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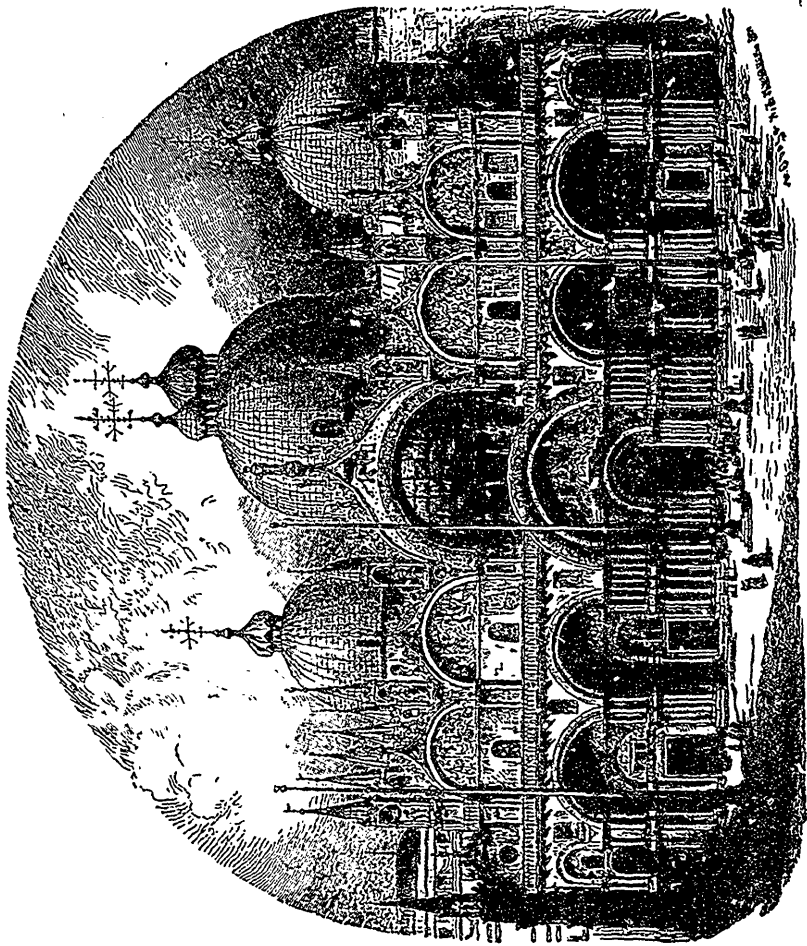
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CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO, VENICE.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1885.

## VENICE FROM A GONDOLA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a glorious City in the sea.  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of the palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,  
Invisible ; and from the land we went,  
As to a floating city—steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently.

—Rogers.



DOGE'S PALACE AND PRISON.

IN the fourth century a band of fishermen, flying from the ravages of Atilla, the Scourge of God, built their homes like waterfowl amid the waves. Bold, skilful, adventurous, they extended their commerce and conquests over the entire Levant ; and soon, like an exhalation

from the deep, rose the fair City of the Sea. During the Crusades the city rose to opulence by the trade thereby developed. In 1204 she became mistress of Constantinople and "held the gorgeous East in fee." The names of her merchant princes became familiar as household words in the bazaars of Damascus and Ispahan. Her marble palaces were gorgeous with the wealth of Ormuz and of Inde. Her daughters were clothed with the silks of Iran and the shawls of Cashmere. Their boudoirs were fra-

grant with the perfumes of Arabia Felix, and tuneful with the notes of the bulbul from the gardens of Schiraz; and her walls were glowing with the breathing canvas of Titian and Giorgione.

“ Her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.”

In her golden prime Venice had forty thousand sailors, and her fleet carried the banner of St. Mark defiantly over every sea. At length the son of her ancient rival, Genoa, discovered a New World beyond the western wave, and snatched forever from Venice the keys of the commerce of the seas. Cadiz, Bristol, London, Amsterdam, became the new centres of trade; and the discrowned Queen of the Adriatic saw her glories fade away.

As we glide along the iron way, eagerly scanning the horizon, a dark blue line of towers and churches, seeming to float upon the waves, comes gradually into view; and with a leap of the heart we greet “the longed-for, the most fair, the best beloved City of the Sea.”

“ She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,  
Rising from her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers. . . .

I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As at the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles,  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles

Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.”

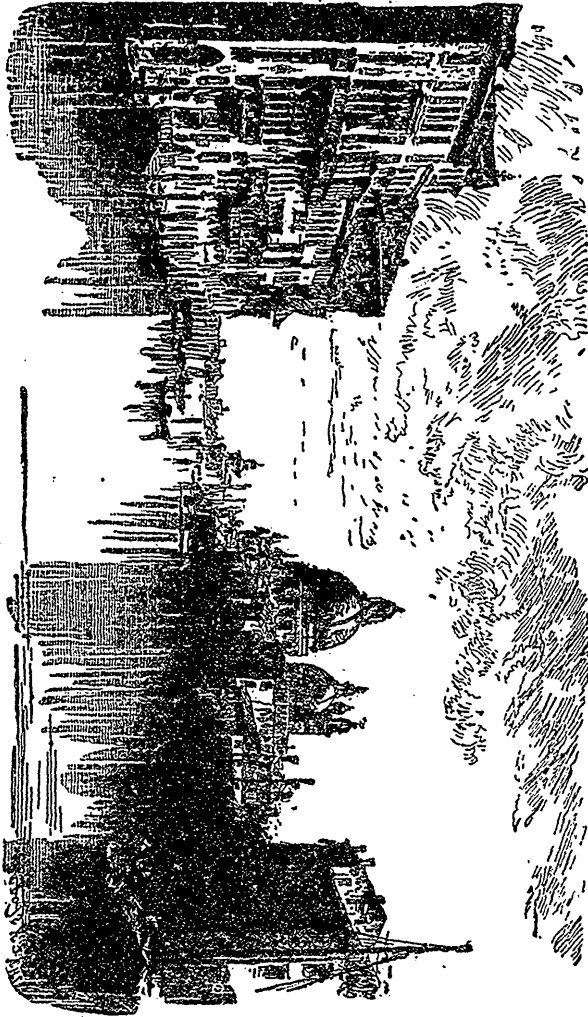
We quickly cross from the mainland, by a bridge over two miles long, to the far-famed Queen of the Adriatic.

It is very odd on reaching Venice, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream, in a luxurious gondola.\* In the strange stillness there was a suggestion of

\* An American lady is credited with the remark that she did not see Venice to advantage, because the streets were all flooded when she was there.

mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past.

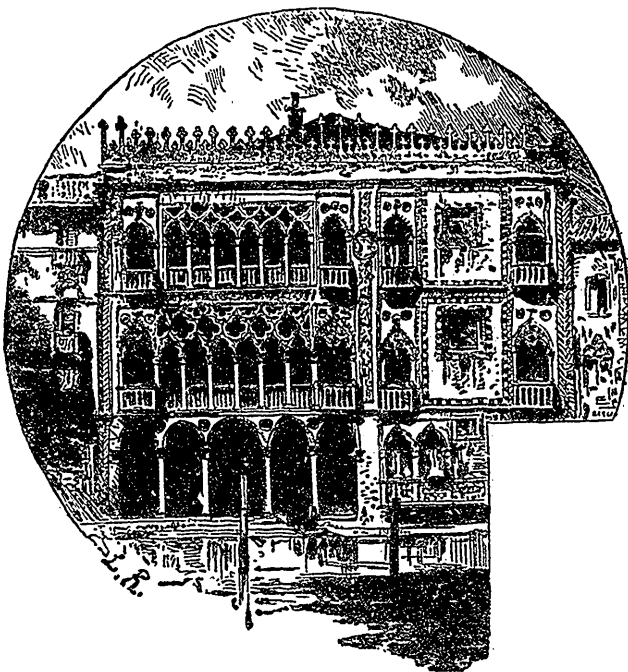
THE GRAND CANAL AND CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.



After dinner I sallied out for a sunset row upon the Grand Canal. I had only to step to the door and hold up my finger, when a gondolier, with the stroke of his oar, brought his bark to my feet. The charm of that first ride along that memory-haunted water way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in

Europe, will never be forgotten. I was alone—as one should be to let fancy conjure up the past. Onward I glided silently—

“By many a dome  
 Mosque-like and many a stately portico,  
 The statues ranged along an azure sky ;  
 By many a pile of more than Eastern pride,  
 Of old the residence of merchant kings,  
 The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,  
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.”



CA D'ORO.\*

\*The “Golden House,” so called on account of the richness of its decorations of 14th century style. It is now much faded. See Byron's lines—

“City of palaces, Venice, once enthroned  
 Secure, a queen mid fence of flashing waters,  
 Whom East and West with rival homage owned  
 A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters.  
 What art thou now? Thy walls are grey and old :  
 In thy lone hall the spider weaves his woof,  
 A leprous crust creeps o'er the House of Gold.  
 And the cold rain drips through the pictured roof.”

Others are of a faded splendour wan, and seem, Narcissus-like, to brood over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in a gilded galley to the annual mirage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock the Jew and the Merchant of Venice. And

“Now a Jessica

Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits  
At her half-open lattice.”

I directed the gondolier to stop at Gli Scalzi, a sumptuous church of the barefooted friars, and attended the singing of the Angelus. The scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir. And at that sunset hour the fishermen on the lagunes, the sailor on the sea, the peasant on the shore, the maiden at her book, the mother by her babe, pause as they list the vesper-bell and whisper the angel's salutation to the blessed among women.

As the sun went down I sailed out into the broad lagune, over the glowing waves which seemed like the sea of glass mingled with fire. The sunset fires burned out to ashen grey. The light faded from the sky; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's prow, and rowed me back to my hotel through a labyrinth of narrow canals threading the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and the crowded dwellings of the poor. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna. As we traversed the narrow canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—*preme*, or *stali*—was heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the strange stillness of that silent city, without sound of horse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated

gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till I scarce knew whether my strange experience were real or but the figment of a dream.

The great centre and focus of Venetian life is the Piazza of St. Mark. It is a large stone-paved square, surrounded by the marble palaces of the ancient Republic. The only place in Venice large enough for a public promenade, it is crowded in the



SCENE IN VENICE.

evening by a well-dressed throng of diverse nationalities, many of them in picturesque foreign costumes, listening to the military band, sipping coffee at the cafés, or lounging under the arcades. Among the throng may be seen jet-black Tunisians with their snowy robes; Turks with their fez and embroidered vests; Albanians, Greeks and Armenians; English, French, German, Russian, Austrian, and American tourists. The women of Venice have very regular features and fine classic profiles, a circumstance



which I attribute to the large infusion of Greek blood arising from the intimate relations for centuries of the Republic with Greece and the Levant. They wear a graceful mantilla over their heads, in quite an oriental manner; and a dark bodice, scarlet kerchief, and frequently a yellow skirt and blue apron—a bright symphony of colour that would delight an artist's eye.

A curious illustration is here given of the permanence of European institutions and customs. An extraordinary number of pigeons will be seen nestling in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, perched on the façade of St. Mark, billing and cooing, and tamely hopping about almost under the feet of the promenaders. At two o'clock every day a large bell is rung, and instantly the whirr of wings is heard, and hundreds of snowy pigeons are seen flocking from all directions to an opening near the roof of the municipal palace, where they are fed by public dole. This beautiful custom, recalling the expression of Scripture, "flying as doves to the windows," has been observed during six stormy and changeful centuries. According to tradition, the old Doge Pandolo, in the thirteenth century, sent the tidings of the conquest of Candia by carrier pigeons to Venice, and by a decree of the Republic their descendants were ordered to be forever maintained at the expense of the State.

The glory of this stately square, however, is the grand historic church of St. Mark. All words of description must be tame and commonplace after Ruskin's glowing pen-picture of this glorious pile:—

A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss,—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of an-canthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolt a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a

confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars; until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.\*

Above the great portal ramp the Greek bronze horses brought by Constantine to Byzantium, by Dandolo to Venice, by Napoleon to Paris, and restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis.

“They strike the ground resounding with their feet,  
And from their nostrils breathe ethereal flame.”

As we cross the portico we step upon a porphyry slab, on which, seven centuries ago, the Emperor Barbarossa knelt and received upon his neck the foot of Pope Alexander III., who chanted the while the versicle, “Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.” “To Saint Peter I kneel, not to thee,” said the Emperor, stung with the humiliation. “To *me* and to Saint Peter,” replied the haughty Pontiff, pressing once more his foot upon his vassal's neck. The proud monarch was then obliged to hold the stirrup of the priest as he mounted his ass, not “meek and lowly,” like his Master, but more haughty than earth's mightiest kings.

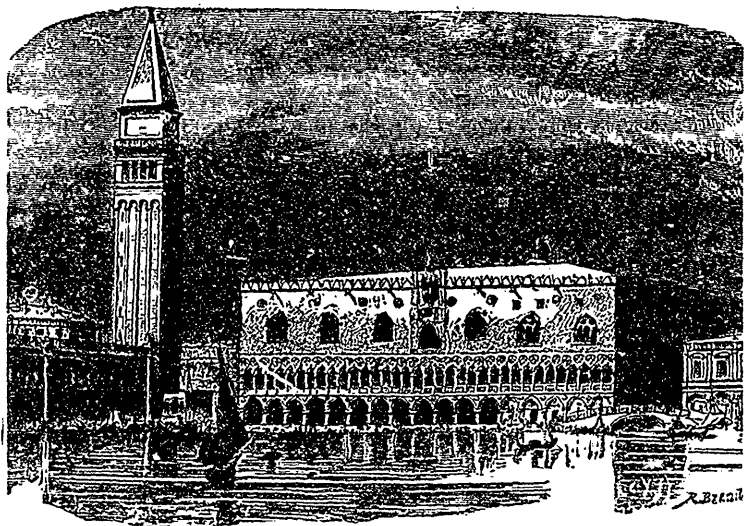
In that same porch the Doge Dandolo, “near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on,” ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium. Here

“In an after time, beside the doge,  
Sat one yet greater, one whose verse shall live  
When the wave rolls o'er Venice—  
The tuneful Petrarch crowned with laurel.”

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens

\*The Vandal-like proposal has recently been made to “restore” this matchless façade in modern workmanship. Such a vigorous protest, however, is raised against the scheme, that it will hardly be carried into execution.

before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheeted with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps, "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen! Christ shall come!" "Not in wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of



THE CAMPANILE AND DOGE'S PALACE.

them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—'He shall return to do judgment and justice.' The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold."

I lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and terrors of the Apocalypse; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadence of

the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. I stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim, weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which I enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolese and Julian Alps. A tourist, with an artist's eye and poet's pen, thus describes the beauty of the scene:

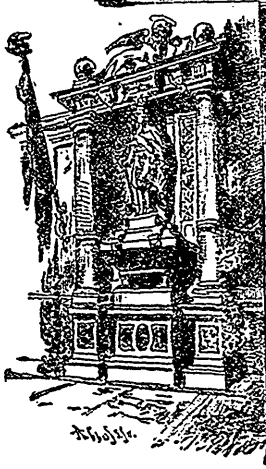
The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to crimson and gold. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis lazuli washed with gold, the islands are bowers of greenery, springing from the bosom of the purple waves. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like the wings of some gigantic, tropical bird; flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the mast head; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars, the hum of human voices; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, the glory of this beloved queen among the nations.

For six centuries and more the grey old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fêtes and funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's axe.

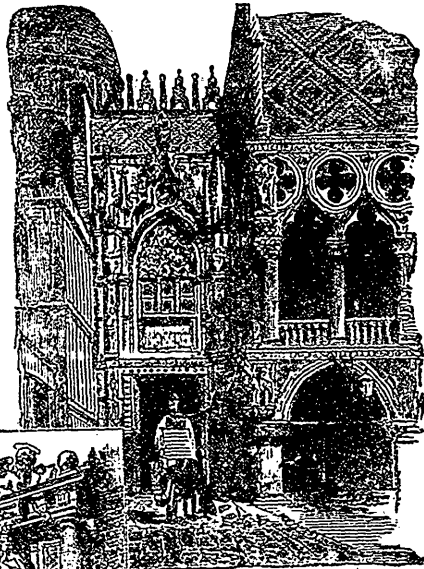
Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, where the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles incised in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The halls

of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind. In the splendid library I saw a copy of the first printed edition of Homer, and rare old specimens of the famous Aldine classics.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, I entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims. There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed the instruments of torture, the hidder, the changing blood, the which bodies of veyed to the which the Doge fined. In the though I doubt once spent 48 gain inspiration



DOGE'S TOMB.



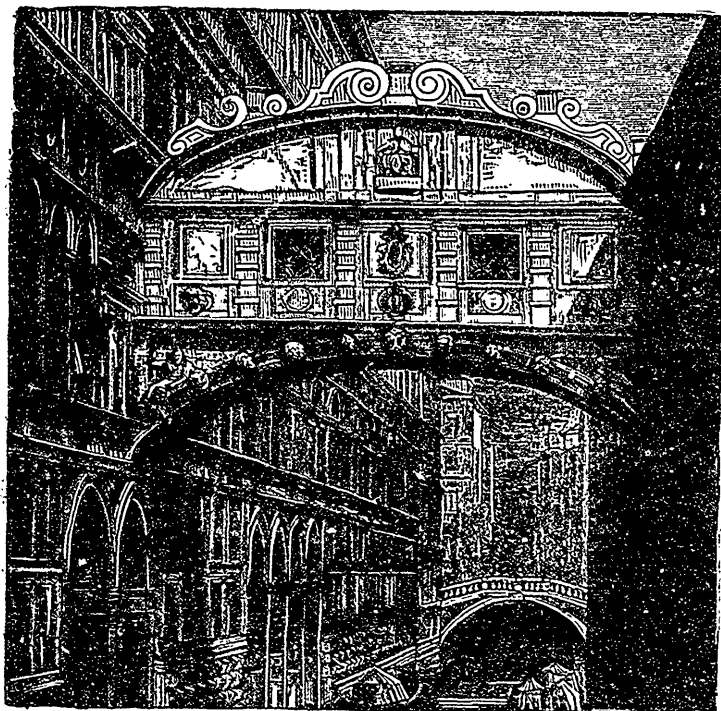
DOGE'S PALACE.

eous apparatus of mur nels made for the flow- secret opening by the victims were con- canal, and the cell in Marino Faliero was con- latter, he told me, al- the story, that Byron hours, that he might for his gloomy tragedy

upon the subject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that I might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt. A very few minutes was long enough for me.

The ancient arsenal is an interesting relic of the golden prime of Venice. It once employed 16,000 men, and Dante compares

the Stygian smoke of the Inferno to that from its seething caldrons of tar. In its magazine are the remains of the *Bucentaur*, the golden galley with three hundred rowers, from which the doge, arrayed in more than oriental pomp, used annually to wed the Adriatic by throwing into it a ring, with the words, "*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.*"—"We wed thee, O Sea, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."



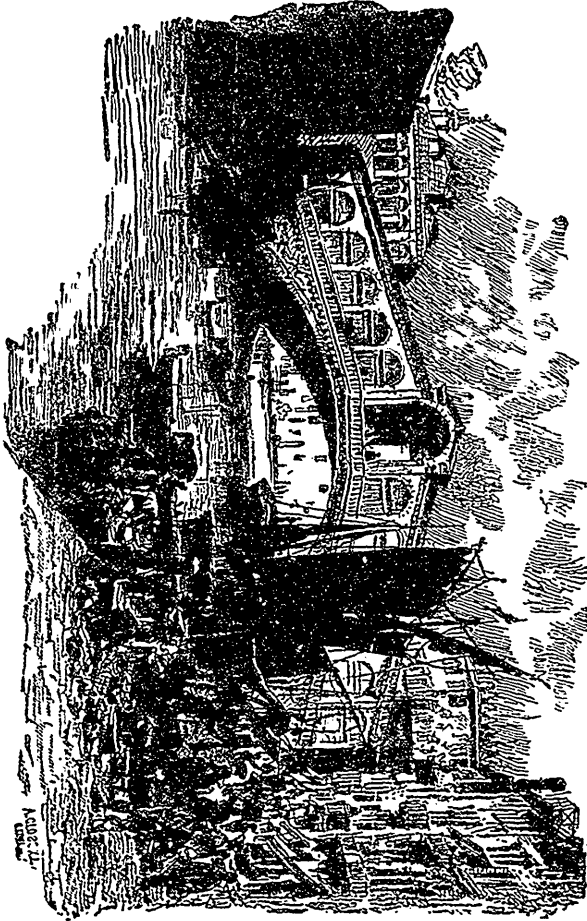
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;  
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,  
The *Bucentaur* lies rotting unrestored,  
Neglected garment of her widowhood."

The swords of the Foscari, the armour of the doges, the iron helmet of Attila, the "oriflammes that fluttered in the hot breath of battle in the days of the crusades," and other relics of the past, are also shown. At the gate is seen an antique lion from the plain of Marathon.

Many of the other churches of Venice, as well as St. Mark's, are of great interest, especially those containing the sumptuous tombs of the doges and the monuments of Titian and Canova. In one epitaph I read the significant words, "The terror of the Greeks lies here." I visited also the great hospital of St. Mark,

THE RIADTO AND GRAND CANAL.



with six hundred patients well cared for in the magnificent apartments of a mediæval palace.

The people whom I saw in the churches seemed very devout and very superstitious. I saw one woman rub and kiss the calicodress of an image of the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, as if in hope of deriving spiritual efficacy therefrom. I saw

another exposing her sick child to the influence of a relic held in the hands of a priest, just as she would hold it to a fire to warm it. On the Rialto, once the commercial exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," now lined on either side with small huxter shops, I bought, as a souvenir, a black-faced Byzantine image of the Virgin. I had previously bought at Naples, for the modest sum of a penny, a couple of scapulars—a much-prized charm against sickness and danger. I visited two of the private palaces on the Grand Canal, whose owners were summering in Switzerland or at some German spa. Everything was as the family left it, even to the carved chessmen set out upon the board. The antique furniture, rich tapestry, and stamped leather arras, the paintings and statuary, seemed relics of the golden time when the merchant kings of Venice were lords of all the seas.

Two of the most interesting industries of Venice are the mosaic factory on the Grand Canal, and the glass works on the Island of Murano. The mosaic is made of glass cubes, of which, I was told, 10,000 different shades were employed to imitate the colours of the paintings to be copied. The result, however, was less beautiful than at the stone mosaic factory which I visited at Florence. The Venetian glass work is of wonderful delicacy and beauty; and the flowers, portraits and other designs, which are spun by the yard and which appear on the surface of the cross section, are of almost incomprehensible ingenuity and skill.

As I was rowed out to Murano, I passed on a lonely island the cemetery of Venice. How dreary must their funerals be—the sable bark like that which bore Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," gliding with muffled oars across the sullen waves.

