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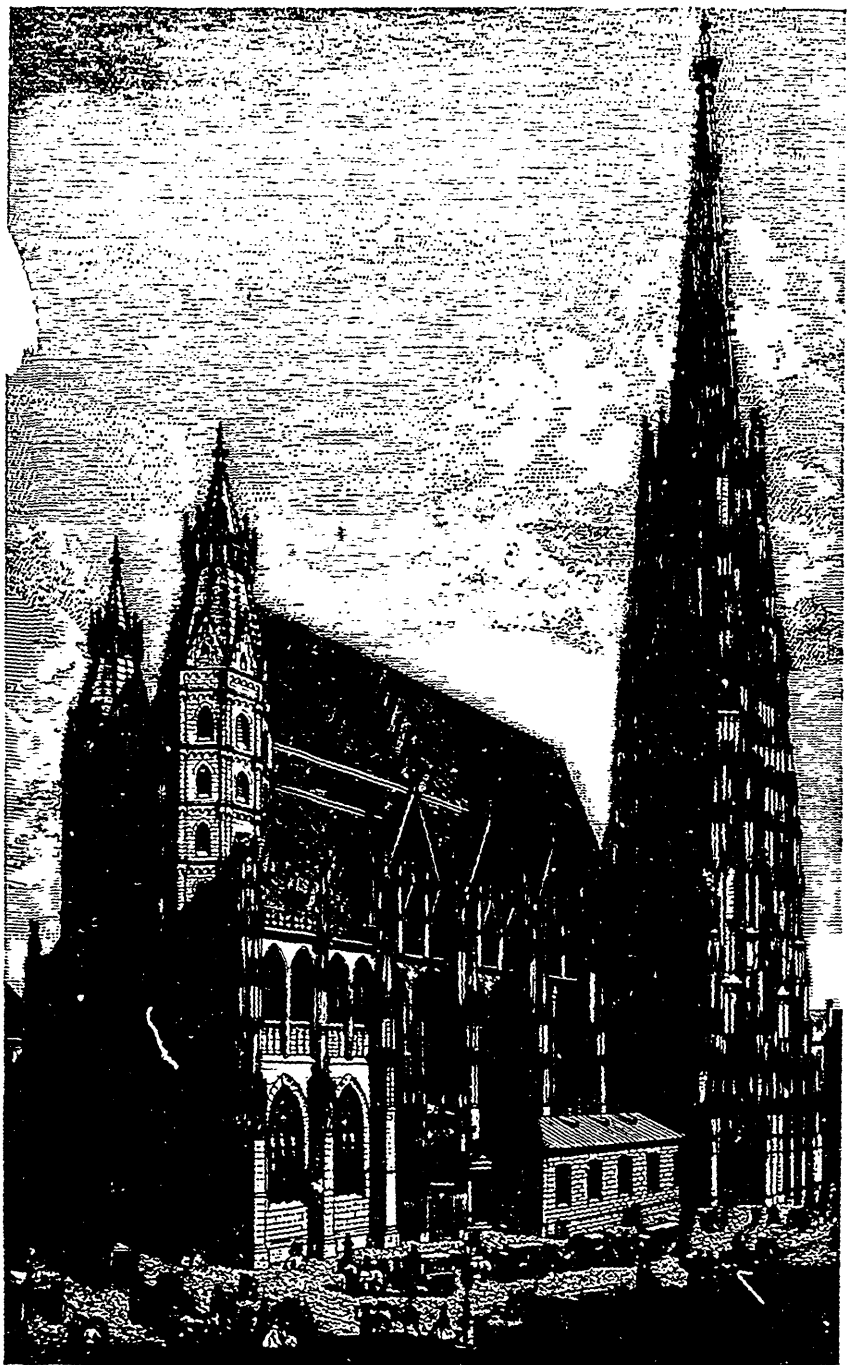
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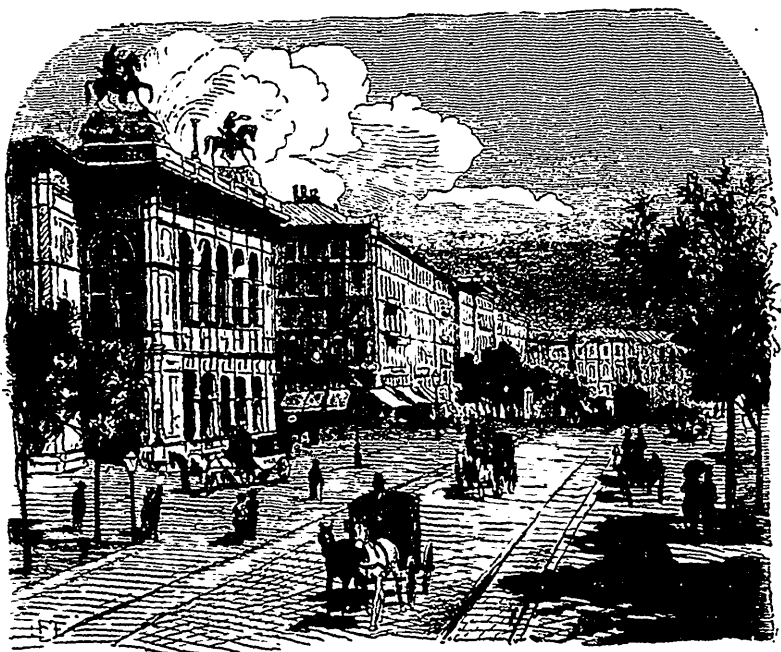
ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

THE Methodist Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

I.



STREET IN VIENNA.

"In Vienna," says a graphic tourist, "the great sight is the city itself—a scene of busy life hardly to be surpassed in London or Paris. The general plan of the city is peculiar. The central part is surrounded by a series of broad, open spaces, or rings, often planted with trees, like the Parisian boulevards, but wider. They take the place of the ancient ramparts, and are lined in

many parts with the most magnificent edifices, palaces, public buildings, etc. These are mostly in the classic style of architecture, and form a group, perhaps, unequalled since the palmiest days of Greece or Rome. But their cold, unimpressive magnificence seems out of place, and does not in the least affect one like the grand gothic cathedral of St. Stephen, shown in our frontispiece.

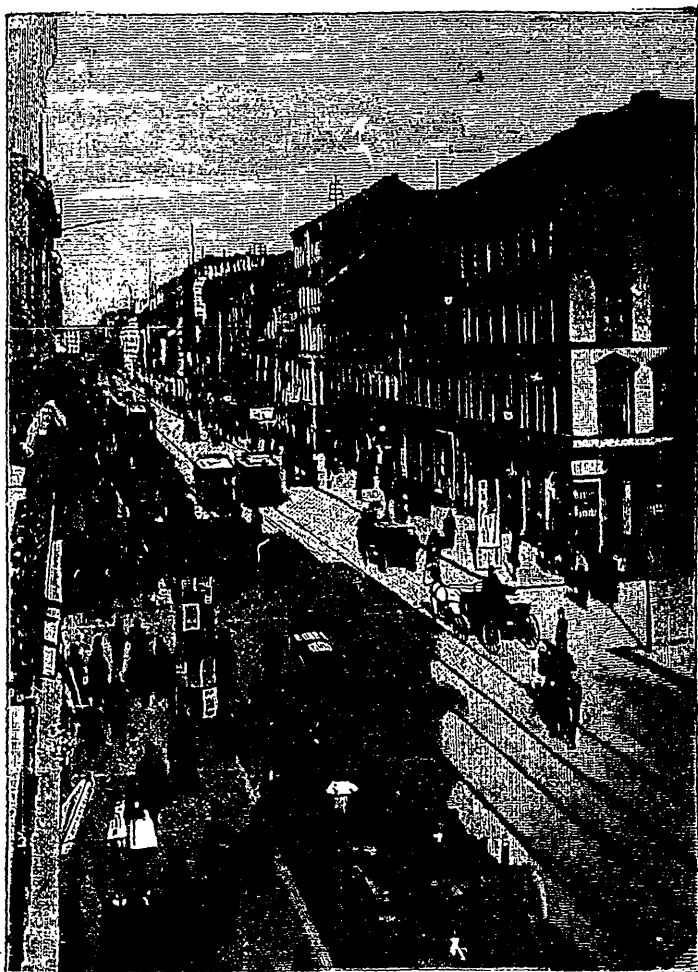
"This venerable church," continues our narrator, "is the glory of Vienna. Nothing can be conceived more graceful in its proportions than this tower, which rises to the height of 444 feet in a series of arches and buttresses, regularly retreating and wrought with the finest elaboration. The interior is chiefly remarkable for the great height of its nave, whose steep-pitched roof will be noticed in the engraving, and for the splendour of the stained-glass windows."

But Vienna is best studied in its streets. No city in Europe presents more various types of character, jostling one another in one mighty crowd. It is the meeting-place of the East and West, and the observant traveller never forgets that it is the metropolis, not of Austria only, but of Hungary, with its half Oriental magnificence and barbaric splendour. For long centuries Vienna was the bulwark of Christendom against the fiercest assaults of the Ottoman. Again and again the waves of invasion rolled over the Danubian plain, and again and again were they repulsed from the ramparts of Vienna.

Vienna has a population of over a million; but it is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, the Protestants numbering but 25,000, and the Jews 45,000. Its university numbers two hundred professors, with over four thousand students. Its hospitals and schools of medicine and science are unsurpassed in the world, and its libraries, museums, and art galleries are among the finest in Europe. The Ring Strasse is a noble circular boulevard, 186 feet wide, on the site of the ancient walls and fortifications, and lined with palatial public and private buildings.

Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, is one of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Its palaces and its seven hundred public buildings and its monuments are among the most imposing. The principal street is called *Unter den Linden*—"Under the Lindens," from the magnificence of those noble trees with which it is lined. It is another populous thoroughfare in one of the newer regions that is shown in our cut. It might almost be taken for a street in Liverpool, or London, or New York, were it not for

the German names on the signs. The bulletin kiosks on the sidewalk are a feature very common in Paris. The street railway is everywhere—in Rome, Naples, Alexandria and Cairo, and will, I suppose, be in Jerusalem soon.

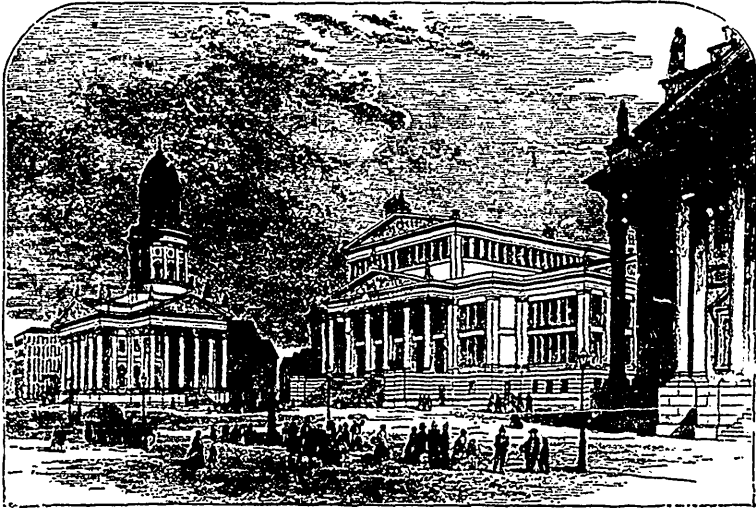


STREET IN BERLIN.

Berlin is situated in the midst of a dreary plain of sand, and is a remarkable illustration of the recent growth of European cities. At the close of the Thirty Years' War its population was reduced to 6,000. It now numbers nearly two millions. Since it became

the capital of the whole German Empire, in 1871, it has greatly increased in size, and importance. It has over forty bridges across the river Spree, an affluent of the Elbe, on which it is situated; and some of its ancient gates are very imposing. It is the centre of the intellectual activity of Germany. The number of journals published in the city is 175, and the number of books annually published is over 1,500. The University has one hundred and seventy-five professors—some of them among the most learned scholars in Europe—and nearly five thousand students.

In the beautiful cemetery are the graves of Humboldt, Fichte, Hegel, Mendelssohn, Schliermacher, Neander, Teick, and others of



PUBLIC SQUARE IN BERLIN.

high renown. The Jews, though only 30,000, are among the best educated and wealthiest class of the people—taking the lead in law, literature, art, journalism, finance and politics. Though nine-tenths of the population are Protestant, the moral status is very low. The Protestant Churches do not equal in number the fifty breweries. The poor are miserably housed—60,000 of them in wretched cellars. Socialism, nihilism and infidelity burrow among the discontented classes, and social immorality is awfully prevalent. The lesson thus taught is that neither art, science, nor literature, but the Gospel of Christ, is the true salt that saveth the nation.

It has been said recently, I know not on what authority, that

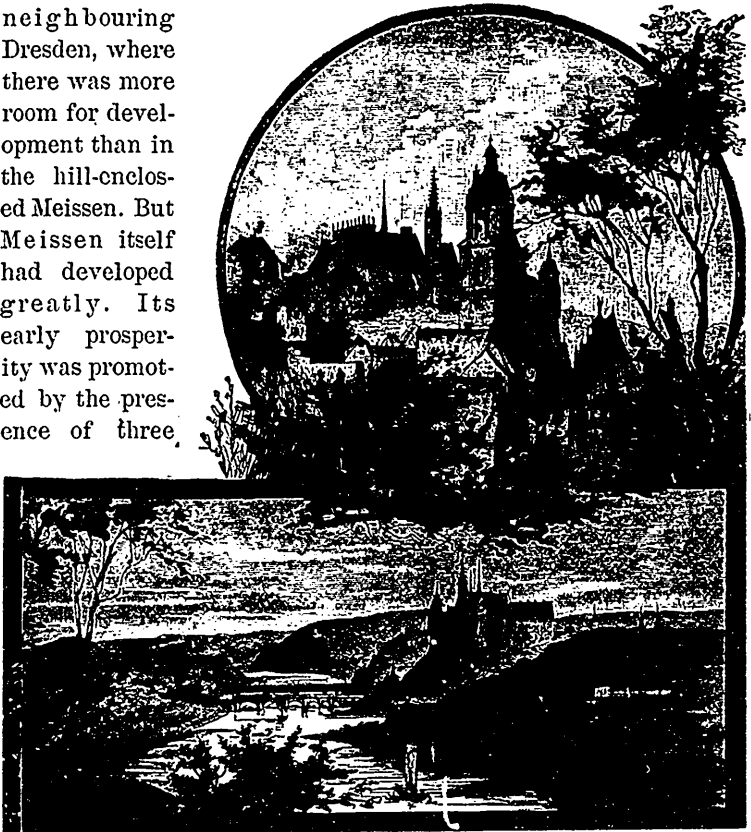
only 17 per cent. of the population of Berlin are attendants, however occasionally, on public worship; and it is certain that the supply of religious instruction is quite inadequate to the needs of the people. Yet there is a more hopeful side. The various missions and denominations have worked very nobly; the Baptists have probably, by this time, about twenty thousand members in Germany; then there are the Wesleyan Methodists, and the American Presbyterians, each of which bodies is doing good in Berlin; but at the best there are but a few score of thousands in a population of forty millions! The growth of a true religious belief and life in this great people must be from within their own Church; and this, as it gathers strength, will be potent enough to break through old forms, and to work out new ones for itself. But are there any signs of this? Well there are—partly in the great attention that is paid to the study of the Bible. The educated youth of Prussia know the Scriptures to an extent that might surprise one. The common schools, of which there is one now in every village, are doing a great work for the young, that will yet bear marvellous fruit; and the growth of the Sunday-school system in Germany of late years is extraordinary; while there is, after all, much very faithful and powerful exposition of Bible truths in German pulpits.

On the middle Elbe, ninety miles south of Berlin, lies Meissen, the ancient city "old in story," in whose praise many poets have already poured forth their song. This little Meissen, to-day with only thirteen thousand inhabitants, is one of the most important centres of culture in the kingdom, and was one of the first points from which an attempt was made to "Germanize" Lusatia. Otto the Great made Meissen the chief city of a margravate, and, at the same time, founded a bishopric there, so that the city became a firm support and defence against the East, and a light for the heathen Slaves dwelling there, whose conversion to Christianity and to the manners and customs of the Germans was carried on from that point with great success.

Meissen became a centre of culture for all Germany; but, in a narrower sense, it remained so to Upper Saxony a much longer time; for here the foundation of its military, judicial, and ecclesiastical institutions was laid by the margraves, burgraves, and bishops; here many members of the Wettin dynasty were born and buried; here resided Ernest and Albert, the founders of the two Saxon lines; here, twice, the university of Leipzig found hospitable shelter from plague and siege; and here Henry the

Pious began the introduction of the Reformation into the Albertine lands (1539). Finally, here stood the first German manufactory of porcelain, and a lofty castle was built by Albert the Brave, which, throughout the wide kingdom, has few equals.

Already, in 1270, Henry the Illustrious had removed the Residence to the neighbouring Dresden, where there was more room for development than in the hill-enclosed Meissen. But Meissen itself had developed greatly. Its early prosperity was promoted by the presence of three



MEISSEN, ON THE ELBE.

courts; for burgraves, margraves, and bishops lived here together in a narrow space, each one striving to outdo the others.

The once proud seat of the thousand-years-old dynasty is now quiet; Meissen has stagnated for a long time. The castle of the burgraves, the residence of the bishops, and the palace of the electors have fallen into decay, and even the ruins of the fortifications are but few. But, in spite of this, we are still drawn there, not only on account of its high German culture, but also

by the Cathedral and the Castle, which, rising above the city, present an uncommonly picturesque appearance, and which, as works of architecture, excite our interest in a high degree.

Meissen, in its style of architecture, shows essentially the character of the Renaissance. Such a mighty royal castle as the Albrechtsburg, built in the Gothic style by the founder of the Albertine line (1471-1483), was, with the exception of the Marienburg, produced nowhere else in Germany, during the Middle Ages. Until the year 1710 it was one of the royal residences, but was then superseded by Dresden; until 1863 it was the seat of the celebrated porcelain manufactory founded by Böttger, which has now been transferred to a fine building in the valley of the Triebish. But it is said that now the old deserted castle of the Meissen

princes is to rise again in its old splendour, and to this purpose are to be devoted the funds received in indemnification for the expense of the French war. A part of the five milliards will be sufficient to restore the building, celebrated for its thoroughly artistic vault, to a habitable condition, and in a way in harmony with its original style.

Near the Castle stands the Cathedral, one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the Gothic style, consecrated to St. John, and in its history reaching back to the time of the Saxon emperors. Compared

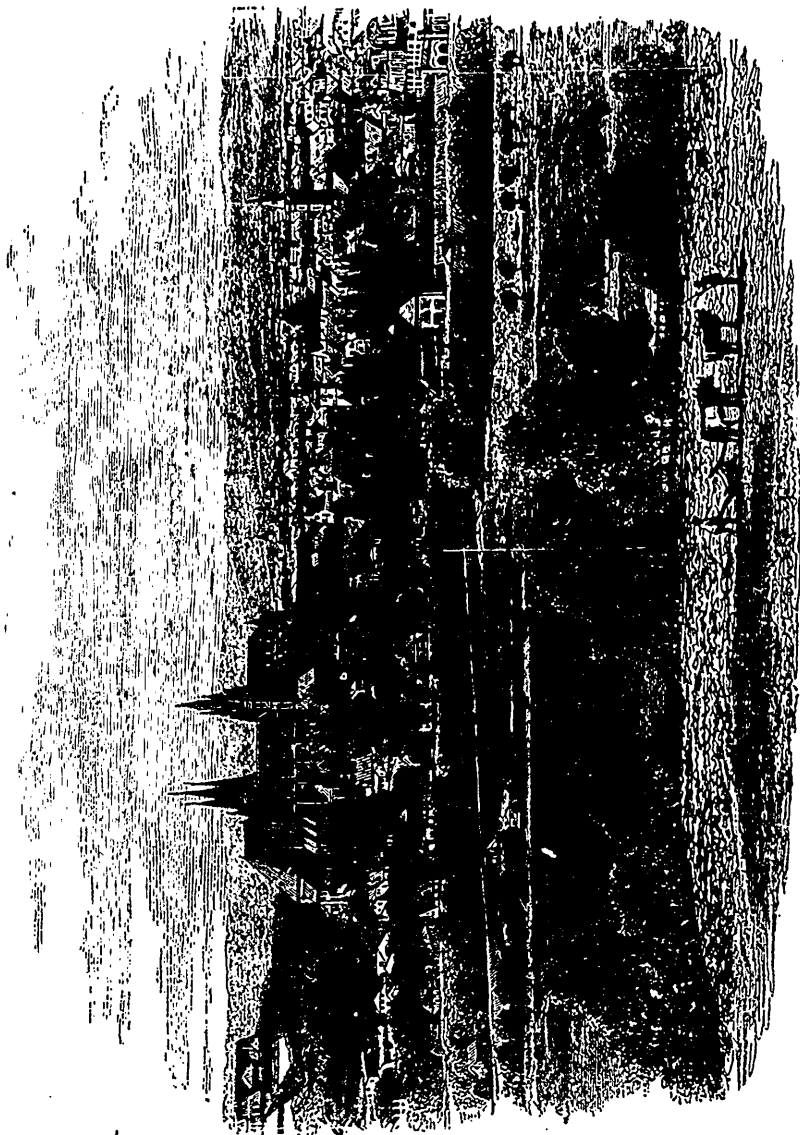
with similar churches of the Middle Ages, the Meissen Cathedral is not as large; but the beautiful harmony which pervades it fills one with reverence and admiration; and the interior, in spite of many devastations and robberies, is still rich, especially in monuments and epitaphs to the princes and bishops.

From the castle hill one has a magnificent view of the surrounding country, whose beauty Charles V. thought equal to that of middle Italy. The eye sweeps over mountains, valleys, and meadows, and wanders along the Elbe valley, dotted with numerous villages. Vine-covered hills, orchards and woods produce a graceful variety upon the hills, along the river; the Elbe itself



ON THE ELBE.

is animated with skiffs and steamers; and in the distance may be seen the towers of Dresden, while behind these rise the singu-

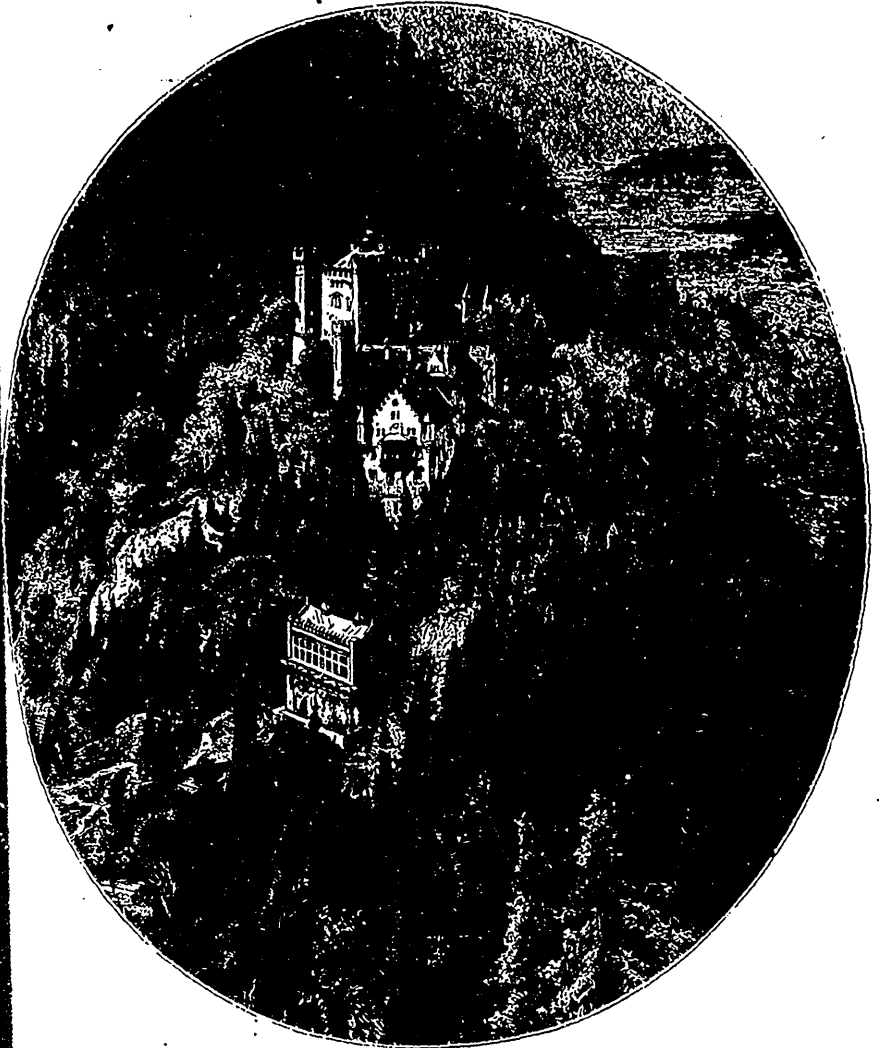


ERFURT.

larly formed rocks of the highlands of Meissen, the so-called Saxon Switzerland.

