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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1876.

DR. JOHNSON.

BY THE REV. J. H. ROBINSON.

“THE eighteenth century,” says Mr. Carlyle, “has no history, and can have little or none. A century so opulent in accumulated falsities, sad opulence, descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital;—opulent in that bad way as never century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone,—that, in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it.”

That the eighteenth century has no completely *written* history is true, for no one has attempted it. Had Macaulay lived to write it, as he intended to do, it would have been written as no other man could have written it, and the product would have been a record of human affairs which would have eclipsed, in thrilling interest, all that he ever wrote of the Stuarts, or of his idol, William the Third. Material was not wanting, whether in politics, literature, religion, or social life, for a drama such as he could have executed, which would have entertained, instructed,

and charmed mankind in all future time. But he died, and his great work was left unfinished, to be completed by some genius yet unborn; and which, when done, will mitigate if it does not refute the sweeping assertions which Mr. Carlyle has penned respecting the eighteenth century. That could not have been a barren century which comprised within its bounds some of the most splendid campaigns and victories of Marlborough, the French Revolution, the conquest of Canada by the British forces, the war of American Independence, the invention of the steam-engine, the discoveries of Herschel, Bessel, and others in Astronomy, which gave us Newton's "Principia;" the victories of Cornwallis, Howe, Rodney, and Nelson; the eloquence and statesmanship of Chatham, of Pitt, of Burke, and of Fox; the splendid productions of the pencil of Moreland, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; which originated Methodism, and gave us a literature which, while some of it is impure and had better never have been written, is the stock to which our modern manufacturers in that line of business largely resort for their supplies.

At the head of the literary men of this century stands the venerable though ungainly form of SAMUEL JOHNSON. A man with imperfections which charity will easily overlook; with superstitions which our reason condemns; with an irritability of temper and a dogmatism of tone which often made him rude and unbearable; but for all that he was a man—a great-souled, highly-gifted man; and when the crust was off him, and his real nature became visible in all its breadth of feeling and generosity, his defects—or, perhaps, we ought to say—his peculiarities were forgotten, and the great qualities of his mind and character called forth the admiration and affection of all who came into contact with him.

But why write of Samuel Johnson at this remote period, and considering also that he had no special connection with the opinions or movements which this Magazine represents?

Our answer is that genius, learning, and moral worth are like a diamond which, the more it is seen the more it pleases and is admired; and further, Samuel Johnson was a "helper" and fellow-labourer in the cause of morality and Christian truth at a

time when, in his station in life, there were few who had any serious convictions about sacred things, and very many who made themselves merry at all that savoured of earnestness in religion and decorum in social life. We "greet" him, therefore, as Paul desired Aquila and Priscilla to be greeted, "as a helper in Christ Jesus." He lived in the time of Fielding and Smollett, and he, like them, had to subsist by his pen; but in what a higher and purer region than theirs did his lofty intellect range! He lived and he wrote in such wise that he was admired and visited by Mr. Wesley. The pure and cultivated Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hannah More, and Miss Burney were among his choicest friends. Burke and Windham, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a host of others of equal rank and talent, formed part of that brilliant circle in which he moved. Whenever he had grace enough to tie his garters on his stockings, button the knees of his nether garments put on his shoes with silver buckles, and, more than all, a clean shirt and powdered wig, he was welcomed to any circle which he chose to enter; and his conversation was devoured with greater voracity than he devoured his victuals or drank his sixteen or twenty cups of tea. For fifteen years he was the guest—always welcome, and at free commons—of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, of Streatham. It was deemed an honour to receive him into their house, and there, as elsewhere, philosophers, poets, statesmen, and cultivated men and women in other walks of life, listened to his utterances with rapt attention and admiration.

But there is another reason why we notice Dr. Johnson. His works, although a mine of thought and wisdom, have become neglected by all but a few, on account of the style in which they are written. It is not English nor is it Latin, but a mixture of the two, rather uncouth to modern ears. The Doctor was a stately gentleman—if not always in his dress, at least in his notions of personal dignity. He was born at Lichfield—an episcopal city; and even from his childhood his senses were awed by the sight of doctors, proctors, and all the retinue of an episcopal residence. Those only who have lived in such a city can realize the effect which such surroundings have on the general temper and manners of the people. Lichfield now produces hosiery for young and old; "clouds" for ladies' wear in winter; and an

endless number of articles for warmth and comfort; and we, at least, bless the people of Lichfield for all the warm things they produce. But in Johnson's time there was none of this. The Bishop, the Bishop's palace, the cathedral, the assizes and quarter sessions, and now and then a county ball or a review of troops, were all that the people saw or had to live by. Manufacturing industries make people independent, and sometimes saucy, and when you become independent and saucy speech adapts itself to feeling, style becomes short and snappish. It takes but little trouble to say, "I am as good as you;" but to him who lives under the shadow of a cathedral, who hears at least twice a day the words, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church;" who hears long-robed priests and surpliced choristers chanting litanies, and sees them performing genuflections,—no wonder, especially when their bread and butter are also in question, that the tone of feeling and the manners of a whole people become quieter and more respectful, and it is a moot question whether "I am as good as you" or not. At all events Johnson came from such a place, and his mind and character, and no doubt his mode of address were toned down by his early surroundings,—and his style in after life bears the mark of the solemn and reverential habits to which he had been trained in early life.

But why should mere style repel a thoughtful reader? Why should mere dress repel us from our acquaintances? The use of language is to convey ideas, and the beauty of style is that it should place and combine these ideas so that impression (pleasure if possible—but impression certainly) should be produced. We have Butler's "Analogy," as involved in style as any work in the English language, but who would part with it on that account? Who would wish Jeremy Taylor to be less florid, or Hooker less involved, or Barrow less copious, or Baxter less prolix. Such were these men and such their writings. Without their style we could not have had their thoughts. Then let us sit down with patience and a due relish to Samuel Johnson, and he will tell us something worth knowing and worth thinking about before we lay down his book.

