering the call; they are taking more active part than ever in all departments of Christian work, and in most Protestant Churches are giving practical illustrations of the efficiency and power of lay preaching.

The world has outgrown Prelacy and Ritualism. They are the offspring of Judaism and Paganism, begotten of the Church amidst the corruptions that overthrew the ancient civilizations. They attained their majority in the age of Gothic cathedrals, and are now far gone in the senility of old age. Here and there there is a feeble, sickly effort to revive Ritualism. But the fashionable folly is not likely to prove contagious, for the world sees, and notes the fact, that the spiritual vitality of a Church always sinks just in proportion as the ritualistic fever rises.

The design of preaching is to save sinners. The providentially appointed mission of Methodism is to offer eternal life to all, but especially to carry the Gospel to the poor. When the Baptist was pining in prison, sorely tempted, and almost doubting his own testimony, he sent his disciples to the Divine Teacher to know if He was indeed the Messiah. "Tell John," said the Master, "what miracles you have seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and," as the crowning evidence of His Messiahship, "the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Methodism started right; let it continue to follow in the footsteps of the Master, by continuing to carry the Gospel to the poor.

Vast cathedrals with massive towers and vaulted aisles are very suitable places for the worship of Jehovah. But it too frequently happens that the piety of the worshippers is in inverse proportion to the height of the towers. Rich men may very properly give of their abundance to erect splendid church edifices and fit them up in elegant style. God delights in grandeur and beauty. But He loves the humble poor more than magnificent temples. It is not written, "Blessed are they who worship in splendid churches," but, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" not "Blessed are the rich," but "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Splendid church edifices are all right, if the right spirit is in the pulpit and pews. But very few of the poor ever hear the Gospel in such places. They must hear

it, if they hear it at all, where the Master preached to them, and where Wesley and his helpers preached to them, on the roadside, at the street corners, in their humble dwellings, or in plain buildings they helped to erect, and where they can feel at home.

Education, refinement, culture, are excellent things. Ignorance is the mother of superstition and fanaticism. The more thorough the education and scholarship of the preacher, the better qualified he is for his divine calling. The ministry must keep pace with the progress of science and the advancement of learning, or fall to the rear in the world's onward march, and cease to have any influence. But in meeting the requirements of the educated few, the wants of the uneducated many must not be forgotten. The great business of preaching is to save the lost. Elaborate expositions of theological dogmas, or beautiful literary essays, never converted a sinner. True refinement and culture are very becoming the pulpit; but it is possible for a preacher to have a kind of "culture," which cultures Christ out of his sermons and all religion out of his congregation. In his effort to please all and offend none, he touches softly the glaring sins of the day, skips over the rough passages of the Bible, and tones down the thunders of the law to a gentle whisper. Of course, there are no revivals in that congregation. They are so highly "cultured" that a hearty amen would startle preacher and people, and the earnest cry of a soul for pardon would be a shocking disorder.

The great mass of mankind are, and always will be, plain, common people. They live by their daily toil, and are daily covered with the dust of the field and shop. They do not want or need learned sermons; they care very little for refined distinctions, elegant passages, or classical allusions, and take but little interest in manuscript performances. But they have good common sense, and big warm hearts. They want a preacher that has soul in it—that has life and power. They want a people whose heart is in sympathy with theirs, and whose earnest pleadings prove that he believes and feels what he preaches. And when the good news enters and fills their big, warm hearts, they are very apt to let the world know something has happened. One of their own class can reach their hearts the quickest and is generally the most successful.

The labouring classes are the hope of the Church and the world. The workers of this generation will be the rulers of the next. The poor of to-day will be the rich of to-morrow. The Church that fishes for the rich has entered upon its decline. The Church that preaches the "old, old story" of the cross, and devotes all its energies to reclaiming sinners and uplifting the lower classes of

society, will be the Church of the future. It was from the common labouring class that Wesley obtained his lay preachers. Men of good sense and noble impulses, but rough, rugged sons of toil, like Nelson and Walsh; with no theological teaching and no previous preparation but the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and hearts burning with the love of Christ, they went forth, working at their trades, reading their Bibles, praying and preaching as they went, until they shook the British Isles with the same power that shook Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom He hath promised to them that love Him?"

In many districts of England, laymen—local preachers—prepared the way for Wesley and his regular helpers. In some places they broke up the hard soil, planted the first Gospel seed, and reaped the first fruit before Wesley came. A layman roused to a sense of duty by a pious woman, preached the first Methodist sermon and organized the first society in America. In an old rigging loft in New York, before less than a dozen souls, the Methodist standard was unfurled in the New World. From that little meeting the glad tidings of a free and full salvation for all, proclaimed by Philip Embury, and the songs of Charles Wesley, sung by Barbara Heck, went forth, feeble at first, but increasing in volume and power, until now they are heard in every valley and echo on every mountain of the continent. Local preachers, marching with the tide of emigration, carried the good news from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If the regular itinerants are the cavalry of the Christian army, as an eloquent historian has said, local preachers are the pioneers and scouts. They cleared the way through the forests, reconnoitered the enemy's land, and often fought the first battle and gained the first victory. When the followers of Wesley shall forget the traditions of the past, disparage and sneer at local preachers, think more of building fine churches and gathering in the fashionable and wealthy than of preaching the Gospel to the poor, the glory of Methodism will have departed.

Lay preachers are needed as much in large cities as in the rural districts—yea, more. Why has not Methodism made more progress in the cities? I fear it is because we are becoming "too much conformed to the world." We build beautiful churches, have excellent music, dress well, and wish to be considered very respectable. We are settling down with regular pastors to have a quiet, genteel, good time. The smoke of battle has disappeared, the hot firing has ceased, and the stentorian shouts of the old warriors are heard no more. The outskirts are neglected, the thousands who daily and nightly congregate in drinking saloons and



dens of iniquity have no warning, the crowds of pleasure-seekers who turn the Sabbath into a holiday of amusement are not disturbed. A battalion of stalwart, zealous local preachers, working under the lead and with the hearty co-operation of the regular pastors, would, in a few years, effect a perfect revolution in our cities.

Local preachers are not a separate order of the ministry. They are not priests or pastors, not ministers in the ordinary meaning of the word. As a class they are not set apart to the work of the ministry and authorized to administer the ordinances of the Church. They belong to the laity; but are laymen approved and certified by the Church as fit persons to preach the Gospel publicly. There should be no jealousy or conflict, but the most perfect harmony and hearty co-operation between them and the regular ministry. As their helpers in the general work, the pastors should give them all encouragement and assistance. If the lay brother lack wisdom, instruct him; if he be weak, strengthen him. Speak not unkindly of him to the membership. Give him something to do, and help him do it.

The lay preacher should be the leader and exemplar of his society when not absent on duty elsewhere, he should be active in the Sabbath-school and always present at the prayer-meeting and class-meeting. He should be always on duty; ever ready to answer a call, or meet an emergency, or drop a word in season to his associates. He should not aim to preach big sermons, or be ambitious to occupy the pulpit of the pastor. His only ambition should be to win souls to Christ. If he must work without pay, and find himself, he has this consolation, that, if faithful to his trust, there is a reward—the joyous consciousness of working for the Master here, with the hope of a starry crown hereafter.

If local preachers have not now the influence they had in the early days of Methodism it is because the Wesleyan test has not been rigidly applied in granting licenses; have they “grace, gifts, and fruits?” The old rule was a good one; first, try them as exhorters, and, if found worthy and efficient, then license them as local preachers. If the local ranks are crowded with unfit persons thin them out, and recruit from the most worthy of the laity. Grant no license to gratify a weak brother or please his friends. Lift up the standard; elevate the class to a higher plane of power and usefulness. The Church should select its best laymen in the various vocations of life—professional men, merchants, bankers, mechanics, common labourers—pray until they are filled with the Holy Ghost, and then thrust them out into the field. Do that, and grand results will follow.

## VOLTAIRE AND JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

ABOUT one hundred and ninety-seven years ago, or early in 1694, a boy was born into the family of an obscure notary in Paris. The philosophers tells us that a stone dropped into the sea sends a ripple round the whole world of waters, and that a whisper affects in some degree the whole body of the atmosphere. No man has ever followed these ripples to know where they stop; but many men have seen, not ripples merely, but great waves in the sea of human life, issuing from the point where this boy was dropped into it. The world of France, at the time totally ignorant that anything had happened, was soon to realize all the great meaning of his birth.

Men moved on in their habitual ways for nine years, when another boy was born, this time in the kingdom of Great Britain, at Epworth, in the rectory of a poor Lincolnshire clergyman.

The all-supporting, many-bearing earth has now two boys on her hands. Most mothers find enough to do with one at a time. This mother shall yet stand greatly astonished at the wonderful movements of these two boys of hers.

It is grand to live now; it will be grander to live one thousand years hence; but, taking all into account, it really was not a bad time to have the privilege of living in this world thrust upon one in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Some great men were abroad, and great events were stirring both systems and men. These boys heard the roar of Marlborough's artillery along the fields of Europe, as he was closing his great career. They were witnesses of the opening scenes of two of the greatest revolutions of history, the American and the French. They saw experimental science growing into commanding importance, as represented by Sir Isaac Newton, whose honoured head, like some snow-crowned peak, towered aloft during the first quarter of their time; and by Benjamin Franklin, who was filling two continents with his fame. David Hume had loaded the atmosphere of England with the mists of doubt. Rousseau was labouring to do the same in France. Dr. Samuel Johnson was blazing in the splendour of his great intellect. Really no great spirit needed to be lonely at that time.

After birth, next comes the name. Generally the babe takes the name it gets, and never thinks of asking why he was not consulted in the matter. But this French boy was not one of that

kind. As a babe he was so poor, weak, and pitiful that he could not be carried to church to receive baptism. The sacred rite was therefore administered in private; but at the end of nine months, as he had refused to die, but had improved somewhat in strength and promise, he was publicly baptized in one of the grand churches of Paris. Let us look calmly at the fact—a double Christian baptism as the initiation to his remarkable career!

At this time he received the name, which stood as registered, François Marie Arouet, being the same as that of his plain father, with the addition of Marie. But this young gentleman soon showed that he was not proud of his father's name. It had never been associated with anything very distinguished in thought or action; and he was determined that no effort of his should clothe it with any distinction, for, when about twenty years old, he dropped Arouet, and assumed the name Voltaire. His friends give various fanciful explanations for the change; he never assigned any reason, but that he had not been happy under his old name, and he hoped to be more happy under the new one.

As to the naming of this other boy, it is sufficient to say that his life was to prove that "there was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Let us now turn to the study of the influences which determined the characters of these men, and led them forth each in his chosen path. The French boy was unfortunate in his guardian. A prominent abbé was an intimate friend of his mother. It was thought a very desirable thing to secure so eminent and good a man for the influential position of godfather. And so, certainly, it should have been; but it is a fact which throws much light upon those times, that many who occupied the most exalted positions in the Church were hopelessly depraved in principle, and immoral in life beyond what is easily credible. This particular abbé was a rank libertine, and a reckless unbeliever in the principles of the religion of which he was a prominent teacher. Into such hands at the baptismal font, young Arouet fell. At this time a new poem, most scandalous and irreligious, was growing into popularity in the depraved society of Paris. It bore the name of Mosaïde, and described the career of Moses as an impostor. The unscrupulous godfather put this production into the hands of this child, for the double purpose of teaching him to read, and inspiring him with a contempt of Christianity!

At the same age the boy John was laboriously passing the portal of the great world of knowledge by spelling his way through the first chapter of the book of Genesis. Voltaire—Wesley. The Mosaïde—Genesis. In those four words we have

the germ of a large portion of the literary and religious history of Europe in the eighteenth century. Here is the first gate through which these two pass into their now fast diverging paths.

The unblushing abbé was very proud of his success with his precocious pupil. He boasted that little effect of the double baptism remained upon the boy, for though he was only three years old yet he knew the vile Mosaide by heart. It was the constant study of the guardian of the morals of this child to surround him with persons destitute of all sympathy with Christianity. They were not then hard to find in Paris. We, therefore, find him, at six years of age, in the midst of lewd and blaspheming men, encouraged by their applause of his incipient efforts to exercise his wit by insinuations the most base, and open assaults the most bold, against Christianity. The loud commendation of an exhibition so unseemly, and especially in one of so tender an age, from people in position so high, could not fail to be a determining influence upon the character of any youth. In relation to the Bible and religion he had no chance at all.

Place in contrast the young Wesley, within the Epworth rectory, a model of an almost perfect Christian home. The anointed touch of Susannah Wesley, in early life, was sufficient to determine a boy's direction through the might of an empire opposed. On one side a graceless abbé, on the other a sanctified mother, is it any wonder that, from the first beginnings of life, these two worked out the great problem before them on an entirely different plan? At life's dawn they took the position they held until the end, thus early facing in different directions! What if their circumstances in infancy had been entirely reversed? Is it a thought to be entertained that, in that case, their work in life might have been interchanged? It is hard to admit such a thing even in thought; but possible or not, it is certain that no essential differences of character are sufficient to account for the wide difference in their lives, without taking their education into consideration. And the same facts that warn Christian teachers that their fidelity in cultivating even unpromising soil, may save the world from being afflicted with another Voltaire, also remind us that those who most err may have claims to our sympathy, on the ground of an education grossly at fault. Even Voltaire is not, as some seem to suppose, entirely undeserving of any Christian charity. Different influences during his early years might have made him a wholly different man.

We find in each case the tendency begotten in these early years confirmed by every subsequent step. Voltaire entered college. A thorough course of university study might have developed in

him some steadfastness of purpose; but there was no hand to bend him to this, so he soon left his studies for something more congenial. Then we find him in a low school, which he very soon abandoned. At eighteen he is attached to the French embassy in Holland. Here a foolish amour of youth brought him into disgrace, and he returned to Paris, to become the clerk of an advocate. From this position he was cast into the Bastile, unjustly it must be said, for the severe criticism of the reign of Louis XIV., with the writing of which he was charged, was actually the creation of another. At that time the reward which France gave to mental competency was imprisonment. This tribute was awarded to the brilliant youth of twenty years, because he was thought to be the only person capable of producing the witty and scathing criticism so offensive to the court. A year of imprisonment would silence and discourage for ever any average youth of the age of Voltaire. We have seen children pushing corks into water in the effort to sink them. Voltaire was a cork. He sprang irrepressibly to the surface. He was, to change the figure, better prepared than ever to smite right and left with a blade that pierced as well as flashed. In prison he wrote the dramatic piece which gave him his first taste of literary fame. After this he found more eyes turned upon him than ever before. He had struck a spring which sent him higher than any other. He had never experienced any such gratification. The vanity and selfishness of his undisciplined nature had found their convenient food in the praise given to brilliant literary achievements. As far as he could be confirmed in any decision, his mind was now fixed upon a literary career.

A few years later he drew upon himself the ire of a distinguished statesman, and was rewarded with six months more in the Bastile. On his escape he fled to England, under sentence of banishment from France, and there remained three years. Here he noted the liberties enjoyed by the English people, and their participation in the affairs of government, in strong contrast with the state of things prevailing in France; and from this he drew inspiration in his assaults upon the government of the latter country. Here he met the English deists, Bolingbroke, Collins, Tyndal, and Wollaston. Here he learned enough of English to read Shakespeare, and to ridicule, and steal from his writings. To the last fact may justly be attributed the highest excellence of his own dramatic productions. The intercourse with the English school of freethinkers is claimed by his friends to have led him into open infidelity. After what has been said here, it is plain that we come nearer the truth when we say that his tendencies in the

direction of unbelief, already strong, led him to seek out these men as his most congenial companions. But the intercourse certainly confirmed every thing in him that was before base and unworthy. From this time two points in his character were as nearly fixed as was possible in a nature that was never wholly devoted to anything but the advancement and glorification of self. He will pursue a literary career, and he will lose no opportunity of assailing Christianity.

Let us now pause a moment, and follow Wesley through the same critical period of youth. There is not much to tell, as there ought not to be. In proportion as youth is full of incidents that become striking and startling in narrative is its development in danger of being depraved. Wesley bows to the same vigorous, religious discipline that met him almost at the gates of life, and bends the energies of his opening mind upon the prescribed course of study at Oxford. The result was that every impulse of youth was taught submission to proper restraint; the rampancy of growing passion met a steady resistance, and found a rational outlet in persistent application to intellectual labour; and the errant tendencies that, with every youth, as years advance, threaten more than all else to defeat the hope of a noble manhood, were taught to step forward with the tread of a well-disciplined soldier. The foundation was laid for a broad and ripe scholarship; he had formed the habit of steadfast application to one purpose; and he was prepared to find in the Church of Christ the agency for the elevation of the human race, with which end his whole nature was in thorough sympathy.

There are those who constantly assume that infidelity, liberalism, free thought, have all the learning and culture; and that Christianity is ignorant, narrow, prejudiced. It is worth while, at this point, to note how far this view is sustained by the contrast now under study. As to Voltaire's scholarship, it is difficult to understand how one who in youth could never be kept long under the restraints of school discipline could apply himself to study with the devotion that achieves success. And it is a notorious fact that he did not. After three years in England he could not write intelligently a letter in the language of that land. Newton's discoveries had exalted physical science to a position of commanding importance. Voltaire, with the eye of genius for effect, saw that there was capital in science. He applied himself for some time to scientific study with as much assiduity as was possible to him. He then consulted a learned man as to the progress he had made. He was informed that he could only become a mediocre *savant* by the most obstinate labour of which he was

capable. And his writings, which yet exist, attest that he has no higher claim to scholarship in the fields of history and philosophy. He was never, in any sense, an exact, profound, or greatly learned man.

But in contrast, Wesley's claim to scholarship has never been put in question. Few men better meet the standard which Lord Brougham set up, in saying that a truly learned man is one who knows something about everything, and everything about something. Here then we find the stability, and the learning, with the capacity of true research, on the side of Christianity; and the ignorance, and flippancy, and pretence, on the side of infidelity. There are, doubtless, exceptions on both sides; but we may rest assured that, as between Wesley and Voltaire so generally stands the question between Christianity and infidelity, as to learning and ignorance—deep culture and superficial display. The leading characters, as well as the followers, on both sides, to-day, furnish the same contrast. Voltaire had not the steadiness of application, nor the knowledge which would have rendered him capable of a patient and thorough examination of the claims of Christianity to man's confidence. To ridicule what, at first glance, appeared weak in it was as much as his powers could do. And no more have his followers to-day those gifts of intellectual culture, and the patient research to which Christianity reveals the unmistakable marks of its divine paternity; and if without these attainments, men are likewise destitute of heart, it is not easy to see how they can be anything but infidels. But Wesley, like Paul and Luther, could receive Christianity alike in the claims it addressed to the intellect and to the heart. The consequence was that his faith had been nourished at deep fountains, never known to the aspiring Frenchman. His soul had touched the Deity, and after that he was prepared to pursue his chosen path though a blaspheming world withstood him.