A few miles to the south-west of Meissen is the ancient city of Erfurt, a place of considerable importance from its strategic posi-

tion on the military highway of Central Europe. Its principal interest to most tourists is the old Augustinian Convent, which was for several years the home of the intrepid Reformer, Martin



CASTLE OF HOHEN-SCHWANGAU—SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF BAVARIA.

Luther. The Convent is now used as an asylum for orphans. The University where he studied was suppressed in 1816. The convent cell in which Brother Martin studied and prayed was long

an object of interest, but in 1872 was destroyed by fire, with the greater part of the building. The venerable Cathedral shows up well in our cut of the city. It contains one of the largest bells in Germany—fourteen tons in weight. It bears the date 1447, and the name *Maria Gloriosa*; or, in popular parlance, *Grosse Susanna*. Through the centuries of chance and change it has boomed forth its solemn voice—as if proclaiming from age to age—“Christ is risen, Christ shall come.”

The scenery of Bavaria, especially among the Rhoetian Alps, has an endless variety of dark green forests, densely wooded slopes, and often crowned with picturesque castellated structures, like the castle of Hohen-Schwangan—a late summer residence of the King of Bavaria.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O PLEADING life, crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care!
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day
Working with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss and gain,
Thinking, till thought becomes a pain;
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel
In others' woes a share,
Yet human loves each power enthral,
And sordid treasures fill it all;
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul! thus to debase
The being God doth spare!
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own,
Heart, life, brain—all are His alone;
Make room for Jesus there—

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain shall be thy prayer;
To find in Jesus' heart a place;
Forever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there!



MALLOON OF THE "AUNDEANT,"

MEMORIALS OF LADY BRASSEY.



LADY BRASSEY.

It was with a deep sense of almost personal loss that the readers of this MAGAZINE heard of the tragic death of the late Lady Brassey. Thrice she laid the readers of this periodical under deep obligation by her kind permission to reprint the substance of her interesting volumes, and by generously furnishing the exquisite engravings by which they were illustrated. It is with a melancholy pleasure that we place before our readers the following sketch of the beauti-

ful and useful life of this estimable lady.

Lady Brassey was the elder daughter of the late John Allnutt, of Berkeley Square, London. She lost her mother when she was little more than an infant, and from the time that she could walk and talk until she married she and her father were inseparable.

Her father had been a famous rider in his younger days, and his taste and talents for horsemanship descended to his daughter. From the time she was little more than five years old Miss Allnutt and her white pony were well known to the country round Penshurst. In 1860 she was married to Mr. Thomas (now Lord) Brassey.

Lady Brassey was a woman of extreme energy; there was nothing she disliked more than to have no immediate object of action before her. So long as she was in health she wished to be up and doing something tangible. She was an active member of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and assisted in forming several classes or centres. She passed the South Kensington School of Cookery (scullery department and all), and took a first-class certificate therein; she was a Dame of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Few ladies of the fashionable world got through as much work in a week as Lady Brassey often accomplished in a day. Her friends have known her spend a day at Normanhurst in this way: Correct proof sheets for printer, and interview head servants as to orders for the day, before break-

fast; hunt with the local harriers for three hours; home to a late luncheon; then drive a wagonette to show some visitors the beauties of the neighbouring Ashburnham Park; afternoon tea; after dinner, a rehearsal of some music with the various young ladies and gentlemen who were to form her party on the morrow. Or, as an illustration of a day in the London season: Down to Chatham (or some such port) in the morning to launch a vessel; to the East End in the afternoon to distribute prizes at a training-

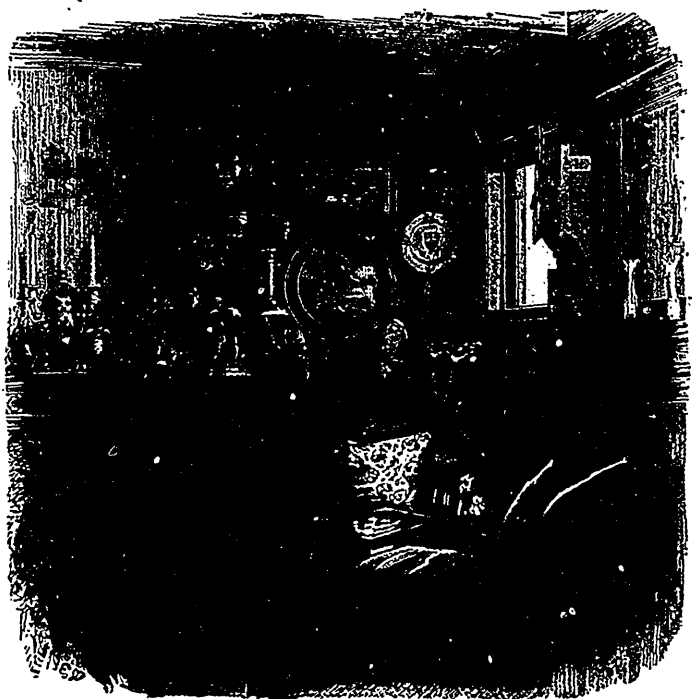


HOW THE JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN.

ship, and to make a speech to the pupils; and, in the evening a reception at her own house.

Undoubtedly she now and then overtaxed her strength by such exertions, the more so from the fact that she had a delicate chest, and was extremely susceptible of bronchial ailments. During the last few years her medical advisers had insisted upon her wintering in warm climates for this very reason. With all her labours of literature, society, and public functions, she always found time to superintend her own household. Guests at Norman-

hurst would find that by breakfast-time the mistress of the house had at her fingers' ends all the contingencies of the coming day; she could inform each what horse was ordered for him or her to ride or drive, who was going to shoot, what rooms were ordered for this or that expected guest, and by what trains they were to be met at the station; and, with all this, she would find time to look round to the school-room at the children's lessons, or to make inquiries after, or very possibly to call in person to see, some invalid tenants.

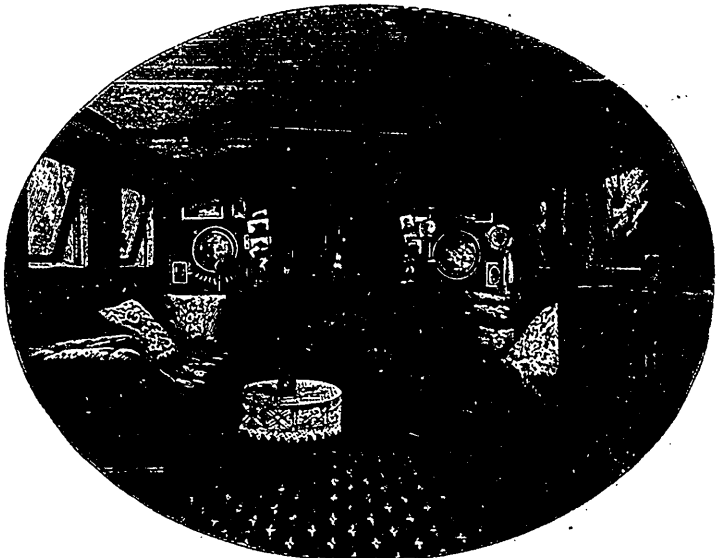


A COSY CORNER ON THE "SUNBEAM."

She was exceedingly fond of animals; she had quite a menagerie of beasts and birds at Normanhurst, and would make a round to feed them, never omitting the stables, where every horse seemed to know her, and to look out for a piece of carrot or sugar so soon as she appeared at the stable-door. She was a woman of great natural kindness of disposition, and was never more delighted than when she had succeeded in pleasing some one else by some good office or attention. She used to say that she always felt.

herself a mere sojourner in London and never looked upon her Park Lane house as "home"; whereas at Normanhurst, or on board the *Sunbeam*, she felt herself actually at home. She had a sort of personal affection for the old yacht, which had been the family home through so many vicissitudes of weather and climate; and, if she could have cast her own horoscope would, we think, scarcely have been sorry to know that when the time should come, the old ship should see the very last of her.

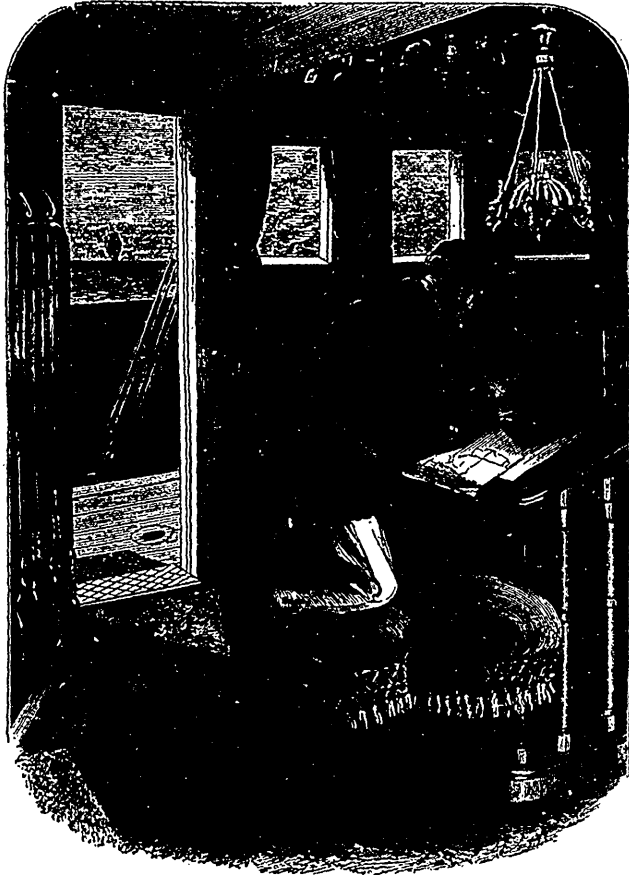
In private life she was staunch to her husband's Liberal views; but, save and except when she canvassed at election times, she



LADY BRASSEY'S CABIN.

abstained from taking a public part in politics, though she might, had she chosen, have made her *salons* a centre of political reunion. She was one of those who could agree to differ in politics without allowing personal feelings to be embittered by the same. We have seen a rival (and successful) candidate for her husband's borough a guest under her roof, and in her presence political altercations were always tabooed. She was staunch in her friendship, and preferred to have well-known faces, and those of her kindred especially, round her, rather than those of strangers, even though celebrities; she gave warm welcome to all friends of travel who cared to renew their acquaintance with her on visiting England. It may fairly be said of her that her career,

public and private, shows that she was one who would have made her mark, and have succeeded in life in whatever circle her lot might have been cast; whether as a country cleric's better half, or as a school-mistress or editress, instead of being the wife of a wealthy politician and peer.



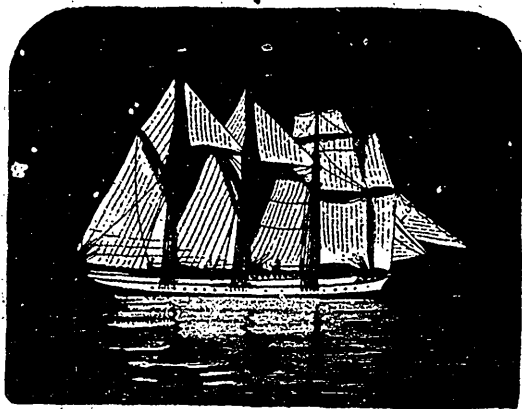
IN THE CHART-ROOM.

She had a knack of management, a supply of tact, and a fund of energy and good nature, which would well endow any woman. She will not easily be forgotten by those who were her friends, and they were legion.

Lady Brassey had been ill before she left Europe for the last time, and it was hoped that a long voyage, such as she so much

enjoyed, and which she had more than once accomplished, would completely restore her. After a tour of six weeks through India, Lord and Lady Brassey re-embarked in the *Sunbeam*, and proceeded to Ceylon, Rangoon, Moulmein, Singapore, British North Borneo, Macassar, and thence to Albany, in Western Australia. After a stay at Albany, the *Sunbeam* went to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cooktown, Thursday Island and Port Darwin. It was Lady Brassey's intention to leave the yacht at the Cape and return home by mail steamer.

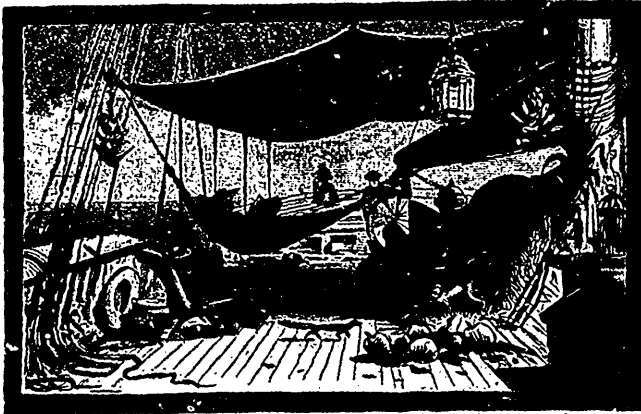
The party consisted of Lord and Lady Brassey, Hon. Mr. Brassey, and the three Misses Brassey. They had a delightful cruise, and were bringing away from Australia exceedingly pleasant reminiscences. Lady Brassey was continuing her book, and when the yacht left Port Darwin, Western Australia, on the 7th of



THE SUNBEAM BY MOONLIGHT.

September, seemed in the best of health and spirits. The *Sunbeam* went for a short cruise along the northern coast, and it is assumed that there her ladyship contracted some form of malarial fever, which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty, nevertheless, prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board, and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that recovery was hopeless, and that her ladyship was sinking. The next day the scene aboard the

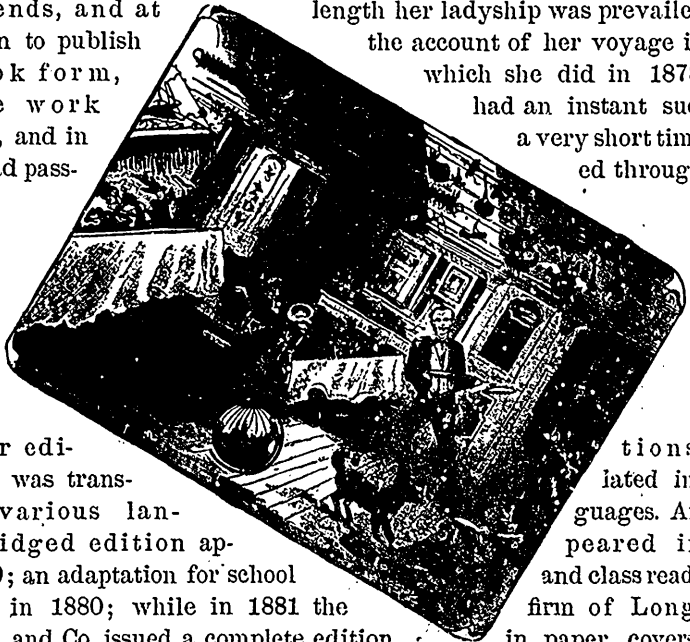
Sunbeam was an affecting one. Feeling that her end was nigh, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book to which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterward she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites as the body was assigned to its grave in the deep sea.



ON THE DECK OF THE "SUNBEAM" IN THE TROPICS.

Lady Brassey was of a remarkably adventurous disposition, with a great predilection for travel, both by land and sea. It was always her custom to make copious notes of the principal incidents of her journey, and the impressions produced upon her mind by what she had seen. She wielded a light and facile pen, and her books descriptive of her various travels are marked by great naturalness and a singularly graceful and charming style. Before the first voyage in the *Sunbeam*, Mr. and Mrs. Brassey had travelled in the east of Europe and in the United States. She had printed, for private distribution only, "The Flight of the *Meteor*," an account of two cruises in the Mediterranean and travels in the East; and in 1872 she issued an account of "A Voyage in the *Eothen*," which described her trip to Canada and the United States.

In 1876 Lord and Lady Brassey undertook a voyage round the world in their yacht the *Sunbeam*. The account of this famous "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" was not originally intended for publication, but was compiled merely with a view to give some amusement to her father and her own home circle. The notes, which afterward took shape as a volume, were dispatched to England from time to time from the various ports at which the *Sunbeam* touched. Subsequently, copies were made for a few private friends, and at length her ladyship was prevailed upon to publish the account of her voyage in book form, which she did in 1878. The work had an instant success, and in a very short time it had passed through

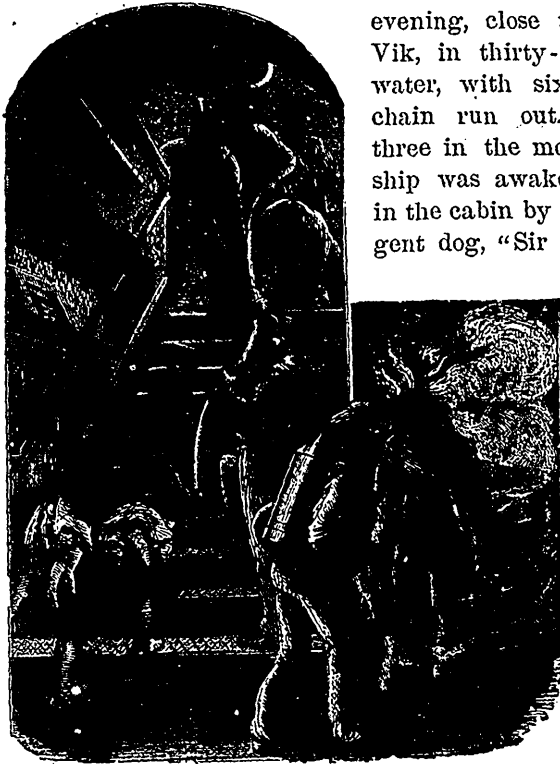


four editions, and was translated into various languages. An abridged edition appeared in 1879; an adaptation for school and class reading in 1880; while in 1881 the firm of Longman and Co. issued a complete edition in paper covers, which has had an enormous circulation. Lady Brassey wrote several books after this one; but although some of these, like her "Sunshine and Storm in the East," or "Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople," and "In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties," were narratives full of graphic touches of description, both of character and scenery, yet with none did she repeat her first success. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. In the "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" she wrote just as she saw and felt, without consciously struggling for effect. De Quincy truly said that whoever wishes to see modern English at its best should get hold of a mail-bag and read the letters he finds in it that are written by ladies, and the late Lady Brassey's style was essentially epistolary.

In 1885 Lord and Lady Brassey had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Gladstone as their guest on board their yacht, and found him a delightful travelling companion. She gave, in the *Contemporary Review*, a charming description of the trip to Norway made with the great statesman. The voyage was a delightful one, with trips on land from attractive Norwegian ports, and was attended by an accident that might have proved serious.

The *Sunbeam* anchored one evening, close to the shore, at Vik, in thirty-five fathoms of water, with sixty fathoms of chain run out. At half-past three in the morning her ladyship was awakened from sleep in the cabin by her very intelligent dog, "Sir Røger," a black

poodle, tugging at the bed-clothes, and barking violently. The sagacious animal knew that something was wrong. Presently came the first mate of the ship, Mr. Kindred, knocking at the cabin door, to tell his master that the *Sunbeam* was



THE "SUNBEAM" ON FIRE.

touching the shore. Violent bumps and thumps were felt on her side; in fact, she was aground by the stern, lying almost broadside on to a rocky beach, with a sharp stone pier jutting out close by; and she was so close to the land that her yards were actually projecting over the garden of the hotel, to the great alarm of the people in the house, whose figures, thinly attired in their night-gowns, were seen looking out of the windows. The shore descends so abruptly here that there were at least ten fathoms of water at the bows, while the stern was aground.



LADY BRASSEY COLLECTING CORALS.

Fortunately the screw was not injured, and aid soon came, so that the *Sunbeam* was in a short time again skimming along. On another occasion a fire broke out on board the *Sunbeam* which was extinguished by the apparatus for that purpose, but not till much consternation was caused and the children were hurriedly carried on deck.

Many probably who have followed the author of these famous journals in her many wanderings have pictured to themselves a lady of sturdy frame and of inexhaustible physical power, but with Lady Brassey the strength and the courage lay in the spirit,

not the body. When on the verge of womanhood she was, we are told, fearfully burned, and lay for six months helpless and wrapped in cotton wool. From the shock of this calamity she appears to have suffered more or less throughout her life. Severe attacks of bronchitis clouded her early married life; and her first voyage brought upon her terrible sufferings from malarial fever. Her books grew simply out of a habit of sitting up in bed as soon as she awoke in the morning, and writing with pen and pencil a narrative of the previous day's proceedings to be sent home to her father.

Instead of subsiding into a fashionable society woman, as most ladies of her wealth and social position do, Lady Brassey devoted her time and talents to instructing an ever-widening circle of read-

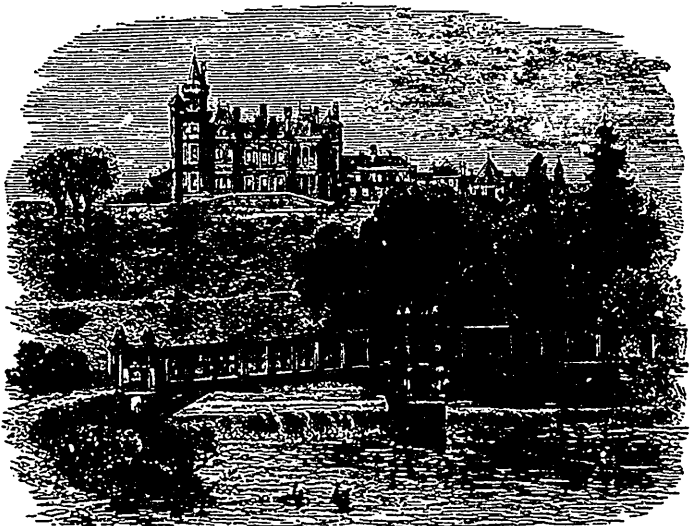


HASTINGS AND NORMANHURST.

ers. Few works of travels have been so widely read, or have communicated so large an amount of interesting information, as have hers. She was a remarkably intelligent and acute observer and graceful writer. She had access to the best society everywhere, and had the amplest opportunities for seeing everything worth seeing at its best. She possessed more than an amateur acquaintance with the natural history of the many countries she visited, and had a very considerable knowledge of several of the languages of Europe. Though of delicate health, she accomplished a large amount of literary work. Few persons have any idea of the drudgery there was in the mere transcribing and proof-reading of her several large volumes. She only accomplished this by her habit of early rising, being often at her desk at four in the morning, and by her indefatigable industry.

One of her noblest characteristics was her thorough womanliness

—her sympathy with the poor, with the sick and suffering, with the sailors and servants of her husband's yacht. Her sympathy embraced their religious as well as their material interests. In this she was admirably helped by her husband. He used regularly to conduct religious services on the *Sunbeam*, and his wife tells us that "he preached a very good sermon." And her practical beneficence showed that these were not sentiments merely. Many thousands of readers through the English-speaking world will feel a sense of more than passing sorrow for the death of this amiable, accomplished, and generous lady, who made the world richer by her life, the poorer by her death.



NORMANHURST—HOME OF LADY BRASSEY.

Lady Brassey had a widely sympathetic nature, which she manifested by the active interest she took in all classes, especially in the poor and lowly. It is characteristic of this sympathy that the very last words that she penned had reference to the establishment of an Ambulance Association, of which organization she was for several years an active and bountiful patron.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter to Lady Brassey's last volume, by Lord Brassey, entitled "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words:

"Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as a Lord of the Admiralty gave him everywhere the *entrée* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. Her last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train and with troops of elephants and camels, etc., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern Seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well. We hope to give a somewhat detailed account of those last journeyings, which we are sure our readers will follow with no less avidity than those we have previously described in these pages.

Common actions become holy, and drudgery grows divine, when the motive is pure and high.—*Spurgeon*

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

XII.

SILOAM AND AS FAR AS TO BETHANY.



ACELDAMA.