Fourpence a day he lived on for many a day after his first coming to London. Several times, it is to be inferred, for his

pride would not let him acknowledge the fact directly, he walked the streets all night in company with poor Savage, because neither of them had money enough to pay for a bed. His "Rambler" and some of his "Idlers" were written in a miserable garret, with everything around him to chafe his proud spirit and distract his mind. Once or twice he was arrested for debt, and always, till he was near fifty years of age, and received his pension of three hundred pounds per annum—he lived on the verge of want; not knowing often when he laid his head on his pillow at night where the food for next day would come from. Yet, amidst these trials, this man produced works which the world will never let die,—his "Rasselas," his "Rambler," his "Idler," his immortal Dictionary, his Parliamentary Debates, in which he fabricated speeches for "Noble Lords" and "Right Honourable Members," such as none of them had ever brains enough to fabricate for themselves. How many sermons he made for lazy parsons has never been ascertained, but it is affirmed that more than one has made a name by publishing sermons after Johnson's death, as if they were his own, which, nevertheless, were written by Johnson, and sold for a morsel of bread, or given away from a generous impulse. As soon as he had anything fit to be called a house of his own it became a cave of Adullam to sundry persons who were in debt or in want. He sheltered two decayed ladies (one of whom was blind), and both of whom died at his house and were buried at his expense. He had an old medical man under his roof, of the name of Levett, whose practice lay chiefly among the poor, and whose fees were not sufficient to maintain him. He was a shy, modest, but well-read man, a good listener, and suited Johnson admirably to help him spend his long hours over his breakfasts in suitable conversation. This man was honoured by an ode on his life and character, written by Johnson, which concludes with these lines :

" His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Persons like these, and his negro servant, after the death of his wife, composed Johnson's family. He could turn away

from wits and the highest in the land to hold daily converse with the unfortunate and the lowly, to cheer their otherwise desolate lives.

It is remarkable that nearly all his great works were written while he was struggling with poverty and while he was face to face with daily want. Nay, his education itself was wrested from the grasp of narrow means which would have utterly discouraged other men from its pursuit. At Pembroke College, in Oxford, he would be seen in the forenoon leaning against the pillar of its venerable porch—his hair unkempt, his seedy garments ill-put on, his dilapidated shoes allowing the toes to protrude, and his tall, gaunt form, and a face deeply scarred with the scrofulous sores which had so frightfully marked it in his earlier days, presenting a spectacle at which his fellow-students would have jeered if the fear of being knocked down for their pains had not restrained them. Meanwhile he would help them with their themes, quote, without book or prompter, choice portions from the classic writers they were studying, and, above all, and to their still greater delight, would caricature and mimic the "Dons" of the University as no other man durst or could. Some one seeing the condition of his shoes, but not daring to insult him by directly offering a new pair, placed them in his room, supposing that he would quietly put them on, with thankfulness to his unknown benefactor for his kindness; but the only use he made of them was to throw them out at the window, with indignation that any one should suppose he needed new shoes, or, if he did, that he would accept them at the hands of charity.

He left the University without a degree, being too poor to remain longer, and came out into the world to fight his way against adverse fortune as he best could. He came to London, that great centre of the commercial and literary activity of the world; where, by his pen, he earned a scanty subsistence, and lived what must be designated a miserable life for many years. He wrote for Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; he translated for the booksellers, and, in fact, was a man of all-work in the literary trade, working spasmodically and under a feeling of constant resentment against his hard fate. His "Rasselas" was written in two nights, so, at least, it is affirmed,

to earn twenty pounds to defray the expenses connected with his mother's last illness and her funeral. His "Ramblers," many of them, at least, were dashed off in an evening—the printers' boy often remaining the while for the copy. In fact, nearly all that he did previously to the publication of his dictionary was done in a hurry and under the pressure of daily need.

That dictionary may be pronounced the greatest monument of learning and industry ever produced by one man in so short a time. The French Academy consisted of forty members, and it took the labour of the whole of them for *forty* years to compile their dictionary. Johnson compiled his in eight years. He employed six clerks to assist him, whom he paid out of the sum he received for his work. His contract with the booksellers was for £1,575 sterling, but £500 additional was paid him, the original contract price being altogether too little. Of this great work it may be truly said, that for "the learned, yet judicious research into etymology, the various yet accurate display of definition, and the rich collection of authorities" it stood alone in the age in which it was published, and it is still the mine in which subsequent writers on the same subject have had to dig for their supplies. Of course, in science and other branches of knowledge, there has been a great advance since Johnson's time, and in these his dictionary will be found inadequate, but what it pretended to do, and what it *could* do at the time, it accomplished in a style of excellence and completeness which had never before been attempted. If any reader happens to have the folio or quarto edition, and will try the experiment, he may read page after page without feeling that he is reading a dictionary at all. The predominant feeling will be that Dr. Johnson has culled for him the choicest specimens and beauties to be found in the whole range of English literature up to the time; nor will he be less surprised and pleased to find so much general knowledge imparted on subjects that do not belong strictly to a dictionary of words. For instance, in defining "Opal," he uses thirteen lines; "Pear," sixty lines; "Rose," nineteen lines; "Swan," nineteen lines; and even so common a thing as "Pepper," has fifteen lines, and so on through the whole work.

But let the dictionary pass, and notice how much three hundred

pounds, sterling, *per annum* will do for a man, especially when it is certain, and not dependant on the whim of some cantankerous deacon, or Board of Church works. He got a pension of three hundred pounds from "good King George." Johnson said of Mr. Wesley, "His conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do." And now, with this three hundred pounds per annum, he could fold his legs and have out his talk to his heart's content. The nature of Johnson from this time had room to expand. He was no longer in a hurry with his work. He wrote after this his delightful work, "The Lives of the British Poets," but in how different a tone from that with which he wrote many of his "Rambles" and "Idlers!" The melancholy which tinged those papers disappears. His power of discrimination was quickened by his leisure. His temper becomes, *for him*, bland and genial; his language softer and less constrained. Hence this work is the most finished and elegant of all his productions. It has always been a favourite with the reading public; has gone through many editions, and will continue to be read with pleasure so long as the English language remains.

