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THE
CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

SCARBOROUGH
INSTITUTE.

VOL. XVIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1883.

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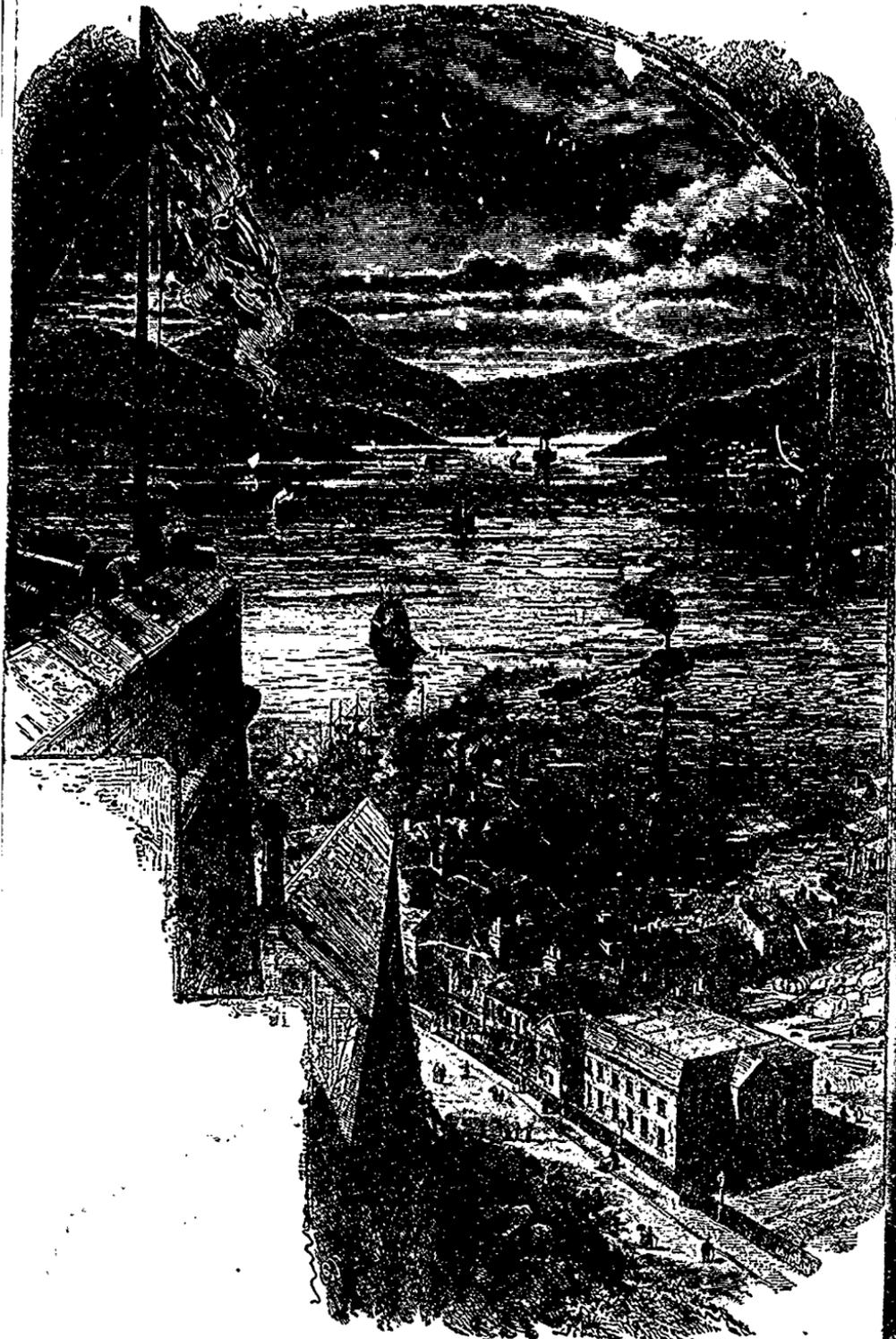
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HARBOUR AND PART OF LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.
(Engraved from an Original Drawing by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.)

agr

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1883.

QUEBEC.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

O FORTRESS city, bathed by streams
 Majestic as thy memories great,
 Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
 The grandeur of thy glorio's dreams,
 Born of the hero hearts, who died
 In founding here an Empire's pride ;
 Prosperity attend thy fate,
 • And happiness in thee abide,
 Fair Canada's strong tower and gate !

May Envy, that against thy might
 Dashed hostile hosts to surge and break,
 Bring Commerce, emulous to make
 Thy people share her fruitful fight.
 In filling argosies with store
 Of grain and lumber and each ore,
 And all a continent can shake
 Into thy lap, till more and more
 Thy praise in distant worlds awake.

For all must taste delight whose feet
 Have paced thy streets, or terrace way,
 From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
 Have marked thy sea-like river greet
 The bright and peopled banks that shine
 In front of the far mountain's line ;
 Thy glittering roofs below, the play
 Of currents where the ships entwine
 Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
 So often forth to trumpet sound
 Pass guarded gates, by ways that wound
 O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
 The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
 The Orlean's Isle, and seaward melt ;
 Then past old walls by cannon crowned,
 Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
 The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
 And learning from Laval looks down,
 And quiet convents grace the town.
 There swift to meet the battle shock
 Montcalm rushed on ; and eddying back
 Red slaughter marked the bridge's track ;
 See now the shores with lumber brown,
 And girt with happy lands that lack
 No loveliness of Summer's crown.

Quaint hamlet-alleys border-filled
 With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
 Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
 The deep eave shadows. There when tilled
 The peasant's field or garden bed,
 He rests content if o'er his head
 From silver spires the church bells call
 To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
 The simple hopes and lives of all.

Winter is mocked by garbs of green,
 Worn by the copses flaked with snow.—
 White spikes and balls of bloom, that blow
 In hedgerows deep : and cattle seen
 In meadows sparkling thick with gold,
 And glebes where lovers' fates are told
 Around the red-doored houses low ;
 While rising o'er them, fold on fold,
 The distant hills in azure glow.

Oft in the woods we long delayed,
 When hours were minutes all too brief,
 For nature knew no sound of grief ;
 But overhead the breezes played,

And in the lank grass at our knee,
 Shone pearls of our green forest sea,
 The star-white flowers of triple leaf
 Which love around the brooks to be,
 Within the birch and maple shade.

At times passed on some fairy mere
 Embosomed in the leafy screen,
 And streaked with tints of heaven's sheen,
 Where'er the water's surface clear
 Bore not the hues of verdant light
 From myriad boughs on mountain height,
 Or near the shadowed banks were seen
 The sparkles that in circlets bright,
 Told where the fishes' feast had been.

And when afar the forests flushed
 In falling swathes of fire, there soared
 Dark clouds where muttering thunder roared,
 And mounting vapours lurid rushed,
 While a metallic lustre flew,
 Upon the vivid verdure's hue,
 Before the blasts and rain forth poured,
 And slow o'er mighty landscapes drew
 The grandest pageant of the L.c.d :

The threatening march of flashing cloud
 With tumults of embattled air,
 Blest conflicts for the good they bear !
 A century has God allowed
 None other, since the days He gave
 Unequal fortune to the brave.
 Comrades in death ! you live to share
 All equal honour, for your grave
 Bade Enmity take Love as heir.

We watched, when gone day's quivering haze,
 The loops of plunging foam that beat
 The rock's at Montmorenci's feet
 Stab the deep gloom with moonlit rays ;
 Or from the fortress saw the streams
 Sweep swiftly o'er the pillared beams ;
 White shone the roof and anchored fleet,
 And grassy slopes where nod in dreams
 Pale hosts of sleeping Marguerite

Or when the dazzling Frost King mailed,
 Would clasp the wistful waterfall,
 Fast leaping in her snowy hall
 She fled ; and where her rainbows hailed
 Her freedom, painting all her home,
 We climbed her spray-built palace dome
 Shot down the radiant glassy wall
 Until we reached the snowdrift foam
 As shoots to waves some meteor ball.

Then homeward bearing song or tale,
 With chimes of harness bells we sped
 Above the frozen river bed.
 The city, through a misty veil,
 Gleamed from her cape, where sunset fire
 Touched louvre and cathedral spire,
 Bathed ice and snow a rosy red,
 So beautiful that men's desire
 For May-time's rival wonders fled ;

The glory of a gracious land,
 Fit home for many a hardy race ;
 Where liberty has broadest base,
 And labour honours every hand.
 Throughout her tripply thousand miles
 The sun upon each season smiles,
 And every man has scope and space,
 And kindness from strand to strand,
 Alone is born to right of place !

Such were our memories. May they yet
 Be shared by others sent to be
 Signs of the union of the free
 And kindred peoples God hath set
 O'er famous isles and fertile zones
 Of continents ! Or if new thrones
 And mighty states arise, may He
 Whose potent hand yon river owns,
 Smooth their great future's shrouded Sea !





WOLFE'S COVE, NEAR QUEBEC.

(Engraved from an Original Drawing by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.)

THE LAST FORTY YEARS.

CANADA SINCE THE UNION OF 1841.*

I.

IN the two noble volumes before us Mr. Dent has written a work of national importance. They contain a masterly review of the leading events in our political and social life, from the Union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, down to the present time. Among the great events treated are the establishment of Responsible Government, the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, and the Abolition of Seigniorial Tenure. The causes leading to Confederation, and the results of that great measure are described with graphic fidelity. The work gives evidence of careful original inquiry and research.

Mr. Dent is master of an easy and graceful style. There is about him nothing of the literary "dry-as-dust." He writes terse, vigorous, idiomatic English. In characterization of public events and political parties he is singularly fair. We have, upon careful examination, not discovered any partizan bias. The pen-portraits of public men are very racy and readable. Whether the subjects would enjoy his frank and piquant criticism is another question. The mechanical execution of the book is a credit to Canadian manufacture. The ample double-lead page, the wide margins, the numerous admirable engravings, of which we give several examples, and the excellent presswork, are a worthy embodiment of a work of remarkable merit. A valuable chapter on the progress of literature and journalism in Canada is a feature which we especially commend, and the fifty pages of index greatly facilitate the consultation and study of the work. We hope for both author and publisher that patronage which their patriotic efforts deserve.

We purpose to trace briefly some of the great national events which Mr. Dent treats with much fulness, making copious citations from his interesting pages.

* *The Last Forty Years—Canada since the Union of 1841.* By JOHN CHARLES DENT. 2 vols. Pages 392, 649: 76 full page engravings. Toronto: George Virtue. Twenty parts. Price fifty cents per part. Bound in two volumes. Cloth, gilt, \$12.

After the Rebellion of 1837-8 the Home Government suspended the constitution of the country, and created a special Council, half English and half French, to act in the place of the legislature. The first act of the Council, whose decrees had all the force of law, was the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in order to the more prompt and effective suppression of the revolt. The Earl of Durham was, at the same time, appointed Governor-General and High Commissioner for the settlement of public affairs in the two Canadas. He was a nobleman of great political experience, and had been educated in a liberal school. His personal character was attractive, and his private hospitality princely. He was to the last degree unmercenary, refusing any recompense for his distinguished services. He was refined and courteous in manner, but tenacious of his convictions of duty, and firm in carrying them into execution. On his arrival in the country, May 27, he announced himself as the friend and arbitrator of the people, without distinction of party, race or creed. And amply he fulfilled his pledge in the spirit of the purest and most disinterested statesmanship.

A difficult question, which met him at the very outset, was how to deal with the political prisoners, with whom the jails were crowded. The excited state of public feeling prevented impartial trial by jury. An amnesty was, therefore, granted to the great mass of the prisoners, which was appropriately proclaimed on the day appointed for the coronation of the maiden Queen—June the fourteenth. The Imperial Parliament, however, annulled the ordinance as *ultra vires*, but indemnified the Governor and Council from blame for their unconstitutional act. The proud and sensitive Earl resigned his commission, and returned to England, and Sir John Colborne became the administrator of the province. Lord Durham's health was utterly broken, and two years later he died. His Report on the state of Canada is a monument of elaborate and impartial research. Its wise and liberal suggestions greatly tended to the pacification of public feeling in the colonies. It urged the principle of the dependence of the Executive upon the representatives of the people, and prepared the way for the establishment of responsible government. "From first to last," wrote Lord Durham, "I have discerned in those dissensions which fill the parliamentary history of Canada, that the Assembly has always been at war with the

Council, relative to powers which are essential to be possessed by the latter, through the very nature of representative institutions." The report proposed the union of the provinces in order to restore the balance of power between the French and English races, and to remove the commercial difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada. In anticipation of subsequent political events, it suggested a legislative union of all the colonies, and the construction of an intercolonial road as a line between them. Although bitterly attacked by the friends of the irresponsible colonial Governments, it greatly influenced the Home authorities, and encouraged the advocates of constitutional reform in the colonies.

Mr. Dent's history opens in this picturesque manner with an account of the death of Lord Durham and a judicious estimate of his character:—

"One day, towards the end of the month of July, 1840, an English nobleman lay dying at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. It had long been evident to those about him that his days were numbered. He came of an energetic, yet withal a somewhat short-lived race, and had inherited a feeble constitution, combined with a soaring, but capricious ambition, an irritable temper, a morbid egotism, and a fondness for hard work. He had from his boyhood suffered from an ungovernable tendency to fretfulness and worry, and an utter incapacity for possessing his soul in patience whenever his too susceptible nature was wounded. These incongruous conditions had brought about their legitimate results, and the Right Honourable John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, lay racked with pain of mind and body, with the sands of his life rapidly running out. . . His vital forces were exhausted. His petulance—for his lordship *was* petulant, and had, as has been intimated, a high temper of his own—was never again to disturb the peace of mind of his august father-in-law, nor even of his personal attendants. He never regained sufficient vigour even to berate his valet. On the 26th of the month his physician-in-chief was summoned for the last time, and gave it as his opinion that his lordship would not live to see the light of another day. 'Then,' said the dying man, with playful melancholy, 'the legend is true, and I shall not die at Lambton.' After a pause, he added in a faint voice, 'I would fain hope I have not lived altogether in vain. Whatever the

Tories may say, the Canadians will one day do justice to my memory.' Canadians of all shades of political conviction—whether Tories, Liberal-Conservatives, Grits or Reformers—have long since done justice to his memory.



*Engraved from an Original
Drawing by H. R. H. the
Princess Louise.*

VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HEAD QUARTERS
IN THE CITADAL, QUEBEC.

“Lord Durham lingered till the 28th of the month, when he breathed his last. He was only forty-eight years and three months old. He had gained a very high political reputation, and if life and health had been spared to him he would doubtless have left a name as widely known to posterity as it was to his

contemporaries. 'Canada has been the death of him,' remarked John Stuart Mill, when intelligence of his Lordship's demise reached London. The saying was in a great measure true. Probably Lord Durham would not, under the most favourable conditions, have attained to a patriarchal age, but he might well have lived a few years longer than he did if he had kept clear of politics, Lord Brougham, and—above all—Canada.

"If Lord Durham's personal career was in any way a failure, his policy for Canada was a splendid success. It established the principles of colonial government. One may say, with little help from the merely fanciful, that the rejoicings of emancipated colonies might have been in his dying ears as he sank into his early grave."

The Home ministry had determined on the union of the two Canadas, and on the acknowledgment in the new constitution of the principle of responsible government. There was a considerable section in either province to which both of these projects were obnoxious. It was a task, therefore, requiring the exercise of consummate skill and prudence to inaugurate the Union.

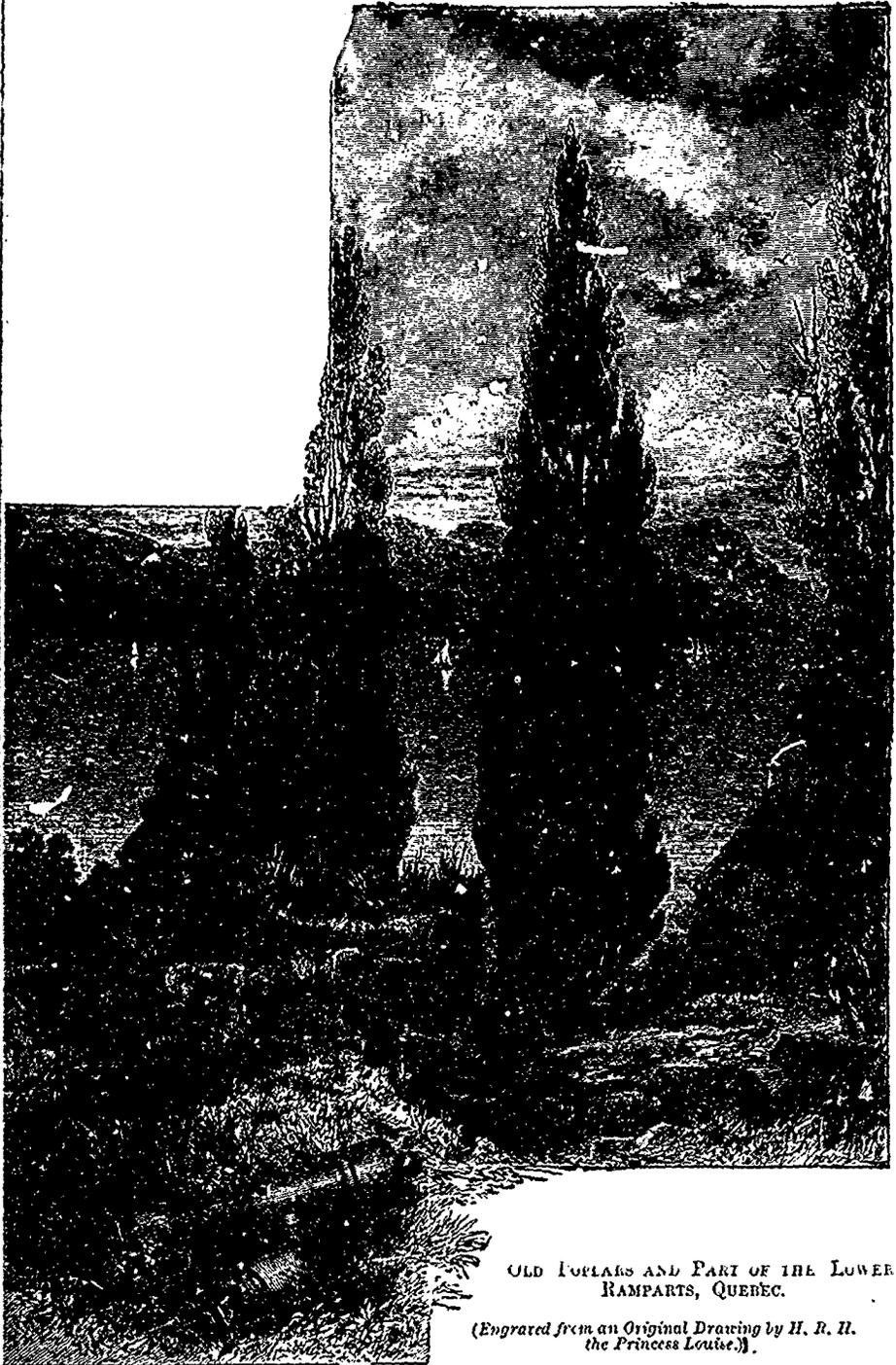
"The gentleman," says Mr. Dent, "fixed upon to undertake this important mission was Mr. Charles Poulett Thompson, better known to Canadians by his subsequent title of Lord Sydenham. Mr. Thompson, though still a young man to be intrusted with a matter of such importance, had had large experience as a politician and diplomatist. He was particularly well-informed respecting mercantile affairs, having been bred to commercial pursuits, and was an ardent disciple of Free Trade doctrines. He had become a disciple of Mill and Ricardo, and the personal friend of Jeremy Bentham and Joseph Hume. He distinguished himself during his first Parliamentary session. He soon won a reputation, not as an eloquent speaker—though he always spoke fluently and sensibly—but as a shrewd and business-like member of Parliament. Some of his speeches smacked strongly of Radicalism, but his mind was of an essentially practical order, and he cared little for mere speculative theories about liberty, equality, and the natural rights of mankind. He was above all things a *useful* man, and from time to time rendered great services to his party. It was noticed that he was always able to make the best of a complicated and awkward situation, and was not deterred by Quixotic scruples from turning even the slips

and weaknesses of others to his own account. Though neither a thorough nor a profound statesman, he was at least a very clever politician, and it is doubtful whether any man could have been found throughout the broad realm of England better fitted, alike by nature and by training, to carry out Lord Durham's policy in Canada than was the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thompson.

"The crowning work of his life, and that which renders his career specially interesting to Canadians, was his successful inauguration of the Union. For this he is entitled to whatever credit attaches to the measure itself. The conception was due to Lord Durham, the execution to Lord Sydenham. He lived long enough to see the new constitutional system fairly set going, but not long enough to encounter the inevitable strain to which, sooner or later, it was certain to be subjected. In this sense it may be said that he was as fortunate in his death as in his life. Had life and health been spared to him, and had he remained in Canada, some part of the struggle, of which his successors were compelled to bear the brunt, would doubtless have fallen upon his own shoulders."

The Act of Union provided that there should be one Legislative Council and one Legislative Assembly, in which each province should be equally represented. The initiation of all bills, involving the expenditure of public money, was vested in the Government, which must bear the responsibility of the measure; but it must command the support of a majority of the legislature. Thus the great object of years of contention was secured,—the control by the representatives of the people of all the public revenues.