As the traveller pursues the winding pathway past the tombs, described in my last paper, he comes ere long to a striking point. Before him the valley begins to open out, and just at its opening, half-built of squalid huts, half-burrowed out of ancient tombs, is the filthy Arab village of Siloam—the ancient Siloam—where vile dogs and even viler human beings render progress in that direction the reverse of pleasant. Away in front the view terminates in the rocky hills, on whose nearer slopes, lies the traditional Aceldama—a gruesome region, where nature's laughter seems forever to have ceased. Indeed, all about in this Vale of Hinnom, is material enough for gloomy thought, and it is little wonder that its very name should have become associated, even apart from its ancient fiery and unhallowed traditions with the hopeless doom of the eternally lost. The valley curves before one on the left around the southern slope of Olivet, toward the east, and, on the right, around Ophel, toward the west. In it are

the Pools of Gihon, the Upper Pool, some seven hundred yards from the Jaffa Gate, and the Lower Pool, less than a hundred yards farther east. As one stands facing the valley, Olivet rises in terraces on the left hand, while, on the right, rise the abrupt slopes of Zion, crowned with the serrated walls of the Holy City, which here present a particularly fine appearance, and reveal in



JEWISH TOMBS.

their lower courses some of the massive stones used by Hiram's cunning workmen in the days of Solomon.

A little farther on, past the projecting cliff of Ophel, one comes to the Pool of Siloam. It is no "shady rill, however, as pictured in the familiar hymn, but an oblong reservoir, in part of modern, though with some remains of ancient, workmanship, and, apart from the sacred associations which surround it, would hardly prove of much attraction to the traveller. But it is of "the waters

of Shiloah that go softly," that one thinks and, much more, of Him who bade the blind man "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam," when "he went his way therefore and washed and came seeing," as he stands beside that dilapidated reservoir. There is little or no doubt as to its identity, and still the bright, clear water wells out intermittingly through the long tunnelled conduit which



POOL OF SILOAM.

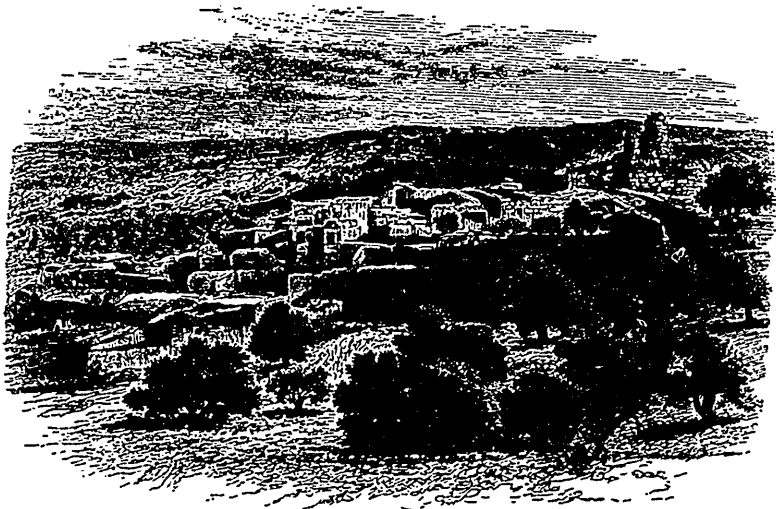
conveys it through the heart of the hill from the Virgin's Fountain, on the other side. The arched passage-way, seen in the cut, leads to a staircase which descends to this conduit. This latter gives one a good idea of the capabilities of ancient engineering. The workmen commenced the work of boring at each end, tunnelling toward the centre; and modern explorers have found two *culs de sac* in the cutting, which show that they were passing one another but a little out of the calculated line, though the conduit is over 1,700 feet in length. An interesting inscription was

accidentally discovered in 1881, a little distance within the tunnel. It is in the purest Biblical Hebrew, in characters which scholars have decided to fix its date as early, at least, as the time of Hezekiah, of whom we read, indeed in 2 Kings xx. 20, that "he made a pool and a conduit and brought water into the city;" though it may well have been even earlier in its origin, as Isaiah's mention of the waters of Shiloah that go softly (with very obvious bearing on the flow through a conduit), is anterior to Hezekiah's time. Probably enough, it formed part of the great engineering works which characterized the reign of Solomon. Here is the inscription:

"(Behold) the excavation! Now this is the history of the excavation. While the excavators were still lifting up the pick, each toward his neighbour, and while there were yet three cubits to (excavate there was heard) the voice of one man calling to his neighbour, for there was an excess in the rock on the right hand (and on the left). And after that on the day of excavating, the excavators had struck pick against pick, one against the other, the waters flowed from the spring to the Pool for a distance of 1,200 cubits. And (part) of a cubit was the height of the rock over the head of the excavators."

Apart from its intrinsic interest, the inscription has given great satisfaction to scholars, as the most perfect and, indeed, only authentic example of pre-exilian Hebrew writing. But I must leave the tempting subject of the modern discoveries in underground Jerusalem for another paper, and take my indulgent reader a little farther afield in the environs of the Holy City. There is one site amid the many apochryphal ones, in and around it, that stands out unmistakably and confessedly, unquestionable—I refer to the Mount of Olives. I will suppose my readers to stand with me on the mounds outside St. Stephen's Gate, looking right across the Kidron Valley. Before us rises a gently sloping symmetrical hill, crowned with white buildings, and dotted here and there with the survivors of the groves of olives from which it originally took its name. At its foot is the traditional Garden of Gethsemane. Three roads branch near the Garden, one to the north, one climbing stiffly up to the summit, the third trending in a line parallel to the city walls and rounding the southern slope of the hill. Let us take the steep path at our feet and cross the valley. We are in the Saviour's footsteps as He went toward the Garden, on the night before His crucifixion. The beggars sit by the way-side begging, as, perhaps, He often met them at this very spot in His many journeys between Jerusalem and Olivet. At

the turn of the road, by the traditional Tomb of the Virgin, they rattle their tin boxes as we pass, and cry vociferously and whiningly for *backsheesh*. Halt, and maimed, and blind, they present their infirmities as motives for our pity and our piastres, with a fresh wail and a fresh petition for every passer-by. We push on, to the left of the Garden, up the winding path to the summit; probably the very same that David took when he fled from rebellious Absalom. "And went up by the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went bare-foot, and all the people that were with him covered every man his head and they went up, weeping as they went up." As we



BETHANY—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

reach the summit, with our faces still toward the east, a marvellous panorama bursts upon us. Away in the distance runs the wall-like chain of the mountains of Moab, lit up—for our walk is in the evening—with the most wonderfully brilliant hues as the westerling sun brings out their rocky sides and their dark ravines into exquisite light and shade. Nearer is the Jordan Valley, of which they form the eastern boundary, with the course of the river marked by a line of green foliage, and with part of the Dead Sea, gleaming white, away to the southward. And then, as we go on, with that view still before us, we turn down the slopes of Olivet toward the wilderness, and a quarter of an hour's walk, or less, brings us to a ruined village, hidden, till just

as we reach it, by a rocky ridge. A ruined village, truly, it is; but a village never to be forgotten. It is Bethany, the scene of some of the most touching incidents in Our Lord's life, and bearing even in its modern name El-'Azriyeh (from El-'Azin, Arabic for Lazarus), a memento of His mightiest miracle. The houses are rude, massive, and built of old materials; there is a ruinous tower or other lofty structure in a prominent position, on its higher side. There are some fine, shady olives on the sides of the road near by, and a few fig trees. It must have been different when He was here, and these rocky environs were carefully terraced and filled with palm-trees, laden with the fruit from which it took its name—for Bethany means the House of Dates. Like most other sites in Palestine, it has now nothing but its associations to charm. But what associations cluster around it! Here was the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, almost the only visiting place our Lord allowed Himself. Here, somewhere, though hardly in the spot they show us, Lazarus lay in his four-days' death-sleep, when the voice of the Christ recalled him to mortal life. Here was the house of Simon the Leper, where Mary, in the lavish love of gratitude, anointed her Lord with costly spikenard; and here, close by, in some sequestered nook of these hills—for He led them out "as far as to Bethany"—the risen Lord took leave of His disciples, gave them His final commission and blessing, and then ascended to the heaven from which He had come; "and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

We will return to Jerusalem by another road, the road around the southern shoulder of Olivet. As we leave the village, the rude and clamorous inhabitants yell more loudly, the persistent cry for *backsheesh*, with which they have filled our ears, as we lingered a few minutes among them; but soon a turn in the road shuts out the noisy rabble, and we are alone. The sun is yet above the horizon, and his level beams light up all the landscape. The hills of Moab, in their rainbow tints, are glowing in indescribable brilliancy as we look back toward them, but our faces are now toward Jerusalem. Soon a sharp turn brings a bit of it in view, the southern portion—Zion and the City of David. Then, in a moment, we lose it completely as the road dips down abruptly into a deep and winding ravine. There is nothing now in view but hillside and rocky valley, nothing else for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then, as we climb up over the long slope, and turn the southern shoulder, all at once the city bursts upon us—the whole city, the Holy City, with the sunset as a background

to the never-to-be-forgotten sight. We have, doubtless, been traversing the very road by which Christ came in His triumphal entry into the city. Where we caught our first glimpse of it, away back a half-mile nearly, perhaps He was met by the crowds who cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and, here, with hardly any doubt, here at this turn where we stand, and marvel at the beauty of site and city, He stood and wept; wept because of its obduracy, impenitence, and impending doom, and yearned over its loved and lost ones, with the infinite pity and everlasting love of God. Where we see the lovely dome of the Mosque of Omar, He saw the glittering pinnacles and superb proportions of the Temple, just across the Kidron Valley, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," indeed, but, alas, dishonoured by its worshippers and deserted by its God. And so He paused and wept here for a moment, and then went on in that wonderful triumphal procession, so soon to take immediate issue in the Cross and the Tomb. And as we stand and think of Him, and then look toward the city, behind which the sun has just gone down, we think, do we not, of sunrise, rather than of sunset; and rejoice that He is to-day riding on in triumph, and before Him, everywhere, sin and darkness are disappearing, conquered by the might and light of His purity and personality, while to Him flock men and women held in willing thrall by the magnetism of His self-sacrifice, drawn, as He prophesied, by the Cross on which He died. "And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and amid His worshippers and His warriors He moves on and on to the Holier City, the New Jerusalem, which is free and which is mother of us all, whose stately walls go up as did those of the temple in the days of Solomon, "without sound of hammer;" in the deep silence of God's new creation.

MY PORTION.

YES, the world's dark nights are dreary,
 In their pleasure, pain and strife,
 And the soul is torn and bleeding,
 With the poisoned thorns of life;
 All its brightest roses wither,
 Nothing lasts or stays with me.
 Thou art my eternal portion;
 I have chosen only Thee.

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

VI.

(1) REFORM is naturally restless and troublesome. Do the restless ones say we desire invitation by the people to be of force and effect? How would it do for the next General Conference to define an invitation and put it under law; give it a right as an official action of the Quarterly Official Board to transmission to the brother invited directly or indirectly, and to a place on the table of the Stationing Committee; bring it there through the Chairman of the District or other prescribed channel; so that that Committee having all duly authorized invitations before it, at one glance might settle them all in the interests of the Circuits, the brethren, and the work? It is to be presumed that the course having been made regular, all irregularities would be ruled out; that the practice being openly recognized in law, few illegalities would be attempted; and that other things being equal, the Circuit would obtain its request. If the people were confident of these things, possibly movements would return more readily to the safe old grooves. "But what is then to be done with Circuits and men in whose cases are no invitations?" In the first place, it is just possible if invitations were not repressed, but almost invited, there would be fewer of them. Repression often begets uneasiness and haste. That is what Paul says of the motions of sin under the law. In the second place, the Stationing Committee must look to the benefit of the work as a whole; and if the people are sure they are doing that, there will be general and growing acquiescence in their acts. In the third place, there is a possibility of handling this matter so that it will be deemed an unbearable reproach for a Circuit to be claiming a man, or a man crowding for a Circuit, to the damage of the Connexion. The Stationing Committee can beget a mighty public opinion in this regard one way or the other. In the fourth place, it will be, as it always has been, many of the best fields will do no inviting; and many of the best men will neither encourage nor obtain invitations. And in the fifth place, true and fearless Stationing Committees, as there have been, and as there are now, will know what to do with adventurers either as Circuits or men; and if done

intelligently, impartially, unselfishly, disinterestedly, for Connexional ends, they can explain their action, and will be sustained by public opinion in it. When we speak of extinguishing preferences and squelching invitations, we should remember that it is the office of good government to find vent for lawful, natural, and irrepressible forces and to give them course and direction, rather than to think and plan to press them back, to stifle, smother, or annihilate them. The waters that come pure and manageable from the mountain sides, that may irrigate, fertilize, and beautify all the plain, that may be collected into streams for motive power, or gathered into rivers for the glory of continents and highways of commerce, may also be repressed into swamps, breeders of miasm, held back to chill and sour productive ground, or pent up in gorges to tear away the very mountains themselves. Better provide a safe and useful channel for general and rational convictions and desires, than to force them to plough their own channel or find their own seething and unhealthful lodgment. This ought to be consistent with the freedom of Methodism and the easy play of the itinerancy. The very waters that make pestilential swamps, when collected and well directed drive factories and mills.

After all, does the system of invitations—or, as it is now carried on, should we not call it the *jumble* and *jargon* of invitations?—commend itself to our ministers and people? Does it commend itself in the spirit from which it springs and which it cultivates, the plans, processes and practices it originates and multiplies, and the fruit it bears? Is it well to vote and proclaim such want of confidence in the Stationing Committee, in their intelligence, the soundness of their judgment, their impartiality, their unselfishness, their piety, and their fidelity to the work of God in its broadest, highest interest? Is it well for the Quarterly Official Boards, even in cases where the invitation lies open and honest on their tables for consideration, to imagine they know more of their own real needs and the real needs of the work at large; that they better know the preachers and their adaptations to the fields, than the godly, prayerful, vigilant supervision of the Chairmen of the Districts; or that they will be more careful of the interests of other people, and all the interests concerned, and less partial to their own than the devout and responsible oversight of the Stationing Committee? Do the invited men always do the best work and give the greatest satisfaction, so that they may remain without objection the full term of three years, as men appointed on invitation should? Or does it ever happen that invited men are shoved off at the end of the

first year at somebody's whim, no matter what the inconvenience? Is it ever "Hosanna, Hosanna!" at the start; and in twelve months or less "Away with him! Away with him!" Are preachers public footballs? "But preachers are looking out for themselves, and we are going to do the same." Is that not an end of stationing, or the continuation of a soulless itinerancy? Will it not bring about that men will seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's? Will it not bring about that worthy, learned, solid, pious, true, faithful and successful men will be passed by for the youthful, the flashy, the socially attractive? Will it not compel that able labourers, on a little in years, will be crowded to the Superannuation roll, and then the same people will rebel against the Superannuation Fund? Has it not been that the people that receive their preachers in good faith, the preachers going in good faith as sent by God and His Church, have had the approval of conscience and intelligence, the grandest successes on their charges, the favour of heaven and the greatest power and merit in building up the common cause? Is not the thing that is needed all around by preachers and people confidence in a competent Stationing Committee and obedience thereto?

Again, does it not happen that Societies are rent in twain, or shivered into fragments, by this fashion of invitations? Some on the Circuit want one man, and some want another, and so the contention rages. Are there not places where scars and even divisions continue after years of effort at healing; where there are pent-up fires, waiting only new breezes to fan them, new occasions to burst forth in all their fury? If we are to have long and angry debates on Quarterly Official Boards over the heads of ministers, canvassing their merits and their claims, and surging contentions in the Societies, and shrewd management on this side and on that, and consequent protracted and perplexing wranglings and discussions in the Stationing Committee, would it not be well to consider whether an improvement on all this is possible; whether there is not another way of getting honest preferences and real necessities of the people to an impartial, competent, disinterested Board, and so possibly better serve the general interests of the Church? And would it not be well for us as ministers and people to think twice before we give up our old system of godly supervision, fraternal care, mutual trust, direction and appointment, for any scheme that sets our ministers preaching for a call, or holds them as hirelings when called and settled? To dignify and appreciate the ministry as sent of God; to serve the people, His Church, as accountable to God; to preserve mutual confidence and good-will, and to claim and secure Heaven's blessing in abounding success

in the unity of the Spirit and the fellowship of labour: this the best aim of a wise polity; and a good polity will help.

(2) Do they say the members of the Stationing Committee should be thoroughly acquainted with the Circuits and the men? How would it do for the next General Conference to make it the positive duty of every Chairman of a District to visit every field on his District fully and officially at least once a year; and vest him with power for the purpose and hold him responsible for bringing up to the Stationing Committee all required information and all allowable representations from the Quarterly Official Boards and other proper sources?

(3) Do they say the Stationing Committee are made up of men too evidently appointed to look after their own interests? How would it do for the next General Conference to confine the Committee to the Chairmen of Districts, made possibly more efficient and more careful of general interests by the provisions suggested above? "But the District representatives are placed there as a check upon the chairmen; and it would never do to give them up and put all this power into the hands of the chairmen." Oh! innocent man that I am! I see, I see! It is a system of checks. I thought it was a system of trust and "go," "believe and preach," "send," "work," "hasten," "tarry not;" but I see it is a system of checks, and so the more check the better! By all means let us have then the lay representation check also; unless, indeed, it be discovered that it is the lay "cheques" that are at the bottom of all the trouble. Since the one essential is checks, how would it be to throw away the rest of the harness, and do the pulling and driving on the check rein? There are horses that are harder in the mouth and stiffer in the neck than anywhere else. They will draw more with their teeth than their breast. Check up the chairman with representatives; check up the chairman and representatives with laymen; that is the idea! Who dares say nay? What is needed all around is not divine commission, propulsion, not sending, not pushing outward and onward, not appointing, but checking. From all the checking it might appear we are going down hill. Who will check laymen and chairmen and representatives combined? What is the next check to be invented? Would it remind you of the efforts in Dominion Confederation to check the "log-rolling," as it was called, betwixt Ontario and Quebec? We have now many provinces brought in to do the checking, and the difference is just this: there is a bigger log to roll, more force to roll it, and it rolls with more crushing effect. When it starts down hill, what a thunder and crash! Yes! yes! on with the checks, the brakes; they are what

we want; not horses, not harness, not carriages, not locomotives, or cars, but checks. Check the chairmen; check the chairmen and representatives combined; check the chairmen, representatives and lay representatives plunging down in full force. Next, on with the woman check; for the women must be heard in this matter. Then on with the young man check; for young people are an important consideration in the Church. We will go mightily on our way to glorious destiny if the checks are only in place and order. And so this mutual mistrust system, this well-checked courser, this mighty train under tight brakes, will go dashing, crashing, smashing through, especially if the hill be steep or it plunge over the precipice. Perhaps, after all, there is a better way.

(4) Do they say Chairmen of Districts, especially from long continuance of office, become arbitrary, over-bearing, and exacting, settle down into oligarchies, with sharp eyes watch men voting in Conference, make appointments accordingly, and assume to be afflicted if other brethren displace them? How would it answer for the next General Conference to enact that no chairman's service in that relation be longer than four or six years successively; and then he be ineligible to the office for four or six years, as the case may be? This might correct some strange notions, avoid some evils and secure some advantages in an easy way, though some would deem it undesirable.

(5) Do they say, when we have on our invitation secured the transfer of the man of our choice, we are deprived of him by the action of the Stationing Committee? How would it be for the next General Conference to put away collision from its own legislation, and enact that when a minister has been transferred by the proper authorities upon distinct and accredited invitation, said transfer shall also involve the stationing of the man as requested? "But that will interfere with Stationing Committee authority, and the independence of the Annual Conferences!" Well, there are some things in the world, and some misdirections of good things even, that ought to be interfered with. Again, a Transfer Committee can be put under law as well as anything else, as to the balance of the Conferences, the rights of the ministers and other precious and inalienable interests. And it is hardly seemly even to common sense that two bodies, like the Transfer and Stationing Committees, established and authorized by the same General Conference, should by that supreme legislation be thrown into conflict. If by "independence of Annual Conferences" men mean disregard of the higher courts of the Church and of the General Conference itself, where is our unity?

Where our Connexionalism? Had we not better dissolve into Annual Conferences; and pretty small ones at that? into Districts? into congregations? into every man for himself? every Circuit for itself? Had we not better station by Districts; thus giving more official action for the Stationing Committee in its oversight of the appointments of the Annual Conference to tear to pieces, and thereby subject us to more collisions of authority, more rents, more division? Or shall we act as one body, and by simple device with easy, and it may be temporary, readjustments, avoid friction, avert ill, and move on as God enableth with power?

“But we are true to our Connexionalism and must maintain its advantages. We can avoid transfers and their collisions with stationing by large Annual Conferences, by one Annual Conference for Ontario and Quebec; by one Stationing Committee or, at the most two, for all the Annual Conferences; by a triennial or quadrennial readjustment by committee; or by quadrennial reconstruction of the Annual Conference membership by the General Conference—all of which schemes emphasize our Connexionalism; and any of them is preferable to ceaseless friction and violent collision of most important power and functions.” Possibly it is a fair question, and one that practical legislators will urge: How was it before union? Was stationing difficult because Conferences were small? How is it in the Conferences of the Maritime Provinces? Are they in the midst of contention and perplexity because of small Conferences? How was it when one Conference covered the whole land from Gaspé to Vancouver, when centrifugal force was tremendous and such whirls were made that men are yet struggling to regain their centre? Possibly it is a fair question, would not Conferences of reasonable proportions, with easy circulation among the Conferences, better meet the case all around—that is, all things considered? Possibly, again, it is a fair question, whence do these devices arise? whither do they tend? Is it pastors seeking places of usefulness? or people seeking ministers of grace and power? Circuits burdened with debt looking for consecrated exemplars and capable promoters of liberality? Societies weeping and praying for revival, looking for the man mighty with God and the people, because full of faith and the Holy Ghost? Is it in the interests of the people, the spiritual interests of the pastorate and of the Church at large that such changes suggest themselves? If so, the General Conference will be sadly derelict in duty if it fail speedily to incorporate all reconcilable propositions of this character in its legislation. They might appear cumbersome, fanciful, empirical, impracticable; but if they will secure to us unity of spirit, harmony, promptitude

and efficiency of action, peace in the Church and vigour in the work, they are what we want.

Perhaps the railway management of the land could take a hint from such wisdom, energy and success in the distribution of their locomotives and the regulation and development of their traffic: so that instead of a central agency for a large railway district, with its collected car-shops and distributing turning-table, and its turning-tables, switches and Y's conveniently arranged at focal points along the lines, for any day or any emergency as required, under the direction of proper authority, they should have fixed lines and unvarying routes, devoid of switches or side-tracks, and should bring all locomotives once a year or a quadrennium to some majestic centre, as Stratford or London, and to some huge turning-table capable of swinging a dozen moguls at every revolution. And then, that all the railway officary in the spirit of true democracy should sit around that one majestic turning-table, every man looking out for his own mogul, for his own position on a fat or lean section, or on a highly productive and well paid, well laid, well graded, well ironed and well equipped portion of the road. Would not such a system grandly develop the wealth of the country and vastly and speedily enrich the railway company? Surely practical business men have mistaken the whole question and process of production, location, direction and application of power. For celerity, safety, and efficiency the railway men are wholly off track. What unpardonable blundering, what tyrannic centralization is this that the agency at Stratford or London, itself every instant responsible and sharply under law, should control the central turning-table and switches according to time-table and regulation; should have these appliances at command every hour and every score of miles along the branching tracks; should distribute power in a hundred turning-tables and in a thousand switchies and Y's; should secure all possible harmony of action, fill gaps, provide for emergencies, recover disasters and push on trade! But, after all, which is the centralization; the democratic central turning-table, with its stiff lines and periodic motions, where all go up to one-grand centre and watch for themselves; or the monarchical distribution of power, in varying routes, diverse centres, regular action, fixed time-tables, established laws of procedure, wise provision for emergencies, wide discretion for local adjustments, and large liberty for temporary expedients? Which is real centralization and which the healthful distribution of power? How is it that railway lines are so non-British, have so missed the mark of good and efficient government? How is it that the children of this world are so

foolish in their generation, and have not learned even to this late century the best control of mills, mines or fisheries, schools, courts or councils, parliaments, provinces or empires, or life's common, or private or public affairs?

Here, then, are some changes that are not violently revolutionary, that might aid to restore mutual confidence and ease up the friction on some parts of our grand and well approved machinery: (1) Provide for invitations, their official communication, and for open and equal action upon them. (2) That a transfer duly made upon special invitation imply the stationing of the man as requested. (3) That the Chairmen of Districts visit carefully and officially all fields on their Districts at least once a year. (4) That their time of office as chairmen be limited to, say, four or six years; and (5) that they constitute the Stationing Committee. Other and better things there may be. Let us have religion and common sense enough to have the best and use it well.