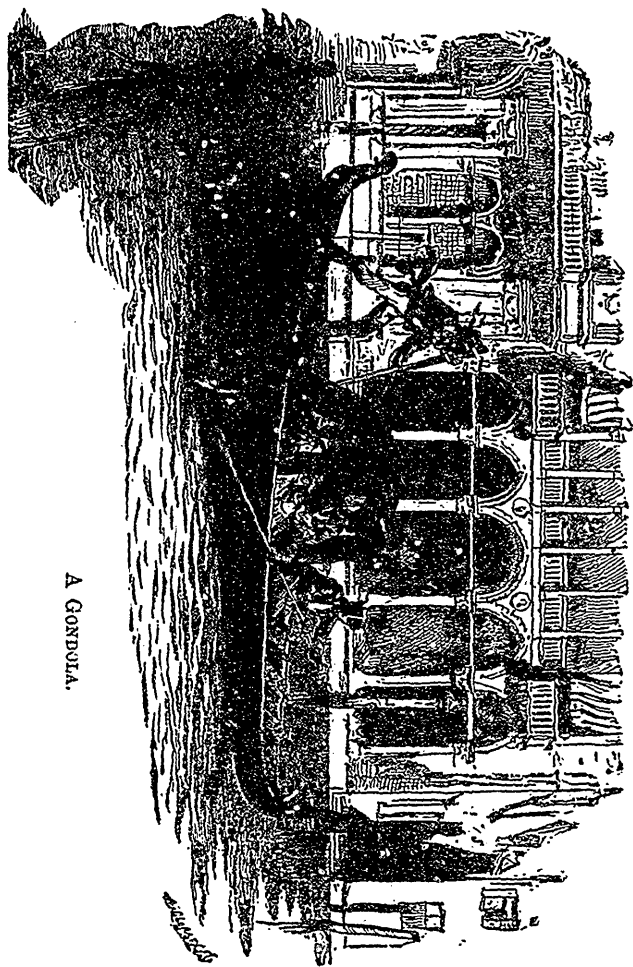
The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre-funereal-looking bark, draped in solemn black, its steel-peaked prow curving like a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:—

" 'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,  
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,  
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;  
It glides along the water looking blackly,  
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,  
Where none can make out what you say or do."

There are, of course, no wells in Venice, except an Artesian



boring; but in each parish is a stone cistern, which is filled every night by a water-boat from the mainland. The iron cover over this is unlocked every morning by the priest of the neighbouring church; and one of the most picturesque sights of the city is to



A GONDOLA.

see the girls and women tripping to the wells, with two brass vessels supported by a yoke upon their shoulders, for the daily supply of water.

Gliding along a lateral canal in my gondola one day, I saw on a wall the words "Methodist Chapel." I soon afterwards found

it out. It was a private house in a very narrow street. I introduced myself, and was very warmly greeted by the worthy pastor, the Rev. Henry Borelly, and his wife. They were both Italian, but spoke French fluently. They represent the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. They showed me the chapel, a very comfortable room which would hold two hundred persons, but they spoke of the great discouragements and difficulties under which they laboured, and asked for the prayers of the Methodists of America on their behalf. After a very agreeable interview, Mr. Borelly courteously accompanied me back to my hotel, and gave me at parting a hearty God-speed and "*bon voyage*."

On the last evening before I left Venice, I sailed, in a glowing sunset, to the Lido shore. In the golden radiance, the marble city seemed transfigured to chrysopease and alabaster, reflected in the glassy wave. The purple curtains of the night closed round the scene, and only the long line of twinkling lights revealed where the Sea Queen lay. It was with a keen regret that I tore myself away; for no spot in Italy, I think, exercises such a potent fascination over mind and heart. "There can be no farewell to scenes like these."

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#### LEAD THEM HOME.

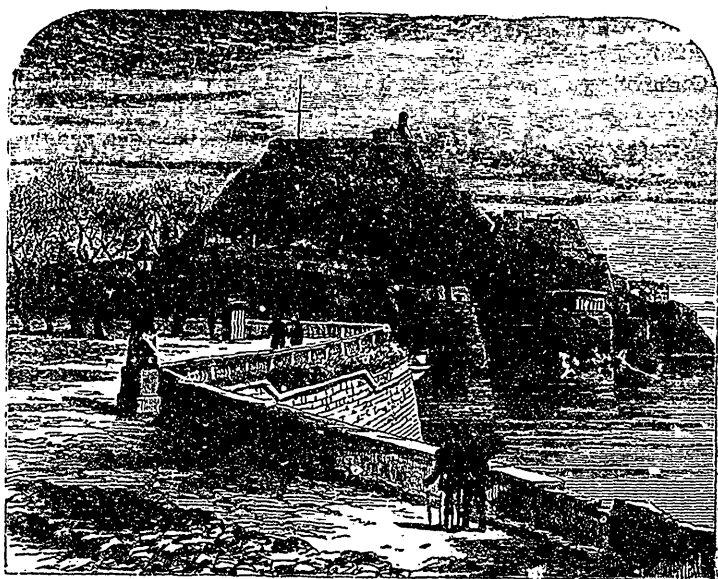
LORD, we can trust Thee for our holy dead,  
 They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,  
 Have entered into peace; with bended head  
 We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who on stormy seas  
 Of sin and sorrow still are tempest-tossed;  
 Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—  
 Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;  
 For these we cry to Thee through the long day.  
 We see them not, O keep them in Thy sight!  
 From them and us be Thou not very far away.

And if not home to us yet lead them home  
 To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate;  
 That so from Thee they shall not farther roam;  
 And grant us patient hearts the gathering time to wait.

IN CLASSIC LANDS.



CORFU.

To dwellers in a young country like Canada, where one can scarcely see anything much older than himself, there is a peculiar fascination in a visit to those classic lands which have so largely moulded the world's thought and the world's destiny. See, for instance, the influence of little Attica and of Athens—

The eye of Greece, and mother of arts  
And eloquence—

on the civilization and literature of all Christian lands. Macaulay, in a noble passage, thus speaks of the influence of Greece:

¶ All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring; encouraging, consoling—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house, and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The first place at which tourists from Western Europe stop on the way to Greece from Italy is the island of Corfu, in the Ionian Sea. The Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., thus sketches with graphic pen the characteristics of the island:

Corfu will well repay a visit, for it is one of the loveliest spots that can be found. The capital itself is very quaint. The streets are narrow and a perfect labyrinth, up and down tortuous lanes and passages, and the tall old houses tower up on either side. The view from the Esplanade is most enchanting. On one side rises the lofty Citadel, built by the Venetians when the Republic, in the 15th century, at the height of its power, held all the coast lands from the mouth of the Po to Corfu, and had a population of over 8,000,000. On the other side are the strong battlements built by the English—for this island was long held by our Government as a military post, and was only a few years ago ceded to the Greeks. Before you rises the beautiful Albanian shore, with bay, and cape, and point, and headland draped with glory, and the mountains glittering and snow-clad; behind you are the high, blue-tinged mountains of the island; around you gardens, castles, groves; below you, the silver, sunlit sea, its glittering surface reflecting mountain, tree, and shore; and down upon all, the firmament sends the ether in rosy reflections of light.

The people, too, are a study. What a strange mingling of European with Oriental manners and customs! What an interest in watching the brilliant but many-hued crowds that gather in the public square—Italians, French, English, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, Arabs—a motley collection of many nations, peoples, and tongues. Men with fiery-red caps, Albanians with short white skirts, like a ballet-dancer's dress, others with raiment indescribable, fancifully dressed children, dashing French and Italian beauties, and native women with their gleaming white veils. Listen to the babel of tongues! In a dozen yards you hear as many different languages.

Next morning we were indeed in classic waters. It is the Ionian Sea, with its haunting memories of the wandering heroes of the "Odyssey" and the "Æneid." The sea is studded with islands, that are invested with immortal associations; and on the mainland every bay and cape and point and headland has been made famous in history and glorious in heroism. There is Ithaca, the home of the wandering Ulysses and his fair Penelope. Yonder is Cephalonia with its antiquities of Roman baths, rock-cut tombs, tessellated pavements, and vast stretches of Cyclopean and Hellenic walls; while rising up five thousand five hundred feet is Mount Ænos, called the Black Mountain, from the darkness of the pines, which constitutes the most striking feature in Cephalonian scenery. There is Zante, "the flower of the Orient," with its picturesque little city and olive gardens, and currant plantations. Schleimann, the explorer of Troy and Mycene, is here in Ithaca, raking up what remains he can find of the home of the great hero. To our left is the Gulf of Corinth; but the crowded, bustling city is no more. There is Navarino, the scene of a famous fight between the

Greeks and Turks in the war for Hellenistic independence. Yon lone mountain, that rises up in such naked majesty, is Parnassus, the home of the Muses. There is Pindus and Mount Athos. Yonder lie the uplands of old Sparta, with its historical reminiscences and marvels of valour in the brave days of old. What a brightness there is in the sun! What beauty in the sea? What classic memories over all! The mind is steeped with thoughts of Agamemnon and Achilles, and the thousand heroes of the elder ages; the glorious deeds of Marathon and Thermopylæ and Salamis. This is the land in which Homer sang, and Socrates taught, and Plato dreamed, and Aristotle studied, and Demosthenes poured forth his fiery philippics; and yet these classical localities are barren, destitute, unpoetical wastes. It is not the Greece of the golden age of glory—

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.”

The ruins, that gleam from the summits of barren hills, are but the symbols of a desolation that has come upon her. Nothing remains of the Greece of two thousand years ago, but her rich and imperishable literature.

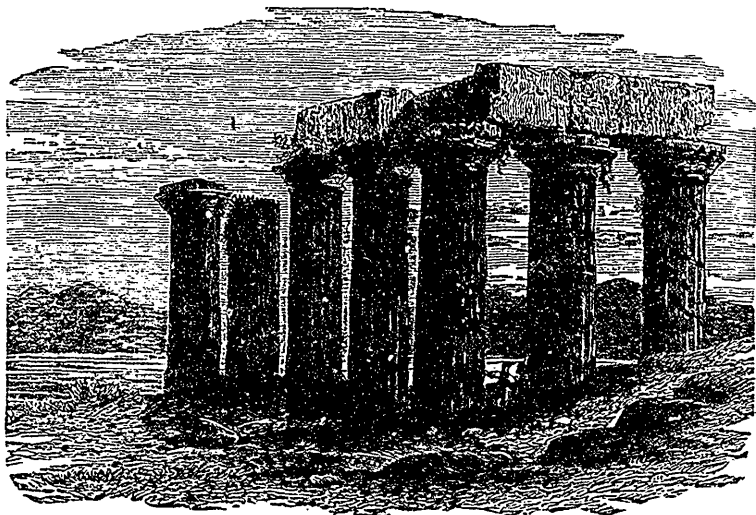
The whole region is rife with memories of the sages, and heroes, and poets of those glorious days of old. The sea is studded with those sunny islands “where burning Sappho loved and sung,” and where heroes and demigods, nymphs and nereids,—“the fair humanities of old religions”—haunted each grove and grot and cast over every vine-clad cliff and crag and vale a potent and abiding spell—

“The light that never was on sea or shore  
The consecration and the poet’s dream!”

Sailing up the Gulf of Lepanto, one reaches the site of the world-famous city of Corinth. In the days of its splendour this was a city ten miles in circumference, rich in temples and palaces of the most exquisite structure. Indeed the city has given its name to the most elegant and beautiful style of Grecian architecture. Its most notable feature was the famous Acrocorinthus—the Acropolis of Corinth—a rocky, isolated hill rising abruptly to the height of 1,886 feet. It is in natural defences the strongest mountain fortress in Europe. From St. Paul’s letter to the Church in Corinth we may gain some idea of the evil reputation of that city—a reputation for profligacy and fashionable vice far worse than that of Paris or Vienna at the present day. Of all the stately temples naught remains save a few mouldering ruins, and instead of its once teeming population a few petty traders carry on a petty trade in dried fruit, wheat, and oil.

The great centre of attraction of this storied land, however, is its modern as well as its ancient capital Athens, "the eye of Greece." We cannot do better here than adopt, in abridged form, the admirable account given by the Rev. D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., of his visit to this world-renowned city.

Rising at five o'clock in the morning, I found our little steamer coasting along the romantic shores of Greece, having on our right the long line of Sunium's lofty promontory. Soon we could discern over the level plains four or five miles from the shore the two hills at whose base cluster the white buildings of modern Athens. One was Lycabettus, twin-peaked; the other the far-famed Acropolis, crowned with the walls and pillars of the majestic Parthenon. It was with a thrill of pleasure that I caught



REMAINS OF RUINED TEMPLE AT CORINTH, GREECE.

sight for the first time of a scene so replete with historic interest, and for so many centuries the focus of the intellectual life of the world.

Passing the small harbour of Phalerum, we rounded a low promontory through a narrow opening into the harbour of the Piræus. It is more spacious than I expected to find it, and with its ironclads and trading craft, and little boats plying to and fro, is a busy scene. In A.D. 1830, Piræus consisted of half a dozen fishermen's huts; to-day it is a busy port of Athens, with a population of nearly 30,000. There is a railway connecting the two cities, the only railway, I believe, in Greece, but we preferred going up by carriage. Keeping the memorable Parthenon ever in view, we became more and more interested as we drew nigh to the city, around which centred so many of our early classic studies. What a commingling of the ancient and modern one finds! The streets are designated

by classic names, such as Hermes, Æolus, and Athene. The shop signs are all printed in the well-known forms of the Greek alphabet. Ruins of ancient greatness may be discovered here and there. And yet to me, approaching it with ideas of its antiquity, it was disappointingly modern. The war of liberation left in 1830 a mere mass of ruins, but from that time it has rapidly grown, and now has a population of about 70,000. The streets are, many of them, wide, well paved and lit with gas. The public buildings and some of the more pretentious private dwellings are of polished white marble, brought from the quarries of Pentelicus, whose debris, lying like snow on the slope of the mountain fifteen miles away, can be distinctly seen. The marble is so dazzlingly pure and sparkling, that it is a relief to the eye to have it stained, and one is not surprised that the ancient Greeks with their keenness for beauty, made free use of blue and crimson in decorating their marble halls.

Nearly every day a military band plays in the public square, drawing together a large number of the fashionable idlers of the city. The Athenians are a quick, lively, nervous sort of people, full of electricity. Like their ancestors, they spend a good deal of time "in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing."

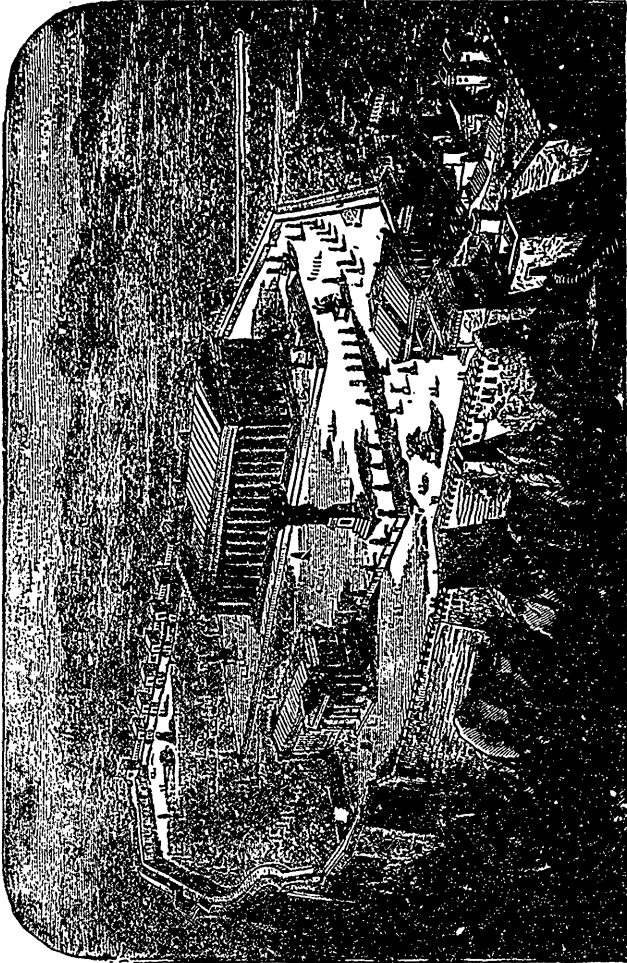
In visiting the schools, it comes as a surprise to a visitor from Western lands, to hear even little children reading from the ancient classics with a vivacity and readiness that might well excite the envy of many of our teachers and professors. The pronunciation of the language varies extensively from that which is taught in our schools, the tendency being more toward the soft Italian style. One of our visits was to the University of Athens. The building is one of large size, built of marble, and is furnished among other appliances with a library of 160,000 volumes. It has a staff of over sixty professors, and an attendance of about 1,500 students.

The views around Athens are very pretty. The plain on which the city stands is triangular in shape, shut in on two sides by mountain ranges, and on the third by the blue waters of the sea. Two insignificant streams flow past the city in a south-westerly direction, the Ilissus on the east and south, and the Cephissus on the west; and yet both are made memorable in the history of philosophy; for at the head-waters of the former, amid gardens and shady groves, Aristotle founded the Lyceum; and on the lowlands that border the latter, Plato set up his Academy.

Some distance to the east of the Acropolis is the Stadium, a vast amphitheatre hollowed out of a hill, where centuries ago, as well as to-day, Athenian youths contended in the games of the arena. Tier above tier to the top of the hill, once rose its marble seats, fitted to hold fifty thousand spectators; but now not one stone is left.

Immediately to the west of the Acropolis, separated by a small valley, stands the Areopagus, centre of judicial life of Athens. It is a narrow, irregular ridge of rock, not very high, running westward. Ascending at the eastern end by steps cut in the rock, we found ourselves on a small platform surrounded on three sides by rude seats cut in the rock. This is the famous seat of the judges, where men were put in the scales with life and death. The place where the prisoner stood is pointed out. In

the midst of the gay and frivolous city stood this place of solemn awe, to lead men to higher thoughts than those of vice and pleasure. On this spot, too, stood the great Apostle of the Gentiles and pleaded the cause of the unknown God. Standing face to face with the world's sublimest intellects and with his eyes resting upon some of the most magnificent of



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS RESTORED.

earthly temples, he declared that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Surrounded by costly objects of devotion in which the city gloried, he protested that they "ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." How true and brave his words in the presence of that which was false and pernicious! Here too, tradition says, Socrates stood and defended the doctrine of the one God, and here received his sentence of death.



Descending into the grass-covered valley in the south, we stood in the old *agora*, or market-place, once filled with a busy throng and adorned with statues of their gods and heroes, but now a desolate common. West of that we ascended the Pnyx, the old place of the people's parliament. Elevated above a sloping plateau which was large enough to hold an audience of several thousand, is a square stone platform, where, doubtless, many a time the witchery and power of the orator had swayed the multitude. A little farther up the hill is another plateau and another platform. On such a spot as this Demosthenes had "fulminated over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne," and here the warning and appealing cries of patriotism were often heard. Never was there a spot better fitted to arouse the enthusiasm of both speaker and people. All around is spread some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Over yonder sparkle the blue waters of Salamis, and beyond that mountain ridge is Marathon, the Trafalgar and Waterloo of ancient times. Westward were the groves dear to Plato, and eastward the Lyceum of Aristotle. At their feet was the Agora, centre of a world's trade, and filled with master-pieces of art, cherishing the memory of virtue and patriotism. Beyond it was the august tribunal of justice; and, close by, lifted in grandeur and sublimity above, the Acropolis, at once a citadel and a shrine, crowned with its noble Parthenon, and resplendent with the lofty statue of the tutelary goddess Minerva. No wonder that amid such associations the hearts of men were stirred within them!

Leaving this hill we ascend the more lofty one of the Museum, now called Philopappas. It was the evening hour, and as we sat on the hill-top, what with the beauty and glory of the setting sun, the flaming clouds, the mellow light bathing the marble Parthenon in a sea of subdued splendour, and the ever-deepening blue and purple shadows on the hills, together with the memories that cluster around those hills and plains, the impressions we felt were indescribable.

I have reserved an account of the Acropolis, which we visited again and again, to the last. It is the centre and boast of the city, and though the tides of generations and conflicts of armies have chafed around it, as the restless sea about some lofty crag, yet it has changed but little since in the splendid era of Pericles it was crowned with the noble Parthenon. The hill rises with perpendicular face to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and has a summit nearly flat, one thousand feet long by five hundred wide. This hill becomes a museum of art, history, and religion. It was a fortress, a treasury, and a site for temples. Wealth and genius, patriotism and religion united to make it the home of the gods and the centre of the national glory.

Formerly a long flight of marble steps, broad and magnificent, led up the western end of the hill from the valley close to the Areopagus. While we were there this was being partially unearthed from the rubbish and debris that has long hidden it from sight. Our road wound across the western end to a temporary gate on the southern slope. Entering we stood before the Propylæa, the costly and magnificent entrance to the Acropolis, built about 437 B.C. It consisted of a costly central pediment supported

by six fluted columns, twenty-nine feet high, of which only two now remain, and two wings, of which but one remains. To the right on a projection stands a small but very graceful Temple of Victory, which takes the place of the ancient one demolished by the Turks.

But what shall I say of the Parthenon? It has been the theme of poets and travellers for generations, and it deserves all the praise that has been given it; but who can hope adequately to describe it? It is a poem in marble. Even in its partial ruin, with its roof gone, its ornamental and descriptive frieze removed to another clime, and some of its pillars fallen, it remains an object to excite the artist's admiration, the poet's enthusiasm and the sage's deepest moralizing. An oblong building two hundred and thirty-six feet in length by one hundred in width. It was surrounded by a peristyle of forty-eight marble columns, six feet in diameter, by thirty-



SITE OF TROY.

four feet high. Erected in the proudest days of Athens to the honour of the virgin goddess Minerva, it cost about three million dollars. On one pediment the sculptures represented the birth of the goddess, and on the other her memorable contest with Neptune. So in other groups were represented the Pan-Athenaic processions and the victories of her champions. These marbles are now in the British Museum, at London, but should be restored to their native place. Within stood her colossal statue of gold and ivory, rival of that of Jupiter before referred to. The whole structure is a marvel, and its witchery of beauty is felt no less to-day when its splendour is mellowed by time, and its pillars are dented and walls crushed by modern artillery, than when, in all its stateliness and grandeur, it was thronged with eager, worshipping crowds, who saw in it the embodiment of their country's glory and the outward and visible sign of the beauty and perfection of their religion.

A few rods away stood the Erectheium, sacred to Minerva and Neptune. The building's chief attractions to-day are its beautiful Ionic columns, and its majestic and finely carved caryatides. Not far away is shown the platform of rock on which stood the famous brazen statue of Minerva, formed from the spoils taken from Persian hosts on the field of Marathon. Very proud and resplendent it was, brandishing spear and shield, a landmark to sailors far out at sea, and a symbol of protection and victory to toiling ones on shore.

