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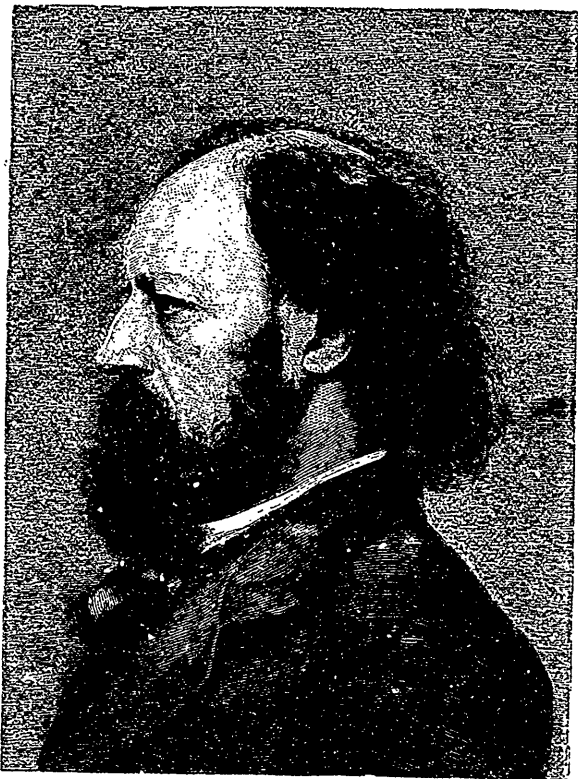
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ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1884.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY THE REV. J. T. STEVENSON, D.D.,

Principal of the Congregational Theological College, Montreal.

It is not easy to write in a critical way about Mr. Tennyson, for the same reason that it is not easy to criticize a lady with whom one is in love. He is too much a part of our mental life; he touches the chords of our deepest emotions too intimately and with too much skill. A lover's criticism might be very interesting, but it would be difficult to believe it impartial. And there are thousands of people to whose intellectual and spiritual life Mr. Tennyson has so greatly ministered, that they regard not his books only, but himself with profound affection.

Tennyson was born in 1810, so that he is now seventy-three years old. It is a pity we cannot put back the hands on the clock of time so as to make him young again. But never mind; his works are young and always will be. He comes from Somersby, in Lincolnshire; his father was the clergyman there. You do not know Lincolnshire, probably; if you did, you would all the better understand many of the poems of Tennyson. He speaks of the "long grey wolds" of his native county; he means flat plains of grass, divided by dykes, with here and there a row

* For the admirable portrait of Tennyson, which accompanies this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, the sole authorized American publishers of his works. The following is a partial list of the numerous handsome editions of his poems which they issue.—ED.

Tennyson's Poems—*Shawmut Ed.* Illustrated. Cr. 8vo, \$1; full gilt, \$1.50.

Diamond Ed. 18mo, \$1.00.

Illustrated Household Ed. With Portrait and 60 Illustrations. 12mo, \$2.

Blue and Gold Ed. With Portrait. In 2 vols. 32mo, full gilt, \$2.50.

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of tall, slender poplar trees, their leaves twinkling in the evening light; or a solitary willow, its boughs bent down and swaying hither and thither by the moaning wind. Read "Mariana in the Moated Grange" if you want to know what the scenery of Lincolnshire is like. To one who has lived in the county, aye, and grown to like it, too, the description is like a photographic portrait:—

About a stone-cast from the wall
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
 And o'er it many, round and small,
 The clustered marsh-mosses crept.
 Hard by a poplar shōok alway
 All silver-green, with gnarled bark :
 For leagues no other tree did mark
 The level waste, the rounding grey.

And ever when the moon was low
 And the shrill winds were up and away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the ghostly shadow sway.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.

Exactly so. It is the dreary, melancholy, yet soft and meditative scenery of the east of England put into a picture of perfect words.

As Tennyson grew up in such circumstances, the foundations of his poetic fancy were laid, and there is a little touch of the influence of Lincolnshire in a great deal of his writing. At a proper age he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he became a pupil of Dr. Whewell, a very able man, who knew everything that is to be known, especially mathematics and

Cabinet Ed. With Portrait. In 2 vols. 16mo, \$2.50.

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astronomy, and of whom somebody has said that his *forte* was science and his *foible* was omniscience. It was at Cambridge, also, that he became very intimate with Arthur Hallam, for whom his affection was deep and intense, and whose early death called forth the poem, "In Memoriam," the most profound and spiritually helpful even of Tennyson's affluent writings. Tennyson had ten or eleven brothers and sisters—one, an elder brother, with a strong dash of poetical genius, also. Alfred Tennyson and his brother Charles published a modest volume of poetry together entitled "Poems, by Two Brothers." It did not make much stir; rather, it quietly subsided to the bottom of the literary river. But a few years later, in 1830, there came out a volume by Alfred Tennyson alone; a volume of various sorts of poems, some exquisitely good, some not so good, but all bearing the mark of a strong man, and the promise of better things.

Since that time Tennyson has been pouring out his work at short intervals till now there are very few names in English literature which, to say nothing of quality, stand for a larger bulk of poetry than that of Alfred Tennyson. All my readers know many of the earlier of his poems, such as "Mariana," "Claribel," "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "The Talking Oak," "The Two Voices," "The May Queen." They are exquisitely melodious; the music of them rings for ever in our ears. Not only the words but the cadence is fitted to the thought with a perfectness of adjustment which makes it a mental possession beyond all value. Then came "In Memoriam," among the most wonderful poems of this century, in which the hopes and fears, the doubt and the faith of our age—an age tossed with storms and yet bright with promise of the future—find their most adequate expression. Neither must we forget "The Princess," full as it is of love and courtesy towards women, and interspersed with the sweetest of even Mr. Tennyson's songs. The songs "Sweet and Low," "Home they Brought her Warrior Dead" and "The Bugle Song" are all in the "Princess." Afterwards came the passionate poem of "Maud," with its lovely, song "Come into the Garden, Maud," which Mr. Sims Reeves used to sing with such splendid expression. Then followed the "Idylls of the King," a series of stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, with its tales of Euid, and Vivien, Guinevere, and Elaine, The Quest of the Holy Grail, and the Passing of Arthur. Beside these we

have had "Enoch Arden," and a volume of "Ballads and other Poems" quite recently published. There is no modern poet like Tennyson. Who has spoken so tenderly to us? Who has done so much for us? None, except perhaps Wordsworth, and even Wordsworth, though he speaks for all time, does not speak with a voice so generally understood, nor does he speak so directly, so specially, and, if I may use the word, so inwardly, to the children of our restless and uncertain age.

Mr. Tennyson was married long since. Many years ago, moreover, he left the levels and marshes of Lincolnshire, and found a home in the Isle of Wight, as picturesque and beautiful as even a poet need desire.

But I may be asked in what special way Tennyson has made himself so great a name and place in English literature? It is not easy to say. It is never easy to analyze and account for a living whole. You must, as Wordsworth says, "murder to dissect," and when you have murdered it is not the living whole that you examine but something quite different. Only those who know and love Tennyson can tell why he affects them so much, and even they cannot adequately *tell*, they can only feel it. We may indicate, however, some of the more obvious elements of his power.

One of them is his perfect art in poetry. By poetic art I mean the power of fitting noble and beautiful thought to apt and musical expression. It is a quality which varies very much, even in great poets. Some poets sing naturally as well as sweetly, like a skylark in the morning air, or a nightingale in the heart of the grove. What thought they have, be it much or little, sets itself spontaneously to exquisite music. They sing, not with the voice perhaps, but in the silence of the mind. Their very thoughts go with a lilt,—a regular rhythmical beat. Pope says of himself, "I lisped in numbers for the numbers came." Shelley too had the same power very finely. He sang as freely as a bird warbles or a kitten plays. Take a few lines as a specimen:—

How wonderful is death!
 Death, and his brother sleep,—
 One, pale as yonder waning moon
 With lips of lurid blue,
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When, throned on ocean's wave,

She blushes o'er the world :
Yet both so passing-wonderful.

Keats had it too. He set the thoughts of his delicate fancy to a music as natural as the moan of the billow on the shore. I do not say this is the highest quality of poetry ; it is not so ; but it adds a great charm, when it can be had, to the other qualities. Some poets have more fulness and richness of thought ; some have more of this fine music of expression. The *very* greatest poets have both, but it is extremely rare to find both in the supreme degree. In Milton you do not know which to admire most, the grandeur of the thought, or the perfect adaptedness of the words in which it finds expression. Read "L'Allegro," or "Il Penseroso," if you wish to know what I mean. Word answers to thought, as a beautiful face answers to a refined and elevated soul. The same is true of Shakespeare. Grand he is frequently, unutterably grand and awful. But how musical are his notes, when he chooses ! Think of the leaping and dancing rhythm of his songs :—

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sand, and yet no footing seen.

Or, again—

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

But it is only the greatest poets who thus unite power of thought with perfectness of expression. Speaking generally, a poet rich and profound in thought, will be a little rough in expression ; another, full of music, will be more slender in the fibre of his thinking. In this aspect of his work, however, Tennyson stands in the foremost rank. In him we have thought and expression answering one to another with all the completeness embodied in his own phrase—"Like perfect music unto noble words." In all modern English literature there is no art so admirable, so consummate and complete, as that of Mr. Tennyson.

Other poets pant and toil up the poetic mountain, catching glimpses of its towering summit at long intervals; Tennyson sits on the loftiest pinnacle, upon a royal throne, and commands every form of poetic achievement. So perfectly does he blend the word with the thought that the words themselves seem to lose their separate existence and to become part of his living idea. You could no more remove them and substitute others than you could take the living skin from a lovely face without impairing its beauty. The thought passes into the words, and makes them shine with its own brilliance, and live with its own life. This is the high-water mark of the art of poetry,—this blending into vital unity of thought and words.

Almost any of Tennyson's poems would serve to illustrate what I now say. But there is one which seems to bring my meaning almost into the region of the senses. It is the "Bugle Song," from the poem of "The Princess." As we read it we can almost see the trembling light and hear the notes of the bugle horns:—

The splendour falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story ;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory,—
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark ! Oh hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going,
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing ;
 Blow,—let us hear the purple glens replying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill, and field, or river ;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever !
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And, answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying !

So much, then, for Tennyson, considered as a poetic artist. In the complete adaptation of the "words that burn" to the "thoughts that breathe" he stands among the poets of our day unrivalled and alone.

But Tennyson bears also a special relation to the spiritual and social problems of the age in which we live. He is a great teacher as well as a great poet. It is clear that every age has its special difficulties, questions which it considers and discusses, and which with more or less success it tries to answer. The age of Cromwell had its own questions, so had the age of the French Revolution, so also that of the American Wars. And our age has its peculiar questions and problems; yes, and they are among the most important and interesting that can engage the mind of man. Ours is a time of the breaking up, or rather, perhaps, of the slow dissolving of old forms of thought, and their crystallising again into new shapes. There has been a vast amount of enquiry in our day. History has ransacked the past, criticism has examined sacred books, the torch of science has been brandished about, as Carlyle says, till not the smallest cranny or doghole of nature remains unilluminated. In such a time there is sure to be a large amount of skepticism,—of doubt, and even unbelief. *What is this wonderful world in which we live? Is it animated and guided by a wise and good God, or is it a vast machine, rolling its wheels and clanking its levers, without thought to guide it, or compassion for the victims it destroys? And man—what is he? Is he a mere animal, in no way different from those around him, except as his brain may be a little more cunning and his hands a little more dexterous? Does he, when his breath leaves him, die out into nothingness? Or is he a soul, immortal in destiny, godlike in powers, born to make progress forever in the knowledge of God, and in the glory of goodness? Questions these which every thoughtful man encounters, and which, in our day, the very newspapers cannot refrain from discussing.*

Then, too, there are to be considered the relations of society to the ignorant and the poor, to the toiling millions, and to the waifs and strays of our great towns and cities. What are we doing for them? What can we or ought we to do for them? And Christianity, the religious life in which we have been reared, is it true and precious, or is it a beautiful dream, which we have loved indeed, but from which we must now awake, because we have found it to be baseless and unreal? Is the beloved name of Jesus true and mighty forever, or is it one more in the long and weary list of failures and illusions?

Tennyson has not neglected any of these great questions. He has considered and replied to them, and very distinctly too. He returns an answer, moreover, on the helpful and hopeful side. He is a believer in God, a believer in a great destiny for man, a believer in Christ. To use Tennyson's own words—

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them, till he came at length,

To find a firmer faith his own,
 And power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone.

Because he has fought and conquered he can help us. Those who believe help us, those who disbelieve dry up the springs of life and hope, and make us wretched. Thank God for the voice of this brave believer, calling to us in our perplexity, and bidding us fight our way through! Those who heard it years ago, and did hold on our "dim and perilous way," can never be too thankful for the sweet music and powerful thought which gave us courage and inspiration. If any of my readers are haunted by the shadows of uncertainty,—if God is not only your "dearest faith," but also your "ghastliest doubt,"—listen to what this great singer has to say. Read all his poems, but especially read "In Memoriam" from cover to cover. You had better. The unbelievers will not help you. The raving blasphemies of Swinburne, the sensuous elegancies of Rosetti, even the long classical stories of Morris; still more, the hash of these which you will get from their feebler imitators, will leave you with parched lips and an aching heart. Even Mr. Matthew Arnold will exhort you only to what he calls "sweetness and light," meaning, apparently, the light of pedantic indifference, and the sweetness of a dandy's bow. No, let us not be prigs and pedants, let us be men, and face with hopeful courage the master questions of our life.

"In Memoriam," of which I have spoken, touches all the great questions of duty and destiny. There are men now living upon whose thought it has exerted an influence more powerful than any other book, excepting only the Bible. The "Idylls of the King" also contain the fruit of long and large-minded medi-

tation on the destiny and work of man, set to a music as perfect as the thoughts are rare. In all English literature there is no other figure like that of King Arthur, so brave and true, so greatly simple, so dignified as well as tender in its wrongs and bitter grief. Space is limited, and I cannot quote much. But a few verses from "In Memoriam" will show in what way Tennyson can deal with the spirit of anxious questioning so characteristic of our time of unsettled and transitional thought—

That which we dare invoke to bless ;
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
He, they, one, 'all ; within, without ;
The power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him, not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, " Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the heart would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered " I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

A few words now as to the relation which Tennyson holds to the study and expression of the greater affections, the master passions of the soul of man. Poetry studies our ways of thinking, but with still more care and delicacy our ways of feeling. It is the language in which strong emotion naturally seeks relief. Perhaps very angry people do not often quote poetry ; they are apt to use language not so refined or so musical ; but people

touched by the gentler feelings, especially people in love, not only quote poetry but are very apt to write it. Shakespeare tells us that the young lord of his day expressed his passion by composing a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow; and the lovers of our own time are not greatly different from those who made love to our grandmothers' grandmothers long ago. We expect therefore in a poet that he will be able to put our strongest feelings into appropriate expressions. We expect him to give a voice to our love, our sorrow, our hope, our regret, our passionate grief. We shall not be disappointed in Tennyson. He has given eloquent voice to these deeper stirrings of our nature, and, as all true and pure expression does, he at once relieves and educates the feelings he has sought to embody. I might give you many examples from his works. He is one of the sweetest writers of love-songs in our language. All my readers know "Come into the Garden, Maud," or if any do not, they had better make its acquaintance at once. With not less of purity and power can he give voice to the pangs of sorrow. Perhaps there is no description of the passion of grief at once so musical and so true as the lines, "Home they brought her warrior, dead." Neither is it the well-marked emotions alone which Tennyson sets to music. He is singularly happy in expressing those complex states of feeling, in which the greater emotions shade off, so to speak, one into another. His earlier songs contain fine examples of this power, and it would be easy to refer to many, both of them and of his later writings, in which the force of his delineations is equalled by their almost startling subtilty. Let me quote a few verses from a song in "The Princess," in which we have a description of the tender regret with which we recall the images of long-past fragments of our lives—

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
 That brings our friends up from the under-world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks, with all we love, below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

And now I must leave this poet to the thought, and, I hope, to the further study of my readers. I can promise them a rich reward. There is no literature better worth study than good poetry; and there is no poetry of our day superior, if there is any equal, to that of Tennyson. It is not the poetry of impure desire, of self-indulgence, of sickly gas-light affectation, tricked out in far-fetched conceits, and expressed in language of self-conscious obscurity; it is the poetry of faith in the good and true, of hope in the coming time, and of love for universal man. No man or woman, especially those who are young, can commune with this pure and elevated mind without being won to something of its own rare quality. He teaches us to pass beyond the boundaries of our narrow selfhood, and to think in the light of universal truths and inspiring ideals. He is

“Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love.”

His pages glow with an earnest moral aspiration, and I feel confident that when the literary history of our times shall be written, and the good influences of our age enumerated, there will be no glory brighter than that which will gather around the name of this subtle thinker and perfect poetic artist.

READINGS FROM TENNYSON.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou

Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock Thee when we do not fear :
But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand :
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*In Memoriam.*

AROUND
THE
CAMP FIRE,
IN THE
NORTH-WEST
TERRITORY.



WINTER SCENES IN MANITOBA AND KEEWATIN.*

BY EDMUND A. STRUTHERS.



MOUSEAU AND HIS DOG.

THE officers of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, whose trading-posts are scattered through the Dominion of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and away north to the banks of the noble Yukon, find it necessary to utilize the dog for purposes of travelling and transportation through sections of country where proper food

cannot be found for horses and cattle.

The dog is capable, also, of enduring a very low temperature and of thriving under harsh treatment. It is the habit of these hardy creatures, during a respite from drawing their heavily-loaded sledges, to lie huddled together in their harness and allow the falling and drifting snow to hide them from sight, save where their black noses protrude for the purpose of obtaining air. With the Canadian Indian the dog takes the place of the horse, drawing the wood in winter, and bringing to the wigwam the spoils of the hunt. And, where farming has been attempted, in a rude way, by the red man, he uses his train of dogs for ploughing the land for his little patch of potatoes.

* We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Century* Company, New York, for the admirable engravings which illustrate this article, and for permission to reprint from *St. Nicholas* Mr. Struthers' interesting narrative, which appears under the title "Coasting on Lake Winnipeg." The engravings are a fair specimen of the style and illustrations of that foremost Monthly for Young People in the world.—ED.

The manner of harnessing and driving dogs is interesting. The harness is usually made of moose-skin or buffalo leather, and is often lavishly decorated. The collar, which is not unlike our common horse-collar, is perfectly round, and is slipped over the dog's head, fitting snugly at the shoulders; the traces are attached to this collar, and passing through loops in the bead-worked saddle-cloth, are fastened to the sledge. Four dogs usually comprise a train, and are driven "tandem." Great care is taken in selecting and training a leader; he must be quick, intelligent, strong, and ready to answer and obey the "chaw" and "yeā" ("right" and "left") of his driver.

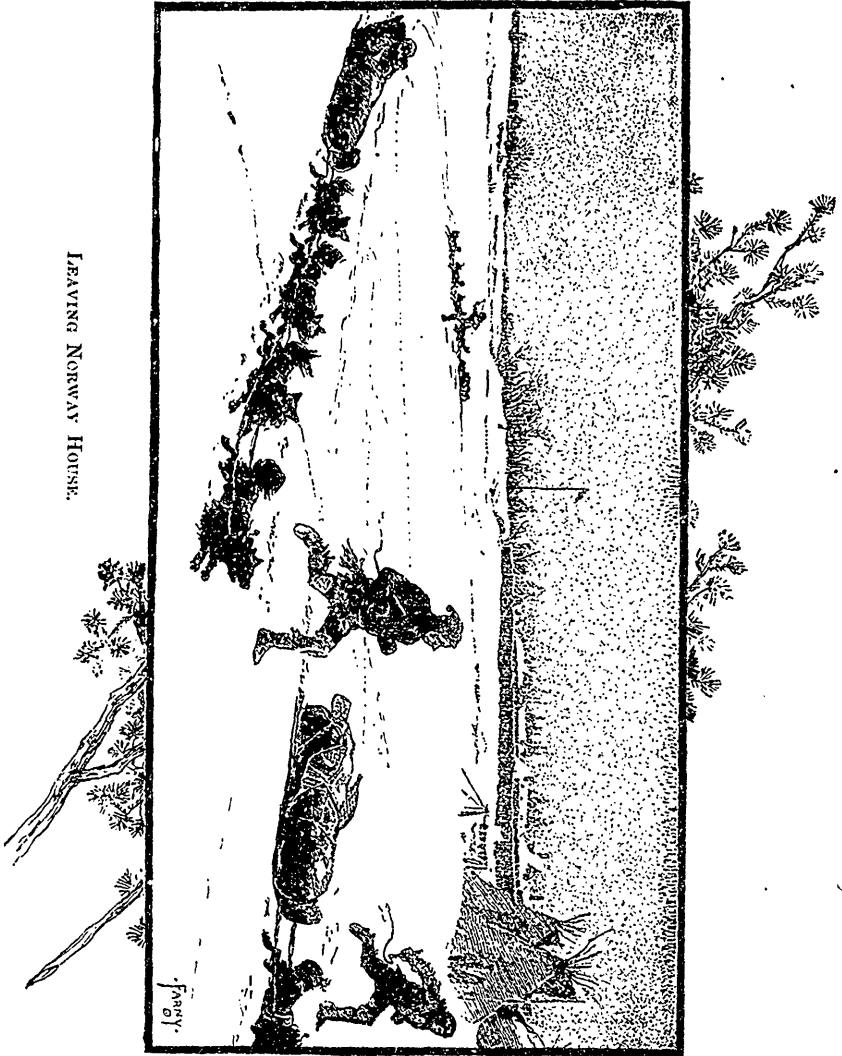
The sledges for winter travel are of three kinds: the plain flat sled (which is for freight), and the carriole and Berlin, for passengers. The flat sled is constructed of two or three long, thin boards, turned up at the front exactly as were the old-fashioned skates of our fathers, and bound together with rawhide thongs. The carriole, which might be termed the palace-car of the dog-train, is framed over and covered with dressed skins. The Berlin is a pleasure-sleigh, with rawhide sides.

Having given you an outline of the make-up and appearance of a dog-train, let me now ask that one of my readers accompany me on a journey of a few hundred miles through the wilderness, our only conveyance being flat sleighs and carrioles drawn by bushy-tailed and sharp-eared dogs. We will imagine ourselves, in the dead of winter, at Norway House,* an important post or fort of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, which is situated north of the head of that inland sea, Lake Winnipeg, and nearly four hundred miles from civilization. Come with me to the dog-yard, while Mouiseau, our French half-breed guide, selects the animals which are to form our train. We find a large enclosure with high, wooden walls, which are, at the base and for some distance upward, plated with sheet-iron to prevent the restless animals from gnawing their way out of prison. This yard, or prison-house, is filled with a great variety of dogs, from the stately fellow who plainly shows the blood of the Scotch greyhound, to the miserable little Indian dog, who has been allowed lodgings

* The Methodist Church of Canada has a very flourishing mission here, with a membership of 240, under the care of the Rev. Orrin German. The Rev. E. R. Young has more than once made the journey here described.

inside the stockade, while his red master is bartering furs inside the fort.