There are sentiments, convictions, salutary opinions and sound principles that must govern the Transfer Committee and determine and season its relations and its work, as well as there are those, as has been pointed out, that must operate in and through the Stationing Committee. For what is the transfer of ministers but their stationing within the jurisdiction of the Annual Conference, determining on their own request or allowance what Conference shall govern them and to what courts they are amenable? Should the Stationing Committee be impartial? Then, also, the Transfer Committee. Should the Stationing Committee be well informed as to the men, and the requirements of the work? Then, also, the Transfer Committee. Should the Stationing Committee be disinterested, zealous for the cause of God, earnest and anxious for the extension of the good work? Then, also, the Transfer Committee; and it should distribute its men accordingly. Should the Stationing Committee faithfully oversee the work within its jurisdiction, adapt the men to the fields and the fields, as may be prudent, to the men; occupy the ground till the Master come, fill their territory with the Gospel message, that they may contribute to fill the earth with the glory of God? So, also, the Transfer Committee in its broader view of the entire field, the supervision of the vaster enterprises and domain, and its less responsibility in individual relation and personal local detail. Should the Stationing Committee have an intelligent policy and a Christian firmness in its administration? So, certainly, not less the Transfer Committee. Should the Stationing Committee be of easy operation and comparative freedom from expense? So, certainly, not less the Transfer Committee. Should

the Stationing Committee regard the interests of the Districts, not depleting them as to experienced men and those of administrative or executive ability; or as to effective workers of the style required, whether for mission fields or other kinds and departments of labour? Or, on the other hand, not crowding one District to the relief of another? Certainly, not less must the Transfer Committee guard the rights and watch over the necessities and demands of the Annual Conferences. Should not the Transfer and Stationing Committees, in their high functions, constitute an effective supervision of the whole field and proceed upon the principles and in the spirit regulating such supervision in the early Christian centuries, and in the operations of Mr. Wesley and his approved authorities, both in England and America?

On the other hand, as affecting the other side of this relationship, does a man lose prestige in his Conference because obedient to authority he moves from one Circuit to another, or even from one District to another? Why should the same man, if obedient to authority and in the interests of the work he move from one Conference to another, lose prestige as a Conference man or be regarded with jealousy by his new-found brethren? If he is an office-hunter, place-seeker, salary-hunter, why should he be regarded any other way than with distrust or displeasure anywhere, in any District or any Conference? But if he is a true brother and a man of God, why should he lose by going for Christ's sake from one Circuit to another, one District to another, one Conference to another? "But there is the rub; he is not an honest itinerant, a true man of God for the Church's sake. He is here seeking salary or office; and that crowds out the rest of us!" Ah, well then we may as well give up, and go over to—we know not what; for if that idea is to prevail in any degree, well based on experience and fact, we will neither transfer nor station much longer. God will find a better people to do His work, and who of us will not say Amen! If certain men are to be rated as men of such a salary, and certain others of such a salary, greater or less—some \$2,000 men, some \$1,000 men, some \$500 men and some \$300 men—and the Circuits are reckoned valuable accordingly as fleecing grounds; if utterly scorning and rejecting the admonition, "in honour preferring one another," the honours in this Conference belong to these men, and the honours in that Conference to those men; how are we brethren associated for common suffering and common toil? How are we Connexional beyond the length of our arms? How are we spiritual or Christian beyond the sight of our eyes? What use is there to talk of either transfer or sta-

tioning; of self-denying, God-impelled, all-conquering itinerancy? How can we station or transfer if the Conferences are hedged about with brazen walls of sectionalism, jealousy, or prejudice; or, if within the Conferences the Districts are hedged in with personal interest, private understanding and selfishness; or men and Circuits are lifted plane above plane by impenetrable, adamantine strata of less or greater ability of payment, less or greater claim for services rendered, with possibly a rickety stairway in a corner tower that will bear a little going up and down? But who guards that tower? Facts are facts, no doubt. Some fields raise more, some less; and we cannot help it, nor would we have it otherwise, except as better equalized in Connexional funds. Some men are worth more, some less, in any sphere of life; nor would we have it otherwise. Some places and styles of living require more, some less; nor can we have it otherwise if we would. Let the world deal with its own, but where brazen walls and adamantine strata about Conferences and among preachers get so strong in the Methodist brotherhood that the grace of God cannot work through them, or the free flow and easy circulation of our inimitable and glorious evangelism penetrate them, perhaps something is wrong. Perhaps we are paying more attention to fancied advantage than to real good; more to fictitious boundaries than to the empire itself. Perhaps, after all, the Kingdom of Jesus is worth as much as our fences.

When we consider the difficulties that beset the Stationing Committee every year, both preachers and people may well stand appalled, and seriously and anxiously inquire, what is our duty in the case? Is it enough, then, to look to human policy and expedients; or should we flee to God alone for succour? What if we ease up the Stationing Committee by putting some men on the Superannuation Fund? We only bring the pressure and friction to another spot, and that a pretty sore one. What if we lengthen the term of continuance from three years to five? It might please some men and suit some churches; but what about the scores and scores whose safety and success are in their circulation? And what about the varying fields that need the varied talent often on shorter time? The more fixed points, the harder to turn the table. What if we keep worthy young men out of the Conferences and employ only the mature and experienced? How then shall the Conferences broaden and strengthen? What if we early lay aside the mature and experienced, and give entire preference to the lively and the young? How, then, shall our Conferences be established in discipline, in piety, in doctrine and in perfected wisdom and holy living? What are we thinking

about in our restlessness, in our ceaseless murmurs and complaints? What are we thinking about in our ambition, our grasping, our sullenness, our obduracy and self-will? Is it the work of God that lies nearest our heart?

When tide is out and water low, the gallant ship finds a thousand rocks, reefs and bars whose existence the mariners had never dreamed of in full tide and high water. When a man's strength is spent and his system run down, a score of ailments concentrate to his annoyance, prey upon his vigour, develop into disease and pain and hasten death, when he had thought he was all free from malady. Left to ourselves, possibly difficulties multiply and increase upon us. What if pushing through the shallows of mere human philanthropy, official routine and professional demand and dignity; what if drifted by the currents of self-interest or impelled by the fitful gusts of pride and ambition; what if lured by the false lights of wreckers, rather than guided by the clear steady light that shines from on high, is it a marvel we run on rocks and reefs? Is it strange that we find support insufficient, that we find the salaries are fearfully unequal, that other brethren are getting more than we, and that it is getting worse and worse? that there is sad lack of a Connexional augmentation or equalization fund? that the Conferences are too small, shall we say, for foraging fields, for fishing grounds? That fields are ill adapted to men, and men ill suited to fields? That Conferences are crowded and Quarterly Official Boards are intractable? That many fields are extremely hard, and many men burdensome and inefficient? That some preachers' families are too large, and that some lay officials want their own kinsmen for preachers? That preachers follow selfish and personal ends, and penurious, worldly or recalcitrant Quarterly Official Boards deny the preachers a reasonable support? That climate and health oppose serious obstructions to our movements; and that schools, social opportunities, and places of residence become paramount considerations? That family connection, and strange as it might appear among Methodist ministers, even sometimes property relations, must determine direction and destination? That the youthful crowd out the mature, and make-shift appointments for ulterior personal ends rebound upon the managers? That even knowledge is a disadvantage, since when we know or imagine defects in worthy men at hand, we underrate or reject them in favour of unknown men abroad, not less objectionable it may be—since objections are what we revel in? That mistrust and unrest should make one suspicious of the other, each discontented in his relation and sighing for the day of deliverance? Is it not wonderful how many difficulties

have been found in this navigation, a thousand sands and shoals our fathers knew not of? Had we not better abandon the ship, or try to pull out and sail in other waters? Or had we better seek to flush the old channels, to keep open the gates to the fathomless seas that the mighty tides may yet pour in, to break down the hindrances the world and the devil have interposed? Shall we obtain the overflowing streams from the everlasting hills, as did the holy apostles, and the founders and builders of our Methodism in both Europe and America?

Whatever we do in polity we shall do very little without the abundant grace of God. And the abundant grace of God accomplishes nought unless received and improved. And this reception and improvement is personal work. Individually as ministers, individually as members of the Church Boards, individually as members of the Church, every man, yea, every woman, has here an important duty, a momentous responsibility. Who, then, is without blame? What is needed? Sometimes an act, sometimes inactivity, sometimes even suffering for Christ's sake; sometimes a word, sometimes silence; but always fidelity to God. Fidelity to God, His work, His Church will make the stationing of ministers easier and better. And surely the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit in every heart is at once our remedy and our strength; yea, our only safety and our only success.

In the last paper, on the "Methodist Itinerancy," two or three errors occurred which it was too late to rectify, but which were quite obvious, and in no way affected the article, except, perhaps, at the close, where the word "conclusive" should read "concluding."

WIND AND SEA.

THE winds of God may waft
 Thy wingèd seed of thought
 To fields by thee unseen,
 Far from thy little plot.

There in the furrows soft,
 Moulded by other hands,
 Thy tiny seed may bear
 Fair harvest in far lands.

God's winds blow as they list,
 Whither and whence unknown
 Should He but give thy thought,
 Trust Him to waft His own.

CANADA AND ITS RESOURCES.*

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

It is not a little singular that in this period of the easy acquirement of general information, so little is known of the great half of the continent of North America, included within the British possessions. It shows, for instance, how little is known even of the broadest generalities, when the statement is received with surprise, if not incredulity, that, excluding Alaska, Canada is a larger country than the United States. Yet such is the case; for the United States, prior to the purchase of Alaska, was included within 3,036,000 square miles, while Canada stretches out to fill 3,470,392 square miles. It would, perhaps, help to convey some conception of the magnitude of Canada when the statement is made that in area, it comprises very nearly forty per cent. of the entire British Empire, the extent of which is recalled by the boast that the sun shines always on British possessions. A still further rather startling statement in relation to Canada is, that, including the great lakes which encircle it and which penetrate it, and the rivers of enormous size and length which permeate it, is found more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe.

The impression of magnitude, so far as Canada is concerned, is, however, often accompanied by a conviction, born of ignorance, that the Dominion is a region of frost and snow; that it is a sterile and inhospitable waste. So far as the climate of Canada is concerned, it should never be forgotten that, within the parallels of latitude which include the greater portions of the Dominion, the development in the United States has been the most marked. Indeed, no development in the history of the world is more rapid than the growth of the commerce of the Great Lakes. Reference to the extent of this lake commerce brings out another startling comparison. This statement is, that the tonnage and value products which passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, compressed within seven months of the season of navigation of 1888, equalled that which passed through the Suez Canal in the entire year. Here, in the northern part of North America, between two inland lakes, with only one shore of these developed, a commerce has

* We reprint from the *North American Review*, by a distinguished native Canadian, the following account of the vast extent and almost exhaustless resources of Canada. It would not be in place in this MAGAZINE to follow Mr. Wiman in his commercial theories, but we may heartily thank him for his able and eloquent description of the vast natural wealth of our country.

been created which equals that between two oceans, whose traffic is almost as old as the universe, and contributions to which are made from every clime and country of the globe. Recall, also, the fact that the water communication of the lakes is competed with by the most perfectly-equipped railway systems of the age, while the commerce of Suez is practically without a competitor. This development of the States and cities bordering upon the great lakes, and the growth and productive forces which have been set in motion, not only on the shores of these inland seas, but on the wide stretches of country tributary to them, is a testimony to the advantages of a northern climate that it is impossible to ignore. So magnificent is this growth, so significant is the lesson that it teaches, that, so far as Canada and its climate is concerned, a true appreciation of her vast value is, from the advantage of her location, at length beginning to dawn upon the minds of observant men. The place that she should occupy, as the greater and northern half of the continent, can be no longer denied to her. A proper estimate will show Canada to be a country having few equals in extent, none in riches of resource, in accessibility, ease of interior communication, and, notwithstanding the smile that lightens up the face of the reader, none superior to her in the advantages of climate.

The steady movement toward the north of the wheat-producing regions of this continent is remarkable. The milling activities of Minnesota, the marvellous railroad development in the north-west, both toward the west and north, and more recently toward the east, for the special accommodation of the flour and wheat trade, tell the story, that so far as climatic advantage is concerned, wheat has found its greatest success in States to the extreme north. North of the Minnesota line, and within the Canadian territories, are wheat areas possessing all the advantages of the regions to the south, but, in richness, fertility and extent infinitely greater. It would be a startling statement to make, as showing the advantages of the much derided Canadian climate, that even in its extreme northern latitudes, the Dominion possesses a greater wheat-producing area than does the United States; that the soil of this wheat area is richer, will last longer, and will produce a higher average of better wheat than can be produced anywhere else on the continent, if not in the world. Wheat is known to have been grown in the vicinity of numerous Hudson's Bay Company's stations for twenty consecutive years, without rotation, without fertilization, and annually producing crops averaging thirty bushels to the acre!

Climate is much more the result of altitude than it is of latitude.

According to Humboldt, Europe has a mean elevation of six hundred and seventy-one feet, and North America a mean elevation of seven hundred and forty-eight feet. It is a significant circumstance that the Canadian portion of North America has an altitude of only three hundred feet. In the extreme north-west of Canada, the falling off from the height of land toward the vast body of water known as Hudson's Bay is shown in the fact, that from even within the Minnesota line the rivers all begin to run toward the north. This low altitude, in its influence upon the climate, is second only to the effect of the marine currents, which are singularly favourable to Canada. These influences are shown in the startling facts that the mean temperature of Hudson's Bay is three degrees warmer during the winter than that of Lake Superior; and that it is on the southern and western shores of Lake Superior where the most important development of American enterprises has taken place—developments that have yielded in lumber, in iron and copper, riches of greater magnitude than produced elsewhere in the country; and within parallels of latitude included in this lake, an agricultural development more remarkable than elsewhere in the world.

The moderating influences of vast bodies of fresh water, that never freeze over, are well known. In the great chain of lakes that surround Canada, and the vast number of large lakes and rivers that diversify her surface, there is a fresh water area of one hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and, as above stated, comprising nearly one-half the fresh water of the globe. The effect upon the climate of this vast aggregation is most beneficial, so that in altitude, and in other influences that mitigate the extreme northern location of the land, there are found considerations of the greatest weight. These influences are shown in the warmer climate of the great territory of Alberta, which lies directly north of Wyoming, from the latter of which and into the former, stock is being regularly driven at the beginning of each winter, because of the presence within the Canadian border, the year round, of an abundance of grass. The experience of last winter showed conclusively that, while throughout Manitoba and the Canadian North-West territories the winter of 1888 was not excessively severe, as far south as Iowa and Nebraska the severest cold was felt, and as far east as even New York in the famous blizzard, which never found its equal even in Winnipeg, the most northern of Canadian cities. It is true that in the north-western portions of Canada the winters are long; that the frost is severe and continuous; but it is equally true that the climate is dry and invigorating.

But aside from this continued severity of the climate in the winter, there are compensations and advantages in the summer months in this extreme northern region of Canada which must not be ignored. For instance, what would be thought of a device that should provide, underneath the whole surface of a vast and fertile wheat-producing area, of a well-spring of moisture, that should continuously exude and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends down into the earth for sustenance? Yet this is precisely what nature has provided in the thousands of square miles of wheat areas of the Canadian North-West. Ages of long winters, continuous and often severe cold, have produced a frost-line in the earth far down below the surface, which being thawed out during the summer months is full of force. What seems, at first glance, a barrier to the productive power of nature, is, in this case, found to be contributory in the highest degree to man's advantage. For this vast area of ice, far enough below the surface to permit the growth of plants, holds in suspense and readiness for the land above, the needed elements of moisture, constant and assured, which in other regions comes only in the rains and dews that fall from the sky—a supply uncertain and uncontrollable.

But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada, incident to the climate; and that is, that while these latitudes imply long winter days, they equally imply the longest days in summer. Thus, there is an average of two hours per day more of sunshine during the period of the growth of wheat in the Canadian North-West, than is vouchsafed in any other locality where wheat can be produced. Not only is two hours of sunshine in each day an inestimable advantage, but the sun is stronger and more forceful at this period, and in this region, not only helping rapidly forward the ripening process, but the heat is continuously sufficient to cause an exudation of the moisture from the ice in the ground beneath. So that, in this far north land, conditions unite to make it the most productive, and the most valuable of all the wheat lands upon the continent. It would seem as if a conjunction had been formed by the heavens above and the earth beneath to illustrate, in the highest degree, the productive forces of nature in regions where man least expected this development.

It so happens, also, that the soil which enjoys these advantages of moisture beneath, and long, forceful rays from above, is particularly rich and inexhaustible. Lord Dufferin, an observant and reliable authority, said that throughout his whole journey of weeks through the Canadian North-West, he was constantly

reminded of the English kitchen gardens in the vicinity of London. Cauliflowers grew large enough to serve for three meals for an ordinary family, while potatoes four or five pounds in weight are nothing extraordinary. The average crop of wheat in 1887, in Manitoba was thirty bushels to the acre, while nowhere else on the continent did it exceed twenty bushels to the acre, and in Minnesota and Dakota did not average more than fifteen bushels. A mere handful of settlers in Manitoba produced in that year, a surplus of twelve millions of bushels of wheat, seven millions of barley, and two millions of bushels of potatoes—the latter crop being a failure so great in the States as to command throughout the greater portion of the year a rate as high as one dollar per bushel, while at points of production within Manitoba they could be had for one-eighth of that price. It is true that early frost in 1888 partially injured the crop; but early frosts are equally dangerous in Minnesota and Dakota, while last year, as far east as Massachusetts, there was serious damage done.

But it must not be inferred that the climate of Canada is represented by the regions to the extreme north which have just been referred to. The Dominion, from its vast extent, as has been truly said, "possesses all the climates of Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean, as might be expected, seeing that it extends from the latitude of Rome, in Italy, to that of the North Cape, in Norway, and is of almost equal area." The Gulf Stream, in the Atlantic Coast, and the Japanese current in the Pacific, are both singularly favourable to Canada. St. John, the chief city of New Brunswick, is in the latitude of Milan, Lyons, and Venice, and the whole province is within parallels which include Belgium, Holland and the German Empire, where populations are most dense. In Ontario the climatic conditions by the practical encirclement of the great lakes are especially favourable, and such stretches as are included in the Niagara Peninsula, and those bordering on Lake Erie, force themselves upon the attention of the thoughtful student of North America as among the most favoured spots on the whole continent. So far as climate then, is concerned, there is no one thing in all the catalogue of advantages which Canada possesses that is of greater value; for, in its variety, it favours the production of numerous cereals and crops, and, in its forcefulness and vigour, it stimulates the best efforts of its population. Malte Brum said of these regions: "Everything is in proper keeping for the development of the combined physical and mental energies of man. There are to be found at once the hardihood of character which conquers diffi-

culties, the climate which stimulates exertion, and the natural advantages which reward enterprise. Nature has marked out this country for exalted destinies!"

George Johnson, the accomplished head of the statistical department of the Dominion Government, at Ottawa, whose disposition and ability to furnish the fullest information regarding Canada are unequalled, makes some comparisons regarding the size of the Dominion that are very instructive. He says:

"It is difficult to afford an adequate conception of the vastness of this country. England, Wales and Scotland form together an area of 88,000 square miles; you could cut forty such areas out of Canada. New South Wales contains 309,175 square miles, and is larger by 162 square miles than France, continental Italy and Sicily. Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. There are (in extent), three British Indias in Canada, and still enough left over to make a Queensland and Victoria. The German Empire could be carved out of Canada and fifteen more countries of the same size."

In the light of such comparisons, the statement made in a previous page, that Canada comprises forty per cent. of the area of the entire British Empire, is not so incredible as at first sight appears. Judged by standards of American areas, the comparison is quite as interesting. Thus, the Province of Ontario, the fairest land of all the North American continent, is larger than the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, by twenty-five thousand square miles. Ontario, extending over ten degrees of latitude, and twenty degrees of longitude, the single Province covers an area larger by ten thousand square miles than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan combined; larger than Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin by eleven thousand square miles. The basin of the Hudson's Bay comprises two million square miles, in which are the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan Valley, measuring five hundred thousand square miles, and which, according to Lord Selkirk, are capable alone of supporting thirty millions of people. That he was right in this contention is proved by the indications of the enormous productive forces of this region since developed; and by the fact that a European area, similarly situated east of the tenth degree of longitude, comprehends very nearly the whole of England and Ireland, the north-east corner of France, the whole of Belgium and Holland, and the greater part of the valley of the Rhine.

The vast expanse of Canada may be judged by the extent of her rivers and bays. The St. John, in New Brunswick, the largest river on the Atlantic coast south of the St. Lawrence, is five hundred miles in length, and is navigable for two hundred and

thirty miles. The St. Lawrence, one of the noblest of the great rivers in the world, has a length of seven hundred and fifty miles, entirely navigable. The Ottawa, which is a mere affluent of the St. Lawrence, joining it six hundred miles from its mouth, is in itself five hundred and fifty miles long. The chain of great lakes is familiar to all who look at the map, but not so, to the north, in an almost unknown land, are the lakes Shebandowan, and Rainy Lake and River, a magnificent body of water, three hundred miles broad and two hundred miles long. The Lake of the Woods, too, is almost unknown outside of Canada, yet is a vast stretch of water of marvellous beauty, especially its westernmost portion, of 80 miles, consisting of land-locked channels,—a lacustrine paradise. Then comes the Winnipeg River, of which Lord Dufferin said: "Whose existence in the heart and centre of the continent is itself one of nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands; so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansion, and the tremendous power of its rapids." Here empties the great Red River of the north, starting from the northern portions of Minnesota, and the equally great Assiniboine, one five hundred miles and the other four hundred and eighty miles in length. Far beyond these is Lake Winnipeg, a fresh-water sea 300 miles long, from the north-west angle of which starts the Saskatchewan. The entrance to this noble river has been called "the Gateway of the North-West," for here is a navigable stream 1,500 miles in length, flowing nearly due west and east, between alluvial banks of the richest soil. Reaching the Rocky Mountains by this stream, beyond this range are the Athabasca and the Mackenzie Rivers, the navigation of the latter alone exceeding 2,500 miles, while the Fraser River and the Thompson River to Vancouver are streams of great magnitude. This enumeration of principal streams will give some faint idea of the vast areas of land through which they flow. But no better idea of magnitude can be formed of the extent of Canada than by the contemplation of the Hudson's Bay. This bay would seem like a projection of Providence for the good of mankind, by which is introduced into the heart of the continent an ocean in itself, midway between the great Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Fancy a bay so long as to extend from New York to Chicago, so wide as to extend from Washington to the lakes, projected like a huge tongue of sea into the land. What would remain of the fairest parts of the United States? Yet this is the proportion of the Hudson's Bay, say 1000 miles long and 600 miles wide, running from the north into the heart of Canada, carrying with it enormous riches in sea wealth

for the supply of fish food so greatly benefiting, if permitted, to the prairie States to the south.

Having almost exhausted the space allotted, by a description of the climate and the extent of Canada, the reader must be carried rapidly forward to a consideration of the marvellous resources which this northern half of the continent contains. Incidentally, in describing the climate of the north-western portions of Canada, allusion has been made to the agricultural possibilities of that region. There are comparatively few portions of Canada, however, but possess great possibilities in this direction. The Province of Ontario, which will be recalled as covering so vast an area, is peculiarly rich in this respect. The excellent statistician of the Ontario Government, Mr. Archibald Blue, of Toronto, says of his native Province:

“But Ontario has something more to boast of than broad expanse. It has a fertile soil, an invigorating climate, vast forests of merchantable timber, treasures of mineral wealth, and water-power of limitless capacity. It has extensive areas which grow a better sample and a larger yield of the staple cereals than any other portion of the continent; and it has more extensive areas not yet brought under cultivation which may be converted into grazing fields of unsurpassed richness, suitable for the production of the best qualities of butter and cheese.”

In a report on the trade between the United States and the British Possessions in North America, made by J. R. Larned, of the United States Treasury Department, in 1871, it was observed that

“Ontario possesses a fertility with which no part of New England can at all compare, and that particular section of it around which the circle of the Great Lakes is swept forces itself upon the notice of any student of the map as one of the most favoured spots of the whole Continent.”

Another American, whose worthy eminence none will dispute, has also described Ontario. The Hon. David A. Wells, in the stately pages of the *North American Review* of many years ago, wrote as follows:

“North of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, east of Lake Huron, south of the forty-fifth parallel, and included mainly within the Dominion Province of Ontario, there is as fair a country as exists on the North American continent, nearly as large in area as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined, and equal, if not superior, to those States as a whole in its agricultural capacity. It raises and grazes the finest of cattle; and its climatic conditions, created by an almost encirclement of the great lakes, especially fit it to grow men. Such a country is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race, better than bonanzas of silver, or rivers whose sands contain gold.”