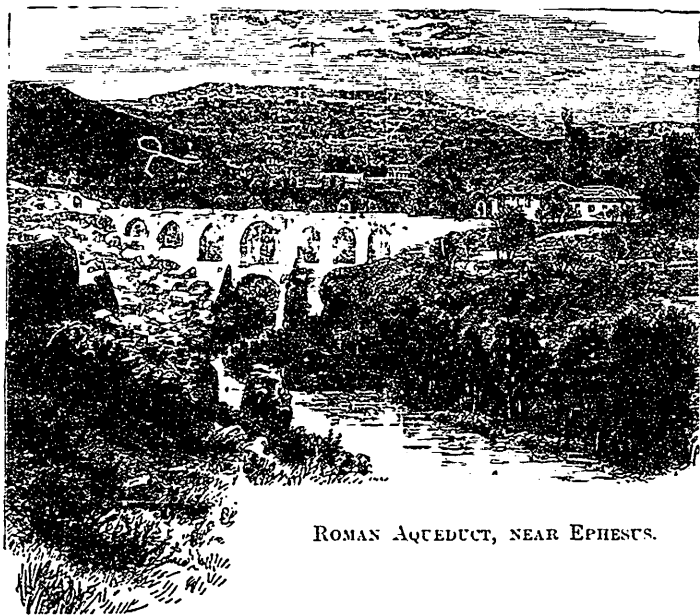
For hours we lingered amid these tokens of a mighty past, more and more growing into the spirit of the place until the time came to bid it a regretful adieu. At the end of the week we steamed out of the harbour of Piræus, along the low shore, scanning the well-known scenes bathed in the yellow light of the setting sun, until Sunium's dark promontory hid them from our view.

A short sail across the *Ægean* Sea brings one to those classic shores which for ten long years echoed with the Homeric war around the walls of Troy. Strange that the scene of the world's greatest poem should have been denied even an existence and relegated to the realm of the purely mythical till, in our own day, Schliemann, the indefatigable explorer, rediscovered the sites of sacred Ilium, Priam's palace, the Scæan gates, the walls, the fountains, and temples and sacrificial altars, and even the sacred vessels and treasures of silver and gold. These relics, preserved in South Kensington Museum, in London, are among the most curious and interesting in the world.

Of Troy naught but the ruin mounds remain. The great features of nature are unchanged. The golden sunshine falls, the sapphire sea expands, Mount Ida lifts its lofty head, the twin streams Scamander and Simois blend their kindred waves, and the frowning promontories Sigeum and Rhœteum confront each other as of yore; but only in art and poesy linger the legends of the heroes who have conferred immortal fame on the desolate site.

Coasting down the rugged shores of Asia Minor, we pass the city of Smyrna, scene of the martyrdom of Polycarp, and reach the river Cayster, on which was built near its mouth the famous city of Ephesus. The chief glory of the city was the Temple of Diana, 425 feet long, 220 feet broad, being four times as large as the Parthenon at Athens. It was magnificently adorned with sculptures, by Praxiteles, and paintings, by Apelles, and was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. The passionate devotion of the townsfolk to the goddess whose "image fell down

from Jupiter," was shown, when, for the space of two hours, they cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Of this famous temple not a vestige now remains. Of the Amphitheatre, the crumbling marble seats, which could accommodate 50,000 spectators, attest the magnificence. The place is haunted with Bible memories. Here Paul and John preached and lived, and to the Church at Ephesus each wrote an epistle, and here John is said to have died. Indeed, tradition yet points out his tomb. His solemn warning to repent, lest the candlestick be removed out of its place, has been fulfilled, for only a small Turkish village oc-



ROMAN AQUEDUCT, NEAR EPHEBUS.

cupies the site of this famous city, once the seat of an episcopal see, and the scene of several Christian councils. Our engraving shows an old Roman aqueduct near Ephesus, and in the background the crumbling ruins of the city.

Another of these Seven Churches of Asia, to which St. John addressed a message, is Thyatira, on the river Lycus, between Pergamos and Sardis. It is first mentioned in Scripture in connection with Lydia, "a seller of purple" of Thyatira. The art of dyeing formed an important part of the industrial activity of that city. The principal deity of the city was Apollo, but there was another superstition of a curious nature, probably brought

by some of the corrupted Jews of the dispersed tribes. A fane stood without the walls dedicated to *Sambatha*, the name of a sibyl who is sometimes called Chaldean, sometimes Persian, sometimes Jewish. To this corrupt worship it is thought allu-



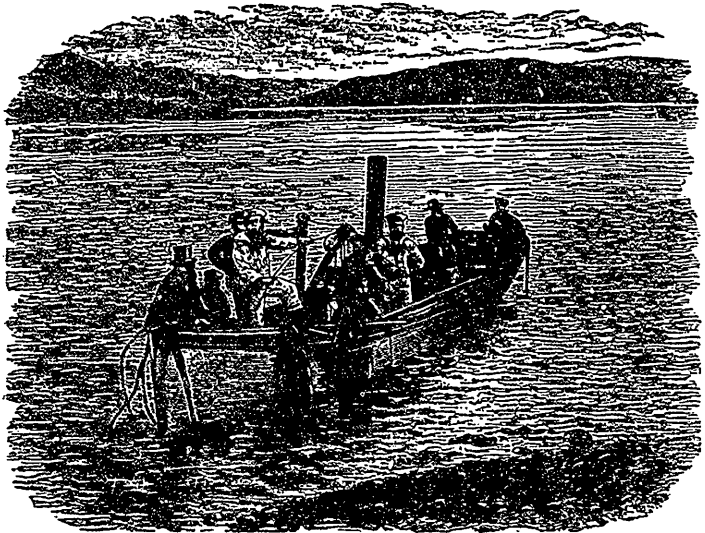
AK HISSAR, THE ANCIENT THYATIRA.

sion is made in Rev. ii. 21, 22. The city is still one of the most flourishing in Asia Minor, having a population of about 20,000. As of old, it has a reputation for the manufacture of purple or scarlet cloths, which are much in demand throughout the East. It has numerous gardens and mosques, and the cypress trees and minarets are conspicuous objects, as shown in our engraving.

## CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

## V.



DREDGING ON THE PARAMATTA RIVER, SYDNEY.

VICTORIA is the wealthiest of all England's colonial possessions; her trade exceeds thirty-two millions per annum, with a yearly revenue of four millions and a half, which is greater than that of Denmark or Portugal, and several other monarchies of Europe.

Melbourne has made a name for itself, and is undoubtedly the capital, not only of Victoria, but of all Australia; and though only just forty [now fifty] years have elapsed since the first white man landed on its site, it has already, with its suburbs, 240,000 inhabitants: in other words, it may be classed as the ninth city in the British Empire, exceeding as it does in population such ancient cities as Bristol and Edinburgh.

. It is adorned with fine public buildings, and possesses all the comfort and luxuries of a European capital. Its internal appearance is certainly very fine: the streets are all straight, and are arranged at right angles to each other. In fact, it is im-

possible for any one (particularly strangers coming in from the monotonous sea) to walk its length and breadth without being struck by its grandeur and dimensions. The public buildings, warehouses, and private residences are remarkable for their extent and architectural beauty, imparting a most stylish appearance to the city.

This most truly wonderful country, with its enormous wealth, is enabled to devote annually nearly one-third of its revenue raised by taxation to aid public instruction; a fact, I believe, without parallel elsewhere. Grants are annually made to public schools, universities, libraries, picture-galleries, and museums, to schools of art and mining, and to various literary and scientific institutions. The universities and colleges are found with talented professors on their staff in the varied branches of science. Museums and national galleries are filled with interesting specimens of local and world-wide fame, and paintings of the highest merit; the free libraries, with thousands of volumes on their shelves, are open to all comers. How proud, then, are the residents of this Greater Britain of their institutions; and well they are justified in their pride.

The Botanic Gardens, well stocked with all that is beautiful in flowers, plants, ferns, and lovely trees, are of themselves a perfect paradise of science to those interested in botanical studies. The suburbs are very lovely spots: the foliage, the charming villa residences, with glimpses here and there of the bright blue sea, all tend to complete this pretty picture; while away in varied directions are the public gardens, or Reserves, as they are named, affording green walks and shady retreats, and mainly assisting to bring much of the health, and some of the pleasures, to those whose business may keep them in town. Such is this truly wondrous place—a city that has risen to its present proud position as if by magic; but it is only another evidence of the energy and perseverance of the English race.

While in Victoria, I had opportunities of seeing much of interest, and to join in many pleasant excursions in the suburbs; amongst others was a trip by rail to Ballarat. After a run of somewhat over 100 miles, the destination was reached, which since the gold fever of 1853 has been metamorphosed from a few canvas tents to an extensive and beautiful city. The famous gold-mines in the immediate neighbourhood were particularly inter-

esting. A steam-engine, of 100 horse-power, is placed in the centre of the works, and drives six batteries of ten stamps each. The quartz is supplied to the stampers by a self-feeding apparatus, when it is reduced sufficiently fine to pass through wire gratings, at the back and front of the machine, having one hundred and twenty holes to the square inch.

A small quantity of mercury is put into each stampbox twice a day. The crushed quartz is then carried through the grating by a stream of water into ripple-troughs containing mercury, extending along both sides of the battery, and thence over some twenty-four feet of blanketing; the material collected by this process is conveyed into revolving barrels, with half its weight of quicksilver, sufficient for proper amalgamation. Heat is then applied, the mercury evaporated, and from the residue is collected the gold, which is afterwards taken to the bank or assay-house. At one mine they used to net about 120 ounces of gold a day: then the gold used to be lifted out in bucketfuls, for final washing and weighing, before removal to the bank.

During our stay at Melbourne various entertainments were arranged for the benefit of the "Challengers." Eventually it was with great regret we found that we must be on the move again.

*April 1st.*—This morning, under steam, proceeded out of Hobson's Bay. Steaming for some 40 miles through the inland sea, we passed between the two narrow promontories of Point Nepean and Lonsdale, and entering Bass's Straits, the most southern part of Australia is before us. Passing Cape Howe, the coast line appeared steep, rocky, and covered with monotonous forests of gum-trees; but as we drew nearer, the grandeur and size of the cliffs and heights became more and more apparent. Closing on the land we proceeded for Sydney Harbour. What seemed to arrest our attention was the apparently impregnable wall of high land stretching away on either side; but we were told there existed an opening in this wall, leading into a beautiful, commodious, and, in fact, the most perfect harbour in the world; but were it not for the fact of the vessel heading direct for this seeming barrier no one would have believed it contained such an opening. As we drew nearer, the houses and villa residences on the cliffs showed our proximity to some large town. And now the Sydney Heads, with the entrance between them, were clearly discernible, through which we passed soon after mid-day. The South Head,

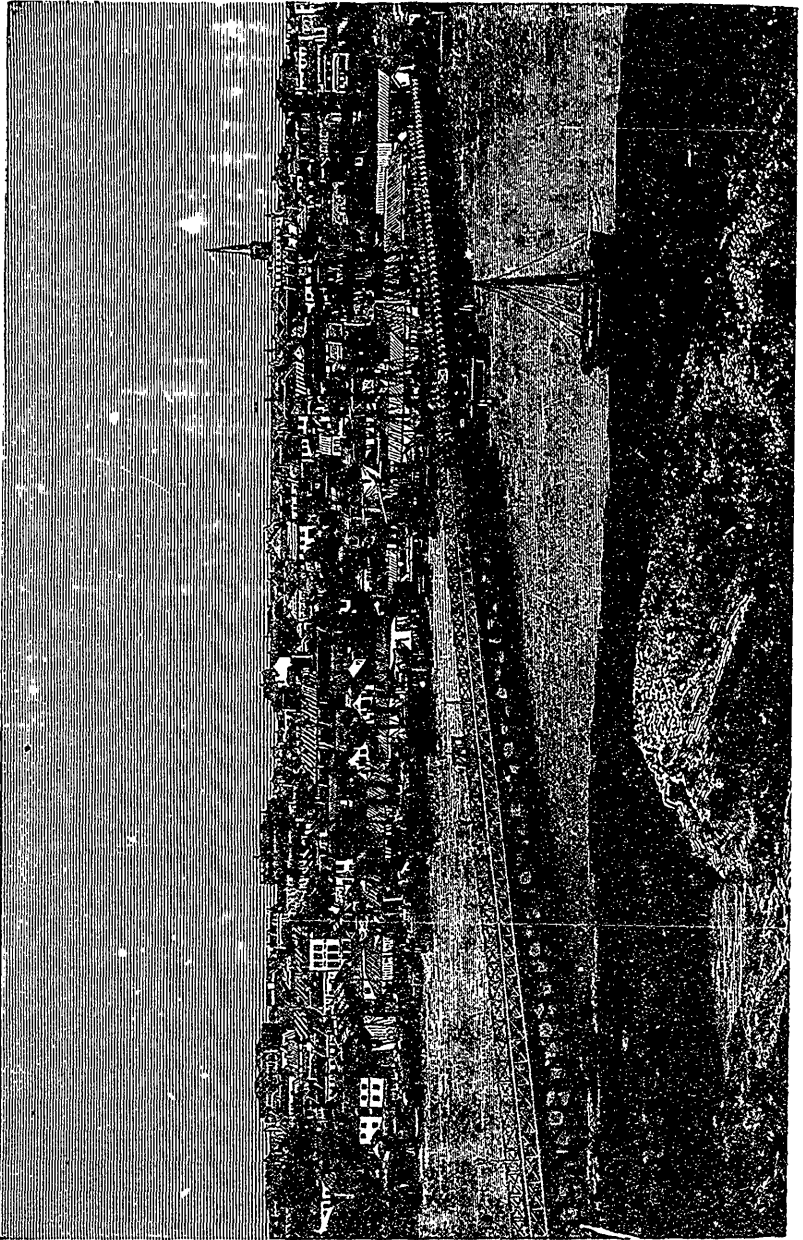


on our left hand, bears on its top a square tower, and on a mast near flags were being hoisted signalling our arrival, which was speedily flashed by telegraph to Sydney. The North Head, on the right, is a bold precipitous rock rising perpendicularly from the sea more than 300 feet. We rounded the point and entered the waters of Port Jackson. The lovely view presented, with the handsome villas standing amongst trees and gardens along the shore, was enchanting, while the number of yachts, boats, and steamers cruising about (for it was Easter Monday and high holiday), and the weather being beautifully fine, combined to make it one of the prettiest scenes possible to imagine. A short distance farther, and our voyage is ended—the anchor is let go in Farm Cove. Bumboats, shore-boats, washerwomen, dealers in all sorts of wares are swarming off soliciting orders. Here we found H.M.S. *Dido* and the German frigate *Arcona*. The fine view afforded from the anchorage, with its charming surroundings, was very enjoyable.

On landing in Sydney Cove, one cannot help being struck with the many fine buildings rising in all directions, including wool stores of five and six stories, the Custom House, and numerous hotels. I despair of being able to convey to the reader my own impression of the beauty of Sydney Harbour. I can call to mind no other place with such lovely glimpses of nature—nothing equal to it. Many beautiful scenes are to be met with in our own British Isles, but they dwarf into insignificance in comparison with this magnificent land-locked expanse of water and scenery spread out before us, extending in bays, coves and rivers for some twenty miles inland, ramifying in every direction; its bold and rocky shores presenting a succession of picturesque and beautiful landscapes, in which every nook and headland is studded with elegant villas and snug cottages, surrounded with park-like grounds and gardens, full of orange-trees, bananas, and numberless semi-tropical plants, unfamiliar to the eye of the newly arrived stranger.

I have no recollection of seeing in any early work on this colony reference to the charming scenery of Sydney Harbour, or the many navigable rivers which are near it; nor is much said of the glorious ranges of the Australian Alps. But there are scenes of nature here at hand as lovely as are to be met with in any part of the world. A few days after our arrival, invitations

were sent by the members of the Government to a picnic on Mount Victoria, in company with the officers of the German frigate *Arcona*. A special train started at seven o'clock with a very large



SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

party of us. Shortly after nine o'clock it was decided to stop at a convenient siding for breakfast. Proceeding onward after this, we began to ascend the Blue Mountains, which rise abruptly on the west side of the valley of the Nepean. The ascent is made by a zigzag on gradients, the steepest of which is 1 in 30. The line on reaching the summit of Lapstone Hill, follows a winding course on the main range; and for 60 miles it pursues its tortuous way along the top of mountains ridges, until gaining an elevation of 3,758 feet. The route which the railway takes is the only passable track over the mountains, the sides of which are covered with many varieties of the Eucalyptus (gum-tree), besides a profusion of flowering shrubs. Having now reached the zigzag, by which the line is taken along the face of a precipitous cliff, we descend into the Lithgow Valley. This zigzag is the greatest achievement of railway engineering in Australia, and it challenges admiration for its handsome appearance, as well as for the stupendous character of the undertaking. This portion of the line, over which we had travelled, cost in construction from £20,000 to £25,000 per mile. After an extensive survey, this point was fixed upon as the least difficult for making the descent, but so rugged was the place then that those engaged upon the survey of the land had to be lowered down the cliffs with ropes, to enable them to measure and peg out the line. Two or three gorges on the route are spanned by viaducts built of white freestone, and one projecting rock is pierced by a tunnel. It was altogether a most enjoyable trip, and we arrived at Sydney at 7.30 p.m.

Of churches, etc., I believe there are upwards of one hundred and twenty in the city and suburbs, all more or less of imposing architectural pretensions.

We had now been here (at Sydney) some sixty days; and before finally leaving it was decided to give a dredging picnic. This was to have a number of friends on board, and take them out into deep water, so as to let them see some of the mysteries of dredging and sounding.

The day decided on arrived, and a large party, chiefly consisting of gentlemen more or less interested in scientific pursuits and maritime affairs, availed themselves of the opportunity of having a cruise. The dredge was lowered, and on being drawn up, little or nothing appeared to have been secured; but small as

the first haul was, it encouraged other attempts being made, and several hauls of dredge and trawl were again taken, with satisfactory results.

On each occasion as the trawl appeared above the surface of the water the interest of our visitors was very great; the silent eagerness of the experienced naturalist and the feverish exultation of the amateur conchologist as they pounced upon the newly discovered specimens formed quite a lively scene, in which the opinions of those learned in such matters were often very amusingly expressed.

*June 7th.*—We leave to-morrow, and I shall not easily forget the feeling of regret with which my mind dwelt on the thoughts that I was bidding it a long, long farewell. It was a lovely evening; not a single breath disturbed the glassy surface of the silent water; and yet how eloquently that silence spoke to the heart as I leant over the vessel's side, filled with all those nameless feelings which such an hour is so well fitted to call forth. About 11 a.m. next day we steamed out from the anchorage, receiving quite an ovation on passing the *Pearl* and *Dido*, by the ships' companies manning the rigging and cheering heartily, while the bands were playing appropriate and inspiring airs. On clearing the harbour we found a rough and troubled sea; so in sight of the land we rolled about most unpleasantly all night.

*June 9th.*—A gale of wind and heavy and rolling seas prevented any sounding or dredging being undertaken; and, as the day advanced, it was found necessary to return to port once more, anchoring within Sydney Heads, in Watson's Bay; remaining here until the weather moderated, which was not until the 12th, when a second attempt was made. Placed in the very track of storms, and open to the sweep of seas from every quarter, exposed to waves that run from pole to pole, the shores of New Zealand are famed for surf and swell, and so we had found it up to the time that Cape Farewell was sighted. At daylight next morning we made a successful run across Cook's Straits, and, fortunately, having a strong tide in our favour, it enabled us to beat up under steam and sail. When about ten miles off the anchorage, we were visited with an unlooked-for calamity. Edward Winton, A.B., who was standing in the forechains heaving the lead, was washed overboard by the heavy sea. He was

not missed for some minutes, when the engines were stopped and the vessel immediately rounded to, but no trace of him could be seen; he must have gone down at once in the turbulent sea running at the time. The gloom which the loss of one of our small party occasioned was felt by every one on board. Our observation showed that not only was the intervening ocean we had just passed over wild and stormy, but that New Zealand invariably presents a rough and rugged coast, backed by towering mountains, with frightful chasms and tremendous cliffs surrounding them on every side.

On the 28th June we sighted the Heads with their frowning cliffs, where the bold bluff, coming sheer down 3,000 feet, receives the full shock of the South Seas. This was an introduction to the wild and grand scenery of New Zealand. Our troubles were over for a while, for within a few hours we were in smooth water, running up the great sea-lake of Port Nicholson towards long lines of vessels lying at the Queen's Wharf, behind which stretched away the City of Wellington: off here we came to anchor.

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#### GRANT US THY PEACE.

GRANT us Thy Peace! Our summer time is over,  
The days of dreaming and delight are past;  
Heavy and chill the wintry shadows gather,  
One boon we crave, the sweetest and the last,  
Grant us Thy peace!

To others give the cup of joy full flowing,  
The bounding health, the strength for noble strife;  
We, too, have known the sunshine of Thy favour.  
Now, in the storm and bitterness of life,  
Grant us Thy peace!

The New Year comes with festival and gladness,  
In happy homes He sits, a smiling guest;  
But from His face we turn in silent anguish,  
We, who have lost our sweetest and our best,  
Grant us Thy peace!

It is enough; be this henceforth our portion;  
If less of earth, yet more of Heaven and Thee!  
Until that hour of rapture and of triumph,  
When Thy beloved Voice shall set us free,  
Grant us Thy peace!

## THE SUGAR-BAGS DEFENCE FUND.\*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

## II.

THE landlady of the house in which Sugar-Bags had occupied a room made no objections on Braidy explaining that he had come to take charge of the effects of her late lodger.

"Well, the rent is a couple of weeks behindhand," she said, "but that is neither here nor there now. I wouldn't be the one to keep back so much as a cutting of twine belonging to poor Sal. The furniture, what little there is of it, is mine; whatever small traps of hers there may be you'll find quite safe."

"This was her room," she went on, when she had led the way up to it, "and many's the hard day's, and, for the matter of that, hard night's work she done in it; and many's the sore heart, and good cry, she's had in it, poor thing; and to think that she should a' come to this, all in a minute, as you may say, she as never did a wrong act in her life before, and no one—the police, nor no one else—can say she did, for all the sort she lived among and the husband she had, and being often without a bit to put in her mouth. You must live with people to know 'em, as the sayen is, and I ain't had her living in my house without knowing some-thing about her. She wasn't the one to make a song about her troubles, 'specially as it would have told agen him; but what she had to put up with and go through, and *how* she did put up with it and go through it, would soften a heart of stone to think of."

The recollection had undoubtedly softened *her* heart. She was a coarse, hard-featured woman; and I subsequently learned that she was generally reputed a hard-hearted one in the matter of "bundling out" lodgers who were in arrears of rent with her; but, however unused to the melting mood in a general way, her emotion now was unmistakable, and it was easy to see that her volubility was intended to hide an inclination to tears. "It's her as has done it," she resumed, when she had taken her breath,

\*Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

“but it’s him as ought to suffer for it by rights, for it was all along o’ him, with his lettin’ hisself be led by the nose and givin’ way to the drink, though I say it as has a husband of my own about as big a drunkard as there well can be, but you don’t catch me going after mine like as she did after hers. Many a time I’ve known her to live on a crust a day; not that that was much punishment to her, for she was often too heart-sick to eat—and then spend her last copper in getting a bit o’ something tasty for supper for him; and go to the public-house to beg him to come home to it. I’ve seen her myself coaxing him and my-dearing him, and clingin’ to him and looking up in his face that loving that you would think that any man couldn’t, but go. But no! When he looked like going, Palmer or some of the rest of the gang would jeer him into throwin’ her off; and then she’d creep home and fling herself on her knees by the bed, and cry her heart out pretty near. All the same, she would save him the supper and have it there for him when he did come home, and then she’d try to coax him again as loving as ever—I’ve heard her with my own ears. ‘Oh Bill!’ she would say, ‘why will you act like this? it will break my heart altogether, if this goes on much longer. You know how wrong it is; then why won’t you give up your evil companions, and strive to be a better man? But there you will, now, won’t you, dear; promise me, now.