Mouiseau at last selects his dogs—not the largest in the yard,



but from the medium-sized animals, on account of their greater powers of endurance. We are to have twelve dogs, making three trains of four dogs each. The selection is again carefully examined, collars are fitted, and the dogs are placed in another

yard near by, ready for to-morrow, the day of our departure. We must look now to our personal outfit, bearing in mind that our baggage must be light; two pairs of wool blankets each, two buffalo robes, an oil-skin blanket, and two pillows complete our outfit. Mouiseau, with his two Indian drivers, attends to the food-supply, and places on the baggage-sledge a bag of pemmican (pounded buffalo-meat), a bag of "bannocks" (wheat-cakes made by Hector, the Scotch cook), several large pieces of fat pork, and a little box containing compressed potatoes.

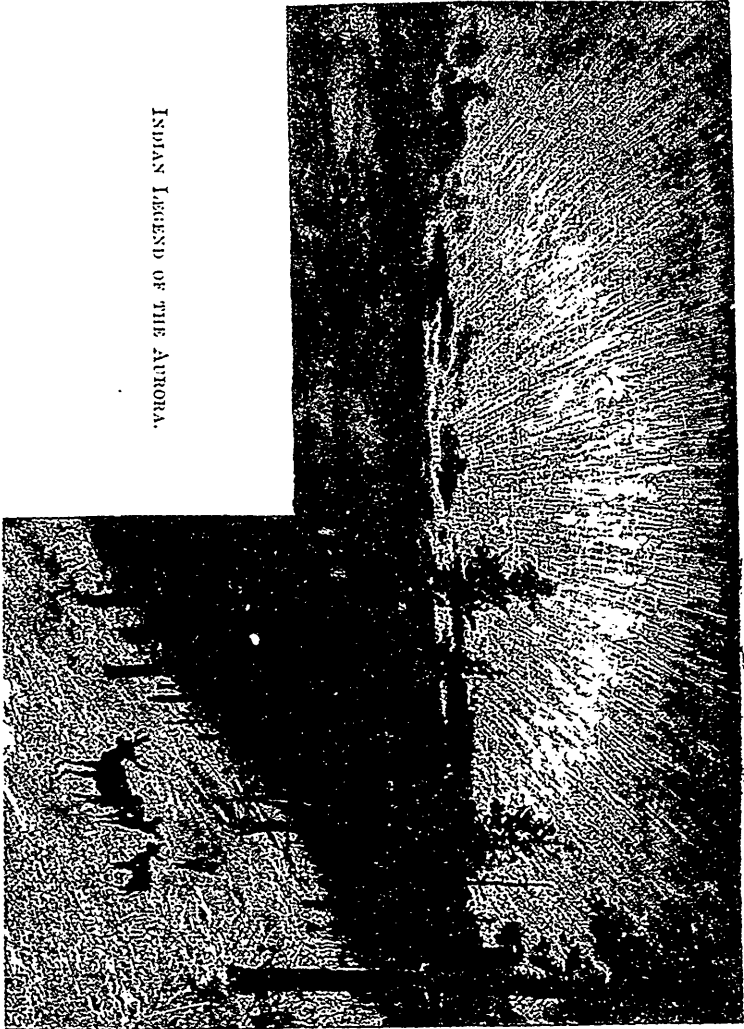
Mouiseau calls us to look at our sleighs, packed as only an old traveller can pack, with snow-shoes, rifles, and cooking utensils lashed on the outside. All is now ready, and at break of day we shall be off amid the cheers and shouts of the employés, to whom the arrival and departure of guests is a matter of no small moment. Were it an arrival, the ensign of the corporation, with its "elk rampant" and curious motto, "Pro pelle cutem" ("skin for skin"), would be at the top of the tal' staff outside the walls of the fort.

Morning comes, and after considerable handshaking we sit in our carriages, and are carefully wrapped by our attentive drivers, while the dogs are whining and barking in impatience to be off. The word is given: "Marche anne mush!" ("Go along, dog!") the whips crack, and we glide down the slippery path, out of the gates of the fort and out upon the frozen river, which has for banks rough walls of granite, the tops of which are dotted with clumps of small jack-pine and spruce. We fly swiftly along, passing a few houses with mud chimneys and parchment windows, and suddenly at a bend in the river enter the woods. Our guide tells us this is a favourite portage,* which saves us several miles of travel. We at last come out on a beautiful lake, dotted with islands of evergreen, and looking an enchanted place in the clear

* The term portage signifies a crossing or carrying-place between two bodies of water. For instance: On a certain route where canoes are used, there are a series of lakes separated from one another by narrow strips of land. We pass through lake No. 1, in the direction of lake No. 2, searching for the narrowest strip separating them; a road is cut through the forest, over which the sturdy Indians carry the canoes and baggage, and, launching their craft, push on for No. 3. On much-frequented canoe routes these carrying-places have fine, wide roads, and bear suggestive titles, as "Turtle Portage," "Mossy Portage," etc. In winter these roads are used by travellers in order to pass from one frozen lake to another.

winter air. This is Playgreen Lake, a grand widening of the outlet of Lake Winnipeg. After an hour's travel we make another portage, which, we are told, is for the purpose of avoiding

INDIAN LEGEND OF THE AURORA.



the open water at the immediate outlet of the lake. We are now twenty-five miles from Norway House, and have been four hours on the road. Truly, our little dogs do bravely. We stop for a few minutes, while one of our Indians builds a fire and.

prepares a cup of tea ; and then, our lunch over, the drivers take their places at the back of the sleighs, steadying and steering them through the narrow wood track by the use of a rope called a sail-line. We suddenly speed down a steep bank, and there before us is Lake Winnipeg, that immense basin, which receives on the south the mighty, rushing Winnipeg, and the steady-flowing and silent stream which comes dashing through the rich prairie-lands of Dakota, Minnesota, and Manitoba, in its search for the sea, and known to us as the Red River of the North ; while in the North-West the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, after a swift journey through the valley of the Saskatchewan, find a few hours' rest and then go tumbling down the Nelson to Hudson's Bay. On the right is the site of an old fort, where many years ago a bloody battle was fought * between two powerful trading companies. Before us is Montreal Point, for which place we now take a direct course, our guide running before, in a steady, swinging trot peculiar to Indian runners, while our dogs follow in good form. At intervals we drop into a light slumber, to be suddenly awakened by the loud crack of a loaded whip and the responsive cry of a lazy dog. As the sun is setting in the west, going down into the apparently boundless lake, we halt on the edge of a huge drift, near the shore, which is at this point dotted with thickets of spruce and balsam, and get out of our carriages stiffly enough after our long journey. The sleds are drawn into the timber, and our little party go at the work of clearing with snow-shoes a place for the camp. This accomplished, the fire is built, green boughs are laid for our beds, blankets and robes are brought forth ; and while we stretch ourselves lazily before the bright fire of tamarack, our guide prepares supper, and his assistants unharness the dogs and prepare their meal of fresh white-fish. After a hearty supper of pemmican, potato and bannock, we sit and listen to the monotonous tones of the Indians, who are recounting journeys to different parts of the far-north country, while they smoke their tiny stone pipes, filled with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Our

* This battle appears to have taken place near the close of a terrific strife for the control of the rich fur trade of the North-West, which raged between the North-West Trading Company, with head-quarters at Montreal, and the Hudson's Bay Company, of London, England, the termination being the joining of the rivals under the title of the latter company.

twelve dogs are grouped on the solid drift, near the shore. The largest dog occupies the most elevated part of the bank, the place of honour, while the others sit solidly on their hunches and gaze steadily at their leader, who is now the picture of profundity, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes which his fellows are making a vain attempt to imitate. The moon is coming up now, and as it softly rises, causing the frost-covered trees to glisten in its light, the leader utters a plaintive wail, which is taken up by his companions, softly at first; then the leader gives forth a louder cry, another, and soon the whole pack there in the weird light are howling in fearful discord. Suddenly the leader ceases, and gradually the others become quiet, and curl themselves about the fire. The Indians soon are snoring in heavy sleep, the fire burns low, the trees crackle with frost, we hear a commingling of sounds, and, at last, sleep too.

We rest comfortably, with nothing above our heads save the beautiful dome of heaven, with its twinkling stars, which are dimmed at times by the magnificent and ever-changing aurora, which here reaches its greatest brilliancy. The Indians call this electric phenomenon *Wah-wah-tao*, and fancy it to be the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the Land of the Hereafter. While it is yet dark our drivers arise, with sundry grunts and remarks in Indian language relative to the probable weather and winds of the coming day; and soon a large fire, crackling and sending sparks over our heads without regard to consequences, is the alarm which brings us quickly from our snug beds. We now assist in packing our baggage, preparatory to a continuation of our journey. A light breakfast dispatched, our dogs are placed in harness, we take seats in the carriages, and are away with speed through the grey light of dawn. After an hour's run, the sun comes up—a golden ball seen through the stunted and storm-beaten pines that find footing on the lichen-covered rocks of the shore. We sit up in our sleighs to enjoy the fresh, clear air, and looking to the right, we discover land where, a few moments before, there was none to be seen. Our look of surprise is answered by one of the Indians, who, running alongside the sleigh, shouts: "*Statim Minis!*" (The Horse Islands!) It is a grand mirage, for the *Statim Minis* are islands at least seventy miles away.

We fly along, our guides shouting alternately at the dogs and

each other, apparently in the best of humour, now and again favouring us with snatches of Canadian boat-songs, no doubt caught up from the hardy voyageurs who go west in charge of



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

bateaux from the banks of the rushing tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence.

At sunset we arrive at a large Indian village, the entire popu-

lation turning out to welcome us. This is a village of the Poplar River band, the wildest of the Lake Winnipeg Indians. During our halt for a few minutes, the old chief with his council appear, and have a few words with our men, while we must show our good and friendly feeling by presents of tobacco, clay pipes, etc. As we move away, our good-byes are answered by shouts of "Marchono, How Marchono!" ("Good speed!")

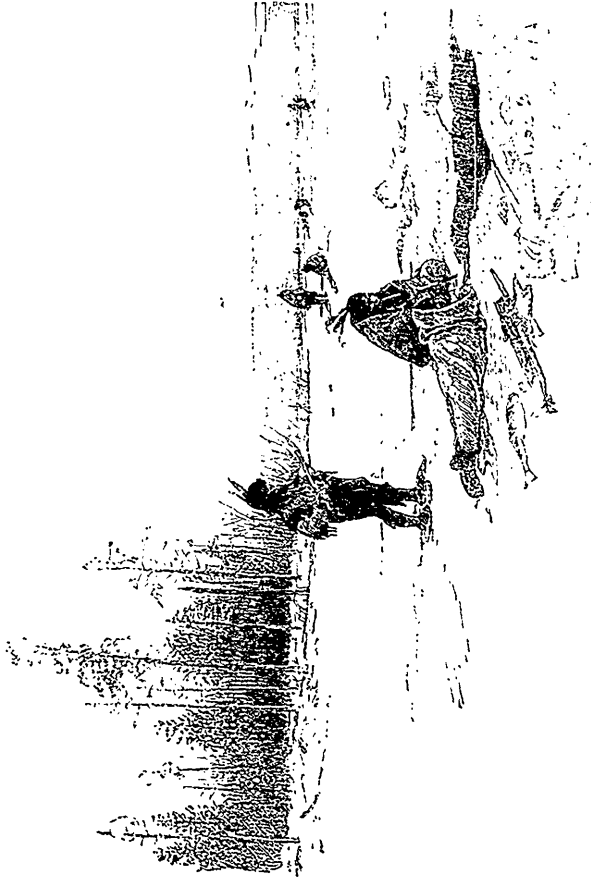
At dusk of evening we camp a few miles south of Poplar River, going through the same procedure as on the evening of the first camp. At two o'clock in the morning of the next day, while the clear moon is slowly going down in the west, we are slipping along a hard-beaten hunters' track which runs across the bay. During the day we skirt a rough, rocky shore which lies to the left, and get glimpses of numerous islands on our right. In the early evening we arrive at Behren's River Fort, a post of the trading company, where we are hospitably received by the officer in charge.* We find in use at this place the St. Bernard dogs, very large and strong.† Old travellers, however, will tell you that for long journeys, such as ours, the smaller dogs are preferable. It is not late, so let us accept the kind invitation of our host, and visit the trading rooms of the fort. We follow him through a narrow passage, on one side of which is a short counter and at the end a heavy door, so built as to guard against surprise from hostile Indians, which, being swung back, admits us to the stores of Indian supplies—blankets, shirts, belts, and much-beaded moccasins; while hanging from smoke-stained beams are flint-lock guns of the "Queen Anne" pattern, axes, knives, and copper kettles. There is no money used in the trade of this far-away country; the beaver skin is recognized as the standard, and represents about five shillings sterling. We are somewhat amused on asking the price of a pair of blankets, to get the reply, "Eight skins." Our guide leads us up a narrow stair to the fur-room, which has large beams and cross-timbers, hanging closely on which are all the varieties of northern furs—bear, wolf, beaver, fox, and marten, with lynx, fisher, and ermine. In the month of June these furs are packed, and begin their journey to London by the way of the Norway House to York Factory on Hudson's

* The Methodist Church has a mission also at this place.

† These are all descendants of dogs given to the Rev. E. R. Young, by the Hon. Senator Ferrier and Mr. W. E. Sanford.

Bay, where a steamer calls, in August or September, and takes the valuable bales on board for delivery in London.

But we cannot always stay in this land of bear and beaver, and when morning comes, after thanking Mr. Flett, our kind host, for his care and attention, we again move out on the lake, and,

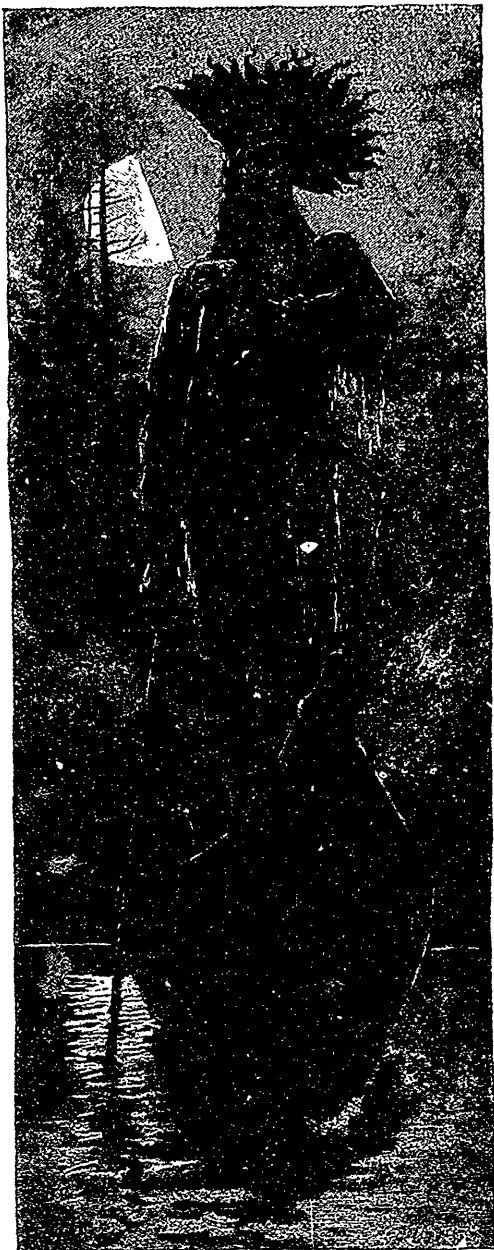


FISHING THROUGH THE ICE, LAKE WINNIPEG.

jogging along steadily, arrive at the narrows of Lake Winnipeg, called by the Indians "Anne Mustukwon," or "Dog's Head." The lake at this point is but one and one-half miles in width, the shores of the east side being of hard, dark granite, while those of the westerly side are formed of high cliffs of lime and sandstone.*

* The boundary line between Manitoba and the District of Keewatin is near this point.

A story is told of a party such as ours being lost in a severe snowstorm, near this point. The guides not being able to decide on which shore of the lake they had strayed, one of the gentlemen of the party bethought himself of this difference in the formation of the rock, and, digging through the drift, at once solved the question. Our camp is made here, and in the morning we are off at full speed, passing, during the forenoon, Indian people fishing through holes in the ice, and bringing to the surface in their heavy fish-nets beautiful white-fish. The camp to-night is in the enchanted country, and lying to the south-east is an island in which during summer, at break of dawn (according to our guide Mouiseau,) the high wall of sandstone rock opens, and a giant, dragging after him a huge stone canoe, strides to the water's edge, launches his stony craft and pushes out in the broad



THE GIANT OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

lake, to return unseen for his voyage of the following morning. In passing this island it is customary to leave fragments of tobacco, and tea-leaves, as a peace-offering to the Phantom Giant of the Cliff.

We are now but seventy miles from the track of the iron horse, and with extra exertion may on the morrow finish our journey, We are called very early to find a bright fire and breakfast ready. It is apparent that our men mean to distinguish themselves as runners to-day. Great care is taken in the lacing of moccasins and fixing belts and leggings; the harness is carefully examined, and all being in readiness, we dash down the steep bank and out upon the lake, over which we glide along, unable at times to distinguish land on either side.

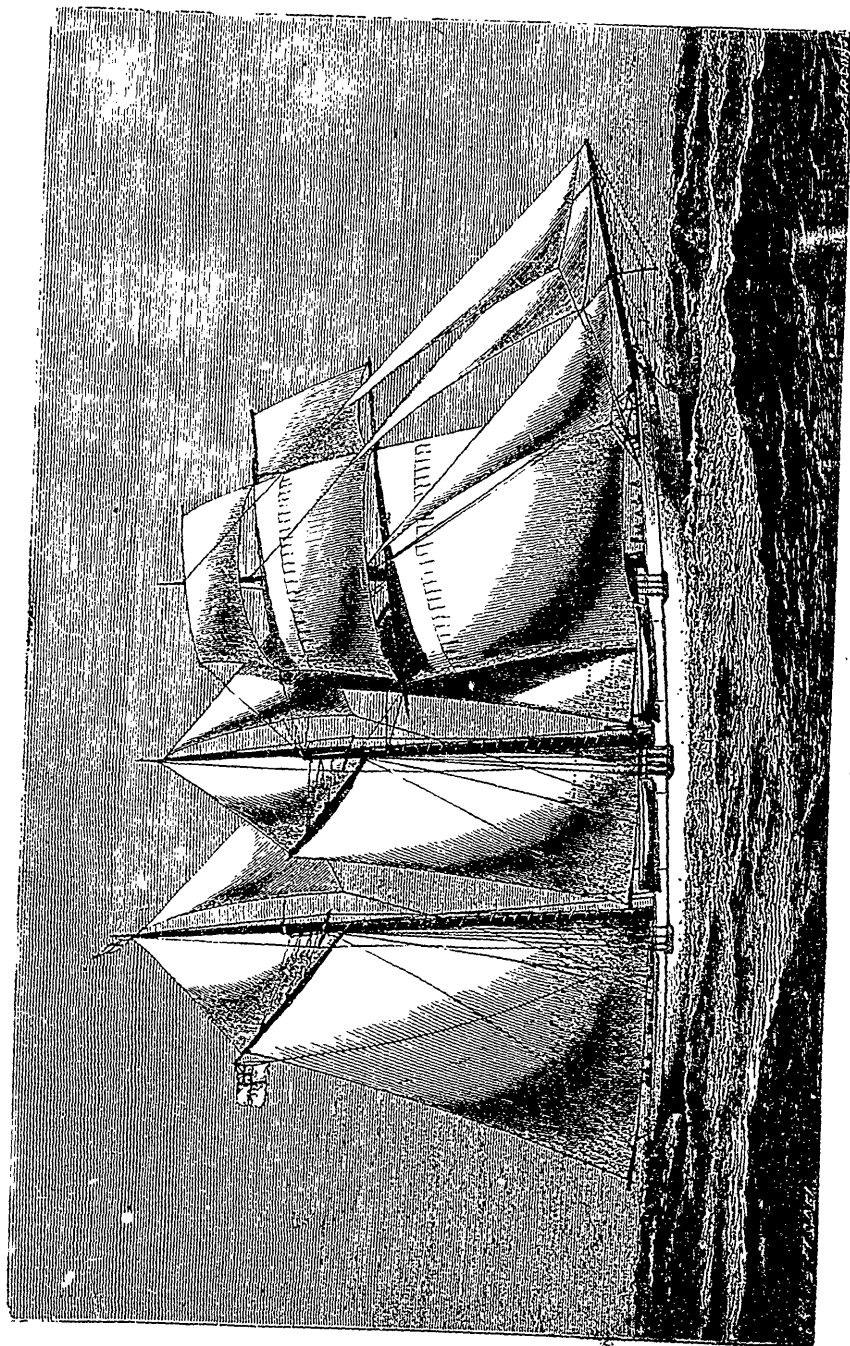
As the sun is low in the west, we run through a narrow, ice-bound channel, bordered on either side with tall, yellow reeds and rushes. Shortly after getting into this channel our half-breed guide, who is running swiftly before, turns and shouts, "Rivière Rouge" (Red River).

And here our journey is virtually at an end, as in a few hours we arrive at a station of the Canada Pacific Railway, where we secure passage, and, after bidding farewell to our brave companions, who, strange to say, have become dear to us after a week's companionship, we roll away eastward, and, passing through the cities of Winnipeg in Manitoba, St. Paul, Minnesota, and ever-busy Chicago, in the short space of three days we arrive at our homes on the Atlantic seaboard.



Good Bye!

RAILWAY TRAIN vs. DOG TRAIN.



THE "SUNBEAM."

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."*

BY LADY BRASSEY.



LADY BRASSEY.

DEDICATION.

To the Friends in many climes and countries, of the white and coloured races, and of every grade in society, who have made our year of travel a year of happiness, these pages are dedicated by the ever grateful Author.

I.

AT noon on July 1st, 1876, we said good-bye to the friends who had come to Chatham to see us off, and began the first stage of our voyage by steaming down to Sheerness, and passing through a perfect fleet of craft of all kinds. There was a fresh contrary wind, and the Channel was as disagreeable as usual under the circumstances. Next afternoon we were off Hastings; unfortunately the weather was not sufficiently favourable for us to land; so we made a long track out to sea. While becalmed off Brighton, we all—children included—availed ourselves of the

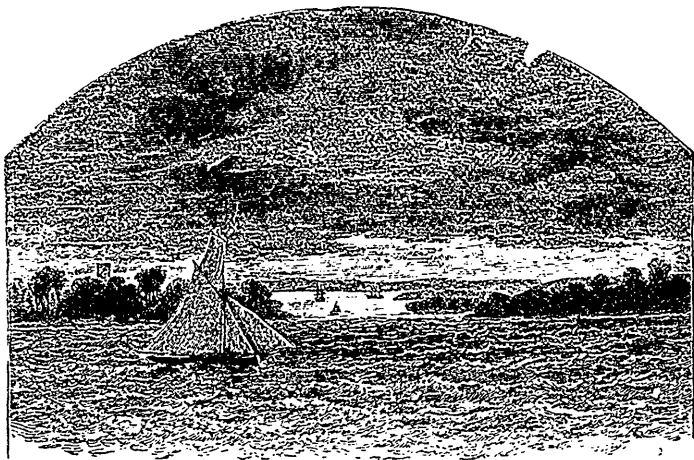
* We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the distinguished courtesy of Lady Brassey in connection with this series of chapters on her remarkable voyage around the world. She has not only, with characteristic generosity, placed at our service the literary matter of these chapters, relinquishing all monetary advantage of authorship therein, but she has also enabled us to illustrate this fascinating narrative with the whole of the engravings prepared for the high-priced English Edition, by the great house of Longmans, London. She has thus laid the readers of this MAGAZINE under a debt of gratitude for the many hours of pleasure they will enjoy in reading these pages and for the fund of information they will derive from them.—E.D.