It is unnecessary to go into detail as to the advantages which the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island claim, because space will not permit, except to say that no country in the world possesses a more favourable variety of climate, better soil, a more thrifty or a more industrious people than these provinces, many of them possessing great geographical advantages. This is especially the case with Nova Scotia. This province projects out from the mainland into the Atlantic Ocean like an immense wharf, being almost surrounded by tidal waters, no portion of the interior being at a greater distance than thirty miles from the coast. All of her coasts are indented and provided with fine harbours, accessible at all seasons of the year.

But, great as may be the agricultural possibilities of the Dominion of Canada, and the wealth in her vast wheat-producing areas that these may produce at the bidding of man, it is in the natural resources of the country that a still greater promise is found. In the matter of the fisheries alone, Canada stands unrivalled. Very few realize the vast stretches of coast-line along which Canada controls the greatest fisheries in the world. Bounded as the Dominion is by three oceans, it has beside its numerous inland seas, over five thousand five hundred miles of sea-coast, washed by waters abounding in the most valuable fish of all kinds. The older provinces of the confederation have two thousand five hundred miles of sea-coast and inland seas, while the sea-coast of British Columbia alone is over three thousand miles in extent! It is impossible to take these figures in and all that they imply, without realizing at once the enormous magnitude of this interest. But it is not alone in the matter of extent of sea-coast line that Canada has a surplus in fish wealth; but, in the extreme northern location which she occupies she possesses an advantage which is of immense value, and this is that the fish are not only better and firmer in northern climates than in southern climates, but that the supply of fish food, owing to the extreme northern location, is inexhaustible. The sea-coasts of the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence on the east, the long stretches of the Hudson's Bay coast in the centre, and the three thousand miles of coast line of British Columbia on the west, are in themselves a great possession, while the fresh-water fish of the great lakes of the North-West should be relatively as great a contribution to the sustentation of human life as are the supplies of cattle upon the plains.

In timber, Canada possesses a wealth of very great importance. When the wide stretches of treeless prairies which this country

contains are recalled, and the rapidly disappearing forests, within the United States, it is with a sense of satisfaction that one turns to the northern half of the continent, containing as it does the finest forests and the greatest supply of this most essential element of human protection and comfort. Within the catalogue of the woods of Canada, there are ninety-five species of forest trees, including nineteen of the pine family, while the space covered by timber within the Dominion is something enormous. Excepting the great triangular prairie east of the Rocky Mountains, lying between the United States boundary and a line drawn from the Red River to the Upper Peace River, the whole of Canada up to the northern limit of the growth of trees, presents one vast forest area, except where it has been cleared by the hand of man. It is needless to further dilate upon the enormous value of this area. It is sufficient to say that the source of supply for the next hundred years for the progress of the United States lies largely within the Dominion. Fully one-half of the lumber consumed in the West is now derived from the Canadian forests, climbing as it does over a wall in the shape of a duty of twenty per cent. The protection thus afforded practically operates as a stimulant for the destruction of the American forests. The white woods in Ontario are of inestimable value in the manufacture of furniture; and there are enormous supplies of bird's-eye maple, black birch, oak, basswood, black ash, and other highly ornamental woods, which are of great value for the highest grade of furniture and interior decoration.

Perhaps of all the surprises which the average reader encounters in discussing the wealth of Canada, nothing will startle him to a greater degree than this statement: That no country in the world possesses so much iron as Canada, in no land is it so easily mined, and nowhere is it quite so accessible to manufacturing centres. This is a statement which no doubt will challenge contradiction, and it is to be regretted that the space is too small to describe at length the location and extent of the iron supply of this Greater Half of the continent. Take the instance at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia; where, within a radius of six miles, there are found deposits of iron ore of the highest quality, equal to that of any other portion of the world, side by side with limestone, chemically pure, in the immediate presence of coke in abundant quantities, from seams thirty feet thick, lying directly on a railway, within six miles of the Atlantic Ocean! Could there by any possibility be a combination more fortunate than this? Throughout Nova Scotia there are deposits of ore of the greatest possible value; but, in Quebec, and especially in Ontario, the

value of the iron deposits is something enormous. Near the city of Ottawa there is a hill of iron called the Haycock mine, which would yield an output of one hundred tons per day of ore for one hundred and fifty years without being exhausted. On the line of the Ottawa, on the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern townships, on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, on the Central Ontario Railway, through Lake Nipissing, in Lake Winnipeg on Big Island, and on Vancouver's Island, there are enormous deposits of ore, all possessing this singular advantage, of almost a freedom from phosphorus. It has been truly said that "what the devil is to religion, that phosphorus is to iron." The peculiar advantage of the Canadian ore in this respect is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that in the face of a duty of seventy-five cents per ton, this iron is being steadily used for the purpose of mixing with other ores, at Joliet, Ill., at Pittsburgh, Pa., and at other points.

Coincident with the presence of these great deposits of iron ore, are discoveries of even greater importance in copper and nickel, and in other metals hitherto absolutely nameless, but of surpassing value. The copper development at Bruce Mines, and especially and recently at Sudbury Junction, on the north shore of Lake Superior, is likely to be even more profitable than that of the famous Calumet and Hecla mines on the south shore of the same lake, whose payment of thirty millions of dividends on a capitalization of two and a half millions of dollars is a realization beyond the dreams of avarice. Already Ohio capitalists have invested over a million of dollars on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in these deposits. The development of nickel, of which there are only two or three known deposits in the world, is of great significance; while in gold and in silver, especially the latter, very excellent success has rewarded the efforts of the prospectors. Perhaps the most marvellous yield of silver that the world has ever seen was at Silver Islet, within the Canadian border, on the Lake Superior shore, where, for a space of two or three years, an output was realized that enriched the owners with a rapidity equalled only by dreams in the "Arabian Nights." In British Columbia immense quantities of gold are known to exist, and the fact that over fifty million dollars worth has been mined from only a dozen localities, hardly yet developed, is full of the deepest significance, as indicating what yet remains in that distant region to reward the adventurous effort of the denizens of this continent.

But it is not alone in these prominent metals that Canada is rich in natural resources. In phosphates, she possesses enormous quantities of the purest character. Analysis shows that Canadian

phosphates contain phosphoric acid up to forty-seven and forty-nine per cent., equivalent to eighty to eighty-eight per cent. of lime. No contribution to the wealth of the continent is of greater value than the development of the Canadian phosphates. In asbestos, in mica, antimony, arsenic, pyrites, oxides of iron, marble, graphites, plumbago, gypsum, white quartz for potter's use, silicious sand-stones for glass, emery and numerous other products, Canada possesses enormous quantities awaiting the touch of man. Lead is found in almost every province, especially in British Columbia, the lead ore there containing as much as fifteen and a half ounces of silver to the ton. The deposits of salt are the largest and the purest on the continent. In the matter of coal, it is another startling fact that Canada possesses the only sources of supply on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and that between these two there are stretches of coal deposits amounting to ninety-seven thousand square miles.

SUN-DAYS.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest ! Some shouts of bliss ;

Heaven once a week ;

The next world's gladness prepossess in this ;

A day to seek :

Eternity in time, the steps by which

We climb above all ages ; lamps that light

Man through his heap of dark days, and the rich

And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

The pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower ;

The narrow way ;

Transplanted paradise ; God's walking hour ;

The cool o' th' day !

The creature's jubilee ; God's parle with dust ;

Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and flowers ;

Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;

A gleam of glory after six-days' showers !

The Church's love-feasts ; time's prerogative,

And interest

Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,

And home of rest.

The milky way chalkt out with suns ; a clue

That guides through erring hours ; and in full story

A taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue

Of a full feast ! and the out-courts of glory.

POTTER AND CLAY.

TWO STUDIES.—II. "RABBI BEN EZRA."

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

IF the Wine-Song of Omar is, after all, but a threnody, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a psalm of triumph. One turns with a deep gladness from the dreary cry of the atheist, sweet and tender though the lament may be, like the note of the nightingale mourning in the moonlight among the rose-gardens, to this truer song of life, uttered in the broad sunlight of God's presence. In all the realm of poetry there is not another so noble embodiment of the philosophy of theism as our prophet-poet, Browning, has given us in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," unless we except that grand Christian poem, "In Memoriam."

Both poets have treated the same theme; both have met and sought to answer the same question concerning the secret of life and destiny, but with how different results. The scheme of life presented by "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is the direct reverse of that of Omar Khayyám. Yet through very force of contrast the one irresistibly suggests the other.

To the astronomer-poet, all there is of life is the time of youth, the ever-vanishing present. To Rabbi Ben Ezra, youth is but a period of preparation, not the season of all blessed experience.

The key-note of the poem is struck in the opening lines, and the whole is a steady and perfect climax:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!'"

Omar knows only morning, followed by the blankness of night. Rabbi Ben Ezra sees that "at evening-time it shall be light":

• "For, note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth; here dies another day.'"

The element of sensuousness is entirely wanting in the poem.

Yet Rabbi Ben Ezra does not scorn or disparage the pleasures of the mortal or physical life; he is no mystic, no ascetic; to him the flesh is not forever the enemy of the spirit. On the contrary, he says:

“ To man, propose this test—
Thy body, at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ? ”

And again,

“ Let us not always say,
‘ Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole ! ’
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, ‘ All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul ! ’ ”

The secret of the difference lies in the fact that this soul, seeking after the meaning of life, found—not emptiness and despair, but God, and a harmony in the universe, “*the Thee in Me.*” He saw mankind, not mere pieces in a game upon a board, but *men*, created in the image of their Maker.

“ Rejoice, we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive ! ”

This secret grasped, comes the full joy of the soul that lives, and dares to live, not for to-day alone, but for eternity. There is no call for wine to drown regret and fear; pain and difficulty are recognized as ministers of good:

“ Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go !
Be our joy three-parts pain !
Strive and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge
the throe !

“ For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail ;
What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i’ the scale.”

Full of beauty and sweetness as the present may be, there is

always something better beyond; life is crowned and made blessed by hope.

“ Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame;
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.”

There is none of the gaiety, that mournful gaiety, of the “*Rubáiyát*” to be found in “*Rabbi Ben Ezra*.” Rather the whole strain is one of solemn gladness, the joy of a calm, fearless soul, whose faith and knowledge are mutually strengthened, whose eyes, looking reverently into the invisible, perceive the design of the Creator and the true relations of life. With what humility he proclaims the truth discerned :

“ All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,
 This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.”

Again, it is the familiar metaphor of the Potter and Clay, the symbol given by God to His chosen prophet in days of old :

“ The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying,
 Arise, and go down to the potter’s house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words.

Then I went down to the potter’s house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels.

And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter : so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.

Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying,
 O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter’s hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.”

We have already seen the fatalistic use which Omar makes of this figure. Turn now to Browning’s interpretation of the same symbol. In it is embodied, in complete and harmonious form, the dominant idea of the poem.

“ Ay, note that Potter’s wheel,
 That metaphor ! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay—
 Thou to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 ‘ Since time fleets, all is change ; the Past gone,
 seize To-day ! ’ ”

Omar mourns—

“ O Threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise !
 One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies ;
 One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies ;
 The Flower that once has blown forever dies.”

The true seer stands on the mount of vision and prophesies—

“ Fool ! all that is, at all,
 Last ever, past recall :
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
 What entered into thee,
 That was, is, and shall be ;
 Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter and Clay endure.”

Life is not a meaningless swirl, “like Water willy-nilly flowing,” nor “as Wind across the Waste,” “I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.” The clear, dauntless eye of the soul beholds the truth—

“ He fixed thee midst this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.”

Faith triumphs over sight and bursts forth into a sublime pæan of victory—

“ What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

“ Look not thou down but up !
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,
 The new wines foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow !
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
 with earth's wheel ? ”

Yet the spirit of devout reverence never fails, even in the ecstasy of prophetic vision—

“ But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men !
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst :

“So, take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !”

Faith has reached its height and sees death, not as a sinking into blank nothingness, but as the glorious consummation of a fearless, loyal life.

Let the spirit of scientific inquiry but be true to itself as it penetrates into new and wider realms; the joyful assurance of faith will still rise above the despair of agnosticism; hearts will thrill to the music of “Rabbi Ben Ezra” when the Wine-song of Omar shall have been forgotten; with the holy man of old we shall still say—

“But now, O Lord, thou art our *Father*; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand.”

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

THEY tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see ;
They say that, at any moment, the Lord of life may come,
To lift me from this cloudland into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning ; I may not even hear
The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near ;
Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall
The summons to leave this homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay.
Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,
Up from this dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light;
When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in the holy stillness the Master will come for me.

JERRY MCAULEY.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

A FEW years ago, had the Christian world been inquiring for a missionary to redeem the slums of New York, there was *one* man, about as unpromising a candidate for such a work as could well be imagined. He had spent long years in Sing-Sing prison. He had been at one time or another a gambler, bounty-broker, prize-fighter, drunkard, thief. "To the ordinary observer, he was about as hard and hopeless a case as one would be likely to encounter in tramping the worst streets of New York, day and night, for a month."

Yet that was the man God did send. It was Jerry McAuley.

Jerry was the son of an Irish Roman Catholic. At thirteen he started life in New York, and at nineteen had become one of the most daring, clever, and successful river-thieves of the city. He was the terror of the Fourth Ward. A fearful robbery had been committed. Though Jerry was not the guilty man this time, the runsellers and people of the ward swore it on him, and he was sentenced to Sing-Sing for fifteen years and six months.

For the first few years he worked away, beguiling his weary hours with reading novels and planning for his escape. The following is his own account of his conversion :

"I had been in prison four or five years, when one Sunday morning I went in with the rest to chapel. I was moody and miserable. As I took my seat I raised my eyes carelessly to the platform, and who should I see there beside the chaplain, but a man named Orville Gardner, who had been my confederate in sin. 'Awful Gardner' was the name by which I had always known him. Since my imprisonment he had been converted and was filled with desire to come to the prison, that he might tell the glad story to the prisoners. I had not heard he was coming, and could not have been more surprised if an angel had dropped down from heaven. I knew him at the first glance. He told them it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes which they were then wearing, and while he was talking, the tears fairly rained down out of his eyes. Then he knelt down and prayed and sobbed and cried, till I do not believe there was a dry eye in the whole crowd. Tears filled my eyes and I raised my hand to wipe them off, for I was ashamed to have my companions or the guards see me weep. How I wished I was alone or that it was dark, that I might give way to my feelings unobserved!

"I knew this man was no hypocrite. We had been associated in many a dark deed. I had heard oaths and curses, vile and angry words from his mouth, and I knew he could not talk as he did then, unless some great, wonderful change had come to him. I devoured every word that fell from

his lips, though I could not understand half I heard. One sentence, however, impressed me deeply, which he said was a verse from the Bible. The Bible! I knew there was such a book, but I had never cared for it, or read a word in it.

"I went back to my cell. I had generally contrived to have a novel on hand, but that day I had none. What I had heard was ringing in my ears, and the thought possessed me to find the verse which had so struck me. Every prison cell is supplied with a Bible, but alas! few of them are used. Mine I had never touched. I took it down, beat the dust from it and opened it. But where to find the words I wanted I knew not. There was nothing for it but to begin at the beginning and read till I came to them. On and on I read. How interested I grew! It seemed better than any novel I had ever read. I could scarcely leave it to go to sleep. I became so fascinated that from that day on it was my greatest delight.

"I never found that verse. I had forgotten it in my new interest in the book. One night, as I was thinking what a change religion had made in Gardner, I felt a burning desire to have the same. Something within me said, 'Pray!' I knew I ought to pray, but if there had been ten thousand people there I couldn't have been more ashamed to do it than I was there, all alone. I felt myself blushing. I recollected the 'whosoever' in the Bible. 'That means you,' said the inward voice. I fell on my knees, and was so ashamed I jumped up again. What a struggle I went through!

"One day a young lady visited the prison. She heard that I was seeking the Saviour, and asked to see me. She talked with me, and then knelt down to pray. I looked through my fingers and watched her. I saw her tears fall. An awe I cannot describe fell on me. It made my sins rise till it looked as if they reached clear up to the throne of God. What should I do? Oh, what can a poor sinner do when there is nothing between him and God but a life of dark and terrible sin?

"That night I was desperate. My knees were rooted to the cold stones of my cell. My eyes were closed and my hands tightly clasped, and I was determined I would stay so till morning. The sweat rolled off my face in great drops. Oh, how I longed for God's mercy! Just then it seemed as if a hand was laid upon my head and these words came to me, 'My son, thy sins which are many, are forgiven.' Oh, the precious Christ! How plainly I saw Him lifted on the cross for my sins! What a thrill went through me! I jumped from my knees. I paced up and down my cell. A heavenly light seemed to fill it. I did not know if I was living or not. I clapped my hands and shouted, 'Praise God! Praise God!' What a night that was!"

Jerry's conversion was soon known over the prison. Other prisoners began to seek the Saviour. It spread from cell to cell, until a great reformation was wrought. Jerry worked hard for the salvation of his fellow-convicts. There was half an hour each day in which the convicts were allowed to talk. Jerry improved every moment. He had his men picked out, and went from one to another saying the few earnest words he could say. About a couple of years after this Jerry got his release, and he believed in answer to prayer. He had served about half his time. His

certificate of pardon bears the signature of the Secretary of State and the Governor of New York.

"When I got out of prison," Jerry says, "I was more lonely than I had been in my cell. I could not go back to my old haunts and companions, and I knew no others. If I had found a single Christian friend at that time, it would have saved me years of misery." Alas, for poor Jerry, he found no such friend. His first downward step was drinking lager-beer, deceived, he declared, as to what it really was. His old appetite was awakened. "The night I stopped praying," he relates, "I felt as wretched as the day I went to prison, and now I began a career of sin and misery I can't fully describe. Satan got completely the upper hand of me. The dear Saviour, who had been so gracious to me in the prison, I let go. How I wonder that He did not let me go."

For several years poor Jerry led a fearful life. He plunged again into his old river-thieving business as daringly as ever. "But all the time," he confessed, "my conscience was far from easy. I remembered the days at Sing-Sing, when the glory of the Lord shone into my cell, and when I was shouting for joy. I knew I was all wrong, and yet I could not stop. When I felt the most troubled I would go to drinking, and try to drown conscience in whisky."

At last, through the earnest efforts of Christian friends, and after several lapses, Jerry was again brought into the way of peace. His wife, too, was converted. She had been a bigoted Romanist, and a confirmed drunkard as well. She proved a faithful Christian and a most devoted worker ever after.

One day Jerry had a sort of vision :

"I was singing at my work," he relates, "and my mind became absorbed. It seemed as if I was working for the Lord down in the Fourth Ward. I had a house, and people were coming in. There was a bath, and as they came in I washed and cleansed them outside, and the Lord cleansed them inside. They came at the first by small numbers, then by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands. Then something said to me, 'Would you do that for the Lord, if He should call you?' I answered, 'Yes, Lord, open the way, and I will go.' I felt that I could go down there, where I had always lived. I was used to the filth and misery, the drunkenness and Romanism, and I wasn't afraid of them. I felt sure I should be called to work for Jesus down there."

Jerry's vision, to a large extent, became a great reality. He broached the scheme of starting a mission in Water Street to some Christian people, who favoured him. By-and-by he had four hundred and fifty dollars collected for the purpose. A Christian man who owned the old house in the locality let Jerry have the

use of it. He commenced operations with a dinner on Thanksgiving Day. The provisions were supplied by some Christian friends and about one hundred and fifty of the poor gathered in. At the close Jerry started a religious service. It proved to be a meeting of great power. Jerry announced another for the next night. The house was filled, and many conversions took place, and so it continued every night.

Jerry resolved to do his best to feed their bodies as well as save their souls. He soon had his hands full. He would neither beg nor run into debt for the funds needed. He intended to trust entirely in God. During the first year twenty-six thousand two hundred and sixty-one meals were furnished to hungry men; lodging for five thousand one hundred and forty-four, and a great deal of clothing besides, all through the voluntary and unasked gifts that came in.

"One night," says Jerry, "we found the mission without a cent, and forty odd tramps to feed, and nothing to offer them. We had our meeting and some souls were saved; but when nine o'clock came, strange to say no one had handed us a penny. My faith trembled. I could scarcely keep from crying, as I looked into the hungry faces of my poor tramps and converts. I spoke to my wife about it. She replied, 'The Lord will provide. You'll see if He don't.' I closed the meeting with a heavy heart. A lady passed out, and after going five or ten yards suddenly stopped, and coming back to my wife, said, 'Mrs. McAuley, we keep a baker's shop in Cherry Street, and I just happened to think you had better send up and get five dollars' worth of bread.' There was God's hand in answer to prayer. We soon had enough and to spare.

"Another time we had used our last cent. I said nothing, but prayed secretly to the dear Lord to interpose for us. A man came in from the street and handed me a package. I opened it, and to my astonishment, found one hundred dollars. The sight of it nearly took my breath away. I looked at it a moment, and said to the poor fellow who brought it, 'Where in the world did you get this?' 'A man out on the sidewalk handed it to me and said, "Here, give that to Jerry." That's all I know,' he replied. I counted it again—it was all there, one hundred dollars. 'Whew,' said I, 'we'll never be poor again.'"

Jerry's field was a terrible one. To use his own description:

"But few can have any idea of the fearful dens with which this wicked locality was crowded. The basements were especially loathsome. They were merely holes in the ground under the houses. In each of these dark holes, without any window or outlet, with no sinks or anything in the form of an opening for any purpose whatever, except the entrance from the street, from four to six girls or women, and as many men, used to live. From these death-holes the girls would come out and ply their dreadful trade. Sometimes they would snatch the hat from the sailor's head and dart back into their den. If he was wise, he would keep right on, and let the hat

go, for if fool enough to go inside, it would be the worse for him. He would most likely be thrown out after being beaten and robbed, if not murdered, for sometimes men never came out of those holes alive. The inmates of these filthy dens died off rapidly, but their places were filled right away by others."

Jerry spent a sleepless night thinking of what could be done. He hunted up one of the principal owners of the property to lay the case before him. To his amazement he found that he was a very rich man living in Broadway, and considered a very nice, respectable gentleman.

"I went to him," says Jerry, "with my burden, but he paid no more attention to me than he would to the barking of a dog. I could not, for the life of me, understand how this fine gentleman could be so indifferent to things that seemed so terrible to me. My astonishment was not so great when afterwards I found out that each of these holes brought him in from thirty to forty dollars a month."

The success of the mission stirred the wrath of the very wretches it was endeavouring to save. All sorts of dodges were tried to break it up. One Fourth of July night they brought an old empty barrel and placed it opposite the door, and every time one rose in the meeting to testify, a pack of fire-crackers was lighted and dropped into the barrel. This made such a racket that nobody could hear even his own voice. Jerry said to the congregation, "Now I want you to watch me. The moment I say 'Sing,' just sing with all your might. When I say 'Testify,' be ready, and spring right up." A convert arose and opened his mouth, when bang, bang, bang went the fireworks. "Sing," shouted Jerry, and they fairly roared. "My! what lungs they had," added Jerry, "and you couldn't hear those old fireworks at all. Just as soon as 'Testify' was called out, a brother jumped up, and before they could get the next pack ready and rightly on fire he was through, and then we drowned the racket again with a grand old hymn. In spite of all, one soul was gloriously saved."

At another time, the meeting had just commenced, when a brickbat came crashing through the window close by the music leader's head. "Oh," he exclaimed, "what's that?" "Oh," replied Jerry, "that's nothing, they send whole paving stones sometimes, that is only a piece of brick."

On another occasion, a Christian man was standing in the meeting, with the open Bible in his hand, reading; he had just finished a sentence when a fellow gave an unearthly yell—like an Indian. "Silence!" shouted Jerry. The good man, who had never heard such a sound in his life, jumped as if he had been

shot. In a moment or two came another. Jerry went to the interrupter and quietly told him he must keep still or leave the room. It was not long until he uttered that terrible yell for the third time. Jerry was in for it now. He was a perfect giant, with broad, massive shoulders and sinews like a lion. He seized the big ruffian, and, after a tremendous scuffle, in which one of the doors was split to pieces, heaved him to the street.

Jerry sought for the protection of the police. It is said that the police service is efficient in that locality now, and has been for some years past; but it was little help Jerry got, at least, in the early days of his mission. He soon found how much the civic authority was controlled by some of the very foes he was battling against—Whisky and Popery. A couple of policemen were sent, but Jerry was informed their business was chiefly to "watch the mission." At another time, a brutal, foul-mouthed fellow was picked from the force, with orders from headquarters that he should be kept at this post. When he came on, the first thing he said was "Arrah, Jerry, I'll make it hot for yer," and he kept his word.