In token of appreciation of his success in carrying out the Imperial policy of union of the Canadas, the Queen was pleased to raise Mr. Thompson to the peerage, with the title of Lord Sydenham of Kent and Toronto. But this distinguished benefactor of Canada was not permitted to witness the full result of his labours, nor the triumph of that system of responsible government which he had assisted in introducing. While out riding, the fall of his horse fractured his leg. His constitution, never robust, and now undermined by his zeal in the discharge of public duty, was unable to withstand the shock. After lingering in great pain a few days, he sank beneath his injuries,



OLD POPLARS AND PART OF THE LOWER
RAMPARTS, QUEBEC.

*(Engraved from an Original Drawing by H. R. H.
the Princess Louise.)*

September 19, 1841, in the forty-second year of his age. He was buried, by his own request, in the land to whose welfare he devoted the last energies of his life. No columned monument perpetuates his memory, but the constitutional privileges which we to-day enjoy, and the peace and prosperity which resulted from the union of the Canadas, which he laboured so strenuously to bring about, constitute an imperishable claim upon our esteem and gratitude.

Of Robert Baldwin, who is regarded by many as the father of constitutional reform in Canada, Mr. Dent gives the following graphic characterization:—

“He was the eldest son of Dr. William Warren Baldwin, a gentleman of high social and political standing, and was born at Little York in 1804. He studied law, and upon completing his studies entered upon the practice of his profession in his native town, in partnership with his father. The latter was a gentleman of very liberal and enlightened views, and brought up his son with political ideas in advance of his time and surroundings. Robert was from his boyhood conspicuous, not so much for brilliant abilities as for a very unusual degree of prudence and good sense. All his actions were dictated by a high sense of duty and responsibility to his Maker. He was scrupulously, almost morbidly conscientious, insomuch that he was in some degree unfitted for the exigencies of party warfare in those days. The twenty and odd years which have elapsed since he was laid in his grave have witnessed many and important changes in our Constitution, as well as in our habits of thought; but his name is still regarded by the great mass of the Canadian people with feelings of respect and veneration. We can still point to him with the admiration due to a man, who, during a time of the grossest political corruption, took a foremost part in our public affairs, and who yet preserved his integrity untarnished. We can point to him as the man who, if not the actual author of Responsible Government in Canada, yet spent the best years of his life in contending for it, and who contributed more than any other person to make that project an accomplished fact. We can point to him as one who, though a politician by predilection and by profession, never stooped to disreputable practices, either to win votes or to maintain himself in office. Robert Baldwin was a man who was not only incapable of falsehood or meanness

to gain his ends, but who was to the last degree intolerant of such practices on the part of his warmest supporters. If intellectual greatness cannot be claimed for him, moral greatness was most indisputably his. Every action of his life was marked by sincerity and good faith, alike towards friend and foe. He was not only true to others, but was from first to last true to himself. His useful career, and the high reputation which he left behind him, furnish an apt commentary upon the advice which Polonius gives to his son Laertes:—

“ This above all : to thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

. . . No unprejudiced man can doubt that he was a sincere patriot, or that he was induced to enter public life chiefly by a desire to promote the general good. His frequent sacrifices of personal advantages when required to adherence to his principles, are sufficient proof of this ; and he will long be remembered in Canada as possessing singular purity of motive, and freedom from the lower influences which operate upon politicians. Our country has, perhaps, produced greater men, but she has produced none better, and there is no name in our annals to which we can point with more unfeigned respect and admiration than his.”

In other numbers of this MAGAZINE we shall make further citations from Mr. Dent's important and trustworthy volumes. We would here call attention to their admirable illustrations. They contain some seventy-six full-page engravings, illustrative of the most picturesque and noteworthy scenes in the Dominion, from the historic ramparts of Quebec to the sublime passes of the Rocky Mountains, together with a series of historic portraits of great value. Several of these engravings possess a unique interest as being engraved from drawings made by the skilful fingers of H. R. H. the daughter of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria. It is well known that the Princess Louise is an accomplished artist ; in the magnificent scenery of Quebec and vicinity, she has found a congenial and worthy subject. These pictures, and the poem by the Marquis of Lorne on the ancient Capital, will be an admirable *souvenir* of the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness who are soon to take their departure from among us.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Dent and his publisher, George Virtue, Esq., we are enabled to present these handsome engravings, and in future numbers to give others from drawings by Lord Dufferin and other accomplished artists.

We proceed to notice briefly the pictures by the Princess Louise:—

The frontispiece to this number represents one of the finest views in the world.* The present writer has stood upon the ramparts of the famous fortress—castle of Ehrenbreitstein, at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle, opposite Coblenz, which is often compared with Quebec; but beautiful as is that view, it cannot compare with that of our own St. Lawrence. When a fleet of snowy-winged vessels come gliding up the river, the sails glistening in the bright sunlight, it is one of the most magnificent sights one can wish to see.

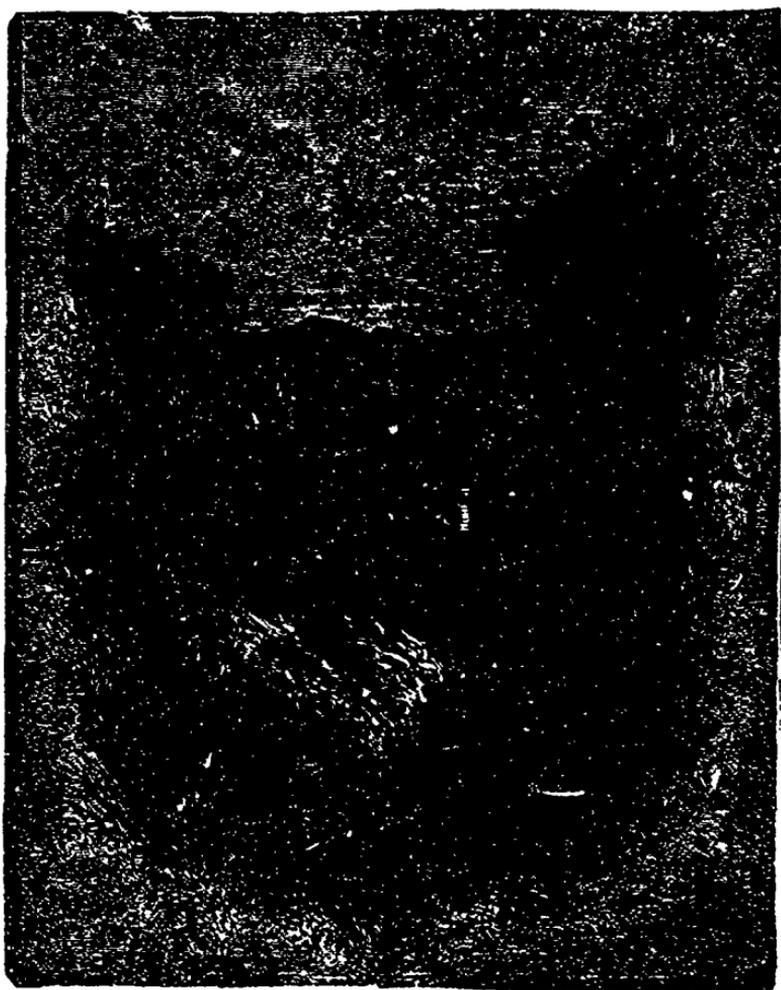
Durham Terrace, one of the most delightful promenades in the world, is built on the foundation arches of the old Palais Saint Louis, the chateau of the early French Governors, impending immediately over the Lower Town. But higher up still, the view from the Governor-General's head quarters, as shown in cut on page is magnificent. The broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, of mingled sapphire and opal, studded with the snowy sails of ships, flocking portwards like doves to their windows; the silver waters of the St. Charles; the beautiful *Isle D'Orléans*, like an emerald gem on the river's breast; and Point Levi crouching at the opposite shore, form a picture not often equalled nor easily forgotten.

There is an air of quaint mediævalism about Quebec that pertains, we believe, to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. Those cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. They are suggestive of ancient feuds, now, let us hope, forever dead. Those walls, long laved by the ever-

* We understand that George Virtue, the publisher of Dent's "Last Forty Years," has made an arrangement with James Campbell & Son, whereby this cut, trimmed down to suit the size of a 12mo page, will appear as frontispiece to the Fifth Book of their series of *Royal Readers*—just published.

ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful with old-time memories.

The historical reminiscences of Quebec are of thrilling interest. Founded by Champlain in 1608, it is almost the oldest city in America. It was one of the earliest mission stations of the



DITCH AND RAMPARTS, QUEBEC.

From an Original Drawing by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.

Jesuit Fathers, then in the zenith of their zeal and power. Here they collected the wandering children of the forest whom they induced to forsake paganism and to become Christians. From hence they started on their lonely pilgrimages to carry the Gospel

of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior, on the head waters of the Mississippi, and in the frozen regions of Hudson Bay.

It was long the rendezvous of the *voyageur* and *coureur de bois*, of the trapper and trader, those pioneers of civilization, and the *entrepot* of the Hudson Bay Company, that giant monopoly which so long asserted its supremacy over a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe.

Many are the thrilling traditions of raid and foray on the infant colony and mission, of the massacres, captivities, and rescues of its inhabitants; many are the weird, wild legends many the glorious historical recollections clustering round the grand old city. Memories of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, and Maisonneuve and Frontenac, and D'Iberville and Montcalm, and Wolfe and Montgomery, and many another gallant hero, fill our minds as we gaze upon the scene. No city in America, and few cities in the world, have been so often besieged and taken and retaken as Quebec.

The prominent feature in the topography of Quebec, is Cape Diamond, rising perpendicularly to the height of 300 feet above the Lower Town, crowned by the impregnable citadel, whose position and strength have gained for the city the *sobriquet*—the Gibraltar of America. Like a faithful sentinel, it stands the warden of the noble river flowing at its feet, waving in lofty triumph over its head the red cross flag of England.

The cliff on which the city stands is somewhat the shape of a triangle, the two sides of which are formed by the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, while the base of the triangle is formed by the Plains of Abraham, west of the city, on which was fought the battle whereby Quebec was wrested from the French in 1760. The river fronts are defended by a continuous wall on the very brow of the cliff, with flanking towers and bastions, all loopholed for musketry, and pierced for cannon. The west side, towards the level plain has, or rather had, for much of it has been demolished, a triple wall, faced with masonry, running zig-zag across the plain, with deep, wide trenches beneath; the inner wall sufficiently higher than the others to allow the heavy cannon which it mounts to rake the entire *glacis* in case of assault or attempted escalade. These grass-grown, poplar-shadowed ramparts are now a favourite promenade for the citizens, and playground for the children.

The large picture of Wolfe's cove, facing this article represents a scene of rare beauty and of great historic interest. The spacious cove is now crowded with the rafts of the lumber-men, and here the great lumber-ships are freighted with the forest-wealth of Canada. Far other was the scene on the morning of September 13th, 1759, when before day the British fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which with muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and, in a low tone, blending with the rippling of the river, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence he whispered the strangely-prophetic words,—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a prescience of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

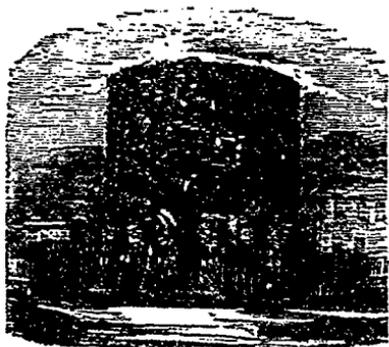
Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned by a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shaded cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui Vive?" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and, in a moment, the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, aided themselves by the roots and branches of the stunted spruces and savins; the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet. With much difficulty, a single fieldpiece was dragged up the rugged steep. When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders, and English red-coats, forming for battle. And there, that day, in the short space of fifteen minutes was won the battle which wrested half a continent from the power of France.



INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.
(Engraved from an Original Drawing by H. H. the Princess Louisa.)

AN OLD COLONIAL PILGRIMAGE.

II.



OLD TOWER AT NEWPORT.

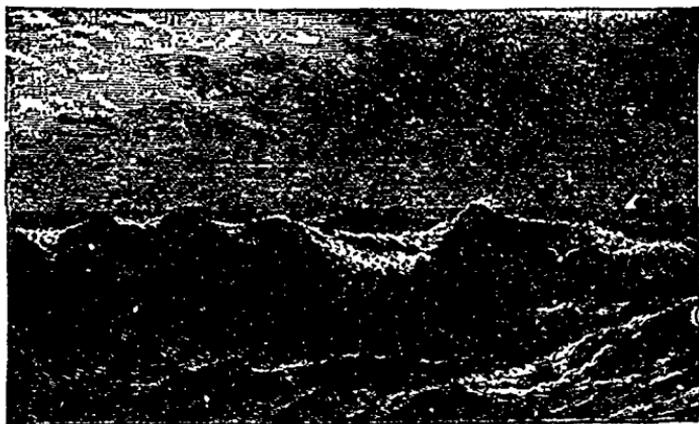
NEWPORT is now unquestionably the "queen of the American watering places"—the chief summer resort of wealth and fashion. Yet the first impression that it makes upon the tourist is very disappointing. One enters a dingy old colonial town, with narrow streets and old-fashioned woodenhouses—a characteristic seaport of a hundred years ago.

A short walk takes one into the new and fashionable part of the town—the famous Bellevue Avenue, with its elegant shops, rivalling in richness of contents those of New York or Paris, and further on, its large and handsome summer villas, each in its spacious and well-kept grounds. In this avenue, during the fashionable hours, from five to seven, will be seen a stream of elegant carriages, landaus, dog-carts, drags, and four-in-hand tally-ho coaches, not to be surpassed in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne.

It is the ambition of the American millionaire to have his villa at Newport; and many of the foreign ambassadors and wealthy West Indians and Southerners make it their summer home. Hotel life is quite subordinate to that of the "cottages," or "mansions," as many of them ought rather to be called. Most of these are of that peculiar American wooden architecture which consists largely of piazzas, bay windows, dormers, pinnacles, and fret-work; though many of them are substantial brick or stone structures, and some are of elegant Eastlake and Queen Anne designs. They are scattered along the picturesque and rugged shores, and on either side of the avenues, often without dividing fences, and surrounded by turfy lawns, brilliant

with flowers and foliage plants. By a happy law or prescriptive right, there is a path always left open for foot passengers along the cliffs between the villa grounds and the sea. It is like a walk for miles through a continuous park, and commands a most magnificent view—on the one side the ocean surges rolling in against the tempest-worn crags, on the other the broad lawns, trim parterres, and handsome houses on the land. At intervals, as at the "Forty Steps," one may descend to the shore, and at low tide wander beneath the cliffs at the water's edge.

The bathing beach is at some distance from the town, and here at the fashionable hour assembles a great concourse of car-



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

riages, whose occupants come more, we suspect, to see and be seen than to bathe. The ladies' toilets, as seen on the grand drive, are every elegant, and defy male description; and the coachmen and footmen are magnificent specimens of gentlemen, in the finest of broadcloth, and the shiniest of hats and whitest of neckties. There is a splendid surf, which buffets one about most unceremoniously, and extorts screams, half of terror and half of delight, from the merry bathers. There is something wonderfully exhilarating in the impact of the breakers on the person, and in the excitement of the scene.

Nor is Newport without its historic and poetic associations. Here, two hundred and fifty years ago, lived good Bishop Berkeley, the famous philosopher; and the Hanging Rock, a huge

cliff where he loved to sit, where he wrote his "Minute Philosopher," and the fine poem beginning "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is pointed out. It has also its revolutionary memories of Washington, Lafayette, and Rochambeau. Here Channing was born, and lived much of his life; and it is still a favourite haunt of American *littérateurs*. Here, too, is the Old Round Tower, the occasion of Longfellow's finest ballad, "The Skeleton in Armour." In 1831 there was found, near Fall River, Massachusetts, a skeleton, encased in rust-corroded armour. This skeleton, sanguine antiquarians have thought to be possibly a relic of Thorwald Erikson, the reputed discoverer of America in year 1000. Associating it with the old round tower at Newport, shown in our initial cut, for which a Norse origin is claimed, the poet Longfellow has made it the subject of one of his most delightful ballads:—

" Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward."

With very questionable taste the festooning ivy which mantled its naked walls has been torn away—as has also been done at the Coliseum at Rome—and it now stands in all its rugged bareness. Prof. Rafin, of Copenhagen, contends that it was the work of the Norsemen, and was built in the twelfth century. Verrazani minutely describes the harbour in 1524, and makes no mention of the tower; and Governor Arnold, who died 1678, bequeathed it in his will as "my stone-built windmill." It certainly does not look more than two hundred years old.

Of pathetic interest, also, is the old Jewish cemetery, described by Longfellow:—

" How strange it seems ! these Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down !

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes ;

Alvaris and Rivera interchange,
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected : for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

The whole poem is exquisitely beautiful. Of the once numerous Jewish community not one now remains, but through the bequest by one of them of \$20,000, the cemetery is kept in beautiful order.

And the sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The first settlement at Newport was begun in the year 1639, by a portion of the exiled company of Puritans, fleeing from their persecutors in Massachusetts Bay. Because of its commodious harbour, Newport became a very prosperous seaport, and in the colonial days even surpassed New York.

Within two or three hours' run from Boston, by the Old Colony Railway, and half-an-hour by steamer, is Martha's Vineyard, the seat of the oldest and most famous Methodist camp meeting in the world. It is a summer city of some 25,000 or 30,000. The hundreds of cottages—there are over 2,000—are more tasteful and elegant than we have seen at any similar resort, although some with their flamboyant peaks and pinnacles are extremely bizarre. A great iron tabernacle, of light and graceful design, in the heart of "Wesleyan Grove," will accommodate 5000 persons. A tram railway, and some miles of good asphalt roadway, furnish unsurpassed facilities for locomotion. It was like fairy-land to wander at night amid the hundreds of cottages, illuminated with Chinese lanterns, or displaying through wide openings their elegant interiors, tastefully adorned with pictures, fans, Japanese screens, and bric-a-brac, and especially by ladies

in elegant toilets, who filled the listening air with music, song, and mirth. This home-life by the sea impresses us as far more wholesome than the fashionable dissipations of the crowded caravansaries. A summer Institute of Theology, Art, Science and Literature is well sustained, and the August camp-meeting still exhibits its old spiritual power.

Martha's Vineyard was visited and named by Captain Goswold, an English mariner, eighteen years before the settlement of Plymouth, and from it he freighted large cargoes of sassafras—then esteemed a sovereign remedy—to Europe. Vineyard Sound, between the island and the mainland, is one of the greatest thoroughfares for vessels in the world. The keels of every nation plough these waters without rest day or night. It is said that more than 60,000 steamships and sailing vessels pass annually through this Sound in the day-time alone; and very picturesque it is to see the snowy-winged vessels floating like sea-fowl on the sparkling waves. As many as 335 vessels have been counted in Vineyard Haven at one time.



WINDMILL, BLOCK ISLAND.

Another island, much more picturesque in aspect and more primitive in the character of its people, is Block Island. It was discovered by Verrazani in 1524, but received its name from Adrian Block in 1614, and has historic associations with the famous Puritan, Governor Endicott, and with Roger Williams.

The poet Dana's fascinating "Buccaneer," and Whittier's romantic story of "The Palatine," have made this charming home on the ocean familiar to

thousands who have never visited it.

"The island lies nine leagues away;
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

“ But when the light winds lie at rest,
 And on the glassy, heaving sea
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,
 Sits swinging silently.
 How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.”*

The increasing popularity of this mid-ocean resort—the Bermuda of the North, as it has been called—is due to its location, its beautiful scenery, and its charming climate. Block Island is fifteen miles at sea. It is not upon the coast, where the unhealthy land breezes counteract the salutary influences of the ocean; it stands out boldly in the pure untainted air of the Atlantic.

Whittier thus describes it:—

“ Cirled by waters that never freeze,
 Beaten by billows and swept by breeze,
 Lieth the Island of Manisses. †

“ Then is that lovely island fair ;
 And the pale health-seeker findeth there
 The wine of life in its pleasant air.

“ No greener valleys the sun invite,
 On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
 No blue waves shatter to foam more white !”

Grand, picturesque, and awe-inspiring is the scene on which, from Beacon Hill, the highest point on the island, we feast our eyes. The whole island, nine miles in length by four in breadth, lies before us like an oasis of green surrounded by the deep blue waters of the ocean. We see the boldness with which its headlands and cliffs spring from the sea, the graceful curves of its beautifully-undulating surface, the lovely verdure that covers almost every spot of the soil. Its ponds shine like mirrors in the clear sunshine.

The wild and picturesque cliffs of the southern shore, eaten away by the restless ocean into a thousand fantastic shapes, are singularly attractive; even the world-renowned Newport cliffs present no views so wild as well as sublime. At the southern extremity of the island rise the Mohegan Bluffs, or Highland

* Dana's "*Buccaneer*."

† Its Indian name.

Cliffs, shown at the right of the cut on this page. They are crowned by a light-house, two hundred feet above the level of

VIEW ON BROCK ISLAND.



the sea—one of eight in view from one point. The Highland Light can be seen 35 miles. It cost \$75,000—the lenses alone costing \$10,000. Near by is the fog-horn. It is blown to warn mariners to avoid the island in fogs and storms when the light is of little avail. It is sounded by the steam of a four-horse power engine. The sound is made in immense trumpets of cast metal, seventeen feet long, directed towards the sea. The trumpet does not make, but directs the sound, which originates from the siren, or buzz in the small end of the trumpet, the larger end of which is above five feet in diameter. The siren, made of brass, strong, is struck by the current of steam and made to revolve with so great velocity as to make the sound that goes out through the fogs and storms over the sea to warn the mariner of his approach to danger. Whoever stands near that fog-horn when sounding will not be surprised that ships are frightened away. It once made a deaf mute jump and run for dear life.

The island is the home of wild and fantastic legends, one of the most striking of which is that of the Phantom Ship—the *Palatine*. Whittier tells the story thus:—

“The ship that a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

“The eager Islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash as she drove on.