NOTE.—The Yacht *Sunbeam* may be technically described as a screw composite three-masted topsail-yard schooner. The engines were of 70

opportunity to go overboard and have our first swim, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

On the morning of the 6th a light breeze sprang up, and enabled us to go through the Needles with sails up and funnel down, a performance of which all on board felt very proud, as many yachtsmen had pronounced it to be an impossibility for our vessel to beat out in so light a breeze.

The Channel was tolerably smooth outside the Isle of Wight,



SUNSET ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

and during the afternoon we were able to hold on our course direct for Ushant. After midnight, however, the wind worked gradually round to the W.S.W., and blew directly in our teeth. A terribly heavy sea got up; and it was decided to put in to Torquay or Dartmouth, and there await a change. About ten

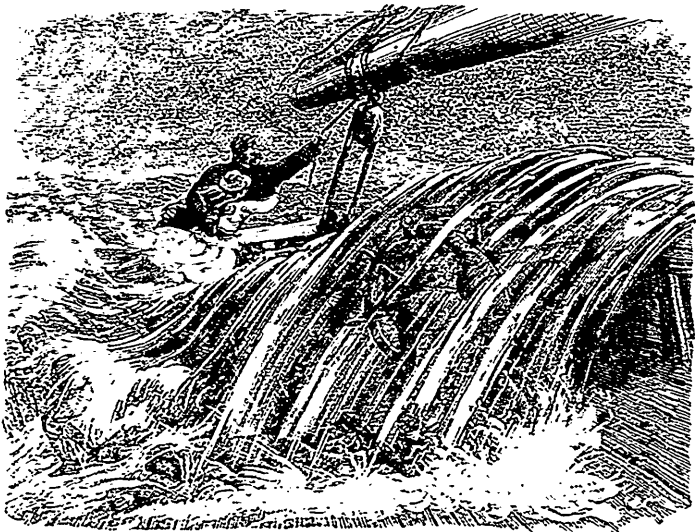
nominal or 350 indicated horse-power, and developed a speed of 10.13 knots at the measured mile. The average daily consumption of coal was 4 tons, and the speed 8 knots in fine weather. The principal dimensions of the hull are—length for tonnage 157 ft.; beam extreme, 27 ft. 6 in.; displacement tonnage, 531 tons; area of midship section, 202 sq. ft. There were forty-three persons on board—Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P. (Owner), Lady Brassey, Thomas Allnut Brassey, Mabelle Annie Brassey, Muriel Agnes Brassey, Marie Adelaide Brassey, Hon. A. Y. Bingham, F. Hubert Freer, Esq. Commander James Brown, R.N., Captain Squire, T. S. Lecky, R.N., Henry Percy Potter, Esq. (Surgeon), and thirty-two mariners, engineers, stewards and servants.

o'clock we got under way. We had a regular beat of it down Channel—everybody being ill. We formed a melancholy-looking little row down the lee side of the ship.

On the 8th we were fairly away from Old England, and on the next day off Ushant, at the distance of a mile and a half; the sea was tremendous, the waves breaking in columns of spray against the sharp needle-like rocks that form the point of the island. Two days later we sailed into lovely, bright, warm, sunny weather. But as the sun rose, the wind increased, and we got rather knocked about by the sea. A good deal of water came on board, and it was impossible to sit anywhere in comfort, unless lashed or firmly wedged in. We were, however, going ten knots through the water, and this fact made up for a good deal of discomfort.

After our five o'clock dinner, however, we very nearly met with a very serious accident. We were all sitting or standing about the stern of the vessel, admiring the magnificent dark blue billows following us, with their curling white crests, mountains high. Each wave, as it approached, appeared as if it must overwhelm us, instead of which it rushed grandly by, rolling and shaking us from stem to stern, and sending fountains of spray on board. Tom was looking at the stern compass, Allnutt being close to him. A new hand was steering, and just at the moment when an unusually big wave overtook us, he unfortunately allowed the vessel to broach-to a little. In a second the sea came pouring over the stern, above Allnutt's head. The boy was nearly washed overboard, but he managed to catch hold of the rail, and, with great presence of mind, stuck his knees into the bulwarks. Kindred, our boatswain, seeing his danger, rushed forward to save him, but was knocked down by the return wave, from which he emerged gasping. The coil of rope, on which Captain Lecky and Mabelle were seated, was completely floated by the sea. Providentially, however, he had taken a double turn round his wrist with a reefing point, and, throwing his arm round Mabelle, held on like grim death; otherwise nothing could have saved them. She was perfectly self-possessed, and only said quietly, "Hold on, Captain Lecky, hold on!" to which he replied, "All right." I asked her afterwards, if she thought she was going overboard, and she answered, "I did not *think* at all, mamma, but felt sure we were gone."

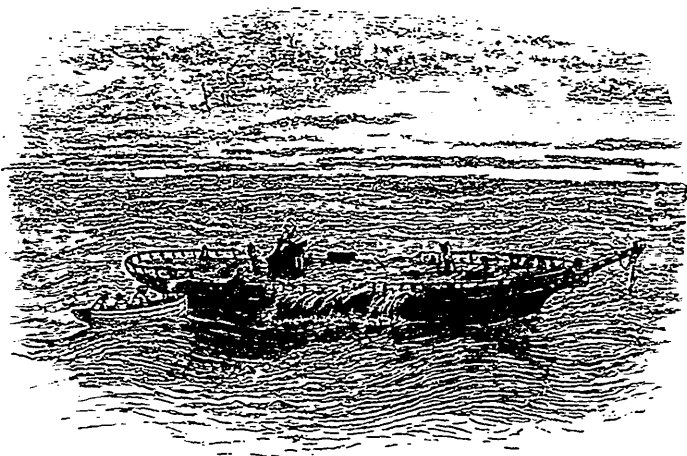
Soon after this adventure we all went to bed, full of thankfulness that it had ended as well as it did ; but, alas, not so far as I was concerned, to rest in peace. In about two hours I was awakened by a tremendous weight of water suddenly descending upon me and flooding the bed. I immediately sprang out, only to find myself in another pool on the floor. It was pitch dark, and I could not think what had happened ; so I rushed on deck, and found that, the weather having moderated a little, some kind sailor, knowing my love for fresh air, had opened the skylight rather too soon ; and one of the angry waves deluged the cabin.



NEARLY OVERBOARD.

Thursday, July 13th.—About 10.30 a.m., the cry of “Sail on the port beam !” caused general excitement, and in a few minutes every telescope and glass in the ship had been brought to bear upon the object which attracted our attention, and which was soon pronounced to be a wreck. Orders were given to steer direct for the vessel ; and many were the conjectures hazarded. “What is she ?” “Is there any one on board ?” “Where does she come from ?” “Can you read her name ?” Soon we were near enough to send a boat’s crew on board, whilst we watched their movements anxiously from the bridge. We could now read her name—the *Carolina*—surmounted by a gorgeous

yellow decoration on her stern. Beneath her white bowsprit the gaudy image of a woman served as a figure-head. The two masts had been snapped short off about three feet from the deck, and the bulwarks were gone, so that each wave washed over and through her. We saw the men on board poking about, apparently very pleased with what they had found; and soon our boat returned to the yacht for some breakers,* as the *Carolina* had been laden with portwine and cork, and the men wished to bring some of the former on board. I changed my dress, and putting on my sea boots, started for the wreck. We found the men rather excited over their discovery. The wine must have been



THE DERELICT "CAROLINA" LADEN WITH PORTWINE.

very new and very strong, for the smell from it, as it slopped about all over the deck, was almost enough to intoxicate anybody. Great efforts were made to get some of the casks out, but this was found to be impossible, without devoting more time to the operation than we chose to spare.

Tom was now signalling for us to go on board again, and for a few minutes I was rather afraid we should have had a little trouble in getting the men off; but, after a trifling delay, they became steady again, and we returned to the yacht.

Friday, July 14th.—By 6 a.m. the sun had become very power-

* Small casks, used for carrying water in boats, frequently spelt *barricos*, evidently from the time of the old Spanish navigators.

ful, though its heat was tempered by the breeze. Under the awning—with the most heavenly blue sky above, and the still darker blue sea beneath, stretching away in gentle ripples as far as the eye could reach—it was simply perfect. Our little party get on extremely well together, though a week ago they were strangers to each other. I read and write a great deal, and learn Spanish, so that the days are all too short for what we have to do.

In the course of the day, whilst Tom and I were sitting in the stern, the man at the wheel suddenly exclaimed, "There's land on the port bow." We knew from the distance we had run, that this could not be the case, and after looking at it through the glasses, Tom pronounced the supposed land to be a thick wall of fog, advancing towards us against the wind. In a few minutes we had lost our fair breeze and brilliant sunshine, all our sails were taken flat aback, and we found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog, which made it impossible for us to see the length of the vessel. As night came on the fog increased, and the boats were prepared ready for lowering. Two men went to the wheel, and two to the bows to look out, while an officer was stationed on the bridge with steam-whistle and bell ready for an emergency; so that, in case we ran into anything, or anything ran into us, we should at least have the satisfaction of knowing that, so far as we were concerned, it had all been done strictly according to Act of Parliament.

Sunday, July 16th.—Porto Santo being visible on the port bow, a quarter of a mile ahead, by 3.55 a.m. this morning, our three navigators congratulated themselves and each other on the good land-fall they had made.

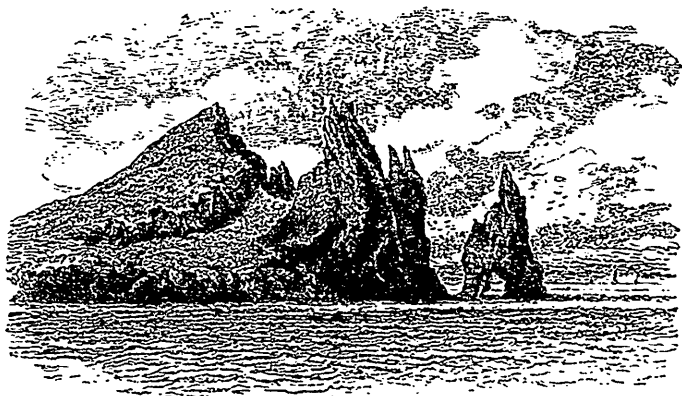
It is interesting to know that it was from his observation of the drift-wood and débris washed on to the eastern shore that Columbus, who had married the daughter of the Governor of Porto Santo, derived his first impressions of the existence of the New World.

An hour later we saw Fora and its lights, at the extreme east of Madeira, and could soon distinguish the mountains in the centre of the latter island. As we rapidly approached the land, the beauty of the scenery became more fully apparent. A mass of dark purple volcanic rocks, clothed on the top with the richest vegetation, with patches of all sorts of colour on their sides, rises boldly from the sea. There are several small detached rocks,

and one curious pointed little island, with an arch right through the middle of it, rather like the Percé Rock on the coast of Nova Scotia. We steamed slowly along the east coast, passing many pretty hamlets, nestled in bays or perched on the sides of the hills, and observing how every possible nook and corner seemed to be terraced and cultivated.

We dropped our anchor in the bay of Funchal at about twelve o'clock, and soon found ourselves surrounded by a perfect flotilla of boats, though none of them dared approach very near until the health-officer had come alongside and pronounced us free from infection.

We had service at 4 p.m., and at 5 p.m. went ashore in a native boat, furnished with bilge pieces, to keep her straight



OUR FIRST VIEW OF MADERIA.

when beached, and to avoid the surf, for it was too rough for our own boats. At the water's edge a curious sort of double sleigh, drawn by two oxen, was waiting. Into this we stepped, setting off with considerable rapidity up the steep shingly beach, under a beautiful row of trees, to the "Praca," where the greater portion of the population were walking up and down, or sitting under the shade of the magnolias. This being a festival day, the streets were crowded with people from town and country, in their holiday attire. The door-posts and balconies of the houses were wreathed with flowers, the designs in many cases being very pretty. The streets were strewn with roses and branches of myrtle, which, bruised by the feet of the passers-by and the runners of the bullock-sleigh, emitted a delicious aromatic odour.

A ride of about twenty minutes in the bullock sleigh, up a steep hill, by the side of a rocky torrent, brought us to our destination, Til, whence we had a splendid view of the town and bay stretching beneath us. As we sat in the terrace garden at Til we enjoyed the sweet scent of the flowers we could no longer see, and listened to the cool splash of the water in the fountain below.

We came down the hill a great deal faster than we had come up, stopping only for a short time in the now crowded "Praca," to listen to one or two airs played by the Portuguese band, before we got back to the yacht at about half-past ten.



FISH CARRIER.

Next morning we were off to the fish-market by seven o'clock, but it was not a good time for our visit, as there had been no moon on the previous night; and, although there were fish

of various kinds, saw nothing specially worthy of notice. The picturesque costumes of the people were, however, interesting.

The natives seem almost amphibious in their habits, and the yacht is surrounded all day by boats full of small boys, who will dive to any depth for sixpence, a dozen of them spluttering and fighting for the coin in the water at the same time. They will go down on one side of the yacht too, and bob up on the other, almost before you have time to run across the deck to witness their reappearance.

After five o'clock tea we rode up the Mount and through the woods on horseback, along a road gay with masses of wild geranium, hydrangea, amaryllis, and fuchsia. Our descent of the Mount, by means of a form of conveyance commonly used on the island, was very amusing. At the summit we found basket-work sleighs, each constructed to hold two people, and attended by a

couple of men, lashed together. Into these we stepped, and were immediately pushed down the hill at a tremendous pace. The gliding motion is delightful, and was altogether a novelty to us. The men manage the sleighs with great skill, steering them in the most wonderful manner round the sharp angles in the zigzag road, and making use of their bare feet as brakes when necessary. The turns were occasionally so abrupt, that it seemed almost impossible that we could avoid being upset; but we reached the bottom quite safely. The children were especially delighted with the trip, and, indeed, we all enjoyed it immensely. The only danger is the risk of fire from the friction of the steel runners against the gravel road.

Tuesday, July 18th.—We were called at 4.30 a.m., and went ashore soon after six to meet some friends, with whom we had arranged to ride up to the Gran Corral, and to breakfast there, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. It soon became evident that the time we had selected for landing was the fashionable bathing hour. In fact, it requires some skill on our part to keep the boat clear of the crowds of people of both sexes and all ages, who were taking their morning dip. It was most absurd to see entire families, from the bald-headed and spectacled grandfather to the baby who could scarcely walk, all disporting themselves in the water together. As we clattered up the paved streets, between vineyard and garden walls, "curiosity opened her lattice" on more than one occasion, to ascertain the cause of the unwonted commotion. The views on our way, as we sometimes climbed a steep ascent or descended a deep ravine, were very varied, but always beautiful. The view from the top, looking down, a sheer precipice of some 1,500 feet in depth into the valley below, was lovely. A pleasant walk over some grassy slopes, and two more hard scrambles, took us to the summit of the Torrinhas Peak; but the charming and extensive view towards Camara de Lobos, and the bay and town of Funchal, was an ample reward for all our trouble.

Wednesday, July 19th.—We were so tired after our exertions of yesterday, that it was nine o'clock before we all mustered for our morning swim, which I think we enjoyed the more from the fact of our having previously been prevented by the sharks, or rather by the rumour of sharks. I was so weary that I did not go ashore until about six o'clock in the evening, and then I went

first to the English cemetery, which is very prettily laid out and well kept. Some of the inscriptions on the tombs are extremely touching, and it is sad to see, as is almost always the case in places much resorted to by invalids, how large a proportion of those who lie buried here have been cut off in the very flower of their youth. About ten o'clock, we steamed out of the bay, where we found a nice light breeze, which enabled us to sail.



A COZY CORNER.

Thursday, July 20th.—All to-day has been taken up in arranging our photographs, journals, and in preparing for our visit to Teneriffe.

Friday, July 21st.—We all rose early, and were full of excitement to catch the first glimpse of the famous Peak of Teneriffe. The morning was rather hazy, it was quite ten o'clock before we saw the Peak, towering above the clouds, right ahead, about fifty-nine miles off. As we approached, it appeared less perpendicular than we had expected, or than it is generally represented in

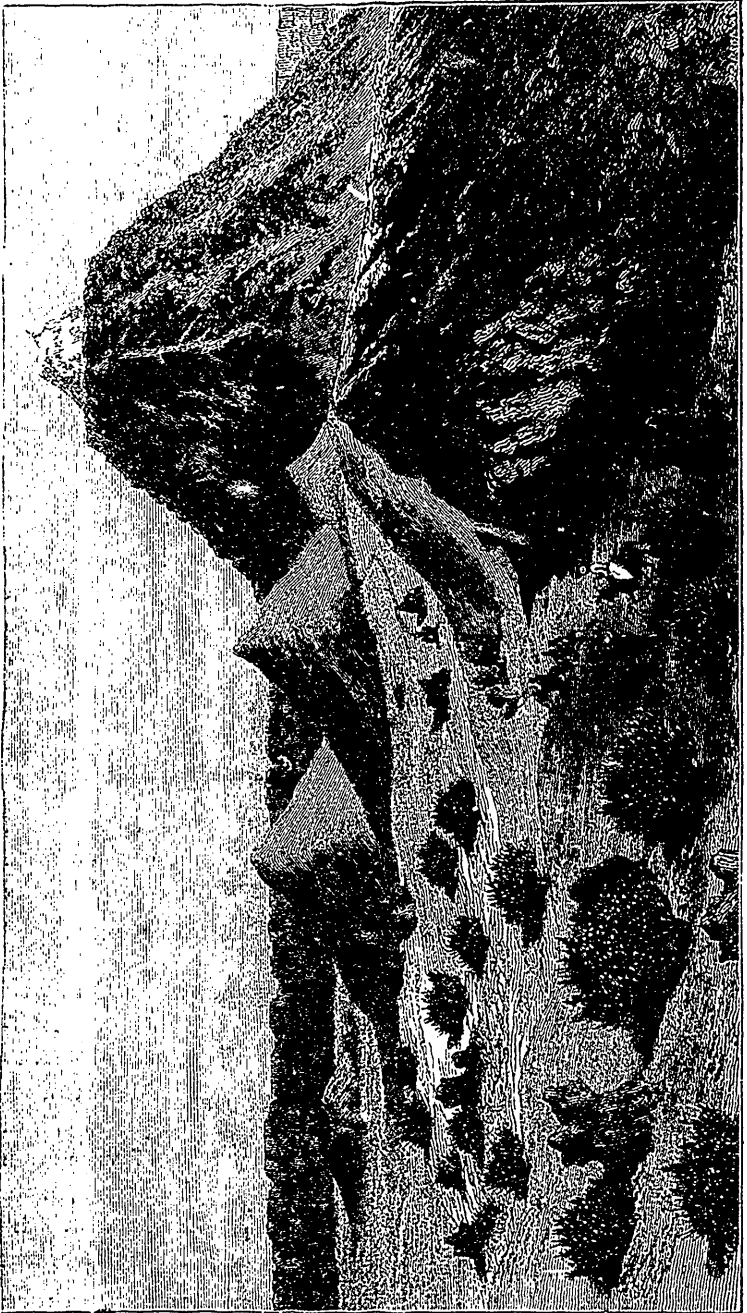
pictures. The other mountains too, in the centre of the island, from the midst of which it rises, are so very lofty that, in spite of its conical sugar-loaf top, it is difficult at first to realize that the Peak is 12,180 feet high.

We dropped anchor under its shadow in the harbour of Orotava in preference to the capital, Santa Cruz, both on account of its being a healthier place, and also in order to be nearer to the Peak, which we wished to ascend.

The heat having made the rest of our party rather lazy, Capt. Lecky and I volunteered to go on shore to see the Vice-Consul, Mr. Goodall, and try to make arrangements for our expedition. Having organized the expedition we re-embarked to dine on board the yacht. After supper, we landed and went to the Vice-Consul's, arriving there exactly at midnight. But no horses were forthcoming, so we lay down on our rugs in the patio, and endeavoured to sleep, as we knew we should require all our strength for the expedition before us.

There were sundry false alarms of a start, as the horses arrived by ones and twos from the neighbouring villages, accompanied by their respective owners. By two o'clock all our steeds, twelve in number, had assembled, and in another quarter of an hour we were leaving the town by a steep stony path, bordered by low walls. There was no moon, and for the first two hours it was very dark. Soon we climbed above the clouds, which presented a most curious appearance as we looked down upon them. The strata through which we had passed was so dense and so white, that it looked exactly like an enormous glacier, covered with fresh fallen snow, extending for miles and miles; while the projecting tops of the other Canary Islands appeared only like great solitary rocks.

The sun had already become very oppressive, and at half-past seven we stopped to breakfast and to water the horses. Half-past eight found us in the saddle again, and we commenced to traverse a dreary plain of yellowish white pumice-stone, interspersed with huge blocks of obsidian, thrown from the mouth of the volcano. As we proceeded, we left all traces of vegetation behind us. It was like the Great Sahara. By half-past ten we had reached the "Estancia de los Ingleses," 9,639 feet above the level of the sea, where the baggage and some of the horses had to be left behind, the saddles being transferred to mules for the



ASCENT OF PEAK TENERIFFE.

very steep climb before us. After a drink of water all round, we started again, and commenced the ascent of the almost perpendicular stream of lava and stone, which forms the only practicable route to the top. Our poor beasts were only able to go a few paces at a time without stopping to regain their breath. The loose ashes and lava fortunately gave them a good foothold or it would have been quite impossible for them to get along at all. One was only encouraged to proceed by the sight of one's friends above, looking like flies clinging to the face of a wall. The road, if such it can be called, ran in zigzags, each of which was the about length of two horses, so that we were in turns one above another. There were a few slips and slides and tumbles, but no important casualties; and in about an hour and a half we had reached the "Alta Vista," a tiny plateau, where the horses were to be left.

The expedition so far had been such a fatiguing one, and the heat was so great, that the children and I decided to remain here, and to let the gentlemen proceed alone to the summit of the Peak. We tried to find some shade, but the sun was so immediately above us that this was almost an impossibility. However, we managed to squeeze ourselves under some slightly overhanging rocks, and I took some photographs while the children slept. The guides soon returned with water-barrels full of ice, procured from a cavern above, where there is a stream of water constantly running; and nothing could be more grateful and refreshing.

It was more than three hours before Tom and Captain Lecky reappeared, to be soon followed by the rest of the party. Whilst they rested and refreshed themselves with ice, they described the ascent as fatiguing in the extreme, in fact, almost an impossibility for a lady. But those who reached the top were rewarded for their exertions by a glorious view, and for the wonderful appearance of the summit of the Peak. The ground beneath their feet was hot, while sulphurous vapours and smoke issued from various small fissures around them, though there has been no actual eruption from the crater of the volcano since 1704.