Once, while Jerry was endeavouring to clear the premises of a violent and abusive fellow, he was himself actually arrested. "How delighted the rabble were," adds Jerry, "and the policeman gave them a good chance to gloat over their seeming victory by walking me as slowly as possible down that wicked street, to show me up. 'There he goes,' yelled one; 'see the dirty turncoat.' 'Bad luck to the likes of ye,' screamed another, and so, with oaths and curses, devoting me to any place but heaven."

Through the intervention of Mr. W. E. Dodge, to whom Jerry's wife had applied, he was soon acquitted and released. "Get out of here," the Captain said, turning on him. "I thought," said Jerry, "you were going to lock me up, Captain." "Get out," he yelled. "Yes," answered Jerry; "I'll get out, but mark you, Captain, I'll be in this ward when you are turned out of it." Jerry's prediction came true, for he was soon afterwards dismissed in disgrace from the force.

If there was anything that Jerry heartily hated, it was hypocrisy. A fellow came in one day shaking all over as if he had the palsy. "What's the matter," asked Jerry. "Oh, the Lord sent me here," said he. Jerry eyed him suspiciously, and said, "I don't know whether He did or not, did no one else send you?" He professed to be a Christian and "all right." Jerry put him to bed, called a doctor and did all he could for him. "It is true," he said to Jerry, "I drink a little sometimes, but they all do where I came from." He was taken worse some days after.

"Oh!" he screamed, "I'm going to die." Jerry saw he was in no great danger, and said to him: "Oh, you're all right, you'll only go to heaven anyway." "Oh, but I can't die so." "Oh, yes, you can; it isn't hard for a Christian to die, you know." "Oh, help me, I'm dying." "Why, you ought to be happy, why don't you sing?" "Oh!" "Now, my friend," said Jerry, soberly; "you ought to get right with God. Just see how frightened you were, when the first pain touched you. Oh, why don't you get saved?"

"I failed," related Jerry, "to bring him out clear, though he claimed to be grateful, and made great promises to help the mission when he got well. One day he left, and we supposed he had gone for good, when a few days afterwards in he walked with a bundle of dirty clothes under his arm. 'Jerry,' said he, 'the Lord sent me to you to have these clothes washed.' 'Did He?' said I. 'Well, the Lord sent me to fire you out,' and out he went like a rocket, dirty clothes and all."

In spite of everything, the work went grandly on at the mission. Multitudes were saved. Scarcely a service but some terrible sinner was brought to Jesus, and with most of these, while it was deliverance from coming wrath, it was at the same time exchanging an earthly hell for a present heaven. Their conversion meant no more dread of the prison or gallows, no more weeks in the Tombs, or months in Blackwell's Island, or years in Sing-Sing. It meant liberty to walk upright in broad day without a price upon their heads. To others it meant no more dreadful carousals in beastly drunkenness; no more bruised and aching heads; no more smashed crockery and mutilated furniture; no more going to the pawn-shops; homeless wanderings in the streets; sleepless nights at the station-house, or in dirty dens, or in the gutters.

Sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty miserable men were on their knees—a position in which most of them had never been seen before. When asked to pray for themselves, some would say, "I can't, I never prayed in my life." "I can't pray in English." When told that Jesus understands all languages, and that prayer is only asking Him sincerely for what we most want, they would sob out, "O God, save me!" "O Jesus, I have been a very bad man. I want to do right. Help me." "O Lord, scratch out my sins, and keep them scratched out." Others, not knowing what to say, would repeat something that had been taught them in childhood. One man repeated the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Hundreds of drunken sailors were converted, and very many respectable sinners as well, who found their way to the mission

from all parts of the city. The mission prospered amazingly. New buildings were secured. A branch mission was opened with equally great success. In November last its sixteenth anniversary was celebrated, showing every sign of vigorous life and steady growth.

In September of 1884, Jerry was called home. He had but reached the age of forty-five; consumption had marked him as its victim. While expecting every moment to be his last, he pointed upward, and said, "It's all right up there." "Jesus is your Saviour," whispered his wife; he nodded assent and in a few moments he had passed away.

The Broadway Tabernacle, where the funeral services were held, was crowded to excess, while thousands lined the streets outside. Tender words from many eloquent lips were uttered, and copious tears of loving memory were shed.

At one of his meetings, Jerry had said, "When I'm to die, I want to die on my knees praying for lost souls. I don't care how you bury me. Any old box will do. I would rather some poor soul that I was the means of leading to the Lord, would put one little rose on my grave, than have the wealth of a millionaire." While the funeral service was in progress, a shabby-looking old man approached the door, and accosted a couple of gentlemen who were standing there: "Beg pardon, gents," he said, "but seeing as you were kinnected here, I thought I'd ask you a favour." He took off his battered hat, and felt in it with trembling fingers. "It ain't any great shakes," he said, as he took out a little bunch of white flowers. "And when you drop 'em in with the rest, Jerry, who was my friend, 'll know," and his voice trembled. "He'll know they come from old Joe Chappy."

A floral cross lay on the coffin. The rays of sunlight streamed in through the window, and lit it up with dazzling brightness.

It was a most impressive incident and striking type. It was, as it were, a shining witness from heaven to the efficacy of the cross—the cross of Calvary—in lifting to glory and to God the lowest and vilest of the fallen children of men.

God's angels drop, like grains of gold,
Our duties 'midst life's shining sands,
And from them one by one, we mould
Our own bright crown with patient hands.

From dust and dross we gather them ;
We toil and stoop for love's sweet sake,
To find each worthy act a gem
In glory's kingly diadem,
Which we may daily richer make.

THE ELDER'S SIN.

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

I.

“The rocky Rhinns o’ Galloway,
 The Covenanter’s sure retreat ;
 The wild waste moors o’ Galloway,
 Trod by the Martyr’s weary feet !”

THERE is now a railway-station at Port Braddon in the Rhinns of Galloway, but forty years ago this unplanted wilderness was almost as thinly inhabited as in the days when the Covenanters found shelter among the gray boulders of its moors and in the rocky fastnesses of its storm-beaten coast. Here and there a lonely cottage loomed through the prevailing mists, or stood out bare and bald in the centre of some plain that was washed to its very bones by the rain floods, or down upon the shingle there was perhaps a little colony of fishers. But even in their hamlets life had a serious colour, for they were pensioners on the ocean, a fickle, cruel master who had in his gift death as well as life.

Forty years ago there was a little colony of this kind three miles south of Port Braddon, and beyond it to the extremity of the Mull of Galloway, nothing but lofty rocks full of caves which were tenanted by innumerable flocks of blue pigeons. It had no name, but among the inhabitants was known as “Carrick’s,” the man Andrew Carrick being proprietor of its whole six cottages. Carrick lived in a house built on the summit of the bluff. He was a man who would naturally have chosen the highest place he could find for a dwelling, and destiny had given him the site he would have selected.

Two hundred years before his birth there had been an Andrew Carrick, who, flying for life to these solitudes, had gradually acquired an affection for them, and had built the house in which his descendant and namesake lived. It was of gray stone and stood upon the cliff boldly facing the restless channel in which the Solway Firth and the Firth of Clyde and the Irish Sea hold such stormy revels.

But it was founded upon a rock and built of huge blocks of stone, and its deep narrow windows and thick doors defied the winds that waged nearly constant battle against its walls. “The Lone House” had originally contained only the “but” and the “ben” common to Scotch cottages, but Andrew’s father had built a second story with dormer windows facing the moor and the sea. Besides there was a byre for the cattle and a small sunk cellar used as a dairy and storeroom.

The Carricks were of noble strain, and had been endowed with

a double portion of that "protesting" spirit inherent in their race. They had followed Wallace, fought with Bruce, protested with Knox, been "out" with the Covenanters, seceded with the Relief Kirk, and at the time my tale opens Andrew Carrick was in the midst of a soul-searching inquiry regarding the movement of Dr. Chalmers and the Free Kirk, with a most decided natural inclination to follow the great Doctor.

He was a shoemaker, and he sat upon his bench mending a fisherman's boot and arguing the question conscientiously out with himself, and the jerky or solemn way in which he pulled his waxed thread through the leather was doubtless an emphatic though unconscious commentary upon his thoughts. He had a large stern face, with that remarkable length of jaw from ear to chin which is a leading trait in the portraits of all the men of Covenanting note. His hair was long and black, his brow seamed with firm broad wrinkles, his large gray eyes had no sparkle in them, but they gleamed with the haughty independence of virtuous honesty mingled with much spiritual pride.

By-and-by he became conscious of some sound interrupting the even flow of his thoughts. He lifted his head and looked toward the fire. On a creepie before it, and softly singing to herself, sat his youngest daughter, Jeannie. She had been combing wool, and her hands and lap were full of the fleecy stuff. He listened to her a moment, and then asked,

"What is it you're singing at a', Jeannie?"

"Just a line or twa o' Robbie Burns, fayther."

"Then think shame o' yoursel', lass. Is there naebody to put a word in your lips but that graceless ne'er-do-weel?"

"There's nae harm at a' in it, fayther."

"And there's nae gude. And where there is nae gude, there is plenty o' harm. Forbye, I'm thrang wi' a controversy that taks a' the grace and skill God has gi'en me.

She looked at him steadily, but did not speak, and Andrew softened under the look. Jeannie Carrick was not beautiful, but she had that charm which strictly beautiful faces often want. Her eyes fascinated, and her smile compelled. Every one was glad to please her, and sorry even when they lawfully grieved her. So in a few minutes Andrew said, more kindly,

"I dinna approve o' Robert Burns, Jeannie, but there's plenty o' songs that are lawfu', and no a'thegither devoid o' gracious memory. I'll put by my ain wark, and my ain thoughts a wee, and you can sing the 'Covenanter's Lament,' and I'll slip a word or twa in mysel, dearie."

Then he left his bench, and sat down beside her in the firelight, and, after a moment's silence, Jeannie began, to a wild, pathetic melody, the mournful "Lament,"

"There's nae Cov'nant now, Lassie!
There's nae Cov'nant now;
The solemn League and Covenant
Is a' broken through.

There's nae Renwick now, Lassie !
 There's nae gude Cargill,
 Nor holy Sabbath preaching,
 Upon the Martyrs' Hill."

The four last lines were almost like a sob, and Andrew's stern face reflected the sentiment, as if he, personally, had been bitterly wronged in the matter.

"The Martyrs' Hill 's forsaken
 In summer's dusk sae calm ;
 There's nae gathering now, Lassie,
 To sing the evening Psalm.
 But the Martyrs soundly sleep, Lassie,
 Beneath the waving fern."

Then she stood up and looked at her father; and in a tone of triumph finished the verse,

"But the Martyr's grave will rise, Lassie,
 Above the warrior's cairn."

He had joined her in the two last lines, for it seemed to be an understood thing between them, and a part of a programme often rehearsed.

The solemn enthusiasm of the singers was not a thing to be repeated or transferred to some other subject; and Andrew sat with his head in his palms gazing into the fire. He was enjoying a retrospective reverie which sufficed him. Jeannie drew her little wheel to her side and began to spin. There was silence in the houseplace, but a silence full of meaning, peopled with the distinct thoughts of minds which had not learned the modern trick of generalization, which were not crowded with events, but could set each one in space, and survey it from every side.

Very soon a heavy shower of rain smote the window smartly, and recalled Andrew to the actual.

"Whar is Ann?" he asked.

"She'll be in the byre."

"The kye ought to be milked ere this."

"They're lang coming hame, now that the grass is sae green."

He rose in a hurry, as if moved by some urgent thought, and went out. In a few minutes Jeannie heard Ann in the dairy straining the milk, and shortly afterwards her father returned to his chair and resumed his meditations. But they were evidently of a different character. A contemplation on the sufferings of the martyrs imparted to his dark, solemn face the rapt enthusiasm of a Jewish seer. His own trials gave it a very different expression. Anger, hatred, a sense of wrong or fear, were all there, but with nothing that elevated them above the natural feelings of the man. To sublime passion, all self must be taken out of it. And Andrew Carrick's anger that night was full of selfish considerations, though he gave them much more excellent names.

Jeannie watched him in silence, having in her own mind a glimmering of the subject which annoyed him. He seemed impatient of the movement of dishes in the dairy, but when Ann entered the room he never glanced at her. She smiled faintly at Jeannie, and began to prepare the evening meal, making as she moved about in the mingled twilight and firelight, a picture well worth looking at. She was fair and small, with a round, rosy face and good features. "A pretty, pleasant girl," would have been any one's first impression, but, to a closer scrutiny, the broad forehead, firm chin, and clever, capable-looking hands revealed a far nobler character.

She set the round table before the fire and began to put out the cups and plates and to infuse the tea. Then Jeannie laid by her wheel and watched her sister as she went quickly and quietly to and fro—watched her with interest, and perhaps a shade of jealousy, for there was an unusual brightness in Ann's face, a gleam of happiness that Jeannie could read only in one way. Walter Grahame had been in the byre when Ann was milking.

Few words were spoken during the meal. After it Ann said, "Fayther, Grahame brought you from Wigton a paper you'll be fain to see. It's the manifest o' Dr. Chalmers anent the Free Kirk, and the main step that will hae to be taken this vera month."

"Weel, weel! The message may be gude, though the messenger be ill to bide. Gie me the paper."

It was but a small pamphlet, but it had moved Scotland from Shetland to Galloway, and it stirred Andrew Carrick's heart like the blast of a trumpet. His swarthy face glowed, his eyes kindled, his fingers twitched the potent leaflets as if he was handling a sword. It took him a very short time to come to a decision.

"Lasses, I maun awa' to Edinbro'. What will I be sitting here for when the Kirk is in danger? My forbear and namesake was among the sixty thousand who signed the Covenant in the auld Greyfriars' Kirkyard, and I wad be shamed to meet him in anither world if I wasna to the forefront now. I sall stand by Dr. Chalmers and the Free Kirk to the last breath I hae."

"Thae days are o'er," said Ann, quietly, "King nor kaiser could light again the fires in the Grassmarket."

"Weel, I'll stand by them to my last shilling, then, and maybe that's as gude a test as the ither ane."

He was in a fever of religious excitement, read aloud paragraphs of extraordinary power, and then amplifying on them with eloquence and acumen. "There will be a searching o' consciences now, bairns," he said, triumphantly, "and the men that hae had their sops out o' the dish o' patronage will hae the question to answer now. And there's many that willna thank Dr. Chalmers for putting it to them; but they are true men, and they'll be to answer it. I hae little doot o' the majority, but I'll be easier in my mind if I'm there, lasses;" and then he looked first at one and then at the other with singular indecision.

Ann stood on the hearth beside him, her knitting in her hand, her whole attitude full of interest. Jeannie sat on a low rush chair opposite, and its gay patchwork cushions made an effective background to her small dark head. The great national question did not interest Jeannie very much. She was thinking of the unusual light in Ann's eyes, and connecting it with the fact that Walter Grahame had been talking to her.

"I sall ride my pony into Wigton. I can get the railway from thar to Edinbro' and I sall be awa' the morn's daylight. You'll lock the doors at sundown, Ann, and you'll no let manbody nor womanbody o'er the threshold till I win hame again."

"I'll no promise you a' that, fayther, for it's a sin to mak a promise you arena like to keep. I'll want women to help in the spring cleaning and bleaching, and there's many an occasion that might bring baith men and women across the doorstane. You hae left aften before, and we aye did the thing that pleased you. What are you feared for the now?"

"I'm feared for that Grahame o' Port Braddon. He sall not speir after my daughters, and he sall not come under my roof, for he is an evil seed. Now mind what I say."

"He canna help his name, fayther. Because there was a deil amang the Grahames, are nane o' them to be gude?"

"I'll no leemit the possibility, Ann. A phial may be marked 'Poison,' and there be nae poison there; but a wise body will just tak it at its name, and no be for expeerimenting wi' it. That's enou' o' Grahame; he isna for either o' you lasses, and I wad stop the joining o' hands in sic a bridal, though I called death himsel' in to strike them apart. You'll no daur to think o' it."

In Jeannie's downcast eyes there was nothing to intimate any resistance to Andrew's positive command, but Ann's face and attitude spoke dissent and protestation. Andrew supposed that, as a matter of course, his injunction, "You'll no daur to think o' it," settled the question, but an hour afterwards the girls resumed the subject in their own room.

"Do you think fayther is right about Walter Grahame, Nannie?"

"I'm sure he's right about Andrew Carrick, but I'm nae sure if he's at a' right for Ann Carrick."

"And what think you o' Grahame?"

"I think nae harm o' him."

"What said fayther to him in the byre?"

"He said, 'Maister Grahame, my daughters arena for your company, and the bit o' Scotland I own isna for your feet to tread. And I'll be plain wi' you and bid you keep to your ain folk and your ain place. And Walter,' he said, 'I'm sorry you dinna like me, Carrick, and I dinna ken what I hae done to anger you.' And then fayther said, 'You'll be going, sir, and if God please He'll gie you a gude night; and you'll keep in mind that you arena wanted here again while me and mine are in the Lone House.'"

"Puir Walter! And he sae blythe and bonnie and kind-hearted!"

Andrew did not think it at all necessary to renew his command concerning Grahame. He went to Edinburgh without a fear for his daughters. He was accustomed to leave them at intervals, sometimes to drive a few cattle into Dumfries market for sale, and once or twice a year he went to Glasgow to buy leather for his trade. At this time his journey was very convenient. The spring cleaning and bleaching had to be done, and Ann had been waiting for some such opportunity.

So as soon as Carrick left in the morning Jeannie went to the cottages for a couple of girls, and the great kists of fine linen were brought out for the yearly bleaching. This was Jeannie's special duty, and it was a kind of holiday to the lasses, for they carried it to the hill pasture, where there was a spring of clear water, and where the grass was green and long. To spread the fine damasks and webs of homespun napery upon the breezy hillside, to water them and turn them, and spend the intervals in chatting and eating—what could be more delightful? And when early on the second day Walter Grahame found out the merry party, it was almost like some idyllic picture from Gessner.

Under such circumstances love grew fast, and the lovers soon came to an understanding. Grahame was handsome, and young, and gay, and Jeannie was precisely in the mood to have her imagination and her feelings touched. Ann Carrick would have been in no danger. Her nature was as clear as crystal; she despised all secrets and subterfuges, and she was essentially a brave girl. But Jeannie was a coward, and nature had armed her with every stealthy art. She speedily determined to tell her sister nothing; for Ann was bonnier than she was, and Grahame had more than once remarked upon her beauty. She judged Ann by her own heart, and feared she might take her lover from her.

She was certain also that Ann would oppose any clandestine intercourse with Grahame, and Jeannie could not bear to give her lover up. Besides, Grahame also urged her to secrecy. To be slyly wooing the old Covenanter's daughter, upon his own hillside, and against his express command, added piquancy to the affair; and when the bleaching was over, Jeannie found plenty of messages to the cottages, and met him under the cliffs.

It was nearly three weeks before Andrew Carrick returned home. He came back with all the pride of a victor, and yet very glad to get back. "We hae triumphed gloriously, lasses!" he cried, "and I hae been well entertained by my cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, and I hae seen mair wonderfuls than I can weel speak o'; but oh! the comfort o' this sweet, clean houseplace, and the bite and the sup at my ain fireside! And when you hae been crowded up wi' thousands and tens o' thousands of ither people for three weeks, you'll feel the glory o' having nae neighbour but the quiet moor and the wide ocean!"

He pushed aside his cup and plate, and said a fervent word or two of gratitude. Then he began to walk restlessly about the room; and to say, "I'm thankfu' I went, lasses! It has been a grand time! I found Edinbro', the sel o' it, in a pairfect ferment. But I'll tell you, first o' a', that you are never to fear doing the kind deed. When my cousin Cosmo Carrick wanted to enter the divinity classes at St. Andrews, and hadna the siller; I let him hae the sum necessary; for seeing that the Lord hadna gi'en me a son to stand before Him, I was vera glad to help ane o' the name into the pulpit. I had never met the lad face to face, but when I tauld him wha I was, he showed me a vera pleasant sense o' his obligations. And he made much o' me, lasses, and gave me the best of a' he had. But that is neither here nor there. He was whar a' the Carricks hae ever been—in front o' the Protestation—and whar he went, I went; sae, as I may say, I hae been in the van o' the battle!"

"I am glad for you, fayther."

"You may weel be that, Ann. And having my share in the 19th o' May, 1843, I'm content wi' life. If auld Andrew Carrick should tell me in anither warld o' that day when he signed the National Covenant, I wouldna be ahint him with a grand story o' my ain. I was up and on the streets at four o'clock that morning, and even then they were full o' solemn earnest-looking men, wha couldna sleep nor rest for the thoughts within them. And your cousin Cosmo and I went from ane group to anither, stirring up the people to stand up for the Kirk and their spiritual rights, and for Christ's Crown and Covenant.

"It was near the noon hour ere the great gallery in the Holyrood Palace was flung open, and the Marquis o' Bute took his seat there for Her Majesty. I had bought mysel' a suit o' fine black cloth, and I linket on to your cousin's arm, and he said there wasna a meenister there that looked mair like the sacred office. Weel, lasses, a strange thing happened in the midst o' the levée. A big picture o' King William the Third, which was hanging opposite my Lord Bute, fell to the floor with a crash that gave everybody a stun.

"'Thar goes the revolution settlement,' shouted some one in the crowd, and the words were like those o' a prophet, and there was a dead silence for a minute or mair."

"What did Lord Bute do then, fayther?"

"Deed, Jeannie, he just rose up and went awa' to St. Giles to hear the sermon; but I didna follow the grand march o' chariots and horsemen thar. I went to the Assembly Hall, whar Cosmo Carrick had provided me a seat, and I was still, and waited for the hour o' trial. The hall was crowded to suffocation, you couldna hae stood anither man in it, when Lord Bute came in and took his seat. Then a' the clergy and a' the audience rose to their feet—for you ken lasses, he sat there for the Queen's sel; and I'm for giving Cæsar his due just as long as Cæsar can keep his hands aff the Kirk and the Covenant therewith. Sae I stood

up with the lave, being in favour o' doing things decently and in order. Scotsmen are bound to hae their ain way when their ain way is the right way; but they are a' gentlemen, and no red-bonneted cut-throats, without respect o' pairsons and office."

"Was Dr. Chalmers in the chair, fayther?"

"Na, na! That wasna his seat. It belonged to Dr. Welsh, the outgoing moderator; and, when a' was quiet, he rose and made the complaint for the Kirk—God bless her!"

"And what wrang has been done to the Kirk, fayther?"

"Think shame o' yoursel', Jeannie Carrick, to ask sic a like question! It is kent through the length and the breadth o' Scotland that the ceevil authority has been aboon her in the special exercise o' her ain speeritual functions. They hae dishonoured Christ's crown by interfering wi' His supreme authority in speeritual matters—anent which, God kens, they are as ignorant as sucking bairns. Sae, as I said, Dr. Welsh spoke up for the Kirk. He told his brethren how she had been wranged and humiliated, and how a' her petitions for redress had been slighted, and 'sae then,' he added, 'all wha are for a Free Kirk must humbly and solemnly withdraw themsels to a separate place o' meeting, taking wi' them the Confession o' Faith and the standard o' the Kirk o' Scotland! Oh, lasses! My heart dirls yet at the thought o' it!"

"Weel, fayther, what then!"

"He neither lost his head nor his gude manners. He turned to Lord Bute—wha looked as if he didna care a pin aboot the matter—and bowed respectfully to him. Then he left his chair, and walked toward the door. Dr. Chalmers lifted his hat and followed him. Then Campbell o' Monzie, then Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Macfarlane, and then, I kenna wha next—man after man, row after row, till on the benches, that had been sae crowded, scarce a man was left. In a few silent, solemn minutes four hundred meenisters and elders had withdrawn. God kens them, every ane o' them."

"What did the audience the while?"

"They rose every man to his feet. At the first there was a great cheering cry, but before I could turn with the 'Hush!' upon my lips, a' was silent as death. Ane and a' stood gazing on the scene breathless. Dootless there was a prayer in every heart, and many were weeping—and, indeed, I couldna keep my ain e'en vera clear, special when I saw my cousin, Cosmo Carrick, walking bravely out amang the foremost."

He talked a little while longer on the same subject, naturally stating the case from the point of view in which it had most impressed him; and then, putting on his bonnet, went down to the cottages. We tell the story only as it concerns Andrew. This is not the place in which to revive the controversies of a bygone time. The men and women there were as anxious and eager on the subject as himself; and when they were gathered in Peter Lochrig's cottage he told the story again, with a great many

reflections he had not thought it necessary to make to his daughters. The meeting was continued until late, and he came home in a glow of spiritual satisfaction.