“Into the teeth of death she sped;
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the Rocky Head!)

“O men and brothers! What sights were there!
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

“Down swooped the wreckers like birds of prey,
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

“And there with a ghastly shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the *Palatine*.

"In their cruel hearts as they homeward sped,
'The sea and the rocks are dumb,' they said,
'There'll be no reckoning with the dead.'"

But the phantom ship on many a moonless night is still seen sailing in sheeted flame:—

"Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of fire;
Then slowly sinking the flames expire.

"And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the *Palatine*."

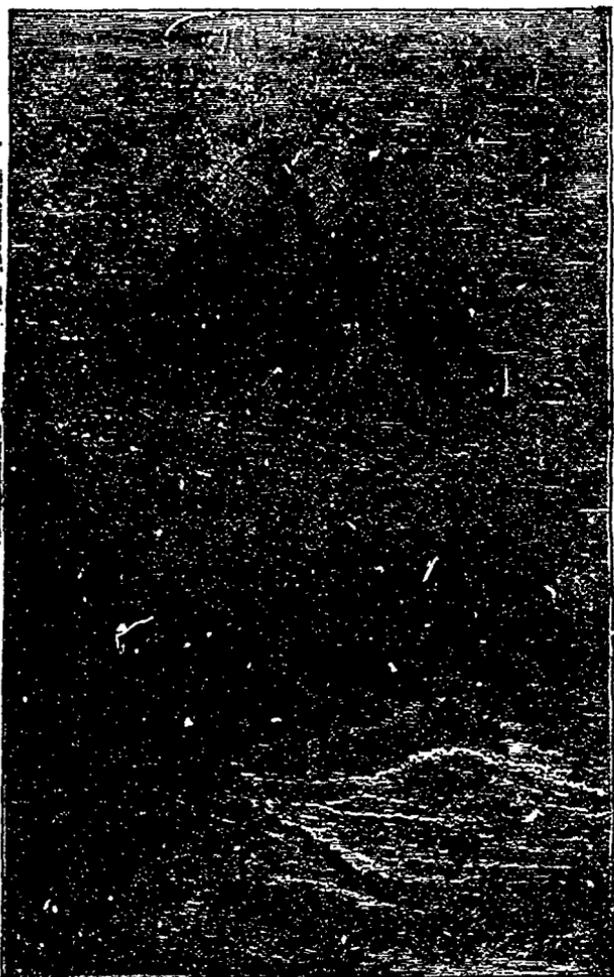
Just north of Block Island opens the picturesque and beautiful



OLD MILL, BLOCK ISLAND.

Narragansett Bay, with its winding shores, its sheltered coves, and sunny nooks. The City of Providence; at the head of the Bay, owes its origin and name to one of the bravest and noblest spirits of the 17th century. Among the emigrants who came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony was a young clergyman named Roger Williams. He arrived in the year 1631. With a clearer mind than his associates, he had a comprehensive grasp of great principles. He preached the doctrine that the civil power had

no right to punish men for mere opinion's sake. This doctrine of "soul liberty" did not meet with favour from the authorities. As a consequence of his advocacy of this and other views, held to be erroneous, Roger Williams, in order to save himself from



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

being forcibly shipped back to England, fled to the woods. This was in the depth of winter, and the forests were then trackless wastes, traversed by no roads, except the Indian trails, and inhabited only by savage Indian tribes. With no guidance but his pocket-compass and the stars of heaven, the exile for

conscience' sake wandered for fourteen weeks through the pathless and wintry forests, "during which time he knew not what either bed or bread did mean, neither fire nor food, nor company, nor any house but a hollow tree." When he reached the site of the future city, the friendly Indians greeted him with the words "What cheer?" a phrase which has become for all time the watch-word of the city. Here they commenced the settlement which their pious founder named Providence—"God's Providence." "I desired," he writes, "that it might be a shelter for persons distressed in conscience." While the other colonies persecuted the Quakers even to the death,* and banished the dissenters, Providence, and the other Rhode Island settlements, were always asylums for the victims of those persecutions.

The commonwealth, which Roger Williams founded, has honoured his memory. Providence is now a busy city, of over 100,000 inhabitants, and the spot where he landed, the spring at which he drank, the site of his house, and the grave in which, for two hundred years, his ashes have slept, are shown with reverent regard. Hotels, steamboats, banks, parks, bear his name, or the watchword "What Cheer." In a lovely park bequeathed by his descendants to the city, rises a noble monument, in bronze, of the grand old pioneer of liberty. He holds in his hand the grand charter of human liberty—the Word of God—on whose open page are inscribed the words "Soul Liberty."

Situated on a lofty eminence, over-looking the city and surrounded by venerable elms, are the buildings of Brown University. The oldest is a barrack-like structure, dating from 1770; the youngest is an elegant library of recent date. Some of the streets are so steep that there are steps with iron hand-rails at the side to help one to climb them, and much of the architecture is exceedingly quaint.

On the shores of Narragansett Bay may be seen what is claimed to be the oldest historic, or pre-historic, memorial in America. This is the famous Dighton Rock inscription, of which we give an engraving. It is claimed that the inscription is in Icelandic characters, recording the fact that in the year 1007 Thorfinn Karlsefne, a rich Iclander, with his wife, Gudrid, and a company of one hundred and fifty-one men and

*Four Quakers—one a woman—were hanged on Boston Common.

seven women, planted a colony in Vinland. It was in this vicinity that Longfellow's skeleton in armour was found. President Stiles, indeed, speaks of the "Phœnicians who charged



DIGHTON ROCK INSCRIPTION.

the Dighton Rock and other rocks, in Narragansett Bay, with Punic inscriptions which remain to this day." His robust faith thus carries the date of these inscriptions back more than 2000 years.

Fall River, near by, spins and weaves more cotton than any other city in America. There are thirty-five mills, and they use 200,000 bales of cotton a year. The Union Mill, which I visited, has 90,000 spindles, and 2,400 looms, and employs 900 operatives, about half of them being women and girls. The clash and clatter of the machinery, the heat and fuzz and dust and oil were bewildering. Yet little girls were at work, walking many miles a day back and forth after the hundreds of automatic and almost life-like spinning-jennies. They made me think of Mrs. Browning's pathetic "Cry of the Children":—

"Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheel is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us,
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.

"And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding),
Strangers speaking at the door.
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more!"

Another of the queer old sea-side towns of the south coast of New England is New Bedford, the greatest whale-fishing port in the world. Indeed, it is asserted, though the trade has greatly declined, that it yet sends out more whaling-vessels than all the other ports in the world combined. The city is founded on the backs of the whales it has captured. In 1850 it had 450 whale ships, and the product was 363,191 barrels of oil, and over five-and-a-half million pounds of whalebone. The discovery of

coal-oil, and the devastations of the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, which almost swept American shipping off the sea, paralyzed the trade, but there are now over a hundred whalers which sail from this port. As whalebone is one of the important products, and there must be a demand for this until ladies conclude that nature has provided them with sufficient bones of their own, the business will probably be good for an indefinite time yet to come. Several of the whalers now are staunch steamers, made exceedingly strong to resist the nipping of the ice. The blubber is "tried out" in huge boilers, set in brickwork on the deck, and



SOUTHERN CLIFFS, BLOCK ISLAND.

the refuse serves as fuel. On the wharves the reek and smears of oil are everywhere. Hundreds of barrels were stored and covered thick with sea-weed.

Probably no occupation but war has been attended with so many perils as whaling. An old salt on the wharf regaled me, while we watched a whaleship just returned "breaking out" cargo, with accounts of the stirring adventures of the four or five years' cruise, and explained the mode and use of the harpoons, lances, and knives, used in this war of the pigmies and Titans. A stroke of the sea-monster's tail will shiver to pieces the strongest boat; and as the harpooned whale darts off, the arm or leg that is caught in the flying line is crushed or torn off in a

twinkling. But the steam whalers, gun lances, and explosive bombs, he thought, took all the romance out of the thing, and no longer gave the whale fair play.

The houses of the old sea-captains are great solid structures, of the granite boulder order of architecture, built like a staunch ship, to bid defiance to the wildest storm that blows. New Bedford has the honour of having founded the first free library in the United States. Indeed, scarce one of these old New England towns has not its handsome public library, reading-room, and museum. A singular contribution of New Bedford to the necessities of the late war, was a number of the old whale-ships, which, after being freighted with stone, were sunk as obstructions in the harbours of the South. One of these was in charge of a captain of unbending discipline, who was accustomed to have his deck thoroughly scoured and polished every morning, nor did he in the least depart from his custom on the morning it was sunk, and the old ship went down with her deck as bright and shining as if she were especially prepared for the reception of a presidential party.*

1

"PERISH 'policy' and cunning,"
 Perish all that fears the light;
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee—
 Trust in God, and do the right.

—*Dr. Norman Macleod.*

* Just a word as to how to make this "Old Colonial Pilgrimage." The Old Colony Railway will take one to almost any place in Massachusetts or Rhode Island. It even sends a branch around the doubled-up arm of Cape Cod, thrust far out into ocean, with clenched fist, as if in defiance of old Europe. A circular trip ticket, from Boston and back, will enable one to visit in a week, Plymouth, Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford, Fall River, Newport, and Providence. Over part of this road we had a ride on the locomotive, one of the most exhilarating we ever enjoyed. To reach Lynn, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth, one must take the Eastern Railway from Boston or Portland. Osgood's Guide Book to New England is essential to the intelligent enjoyment of the trip.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VII.



THE CHIEF OF MPUNGU.

THE best view of Ujiji is to be obtained from the flat roof of one of the Arab tembés or houses. The annexed photograph represents a view north from my tembé which fronted the market-place. Palms and papaws, pomegranates and plantains, raise graceful branch and frond, in pleasing contrast to the grey-brown walls, enclosures, and houses.

Both Frank Pocock and myself, having eagerly looked forward with certainty to receiving a bagful of letters at this place, were much disappointed at finding none. I was about to circumnavigate the Tanganika with my boat, and would probably be absent for two or three months. Before departing on the voyage many affairs had to be provided for, such as the well-being of the Expedition during my absence, distribution of sufficient rations, provisioning for the cruise, the engagement of guides, etc.

The saucy English-built boat which had made the acquaintance of all the bays and inlets of the Victoria Nyanza, which had been borne on the shoulders of sturdy men across the plains and through the ravines of Unyoro is at last afloat upon the deep-blue waters of the Tanganika. She has a consort now, a lumbering, heavy, but staunch mate, a canoe cut out from an enormous teak-tree. The canoe is called the *Meofu*, and is the property of the governor of Ujiji, who had kindly lent it to me. The boat and her consort are ready on the 11th June, 1876. The boat's crew have been most carefully selected. They are all young, agile, faithful creatures. There is much hand-shaking,



USIJI, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MARKET-PLACE, VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF OUR TEMPLE AT USIJI.
(From a photograph.)

many cries of "Take care of yourselves," and then both boat and canoe hoist sail, turning their heads along the coast to the south.

Our voyage was along the bold mountain spurs of Kawendi, forming a steep, rock-bound coast, indented at frequent intervals with calm, pool-like bays, and their heights clothed with solemn woods. We coasted along land familiar to me, from my journey with Livingstone, to Urimba. I sallied out the next day over ground which I looked upon with reverence. The exact place covered by our little tent, only six feet square of land, was hal-
lowed by associations of an intercourse which will never, never be repeated.

Though the mountains of Marungu are steep, rugged and craggy, the district is surprisingly populous. Though the chasms and great canons with which the mountains are sometimes cleft, we saw the summits of other high mountains, fully 2500 feet above the lake, occupied by villages. Mount Murumbi, 2000 feet above the lake, is a striking feature of the coast.

The Waguha, along whose country we voyaged, are an unusually ceremonious people. The art of the coiffeur is better known here than in any portion of Africa east of Lake Tanganika. The "waterfall" and "back-hair" styles are superb, and the constructions are fastened with carved wooden or iron pins.

The mountains seem to be dissolving in tears, for through every ravine or cleft or gap, chasm or rift, streams roll with impetuous course to the lake. Wherever foothold is obtained on a square-browed hill, terrace, or slope, cultivated fields and villages are seen, while on either side of them the cliffs drop sheer to profound depths.

Near the little round island of Muzimu, or the Spirit, we made a very comfortable camp near a fine gravel beach. The photograph of the Spirit Island, given on page 41, suffices for description.

Coasting along the south end of Burton Gulf,* we lowered our sail and enquired the names of the various rivers, villages, points and countries. On coming near a village we were warned away by the Wabembé, who are most inimical to strangers.

* So named after Captain Richard Francis Burton, the commander of the Burton and Speke Expedition, which first discovered Lake Tanganika.

Wishing to test how far this hostile spirit would proceed, we continued to advance upon the shore. From wild gesture, such as striking the ground with their spears, they took to throwing stones of such large size as might well be termed dangerous missiles. Motioning a halt, we calmly surveyed the natives. Not a word, gesture or movement on our part indicated either resentment or pleasure, until the natives ceased their furious demonstrations. We then informed them that we would have nothing to say to such wild people, who at the sight of strangers showed such foolish fury.

On the 31st we arrived at Ujiji, after an absence of fifty-one days, during which time we had sailed, without disaster or illness,



VIEW OF UFUMBIRO MOUNTAINS FROM MOUNT NEAR MTAGATA HOT SPRINGS.

a distance of over 810 miles. The entire coast line of the Tanganika is about 930 miles.

The cheery view of the port lent strength to our arms. An animating boat-song was struck up, the sounds of which, carried far on the shore, announced that a proud, joyous crew was returning homeward. Our Wangwana hurry to the beach to welcome us. The usual congratulations follow—hand-shaking, smiles, and expressions. Frank, however, is pale and sickly; a muffler is round his neck, and he wears a greatcoat. He looks very different from the strong hearty man, to whom I gave the charge of the camp during my absence. In a few words he informs me of his sufferings from the fever of Ujiji.

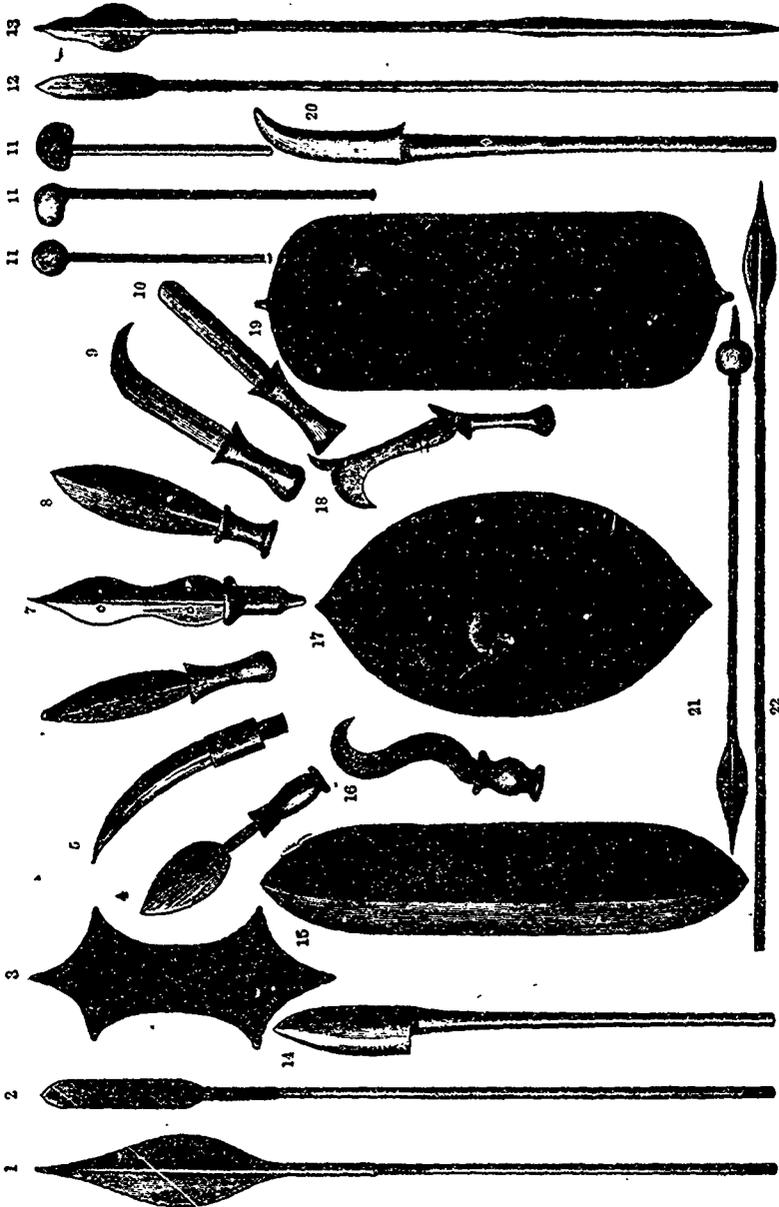
“I am so glad you have come, sir. I was beginning to feel very depressed. I have been down several times with severe

attacks of the horrible fever, and people are dying round me so fast that I was beginning to think I must soon die too. Now I am all right, and shall soon get strong again."

The news, when told to me in detail, was grievous. Five of our Wangwana were dead from small-pox. Among the Arab slaves, neither inoculated nor vaccinated, the mortality had been excessive from this fearful pest. At Rosako, I had foreseen some such event as this, and had vaccinated, as I had thought, all hands; but it transpired, on inquiry now, that there were several who had not responded to the call, through some silly prejudice against it. The Arabs were dismayed at the pest and its dreadful havoc among their families and slaves. Every house was full of mourning and woe. The mortality was now from fifty to seventy-five daily among a population of about three thousand. Frank had been assiduous in his assistance to our friends. He had elevated himself in their opinion by his devotion and sympathy, until sickness had laid its heavy hand on him.

To escape the effect of the epidemic, it was necessary to move and resume our journey westward. The Wangwana were therefore ordered to prepare, and my last letters were written; but though I hoped to be ready on the 17th to strike camp, I was attacked by a serious fever. This delayed me until the evening of the 25th. When on the morning of the 25th August, the drum and bugle announced that our travels were to be resumed, I had cause to congratulate myself that I had foreseen that many desertions would take place, and that I was prepared in a measure for it by having discarded many superfluities. But I was not prepared to hear that thirty-eight men had deserted. I was also told by the chiefs of the Expedition, who were almost beside themselves with fear, that this wholesale desertion threatened an entire and complete dissolution of our force, that many more would desert *en route* to Kabogo, as the people were demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals. As neither Frank nor I relished the idea of being compelled to return to Zanzibar before we had obtained a view of the Lualaba, I mustered as many as would answer to their names; and out of these, selecting such as appeared unstable and flighty, I secured thirty-two, and surrounded our house with guards.

After preparing the canoes and getting the boat ready, those who did not bear a good character for firmness and fidelity were conducted under guard to the transport canoes. Out of the 132



1. East Manyema spear.
 2. Urundi, Karogvé, and Uhiba spear.
 3. Uayoro shield.
 4. Uregga knife.
 5. Rua knife.

6. Uvuma and Usoga knife.
 7. Manyema knife.
 8. Uregga knife.
 9. Uganda knife.
 10. Ukerové knife.
 11. Clubs and walking stick.

12. Ordinary spear of Unyamwezi.
 13. Uregga spear.
 14. Uganda machieké.
 15. Manyema shield.
 16. Uhyeva billhook.
 17. Uganda shield.

18. Unyamwezi billhook.
 19. Usongora and Bumbireh shield.
 20. Usongora and Bumbireh machieké.
 21. Manyema spear.
 22. Ugal. A spear.

men, of whom the Expedition now consisted, only thirty were entrusted with guns, as my faith in the stability of the Wangwana was utterly destroyed, despite their protestations to the contrary. I could afford to lose weak, fearful, and unworthy men; but I could not afford to lose one gun. Though we had such a show of strength left, I was only too conscious that there were barely forty reliable and effective in a crisis, or in the presence of danger; the rest were merely useful as bearers of burdens, or porters. Four others soon after also deserted.

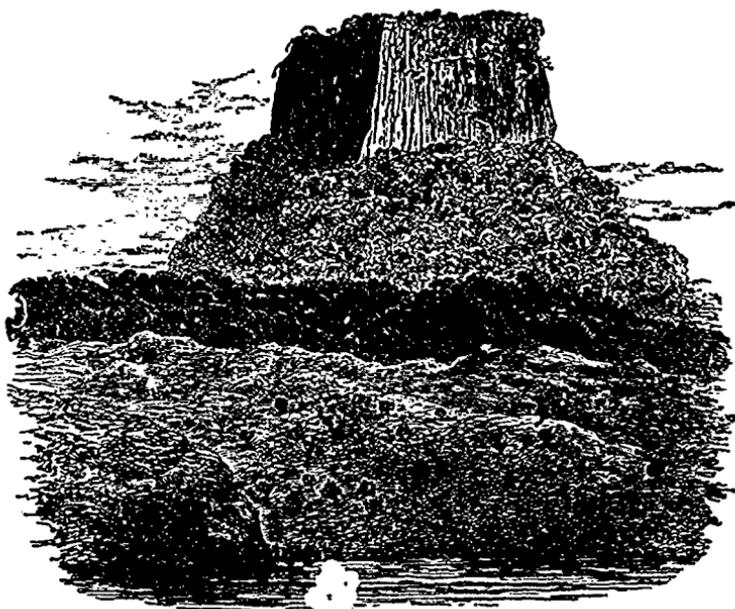
Induced to do so by the hope that I should secure their attachment to the cause of the Expedition, I had purchased from Sultan Bin Kassim six bales of cloth at an enormous price, £350, and had distributed them all among the people gratuitously. This wholesale desertion at the very period when their services were about to be most needed, was my reward! I determined to recover some of the deserters. Francis Pocock and the detective of the Expedition, the ever faithful and gallant Kachéché, were therefore sent back with a squad to Ujiji, with instructions how to act; and one night Kachéché pounced upon six fellows, who, after a hard and tough resistance, were secured. These, along with a few others arrested in the act of desertion, received merited punishments, which put an end to misconduct and faithlessness, and prevented the wreck of the Expedition.