If we would rightly appreciate these men, Voltaire and Wesley and their life-work, we must take into account as a controlling influence the condition of the two nations to which they belonged. During the reign of Louis XIV., under the masterly manipulation of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, the government of France had become a most perfectly organized machine, all-pervading in its touch, and reaching more intimately into the affairs of the individual and of private life than the world has ever seen elsewhere. The old, oppressive feudal relations, like iron chains still bound the people. A man was not of nearly so much consequence as the lapdog of some lady of the court. It was the

grand Louis who said, "*L'état, c'est moi,*" "The state—it is I." And he had no more liberal thought than that every person, and thing, and right in the land should be subservient to his personal pleasure. If the people were worse than slaves, that was, to his thought their providential destiny. The people, the toiling, masses, had no influence whatever in the affairs of the nation; but they paid all the taxes. When the premonitory thunders of the coming revolution began to be heard in the distance, when the only history of the period was continual deficits in the revenue, Turgot, the brave and trusted minister of finance, proposed to tax the nobility and clergy the same as other ranks, in order to raise a revenue; but a great tempest of indignation and astonishment arose, and when it had passed, Turgot no longer had control of the finances. Why, these grand people asked, what was the use of being noble if they must pay taxes like other men? Life would not be worth having. These classes wished, as had been the habit in the past, to be maintained in luxury and idleness by the toil and sweat, and tears, and hunger, and blood, of the despised millions. He would be in sympathy with all tyrannies who could not sympathize with Voltaire's abhorrence of the French Government, and even with the polished shafts his wit hurled against it.

Then there was the Church, degraded and demoralized beyond what is credible to men who live to-day. It was bankrupt in religious principle and conviction; its chief guides were so vicious in life that no statement of their sins could be a slander; it was the nurse of the rankest superstitions; it ruled by judgments formed never in reason, but always in prejudice; it held over the minds of all men the darkening terrors of unspeakable torment, "burning ever, consuming never," for every act of disobedience to its authority. Within its pale, or without, individual thought was infidelity, and manly, independent action was a crime! Of the religious ignorance of the day one instance will furnish a striking illustration. The Baron de Breteuil was the reader—the literary man—the learned member of the court of Louis XIV. At dinner one day a gay lady ventured a wager that he could not tell who was the author of the Lord's prayer. Now as he did not go to dinners prepared to pass an examination, his answer was not ready; but pretty soon a lawyer sitting near whispered in his ear; and then the learned Baron brought up the subject again, and said with becoming dignity that he supposed every one knew that Moses was the author of the Lord's Prayer!

Now in another condition of things would France have given to the world just the same Voltaire it did give? Did not the



abuses of the age both merit and inspire the pitiless hailstorm of mockery and satire poured indiscriminately against Government, and Church, and society? He hated one as much as either of the others; and as instruments of oppression they all deserved the severest condemnation of which the heart of man is capable. Here, then, we must find one factor of great importance in calculating the influences that made this Frenchman the man he was.

The very different state of things in the British nation was one element in determining Wesley's great career. Such a government as that of France would no doubt have tempted an assault from such a man as Wesley. But the long-continued conflict of the English people against the feudal impositions was just about at an end. The career of unparalleled prosperity upon which England entered during the twenty years' administration of Robert Walpole was by this time at its height. The population of the country had been growing with unprecedented rapidity under the stimulus of great material prosperity. A country village arose as if by magic into a town, and towns were swollen into great cities. Artizans from the loom, and forge, and mine, were peopling the lone valley and silent moor.

But the Established Church, not to be compared with that of France at the same time, was in no sense awake to its responsibilities to these crowding multitudes. The parish churches had been built for a far less numerous generation now passed away. They were wholly inadequate to the demands of the time. It never occurred to the pleasure-loving clergy that a work of church extension would regenerate the kingdom. They read their stately services, and their diluted sermons, with a due regard to the proprieties of the sanctuary; but no enkindling passion ever thrilled the hearts of the living men who heard. Among these neglected people came Wesley with a heart throbbing with passionate feeling and sympathy; and with him, and after him, came plain men of the people, whose utterances were all aflame with intense feeling, and their sermons were as firebrands among the standing corn. And these newly arising conditions of life in the nation had as much to do with the far-reaching influence of his work, and its permanency, as the abuses in the French Church and State had to do with the gaining for Voltaire the ear of France.

But why, under these conditions of society, so much alike in the two nations, and yet in other respects so different, should Voltaire become the rampant infidel, and Wesley the devoted evangelist? The later was, in his way, as much at variance with the Established Church of England as the former with that of

France. He saw selfishness, idleness, vice, and contempt of doctrine and morality in leading ecclesiastics as well as Voltaire. All around him, in England as in France, he saw the many neglected by the teachers of religion; without the encouragement in life and the comforting support in death which Christianity alone could give. The Church was but a means for the aggrandizement of the few. But his plan was to seek purification from within rather than to employ scourging from without. Whips never yet cured a fever, but internal remedies have often aided a patient. Voltaire used the whips, Wesley the internal remedies.

And yet more, if abuse should ever drive a man into extremes, Wesley had this reason beyond anything Voltaire ever knew. His name was always regarded as a mark for satire, contempt, falsehood, without foundation or qualification, from great magnates in Church and State, as well as from blaspheming ruffians, drivelling drunkards, and foul libertines. It has yet to appear that this black hailstorm of causeless calumny ever led him to swerve in any degree from his appointed course.

The fact is, and explanation or apology can never alter it, that Voltaire brought to his times a bad heart, and through it looked upon all that he criticised, and was influenced by it in some degree in all that he said and did; hence circumstances similar to those that made Wesley a laborious evangelist made him a fierce-mouthed infidel.

It is no part of the design of this paper to trace in detail the events in the life of either of these men, the present plan being principally a study of influences; but the character of Voltaire's work cannot be properly estimated without considering the influence upon himself of his social relations. With women his intercourse was as depraved as even dissolute France would allow. He had a passion for seeking intercourse with men of note, as if ever reaching upward from his low origin. Boerhaave, of Leyden, was the most celebrated physician in Europe. Voltaire called upon him, stating that he wished to see him. The plain old Dutchman was not flattered by the attention. He coolly replied, "Oh, sit as long as you please, sir, and look at me, but excuse me if I go on with my writing." The nervous Frenchman, not enjoying this reception, waited for his revenge until about ready to leave the country; then he sent back this graceful farewell: "Adieu, canals, ducks, and common people! I have seen nothing among you that is worth a fig!"

Frederick the Great of Prussia had a not uncommon weakness—he thought he could write poetry. Contemplating the benefits of mutual criticism, he cultivated Voltaire, and brought him to

the palace at Berlin. But incessant praise was the only condition of friendship with this vain man, and this was more than a great king could consistently give to a subject, so they soon quarrelled, and this polished light of the French world of literature, in withdrawing, stole some of the king's original poetry, for which he was arrested at Frankfort. He then applied himself to the writing up of Frederick's private life, and so clothed it with falsehood that Carlyle protests in bitterness against so great a wrong to his loved hero. He quarrelled with Rousseau, whom he had sought out in retirement. Rousseau read to him a poem dedicated to posterity. Voltaire submitted a fear that it would never reach those to whom addressed. Rousseau had his revenge when in turn Voltaire read to him the "Epistle of Uranie," a most impious production, expressing the author's fast ripening contempt for religion. The critic advised him to surpress the work, lest the world should think that he had lost all his prudence, and retained only his virulence. This ended their friendship forever.

It is plain that from such intercourse with his fellow-men, continued through life, nothing could result to the subject thereof but an ever-narrowing selfishness, and an ever-increasing vanity. Add this to the development of character we have already witnessed, and we have a pretty correct estimate of the man as he was.

A good deal has been said and written about the style of Voltaire's infidelity. We are told he was not an atheist, because he once said that faith in the existence of God was so necessary that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one. Such a statement seems at first sight to indicate a very exacting theism indeed; but examined more closely, it really means nothing at all. A belief in God is necessary. But the demands of that necessity would be fully met by an invented god. Such an invention could not, of course, be a true god, but only a notion, living in prejudice, a terror to the guilty, a support to the confiding. But it is not necessary to invent such a god, because there is one already existing in the prejudices of the faithful. The language quoted to prove that he was not an atheist, looked at in its true significance, shows that he had no strong conviction at all of the existence of God. He saw that men generally entertained the idea of the existence of the Deity; he believed that such a notion had its value, and he would not try to destroy it. That was not a very near approach to Christian theism, certainly.

Much has been made of the fact that he built a Christian Church at Fernay, which he dedicated to God. This is certainly true. He purchased a house there. The old church interrupted his view, and was altogether unsightly. He tore it down, with

consent of the civil authorities, and built a new one. That fact will not do much to establish for him a Christian character.

Nor yet will another—the fact that he was offered a cardinal's hat. Who offered it? Madame Pompadour, the accomplished courtesan who ruled Louis XV., and, therefore, the court and all France. But as she was not an ecclesiastical authority, a doubt may be stated as to her ability to secure this dignity for Voltaire upon his acceptance; but it is very likely from the way things were done at that time that she could. However, he declined the honour, undoubtedly not on the ground of consistency, but because of his deep-seated and ever-growing malignity towards the Church.

But the controlling feature of his infidelity was hatred of Christ. This was, no doubt, intensified by his contempt of the priesthood who censured and opposed him. Him he cursed; them he stung in luminous words of burning sarcasm. His assaults upon the Bible are wanting in the simplest elements of honesty and truthfulness. He reads the Jewish law. A particularly vile crime is prohibited under severe penalties. He at once assumes and asserts that the Jews were in the habit of committing these abominations, though by reading the next line any one would discover that these warnings were to save the people from the vices of the surrounding heathen nations. Of course, Voltaire knew that such representations were false. But when a man has let go all other moral restraints, we cannot expect him to be very scrupulous about truth.

The closing scenes in these two lives furnish, if possible, a more striking contrast than is found in their lives. Voltaire, at eighty-four years, lying helpless, sending for priests, disclaiming the work of his whole life, and declaring his desire to die in the Church in which he was born; cursing and driving from him the friends who came to his side to prevent his having access to a priest, praying to the Christ whom he had cursed, and realizing that while he had gone through life crying, concerning Jesus Christ, "Crush the wretch," he was now himself the wretch that was being crushed, altogether made up a scene which led his physician to declare that "the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire" in his last hours.

John Wesley, at eighty-eight, lying down to die amid the friends whose love led them with him to the edge of the dark stream, using his last strength in the same efforts that had filled his whole life, singing the hymns that had solaced him in all his active years, and rejoicing in that Saviour whom he had ever trusted, contrasts with the former scene so forcibly as to compel, from even the most thoughtless, the reflection that, in the case of Voltaire, there

must have been some tremendous mistake to result in the end in such bitter consequences!

When the audience has dispersed, and darkness is over all, frost gathering on the windows, and the door closed and locked, it is always appropriate to inquire after the results.

In 1836, John Quincy Adams published at Boston an edition of Voltaire's great philosophical work. In his preface he said:

"Even after the Bible shall be laid aside, for anything more than a book of antiquated curiosity, as being the fruits of ignorance, and filled with absurdities, contradictions, fable, and fiction, this work of Voltaire, being as it were a library in itself, will be read with interest, it being so fraught with useful instruction."

John Quincy Adams is dead! Voltaire is dead! The book so highly commended is to-day unknown by name to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the earth's inhabitants! Not one in ten thousand of all who live ever saw it! But in some way the Bible does find its way into the hands of almost every child! Its truths encourage men's hearts in life, and sustain them in death!

Voltaire would doubtless choose to be known to posterity through his literary labours. How his desire is realized appears from the language of a competent critic, who, writing of Voltaire, says: "Of his dramatic pieces scarcely one rises to the highest line of dramatic art; his comedies, like his epics, are no longer read; his histories are sprightly and entertaining, but not authentic; and his essays, both in prose and verse, with, perhaps, the single exception of his historical disquisitions, cease to instruct."

The above, from the writer of the article on Voltaire in the American Encyclopædia, is sufficient to indicate the measure of his influence, both at home and abroad, at the present day.

Certainly no determining influence upon the French literature of his own day can be traced to Voltaire. He had not, like some who went before him, to create the literary taste which he fed; judged by his general habits in all directions, he certainly will not be regarded as capable of this. But in respect to literary achievement he was peculiarly fortunate in living when he did. The taste of Paris had been created by a long line of laborious masters in literature; for with all the evil that must be said of Louis XIV. and his reign, this much good must be accredited to him, that his court encouraged literature. All the great classic names in French literature won their first laurels under his patronage. In stately procession they march through his court—poets, philosophers, historians, and preachers, a brilliant array. Corneille, Molière, Lafontaine, Racine, Boileau, Descartes, Pascal,

Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, all these, some of whom by laborious effort made their standing by creating a literary taste, had passed the portals of the palace, wearing the crown of approval from the vain king, and from the gay gentry and grand dames, the habitués of the palace. The last of them had only disappeared when Voltaire came. He came to a field offering an easy conquest. The gates leading to literary glory were wide open. He had genius enough to enter and draw the popular gaze upon himself, and to hold it while he lived. But there are few of the names above mentioned who have not to-day greater influence in the world of letters than his.

When we leave the literary world little remains to be said of Voltaire's influence. Certainly the infidelity which is most felt in our time owes nothing to him. The study of his writings would never have created a John Stuart Mill, a George Eliot, a Herbert Spencer, or even a Renan. A Bradlaugh and Ingersoll may indeed derive inspiration both in substance and expression from him. Of this fact his truest friends will not feel any particular pride.

As to the results of John Wesley's life, it is enough to say that twenty-five millions of people to-day acknowledge the influence of his work. Some of the noblest tributes ever paid to him have come from those who do not stand among his followers at all. Knight, Green and May, in their histories of England, give such testimonies to the abiding influence of his life and labours, as could not fail to satisfy the most ambitious of men. The present activity in all the Churches, both Established and Nonconformist, has been again and again attributed, by unprejudiced men, to direct influence of the Wesleyan revival. His work abides and grows like a stream steadily reinforced by mountain torrents!

Such a study as this reads to us its lessons as we proceed; but it seems in place to pause upon one thought that grows out of it, that is, as to the prospects relatively of Christianity and infidelity. Men tell us to-day that there is danger of a moral interregnum; that the Bible will for a time lose its influence over the human mind; that faith will become increasingly weak, and a dark night of unbelief will ensue; that even the motives that induce morality will lose their power. With reference to such fears it may be said, that in the eighteenth century infidelity began a race with Christianity under circumstances to an untold degree more favourable to itself than any that now exist. It had pretty well spread over a prepared soil. To-day neither is the soil ready, nor is its influence widely felt. It had as much a scientific basis then as now. The discoveries of Newton and

Franklin were as much calculated to give it character and support as are the more modern scientific developments. Then the existing forms of Christianity were debased and low. Many of its most distinguished representatives were gross and selfish men. There was a certain excuse or apology for the assaults of the infidel. And yet in less than one hundred years a simple earnest Christianity had so thoroughly aroused England that it swept farther back from infidelity than ever! But to-day Christianity is pure. The Churches are active. Every avenue of practical benevolence is open. There is on every hand a tendency to consolidation and unity of effort. It is a fact that every element of encouragement to infidelity one hundred and eighty years ago is absent to-day, with the exception of the tendency of scientific discovery, and that is now no more dangerous than it was then. If we may read at all from the past, we will find at this time abundant encouragement to our faith as long as the Church of Christ remains actively alive. The standpoint of Christian faith to-day is incalculably better than when Voltaire and John Wesley began their marked career.

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**"THEN ARE THEY GLAD BECAUSE THEY BE QUIET."**

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

No noise in heaven;—  
No jarring sounds of toil;  
No tuneless keys,  
No broken strings,  
No harsh discordant voices;  
No turmoil  
Of dashing waves on tempest-beaten shore;  
No rush of raging wind;  
No thunder's roar;  
And nevermore  
The cry of terror or the moan of pain.

All discord ceased;  
All perfect sound begun;  
All harps in tune;  
All voices sweet;  
All winds blow soft and quiet;  
Waves, each one;  
Wash softly up that bright and stormless shore.  
All suffering at an end,  
All peril o'er;  
And evermore  
The joy of gladness or the hush of peace.

## ABOUT THE MORAVIANS.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE history of the Moravian Church is a history of the grand triumph of an earnest brotherhood over the effects of persecution, banishment, and many other difficulties. It tells how a little company of Christians fought, not only to keep their own particular Church and creed unspotted from the world, but how when numbering only six hundred unhappy exiles, they commenced a series of missionary efforts which have been abundantly blessed of God—missions which have been so energetically carried out that they now number over seventy-six thousand converts, and which for the zeal and courage shown by the workers have won the respect of all the civilized world.

The early history of the United Brethren—as the Moravians were first called—is one of peculiar interest, showing as it does, from what small beginnings God can produce the mightiest results.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there existed a religious community to the number of, perhaps, two hundred thousand, called the “Bohemian Brethren.” They were scattered throughout Bohemia and certain parts of Poland, and were remarkable for the zeal and general purity of their lives.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, they were scattered, and to all appearances ceased to exist. Yet there still existed a “hidden seed” which kept alive the tenets and usages of former years. This remnant used to hold their services with as much zeal and more prudence than ever, and in secret crypts and private houses, prayed for a reawakening of their ancient Church. This was eventually granted; and the manner in which it was brought about leads us up to the actual commencement of the so-called Moravian Church.

Let us glance at the early history of the man who was so instrumental in bringing this about.

Count Zinzendorf was the son of parents who were eminently distinguished for their piety and Christian example, and he himself as a child exhibited signs of a precocious piety which has rarely been equalled in one so young. Not only was the Saviour ever present in the events of his daily life, but the young Count even “wrote letters to Him, in which he poured out his religious feelings,” and threw these letters out of the window, “confident that the Lord would receive and read them.”