Only one thing had annoyed him. While talking of the building of a Free kirk in Port Braddon, Peter Lochrig spoke of Grahame as likely to give a strong helping hand; and when asked why he supposed so, answered that his son Walter was a kindly lad, and had expressed himself as in sympathy with the movement.

"And what was Walter Grahame doing down here?" asked Andrew, sharply.

To this question, Peter replied, dourly, that "there was nae law to hinder Walter Grahame daundering down the shingle if he wanted to do sae."

Of course there was not; but Andrew was angry at him for doing so, and finding Ann still in the houseplace when he got home, he asked her if Grahame had called during his absence.

"I havena seen the lad, and I havena spoke with him. Your wish has aye been a law to me, fayther."

"I ken that. Has Jeannie, think you?"

"Jeannie would hae told me if Grahame had come her road. She hasna named him."

"Then whatna for is he hanging round the Carrick cottages? Peter Lochrig spoke o' him in a vera familiar way."

"Maybe it is Sarah Lochrig he is speiring after. She is a bonnie lass."

"It is like enou'. Weel, Peter can guide his ain boat and crew. I'll no need to meddle nor make in that quarter."

"Jeannie," said Ann, a little later, as she was preparing for her bed. "Jeannie, fayther thinks Walter Grahame goes to Peter Lochrig's mair than likely. What, will he do that for?"

Jeannie had been asleep, and at this moment she yawned wearily, "How can I tell?"

"Will it be to see Sarah?"

"You'll hae to ask Sarah that question. Are you jealous o' her?"

"Me! Jealous!"

"Aye; I thought you liked Walter. Dinna bother me anent him onyway. I'm sleepy and no heeding."

Her manner quite satisfied Ann. It was perfectly natural in its indifference and weariness. And Sarah was so handsome that it was quite likely Walter Grahame would be attracted by her. Ann dismissed any suspicions she had, and went to sleep without a doubt.

The dislike between Carrick and Grahame had been as yet a passive one, but unhappily there is nothing like a religious dispute for developing nascent hatreds. A meeting was called at Port Braddon to discuss the Free Kirk question, and Andrew was asked to relate his own observations and experiences. The farmers, shepherds, and fishers from all the country-side were present,

and he was exalted at the opportunity offered him. He had a grand picturesque tale to tell, and he expected to make a profound impression.

But old Grahame was an antagonism that damped and embarrassed him. He sat looking in his face with half-closed eyes, and such a doubting, disapproving smile on his firm, shut lips, that Andrew's eloquence was chilled, and he felt that, in a measure, he had personally failed. And when the question came to discussion nothing could warm or interest David Grahame. He smiled scornfully at Andrew's picture of a wronged Kirk, and said, "For his part, he thought the Kirk had tint her senses, and been smitten wi' the rebellions speerit o' the ten tribes; and, in sic a case, he would prefer to be wi' the minority."

Nothing could move him from this position, for by maintaining it he not only opposed a man he had an hereditary dislike to, but he also saved his money. He was not desirous of a new kirk. Those who were could build it. Consequently Andrew had to give much more than he had calculated to be his lawful share, for Grahame also influenced many who would otherwise have joined the new movement.

This little active dispute was like the letting out of water. The breach seemed to grow by the mere fact of its existence, although there was soon a very positive reason for an access of ill-feeling. It happened that a man in Port Braddon, wishing to help in the building of the new kirk, offered for sale the piece of land to the north of Andrew's tract. Andrew had long desired it, but when it was offered to him he "wad tak a night to think o' it."

While he was thinking Grahame heard of the offer, and made an advance of ten pounds. The owner insisted that Andrew Carrick had the first refusal, but as the money was for the kirk he considered it right to take in the end the highest bid. For nine days the two men bid against each other, and at last Grahame bought it. It was some consolation that he had been compelled to pay more than double its value, but Andrew was, as his daughter Ann said, "gey ill to live wi'," both during the negotiation and for some time afterward.

"The land lies sib to my land. In the course o' nature I ought to hae had it, and it was naething but evendown malice and ill-will in David Grahame bidding it up aboon my means."

He nursed this reflection night and day. It poisoned his food, and even his prayers; for he put down Grahame's contradicton as a kind of persecution of himself for his advocacy of Free Kirk principles; and he read against him, morning and night, the bitterest psalms he could find.

As for Grahame, he also felt himself to have equally good cause for ill-feeling. He had been "egged on" to pay out £200 more than the land was worth, and he believed in his heart that there had been a plot between Andrew and the seller of the land, to thus trade upon his pride and hatred. He was sure that all the Free Kirkers were laughing at him for falling into it. Watty Lowe, an old half-witted town pensioner said to him, "It's a big

soom o' money you hae gi'en to the gude wark, Master Grahame. Folk never thought you were sae like to do the leeberal thing. But He taketh the wise in their ain craftiness. I wasna meaning to say that, Maister Grahame. I was just thinking o' it; and it came oot, as it were, unawares." And as "puir Watty" was a privileged character, Grahame had to put up with the remark; but he was sure it was only the frank utterance of what was the general opinion.

In ordinary circumstances the men would only have met at kirk, and the day and the place would have been a sufficient restraint; but at this time Andrew was in Port Braddon nearly every day. He had been made acting chairman of the building committee, and he conceived it to be his duty to inspect every stone and beam of the new edifice. Besides, though he would not have acknowledged it, there was a positive pleasure in showing himself so continually to David Grahame; for the very sight of the stern, dark man, on his Galloway pony, riding past his door every day, fretted Grahame unreasonably. He was a passionate, ill-tongued man, and he did not scruple to ask Andrew questions as to his frequent visits, the very suggestion of which was an intolerable offence to a man of his spotless moralities.

Andrew never spoke in reply; but if the old Covenanters looked at their persecutors as Carrick looked at Grahame, their intolerant hatred and revenge is partly accounted for. The pitying scorn in the glowing eyes, and the proud, stern face were bad enough, but add to it that complacent spiritual satisfaction which made the Pharisees so detested, and which doubtless accompanied all their allusions to "publicans and sinners," and something of Carrick's aggravating power may be conceived.

Both Grahame and Carrick spoke with fresh anger of each other in their families; consequently, Walter Grahame and Jeannie Carrick understood plainly that any question of marriage between them would be positively forbidden. But both of them had that nature which is at once selfish and weak, and which resorts naturally to deception in order to accomplish its own desires. Her father's orders had been sufficient for Ann. "There's nae gude can come o' an unblessed love," she said to Jeannie.

"But marriages are ordered for us, Ann; ar^d what'll you do then, if you're mated wi' Walter Grahame? I hae heard say that the course o' true love ne'er runs smooth."

"I think that, too, Jeannie. It often has to meet wi' parting, and poverty, and death itsel'. But if God orders marriages, you may be gey sure He doesna order them to mak hate, and anger, and ill-speaking. A love God ordains willna breed thoughts o' murder. And what did fayther say anent marriage wi' Walter Grahame? 'He would hinder it, though he called death in to break the bands o' it.' I sall never look Walter's way again, and I counsel you, Jeannie, ne'er to heed him either."

"There's bonnier lads in Scotland than Walter Grahame," said Jeannie; and she began to turn her wheel with an air of total indifference about the matter.

So the summer and the winter passed, and another spring came to the patient earth. There seemed to be no change in the Lone House. Ann, alert, and cheerful, went in and out happy in her daily duty; and Jeannie sat in the houseplace, spinning fine flax or wool, or sewing, or knitting beside her father. For many months after this open rupture with Grahame, he was silent and gloomy; but as the spring brightened, and the earth lay smiling under April's sun and showers, he gathered up his soul strength, and Ann often heard him joining Jeannie, as they sat at work together, in some old covenanting psalm or battle hymn.

How could she dream that all these months Jeannie had been meeting her lover clandestinely, and that they had both persuaded themselves that their "ain way" was the only way in which they could possibly be happy? As for Carrick, Jeannie was the last human creature he feared. She sat on her creepie beside him at nights, and the hand that was to smite him lay lovingly across his knee, or was clasped in his own, as they knelt together by the small round table which was the family altar. Oh! how could he doubt her?

ST. MICHAEL, THE WEIGHER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the gain,
All the triumph and the pain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's conscious eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable Law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armour stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so,
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the wonder of the East,
Kublai's sceptre, Caesar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena-sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed
 hairs,
Broken hearts that break for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While earth's splendour and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down.

The Higher Life.

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS.

BY BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

“Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy.”—LEV. xix. 2.

I. WHAT is Scriptural Holiness?

II. Wherein is the special fitness of Methodist means of grace to promote it?

God declares in His word that “without *holiness* no man shall see the Lord.” A condition so absolute in its character and so important in its results demands of us the utmost precision in definition. What is scriptural holiness? Can we reach its germinal idea? May we rely upon Divine aid to ascertain the mind of the Spirit?

Holiness is an inspired term which does not appear to indicate any particular virtue nor all the virtues combined, as it does the recoil of a pure soul from the commission of sin. In its radical sense it seems to be a peculiar affection wherewith a being of perfect virtue regards moral evil. In a word, it is evidently the abiding *abhorrence* of whatever a holy God has forbidden. “Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil.” No severer test than this can be applied to our spiritual condition. No penance, no devotion, no charity can equal the scrutiny of such a test. No profession, no zeal, no rapture is comparable to it. The Father’s eulogy of His Son, and the reason He assigns for the Son’s eternal Kingship is, “Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, Thy God hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows” (Revised Version). In this hatred of sin, and love of holiness, is the deep significance of the command, “Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy.” In this transcendent sense is the holiness of God the type and measure of the holiness of man.

If from the old dispensation we pass to the new, we find that holiness therein also implies a state of purity and an act of obedience. Christ is the only religious teacher known to man who demands of His people a moral condition antecedent to the act. He goes behind the act, behind the motive, behind the thought, and takes cognizance of that moral state out of which all these spring as the effects of a persistent cause. His doctrine is, that

what we think and feel and do are expressions of character which lie deeper than the will, deeper than the affections, deeper than the conscience; that this character is man in his modes, of thought, in his emotional transitions, in the trend of his passional being; that this character is the sum of what a man is in all his appetites, passions, tendencies; and that out of this character issue man's totality and finality. If God is not a respecter of persons, He is of character, and that He has foreordained unto eternal life. Christ's demand for a moral condition antecedent to all mental and physical action is in harmony with the order of nature. There is a passive state of our muscular force and intellectual powers upon which the active depends, and of which the active is the living expression. If the arm is strong to defend, there must be healthfulness in the muscles thereof. If the faculties of the mind respond to the will, there must be latent vigour in the intellect. Man's moral nature is both passive and active, and experience is in proof that as is the passive so is the active. If the affections respond only to objects of purity, if the conscience only to the voice of right, if the will only to the call of duty, there must be inherent purity and strength in all our moral powers, when quiescent; this is the glorious significance of our Lord's words—"The prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in Me"—nothing in My nature or spirit, nothing in My thoughts or motives, nothing in My desires or purposes, nothing in My appetites or passions, nothing in My words or deeds, for underlying all these is My state of purity. Christ is the Saviour and Sovereign of the heart wherein He incarnates holiness. He must be at the fountain-head of life, that the issues thereof may be Divine. This is the high import of His Sermon on the Mount, when He opened His mouth and taught the people, saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart," implying an antecedent state of purity. He consents that the law is founded on the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, including in their essence every vice and virtue known to our race, commanding what ought to be done and forbidding what ought not to be done. He commands the external observance of the Ten Commandments, but He searches as with the candle of the Lord for the secret of the heart. Hence, he pronounces him a murderer who hates his brother; an adulterer, where look is lascivious; a perjurer, where oath is unnecessary. And, therefore, He demands that self-abnegation shall take the place of equivalent revenge; that love shall span both friend and foe; that charity shall serve in modest secrecy; that prayer shall be offered in holy solitude; that fasting shall be a

private self-denial; and all this to fulfil the command, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

In this evangelical sense, and as lying back of this hatred of sin and this state of purity, holiness is the readjustment of our whole nature, whereby the inferior appetites and propensities are subordinated, and the superior intellectual and moral powers are restored to their supremacy; and Christ reigns in a completely renewed soul. "And that ye put on the new man, which is after God created in righteousness and true holiness." In man's original estate the superior faculties were commanding because of his normal condition. He was holy inasmuch as heavenly order reigned throughout his being. Two effects followed the first transgression—a criminal act and a subjective change. When man consented to sin God withdrew the fellowship of His presence. In the darkness of the conscious guilt that followed the soul became confused, and in that confusion the inferior propensities usurped the mastery over the superior powers; sense became supreme, and with a mad sway held reason and conscience in subjection. This is the unnatural state of man. This is the condition of a fallen soul transmitted from parent to child. The history of the world, the lives of men eminent for intellect and iniquity, and our own experience, sadly prove that the wickedness and the wretchedness of humanity is the dominance of the animal in man, swaying reason and disregarding conscience: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." Hence St. Paul's meaning, "For I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." But this subjection is not self-destruction, nor the eradication of some annoying passion, nor the brutal humiliation of the body, as sometimes practised by monks and fakirs, but rather the subordination of the same to law. All the appetites of the body, all the passions of the mind, have their origin in the order and constitution of nature, and are designed for the happiness of man. A mastering propensity is a perversion. That which is innocent within the limitations of law, is vicious when the gratification is unlawful. Gluttony is the excess of temperance; adultery, of the lawful rights of marriage; revenge, of anger; pride, of self-respect; vanity, of a decent regard for the good opinion of mankind. The perfect man in Christ is he whose physical, mental, and moral powers are in full force but subject to law. In this completed restoration nothing but sin is destroyed. All that is natural is regulated, purified, exalted. To such God reappears in the fellowship of His presence, conscience is strengthened, and its dictates are obeyed; the affections are cleansed, and enshrine the

Holy One; the will is emancipated, and responds to 'the divine law. All passions find their contentment in normal indulgence; all desires have their appropriate gratification; all temptations are met with instant recoil. The equipoise of the soul is restored. Love is supreme. Rest is perfect. Christ is all and in all.

Out of such a condition flows a life "holy, guileless, and undefiled," for holiness is an act. It is perfect obedience in love to a law that is "holy, and just, and good." It is more than devotion. It is holy living. It is the spirit of devoutness carried into all the relations and concerns of life. It is self-abnegation, which seeks no other reward than the consciousness of duty done. It is calmness amid turbulence, meekness amid provocation, humility amid the pride and fashion of life. It is the reign of love amid the anarchy of this world's hate. It is the charity that thinketh no evil. It is a brotherly kindness that worketh no ill to man. It is benevolence incarnated. It is a horizon which takes in the whole of each day, so that conversation is pure as the breath of prayer; laughter as holy as a psalm of praise; the pursuit of wealth, pleasure, honour, saintly as the eucharistic feast—such a life is beautiful with "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." In such a life the Sabbath of the soul never ends.

But is not such a state rather a lofty ideal to awaken holier aspirations never to be realized, a goal of renown to excite heroic struggles never to be triumphant, than one of the grand possibilities of Christian faith? God never commands what He does not require. He never requires where there is not ability to perform. He is ever consistent with Himself. Through all the ages, under all dispensations, He has made requisition for this one thing. He foreshadowed His will in the shoeless feet of Moses on the Mount; in the spotless garments of the priests in the sanctuary; in the blemishless sacrifices on the altar of atonement; and, transcending all these in glory, in the sinless life of His Son. This requirement rests upon a necessity, and the necessity rises to a privilege. Privilege is the correlate of duty. As where there is a wing, there is air; as where there is a fin, there is water; as where there is an eye, there is light; so where there is a demand, there is grace to comply. God cannot demand less; He does not require more. As worship is companionship, there is a manifest fitness in this ordination. If a soldier should be brave, a teacher learned, a friend true, man should be pure.

It is the belief of the Christian Church that Christ is a Saviour; that His mission was twofold; objectively, to readjust our rela-

tions with the Divine Government, so that "God could be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus," and subjectively to re-create us in His own image. But by a laxity of faith this re-creation is held to be but partial at most. Nevertheless, He is esteemed a Saviour from some depravity, from some besetting sin, from some downward tendency; that He so renews us that the outline of His image is seen, and that he imparts to us some love, some hope, some faith. This is the comfortable profession of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. But it is not sufficient. It is an inception without a consummation. Either it is not His plan to complete the work prior to death, or He has not the ability or the believer does not exercise the faith equal to the end. Accepting the latter as the underlying cause of the deficiency in the common experience of the Church, let a nobler faith measure the possibility of His power, and find in Christ one who saveth to the uttermost. Scripture and experience are in accord that man may be holy and live. The exhortation is—"Having therefore these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Over against this apostolic injunction let us place one declarative promise, which shall be the measure of His ability and our privilege. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin." This is more than pardon of actual transgression; more than subjugation of inherited depravity; more than deliverance from the dominion of sin. It is the completion of regeneration, it is entire sanctification.

But this exalted state of grace is not immunity from the infirmities incident to an imperfect body; or from the mistakes inevitable to a weak understanding; or from the liability to sin; or from the necessity and possibility of growth in grace. Structural imperfections, disease, and death imply man's fall, and because of which he cannot respond fully to that primal law under which he was created a perfect being. These are defects not to be remedied by entire sanctification; but by the resurrection of the just: "He knoweth our frame, remembereth that we are dust." Yet to the pure is given the grace of patience and resignation to endure the ills of a body which is the temple of the Holy Ghost. And it is a fact that, by the sobriety it demands, by the restfulness it imparts, by the joy it creates, holiness tends to health and length of days: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation." Nor is this entire consecration to Christ inconsistent with the possible errors which arise from an enfeebled intellect, or from limited knowledge. Such may not be inseparable from the purest intention and the holiest life; yet liability to

such will be largely diminished by the presence of an informing and guiding spirit. And it is a matter of experience that with holiness there comes an intellectual elevation, a sharpening and quickening of all the mental powers, whereby the "perfect man in Christ" discerns more readily between right and wrong. And the heavenly calm that reigns in all his being, and the "perfect peace" wherein he is kept, conduce to tranquillity of intellect, correctness of taste, candour of intention, carefulness of judgment, and impartiality of decision. Perfect knowledge and perfect love may be separable, yet in this higher state of grace even the thought-life of the soul is subject to the sway of the Lord, "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." What thought is we may not define; how thoughts originate we may not explain; but whether thoughts come from original perceptions, or from the combined action of the memory and the imagination, or are projected by Satanic influence, the mind may be master of itself, and evil thoughts may become our possessions by retention, or be dismissed at will. Thought is a mental act, and, like the "idle word," or the "deeds done in the body," has a moral character. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." The imagination acts directly on the moral character, and by its abuse the will is weakened, the mental energy is dissipated, and the whole life is polluted. Hence the prayer of the Church: "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name." Nor is there any warrant in Scripture, or any proof in experience, that holiness is freedom from temptation or liability to sin. Temptation is the appointed test of virtue, and liability to sin belongs to probation. The tendencies to sin may be arrested, and will diminish as the believer abides in Christ. But the terrible struggles against the tempter will continue to the dying hour. Many will be the fierce conflicts, and in unguarded moments, and under powerful Satanic influence, there may be a blind impulse to yield to some attractive object of solicitation; but the pure spirit will recoil therefrom as from the breath of pestilence. All solicitations to disobedience are harmless till the soul is conscious of a disposition to comply therewith. In the heat of the desperate strife the mind may realize intense excitement, but when there is no surrender, the tempter is never hurtful. Of the Saviour it is said, "Who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And it is no part of our belief in the doctrine of "Christian Perfection" that growth in grace is not a duty and a possibility. There may be an end of conscious sinning and impurity, but

under the law of spiritual development the heavenly virtues expand forever. The maturity of the graces possessed is that of exclusion of their opposite vices. Beyond that there is an infinite hereafter. There is no height of purity beyond which a redeemed spirit may not attain a higher ascension. Heaven will be an eternal approach to God.

But what special fitness is there in Methodist means of grace to promote scriptural holiness? For more than a hundred years Methodists have testified to this great truth. Their testimony has been intelligent, conscientious, joyful. The word of their testimony has been, "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." For this purpose were they called to be a Church. To give prominence to this central, subjective doctrine was Wesley chosen by Providence to be chief in a religious movement scarcely second in majesty and importance to the Reformation under Luther. Rising superior to the ecclesiastical questions over which others had fought, and that triumphantly, he invited the people to their Bibles, to the spirituality of the apostolic Church, to the "kingdom of God, which is not eating and drinking, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And the universal spread of these sentiments is now esteemed the high mission of a Church which has survived him just ninety years.

It would, however, be a crime against history to create the impression that Wesley was the forerunner of the revival of this cardinal truth. What Wycliffe and Huss and Savonarola were to Luther, Kempis and Law and Taylor were to Wesley. They called his attention to the necessity of that purity of thought, to that self-abnegation, to that personal crucifixion and resurrection, wherein is the fulness of the divine life in man. But it was for him to take an advanced step. His "Imitation of Christ" was to be a joyous realization; his "Christian Perfection" was to be a conscious attainment; his "Holy Living and Dying" were to be sublime realities. What they wrote he translated; what they thought he experienced; what they prescribed he practised.

Intent on his special mission, his marvellous genius for organization was consecrated to the creation of such methods in the formation of his societies as were most efficient in holy living. From the "Holy Club" at Oxford to his dying chamber in City Road he aimed at this one objective point. With the calm courage of a Divine conviction, sustained and inspired by a personal experience, he solemnly committed the Wesleyan movement to the entire sanctification of the believer. Neither controversy, nor misunderstanding, nor persecution diverted him from his high calling. Whatever else he did for Christian education, for Christian charity, for Christian civilization, he did to promote this chief end.

As other religious movements had had their providential origin, and that for a definite mission, he and his followers were to be distinctive in spreading Scriptural holiness over all lands. Resolved on this, he opened the door to those who desired to flee from the wrath to come, and then organized all who had entered into classes subject to negative and positive general rules, best adapted to develop the Christian life to maturity. In nothing more is his genius for method to attain sainthood so apparent as in the class-meeting, wherein the life of each week is reviewed, for the correction of errors, for the removal of doubts, and wherein those who are mature in this grace become the teachers of those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" the class-meeting is the nursery of Scriptural holiness. So effective is this means of grace in this regard, that similar gatherings are held in other denominations, not a few of whose ministers and laymen are rejoicing in the light.

Through all the decades since 1791, when Wesley ascended to his reward from yonder parsonage, Methodists have recognized their special mission to promote personal holiness. It is prominent in their discipline, it is conspicuous in their standard works, it is the burden of their noblest hymns. Their theology is essentially that of full salvation, their literature is permeated therewith, their ministers are educated therein, their experience thereof is a sublime fact, and their record of it is in the biographies of their glorified hosts. While on one point there has been an honest difference of opinion on the part of some, whether perfected holiness is a consummation at the time of conversion, or subsequent thereto, and that by an act of faith, yet all are in accord on the essential point; and while the common belief and experience of the Church are in harmony with the views of Mr. Wesley, in his sermon on "Sin in Believers;" with Mr. Watson in his "Institutes," with Bishop Foster in his "Christian Purity," yet the feeling prevails that zeal for a holy life is preferable to zeal for a dogma. Fidelity to this great mission will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the secret power of Methodism. That power is not in her doctrines, for they are as old as the Lord. Not in her itinerancy, for it is as old as the Apostles. Not in love-feasts, for they are as old as the primitive Church; but rather in the "word of her testimony." If to-day her people are numbered by millions; if her altars are thronged with penitents; if her schools of learning and houses of mercy bless all lands; if her children are taught of the Lord; if her literature, like the leaves of the tree of life, is for the healing of the nations; if her sons have risen to honour in every department of life; if her missions encircle the globe—these are the fruits of her holy living.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Manitoba and North-West Conference.—This Conference assembled in Grace Church, Winnipeg, June 20th, Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent was present at all the sessions. He delivered an earnest and practical address at the second session, touching on the live subjects of the day. He addressed the candidates for ordination at the reception service; preached the ordination sermon on Sabbath, delivered a thrilling address at the educational meeting, and in various ways assisted the Conference by his wise counsels.

Rev. W. Rutledge was elected President, and the Rev. A. Andrews, Secretary. Five probationers were received into full connexion and were ordained, one of whom was Egerton Ryerson Steinhaur, well known in Ontario, and another was Edward Paupanakis—an Indian, who has already done good service. Eight young men were received on trial as candidates for the ministry, and sixteen others were continued on trial. Eleven ministers were transferred into the Conference and only one had been transferred from the Conference, so that the ministerial staff is greatly increased, but still there is room for more—forty additional men could be employed at once.