Unless the traveller in Africa exerts himself to keep his force intact, he cannot hope to perform satisfactory service. Livingstone lost at least six years of time, and finally his life, by permitting his people to desert. The consequence of his excessive mildness was that he was left at last with only seven men out of nearly seventy. His noble character has won from us a tribute of affection and esteem, but it has had no lasting good effect on the African. At the same time over-severity is as bad as over-gentleness in dealing with these men. What is required is pure, simple justice between man and man.

Livingstone's uniform gentle treatment of all classes deserved a better return than to have his life attempted four times. His patience finally exhausted, and his life in danger, he gave the order to his men, "Fire upon them, these men are wicked."

The conduct of the first natives whom we met after leaving Ujiji, pleased us all. They showed themselves in a very amiable light, sold their corn cheaply and without fuss, behaved them-

selves decently and with propriety. In these people we first saw the mild, amiable, unsophisticated innocence of this part of Central Africa. From our experience of them they appear to be the *élite* of the hair-dressed fashionables of Africa. Hair-dressing is indeed carried to an absurd perfection throughout all this region, and among the various styles I have seen, some are surpassing in taste and neatness, and almost pathetic from the carefulness with which poor wild nature has done its best to decorate itself. The Wahyeya are also partial to ochre, black



MOUNT MURUMBI.

paint, and a composition of black mud, which they mould into the form of a plate, and attach to the back part of the head. Their upper teeth are filed, "out of regard to custom," they say, and not from any taste for human flesh.

Travellers from Africa have often written about African villages, yet I am sure few of those at home have ever comprehended the reality. I now propose to lay it before them in this sketch of a village in the district of Uhombo. The village consists of a number of low, conical grass huts, ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which are three or four fig-trees, kept

for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community, and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low, scarcely 30 inches high. On presenting myself in the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population, of men, women, children, and infants. I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unrepresentable type it is possible to conceive. I strive, however, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters. I turn toward an individual, whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him after the common manner of greeting:—"My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;" and as I say it I thrust into his wide open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand as he extended it made me think I could carve a better looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros hide. While speaking I looked at his face, which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark brown coarse material. His nose was so flat that I inquired in a perfectly innocent manner as to the reason for such a feature. "Ah," said he, with a sly laugh, "it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back." His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones.

If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint, without offence, my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest. And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle?

It happened that one of the youthful innocents, a stirring fellow, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of the men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and

ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering, and then I recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

On the 5th October our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Ribi-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut, with more gradually sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud, especially those in Manyema. The grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; the creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; the thorns are hooks of steel; the trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet.

Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but associated as it is with Livingstone's sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from Mwana Ngoy, "Yes, this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons," make up my mind to halt.

"Ah! he lived here, did he?" "Yes. Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?" "He was not my father; but I knew him well." "Eh, do you hear that?" he asked his people. "He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?" "Yes; very good." "You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many times. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead!" "Yes, he is dead." "Where has he gone to?" "Above, my friend," said I, pointing to the sky. "Ah," said he breathlessly, and looking up, "did he come from above?" "No, but good men like him go above when they die." We had many conversations about him. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished for ever.

The Manyema have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and iron bells, a light, beautifully balanced spear—probably, next to the spear of Uganda, the most perfect in the

world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consists of a narrow apron of antelope skin or finely made grass cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Others more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it with a stiffening of light cane into a bonnet-shaped head-dress, allowing the back hair to flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life, for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker baskets behind them,



THE SPIRIT ISLAND.

setting out for the rivers or creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

Their villages consist of one or more broad streets, from 100 to 150 feet wide, flanked by low square huts, arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of stamped clay, with a heavy tree-trunk sunk into it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor,

are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The household chattels or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wickerwork dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

At Kabungwé I was alarmed at an insufferable odour that pervaded the air we breathed, for, whether in the house or without, the atmosphere seemed loaded with an intolerable stench. On enquiring of the natives whether there was any dead animal putrefying in the neighbourhood, they pointed to the firewood that was burning, and to a tree—a species of laurel—as that which emitted the smell. Upon examination I found it was indeed due to this strange wood, which, however, only becomes offensive under the action of fire.

Skirting the range of hills which bounds the Luama valley on the north, we marched to Mpungu, which is fifteen miles west of Mtuyu. Kiteté, its chief, is remarkable for a plaited beard, twenty inches long, decorated at the tips with a number of blue glass beads. His hair was also trussed up on the crown of his head in a shapely mass. (See initial cut.) His village was neat, and the architecture of the huts peculiar.

From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country (a distance of four miles), and suddenly from the crest of a low ridge saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Lualaba. The former appeared to have a breadth of 400 yards at the mouth; the latter was about 1400 yards wide, a broad river of a pale grey colour, winding slowly from south and by east.

We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volumed Missouri pours its rusty brown water into it.

A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. For two hundred and twenty miles I had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the Ocean.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN CANADA.

An Address given at the Convocation of Victoria University, Cobourg, May, 1883.

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

THERE are indications in this country and in the United States of an increasing interest in the great work of Christian education, especially of higher or university education. There is a natural alliance between Christianity and intellectual development, and notwithstanding some apparent exceptions, it may be truly said that the Church of Christ has done more than all other agencies combined for the progress of learning, the quickening of popular intelligence, and the wide diffusion of knowledge. The great universities of the world have had a religious origin and have been endowed and built up by Christian beneficence. This holds good of America as well as of Europe. The history of the American colleges is interwoven in the closest manner with the history of the Churches of that land. Of this fact we have very prominent examples in Harvard, and Yale, and Amherst, and Princeton, and Dartmouth, in the Wesleyan University, in Brown University, the University of Rochester, the University of Syracuse, Union College, and many other American Colleges. The amount of property belonging to the denominational colleges of the great Republic was estimated a few years since at *sixty-eight millions* of dollars, and some millions have since been added, according to one recent statement not less than twelve millions during the past year. Such immense donations have led an able writer in the *North American Review* to say that the country has been visited by "an epidemic of liberality" in the matter of higher education. We should be glad to have this disease, like some other infections, find its way across the border. Indeed there are already marked traces of such a visitation. It is gratifying to be able to make mention, and it is only right and proper to make frequent and public mention, of munificent gifts like those of Mr. McLaren to Knox's College, of the Hon. Senator McMaster to the Baptist College, of Mr. Redpath to McGill, of Mr. Munroe to Dalhousie, of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and of Mr. Dennis Moore to Victoria.

It is suitable and in harmony with our feelings, that we should here to-day, and from this Convocation platform, congratulate these sister institutions on the benefactions thus received, and the consequent increase of their efficiency. Our material prosperity, our advancement in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, should be accompanied by progress in all higher interests. The resources of the Dominion are being largely employed, and no doubt wisely employed, upon railways, immense and never-ending railways; yet man does not live by railways alone, however long or expensive they may be, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, which includes especially the moral and intellectual development of the people, for the Divine Word tells us that "wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of our times and strength of salvation."

Nor can I sympathize with those who fear that we shall educate too much, that we shall be over-stocked with scholars, and that literary and professional pursuits will draw our youth unduly away from agriculture and commercial occupations. Let farmers and merchants be also educated, and as highly and wisely as possible. Distribution of employment will regulate itself, according to the great law of supply and demand, and other natural conditions. All experience shows that while elementary education needs to be insisted on and made almost compulsory, higher education requires to be encouraged to the utmost.

Nor is there much occasion to fear that we shall have too many colleges; at any rate I do not see that we have too many now, although this great Methodistic Union, if it should come about, as I hope it will, may render it feasible and wise to merge into one two of those now in operation. The great educational need of the Dominion in time to come will not be centralization so much as diffusion—not merely the creation of a few eminent scholars, important and desirable as that may be, but the general enlightenment and elevation of the community at large. And in an extensive country like Canada, or the United States, this general enlightenment will be best promoted, at least in the higher branches of learning, by a system of outlying seminaries and colleges scattered throughout the land, providing education for youth of both sexes, and diffusing and *christianizing* that education through the co-operation and direct instrumentality of

the several Churches. In that manner we shall best carry the spirit of the Gospel into our literature and philosophy, with their various departments of reading, for the instruction or amusement of the people, and at the same time impart to the popular religion something more of thoughtfulness and intelligence than it would otherwise have.

It is preposterous, in our day, to regard elementary schools, especially elementary schools without the element of religion, as sufficient to secure these two great objects, or indeed to secure, in any sense, what is worthy to be called the education of a free Christian people. The safety of the State, as well as the progress of true religion, imperatively demand an acquaintance with many higher branches of learning, and demand also the wide diffusion of that learning among those great middle classes of society upon the morality and intelligence of which the public weal chiefly depends. When, therefore, Christian Churches undertake the founding and support of universities and higher seminaries, if they conduct such institutions in a broad and liberal spirit, they are doing one of the best things possible for the general good. Universities or colleges so created may be ill-endowed and feeble for a time, but they will not remain so. They will keep pace with the progress of the country, and, as the American examples are beginning to show, they will at length outstrip, both in wealth and influence, those institutions which depend upon the support of the State alone. All the great universities of the world (as we have the high authority of Prof. Goldwin Smith for saying) have grown great through successive private benefactions.

So far as the Methodist Church of Canada is concerned, both here and in the United States, she has had one definite line of action from the beginning, which is to combine education with the preaching of the Gospel, and to maintain colleges for the training of youth under religious but not sectarian influences. It is a noteworthy fact that while several of the Methodist Colleges of the United States already have endowments of about a million of dollars each, the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church decided to attempt yet greater things, and to enter upon an energetic movement through the whole Church in 1884, for a centenary fund, the chief portion of which is to be devoted to higher education. Our own General

Conference of last September gave prolonged and earnest attention mainly to two subjects: the union of Methodism and higher education. The union enterprise is working on toward completion, and in forming a "Basis of Union" the large joint Committee unanimously determined to adhere to the past educational policy of Methodism. At the last General Conference our Educational Society was placed upon an improved footing, and steps were taken to arouse the whole Church to increased interest and liberality. The plans of the Conference have been energetically followed out by the General President and others, and thus far with most encouraging success.

This Educational Society, having important relations to our Universities and Theological Schools, has also, through those institutions, the most vital relations to the general progress and power of Methodism. It has vital relations to our Sunday-schools, for these Sunday-schools require teachers, periodicals, and libraries, in fact a great body of Christian literature and Christian workers. These various helps and appliances must be supplied by the Church, and will be supplied very largely through the guidance and productive power of our higher seminaries of learning. The Educational Society has, of course, vital relations to the pulpit, both in the ordinary and in the missionary work. It has important relations to the homes of our people, for these homes will take on a higher character when father and mother have been made to feel, in their earlier days, the benefits of Christian culture.

We should not indulge in narrow, one-sided views of the office and sphere of the Christian Church. The Church of Christ, in the future as in the past, must stand in the centre of all the great intellectual and social forces of the world; working upon the spirit of the age, working through the spirit of the age, wrought upon by the spirit of the age. She must leaven and modify all things secular, or be leavened and modified by them. Her history thus far has generally been an example of both the one and the other. But the struggle for the mastery was never before what it is today. New and tremendous forces have come into play. The power of the press, the free, rapid interchange of ideas over the whole earth, some new theories in science, a blind, bewildered sense of suffering among the poor, the power of strong combination among operatives against the real or supposed oppression of the

capitalist; these and other causes have brought upon us a state of things never before known. No mortal man can forecast the issue, unless indeed it be by the prophetic eye of faith. These diabolical dynamite explosions are but a kind of symbol of vast volcanic forces which lie slumbering all abroad among the nations, and which some of the scientific speculations of the day are well adapted to arouse from their slumber. Agnosticism, Secularism, Communism, Materialism, Pessimism, Atheism; every one of these words is a sound of ill omen, and every one has able theoretical expounders and eager fanatical disciples. He who lies in the hinder part of the ship, asleep upon a pillow, will doubtless control the storm and "still the tumult of the people;" but the duty of the Church is none the less imperative to consecrate all her resources, to employ her best instrumentalities, that she may keep herself always in the van of human progress, and still remain the light and hope of the world.

It is her high and solemn vocation to rule the world's thought, to bind it in captivity to Christ, to harmonize all truth and all powers with the truths and powers of the Gospel. To do this she must keep her own thought moving, her own intellect in vigorous action. She cannot forever lie chewing the cud of her old acquisitions; she must walk out into fresh fields and pastures new. To use the words of the Rev. William Arthur, she must not imagine that her forms and definitions have "come down to her with the stamp of eternity upon them." She cannot stand still in the world of ideas. Nothing in God's universe does stand still, not even the great universe itself. Time, like a great policeman, is always going about the streets telling us to move on. The Church must move on. She has to be at once conservative and progressive, remoulding and rejuvenating society; remoulding and rejuvenating herself, putting under perpetual revision her imperfect formularies and expositions of religious truth. She is always putting the new wine of Christian thought into the new bottles of better ecclesiastical and theological systems. This she does to preserve the wine; and sometimes one is ready to wish that she could put the new wine into some of the old ecclesiastical bottles, not to preserve the wine, but to burst the bottles.

There are parts of her great work which the Church cannot do by religious earnestness alone, but by earnestness combined with

scholarship and skill. She needs therefore always to have within her ranks an adequate supply of highly cultivated men, men fully conversant with the latest teachings of science, the latest speculations in philosophy, the latest researches in Biblical criticism, in fact the last word of all new learning. This implies the perpetual maintenance and control of Christian schools and universities. Not poverty-stricken and feeble universities, but universities munificently endowed, and thoroughly equipped. All our Canadian universities are as yet comparatively poor. They are doubtless doing good work, so far as they go; but they could do much more and make college life more attractive and useful, if they had more ample means. Columbia College, one of the oldest and richest in America, sent out a proclamation the other day that she was just now in need of the trifling sum of four millions of dollars! If we were to speak in that manner for Victoria we should make our great Methodist Church open her eyes! with wonderment, and in fact some opening of her eyes would do her no harm. For while she sees clearly the value of Christian missions, and other evangelical enterprises, she has a very dim and imperfect apprehension of the worth of her universities and their financial necessities.

I am disposed to draw a line of compromise between our wants and our hopes, and to say just now that Victoria University needs at present to have about half a million of dollars, or some thirty thousand dollars a year. This would be rather more than double what she has already. The University of Queen's College, as I learn from Principal Grant, has now an income of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, and University College, of Toronto, an income of some seventy thousand dollars, and her learned President has lately told the public that University College is too poor to have a Chair of Political Economy, especially a chair strong enough to keep a just balance between Chancellor Blake and Sir John Macdonald. President McCosh having added several millions of dollars to the property of Princeton College, now declares the institution to be "in a crisis," for the lack of two hundred thousand dollars more, for the department of philosophy alone. So our friends will see how modest, and almost humiliating is our call for fifteen or twenty thousand dollars additional income.

It matters little from which source Victoria shall receive this proposed revenue of thirty thousand dollars, whether from the annual givings of the Church, or from a permanent endowment, or from the two combined. But this income she must have, and should have without delay; and when she gets it she will repay the Church and the country a hundred times over in that which is more precious than gold, for

“The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free strong minds and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.”

I AM WITH THEE.

“I AM with thee!” He hath said it,
In His truth and tender grace!
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
Of His love and faithfulness.

He is with thee! with thee, always,
All the nights and all the days;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
Turning all thy life to praise.

He is with thee! thine own Master,
Leading, loving to the end!
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to day, yet more to-morrow,
King and Saviour, God and Friend.

He is with thee—yes, forever!
Now, and through eternity!
Yea, with Him forever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,
Thou with Christ and Christ with thee.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN IN HEATHEN LANDS.

BY MRS. L. J. HARVIE.

EVERY Church should be a missionary Church. A *living* Church is always aggressive. Only when the Church forgets the great mission entrusted to it, nay, the chief object of its existence, the salvation of souls, the conversion of the world, the waging of a never-ceasing warfare against the kingdom and sovereignty of Satan, does it become cold, indifferent, *dead*. Look at the Church of the first century—but a handful, comparatively, of men and women, and the most of these rude and uncultured, yet, with hearts fired with a zeal and enthusiasm born of their devoted love to their Master, they went everywhere preaching the Word, and became, as the Saviour predicted, His witnesses, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. Thank God, that the latter part of this nineteenth century, as well as the first, is an age of missionary enterprise. Fifty years ago, the Foreign Missionaries of the Evangelical Churches might be counted by scores; to-day, they number thousands, with a native ministry growing rapidly in numbers and usefulness. Less than thirty years ago, the sainted Duff, who has been so closely identified with Indian missions—the man with the heart and the tongue of fire—stood before a Scottish assemblage, and almost fainting with excess of longing and emotion, cried out: “If the fathers and mothers of Scotland have no more sons whom they can send to India, I will go back and show them that there is one old man who is willing to die for them.” And Bushnell, weak, worn, and ready to die, turned his steps back again to Africa, because he could find no strong young Christian to take his place. To-day the youth, the energy, and the culture of the Church are laid at the feet of the Master for the cause of Foreign Missions.

But especially is this age remarkable for the rapid development of what is known as “Woman’s Work for Woman in Heathen Lands.” In reality, however, this movement can scarcely be called a new departure. Women were always eager and successful workers for God. But this age is characterized not so much by a few brilliant souls, who, among women, have outshone all others in holy living and self-denying efforts for

their pagan sisters, as by a great volume of self-sacrificing work, the outcome of hundreds of thousands of interested hearts.

What is "woman's work for woman in heathen lands?" In the language of a recent writer we say: "Woman's work for woman carries with it far more than the simple idea of single women going to heathen lands for the purpose of instructing a few little girls in the Bible; it means, also, a thousand influences breathed from every action and word of a missionary woman, either married or single; it means a Christian home in a pagan land; it means a gathering of women in zenana, harem, street, or bazaar, for the purpose of studying the Scriptures; it means a congregation to worship God in spirit and truth, where all around are heathen temples, idols, and foolish ceremonials; it means all and everything a woman can do to stem the tide of evil which sweeps her sisters, beyond all others, to misery and degradation, and to draw these by every power, direct or indirect, into the sheltering arms of a Saviour's love."

Permit me, in a few words to sketch the rise and progress of the movement known as "woman's work for woman in heathen lands." Nearly twenty-three years ago, a missionary's wife, Mrs. Mullens, sat in her parlour at Calcutta embroidering a pair of slippers for her husband. A Brahmin gentleman came in, saw, and admired them. Mrs. Mullens, quick to avail herself of an opportunity, asked him if he would not like to have *his* wife taught to make a pair of slippers for him. He replied in the affirmative. Other invitations followed, and, in the glowing words of Miss Britton, *a pair of slippers* became the means of opening to the lady missionaries thousands of homes, over which the dark pall of an idolatrous superstition had hung for ages.

The year following this opening, in 1861, the wife of Rev. Francis Mason, Baptist Missionary to Burmah, visited Calcutta, and became thoroughly interested in the new movement, viz., the Christian education of the women and girls in the zenanas, and upon her return to the United States a few months later, made an earnest appeal in its behalf to the Christian women of her own land. The formation of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands," the pioneer Woman's Society of this continent, was the result of this appeal. This society is still full of life and vigour, supporting missionaries in China, Japan, Greece, etc.

The formation of the "Woman's Congregational Board of Missions," followed in the year 1868. Last year this society raised in the neighbourhood of \$150,000 for Foreign Missions.

In the year 1869, the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," United States, was formed, and this year their contributions for Foreign Mission work amounted to \$200,000. The "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in the United States" was organized in 1870, and subsequently six additional societies have been formed in connection with the Presbyterian Church. The amount contributed last year by these seven societies was more than \$600,000. The formation of the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Baptist Church in the United States" followed in the year 1871, and has developed in the same ratio with those already described.

Turning to Canada, we find the "Canadian Woman's Board of Foreign Missions" organized in Montreal in the year 1871. This Board supports missionaries principally in India. In 1876, the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," (western section), having its headquarters at Toronto, was established, and simultaneously occurred the formation of a society in the eastern section having its headquarters at Halifax. Last year the society in the western section raised \$7,000 for evangelical work among the women and children of India.

Our Baptist sisters of the eastern section have had a "Missionary Aid Society," since the year 1871, and in 1876 the Baptist women of Ontario organized the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Baptist Church in Canada (western section)." These societies are full of life, and are supporting mission work among the Telegus in India. They have been more enterprising than their sister societies in Canada, having already, edited by women, a valuable little paper called *The Missionary Link*.

Less than two years ago, a "Woman's Board of Missions in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada," was formed. Branch societies are rapidly being established in the various towns and cities, and last year the noble sum of \$3,000 was contributed by this young society. It has become responsible for mission work in our own North-West, and has, within a few months, sent a lady to the Empire of Japan. The Christian

women of older societies must bestir themselves, or these sisters of the Canadian Methodist Church will speedily overtake them, and, ere long, be the advance guard in this loving service for the women of heathen lands.

We gladly note, also, that, the Christian women of the Episcopal Church are rapidly falling into the line of the foreign work. Already, several societies have been formed, and the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

In view of the facts presented in this sketch, it will be seen that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is now not only a recognized but an important department of Church work.