This religious fervour manifested itself still further in his school-life. At his first school we find him at the head of a society which he founded for the purpose of spreading the Gospel and cultivating personal piety amongst his school-fellows. It was called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," and through its means an excellent moral tone was spread throughout the school. On leaving school the Count entered the University of Wittenberg, and since his pious inclinations led him to prefer the Church as his life-work, he began to study theology. Here, however, he met with opposition from an unexpected quarter. His relatives and many of his most intimate friends strenuously opposed such a course; they would not for a moment entertain the idea of a German Count in their family becoming a preacher; it could not be.

So strong, indeed, was the feeling against it, that the Count gave up the idea of becoming that for which he was obviously most fitted, and began to study law. His course at the university ended, he started on a course of travels through Europe, which was considered part of every young nobleman's education. Study of the law had by no means quenched the fire of religious zeal within his heart; so we find that an occurrence of no unusual magnitude was sufficient to fan it into a flame again. In a picture gallery in Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, he came across a picture that was destined to lead him again into that path whence he had allowed himself so easily to be turned aside. It was an "Ecce Homo," with the words underneath:

"Hoc feci pro te; quid facis pro me?"

"This I did for thee. What hast thou done for Me?"

This picture had such an effect on him that he stood before it for hours, wrapt in oblivion of all else around him. It reawakened in him all his old zeal and fervour in the cause he loved so well; and from that moment he never lost an opportunity to boldly confess his Saviour.

Soon after, in the year 1722, he married, and it is at this point we find him so wonderfully brought into contact with the persecuted remnants of the "Bohemian Church." Just when these were almost despairing of infusing, in any successful degree, new life and vigour into their old Church, or of giving to it a public existence again, we find them mysteriously brought into contact with the man who above all others seemed best fitted to carry out and embody such a resuscitation. Count Zinzendorf was just then moving to a large estate which he had recently bought from his grandmother in Lusatia when he met two

families, by name Neisser, refugees from the persecuted and suppressed sect of the Bohemian Brethren. Without entertaining any further intentions than to show kindness to devout fellow-creatures in trouble, the Count at once invited them to come and settle on the broad lands of his estate, Bertholdsdorf. Knowing little or nothing about their former history or creed, he had at the time no ideas of joining with them in any way; and the gradual manner in which he was brought to see that his line of work and scope for his energy lay in the reawakening of the old Church must be ascribed to the guidance of the Spirit of God.

In the meantime, that between the years 1722 and 1729, over three hundred more Brethren had migrated to the estate of the Count, and these were soon joined by the members of other Protestant communities, and under their united direction a town was built, which they called Herrnhut, or the "Watch of the Lord." The origin of this name is thus given by Dr. Abel Stevens in his *History of Methodism*:

"Christian David, an earnest-minded carpenter, led ten persons of like mind from Schlen, in Moravia, to Bertholdsdorf, in Lusatia; a domain of which Count Zinzendorf, a devout young nobleman, was then lord. He was absent, but welcomed them by Heitz, his major-domo. Heitz led the little band to a piece of land near a mound, the Hutberg, or watch-hill, where, Christian David, lifting his axe, cleaved a tree, exclaiming, 'Here hath the sparrow found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts.'"

Two years later, Count Zinzendorf resigned the office he then held, and deeply impressed by a certain book of one of the Bohemian Brothers, he resolved to devote all his energy to the revival of the ancient Church. He said of Herrnhut that he was convinced it was "the parish to which he had from all eternity been ordained."

Henceforth we find the Count devoting all his time and labour to the Moravians, whose leader he thus became. As a result, in the year 1736, he was banished from Saxony. He then started on a long course of travels, everywhere preaching the Gospel and founding branches of the Moravian Church. In 1741 he visited America, and established a school at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where is still a Moravian community, as also at Letitz and Nazareth. At length the Count died peacefully in Herrnhut, in the year 1760, and on his grave-stone may still be read the legend, "He was ordained to bring forth fruit," and "that his fruit should remain."

Such was the origin of the Moravian Church, and from this source sprung the mighty stream of mission workers and mission

schemes ever associated with its name. Although the death of Count Zinzendorf deprived the Moravians of a splendid worker and an active leader, the Church was too firmly established to again fall into decline. The life in it was strong, vigorous and aggressive.

In 1738 the Moravians had crossed into Great Britain and a flourishing settlement had there been founded; and it was in this same year that John Wesley first came under the influence of the Brotherhood. In crossing from America he found himself in the same vessel with a party of Moravians, and "amid the storms of the Atlantic he had seen in them a resignation and a piety which he possessed not himself." The man, however, who seems to have made the most lasting impression on John Wesley's mind was Peter Böhler. They first met in 1738 in London, and Wesley says in his diary, "It was a day much to be remembered," adding, "From this time I did not willingly lose an opportunity of conversing with him." Again, later on he writes, "By Böhler, in the hand of the great God, I was convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." His brother, Charles Wesley, after attending one of the small assemblies of the Moravians, said, "I thought myself in a choir of angels."

Thus it was that Moravianism played no small part in connection with the history of early Methodism, and had no inconsiderable influence on the wonderful after-lives of the two Wesleys.

At the present day, more especially in its missions, has the Moravian Church been blessed; and although these have not always been successful, the zeal and love of souls which inspired them is ever worthy of the highest admiration. From Lapland and Labrador to the Islands of the East Indies the Moravian missionaries have spent their lives and strength in spreading the Gospel they loved so well.

At the present day the Church has four hundred and fourteen bishops or ministers, over seventy-six thousand converts, besides numerous deacons, deaconesses and assistants. Their schools, which are as much noted for the thoroughness of their education as they are for the wholesome spirit of their religious life, have been long established at several places in Europe. The head school is at Herrnhut, and others are at Neuwied, on the Rhine; Montmirail, on Lake Neuchâtel; Niesky, in Prussia; at Nyon, near Lausanne; and at Königsfeld, in the Black Forest.

To the visitor anxious to see a Moravian settlement to its best advantage, no place offers greater attractions than Königsfeld. Remote from the world, it is a perfect model for its earnest, active life and at the same time its perfect peacefulness. Here the

round of life goes on undisturbed from year to year. Such a thing, as a law-suit is unheard of; all the inhabitants call themselves brothers or sisters, and are indeed such in the best and truest meaning of the words. All Moravian settlements have certain institutions for the well-being of their older members; houses where, at a very nominal rate, widows and impoverished old ladies can be boarded, and at the same time furnished with work suitable for their years. For the men there is a similar establishment. Even the inn is the property of the Brotherhood, who give to a salaried man the charge of the house and guests.

At Königsfeld, where the writer lived for a year, are two schools—one for boys, numbering about 80, the other for girls, 60. They are situated at opposite sides of the village, and much of the internal life of the Moravian Brotherhood may be seen from the method of conducting their schools. A long day of hard study is commenced at six o'clock with a reading out of the Bible, the same portion being read in all Moravian settlements all the world over at the same time. After a short prayer, all the boys and masters combined with great heartiness in singing a hymn of Luther or Zinzendorf's. No day passed without a practice of an hour or so in miniature army drill—though this was, perhaps, more a German than a Moravian custom, as was also the very fair orchestra maintained by the little place. The day was ended as begun, with prayer and a hymn; but most of us thought that 8.30 was a somewhat early hour for bed, and we all agreed that 5.30 was far too early an hour at which to rise in the morning.

Nothing was more conspicuous in this school, as in all their other ones, than the beautiful spirit of gentleness and merciful justice, tempered by true brotherly sympathy, with which the boys of as many temperaments as nationalities were taught to live. They learned thus to have regard for the patriotic sentiments and so on of others, and, forgetting national animosities, to live in an atmosphere of real fraternity. Occasionally the most bitter feuds would arise between the banded members of different nationalities, but these were rare and of short duration. When football or rounders were rendered impossible modes of exercise by the state of the weather, the different divisions of the school went for long tramps in the forest, and explored many a lovely glade and deep recess that everywhere surrounded the village. The inmates of the girls' school also indulged in this form of exercise; but if ever the contingent from the one met that from the other, the boys were instantly ordered "right about," and it became a case of "distance, lending enchantment to the view."

There are several feast days peculiar to the Church, which are of very ancient origin and of no little interest. Foremost

among these is the *agape*, or love-feast of apostolic times. The whole community assembles in the little church—one of ultra-Puritan plainness—and, after certain prayers and hymns, cups of very sweet tea are handed round to each member of the congregation in turn. This is repeated to those who desire a second cup, and then, in a huge basket, are distributed large currant buns, which are supposed to be eaten *outside* the church. The religious exercises of the meeting consist of extempore prayers, readings from the New Testament, and short addresses from one of the "Brothers" and the "Preacher" of the community. Several hymns are sung, and as all the women sit on one side and all the men on the other side of the church, with a broad aisle between them, the musical effect is very striking. There is no inharmonious mingling of voices, but two distinct volumes of sound; on one side the rich soprano notes of the women, and on the other the deep basses of the men. Music forms a considerable feature of this service. In the organ loft, trumpets and bugles mingle with violins and an occasional flute; and the effect of the whole on a stranger must be, to say the least, surprising. After this service the boys' school were never allowed to rise and leave the church until the last of the girls had disappeared through their door on the other side of the building. This love-feast is observed about once in two or three months. In the Catacombs of Rome the *agape* is also represented as a somewhat substantial meal.

Another old custom is the *pedilavium*, or feet washing, but this is now very rarely if ever practised, though in certain circles it used formerly to be quite common.

Just before Christmas the schools were in the custom of observing a feast called the "gift feast," when, in commemoration of the greatest Gift the world has ever known, the schools divided into pairs, and each member presented the other with a handsome present. At Easter, too, the whole community would proceed at sunrise to the cemetery, and there, with trumpets and choir, perform an inspiring service of praise for the resurrection of our Lord.

Another old custom, now abolished, used to be the appointment of ministers by means of the "lot;" marriages, too, were contracted in the same way.

So hurried a glimpse into the inner life of this most *unworldly* little Church cannot do justice to the many virtues of its members, nor depict with any degree of fulness the other interesting characteristics of the Brotherhood. A visit to one of their settlements will give the visitor an insight into the working of a Church whose record and example should be an inspiration to mankind.

## THE INDIAN MESSIAH.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, PH.D.

THE red man of the Western Continent is pre-eminently a religious man; superstitious to the same degree as the savage races of other lands, yet none the less honest in his convictions and anxious to do what is right. His religious belief enters into all the concerns of camp-life, and tinges every thought and custom in the lodge, on the war-path, and in the council. His traditions local and general, are affected by his environment, and these again exert an abiding influence upon his religious opinions. Among the tales of the lodges there are some which have a striking resemblance to Biblical stories, some of which, no doubt, have originated indirectly through the influence of religious teachers. In the first years of the writer's residence among the Western Indians, whenever the aged men were asked to relate the story of the creation of the world, or of man's origin, they invariably repeated the native tradition. But in the later years, new stories were told, based upon the instructions given by the missionaries. The natives did not care to be singular, nor did they care to be laughed at when they told their native tales, so they repeated, as best they could, the stories told by the white men. They were neither Indian nor English, but rather Indianized stories of the Bible.

In the same way has the writer listened to Indian tunes sung to hymns—such weird music, so fascinating and so strange, arising perhaps from its novelty; and these tunes had been taught them by missionaries many years ago, but having passed through the alembic of the Indian's mind, they became essentially Indian.

The Christ traditions of the Mexican Indians have, no doubt, arisen in a similar manner, and have spread to other tribes on the continent. There is, however, a tradition concerning the second advent of a Messiah which was believed to have been fulfilled when Cortez landed in Mexico. The traditions of the Aztecs relate how a saintly personage named Quetzalcoatl, *i.e.*, the *plumed serpent*, came from the East, as a divine helper to the nation. He was a large, well-formed white man, with a long beard, intelligent countenance, having a mitre upon his head, and his white garments flowing to his feet, whereon were painted red crosses. He was a celibate, a man of peace, detesting war so much that at the mention of the name he put his fingers in his ears; an ascetic, who hated bloody sacrifices, but delighted in fruits and

flowers; a man of prayer and purity of life and the author of all that was good for man, producing the arts of peace and sending joy to the hearts and homes of the people. He had a bitter antagonist in an evil divinity named Tezcatlipoca, who by his wiles caused him to wander from the country. Several years after his departure he sent back word that he would return, and then he sailed away to the East in a canoe of serpent skins.

When the Spaniards landed upon the new continent, Montezuma believed that the great white personage had returned, and he sent his interpreter to Cortez welcoming him to his country as his right, for they were all his children. After the Spaniards had treated the natives harshly, the Indians learned to their sorrow the mistake which they had made. They had eagerly kissed the sides of the Spanish vessels as they landed upon their shores, and received the white strangers as gods, sons and brothers of Quetzalcoatl, but they had ultimately to bend their necks before their mighty conquerors. General Lew Wallace, in "The Fair God," has given a striking representation of this tradition and its sad consequences to the people with the fall of Montezuma's kingdom. Several Indian tribes have traditions of a Great Teacher, Changer, Supreme Being, a personage resembling Hiawatha, or Christ, who came amongst men and departed, promising to return again.

There have been shrewd, intelligent men in the Indian camps, who were subjects of apparitions and visions, and these have exercised a strong influence over the minds of the natives. Such have been found among the Sioux and Blackfeet. These visions generally relate to spiritual things, and especially to their own religion, but in some instances they point to a time when the Indians shall again be masters of the soil.

These prophets have been successful, until the intelligence of the white men has discovered their deceptiveness, and in a convincing manner fully exposed the wiles of the dreamer. The medicine-men are adepts at this superstitious craze, being able to lead the fearful and unwary through their rites of sorcery and incantations to a firm belief in all their predictions. The greatest medicine-man of the tribe may be the most inveterate thief or rogue in the camp, and yet they will accept his prophecies, believe in his cures, and laugh at his tricks of stealing and lies. The superstitious reverence of the Indian compels him to select the strangely shaped stones and trees that skirt the rivers or dot the prairie as stopping-places of the gods.

The Sioux in the Minnesota massacre believed that the time was ripe for them to rise, and their gods would give them success.

Their medicine-men, their makers of *wakan*, beat upon their medicine drums, danced, sang and prayed, but the gods were deaf to their entreaties, and the Indians failed. The failure of their predictions and the fact that their prayers remained unanswered made them Christians. The purport of the Messiah craze has been well described by Porcupine, who has been preaching the new religion at the Cheyenne Agency. Chief Porcupine says:

“The Fisheaters near Pyramid Lake told me that Christ had appeared on earth again. They said Christ knew He was coming; that eleven of His children were also coming from a far land. It appeared that Christ had sent for me to go there, and that was why, unconsciously, I took my journey. It had been foreordained. They told me when I got there that my Great Father was there also, but I did not know who He was. The people assembled called a council, and the chief's sons went to see the Great Father, who sent word to us to remain fourteen days in that camp, and that then He would come and see us. At the end of two days, on the third morning, hundreds of people gathered at this place. They cleared a place near the agency in the form of a circus ring, and we all gathered there. Just before sundown I saw a great many people, mostly Indians, coming dressed in white men's clothes. The Christ was with them. They all formed in this ring and around it; they put up sheets all around the circle, as they had no tents. Just after dark some of the Indians told me that Christ had arrived. I looked around to find Him, and finally saw Him sitting on one side of the ring. He was dressed in a white coat with stripes. The rest of His dress was a white man's, except that He had on a pair of moccasins. Then He began our dance, everybody joining in, the Christ singing while we danced. We danced till late in the night, when He told us that we had danced enough.

“The next morning He told us He was going away that day, but would be back the next morning and talk to us. I heard that Christ had been crucified and I looked to see, and I saw a scar on His wrist and on His face, and He seemed to be the man; I could not see His feet. He would talk to us all day. That evening we all assembled again to see Him depart. When we were assembled He began to sing and He began to tremble all over violently for awhile, and then sat down. We danced all that night, the Christ lying down beside us, apparently dead.

“The following morning the Christ was back with us and wanted to talk to us. He said, ‘I am the man who made everything you see around you. I am not lying to you, my children. I made this earth and everything on it. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends’ and have seen my father and mother.’ He spoke to us about fighting, and said that it was bad, and that we must keep from it, the earth was to be all good hereafter; that we must be friends with one another. He said if any man disobeyed what He ordered, his tribe would be wiped from the face of the earth.

“Ever since the Christ I speak of talked to me I have thought what He said was good. I have seen nothing bad in it. When I got back I knew my people were bad and had heard nothing of all this; so I got them together and told them of it, and warned them to listen to it for their own good. I told them just what I have told you here to-day.”



There may be other causes for the expectation of a new Messiah, but these are what in general lead to such a hope. A report of any unusual occurrence rapidly spreads from tribe to tribe by means of Indian runners who can travel swiftly and are seldom discovered. When bands of civilized men and women settle in the vicinity of reservations, there are found unprincipled white men, anxious to gain favour among the red men or willing to reap the reward of dishonesty, who will inform the people of the stories in circulation in the newspapers, and thus incite them to war. The Plain Indians were better informed during the late Canadian Rebellion of the progress of the troops than many of the white people. An Indian outbreak cannot take place in winter unless through great provocation. There must be food for the horses, grass upon the prairie, and favourable weather for the women and children to travel. When hard pressed by any attempt to disarm them, or to imprison them, they will then fight; and when they begin it is no surrender—victory or a glorious death. Naturally we ask, who can be the author of the Messiah craze? and a reply, indefinite, it is true, is all that we are able to give. Yet there is a great probability that it is correct. It is well known that half-witted persons, dreamers and superstitious individuals are always treated with awe, although in times of hilarity they may be imposed upon; and it would be natural for one who had visions or was the subject of religious excitement to inaugurate a religious movement, if he were possessed of the intellectual strength to bring it to a successful issue.

There is, however, another plausible reason which may carry weight, namely, the interference of white men. Who were the instigators who caused the Minnesota massacre? Civilized politicians. Who were the persons that caused the dissatisfaction and unrest which ended in the Canadian North-West Rebellion? Not the Indians. The red men love not the white people, yet they are shrewd enough to retain their rations, if they must not sacrifice all their manhood and become abject slaves upon an Indian reserve. And who would submit in this century of progress and freedom to be trodden to the earth and oppressed by cruel custom? Not the men of the superior civilization. Freedom is the red man's heritage, the precious boon of his nomadic life; and retaining that, he will assume a friendly attitude toward other men if assured of their good-will and love of peace.

MOOSE JAW, Assa., January, 1891.