“And then, though I was only listening outside, I could tell she was putting her arms round his neck. Then he would come out with his regular excuse: he couldn’t get work, his character was gone, and he must drown care.

“‘No, it isn’t drowning care, Bill,’ she would answer, ‘it’s bringing care, and making bad worse. Give up the cursed drink, and I’ll work for us both till better times come for us, as I’m sure they would come, if you would only turn your back on your evil companions.’ Then he’d tell her that he would—ay, and swear to it too; and I dare say he meant it right enough at the time. Sometimes he would be steady for a day or two, and sometimes even get a day’s work at the docks; and then you should have seen how pleased and proud she was, and what a fuss she made about him. But it never lasted; the gang would get hold of him, and he’d go off on the drink again, and be worse than ever; and so it went on till it come to what it did.”

“Why,” she was beginning again, when Shiny Smith unceremoniously cut her short—

"Ah, yes! To be continued in our next," he said, motioning her to the door; "your feelings do you credit and all that sort of thing, but we want to have a little talk among ourselves—if you don't mind—see?" She apparently did see, for muttering that what she had said was right, she retired.

"What she says is true enough," observed Shiny, shutting the door of the room after her; "but she would have talked all day if she hadn't been checked. There's one thing," he went on, glancing round the apartment, "she might well say 'what little there is of it' when she spoke of the furniture: a rickety chair, a deal slab table, and a shaky truckle bed, isn't an unnecessary amount of furniture, to say the least of it. As we are a council of three, it just runs to a seat each, so, Braidy, I vote you to the chair. Mr. — here had better take the table, which, though rough, looks pretty firm; and if the bed goes down with me, I shall fall soft."

Without making any direct reply, Braidy, pointing to a cupboard beside which Shiny was standing, asked—

"Is there an old tea-caddy in there?"

"Yes, here it is," answered the other, opening the cupboard, and handing out a small caddy of various-coloured woods. "Is that her casket of treasures?"

"Treasures of memory, perhaps," answered Braidy. "You may easily guess that they have no pawnable or sellable value, or they wouldn't be here. Here they are," he went on, opening the caddy, and turning over the papers in it; her marriage certificate, some faded photographs, a few old letters, and a character as housemaid. "And now, Smith," he concluded, as he put back the papers, "I'm ready to listen to you."

"Well, the sum and substance of what I have to say is—what do you think of my idea of a general 'whip round' to defend Sugar-Bags?"

"Well, broadly, and supposing I were assured it meant nothing more than a desire to obtain legal assistance for her, I would have nothing to say against it."

Braidy spoke with a coldness that appeared to surprise as well as disappoint Shiny, who observed—

"Well, that's poor encouragement, and, excuse me saying it, it's scarcely like yourself; perhaps I don't quite 'take.'"

"Perhaps not," responded Braidy, rather drily; "but I'll tell



you exactly what I mean. I find that in the Buildings here there is a strong disposition to regard her as something very like a heroine. There are some of them who seem to think—and indeed don't hesitate to say—that even had she acted deliberately, she would be justified in what she had done; and if your proposed subscription is in any way intended to sanction that opinion, then I am conscience-bound to disapprove of it strongly, however harsh it may seem of me to do so. I speak in all humbleness: but, however it may be with those around me, it would ill indeed beseem me to forget that it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'

"I assure you, Braidy," answered Shiny, "that, so far as I am concerned, there is no thought of justification, though I am free to confess there is of extenuation. My grounds for moving in the matter, as I have already partially explained to our friend here, are, that I believe she was for the moment in a frenzied state, that she is friendless, and has been dragged down to her present condition by too faithful love for one who was unworthy of it."

"There, I can quite agree with you," answered Braidy in a much more hearty tone than he had hitherto spoken in. "Understand, I do not speak against befriending her, poor creature,—the Lord forbid,—I only speak against the opinion I mentioned, and I am happy to say that she has no part in it. She feels the greatness of her sin, is bowed down by it, and is as contrite as a poor sinner can be. So far as I honestly could, I spoke nothing but words of consolation to her."

"You have seen her, then," I observed, taking part in the conversation for the first time.

"Yes," he said, "she sent for me last night, and I was permitted to converse with her."

"But about the subscription, Braidy," said Shiny, who seemed to fear that the conversation might go off at a tangent; "do you think it would be a success?"

"I think that may be taken for granted," was the answer.

"Well, yes, I think it may," said the other; "but will you put your name to it? for that, after all, is my point with you."

"Will you take it found yourself?" questioned Braidy.

"Yes."

"Well, if you will promise me not to allow me to be misunderstood on the point I've spoken of, you can put me down for a shilling, which is about as much as I can afford."

"Don't mention the amount!" exclaimed Smith enthusiastically, "your name is a tower of strength; with that, and the estimation she was held in, to work upon, we shall do well."

"If, previous to this unhappy business, she was the sort of person you and her landlady would make her out to be," I said, addressing Shiny, "I can scarcely understand her having stood in good estimation in a neighbourhood like this. If she did, it could scarcely be upon the principle of fellow-feeling."

"Well, she undoubtedly was highly esteemed by her neighbours," said Braidy, taking up the answer. "It was a case of vice paying homage to virtue; and my experience is that vice will always do that where it sees that virtue is genuine in itself, and faithful in itself, and is *not* given to pharisaically thanking the Lord that it is not as others. When this Sugar-Bags, as they call her, first came here, her neighbours was very much inclined to resent her holding aloof from them, but when they come to find out that her shrinking was rather from timidity than pride, that she was humble and long-suffering in her determination to live honestly, and had been brought into such a neighbourhood as theirs, by a too faithful love for a worthless husband—when they come to see how the land lay, as they would say, that though among them she was not of them, resentment was turned to respect and pity. Unhappily, as I have already told you, there is a disposition—arising out of the character the dead man bore—to approve of what she had done, but apart from that there is a general friendliness of feeling for her, so the subscription is very likely to do well."

"Do well—of course it will!" exclaimed Shiny, "we'll make it do well. That'll be about the style of thing, eh, Bible?" and as he spoke he handed over a pocket-book in which he had been scribbling during the latter part of the conversation.

"Well, that part of the business may be safely left to you, Smith," answered Braidy with a smile, and passing the pocket-book as he spoke.

It was a large-sized oblong book, and boldly written across its length was the following rather startling announcement:—

“THE SUGAR-BAGS DEFENCE FUND.  
NEIGHBOURS, ATTENTION !

To Be or Not to Be? That Is The Question.

Shall Poor Sugar-Bags go Undefended?

Remember ! Many Can Help One.

*The Smallest Donation Thankfully Received.”*

“Strikes you as a rum start, doesn't it now,” said Shiny, observing my look of astonishment; “dare say you think it a caper of mine; but there you're wrong. When in Rome do as Romans do; that is the regular sort of thing here, isn't it, Braidy?”

Braidy nodded assent, and the other resumed—

“I told you they were fond of the flowery; and there is nothing they like it better in than the heading of a subscription list—give them a bit of sentiment for their money, and they'll part with it as freely again. ‘Help one another, Boys,’ or, ‘Be to a Friend in distress like a Brother,’ is very easily written and it draws. The Sugar-Bags heading will be mild and sensible compared with many I have done; all it wants now is two or three good names to top it—shall yours be one?”

The question came rather unexpectedly; but I answered that I had no objection, provided it was understood that it was given in the same spirit in which Mr. Braidy's had been given.

“I'll take care of that,” he answered; “and things being settled so far, I'll exit and see about putting the business in train.”

As there was nothing further to detain Braidy, he observed that we all could leave together, and we accordingly did so, separating at the door, Braidy and Smith going in one direction, and I in another.

I had scarcely, however, got half-a-dozen paces from the threshold, when I was followed by the landlady, who exclaimed—

“Just half a minute, sir,” by way of apology, and led me back to the door-step. “Beg your pardon, sir,” she said, when we came to a standstill, “but might I ax yer what's on the cards about poor Sal?”

It was scarcely flattering perhaps to have been selected—as I

could see I had been—as the person most likely to be got round: but, feeling assured that her interest in the matter was a friendly one, I answered that I believed there was an idea of getting up a subscription to defend her late lodger.

“And a werry good idea too!” she exclaimed emphatically, “and here’s one that’ll give to the whip, if she pawns her gown to do it. They calls me a tartar, and perhaps I am, and I’d need to be to get along with some of the customers I has to deal with. But, bless yer, sir, we’s all a soft spot in our ’earts, if it is only got at, and poor Sugar-Bags got at mine, and it would had to have been a heart of stone altogether if she hadn’t, poor thing. I’d come to look on her like a daughter almost, which I would have had a daughter pretty near as old as her if she had lived till now, though it’s perhaps as well as she didn’t, for she was but weakish, and it’s a rough world, and a crowded un, and it’s the weak as goes to the wall in the crush.”

“How old might Sugar-Bags be, then?” I asked.

“Well, she looks forty, but she’s only eight-and-twenty,” answered the voluble landlady. “It’s trouble as has aged her; she’s gone through oceans of it. You know, sir, when the heart is full of sorrer, it *will* run over at times, and as she has no one else to speak to, she used to come to me, rough as I am, with her troubles, and that is how I come to know more about her than others, and to care more for her.”

“What has she been?” I asked.

“Well, nothing very grand as far as that goes. Still she has been decently brought up, and was a respectable servant, and it was a come-down for her to be brought here. It was meeting her hopeful husband that was the ruin of her. He was a clerk, and went fast, and got himself into some scrape, and Palmer and one or two others of his stamp got him under their thumb; and they weren’t the men to have a hold on him for nothing. They’d got *some* information about the crib in which she happened to be in service, and meant to crack it. But it was a big job, and before starting of it they wanted to know more about how things stood, and to get at it they put him up on the lady-killing lay—to court the servant, you know, and get out of her all about the house. Well, he made up to her, and to make a long story short, she, thinking him a decent young fellow, falls in love with him, and I suppose he did with her as far as his shilly-shally nature would

let him. What between his liking for her, and the others putting the screw on him, he played in and out—at least it was thought so—and when they did the crack they got hardly anything, and in a little while all that had been in the job, except Fly Palmer, got took and convicted. Sugar-Bags' husband, as is now, got off for a few months, and when he comes out what does he do but go after her again. Well, he was down on his luck, and talked fine about not having a friend in the world, and what a lesson this job would be to him, and how well he would do in the future, and all the rest of it, and I daresay he meant it at the time. The end of it was she married him, and they went to a part of London where they weren't known, and made a fresh start; but he wasn't long before he got into bad company again, and gave way to drink. Then Palmer came across him and got him here, and led him on from bad to worse, until it has come to what it has."

Such was the Barker's Buildings landlady's history of her lodger—a history which I subsequently ascertained from other sources to be substantially correct. Having heard so much of her, and having in this incidental manner come to be concerned in the organizing of the subscription in her behalf, I could not but come to feel an interest in the fate of the unhappy Sugar-Bags, and I must confess it was with a sincere feeling of relief that I heard that her crime, reduced to manslaughter, was punished by a short term of imprisonment.

It was immediately after the expiration of this term of imprisonment that it became my lot to meet her face to face and speak to her. I was entrusted to convey to her an offer, upon the part of some benevolent persons, to enable her to emigrate; and taking Braidy with me, I called upon her at her old landlady's on the first day of her return. She was greatly altered in appearance. She was very pale, and so thin that her clothes seemed to hang upon her. Her black hair was heavily streaked with grey, her manner was painfully nervous, and there was a timid and grief-stricken expression upon her face. I saw that my presence was calculated to put her into a state of nervous excitement, and so I delivered my message as briefly and kindly as I could. I had confidently expected to see her delighted at the news, and was therefore astonished to behold the look of dismay that came over her countenance. She

could not see that my surprise was not exactly of an agreeable nature, and that Braidy shared my feeling, and in a pleading tone she exclaimed—

“Oh! sir; oh! Bible, don't be angry with me, and don't think me ungrateful; I know how kind you mean to be, but I couldn't go away now, my—my husband.”

Neither of us made any reply in words, but we looked what was passing in our minds; namely, that we would have thought she had enough of such a husband.

As we remained silent she went on.

“Don't think too hardly of him, believe me he is not altogether hardened; if it is the Lord's will, his heart may be touched yet. I know how weak I have been before; I trusted only to my own strength, but I have have been taught better now.”

In her weakened condition her emotion was too much for her, and she sank into the only chair in the room, unable to speak further.

Seeing this, Braidy, who was evidently moved, stepped to her side, and, laying his hand kindly on her shoulder, said—

“There; I see it's too much for you; I think I understand you, though; it's brave of you, and I believe you are right. Do give up the trust in your own strength, lean upon the Almighty; pray to *Him* night and day, that your husband may be turned from his wickedness, and your prayer may be answered.”

“I will, Bible! I will!” she exclaimed fervently, and the tears starting to her eyes as she spoke. “He shall have a home to come to, and if it is God's good will to change him we shall go away together; if he won't be better I will know then that I am called upon to leave him, and I will; but I must give him one more trial.”

To this resolution she adhered; nor, seeing the spirit it was couched in, could we well offer any strong objection to it. She took her old room, but shrank from all “neighbouring,” not morosely, but with the nervous sensitiveness of one broken in spirit and wishing to be alone. Seeing this, those around, while pitying her, refrained from thrusting their sympathy upon her with a degree of delicacy and good feeling for which few would have been prepared to give them credit. On the rare occasions on which she appeared out of doors, she hurried on her way with

eyes cast down, and even in the little chapel, of which she became a regular attendant, she sat apart. She resumed her former employment of sugar-bag making, and wrought at it with an eager assiduity, the meaning of which was explained when, on the eve of her husband's release from prison, she took a room in another part of London, and in humble fashion furnished it as a home. I was among the few who were entrusted with a knowledge of the whereabouts of the new residence, and I watched with a painful curiosity to see how the husband would turn out; whether he would go on his downward career, or "turn from his wickedness;" and it was with unfeigned feelings of joy that I saw that the wife's efforts to reclaim him were proving of avail. At first he was very restless, and had his former companions been at hand he would probably have lapsed into evil courses. Happily, however, he was for the time out of their reach, and by an earnest watchfulness his wife managed to keep him off "the drink." At the end of a month employment was obtained for him, and he then became steadier, and a few weeks later he began to accompany his wife to her place of worship. From this time things went smoothly with them in their degree. They both worked hard, lived hard, and saved hard—saved so that in three years' time they were enabled to emigrate at their own cost. At intervals, Braidy still received letters from poor Sugar-Bags. They are but ill-written and composed, and there is always a melancholy tinge about them; but, upon the whole, they show her to be about as happy as the cloud which fell upon her life will admit of her being on this side of the grave.

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UNSPOTTED.

UNSPOTTED from the world!—serene in brightness,  
Let her toil onward, till the sun goes down—  
Earth's dust can never soil her garments whiteness,  
Earth's dust cannot corrupt her golden crown.

Unspotted from the world!—snow-white in heaven!  
On her pure forehead shower diviner light;  
To others, let the gems of earth be given;  
*She* hath do need, O Lord, before Thy sight.

SPRING.

BY ROBERT EVANS.



I SAW the living leafage of the spring,  
What time the voices of the grove and dell  
Their tender tales of love so sweetly tell ;  
Lo, the clear dew-drops there stood quivering  
As though on their own rays they might take wing,  
And all the leaflets tremble with the thrill  
Of nature's music over vale and hill.  
As if some undertone soft echoing  
Had lisped the name of each, and sung its praise,  
The beauty of its form, its mitred edge,  
The vivid green it tenderly displays ;  
Its rustling ripple o'er the waving sedge,  
And all the harmonies of light and shade  
In which its virgin beauty was arrayed.

HAMILTON, Ont.



SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;  
A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

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

CHAPTER IV.—THE SEALS ARE IN.

And slowly moving on the horizon's brink  
Floats the vast ice-field with its glassy blink.

—*King Arthur.*

THUS far had the Rev. Mr. Fairbairn proceeded with his correspondence, when a tap at the study door, responded to by a prompt, though half unwilling, "Come in," was followed by the entrance of a visitor, whose cheery "Welcome back, sir," was succeeded by a quick and apologetic "I'm afraid I've interrupted you," as he caught sight of the minister's letter-strewn table.

"Come in, Skipper George; never mind the interruption. I can finish my letters before the mails leave. Take a seat by the fire. Are all well at home?"

"Thank you, sir; I won't sit down. They're all well, at home, except mother, who is feeling her rheumatics terrible bad this last fortnight. I'd be glad if you'd call in and see her, in a day or two, sir. But what brought me up now was to ask if you would like to see the men hauling seals. They've been out since daylight, and several of 'em have brought in fine tows already. If you go up to the high point over there, about a mile's walk, Burton's Pinch, as we call it, and take your spy-glass with you, you will be able to see them plain enough. I heard you say the other day, sir, that you'd like to see such a sight, and as you may not get another chance while you are with us I thought I'd run up and let you know."

"I am really much obliged to you, Skipper George," said the minister, eagerly, "and I will go at once. I'm delighted to hear the seals are within reach. They told me down the shore, yesterday, they believed there were seals on the ice, but it was too far off to do much. I noticed as I came along that the sharp breeze yesterday and last night had brought it in a good deal nearer. How far off is it to the seals?"

"About four miles, sir; but, please God, it keeps blowing this

way, the ice will be taut on the land to-morrow. There's a tongue of ice touching the point—that's Woody Point—sir, three miles down shore, you know, already. I'll go and show you the path to the Pinch, if you're going at once. It is a short cut, and will save you going around."

The minister's preparations for going were soon made, and, with his glass slung over his shoulder, in a very few minutes he was trudging along behind his guide in the narrow track that led to the vantage ground desired.

"There, sir," said the latter, when at length they had come to the foot of the last ascent, "Keep to the left-hand path, and in ten minutes more you'll be at the top. I'd go with you myself, but I must not stop. My boys are off on the ice, and I only came in myself with a tow of seals, intending to go off again at once, when my missus told me you had got home, and I thought may be you'd like to see the work, so I stopped to tell you. Goodbye, sir, for the present.<sup>1</sup> Don't stay too long on the top of the hill—these March winds are very searching although the sun is so strong."

With eager step, though tired already by his morning tramp up shore, Mr. Fairbairn climbed to the top of the hill, and sheltering himself behind a boulder from the sharp breeze blowing off the sea, he found himself, as Skipper George had expressed it, in "a complete place for spyin'." The lofty headland gave him, on the one side, a view of the Bight, and on the other of the open bay, and through his glass, in that clear atmosphere, he could see for miles. *Between the shore and the ice a mile or two of open water intervened; and then, far as the eye could reach to seaward, was one vast field of white, unbroken, save where here and there an irregular opening showed the blue water underneath.*

Upon this field of white, the bright March sun was pouring his unclouded rays, flashed back in dazzling splendour, from many a crystal pinnacle and crag. So bright was it that the minister was fain to withdraw his eyes from his glass, and rest them, again and again to turn them upon that fascinating scene. In the open water by the shore punts were moving to and from the edge of the ice, and on the edge itself a large number of them were hauled up, awaiting the return of their crews. Off to seaward, through his glass, Mr. Fairbairn could make out the men moving hither and thither after the seals, and even see them

killing and sculping them; while nearer he could not only see but hear them as they hauled their gory prizes towards their punts.

Turning towards the harbour, signs of unwonted excitement were everywhere apparent. The women stood in knots about the doors, chatting eagerly, while down at the beach were crowds of children watching the bigger boys and men, as they landed the pelts from the punts, and hauled them to the stages. Even the very dogs seemed to have caught something of the excitement of the occasion, as they congregated, in canine converse, by the landing-place, and watched for opportunities to make surreptitious snaps at the tempting but tabooed delicacies brought so tantalizingly near their noses.

Upon this ever-changing living picture, so different from the associations of his early years, so unlike anything he had previously seen in his mission-work, Mr. Fairbairn gazed with absorbed interest, now turning his glass to observe the movements of the busy workers on the ice, now watching the unwonted activities of the village below him, until, reminded by a shiver, of Skipper George's remark about the searching wind, he took note of the declining sun, and briskly made his way homewards, to finish his letters for the overland mail, and to add to them an account of the day's experience.

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#### CHAPTER VI.—A CHAT ON THE BEACH.

O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
Wild with all the fierce commotion,  
And the rapture of the hunting.

—*Hiawatha.*

Next morning, as the minister looked from his bed-room window, he could see that Skipper George's hope had been realized. The ice was close to the shore, and packed tightly together; and from the deserted appearance of the settlement, it was evident that the men, and even the boys, were off upon it, intent on securing as many seals as possible while the welcome opportunity lasted. After breakfast, he walked down to the beach where an old man, stick in hand, was mounting guard over a pile of pelts evidently just brought in, and keeping off the dogs that sniffed hungrily around it.

"Well, Uncle Tommy, you and I are pretty nigh the only men left ashore, it seems," said Mr. Fairbairn, as he came up.

"Marnin', sir; glad to see 'ee home again," said the old man. "Yes, sir, I be that old and crippled up wi' rheumatic's, I be forced to stay ashore, though I seen the day I could haul my tow wi' any young gaffer among 'em."

"I suppose it is not often you have such a chance as this on the shore, Uncle Tommy?"

"No, sir; 'tis years now since I seen th' ice jammed in like 'tis to-day. O' course we haves th' ice in the bay every winter, jammed in tight enough, sometimes, but this here's the real breedin' ice from outside, and full of seals. 'Tis only a scattered time, when the bay is clear of other ice, and a slant of wind comes as this is passin' and brings it in, that we haves a chance like this. I don't t'ink we'll have this very long. I don't likes the looks of the sky, for all 'tis so bright and fine; and we'll have a change of wind, an' a good breeze, too, afore to-morrow's over. 'Tis all right to-day, but I wouldn't like to go very far on it to-morrow, for if the wind comes to change and blow hard 'twill go off very quick."

"A man would soon get rich at this sort of work if he only had such chances often, wouldn't he?"

"'Deed, he would, sir. I mind in the spring of '61, I t'ink it was, the siles came in in thousands all along the shore. I made eighty-five pounds that year for my own hand, and my boys made a hundred and fifty pound between 'em. That was a great year, sir. I mind in one day alone I hauled over twenty pounds worth of siles. I s'pose dere was hundreds done so well as we—better some of 'em, for they handn't as far to haul. There haven't been a year like that since, though.

"You must have killed a good many seals in your day, Uncle Tommy?"