The object of these societies is threefold, viz., to give outcome, enlargement, and contentment to thousands of Christian workers at home; to contribute towards the evangelization of heathen women and children; and to send to the foreign field lady missionaries, giving them not only temporal, but moral support, by womanly sympathies and prayers.

First—To give enlargement and contentment to Christian workers at home. What is the best antidote for selfishness and discontent? Why, simply, *work*. Give the Christian women in our Churches something to *do*; let them see and know about others, broaden the vision, until it is wide enough, strong enough, to take in the whole world. And in the consideration of the misery and degradation of their sisters in heathen lands, peace and contentment, the result of a thankful spirit for their many blessings and privileges, will fill their lives.

Second—To contribute means for evangelization of the women and children of heathen lands. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world. Woman is the controlling power that holds together not only the religion of Christian but of pagan lands. At the late Missionary Congress in Calcutta, in 1882, a lady missionary said: "I believe that the *heart* of Hinduism is *not* in the mystic teaching of the Vedas or Shasters, but it is enshrined in the homes, in the family life and hereditary customs of the people—fed, preserved, and perpetuated by the wives and mothers of India." Scarcely a man in the Christian world, who is a follower of the Lord Jesus, but knows that, next to God, his mother has done more for his spiritual life and growth than any other being in the universe. It was the threefold chord of her prayers, her love, and her influence, that, even when

his barque was wildly tossing among the shoals of sin and folly, held him safely moored to God and the Bible. Then let the mothers and daughters of Canada be encouraged in this work, knowing that the conversion of the world will move on but slowly until the women of heathendom are won for Christ.

Third—To support by womanly sympathies, prayers, and gifts, lady missionaries in the foreign field. As far as women are concerned, in India, the ordained missionary is comparatively useless, because in many districts he can have no access to them. The average attendance of women in our Christian Churches is, probably, two-thirds; and taking the same ratio, we have two-thirds of all those who might be reached by the Gospel message, outside the influence of the Christian Missionary. To meet this necessity, and as openings have occurred, lady missionaries have been sent to the field. And what plan more appropriate than that these should be sustained by Christian women, and not only by their gifts, but by their prayers. These noble women who have gone to the foreign field, are our representatives. They have descended for us into the deep, dark abyss of paganism. Let us not fail to encircle them with the strong ropes of prayer, that they may not sink beneath the burdens and responsibilities of their work. And let us be generous in our estimates for the support of our lady missionaries. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and our missionaries must be free from anxious thoughts about ways and means, and the necessity of making ends meet, in order that their whole time and strength may be devoted to their work with faith and labour of love.

Why should the women of Christian lands be interested in, and associated with, "woman's work for woman in heathen lands?"

Because of the need of pagan women. Dr. Joseph Cook tells us that there are *three hundred millions* of women on this planet who have only the Buddhist hope of being born again as men instead of as toads and snakes; that there are *eighty millions* of women in Moslem harems; and that there are uncounted millions of men, women, and children, growing up in the most degraded superstitions, and suffering in mind, body, and estate from inherited pagan customs. In India, to-day, there are twenty-one millions of widows, and sixty thousand of these are under the age of six years. In Bengal alone, we have millions of women caged in the

zenanas, who can never, by any chance, unless through the lady, or the lady medical missionary, be reached by the Gospel.

The life of woman in India is epitomized in the following true statement, made by one of their own nation: "The daughters of India are *unwelcomed* at their birth, *untaught* in childhood, *enslaved* when married, *accursed* as widows, and *unlamented* when they die." Let the women of Bible lands look down from the high plane upon which they stand, and strive, by the introduction of the Gospel of Christ, which is the basis of all liberty, to lift from the degradation of a slave's life the women of heathen lands.

Two great hindrances to mission work in India, are, the early marriages of the women, and enforced widowhood. The attention of the Woman's Missionary Boards, both in the United States and Canada, have this year been directed to these two great evils, and a movement is at present on foot, which we trust will result in memorializing Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria and Empress of India, on this most important subject. It is highly necessary that, the movement be universal, and the expectation is that the societies of all the Evangelical Churches will move simultaneously in the matter.

The question is often asked, Is missionary enterprise a paying investment? Is the return in any way equal to the amount expended? We reply by asking, What is the value of an immortal soul? One who knew, makes a statement, and from it we infer that one soul is of more value than the whole world. Protestant Christendom expends to-day the sum of \$7,500,000 for missions annually; and what is the *return*? 20,000 converts in Burmah; 20,000 in China; 4,000 in Japan; in South Africa 35,000 communicants, and a Christian population of 180,000; in Fiji the missionaries have won a population of over 100,000, previously cannibals; in India nearly 80,000 female pupils are under Christian instruction. This is but a small part of what is being done, and yet we ask, Does mission work pay? Christian women of the United States are contributing about \$1,000,000—one-tenth of the amount they expend upon kid gloves—annually, to Foreign Missions. Mrs. Murray Mitchell tells us that, in India alone, there are thousands of women who are *hidden* Christians, and yet we ask, Will this work for the women of heathen lands pay?

Thank God, the cause of missions is a winning one! Bunyan, in describing the wonderful journey of Christian to the Celestial City, relates that, in passing through the House of the Interpreter, he saw many things worthy of careful study; among others, a fire burning with bright and steady flame, on a hearth, even though one was pouring water upon it. The fire was the kingdom of our Lord on the earth. Since this fire was lighted at the Cross, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, Satan has been pouring water upon it; but the fire has burned on. And blood, fresh and hot from human hearts, has fallen upon it, but, as the martyr's song has been wafted heavenward, the flame has burned stronger, and mounted higher. Avalanches of formality, indifference, mammon-worship and infidelity, have fallen upon it, but still the flame burns on, because fed by the Holy Spirit of God. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. Already, whichever way we turn, we see traces of the day-dawn. "The east shows something more than dark clouds fringed with gold." The Sun of Righteousness is arising with healing in His wings. The host of the Lord—the Christian women of the Churches—is encamped beside the great sea of paganism. The command is, speak to them that they *go forward*—that they go forward to plant Immanuel's standard in every land, on every sea-girt isle, until the Cross, the emblem of Christ crucified for the world, waves from shore to shore from the rivers even to the ends of the earth.

Toronto, May, 1883.

THE SOWER AND THE HARVEST.

THE seed of a single word
 Fell among the furrows deep,
 In their silent, wintry sleep,
 And the sower never an echo heard.
 But the "Come!" was not in vain:
 For that germ of life and love,
 'Neath the blessed Spirit's quickening rain,
 Made a golden sheaf of precious grain
 For the Harvest Home above.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS HARRIS.

AN ancient orator said, "That because he was a citizen of the world, therefore he was interested in everything that concerned the human race." With much greater reason may every Christian philanthropist say, that in all things which tend to the elevation and salvation of mankind he is profoundly interested. All who possess in any measure the spirit of Jesus—all who partake, in the slightest degree, the yearning pity for mankind that characterized the apostles—must hail with gladness, and devout thankfulness, any organization or enterprise whose design is to uplift and bless our fellow-men. Surely all will admit the great necessity for extraordinary efforts to be employed by the Church of Christ for the evangelization of the world. What is the condition of the masses to-day in professedly Christian lands? All who have studied the matter are compelled to confess that irreligion and godliness abound to an alarming extent. This is true, whether our examination is directed to crowded cities or to thinly peopled districts. The writer, years ago, spent several months in visiting one of the most depraved districts of London, England;—in whose narrow alleys, and courts, and lanes were found a miscellaneous and crowded population, dwelling in the meanest, and in many instances the most wretched abodes, breathing air highly pestiferous, and whose surroundings were calculated to sink them lower and lower in the scale of humanity. In such places, often the resort of the vicious and law-defying, what scenes of immorality are perpetuated from day to day! Socialism, communism, atheism, licentiousness, blasphemy, drunkenness, and vice in every form there abound—like a loathsome disease in the body politic, whose virus spreads with increasingly direful effects from year to year. To stand beside the social abysses to be found in the great centres of population, even in those countries where religious institutions and Gospel ordinances have exerted their benign influences for ages, is enough to fill the soul with keenest anguish, and to enkindle within the breast feelings of profound alarm.

On a Sabbath evening in November last, at Kilburn, a district of London, a census was taken by fifty-seven enumerators, who ascertained that there were 5,570 worshippers in the twenty-five churches; but that thirty-five public houses were visited by 5,591 persons between the hours of six and eight o'clock. The Moloch of Drink gathered to his shrine more worshippers than were to be found in all the sanctuaries of the district to worship God!—nor is that particular district an exception to the state of things uniformly prevailing.

Is it not true also in regard to more secluded and rural communities, that the great majority of the people are living in utter forgetfulness of God, and in rejection of the Saviour? What millions to-day in heathendom are untouched by the Gospel of Jesus! Countless myriads are devoted followers of Confucius—or Brahma—or Mahommed—or are sunk in barbarism and grossest idolatry. How many parts of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty, and unilluminated by the light of the Gospel. It is computed that in India there are 120,000,000 women and girls, and not more than one in every twelve hundred has yet been placed under any kind of Christian instruction. The fact is forced upon the thoughtful mind that the progress which is being made toward the salvation of the world is lamentably slow, notwithstanding the multiplied agencies employed by the Churches of Christendom. How many each year are converted to the faith? Would it be a false estimate, or an exaggeration, to conclude that two millions were annually brought to a saving knowledge of the truth? Yet even then the conversions are not keeping pace with the world's population for statisticians make it evident that the world's annual increase of population is about three millions! If no greater progress shall result from the labours of the organized forces of the Christian Church in the future to convert mankind than has been made in the past, then centuries must come and go before the earth is filled with the knowledge of God, and all shall know the Lord.

The Rev. W. Booth, formerly a Methodist minister, and the originator of the "Salvation Army," from a personal knowledge of the spiritually-destitute condition of the masses, their woeful degradation and contempt of religion, and perceiving that the ordinary appliances for reaching and rescuing these perishing

myriads had resulted in comparative failure, was prompted to depart from the beaten path, and resort to extraordinary methods to seek and save the lost, and especially those found in the lowest strata of society. He, and his co-workers in the laudable but difficult undertaking, have for several years been prosecuting their holy, self-denying labours, amongst the outcasts and more vicious of the people. In this work—so Christ-like—Mrs. Booth, a lady of refinement and culture, has co-operated. By her zeal and devotion she has become a true Christian heroine. Gradually the work given them, as they verily believe by God, to perform, has wondrously grown; until now its ramifications are spreading throughout the United Kingdom and reaching to distant portions of the globe. The existence, and evangelistic enterprises of this remarkable organization are naturally arresting the attention of the nation, and of the world. As might be anticipated the work is keenly criticized. Some speak and write disparagingly and even sneeringly of the movement. But were not the early Methodists subjected to the same kind of criticism, and regarded as fanatics, to be pitied and avoided, as they by their zealous efforts sought to arouse slumbering sinners, and to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land? And will not any great and successful movement which tends to alienate men from Satan, and lead them God-ward, be vehemently assailed? True, we may not be able to endorse or commend all the measures adopted by the "Salvationists." There may be irregularities, and things amongst them unique, and even grotesque. But, amid and despite all, is not the fact palpable that they are effecting moral transformations and revolutions, such as doubtless secure the approbation of Heaven, increase the joy of angels, thrill with devout gratitude every lover of Zion—and at the same time excite the rage and malice of hell.

Accumulating testimony is borne to the wonderful work being wrought through the instrumentality of the "General," and the officers and "Corps" of the "Salvation Army." On returning last summer, from his trans-Atlantic visit, the Rev. Mr. Stafford, President of the Montreal Conference, in a communication which appeared shortly afterward in the *Christian Guardian*, mentioned his spending one entire Sabbath in attendance upon their services, and that he was indebted to

them for the most profitable Sunday that he had spent whilst from home. The Bishop of Durham, in a recent "Visitation Charge," referring, to the "Salvation Army," said, "It had many valuable lessons to teach them if they would only consent to learn them. Its successes could not be denied. Its effects spoke for themselves. If it had done nothing else, it would have achieved a notable triumph in reclaiming so many thousands of drunkards in the name of Christ. His sympathies were altogether in favour of maintaining friendly relations with the members of the 'Salvation Army.'"

A meeting of remarkable significance was held a few weeks since in Exeter Hall, London, attended by an immense congregation, and convened for the purpose of dedicating 101 officers; some of whom were to be used in establishing new "Corps" in Great Britain, and others were destined to proceed for evangelistic labours, to Sweden, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, the United States, and India. One of the noticeable features of that meeting, was the very beautiful and highly appropriate address of Mrs. Booth; and, while reading it, one cannot wonder—if all who are identified with the movement cherish the same sentiments—at the marvellous success with which their united labours are everywhere crowned. Said Mrs. Booth:—

"We are come together to encourage ourselves, and to let the Lord encourage us; but I trust this morning we shall not only get encouragement, but new inspiration, new power—for we believe most emphatically that without the Holy Ghost we are the most powerless of all people. We bless God that He makes us realize that we are led by Him, and this keeps us low at His feet, relying as we go more than ever upon His strength, upon His guidance, and upon His sustaining wisdom, grace and power. No one in this hall feels more—no little child, no weak-kneed trembling believer realizes more fully than the General and I do, that without Him, detached for an hour from His guidance and power, we should sink and be as powerless as our enemies desire; and that this work, so far as we are concerned, would go to pieces! We believe it to be God's doing from beginning to end. We dare not for a moment take the credit to ourselves of having made this movement—Oh, no! We recognize it as God's work. Had He not found us ready to do as He liked, He would have found somebody else. If we feel that we hang upon the living God, we should be truly independent, and I never felt so independent as I do to-day. I never felt so utterly careless about what the world, or anybody says concerning this work. I know it is God's, and that all the opposition will not affect its

ultimate destiny. It may make us have a little harder struggling, and a few more of the crosses and sufferings to which my husband has alluded, but God will pilot us triumphantly through or over them. If this movement is not enough to compass God's ends, I hope He will go on making new ones. I want the world to be saved. I don't care how it is done. We do not wish to repudiate anybody else's work, to criticize or condemn it. We challenge anybody to prove that we have ever done so. All that we ever complain about is error, sin, evil. We thank God for everybody who is trying to make the world better. We thank God for every instrumentality that is attempting to remove human ignorance, and alleviate human woe, and we say, Go on, and God bless you; but as to our work, there can be no two opinions about that, that we 'Salvation Army' people are called to the rescue and salvation of those outlying multitudes, millions of whom every other instrumentality has confessedly failed to touch. If we do not take God Almighty's lifeboat, and go over the breakers of sin and destruction to rescue these perishing multitudes, they will die and be damned, and their blood will be upon your skirts. Let us realize then, more and more every day, our responsibility to the perishing multitudes! God will take hold and qualify and use thoroughly surrendered instruments, no matter what physical or mental disadvantage they may labour under, if they are thoroughly given up to God.'

"Bishops, and the clergymen, and other godly, devoted men, whose hearts have long been yearning over the people, have said—'Oh, that we could do this work.' Some of the best men in England, and some of the most devoted workers, are saying that, and we feel encouraged by such a testimony, and to know they bid us 'God-speed.' Well, this throws a tremendous responsibility upon us. The devil often says to me, 'It's time you had done with this sort of life. You are worn out, and it is time you put this responsibility upon others,'—but I have to go down before the Lord, and cry to Him and say,—'I will never give up while I can stand upon my feet. If I cannot do one kind of work, I can do another, and I will do and dare while I have a drop of blood left in my veins.' I believe that multitudes are perishing, are posting to hell—whatever sort of a hell it is I do not care. I do not contend for this kind or the other, but I say my highest judgment is satisfied on this point, that Jesus Christ, the embodiment of infinite love and pity, did not use similes that were worse than the things symbolized. Friends, have you tried Omnipotence, Divine strength? Have you ever really and fully placed yourselves at the Divine disposal, and said, 'Lord, I am quite willing to be a fool; I am willing to be made a spectacle for men and angels, I am willing to go down on my face and roar as the Psalmist said.' Did you ever come to this? No, you are too proud. Some of you, I fear are hugging on to gentilities and pomposities. We, my comrades, must be willing to be anything that God requires, and to do anything that God wants done, then, as with Gideon's three hundred, shall the hosts of Midian flee before us."

Is it a matter of surprise that the Divine Head of the Church

is pleased to employ men and women thus consecrated to Himself, and endued with the power of the Holy Ghost, and make them instrumental in the accomplishment of His beneficent purposes? Can it be questioned that mighty signs and wonders would be everywhere seen, were all members of God's Sacramental Host possessed of the absorbing love for souls, and desire for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, as the extracts from Mrs. Booth's address, and the remarkable self-denying labours of the "Salvationists" indicate that they cherish! It is a striking fact, that in all the places visited by them, more or less success has been vouchsafed. This is true, not only in reference to more secluded towns and villages, but also in Cathedral cities, such as Durham, Norwich, Manchester, Oxford, York, Chester, Bath, Exeter, and others. The Gospel message, lovingly and earnestly presented, has been eagerly received by hundreds and thousands, many of whom could previously exclaim, "None care for our souls." The number of "Corps" established is between three and five hundred, and they are found in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Isles, Sweden, Canada, and other parts of the world. In India, among the teeming millions of heathen, God is pleased to use the weak and despised things to confound the things that are mighty. Although at Calcutta attempts were made by the Government to stop the proceedings of the "Salvationists," yet even this was over-ruled for good. One of the largest meetings ever convened in Calcutta was held in the Town-hall, to protest against the unjust treatment of the "Salvationists" in Bombay. Every seat was occupied two hours before the time of the meeting. Ke-hub Chunder Sen presided, and about four thousand persons were present, including some missionaries. A memorial was embodied, to be submitted to the Viceroy, in which sympathy was expressed with the "Salvationists" in the injury and insult to which they had been subjected in their late persecutions, and, moreover, expressed the opinion that they had done nothing justly calculated to wound the religious feelings of their Hindu, or Mohammedan, or other fellow-subjects; and that, therefore, they were entitled to protection from the Government. It is an admitted fact that the "Salvation Army" in India has been received with marked favour by many who have hereto-

fore stood aloof from Christian missionaries; and a religious paper published by them in that country has a circulation already—although only a few months issued—of 20,000!

In looking over the reports of spiritual victories achieved as recorded in a copy of the *War Cry*, the organ of the "Salvationists in Britain, which has a circulation of 330,000, I find that not less than 700 conversions are reported—besides large numbers who had sought and found holiness. Among the conversions are some remarkable trophies of Divine grace. Take as specimens the following: "A publican's son saved from the love of, and desire for strong drink;" "An infidel brought to Jesus;" "A wife-beater saved;" "A young girl, whose mother had resolved to send her to a reformatory, she was so bad; the girl sobbed and prayed until salvation came;" "A young man who said that he used to sit up all night playing at cards; now he sits up to read his Bible;" "A reporter, present at a meeting to take notes for a newspaper;" "One who was formerly so bad that his companions in sin named him 'The Black Prince;'" "A man who slept many nights with a razor under his pillow intending to destroy himself;" "A drunkard who went home one night and attempted to kill his wife, and had gone to the railway and laid on the track for the purpose of committing suicide;" "A man, who at one of the meetings, while his wife was testifying to the grace of God, knocked her down, but was himself arrested and saved before the service closed."

Similar intelligence is communicated from week to week; nor can we wonder when each member of the "Salvation Army" is encouraged to an unreserved consecration to Christ, and to labour for the salvation of others. The convert of yesterday, will on the following day march in the procession, and in the public meeting declare, in language intelligible to all present, what God had done for him. In many places the "Halls" used by the "Salvationists" as places of worship are crowded, and often hundreds are turned away disappointed.

Special efforts are made to reach and save that numerous class to be found in large cities—fallen women. In London, on a recent night, a number of the soldiers of Christ met in one of their "Halls" for prayer and consecration of themselves to this specific work, and then went to search in the usual rendezvous of these unfortunates, and by midnight seventy-five poor girls

were gathered together. Tea and cake were served to them, and then followed vocal and instrumental music, and earnest addresses. The "Magdalens" were importuned to forsake sin, and were told of Jesus who could save them from the desire of sin. Many of them were in tears, and those who intended to give their hearts to God were requested to leave their seats and go to the penitent form. Quite a number volunteered at once, and six confessed to have found salvation, for whom homes have been provided. Can a labour of love more Christ-like be imagined? Who can thank God most devotedly for such an agency?

The "Salvation Army" in their crusade are striking a deadly blow at the hideous monster Intemperance. Each member is a total abstainer, and is pledged to labour for the utter destruction of the gigantic evil which is the bane and shame of England—strong drink. In this enterprise the "Salvationists" form a formidable phalanx. The publicans are especially enraged. They admit, that in districts where the "Army" is most successful, their receipts have materially fallen off. Every Christian philanthropist must rejoice at efforts, put forth by whatever instrumentality, to remove one of the greatest obstacles to the elevation and evangelization of the race, as the use of strong drink is universally admitted to be. How humiliating is the fact stated recently in Edinburgh by the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, that while \$760,000 were contributed by the Wesleyans the previous year for foreign missions, Mr. Bass paid \$880,000 for the carriage of his ale! Is there not something also to arrest attention and produce most grave thought, in the fact that during the quarter ending December 31st, 1882, the exports to the United States entered at the Toronto Consulate, amounted to \$1,381,972 for barley alone! How large a proportion of it will be used in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors—and how many will be ruined for time and eternity thereby God only knows.