## HOW THE PRAIRIES WERE FORMED.\*

THE prairies of the great West constitute one of the most remarkable features of North American topography. Hundreds of thousands of square miles present a scene of almost unbroken level and treelessness. The great prairies are neither a perfect plain, nor in all cases completely undiversified with arboreal vegetation. The surface is generally undulating; and here and there rise gravelly knolls and ridges on which the timber has obtained a foothold. But these wooded spots are often many miles apart, and scarcely serve to rest the eye, wearied with the monotony of an interminable clearing, fenceless meadows, and unsheltered farm-houses.

The traveller crossing these prairies finds himself, as it were, at sea. Looking from his car window, the country landscape seems at first to be entirely wanting. The customary objects—forests, shade-trees, fences, houses, distant hills—which elsewhere lift themselves to the horizontal plane of the eye, are not here. The traveller must make the second effort, and look down upon the level of the country upon whose bosom he has launched. The sensation is that which one experiences in going to sea. The rattling train is easily transformed into the puffing and creaking steamship, while the interminable prairie, mingling its distant and softened green with the subdued azure of the summer sky, can be likened to nothing but the ocean's boundless expanse. The ever-recurring undulation of the prairie is the grand ocean-swell which utters perpetually a reminiscence of the last storm, while the evening sun, with dimmed lustre, settles down into the prairie's green sod, as to the mariner he sinks into the emerald bosom of the sea.

The deep, rich, pulverulent soil of the upland prairie, and especially its readiness for the plough, without the intervention of a year's hard labour in opening a clearing, have always constituted powerful attractions for the settler from the east. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the absence of forests possesses a balance of advantages. Forests possess immense utilities in addition to furnishing lumber and fuel. This discovery was long since made in the denuded regions of the older European countries. Even the cobble-stones of a New England or New York soil are not unmitigated inconveniences. During the day they absorb the warmth of the sun, and at night they retain it and impart it to the soil. In times of drought they

\*Abridged from "Sketches of Creation," by Professor Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

screen the soil from the direct rays of the sun, and thus moderate the intensity of the heat. They diminish the evaporating surface of the soil, and thus diminish the effects of continued droughts. A loose stone is a shade; but, unlike a tree, it has no roots of its own to creep about and steal the moisture from weaker forms of vegetation. A few stones do not diminish materially the amount of soil upon an acre; and, with the benefits which they confer, it is doubtful whether they are not actually to be desired, especially in regions subject to drought.

From our earliest knowledge of the prairies, speculation has been rife as to their origin. The old and popular belief was that which attributed their treelessness to the annual burning of the grass by the Indians. But the prairies present other phenomena which the annual burning fails to explain. Besides, the treelessness remains in regions where the burnings have ceased. And, lastly, the treeless prairies were not the only regions burned by the Indians. And if they were, it seems more likely that the Indians burned the rank grass because the region was treeless, than that the region became treeless from the burning of such vegetation as flourishes in the shade of a forest.

It has sometimes been suggested that the region was originally forest-covered, and that the southern cane flourished in such luxuriance amongst the trees as to rob them of their moisture and nourishment, and thus cause their extinction. The cane, having deprived itself of the protecting shade of the forest, was scorched out by the rays of the summer sun. This theory is unsatisfactory.

With others, the absence of trees is to be attributed to the dryness of the atmosphere—and consequently of the soil—at certain seasons of the year. It cannot be doubted that the treeless plains of the Far West, and also other regions, have failed to produce arboreal growths through an insufficient supply of moisture. Still other treeless regions are such from an excess of saline constituents in the soil. But all such regions have nothing in common with the prairies except their treelessness. The topography and soil-constitution of the prairies points to a different and a peculiar history. Moreover, trees occupy the drier knolls of the prairies in the midst of the common atmospheric conditions.

Exactly the reverse of this theory is that which attributes the absence of trees to an excess of moisture in the soil at certain seasons. But we well know that there is no soil or situation so wet or stagnant but certain trees will flourish upon it—the willow, the cottonwood, the beech, the black ash, the alder, the cypress, the tupelo, the water-oak, the tamarack, the American arbovitæ, or some other tree—some of them standing joyously half the year, if need be, in stagnant water. Many swales are indeed

treeless; but is this in consequence of the inability of a willow to take root and maintain itself, or rather in consequence of the formation of the swale in times so recent that the germs of trees have not yet been scattered over it? Moreover, wetness cannot be attributed to many portions of the prairies which are entirely treeless. Is there a different cause for treelessness here?

Lastly, it has been suggested within a few years, by high geological authority, that the lack of trees is caused by excessive fineness of the prairie soil. It can scarcely be denied, however, that other soils, as pulverulent as that of the prairies, are densely covered with forest vegetation, and that in the same latitudes and under the same meteorological conditions. On the other hand, certain soils of a coarser texture are equally treeless. But the final objection to this theory, and to all theories which look to the physical or chemical condition of the soil, or even climatic peculiarities, for an explanation of the treeless character of the upland prairies of the Mississippi Valley, is discovered in the fact that *trees will grow* on them when once introduced—not water-loving trees exclusively, but evergreens, deciduous forest-trees and fruit-trees, such as flourish in all the arable and habitable portions of our country. Every one will now admit that trees flourish upon the prairies. In proof of the fact, the prairie farmers are actively engaged in their introduction. "The prairies . . .," says Gerhard, "may be easily converted into wooded land by destroying with the plough the tough sward which has formed itself on them. There are large tracts of country where, a number of years ago, the farmers mowed their hay, that are now covered with a forest of young, rapidly-growing timber." The introduction of timber as a branch of rural industry is now systematically pursued. The principal drawback to the cultivation of forests and fruit-trees is the violence of the prairie winds and the occasional severity of the wintry weather.

. There are pretty satisfactory evidences that the soil of the prairies is of lacustrine origin. It has the fineness, colour, and vegetable constituents of a soil accumulated upon a lake-bottom. We find in it, moreover, abundant fossil remains of a lacustrine character. Fresh-water shells are found in localities many miles from the existing shore. Finally, we have found all around the chain of the great lakes abundant proofs that their waters once occupied a much higher level than at present. We have discovered the obstacle which dammed the waters to this extraordinary height. In short, we have ascertained that the prairie region of Illinois, for instance, *must have been* a long time inundated, whether such inundation contributed to the characteristics of the prairies or not. I think it did. If I ascertain that the cause of inundation exists;

if I see the traces of an inundation all the way from Niagara River to Illinois; if the barrier which shuts out Illinois from the lake is not one-third the height of the ancient lake-flood; if I find throughout the region exposed to inundation the peculiar soil deposited by fresh waters, together with traces of lacustrine animals which never wander over land, do I not discover a chain of facts which necessitates my conclusion?

While the expanse of lacustrine waters was brooding over the region destined to become a prairie, they busied themselves in strewing over the tombs of pre-glacial germs a bed of mud which should forever prevent a resurrection. Lake sediments themselves inclose no living germs. You will see the seeds of grasses and the fruits of trees, washed in by the recent storm, floating upon the surface, and eventually drifting to the lee-shore. If they ever sink to the bottom, and wrap themselves in the accumulating mud, it is after they have lost their vitality. Sunken and buried, they go to decay. Let a lake be drained, and the bottom remains a naked, barren, parching, shrinking waste. No herbs, or grasses, or trees burst up through the pottery-like surface. But everywhere, from beds of ancient glacial materials, vegetation is bursting forth and announcing itself. Lo, here I am! speaks the nodding young pine that had been slumbering just beneath the surface through the long and undisputed possession of the deciduous forest which the axe has just mown down. Not so in a lake-bottom. Here are the cerements of the dead, not the wrappings of the slumbering.

When, therefore, the ancient lake relinquished dominion over Illinois, it left a devastated and desolate country. No turf carpeted the abandoned lake-bottom. No oak, or beech, or pine raised its head through the covering of lake-slime which separated the slumbering-place of vegetable germs from the animating influence of sun and air. By degrees, however, the floods washed down the seeds of grasses and herbs upon the desert area, and humbler forms of vegetation crept from the borders toward the centre. At length the entire area smiled with vernal flowers, and browned in the frosty blasts of winter. In this stage of the history the Indian was here. He plied the firebrand in the brown sedges of autumn, and made for himself an Indian-summer sky, while he cleared his favourite hunting-ground of the rank growths which impeded both eye and foot. While the Indian was engaged in these pursuits, the white man crossed over the prairies, saw the Indian engaged in his burnings, and hastily concluded that this was the means by which the trees had been swept off—ignorant of the process by which, according to the above theory, the prairies had been formed.

## IS THERE LIFE AMONG THE STARS?

ONE of the most fascinating questions that astronomical discoveries have ever raised is whether planets revolve in the light of all or any of the millions of stars scattered through space. It has been demonstrated that many, and probably most, of the stars are suns greater by far than our sun as givers of both light and heat. Mr. Lockyer's speculations as to the meteoritic origin of the celestial bodies may lead us to think that many of the stars are, as yet, merely clouds of meteors and not truly solar bodies, but this does not alter the fact that their luminosity exceeds the sun's, or that, no matter what their present condition may be, they will ultimately reach a stage of development closely resembling that of the sun. If the stars are meteor born, so is the sun. And if the great majority of the stars are as yet only condensing swarms of meteors, then we are led to the most interesting conclusion that the universe taken as a whole is in its infancy rather than its adolescence, much less its dotage.

It is common to hear people speak of the possibility of the stars being inhabited. This can only be granted upon the supposition that the inhabitants dwell on planets revolving around the stars, for modern studies of the sun have completely upset Herschel's idea that the heat and light of the solar orb come to us from an envelope of fiery clouds surrounding a cool and habitable globe. It is not easy to resist the simple argument from analogy in favour of the existence of such planets, especially if we admit that the same laws of development which produce our solar system are in operation throughout space. Recent discoveries of spiral nebulae, closely resembling in aspect some of the stages of existence through which the sun's system must once have passed if the nebular hypothesis is well founded, greatly strengthen this view of the case. The phenomena of double and multiple stars not only furnish evidence of the extension of the law of gravitation to other systems, but demonstrate the existence of stellar assemblages whose members sustain to one another relations similar to those which bind our planets to the sun.

Still there has been hitherto no discovery of any body that could properly be called a planet revolving around any of the stars. The well-known double stars are simply pairs of suns, each shedding its light and heat upon the other, while both revolve around their common centre of gravity. In the case of triple stars we find something closely analogous to the phenomena presented by the sun, the earth and the moon. The moon revolves

around the earth, and the earth, carrying the moon with it, revolves around the sun. Just so in a triple star system we behold one star revolving around another, and the two together revolving around a third. The resemblance goes even further, for the smallest star of the three revolves around the second in size, and that in its turn around the largest. Another step, however, and the analogy breaks down, for the earth and the moon are opaque bodies, simply reflecting the light of the sun, while all the members of a triple star system are solar orbs. Moreover, the earth and the moon are practically almost infinitesimal in magnitude as compared with the sun, while the smaller stars in the triple systems are comparatively large bodies. In the matter of distance, too, there is a wide difference, the components of multiple stellar systems being generally separated from one another by far greater distances than that of the earth from the sun.

But some recent discoveries are calculated to awaken the hope that we shall eventually obtain at least a partial solution of the question of the existence of planets in the sidereal systems. The spectroscope, which has achieved so many wonderful things for the astronomers, has again proved their friend in this case, and, aided by photography, has detected the existence of double stars so close that no telescope could possibly separate them to the eye. More than that, some of the stellar doubles thus discovered consist of a luminous star and a non-luminous one. We have but to adopt a different phraseology, suggested by analogy, and these strange couples are presented to our minds as sun and planet.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these interesting doubles is the celebrated star Algol, the periodic variations of whose light have been known and watched for centuries. Prof. Vogel's spectroscopic investigations indicate that there is a dark body revolving around the star in a period less than three days, and at a distance of about 3,250,000 miles. According to computations based upon the data obtained by Vogel, the diameter of Algol is 1,116,000 miles, or 256,000 miles greater than that of our sun, while the diameter of its strange companion, or satellite, is 840,000 miles, being 20,000 miles less than the sun's. But the density of these huge bodies is singularly slight, so that their combined mass is only two-thirds as great as that of the sun. From this it is easy to see that the dark member of the system, the planet if we may so call it, is more than a million times as large as the earth, and about 50,000 times as heavy. There is one consideration, independent of its slight density, which would seem to dispose of the possibility that this strange planetary consort of Algol can harbour living beings. If we assume that Algol's radiative energy equals the sun's, then it must overwhelm

its attendant orb with a gush of heat 900 times as intense as the solar heat that is poured upon the earth. This results from the fact that the distance of the dark companion from Algol is only about one-thirtieth of the earth's distance from the sun, while the intensity of light and heat varies inversely as the square of the distance.

In every case the dark bodies discovered among the stars, which, by a stretch of the imagination, may be likened to planets, are of great magnitude as compared with the planets of our solar system. This may not be as serious an objection to their habitability as their nearness to their primaries is, and yet, according to our terrestrial experience, a globe 50,000 times as heavy as the earth and a hundred times as great in diameter would make a strange abode. On such a globe an average son of Adam would weigh not less than 700 or 800 pounds, unless his dimensions were proportioned to the intensity of gravity, in which case he would be only between a foot and fifteen inches tall. It is more agreeable, however, to suppose that some unthought-of peculiarity in organization, such as the slight density of the planet readily suggests, would enable the man to be at the same time imposing in stature and graceful and agile in movement, for the imagination finds something repugnant in the idea of a race of lively pygmies constituting the population of a planet of the most majestic proportions.

At no time in its history has the outlook for astronomical discovery been more promising than it is at present, so that one can hardly be too sanguine in expecting that these recent advances, which have partially lifted the veil from the inner mysteries of the starry systems, are but preludes to still more interesting discoveries which may reveal the existence of unmistakable planets rejoicing in the light and smiling with life as our earth rejoices and smiles.—*New York Sun.*

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#### FRAGRANCE.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

FALLING asleep awhile, I dreamed of fragrance,  
Then waking, at my pillow found a bunch  
Of roses sweet, brought by a loving friend,  
Half flushed with glowing pink, and half were  
All in pure white.

Oft through the night of earth  
We dream of heaven, and many a token find  
That our Best Friend Himself has been beside us.

TORONTO.



## ALL HE KNEW.\*

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER I.

As the express train dashed into the village of Bruceton one bright afternoon a brakeman passing through a car was touched on the shoulder by a man who said: "The man that left this in the seat in front got out three stations back. You don't s'pose he'll want it again an' send back for it, do you?"

The brakeman looked at the object which the speaker held up as he spoke; it was a small fig-box, such as train boys sometimes succeed in imposing upon the travelling public, and it still contained several figs.

"Want it again?" said the brakeman with a scornful curl of the lip that gave his black moustache a twist; "of course not. He left it there so's to get rid of it, like most of 'em do. I wouldn't buy one of them boxes of——"

The brakeman suddenly ceased talking, and put both hands on the passenger's shoulders, with the movement peculiar to train men whose duty it is to rouse sleeping passengers, the effect always being to make the victim throw his head slightly backward. Then the brakeman looked a moment into the face before him—it was small, weak-eyed and characterless—and continued: "Why, Sam Kimper, I didn't know you from Adam; that broad-brimmed low hat makes you look like somebody else. When did you get out?"

"This mornin'," said the passenger, dropping his eyes.

"Did, eh? Well, you needn't feel so bad about it, old man. Anybody's likely to get in trouble once in a while, you know. You got caught; some other folks most always don't; that's about the difference. Let's see; how long was you—how long have you been away?"

"I was sent for two years and a half," said the passenger, raising his head again and looking almost manly; "but, Mr. Briggs, I got all the shortenin' of time that's allowed for good conduct—every day of it. If you don't believe me I'll prove it to you; my term began on the 11th of August, eighteen hundred an'——"

"Never mind the figures, old man; I'll take your word for it."

"But I wanted you to be sure; I thought mebbe you'd tell other folks about it, seein' you're a good-hearted feller, an' know ev'rybody, an' I never done you no harm."

\* By the permission of the Rev. Dr. Flood, of the firm of Flood & Vincent, Chautauqua Press, the American Publishers; and of Mr. Habberton, and of Mr. J. A. Taylor, his Canadian Publisher, we have the privilege of reprinting in this MAGAZINE one of the most remarkable stories of the age, "All He Knew," by John Habberton—author of that popular book, "Helen's Babies."

“I’ll tell ’em anyway,” said the brakeman, cheerily. “I ain’t no saint, but I’m always ready to help a fellow up when he’s down. I’ve got to get to the rear now to uncouple a car we have to leave here. S’long, Sam.”

“Say, Mr. Briggs,” said the passenger, hurrying along behind the brakeman, “you don’t s’pose there’s any chance for me to get a job in the railroad company’s yard, do you?”

The brakeman turned with a sharp look, which speedily softened as he saw an earnest appeal in the little man’s face.

“Well, Sam,” he replied, his words dragging slowly along, “the yard’s always full, and men awaitin’. You’d have to give bonds for good behaviour an’ honesty, an’——”

“Never mind the rest, Mr. Briggs,” said the ex-convict, shrinking an inch or two in stature. “I didn’t know about that—indeed I didn’t, or I——”

“Well, you needn’t be a-Mr. Briggs’n me, anyhow,” said the brakeman. “I was only Jim before—you left town, Sam, an’ I want you to go on callin’ me Jim just the same. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Mr. Jim, I do, an’ may God bless you for sayin’ it.”

“Here we are; good luck by the carload to you, Sam.” Then the brakeman looked back into the car and roared:

“Bruce-ton.”

The discharged prisoner consumed a great deal of time, and distributed many furtive glances as he alighted, though he got off the train on the side opposite the little station. The train remained so long that when finally it started there was no one on the station platform but the agent, whose face was not familiar to the last passenger.

A gust of wind brought to the platform a scrap of a circus poster, which had been loosened by recent rain from a fence opposite the station. The agent kicked the paper from the platform; Sam picked it up and looked at it; it bore the picture of a gorgeously coloured monkey, and the head and shoulders of an elephant.

“Ain’t you goin’ to put it back?” he asked.

“Not much,” said the agent. “I don’t rent that fence to the circus, or menagerie, or whatever it is.”

“Can I have it?”

“Findings are keepings,” said the agent, “especially when they ain’t worth looking for—that’s railroad rule, and I guess circus companies haven’t got a better one.”