It was impossible to ride down to the spot where we had left the baggage animals, and the descent was consequently very fatiguing, and even painful. All this too beneath a blazing sun, with the thermometer at 78°, and not a vestige of shade. At last Tom and I reached the bottom, where, after partaking of

luncheon and draughts of quinine, we lay down under the shadow of a great rock to recruit our weary frames.

Refreshed by our meal, we started at six o'clock on our return journey, and went down a good deal faster than we came up. Before the end of the pumice-stone or Retama plains had been reached, it was nearly dark. Sundry small accidents occurring to stirrup-leathers, bridles, and girths—for the saddlery was not of the best description—delayed us slightly, and as Tom, Dr. Potter, Allnutt, and the guide had got on ahead, we soon lost sight of them. After an interval of uncertainty, the other guides confessed that they did not know the way back in the dark. Horns were blown, and other means of attracting attention were tried; first one and then another of the party meanwhile coming more or less to grief. My good little horse fell down three times, though we did not part company.

About ten o'clock we saw a light in the distance, and with much shouting woke up the inhabitants of the cottage whence it proceeded, promising to reward them liberally if they would only show us our way back. Three of them consented to do this, and provided themselves accordingly with pine-torches. They conducted us down the most frightfully steep paths until we had descended beneath the clouds, when the light from our torches threw our shadows in gigantic form upon the mists above, reminding us of the legend of the "Spectre of the Brocken." At last the torches began to go out, one by one, and just as the last light was expiring we arrived at a small village, where we, of course, found that everybody was asleep. Finally, half an hour after midnight, we arrived at the house of the Vice-Consul, who had provided refreshments for us, and whose nephew was still kindly sitting up awaiting our return. But we were too tired to do anything but go straight on board the yacht, where, after some supper, we were indeed glad to retire to our berths. This was at 3.30 a.m., exactly twenty-nine hours since we had been called on Friday night. It is certainly too long an expedition to be performed in one day.

Sunday, July 23rd.—Orders had been given not to call us nor to wash decks, and it was consequently half-past ten before any one awoke, and mid-day before the first of our party put in an appearance on deck.

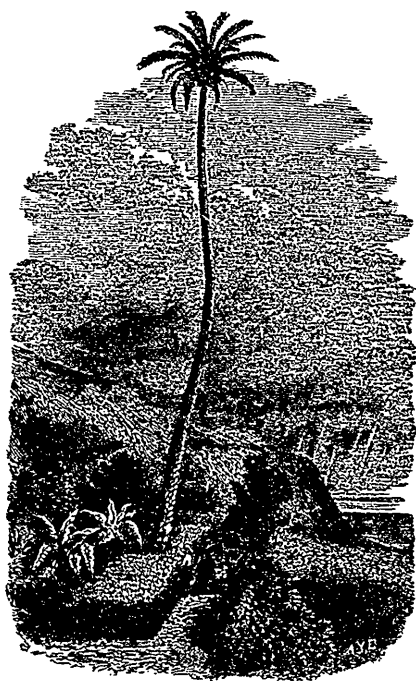
From breakfast-time until prayers, at three o'clock, when the

yacht was closed for an hour, there was a constant stream of visitors from the shore. It was a great nuisance; but still it seemed unkind to refuse to allow them to see what they had never seen before, and might possibly never have an opportunity of seeing again. We went ashore soon after six, and drove straight to the garden of the Marquis de Sonzal, where there is a beautiful palm-tree, 101 feet high, the remains of an enormous dragon-tree, old even in the fifteenth century, besides hedges of myrtle, jasmine, and clematis, and flowers of every description in full bloom.

The Marquis de la Candia and Don Hermann Wildgaret returned on board with us to breakfast. The anchor had been weighed, and the *Sunbeam* was slowly steaming up and down, waiting for us. The stream of visitors had been as great and as constant as ever during our absence, in spite of the heavy roll of the sea, and the deck seemed quite covered with baskets of flowers and fruit, kindly

sent on board by the people who had been over the yacht the day before. Among the latest arrivals were some very handsome Spanish ladies, beautifully dressed in black, with mantillas, each of whom was accompanied by a young man carrying a basin. It must, I fear, be confessed that this was rather a trial to the gravity of all on board. It certainly was an instance of the pursuit of knowledge, or the gratification of curiosity, under considerable difficulties.

Immediately after breakfast, our friends bade us adieu, while we steamed along the north side of the island, past the splendid cliffs of Buenavista, rising 2,000 feet sheer from the sea, to Cape



A PALM TREE IN A GARDEN,
OROTAVA, TENERIFFE.

Teno, the extreme western point of Teneriffe. In the distance we could see the Great Canary, Palma, and Hierro, and soon passed close to the rocky island of Gomera. Here, too, the dark cliffs, of volcanic form and origin, are magnificent, and as we were almost becalmed by the high land whilst we sailed along the north shore of the island, we had ample opportunities of admiring its rugged beauty. During the night we approached Palma, another large island of the Canary group, containing one of the most remarkable *calderas*, or large basins, formed by volcanic action in the world.



A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
 Must widen early, it is well to droop,
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?
 O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
 And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints ? At least it may said,
 "Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God !"

—Mrs. E. B. Browning.



OIL TANK ON FIRE.

THE OIL WELLS OF CANADA.

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

THE oil industry of Canada has come to be no insignificant factor in the commerce of the country, though its historical record is a very brief one. Our oil-producing section lies almost wholly within the limits of the county of Lambton, in the townships of Enniskillen, Moore, and Sarnia. Enniskillen has much the most prolific yield. Within this township are located the villages of Oil Springs, Oil City, and last, but not least, the town of Petrolia, which is the emporium of the oil trade in Canada. It is a strange-looking region this: the flat country covered with a forest of derricks, the surface disfigured by excavations for underground tankage, whose capacity is a matter of astonishment to strangers—underground tankage is preferred, as it keeps the oil at a more equable temperature, and thus obviates much waste from evaporation. Pipe-lines run in all directions with receiving “stations” at regular and irregular intervals. We have heard an estimate of the pipe-laying used for the conveyance of oil in this section of country as reaching a longitudinal measurement of between thirty and forty miles. Fireproof iron tanks, engine-houses, treating-houses, still-houses, barrel-houses, agitators,—all these latter at head-quarters—vary, if they do not improve, the local scenery. A visit to the refineries on a dark, and, if possible, a stormy night, is an indispensable part of the programme of sight-seeing for a stranger. The roar and rage of the furnaces, the flare of the lights, the intense fiery glow flung upon all near objects, animate and inanimate, set off the more conspicuously by an inky background of surrounding darkness, all this together makes up a picture which, for weirdness and wildness, may pass for a not very inferior reproduction of some of the scenes of Tartarus of classic story. A burning oil tank, the representation of which is given on the opposite page, happily an event of not frequent occurrence, is a scene so unique in its horror that once seen it is remembered for ever.

It is said that the greasy, foul-looking, and foul-smelling fluid known as crude oil used to be collected by the aboriginal inhabitants of the country as it oozed in small quantities through the sur-

face soil, and was employed by them for medicinal purposes, chiefly, perhaps, as an embrocation. Since the settlement of the country, the Indians have been known to offer it for sale to the white man with strong commendations of its virtues. In the neighbourhood of Oil Springs are situated the "Gumbeds." These are tracts of about four acres each—there are two of them—covered by a crust varying from two or three inches to about as many feet in thickness; the accumulation, it may be supposed of ages, being a residuum from the oil forced to the surface, the more volatile properties having passed off in evaporation. The "gum" is a highly combustible substance, and is used on the spot to feed furnaces. As far back as 1853-4, these "gumbeds" attracted sufficient attention to induce an enterprising Canadian to experiment with chemical appliances upon the strange-looking substance found in the locality. It was demonstrated that lubricating and illuminating oil could be manufactured from it, but not in paying quantities. J. M. Williams, Esq., the present Registrar of Wentworth, still further tested the properties of the "gum," introducing and vigorously working on the ground two or three small "stills." This was during the years 1857-8, contemporary with the appearance on the market of refined oil from Pennsylvania. As a business venture, however, the prospect was by no means a sanguine one. About this time, as Mr. Williams was putting down a water-well. A depth had been reached of some thirty feet, when on one memorable morning, as the workmen returned to the spot for another day's excavations, the shaft was found nearly full to the surface of water—and oil! Pumping was at once commenced. Other wells were also sunk at depths varying from 37 to 70 feet till the rock was reached. This was the infancy of the oil enterprise, and these wells are known in the nomenclature of the trade as "surface wells." The yield of these surface wells was sufficiently encouraging to attract business, capital, and skill to the locality. Refineries, too, were started at London, Woodstock, and Hamilton. The Sarnia branch of the Great Western Road was now opened, and Wyoming, the nearest station to Oil Springs, became the receiving point for the new staple. For a distance of some thirteen miles the black unsavory product was drawn with oxen and horses by circuitous routes through the forest and over execrable roads on "stone boats" or "mud sleighs." Two barrels with the driver were considered

under these unfavourable circumstances of travel a full load for a team. The pioneers of the oil industry have some laughable tales to tell of the experiences of these early days, with occasionally a touch of the tragic in them, too.

The next stage in the development of the Canadian oil trade is marked by the arrival on the scene of L. B. Vaughn Esq., an enterprising oil operator from Pennsylvania, who, bringing his large American experience to bear upon the work undertaken, commenced at once to drill into the rock, "striking oil" at a depth of eighty-six feet from the surface. This was in November, 1860. The new departure proved an assured success. It is argued in support of the Scriptural averment "There is no new thing under the sun," that the patriarch Job was evidently in advance of the oil-speculators of our day when, among his experiences in that remoteage, "the rock poured him out rivers of oil." Leaving the exegesis of this passage in other hands, certain it is that the geological formation now reached



A BURNING WELL.

and pierced in this Canada of ours did illustrate our quotation on a scale that filled the whole land with the bruit of it.

Soon appeared the remarkable phenomena known as "flowing wells." Without any previous notice, when the drilling of what is known as the "Shaw well" reached a depth of 158 feet in the rock, a powerful stream of petroleum rushed to the surface, spouting to a height of some twenty-five feet from the mouth of the bore. The surprise and bewilderment of the workmen may be conceived. It was more than the bargain. The flow from this well was estimated at—for a time—three thousand barrels a day! Indeed, amongst some thirty flowing wells which followed in quick succession, the discharge from one is said to have reached the almost incredible volume of six thousand barrels in twenty-four hours. No such yield was ever known before or since, even in the history of the older and more extensive oil regions of Pennsylvania. We are not surprised at being told that the workmen were taken from the mouth of this well blinded and overcome by the rush of gas to the surface; the wonder rather is that no lives were lost under such exceptional conditions of exposure. Some of these wells flowed but a week, while others kept up their supply—without the use of pumps—for some twelve months. To save the product was of course impossible. Acres of land were covered with it. The native forest had been "slashed" in that particular locality and workmen passed from point to point by the help of the fallen trees, their trunks and limbs and brush furnishing the only road-bed available for the time. Finding the lower levels, the waterways were soon full of the unwelcome fluid. Bear Creek was transformed into a rushing river of petroleum. Oil could be dipped from the bed of the stream in unknown quantities. On it flowed discharging into the St. Clair, spreading itself over the surface of the lake and tainting the hitherto unsullied waters of the Detroit River. Some millions of barrels are supposed to have run to waste in this way during this phenomenal season. With the enormous over-production prices of course fell correspondingly. Crude oil would with difficulty change hands at ten cents per barrel, while refined was sold at the same rate per gallon. Perhaps no one line of business speculation has been marked by so much uncertainty, such sudden and extreme fluctuations as belong to the oil trade. By 1864 the flowing wells were a thing of the past,

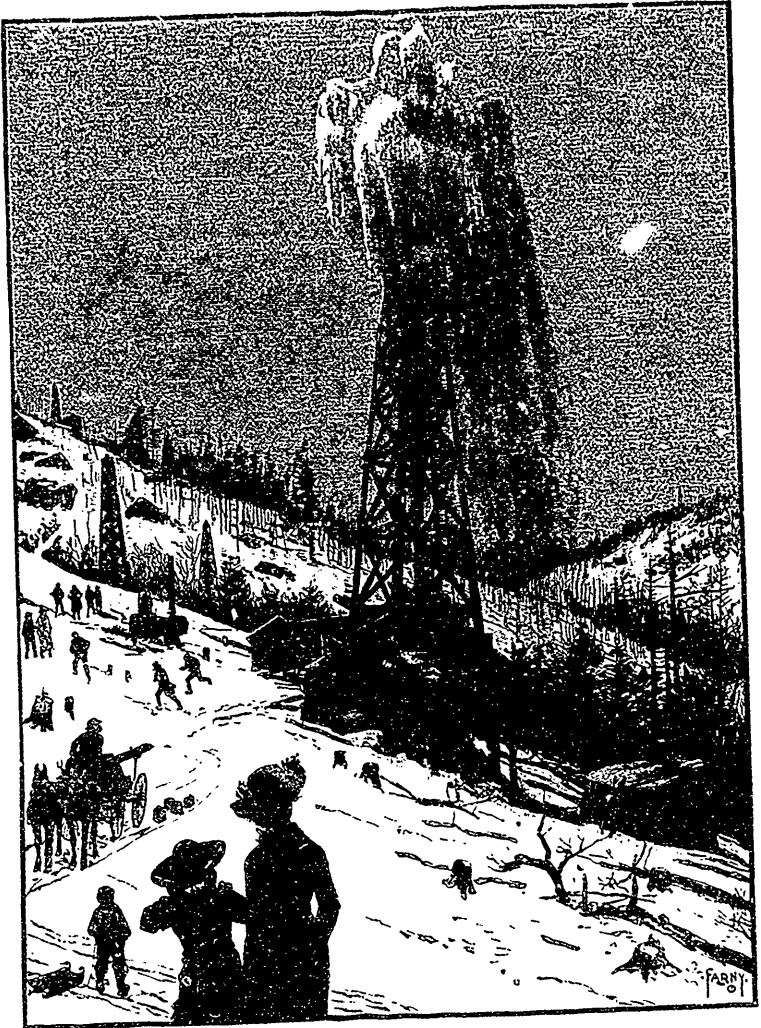
and prices rapidly rose until, in the fall of 1865, crude oil stood at ten dollars a barrel. After this, refineries having being established at the village of Oil Springs, and a large amount of capital—much of it American—having been invested in the development of the industry, a point of over-production was again reached, when prices tumbled down once more to forty cents a barrel for crude, ten cents a gallon for refined. Manufacturers are said to have sold at the latter figure by the car-load.

During the years 1866-7, some very successful ventures in drilling were realized in a locality to the north of Oil Springs, operations having been in progress there for some time previously. The yield proved to be just then better as to quantity, and with less admixture of water than on the old ground. Wells were accordingly multiplied, capital flowed in freely, competition was active, and with a rapidity characteristic of the oil industry, its centre was suddenly shifted from Oil Springs to what is now the town of Petrolia, a municipality which, with its outlying suburb of Marthaville, sustains a population at this writing of between six and seven thousand souls. According to figures furnished in the month of July last, by the "Petrolia Crude Oil and Tanking Company," there cannot be less to-day than two thousand producing wells in this immediate section.

Sinking a well in the old days of 1861-2 used to be a serious undertaking, involving an expenditure of much money, time, and patience. In the matter of time, about as many months were required then as days are now. The work was done by Americans who so magnified their office that a long purse was needed to initiate a novice into the respectable craft of oil producers. Since then Petrolia has come to be so prolific of skilful drillers that wherever difficult and untried fields are to be pierced, its workmen are in active demand. From Cape Breton to Mexico, across to British Columbia, in far-off Burmah and tremulous Java, in Germany, Italy, Austria, and Roumania, drillers from Petrolia have successfully operated on the stony casing that contains the oily treasures of the earth.

Six men make up a "crew" for drilling. They work in "shifts," or as it is called here "tours," of twelve hours each, three at a time—engineer, driller, and scaffold-man. The "rig" consists of engine, boiler, walking-beam actuated by crank and pitman, draw-wheel, spool and derrick. The "tools" are, begin-

ning at the bottom, a "bit" some two and a half feet long, having ten or twelve pounds of steel, nearly five inches wide and one and a half inches thick, welded to a piece of two and a half inch



TORPEDO-ING A WELL.

square iron, the upper end forming a pin with shoulder below. This pin is threaded and accurately fitted to a socket at the bottom end of the "sinker." The "sinker" is a bar of three and a quarter inch round iron, some thirty feet long, ending at the top

in a pin like that upon the bit, and connecting with the "slips," which consist of a huge pair of chain links whose most important use is to jar the bit and sinker loose in case the bit gets wedged in the rock, which sometimes happens. With the top of the "slips" you reach the end of what drillers call the "tools." Such a "heft" of metal with its "dressed" edge striking the rock at a speed of fully sixty blows a minute, may well be supposed to do very vigorous execution. The connection towards the walking-beam is continued by means of poles of two inch white ash, each pole being made of two pieces, each eighteen feet long, rivetted securely in the middle with heavy iron straps, the ends having a pin and socket respectively to connect with other poles. Just in the use of these poles instead of rope lies the superiority of Canadian over Pennsylvanian methods of drilling, the action of poles being more positive than that of rope, and the practicable speed altogether higher.

The surface of the rock in Petrolia and its neighbourhood is usually reached—except by the water-course, where the distance is less—at a depth of about one hundred feet. Ninety feet of this distance is mostly compact blue clay, then a few feet of hard sand next the rock. The clay is bored through with an augur of peculiar construction and well suited to its work. Ten hours of boring—by horse-power—and the rock is generally found. To prevent caving, an octagonal tube of rough inch boards is put into the bore. Then begins the drilling. The "tools" are "swung," and for five or six consecutive days of twenty-four hours each the rock is pounded and ground at a rate of from two to eight feet of progress per hour. After drilling a few feet the hole is "rimmed" larger for a few inches and the "casing" put in. This casing consists of wrought iron pipe screwed together in sections, has a diameter of about five inches, and protects the bore against flooding. At intervals of from five to ten feet of drilling, the "tools" are drawn up and the "cuttings" "sand-pumped." The sand-pump is a wrought iron tube about thirty feet long with a valve in the bottom. It is attached to the poles and is filled by dropping it sharply from the height of a few inches upon the mud and "cuttings."

The first twenty-five feet of the rock consists mostly of limestone, then for a hundred and fifty feet a formation of soapstone. The soapstone seems to be just a solidly-compressed clay, then

about twenty-five feet of limestone with occasional layers of shale, then from twelve to twenty-five feet of more soapstone. then limestone again, to a depth of 450 feet, when for fifteen or twenty feet layers of porous sandstone may be looked for and usually some oil. Small deposits of oil are frequently found all the way from the surface of the rock down, but the veins that last are rarely reached short of 450 feet from the surface. The charge for putting down a well, including boring, drilling, and other work necessary for testing, is \$225.

Among the modern appliances for developing the yield of a well is the use of the torpedo, which is now generally introduced when the drilling is finished. The well torpedo is simply a tin tube closed at the bottom, five or six feet long, with a diameter of some three inches. Into this tube nitro-glycerine is poured, the top being left uncovered. To a strip of tin soldered across the upper and open end of the torpedo is fastened a small piece of tin piping in which have been deposited bits of iron wire with gun-caps on their ends, the top of the upper piece reaching above the rim of the main tube. The torpedo is lowered through perhaps as much as a hundred feet of water which has been poured into the shaft. The explosive is not injured by contact with water, and, having a greater specific gravity, the tube sinks to the bottom of the well. A piece of iron is then dropped on it, when the gun-caps usually explode and the nitro-glycerine is set off. Sometimes, however, additional violence has to be employed to compass this end, as by dropping a heavy bar of iron on the tube, or it may be sending down a small case containing an extra pint of the explosive with a second supply of gun-caps attached. When the torpedo "goes off" water, oil, splinters of rock and whatever else may have found its way into the bore, all are blown with great force from the mouth of the well, forming an oily geyser that rises sometimes a hundred feet in the air, bespattering all and sundry within its reach, particularly on the lee side if the wind should chance to be blowing. Torpedoes are also employed with considerable success in renewing old and failing wells. Nitro-glycerine is generally regarded as a highly dangerous commodity, but in the oil country it seems to be handled without fear. Workmen who have occasion to use the compound carry it along the streets with as little concern as they do their cold

tea, and even drive over our rough roads at a smart trot with cans of the terrible stuff under the seats of their buggies.

This article has quite outgrown its intended limits, and may be closed with the statement that our oil industry is now passing through one of its periodical stages of depression. The cause seems to be the very common one of over-production, aggravated, we regret to say, by a disposition on the part of some of the producers to keep their wells running for seven instead of six days of the week.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ANOTHER year is dawning :

Dear Master, let it be,
In working, or in waiting,
Another year with Thee ;

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest ;

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face ;

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days ;"

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love :
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning :
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. F. B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.,
BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

I.

DURING many weeks of this year, I have been very much struck by articles which appeared in the Saturday numbers of the *Toronto Mail* against scepticism, agnosticism, and open infidelity, and maintaining in a most masterly manner the claims of our common Christianity on the community. These letters I have since learned were from the pen of the late W. J. Rattray, a very distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto. The last article from Mr. Rattray's able and vigorous pen was on the all-important subject of Christian Unity. It was so convincing in itself, and the fact that it appeared in the columns of one of our ablest and most influential secular newspapers, read by tens of thousands of our countrymen, prompted me to follow up that most excellent article with one from my humble pen on the same subject. I had for many years realized and lamented over the many evils that have arisen from our sad state of a divided Christianity; and had a theory for its remedy. I had often spoken of this to my intimate friends, still I had never ventured to propound it publicly. But the union of the several bodies of Presbyterians in this country, and the recent union of the various bodies of Methodists in the Dominion, the greatly changed feelings in this country and the neighbouring republic regarding forms of prayer in the public service of the sanctuary, and Mr. Rattray's last article, led me to feel that it was my duty to come out boldly, and to call the attention of all whom I could reach to the great evils arising from the divisions amongst Christians, and to propose my remedy for this sad state of things. I doubted not that many Presbyterians who lived and acted forty years ago in this country, when they witnessed the heart-burning jealousies and even enmities that prevailed in each of their bodies, one against the other, utterly despaired of such a state of things prevailing amongst Presbyterians as, thank God, now happily prevails here. And I felt the same regarding the various sections that then prevailed amongst the Methodists.

I stated above that I had noticed how greatly the prejudices against "Forms of Prayer" had subsided in this and the neighbouring country within the last forty years. At that time very few Protestant Christians, outside of our own communion, believed that any one could pray with the Spirit who prayed with a book; but now, thank God, things have vastly changed. Many years ago, it is true, such enlightened men as the late Rev. Robert Hall, one of the brightest lights that ever shone amongst the Baptists, confessed, regarding our Prayer-Book, that "the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervour of its devotions, and the majestic simplicity of its language have combined to place it in the first rank of all uninspired compositions;" and such a man as the late Dr. Adam Clarke, the very able commentator of the Methodists, in the latter end of the last and beginning of this century, declared: "It is superior to every thing of the kind, either in ancient or in modern times. Several of the prayers and services of which it is composed were in use from the first ages of Christianity. The Liturgy is almost universally esteemed by the devout and pious of every denomination, and next to the translation of the Scriptures into the English language, is the *greatest effort of the Reformation*. As a form of devotion, it has no equal anywhere in the Church of God. Next to the Bible it is the book of my understanding and my heart." I might quote equally laudatory passages from the writings of Richard Baxter, whose writings have prepared thousands for their "everlasting rest;" and from those of the late Rev. Dr. John Cummings, the celebrated Scotch minister of London, England, the author of many able works; but space forbids it.