The good work is increasing within the bounds of the Conference. The increase in the membership is 1,815. The increase in five years was 5,610. The amount of money raised for all ordinary purposes exceeds that of last year by \$2,604.20. The College has had a prosperous career for the short time it has been established, and the Principal, Rev. Dr. Sparling, has been successful in his efforts to raise funds. He is now visiting

friends in Ontario and Quebec, and hopes to be still more successful. The missionary income in this Conference is greatly increased.

Dr. Eby spent a few days at the Conference, and was full of zeal on behalf of Japan. He was greatly pleased with his reception from the brethren of the Prairie Conference.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—The Centenary Church, St. John, was the seat of this Conference. Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite was elevated to the Presidential chair, and the Rev. Thomas Marshall received the next place of honour as Secretary of the Conference.

Rev. Drs. Lowry and Reddy, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, were present, and were greatly interested with the proceedings of the Conference. They are well-known evangelists. Dr. Lowry is senior editor of the valuable periodical, *The Divine Life*, and was a delegate to the Wesleyan Conference in Toronto twenty years ago, from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Foster was also present, and delivered one of his grand lectures.

There was a lengthy discussion respecting the union of the Maritime Provinces; some contended that as now constituted they are too small, and that unnecessary transfers are made from one Conference to another.

Many brethren in this Conference are benefited by the Sustentation Fund, as, like some in the Western Conferences, the amounts they receive are much smaller than they ought to be.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Bayfield, within the bounds of this Conference.

It is gratifying to find that the Book Room in the East is extending its business; inasmuch as the sales exceed those of the former year by \$3,554.53.

Interesting incidents were related while Educational matters were being discussed. It was stated that of the one hundred ministers composing the Conference, more than half of them had been students at Mount Allison. A conservatory of music is about to be established in connection with the ladies' department. A few large-hearted friends had contributed \$2,000 towards the object.

The summer school of science has commenced at Parrsboro'. The attractions of the school this year are greater than on any previous occasion. The most talented instructors in the various departments of natural science will be present, and direct the classes in the study of botany, zoology, geology, physics, mineralogy, physiology and elocution. It is expected that some prominent educationists from the United States will be present during the session. A course of public lectures will be delivered by the following gentlemen:—Dr. Allison, Dr. Sawyer, Dr. McNeill, Prof. Chas. McDonald, and Dr. Burwash.

Nova Scotia Conference.—Liverpool was the place where this Conference assembled. At the first session there were sixty-five ministers and eighteen laymen present. Rev. J. Teasdale was elected President, and Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., Secretary. One new circuit and two new missions were formed. Only one probationer was received into full connexion; four candidates for the ministry were received. Two ministers who had been laid aside for some years were restored to the active work.

Dr. Stewart, the theological professor, is greatly esteemed by his brethren in the Eastern Provinces. He preached the ordination sermon at this Conference, and at one of the sessions his brethren presented him with an address, accompanied with a gold watch.

For some years the brethren in

the East suffered great pecuniary privations. The funds are now gradually improving. The increase this year for all purposes in Nova Scotia Conference exceeds \$10,000, and there is also an increase of more than 150 in the membership.

As a Church, says the *Glad Tidings*, we have our responsibility and opportunity. Methodism is nothing if not evangelistic and aggressive. In theory at least, every president, every pastor, every local-preacher, every class-leader, every prayer-leader, every hand-worker, every church member is an evangelist, whose business is to say to all, "are you a new creature in Christ Jesus." Grand theory! What about the practice? Dumb, inert, helpless. God forgive us!

Newfoundland Conference.—This Conference met at Carbonear, and was the last of the eleven Conferences of the Methodist Church to be held. It is small in numbers, but not less important on that account. The brethren are doing heroic work in this old Methodist mission field. Rev. T. H. James was chosen by his brethren to fill the presidential chair, and the Rev. W. Swan was re-elected Secretary. One venerable minister, Rev. Mr. Fox, and an influential layman, the Hon. C. R. Ayre, had finished their course. Suitable reference was made to their memory. Notwithstanding the poverty of many of the people, the contributions to the Missionary Fund were \$600 in excess of last year.

The College and Children's Home in St. John's are both doing good work, though sickness among the pupils has greatly lessened the success.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION (ENGLAND).

This Conference assembled at Dudley. The Conference was preceded by a holiness service. Rev. A. R. Pearson was elected President by acclamation, and the Rev. J. Gibson filled the position of Secretary. There has been an increase in the membership of the Church in four-

teen years of 6,800. The Sunday-schools are increasing in numbers and efficiency. The increase in the number of scholars is 2,400, an increased number of whom have become church members.

The mission in China is prospering. Rev. J. and Mrs. Innocent have created a Training Home for women and girls in honour of their late daughter.

The class-meeting question has excited much discussion for several years. Many would abolish the class-meeting as a membership test, and this sentiment prevailed, inasmuch as in future the test is to be attendance on all the means of grace.

The term "Society" is no longer to be used, that of "Church" being substituted in its place.

The College at Sheffield was reported as prospering.

The Book Room reported a good year, as the profits had increased.

The question of Methodist union occupied considerable time. The Methodist Free Churches had sent a memorial to the Conference on the subject. The outcome was that a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of the Free Churches, and, if possible, arrange a basis of union to be submitted to the next Conference.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE (ENGLAND).

This Conference assembled at Bradford, Rev. Jos. Toulson was elected President. Great harmony exists among the various branches of the Methodist family, hence at the various Conferences fraternal visits and letters were invariably exchanged. At this Conference a whole session was occupied with fraternal visitors, who delivered earnest and pungent addresses, to which the Rev. Thomas Guttery, formerly a resident in Toronto, replied on behalf of the Conference.

On Sabbath the pulpits of Non-conformist Churches in the town were occupied by members of the Conference, and three large camp meetings were held.

An impressive service was held in honour of the ministers who had died during the year, the number was unusually large. No less than twenty-six devoted men had finished their course, fifteen of whom were on the list of superannuates.

THE METHODIST FREE CHURCHES ASSEMBLY (ENGLAND).

This branch of the Methodist family arose in 1835, and received further accession by the disputes of 1849. It has become a strong body and has missions in the West Indies, Eastern Africa, China and New Zealand. The Assembly met in Cornwall. Fourteen candidates for the ministry were recommended, but only nine were accepted.

A scholarship in honour of the late Rev. M. Miller is to be established at the Theological Institute.

The Connexion employs an evangelist, also a General Sunday-school Secretary, and a travelling temperance lecturer.

A Book Room is established in London, which issues a monthly magazine. It would be a grand accomplishment if all the minor bodies of Methodism could be amalgamated, as there does not seem to be much probability of a union being effected with the Parent Body.

THE IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

This Conference met in the city of Cork. The President of the Wesleyan Conference in England presided. Five ministers had died during the year, two of whom, Revs. J. B. Killman and J. D. Powell, were men of more than ordinary ability.

Canon Connolly was introduced to the Conference. He presented letters of condolence from some of the Bishops of the Irish Protestant Church. Great sympathy was felt for the bereaved in the sad catastrophe which occurred a few days before the opening of the Conference.

Nine candidates were accepted for the ministry and six others were ordained. The Methodist College at Belfast presented a very gratifying report. The McArthur Hall for

ministers' daughters is rapidly progressing toward completion. More than four hundred pupils are attending the College.

The net increase of members is only sixty, but more than 700 were lost by emigrations and deaths, 624 were continued on trial. In the army there are 1,339 declared Methodists. More than \$60,000 had been expended on church edifices. The Sunday-schools contain no less than 25,298 scholars.

A new town mission is being established in Belfast.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Within the past thirty years there has been a net increase of 111,000 members.

Mr. William Strange, who has been fifty years manager of the Book Room, London, was recently presented with a check for one hundred guineas, as a token of esteem in which he is held by the Book Committee.

Rev. Hugh P. Hughes states that the income of the London West End Mission, now of metropolitan fame, meets the expenditure, and that in regard to spiritual results, by the blessing of God, they will soon number 1,000 members.

Mr. Nix, Mr. Hughes' right-hand man, performed a deed recently which resembled the days of Whitefield. Accompanied by a band of workers, Mr. Nix went to Epsom Races and held a meeting daily for a week. A tent was erected, furniture vans were furnished, and all the money required was forthcoming. A lady of title placed a house at the service of the missionaries, who were one hundred in number. The first evening seven services were held. Hundreds of people flocked to the tent. Several took the pledge and some professed conversion.

Mr. William Lethaby and his wife are doing a noble work as missionaries for Methodism in the land of Moab.

As these notes were being prepared news reached us that the Rev. D. C. Kelly had been elected President of Conference. A full report may be expected in our next number.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

One hundred and fifty-two camp-meetings are advertised in a late issue of the *Christian Advocate*, New York.

A fine new church was recently dedicated at Albion, Mich., by Bishop Newman, and declared to be out of debt. The cost was \$40,000.

Chau Chu Sing, a converted Chinaman, has been licensed as a local preacher, and will engage in missionary work among his own people in Los Angeles, Cal.

A wealthy Methodist of Cincinnati has given the use of a house and eleven rooms for a Methodist hospital within a block of the Deaconess Home.

Bishop Fitzgerald says the deaconess movement is the most important movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church in recent years.

Lam Foon and family and Fong Sin and family recently sailed for China from California. They are some of the oldest Chinese Methodists. When Lam Foon set up in business, ten years ago, he made a vow that when he was worth \$3,000 he would give up his business and go to China to preach the Gospel to his countrymen. He goes out as a self-supporting missionary.

The number of deaconess workers, in the Chicago Home is now twenty. Of these, two are consecrated deaconesses, seven are in the visiting deaconess probation work, five are in Wesley Hospital as nurse deaconesses, one superintends the work of nursing among the sick poor at their homes in the city, and one is head nurse at the hospital. The others occupy positions of responsibility in the home and school.

Mrs. Bishop Warren has set aside \$100,000 for the establishment of a school of theology in connection with the Colorado Seminary at Denver, to be known as the Iliff School of Theology. Her son, Mr. W. S. Iliff, has given \$50,000 for suitable buildings for the school. Both sums will be paid within five years.

A university is about to be established at Utah. Fifty acres of land have been donated for the purpose.

The land is estimated at \$1,000 per acre. The same Railway Company that donates the land, has also given 288 town building lots. The Company also agrees to give other lots or \$10,000 in cash. The citizens of Ogden have given \$25,000, and an edifice is soon to be built not to cost less than \$50,000.

The Lucknow, India, Christian College has 11,507 pupils enrolled, of whom 2,027 are Christians. Of the institution Bishop Fowler says: "The Lucknow Christian College is a noble institution, doing magnificent work. I have met its students and professors, have seen its grounds and plans for new buildings, am acquainted with its field and opportunity, and I regard it as our most important agency in building the Christian empire that must soon occupy this land. We must furnish suitable agencies before we can secure our best workers."

Rev. Dr. Sheridan Baker, author of "Hidden Manna" and "Living Waters," has given \$3,000 for Bishop Taylor's Transit Fund.

Rev. Dr. J. F. Goucher having offered to give \$50,000 to the Woman's College as an endowment fund, provided the College secured an additional sum of \$40,000 for the same purpose, Dr. Morgan, undertook to raise this amount, and has secured \$15,000, and hopes soon to raise the balance.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The annual report shows that this Church has, travelling preachers, 4,687; local preachers, 6,309; total preachers, 10,996. White members, 1,123,498; coloured members, 645; Indians, 4,958; total preachers and members, 1,140,097. Net increase during the year, 32,641. Sunday-schools, 12,215; teachers, 85,694; scholars, 672,796; churches, 11,432; estimated value, \$16,030,254. Parsonages, 2,358; value, \$2,705,404. Collected for Church extension, \$50,361.99; for Foreign Missions, \$225,825.16; for Domestic Missions, \$104,473.33; total for missions, \$330,355.47. Woman's Missionary Society

collected in 1878-9, \$4,014.27; in 1888-9, \$62,739.43; total collected in ten years, \$423,439.43.

Rev. Dr. Haygood has been offered sixty acres of land for the campus and \$100,000 for the beginning of a university for females at Sheffield, Alabama. It is proposed to put \$1,000,000 into the enterprise.

The new hymnal contains 929 hymns, instead of 1,063, as in the old book; new hymns to the number of 281 having replaced 415 old ones.

ITEMS.

The Wesleyan Theological Society at Ottawa has appointed Mr. Wm. Ayres, B.A., of Prince Edward Island, as their missionary to Japan. The Society defrays all the expenses.

The Japan District meeting was held in March; 16 unordained preachers, 15 ordained ministers and 13 laymen were present. Three were admitted on trial for the ministry. There are also 13 evangelists employed, and 10 young men were admitted into the theological school. The membership has increased 331; giving a total of 1,600. The financial exhibit was eighty per cent. in advance of the previous year. Three Methodist Episcopal ministers were present as fraternal delegates. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland has organized the missions into an affiliated Conference.

Dr. Sutherland is the first official visitor to the Canadian Methodist Mission in Japan. The meeting at which the Conference was organized was held in the Kobiki-cho Church. A basis of Union was formed, which was presented at a meeting held at Oroyoma, of the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The name of the proposed new church will doubtless be Nippon Mesojiouto Kyo-kwai. Dr. Sutherland's address before the union meeting was remarkably frank and clear. He has, under God, done much toward solving the difficult "Union Question." (The two foregoing items are from the *Tokyo Adv.*)

The Methodist and Presbyterian

Churches at Arnprior held union evangelistic services for a month. The effect upon the community was good. The Scripture, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," was beautifully illustrated.

The Pilgrim's Progress has been printed in the Amoy colloquial in Romanised characters, making the eighty-third language in which the Allegory of the immortal dreamer has been issued, more than any other book except the Bible.

Archdeacon Watkins, D.D., of Durham, originally a Wesleyan minister, has been appointed Oxford Bampton Lecturer for 1890, his subject being modern subjective criticism in relation to the Fourth Gospel.

It has been resolved to hold a General Council or Pan-Congregational Council in London, England, which will consist of Congregational ministers and laymen from all parts of the world.

One hundred and seventeen young Indians, belonging to tribes in Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indian Territory, New Mexico and Arizona, having finished a five years' course at the Government school at Carlisle, Pa., left for their homes on July 8. Six were regular graduates, and all speak English. The young men have had good training as mechanics and farmers, while the girls have been well instructed in household duties.

At the Baptist anniversaries in Boston, more than a score of young men presented themselves at the missionary meeting and said, "We are willing to go to the heathen and give our lives to missionary work—will you send us?"

The latest news from Malange, one of Bishop Taylor's missions, is that an entire family of natives, five in number, have forsaken their idols and turned to Christ.

Rev. John Morton, who has been labouring as a Presbyterian missionary in the island of Trinidad for the last twenty years, is visiting Canada, and is telling what God has done in that mission. The mission was commenced in 1868, and there are

now 46 schools with an attendance of 2,000 children. Three female teachers from Canada are in charge of the largest schools, and the others are chiefly managed by natives who have been trained at the mission in English and Hindi. Missionaries are also wanted in Conva and Demerara.

The Sixth International Missionary annual meeting has recently been held at Binghampton, N.Y. The missionaries present were from eleven fields. Africa, two; Bulgaria, one; Turkey, four; Burmah, four; India, eleven; China, thirteen; Japan, two; Persia, six; Siam, one; Singapore, one; West Indies, two; making a total of forty-seven. There were also present three natives of foreign countries, one of whom was Mr. Honda, who was the first native of Japan, ordained as a minister in the Methodist Church of that land. He has not only sat in a Provincial Congress of his native country, but been chosen as President thereof. His friends earnestly desire to make him a candidate for membership in the Parliament of 1890, but the new constitution excludes ministers as it does priests, and Mr. Honda does not at present have any purpose of abandoning his ministerial calling for even such enviable civil honours and usefulness.

The Hon. S. H. Blake was expected to be elected President but as he could not be present, Mr. F. F. Belsey, of Rochester, England, was elected. Dr. Withrow reported for the Sunday-schools in Canada. The number attending Sunday-schools throughout the world are about twenty millions; more than eighteen millions are using the International Lessons. It is a remarkable fact, that the Sunday scholars in Britain is about one in five of the population, and there are one million more scholars in the Sunday-schools than in the day-schools, and in London 12 per cent. of the population are connected with the Sunday-schools.

At one of the sessions it was decided to send a memorial to the European Sovereigns, asking them to exert their influence in favour of a proper observance of the Sabbath.

Book Notices.

Plato and Paul; or, Philosophy and Christianity. An examination of the Fundamental Forces of Cosmic and Human History, with their Contents, Methods, Functions, Relations, and Results Compared. By J. W. MENDINHALL, PH.D., D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, 777 pages. Price \$3.50.

This title, if open to the objection of being somewhat lengthy, has the merit of being accurately descriptive of the work. It is not a mere label, but a definition. And the more carefully it is examined the more profoundly will the reader be impressed with the arduous and difficult character of the work which the esteemed and able author has undertaken. Plato and Paul are selected as being respectively the representatives of Philosophy and Christianity; the first standing for the former of these, and the second for the latter. According to the conception of the author of the work under review, both these great forces "are engaged with the same problems, employing different and, sometimes, opposite methods in the attempt to solve them, but anticipating in the final rehearsal a vindication of the same truths, or the same form of truth."

The object of the stately volume before us is not, as we understand it, to array Philosophy and Christianity against each other, or to degrade the one in order to exalt the other; but to show by the careful examination and comparison of their respective methods, that the dream of the former can only be realized by the latter. That the guesses of philosophy can only be verified by Christianity. So far from these being antagonistic to each other, the author holds, and undertakes to prove, that Christianity may be amply justified by the philosophical method, and, to use his own words, "that its philoso-

phical basis is as impregnable as the more common historical basis on which it supposedly and safely rests."

It will be seen from these observations that the aim of this work is apologetical; and the defence which it sets up for Christianity takes the form of a philosophical demonstration. Admitting the strength and adequacy of the Theological, the Experimental and the Historical argument, he contends that the Philosophical is no less strong and unanswerable. In other words, he holds that "*Christianity is true Philosophy, or the philosophy of truth in a religious form.*" It is this argument that is unfolded and emphasized in this volume. In the execution of this design, Dr. Mendinhal subjects philosophy to a thorough examination. Beginning with Plato, in whom he finds an impersonation of the philosophical spirit and method, the systems of philosophy are passed in review.

It is scarcely needful to say that no intelligible account of this process, which occupies more than three hundred closely-printed octavo pages, can be given in a paragraph. If it were incapable of answering any higher end; the light which this part of the book sheds upon the philosophical systems, ancient and modern, would well repay a careful perusal. The result of the examination is to reveal such a breakdown of Philosophy, apart from revelation, as to demonstrate the need of the superior certitude of the Christian faith. The chapter which deals with this is profoundly interesting.

But all this, as the intelligent reader will readily understand, is merely preparatory to the main development of the argument which is the main object of the author—an argument of real importance, but for the nature and details of which we must refer the reader to the volume itself, which will amply repay a careful perusal.

The People's Bible: Discourses on Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London. New York: Funk & Wagnall's, 18 and 20 Astor Place. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 360. Price \$1.50.

This great work, which has now reached the twenty-second volume, is too well known, and too highly prized by ministers and Bible students to need any elaborate commendations from us. It is only necessary to say that with the issue of each succeeding volume it confirms the hold which it has long since acquired upon the most thoughtful portion of the Christian Church. It is valuable not only on account of what it puts into the mind of the thoughtful reader, but also on account of what it strikes out of the mind itself. It is eminently suggestive as well as instructive. At the same time that it brings great masses of precious ore to the surface from the mine of truth, it does what to the student of Holy Scripture and especially to the preacher is still more important, it lays bare the lode which he may work for himself.

Dr. Parker is a minister of the spirit rather than of the letter. He leaves the technicalities and niceties of Biblical criticism to be dealt with by others, and seizes as directly as possibly upon the living thought which is wrapped up in the text. Words and phrases are indeed explained, and the allusions to ancient customs are expounded, but all this is held in strict subordination to the great end which the writer has in view, which is to lodge the truth taught in the passage in the mind, and to do this in such a way to most effectually influence the after-thinking and the life. It is in this way that passages which the shallow student has considered dry and uninteresting are clothed with a freshness and beauty which makes them a surprise.

The work can scarcely be called a commentary; and it would scarcely be an accurate description of it to call it so many volumes of sermons.

It would probably come nearer to a correct definition to call it a commentary on the whole Bible in the form of popular lectures. One misses in it the technicalities of the commentary, and the tediousness which too often characterizes books of sermons. No preacher ought to be without it; and the work when it is completed will form in itself an invaluable family library. Dr. Parker is an independent thinker, and doubtless has his idiosyncrasies like other men, and we are not prepared to vouch for the absolute correctness of all his opinions, but in saying this we are saying only what should be said of all writers not supernaturally and plenarily inspired.

The African Methodist Episcopal Review, April 1889. Subscription, \$1.50 per Year. Philadelphia: Publishing House of African Methodist Episcopal Church.

This is a good Quarterly of about 120 pages. The articles, though not all of a high order, will repay a careful perusal. No one could have supposed that the coloured people could have made such rapid progress in education as they have done. Their progress in other respects has been equally marvellous. Here is one extract from the number before us, illustrating this fact:—

"Twenty-four years ago, the five million of newly-enfranchised freemen were not worth altogether five million cents. They were naked, helpless, inept. Within a decade they had \$12,000,000 in the savings banks alone. They lived on wages, and flourished on conditions that would have exterminated the Northern white labourer in a generation. To-day they claim a value in the Southern States alone of \$100,000,000. In Georgia they own nearly a million acres of land. In 1865, hardly one in a thousand knew the letters in the alphabet; in 1880, more than twenty in a hundred above the age of ten years could read and write."

The Hon. Fred. Douglas, who was formerly known as "the coloured orator," expresses himself as "per-

fectly astonished at the progress made since emancipation. . . The wonder is that they have managed to live at all, but they have lived, multiplied and progressed in all things which go to make up substantial greatness."

So long as the coloured people will be sober and industrious, pay attention to education, and keep up their church-life, as many of them are doing, they are sure to be a progressive people.—E. B.

The Tests of Various Kinds of Truth.

Being a Treatise of Applied Logic. Lectures delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan College on the Merrick Foundation. By JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., D.L. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The venerable author of these interesting and instructive lectures is too well known in this county to need any introduction from us. The subject treated in this volume is not only one of great interest but one upon which Dr. McCosh is thoroughly at home. To it he has devoted the study of a lifetime, and on it he speaks with the authority of a master.

Deaconesses: Ancient and Modern.

By REV. HENRY WHEELER, Author of "Memory of the Just," "Methodism and the Temperance Reformation," "Rings of Light in the Valley of Sorrow," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., pp. 315.

This is a book for the times, and deserves a fuller notice than we can give it at this moment. It is, as the author tells us, an attempt to bring before the reader a brief historical outline of the ancient order of deaconesses, its disappearance in the Middle Ages, and its revival in modern times. The aim of the book is the advancement of woman's work in the Church, for which it seems to be well calculated. And whether all who read it may be able to take as radical ground as the writer, who is

of the opinion that "the Church will not reach her highest development and power until, in spiritual right and privilege in Christ Jesus, every line of distinction between male and female is obliterated, as it is between Jew and Greek, bond and free," they will at least be ready to concede that there is a vast amount of spiritual work which in the very nature of things can be more appropriately and effectively done by consecrated women than by men, and that the employment of her labour in these special fields, to the fullest extent possible, is a duty that the Church owes to God and to the world.

Mad Margaret and Little Gunnwald.

A Norwegian Tale. By Nellie Cornwall, Author of "Grannie Tre-sawna's Story," "Daddy Longlegs and his white heath-flower," etc. T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, London. Toronto: William Briggs.

To readers like ourselves who know nothing of the language of Norway some of the names in this book will prove a rather severe trial to their orthoepy. But in spite of some things in it which may prove unpronounceable, it will be found full of interest, abounding with pictures of real life in the land of the Midnight Sun, and teaching lessons which cannot fail to make the heart better.

Christian Education. Five Lectures delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan University on the Foundation of the Rev. Frederick Merrick. By REV. DANIEL CURRY, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., pp. 131.

Like everything else that proceeded from the same gifted pen, this little book is well worth reading. Dr. Curry has apparently condensed into these five lectures the best thoughts that he had gathered during his lifetime on a subject in which he always took a lively interest, and one which is of great intrinsic importance.