The finder sat down on the platform, took a knife from his pocket, and carefully cut the monkey and elephant’s head from the paper. Then he walked to the end of the platform and looked cautiously in the direction of the town. A broad road crossed by a narrow street led from the station; into the street the little man hurried, believing himself secure from observation, but just then the door of a coal-yard office opened and Judge Prency, who had been county judge, and Deacon Quickset emerged. Both saw

the new arrival, who tried to pass them without being recognized. But the deacon was too quick for him, planting himself in the middle of the sidewalk, which was as narrow as the deacon was broad. He stopped the wayfarer and said:

"Samuel, I hope you're not going back to your old ways again—fighting, drinking, loafing, and stealing?"

"No, deacon, I ain't. I'm a changed man."

"That's what they all say, Samuel," the deacon replied, not unkindly; "but saying isn't doing. Human nature's pretty weak when it don't lean on a Stronger One."

"That's how I'm leanin', deacon."

"I'm glad to hear it, Samuel," said the deacon, offering his hand, though in a rather conservative manner.

"Sam," said the judge, "I sentenced you, but I don't want you to think hard of me and take it out of my orchard and chicken coop. It wasn't your first offence, you know."

"Nor the tenth, judge; you did just right. I hope 'twas a warning to others."

"I think it was," said the judge, thrusting both hands into his pockets and studying the wall of the station as if it were the record of his own court. "I think it was, and here's my hand, Sam, and my best wishes for a square start in life."

As the judge withdrew his hand he left behind a little wad of paper which Sam recognized by sense of touch as the customary American substitute for the coin of the realm. The poor fellow did not know what to say, so he said nothing.

"Hurry along to your family, Sam. I hope you'll find them all well. I've told my wife to see to it that they didn't suffer while you were away, and I guess she's done it—she's that kind of woman."

Sam hurried away; the deacon followed him with his eyes, and finally said: "I wonder how much truth there was in him about leaning on a higher power?"

"Oh, about as much as the rest of us, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" The deacon snapped out this question.

"Merely what I say," the judge replied. "We all trust to our religion while things go to suit us, but as soon as there's something unusual to be done—in the way of business—we fall back just as Sam Kimper used to do."

"Speak for yourself, judge, and for Sam, if you want to," said the deacon, with fine dignity, "but don't include me among the 'rest of us.' Good morning, judge."

"Good morning, deacon. No offence meant."

"Perhaps not, but some men give without meaning to. Good morning."

"I guess the coat fits him," murmured the judge to himself as he sauntered homeward.

## CHAPTER II.

Sam Kimper hurried through a new street, sparsely settled, crossed a large vacant lot, went through the grounds of an unused foundry, and finally went through a vacancy in a fence on which there were only enough boards to show what the original plan had been. A heap of ashes, a dilapidated chicken coop, and a forest of tall dingy weeds were the principal contents of the garden, which had for background a small unpainted house in which were several windows which had been repaired with old hats and masses of newspaper. As he neared the house he saw in a cove in the weeds a barrel lying on its side, and seated in the mouth of the barrel was a child with a thin, sallow, dirty, precocious face and with a cat in her arms. The child stared at the intruder, who stopped and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"Pop," exclaimed the child suddenly, without moving.

"Mary," exclaimed the man, dropping upon his knees and kissing the dirty face again and again. "What are you doing here?"

"Playin' house," said the child, as impassively as if to have had her father absent two years was so common an experience that his return did not call for any manifestation of surprise or affection.

"Stand up a minute, dear, and let me look at you. Let's see—you're twelve years old now, ain't you? You don't seem to have growed a bit. How's the rest?"

"Mam's crosser an' crosser," said the child; "Joe's run away, cause the constable was after him for stealin' meat from——"

"My boy a thief. Oh, Lord!"

"Well, we didn't have anythin' to eat; he had to do it."

The father dropped his head and shuddered; the child continued: "Billy's going to school now; Jane's servant-gal at the hotel; Tom plays hookey all the time; and the baby squalls so much that nobody likes her but Billy."

The man looked sad, then thoughtful; finally he put his arm around his child and said, as he kissed and caressed her: "You're to have a better dad after this, darling; then maybe the mother'll feel pleasanter an' the baby'll be happier, and Tom'll be a good boy, an' we'll get Joe back somehow."

"How's you goin' to be better?" asked the child. "Goin' to give us money to buy candy?"

"Maybe," said the father. "I must go and see mother now."

The child followed her father to the house; there was not much excitement in the life of the Kimper family, except when there was a quarrel, and Mary seemed to anticipate some now, for she drawled, as she walked along:

"Mam's got it in for you; I've heard her say so many a time since you were taken away."

"The poor thing's had reason enough to say it, the Lord knows," said the man. "An'," he continued, after a moment, "I guess I've learned to take whatever I'm deservin' of."

As Sam entered his house a shabbily-dressed, unkempt, forlorn-looking woman sat at a bare pine table, handling some dirty cards. When she looked up, startled by the heavy tread upon the floor, she exclaimed: "I declare! I didn't expect you till——"

"Wife," shouted Sam, snatching the woman into his arms and covering her face with kisses. "Wife," he murmured, bursting into tears, and pressing the unsightly head to his breast. "Wife, wife, wife. I'm goin' to make you proud of bein' my wife, now that I'm a man once more."

The woman did not return any of the caresses that had been showered upon her; neither did she repel them. Finally she said: "You do appear to think somethin' of me, Sam."

"Think somethin' of you? I always did, Nan, though I didn't show it like I ort. I've had lots of time to think since then, though, an' I've had somethin' else, too, that I want to tell you about. Things is goin' to be different, the Lord willin', Nan, dear wife."

Mrs. Kimper was human, she was a woman, and she finally rose to the occasion to the extent of kissing her husband, though immediately afterward she said, apparently by way of apology, "I don't know how I come to do that."

"Neither do I, Nan; I don't know how you can do anythin' but hate me. But you ain't goin' to have no new reason for doin' it. I'm goin' to be different ev'ry way from what I was."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Kimper, releasing herself from her husband's arms and taking the cards again. "I was just tellin' my fortune by the keerds, having nothing else to do, and they showed a new man an' some money, though not much."

"They showed right both times, though keerds ain't been friends to this family, confound 'em, when I've fooled with them at the saloon. Where's the baby, though, that I ain't ever seen?"

"There," said the woman, pointing to a corner of the room. Sam looked and saw on the floor a bundle of dingy clothes, from one end of which protruded a head, of which the face, eyes, and hair were of the same tint as the clothing. The little object was regarding the new arrival in a listless way, and she howled and averted her head as her father stooped to pick her up.

"She's afraid you're goin' to hit her, like most ev'ry one does when they goes nigh her," said the mother. "If I'd know'd y<sup>r</sup> was coming to-day, I'd have washed her, I guess."

"I'll do it myself, now," said the father. "I've got the time."

"Why you ain't ever done such a thing in your life, Sam," said Mrs. Kimper, with a feeble giggle.

"More's the shame to me; but it's never too late to mend. When'll Billy get home, an' Tom?"

"Goodness knows; Billy gets kept in so much, an' Tom plays hookey so often, that I don't ever expect either of 'em much 'fore

supper-time. They talk of sendin' Tom to the Reform School if he don't stop."

"I'll have to stop him, then—I'll try it, anyway."

"It needs somebody that can wollup him harder'n I can; he's gettin' too big for my strength. Well! if here they don't both come; I don't know when I've seen them two boys together before, 'less they was fightin'. I wonder what's got into 'em to-day?"

The two boys came through the back garden eyeing the house curiously, Billy with wide-open eyes and Tom with a hang-dog leer from under the brim of his hat. Their father met them at the door, and put his arms around both.

"Don't do that," said Tom, twitching away; "that sort o' thing's for women an' gals an' babies."

"But I'm your dad, boy."

"Needn't make a baby of me, if you be," growled the cub.

"I'd give a good deal, old as I am, if I had a dad to make a baby of me that way, if 'twas only for a minute."

"Oh, don't be an old fool," said Tom.

"I heerd in the village you'd been let out," said Billy, "an' so I found Tom an' told him, an' he said I lied, an' so we come home to see. Did you bring us anythin'?"

"Yes," said the father, his face brightening, as he thrust his hand into his pocket, and took out the fig-box. "Here," as he gave a fig to each of the children and one to his wife, "how do you like that?"

"Good enough," growled Tom, "only I don't care for 'em unless I have a whole box. I lift one out of a train boy's basket at the station once in a while."

"Don't ever do it again," said the father. "If you want 'em any time so bad you can't do without 'em, let me know, an' I'll find some way to get 'em for you."

"An' get sent up again for more'n two year?" sneered the boy.

"I don't mean to get 'em that way" said the father. "But I've got something else for you." Here he took the circus pictures from his breast, where they had been much flattened during the several demonstrations of family affection in which they had been involved. "Here's a picture for each of you."

Billy seemed to approve of the monkey, but Tom scowled and said: "What do I care for an elephant's head, when I seen the whole anima' at the show, an' everythin' else besides?"

"S'pose I might as well get supper, though there ain't much to get," said the wife. "There's nothin' in the house but cornmeal, so I'll bile some mush. An'," she continued, with a peculiar look at her husband, "there ain't anythin' else for breakfast, though Deacon Quickset's got lots of hens layin' eggs ev'ry day. I've told the boys about it again and again, but they're worth less 'han nothin' at helpin' things along. The deacon don't keep no dog. Now you've got home, I hope we'll have somethin'!"

"Not if we have to get it that way," said Sam gently. "No more stealin'; I'll die first."

"I guess we'll all die then," moaned Mrs. Kimper. "I didn't s'pose bein' sent up was goin' to skeer all the spirit out of you."

"It didn't, Nan; but it's been the puttin' of a new kind of spirit into me. I've been converted, Nan."

"What?" gasped Mrs. Kimper.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Tom, after a hard laugh. "You're goin' to be a shoutin' Methodist! Won't that be bully to tell the fellers in the village."

"I'm not goin' to shout, or be anythin' I know of, except an honest man—you can tell that to all the fellers you like."

"An' be told I'm a liar? Not much."

Mrs. Kimper seemed to be in a mournful reverie, and when finally she spoke, it was in the voice of a woman talking to herself, as she said: "After all I've been layin' up in my mind about places where there was potatoes, an' chickens, an' pigs, an' even turkeys that could be got, an' nobody'd be any the wiser. How shall we ever get along through the winter?"

"The Lord will provide," croaked Tom, who had often sat under the church window during a revival meeting.

"If He don't, we'll do without," said Sam. "But I guess we sha'n't suffer while I can work."

"Dad converted!" muttered Tom. "Dad converted—d'ye hear that?" said he, hitting his brother to attract attention. "I must go down to the hotel and tell Jane; she'll steal me a glass of beer for it. Converted! I'll be ashamed to look the boys in the face."

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### CHAPTER III.

The Kimper family thinned out, numerically, as soon as the frugal evening meal was dispatched. Tom and Billy disappeared separately without remark; Mary put on a small felt hat which added a rakish air to her precocious face, and said she was going to the hotel to see if Sister Jane had any news; half an hour later the cook, all the chambermaids, waiters, barkeepers, and stable boys at the hostelry were laughing and jeering, in which they were led by Jane, as Mary told of her father's announcement that he had been converted and would have no more stealing done in the interest of the family larder. The fun became so fast and furious that it was obliged to end in sheer exhaustion, so when Tom came in an hour later he was unable to revive it sufficiently to secure the stolen glass of beer which he coveted.

Sam Kimper did not seem to notice the disappearance of the more active portion of the family. Taking the baby in his arms, he sat with closed eyes while his wife cleared the table. Finally he said:

"Nan, ain't you got nothin' else to do?"

"Nothin' that I know of," said the wife.

"Come an' set down alongside o' me, then, an' let me tell you

about somethin' that come about while I was in the penitentiary. Nan, a man that used to come there Sundays found me a cryin' in my cell one Sunday; I couldn't help it, I felt so forlorn an' kind o' gone like. I've felt that way lots o' times before, when I was out and around, but then I could get over it by takin' a drink. There's always ways of gettin' a drink—sweepin' out a saloon, or cuttin' wood agin winter when the saloon'll need it. But there wasn't no chance to get drink in gaol, an' I was feelin' as if the underpinnin' of me was gone.

"Well, the man said he knowed a Friend that would stand by me an' cheer me up. His name was Jesus. I told him I'd heerd of Him before, 'cause I'd been to revival meetin's an' been preached to lots by one man an' another. He said that wasn't exactly the way he wanted me to think about Him; he said Jesus used to be alive an' go around bein' sorry for folks that was in trouble, an' He once comforted a thief that was bein' killed in a most uncomfortable way, though Jesus was havin' a hard time of it Himself about that time.

"That hit me where I lived, for I—well, you know what I was sent up for. He said Jesus was God, but He came here to show men how to live, an' he wanted me to think about Him only as a man while I was in trouble. He said the worse off a man was the more sorry Jesus was for him; so I said: 'I wish He was here now, then.'

"'He is here, my friend,' said the man. 'He's here, though you can't see Him. He ain't got nothin' to make out of you; neither have I, so you needn't be afraid to take my word for it. I'll tell you some of the things He said.' Then he read me a lot of things that did make me feel lots better. Why, Nan, that man Jesus was so sorry for men in gaol that He went back on some high-toned folks that didn't visit 'em—just think of that.

"After a while, the man said, 'You seem to be feelin' better?'

"'So I am,' said I.

"'Then believe in Him,' says he, 'an' you'll feel better always.'

"'I've been told that before,' says I, 'but I don't know how.'

"'Well,' says he, 'just believe in Jesus, an' you'll be all right in the course of time. Believe that what He said was true, an' get your mind full of what He said; an' keep it full, remindin' yourself over an' over again for fear you'll forget it, or other things'll put it out of your mind, an' you'll be happier while you're in gaol, and you won't get back here again, nor in any other gaol, after you've been let out.'

"Well, that was encouragin', for I didn't want to get in no gaols no more. When the man went away he left me a little book that didn't have nothin' in it but things that Jesus Himself said. I read it lots; some of it I didn't understand, an' I can't get it through my head yet, but what I did get done me so much good that I found myself kind o' changin' like, an' I've been a-changin' ever since. Nan, I want you to read it, too, an' see if it don't do you good. We ain't been what we ought to be; it's all my fault.



The children ain't had no show; that's all my fault, too; but it'll take all that two of us can do to catch up with 'em. I want you to be always side o' me, Nan."

"We can't let 'em starve," said the wife, "an' if what you're believin' is goin' to keep you from pickin' up a livin' for 'em when you get a chance, what are we goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to work," said Sam.

"Sho! You never did three days' work handrunnin' in your life." Then Mrs. Kimper gave a hard laugh.

"I've done it over two years now, and I guess I can keep on, if I get the chance. I can stick to it if you'll back me up, Nan."

"There ain't much to me, nowadays," said Mrs. Kimper, after a moment or two of blank staring as she held her chin in her hands and rested her elbows on her knees. "Once I had an idee I was about as lively as they make 'em, but things has knocked it out of me—a good many kind of things."

"I know it, poor gal," said Sam; "I know it. I feel a good deal the same way myself sometimes, but it helps me along an' strenthens me up like to know that Him that the visitor in gaol told me about didn't have no home a good deal of the time, an' not overmuch to eat, and yet was cheerful like, an' always on His nerve. It braces a fellow up to think somebody who's been as bad oif as himself has pulled through, an' not stole nothin' nor fit with nobody, nor got drunk, but always was lookin' out for other folks. Say, Nan, 'pears to me it's gettin' dark all of a sudden—oh!"

The exclamation was called by the cause of the sudden darkness, which was no other than Deacon Quickset, who had reached the doorway without being heard. The deacon's proportions were generous; those of the door were not.

"Samuel," said the deacon, "you said this afternoon that you were a changed man, that you were leaning on a strength greater than your own. I want to see you make a new start and a fair one, and as there's a prayer an' experience meeting around at the church to-night I thought I'd come around and tell you that 'twould be a sensible thing to go there and tell what the Lord's done for you. It'll put you on record, and make you some friends, and you need 'em, you know."

Sam was pallid by nature, more so through long confinement, but he looked yet more more pale as he stammered:

"Me—speak—in meetin'? Before folks thât—that's always b'longed to the church?"

"You must acknowledge Him, Samuel, if you expect Him to bless you."

"I hain't no objection to acknowledge Him, deacon; only—I'm not the man to talk out much before them that I know is my betters. I ain't got the gift o' gab—I couldn't never say much to the fellers in the saloon along around about election times, though I b'lieved in the party with all my might."

"It doesn't take any gift to tell the plain truth," said the

deacon. "Come along. Mrs. Kimper, you come, too; so Samuel will have no excuse to stay home."

"Me?" gasped Mrs. Kimper. "Me—in meetin'? Goodness, deacon. Besides"—here she dragged her scanty clothing about her more closely—"I ain't fit to be seen among decent folks."

"Clothes don't count for anything in the house of the Lord," said the deacon stoutly, though he knew they did. "Meeting begins at half-past seven and the sun's down now."

"Nan," whispered Sam, "come along. You can slip in a back seat, an' nobody'll see nothin' but your face. Stand by me, Nan—I'm your husband. Stand by me, so I can stand by my only Friend."

"Deacon ain't no friend o' yourn," whispered the trembling woman in reply.

"I'm not talking about the deacon, Nan. Don't go back on me. You're my wife, Nan; you don't know what that means to me now; you reely don't."

Mrs. Kimper stared—then she almost smiled.

"I mean it, Nan," whispered the man.

Mrs. Kimper rummaged for a moment in the drawers of a dilapidated bureau, and finally folded a red handkerchief and tied it over her head.

"Good," said the deacon, who had been watching the couple closely. "We'll go around by the back way, so nobody'll see either of you, if you don't want them to. I'll take Samuel along with me, and you can drop in wherever you think best, Mrs. Kimper. I'm not going back on any man who's going to turn over a new leaf. Come along."

### SONNET : LIFE.

BY THE REV. M. R. KNIGHT.

WHAT is our life? He cannot tell whose eyes  
 Are bent upon the ground, and see alone  
 The labour and its wages; who the moan  
 Of weariness doth hear, the bitter cries  
 Of sufferer, orphan, starveling; nor doth rise  
 To that sun-lighted peak where clear is shown  
 Life's joy and beauty, and above each groan  
 Hear the lark singing in the laughing skies.

Not in man's abundance, poverty,  
 His life is; but his life is more than meat  
 And raiment. He is master—he is free:  
 Both dearth and plenty bow down at his feet:  
 Who hath clear eyes 'neath weal and woe can see  
 The growth and glory in life's royal seat.