In spite of these praises, there can be no question that our Prayer-Book was not only underrated, but much disesteemed, not only in this country but also in the United States, forty years ago. But now, the testimonies to the excellency and value of the Prayer-Book are so numerous that the great difficulty is to choose amongst them, especially as regards eminent divines in the United States. I shall, however, have space for only a few extracts from those testimonies. The late widely-known Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, U.S., who has left a very excellent plain, practical commentary on the New Testament, and on several books of the Old Testament, says: "We have always thought that there are Christian minds and hearts that would

find more edification in the forms of worship of the Episcopal Church than in any other. We have never doubted that many of the purest flames of devotion that rise from the earth ascend from the altars of that Church, and that many of the purest spirits that the earth contains minister at those altars, or breathe forth their prayers and praises in language consecrated to the use of piety for centuries."

We now come to the testimony of living authors as to the excellency of our Liturgy. The well-known Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N.Y., a bold and original thinker and an out-spoken writer, says: "We never had a doubt as to the excellency of the Episcopal service in public worship, and I am perfectly willing to leave the constant repetition of it as a sole method of worship to the judgment and experience of each person for himself. And this we say without respect of persons. Should one of our children find his religious wants better met in the service of the Episcopal Church than in that of our own, we should take him by the hand and lead him to the altars, and confide him to God's grace through the ministration of the Episcopal Communion, with the unfaltering conviction that, if he did not profit, it would be his own fault. Whether the Episcopal Church is one that builds up men in holiness *is not an open question*. There are too many saints rejoicing in heaven, and too many of the noblest Christians labouring on earth, who have derived their religious life from the teachings and offices of that Church, to leave any impartial mind in any doubt on that point."

The Rev. G. Boardman, D.D., a leading Baptist of Philadelphia, speaking of the Episcopal service in the United States, says: "In dictating *a form of prayer*, He (the Lord Jesus) gave vent to the Liturgical instincts of our nature; for, although there are those who feel fettered by forms of prayer, the vast majority, I am convinced, are aided by them. Worship is an intensely personal act: the soaring of the individual soul in personal adoration, thanksgiving, confession, supplication, aspiration. As such, each must worship for himself, *not vicariously*. And yet, as a matter of fact, the worship of our non-liturgical Churches, generally speaking, is a *vicarious worship*. The preacher is heard alone in adoration, thanksgiving, supplication; in a word, he alone worships. Should some angelic visitor come to one of our non-liturgical Churches and observe the silence of

the congregation, I am not sure but that he would imagine a calamity, like that which befel ancient Zachariah in the temple had befallen Christ's Churchly priesthood to-day, and he would wonder what sins his people had committed that they should be thus struck dumb. What we need, is a return to the ancient way, the good old paths of our fathers, falling into line with the venerable and saintly Paul, worshipping liturgically, as did John, and Isaiah, and Moses."

The Rev. T. K. Beecher, a very prominent Congregational minister of Elmira, N.Y., when addressing his own people, thus speaks of the Prayer-Book: "The Reformed Church of England filled up nearly three hundred years in her work of purifying and simplifying, and of all Protestant Churches she best deserves the name of *Reformed*. The Episcopal Church offers to us the most venerable Liturgy in the English tongue. The devotional exercises of the Roman Catholic Church are embalmed and buried in Latin. But in English there are no lessons, gospels, epistles, psalms, collects, confessions, thanksgivings—in one word, no religious form book that can stand a moment in comparison with the Prayer-Book of the Episcopal Church in the twofold character of richness and age. The proper name, because truly descriptive of that Church, would be the Church of the Prayer-Book. And, brethren of every name, I certify you that you rarely hear in any church a prayer uttered in English that is not indebted to the Prayer-Book for some of its choicest periods. And I doubt whether this life has in store for you an uplift so high or a downfall so low, but that you cannot find company for your soul and fitting words for your lips among the treasures of this Book of Common Prayer. *'In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us.'* In short, to be a devoted and consistent Churchman brings a man through aisles fragrant with holy associations, and accompanied by a long procession of the good, chanting as they march a unison of piety and hope, until they come to the holy place, where shining saints sing the new song of the redeemed, and sing with them."

President Hitchcock's paper on "Ceremonial and Devotional Worship," read before the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met at Philadelphia A.D. 1880, created a profound sensation among the Presbyterian divines of Scotland and all parts of the world.

The *Christian World*, a religious weekly of New York, says: "It is probable that liturgical worship will prevail ultimately, and, to a large extent, during the coming century. An intelligent observer of the trend of public opinion will hardly venture to doubt this."

The Rev. S. M. Hopkins, D.D., of the Auburn Theological Seminary, gives us a remarkable article in the *Presbyterian Review*. After picturing the character of the customary services in Presbyterian Churches, Dr. Hopkins says: "Through all this the congregation sits mute; nor do those who sit in the seat of the learned say 'Amen.' The Ten Commandments, or, as an alternation, the Beatitudes, are never read. The Creed is never recited. No voice responds, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.' No loud acclaim responds, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' *With close imitation of the Romish method, the choir and the priest have performed the whole audible parts of the public worship.* It ought not to be surprising, under such circumstances, that very large numbers of the children of Presbyterian families, and many of the tasteful and cultivated amongst our members have sought a more cheerful, a more varied, and more sympathetic service in another communion. There is not a Presbyterian pastor in the land but can testify to such losses. The Episcopal Church has been largely recruited from our ranks. There are many thousands in that Church at present who have been drawn away by the attraction of its *cultus*. Certainly they have not been enticed by the greater impressiveness or eloquence of the pulpit. In that respect we can claim to be their superiors. It is very largely due to their liturgical service that, of all denominations in the United States, the Episcopal is growing the most rapidly at the present time."

Surely these quotations that I have been enabled to make from deceased and living divines, not of our communion, as to the excellence of our Prayer-Book (and a great deal more to the same effect might be adduced, did space permit), *show that a great change has come over the public mind in the United States on this point.* I have not had opportunities of quoting on this subject from writers in this country; but I should hope that nearly the same change has come over the public mind in this country, as was to be expected from the great intellectual advance that has taken place amongst our people.

These facts encouraged me to hope that the time had come, in God's good providence, for discussing this great question of Christian Unity. I, therefore, published in the daily *Mail* of the 21st of September last an article, setting forth some of the evils arising from our state of a divided Christianity, and proposed what I considered the only possible remedy. Some years ago the Rev. Dr. Thompson, now Assistant Bishop of Mississippi, one of the ablest and most original thinkers on this continent, published a very thoughtful tractate under the title of "Unity and its Restoration." I would that this tractate was in the hands of every sincere Christian in this country. It is far too long for your excellent MAGAZINE; but I trust that I may be permitted to lay before your readers some of the arguments of Dr. Thompson in regard to the evils arising directly from our divisions, as fully and as accurately as a very defective memory, with regard to words especially, will enable me to do.

1. The first evil to which I would call the attention of the numerous readers of your MAGAZINE, is the terrible *waste of means* which the divided state of our Christianity in a town of, say, 4,000 inhabitants *must* cause. If the people of that town were all of "one heart and one mind," one commodious place of worship could easily seat the eight hundred worshippers who would frequent its courts. There, then, we could save three-fourths of what has been spent in the purchase of the sites and the erection of these six places of worship. Again, two ministers, one comparatively young, to enter into the feelings of the rising generation, the other comparatively old and experienced (which is of more *worth*, than most acknowledge in the present day), to minister more effectually to all, but more especially to those more advanced in years, could do the Lord's work amongst these four thousand people better and more cheaply than six ministers can possibly do under the present state of things. If there were one good commodious church and two such ministers attached to it, as pictured above, the people of the town could easily afford such stipends to the two ministers as they could live on in a way becoming the ministers of God; but as it is, what the people of such a town can give, or rather think they can give, for that purpose, is divided amongst six ministers, and the amount each receives is far below what a minister of the Gospel should receive. This smallness of stipend begets rest-

lessness; and all the many benefits are lost which flow to the people from a wise and long-settled pastorate.

2. But this is by no means the only evil arising from our unhappy divisions. Alas! there are many others. The next to which I shall call attention are the jealousies, ill-will, and un-Christian feelings and acts to which our divisions too often give rise. Thus the weakness of these several congregations makes the members thereof look with an envious eye on the other congregations of the town. They see wealthy men coming out of some of the other churches, whom they would like to have with them, to lighten the burdens which they feel pressing rather heavily on their shoulders. And where there exists such a feeling, it is not long before it produces ill-will towards those congregations: and when it gets well-rooted in the less godly amongst them, it is not long before the ill-will in their hearts brings forth words and produces acts which are contrary to the rules laid down in the New Testament as to the way in which Christians should treat one another: to "think no evil;" to "do good to all;" and to "do to others as they would others should do to them." Something injurious to one of the envied congregations, perhaps just across the street, is repeated with bated breath at first; but it proves not long before it is bruited about and proclaimed upon the housetops; and most members of the envying congregation, affected by evil communications, lift up their hands in holy horror, exclaiming, "Who would have believed it of such people?" Very generally the scandal is circulated against the poor minister, as it is easier to strike the whole congregation through his person than to attack the members individually; and before the scandal is cleared up (which can generally be done by tracing it to some slight misunderstanding, or some light, foolish conversation), some of the congregation get unsettled and come over to swell their ranks.

3. The jealousy and bitterness, producing scandals between Christian denominations, caused by our unhappy divisions, have a very injurious effect on the influence of the Gospel on the careless and ungodly throughout any country. They naturally say, "if such scandals grow up among professing Christians, what good is there in the Gospel?" They do not realize our blessed Saviour's declaration, that until the great Day of Judgment the tares shall ever be mingled with the wheat; that in

the Christian Church the evil shall be ever mingled with the good until such time as the angels shall separate the latter from the former. They, therefore, judging men by their fruits, and seeing so much evil fruit, condemn Christianity on account of some unworthy professors of it. Thus does the Gospel suffer severely from the ungodly lives of those who profess to be, but are not, under its sanctifying influences. In the early ages of Christianity, when to be a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ exposed one to a sudden and cruel death, the heathen exclaimed regarding Christians, "See how they love one another!" A renewal of that blessed state of things can never be realized till, as in those days, a Christian, who carried about with him his certificate of good standing in the Church of Christ, when reaching any city, was not obliged to inquire for the church of his particular denomination (for there were no denominations in those days), but was welcome to worship in every Christian Church, and to receive the Lord's Supper at every Lord's table. And those were the ages, when the Church of Christ made far *greater* progress than she has ever made since.

4. The last evil to which I would call attention, is the effect of such a divided state of Christianity on the Roman Catholic, the infidel, and the heathen. If in the providence of God a Roman Catholic is led to see that the faith in which he has been brought up is not the true faith, and desires to attach himself to some other body of Christians, he is not unfrequently met by this difficulty: There are several bodies of zealous Christians, professing to represent Churches, each presenting certain claims on such a one as he is. Is he to examine all those claims and ascertain their validity before he can avail himself of the benefits of Christian fellowship? Here he finds a real perplexing difficulty. Everyone is not so fortunate to possess (as I do) a copy of the Rev. T. K. Beecher's Lectures, addressed by him to his congregation in Elmira, N. Y., on seven consecutive Sunday evenings, on the seven Churches of that city, in which he brought out all the particular excellences that he thought he saw in those different bodies. This guide would be a great assistance to a perplexed ex-Roman Catholic, if he could depend on Mr. Beecher's knowledge, judgment, and honesty. But this would be placing more confidence in him than most people would place in a member of the Beecher family. If he has

been shaken in his faith in the Church of Rome by the preaching of any particular minister, or by conversing with any member of one of these different bodies of Christians, or by reading a book written by a member of one of those bodies, he would most likely join that body from which he has obtained his new light, if, on investigation, he is satisfied with the principles, the worship, and the form of government of that particular body. But he may providentially have had his eyes opened, by God's blessing, on the reading of the Bible or some other good book, or in some other way, without the intervention of any fellow-creature. Such cases have occurred in the past, and may occur in the future. They present difficulties hard to overcome.

The same difficulty is encountered by the infidel. He may become convinced that he cannot rely for time and eternity on his vaunted system of negatives. He feels in his heart that there *must* be a God, the Designer and Artificer of this wondrous world in which we live, and of the still more wondrous bodies that we see at night, and which have moved on from age to age with the most perfect regularity. But when he looks about him for some Christian body, with which to connect himself, for the purpose of enjoying communion and obtaining information, he is perplexed amongst the number of those who stand ready to receive and welcome him.

And as to the heathen, when convinced that he must place reliance no longer in his gods of wood and stone, and when invited to become a Christian, he feels inclined to say (if he does not actually say it): "Agree among yourselves which of your several bodies is entitled to represent to me the Church of Christ before you urge me to join any of your different bodies. As far as I understand the Bible, Christ did not plant many Churches, but planted one. Now, I should like to find that one, so that, in joining it, I could do so with entire confidence."

WORK for the good that is nighest ;
Dream not of greatness afar ;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you ;
Heed not its slander and scorn ;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

HOW METHODISM CAME TO FOXES.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.—FOXES.

I CANNOT tell why they called the place Foxes. The oldest inhabitants say it was so called before any settlers went there. There are scores of such small fishing hamlets on the rough and rocky coast of Newfoundland, and the name oftentimes is not so euphonious even as "Foxes." It was encircled by a ridge of a horse-shoe shape; the two Heads, forming the harbour, being the two ends of the horse-shoe. The broad, rough Atlantic was outside of the Heads, lashing itself in foam at their bases—within it was smooth and safe, because a "bar" reached from Head to Head, leaving a narrow channel for going in and out. If you stood on one of the Heads, the little village would be at your feet, and looked as if it nestled away from the raging ocean outside. One would think that nature had scooped a place in the hill purposely for a village like Foxes, and that the two promontories had, by mutual consent, leaned towards each other to make the little harbour, that the fishing smacks might swing at their mooring fearing no danger. Foxes is a pretty little place in the summer; it would make a fine place of refuge for a dozen city families wishing to get clear of dust and din for a few weeks. But, I forget myself: in the summer months the place had a fishy odour; the little boats would be plying to and fro, night and day; the "stages" and "flakes" for fish-curing would be fully occupied. It is then harvest time, and the fisherman must "cure fish while the sun shines."

There was nothing particular about "Foxes" to distinguish it from scores of such places. There was a rough kind of road going around the settlement, following the water's edge; from that a series of crooked lanes, narrow and sometimes dirty, led to the various houses. The houses were utterly destitute of all ornate work, and were built with the utmost disregard to the laws of hygiene. There was a sameness about them—always painted or limed white, with the invariable tar on the roofs. The only thing

that disturbed that sameness was the fact that the end of one would nearly abut the front of its neighbour, or the back of one face the front of another. There was a school-house that differed in size, style and colour from the dwelling-houses, and broke the monotony. It did service as a church on the Sabbath, when the prosaic folk of Foxes attended to hear prayers and Scripture read. Also, whenever a public meeting was held, the school-house stood in good stead; and a time or two it was transformed into a polling booth, with abundance of grog. The school-house implied a teacher, though not always, and that onerous position was filled by Mr. John Wilcox, a young man of energy. He was best known in Foxes as "Master" Wilcox. He, like the school-house, served other purposes besides teaching the young: he read prayers on Sabbath, he was Chairman of the Road Board—dispensed the relief that Government gave to the widows and orphans of Foxes; also, he carried on a little business for a firm in Snug Harbour (a place forty-five miles away), and, with other little perquisites, managed to live on the meagre salary he got for teaching the young. He was held in high esteem was Master Wilcox; not only did the children reverence him; but the parents kept wondering at his "book larnin'." It is not surprising that he was a little, just a little, vain; he was the authority of the place on all matters social, commercial, political, and religious; his advice was sought upon most matters of interest; even in sickness he supplied them with the needful advice and medicine; in fact, he was the Mr. Oracle of the place. I should mention that nearly all the families in Foxes were Episcopalians. Their spiritual needs were attended to by the Rev. Moses Flip, of Snug Harbour, who visited them some four or six times yearly, when all the children were baptized that had come to Foxes since his last visit, and all who felt inclined for matrimony were gratified by paying the usual fee; in the Parson's absence Master Wilcox was the substitute. Thus things went in Foxes when our story begins, in the year of grace 187—

CHAPTER. II.—UNCLE PETER.

I said that most of the people in Foxes were Episcopalians. There was only one exception, and that was Peter Hudson, or Uncle Peter, as he was invariably called. He was originally of Bonavista, where he was reared, and "got religion" among the Methodists when quite a boy. He migrated to Foxes when the first settlers came there, expecting other Methodists to follow, but was disappointed, and was doomed to spend years alone, as far as religion was concerned, in Foxes. It was no ordinary task to keep the fire aglow in one's soul in such a place as Foxes, with such surroundings. I have known seeds that were sown in good soil fail to come up, but a stray seed or two lost between the stones in the path have sprung up with vigour. Uncle Peter seemed to be like those stray seeds: if he had heard Methodist preaching all those years of exile, perhaps he would not have been the strong, stalwart Christian he was. I often wondered how he maintained the even tenor of his way. There were two helps, at least, that Peter had. Jane his wife was a true helpmeet; she was converted to God in the same revival as Uncle Peter, and she had the elements of character that he lacked. Peter was full of zeal, and manifested his earnestness in various ways. He did not believe in hiding his light under a bushel, bed, or anywhere else. She was of a quieter disposition, and acted as ballast when Peter was in danger of being capsized by over-zealous exertions and injudicious remarks. Oftentimes, when he was in danger of letting his feelings run away with his judgment, Jane would in her quiet manner keep her beloved in the right track. Peter knew her worth. Another help Uncle Peter had was to be seen on a little book-shelf right up in a corner under the ceiling. There were 'Wesley's Sermons,' the 'Lives' of Stoner, John Smith, and William Branwell, a 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,' a copy of Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' and a few old tracts, with 'The Holy Bible' and 'Wesley's Hymns,' completed the little library. No man was better acquainted with those books than Uncle Peter. He had read and re-read them annually for years. Jane had often heard them read, page after page. Many a lonesome hour was passed away during the long winter nights perusing those volumes. The Bible was the

chief light and the others were the satellites. It was from them Uncle Peter received the spiritual instruction he needed during the long years he spent, waiting for a change in the tide of events at Foxes. Peter resorted to those books for solace when all else failed; he had prayed, pondered, and wept over them scores of times. The Bible, of course, was the favourite, and, except the passages expounded by Mr. Wesley in his sermons, nearly every verse was explained in an allegorical style, owing mostly to reading Bunyan, though he never wavered from the cardinal points of Methodist theology.

Uncle Peter's "religion" was unpalatable to most of the people in Foxes. He was well liked as a neighbour, and was always ready to do a good turn, and never lacked help whenever he needed it; but when the old saint began to discuss prayer meetings and "conversions;" when he made a raid upon Mr. Formalist and Mr. Legality, as he called them, then the ire of many would be stirred. Master Wilcox, above everyone, thought Peter's religion was only cant and ranterism. Yet when the pedagoguc came to argue with Uncle Peter, his "book larnin'" was of little use. The old man would hew and hack his opponents with passages of Holy Writ, as if he were 'hewing Agag in pieces.'

When talking about the lack of Scriptural knowledge that existed among the Churchmen at Foxes, he would say, "Seemin' to me, any Methody lad, with the sling o' faith and a few passages of the Word, would knock down that Goliath of false doctrine clean dead."

The grand feature about Uncle Peter was, he never knew when he was vanquished, and when his opponents thought he was backing down, it was only to return with his battering-ram of Methodist doctrine with renewed vigour.

During the years of isolation from other Methodists, Uncle Peter was in no ways idle. He often longed to see a Methodist preacher in Foxes, and to this end prayed and worked. His work did not consist merely in arguing with Churchmen about baptismal regeneration, etc., but he was diligent in visiting the sick, and however much, while healthy, the folk ridiculed his "religion," they loved to have him read and pray with them when sick and dying. It was in the sick room that Uncle Peter sowed "the seed of the kingdom," and with much faith and patience "cast his bread upon the waters, to be seen after many days."

CHAPTER III.—UNCLE PETER AND PARSON FLIP.

It was quite natural for Mr. Flip to think that he could do all that was needed for the spiritual welfare of the people on the extensive shore which he called *his* parish. At Snug Harbour there were a few Methodists, who had their little "meeting house," and were visited occasionally by the circuit minister from a distant harbour. This was obnoxious to Parson Flip, because he had a dread of those "Methody preachers." Whatever might have been his fears concerning Snug Harbour, he thought that the other part of his parish was secure from all inroads of "schismatics," and as for Foxes, it was far snugger than Snug Harbour itself. We can imagine his surprise when he was informed by Master Wilcox that Uncle Peter had been trying to lead some of the neighbours astray with false doctrines concerning "conversion" and religion in general.

The good parson thought it was his duty to stop such proceedings with all speed, so he decided to honour Uncle Peter with a visit. Peter was busy that morning fixing a herring net, little expecting a clerical visitor; he was humming one of his favourite hymns.

"Good morning, Mr. Hudson," said Mr. Flip, with his ringing voice.

Peter was taken all aback, and, touching his cap, bid his reverence "Good morning, sir." He asked Mr. Flip to take a chair, and knowing how Jane felt, he made an apology by saying they did not expect such a visitor, or things would have been in better order. But Jane was a clean soul in all her ways, so that things were not so bad.

Mr. Flip was not long getting at the real object of his call; he was not the man to beat about the bush.

"I hear that you have been teaching some of the neighbours strange views about religious matters," said Mr. Flip.

"Well, I dunno if you call the teachings of God's Word strange; 'cause I never teaches anybody anything different to what I finds there," answered Peter.

"Well, a great deal depends upon the construction you put upon the Sacred Word. You know some people endeavour to prove very wrong doctrines from the Bible; the Mormons and Romanists, for instance, and, indeed, the Methodists."

"The Methodists, sir, don't teach more than Mr. Wesley did, and I 'liow he was pretty right. He was a Church parson, anyhow."

"The trouble is, you Methodists fail to understand even him."

"I allus thought Mr. Wesley was uncommon plain, and I'm sure his sermon on 'The Witness of the Spirit' is very plain."

"Perhaps so, but you must remember that I am far more competent to judge what is the right doctrine than you are."

"Well, I have enjoyed religion these thirty years and more, and I know by experience that the love of God is shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto me."

"I am sorry to hear you talk so flippantly about the Holy Spirit."

"Well, I dunno, parson, but Mr. Wesley says :

'What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell ;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.'

"Now, I hope I shall hear no more of this trash about 'conversion,' and 'the witness,' and those abominable 'prayer meetings.' If the prayers provided for us by our forefathers are not sufficient, I wonder where we shall go for better; not to you Methodists, I hope."

"You might do worse nor that," said Peter, feeling he could not vex the parson more than he had.