The "Salvationists" engage in organized efforts to save the young. Their periodicals, specially adapted to the capacity of children, are circulated by thousands weekly. There are "Juvenile Corps," the members of which are affording pleasing evidences of their having sought the Divine Shepherd, and are

the lambs of His flock. Their anxiety to save their companions is variously manifested. They are taught, both by precept and example by their seniors, to be active and zealous in efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ. In one of these juvenile papers now before the writer, there are accounts of children's meetings held in various parts of the United Kingdom, which resulted in about 200 little ones coming to the loving Saviour. In one place, "thirty-eight knelt at the Mercy-seat for pardon." The mother of one of the boys said "that he was one of the worst boys in the the town, but since joining the 'Salvation Army' had become one of the best." At one meeting held at the "Eagle," formerly a much frequented tavern in Islington and now belonging to the "Army" there were present nearly 2,000 children, most of them being the rough little outcasts who throng the streets of London. A mother thus writes, "Alice is a good girl; although so young, she has been the means of leading me to Jesus. Before she was saved I was far from God, but she would never let me rest until I was converted; and now I am, with her, rejoicing in God." These dear little ones are early taught to expect persecution, and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ. Two of them, working in a mill, were taunted with being "Salvationists" by some women. The children, after enduring much persecution, at last dropped on their knees and prayed for their persecutors, till tears ran down the cheeks of their enemies. All must acknowledge the supreme importance of saving the young. Unless in early life they choose "the better part," and learn to fear God, they will grow up to swell the already formidable army of those who live without God, and without hope in the world,—and, perhaps, become adepts in crime.

The doctrines preached by the "Salvation Army" are Scriptural. Those truths which are regarded as fundamental are fearlessly reiterated:—Man's ruin by sin and exposure to the wrath of God; the universal redemption by Christ Jesus; the unchangeable conditions of reconciliation with God; the efficacy of Jesus' blood to purify the heart, to cleanse from all sin; the willingness of Christ to save all of whatever class, or condition, or age. God's approving seal has been affixed to

these old Gospel verities, by granting signs and wonders to be wrought in the name of the exalted, glorified Redeemer.

If the "Salvationists" are instrumental, by Divine blessing, in awakening God's people to a deeper sense of their individual responsibility to care for, and seek in order to save the ungodly masses to be everywhere found, and to adopt more aggressive measures for the world's evangelization, they will have done a work for which the Church to the end of time shall have cause to laud and magnify God. Already fruit is borne in the "Anglican Church" by the formation of a similar organization. A departure from the usual routine was adopted a few weeks ago in connection with special services held at the Wesleyan Centenary Church, Boston, England, which resulted in 500 souls brought to Jesus in a fortnight! May the united army of the saints, arrayed in the panoply of God, assail the multitudinous forms of evil which spread all around, until Satan shall fall, as lightning from heaven, his kingdom be overthrown, and the Saviour, whose right it is to reign, shall sway his righteous, benignant sceptre over all the tribes of earth!

SYDNEY, *Cape Breton.*

MY HEART WAS HEAVY.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
 One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place,
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate
 Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 One common sorrow like a mighty wave
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

—Whittier.

AT LAST;
OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.*

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

ERICSON went back to his room, but not to rest. Taking up his pen, he began to write: "It has been one great mistake from beginning to end. I can see it now; in looking back upon the past, I am in a maze! What have we been doing? Seeking for Truth where there was none—searching for a God of our own imagination. To-night a revelation has been opened—God is love! We have doubted it—openly proclaimed our disbelief; yet the truth stands immovable—God is love. How the knowledge has come to me I can scarcely tell. I write to you because of our long companionship—because of our years of friendship. In the past we have trodden the same path—sought with equal earnestness a solution of life's great mystery. You have been all that a brother could be, and I owe you this much at least—an avowal of a wondrous change. For some time past a deep shadow has been lying on my life. I think you have seen it—perhaps shared it. Look in what direction I would, all was gloom and darkness. There is that in the human heart which craves an acknowledged relationship with God; without it there is no satisfaction—no rest. Is this not true? Day after day, week after week, we have been seeking for freedom; and now—this morning—it is found. Who can be more free than the son of the King? and are we not offered a joint heirship with Christ? No longer servants, but sons—not under, but above the law. Dear friend—dear brother—there is glorious liberty in the love of God. The law is no longer a galling yoke; the gift of adoption has placed it under our feet. It is ours to prize as a priceless possession this joint ownership of a Father's free gift. You will ask what has brought this change. Truly I cannot say. It is no sudden thing, though possibly it may be deemed such by the world. Since that first Sunday evening after your sisters' arrival I have been haunted by a faint consciousness of possible error. This has been strengthened, and by no hand more surely

than by your little sister's. Winifred's innocent words have often aroused within me unanswerable questions, and awakened cravings for a better, nobler life. Daryll, the life spent in opposition to God is spent also in opposition to the highest laws of its own nature. I have found that out. And now all the mists and shadows have flown, and God—our Father—stands in all the grandeur of His perfect character to constrain a willing service. It is easy to give to a Father what we refuse to yield to a Master. Have I made myself comprehensible? I think you will understand me."

He directed the letter to James Daryll, and posted it. He expected no answer, and none came.

What a change in a life does a sense of perfect freedom bring! Often, in the days that followed, Ericson looked back upon the past in wonderment. How could he have been so strangely blind? What was the mysterious power that had bound him down in the utter darkness of such marvellous error? Men often think thus when light has been substituted for shadow and gloom; the predominant feeling is, "Why have I not experienced this before?"

It is not to be supposed that this change passed unnoticed by the world. Materialists, who had been accustomed to class Philip Ericson as of their order; practical Atheists, who spoke of him as "one of us;" Free-thinkers, who pronounced him "a splendid fellow—a man of mind," all stood amazed, as, with cool deliberation, he passed over into the ranks of avowed Christianity. Unlike Errol, it cost him little effort to speak of his altered views. Utterly regardless of the opinion of others, scorning to keep back one iota, he quietly, but firmly, acknowledged his allegiance to God. Occasions continually arose when he was forced into an avowal of his religious sentiments; but he met them with such perfect self-possession and ease that gradually his opponents fell back, feeling that they might as well argue with a rock as with this calm, strong nature.

James Daryll was beset on every hand by eager questioners, but with impenetrable gravity referred them all to the fountain-head for information. The subject was openly, and sometimes angrily, discussed before him, but he listened in unruffled silence. What he thought none knew.

Ericson's letter he entirely ignored, inasmuch as he neither

mentioned nor answered it, and, absorbed in his studies, there were very few opportunities for social intercourse. He avoided Errol as much as possible, and never by any chance touched upon religious topics in his presence.

July was fast approaching, and the young men looked forward with some anxiety to the examinations—Errol especially, as success bore for him a new significance. The thought that perhaps it was not for himself alone gave a charm to his work, and lightened it of all irksomeness. The words "For her sake" were ever present, stimulating him to new endeavours and fresh exertions.

Close study in the warm June weather wrought its usual consequences, and sometimes he threw his books aside with a feeling of intense longing for the cool, sweet air on the rocky coast of his Southern home. In one of these restless fits he strolled round to see Mildred, and found her alone.

"I scarcely expected to find you at home this beautiful evening," he said; "you ought to be out."

"Dr. Ericson called to take Winnie on the river, and very much wished me to go; but I did not care to. I wanted to finish this picture."

"Never mind the picture. I, as your medical adviser, order a walk. Do come," he added, seeing her hesitate; "if not for your own sake, for mine. I feel disposed to look at everything through a smoky glass—that is my mood this evening—and I want something to cheer me up."

"I hope you will not bring any of those moods here!" cried Mildred, with a gleam of the old saucy spirit. "I do not want to be looked at through a smoky glass."

"On the contrary, I ought to bring them here for you to dispel."

"Indeed, Mr. Errol, I hope you will do no such thing! It is not my vocation to clean smoky glasses."

"I should like to know what your vocation is."

"So should I," said Mildred. "James says I have a genius for medicine, and ought to enter the medical profession," she added mischievously, knowing his utter dislike to lady practitioners.

Errol laughed outright. "Truly a noble vocation. There were a couple of lady-students in the wards with Dalton yesterday—

nice-looking girls they were, too. I thought if they were my sisters I'd soon put a stop to all that nonsense."

"What would you do?" asked Mildred, incredulously.

"I would try my powers of persuasion first; and if that plan did not succeed, I'd shut them up in a Protestant nunnery."

"I am glad I'm not your sister."

"So am I," said Errol. "Will you come for a walk, Miss Daryll? Do, if only on the abstract principle of philanthropy. Here am I thoroughly done up, minus brains, plus a wretched headache. Nothing will do me so much good as a stroll in the park; but I will not go alone. Now the question is, ought you to neglect such an unmistakable opportunity of conferring a lasting benefit upon a fellow creature, putting my individuality out of the question altogether."

It was sheer nonsense, of course, and Mildred knew it; yet she put away her brushes, and went out into the lovely summer evening. Errol had not studied Mildred's character all these months in vain. From the very first he had liked to watch her face during his conversation with Ericson and James; looking for the quick, glad blush which lighted it up when, by some happy argument, he drove them into a corner. Mere friendly interest had soon deepened into something more, and one day he awoke to the fact that she was dearer to him than all the world beside.

What he did on receiving this revelation has been already shown. He did what most men would have done—resolve to try to win her. Mildred stood to him the impersonation of all that was lovely and lovable in girlhood, and his was not the nature to lightly lay down a love that had become part of his religion. The very thought of her raised him out of the oft-times lowering atmosphere of daily association, and exercised a refining influence upon his life. Since he had known her, religion and love combined had given all his aims and aspirations a purer, nobler cast. A woman's most powerful influence is generally that of which she is perfectly unconscious; a man's, that which he wills shall be so.

He led the way to his favourite seat, and threw himself on the greensward at her feet, clasping his hands underneath his head. "This is Elysium!" he said. "Nothing to do but lie still. No books! No intricate problems to solve! No ceiling

bearing down upon a fellow's weary brain! No close, stifling room!"

"Errol the Indolent! rightly named," said Mildred, smiling down upon him.

"Nothing above me but the blue sky, the green trees, and you," he continued.

The long summer evening slowly passed into the golden sunset; a mellow haze lay upon the land, and Nature had fallen into one of her silent, dreamy moods. From the distance came the softened sound of little children's voices, and the murmur of the city toil and work. But "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love" for Errol. He smiled at his own fancies, wondering what she would say if she could but read his thoughts. Ah, he would have given a great deal to know that! But Errol was wise in his day, and by no means disposed to run the risk of speaking too soon, so was obliged to content himself without the knowledge.

"What will you take for your thoughts, Miss Daryll?" he asked, and then watched for the return of the spirit to the absent face. It came with a sudden flush, and Mildred rose.

"Nay, my thoughts are my own and not to be sold. You are not my father-confessor, Mr. Errol. Look, the sun has set."

"I wish I were Joshua!" he said, rising in obedience to the warning, and she looked at him astonished. "Only that I might bid the sun stand still," he added, with a smile.

CHAPTER XIV.

The examinations were at last over, and James and Errol came off with flying colours. On every hand they received the congratulations of their respective professors and fellow-students, and their names were formally enrolled among their country's legalized medical practitioners.

"Thank Heaven, it is all over!" cried James, on the evening of the last day. "I'm sick to death of the ceaseless grind, grind, grind! The feeling of having nothing to do is simply delicious! I revel in it! I don't want to see a book again for a month! I wonder what is the next thing on the cards."

The next thing was a kind, motherly letter from Mrs. Errol, inviting her boy's friend and his sisters to accompany him home, and spend a few weeks with her in the pleasant little South-coast village where she lived. To this letter Errol added all the persuasive eloquence of which he was master, and finally succeeded in inducing Mildred to accept the invitation.

Ericson, whose time was fully occupied just then, promised to run down for a week while they were there. The reserve between him and Mildred had completely disappeared; so much so, that she wondered it had ever existed.

"Have I been mistaking Dr. Ericson's character? or is he really so much changed?" she asked Errol one day. "I never thought I should like him as I do now!"

"I used to tell you you did him injustice," replied Charlie; "but he is certainly wonderfully altered. I am so glad you like him. Do you remember a conversation we had about him once—the night I came to tell you of his accident? I told you then you did not know the best of him; he never appeared to advantage before you, and I can quite understand why now. I should have felt and acted just the same."

"Why?" asked Mildred.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you—I am sure Ericson won't mind, though. The fact was he could not help feeling that you blamed him for your brother's peculiar theories, and that annoyed him beyond measure."

"I did blame him; I could not help it!" said Mildred. "How could I, Mr. Errol?"

"Nay, I am not blaming you; it was the most natural thing in the world for you to do, and no one sees that more plainly than Ericson himself. And to a certain extent you were right: he did influence James, more than either of them are aware, perhaps."

The following week found them at Sedley, and, as Errol had predicted, his mother immediately fell in love with Mildred, and made much of her.

"God has given me no daughter of my own," she said to her son, "so I shall adopt your Mildred."

And Charlie smiled, well pleased that it should be so without any words of his. Day by day he watched the growing intimacy between the two, and welcomed every sign of increasing trust

and confidence. "They are sure to get on together," he thought with satisfaction. "Bring any two thoroughly womanly natures in contact, and they instinctively chum up—safe to do it."

Under the influence of the glorious weather, and utter freedom from work, Errol and James threw off all the restraints of city life, and abandoned themselves to the complete enjoyment of the present. James seemed entirely to forget the estrangement which had of late arisen between himself and Errol, and the pleasant familiar intercourse of former times was renewed. They boated, bathed, and dreamed away the long summer days. We say "dreamed," for these lazy young men actually spent hours lying on the shingly beach, in all the luxury of absolute idleness. When reading was voted a bore—chess, worse—sometimes Mildred was graciously permitted to read aloud, a privilege which no doubt was gratefully appreciated!

Ericson joined them sooner than they had expected, but was obliged to return to London at the end of the week. The day before his departure he was sitting on the beach with James.

"This has been a pleasant week," he said, after a short silence. "I wish I could stay longer, but my work is waiting for me. Men must work in this work-a-day world."

"Of course they must," grumbled James. "It is the natural order of things. Fancy being shut up between four walls such an afternoon as this! It makes one feel inclined to resign existence at once."

"I should be sorry to resign existence," replied Ericson. "There is too much to be done first."

"Oh, you make work! I don't believe you are obliged to go back to-morrow, but you fancy some of your blessed patients will take the wrong medicine, or do some other ridiculous thing, if you don't go and look after them. How's Mrs. Nelson?"

Mrs. Nelson was a standing joke. She was an elderly lady, with a strong predilection for drink and the doctor. When she could not get the one she ran after the other, and Ericson was her especial favourite. To him she was constantly sending descriptions of the most marvellous symptoms of unheard-of diseases, begging him to go and see her at once, or she should surely die.

Ericson made no reply. He was anxiously debating within

himself a question that had long puzzled him. Should he, or should he not, refer to the subject of his last letter to James? It was no easy thing to do, and yet he felt a strange unwillingness to leave the place without saying something about it. It seemed to him so utterly selfish to live on in all the brightness of revealed light, without one word of sympathy—it might be help—to one who had so long shared the darkness, and was still in the shadow. While he sat, silently looking out over the quiet summer sea, and trying to decide which would be the better course to pursue, James suddenly spoke. "Have you ever wondered why I have not referred to your letter, Eric?" he said, quietly; then, without waiting for an answer, went on in the same composed tone, "I have intended doing so for some time. I did not do so at first, because I was totally unprepared, and did not know what to say; but now I have thought it out. That very day I deliberately set to work to analyze the laws and governing principles of your Christianity. I watched you and Charlie closely, in order to determine how far your lives were influenced by your professed religion. What was the result? I was forced to acknowledge that Christianity, as you upheld it, was the foundation principle of all truth and nobility of thought and purpose, a grand vital reality, making your lives better, your aims higher. I tell you, Eric, if I could have found a flaw in your creed I should have been glad; but I own it is faultless in its universal applicability. It touches every aspect of human life, giving in every case what is most needed. I have seen it in the wards, giving patience to the sufferer and peace to the dying. I have seen it in the world, ennobling men's aims and elevating their thoughts. Unquestionably it is the most powerful influence brought to bear upon human character, and appeals to the grandest faculties we possess. Yet with all this persuasion and knowledge, I am just where I was before."

"That cannot be," said Ericson. "A just and true estimate of God's laws and character annihilates the distance between you and Him."

"That is a mistake," interrupted James. "The system and principles of Christianity I can and do admire—but from the Lawgiver I am as far as ever. I care no more for Him than I did a year ago—less. It just amounts to this, either God has not the *power* to reveal Himself to me, or He has not the will.

In either case the result is the same; I am left Godless. I do not choose it to be so; I would far rather have it otherwise; therefore I am not responsible for it. I know it is not power He lacks, for He has revealed Himself to you—who, a few months ago, were as far off Him as I—in such an unmistakable way as to force you into recognition and obedience. I do not understand the process, but there is the result. You love and honour where you once disliked, to use a mild term. Now I have been as anxious as you to discover the one true God, and in one sense I have found Him. That is to say, I acknowledge your God as *the* God; but as for the spiritual manifestation of His presence, I know nothing of it. The conclusion is inevitable; God has not the will to reveal himself to me; and am I to be blamed for the consequences? *

“Are you sure that the obstacle to a clearer light is not in yourself?”

“I was prepared for that question, but by your own words man is responsible only for his will. I have *willed* to know God, and there my part ends. I do not mean a mere passive will; mine has been more than that, you know. I have used every possible means, but all in vain. What obstacles are in the way I know not, neither have I any sort of control over them. You said in your letter that the truth of God’s love stood immovable; *that* I cannot endorse—at least as far as I am concerned. It is strange that Christ, the type of noblest manhood, should have so little sympathy! However, I have made up my mind to let the whole matter drop now. What is the use of making my life wretched by ceaseless conjectures? If I am not to find God, I am not to, and there’s an end of it. What is the use of fighting against fate? which, by the way, seems to be only another name for Providence. You Christians say ‘Providence has willed it so;’ we worldlings say, ‘The fates have so decreed;’ and they both mean pretty much the same thing. Something we don’t want is to be, or something we do want isn’t to be. ‘Lord! what fools these mortals be!’”

“Do you quite see what you are doing, James?” said Ericson, thoughtfully.

“I? what do you mean?”

“Only that you are robbing God of truth, honour, and justice. You are placing Him below the level of ordinary humanity.”

"I don't understand you, Eric," answered James, with a slight shade of annoyance crossing his face. "You speak plainly, but I must confess I fail to see your ground for such a statement. I am not aware that I am doing anything of the sort."

"No," replied Ericson, "neither was I aware when I did the same thing. You say God has not the will to reveal Himself to you; then what do His promises mean? Absolutely nothing! When we say a man promises what he has the power, but not the intention to perform, it is generally understood to be equivalent to saying he does not speak the truth. God says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' You say He casts you out; *ergo*, God—"

"Nonsense, Eric!" interrupted James; "you know I don't mean that."

"Well, there is the fact. Whether you mean it or not, you certainly do it. You say it is decreed that you shall not find God; therefore you maintain that He has placed you here with the deliberate intention to erect between you and Heaven a barrier, over which it is utterly impossible for you to pass. What is that but robbing Him of justice, honour, and truth? In fact, you rob Him of every attribute but power. If any human king were to act as you say God acts, he would be universally execrated and hated. No, James; it must be either one thing or the other; either God has both power and will to lead you into knowledge and truth, or he is not worthy the name of God. Either He is Goodness, or He is a mere omnipotent Tyrant. Which is it?"

"Well, allowing that He is all goodness, and that the obstacle to a perfect knowledge of Him lies in myself, what difference does it make to me if I cannot discover and remove that obstacle?" demanded James, moodily.

"Every difference. By saying and believing that God has not the will to reveal Himself to you, you throw all responsibility on Him, and are careless as to the consequences; but by allowing that the obstacle is in yourself, you will never cease searching for it, and are therefore sure to find it. It makes all the difference between life and death, darkness and light." He spoke warmly, and James looked at him inquiringly.

"Do you think you know what the hindrance is, Eric?"

"Yes, I do. I believe it is the same with you as it was with me."

“And that?”

“Is looking to the intellect instead of the heart. I was waiting for some powerful manifestation of God’s presence, in the world of reason and science, or rather I was expecting to arrive at a knowledge of Him by some such process as a mathematician arrives at the solution of a problem. It was all a mistake, James. My reason was convinced, as yours is; but it wanted more than that. I had to take God at His word, trusting its perfect truth. It is question for the heart more than the head, and its very simplicity staggers us. The great fault of the age is the hard, calculating spirit of reducing everything to the law of a logical test. Of course, that is all right as far as science goes; but it makes any act of faith very difficult. We feel bound not to believe anything unless our reason asserts it to be a natural law, and the doctrine of life through simple faith comes to us as an utter impossibility. I am glad you have spoken on the subject; I scarcely liked to introduce it, and yet was reluctant to leave without a word. It is so much to both of us.”

“It does not amount to much as far as I am concerned. I shall drop it altogether now. I have wanted to say this much to you, Eric; and now I have one request to make; it is that you will not in future refer to the subject. There is nothing whatever to be gained by discussion, and I am weary of it. Will you oblige me in this?”

Ericson hesitated; he scarcely liked to bind himself to silence for all times and seasons, and yet he could not refuse. While he was thinking, the words “Power belongeth unto God” flashed across his mind, and he took them as a message. “It shall be as you wish,” he answered; “the subject shall not be referred to again, James, except at your own request.”

They rose, and joined Mildred and Charlie; and soon after Winnie called them to tea.

THEY pray the best who pray and watch;
 They watch the best who watch and pray;
 They hear Christ’s finger on the latch,
 Whether He comes by night or day.
 Whether they guard the gates and watch,
 Or, patient, toil and pray and wait,
 They hear his finger on the latch
 Whether He early comes, or late.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep !
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet !
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest !
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power..