BENTON, N.B.

## A GLIMPSE OF LONDON LABOUR AND LONDON POOR.

## LIFE IN A GARRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES OF AN OBSCURE LIFE."

"THE poor make no new friends," and often experience a still drearier loneliness as they grow old, so far as human fellowship is concerned. They are almost forgotten in the holes into which they have crept to die; and when, now and then, they creep out again into the busy world, they have a very ghost-like look. They don't belong to the bustling throng they feebly thread; they have made no mark in the world—utterly failed to win fame or fortune, and have no chance of doing so now. Preoccupied eyes accordingly, pass over them with as little notice as if they were mere shadows, or glance at them for a moment with a look of semi-contemptuous and semi-puzzled dislike. "How do people come to be so poor in such a money-making world as this? And when they are poor, why don't they die out of the world, instead of crossing respectable people's paths, and making them feel uncomfortable?" That is what the cold, shrinking look seems to say. It is no wonder, I think, that so many of the aged poor sour in their solitude: the wonder to me is, that so many of them should keep their milk of human kindness sweet, and bear their want so patiently. It is hard work loving kindred who take no notice of one; and being heroic, when there is no nobody to praise you if you succeed, or to care a penny if you fail. It is of two poor old women, of very different dispositions, chance-drifted into the same *magna-civitas magna-solitudo* loneliness, a London garret—that I am about to write.

From the back of my house I can see a row of dim red-brick old houses, crowded up and blinking behind a block of more modern drab brick. Where the newer houses stand there were once, I suppose, white rails and grass and trees, pleasantly screening the old from the road; but now their only look-out in front is on the dreary back-yards, and drying linen, and bulging bath-rooms, and untidy back-windows of the usurpers of the roadside grass-plats. The only access to the old houses is through an archway in the new block, and the path that passes them, and ends in a dead wall, is overshadowed by the back-yards' boundary. There is an almost constant rumble of traffic in the great thoroughfare outside, but, built in behind as well as in front, the old houses, which must have been a cosy row of private residences once, seem quite shouldered out of the world.

As are the tenements, so are the tenants. All the adults have a *worsted* look. The little trades they carry on in their own houses are of the most uncertain and shadowy description: if they have work elsewhere they seem, from the numbers that idle

about aimlessly at intervals, to be ever and anon thrown out of work. At no time do they appear to be flush of money. Every room in the row is crowded—each chamber, generally speaking, being a separate home, and sometimes a joint home; but it is not a drunken, noisy neighbourhood. Its pale, pinched occupants are glad enough to work when other people are taking holiday, and take doleful, silent holiday when other people are at work. Just within the archway opens the dark side-entrance to a pawnbroker's. It is conveniently placed for the inhabitants of the row. Their shoulder-rubbings have made the three golden balls painted on the doorposts as dim and dingy as the world, which seems so bright a globe to many, must appear to them. Some one or other of them is almost always slipping into the dark doorway with something or other covered up from sight. Furniture, flat-irons, tools, boots, flannel petticoats, Sunday gowns—almost everything they possess which is hypothecable—they have so often hypothecated, that, when they get them back, they must feel that they only enjoy a precarious, usufruct of them, and that the pawnbroker is the real proprietor.

The narrow flagged pathway in front of the houses swarms with ragged, yellow-faced children, and the dirty step of almost every open doorway holds a resting row of tiny nursemaids, some of them very little bigger than the babies which they lug about like kittens. The children are the only noisy people about the place, and though, like other children better off, they wrangle a good deal over their play, as well as laugh, it is a relief to find in that depressed place any sign of life vigorous and self-satisfied enough to venture to be loud—to think that, at any rate, the little ones have a *chance* of doing better than their parents have done, poor as that chance may be.

Through often looking down into the row—Bolingbroke Row, let us call it (it has an aristocratic name like that)—I have got to learn its ways, and take an individual interest in its inhabitants. It has a very fluctuating population. Little eddies of shabby life are ever ebbing and flowing there. A good many of the rooms in Bolingbroke Row, though miserable enough now, are large, and their tenants cease to be able to pay the rent. Accordingly they drag their squalid household goods, and pathetic little household gods, down the broad, shallow staircases, push, and pull, and carry them along the flagged pathway, to the hand-truck or the donkey-cart that is waiting at the end, and trudge out with it under the archway to seek another refuge and patronize another pawnbroker. Rooms do not remain long empty in Bolingbroke Row, although its rents are exorbitant. There are too many poor people in the neighbourhood anxious to get a home of any kind. Fresh tenants generally come in on the same day—to go out similarly in their turn; and so the dreary wheel rolls round.

Of course, however, there are some "old residents" in the Row. One white-haired old woman in faded black—still neat-looking, in spite of its darned rustiness—whom I had frequently seen com-

ing out of the door of the farther-end house, excited my special interest, and I resolved at last to learn something about her. I ascertained her name from one of the Row's nursemaids, who was airing her charge at the mouth of the archway, and was told also that the old woman, who had stopped to chuck the baby under the chin as she went by, lived with another old woman at the top of No. 17.

A few evenings afterwards, I found my way to No. 17, and mounted its broad, dirty, broken, balustraded staircase—curiously stared at by those I passed upon it, and by other tenants looking out through their open doorways. When I reached what I thought was the top landing, I knocked at random at one of the doors which gave on it, but found I had to mount another flight—a short, quite dark, crooked little flight, which led to the garrets. There had originally been four garrets, two in front and two behind, with a passage between; but each one had been halved, and, therefore, I had eight doors to choose from. A candle that had been left burning outside one of them threw its dim light along the passage. At last I found my two old women. It was a cold night, and they had a fire—but such a little one; a sleepy inch or two of red between three small stony bits of coal. They were trying to fancy that they were warming their poor old knees over it as they sat knitting in the dusk. When I went in, my old woman, Hannah Brown, lighted the bit of candle in the tin candlestick that stood upon the mantel-shelf, and offered me her chair—there was no spare one: but I found a seat upon a box. That mangy old hair trunk, a mouldy brown leather port-manteau, the two chairs, a bed upon the floor, quilted with a mouse-coloured “charity-blanket,” a little kettle, and a little crockery, etc., on a shelf in an angle of the garret, formed almost the whole of the furniture.

Both of the old women were very thin, and had a lizard look about their shrivelled necks, but Hannah Brown was a cheerful, uncomplaining old body, whilst her companion, introduced as Mrs. Gusterson, had a half-sour, half-savage expression. For one thing, rheumatic twinges were racking her poor old quarter-clad shoulders.

“I hope you won't think that I am intruding,” I said to her. “I heard about you and Mrs. Brown, and I wanted to hear something more about you.”

“We hain't so many visitors that we need 'be pertic'lar,” was Mrs. Gusterson's somewhat ungracious reply. “I suppose ye're a parson, or do you belong to the parish?”

“At any rate, I have not called as a parson—you are just outside my parish. I am a neighbour, and have come to pay a neighbourly visit.”

“You've been a long time coming, then, and I don't suppose you'll be in a hurry to come again.”

“That depends on whether you will let me.”

“Oh, you're free to come or stay away, for what I care.”

"She don't mean it, sir," interposed Mrs. Brown, "and I'm sure we're much obliged to you for coming. Mrs. Gusterson is werry bad with the roomatics—ain't ye, Emmer?"

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Brown," was Emma's response.

The production of a little parcel—as affording some intelligible reason for my coming—partially mollified Mrs. Gusterson; and, whilst she was examining the contents, I got into conversation with Mrs. Brown.

"You have been living here for a year and more, I think."

"Two year, sir, and so has Emmer. We took the room betwixt us. We've both a little from the parish."

"But I should a-had to go into the House, if it hadn't been for her," angrily interjected Mrs. Gusterson. "I'd got no sticks."

"I suppose you have known each other a long time."

"No, we hain't. I never set my eyes on her, to my knowledge, till a day or two before we come here. But she would make me come, and a rare plague I've been to her. She don't look half so strong as me, but my roomatics pulls me down, and she've had to nuss me."

"It's a great comfort," went on Mrs. Brown, as if repeating an axiom, "to have a kind, well-conducted woman like Mrs. Gusterson livin' with me. We works together, and that helps to pay the rent; and then she's good company."

"What do you do?"

"We knit stockings, and muffetees, and things like that. Sometimes we get orders, and sometimes we take them out to sell."

"*You* take them, Hanner," growled Mrs. Gusterson.

"But surely, you can't make a living in that way?"

"We couldn't do, sir, if it wasn't for what we get from the parish——"

"And *that's* a fat lot," scornfully snorted the other old woman.

"But this and that together," went on Hannah, "we manage somehow to rub on. There's folks worse off than we are, poor souls. Some of our regular customers give 'andsome prices."

"Because the things wears better than what they could get from the shops," interjected Mrs. Gusterson; "and, Hanner, you can't deny that most on 'em is screws; an' sometimes you don't sell a thing when you've been traipsing about all day."

"Well, I try to do my best, Emmer. Anyhow, sir, we've managed to pay our rent, thank God."

"Does anybody ever call on you?"

"There was a lady come last winter, and give us a trac'," Mrs. Gusterson contemptuously answered.

"Emmer ain't herself to-night," Mrs. Brown anxiously explained. "She do suffer dreadful, poor dear. There was folks in the Row worse off than we was then, and I told the lady so. She 'adn't much to give, and Emmer wouldn't have taken the money, either, out of the mouths of them that wanted it worse than us. She was a kind, sweet young lady. It was as good as a fire to have her in the room, and she *did* send us half-a-hundred, you know, Emmer."

"What church do you go to?"

"Emmer can't go out, poor dear——"

"And Emmer wouldn't if she could," sneered Mrs. Gusterson. "What's the good o' goin' to church when you're poor? You only get shoved about and looked down on. A lot of fine folks with their smart clothes, and their smart prayer-books, settin' on cushions, and you a-settin' on them cold, hard benches."

"Well, Emmer," said Mrs. Brown, with a laugh, "I've got a seat right agin' the stove. But what do it matter," she added, seriously, "whether you're rich or poor when you're in church? Everybody has got the same God, and Christ didn't die for one more than another. Poor folks, I fancy, is best off at church. There's so much about them in the Bible. Pr'aps heaven don't seem so nice to them that have plenty of money, as it do to us. They've got so many things to leave behind them when they die. And yet I can't think that. What's the things rich folk has got to them you read about in Revelation? I like to hear that read out in church, sir—about the holy city and the voice of many waters. Seems as if the organ should be playing all the while. 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.' That's the beautifullest book in the Bible, I think, sir."

As the old woman quavered the noble words which have comforted myriads of the down-stricken and down-trodden, with as near an approach to clerical tone as her piping voice could simulate, she hugged herself enjoyingly as if the scanty fire had suddenly burst out into yule-log blaze; and even Mrs. Gusterson looked up with a gleam of hopeful light glancing over her dreary eyes. But Mrs. Gusterson soon relapsed into grumpy gloom.

"Yes, that sounds werry nice," she said: "I wish I could say off Sriptur' like that. But we've got to live now, you know, Hanner."

"Well, ain't we livin' now, Emmer?" was Mrs. Brown's rejoinder, "and if dyin' means goin' to that, I don't see why you and me need fret ourselves."

From the disjointed autobiographical reminiscences which I afterwards managed to elicit from the two old women, I gathered that Mrs. Brown had had far more than Mrs. Gusterson to damp her spirits. The latter had never had the care which a poor woman's family brings upon her, and up to a very late period of her life had been in good practice as a charwoman. She spoke with regretful pride of the gin and beer she used to get, just as more aristocratical "reduced gentlewomen" speak of the mansions they have been obliged to give up, and the carriages they once rode in. Mrs. Brown, on the other hand, had had to fend for others as well as herself from the time she was eighteen. She had married then—a husband who had thrashed her before their married life was brought to a close by his tumbling drunk off a scaffold. She was left with a large family, some of whom

were sickly, whilst others of them ran wild. In spite of her slaving for her children, she had outlived them all. In her old age she was left to make a fight for a living, without any human familiar except the crusty old woman whom their common loneliness, and her wish to be of some good to somebody, had led her, as it were, to adopt. But old Hannah had faith in a Friend whose close affection makes the warmest human relationship seem cold; she had hope of reaching the beautiful city she was so fond of reading about in Revelation; and so she lived in cheerful charity just under the leaking roof of No. 17 Bolingbroke Row.

She does not live there now; or Mrs. Gusterson either. Mrs. Brown died a few weeks after she had knitted me half-a-dozen pairs of socks; and, in spite of her rheumatism, Mrs. Gusterson insisted on hobbling after her room-mate to the grave, and took fresh cold upon its brink which soon brought her back to her own. There is no lack of such old women, however, still left in London to be looked after.

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#### WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY.

SWIFT as a meteor and as quickly gone  
 A train of cars darts swiftly through the night;  
 Scorning the wood and field it hurries on,  
 A thing of wrathful might.

There, from a farmer's home, a woman's eyes,  
 Roused by a sudden jar and passing flare,  
 Follow the speeding phantom till it dies—  
 An echo in the air.

Narrow the life that always has been hers,  
 The evening brings a longing to her breast;  
 Deep in her heart some aspiration stirs  
 And mocks her soul's unrest.

Her tasks are mean and endless as the days,  
 And sometimes love cannot repay all things;  
 An instrument that, rudely touched, obeys,  
 Becomes discordant strings.

The train that followed in the headlight's flare,  
 Bound for the city and a larger world,  
 Made emphasis of her poor life of care,  
 As from her sight it whirled.

Thus from all lonely hearts the great earth rolls,  
 Indifferent though one woman grieve and die;  
 Along its iron tracks are many souls  
 That watch the world go by.



## The Christian Life.

### WAIT.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

"BE still before the Lord" and "wait" His will;  
 Eye hath not seen nor ever ear hath heard  
 The things prepared of Him for those who wait.  
 If on this earth He paint for us such skies,  
 And gilds with liquid gold the crested waves;  
 If here such music sweet salutes our ears;  
 Such perfumes rise about us—silent falls  
 The pen before the thought of what for us  
 He keeps in that Far Land. Well may we "wait."  
 Yes, "wait" for Him, although the hue of night  
 Fall o'er the golden waves; though skies be thick  
 With darkling clouds above us, though for us  
 The music of this world be stilled for aye;  
 The perfume of His love yet breathes on us,  
 And for its full fruition we can "wait."

TORONTO.

### THE NECESSITY OF HOLINESS.

We affirm, then, that holiness gives power. A comparison of two men in the ministry, will strengthen this conclusion. One is a man of shining talents, of genteel address, or popular eloquence; the other, ordinary in all these respects—in all natural qualities the inferior of his brother. But he is a man of God—a man of faith. His soul is filled with love—"perfect love that casteth out fear." He moves among the people like a spirit from eternity. His rebukes of sin fall with dreadful force upon the hearts of the wicked. His sermons, his prayers, his expostulations, his tears, all indicate the presence of an extraordinary power, and thousands are converted, sanctified, and saved through his instrumentality. But the other man sees no such fruits of his labour. Souls may be converted, but he feels that it is in spite of him rather than through his instrumentality. He wonders at the difference. He increases his exertions—elaborates his sermon with more learning and research—improves the rhetoric and oratory, but all to little purpose. He may increase the admiration of his hearers, but he cannot subdue their hearts, bring them weeping to the foot of the cross, and present them with joy as the trophies of the Redeemer. But let him seek and obtain the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let fire from God's altar touch

his lips and purify his soul, and he is a new man. He does not throw away his talents, his genius, his learning; but they are all sanctified. With the simplicity of a child, and a heart overflowing with love, he preaches the truth, and a reformation follows. Whatever may be the seeming variations arising from the deficiency of knowledge, we have in these particular instances, strong historic indications of a general law.

What is true of individuals is true of churches also. Wherever a number of Christians are associated together, with the evident and exclusive aim of promoting purity of heart and life, they have prospered. Their creed may have included strange inconsistencies—their forms and ceremonies may have frequently been the offspring of conceit, and devoid of taste—they may have been generally uneducated and without the advantages of wealth or influential friends—but with a supreme devotion to experimental holiness, they revealed an inner spiritual and powerful life, which has defied all persecution and survived the rage of enemies.—  
*Bishop J. T. Peck.*

#### THE JOY OF THE LORD.

In the last will and testament of our Lord there are many legacies, but the most remarkable is this legacy of joy. The words seem to be connected with the words which Jesus had spoken to them in this last discourse. It is a wonderful discourse, and the central thought is a revelation of a personal God, and a possibility of a union of the believer with this God as the foundation of this joy. We would deduce from this:

I. God is a joyous Being. The doctrine is plainly revealed in Scripture. He is God blessed forever; blessed means joyful. There is in God the joy of perfect being. Any normal, healthy, perfectly organized being finds in existence itself a source of joy. God has this joy of perfect being. All of His powers work with infinite vigor and infinite harmony, one with another, and so there is in God an infinite joy. (a) There is in God the joy of infinite love, or infinite loving. God is love, and He has many objects in which He delights. And because of His love for His people and His desire to save them, it is possible for God to have joy in His children in spite of their natural sinfulness. The joy of redemption, the joy of reaching out to save them, is so great that it leaves no room even in an infinite nature for grief.

(b) There is in God the joy of infinite power. A man never feels the power for work swelling within him without great joy at the consciousness of possessing this power. When the disciples returned to Jesus and reported that the devils were subject to

them at His word, they brought the report with joy. Because God has infinite power and knows that He is using this power for holiness, He has infinite joy, He abides in infinite tranquillity because He has infinite power.

II. This joyousness of God is communicated to the believer. The joy of forgiveness, hope, redemption, is not the only joy. There is a direct joy given to the believer from God, as the branch abiding in the vine partakes of the nature of the vine. The divine nature is given to every believer, and then the joyousness is given.

Some of the results: (1) Our nature will be made healthy by a divine healthfulness. It is possible to make a desert in the soul and call it peace, but it is only a shadow of peace; but when Christ comes into the soul He brings all the faculties into healthy harmony and there is joy of peace. (2) There is the joy of working for the salvation of others. (3) The joy of power not our own, power communicated from God. A power not our own has come in the redemption by Christ restoring our shrunken and deformed nature. This joy does not depend upon outward circumstances, but upon how much of divine grace we have in the soul.