"Now, Mr. Hudson," said Mr. Flip, with some emphasis, "I do not want you to teach either me or any of your neighbours concerning praying, or aught else."

He now rose to leave, and, with hat in hand, continued to address Uncle Peter. "I shall publicly warn the people not to heed you on these matters, Mr. Hudson."

"Well, sir," answered Peter, seeing it was time to speak plainly, "neither priest, pope, nor parson can rob me of my conscience nor my religion. You can do as you please, and I will do the same. A parson once tried to hinder the cause of God in a place in Conception Bay, but he found the Methodists won't be put down."

Just as Mr. Flip was going to leave, Jane asked him to have a word or two of prayer, but he kindly declined; the truth was, he felt more like shaking "those strange notions" out of Uncle Peter by main force. He left, feeling, as he told Master Wilcox, "that man Hudson is an obstinate and ignorant ranter."

CHAPTER IV.—UNCLE PETER GETS A SURPRISE.

Uncle Peter had been out early one morning, trying to get a few fish (fish always means codfish in Newfoundland), and came in earlier than usual, because they were scarce.

“What do you think’s the news, old man?” said Jane, before he was hardly seated.

“I dunno. Anybody dead?”

“No; but someone come to life.”

“What! someone—come—to—life? Another yarn about ghosts, I guess.”

“Oh, no; but John Simns came home last night, and he’s converted.”

“Get off wid yer nonsense,” exclaimed Uncle Peter.

“It’s true enough; he was here looking for you, and I ’spects he’ll be here just now.”

Peter could scarcely credit it, and kept saying to himself, half aloud, “John Simns converted!”

John Simns was a staunch Churchman, and one of the last men in Foxes to imbibe new doctrines concerning religion. His father and grandfather lived and died true to their church, and he expected to do likewise. So we cannot wonder that Uncle Peter was a little skeptical. Ere long John came in to see him.

“Well, old friend, what’s this I hear about yer?” said Uncle Peter, taking the new convert by the hand.

“Good news, I hope; I suppose ye didn’t expect to have a comrade in Foxes so soon as this?”

“We’ll, no; but I’ve been praying for one for some time now; and I was thinking that row Parson Flip and I had, turned everybody against the ‘sect everywhere spoken against.’”

“But ye see, Uncle Peter, the Lord answered your prayers.”

“That’s true; and Mr. Flip, nor all the parsons in creation, can’t hinder Him working when He starts,” said Peter, with tears of joy in his eyes.

“Well, I never expected to be the first, anyhow,” said John.

“How and where did it happen?” asked Peter, anxious to learn all about the great change.

“Well, you know we went to St. John’s. On our way back the wind veered to the nor’-west very sudden, and blowed a stiff

breeze, so we put the 'Happy Lass' for Carbonear. Well, we were there over three days, windbound."

"I was 'llowing ye were windbound somewhere with that nor'-wester," interposed Uncle Peter.

"Leave me tell yer. I went ashore the second night we were there, and, passing a house, I heard singing. This was a prayer meetin'. I goes in, out of curiosity, and when I got in, a young fellow, who had been wrecked on the way home from Labrador, was a-speaking. He told us about the others that were all lost, nine in all, how they prayed and found peace while they were holding on to the riggins, and one by one were washed off. Then he told how he was washed ashore and didn't know it, for he was picked up by some men, an' come to life in a house. But he told us how happy they all were when death stared them in the face. Well, it would make a heart of stone feel, and there I was, a-listening as if he came from eternity with the news."

"He had been pretty near it, I guess," said Uncle Peter, who had been listening with deep attention.

"Then I felt I was na' ready to meet eternity like those men were, and I felt such a weight on my breast, just as if a ton weight was fixed there," continued John.

"That was yer sins and guilt," interposed Peter.

"It was awful, and afore I knowed it I was a-crying out for mercy. After awhile I felt the load go, and I thought I see'd the Saviour a-hanging on the cross, and He told me my sins were pardoned—the blood did it. I never felt so happy in my life. I tell yer what, it was 'a happy day when Jesus washed my sins away.'"

By this time, Peter, Jane, and John were in tears.

"Praise the Lord," exclaimed Peter, "I feel like old times when I hears of one converted."

"But, leave me tell yer. The folk at that meetin' told me we maun have a prayer meetin' here. I told them about you and Jane as the only praying people here. So we maun get together often, and read the Bible, and sing and pray; and maybe others will join in. There's no telling who is waiting to come."

"So we will," said Peter, feeling twice the man he was that morning when he went out to fish. "So we will, John, and never mind what Parson Flip or Master Wilcox says," he repeated.

The people at Foxes never had such a topic to gossip over; and that same evening, when it was rumoured that there was a prayer meeting at Uncle Peter's, they expected either an earthquake or volcanic eruption, or something of that kind, to swallow up both Uncle Peter and John Simms, "the heretics."

The meetings were held in Uncle Peter's. Two or three dropped in at first, but the number increased, so that the prayer meetings became a regular thing. Uncle Peter said that there would soon be more praying people in Foxes. "We must pray on and have faith, John," said Peter often. They did pray; they had faith, and the looked-for result came. Methodism had more than a foothold in Foxes.

LUTHER'S WORK AT THE PRESENT DAY.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

TRUMPET of Truth, at whose soul-piercing sound,
That fabric vast of Falsehood, guarded well
By Superstition's immemorial spell
For twice five hundred years, went to the ground—
Mighty Deliverer, to whom nations bound
In dungeons dark of Papal slavery
Owe it that light is theirs and faith is free—
LUTHER, whose name four centuries have crowned
With grateful praises—in thy dauntless heart,
Which Hell's embattled powers could never move,
Through the fierce strife there still was left a part
For gentle thoughts, for music, beauty, love.
Now, let the voice which thundered doom to Rome,
Breathe peace to rent and war-worn Christendom.

THE GRANGE, TORONTO,

December, 1883.

THE BASIS OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.*

BY THE REV. JOHN LAING, D.D.

I DO not propose to speak of union among the Churches of Christ, still less of uniformity in government, discipline and ritual of worship. These themes in the future, more near or more remote, may engage the attention of God's people. At present it seems to me more needful to insist on the glorious fact, from which, if union and uniformity are ever to be realized, these must come forth naturally as the tree and its fruitage grow from the seed and the root. In nature there is unity and also manifold diversity. There separateness and disunion are compatible with unity. Difference of form, of organs, of habits do not prevent unity and inter-dependence. Even apparent contrariety and hostility are necessary for the completeness of nature as a whole. To group individuals in species, species in genera, genera in orders, rising to wider conceptions and approaching unity by grand generalisations which disregard the inferior differentiæ, is the glory of the man of science. The wider the sweep of the general law, the grander the triumph. To find out the bond of unity which connects man, the lord of all, with the lowest form of life, is the still unsolved problem at which proud reason and yet prouder science toil, but all in vain. Yet there is such a bond, beyond the reach of mere reason or experiment. There is a cause for that unity of type which is observed in organized nature, both vegetable and animal for the persistence and indestructibility of unity in the many forms which it is found to assume; for the reign of law uniform and unchanging throughout the wide universe. But so long as blinded Reason refuses to acknowledge a living, self-conscious, free, designing First Cause, and follows the *ignis fatuus* of causeless development or spontaneous self-evolution, the mystery must remain. Why should order rather than chaos reign in nature? Why should the present come forth from an inferior past, in turn to be lost in a better future? Why out of jarring discords, as they seem to be

* A Paper read before the Ministerial Association of Hamilton, Ont.

half-taught ears, should come forth the harmony of nature ? For this unity there must be a cause. The bond of unity must be found in the will of the Eternal ; it is the power of a transcendent yet immanent God over all.

The God of nature is the God of grace, and in His works of grace there is diversity and yet unity ; they are manifold and various yet one. No two sons of God have the same experience. Individualism obtains here as much as in the forms of leaves or the features of man. No two ages from Abel till today afford the same external manifestation of spiritual life. The flora and fauna of past geological periods and of the present do not differ more widely than does the external character of God's children through the ages. No two countries or nationalities present identical conditions for the development of true religion. It assumes different forms in different places analogous to the varieties among the races of men and of plants and animals found in various climes.

Yet the same God dwells in all, the same law of life works in all, there is a oneness of the sons of God despite the diversity of ages, of climes, of civilizations, of ranks, of languages, and of rituals. On this grand, sublime fact I love to dwell. Imperfectly seen in its glorious simplicity it has for me a charm, a consoling, sustaining, encouraging power amid the distractions, misconceptions, and strifes of this present militant state of the Church. At that sublime height, the jarring discords seem to have died away and only hymns of praise are heard ascending united in one hallelujah of overwhelming melody to the throne of God. The distances which dispart Christians become undiscernible, and these seem to form but one sacramental host ; the spots and shadows which mar and disfigure the several parts are toned down and blended, yea, they even seem to make more beautiful the picture over which is suffused the glory of God.

But we must come down from that height and look at Christian unity near at hand. Let me, then, for a moment set aside the differences, and ask. What is the basis of the unity which, glorious truth ! makes all God's people one ?

1. They all have the same spirit. The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. It is " The unity of the Spirit." God lives in each, in all—the life, the energy, the beauty, the glory, which are seen

in greater or less degree, in each, in all, come from the one Spirit of God—Christ in us the hope of glory.

2. They all have the same Word of God to guide them. The Bible is to each, to all, the sure word and supreme rule of faith and conduct. To each, to all, it is precious; the word of the Lord that liveth and abideth forever. Others may stumble at the doctrines which it contains of a God transcending nature, past finding out, yet deigning to dwell with man and working supernaturally. But every child of God accepts the "Word made flesh," and believes the record God has given us concerning His Son.

3. They all have the same aim—to glorify God. Tell me not of low motives and worldly ambitions, of unworthy acts which have dishonoured God, of mistaken zeal and crimes committed professedly for God's glory. Alas! alas! We humble ourselves before God for these things in ourselves, in the Churches, in past ages, in our own day. These clouds must not hide the sun from us, these hideous funguses must not prevent us from seeing the precious underlying rock. Despite all mistaken methods, unclean weapons, defiled paths, self-deceived enthusiasms, by means of which poor fallible men have sought to accomplish the end they had in view, God's children ever aimed at this, and aim at it still, that God may be glorified. In the inmost soul the fire has burned, kept down, perchance, yet smouldering, needing only to be fanned by the breath of God and purified by Divine knowledge that it may burst forth in a flame of all consuming zeal for the glory of God.

4. They all have the same end: they are all one in the purpose of God. See the hewn stones lie, cast carelessly down by the teamsters: examine them; different in material, in size, in shape, in finish, in appearance. Yet are these all one in the purpose of the architect. Lively stones for the temple of God. Slowly through the ages that temple rises, row after row is laid, and still it rises. We cannot take it in. We see the stones so different and so disunited. Perhaps we get a glimpse through the fence that hides the structure from our view of a part here and a part there in which we feel specially interested, because there are some stones built in them which we brought to the building, and we say these parts are beautiful; but what can be the use of those other stones so different

from these that we have brought and in which we are interested? So we reason. But the architect knows the place for each. Every stone is needed. Not one can be wanting to complete God's building. The little and the great must be there; the mean and noble, the coarse and the fine; the rounded and the angular, the arched and the square, the polished and the rough-hewn. All have been formed after the plan of God, all are fitted by Divine skill for His end. All are one in His purpose, all are to be cemented by common grace, all the parts are to form one grand whole when the top-stone shall be brought forth and placed over the finished temple with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it."

Is this a fancy all? To the world it certainly is. To the Christian who can scarcely rise above the world it may appear a dream. The world knoweth us not because it knew Him not. The worldling cannot see the things of God; they are foolishness unto him. But faith may discern the coming glory, as the Christian heart pants for the fulfilment of the Redeemer's prayer: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one." Be it ours, then, to make more real to Christians the unity of God's people, the oneness of the holy catholic Church, existing as it does in a variety of forms and organizations in all countries and through all the ages—the Church which is the Lamb's wife, and which will at last be present, complete and faultless in the presence of His glory.

Shall this spiritual unity ever have its realization in external unity of organization and uniformity of government, discipline and ritual of worship? This is the heart desire of many earnest living souls who mourn over the bitter, unchristian strifes and jealousies which we have to deplore. They think that a visible unity and uniformity are necessary for the complete idea of Christ's Church. We all must rejoice to see the efforts that are being made to heal the breaches of Zion and rebuild her walls. The Councils of Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches indicate a strong desire to find a common ground both for union and co-operation. And the unions

lately accomplished in the two last-named Churches are full of hope. Evangelical alliances and united efforts in philanthropic enterprises, as well as kindly-uttered desires for closer fellowship among all Protestant Churches, mark, we hope, the rising of the brighter day. Be it ours, then, in every proper way to help in the good work, and there is need. The rapid advancement of Popery in Protestant countries, and its paralyzing influence where men enjoy constitutional freedom, cannot be to the evangelical Protestant a matter of indifference. The bold, pronounced character of unbelief, I do not say its increase, is also noteworthy.

Personally, I regard these movements which, on the one hand, tend to bolster up superstition, and, on the other hand, to overthrow faith, as symptoms of the advance of the kingdom of God. The enlightenment of Protestant Christianity is forcing superstition to hold her votaries by other means than persecuting violence or gross imposture and crass ignorance. We must rejoice at the great improvement in the education and social status which our Roman Catholic neighbours now enjoy, and in the appeal that is now made to them to judge for themselves and act as free men.

So of infidelity. Better that men should think on religious subjects, even if it is to reject Christ and oppose Him, than that they should stolidly live without God, wallow in sensualism, and worship mammon, while at the same time they call themselves Christians and profess to believe the Bible. I rejoice in the separation of these hypocrites and traitors from the camp of saints. The Churches are stronger for their absence. Their opposition is doing us good. They have dropped Christ's uniform and stand where they should, in the hostile camp. We must burnish our armour and find new weapons of defence against their bold assaults; yea, and we must learn to wield the weapons of Christ, the sword of the Spirit and all prayer, to better purpose, if we are not to be driven off the field. This the Church will do, is doing. There is no fear if we are only faithful. We must draw nearer to each other, that each soldier of the cross may feel the touch of his comrade as the hosts of Christ advance to the attack. The insidious plottings of Popery and the bold blasphemy of agnosticism will bring out clear and bright the real nature of supernatural religion, will make more manifest the

great features of Christianity and the unity of the children of God.

But I have asked, Shall this spiritual unity of the invisible Church ever have its counterpart in a visible organization which shall include all the people of God in all lands? Yes, is the answer that faith must give, for God has promised it. But what that glorious Church shall be I cannot conceive. In order to see all that coming glory I would need a higher point of observation than the top of Peor; a wider range of view than Jeshimon outstretching to the wilderness of nations and the great sea with its ships from Chittim; than the tents of Israel spread as gardens by the rivers' side in all their beautiful fruit-laden fertility. Without such higher inspiration, without having the eyes opened specially by God, I dare not venture to sing of the new heavens and new earth which passed before the rapt vision of Isaiah and the glorious Apocalypse granted to John in Patmos. I believe in the holy catholic Church of the present and of that of the still more glorious future, but I must leave it for others to forecast its glory so as to bring it within the view of the men of this generation. Yet I do not forget that the kingdom is coming; that the men of our day, that I and you, are helping on that coming and are honoured by God in contributing our little share towards the grand result. Let me, then, indicate what I think we can and should do.

We have, in this our day, the Church of God divided into many distinct organizations, known as separate Churches or denominations. Now, as I understand our duty, we should remember two things (1) The origin of these distinct denominations; (2) That this state of things obtains almost exclusively in connection with the Anglo-Saxon race. In apostolic times we are often told there were no denominations. True, for the Churches had not then any visible organization which included them all. There was then no hierarchy. Afterwards the Roman Church separated itself from the Greek and Armenian Churches, and under the wing of Imperial Rome became a politico-religious organization which gradually absorbed all the Churches of Western Christendom, except the Waldenses. Then came the Reformation, when each nation had its own Reformed Church, which was a unity, but fraternized with the Reformed Churches of other countries, although no one ever thought of a visible unity. At that time

such a thing was simply an impossibility, for *cujus regio ejus religio* was generally admitted. The idea of individual liberty, however, vindicated as it had been by the Reformation, soon led to liberty of worship and diversity of practice as well as of organization. And in due time non-conforming bodies arose side by side with the State Churches. Thereafter this Western world was colonized from many countries. So French Huguenots, Dutchmen, Churchmen from England, Presbyterians, representing the Church of Scotland, brought with them the forms and usages of the Churches established in these lands. The non-conformist bodies of England also brought their forms and usages, and when Methodism began it struck its roots deeply in the virgin soil of America. Thus on an equal footing of common rights the Churches had a fair field, and they grew into what we now know as the several denominations of Christians or branches of the one invisible spiritual Church of God. Then mission work began, and every Church or Missionary Society has carried into heathen lands its peculiar forms of Church organization and worship. Why speak of this as blameworthy? Was it not inevitable? Is it not the natural development of the Church in accordance with God's providence? Was not every Church under obligation to propagate itself and maintain its own forms? We confess with sorrow the sinful rivalries, the unjust and the unchristian contentings which have taken place. Yet even these must needs come when earnest but imperfectly sanctified men had to contend for every right and knew only afar off the good that was to be found in other Churches.

Now times have changed. Modern civilization, with its literature, its schools, its running to and fro, its interconnections in commerce, business and society has affected all the Churches, and, let us thank God, the idea of realizing the unity of God's Church is spreading among all denominations. This is vitally connected with an increase in Evangelical zeal, for most strongly has that desire taken hold of our Mission fields, through them reacting with happy might upon the parent Churches.

Again, let us remember that these denominations exist chiefly in connection with the Anglo-Saxon race. Only where Missionaries from Britain and America go do these differences appear. So even if the desire of earnest souls could be accomplished, we should then have only Anglo-Saxon Protestantism united. The

Roman Catholic Church, with its unscriptural hierarchy, would still remain without, arrogating to herself the title of "Church Catholic;" and the Greek Church, not less exclusive in her claims; and the Armenian and Coptic Churches would still be separate from a united Protestantism. How narrow our range of vision! How mighty the work to be accomplished! How far off must still appear the promised day before all Christ's people shall be one.

What, then, shall we do? Do just what God's people in every age have done; do what lies to our hand; do it as faithfully as we can, adapting our methods to the age in which we live, and trying to help each other, co-operating, and avoiding strifes and contentions. It is not ours to build the temple, we are only workmen, fulfilling the orders of the master-builder. We have only to do the work in the quarries and stoneyards, among the mortar and on the walls. God tells us what to do, but the work is His, and we cannot understand His way of doing it. Rather from another point of view we are to regard the Church of God as instinct with life; it *grows* by the power of God. It is not put together by human hands, nor constructed according to man's plans. The Church grows, takes shape under the guidance of the Spirit and the ordering of God's providence; we are part of the growth, not the makers of the tree; we contribute our part to the growth, as the leaves and bark of the tree are essential to its progress, but we are ourselves only channels for the life of God.

The Church is growing, and whether we discern it or not, under our eyes each day the living spiritual processes are going on which are producing the Church of the future. Identity of external circumstances or dissimilarity, each is having its effect. The form of government under which men live; the education, more or less liberal, which children enjoy; the literature, elevating or debasing, which the people read; the tastes thus formed; the customs which prevail; public opinion, are all mighty factors in the result so far as the Church of God is concerned. It is in vain to hope that if these are left to be influenced by the godless, pleasure-loving, worldly-minded portion of the nations the result will be satisfactory. Not only must the Churches speak of seeking union, co-operate in Mission work, and cherish feelings of Christian regard towards each other, but it must be re-

membered that the men and women who constitute the Churches in their spiritual relations, are, viewed in another aspect, members of society who, in their daily life and intercourse, are giving tone to the public institutions of the nation and to its united character. God's people must, if they wish spiritual unity to be manifested, labour in those matters to have spirituality control the every-day life of the community.

Society has a mighty unifying power; it unifies for good and for evil. If society is baptized with the Spirit of God, it will grow into unity of spirit. And although the more ignorant will always delight in what is external, and the better educated will find their desires satisfied only with the ideal, just as children delight in the pictorial and scenic, while the trained, mature mind puts away those childish things; still as in one family children and grown people have both a place, and are necessary complements to the perfection of the family, so in the family of God a place will be found for the simple, child-like tastes of the less educated, and for the more fully-developed and higher cravings of the better trained, and still the family of God will include them all.

Let us, then, cherish the indwelling Spirit of grace, so that full of life and energy ourselves we may impart those to others. Let us keep to the Word of God alone as our rule of life and conduct, abstaining from the human additions, which though man's wisdom may approve, really mar the simple beauty and repress the fruitful energy of God's grace. Let us cherish the single aim of bringing glory to God, and crucify every selfish desire. Let us bid God-speed to every effort made by God's people, though they walk not with us and though they may condemn our ways. Thus praying and labouring in humility and faith, although our little thoughts are never fulfilled, and our foolish, short-sighted plans and pet devices fail; although folly and failure be branded on every human conception and undertaking, succeeding generations shall see the purpose of God revealing itself. Fresh growths, stronger, more beautiful, more fruitful branches shall take the place of those which fulfil their purpose for a time and then are removed or decay. Not as we wish, not as we conceive, shall be the future glorious Church, but infinitely better—"the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

FRATERNAL GREETING ON METHODIST UNION.

BY BISHOP McTYEIRE,
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

MY DEAR DOCTOR WITHROW,—Allow me to congratulate you on the consummation—One Methodism in Canada. We of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are not so far off that we have not felt a lively interest in your affairs. I have uniformly reported Canadian Methodism more like Southern Methodism—our Methodism—than any other known to me. My brethren have been helped to receive the report by what they have been permitted to see of your representative men.

We have watched the progress of your measures since the Union movement was initiated, and witnessed with deep satisfaction the magnanimity of the largest body, and the self-respect of the smaller ones, and the true Wesleyan conservatism of all. You have felt cautiously, but with fraternal drawings, for a solid ground to rest on, and have found it.

Our experience emboldens me to say that, in the large element of lay influence admitted into your Conference and counsels, you have made no mistake. Under God, it was a mighty power for us, when in our General Conference of 1866 we took the steps that led to the introduction of an *equal* number of laymen with ministers into the highest Church court. The revival, the almost resuscitation, of Southern Methodism, after the civil war, was largely due to this cause. While positive forces were thus added, another result was accomplished of considerable value. The mouths of adversaries were stopped. We have had no more *ad captandum* appeals to reply to, that it was a close corporation, a priestly government, a preacher's power, our people lived under. To save the time wasted in that defence, and the exasperation of parties when *rights* are discussed, was worth much.

We have seen, what many least expected, that the lay element in the General Conference, our only law-making body, is more conservative than the ministerial.

I was impressed with the laymen who held places in your Conference at Hamilton, when a year ago I had the honour to be sent to you, and be received by you, with fraternal greetings

from my Church. The *status* of Canadian Methodism is sufficient assurance that there are more of the same sort to enrich your assemblies, spiritually, mentally and socially; and to replenish, guard and guide the "funds" of your strong united Methodism in the future.

It is a very joy and strength to your brethren, in these lower latitudes, to witness your care for the spirituality, and orthodoxy, and mission of Methodism. If not with equal step, yet with one heart and mind, we shall try to keep your good company.