About the time at which he received his pension Providence sent him another blessing in the person of James Boswell, whom Macaulay designates—"a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb," but as if to show that this designation is extravagant and unjust he admits that this man, in connection with Johnson's name and doings, has made himself "immortal." And so it has come to pass that this "dunce" has given us a "Life" of Johnson which lives, and ever will live, as one of the most instructive and delightful books in our language. No other biography can compare with it in freshness, fulness, and reality. We *live* with the illustrious subject of it. We hear his talk at the dinner parties and supper parties to which he was invited, or in the study or den in which the great man, only half-dressed, and with a not over-cleanly person, amidst huge volumes, covered with dust, sitting on his three-legged chair, loved to converse with those who came to see him, and had "leisure" to spend their time in listening to him. No other man living at that time, or at any

time, has come to be so well known to those who did not actually live with him as Doctor Johnson.

And why was this ordained? Why was there such a life and such a "dunce" to write it? Johnson had no "mission," that is, none to which man had appointed him. He floated on the sea of life like many less gifted and less distinguished persons. Sometimes he almost foundered and sunk beneath the waves in his melancholy, his poverty, and the terrible workings of his gigantic mind; but nothing that he wrote or did would have conferred on him the undying fame he enjoys had there been no "dunce, parasite, and coxcomb" of a Boswell to write his life. We owe to him the practical lesson how this poor Lichfield student, clumsy in his person and gait, afflicted with melancholy, superstitious, full of prejudices, obstinate, dogmatical, and, perhaps, naturally indolent, became the foremost man of his time—a central sun, so to speak, round which gyrated whatever was best in intellect and moral culture in the metropolis of England—how his sayings have become household words—how his writings, heavy and stately as some of them are, contain a wealth of thought and wisdom which would equip a whole cohort of the flimsy, commentating, note-making, brain-sucking writers of our age. We learn, too, the terrible penalties which men of genius sometimes pay for their gifts. Johnson was seldom happy. He lived in continual fear of death. His faith in the cardinal truths of our holy religion, though never wavering, brought to him little of the joy and peace of believing. A sincerer or firmer believer, perhaps, never existed, but his afflicted body and mind kept him in a state of gloom which ever made him distrustful of his spiritual state, and disposed him to continual self-accusation. But he fought the fight appointed him, and may we not feel well assured that the "Well done" of the Master, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, would not be withheld from this great soul who battled for truth and righteousness according to his lights through a long, a suffering, but eminently successful and illustrious career.

EIGHT HUNDRED MILES DUE SOUTH.*

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON, HALIFAX, N. S.

THE perils of the sea never were more admirably provided against than in the construction and management of the steamship *Beta*. Her popular commander, Capt. Shaw, with her able officers and crew, combine to secure safety and comfort; while the steamer herself behaves most gallantly, and with nicest adaptation to the feelings of sensitive passengers. In the Gulf Stream, that strange oceanic artery, whose pulsations are the warm flow of the tropics, and whose proud current refuses to mingle with common northern waters, the *Beta's* conduct was really praiseworthy. After crossing the "Gulf," and shaking one's self free from every symptom and apprehension of discomfort, a sail down through those southern latitudes is delightful to the memory. With an intelligent company in the cabin, sufficient literature to circulate for the voyage among readers to whom each paragraph is a suggestion for instructive conversation, instead of being an imprisonment, this trip becomes a delightful experience and a pleasing recollection. To the writer it was a Sabbath, interrupting the strain of work, carrying him away from official anxieties; presenting at every stage new views of the Creator's wisdom, benignity, and providence, he partook to the full of what such a passage may afford to spirit, mind, and body.

On the chart, the island of Bermuda has the appearance of a vast honeycomb. For a distance of nearly twenty miles to the north, all along the coast, a network of coral reef extends into the ocean, defying the approach of shipping. The southern shore is different. Bold water is marked everywhere, admitting of the free approach of vessels in that direction. Beyond the island and the reefs—which are really the trestlework on which Bermuda rests, for it is but a huge cluster of nuts on coral branches, which spring from the bottom of the sea—the water is said to be very deep. Coral branches may be traced everywhere through the stone as cut for building purposes, the inter-

* From the Halifax *Wesleyan*.

stices having been filled with shells—of which there has been an immense drift at some time—so minute as to number, perhaps 2,000 to the square inch. Fabulous stories meet us everywhere of the miles of depth which outside have never been sounded by scientific lines. At all events, this coral growth, if the waters were to recede, would show an amazing result of insect ingenuity and force.

We approached the Bermudas with no little interest, awakened by what we had learned from the very limited book descriptions which have appeared as to the group; by such information as visitors had supplied; and all supplemented by that helpful, not always truthful, faculty—the imagination. Nothing can exceed the glow which travellers have thrown upon the picture of the verdure, atmosphere, social elements, and sublime repose of Bermuda.

In contrast with most Atlantic islands, Bermuda, owing to its coral origin, has a squat appearance as seen from a distance. Madeira, St. Helena, and the Cape de Verdes, rise in majesty to the eye, Teneriffe being seen betimes above the clouds, wh its base is enveloped in haze. Bermuda, on the contrary, c only be seen twenty miles away in the clearest weather.

The sight which opened upon the eager spectators on the *Beta's* deck, as she sped in through the tortuous channel, doubling almost on her track sometimes, will not readily be forgotten. It was but the early morning of Friday, after such a moonlight night as can be seen only in lands bordering on the tropics, when the course was shaped for St. George's. By sunrise we were fronting the town. It opens to the wondering passengers like a fairy land. Every house white to its summit; the trees on the hill-tops stunted but graceful, striving to hide everywhere the limestone rock; the water placid as a summer lake, and tinged with ever-changing glories of colour reflected from the sky above and the coral beneath—every prospect was pleasing.