Finally: The joy of the Lord is your strength. (1) In arising superior to adverse circumstances. It does not arise from without, but springs up within; and so as it is not dependent upon circumstances, it cannot be destroyed by them. Paul and Silas in prison singing songs is an illustration. If we have the joy of the Lord in our hearts we shall not be disturbed in calamity.

(2) The joy of the Lord is our strength in overcoming the world. If Christ be in us we shall not hunger after the things of the world. If we have the joy of the Lord in our hearts we shall not crave cards, the dance, the theatre, because we shall have something much better. Come out of the kingdom of this world and let the joy of the Lord abide in you, and you will rise above these things.

(3) The joy of the Lord is our strength for work. It is the joyous heart to whom work is light and easy. Get the joy of the Lord in your heart, and it will come out in songs, in testimonies, and in loving efforts for the salvation of others.

There is a joy in being a Christian that never can come to the worldling. Put Christ up and self down, and the joy of the Lord will abide in your heart and send you forth to do mighty work in His kingdom.—*Rev. A. E. Waffle.*

—When we cannot do what we would in religion we must do as we can, and God will accept us.—*Henry.*

## Current Topics and Events.

### THE WESLEY CENTENNIAL.

In the month of March twenty-five millions of "people called Methodists" will have their thoughts directed to the centennial anniversary of the death of John Wesley. The General Conference has directed that on Sunday, March 1st, sermons commemorative of that event shall be preached in all our churches. We would take the liberty of making the further suggestion that our Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues throughout the country should also have a suitable commemoration. That it may be worthy of the occasion, no time should be lost in beginning to prepare therefor. Where practicable, we would further suggest that, on Monday evening, March 2nd, the combined Epworth Leagues or Sunday-schools in our towns and cities should have a joint meeting, at which short papers should be read, or addresses given on the Epworth rectory, its home-life and influence, and on the different aspects of early Methodism, and its development. A selection of the excellent hymns of John Wesley in our hymn-book might be sung, such as Nos. 54, 131, 207, 392, 494, 594, and 611. In this way the thought and attention of the young Methodists of Canada might be directed as never before to the providential origin of Methodism and its development throughout the world. To hold such meetings successfully will require considerable local energy and effort. A committee representing the Young People's Associations or Schools should take it in hand at the earliest opportunity. If a public meeting on a week-night be not held, we hope that, at least, special prominence will be given in all our Epworth Leagues and Sunday-schools to the lessons of the life and labours of the founder of Methodism.

We shall give several illustrated articles in both *MAGAZINE* and *On-*

*ward* on early Methodism, and on the life and death of its founder. Dr. Ryerson's book on "Epochs of Canadian Methodism" will also give much interesting information, and so especially will the new centennial volume now in press.

The Rev. Dr. M. P. Morrow, in the *New York Christian Advocate* says:—Students of literature are familiar with the evergrowing fame of Mr. Wesley among the great teachers of our time. Macaulay's declaration that "he had a genius for government not inferior to Richelieu," was followed by Buckle's finer characterization, that "he was the greatest of ecclesiastical legislators;" and now comes Mr. Leckey, saying, "he has had a wider constructive influence in the sphere of practical religion than any other man who has appeared since the sixteenth century."

In spite of this, I do not think that Mr. Wesley is honoured enough by his followers on this side of the Atlantic. Whitefield received his award. Like Petrarch, he put his hand upon his own laurel wreath. A preacher only, yet what a preacher! His work was ephemeral, for it was unorganized. But within Methodism Wesley is immeasurably greater than Whitefield, and we, beyond the touch of his vanished hand, ought to keep his memory green.

To do this we may surely seize the centennial of his death as a providential hour in which to tell the story of his life and speak his praise. Many of our people stand under the shadow of his name knowing not his history or the world-wide, many-sided influences of his conduct and teaching. These justified the historian Green in saying, "The Methodists themselves are the least result of Methodism." Let something be done to arouse interest in the first and greatest Methodist.

## REVIVALS.

Encouraging reports reach us of revival work among the churches and of large ingatherings to the household of faith. This is as it should be. Without such growth in numbers the waste through death, removals from the country and other causes, would soon deplete our churches. The philosophy of revivals is becoming more and more widely recognized. They were at one time regarded as specially characteristic of Methodism; but now the other denominations are vying with each other in this blessed work, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists often unite with our own Church, or act independently, in the promotion of such work. The Church of England has its special lenten services and missions with notable success. At the busiest hour of the day in the busiest part of New York, the head of Wall Street, Phillips Brooks from day to day held crowded services in old Trinity Church. Even the Roman Catholic Church has its missions, at which workmen assemble by the thousand at six o'clock in the morning for the promotion of spiritual work.

The series of revival meetings and seances held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, have been attended with marked success. It is a very significant fact, as well as an encouraging one, that night after night that large church has been crowded to the doors with men and women eager to listen to the simple preaching of the Gospel. Very many have been led to give their hearts to God. We need more and more to utter the prayer of the Psalmist, "Wilt Thou not revive us again that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

## ARMED EUROPE.

That was an instructive picture which appeared in one of the journals the other day representing the relative size of the armies of Europe, by overgrown military giants. The Russian army represented 5,000,000 men; the French, 3,409,000; the German, 2,710,000; the Italian, 2,550,000; Austria, 1,912,000, and England's

army was a tiny figure representing 614,000 men. On the same scale the army of the United States, of only 25,000, would be an almost invisible dot. At a time when famine and its inseparable companion, fever, are stalking gaunt-eyed through some of the fairest portions of the world; when, in the richest city of the world, men and women are dying of starvation, it is treason against humanity to wring from the long-suffering taxpayer the treasure of money and the toll of flesh and blood required to maintain these enormous armies.

During Christmas week the churches of Great Britain were urged by the "Peace Society" to preach sermons on the evils of war; and in numberless cases this was done. But the Christian Church has heretofore been largely to blame for the glamour and glory thrown over the profession of arms. The new Democracy of Great Britain and the continent, we believe, will strongly resist and resent this oppressive war burden; and the widespread doctrines of the Prince of Peace will bring in, let us hope, in the twentieth century, if not before, a general disarmament of Europe. Towards this the young socialist Emperor of Germany is directing his thought. If he can succeed, he will be the greatest benefactor the house of Hohenzollern has ever given to mankind, and, compared to his, the glory of "Fighting Fritz" shall wane and disappear.

## SCOTTISH STRIKES.

This is a strange picture presented on the Scottish border at the Christmas-tide which would speak to all peace and good will—an exceedingly painful one. Eight thousand hard-working railway men complain that they cannot obtain their rights as human beings except by striking, which, in its way, is a sort of civil war. They assert that in many cases they have to work for seventeen hours a day at the most wearing employment in which a man can engage. The wealthy railway organizations may perhaps "freeze out" in a very

literal sense these men, upon whom are dependent probably not less than forty thousand helpless women and children. But the inflated dividends purchased at the cost of the famine and suffering of these hapless households are bought too dear. These great corporations can build a Forth bridge, at a cost of millions, to save a few miles' and a few minutes' travel, surely they might do something to improve the condition of the men by whom these millions are earned and upon whose brain and brawn they are dependent for *our* *ess*. Cheap travel and cheap freight are not the greatest necessities of the age, but that stalwart labourers, with their wives and children, should be housed and fed as well as an average cart-horse is one of the rights of man.

#### INDIAN RISING.

The unhappy outbreak among the Indians at Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies is another illustration of the penalty that always follows wrong doing. The American treatment of the Indians has been notoriously faultful. The leading journals of the country denounce the breaches of faith with the red men and the wretched manner in which they are pillaged and plundered by venal political Indian agents. It is greatly to the credit of the Hudson Bay Company, which for a century controlled the great North-West, that it always kept faith the Indians, consequently they had no Indian wars. It is to be hoped that the Canadian Government will in like manner maintain the traditional honour of the British flag and thus avert a bloody barbarizing Indian war. We shall present a series of articles in this MAGAZINE on the Indian question, by a contributor who will write with authority upon this subject.

#### PARTITION OF AFRICA.

In the days of our boyhood the centre of Africa was one wide blank space, marked "Unexplored territory." This is now filled with the

names of lakes, rivers and tribes then unheard of. A little girl is said to have complained that this was the work of "that horrid Stanley." But others than he have had a share in it. The heroic band of explorers, Livingstone, Burton, Grant, Speke, Baker, Cameron, and many more. There is now little, if any, unexplored territory, the whole continent being partitioned between the great powers. This will certainly do much to prevent tribal wars, to abolish slavery, and to introduce the civilization of Christianity. The Churches are nobly following, if not in many cases leading, the van of civilization; and the influence of the Gospel of Peace, we predict, will be far more potent in civilizing Africa than Hotchkiss' cannon and the Winchester repeating rifle.

#### THE NEW VICTORIA.

The engraving of the fine design for the new Victoria which appeared in the *Guardian* and the *Globe*, the contracts for the execution of which have been already let, will give the friends of that institution an idea of the rapid progress which is being made in carrying into effect the decisions of the late General Conference. During the winter the contractors will have an opportunity to procure material and to make preparations for the vigorous prosecution of the work next season. It is expected that sufficient progress will be made to have the ceremony of laying the corner-stone about Conference time. Dr. Potts, the indefatigable Secretary of Education, has devoted himself with all his energy to the task of rolling up the Building, Construction and Endowment Fund. We believe that the completion of this building will mark a forward movement of unprecedented prosperity in the educational history of our Church.

#### A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

We are glad to chronicle a very significant sign of the growing fellowship between the Christian Churches of this land, viz., the

presence in the pulpit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Woodstock on Christmas Day of the Rev. Dr. McMullen, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada. It was an exhibition of Christian courtesy between these churches which will be very highly appreciated throughout the country. It will, we trust, be the forerunner of many such pulpit exchanges. Nothing will sooner break down the barriers of prejudice, and lead, if not to organic union, at least, to a cordial and hearty federation and alliance in good work.

His life has been one of faithful devotion to the service of the Lord whom he loved and served. He emphatically ceased at once to work and live.

WE are glad that a joint public meeting, commemorating the two-fold event, the death of John Wesley and the introduction of Methodism into Upper and Lower Canada, will be held in Toronto on March 2. We hope that similar meetings will be held in all our towns and cities, as a thanksgiving commemoration of these two important events.

#### DEATH OF THE REV. W. H. LAIRD.

The death of our beloved brother came with a very sudden shock to the writer. We had seen him in perfect health a few days before, a man giving promise of a long and useful life. He was full of enthusiasm over his church work and anxious to be of service in connection with the periodicals of our Church. Our personal friendship dated back to over thirty years ago, when we were fellow-students at Victoria College.

THE Rev. Dr. J. W. Clarke's Wesley memorial volume is the best repository of the material upon the life, times, character and works of the Wesleys that we know. The Book Steward has a very few copies left. It is marked down from \$5 to \$2 net, for a handsome volume with several steel portraits.

SOME further notes on Professor Workman's essay, on "Messianic Prophecy," are held over for fuller treatment in a future number.

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#### SAFE.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

Is there a lamb, of all the flock  
Most needing tender care ?  
That is the one the shepherd loves  
In his own arms to bear.

Is there a plant amid the bloom,  
Most delicate and frail ?  
That is the one the gardener  
Will shelter from the gale.

Is there a timid, frightened child,  
Who shrinks at every sound ?  
Be sure that one will oftenest feel  
The mother's arms around.

Lord, there are weak and timid ones  
Amongst Thy children here ;  
For them the music of Thy voice—  
" 'Tis I, ye need not fear. "

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The amount required for the "Wesleyan Memorial celebration" having been raised—\$50,000—a fresh scheme has been launched by the Home Missionary Committee to raise a fund of \$100,000 to be expended mainly in those parts of the country where village Methodism is weak, owing to protracted agricultural depression and other causes. The new movement has the sympathy of many of the wealthy laity of the body, and the amount aimed at will probably be easily raised.

The President of one of the Theological Colleges says the four corner-stones of Methodism are conversion, entire sanctification, evangelism and fellowship. This is a good summary of the work Methodism has done, and to which she must apply herself with increasing ardour.

It is said that Dr. Rigg is preparing a new and much-enlarged edition of his "Living Wesley," which will not only deal more fully with Mr. Wesley's personal history, but will present a comprehensive summary of the work and progress of Methodism during the hundred years which have elapsed since Wesley's death.

A ten day's mission, by the Rev. Thomas Waugh, was held at Newbury. In addition to the ordinary services special meetings of men and of women were held. The names of 136 inquirers were taken.

Rev. T. Cook, another evangelist, also conducted a ten days' mission at Burslem. Great preparations were made to secure results: 27,600 cards, bills and posters were printed and distributed. During the ten days, 373 persons, over fourteen years of age, professed conversion. A large proportion of the inquirers were

young men and young women, and a considerable number have met in class before. The majority have been trained in Sunday-schools, sixteen belonged to one class.

A new mission has been commenced in New Guinea. The Church of England and the London Missionary Society both have agents laboring there, but, by mutual arrangement, the agents of the various Societies will not conflict with each other.

The Rev. A. M'Aulay, in writing to England a short time before his death, mentions his visit to Beaconsfield, where he says, "I preached twice at our small native chapel. It is the head of a circuit of 150 members, who support their own minister. Three competent interpreters translated my sentences into Dutch and into two African languages to the mixed congregation. At Kimberley we have an English minister, who has charge of the Cape Dutch. . . . Although there are not sixty members, they support an English married minister without mission aid, on the scale of comfortable circuits in England. At another place thirty-five members support entirely and liberally an unmarried European minister. On Kimberley English circuit two ministers (married) are suitably supported by 130 members. Such liberality puts many congregations to shame.

A "Children's Sunday" is observed in England. Rev. Robert Calley, the Sunday-school Secretary, makes special arrangements for the services to be held among the million of children. Earnest appeals are made to them for an immediate surrender of themselves to God. The service somewhat resembles the Confirmation Service of the Church of England.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The first General Conference has been held in Australia, under the Presidency of the Rev. Hugh Gilmore. It was resolved to enter upon the work in Western Australia, and to publish a fortnightly newspaper.

In spite of doubts and apparent opposition manifested some time ago towards the Evangelists' Home movement, the Rev. Joseph Odell finds himself unable to supply all the applications made for the services of his young men. All those now under his charge are in full and prosperous employment, and more are still called for.

The Clapton Mission, during the past year, gave 5,200 free meals to destitute children, supplied 6,329 quarts of soup to poor families, and rendered extensive aid to the poor of the district.

A bazaar was lately held at Brampton near Carlisle, when the Countess of Carlisle made a magnificent speech on "Primitive Methodism." She had lately read the life of Hugh Bourne, and clearly pointed out the most striking features of his character and labours. Lord and Lady Carlisle have in various ways contributed to the cause of Methodism in the locality.

The time-limit is becoming more extended. Several ministers have accepted invitations to remain for five and some six years.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

One Sunday in the year is designated "Temperance Sunday." Temperance sermons are preached on that day in all the places of worship. The Connexional Temperance Union now returns 288 Bands of Hope, with 34,985 members, 17,629 of whom are under fifteen years of age.

On a recent Sunday a special collection was made in Shrewsbury chapel, in aid of General Booth's "New Social Salvation Scheme." The General was formerly a minister in the Connexion.

A bazaar was recently held at Hull when \$1,500 were realized.

The "United Methodist Jubilee" car has, for upwards of five months, been at work. During that period 40,000 books, 558 Bibles, and 4,609 Testaments have been sold. A second car will, it is expected, be brought into use before long. In all cases, wherever the car travels evangelistic services are held by the agent in charge.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Writing from China, one of the missionaries presents a terrible indictment against the English, for what they have done in regard to the opium traffic. He says, "England has given opium to China, and every year takes millions of money in return for her gift. A hundred years ago there was hardly an opium smoker in China, now there are 100,000,000. Well has England done her work. A young teacher spoke to me in this way, 'Ah! teacher, you need not talk about the hell that awaits the opium sot. He reaches hell long before he dies. When the money is gone and the craving comes on, the man is in a living hell.' People wonder sometimes why Christianity does not make more rapid strides in China. Where we missionaries have managed to save one man the English Government has damned a thousand Chinese! Strike a blow for the ruined. Think of the hundreds of millions ruined by British opium! For Jesus' sake do something! Can you pray? Then pray. Can you speak? Then denounce the dastard deeds of those in high places. Do it soon. Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Our Indian Empire is built up on the ruin of millions of Chinese souls. 'Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity.'"

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

During the visit of the bishops to Washington eighteen plane trees, one for each bishop, were planted in a circle around the highest point on the Methodist University grounds, known as "the crest." It is the

highest land in the District of Columbia and commands a view of sixty miles in one direction.

Dr. Asbury Lowrey's "Positive Theology" has been translated into Japanese, and introduced into the course of study in the Methodist theological school at Tokyo.

It is said that of sixty-nine ministers who entered the Congregational ministry from other Churches last year, thirty-five were from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some of them declare that in their new relationship they are as much Methodists as they ever were. A certain layman said: "It suits me well enough to have a Methodist minister paid for preaching in a Congregational church."

Dr. Reid, the Honorary Missionary Secretary, recently stated that many years ago, his father as a young man landed in New York, and found his way to a Methodist church, where he received a cordial greeting. He became a member, and through him whole generations became Methodists, and thousands of dollars were deposited in the church treasury. It might have been otherwise but for the kindly greeting to the strange young man.

Bishop Warren says, "The Methodist Church has more colleges, more students and more money invested in educational institutions than any other Church on the face of the globe."

Rev. F. Penzotti, Methodist missionary in Peru, has been cast into prison for the crime of "preaching the Gospel and circulating the Holy Scriptures."

The nine States through which Pennsylvania railroad lines run contain 11,570 Methodist churches worth \$57,336,000, or an average of \$4,050 each. These States contain 1,236,000 members and probationers.

A church was recently dedicated in New York, the cost of which will be \$150,000. The Church Extension and Missionary Society bought the site several years ago for \$6,000; it is now said to be worth \$60,000.

The *Presbyterian* has these kind words: "The Methodists of this country, in that great branch which

bears the name of 'Episcopal,' have somewhat wherewith to boast in the fact stated by one of its bishops, that in the last ten years the gifts of the churches for missions has increased steadily by the sum of \$50,000 a year." For the coming year the Committee has appropriated the following sums: Foreign missions, \$566,352; home missions, \$459,648.

Bishop Walden tells of a woman who does not spend over \$100 a year for her clothing, but who has contributed over \$1,700 for missionary work in Mexico.