"Yes, sir, I have. I was seventy-four year old last Candle-mas day; and I went to th' ice, man an' boy, twenty-nine year runnin', besides the times I been off in punt after 'em from this place, and off on th' ice when they came in on the shore. I've had many a hard day's work on th' ice sir, I tell 'ee, and had many a narry escape, one way an' t'other. I mind once I was out on th' second trip, wi' old Skipper Joe Stuckless, an' I fired at an old dog hood an' thought I'd killed him. I went up to him,

and was just getting out my knife to begin sculpin' him, when he reared at me as savage an' lively as if I hadn't hit him at all. Ter'ble ugly beast, an old dog hood, sir. If I hadn't been smarter then than I am now, by a good deal, 'twould ha' bin all up wi' me. As it was, he tore my arm ter'ble—there's the marks, see—but I managed to get the stock o' my gun in his mouth and ran. He made splinters o' my gun, though. 'Nother time, I was out afore the bows an' got caught 'tween the ship an' th' ice. I give myself up for dead that time, but got clear wi' a broken leg; bad enough it was too, for I couldn't get it set till we got home, more than a week after.

"'Nother time I was out swatchin', as we calls it, that's shootin' siles as they comes up through the swatches—them's the holes in th' ice you know, sir—and I was a good ways from anybody else o' th' gang when I put my foot on what I thought was a solid little pan, to jump across a swatch, an' my foot went through, an' in I went. I'd ha' managed to scabble out right enough, only I went ahead so far, when I made the false step, that I got out of my reach of the solid ice, an' among the soft slob an' lolly in the middle of the swatch. I sung out as loud as I could, but I had little hope o' bein' heard; an' I struggled to get a hold o' the solid ice, but the slob was so thick and heavy, it weighed me down further an' further. At last I got fairly spent between shoutin' an' strugglin', and I felt myself sinkin' down fast among the lolly. It was right up to my chin, and I thought I was gone sure enough, when I heard a shout, and saw my wife's brother, who had left home after I did, runnin' hot-foot towards me. He was only just in time, for I was most gone, but he had a gaff wi' him fortunately, an' stuck it into my coat an' hauled me out. I was a long time afore I got the better o' that. 'Twas a turnin' point wi' me, though, thank God. If I'd gone then I'd ha' gone wrong, but now, blessed be His name, I have a good hope. That kind o' steadied me, but next winter we had a revival on the shore, an' I give my heart to God, an' I know He is with me, rough and smooth."

"Aye, Uncle Tommy, it is a good thing to have God with us. It makes a wonderful difference, either in danger or out."

"It do, sir, it do," said the old man, reverently, and he drew his rough sleeve across his eyes as he spoke. "It was the best voyage ever I made when I give my sins to God, and got His grace an' love instead.

"Well, I hope the men will have a good day of it, to-day. They must have taken a good many seals yesterday, did they not?"

"You be right, sir; an' they'll get a good many more to-day. The siles is some distance off, though, or they'd be-comin' in wi' their tows quicker than they are. They can go as far as they like to-day, but I'm half afeard some of 'em'll be gettin' blown off to-morrow, if the wind chops round sudden, as I think it will. You can't trust these young fellers, they're that venturesome and foreright."

The garrulous old man would have chattered away much longer, but the minister's time was precious, so bidding him goodbye, he went back to his study, and for the next few hours forgot all about the seals and the sealers, among the loved volumes of his library.

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#### WORSHIP.

NOT forever on thy knees  
 Be before the Almighty found;  
 There are griefs the true heart sees,  
 There are burdens thou canst ease—  
 Look around.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal,  
 That is what is wanted more;  
 Put thy should to the wheel,  
 Bread unto the famished deal  
 From thy store.

Not high sounding words of praise  
 Sing to God 'neath some grand dome,  
 But the fallen haste to raise,  
 And the poor from life's highways  
 Bring thou home.

Worship God by doing good;  
 Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds,  
 He who loves God as he should  
 Makes his heart's love understood  
 By kind deeds.

## CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

### V.—A CHRISTIAN LYRIST.

“Smit with the love of sacred song.”

—*Milton.*

“The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart ; and soul  
Of all my moral being.”

—*Wordsworth.*

LYRIC poetry is the poetry of feeling, in which “a tender and impassioned voice fills the nice and delicate ear of thought.”

Our poet's is a genuine *lyric* spirit. His soul is like a musical-box full of sweet airs. His muse is a summer sea, and his songs are laughing wavelets tipped with sunlight, following each other in tireless succession and breaking in silvery spray on the shores of yonder land of song. His hymns contain what Arnold calls “the lyrical cry.” In them he “dips his pen in his heart.” They are distinctively experiential, and characteristic of one whose last audible breathing was: “Lord—my heart—*my* God !”

Charles Wesley's lyrics are perhaps surpassed only by the inspired lyrics of the son of Jesse. Certainly he rivals the most tuneful of our poets in the liquid softness and silvery flow of his numbers. Like his fellow Lincolnshire lyrist, our own sweet Tennyson, his hymns are not only supremely beautiful as poetry to be read, they are peculiarly adapted as songs for music. What can surpass, for example, the two compositions: “Jesus, lover of my soul,” and “Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine ?”

The opinion has been expressed that perhaps the first place among modern hymns must be assigned to Toplady's “Rock of Ages,” and Charles Wesley's “Jesus, lover of my soul.” Of the latter inimitable lyric, Henry Ward Beecher remarks: “I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. . . . That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think it will mount up on some lips to the very presence of God.” Anyway, granting that Cowper's “God moves

in a mysterious way" is the greatest hymn of Providence, and that Toplady's "Rock of Ages" is the grandest hymn of the Cross, Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," is the greatest hymn of Christian experience—the noblest, tenderest lyric of the heart. The two last-named compositions have a remarkable relation to Methodism. Wesley's hymn was written in 1739, before the first Methodist Society was six months old. Toplady's was originally entitled by its author: "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." John Wesley himself was meant.

Now, our poet is the prince of *Christian* lyrists. If his muse is essentially lyrical it is no less emphatically devotional. It is a prism reflecting the sevenfold splendours, first of his own piety and then of religion in general. Like the lordly Milton, he was

"Smit with the love of *sacred* song."

His verse is a striking instance of religion in metre, swinging to the cadences of a divine melody; and his voice is attuned to worship as if "from the choir where seraph minstrels glow." Whatever the theme and however varied the measure, the informing sentiment is almost always devotional.

"He sings to one clear harp in diverse tones;"

and well nigh, without exception, it is a "harp of *solemn* sound." Of his seven thousand hymns and poems not more than some half a dozen are other than sacred. He

"Into *hymns*

Burst forth and in celestial measures moved."

It is in devotional poetry that his emotions find their most natural and appropriate expression, until he is entitled to the proud distinction of being the Pindar of poets warbling in Christian odes. There is a fitness therefore in the marble tablet to his memory, in City Road Chapel, on which is represented a lyre, and above this an expanded scroll, bearing the inscription: "*In Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*"

It has been justly observed that a very small part of our poetic literature has been devoted to the illustration of religious truth, or of experimental piety. Comparatively little poetic inspiration has been drawn from these bright and hallowed well-springs of intellectual and spiritual activity. It would seem to have been



largely forgotten that religion was first taught in verse. Occasionally we have in our great poets, as in Byron's "Hebrew Melodies," gleams of lightning thought, flashes of song, that dazzle with their fitful radiance, parting for a moment the clouds and darkness through which they have struggled, and revealing a clear, calm heaven beyond, only to fade away again into a still deeper shadow. Attempts have been made to account for this. Montgomery, in his "Christian Psalmist," affirms that our great poets abstained from writing hymns and spiritual songs from a *moral* inability, as having no experience of divine things. Dr. Johnson, that oracle of criticism, in his "Life of Waller," as also in his "Life of Watts," expresses the opinion that *sacred* subjects are unfit for poetry, and incapable of being combined with it from their innate and transcendent properties. Our bard, however, is of quite another mind, and claims for sacred subjects a power to inspire the divinest harmonies both of poetry and music. In one of his hymns, referring to the desirability of "retaining music in virtue's cause," and "rescuing the holy pleasure" from an abuse which had made it "flow to the soul's undoing," he has the spirited stanzas :

"Come, let us try if Jesus' love  
Will not as well inspire us ;  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth shall fire us.  
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,  
Is there a subject greater ?  
Harmony all its strains may bring,  
Jesus' name is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is,  
His is the noblest passion ;  
Jesus' name is joy and peace,  
Happiness and salvation.  
Jesus' name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of grace,  
Carry us up to heaven."

Wedded, then, to the spirit of poetry is the spirit of piety. His muse is *divine*. It wears a corona whose rays are the efflux of its royalty. Its wings are covered with the sapphire dust of a heavenly beauty. Its enchanting strains are the distant echoes of heaven-born reverberations.

His songs are worship. They are more than poetry; they are incense. He serves

“With incense kindled at the Muse’s flame,”

or, like a bird of celestial plumage,

“Soaring as she sings,

Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings,”

and utters notes,

“Whose harmony was first ordained above

For tongues of angels and for hymns of love.”

His lyrics supply the spirit of piety with matins and vespers for her private devotions. And in the public worship of the Church, instead of tinkling bells that once made music in the Tabernacle when the congregation appeared before the Lord, more tuneful strains are heard in the golden melodies of Charles Wesley’s inspiring hymns. Our poet is thus the Aaron of Christian worship wearing an ephod adorned with golden bells.

And what a celestial magnetism there is about his muse. It

“Allures to brighter worlds and leads the way.”

To borrow lines originally intended for Bishop Ken, but more strictly applicable to our minstrel—

“Letting down the golden chain from high,  
He drew his audience upward to the sky,  
And oft with holy hymns he charmed the ears—  
A music more melodious than the spheres,  
For David left him when he went to rest  
His lyre—and after him he sang the best.”

John Wesley commends his brother’s hymns “as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion, of confirming faith; of enlivening hope; and of kindling and increasing love to God and man.”

We have only to add that our bard, beyond all the Church’s singers, consecrated his muse to Christian work. It was his wand with which he wrought greater wonders than Moses with his rod or Elijah with his mantle. Many a time he sang religion into men, and as often sang the captive soul out of prison. Like Blondel, the minstrel, who sang his way over the Continent of

Europe until he discovered Richard I. in a German fortress where he was imprisoned, our bard itinerated through the length and breadth of the land, opening prisons and snapping more than iron bands by the magic of his song. He was another Orpheus, and with his lyre he calmed many a tumult and tamed many a man of threatening mien.

When Wilberforce was quite a young man, he acknowledged having received much good from the reading of Charles Wesley's hymns, and as an expression of his gratitude this eminent statesman contributed annually for thirty years the sum of sixty pounds sterling towards the maintenance of Mr. Wesley's widow, who died in 1822 at the advanced age of ninety-six years. His hymns, like the garments of the God-man, would seem to be instinct with a saving virtue down to their flowing fringe. A Mrs. Ratcliffe, of Bath, was converted through the reading of one of them. She had heard our minstrel preach, and on returning home she opened on the lines :

“ Who is the trembling sinner, who  
That owns eternal death his due ?  
Waiting his fearful doom to feel  
And hanging o'er mouth of hell ?  
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear ;  
Thy Jesus saith, ' Be of good cheer.'  
Only on Jesus' blood rely ;  
He died that thou might'st never die.”

The Spirit applied the words, “Thy Jesus,” to her heart and her faith saved her.

In Wexford, Ireland, a bitter persecutor on one occasion hid himself in a sack in a barn where the Methodists were accustomed to worship. It was his intention during the service to suddenly open the barn door and let the mob outside come in. The little congregation began to sing with their primitive sweetness, fire and unction one of Charles Wesley's hymns. The Irishman listened, and the music so captivated him that he resolved to hear the hymn through before he came out from hiding. Meantime his conscience was alarmed and he groaned in his distress. The people hearing an unusual noise proceeding from the sack, were terrified, some supposing it was the devil. At length one of their number more courageous than the rest ventured to open the sack, and there lay the persecutor a

weeping penitent. He cried aloud for mercy and soon he found peace through believing.

It cannot surprise us after this that he sang :

“ Then let us in praises join,  
Triumph in His salvation ;  
Glory ascribe to love Divine,  
Worship and adoration :  
Heaven already is begun,  
Opened in each believer ;  
Only believe and still sing on,  
Heaven is ours forever.”

### THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within ;  
I hear, with groan and travail cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed state my spirit clings ;  
I know that God is good !

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life or death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HARMONY BETWEEN SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.

BY REV. C. H. PAISLEY, M.A.

IN modern times the means employed by the enemies of the Bible to undermine its authority have been very various. At one time, they have availed themselves of the coarse and disingenuous criticism of Paine; at another time of the varied learning and wit of Voltaire; and again they have sought to achieve their purpose by a destructive criticism of the text; or, accepting the text, they have sought to explain its teachings as so many myths, like the inventions of the poetic genius of Homer, or like the marvellous stories of the early history of Greece and Rome. But, foiled in their attempts with such means as these, they have more recently shifted their ground, and, taking their stand upon the teachings of science, have endeavoured to accomplish their purpose with such resources as it affords.

With the cause of these enemies of the Bible, some of the most learned devotees of science have more or less fully identified themselves, and, by representing the teachings of Scripture as inconsistent with the teachings of science, have sought to show cause why the Bible should be rejected.

The position they take is perhaps a just one, when they say that, if the Bible is inconsistent with the teachings of science, then the Bible must be rejected. \* But let us understand our terms. When we speak of science, we mean the teachings of Nature correctly interpreted and not the fine-spun fancies of men who invent their theories and then seek their facts, instead of first listening to the voice of Nature and allowing her to be her own interpreter.

As widely as scientists have erred at times, in their interpretations of Nature, so widely, at times, have theologians erred in their interpretations of Scripture. But we are justified by the facts of the case in asserting that the whole tendency of science, when rightly understood, is to harmonize with Scripture when correctly interpreted. Both sides, however, should be taught a modest reserve in the statement of their interpretation of the facts they enunciate and seek to defend.

We are sure that the nature of the Bible, the meaning of whose teachings has not, even yet, been fully grasped by even the most learned men, although it has been, in its completed form, the subject of study for eighteen centuries; and the very many mistakes that lie along the pathway of exegesis—we are sure, we say, that these things should forbid a dogmatic assertion of any interpretation as the infallible teaching of Scripture. While, however, the friends of the Bible may be thus warned, we may, with far greater emphasis, but for the same reasons, enter our *caveat* against men of science proclaiming their own generalizations as the infallible teachings of Nature. We have said, for the same reasons; but we may superadd this: that, while we have the Bible in its completed form, all spread open to our view, the scientist can, by the constitution of things, observe a most limited part only—can study, as it were, only a scanty page of the Book of Nature around him.

Premising this much, we may say that the agreement of Scripture with the teachings of science is both negative and positive. When we speak of negative agreement, we mean that the Bible is free entirely from the many erroneous views on matters of science prevalent among the people of the time at which its various parts were written.

It was written by men who represented every class of society, every position in life and every degree of attainment in knowledge, and who lived in ages and countries marred by a thousand different scientific errors, and yet they do not admit any of them into their writings.

Plato, born somewhere about 429 B.C., and contemporary, during part of his life with Malachi, held that the world was an intelligent being; the sect of the Epicureans held that the world came into existence by chance, while the Stoics taught that it was created by fate. The whole ancient world was more or less marked by a belief in astrology, as we may gather from the language of Greece and of Rome, which in this, as in most other respects, may be taken as representing the whole world.

Herodotus, the father of history, who was, like Plato, contemporary in all probability during part, at least, of his life with the last of the Old Testament writers, laughs at those who represent the earth as round, since to him it seems absurd to think of the ocean remaining upon it in that case. (Lib. iv. c.

36.) Again, he accounts for the floods of the Nile, by saying that the sun, driven out of his course by storms, carries water with it to the upper regions of Egypt and then lets it fall in heavy rains that swell the river. (Lib. ii. c. 24.) Even till the time of Galileo, the theory that the sun went round the earth, while the earth stood still, was received as the correct statement of the relation of the sun to the earth.

Yet, in spite of these and numberless other errors that have prevailed in the course of the centuries, the sacred writers do not disfigure their pages with any of them, although they were to be found in the writings of the most learned writers of their time.

If the writings of the sacred penman had been disfigured by any—even the most trifling of them—their authenticity might have been justly questioned.

How is it, then, we may ask, that men of like passions, of like intellectual training, like associations with their fellow-men of the time in which they lived, are free from the errors that prevailed everywhere around them and that marred the writings of their contemporaries? Errors that, till recently, were received, even by the learned, as undoubted truths, find no place in the Bible; while statements in the Bible long regarded by men of science as inconsistent with scientific truth have come to be received as beyond all doubt.

The positive agreement of the Scriptures with science will be found to be no less marked than that we have ventured to call negative. But in our investigations we must not expect to find the scientific language that is to be looked for in a treatise on scientific subjects; for, when we remember the design had in view by the sacred writers, we should as little expect such terms to be employed, as to find the nomenclature of the botanist in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or the terminology of the geologist in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan.

When, however, we interpret the language of Scripture according to the methods we would employ in the interpretation of any similar work written from a non-scientific standpoint, we shall find its statements, although not expressed in the vocabulary of science, yet in perfect accord with its teachings.

Now not the least worthy of remark, among these instances of agreement with the deliverances of science, is to be found

at the very commencement of the Bible. It has been asserted time and again by some of the masters in science, that they find among its secrets not any revelation of God. They follow the chain of causes backward, and the object of their pursuit, the great First Cause, recedes into the gathering darkness, and they cannot by searching find out God. From a scientific standpoint, and proceeding according to the scientific method, perhaps the assertion may be justly made; but does not the Scripture recognize this and open with the grand assertion, "In the beginning GOD?" Back of all science and back of all this material universe is GOD; for the first sentence in the Scriptures may be resolved into the two assertions, "In the beginning God," and "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth."

To commence, then, with the first chapter in Genesis, we maintain that the account of creation therein stands unshaken by all the investigations of science. And every discovery of science, when proved to be a well-grounded fact and not an idle generalization, like many that have passed current for a time, only in turn, like all other idols that men worship, to be cast to the moles and the bats, every such discovery is sooner or later found to be in complete harmony with that account.

The best interpreters put, we think, beyond doubt, the fact that the first verse of the chapter, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," refers to the original creation of the *material*, so to speak, of the world, out of nothing. A period of wild chaos intervenes between that time and the moving of the Spirit upon the face of the waters to bring form and order out of confusion and disorder—κόσμος out of ἀβύσσος or γῆ. What was the length of the time that elapsed is not stated and cannot be determined; but whether that time be 6,000 years, or whether Sir W. Thompson be justified in putting it down as many millions of years, the passage will not be found inconsistent with truth, since the sole statement made in the verse is that "In the beginning" the heaven and the earth were created by God.

The geologist represents the earth as covered, in one of the early stages of its existence, by a vast expanse of ocean, profound, shoreless, devoid of life, and heated to boiling by the incandescent earth upon which it restlessly seethed; while, from its surface, there constantly ascended clouds of steaming vapour that hung dense and black as profoundest night. Surging to and fro



as fierce hurricanes rushed across the face of the heavens and descending again in such awful tempests of rain as have never since swept over the globe. If even the sun had shone in the perpetual splendour of a mid-summer noon, his rays could not have penetrated those clouds of hot vapour to relieve the Egyptian darkness that reigned supreme. That was one of the stages through which earth was then passing in its development into the form and beauty it now possesses and in the process of its preparation for becoming the abode of man.

No better words could have been employed by the author of Genesis to picture this stage of earth's history, without entering into a description (which did not belong to his design) than those of the verse, "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep."

The universality of the ocean is recognized by the Psalmist when he says (Psa. civ. 5. 6.), "Who laid the foundations of the earth. . . . Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment." And the darkness is recognized by Job (chap. xxxviii. 9) when he represents God as saying, "I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it."

Under various modifications, the theory that the interior of the earth consists of molten rock confined within a shell of thickness varying all the way from 50 to 2,000 miles, has been received by the great majority of men of science.

The shape of the earth, the fact that its temperature increases one degree for every 50—100 feet in depth—that the weight of the rock forming the crust is so great that the very intensity of the pressure must liquefy the interior—the number and magnitude of volcanoes, both active and extinct, in every part of the world, have all been urged to prove that the interior of the earth must be a sea of molten rock to the very centre or with a solid central nucleus. No other theory seems to account so well for the facts observed, and no other is so widely received. Indeed whatever modifications are made, the general features of the theory are almost universally received. Accepting this, then, as the teaching of science, does not Job (xxviii. 5.) assert the same thing when, speaking of the earth, he says "under it is turned up as it were fire?"

In Genesis i. 3. it is said that light was created on the first day, although the sun was not appointed to its office of illumina-

tor of the world till the fourth. It was long considered by learned men that this was plainly inconsistent with scientific truth; for was not the sun the source of light? But every advance of science has served to show the correctness of the statement of Moses.

Geologists have discovered that the trees of the Carboniferous period which preceded the time of the setting of the sun in the heavens to rule the day, were destitute of those rings which mark annual growth and are produced by the change of seasons. It was only a natural generalization from this that as yet the earth had no seasons depending upon the heat and light of the sun; but there was perpetual summer day, if that could be called day which must have been a time of perpetual gloomy light, in which steaming vapours constantly ascended like some dense fog that now enmantles our earth in spring-time. Such a time would be best adapted to the amazing development of plant-life necessary to provide those vast stores of coal which afford the fuel for the world to-day.

As a confirmation of this, astronomers have discovered that light does not consist of minute particles proceeding from a luminiferous body; but consists of undulations of a subtle fluid in ether, not merely proceeding from the sun, but also filling all space and pervading every region of the universe.

Light is, in other words, a result of molecular activity, and as a result of the ceaseless activity of that formative period, our earth would herself become a sun imparting light and heat, and in the words of another: "If at that date the moon could have been the abode of life, our earth would have been to the moonites the source of life and gladness, as our sun is now to us" What man of science would, one hundred years ago, have made such a statement as this? Yet upwards of three thousand years ago Moses made it, and every advance of science has served to show its truth.

Through the confusion of this darkness of chaos, both Scripture and science agree in representing light as seeking with uncertain ray to penetrate. Then, in the words of Scripture: "The Spirit of God moved upon (or brooded over) the face of the deep," preparing those stupendous changes by which the world was to be made habitable for man. Then took place those mighty upheavals by which, according to the Psalmist (Psa. xc. 2. com-

pared with Prov. viii. 25), the *mountains* were brought forth and the *earth* and the *world* rose into form and beauty. The three stages may be more clearly noted, if we give the words of the verse with a little more preciseness than they have in our version. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the dry land ( $\gamma\eta$ ) and the habitable world ( $\text{o}\iota\kappa\omicron\nu\mu\epsilon\nu\eta$ )."