The situation of the Rev. Mr. Brown's residence and church is a marvel of neatness and beauty. Flowers, plants, vines, verdure cover several terraces and picturesque mounds in the vicinity of both buildings. By industry and skill, what was an unsightly rock some months ago, is now a scene of loveliness. By the aid

of military friends and the labours of John Smith—a historic character in Bermuda, known as the servant, for many years, of a succession of Methodist ministers, a negro, and a jolly fellow withal—these grounds have been levelled and planted. Nature has done the rest—that generous nature, so prolific and faithful here, through winter and summer months ever the same. As the parsonage is, though more modern than most, a good sample of Bermuda houses, we may describe it. It is built of stone, cut from rock on the spot, the blocks being about two feet in length, and sawed easily by a single workman. This material is covered with cement, which undergoes a hardening process when exposed to the atmosphere. Within and without the house is white as driven snow. Neither wall-paper nor carpeting can be preserved in Bermuda owing to the dampness. There are but few two-story houses here, all the rooms being thus conveniently situated on one flat. There are no galleries in the churches. In fact, the building material does not admit of many architectural liberties. A single February night of American frost would leave Bermudian dwellings in the condition of Jericho after those blasts from the ram's horns. Indurating the porous walls, our subtle frosts would burst them in sunder as if riven by dynamite. Yet for this climate, for its warm, subtle, languor-producing breezes, these are precisely the materials needed for protection.

Domestic life in these dwellings is something new to a stranger. To avoid the heat, much of the exercise is enjoyed in the evening. Tea comes by lamp-light. Visiting, social parties, religious week-night services are held after dark. It would be a pity to introduce much of the busy world's cares and enterprise into these communities, much as they need them. They would ruin their home simplicity, their spontaneous generosity, their delightful, unhurried freedom. One must needs go far from the adulterated world to find such genuine, natural habits as meet and set us well at ease among these islands.

The population of Bermuda is probably in the vicinity of 13,000, and in the proportion of 4,725 whites, 7,400 coloured, and the remainder military. Doubtless there are military not estimated in the almanacs, who are birds of passage. The Government is composed of a council appointed by the Crown, consisting

of the Governor and certain departmental officers, with an elective legislature of thirty-six members. There are about a thousand persons having the rights of franchise, making for each representative nearly thirty votes. Russell, of the *London Times*, during the Prince's visit, compared Prince Edward Island and its Government to a bark canoe, propelled by the machinery of a Cunard liner. But what will be thought of Bermuda with its present representation? If this superabundant material for political management really meant that responsible government is in force, it might be considered with favour. The fact is, however, that a contest is going on between the Council and the Assembly, which plainly indicates that the people's representatives have but little voice in the affairs of the island. A short time must see either a purely military administration or a government akin to that prevailing in our Maritime Provinces. We fear there is not sufficient strength among the population to bring about the latter, though it would of necessity be productive of more progressive results.

If the census is to be believed, the population is, at least, nominally religious, with the exception of a small fraction. The churches are the Episcopal, the Methodist, the B. M. Episcopal, the Free Episcopal, and the Presbyterian. The first has divided the island into parishes, and seems to regard the other churches as within the bounds of these parishes, if not their members as parishioners. The B. M. E.'s—British Methodist Episcopalals—are of the coloured class exclusively. The Free Episcopal is an offshoot from the Episcopal, and is joined to Bishop Cummin's body, as the result of an agitation over certain high-church modes of worship. The Presbyterians number two ministers and congregations. No reliance can be placed upon the religious returns as given in the census, as, we are convinced from personal observation, that the proportion of, at least, some bodies is glaringly misrepresented.

September is said to be the hottest month. A fair notion of what is called Bermuda warmth came in as part of our experience during the ten days from the 10th of September to the 20th. The thermometer ranged usually from 82° at night to 88° at noon. In Halifax, for several weeks in July and August, it had stood

at 90° to 95°; but the condition of the atmosphere in these instances was so dissimilar as to create with us considerable surprise. The strain on the human constitution in Bermuda is very severe. Every pore of the skin is vigorously at work, oozing perspiration, not by drops, but by actual streams. While conscious of only pleasant warmth, one has but to lay his hand on any part of the body to find that it is saturated. Thus a continuous vapour-bath is kept up, causing enervation, the children, particularly; appearing as if bleached and debilitated. The effects of the climate upon the blood is both amusing and admonitory. The slightest exertion brings perspiration to the surface. Drink a glass of water, you begin to foam, to effervesce immediately. A glass of ginger beer is peculiarly provocative of perspiration. How men drink ardent spirits in such conditions, we cannot divine. It must open sluices of the body to an uncomfortable degree, and there is where disease waits, serpent-like, to strike home its deadly fangs and pin its victim to the earth. This being the condition during much of the year, day and night, during all the season, a penalty must be paid of extraordinary severity. Yet many of the natives live into the nineties. Not very active, it is true—Bermuda takes all that out of a man—but at least healthful: while to invalids from the North this climate must be grateful beyond description.

Bermuda has no claim to this heat, with all its results and associations, from its natural situation. It is not in the tropics—is, in fact, ten degrees north of the tropics, and but in a parallel of latitude where frost, snow, and bitter winds make sad interruptions in nature. Yet here are tropical plants, flowers, fruits, and insects. The plantain, date, fig, banana, guava, pomegranate, and scores of such fruits are here.

“ The place is all awave with trees,
Limes, myrtles, purple-beaded ;
Acacias, having drunk the lees
Of the night dew, faint-headed ;
And wan, grey olive woods, which seem
The fittest foliage for a dream.”

As to insects, Bermuda swarms with them. In your path, on the rocks, in the rooms; crawling over you, flying about you,

penetrating into everything not hermetically sealed, and devouring whatever they reach, from leather to delicacies of the larder, life appears under millions of forms. Pantheism must have been born in such a country. Our reference would be incomplete without the mention of the mosquitoes. We had it out with them there in sweet revenge. Lean, lank, wolfish as ever, they swarmed about us and gloated in the prospect of fresh northern blood. But, under the nets of those luxuriant Bermuda beds, we metaphorically snapped our fingers at the piratical horde. Why not introduce the mosquito net into country villages with us?

The fact is the Gulf Stream has much to do with all this wealth of Bermudian life and atmosphere. Pouring out from the tropics, this warm blood of southern rivers and seas—seldom below 75° Fahrenheit—wraps the island as in folds of perpetual summer, defying every cold, subtle vein of air to cross its three hundred miles of genial temperature. As an outdoors playground, Bermuda excels, scarcely twenty days in the whole year are even continuously cloudy, so that all the months are times of open air sports if desired.