With your admirable training and system in works of benevolence and education and missions, I look to the 170,000 Canada Methodists, as now happily united, to lead any equal number this side of your favourite and boasted possession—the North Pole. I am trying to get our people into your church-going and money-giving habits. We are improving, but you are ahead of us.

We learn, with great pleasure, that you are preparing to take part in the Centenary year of organized Methodism in America, 1884. That was the original name—"The Methodist Episcopal Church, in America."—not "in the United States." And if ever we change our name, we shall go back to the old original.

We shall look for your fraternal messenger, Rev. Dr. Briggs, at Richmond, in 1886, as they do who expect good tidings from a far country by a most fit messenger. Possibly he may hint to us something of *another* union; but we have difficulties you know not of. North and South lines are harder to overcome than East and West ones—for political, industrial and social reasons. But I must not anticipate what Brother Briggs will say to us. He may not allude to the subject at all. Let us see how you work it, under vastly more favourable conditions. I am sure that North and South, white and black, all Methodists wish well to the Union of our Canada brethren. May you not fall out by the way. May you have the praise of setting a good example to your co-religionists in Great Britain and in the United States.

Your *Guardian* must be still better now that Dr. Stone is yoked in with Dr. Dewart. As Tennesseans say—That is a strong team. I must read you more closely than ever, since there is more of you, and a new chapter is opened of special interest to you and to us all. My poor prayers are for your peace, and for your life more abundantly.

I have not the happiness of personal acquaintance with one

of your Connexional Presidents—Dr. Carman ; but, I doubt not, from his well-established reputation before, and the wise and admirable manner he has shown in the Union measures lately perfected, that he is a worthy associate of Dr. Rice. This would be considered very high praise by my Southern brethren who have heard me speak of the President of your General Conference at Hamilton.

We elected you down here to continue at the head of the MAGAZINE before the ballot was cast in Canada, and are not displeased at the confirmation of our choice. We may ask you for a bill of particulars some day—How is it that Canadian Methodists can maintain a Monthly Magazine, when Northern Methodists and Southern Methodists, with larger membership and at least equal means, have both failed?

You will be pleased to learn that our fall Conferences have opened well. I have held one in Kentucky and one in Tennessee, this month, and reports show increase in number of conversions and accessions to the Church, and the collections for missions and other causes are enlarged. My colleagues give similar accounts. It is a thorough and comfortable and inspiring belief of the writer that the Lord still has use for Methodism. To produce the ideal, primitive Christianity in the hearts of men ; to preserve it, and to propagate it—be this our work, under every name and in every place. For this we have the promise of the Holy Spirit, in His convincing, converting and sanctifying power. For this we have means of grace, well tried. Let us keep to the old paths, and walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing. My sentiment to the four united bands in Canada is—May you go on from strength to strength, and every one appear before God in Zion.

PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

THE DAWNING YEAR.

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”—Rom. xiii. 12.

REJOICE! Rejoice! The day is near,
The morning breaketh full and clear;
No gloomy doubt, nor timid fear,
May desecrate this glad New Year.

Arise! Arise! The waning night
Of woe and pain and tyrant's might
Forecasts the coming of the light,
The morning song—the reign of right.

Ring out! Ring out! Loud-pealing bell;
O'er lake, o'er sea, and mountain dell
Ring out! Let the high anthem swell,
That Truth on earth hath come to dwell.

Proclaim it wide—the year is nigh,
When through rejoicing earth and sky
Will ring the glad exultant cry,
“All things are Thine, O Christ, most high.”

O heart of mine! Take thou good cheer;
Sing out thy song of triumph clear;
With Christ, thy King, already here,
Millennium dawns, this glad New Year.

“HOLINESS TO THE LORD.”

Morning has arisen into day. Are we children of that day? For form, we have spirit; for Gerizim and Zion, our common scenery. The ministry of Aaron is ended. His ephod, with its gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twilled linen, and cunning work, has faded and dropped. The curious girdle and its chains of wreathen gold are gone. The breastplate of judgment that lay against his heart, and its fourfold row of triple jewels—of sardius, topaz and carbuncle; of emerald, sapphire and diamond; of ligure, agate and amethyst; of beryl, onyx and jasper—has been lost. The pomegranates are cast aside like untimely fruit. The golden bells are silent. Even the mitre, with its sacred signet, and the grace of the fashion of it, has perished. All the outward glory and beauty of that Hebrew worship which the Lord commanded Moses has vanished in the eternal splen-

dours of the Gospel, and been fulfilled in Christ. What teaching has it left? What other than this?—that we are to engrave our “Holiness to the Lord,” first on the heart, and then on all that the heart goes out into, through the brain and the hand; on the plates of gold our age of enterprise is drawing up from mines, and beating into currency; on bales of merchandise and books of account; on the tools and bench of every handicraft; on your weights and measures; on pen and plough and pulpit; on the doorposts of your houses, and the utensils of your table, and the walls of your chambers; on cradle and playthings and school-books; the locomotives of enterprise, and the bells of the horses, and ships of navigation; on music halls and libraries; on galleries of art and the lyceum desk; on all of man’s inventing and building, all of his using and enjoying; for all these are trusts in a stewardship for which the Lord of the servants reckoneth.—*Huntington.*

MONICA.

The steadfastness of Christian faith, as well as the faithfulness of the covenant-keeping God, are strongly and tenderly illustrated in the life of Monica, mother of St. Augustine. Through years of weary waiting, discouragement and seeming failure, she followed her sinful and rebellious son, never doubting that God would yet bring him in health and cure, and “cause his name to be a joy and praise among the nations.” Not only have St. Augustine’s life and writings brought strength and comfort to Christian hearts through the centuries since Monica’s prayer was heard, but her own incorruptible faith has been an inspiration to other waiting and prayerful hearts. The following description of the close of her earthly life we take from “Days near Rome,” by Augustus Hare: “But from these classical recollections the Christian pilgrim will turn with enthusiasm to later memories, as precious and beautiful as any that the Campagna of Rome can afford, and he will see Augustine, with his holy mother, Monica, sitting as in Ary Scheffer’s picture, at a ‘curtain window,’ discoursing alone, together, very sweetly, and forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, ‘inquiring in the presence of the Truth, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be,’ and ‘gasp[ing] with the mouth of their hearts after the heavenly streams of the fountain of life.’ Then, as the world and all its delights become contemptible in

the nearness into which their converse draws them into the unseen, He will hear the calm voice of Monica in the twilight telling her son that her earthly hopes and mission are fulfilled and that she is only waiting to depart, 'since that is accomplished for which she had desired to linger awhile in this life that she might see him a Catholic Christian before she died.' He will remember that five days after this conversation Monica lay in Ostia upon her deathbed, and waking from a long swoon, and looking fixedly upon her two sons standing by her, with grief amazed, said to Augustine, 'Here thou shalt bury thy mother;' and that to those who asked whether she was not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city, she replied, 'Nothing is far to God, nor is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not recognize whence to take me up.' And here, on the ninth day of her sickness, at the age of fifty-six, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body. The bones of Monica were removed afterward to Rome, to the Church which was dedicated to her son's memory; but it is Ostia which will always be connected with the last scenes of that most holy life, and at Ostia St. Augustine describes the 'mighty sorrow which flowed into his heart' as the beloved mother sank into her last sleep: how Enodius calmed their grief by taking up the psalter, and how all the mourning household sang the psalm 'I will sing of mercy and judgment to Thee, O Lord,' around the silent corpse; and lastly, how the body was carried to the burial, and they 'went and returned without tears, for the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of the heart.'"

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

What is so beautiful? It is the heart cleansed of defiling desires, the heart filled with divine sweetness; lifted into the atmosphere of God; breathing His breath, wearing His expression, speaking his language, dwelling in His arms. Such a soul "abhors the thing unclean" with an instinctive and powerful detestation that knows no restraint nor limitation. Its whole being shrinks appalled from the very sight or thought of sin. No child fears or flies a wild beast so swiftly; no woman hides from deadly pursuers so closely. What a drop of vitriol is to the rose-tint, what a grain of prussic acid is to the sensitive tissues of the stomach, what a murderous blow is to him, before whose awakening eyes the knife in the robber's hand is seen descending—this and more is sin to a holy soul. For these only

produce material ruin that burns to the lowest hell. These destroy all they can, so does that; these kill the body, that the soul; these ruin the temporal and transient being, that an eternal.

Sin as a disease is the corruption of our nature, and is indicated by our will being estranged from God, our proneness to depart from Him, and the slavish fear with which we vainly try to hide ourselves from His presence. This disease does not manifest itself till after the sinner has been awakened by the Holy Ghost to see and know himself. People call this the infirmity of their nature, and are apt to think it is an excuse for remaining in sin. Because of their conscious inability they would fain persuade themselves that God requires nothing of them. Call this what we will, it is none other than the sin that is in us. It is revealed to us by the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, not to excuse for sinning, but for the purpose of bringing us to the risen Christ for healing, just as we once, under conviction for sin, came to the dying Christ for pardon. As believers, we need Him in this character (as the risen Son of God) as much as we needed Him before as the Lamb of God. He is now the great Physician, who can heal all manner of diseases. It is our privilege to go to Him, not to ask Him to help to heal ourselves, but to undertake the work for us. Christ gives dominion over sin. But those who have proved the fulness of the threefold deliverance which God has provided for us in Christ Jesus our Lord, can testify with joy that God is greater than themselves, and the grace of Christ is stronger than sin; in short, that He has all power and authority in heaven and on earth, and is able to do for us abundantly more than we ask or think.—*The Threefold Gift of God.*

PERFUME OF PIETY.

The staff of a printing office were once surprised and delighted by a delicious perfume which suddenly filled every part of the room. Upon inquiry it was found that one had passed through the office who, being constantly occupied with sweet spices and odorous drugs, became literally saturated with fragrance. The consequence was that wherever he went he diffused a delicious sweetness, evoking such inquiries as: "Where has the man come from?" "What is the secret of this sweetness?" This illustrates the fragrance of the Christian as set forth in Ps. xlv.8: "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia."—*Times of Refreshing.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

UNIVERSITY ENDOWMENT.

We think it unfortunate that the subject of higher education should become the theme of newspaper controversy. But in the case now before the country the denominational colleges are free from the charge of opening that controversy. Unjustly, as they believe, deprived of the annual grants which they had for many years received from the State in recognition of the valuable educational work which they performed for the country, they nevertheless made the best of the situation, and by the increased private liberality of their friends maintained those institutions in a high degree of efficiency. But the State University, not satisfied with an income greater than that of all the denominational universities together, begins to clamour for further endowment or subsidy. Thereupon Principal Grant, of Queen's University, courteously but firmly protests against the injustice of an increased subsidy to the State institution, till it should appear that a more economical management of its available resources was inadequate for its efficient maintenance. *Hinc ille lachrymæ* and the vehement controversy now waging.

It is too late in the day to raise the question whether the higher education of the country is to be, in part, carried on by means of institutions under denominational control, or whether it shall be carried on for the whole country from Glengarry to Rat Portage exclusively by a single institution maintained by the State. In any view of the case, the fact must be taken into account that both classes of universities are in existence, and that both are doing efficient educational work. Indeed, the decided preference of the country for the denominational colleges is shown by the fact that by voluntary contributions it maintains those colleges which command the

confidence and receive the patronage of the majority of those seeking higher education. Justice demands that if increased subsidies be given for the purposes of higher education, they should be appropriated according to the work done. Payment by results is a test from which the denominational colleges will be the last to shrink.

Perhaps a more practicable way would be for the Government to help those who help themselves—and in proportion to the degree in which they help themselves. If a College raises an endowment of \$100,000 or \$200,000 let the State give it as much more. This will be a very economical way of getting the higher education of the country carried on—the colleges meeting half the cost. The State University will then have the advantage, to begin with, of magnificent buildings, library and museum, paid for with public money, and over \$1,000,000 of endowment which no body proposes to touch.

If the State University desires increased resources, let it cease diverting so large a part of its income from proper educational work to the offering of money inducements to students to attend its lectures. It could by this means alone save enough to maintain an additional chair, if one were thought desirable. The offer of some \$5,000 a year in cash scholarships for nearly thirty years, in addition to practically free tuition for most of that time, has compelled the other colleges to offer similar scholarships in order to prevent their being handicapped in the race by these bonuses of public money. It is time that this prize chromo business was done away in all the colleges. Let each rest its claims for patronage solely on the quality of the work done.

If the State College, after this, needs still further aid, let it ask its wealthy alumni and friends, who prefer that

kind of college, to supplement its \$65,000 or \$70,000 annual income, with any amount they may deem necessary for its additional equipment. They will then be doing only a small part of what the friends of the denominational colleges have been doing for years, in addition to bearing their full share of the burden of University College.

There is another aspect of this university question upon which it is a more delicate task to touch, but which must not be overlooked in this discussion. Our friends of the State University triumphantly ask if there be such a thing as Methodist mathematics or Presbyterian physics, and if not, what objection can we have to our young men being taught these subjects by any competent professor, even though we may have no guarantee or safeguard as to his Christian orthodoxy? We reply, that we deem it impossible for an agnostic or a skeptic to teach biology or physics, which are the strongholds of materialistic philosophy, without, perhaps unconsciously to himself, insinuating a doubt, or through the very lack of any positive teaching, undermining the faith an inquiring student.

The Christian Churches want some guarantee that the men to whose moulding hand they shall commit the training of their youth, in the most plastic and formative period of their history, shall not be men who in their treatment of the great primal truths of biology and ontology will

Damn with faint praise, assent with
civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest
to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to
strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

But a short time since, through the skeptical influence of the German universities, even the theological chairs of that country, or the most of them, were strongholds of rationalism. The Christian Churches of this land can never assume an attitude of indifference to the most vital interests of the youth committed to

their care, nor surrender the right of choice as to what manner of men the instructors of those youth shall be.

On the other hand, there is the danger in an institution conducted on the broad gauge principle, to suit Catholics and Protestants alike, of emasculating the curriculum to meet the prejudices of the latter. We believe this was the reason why, when the Roman Catholic College of St. Michael became affiliated with Toronto University, several of the standard text books in ethics, which had been in that curriculum for years, were withdrawn, and also several of the text books in history, which, it was apprehended, would be distasteful to Roman Catholic students. If this was not the reason for those unprecedented changes, we would like to know what the reason was.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

Methodism from its very beginning has sought earnestly to have an educated ministry. Born in the most learned University in Europe, it realized that there should be no divorce between learning and piety. The chief founder of Methodism was one of the most learned men of his age. Among his followers have been many who, excluded from the national Universities, yet made themselves the peers in learning of the chief scholars of the age. One of the most notable of these was the humble Irish lad, who, by his innate energy becoming one of the learned Orientalists and most popular Commentators of his time, yet maintained his intense religious fervour and soul-saving zeal. Our attention has been called by the Rev. Dr. Rice, senior Superintendent of the Methodist Church, to an instructive passage in Etheridge's *Life of this great Biblical scholar*, which is as apposite to the genius of Methodism to-day as it was when written eighty years ago.

"At this time" (1806), says Etheridge, "Mr. Clarke felt very strong convictions on the necessity of some effective measures for the training of men of piety and promise for the work of the ministry in the Metho-

dist body ; which, with the continual increase of its members and influence in the country, partook as well the educational advantages by which the English intellect has been so greatly elevated in the present age. He saw that an illiterate ministry would be inadequate to the wants of the times ; and that, if the pulpits of Methodism were to attract the people, they must be filled by men who were, at least, on a par with their hearers in mental cultivation. With these impressions, he took an early opportunity of bringing the subject under the consideration of the preachers then stationed in London ; and the result of their conversation he details to Mr. Butterworth :—

“ We have now a subject of the deepest concern before us. We want some kind of seminary for educating workmen for the vineyard of the Lord. I introduced a conversation this morning upon the subject, and the preachers were unanimously of opinion that some efforts should be made without delay to get such a place established either here or at Bristol, where young men who may be deemed fit for the work may have previous instruction in theology, in vital godliness, in practical religion, and in the rudiments of general knowledge. No person to be permitted to go out into the work who is not known to be blameless in his conversation, thoroughly converted to God, alive through the indwelling Spirit, and sound in the faith. Mr. Benson said he would unite his whole soul in it, if I would take the superintendence of it. What can we do to set this matter on foot? The people are getting wiser on all sides : Socinianism, and other isms equally bad, are gaining strength and boldness. . . . Every Circuit cries out, “ Send us acceptable preachers ; ” and we are obliged to take what offers, and depend upon the recommendation of those who can scarcely judge, but from the apparent fervour of a man’s spirit. My dear brother, the time is coming, and now is, when illiterate piety can do no more for the interest and permanency of the work of God than lettered irreligion did formerly. The

Dissenters are going to establish a grammar-school, and have sent about to all our people, as to their own, for countenance and support. Would not God have our charity in this respect to begin at home? Are there not many of our people who would subscribe largely to such an institution? If we could raise enough for the first year for the instruction of only six or ten persons, would it not be a glorious thing? Perhaps about twenty would be the utmost we should ever need to have at once under tuition, as this is the greatest average number we should take out in a year. Speak speedily to all your friends, and let us get a plan organized immediately : let us have something that we can lay, matured, before the Conference. God, I hope, is in the proposal ; and we should not promise our strength or influence to others, till we find either that we can do nothing for ourselves, or that nothing is requisite.”

“ This desirable project could not at that time be accomplished. The Conference was burdened with increasing pecuniary difficulties, and the resources of the Connexion were not adequate to the task. At a later day, however (1833), the scheme was carried into full effect, to the great satisfaction of all enlightened and impartial men in the Methodist communion. A Theological Institution was founded, one branch of which is situated at Richmond, Surrey, and the other at Didsbury, near Manchester. Already, in these sequestered shades, hundreds of pious young men, called of God to the work of the Gospel, have been soundly trained for the Christian ministry, of which they are making worthy proof in various parts of the world.”

With the progress of the age, and the increase and more general diffusion of knowledge, an educated ministry is more and more the need of the Church. And Methodism throughout the world is endeavouring to meet this need. In the United States it has its *over forty* colleges and theological schools. In Canada it has its three Universities and three schools of theology ; and

one of the most important results we anticipate from the union of the forces of Methodism will be the consolidation and strengthening of its institutions of learning, so as still more adequately to meet the necessities of the age in which we live.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

There are few notes to which the great heart of Christendom so strongly responds as to that of Christian unity. In all evangelical Churches there is, we believe, a yearning to repair the breaches and heal the schisms of the past. The liberalizing spirit of the age is breaking down the barriers which have kept Christian Churches and Christian people apart. As more of the spirit of the Master abounds in the heart, more love will abound to our brethren of other sections of Christ's Church. Too long have the Churches been estranged from one another, often persecuting one another—"at one time with the sword of the State, at another time with the more cruel swords of pen and tongue."

A few months ago, the Rev. Dr. Gladden published a now celebrated series of papers in the *Century Magazine*, on "The Christian League of Connecticut," describing the practical carrying out of the principles of Christian unity in that State,—the prosecution of Christian work, not on the worldly principle of competition, but on the Christian principle of co-operation. Is not this worth attempting? In a postscript to the work written in September of this year, Dr. Gladden says:

"The grateful and appreciative words that have come to me from all quarters give me far greater honour than belongs to me. The praise is due to those in whose minds and hearts this impulse toward co-operation in Christian work lives and grows from year to year. It is plain that a destructive analysis has done its worst upon the Church, and that we have reached a period of reconstruction and synthesis. The fragments of the great denominations steadily gravitate together; the Presbyterians, north and south, are

beginning to talk in their assemblies about coming together, and disunion can never survive discussion. No man can give a Christian reason for opposing reunion; every reason against it is drawn from selfish considerations or hateful passions which Christian men cannot long justify themselves in cherishing. When the Presbyterians come together, the Methodists and the Baptists cannot afford to stay apart, and we shall presently see the centripetal forces acting as vigorously as the centrifugal forces have been acting for a century or two. All this is in the air. He who cannot discern it is dull-witted indeed. I have only reported the movements of the *Zeitgeist* (the spirit of the age)."

It behooves all earnest Christians—all who desire to see the complete and final victory of Christ's kingdom over the kingdom of Satan and sin—to labour and pray for this spirit of unity and co-operation in the work of bringing the world to the feet of Jesus. In the words of the common creed of Christendom, "we believe in the Holy Catholic Church,"—the whole body of true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet how often have wrath, strife, envy, and all uncharitableness marked the conduct toward each other of the different sections of that Catholic Church? Thank God that a brighter day is dawning, that the hearts of Christians in the different Churches are yearning toward each other, and that they are stretching out hands of brotherly greeting over the barriers which so long have kept them apart. May the time soon come when everywhere shall be realized the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

We are glad to be able to present in the present number of this MAGAZINE contributions by two leading and representative men of two sister Churches on this important subject. We were much struck with the venerable Bishop Fuller's kind and Christian letters on this topic in the *Toronto Mail*. In one of those letters the Bishop pathetically re-

marked that it might seem like the dream of an old man to hope for the union of the now severed Churches of Christendom. But saith not the Scripture, "It shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams?" And these are the glorious dreams that shall come true. As Dr. Laing remarks in reply to the question, "Shall the spiritual unity of the universal Church have its counterpart in a visible organization which shall include all the people of God in all lands?"—"Yes is the answer that faith must give, for the mouth of the Lord has promised it."

Impressed with the broad and Christian spirit of Bishop Fuller's letters, we invited him to express frankly his sentiments on this important subject in the pages of this MAGAZINE. This, with his characteristic courtesy, he has done in this number. We do not know that we coincide with all that the venerable Bishop writes, but think that most of our readers will agree in the generous tribute paid by representatives of so many Churches to the Book of Common Prayer—the grandest manual of devotion, apart from the Holy Scriptures, that the world has ever seen. In the most sacred moments of our lives, the language of that venerable book—almost unchanged since the time of Edward VI.—is employed in the liturgy of our own Church—at the baptismal font, at the marriage altar, at the table of the Lord, at the ordination of our ministers, and as we stand beside the open grave. Those time-honoured words are invested in all English-speaking lands with the deepest and tenderest associations.

The sublime *Te Deum* of St. Ambrose, the Song of the Virgin, the *Gloria Patri*, and the responsive reading of the Ten Commandments, are now often heard in our churches, blended with the hymns of Bishop Heber and of Bishop Ken, of Keble and of Lyte, as well as with those of Wesley and of Watts. No one was more loyal to the doctrines and institutions of Methodism than the late Dr. Ryerson—revered and honoured name!—yet at the very close of his life he declares that "in no formularies of any Church are more fully stated the distinctive doctrines taught by the Methodist preachers of Canada than in the Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies of the Church of England," and by copious citation he makes good his assertion.*

We think that by the exercise of a little Christian commonsense and courtesy, a more kindly feeling and more intimate relationship may be cultivated between Methodism and the other sections of the Church of Christ; which, if it do not, in our time, result in organic union, shall at least lead to mutual respect and mutual helpfulness in Christian work, and prepare the way for the blessed consummation foretold by our Lord, when "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

Since Dr. Stevenson's admirable paper on Tennyson was written, the Laureate has, by the express desire of the Queen, been raised to the peerage, in the title of Baron D'Eyncourt. The D'Eyncourts are an ancient Norman family from whom the Tennysons are descended. But the poet is great than the peer. His own grand words are still true—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

* *Canadian Methodism: Its Epochs and Characteristics*, pp. 86-98.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Missions are the glory of Methodism. Recent intelligence has been received from Fiji. Several of the islands have been visited with gracious visitations from above. In some places sixty persons have professed to find the Saviour, at another one hundred and fifty gave their names as seekers of salvation. Of late years there has been a great influx of whites which has not been beneficial to the native population. At one place, however, several of these people have embraced religion, among others, a young man, the son of a clergyman, who for forty years had led a roving life in the Southern world, but he found mercy in Fiji, and shortly afterwards died trusting in the Saviour, "a brand plucked from the fire."