During the progress of these changes on the face of the globe, transpired those mighty movements in the dark, dense and vapourous clouds which, in the words of Job (chap. xxxviii. 9), were made a garment and a swaddling band for the world, by which changes the waters under the firmament were divided from those above the firmament. That these changes so vast and far-reaching were not made without the most mighty convulsions in the atmosphere above and in the earth beneath Scripture asserts when it says (Psa. civ. 7) with regard to the waters that covered the earth, "At the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away," and (Rev. xvi. 18) "There was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were on the face of the earth." In the former passage thunder, which pre-supposes lightning and necessarily implies convulsions in the atmosphere, is represented as attending the dividing up of the waters of the deep, and in the latter passage the fact is distinctly implied that more fearful earthquakes preceded man's appearance on the earth than any that have occurred since.

The different stages of this process are described most graphically by the Psalmist (Psa. civ. 5, 6, 7) when he says, "Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away." Now, side by side, with this statement of the Bible, that there was a separation of the waters under the firmament from those above it; that this separation was attended with thunder, lightning, and atmospheric convulsions; that the mountains, the hills, the dry land and the habitable part of the earth were brought out from the great deep amidst such earthquakes as have never rent the solid ground since man's appearing; side by side with this put the generally received teaching of science as given by Hugh Miller (Test. Rocks, p. 197): "Let us suppose that during the earlier part of this period of excessive heat, the waters of the ocean had stood at

the boiling point even at the surface and much higher in the profounder depths, and further that the half molten crust of the earth, stretched out over a molten abyss, was so thin that it could not support save for a short time, after some convulsion, even a small island above the level of the sea. . . . A continuous stratum of steam then that attained to the height of even our present atmosphere, would wrap up the earth in darkness through which even a single ray of light would fail to penetrate. Beneath this thick canopy the unseen deep would literally 'boil as a pot' wildly tempested from below; while from time to time more deeply-seated convulsions would upheave sudden to the surface vast tracts of semi-molten rock, soon again to disappear, and from which waves of enormous bulk would roll outward, to meet in wild conflict with the giant waves of other convulsions, or return to hiss and sputter against the intensely heated and fast foundering mass, whose violent upheaval had first elevated and sent them abroad."

Putting these two representations of this period side by side one obtains at once a view of the general harmony between the two.

In the case of all the great classes of created things we find a dividing gulf that, in the words of Scripture, is called the evening, making a separation. Such an evening intervenes between the creation of light and of the firmament, between the creation of the vegetable kingdom and the planets; but between the creation of the two great classes, man and the lower animals, no such evening intervenes. It is true that the creation of the two great classes occurs on the same day; but such a creation does not occur on any of the other days. Moreover, no evening intervenes between the sixth and the seventh day. Now, corresponding with the evening which separates these different *days*, geologists find a period of convulsions such as seems to break the chain between the various orders of creation; but in that geologic age which corresponds with the time that intervenes between the creation of "living creatures, cattle and creeping things" and the creation of man there is no such break in the formations, and the same remark holds in reference to the time between the sixth and the seventh day. Herein have we a most satisfactory harmony between the two records, and one that, till Sir Charles Lyell entered upon his career of investigation, was not and known could not be foreseen.

One of the opinions held most firmly by the ancients was the impossibility of the motion of the earth on its axis, and the opinion forced its way down through history till comparatively recent times; but even long before the time of Moses, Job (chap. xxxviii. 14) held that the earth revolved on its axis; for he says "it is turned as clay to the seal." As clay is revolved over the face of a seal, in order that it may receive the impression of the seal, so the earth is revolved. Or as the passage might be rendered, "it is turned as a clay seal." As a seal is revolved over the face of clay to impress it with any figures that may be desired, so the earth revolves on its axis. In confirmation of this rendering, we may say there are in the British Museum slabs of clay from Babylon and Nineveh, upon which are facts of astronomy impressed by clay seals revolving on an axis and rolling over them.

The most learned of the ancients, in common with the ignorant, held absurd views with regard to the power by which the earth is sustained in its place. Some held that it was sustained by vast pillars upon which it rested as a mighty expanse, immovable, and few, if any, had a much wiser opinion than that of the Hindoos who represent it as resting upon the back of an elephant which stands on the back of a tortoise; but there the matter is left. How much more is the teaching of Scripture in accord with science when, in the words of Job (chap. xxvi. 7), it represents the world as hanging upon nothing, as if the sacred writer desired to use terms most consistent with the power of gravity, by which the world is sustained!

For many centuries the rotundity of the earth was considered to be absurd, and many arguments were adduced to show the impossibility of water remaining on a globe hung in mid air. Yet the Bible represents the outline of the earth to be a circle and the earth itself to be a globe. Isaiah (chap. xl. 22) says that God "sitteth upon the circle (*γῆρον*) of the earth," and Solomon, in Proverbs (chap. viii. 27), represents Christ, under the metaphor of wisdom, as being with God when He set a compass, or circle, as it is in the margin, upon the face of the depth.

Till the time of Galileo, the air or atmosphere was not known to have weight, and yet weight was either implied or asserted by Scripture as a property of the atmosphere, at least three thousand

years ago, for in Genesis (chap. i. 6) it is said "let there be a firmament or expanse in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." Here, if without discussion, we admit expanse (which is a more appropriate rendering than firmament) to be the atmosphere, then there is clearly implied the possession of weight, for it is impossible that heavy clouds of vapour should be sustained by anything devoid of weight, unless by a mere force such as gravitation, but the passage cannot be understood to refer to that. But Job, who lived perhaps in the time of Abraham, if indeed he be not that patriarch himself, asserts most plainly (chap. xxviii. 25) that God made "weight for the winds," which, of course, are only air in motion.

In a certain sense astronomy is the most ancient of the sciences. It was cultivated by the Chaldeans and by all the early nations whose pastoral or migratory life gave them frequent out-door employment at night, time, and yet, up to about three hundred years ago, men of science set down the number of the stars at about 1,026. But modern astronomers have found vast multitudes of stars lying far out beyond the limits of the vision of the naked eye. Herschel tells us that when he pointed his telescope to the Milky Way, he could count in a space of the apparent size of the moon 2,000 sun-stars, and if he looked at the nebulae, he could, in the same space, count no less than 200,000, each one of which, as it passed across the line of vision of the telescope, seemed to shine with the brilliance of the rising sun of our system. From this fact, we may infer, what Lord Rosse's telescope has almost put beyond doubt, that the multitude of the stars is practically infinite, and that, in the words of Scripture, they can be numbered by God only. Yet although science in earlier years represented the stars to be so few, and has recently discovered them to be so multitudinous, Scripture has always represented them to be numerous as sands of the sea-shore or as the multitudes of the spiritual descendants of Abraham. "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven and as the sand which is on the sea-shore." Gen. xxii. 17 (also Gen. xv. 5; Isa. xl. 26; Heb. xi. 12).

The Bible represents man as being the crown of the work of creation, and yet although he occupies this exalted position, still it declares, in the words of the Psalmist (Psa. cxxxix. 16), that his members were all written in God's Book, and in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them. From the very

beginning the nature, the constitution and position of man in the scale of being were all laid down in God's plans ready to be developed in due time. With wonderful explicitness do the teachings of science affirm the same thing. Prof. Owen, who had no superior in comparative anatomy, says (quoted by Hugh Miller): "The knowledge of such a being as man must have existed before man appeared. . . . The archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh under divers modifications upon this planet, long prior to the existence of those animal species that actually exemplify it." Agassiz says: "All the changes on the earth were for the purpose of preparing for the introduction of man upon the surface of our globe. Man is the end towards which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the palæozoic fishes." In the development of the work of creation there is clearest evidence that, in God's plans, everything was preparing the way for man, whose creation was to be the crowning work. It is unnecessary that we should more than state the inference, that if God was preparing for the creation of man, then man must have existed in the Divine mind from the beginning, so that the Psalmist could say all man's members were written in God's Book when as yet there was none of them.

Science has discovered, in the lake dwellings in Switzerland as well as in kitchen middens everywhere, stone knives that in early antiquity were employed for purposes of cutting; and incidentally the sacred writings mention the same thing, for the son of Zipporah (Ex. iv. 25) was circumcised with a *sharp stone*. When Joshua, at Gilgal, circumcised the people the second time, he used *stone knives* and not *sharp knives*, as the passage is translated (Joshua v. 2, 3). And, at the end of the Book of Joshua, the Septuagint makes this addition: "There they placed in the tomb where they buried him the *knives of stone* with which he circumcised Israel at Gilgal." (*Vid.* Smith's Dict. under "Knife," and Herodotus II. 86.)

A simple illustration also of the harmony to which we are referring is afforded by Amos (chap. ii. 1) when he says, "they burnt the bones of the king of Idumea into *lime*."

In addition to these instances that we have already urged to illustrate the point under discussion, we may also observe that, whenever the Word chooses anything from the domain of science

as an illustration of any truth it is advancing, the choice displays such an intimate knowledge of the thing chosen that every advance in scientific knowledge serves only to show more clearly its appropriateness and to enforce more fully the truth it illustrates. Of this we have an example in the connection with the parable of the sower who, having sowed good seed in his field, had it invaded by his enemy who scattered throughout it the tares. By common consent, the tares or zizania (*ζιζάνια*) are considered to be the *field darnel*, which Schubert (Arnot, Parables, p. 78) says "is the only poisonous grass." Why did the Master, to illustrate the fact that sin is everywhere sown through the field of God's earth, choose out of the whole realm of the world the only poisonous grass? Was it not because of His profound acquaintance with all that world which is the book that science professes to study and explain?

The same thorough knowledge is exemplified by Christ when He represents His salvation as the *pearl* of great price. A diamond or other precious stone requires the hand of the lapidary to cut and shape it, in order to bring out its beauty; and much of its value depends upon his skill; but the pearl cannot be touched by chisel or stone of lapidary, except to remove what is external to itself, without injuring it. How apt, then, is the pearl to illustrate His salvation!

Botanists make a distinction between a seed and a fruit. A seed can produce a single plant only; but a fruit may contain many seeds and produce a corresponding number of plants. The distinction, however, is more obscure in some cases than in others. None but the man of science or the man of technical training could detect that the grain of wheat is a fruit or berry and not a seed. Yet Christ speaking (John xii. 24) to the Greeks who, on a certain occasion, came to see Him, said with regard to His death, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Here He uses the Greek word (*κόκκος*) for a fruit and not the word (*σπέρμα*), a seed, thus showing that, although not speaking for the purpose of teaching science, He always speaks in harmony with it.

The Evangelists declare that out of the wounded side of the crucified Christ, when He was pierced with the spear of the Roman soldier, both water and blood flowed forth; but the remark is incidentally made, that first of all He was seen to be



*dead.* Strange and improbable as, for some time, it seemed, science has clearly shown that, in the case of a wound made after death, such a phenomenon would occur.

Peter declares (2 Peter iii. 10-12) that, in the day of the Lord, the *elements* shall melt, or burn, as it is in the Greek, with fervent heat. Among the most inflammable of the constituents of the earth science places hydrogen, phosphorus, sodium, magnesium, and potassium. Indeed so violently inflammable are some of these that they burn most fiercely in water. Whether all the other elements will, under suitable circumstances, burn like these, has not yet been discovered, but the inflammable nature of these, at least, was not concealed from the knowledge of that Spirit by which the apostle spoke. And science has at least shown the probability and, as some hold, the certainty of such an issue to the history of the world.

In the Book of Revelation the precious stones in the foundation of the New Jerusalem are not arranged as in the breastplate of the High Priest, but in the accurate order of the shades of their colour, showing a knowledge of such matters on the part of the author beyond that we would expect from a person of his position and station.

It is held too by Clark, in commenting upon Ephesians iv. 16, that Hervey's discovery—the circulation of the blood—was not unknown to the author of that epistle; as the terms of that verse seem to imply the motion of the blood through all parts of the system. What we have here adduced may suffice to indicate the abundance of material afforded by the sacred Scriptures to establish such an agreement between Scripture and science as the different spheres of the two make possible, as well as to strengthen still further the confidence we already have in the Word which is the pillar and ground of the truth.

EDINBURGH, Scotland.

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"THERE is no God," the foolish saith;

But none, "There is no sorrow;"

And Nature oft the cry of Faith

In bitter need will borrow.

Eyes which the preacher could not school,

By wayside graves are raised;

And lips say "God, be merciful!"

That ne'er said "God be praised!"

## AMERICAN INDIAN LITERATURE.\*

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, M.A.

CARLYLE expressed a truth deeper than is understood by the majority when he wrote: "There is not a Red Indian hunting by Lake Winnipeg can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it."

A knowledge of American Indian literature, to a slight degree at least, is a necessity for men of culture. The American Indian problem is employing some of the most eloquent of men, and some of the most efficient literary talent. Because of the relation of the Indians to our country, it is incumbent on us to seek to know something concerning them.

Their traditionary lore, consisting of fables and fireside tales and facts regarding the early history of the tribes, has constituted their unwritten literature. It is estimated that the number of American Indian languages and dialects is nearly thirteen hundred. Before these languages had reached that stage in their development when they were made intelligible to the people by means of symbolic signs, they were represented through a system of picture-writing which gained its highest point of perfection among the Mayas and Aztecs. In the first period of picture-writing, the full picture is drawn and thus represents all the ideas intended to be conveyed; the second period is symbolic, wherein the leading characteristic of the individual or circumstance is expressed by means of its representative symbol; and the third stage is phonetic, when a symbol is made to represent a sound. Specimens of picture-writing or hieroglyphics may be seen on the

\* This article, by the Methodist missionary to the Indians on the Blood Reserve, Fort MacLeod, Alberta, will be of special interest in the present crisis in the history of our North West Territory. A more familiar acquaintance with the mental habits and superstitions of "our brother in red," and a sympathy with his moral needs will be the best preparation for the solution of the perplexing Indian problem. The best preservers of the peace of the North West, during the past half century, have been the missionaries to the Indian tribes. A tithe of the money expenditure, caused by the present insurrection, if spent on the evangelizing of the pagan tribes would have made them the firm friends and allies of the white settlers instead of their enemies.

rocks of Lake Superior and the Upper Missouri, and on the lodges and buffalo robes of the Sioux, Blackfeet, Bloods, and other Indian tribes. From these ideographic symbols were evolved by continual abbreviation phonetic signs, which were ultimately classified in the form of an alphabet. Hence we have the Aztec and Maya hieroglyphic alphabets. The Spanish priests who succeeded Las Casas destroyed many of the manuscripts belonging to these nations, but Bishop Landa, though engaging in the same disreputable work, preserved for the student of American antiquities the Maya hieroglyphic alphabet with some notes thereon. In the English alphabet the development from pictorial writing to its present form may be seen by studying the letters and tracing their origin. Draw the head of an ox and notice how easy is the transition from that to the letter A, or describe a *hand* with the forefinger pointing upward and see how close is its resemblance to "h."

Turning aside from the purely native literature, there confronts us an extensive field of English literature devoted solely to the Indians. Works in Latin, French, German and Spanish, have been issued wherein much information is detailed concerning the Indians of the American Continent. Alonso de Ercilla (1533-1594) spent eight years among the Indians in the wilds of Chili, where he witnessed a continual warfare between them and their Spanish conquerors. The exciting scenes of which he was a spectator were recorded every evening, sometimes on scraps of paper, leather or parchment. The result of his labours was a long historical poem of thirty-seven cantos, "*Araucana*," the fame of which has engraven the name of its author upon the historic records of Spain. The Jesuits gave much valuable information concerning the Huron Indians in the "*Relations des Jesuites*," written to the Provincial of their Order in Paris between 1611-1672.

The works written concerning the Indians during the last century and the early part of the present were confined chiefly to a narration of missionary effort amongst them, but many books of great value on American antiquities have sprung into existence within the past fifty years. Very important philological works have been lost to the student of Indian literature through the poverty of the authors preventing them from publishing the result of their labours. A large number of works still remain in manu-

script and can only be found in the libraries of Historical Societies and private persons.

John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians (1649), published "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel among the Indians," and other works in English. Through his efforts in seeking to enlighten the people of England regarding the state of the Indians amongst whom he was labouring, he incurred the displeasure of the colonists, and his life was thereby placed in great danger. Animated by a heroic spirit, he continued his labours until the success of his work overcame opposition, and he rejoiced in God.

The memoirs of David Brainerd and his brother John (1744) have been the forerunners of a class in this great department of literature that have thrown much light on the character and customs of various tribes of Indians. The memoir of David Brainerd was written by the celebrated New England divine, Jonathan Edwards, and an abridgment of it was prepared by John Wesley. The reading of this book so impressed the mind of Henry Martyn that he determined to become a missionary, a resolution that was nobly kept.

John Heckewelder, a Moravian missionary (1754), wrote "An account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations who inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States." He also published a work on the Mohegan and Delaware Indians.

James Bradley Finley narrated his experiences and observations in "Wyandotte Mission" and "Life among the Indians," and Peter Jones (1861), following in the same path, published a "History of the Ojibway Indians."

George Catlin spent eight years as a wandering artist amongst the Gros Ventres, Crees, Blackfeet and other Indian tribes, and the results of these years were embodied in pen-and-pencil sketches, which were published under the title "North American Indians."

Henry Schoolcraft has been held in high estimation as a laborious collector of legends and facts relating to the history and customs of the Indians. His long residence amongst the Indians gave him abundant opportunities for gaining this kind of information, and his enthusiasm enabled him to make good use of all that lay within his power.

Very much different from these books was the richly illustrated

work of John L. Stephens, on the antiquities of Central America, which was exceedingly popular, and has been largely drawn upon for information and illustrations by succeeding authors.

The writers on American antiquities of the present day have succeeded in grasping more clearly and firmly the various sections of the whole subject than those of any other period. A philosophical method has been adopted in discussing the various theories propounded as to the origin of the Indian tribes, and the relations of their mythology and language to that of other tribes or nations of people. Men of extensive scholarship have devoted years of research, and have thus bequeathed to us works of abiding interest and accurate information. Amongst the ablest writers on American Indians are Bancroft, John T. Short, Ellen Russell, and Charles G. Leland. President Wilson, of Toronto University, is the best American Indian scholar in Canada. Bancroft's "Native Races" and Short's "North American Indians of Antiquity" are books for the student who wishes to study the question in its relation to philology, sculpture, painting, theology and history.

The legends of the Indians have ever been a source of attraction for all kinds of readers. The study of these is fascinating, and they possess points of especial interest to the historian and the theologian. "Indian Myths," by Miss Ellen Russell and "The Algonquin Legends of New England," by Charles G. Leland, open up a field of study of intense interest. The poetic legends reveal a mythology that is inspiring and that fills the mind with astonishment. Novelists have found abundant material for entertaining the reading public in writing about the joys and sorrows of the Red Man. Washington Irving, in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," exposed the claims of the Dutch settlers to the Indian's land under pretence of defending them. Fenimore Cooper wedded fact and fiction in a large number of volumes, wherein the virtues of the representative Indian were graphically described. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, has espoused the cause of the injured Indian in his "Shadows of Shasta" and Mrs. Helen Jackson has written in "A Century of Dishonour" a tragic account of the organized wrong-doing brought to bear upon the aborigines in the United States. This is a book very highly recommended by Joseph Cook, and teeming with terrible facts which are officially authenticated.

In the realm of poetry Longfellow added to his fame by studying long and deeply the writings of Heckewelder, Catlin, Schoolcraft and others, and embodying the results of his investigations with his poetical aspirations in that exceedingly popular poem "Hiawatha." Ten thousand copies of this Indian poem sold in America within a few weeks after its publication and fifty thousand within one year and a half.

In the fifteenth century Las Casas went amongst the Indians in Mexico. There was a tribe that would not be friendly with the Spaniards and could not be conquered. Las Casas translated the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church into verse in the Quiché language. He introduced the poem set to music by means of four traders, who sang it to the Indians after the day's trading was over. They sang it accompanied with Indian instruments of music, and the effect was grand. The Indians were delighted and called for it to be sung again and again. They sent for Las Casas and his fellow-priests, and the men who could not be subdued by the sword were induced to submit to the gentler influences of religious truth.

Works of special interest to the student of philology may be noted. David Geisberger (1732), who spent nearly sixty years as missionary amongst the Indians, especially the Mohegans and Delawares, wrote grammars, dictionaries, phrase-books and several religious works in the Onondaga dialect of the Iroquois language and also in the Delaware. The manuscripts of his works are deposited in the libraries of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia and of Harvard University. In the National Library at Paris there are several manuscript works on Indian languages, amongst which are an Algonquin grammar and dictionary, a dictionary of the Iroquois language of the Agnier nation and a pamphlet on the rudiments of the Micmac language. The best Cree grammar in existence is one published in 1815 by Henry Howse, a chief factor in the Hudson's Bay Company. Only a few copies remain of this valuable work. Dr. Friedrich Baraga, a Roman Catholic missionary, spent several years amongst the Indians around Lake Superior and was made Bishop of Sault Ste. Maria. He published a grammar and dictionary of the Ojibway language, which are still in use and of much service. James Evans, a Methodist missionary at Norway House, invented the Cree syllabic characters, by means of which

an intelligent Cree Indian will learn to read the Bible in his own language in one or two days. He whittled the type out of wood with his penknife and made ink out of the soot of his chimney. So great have been the influences of this invention that very few Cree Indians are to be found who cannot read in the Cree syllabic. The Rev. Mr. Watkins, an Episcopal missionary, prepared an excellent Swampy Cree dictionary, which is the only one published. Pere Lacombe's French-Cree and Cree-French dictionary and grammar is a book of nine hundred pages and the best book on "Plain Cree." In Swampy Cree, the grammars of Archdeacon Hunter and Bishop Harden are worthy of notice. The former consists of a lecture on the Cree language with the paradigms of the verb. It is a book for the philologist. The latter is a pocket grammar, to be used by those who wish to acquire as much of the language as will enable them speedily to converse with the natives.

Among the Dakotas there are seven tribes having differences of dialect, and in the Dakota language Dr. Riggs has published an excellent grammar, a dictionary of nearly sixteen thousand words, and the New Testament, translated into Dakota from the original Greek.

In the interests of the Indians, the press has been brought into action. Thus we have newspapers bearing the names, *The Indian Missionary*, *The Southern Workman*, and *Our Brother in Red*. Much valuable information may be obtained on this question in the reports of Historical Societies and especially of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. *The American Antiquarian* is a monthly magazine published in the interests of this subject, with several branches of study arising out of it.

The literature prepared specially for the Indians themselves, and in their own language, is chiefly of a religious nature. Bibles, hymn-books, and works of devotion comprise nearly the whole range of this branch of literature. John Eliot translated Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" and a work on logic for the use of the Natick Indians, but the great literary monument of his life was the translation of the Bible into the Natick language. Eight years were spent, with the assistance of an Indian, in the translation of the Old and New Testaments. With the help of an Indian the New Testament was printed.

This was the first Bible printed in America, and was received

with admiration and gratitude by the leading divines and also by the Christian people of England and America. Only a few copies are now in existence. In 1868 a single copy sold for \$1,150. There lives but one man, the Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, who is master of the language and can read the Bible. Not a descendant of this New England tribe exists, but the Bible remains a silent token of the industry and enthusiasm of the apostle to the Indians.