It is as a military and naval station that Bermuda claims the first importance. One island, for instance, is exclusively occupied by the employees of the dockyard. Here are massive buildings for mechanical purposes and for storing material for the navy. But the principal wonder is its immense floating dock, built in segments, which, when filled with water, serve to sink the structure, and a ship properly adjusted on its blocks is drawn up by the buoyancy produced through pumping this water off. This Titan of the sea has raised the *Bellerophon*, guns, ammunition, and stores, weighing, altogether, nine thousand tons!

Fort Cunningham, one of the first defences of Bermuda, we visited in company with a party of friends. We explored its moats, its cross-fire galleries, its rooms for ammunition, etc. In one of the lower galleries, where refugees are supposed to shelter when driven to extremities, a single sentence expressed, helped to place the spirit of war before us in one of its most interesting phases. A lady was requested to imagine herself the beleaguered in this fortress, and closely pursued by the foe. Here was the last desperate stand—"What would she do? Would she take a

gun?" "If my children were about me," was the reply, "it is quite likely I would take a gun!" There is no little philosophy in this answer. Gentle, refined by nature; shrinking from carnage as a horrible visitation; yet here is an instinct which, rather than yield its dearest charms, will itself transform a woman into a hero! The Anglo Saxon is the modern Spartan. Moreover, a complete justification is here supplied of the vast expense of life and money by which a nation's life is defended. War, whether admissible in ordinary methods or not, is surely lawful when waged in defence of the heart's best treasures.

Ramblings in Bermuda are wonderfully remunerative. No natural scenery in the world surpasses that of these islands. There are several caves in different parts of the islands, which strangers visit. Our thoughtful guides selected three of the best. Conducted by three coloured lads—members of a family numbering, as far as they could remember, seventeen children—there are several such in Bermuda!—we explored those deep, ever-varying recesses.

" Long-winding caverns ! glittering far
 Into a crystal distance ;
 Through clefts of which doth many a star
 Shine clear without resistance :
 And carry down its rays the smell
 Of flowers above invisible,"

One, particularly, by the light of a huge torch of dry cedar branches, opened, as if by magic, a little lake at our feet, dimpled over with miniature islands, the water below and the graceful pendant stalactites above, reflecting the light in ten thousand varieties of shade, glistening, sparkling, flaming, till every ejaculation of wonder was exhausted. By all the arts of modern vandalism, however, those caves are robbed; by miserable, oily torches their fair colour is destroyed, so that soon only unearthly holes and echoes will remain. The Legislature, surely, can avert this catastrophe.

Our boys left us once in search of stalactite specimens. Diving into weird holes, or climbing by fairy staircases, they were soon lost, except as their voices came with awful, sepulchral sounds to assure us. They were overhead or beneath us. These islands

are cavernous, porous everywhere, as may be discovered by hollow sounds under every highway and pathway. One grotto which we visited has been turned to practical uses. An immense cavern, connecting with the sea by small veins admitting the salt water, contains shoals of fish—some ugly, open-mouthed, thrusting their great hungry jaws out of water with a heavy, disgusting motion—others delicate and graceful as water nymphs, the angel-fish, for instance, the pheasant of the sea, most exquisitely coloured, and refined in its movements,—and huge, lumbering, stupid turtles—these all rush from their holes as the gate is opened for visitors, a perfect pandemonium of fishes. The place is called the “Devil’s Hole”; but what relation his satanic majesty sustains to it, we did not learn.

Bermuda is a group of islands, numbering between three and four hundred in all. Travel is performed between these by boats or over bridges, one causeway—so-called—connecting the principal islands, cost the Government \$150,000. A sail among these islands is something to enjoy. Fanned by the softest of winds, you pass in and out among coral rocks, here and there the ruins of some old fort to make the landscape picturesque; beneath you delicate fish flashing under the sun’s rays, and weeds of gentlest tints waving with the sluggish motion of the tide. Venice cannot equal this. Our yacht surpasses the gondola, the white waves beat musical cymbals more joyous than strains of Venetian harps. One solitary island we shall never forget. In its very heart stands the monument of two brothers who fell victims to the deadly yellow fever. Strange coincidence that beside us should be the very man—one of our boat’s crew—who dug the grave of one of the brothers and paid the penalty by prostration with the disease, lasting ninety days. From certain holes in the sand, the thoroughfares of land-crabs, we could see that the strangers were not left in peace even beneath the earth. We hurried away, striving, as men often do, to forget death’s dread associations. What life, however gay, has not, like Bermuda, its Island of Death?

We visited, with Mr. Hayward, the scene of the cyclone of last December. It may be remembered that a terrific whirlwind was reported as having swept over Bermuda about that time. Actually

there was but a cyclone of small proportions comparatively, which travelled in the heart of a heavy gale prevailing at the time. This dreadful blast fell without warning upon two or three islands, not making a straight path, but falling upon spots here and there, twisting trees, by spiral motion, until an acre of them lay torn up by the roots, and lifting the very grass from the earth. First striking upon the side of a hill at Tucker's Town, it came on with a frightful roar, carrying everything moveable high unto the heavens. A man, standing inside an open window, was hurled into a grove of bushes, while his house, with the wife and several children, were carried bodily into the harbour. One wild cry and all was over. In another instance a woman sat in a floorless house, when the gust caught away the dwelling and left its inmate sitting on the ground without shelter, but unharmed. These are the extremes of a Southern climate, counterbalancing the sweet, quiet breath of flower and zephyr.

Hamilton, as the seat of government, and the place of the Governor's residence, is of principal importance. The roads entering the town are very beautiful. More umbrageous and wider than the streets of St. George's, the locality appears to excellent advantage approaching from either direction.