According to statistics found in the Methodist Year Book for 1891, the total membership is 2,283,154, an increase of 46,691 over last year. There are in the denomination 14,792 ministers, including superannuates, etc. Scholars in the Sabbath-schools number 2,264,852, an increase of 42,124; 29,864 deaths have occurred during the year. The communicants of all the Methodist denominations in the United States number 4,980,240, with 31,765 ministers and 54,711 churches.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. W. I. Shaw, of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, has been appointed one of the six Protestant Public School Commissioners of that city, of whom three are appointed by the Government and three by the City Council.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Sunday-school of the Centenary church, St. John, N. B., was recently held. The occasion was one of unusual interest, in which scholars, ministers and others took part.

The *Wesleyan* is calling for twelve men suitable for evangelistic work, that is four for each of the Annual Conferences in the Maritime Provinces. The writer of the article from which we copy says, "money will easily be raised if the men are forthcoming." He further says, "the evangelist must be a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, who will patiently plead, tenderly beseech, earnestly expostulate and plainly tell of sin, guilt, death and

judgment, and urge to repentance, faith, duty and holiness of heart."

Our readers will be glad to know that work has been commenced on the buildings to be erected in the Queen's Park, Toronto, for the federated Victoria College, the cost of which will not be less than \$180,000. The daily *Globe* in one of its recent issues contained a fine engraving of the new building, with portraits of Chancellor Burwash, Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education, and Mr. Strong, the architect.

During the past decade the communicants of the Methodist Churches throughout the world have gone up from five million to six and a quarter millions. In the United States of America for every one hundred communicants in the Protestant Episcopal Church Methodism numbers over one thousand!

#### ITEMS.

Archbishop Ireland, a Roman Catholic prelate in the United States, declares in the *Catholic World*, that "intemperance is doing the holy Church harm beyond the power of the pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America."

The Upper Canada Bible Society has decided to make a permanent fund of the late Mr. W. Gooderham's bequest of \$10,000.

Off the continents of Asia and Africa are the Islands of Japan and Madagascar. Three hundred years ago Rome's converts in Japan numbered many thousands, but Rome gave them no Bible. What became of that mission in Japan? Persecution broke out and it was annihilated. Sixty years ago Protestant missionaries planted a church in Madagascar, and gave the people the Bible. Persecution broke out as bitter as that in Japan. Was the missionary work annihilated? No! Madagascar is a Christian country to-day.

In Damascus, where thirty years ago 6,000 Christians were slaughtered with great cruelty, Christianity still flourishes. Beirut is almost a Christian city. Jerusalem itself is more Christian than Mohammedan. At

least the forms of Christian worship are more stubbornly and more consistently observed.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. Alexander M'Aulay was an esteemed minister and one of the ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference. He was a man greatly beloved. Through life he took an active part in Evangelistic and Home Mission services. Some regard him as the father of the "Forward Movement." Since his superannuation, in 1886, he has laboured as an evangelist both in the West Indies and South Africa. His death was sudden and unexpected. He had been fifty years in the ministry.

The Bible Christian Church has lost by death the following ministers:

Rev. John Hicks, who had been in the ministry fifty-seven years, and was the oldest minister in the Connexion.

Rev. Thomas Harris died at Tiverton, aged sixty-eight years.

Rev. J. Carter only a year ago went to China as a missionary. He was in the China Inland Mission Institute, at Gan-K'ing, studying the Chinese language, and was ill for a few days only before he passed away. He was a young man of great promise.

Rev. John McMurray, D.D., a venerable minister and a member of Nova Scotia Conference, died in December, at the ripe age of eighty. He was a candidate at the Conference of 1833, and laboured in various circuits in the Eastern Provinces and Newfoundland. For six years he was Editor and Book Steward in Halifax. For several years he was Chairman of District, also President of Conference three times. He was a member of the first General Conference and was a member of the committee which compiled the Methodist Hymn-Book. In 1875 he retired from the active work. He was a man of great energy, well read in Methodist literature, and even in his retirement laboured to the utmost of his ability to increase the efficiency of the Church he loved.

## Book Notices.

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*Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805 to 1815*; being the *Ridout Letters*, with notes by MATILDA EDGAR. 8vo, pp. 389. William Briggs. \$2.00.

Among the very best material for history are the contemporary letters of intelligent observers. Such is the character of the book before us, which thus furnishes an admirable contribution to Canadian history. The earlier letters describe the school-boy adventures of a couple of intelligent Canadian youths. The later ones, of 1811 to 1812, give a graphic picture of London life in "the days of the Regency, when Napoleon ruled Europe, and Wellington was earning his first laurels; when Mrs. Siddons still ruled in Drury Lane, and Scott and Byron walked through London's streets." The condition of the country through the stress of foreign war and menaced trouble in Canada, made it a very anxious period, whose spirit is reflected in these letters.

Immediately thereafter the scene changes, and the letters describe with all the vividness of first-hand experience many of the tragic scenes of the frontier war of 1812 to 1815. There are numerous vivid side-lights flashed upon the scene, which give the narrative a wondrous verisimilitude, for which we seek in vain in the formal histories of the war. Letters from Mr. Ridout, senior, disclose very fully the state of society, the growth of opinion and progress of events in Little York.

The closely printed appendix gives a first-hand account of the captivity of Mr. Ridout, afterwards Surveyor-General of Upper Canada, among the Shawanese Indians, with *fac simile* of a letter from George Washington, to which he owed his preservation. The book is handsomely printed, has two portraits and two folding maps. One of the best features of this book is the accompanying connecting

links and annotations from the pen of its accomplished editor, Mrs. Edgar.

*Modern Ideas of Evolution as Related to Revelation and Science.* By Sir WILLIAM DAWSON, C. M. G., LL. D., etc. 12mo, pp. 240. London: Religious Tract Society; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

It is a remarkable fact that the little town of Pictou, N.S., should be the birth-place of the two most distinguished Canadian *litterateurs*, both of whom are college presidents, Dr. Grant, the President of Queen's University, and Sir William Dawson, President of McGill University. No Canadian writer is better known than Sir William Dawson. His deserved reputation in this respect gives to his utterances on a subject lying upon the disputed border-line between science and revelation a special value. He is one of those scientists who is also a devout believer in revelation and a competent student of the Scriptures in their original tongues. He boldly challenges the fascinating and often delusive theory of evolution, as accounting for all the differentiations in species. With at least an equal authority with that of Mr. Huxley, he states that the theory of the latter as to the development of the American fossil horse is purely arbitrary. He draws a strong distinction between agnostic and theistic evolution, but the latter he formally avows to be essentially distinct from Darwinism or Neo-Lamarckianism. The book is deserving of the most careful study by both scientists and theologians. The *Saturday Review* well remarks, "If there is anything calculated to arrest the cock-sure young scientist, who is always the young man in a hurry, this book will do it." An evidence of its recognized value is that it is in its fifth edition.

*Henrik Ibsen, 1828-1888. A Critical Biography.* By HENRIK JÆGER. From the Norwegian, by Wm. ORTON PAYNE. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Ibsen is certainly one of the most striking figures of recent and contemporary literature. Much interest has been created in the man and his work; indeed, he has created a special school of criticism. The present volume gives a record of his life and a critical estimate of his principal works, with illustrative extracts. Ibsen struggled up through many difficulties, first to national recognition, and then to world-wide fame. His personal struggles seem to have invested his poetry with a sombre, pessimistic cast. Mixed with his Danish blood are strains of German and Scottish, but still he is a typical Norseman, like one of the old Scalds speaking in modern tongue. Some of his more recent dramas, "The Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "Rosmerholm," voice a revolt from the conventions of society, which have brought upon him severe criticism. This biography is written from the point of view of an admiring friend, and gives the material for forming an independent judgment on this now famous man and his more notable works. Several portraits of Ibsen in his youth and old age and numerous other illustrations embellish the volume.

*Sermons and Addresses*, by the late Rev. S. J. HUNTER, D.D., with brief memoir by Rev. W. J. HUNTER, D.D., Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 365. Price \$1.25.

The late Dr. Hunter was one of the most able and eloquent preachers of Canadian Methodism. In these sermons his many friends throughout the country may hear again the echo of his voice and feel the impress of his spirit. We can almost follow the impressive cadences of his tones in the sentences of these sermons and lectures. Many of them have a local colouring from their allusions to Canadian events. Especially is

this true in the addresses on "The Development of the Missionary Spirit;" "The Gospel the Want of Our Age;" "Our Methodist Heritage;" "The Bible Society Address;" and his lecture on "Hymns and Hymn Writers of our New Hymn-Book." Dr. Hunter was a man of wide culture and reading, and into these sermons he has put his very soul, as well as deep feeling and piety. His brother, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter, contributes a beautiful memorial sketch, and the Rev. Dr. Dewart pays a tribute to a life-long friend in an introduction. The cultured face and the keen black eyes of the preacher are well shown in a portrait.

*The Canadians of Old.* By PHILIPPE AUBERT DE GASPE. Translated by CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

It is now nearly thirty years since the inaugurators of that patriotic, French-Canadian publication, the "Soirées Canadiennes," resolved that if the life, characteristics and general folk-lore of the early French in Canada were not to be consigned to oblivion, some intelligent effort must be made at once to perpetuate such knowledge, and to put the records of the race into a historical form, which should hand down a true account of the life, customs and struggles of their ancestors of the old regime. M. De Gaspé was already an old man when this resolution was made, but he nevertheless set to work, and as a result we have this charming little historical romance now before us. It has been translated from the original by our well-known *littérateur*, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, who has very happily reproduced much of the quaintness and pleasing simplicity of style, which are by no means the least charming characteristics of the original.—A. B.

*God in His World; an Interpretation.* Gilt top. Pp. 270. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The anonymity of this book in-

creases its interest. It is evidently written by a practised pen and is the product of a cultivated heart and brain. There is about it a moral elevation, a beauty of thought and diction that lift it into the realm of religious poetry, though cast in form of prose. It recognizes in the ancient faiths of mankind dim adumbrations of the great crowning fact of history, the incarnation of Christ. This incarnation, with its momentous consequences of divine and human fellowship, is beautifully illustrated in the succeeding chapters. The book is an expression of reverent faith and true Christian optimism. It exhibits the vanity of a mere sociological millennium, and shows that the true regeneration of society is through the last words of Christ, "That we love one another." This is a book for a quiet hour. In reading it we breathe a purer atmosphere, a serener air than that of the dusty walks of life.

*The Sibylline Oracles, Translated from the Greek into English Verse.* By MILTON S. TERRY, of Garret Biblical Institute. Pp. 276. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

One of the most remarkable books of the early Christian centuries was the so-called Sibylline oracles. They date from the first to the third centuries, and were probably written by an Alexandrian Jew, who blended with the Hebrew prophecies and traditions Greek and Christian elements. These are not the sibyls of classic literature, one of whom conducted Virgil through the nether world, and who are depicted in awful form in the frescoes of the Sistine chapel. These later sibyls are often referred to by the early Christian fathers. They purport to give prophecies of remarkable events preceding the coming of Christ. Dr. Terry, for the first time, translates these oracles into English verse. The book is one of remarkable interest to the general reader as well as special value to the Biblical and classical scholar. It is handsomely bound and gotten up.

*Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis.* By S. FRANCES HARRISON, "SERANUS," Author of "Crowded Out," "Canadian Birthday Book," etc. 12mo, pp. 200. Toronto: Hart & Co. and William Briggs.

Mrs. Harrison is one of the most charming of our Canadian poets, especially in songs of lighter vein. She has a delicacy of touch and sprightliness of manner and a sympathy with her subjects that are admirable if adapted to the themes she treats. In choice of subject she is more thoroughly Canadian than any other of our singers. She understands the *habitant* and *voyageur* through and through. Her sketches of Lower Canadian life have a photographic fidelity, or rather they are delicate etchings which have an artistic feeling beyond any photograph. She uses, too, with rare dexterity the "quaint stiff metres of olden France." Of the "vilanelle" she gives us more than half a hundred examples. This involved and intricate form of verse is capable of great variety, and is, moreover, exceedingly musical and attractive. But the poems are not exclusively Canadian, some of them are *vers de société* that have the deftness of touch and turn of Arthur Dobson. Her "Monologue on Isabel Valancey Crawford," is to our mind akin in musical phrasing, in richness of allusion and sympathetic feeling, to the "Adonais" of Shelley.

*A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda.* By HIS SISTER. With portrait and folding map, Author's edition. New York: Armstrong & Co. Toronto: A. McAinsh.

This is one of the most stirring biographies of recent times. Mr. H. M. Stanley has said of Mr. Mackay that he was the best missionary since Livingstone. Colonel Grant, the companion of Speke, on hearing of his death, exclaimed, "The blow to civilization in Central Africa is not easily repaired, for a score of us would not make one Mackay." He has been strikingly called the St. Paul of Uganda. His life-story is

told chiefly in selections from his own letters, journals and diary, by his sister. The tale is one of heroic and pathetic interest. The book is an admirable supplement to Stanley's "Darkest Africa." It throws much light upon the solution of the missionary problem in the Dark Continent. He speaks highly of Stanley, but very severely of Emin Pasha. He was educated to be a mechanical engineer, with brilliant prospects before him, at Berlin; but gave up all for mission work in Africa, where his brilliant career ended in his forty-first year.

*Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus.* By the late J. T. WOOD, F.S.A., etc. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The author of this book may be said to have rediscovered Ephesus. For eleven years he delved and toiled among its ruins. After long search his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of the veritable site of the temple of the great goddess Diana, of such fame in both Christian and Pagan history. By the aid of the trustees of the British Museum he was enabled at great cost to thoroughly explore its important ruins—an account of which, with many interesting and racy incidents, is given in this book. A number of admirable illustrations enhance the value of the work.

*The Whole World Kin; A Pioneer Experience Among Remote Tribes, and Other Labours.* By NATHAN BROWN. 8vo, pp. 607. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

Missionary literature is year by year acquiring greater volume and greater value; missionaries have in many cases been pioneers in exploration and discovery. Perils have been braved and privations endured with the inspiration of the highest motives. The volume before us is an account of fifty years of missionary life. Nathan Brown and his devoted wife were of good old New England stock—the one a student of

Bennington Seminary, the other a pupil of the famous Mary Lyons, who sent so many female missionaries into foreign lands. The greater part of their life has been spent in Burmah and India. Their later years were spent in Japan. The book is well calculated to deepen the interest in mission lands and mission work. It abounds in interesting incident, anecdotes, sketches, etc., of missionary trial and triumph and records of the power of the Gospel to elevate and sanctify in the darkest natures. We commend it for reading in mission circles and in the home.

*Concerning Sisterhoods.* By T. BOWMAN STEVENSON, M.A., LL.D. Pp. 96.

This is a dainty little book, printed at the Children's Home, giving a condensed account of woman's work in the early Christian Church and in the Church of the Reformation at Kaiserwirth and elsewhere. It is an admirable *resumé* on the subject of deaconesses, ancient and modern. Dr. Stevenson has organized a very successful deaconess movement in connection with the Children's Home, as has also Price Hughes in connection with the West London Mission. This little book will be full of hints and helps to all interested in the deaconess movement, which has been formally recognized by the Wesleyan, Methodist Episcopal and our own Church.

*Egypt and Syria: Their Physical Features in Relation to Bible History.* By Sir WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., etc. London: Religious Tract Society; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The Religious Tract Society has prepared an admirable series of handbooks on what are called "By-Paths of Bible Knowledge," by such distinguished authorities as Prof. Sayce, Sir J. Risdon Bennett, Sir William Dawson and others. They are popular, neat and cheap editions of handsomely bound and well illustrated books. One of the most interesting of these is that under review. It

describes not merely the surface impressions of a rapid tourist, but the deduction and discoveries of a practised scientific observer, who very literally looks beneath the surface and discerns the past under the aspects of the present. Sir William Dawson treats first the Nile Valley and Egypt, then the geography of the Exodus, Judea, Jerusalem, Jordan and the Dead Sea, and prehistoric and historic man. Thus much additional light is thrown on some of the most difficult questions of Biblical geography. For Bible students especially the book will be of permanent value.

*How To Be a Pastor.* By THEODORE CUYLER, D.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Certainly if any one man can adequately treat the subject, it is the distinguished man who has recently closed one of the most successful pastorates of modern times. This book should be a constant *vade mecum* of the Christian minister. Dr. Cuyler enlarges upon pastoral visiting, training converts, a working church, revivals and the choice of a Christian minister, and kindred subjects.

*Canada First: A Memorial of the Late William A. Foster, Q. C.* With Introduction by GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; William Briggs. Price \$1 25.

By the lamented death of Mr. Foster, Canada lost one of its most patriotic sons, one of its most accomplished scholars, and one of its most brilliant writers. Had he devoted himself to literature he would have won therein no less success than he won in professional life. The essays and addresses in this volume, especially the stirring paper "Canada First," and his Canadian articles in the *Westminster Review*, increase our regret that he did not enrich our native literature with other similar contributions. Prof. Goldwin Smith furnishes an introduction, which illustrates the saying

of Johnson, "*non tetigit quid non ornavit*," etc. An excellent portrait accompanies the volume, which will be a grateful remembrance to his very many friends.

*Wesley His Own Biographer; Selections from the Journals of REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.* With numerous illustrations. Part I. Crown 4to, with sixteen illustrations. Price 20 cents.

It was a happy thought of the Wesleyan Conference Office to issue a centennial edition of Wesley's Journal, copiously illustrated. For about two dollars may be procured some 640 octavo pages of this remarkable book in which John Wesley is "his own biographer." Doubtless it will have a very large sale.

*The Mission of Methodism.* By the REV. RICHARD GREENE. 8vo, pp. 226. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Price, paper, 70 cents; cloth, \$1.

This admirable volume is an expansion of the twentieth Fernley lecture, delivered at Bristol, August 4th, 1890. It is especially seasonable in this centennial year. It discourses the characteristics of Methodism as illustrated in Wesley's personal history; the development of the idea of Methodism; its relations to foreign missions and colonial Methodism, and its relations to the future. It is a stimulating and inspiring book.

#### LITERARY NOTE.

*The Critical Review of Philosophical and Theological Literature.* Edited by Professor S. W. Salmond, D.D. Edinburgh: T. T. Clark. Toronto: McAinsh. Vol. I. No. 1. This is an admirably printed quarterly of 116 pages. The articles are short, and are written over their own signature, by scholars of recognized ability. It will be a reliable guide to the more important philosophical and theological works of the day. Special attention seems in this number to be given to recent German theological literature. The price is six shillings sterling a year.