In 1813 the Gospels were translated into the language of the Esquimaux Indians of Labrador. In 1825 the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society of Canada issued its first Missionary Report. Therein we read that Dr. A. Hill, a Mohawk chief, had translated the Gospels of Mark and John and had nearly completed translations of Matthew and Luke. This chief translated also some most excellent hymns for public worship. A princess of the same nation was engaged in translating the Acts of the Apostles. In 1840, the Rev. H. B. Steinhauer, an Ojibway Indian, recently deceased, went out to the Hudson's Bay Territory with Jas. Evans. After a residence of a few years he and John Sinclair, a half-breed, translated the Bible into Cree. Sinclair translated the Old Testament to the end of Job, and the New Testament to the end of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Steinhauer translated the remaining parts of the Old and New Testament. I have in my library a manuscript copy of Genesis written in the Cree syllabic characters by John Sinclair. It is a beautiful specimen of penmanship.

Archdeacon McDonald, of Peel River, a tributary of the Mackenzie, has spent the past twenty years among the Indians. Fort Yukon is situated one mile within the Arctic Circle, and this for eight years was the headquarters of this missionary. The language spoken is the Tukudh, but at Norton's Sound and beyond, the Indians speak dialects of the Tinne language, which has a slight resemblance to the Tukudh. In the Cree there are thirty syllabic characters and ten affixes or auxiliaries, but in the Tukudh a syllabary has been made, which contains about five hundred syllables. Some Indians have been known to learn these in two weeks and to read the Gospels in three months. The New Testament, nearly all of the Prayer Book, and a large number of hymns have been translated, and are now being published in this language.



Chief Justice Onasakenrat, of Oka, when in the prison of St. Scholastique began translating the Scriptures from French into Iroquois. At his death he had translated the Gospels and a large number of hymns and was engaged in the Epistles.

In 1827, the Indians on Grape Island used a small hymn-book containing twelve hymns translated into Chippewa and printed in New York. Seth Crawford assisted about the same time in correcting some Mohawk translations of the Scriptures for the New York Bible Society. Peter Jones translated into Chippewa Methodist hymns, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments and a spelling book. In the Lenox Library, New York, there is a copy of the Mohawk Indian Prayer Book printed in New York in 1715.

The very names of translations of religious books for the use of the Indians in Canada and the United States would fill many pages. Many of the tribes for whom these translations were made have been swept away by the hand of cruelty or have succumbed to the gentler influences of civilized life. The history of Canadian Indian literature would fill the pages of a large volume, and several articles could be written on the translations that have been made for the use of the Indians in the Canadian North-West alone. There are few Indian tribes that have not a literature of their own. Bishop Harden, Archdeacon McKay, Orrin German, and many others are using their linguistic ability toward developing this literature, and the energy thus displayed is an important factor in aiding in the solution of one of the problems of to-day. A subject embracing so many languages and dialects, and relating to such a diversity of peoples past and present, possesses a deep and abiding interest for the student, and to such the field is inviting and will amply reward for all the labour bestowed.

BLOOD RESERVE, FORT MACLEOD, ALBERTA, N. W. T.

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#### A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

OH, many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds aim the archer little meant ;  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

THE PALE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

A MOTHER bending o'er a cot,  
Watching her child,  
Praying that God would spare its life  
So undefiled ;  
Oh, what a joy, were she but sure  
Death would not come for one so pure.

An aged man, by men forgot  
In want and pain,  
Longing for help on attic floor,  
Longing in vain ;  
Will death be found, where men go not ?  
Surely he'll pass this wretched spot ?

A lordling in his mansion  
Is stricken ill,  
Amid his rare and costly works  
Of art and skill ;  
Can all his wealth, how vast its store !  
Not bribe dread death to pass his door ?

But the rider on the pale horse,  
Who rests not day or night,  
Rode on through the crowded city,  
As if conscious of his might.  
He laid his hand upon the cot  
And took away the child,  
He heeded not the mother's wails,  
Though they were long and wild.

And on to the wretched attic  
Where in want the old man lay,  
He touched him with his icy wand  
And bade him come away.  
And then to the gorgeous mansion  
By its treasures undefiled,  
And he bade the lordly owner,  
Come with aged man and child.

He laid the mother's darling  
Where it needed not its cot,

The rich man from the mansion,  
Where his gold could help him not.  
He laid the pauper also  
Where child and lordling lay,  
Where all distinctions are unknown  
Where clay returns to clay.

Oh thou mysterious rider,  
Whose sounds we all must hear ;  
As sounds to some of gladness,  
As sounds to some of fear.  
When He who hast thee conquered,  
Shall bid thee from above,  
Speed on thy mission to our home,  
May it be one of love.

OAKLANDS, March, 1885.

[On page 464, line 5 from bottom, for "undefiled" read "unbeguiled."]

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## THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG,

*Late Methodist Missionary at Norway House.*

THE Indian question has suddenly come to the front, and, as is quite natural, a large number of persons are emerging from the obscurity where they had, according to their own imagination, been reading the "signs of the times," and with their "I told you so," and "I had long foreseen this," and "the Government ought to have done this," or "it ought not to have done that," are adding to the agony of the occasion, and making matters more mixed and confusing to a long-suffering, patient reading public, who patriotically wade through their effusions.

It is said that the author of "Life on the ocean wave" never went to sea, and that he who wrote "Do they miss me at home?" never left home. So the less some people know about a thing the more assurance with which they write about it.

At the earnest request of the Editor, I add my share to this generous dish of Olla Podrida, not that I profess to know more than what has been written, but from the fact of having been within a few hundred miles of the scene of conflict, and having had a partial acquaintance with some of the notorious characters that have lately sprung into an undesirable prominence, I have had this honour conferred upon me.

As Canadians, we have most assuredly received a rude shock by these stirring events which are transpiring in our own Dominion. Our vanity is wounded, our record tarnished, and we, Britons, who on Yankee platforms and in the press used to wax eloquent, in our own eyes, as we with much assurance contrasted, always to our own advantage, the methods of treat-

ment pursued in reference to the Indians by the two nations, seem to have reached a period in our national history when we can sit down and ruminate on the proverb that "they who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

But is it not humiliating that these things should be? that with a past record so honourable and satisfactory we should have this rude awakening, and be obliged to open our eyes to the startling fact that we are really engaged in a war of no mean dimensions with halfbreeds and Indians? and that it should occur now, when nearly everybody was of the opinion that satisfactory treaties had been made with the Indian tribes and that the claims of the half-breeds had been met by a liberal issue of scrip, makes it the more extraordinary.

If it had occurred years ago, when these now feeble tribes were mighty and could muster their thousands of proud free warriors, who revelled with delight in the very thought of war and carnage, we might have partially understood it; but in those days all who visited any of those tribes, no matter whether north or south of the boundary line, if they came with the proud distinction of being British subjects, were always received as trusted brothers, and were ever assured of a very cordial welcome.

Now our hearts are saddened by the sickening details of precious lives lost, fair homes destroyed, and a spirit of unrest and disquietude aroused that will not subside for years.

Many are anxiously asking, Was there sufficient cause for this unhappy state of things; if so, what was it, and what is the remedy?

First, then, as to there having been sufficient excuse for this uprising and defiance of law, we most emphatically say, No!

There have been no grievances mentioned even by the most bitter and rebellious of the Metis to justify them in the lengths they have gone and for the valuable lives they have taken and for the injury they have inflicted on the country.

For a long time, however, there have been influences at work which have made this uprising, which is really a conflict of races, a possibility. Many of these French half-breeds inherited both the traditions and feelings of the past. They well knew that there was a time when their French ancestors were the rulers from Quebec to the Mississippi. Some of their forefathers, with the humiliations following the English victory on the Plains of Abraham and the subsequent surrender of Quebec and then of the whole of Canada, had hurried away into the vast wilderness, and there amidst the excitement of almost savage life had kept alive in the hearts and memories of their children and grand-children, as the years rolled by, the story of their fears and hatred of that race which had made the *fleur-de-lis* of France go down before the red cross of England. Living under the semi-patriarchal rule of the Hudson Bay Company, whose requirements were few, and making their living more by hunting and trapping than by farming, they kept themselves aloof, except for purposes of trade, from the Scotch half-breeds and others speaking the English language, and were much more French than English in their prejudices and feelings.

With jealous eyes, and bitter feelings, they watched the incoming waves of Anglo-Saxon civilization. They chafed and fretted, and then with Riel,

the dreamer, the egotist, the coward, they made that desperate attempt in 1869 and 1870 to retain their supremacy, which has become a matter of history. Into those events we cannot here enter, but vividly burned into memory's tablet are some of the scenes and incidents of those days, when the dear "old flag" was for a time in the dust, and when the snow in front of old Fort Garry was crimsoned with the life-blood of Scott, a moral, honest, temperate young man, a communicant of the Presbyterian Church, who was foully murdered for his out-spoken loyalty, and for his contempt of the man who had dared to dishonour the flag he loved so well.

With the half-breeds of Manitoba the Government dealt most honourably, and liberally. Hundreds of thousands of acres of good land, most advantageously situated, were allowed them; and in addition, scrip, which was a kind of a deed for much more, was granted them. They threw the scrip upon the market, which was almost glutted with it for a time. Soon after the opening of the country, when emigrants began pouring in, the restless spirit of the Metis manifested itself, and many of them, getting rid of both their scrip and farms, left the province and wended their way to the distant Saskatchewan and other places, where many of their class had gone before. Now, instigated by Riel, and soured by their straitened circumstances, the direct result of their own improvidence, they are found in open rebellion; and with arms in their hands, on ground stained with innocent, loyal blood, are demanding their rights. The demand is preposterous in the extreme.

It is still an open question requiring candid consideration, whether or not those who can prove that they have not been sharers in the Manitoba allotment, but have been and are settlers in those western settlements have any just claims, or rights, beyond what they now enjoy. Common justice says: Give them the patents or deeds to the farms on which, as *bona fide* settlers, they reside; but we fail to see that they have claims beyond this which may not as justly be demanded by all loyal emigrants going in as settlers, be they English, Irish, or Scotch.

But the great cause of the present trouble is the scarcity of meat since the destruction of the great buffalo herds. Both Indians and half-breeds well know that the extinction of these animals is due to the coming of the white man, with his superior fire-arms, and his wanton slaughter for the mere excitement of the chase, and also his greed for the profits on the sale of the robes.

The buffalo was ever regarded by the Indians as the special gift of the *Kiche Maneto*, the Great Spirit. His nutritious flesh furnished the best of food; his hides gave them tents, bedding, clothing and moccasins; the sinews were easily made into the strongest of thread. With plenty of buffalo they hardly needed anything else. Travellers who visited those broad prairies years ago have given as glowing descriptions of the vast herds that then roamed over those fertile regions, literally the cattle upon a thousand hills. Strict laws, very similar to our present game laws, were rigidly enforced by the Indians to prevent the unnecessary slaughter of these useful animals. Spears and bows and arrows were the only weapons with which they then hunted them. But all this is changed. The pale

face has come, and in his mad frenzy to kill he has ignored all the wise laws for their preservation, and so the wholesale slaughter has gone on until now the buffalo is, or very soon will be, classed among the extinct animals. A few years ago as many as one hundred and sixty thousand were slaughtered for the robes alone. When killed in the fall of the year for meat, their robes are about worthless, but during the winter when they are in prime condition as the robes of commerce, the flesh is poor and hard. The result is there was a double slaughter, to obtain meat and to obtain robes.

Is it any wonder that under such wholesale slaughter, those plains that once teemed with plenty should now be so devoid of life; and that half-breeds or Indians should, from their present half-starved condition, wish they could see those days return again? I remember once, when conversing with the late honoured Rev. Geo. McDougall on the expensiveness of getting in supplies to my northern Mission, hearing him say that the matter of obtaining provisions for his own, and son's families, the previous fall was a very simple affair. He said that he and one of his sons, with their pockets full of bullets, with their powder horns on their necks, and with their guns in their hands, had mounted their well-trained buffalo runners, and during the afternoon's sport, had killed fourteen fat buffalo cows, which furnished them with abundance of fresh meat all through the winter.

The great yearly event in the life of the half-breeds was the great fall hunt of the buffalo. When the little crops were secured, like a great military procession they wended their way westward toward the vast feeding grounds of these animals. Wives and children followed after in the quaint, capacious, ungreased, and consequently noisy, vehicles, known as the Red River carts. Hundreds of buffalo used to be killed, and thousands of pounds of dried meat, and pemmican, and tallow, and hides would be secured. This with the produce of their little farms, although they made miserable farmers, gave them abundance of food.

So vast was the quantity of meat secured that great portions of it was sold for a trifle. The Indian tribes, who lived in the outside forest regions, where the buffalo roamed not, when their fisheries or deer huntings were poor, could get all the buffalo meat they wanted at cheap rates in exchange for their furs. Now, all this is changed. With hungry looks, and gaunt forms, we have heard them talk of those bygone times, and mourn over the present state of things. From our stand-point, of course, we could see that these things were inevitable, that as the Anglo-Saxon wave of civilization rolled westward, those fertile prairies were too valuable to be kept as mere buffalo preserves.\* But many of these half-breeds and Indians do not thus see it, and hence their bitterness and discontent. Hungry men are naturally apt to be unreasonable and quarrelsome. True, we have made arrangements and treaties with them, but the most advantageous treaties do not give them a tithe of what they once had. What is five dollars a head, with a little

\* "It is estimated," says Sir John Lubbock—*Prehistoric Times*, p. 181—"that in a forest country each man requires 50,000 acres for his support." Under skilful agriculture a single acre will more than support a man.

twine and ammunition and a few rations per annum, on their now desolate prairies, compared with what they had in those days when the thunder of the tread of the vast herds of buffalo constantly sounded in their ears.

There is no use in disguising the fact, that these people are in a wretched, half-starved condition. The transition has been too sudden, the old life was too deeply ingrained to be forgotten in a year or even a decade. Placed on their reserves or settlements they have never felt contented, and it will take long years and much patience and firmness in dealing with them.

If there is one thing more important than another, it must be the selection of the men who represent our Government among them. What ever else is done, let us not introduce the American system of giving some political hack an Indian agency in order that he may be recouped for some service rendered to his party. Already there are facts that have come to light that are humiliating. What seem very much like Texas steers have been furnished where well-broken plough oxen were promised. Miserable ploughs and basswood whipple-trees were sent in to one large reserve. What would be rejected by some people as chicken feed was sent to one place for seed wheat. True, these and other things were done by sub-agents, but the fact that they could be done at all shows that our methods need overhauling.

My article is already too long or I would endeavour to show how I think our whole system of Reserves is a failure and a great mistake. My theory is the formation of a large Indian Province north and east of Lake Winnipeg, in which all our Indians could be more advantageously placed, both for their own happiness and welfare and for the future progress and safety of the great prairie regions, which we hope to see yet filled with millions of people, who will till the soil and live happy and contented on its resources. And now is the time to promptly attend to it. The uprising of the Indians has destroyed the confidence of the whites. They can never again live in peace and contentment with the Indian Reserves as they now are, scattered all through the white settlements. "Heroic treatment" must be the order of the day if we expect settlers to come in after what has occurred. The strong arm of the law must punish the half-breeds; the Indians must be removed.

I know I will be severely criticized for these views, but they are the result of years of study of this difficult question. If any one else has a better solution I should be glad to hear it and to fall into line.

It is a cause of thankfulness that our Methodist Indians are thus far all loyal. I believe they will all remain so. Next to teaching them to sing the songs of Zion, we taught them to sing "God Save the Queen."

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GOD is a worker. He has thickly strewn  
Infinity with grandeur. God is love.  
He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,  
And all the worlds shall summer in his smiles.

—*Alexander Smith.*

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## RUMOURS OF WAR.

Not since the time of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, which only the elders among us can remember, has the British Empire been beset by such grave difficulties as those that beset her now. Should—as seems likely enough to be the case before these words are read—should the strained relations with Russia lead to an open rupture, we shall probably see such a war as the world has never known. A cartoon in *Punch* graphically depicts the situation, Britannia with tense muscles, heroic mien, and sternly-knitted brow, is holding in leash a huge lion with bristling mane, and a fierce tiger, the emblem of India, eager for the fray. The following lines interpret the sentiment of the picture—

Ready! Not rashly courting fierce  
collision

With whatsoever quarry cross the  
way;

Not looking forth with hate-ensanguined  
vision,

Like long-leashed war-dogs eager for  
the fray;

But steadfastly on guard, the watchful  
warders

Of a domain which honour bids them  
keep;

And fiercely, furtively toward whose  
borders

Sinister footsteps creep.

When side by side they stand, the  
stout old Lion

And that swift supple Tiger of the  
East,

Eyes glittering like the belt-stars of  
Orion,

Who braves the pair should be a  
brawny beast.

Ursine Colossus from the snow-wastes,  
truly

You are a monster of amazing thews.  
But *must* the Orient fight it out with  
Thule?

'Tis left for you to choose!

Britannia stands between, regarding  
proudly.

Their sinewy strength, their unity of  
pose,

Listening, alert. Should the war-  
drum throb loudly,

With what fleet force she'll launch  
them on her foes!

Not without need; not hatred hot and  
heady,

Not battle-fire or blood-thirst moves  
her mind;

But if wild war *must* wake, the watch-  
word "Ready!"

Shall ring adown the wind.

But after all, it is a dreadful thing to cry *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war. "The beginning of strife," the wise man saith, "is as when one letteth out water." One knows not what deluge of horrors may follow. An Anglo-Russian war would not be like the Franco-Prussian campaign, localized in a single land and ending in a single season. On the Black Sea, on the Baltic, in the mountains of Hindu Koosh and the Caucasus, fleets or armies would meet in deadly conflict.

Strange, that after eighteen Christian centuries and all our boasted civilization no more rational method of settling international disputes should be known than the appeal to brute force such as characterized the most barbarous races of the world's darkest age. And after the battles have been fought, and thousands slain, and provinces devastated, and treasure and blood poured out like water, diplomacy has at last to step in and arrange treaties of peace, often by an appeal to arbitration or international law. Why not settle the matter thus in the first place, before passions are inflamed and antipathies embittered and a heritage of hate laid up for future years? In spite of popular clamour, wise statesmanship appeals to the arbitrament of war only as the very last alternative, and after every peaceful means of settlement has been exhausted. It is not the great body of the people, who pay the taxes and furnish the rank and file of



the army, who are so eager for war, but it is the fighting colonels who look for rapid promotion and the fire-eating editors who live on sensation who are the chief fomenters of the war spirit. It was the Duke of Wellington who said that a great victory was only less terrible than a great defeat. It was the astute Franklin who said there never was a good war or a bad peace. The peace spirit, thank God, is growing in the earth. Notwithstanding the rumours of war, nations shrink from the appeal to arms. Thirty years ago John Bright's protest against the Crimean War was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Among the statesmen of the age, he and Cobden stood alone. The popular feeling was voiced in Tennyson's lines—

It is peace or war? Better war! loud  
 war by land and by sea,  
 War with a thousand battles, and  
 shaking a hundred thrones.

To day the nation's heart responds not to that Berserker cry; but, rather, its reluctant consent to a dreadful alternative is expressed in the lines we have quoted from London *Punch*.

#### THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.

At the time of the present writing, it looks as if the troubles in the North-West would be settled without further effusion of blood. That it may be so, must be the prayer of every true lover of his country and his kind. It is to be hoped that the rash insurrectionists will submit to the forces of the Queen and cast themselves upon the clemency of the crown. While the ring-leaders of the revolt should, after fair trial, receive due punishment, their misguided followers should have offered them a generous amnesty. Whatever grievances they have should be candidly examined, and whatever wrongs they suffer from should be frankly and fully made right. When the majesty of the law shall have been fully vindicated, no feeling of revenge should follow. The noblest result of the late American war was that after its close no drop

of blood was shed. It is one of the grandest exhibitions of magnanimity in the world that Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher, two of the foremost leaders of opinion in the North, should become the bailsmen for Jefferson Davis, the arch-leader of the rebellion.

It may be that we shall find that we have been verily guilty concerning our brother—our red brother of the plains. We have taken his ancient inheritance. He is a stranger and an alien where once he was lord of the soil. Have we kept our treaties and pledges with the native tribes? or have we permitted them to be wronged, cheated, and oppressed? Many of them are still in pagan darkness, and worship the Great Manitou and sacrifice the white dog. Have the Churches done all they could to enlighten their darkness, to teach them the truths of the Gospel? It is a matter of congratulation that of the thousands of natives under the influence of the Methodist Church not one has joined this rash revolt. A tithe of the money now required to put down this insurrection would have sufficed to establish missions among every tribe in the North-West. The money spent in their evangelization has been more than tenfold repaid by the fidelity of the Christian Indians.

#### THE RELIEF FUND.

The efforts to secure concerted action for the relief of the embarrassed church trusts have not yet met with that success that is needed and is hoped for. There have been several generous individual gifts, but as yet no general connexional movement. Now, we are a connexion or we are nothing. This work needs a long pull and a strong pull, and above all, a pull altogether. It can only be accomplished by a general, a connexional effort. It is to be hoped that the approaching Conferences will devise means whereby such a connexional effort shall be made. There is no use now in raising the question, Might not some of this indebtedness have been

avoided? It has not been avoided. Heavy debts exist, which will crush those individually responsible unless they be relieved. These debts are properly the debts of the whole connexion, just as the large church and college properties of the different bodies that have come together are the assets of the whole connexion. And these debts have not been incurred by any one of the uniting bodies. It will be found that each of these bodies to a large degree shares the responsibility; and at the time they were incurred most candid minds will admit that it was the right thing to do. The assumption of these debts is a part of the price that we pay for union, with all its benefits—benefits so great that we do not know a single man who would take the backward step to the state of things that existed two years ago. Were these debts a great deal more than they are, the property on which they are an encumbrance would still be worth far more than the indebtedness.

It is only one-half of the debt that the connexion is asked to raise, the other half is to be raised locally, and no help to be given till the church that is aided has done all that it possibly can first. Much of this debt is incurred by closing one of two churches when the other will suffice for both congregations. All sources of income are thus withdrawn from the abandoned church, and its debt becomes an obligation that must at once be cancelled or those person-

ally holden will be grievously oppressed. Yet this very consolidation of interests will ultimately strengthen the connexion and prevent that waste of money and of labour which we deplore in the past.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.

It is difficult to imagine what the Irish "Nationalists" hope to accomplish by their treatment of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses go to the green isle holding out the olive branch and appealing to the patriotism and loyalty of honest Irish hearts. And that appeal has met with a generous response. But the very fervour of this response is gall and wormwood to the irreconcilables; so they must get up counter-demonstrations and stir up a "Nationalist" mob to insult their future Sovereign and hurl missiles at the gentle lady who has won all hearts within the four seas—save those of the Irish malcontents. Suppose they succeed in preventing the peaceful progress of the Prince and Princess; suppose they frustrate their generous purposes. Will that help the cause of Ireland? The "Nationalists" must know that if so much as a single hair of the head of the Princess Alexandra were injured it would raise such a storm of indignation throughout the loyal realm as would make it almost impossible for any Government to pursue a policy of conciliation and concession to Ireland.