At the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Wasson we were met by some fifty members of his congregation on the day of our arrival. Both here and at St. George's we were much impressed with the marked intelligence of the official members of the churches. Solitude—we mean by this the enforced seclusion of the islands from the outside world—cannot be either irksome or tedious with so genial and pleasant an element about one. Imprisonment there is endured under golden chains and in lordly society. When a new church and parsonage adorns Hamilton, as they do now St. George's, we would not be surprised to see a strong ministerial current setting in that direction. From the summit of the lighthouse, on the way to Somerset, we enjoyed the treat of a rare landscape. Those hundreds of sunny islands, most picturesquely diversified as to location and colouring—here enclosing a lagoon most tropical, there jutting out proudly into the ocean—with all the variations of water, sky, and foliage in softest shades, make a prospect which memory calls up faithfully while we write. The

lighthouse itself had attracted our attention in the offing as we neared Bermuda, throwing a powerful flash light, seen twenty miles away. It will astonish our youthful readers to learn that the actual flame is not much larger than that of a heavy parlour lamp. But the reflectors! These are adjusted—many scores, if not hundreds of them—in most precise harmony with the laws they are designed to obey.

Just before leaving for our voyage we copied what was spoken of as a great natural wonder—the opening, in a New Brunswick town, of a night-blooming cereus. Here we crowd to the scene when such an announcement is made! In Bermuda, we counted by lamp-light twenty-one of the richest of these cactus blossoms in a single group. There is not a single night that these gorgeous flowers are not wasting their fragrance—none of the most delicate though—on unadmiring wastes.

A visit to Bermuda is not complete without the experience of a bath in those clear, warm, buoyant waters. To escape from the heat of the sun into a shady nook, where three or four fathoms of as inviting a sea as ever reflected the outline of a bather lies temptingly at your feet—to regulate the leap so that the fingers are first and the toes last to touch water—to thrash and plunge and rest by turns without dreading harmful contact, or any injurious effects to the system, is a most complete enjoyment.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

—*Horatius Bonar, D.D.*

MR. HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Author of "Daniel Quorm," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. HORN'S SERMON.

HE had thought about it, prayed about it, and half resolved to do it for a long time. At last one day the resolution leaped forth full grown with a very decided "*I'll do it,*" and the ash stick came down with an equally vigorous *Amen*.

Mister Horn would preach a sermon all about giving.

How it came about was on this wise.

It was in the autumn as Mister Horn went through the woods of which he had the management. He had been marking trees for the woodman's axe—a work full of varied suggestion to his quick mind. The day was one of those October days, most beautiful of all the year, in which Autumn, sinking beneath the touch of winter, arrays herself in her loveliness, and takes the last lingering look at her own beauty—days in which the fell destroyer seems stayed and charmed and smitten with love to his victim. The sunshine lit up the red gold of the foliage and crept between the scantier leaves upon the mossy branches and down to briered nooks, while here and there a leaf came fluttering to the leafy path below. The robin tried with brave music to wake the dead summer, and stopped often, as if listening and wondering that there was no answer. The stillness, the loneliness, the "seriousness," of all about him found in Mister Horn a ready heart for the sermon they preached. At length he paused in front of a withered tree. The leafless branches rose up naked and black against the blue sky, the trunk ran down bare and black to the earth; no moss grew about it, no nests hung in it telling of generous shelter to the fowls of the air, no withered leaves lay heaped around it, a bank of golden blessings. Mister Horn took the chalk from his pocket, muttering—"Not that it's any good to anybody, but it'll be out o' the way." He stood for a moment looking up at it. Beyond there stretched branches of

other trees, vigorous and beautiful; on every hand was life. He nodded his head and tightened his lips—"That's it," he said to himself, "that's it all the world over, keep all, lose all; give all, save all; trees and men—it's all one. The life that has gone out in doing good, look at it coming back here in these leaves, to lie with warmth and life around them through the winter—but you, old friend, who kept it all to yourself, will get nothing back. You've kept your life to yourself, and now you're no good as tree or as timber. Cut it down—" and the chalk lines doomed it to speedy destruction.

One Sunday morning, about a fortnight after, the sermon was launched in Tattingham chapel.

The text was a harder matter with Mister Horn than the sermon, for thoughts had been collected so long that a text was rather a centre of attraction about which they gathered than a seed out of which the thoughts grew, and it was difficult to find which they fitted best. It was, perhaps, rather because he must choose one than that it was the best, that he took Ecclesiastes v. 13. "*There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.*"

Now, my dear friends, I am going to try and say something about money.

"Preach the Gospel and let money alone," does somebody say? Preach the Gospel I will, by the Lord's help, and because it is the Gospel it won't let money alone. The Gospel has a good deal more to do with our money than, perhaps, most of us would care to know.

Now money—for all it's a very good thing in its place—is the most hurtful of all things if a man don't see to it and manage it right. Money may hurt men in three ways.

First, it may hurt men in the way they try to get it.

Everybody ought to begin there. Let them see to it that *that* is all right. I've known folks go into some businesses for the sake of the money, and think they wouldn't get any hurt. They might as well step gently off the church tower and expect to come down all right. When I used to be sinkin' wells, I always lowered a candle before I went down myself—if the candle burned all steady, I knew I could go down, but if the candle

flickered and went out, I knew that wouldn't do for me. Let a man let down the candle o' the Lord *first*, and if that'll burn, the man won't hurt. But that candle is choked out if a man will keep a public house and get all kind o' company and all sorts o' talk and all sorts o' mischief brewin'—that air will put out religion and soul and all. Or if people will go where they have to act lies, and to measure lies, and to shuffle and dodge and do underhand things, that will choke all that's good in them. They say they *must* live somehow. I heard tell once about a lot of hungry people in Germany, who, in a time o' want, were going to break into some corn-mills, when Luther met them and asked them what they were doing. Then up comes a stout fellow, and quoth he, "Master Luther, we must live." "Live," thundered Luther, "why must ye live? I only know one must. I know that we must be honest."

Secondly, *Money may hurt men by the way they spend it.*

If the owner thereof spends it all in luxury and self-indulgence, that is a hurt that he may, perhaps, never get over.

And see ye, my friends, ye don't need burstin' barns and much goods laid up before you get hurt this way. In the woods I've come across the adders, and I know that if the big ones want most killin' the little ones carry poisoned tongues. A man can let ten shillin' a week bite him like a serpent. I'd rather that you should find this old frame of mine in the rags of a tramp, starved to death in a ditch, than have money hurt me as some in this parish let a week's wages hurt 'em.

The third way that money may hurt the owners thereof is the way they keep it.