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be,
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

Religion is the art of being and doing good, and the school for the learning of the art is not in the closet, but in the world ; not some hallowed spot, where religion is taught and where proficients when duly trained are sent forth into the world, but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is an art which all can practise, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that whatever he writes he learns to write well. When a man is learning to be a Christian it matters not what his particular work in life may be ; the work he does is but the copy line set to him ; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution everything. It is true, indeed, that prayer, reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the

church are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are but means to an end; and that end can perhaps be best obtained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world. No one can be a thorough proficient at navigation who has never been at sea; no man has become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must in actual service acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but as a school-boy soldier after all. In the same way, the man of solitary study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid effeminate piety of what is technically called the "religious life." But never in the highest, holiest sense can he become a religious man until he has acquired those habits of daily self-denial, of resistance to temptation, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind. Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books, is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But I repeat, religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world, the guiding oar amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the star light of duty, and the compass of divine truth—the bearing us wisely, manfully, courageously for the honour of Christ, our Leader, in the great conflict of life.—*The Rev. John Caird, in a sermon before Queen Victoria.*

The blessings of redemption are gathered into one grand word, "salvation"—heaven's free boon to man. Salvation has three aspects, two of them present, one future. The present are forgiveness and cleansing, the future heaven. The message of Christ to us is, therefore, good news throughout. It is the Gospel of God, the Gospel of Christ, the Gospel of peace, the Gospel of forgiveness, "the Gospel of your salvation."—*Rev. I. E. Page.*

UNWORLDLINESS NEEDED.

The Church of Christ is on every side yielding to the pressure of a Christless world. It is adopting the customs and habits of a thoroughly worldly society. The Sabbath neglect is but one phase of this widespread evil. There is but one thing for earnest souls to do. It is to become singular, to bear any degree of reproach or loss for Christ's sake. Let the world call us Puritans, let it deny us recognition in its high places, let it hinder our success in business; if all this is for Christ's sake, happy are we. We must go back to a true Sabbath, not a gloomy and severe Sabbath, but a holy Sabbath, one in which the prayerful study of God's Word shall be a conspicuous feature, and in which the gathering of God's saints shall be a delight—one that shall be altogether different from week-days in its thoughts and employments, from which the world's business and pleasure shall be banished, and our Father's business and heavenly pleasures shall be substituted. Ministers and elders and deacons should use their offices to promote this sanctification of the day, and should make their own example tell upon the Church at large. Sabbath observance is the key of spirituality; and if the Church is going to lose its Sabbath it will be a dead Church—a mere name. In this reform we must decline the advice and guidance of the secular press, which knows as much about religion as it does about the other side of the moon, and yet which is ever ready to put its profane feet within the Holy of Holies. We must be separated in the true sense from those who have no spiritual discernment, and let God's Word and Spirit alone be our instructors.—*Dr. Hoard Crosby, in Congregationalist.*

There is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces—it is ice still; but expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton.*

Happiness is like manna. It is to be gathered in the grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep, it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out ourselves, nor into remote places, to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within them.

WHY WAS JESUS CHRIST A POOR MAN?

BY DAVID HEATH.

THE answer to this inquiry is not at once manifest. He was born in the midst of a humble family, and it may be said He had no choice in the matter. But the same Divine purpose which planned His life, after the known lines, could as easily have planned it otherwise, giving the Saviour of the world a position of dignity and independence in society. There must have been reasons for His poverty, which it may be well for us to find out.

Many reasons may be given why He should have been in a "good position in life." With the same kindness of heart we know Him to have had, He would, supposing He had been rich, have influenced the poor and lost of His day none the less, but rather the more. The poor are most deeply touched by the kindness of the rich, and in human eyes the philanthropy of the upper classes, in actively and personally seeking to save the lost, comes with greater unction than from socially obscure people.

It seems as if Jesus could not only have served the poor more largely had He been "well off," but the upper classes also might be expected to have given more heed to Him. We know what a disposition there is in respectable human nature to think but lightly of the words and works of poorer brethren. "Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard." Very commonplace sentiments and opinions which have come from the lips of ordinary men scores of times without much heed being taken of them, coming from "an influential gentleman" are printed and reprinted, quoted, applauded, and followed.

Teaching the same doctrines, and urging the same words of symbolic royalty, it is equally certain that had Christ been rich, His end would have been death just the same, and there would have been more show of reason in the charge of rivalry, of which the Jews made so much before the Roman Court. There was something ridiculous about the charge against such a man as Jesus. The empire would have shown itself to be in the last stage

of fright and decay, to have been alarmed by any supposed political influences Christ exerted, not only houseless and moneyless as He was, but teaching his followers doctrines the very opposite of retaliation, physical force, and political agitation. But there would have been some ground to suspect His regal language, if He had possessed financial resources, with which to give it practical form and effect, Pilate would not so easily and so soon have said, "I find no crime in Him."

What a noble example it would have been for our Lord to have exhibited the same character of purity, gentleness, humility, brotherliness, and unflinching honour, from a lofty social position, as we know Him to have shown from His humble station. The world has always needed examples of that kind quite as much as examples of honest poverty. Agur's prayer looked both ways, desiring not only to be suitably fed, lest he should steal and take God's name in vain, but also not to be too well fed, lest he be full, and deny God, and say, "Who is the Lord?" Virtue and religion seem in the Saviour's mind to have been easier to the poor than to the rich, judging by His words about the camel and needle's eye. It is the special privilege and responsibility of the more affluent to break down the class prejudices and animosities which unhappily so often divide mankind. This responsibility rests with all classes, but the sentiment is a good one which looks for nobler deeds from those supposed to be of nobler birth, higher social grade, and more polished manners and education. The advance must be by the stronger toward the weaker, by the good toward the bad; and if Jesus had occupied a good social position He could have exerted a most mighty influence in this useful direction.

To outweigh such considerations as the foregoing there must have been reasons of tremendous force in Christ's mind, leading Him to lead the life He did; especially during His three years' teaching and work. Whatever may be said about the probable prosperity and comfort of Joseph and his family prior to that period, it is certain that during those later years Christ's life was one of want and dependency, the voluntary subjection to which is all the more extraordinary if the supposition be true that the family were "well off." Once the populace offered Him a kingly station, but He quietly retired to pray.

A variety of reasons may be given for Christ's poverty, such as

the following:—To show that “a man’s life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth,” but what he is in himself; to suggest in an unmistakable manner that a poor man is not necessarily a fool, and that dishonesty, meanness, and crime are not of course connected with poverty; and to prove that a man need not be rich in order to be either happy or useful. But there are two considerations of special importance, and which the reader will see for himself are quite enough to account for the life the Saviour of mankind lived.

First, He would have His kingdom triumph by no mere accident or secondary force. The truth must win its own way; it must be accepted for the worth of its own self. Those who become followers of Christ must not look for bribes or worldly return, but be ready for the daily cross and the living sacrifice. He knew in His day, as well as we know in ours, that there are always plenty of people who are in haste to echo the sentiments of men in high social places; and greater crowds still who are allured by the prospect of gain which following a rich leader seems to give. But He knew better than we do how much of unreality there is about all this, and how slight a hold the truth has of a man, who is strongly influenced by any other consideration than a love of the truth for its own sake. He would have had more followers if He had been rich, but fewer disciples. The Kingdom would more quickly have become universal, but it would also more quickly have become corrupt. Indeed, ever since the Church of Christ came to be made up largely of prosperous men, the strongest temptations and the worst vices have lain along this track of worldly glory and prestige; making it important to the point of imperativeness that we tell men now, as clearly and forcibly as we can, that the Gospel must be received for its own sake, and that Christian discipleship is a very different and far better thing than a profession which is looked upon as a guarantee of respectability. Supposing Christ had been wealthy, and people had crowded about Him on that account, He could not have felt that His unworldly kingdom had really been set up; as it is, mankind may be longer in responding to Him, but His kingdom will more surely ultimately be set up in its reality and power. Christianity is a success only so far as it secures the intelligent convictions of men’s judgments and the true affections of men’s hearts, apart from the question of what, socially, is the

Teacher; and apart from the question of the Church's wealth or poverty. By as many as would not be connected with the Church of Christ if it were poor, the real Kingdom of Christ has fewer citizens than it appears to have.

Another reason for this voluntary poverty of Christ is in the prevailing vice of His day, which, from all we can find, was avarice. More than once our Lord directly exposed this evil, accusing the Scribes, Pharisees, and Lawyers of having passed over judgment and the love of God, and, full of extortion and excess, binding on men's shoulders grievously heavy burdens. The same thing appears also in the demand which Christ made, in many cases literally insisted upon, that those who would be His disciples must forsake all and follow Him. The fraternal communism of the first apostolic years was the outgrowth of Christ's own example and spirit in this matter, for those who had lands and goods sold them and laid the price at the apostles' feet, and out of a common store had their needs supplied. The course thus pursued was surely not meant to be literally followed in succeeding generations, for its universal adoption would strangle commerce, and foster indolence. The latter evil had to be faced before long in those who would not work and yet expected to eat. This practice of non-property holding was of temporary force, intended to rebuke and correct the avarice of the age, at the same time supplying a *principle* of action applicable to any period, viz., that great ruling evils must be met by the most absolute practical protest. What would money-worshipping men have said when Jesus required them to forsake all and follow Him, if He had "nicely feathered His own nest?" They would have said it would be time enough to do that when He set the example. Under existing circumstances He would have been the subject of suspicion; and evidently He deemed it the nobler and the mightier way to give no room for the thought of inconsistency between His example and His requirements.

Thus we have opened to us the meaning of our great Master's life, and of many of the strict words of sacrifice and self-discipline which He spake. Truth, as truth is in Jesus, must be obeyed, and Christ Himself must be loved and followed for His truth's sake. In the midst of any abounding and overmastering evil, our love of the truth that is in Him must lead

us to rebuke and rectify the evil at any cost of self-denial. Thus we have not only the meaning of the Master's life, but also a light shed upon our own way, making the subject of great practical value as affecting our true relations to Christ and His cause; and as determining our duty in respect to any widespread evil of our day. The value of Christ's life is that it exhibits great ruling principles, and He leaves it to the intelligence and loyalty of His followers to apply them willingly and faithfully to the particular circumstances of their own times.—*Christian Miscellany.*

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC IN CHINA AND THE OPIUM VICE IN AMERICA.*

Of course we do not charge Great Britain with the first introduction of the opium vice into China, except on the middle and northern seaboard in the way already indicated. For fifty years or more before Warren Hastings sent his two heavily-armed opium ships to Chinese waters, the Portuguese had taken about two hundred chests of the drug annually to Macao, where duty was paid on it as medicine, it being used, as we have shown, to some extent, in some parts of China, medicinally. Some of the Chinese had learned also to smoke it before the arrival of the British ships, and the Government had prohibited the new vice. The indictment drawn up by well-informed assailants of the traffic could not perhaps be better stated than in the words of the Rev. Storrs Turner, the able Secretary for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic:—

“The charge brought against us is that when the opium vice in China was in the early stage in which we see it now in America, and when the Chinese rulers were endeavouring to extinguish it in its first beginnings, as the Government of New York and California are now doing in their states, we (the British nation) stepped in to furnish the supply for the vice, in violation of Chinese law, and have continued this infamous support by bribery, smuggling, war, and diplomacy, ever since, during which time the vice has rooted itself firmly in the soil, and overspread the land.”†

In a debate in the House of Commons, the Marquis of Hartington admitted that if the Government, of which he was a member, were to establish a vast distillery for the purpose of supplying England with intoxicating liquors it would be acting like the Viceroy and his Council in

* From the second and enlarged edition of *Opium*.—*England's Coercive Opium Policy, and its Disastrous Results in China and India; the Spread of Opium-Smoking in America.* By the REV. JOHN LIGGINS. New York. Funk & Wagnalls, 1833. Price 10 cents.

We have already commended this very important and timely book. It is highly approved, and its wide circulation advocated by Bishop Stevens, who has visited China; by S. Wells Williams, LL.D., who has resided there forty-three years, and by other distinguished persons. Mr. Liggins was for many years a missionary in China, and became convinced that nothing so prevents the progress of the Gospel as the vile opium habit.

† *Friend of China*, November, 1832.

India as regards the opium. But this is only a part of the parallelism, and not the worst part. If he had said for the purpose of compelling a foreign State which prohibited intoxicants to receive them, his parallel would have been complete. The *London Spectator* is fairer and fuller than the Marquis :

"The allegation of sensible philanthropists is not that Great Britain sells a drug which may be abused, like alcohol, but that she forces a Government, anxious to restrict its importation, to allow its admission free. Grant, that opium is as harmless and as harmful as whiskey—which is, we conceive very near the truth—and does not the case stand thus? The ruling classes of Maine wish to prohibit whiskey, and so to make its use very costly and quite illegal. Has any country a fair moral right to say that this is folly, and therefore, if Maine is not wiser, we shall invade Maine? That is what we do in China, and that is exceedingly difficult to defend."

We may say here that what the States of Maine, Kansas, and Iowa, in our own country have done, Canada has also done, and that for a long time, in her North-Western Provinces. Having regard to the welfare of the many Indians in those provinces, and to peaceable and friendly relations between them and the whites, she prohibited the introduction of the fire-water, and has rigidly enforced the prohibition; and the result has been an unexampled peace and prosperity, which does infinite credit to the Canadian authorities—as infinite as the discredit which an opposite policy toward the Burmese and Chinese has brought upon the authorities in India. The Marquis of Lorne, as is well known, has recently visited those north-western provinces, and the statement is published that what he has seen has not only convinced him of the sound policy of prohibition in north-western Canada, but also of the wisdom of suppressing the liquor traffic everywhere.

And now we come to what very immediately concerns ourselves, and calls for prompt attention and ac-

tion on the part of our own statesmen. Dr. H. H. Kane, of New York city, whose investigations and published works have been mainly on the various drugs that enslave men, and who during the last four or five years has been specially engaged in the treatment of American victims of opium smoking, has recently published, through G. P. Putman's Sons, a very valuable work entitled "Opium Smoking in America and China," which deserves to be read by every American citizen. In it he well says: "Chinese smokers themselves are not free from blame, but every honest observer must believe that if China had been allowed to have her own way the vice, to-day, would be nearly dead."

The first American began to smoke in San Francisco, in 1868, and the second in 1871; and now, says Dr. Kane, there are at least six thousand American men and women in all classes of society, who are the slaves of the vice, and the number of victims is rapidly increasing. "At the present day," he says, "almost every town of any note in the United States, and more especially those in the West, have their smoking dens and habitues. Even the little frontier towns and mining camps have their layouts and their devotees. Arrests are being constantly made in San Francisco, Virginia City, New Orleans, and occasionally in Chicago."

Nevada has passed severe measures of repression, and the vice has been somewhat checked in that State; but in California they are less severe, and there the victims are increasing in number. These are the only States that have as yet taken action.*

Nothing seems to have been done in New York city to suppress the many opium dens. These are found in Mott, Pearl and Park Streets, in Second and Fourth Avenues and in Twenty-third Street. Not only in those kept by Americans, but also in those whose proprietors are Chinese, American men and women may be seen, some of them engaged

* New York has since passed a prohibitory law.

in smoking the opium, and others lying in a state of stupor in the rows of bunks or "layouts" found there—a painful and repulsive spectacle.

Our country needs to be aroused concerning the insidious but cruel foe which has entered it through the Golden Gate; and the most severe repressive and prohibitory measures are necessary, not only on the part of the State Governments, but also of the general Government.

President Arthur, in his message to Congress a few months ago, urged the enforcement of the stipulations of the new Chinese treaties, and stated that those regarding the opium trade would undoubtedly receive the approval of Congress, "thus attesting the sincere interest the American people and Government feel in the

efforts of the Chinese to stop that demoralizing and destructive traffic." Congress did approve and American citizens are prohibited from importing opium into China; but it is just as necessary to prevent them and the citizens of all other countries from bringing the smoking opium into the United States. This smoking opium, it should be remembered, is a much more potentially poisonous preparation than ordinary opium. On the latter our Government levies only one dollar per pound, but on the smoking opium six dollars. More than seventy thousand pounds of the smoking opium were imported into the United States in 1880, and there is an increase of thousand of pounds each year—sad proof of the growth of the vice among Americans.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE UNION VOTE.

We need not say to the readers of this MAGAZINE that we greatly rejoice at the vote on the Basis of Union in the Montreal and Toronto Conferences. The rejection in the Toronto Conference by such large majorities, not only of the anti-basis motion of the Rev. S. J. Hunter, and of the ingenious compromise amendment of Dr. Hunter, but even of the rider of Dr. Burwash, accepting the Basis but suggesting delay, and the acceptance by a vote of 137 to 37 of the Basis as it stands, is a striking endorsement of the labours of the Union Committee, and gives great moral support to the Union cause. That midnight hour when the vote was taken was, we believe, a historic crisis in the history of this land. Few more important votes, if any, have ever been given in Church or State. It will, we believe, profoundly affect the entire future of Methodism in this Dominion.

The solemnity of the moment, and the far-reaching issues of the act, we believe, were deeply realized. When the final vote was announced there was no sign of party triumph, but heads were bowed in silent prayer, and eyes were moistened with tears of strong emotion, and then every voice was raised in the sacred song:—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise."

We are not, and we will not be, on this question, a divided Church. The large minority of the Montreal Conference—strong men in position, in ability, in influence—have already, we were assured during the late debate, very largely, if not entirely, given their adhesion to the Union movement on this Basis. The smaller, but able, minority in the Toronto Conference, we are confident, will unite with the immense majority in carrying on the movement. And no less confident are we

that the majority against the Basis in the London Conference will unite with the majorities for it in the other Conferences, and in the other Churches, and make the consummation of Methodist Union in Canada a grand success.

We are assured that there is no difference of opinion among us on the subject of Union *per se*. On that we are all one. The only difference is a difference of opinion as to the best mode of carrying out the measure. But now that the Western Conferences have approved of the present Basis, by a vote of 291 to 198, and that the Eastern Conferences may be expected to approve of it by still stronger majorities, we must accept this vote as the voice of God's providence saying to us, "Go forward!"

We have been greatly pleased at the kind and brotherly character of the debate, with very few exceptions, in the several Conferences; and at the avoidance, with few exceptions, of extreme and harsh utterances. The few warm words uttered or extreme views held, in those exceptional cases, are, we are sure, already overlooked, and we hope will be soon forgotten. We are brethren still. No differences of opinion or of judgment can be permitted to mar the brotherhood. We rejoice and thank God that so many things conspire to bind in closer bonds of Christian fellowship all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and especially all the members of the great Methodist family. We have no fears—not the slightest—of any disruption among ourselves as the result of this Union

movement. The growth of public opinion on the subject of Christian unity is such that he would be a very bold or a very reckless man, indeed, who would make such a suggestion; and he would have a very small following, and one which would have no public sympathy, but rather universal condemnation. Thank God that the reproach of a divided Methodism, the cause too often of weakness and inefficiency and wasted resources among ourselves, and the occasion of the scorn and upbraiding of the scoffer and the infidel, are about to be removed from us!

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and mutual trust;
Always he who most forgiveth
In his brother is most just.

Let us rise to the height of our privilege and of our obligation, and as a united Methodism seek to do our part in conquering this great continent for Christ. Men now living will probably see twenty millions of people in this land. There are enterprises of great pith and moment that will demand all the energies of the united Church. And with ever-increasing urgency comes the wail of the heathen world, "Give us the Gospel." When we think that 240,000,000 subjects of Queen Victoria, are either Pagan or Mohammedan, to say nothing of the rest of the non-Christian world, we must feel that we are called to thrust in our sickles, for the harvest of the earth is fully ripe.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The past month has been largely occupied with the Annual Conferences, some of which are being held while we are preparing these notes, and others are to follow.

The Montreal Conference was held first. The place of meeting was Ottawa. Most of the members were present, but there was one distinguished brother whose absence all deplored. We refer to Dr.

Douglas, who is now a prisoner of the providence of God. We hope his valuable life may be spared a few years longer to the Church. During the sessions of Conference, one member who was detained at home was summoned to his long home—the Rev. N. Austin, who was comparatively young in years and also young in the ministry. The Rev. T. G. Williams was elected President, and the Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL.D., Secretary. The Conference needs an increase of labourers, several places being vacant.

The great question of the Conference was, 'Methodist Union,' the debate on which was anticipated with more than ordinary interest. Being the first Conference to be held, the result of the discussion on this momentous question would necessarily have some effect on the Conferences which were still to be held. Men of position and influence were arrayed in opposition to each other in the Conference arena, but they still loved as brethren. For more than two days this question was argued.

The Rev. W. Hansford's resolution rejecting the Basis was lost by a vote of 55 for, to 69 against it; and the Rev. E. A. Stafford's resolution accepting it was carried by a vote of 66 for, to 51 against it.

The London Conference was held in St. Catharines. The section of country comprised in this Conference is not surpassed in the Dominion, hence the people are among the wealthiest of our population. The churches take the lead in all benevolent and church enterprises.

The Rev. W. R. Parker, M.A., and D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., B.D., were elected to the office of President and Secretary respectively. These brethren were College "chums," and now they stand together in the high positions to which they have been elevated by their brethren.

The reports of the various districts indicated a good degree of prosperity; the funds, too, were considerably in advance. One church, Kincardine, which had been a great

burden, was reported to be in easy circumstances, as by a generous effort throughout the various districts some thousands of dollars had been contributed, thus exhibiting very clearly the advantage of the connexional principle—strong churches help the weak.

We cannot give even the merest outline of the able discussion of the Basis of Union. After a debate which lasted from Monday morning, till after midnight on Thursday, Dr. Ryckman's amendment accepting the Basis was lost, and Dr. Williams' amendment rejecting it was carried by a vote of 101 to 88.