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WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts in glad surprise  
 To higher levels rise.  
 The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares,

—Longfellow.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

No news is so gratifying to Methodists as the extension of the kingdom of Christ. Here is an item of the North-Western missions, Calgary. When the Rev. J. Dyke and his family arrived there last July, there was neither parsonage nor furniture, nor could a suitable house be rented, as houses were scarce and rents high; so the pastor and his family took up their abode in the vestry. Since then a parsonage has been built, and in the single year of its existence the congregation has increased from fourteen to thirty-four members, and obtained a church property of the value of \$4,000; which in two or three years, it is expected, will be entirely free from debt.

A Chinese mission school has been established at Victoria, British Columbia. The school assembles from 7 until 9.30 each evening. The school began with twenty-eight scholars, varying from eight to forty years of age. A Sunday-school is also taught in the same room every Sabbath. Some fifty were present the first time, and in the evening a service was held at which more than two hundred Chinese were present, and were so much interested that some of them asked to be told about "the strange story to which they had listened."

The McDougall Orphanage, in the North-West, has now fifteen children, some of whom have neither father nor mother, and but for the institution they would be destitute. They are taught the English language, and are being trained so as to be useful in after life. Some of them have strange Indian names, as for instance one which means "Crept-on-her-hands-and-feet-through-the-long-grass-into-the-camp," "Crawler." If funds

were forthcoming a much larger number of children could be accommodated at the Orphanage.

Gratifying intelligence comes to hand from the French missions. Rev. L. N. Beaudry says that in Montreal Centre, "they have the largest French Protestant Sunday-school in the city, though the latest organized." In Montreal West, ten have recently been received on trial. A Sabbath-school has been organized which bids fair to be of good service.

### OTHER CANADIAN CHURCHES.

Rev. John Geddie, D.D., went from Nova Scotia to Samoa, and waited there for his marching orders. "I will go to that hopeless field," he said, and went. It was a tremendous peril. When he landed on Aneitynm, in 1868, with his young wife and two little children, he landed among a race of man-eating savages, and there was not another white man or woman within a thousand miles of them. Some years afterwards his eldest daughter was sent to Nova Scotia for her education. She was there eight years, and when she returned her parents were so much changed that she did not know them, neither did they recognize her.

Mr. William Gooderham has sent \$25 to Dr. Reid for the support of a native missionary at Erromanga. He will contribute this amount annually for five years at least.

The Rev. E. J. Peck, missionary to the Eskimos of Hudson's Bay, who is now in England, crossed the great peninsula of Labrador from Little Whale river to Ungava Bay last summer. It is believed that no white man has before accomplished this difficult journey of six hundred miles.

## WESLEYAN METHODIST.

There is a monolith at Bau, Fiji, which has a history grisly as that of "Moloch, horrid king." It stood in front of the chief temple, Vata, in Tawaki, which, on high foundation, towered loftiest above the many temples of Bau. To this were dragged the corpses destined for a cannibal orgie. These were trailed in their gore along the dusty soil, and dashed against this stone. By the consent and with the co-operation of the chiefs, this weird relic of the past has been uprooted from the spot which it had occupied from the misty past, and was borne into the great Bau Church, and set up there. Here it was hollowed out, so that it is an admirable font, but with such associations as few Christian fonts possess.

Of the \$176,700 raised last year for the Home Mission and Contingent Fund, for the support and spread of the Gospel in Great Britain and Ireland, the children raised \$31,460.

An important meeting was recently held in City Road Chapel, London, to inaugurate the London Wesleyan Mission. The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, which was commenced in 1861, has been the means of building, at a cost of \$3,000,000, sixty-five chapels—each of which seat one thousand persons. In the Wesleyan places of worship in London there are now one hundred and fifteen thousand sittings, and one hundred and fifteen ministers employed in pastoral work. It is intended to raise a fund of \$250,000 to support the Mission; more than \$40,000 was subscribed at the meeting. The Mission will be similar to that in Liverpool under the superintendence of the Rev. Charles Garrett.

The Special Committee on the office of Chairmen of Districts recently met in Centenary Hall, and recommended that in future such ministers shall be separated from circuit work in a few Districts as an experiment; a committee to meet early at the next Conference to decide how such Chairmen shall be supported; also, where a Chairman

has charge of a large District an assistant shall be granted him.

The Committee of the Allan Library and the Trustees of City Road Chapel have agreed to build a house near the chapel, where the library of 30,000 volumes is to be kept. It is said "that many of these volumes are priceless, and most of them exquisitely bound in vellum, calf, or morocco."

A Home for Methodist Young Men is about to be established in London. It will be built by a Company with funds amounting to \$25,000. The object is to save young men to Methodism who go to the metropolis from the country.

## PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The membership in Great Britain has increased thirty thousand during the last ten years, and its chapel property has doubled in value within the same period.

The Missionary Fund is in debt more than \$25,000. It is proposed to liquidate it by a large pro-rata tax on the circuits; one gentleman has promised \$5,000 towards the amount.

## ITEMS.

The Rev. Prof. Shaw, of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, after preaching in the St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church, on the 1st ult., expressed very kind feelings towards this church so near the completion of one hundred years in its history, remarking that it was very becoming in Methodists to have especial regard for it, as in it there was held, in 1819, the first Methodist missionary meeting in Canada. The Methodist Church in Montreal, built in 1808, which is still standing on St. Sulpice St., in the rear of the Parish Church of Notre Dame, was considered too small, and the authorities of the old Kirk of Scotland very kindly lent their church for this important occasion. This meeting was held in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England, and was five years anterior to the organization of the M. E. Missionary Society of Upper Canada. He expressed the hope that this might ever serve as a

pledge and omen of fraternal regard and harmonious action between these two Churches.

For 50 years, or up to 1860, no tribe to which missions had been sent by the Foreign Board had ever been at war with the United States. Many of the tribes have ceased to decline in number, and some have even increased 10, 20, and even 50 per cent. The highest percentage of increase has been reached by the Senecas, of whom more than 600 have become communicants in the Presbyterian Church. From the fierce Sioux tribes 500 converts have been made in 3 years. In another year 160 were received into the Church by ministers who had been once driven from among them, and barely escaped with their lives, while their comrades had been killed. These are the men whom the Government has spent \$200,000,000 in fighting during 50 years.

In ordinary times missionaries are never molested. Some tribes are now urgently calling for the gospel, and 100 schools could be opened among them, so great is their desire for instruction. The Government owes them more than enough to support five hundred schools. Over \$3,700,000 of the Indians' money due them by treaty for their lands is now lying idle in the Treasury.

Several Quaker missionaries are about to proceed to Madagascar notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country through the action of the French.

The Rev. James Sibree, jun., writing from Madagascar says, that during the last six years marked improvements have taken place. Large numbers of well-built houses and neat churches have been erected. The war has in some places decreased the contributions of the people for religious purposes; but on the part of very many there has been a deeper feeling of dependence on God, and a greater earnestness in prayer. In Antanaarivo, the capital, there are 26 churches in which prayer meetings have been held during the war. It is worthy of remark that while the Roman Catholics are clearly identified with the French, their religious

services have not been disturbed. The Malagasy are bearing themselves wonderfully well under the trials to which they are subjected.

The Free Church of Scotland has established a new medical mission in the Holy Land; the headquarters are to be at Tiberias, and it will be called the Sea of Galilee Medical Mission.

To show how little the Churches are doing for the conversion of the world, Joseph Cook says: "The American Board has not as many servants sent out to the four winds as the president of the Mormon hierarchy has. There are more Mormon missionaries than missionaries of the American Board."

In the Isle of Man, with a population of but 60,000, there are 69 Wesleyan chapels, affording seating accommodation for 13,000 worshippers. There are 3,000 members in the societies, and probably the adherents of the Wesleyan Church form at least one-fifth of the entire population. The Primitive Methodists have five circuits on the island, and assuming that each of these circuits has but three hundred members, this branch of Methodism has half as many members as the Wesleyans, with a corresponding number of adherents. The conclusion to which these facts point is that about one-third of the Manx are by predilection Methodists. This form of Christianity is specially suited to these simple strong-minded and warm-hearted people. Revivals of religion among them are frequent and usually attended with great spiritual power.

The *Missionary Link* says:—"Where no male missionary can go, where girls' schools will not be patronized nor tolerated, where zenana-visitation is impossible, there the female physician can go and be welcomed."

An English gentleman has hit upon an ingenious method of doing missionary work in India. He has had two of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, well adapted for evangelistic effect, inserted in full as an advertisement in some of the heathen newspapers of that country.

The Hon. Donald A. Smith has given \$50,000 to the McGill University, Montréal, for the endowment of a woman's college in affiliation with that institution.

Wan Sin Lee, a Chinaman, who has saved over \$15,000 in the laundry business, has applied for admission to Cornell University. He says that he has been converted to Christianity, and that he intends to go as a missionary to China.

A Chinaman in Tahiti, who earns \$25 per month, is devoting \$20, or four-fifths of the amount, to the purchase of tracts and leaflets for distribution among his countrymen in California.

The death of the Rev. James Way, the pioneer of the Bible Christian Church in South Australia, has been announced. He was a missionary in that colony 34 years, and bore an honourable record. His son is the present Chief Justice of Australia.

There are only three Roman Catholic churches in Sweden.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

The Rev. W. G. Campbell, D.D., the veteran Irish Methodist General Missionary, died at Belfast, February 24th. A few months ago he met with a serious accident, from which he had so far recovered as to resume his labours. He was fifty-four years in the ministry, most of which were spent in missionary labours. He visited Canada a few years ago, and though he purposely came for recreation, he was in labours more abundant, and was ready to preach anywhere. The present writer has a pleasant recollection of standing by his side one Sunday afternoon when he preached in the Queen's Park, Toronto.

The Rev. John Graham, Primitive Methodist minister, departed this life at Congleton, England, in the eighty-fifth year of his age and the fifty-ninth of his ministry. He was a man of great physical energy, and performed a great amount of labour, especially in the early years of his itinerancy.

The Rev. Isaac Weldon, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, died at

Colborne, Ont., April 3rd. His health had been failing for some months, but he did not anticipate that his end was so near until about a short time before he died. He entered the ministry in 1861, and spent one year at Victoria University. Bro. Weldon was deservedly respected. He was made very useful in special services, in which he had laboured every season. He was honourable and kind, and had his life been spared he would have become a leading minister in the Church. His last illness was excruciating, but was endured with Christian fortitude. The writer visited him a few weeks before he died. The remembrance of that visit will never be erased from our memory. The sick chamber was the gate of heaven.

The Rev. Edwin Clement, Toronto Conference, died at Parkdale, April 4th. He was only confined to his bed three days; few knew of his sickness until they heard of his death. Bro. Clement commenced his ministry in 1845, in the State of New York, where he spent three years, and then came to Canada, and spent several years in the western part of Ontario, after which Bowmanville, Yonge-street South, Streetsville, Picton, Collingwood, Brampton, Trenton, and Parkdale Circuits enjoyed his labours. Bro. Clement was a faithful expounder of the Word of God, and was well read in Methodist theology. He was Chairman of District for several years, and was a man who could be safely trusted as a wise administrator. His funeral was attended by more than thirty of his ministerial brethren, three of whom were ordained at the same Conference.

Two ministers, who were formerly labourers in the Methodist Church, and who went to the United States a few years ago hoping that a South-Western climate would be more congenial to their health, have both recently died in Colorado. Their names were Rev. B. B. Dundas, and J. Wilson; the former laboured about nine years, and the latter five, in their adopted country. Both died well.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Pulpit Commentary.* Edited by the REV. CANON H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and the REV. JOSEPH EXELL. I. Chronicles. 8vo., pp. 458. New York : A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Price \$2.

We have frequently spoken in high terms of this excellent Commentary. Each succeeding volume confirms our impressions of its merit. We think it safe to say that seldom, if ever, has the First Book of Chronicles been so adequately treated as in this volume. That book is often considered a mere dry and barren catalogue of names and historic events. It is here shown to have a high ethical, theocratic purpose. The credibility of the text, often assailed, is amply vindicated. The balance of evidence preponderates in favour of Ezra as the writer, or rather compiler of the book. The Exposition and Homiletics, by Rev. Prof. P. C. Barker, are in harmony with the most recent scholarship. It is somewhat remarkable that this *fac-simile* reprint of the English edition is sold for about half the price.

*The Pulpit Commentary.* I. Kings. 8vo., pp. 564. Same Publishers and Editors and same price.

This book is marked by the same high scholarship and careful exegesis as the previous volumes of the series. The editor gives proof of the identity of the purpose and original unity of form of the I. and II. Books of Kings, the division being purely arbitrary and made by the translators of the Septuagint, following Alexandrian usage, for convenience of reference. The same theocratic spirit is evident as in the books of Chronicles. There is the best of evidence that the book was written during the captivity, between B.C. 561 and B.C. 538. Its authorship is a question of much more difficulty. The preponderance

of evidence, we think, is in favour of the prophet Jeremiah. There are marked resemblances of style and even of expression, and a similar tone of despondence, over the corruptions of the times and the sorrows of the chosen people. Compare I. Kings ix. 8. with Jer. xxii. 8; II. Kings xvii. 14 with Jer. vii. 26, etc. The Homiletics by Vicar Hammond, Dr. Pressensé and others are eminently practical and judicious.

*The Child's Bible*, with upwards of two hundred original illustrations. With an introduction by Dr. J. H. VINCENT. New York: Cassell & Co. 4to., pp. 738. Full-gilt. Price \$4.00

While the Bible is a book for all—for the wisest sage as well as for the wayfaring man—its wonderful narratives of providence and grace make it especially the book for childhood. No stories so charm the infant mind as those told at the mother's knee, of Joseph, of Moses, of Samuel, of David, and, above all, of the Holy Child Jesus. The Editor of this book has wisely arranged in consecutive sequence the narrative-portions of the Scriptures and other portions specially adapted to the mind of childhood. The very words of the authorized version are employed so that the child becomes familiar with their noble diction as well as with their holy truths. Merely as a mental training nothing can equal this. Ruskin attributes all that is best in his wonderful use of the English language to the Bible readings at his mother's knee.

The two hundred admirable engravings, most of them full-page, of this volume, fix upon the youthful mind the meaning of the text far more vividly than the words alone. The costumes, accessories, and surroundings are all carefully studied, so as to give not merely the ideas of "the

old masters"—whose errors and anachronisms were often absurd—but to give true conceptions of the unfamiliar oriental life of the long, long ago. Even the initial letters have little vignettes illustrative of the text. We can bear witness that the attention of very young children is arrested by these striking pictures, and their eager questionings demand such explanations as often tax the best wisdom of the parent to answer. Children thus early learn and never forget the great events of the Bible, and the great truths of religion. We rejoice to know that 143,000 copies of this Child's Bible have been called for. No better present can a wise father give his children than this handsome volume, with its broad clear page, large open type, and numerous beautiful pictures. Our friend, Dr. Vincent, contributes an appropriate introduction on the Bible, the child's book.

*Fichte's Science of Knowledge.* A critical exposition. By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D., Bussy Professor of Theology in Harvard University. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 16mo, pp. 287. Price \$1 25.

This is an admirable exposition of the masterpiece of one of the most remarkable thinkers of modern times. Dr. Everett has evidently completely mastered the subject which he has undertaken to expound, and he has done all that could well be done to enable his readers to understand it. The simplicity, purity, and transparency of the style in which it is written add greatly to the value of the book. This is one of a series of expositions of the principal works of the German philosophers which is in course of publication by this enterprising house, designed to bring the results of the labours of these extraordinary men, in the highest field of human investigation, within the reach of the English student. If the other works in the series should prove equal to this—and there is no reason to doubt that they will—its publication will lay the educated public of America under no small obligation.

*The Merchant Evangelist*, being a Memoir of William McGavin, author of "The Protestant." By the REV. WILLIAM REID, D.D., Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1884. 16mo., pp. 212.

This is not the first memoir of this remarkable man that has been published. As early as 1834 a volume of his sermons was given to the public, with a companion volume containing a brief sketch of his life up to his thirteenth year. That book, which was made up chiefly of letters by Mr. McGavin, and a memorial sermon preached on the occasion of his death was, however, felt to be too fragmentary and meagre in the biographical information which it contained to give the reader any adequate conception of the character of the man, the nature of his work, and the motives by which it was actuated. The very fact that the present "life" has been written, and that it has been published in admirable style by one of the most respectable and enterprising publishing houses in Scotland at this late day shows what a hold the memory of Mr. McGavin has on the regard of his countrymen. Dr. Reid appears to have done his work well, and his book, in spite of the lateness of its appearance, will probably have a wide circulation.

*Anthe.* By MRS. G. W. CHANDLER. Pp. 271. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This is a strongly-written and original book. It describes in an over-tragic story the progress of a soul from doubt to faith. The name "Anthe"—"without God," is given by an infidel father to his child, whom he brings up in the manner indicated by her name. Her groping after God if haply she may find Him, and her reaching the fold of assured faith after many wanderings and strange providences are vividly described. Nevertheless, we think the incidents too sensational to be natural, and the plot too tragical to be quite wholesome reading.



*Reasonable Apprehensions and Reassuring Hints: Being Papers Designed to attract attention to the Nature of Modern Unbelief, and to meet some of its Fundamental Assumptions.* By REV. HENRY FOOTMAN, M.A., Vicar of Nocton, Lincoln. New York: James Pott & Co., 12 Astor Place. 16mo, 173 pages.

This little volume has met with a most favourable reception in England, and it is probable that it will be quite as great a favourite with thoughtful readers on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Footman thoroughly understands the subject which he has undertaken to discuss, and his treatment of it cannot fail to be helpful to such as are engaged in the pursuit or the defence of the truth. The clearness and force with which he states the position of his opponents show that he is not afraid to meet them fairly. And though the matter of the second paper is modestly called "hints," it contains, at least in outline, a comprehensive line of argument, which effectually disposes of the assumptions which underlie most of the atheistic and infidel arguments which are doing so much mischief at the present time. The style in which the book is brought out is highly creditable to the publishers.

*Carlowrie; or, Among Lothian Folk.* By ANNIE S. SWAN. With six original lithographs. Pp. 320. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

In her previous book "Aldersyde," Miss Swan exhibited a strength of delineation of Scottish life and character which challenged wide attention and elicited the hearty commendation of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who amid the cares of State found time to read the book and to write the author a congratulatory note. In "Carlowrie" she develops still further the same inexhaustible vein. The homely pathos, the religious earnestness, the "pawky" humour of peasant life are clearly conceived and strongly described. The story is less austere than

"Aldersyde," but the interest is equally well sustained, and the poetic Lowland dialect is admirably managed.

*Studies in the Gospel According to St. John.* By Rev. J. CYNDDYLAN JONES. Pp. 322. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Few volumes of Biblical studies have ever been so favourably received as those on Matthew's Gospel and the Acts by this able Welsh divine. They possessed a vigour, a clearness, a breadth, a power, that at once arrested attention and commanded a large sale. Our Book-Steward, with his usual enterprise, has added to the previously published books of Mr. Jones this latest volume on the Gospel of St. John. It is marked by the same robustness of style, keen insight into the spiritual significance of the text, originality of thought and expression and of frequent quaintness of manner that characterized his former works. It is sure to be no less popular and useful. The printing and binding are a credit to our Connexional Publishing House.

*Christian Thought.* Bi-monthly, edited by CHARLES F. DEEMS, 4 Winthrop Place, New York. \$2 a year.

A few years ago, Dr. Deems organized the American Institute of Christian Philosophy for the defence of revealed religion against the attacks of infidelity. He has secured the co-operation of many of the foremost Christian thinkers of the day in this praiseworthy endeavour. They have had their annual assemblies and discussed the profoundest problems of the age. The most valuable of the papers thus presented are published in this high-class bi-monthly. Among the contents of the present number are "The Field To-Day," by Dr. Deems; "Hindu and Christian Philosophy Contrasted," by Ram Chandra Bose; "Concessions of Distinguished Unbelievers to the Book and the Man," etc. Ministers and laymen will find this periodical both stimulating and instructive.

*The Hallam Succession. A Tale of Methodist Life in Two Countries.* By AMELIA E. BARR. Pp. 310. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.

This is a story written, as the author says in her preface, "for young Methodists in all places and circumstances; first, to assist them in giving a reason of the faith that is in them; second, to show that they have good cause to love and honour a creed which not only elevates the most lowly characters, but also adds to gentle birth, wide culture and noble enthusiasms, beauty, dignity and grace." It admirably fulfils its purpose. It brings into contrast the old world and the new—Yorkshire and the Carolinas, with episodes in Texas and Louisiana. It is unusually well written. The Yorkshire dialect is well managed and the religious teaching is well sustained.

*Dearer Than Life. A Tale of the Times of Wiclif.* By EMMA LESLIE. Pp. 302. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

The writer of this book is well known as the author of a series of volumes illustrating the history of the Christian Church throughout the ages. In the present work she gives a graphic picture of the England of five hundred years ago and of the religious awakening under the preaching of Wiclif and his "poor priests" throughout the kingdom. The book is at once instructive and edifying and we cordially commend it, with the other similar works of the author, to families and Sunday-schools.

*Than Many Sparrows.* By ANNIE E. COURTNEY. Pp. 238. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a touching story of London life among the lowly, illustrative of the brooding providence of God over the children of sorrow and want. It is admirable for Sunday-schools. The illustrations and binding are of the characteristic elegance of the issues of the Wesleyan Conference office.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The new number of Mr. Chas. M. Kurtz's "Academy Notes," the volume for 1885 is announced by Cassell & Company. It is a complete record of the year's art and gives *fac-similes* from the artist's drawings of the most important pictures of the season.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a number of beautiful Easter poems, by the Rev. Horatio Gilbert Parker, of Trenton, Ont., reprinted from leading journals. We are so charmed with their beauty that we have filed them for use next year, with the author's permission.

From our friend, the Rev. C. S. Eby, we have received a vigorous pamphlet, reprinted from the *Japan Mail*, in which he replies, with his usual scholarly ability, to native Japanese objections to the Christian religion.

Dr. Vincent's latest Chautauqua Text Book (price 10c.) is an ideal account of "Our Superintendent," which all superintendents would do well to study.

*Library of the Fathers of the Church*—J. Fitzgerald, 20 Lafayette Place, New York, who by means of the Humboldt Library of Popular Science has done much to bring standard works within the reach of all, issues the announcement of similar enterprise in publishing a library of the Christian Fathers. It will be issued twice a month in 8vo., 120 pages in each part, for 25 cents to subscribers, \$5 a year or \$2.50 for six months. The first issue is the immortal Confessions of St. Augustine, edited by Dr. E. B. Pusey. This will be followed by the principal works of Chrysostom, Ephrem Syrus, Athanasius, Cyprian, Tertullian, the two Cyrils, the two Gregories, etc. These works, heretofore locked up in costly editions, are now brought within the reach of all. "I reverence the Fathers," says John Wesley, "because they describe true Christianity and direct us to the strongest evidence of the Christian doctrine." They are among the greatest helps to the understanding of primitive Christianity.