The Training Institution is in a good condition. At the annual examination the students gave evidence of great proficiency. There were thirty-four students, thirteen of whom were about to enter the ministry. One volunteered for New Britain. One circuit reports \$3,090 missionary money the largest amount ever raised in any one year. The following fact must be gratifying to the friends of Missions, and also to the statesmen who laboured so earnestly to secure Fiji as an English colony. "The Government of Fiji expects that during the present financial year there will be a surplus of \$50,000." And yet fifty years ago these people were cannibals. Now they are a civilized and christianized nation.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

The Missionary Committee held its recent annual meeting in New York and appropriated \$795,000 to the Missions at home and abroad.

This amount is an excess of that appropriated last year by about \$40,000. \$48,000 were appropriated to liquidate the debt of the Society which still amounts to \$88,000, last year it was \$102,579. The expenses amount to \$21,000, and \$6,500 is appropriated to diffuse Missionary information, which is money well spent.

Miss Philander Smith, Little Rock, Arkansas, gives \$10,000 for establishing a Medical College at Nankin, China.

Rev. Dr. Goucher, of Baltimore, has given the Society \$3,000 towards establishing an Anglo-Japanese University in Tokio to cost \$12,000, providing the remaining sum shall be secured by special contributions; Dr. Goucher also donated \$6,000 for a Theological School at Foo Chow, China.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is a powerful organization, and at its recent annual meeting appropriated no less than \$139,996 for the Missions which it has established in India, China, Mexico, Japan, South America, Bulgaria, and Italy.

The following is the foreign force of this Society: American Missionaries, forty-six; assistants, forty; two hundred and twenty Bible women teachers; six hospitals and dispensaries, seventeen boarding schools with one thousand pupils; one hundred and fifty schools, with over three thousand girls and women as pupils; three orphanages, with four hundred orphans; two homes for the friendless and one thousand three hundred Zenanas, which are systematically visited.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

A bell weighing six hundred and fifty-two pounds has been shipped

to India, bearing this inscription, "Presented to the Native Methodist Episcopal Church, Cawnpore, by Caroline Sagford Reid, A.D., 1883, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"

Two Armenians are studying in the Vanderbilt University for mission work in their native land.

Two brothers in Texas give \$10,000 each to the Endowment Fund of the South Western University.

Rev. Thomas Craven, of Lucknow, India, has received a gift of a \$2,000 steam-printing press—the first of this kind to be used in any Indian Mission.

Dr. Otis Gibson, of San Francisco has been requested by the Oregon Conference to organize a Chinese Mission in Portland, where it is estimated seven thousand Chinese reside.

The Missions in Mexico number nearly one thousand members and a much larger number of adherents. Its Sabbath-schools bring together nearly seven hundred pupils, while its day-schools are educating about six hundred of the youth of both sexes.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Preparations are being made for uniting the various branches of Methodism at the time appointed. The Committee appointed to secure the necessary Acts in the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures have met and prepared drafts of said Acts. The Committee on University matters has also been in session. The matter of locating the university and other necessary preliminaries will be held in abeyance until the Committee can decide as to future action. A strong resolution was passed deprecating additional State aid to Toronto University, till it should be shown that it made economical use of its already large endowment.

The *Christian Journal*, the organ of the Primitive Methodist Church, has now been amalgamated with the *Christian Guardian*, so that the readers of that journal will hence-

forth receive a more extensive account of all matters pertaining to Methodism. We hope that all our Church periodicals will now receive a much larger circulation. Congregations in various localities have been so far amalgamated that they confine their labours to one Church, though the services are conducted by the resident ministers alternately. This has been done at Pickering, and Columbus, and Brooklin, and at a few places in Darlington. By these arrangements Sunday-schools will become much more efficient, congregations will be increased, considerable expense avoided. It is hoped also that union evangelistic services will be held, and that there will be a great ingathering of souls, for it must never be forgotten that Methodism is "Christianity in earnest," and that Methodist Union will not accomplish its mission unless the work of evangelization be prosecuted with increasing vigour and efficiency.

Our excellent confrere, *The Wesleyan*, contains several revival items respecting the Maritime Provinces which are gratifying to its Western readers as well as those more particularly concerned.

We are glad to notice that the visit of the Rev. Dr. Cochrane to the Maritime Provinces was greatly appreciated. The accounts which he gave of Japan were graphic and interesting, such as the people wanted. He travelled several thousands of miles, and attended nearly 60 meetings.

The Wesleyan College, Montreal, has been opened in the new building just erected. Hon. Senator Ferrier presided. There was an unusually large attendance, both of ministers and people of various denominations. Several of the former delivered suitable addresses, among others the newly elected Bishop of Huron, Dr. Baldwin. The number of students enrolled at the opening is twenty, five of whom are preparing for French evangelization.

It is sometimes thought that Protestantism does not flourish among the habitants of Quebec, but it is stated that in 1830 it was not known

that there was a single Protestant among the French-speaking people of Canada, now there are 3,000 communicants, and a French Protestant population of about 11,000.

It must also be borne in mind that great numbers of converted Roman Catholics are compelled, for obvious reasons, to remove from the Province of Quebec as soon as they abjure their Church, hence various colonies are established in the United States.

We are glad to learn that in various places in our Western Conferences, there is an increase in the missionary revenue. This is gratifying, for the brethren labouring on Domestic Missions deserve special consideration. Their appropriations for the current year are unusually small. Our Presbyterian brethren are setting the Methodist Church a noble example in the "scheme" which they are now developing to supplement every Home Missionary's allowance, so that the minimum salary shall not be less than \$750. Some of the leading ministers are visiting presbyteries and congregations in aid of the scheme with encouraging results.

As these notes are in course of preparation, news reaches us from England of the most gratifying character respecting the action of the Bible Christian Committee. Not only does that Committee refuse to send a minister to London as requested by a congregation dissenting from the Union, but they recommend the congregation to join heartily in the Union, and the Committee furthermore in effect promises to do its utmost to secure the approval of the Conference to the plan of Methodist unification as adopted by the General Conference in Canada.

The Anniversary of the Woman's Missions Society General Board was held in Montreal in October. (The paragraph in November MAGAZINE referred to the first Annual Meeting of the Toronto Conference Board only). The income of the Society is over \$4,000, being an increase of \$1,300. The membership is about 1,100. We expect the report to be published in a few days, when we will give further notice of the Society.

ITEMS.

Arrangements are being made for the co-operation of the Baptists and Free Christian Baptists in Academic education in New Brunswick. The last census gives the former body some 50,000 adherents, and the latter over 33,000, a good constituency for a denominational Academy. The *Visitor* says: "We are satisfied that these bodies have been growing towards each other for years, and it would afford us singular satisfaction and joy to do anything which might lessen the space between two great Christian denominations which we think should never have had a separate existence.

The Baptists in Hungary have suffered much persecution the past year. Many have been imprisoned, several have been stoned, the houses and property of some have been destroyed, and one was beaten to death. Yet the work goes on.

A negro woman—a cook—of Augusta, Ga., has made a bequest in her will of \$600 to the Paine Institute.

The Episcopalians of Elstow, England, where John Bunyan was born, have devoted to his memory a stained glass window in their church, thus reversing the verdict of their fathers.

Rev. M. Taylor, writing from Coquimbo, Chili, says: "Our work is going on gloriously. The Lord is with us and all our workers are united; full of hope and good cheer.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, of our Montreal Conference, is still labouring among the Jews in New York City, with three assistants, all converts from Judaism, one of them a nephew of a Jerusalem rabbi. There are 80,000 Jews in the city. Mr. Freshman has two preaching places, two Sunday-schools, both of which are in the midst of a large Jewish population. He is making an appeal for \$3,000 to aid him in his work. He has an advisory committee consisting of ministers of various denominations, among whom we are glad to see the name of the Rev. W. Stephenson, formerly of Canada. Mr. Freshman's address is 25 Seventh Street, New York.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North, from the Most Ancient Times to the Present. By FREDERICK WINKEL HORN, Ph.D. Translated by RASMUS B. ANDERSON. 8vo., pp. 507. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$3.50.

To all English-speaking people, Scandinavian literature should have a special interest. It possesses strong affinity to our own. In our veins flows the blood of our old Norse ancestors. A strain of their mental constitution affects our intellectual life. It is remarkable to what a literature that grey old North has given birth—remarkable both as to its volume and its character. The Scandinavian Eddas and Sagas are conceived in the grandest poetic vein. They derive their sublimity, in part, probably, from the stern sublimity of the fjords, and fire-mountains, and blended lava and ice-fields of Scandinavian scenery; and in part from the weird, wild mythology of the North, which itself was largely influenced by the aspects of nature.

It seems almost impossible that such a noble literature should have flourished amid the rigorous climatic conditions of the North; but the cold winters and long, dark nights furnished the opportunities for the cultivation of letters that the vigorous intellect of the Norsemen eagerly embraced. Of the 70,000 inhabitants of Iceland, says Prof. Anderson, "there is not an individual who is not able to read." The same intellectual characteristics are shared by the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. There is scarce a people on the earth among whom education is more widely diffused, and literature more sedulously cultivated.

Although there are some 2,000 volumes in English, treating, more or less fully, Scandinavian countries, we do not know one which brings within the reach of the English

reader facilities for the study of its literature equal to this volume. Prof. Anderson, in his noble work on Norse Mythology—reviewed on its issue in these pages—demonstrated his familiarity with the spirit of the North. He has here shown his accurate acquaintance with its scholarship. He describes first the old Norse literature of Iceland, the elder and younger Eddas, the Skaldic poetry, so akin in its alliteration to Anglo-Saxon verse, and the heroic Sagas, legends, and folk-lore of the North. With the discovery of printing and revival of learning, Iceland took part in a marked degree in the intellectual activity of the age.

In Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, literature was largely cultivated under the influence of the clergy. The youth flocked the Universities of Heidelberg, Cologne, and especially of Paris, and brought home a love of the "humanities" which they cultivated with distinguished success. Here, as elsewhere, the Lutheran Reformation stimulated free inquiry and intellectual activity; and, with the translation of the Scriptures, created a vigorous vernacular literature. The charming books of Bjornson and Ibsen reveal the poetic fire of the Norse mind, while the contributions of Scandinavia to science are well known.

One of the most striking illustrations of the native force of Northern literature is the fact that the Finnish stories of Prof. Topelius, a native Finn, have procured for him the title, the Scott of the North, and, translated into English and published in the mid-continent of America, exert their fascination over thousands of readers who have been in the habit of erroneously confounding Finns and Lapps and Eskimo in one common and unlettered class.

A striking feature of this book is a bibliography of nearly a hundred pages, by Thorvald Solberg, of all the important books in English on the Scandinavian countries.

The Boy Travellers in the Far East, Part Fifth; Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa. By THOMAS W. KNOX. 8vo., pp. 476. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$3.00.

The Sphinx of Egypt is the fitting symbol of the Dark Continent. For 4,000 years its stony lips have sealed the secret of the past; and for 4,000 years the heart of Africa has locked its secret from mankind. Only now is its mystery being revealed. There are no more thrilling pages than those which recount the heroism of Baker, Stanley, Livingstone, Cameron, Speke, and other African explorers. Colonel Knox is himself an old African traveller. He has also mastered the copious literature of the subject—Schweinfurth, Barth, Burton, Long, Cunningham, Du Chaillu, and the authors above mentioned, and has given in this volume the substance of their explorations and discoveries. The two youths who, under the guidance of Dr. Bronson, have in previous volumes of this series traversed Japan, China, Siam, India, Egypt, and Palestine, now sail up the Nile and explore its head waters. They pass Kartoom and the regions made famous by the recent exploits of the False Prophet and by the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker to crush the slave trade—the great curse of Africa. They visit the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas and explore the plateau of Central Africa. The discoveries and adventures of Livingstone and Stanley are recorded, and the Niger, the Congo, the West Coast, the English colonies of South Africa, the diamond fields, ostrich farming, Zululand, and the East coast are described.

Any intelligent youth, or adult either, by carefully reading this book in connection with the excellent maps here given, will have a more accurate knowledge of Africa and of the progress of African discovery than can be obtained in any other way, except by the reading of the many volumes, the substance of which is here given. In the near future Africa is destined to occupy a very prominent place in the com-

mercial and missionary enterprise of Christendom. Few subjects present more interest to the intelligent reader. The book is illustrated by over 300 engravings, many of them full page size. It is worth a score of the mere "story books" with which young folk addle their brains.

On the Difference between Physical and Moral Law. The Fernley Lecture of 1883. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. 8vo., pp. 244. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs.

Through the courtesy of the author we have received a copy of this book. It discusses one of the most important subjects of the present time. Mr. Arthur begins with the idea of Comte as expressed by John Stuart Mill: "All phenomena, without exception, are governed by invariable laws, with which no volitions, either natural or supernatural, interfere." This remarkable dictum is critically analyzed, confuted, and "pulverized." Our author then goes on to show that moral and physical agents are governed respectively by two orders of laws—moral and physical. The different kinds of relations established by these two orders of laws are then pointed out; and the nature of the two orders of laws and the different ways in which they govern the agents subject to them respectively is discussed. The "gist" of the argument is expressed in the following proposition: "The combined operation of the two orders of law, resulting in a system of free agents and fixed instruments, devolves upon the free agents certain powers of modifying phenomena, even by virtue of the inflexibility of physical law." We do not know any book in which the bald, blank, atheistic character of Comtism is so successfully controverted as in this Lecture. The readers of "The Tongue of Fire," and "The Mission to Mysore," will not need to be told that it is marked by an earnest spirituality and a lofty eloquence. We wish that we had space to quote the comparison between the philosophy of Socrates and that of Comte. The

closing paragraphs lift one up as on wings of eagles. The final sentence expresses the moral significance of the entire argument: "So, then, the conclusion of the whole matter is this: The mind of Christ is free of all worlds, and he who walks as He walked is a citizen of the city of God."

The Surgeon's Stories. Volume I.: Times of Gustaf Adolf. Volume II.: Battle and Rest. By Z. TOPPELIUS, Professor of History, University of Abo, Finland. Translated from the original Swedish. Chicago: Jansen, McClung & Co. Price, \$1.25 per Vol.

These volumes present a new phase in romantic literature. The work of a native Finn, a Professor at the Finnish University, of Abo, and first published at Helsingfors and Stockholm, they have been translated into several European languages, and have won distinguished fame for their author throughout the literary world. They are great historical paintings, or rather galleries of paintings, in which the heroes of Swedish history and the great movements of the age are portrayed. They breathe the spirit of the purest patriotism, and recall the proudest pages of the nation's life. The style is strong, original and clear, and they possess a romantic charm and rich poetic colouring. The author we have elsewhere called the Scott of the North.

The grand figure of Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant hero of the North, is the central subject of the first cycle, which describes the stirring times of the thirty years' war. We get a vivid glimpse of the battles and sieges in which he took part, and the gentler and more humane aspects of his life and character. We see him kneeling with his troops, chanting Luther's "Ein, Feste Burg ist unser Gott"—the battle-hymn of the Reformation—and uttering the prayer, "From distant lands and peaceful homes we come to fight for freedom, for truth, and for Thy Gospel: give us victory for Thy holy name's sake."

The intense bigotry and fanaticism of the party of Wallenstein, and especially the unscrupulous truculence of the Jesuits, are vividly portrayed.

The second volume continues the narrative from the times of Gustavus Adolphus to the times of Charles XII. It describes the stormy period of Charles X., his conquests in Poland and Denmark, and his famous march across the ice of the Little Bell in 1658, also the cruel famine years of 1694-6, and witchcraft persecutions under Charles XI. The gentler sentiments are not forgotten, and the minor characters and incidents deftly painted into the picture.

Mysteries of Time and Space. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Pp. 418, illustrated. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

Science has become so specialized now-a-days that we must trust to specialists to make plain its mysteries and discoveries to the popular taste. In all that pertains to sun, moon, and stars, no one has in this respect rendered more important service than Professor Proctor. We cannot quite make up our mind to accept his theory of world-building as developed in his "Meteoric Astronomy;" but we heartily rejoice at his refutation of the fantastic "religion of the Pyramids." The present volume contains his latest essay on the sun, moon, comets, meteors, magnetism, and the latest discoveries of astronomy. The Professor is master of a pure English style, and enables a reader who would not know the object glass from the reflector of a telescope, to gaze with reverent eye into the star depths of space and read—as far as science yet can read it—the mystery of the universe.

"Yet Not I," or, *More Years of My Ministry.* By the REV. W. HASLAM, M.A. Pp. 283. London: Morgan & Scott. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

We gave in this MAGAZINE a full account of Mr. Haslam's remarkable

book, "From Death unto Life;" recounting the wonderful leadings of God's Providence and success of his revival work among the lowly. The present volume is no less remarkable. It is marked by the same intense religious earnestness and deep spirituality of tone. Its fascinating interest is shown by the fact that it has already reached its eleventh thousand. So impressed are we with its value, that we have requested a detailed account of Mr. Haslam's work from the same accomplished pen that sketched his early career.

The Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither. By ISABELLA L. BIRD. Cr. 8vo., pp. 483, illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

Of all the lady travellers of the age, none have ever combined such intrepid energy of exploration, and graphic powers of description, as Miss Bird. Traversing the "unbeaten tracks" of the Aino Islands, in Japan; wandering amid the coral reefs and volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands; or riding like a centaur over the roughest passes of the Rocky Mountains; she is everywhere the accomplished lady, the keen observer, the vivid narrator. This volume describes her adventures on her way home from Japan. We have graphic pictures of life in Canton, Singapore, Malacca, Selangor, and Perak—the two latter British colonies, of which the very names are strange. She penetrated where no white woman had ever been, and traversed alone regions where a few months before no white man's life was safe. Her account of the prisons and courts and administration of, not of justice, but *injustice*, in Canton is as realistic as Defoe. The volume is as full of information as a Parliamentary blue-book, and as full of fascination as a novel.

Notes on Ingersoll. By the Rev. LOUIS A. LAMBERT. 12mo., pp. 204. Buffalo: Catholic Publication Society. Price, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

We are always glad to be able to

speaking well of our Roman Catholic friends. We welcome them as our allies in the cause of temperance, morality and religion against intemperance, immorality, and atheism. In this book the accomplished author, a Roman Catholic clergyman, grapples with the vulgar atheist and refutes his shallow sophistries as has not elsewhere been done. It has commanded alike the commendation of the Catholic and Protestant press. It takes up, one by one, Ingersoll's rash and reckless assertions, and with close-linked logic and hard facts disproves his falacious arguments, and with keenest sarcasm demolishes his paltry rhetoric. Mr. Lambert has rendered an important service to our common Christianity by exposing the ignorance and incapacity of this champion of infidelity. The book is on sale at our Book Room.

A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. By ISABELLA L. BIRD. Pp. 296, illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

The fact that this book has reached a seventh edition is proof of its remarkable merit. Miss Bird's passionate love of mountain life and mountain scenery induced her to ride hundreds of miles alone—over 800—through the highest passes of the "Rockies;" to share the camps of miners, and ranchers—helping the latter to "coral" and herd cattle; and to endure, for the pure fun of the thing, great hardships and privations. Amid the wildest desperadoes and Indian fighters, one of whom was afterwards "shot in his tracks," she experienced nothing but politeness. Her adventures are very amusing—to read, not to undergo—and she describes a transition state of society which is fast passing away. She is probably the only lady who ever did or ever will climb Long's Peak, the Mont Blanc of Colorado, but she considered herself well repaid for her fatigue and bruises by the magnificence of the mountain panorama, which made the Alps seem tame.

The Life of Wagner. By LOUIS NOHL. Translated from the German by GEORGE P. UPTON. 12mo. pp. 204, with portrait. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

The time has passed when a shallow sneer at the "music of the future" was thought either witty or wise. It has become the music of the present. The grand, sublime, and massive strains of Wagner make the tinkling melodies of Italian music seem trivial and thin. This volume describes the process by which this revolution in musical taste has taken place. The great corypheus of this movement is Wagner. Competent critics have described him as the greatest master of the tuneful art who ever lived. This book not merely records the events of his life, but analyses his great works and traces the musical development of his genius. To Dr. Nohl has been awarded the prize for the best essay on "Wagner's influence on the national art," a proof of his eminent qualification for the task of writing the biography of the great master.

Music-Study in Germany. From the Home Correspondence of AMY FAY. 12mo., pp. 352. Chicago: Jansen, McClung & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This is a book in which our young lady readers will delight. It is the bright and piquant narration of an American girl's experience in a German musical conservatory, also with Kullak, Liszt, and Deppe, the greatest living teachers of the piano. The book gives charming pictures of German home-life and social entertainment; breezy sketches of Rhine travel, and residence in Berlin, Dresden, Wiemar, Brussels, and Hamburg; and especially musical criticism and gossip about Tausig, Schumann, Rubenstein, Von Eulow, Kullak, and Liszt. With the grand old Abbe the fair writer seems to have been fascinated; conscientious music practice is pretty severe work. The writer deploras the lack of home comforts, and especially of religious life in Germany. The editor of the book remarks in conclu-

sion, "American teachers best understand American temperament, and therefore are by far the best for American pupils till they have got beyond the pupil stage. Not manual skill, but musical insight and conception, wider and deeper musical comprehension, and concert style, are what the young artist should now go to seek in that marvellous and only real home of music—GERMANY." Young ladies studying music will gain many valuable suggestions from this book.

A Tragedy at Constantinople. By LEILA-HANOUM. 12mo., pp. 299. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price 90 cents.

This graphic narrative draws aside the veil that conceals the jealousies, intrigues, and crimes of the Seraglio. The "tragedy" is the death of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, attributed to suicide, but now known to have been murder. It is a picture of a social condition doomed to extinction—and not a moment too soon. The removal of the Turk, "bag and baggage," across the Bosphorus, will lift an incubus from one of the fairest portions of Europe, and give back to Christian civilization a land now cursed with Moslem oppression. Spite of his iron-clads and his palaces, and veneer of French polish, the Sultan's rule is, in essence, not far removed from the barbarism of Bajazet.

CORRECTION.—In our notice of Messrs. Hatton & Harvey's admirable illustrated work on Newfoundland, Historical and Descriptive, we quoted its price as \$3.75. This was a mistake. It should have been \$2.50. The American edition is revised and improved from the English edition, yet it is offered at a much lower price. Hence the misquotation of price was not detected. This book should have a large sale in Canada. It is exceedingly interesting and instructive, as we will show in an article based upon it in our next number. It may be ordered from our Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax, for \$2.50.