The Toronto Conference, from which the Conference in Manitoba is soon to be set off, covers the largest extent of territory. In addition to what it comprises in Ontario it has the foreign missions of Japan and the Province of British Columbia under its care. The new Grace Church in Winnipeg, which is in course of erection, will seat 1700 persons and is to cost \$50,000. The missionary income is largely in advance, and an increase of twenty or more missionaries will be sent to the Northwest, forming a new Conference of about seventy.

The Rev. Geo. Cochran, D.D., was elected President and the Rev. J. S. Clarke, Secretary. The routine business was gone through with great despatch, and most of the Committees got through their business by Monday morning so as to prepare for the Union debate which commenced in the afternoon of that day. A few members of Conference had gone to their long home since 1882, and others were compelled to ask for a superannuated relation. The funds of all the Conferences were reported as being in a good state. Several brethren had been transferred to this Conference.

The public services were all very numerously attended and were of more than ordinary interest. Only six young brethren were present for ordination, though some others were received into full connection; but they are all far away in the mission field. There was a good array of candidates for the ministry, two of

whom are native Japanese, and one is a native Indian in Vancouver's Island. One brother has agreed to attend College specially with a view to go as a missionary to Japan.

The Union debate was exceedingly able, many of the leading men of the Conference on both sides taking part. At about 1 o'clock on Thursday morning, June 21st, Dr. Sutherland's resolution accepting the Basis was carried, by a vote of 137 to 37. This makes the vote in the three Western Conferences as follows:—

For the Basis.....	291
Against the Basis.....	189

Majority for the Basis... 102

Some entertain great fears about the surplus of ministers which is certain to be consequent on the unification of Methodism, but, to the writer, this fear is groundless for two reasons. 1. Several brethren for various causes have intimated their design not to join the United Church, so that the number of ministers will not be so great as at first appears. 2. Some of the Conferences are greatly in need of additional labourers. In the Toronto and Montreal Conferences alone, there are 48 men wanted to supply places. 3. The demands from Manitoba and British Columbia will require a very large reinforcement. It will certainly be something very peculiar if Methodism in Canada cannot find a place for every man, and every man a place.

The Congregational Year Book of the United States recently published, states that 1,198 of its pastors are unemployed, and 1,023 churches are without a pastor. This is a state of affairs that never exists in Methodism.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its Bishops, the Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D.D. He was a grand man. He was elected Bishop in 1872, since which time he has been abundant in labours. As an author he is known as an extensive writer in the Church periodicals, and a few volumes which will serve to keep his memory green; probably "The True

Woman" and "The Central Idea of Christianity" are best known. He was an earnest evangelist, and laboured much in special services. A short time before he died he bequeathed all his property to Syracuse University. His death was triumphant, just such as might be expected of such a noble Christian warrior.

The profits of the Book Concern at New York for the past year were \$63,063, and of the Western Book Concern at Cincinnati, \$38,987; total, \$102,050.

The Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church South is getting rapidly freed from its indebtedness. The amount of business for the past year exceeded \$216,974. The debt has been reduced since 1878 from \$350,000 to \$186,000 besides having added \$15,000 worth of new machinery and largely increasing its stock.

MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

These grand annual gatherings do not decline either in interest or in number. A portion of April, the whole of May, and several days in June are thus occupied. They number more than 250, and of these, the Earl of Shaftesbury presided at 25. This venerable nobleman, though more than eighty years of age, has been the most prominent chairman in Exeter Hall for over forty years.

The Salvation Army took its place this year among the anniversary meetings, and actually raised \$55,000 at the meeting.

The Baptists had nearly a week of anniversary meetings; on some days two were held. The Missionary Society has an increase of \$40,000, the total income being more than \$300,000. What a contrast from the time when Andrew Fuller went up to London in 1795, to collect money to send William Carey to India, and after making every effort he only got \$320.

The Church of England Missionary Society has the largest income, which amounts to \$1,126,155, being \$50,000 in excess of last year.

The Bible Society reached \$1,053,000, being an increase of more than \$50,000; 96,917,629 copies of the

Scriptures have been circulated since 1804. Noble!

We hope to be excused if we say that Methodist anniversaries most largely command our sympathy. On Missionary Sunday about 200 missionary sermons were preached. Next day 3,000 people sat in Exeter Hall more than five hours to hear of what God had wrought by means of His servants. For years the Society has been labouring under a crushing debt. An increase of income amounting to \$50,000 is required. The past year's receipts amounted to \$848,305, but the expenditure, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, exceeded this amount by \$420. There was also a Breakfast Meeting for China, a Home Missionary Meeting, a Missionary Love Feast, and the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund anniversary. Since 1861 64 churches have been built in the Metropolis, capable of seating 1,000 people each.

The Methodist Free Church and the Primitive Methodist denomination each held Missionary Anniversaries, but the former is behind in its funds about \$8,000; the latter has a larger income than in any former year.

OTHER CONFERENCES.

Unusual interest is felt this year in the Conferences of the smaller Methodist bodies, from the fact that largely upon their action will depend the question of Methodist Union. The Primitive Methodist Conference met in Carlton St., Toronto. The Rev. W. Herridge was elected President. The lay members of the Church had voted very largely in favour of Methodist unification; the Conference ratified what the laymen had done, and even went further, inasmuch as the Conference resolved that, as a body, they would not object to slight modifications of the Basis if found more agreeable to all concerned. A few places in the Conference are weak, and it is intended, should the Conferences of the Methodist Church accept the Basis, that these shall be amalga-

dated with the strongest body forthwith. Arrangement was made for levelling up, so that all the ministers may have an equal claim on the Superannuation Fund. A few brethren who have only recently come from England signified their intention to return thither, a few others also tendered their resignation; so that the number of ministers is greatly reduced.

The Bible Christian Conference was held at Exeter, and was an assembly of great interest. The feeling in favour of the Union question was nearly unanimous, and so far as this branch of the Methodist family is concerned there will be no difficulty in arranging the details which are still to be made to make the Union Basis complete.

The Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church have all been held, at Brantford, Orangeville, and Picton. The Union sentiment in all was strong, though the opposition in a few instances might be said to be violent. The question is now being voted at the various Quarterly Official Meetings, and so far the laity have spoken unmistakably in favour of the Basis. It is greatly to be regretted, that some who are opposed to Methodist Union have sought by means of writing in the press to prejudice the people against the subject. The controversy has been very bitter, and threats of litigation are even thrown out. We hope for the sake of our common Methodism, and above all, for the sake of the cause of Christ, that such unseemly strife will cease, and all will love as brethren. The eyes of Methodists throughout the world are now looking wishfully to Canada. The Union which took place here a few years ago was a new era in Methodism. Since then the Primitive Wesleyans in Ireland have united with the Old Body, and both have been for the advantage of Methodism, and now if, by the blessing of God, there can be a unification of all the branches in Canada, other unions will follow in the Australasian Colonies, and may be even in old England itself.

BOOK NOTICES.

Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World. Two Vols., pp. 2,591. H. P. Hubbard, New Haven, Conn. 1882. Price, \$10.

This book is one of the most marvellous monuments of the mental activity of the race we ever saw. It gives a classified list of 34,000 newspapers and 20,000 banks throughout the world. Its introductions and explanations are given in English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and embraces journals in the language of every civilized people.

The wonderful growth of the modern press is almost entirely the result of the last fifty years. "Every continent hears the rustle of its falling leaves." Nearly 400 journals are published in India, a large proportion in its native languages; 250 papers are published in Japan; Africa, Central and South America are feeling the stimulus of the age.

In the whole world are 34,274 newspapers. Of these Europe has 19,557 or 57.07 per cent. of the whole. North America 12,400 or 36.16 per cent. The rest of the world, or three-fourths of its area, has only 2,317—less than 1-10th of the whole. In Europe and America there is one paper for every 2,000 families; in the rest of the world there is only one for every 90,000 families.

Europe has 2,403 dailies, America but 1,136. Great Britain has 202 dailies with an average circulation of 19,710 copies. The United States has 970 dailies with an average circulation of 4,447. But North America issues 36 $\frac{2}{3}$ papers a year for each inhabitant. The nearest approach to this is Australasia with 30 $\frac{2}{3}$ papers for each inhabitant. Then comes Europe with 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ copies per year for each inhabitant. Then follows South America with only four copies a year, and Asia and Africa with only one copy in ten years for each inhabitant. The United States has 11,207 papers, with 51 issues a

year for each inhabitant. This is only excelled by Great Britain and Belgium whose ratios are respectively 64.01 and 59.20 while Russia has only 1.45. At the head of the world for influence and worth is the press of Great Britain. London has 1,962 publications; Paris, 1,553; New York and Brooklyn, 587; Berlin, 536; Vienna, 483; Madrid, 233; Brussels, 233; Rome, 213; St. Petersburg, 183. More than half of the papers of France are published in Paris, and the aggregate circulation exceeds even that of London and is twice as much as that of New York and Brooklyn. While Paris has 135 dailies, London has but 35; New York and Brooklyn, 36; Berlin, 47; (about 640 in all,) Vienna, 28; Madrid, 58; Frankfort has over 100 in all, and Leipsic, 400; Munich, 150. Paris issues one-tenth of all the papers in the world. The *Petit Journal* alone has a daily circulation of 600,000. The next highest is the *London Telegraph*, 250,000; but the latter is four times the size of the former. The *Times*, has a circulation of only 100,000, and is equalled by the *Graphic* and *London News* and surpassed by the *Christian World*. The largest circulation in England is that of *Lloy's Newspaper*—weekly—which is 600,000. Spain has 750 papers, of which Madrid has one-third, including 58 dailies. Italy 1,174 papers, 148 being dailies; although Rome has 213 papers including 30 dailies, their issues are only half as numerous as those of the 140 of Milan. Naples with nearly twice the population of Rome or Milan, has only 40 papers. Many of the Italian papers are satirical as the *Whip*, the *Wasp*, the *Frog*, etc. Lisbon has 20 dailies. Spires with 14,000 people, has nine dailies; and Liverpool with half a million has only as many. The zone of journalism is between 30° and 60° N. Lat. in which are 31,411 periodicals, leaving 2,863 for all the rest of the world.

The great bulk of the papers of

the world are presented in four languages, first, English with 16,500; then German with 7,350; next French with 3,850; lastly, Spanish with 1,600, many of these being in Mexico and South America.

The following figures will be of interest: The United States has 970 dailies, Canada 67, including Montreal 10, Toronto 5. Austria, 150; (Vienna, 28; Buda Pesth, 37;) Brussels, 28; Copenhagen, 12; Paris 132; Berlin, 47; Rome, 30; Lisbon, 20; St. Petersburg, 26; Moscow, 9; Constantinople, 28, in 11 languages; British India, 35; China, 8, one at Peking, an official gazette published without interruption for a thousand years, and 8, mostly English, at Hong Kong; Japan 83, (Tokio 10 dailies and 73 others;) Egypt 11 dailies, at Alexandria 8 dailies and 9 others in seven languages; Mexico 41 dailies, 22 of them in the city of Mexico. In the West Indies are 47 dailies; in Cuba 38, including 11 in Havana; in Brazil 68, in Chili 64, in Peru 15, in Uruguay 18, in Australia 45, and New Zealand 45. The State of New York publishes more papers than all the Continents south of the Equator. The little Kingdom of Greece has 79, all but two in Greek—Athens alone with its population of 44,510, having 15 dailies and 21 others. The very names are a fine classical study. One apparent reason for the number of journals is the variety of interests, national, religious, technical, etc., and the great number of political and religious parties, and the great differentiation of modern life. We observe that at Florence the Protestant paper has a circulation of 2,000, and the Roman Catholic religious paper only 700. Little Montenegro has its own paper, so has Monaco and even Astrachan, the latter with a circulation of 400.

The Elzevir Library. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St. New York.

One of the most striking characteristics of the age is the abundance and cheapness of good reading. Bad reading—dime novels and story

papers—have unfortunately long been only too plentiful and too cheap; but it is only recently that the great classics of our own and other languages have been brought within the reach of the poorest in the land. Of all the ventures in cheap and good literature we know of none that equals for its excellence and cheapness the Elzevir Library—for high class character and mechanical beauty worthy of the honoured name it bears. A volume is issued in paper covers semi-weekly and the, 104 numbers will contain 2912 pages, 16mo. for \$2, an average of about 150 pages for ten cents. The volumes are also issued separately. Just fancy Tennyson's Enoch Arden, for two cents; Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated; and Pryde's High Ways of Literature, for ten cents each; Trollope's Caesar, Martin's Horace, W. L. Collin's Cicero, and C. W. Collin's Plato—careful studies of the lives and writings of the great authors, with copious citations from their works—at fifteen cents each. The other principal classic authors are to be presented in a similar manner. By such means the unlearned English reader may gain a better acquaintance with these great writers than many a college graduate.

This series may be ordered through our Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Theological Union of Mount Allison Wesleyan College—Fourth Annual Lecture and Sermon, June, 1882.

The Theological Unions of the two Universities of our Church are doing good service by encouraging the production and publication of high class Lectures and Sermons. In the pamphlet before us the Rev. Dr. Sprague discusses with eminent ability the cardinal topic of our holy religion, the doctrine of the atonement. The Rev. A. D. Morton's Sermon is upon the kindred topic of the Incarnation and its Lessons. The pamphlet, which is rather late in reaching us, is very handsomely printed.

The Church Lyceum: its Organization and Management. By the Rev. T. B. NEELY, M.A., pp. 216. New York; Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

The Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States provides, that in connection with each congregation a Church Lyceum shall be organized for mental improvement and social intercourse. The present volume is designed to point out the advantages of such institutions, and the best methods for their management. With every religious awakening there comes an intellectual quickening. "A new heart seems almost to make new brain." It is wise for the Church to seek to guide and mould this quickened intellect. It is said that the Churches do not hold the young people. The Lyceum will help them to do so, and to draw within its influence many whom it could not otherwise reach. It will greatly help the individual members. It will cultivate a love of good reading, to the exclusion of that which is frivolous and pernicious, and will guide the inexperienced in the selection of good books. It will be of advantage to the Church, as training up more intelligent members and workers in the Sunday-school. It will cultivate the social relations, under religious influence, of the members, and change an assembly of comparative strangers into an assembly of friends. The Church has too long been telling its young people what they must *not* do. By this means it can tell them what to do, and help them to do it. It will often brighten otherwise cheerless lives, and give direction to the energies of otherwise purposeless or frivolous minds.

The plan suggested is to adopt a course of reading in history, science, literature, and Bible topics, somewhat after the Chautauqua idea, but simpler and less extensive, such as any boy or girl from fourteen could follow. In connection with this should be weekly meetings for the purpose of reading essays on the subjects studied, and debates or free conversation, with music and

elocutionary readings. For instance, there might be a Longfellow, Tennyson, or Shakespeare night, with an essay on the poet's life and genius, and readings and songs from his works. Special classes in the languages, science or art, might be organized, and the Church made the centre of the intellectual and social life of its members, as well as of their spiritual life.

Our author asks, "Does the Lyceum prevent young people from being drawn into sin? Does it interest them, and prevent them wandering away from the Church? Does it attract other young people to the Church?" Experience has shown that it does—that it stimulates the intellect, guides and regulates the studies, leads to the diffusion of good books, saves the wasted hours, and makes the barren moments blossom into wisdom and beauty, and has led many to go through college and enter the Christian ministry. It has the endorsement of the Bishops and leading educators of the Church.

The last General Conference of our own Church, on the motion of the present writer, unanimously adopted the following resolution, which is quite in harmony with the Lyceum movement:—

"That this Conference strongly recommends the formation, wherever practicable, in connection with the congregations of our Church, of Mutual Improvement Societies, having for their object the promotion of the study of the words and works of God, and His Providential dealings with the race. And that this Conference further recommends, as a most valuable assistance in the promotion of this object, the adoption of some such approved and definite lines of reading and study, as shall at once cultivate the intellectual and moral powers, and promote friendly and social relations among the membership of our Church, and shall guard their public and private entertainments against frivolous and dissipating tendencies."

We hope that many of our Churches will adopt this recommen-

dition. The volume above noted will be found full of invaluable suggestions to pastors or others willing to co-operate in this good work.

The World's Witness to Jesus Christ; the power of Christianity in developing Modern Civilization. By the Rt. Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo. Price \$1.

The Bedell Lectures on the evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion; or, the Relations of Science and Religion, have been established by private beneficence in connection with the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio and Kenyon College.

These great lectures trace with great skill and beauty what has been called "The hand of God in history," especially in the evolution of a higher Christian civilization with the progress of time, illustrating Tennyson's lines:

For I doubt not through the ages
An increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the courses of the suns.

An august theme nobly treated.

Hints for Home Reading. A series of Chapters on Books and their use. Edited by LYMAN ABBOTT. pp. 147. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a capital book, on what to read, and how. A glance at its contents will show its scope. Charles Dudley Warner writes on Why young people read trash; Cyrus Hamlin and H. W. Beecher give plans of reading; E. E. Hale and F. B. Perkins discuss the choice of books; Joseph Cook tells us How to make dull boys read, and How to preserve the results of reading; and Lyman Abbott gives Hints for people that do not read; G. P. Putnam adds suggestions for household libraries, and lists of the best books for their formation. Like a guide to a man lost in a dense forest are such books as those here noticed to the tyro in the vast field of literature.

False Hopes; or, Fallacies, Socialistic and Semi-Socialistic, briefly answered. An address by GOLDWIN, SMITH, D.C.L. Pp. 69. New York: John W. Lovell. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

In this address Professor Smith dissects with critical scalpel the various socialistic theories of the times. And they furnish curious cases of morbid anatomy. They evidently present no solution of the social problem, and offer no means for the regeneration of society. They tend rather to its disintegration and destruction. Communism, Nihilism, Satanism, Socialism, Agrarianism, Fiat Money and Bimetalism, are all shown to be utterly opposed to the principles of a sound political and social economy. We believe that the only true and efficient amelioration of the condition of society shall result from the prevalence of Christian sentiment and Christian practice—the observance of the Golden Rule—among men.

Count Erbach; a Story of the Reformation. Translated from the German of Armin Stein. By JAMES J. HELM, D.D. Pp. 258. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The Lutheran Reformation was one of the great epochal events on which turned the destinies of Christendom. The Reformation era, therefore, can never lose its interest in history or romance. In the book above named, a staunch disciple of Luther, with intimate acquaintance with the picturesque and dramatic incidents accompanying the great Reformation, has woven them into a singularly graphic story, bringing before us the principal actors in the great drama of the time—Tetzel, Luther, and other adherents of both the old faith and the new. The extravagance and blasphemy of Tetzel's indulgence-mongering would seem incredible were they not corroborated by historical documents cited. This is a good book to have in Sunday-school libraries.

Recreations. By E. A. STAFFORD, A. B. Pp. 96. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price 35 cents.

We did not suspect our keen, clear, logical and eloquent friend, the ex-president of the Montreal Conference, of being a devotee of the muse of poetry. Yet he has given in this dainty volume, striking evidence of no small degree of poetic "afflatus." The longest poem, entitled "Homeward," is a somewhat pensive meditation on a visit to the scenes of the author's childhood. It is largely autobiographic, and the record of home affections, purified by time and hallowed by death, and the meditations at the graves of the dear departed, will touch many a heart.

A deep vein of religious feeling runs through the whole, and finds expression in such lines as these:—

O faith that burns, eternally renewed,
While mortal bodies fail—their strength
subdued!
O light from heaven that shines along
the road,
As fainting men yearn upwards with
their load;
O bliss! O crown that ends the pilgrim's
strife!
The weary rest, and death is endless life!

Some lighter and more cheery strains follow, including some charming album contributions—one or two of which we shall take the liberty to quote elsewhere. The last poem—"The Discontented Knight," "a Burlesque on the Invincibility of Ignorance and Preconceived Opinion," reveals a vein of humour of which we did not suspect our grave and reverend friend. The volume will prove a charming *souvenir* of the author to his many friends in the east as he is about to remove to the far west.

Lorenzo, and Other Poems. By J. E. POLLOCK, B.A. Pp. 117. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The most striking poem in this dainty book of verse is that which gives it its name—a poem which owes its inspiration to Coleridge's weird "Rime of the Ancient Ma-

riener." Without being in any sense an imitation of that wonderful poem, it has many points of similarity, especially in its bold and striking imagery. Several of the other poems breathe a spirit of strong patriotism, especially those on Wolfe, Waterloo, Alexandria, and Tel-el-Keber. We cordially welcome such contributions to the more æsthetic department of Canadian literature.

Within the Veil. By the REV. JAS. CASWELL. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a thoughtful and judicious pamphlet on Entire Sanctification, as illustrated in its principles and privileges, and way of attainment, by the entering of the High Priest of the Old Dispensation into the Holy of Holies. This beautiful exposition of an important passage of Holy Scripture will benefit both the head and heart of all who read it.

Parables from Nature. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. First and second series. 8mo. pp. 288, 276. New York: G. P. Putnam. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

These books are unique in our literature. They have no parallel, so far as we know, in their graceful and delicate fancy, and in their strange psychological sympathy with inferior animals. They resemble more the charming fables of La Fontaine, or the animal studies of Michelet, or Theophile Gautier, than anything in our language. But they have a depth of religious feeling, and convey a religious teaching unequalled by any French writer that we know, except, perhaps, the Countess de Gasparin. Mrs. Gatty's bird talk, and flower thoughts are exquisite, her sympathy with nature is very keen, and we may learn not a little of both science and religion from her pages. Her parables are charming prose poems, and these dainty blue and gold volumes are a worthy setting for such literary gems. Older scholars, especially the young ladies in our schools, will find these books open new avenues of profit and delight in the study and interpretation of nature.