The rich fool is better one way than the miser. He did get something out of his money. The miser turns everything into money and gets nothing out of it. The rich man fared sumptuously every day, and was clothed in purple and fine linen; as Father Abraham told him, he had his good things in his lifetime. But the miser, who grudges himself the mouldy crust that he eats, is a Lazarus in this world and a Dives in the next; he has his evil things both ways. However, there isn't much to choose between them, the spendthrift and the miser—*they both keep all*

their money for their own selves, and that is keeping it to their hurt.

There's many a man who has got his money by honest, hard work, and had as much right to it as anybody could have, and who has spent it harmlessly enough, yet his money has become an eternal curse. He didn't manage it right when he got it. It is like that story in Paul's travels where the barbarians showed them no little kindness. The shivering, drenched company gathered round the fire, but out o' the same ruddy flames crept a viper that fastened on Paul's arm, a "venomous beast." Ah! out o' men's luxuries and comforts creeps the old serpent—indolence, forgetfulness of God, self-indulgence, pride; and it has coiled round and round till you see them fall down dead in soul and spirit, unless they have the pluck to shake it off into the fire by the Lord's help, and to stand forth among the heathen as men of God.

Now the first thing is for a man to *think about managing it.*

And if you want to know how much the Lord has prospered you, ask yourself how much you've got that God could take away. So then, if you don't want money to hurt you, *think about giving, and arrange for it.*

To give as much as you can is the second. Measure your duty by this text. "*He loved me and gave himself for me.*" *To give with the right spirit is the third.* Not to let a poor relation starve because you want to look fine at the top of a subscription list. Thy money perish with thee if thou canst play the Pharisee like that!—thou and thy giving art like to go to perdition. Give simply, humbly, lovingly.

Eh, my friends! when I think o' this poor, poor world, think o' the hungry little children, think o' the homes stript bare by want, and o' them inside that are ready to perish with hunger, ay, and o' them that are hungry and homeless, too—when I think o' the sufferers that are dyin' for want o' money to buy the skill and medicine that could save them—and think o' the dark souls whose lamps are gone out, and know that money would buy oil for their lamps, the Bibles it would buy and the missionaries it would send—then money seems to me like an angel of God troublin' the waters to heal poor sick folk, comin' to forlorn

mothers in the wilderness and caring for the children, and seemin' to say, "Fear not, Hagar, the Lord hath heard the voice of the child." An angel that lifts the poor Lazarus up out of his misery into such blessing and tender service that it is like heaven to him; that meets the penitent outcasts, and putting them in the way of an honest living, saith, "Go in peace and sin no more;" ay, like Him whom the angels worship, it *can go about doing good*. Then I think of how men scrape and hoard it till I have wept at the picture that has risen before me, as if the angel were chained and fettered, like Peter in prison, and hosts in the perishing city are crying to God that it may be loosed and come to them before they die. Ay, I've wept as I've thought how often it is a fallen angel—the white robes flung off, and I've seen it come forth with a harlot's gauds and paint, spending herself in noisy riot, corrupting and cursing, she that could have been a white-handed angel of God.

Yes, money, if we use it right, may be a strong right arm in God's great world, to help, to defend, to uplift, and to save. But use it wrongly, and it is a strong arm still, to injure, to curse, and to destroy—whose evil deeds shall return and gather with a ten-fold greater hurt upon the owner thereof.

CHAPTER IX.—A GAIN IN GRIEF.

WITHIN a week of that Sunday morning Mister Horn's text came to the mind of one of his hearers with a force as if every word had been on fire and had burnt its way to his heart.

It was thus that James Niggardly felt them on the following Friday evening. Of the three daughters at Stukeville the youngest was Marian, a little bright-haired, bright-eyed, laughing maiden of eight summers. She wore sunshine always, and wherever she stepped came a gladness and happiness like the joy that greets the sun.

All day long her sweet voice was heard singing through the house or roaming in the garden, and whenever it reached James Niggardly's ears it did him good. Everybody loved her, they couldn't help themselves; but her father's devotion was more than love—she was his idol. And marvellous was the power

she had with him. If ever his voice regained its old song and cheeriness it was as little Marian ran for a romp; if anything woke up the simple, kindly Jim Niggardly that used to be, it was as he yielded to some request of his little maiden's.

Like many children who die young, she was filled with an old-fashioned religiousness—simple, yet so constant and so real that it seemed the growth of years. Does not Heaven mature the spiritual in such, and make meet for the inheritance the little ones that are going to join the saints in light?

One day when she was not yet four years old, James Niggardly lay in a darkened room suffering from some temporary indisposition. The silence was disturbed by a very gentle knock at the door, followed at once by the intrusion of a sunny face and sunny hair, and a little voice asked plaintively, "May I come in?" And Marian crept over and sat down beside the sofa.

"Papa," she whispered, "if it won't hurt you I am come to read to you." Quite unable to read, she opened a book she brought with her, and, as if reading, she repeated with exquisite simplicity these words that she had learned:

"And they brought young children to Jesus that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, and put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

Then closing the book she kissed him, whispering, "Good-bye, papa; I hope that will do you good," and left him in tears.

Her love to Jesus was the devotion of her whole heart to one who was her personal friend. There was not a thought, not a feeling that she did not share with Him. Her toys, her dresses, her opinions of people were mentioned to Him with a simplicity and confidence that realized Him as a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The little maiden loved Him with all her heart, and could keep nothing from Him. Mister Horn's favourite text, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me," she

had heard from him when she was very little, and all the thoughts and motives of her life seemed shaped and coloured by it.

"Mamma," she often said, "how wonderful it is that Jesus should care for me, and love me! love me so much that He died for me. Don't you love Him for it *very, very, very* much, mamma?" Sometimes she stood quietly by the window, wrapped in some deep thought, then, looking up, would say, "Oh, mamma, I *do* love Jesus so, I want to give Him *everything*, you, and papa, and all of us; the sun, and the flowers, and everything that I can see. You know He gave Himself for me."

Without any formal resolution on her part, she instinctively came to look upon all her money as belonging to Jesus; it was, perhaps, the only thing which she had absolutely in her own disposal, and so naturally she gave it to Him to whom she was so devoted. A money-box that some one had given her was the treasury of her little offerings, and of all her possessions, this was the most prized.

She had not been well for two or three days previous to the Sunday of Mister Horn's sermon. On Monday she got much worse. For two weary days all was hopeless, and now on the Friday the end was rapidly approaching. Her father could not leave her. His love grew jealous at the thought of losing her, jealous of those to whom she spoke a word, jealous of every look that wandered from him. Propped up on the pillows, she lay with flushed face, the thin, white fingers resting upon her little money-box—an angel already in purity and celestial beauty. As the breath grew fainter her lips moved. All leaned to catch her words; her father stooped over her most greedy for every sacred sound. She whispered, "They are coming now, I have only one thing more. I am going to heaven, and shall be able to tell Jesus how much I love Him, and that mamma loves Him, and sisters, and you, papa." The voice grew fainter, slowly and scarcely audible the lips moved again, "Now I can't give Him my money any more. Please—papa—do—it—for——" The head fell upon the father's shoulder, the soft bright hair hung over his arm, and little Marian was with Jesus.

That night James Niggardly sat vacantly staring into the fire, numbed with grief to the very bone. All was dark, accursed,

and utterly forsaken. The memory of his child broke in upon his mind to be angrily flung forth again as it became unbearable and the tears forced themselves down his cheeks—a memory flung forth only as steadily to return. Now the vision of her coming in four years before to see him filled his mind; he heard her gentle voice go through the words again, Jesus said, “Who-soever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein;” again he heard her voice uttering, as if a prayer more than a wish, “I hope that will do you good.” A prayer it was, a prayer answered that night as James Niggardly fell on his knees, and poured out his soul to God. “As a little child, as my own, Thy own little child, help me to receive Thy kingdom.” Bravely he fought against the selfishness that had grown habitual, nerved and inspired as frequently he recalled those treasured words, “Please, papa, do it for——”

Mister Horn was now a frequent visitor at Stukeville, and his prayers and counsels led James Niggardly back to the man he had been—further back than that, until he became humble and simple, and received the kingdom of God as a little child.

It was twelve months after, on the anniversary of Marian’s death, that they talked of the little maiden. “Ah! Mister Horn,” said he, with tears of gratitude, “Her death was my life—her loss saved me.”*

THE END.

PRAVER.

“HAVE you trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.”

* A revised and enlarged, illustrated edition of this book has just been published by the Wesleyan Conference Office.

MACAULAY'S INDEBTEDNESS TO THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

THE two portly and handsome volumes *—so full of the most readable and delightful delineation of the character of England's favourite historian—lately presented to the public by Mr. G. Otto Trevelyan, have set many of us re-reading the works of one so worthy of the honour paid to his memory by the literary world. It is not too much to hope that, for a while, at least, the healthful pages and graceful diction of Lord Macaulay have been restored to the place, in the literary affections of some, which had been usurped by far less worthy claimants. This much, at least, is certain, that there has been a manifest revival of interest in the writings of the man who, years ago, awoke one morning and found himself famous. Volumes of "The History of England," and of the "Essays," have been taken down from top shelves in libraries, dusted, read, and read again, with the delight of one finding a new and priceless treasure. School-boys have kindled into enthusiasm over "Horatius," and "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," placed in their hands by the school-boys of a quarter of a century ago. In a sentence,—Macaulay has once again become the favourite in the world of letters that he was when the first volume of his "History" was given the world.

It has seemed to us that one secret of Lord Macaulay's success as a writer of history may be traced to the fact that he wrote, as Moses lived, "as seeing" the "invisible." Many books have been honoured by the title history, which have wanted this essential quality. The names of sovereigns are given you; but you only have names after all, and the substitution of William for James, while destroying historical accuracy, would not disturb any very vivid mental picture formed of either king. But in Macaulay's history, James II. and William III. become real men. As we read, we almost catch the echoes of their voice. Their fancies, their mental bias, their prejudices are real to us. The mere skeleton,—lifeless and repellant,—which appeared at the

* The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.

bidding of other writers, becomes a living being as Macaulay speaks the magic word.

But we must not be betrayed into an article on either the life or writings of England's honoured son. We wish, in a brief manner, to call attention to a feature of Macaulay's writings with which many are, doubtless, familiar, but which may have escaped the notice of others. We refer to his indebtedness to the Holy Scriptures for many of his most appropriate and telling illustrations. His early home life had much to do with this. Mr. Trevelyan makes mention of the care bestowed on this part of his mental training. And, waiving the moral aspect of the question altogether, the literary benefit of such culture appears on nearly every page of his writings.

Let us glance, first, by way of illustration, at an essay selected at random—one of his briefer and less well-known productions—"Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau." It serves, in the particular to which we direct attention, as a specimen of the rest. The first paragraph furnishes an example. Speaking of M. Dumont, the essayist says: "In his walk through life there was no obtrusiveness, no pushing, no elbowing, none of the little arts which bring forward little men. With every right to the head of the board, he took the lowest room, and well deserved to be greeted with, 'Friend, go up higher.'"

Continuing the same theme—the excellence of the man he eulogises—Macaulay adds,—“Not that he was of a servile and idolatrous habit of mind; not that he was one of the tribe of Boswells, those literary Gibeonites, born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the higher intellectual castes.” Reference follows to Mr. Bentham, to whom Dumont gave such valuable literary help: “He was, assuredly, at once a great logician and a great rhetorician. But he spoke in an unknown tongue; and, that the congregation might be edified, it was necessary that some brother, having the gift of interpretation, should expound the invaluable jargon.”

Sometimes a quotation from the Word of Life is introduced with very fine effect, as witness the following from the 129th Psalm: “The fertility of his mind would have resembled the fertility of those vast American wildernesses, in which blossoms

and decays a rich but unprofitable vegetation, 'wherewith the reaper (mower) filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.'" On the same page the whole political world of France is described as "without form and void." A symbol, most plainly Old Testament in its character, is introduced some twenty lines further on, where the unhappy French nation is spoken of as having "rejected the faith of Pascal and Descartes as a nursery fable, that a courtesan might be her idol, and a madman her priest."

In further illustration of this interesting characteristic, note the application to Clive, the conqueror of India, who, after two previous attempts at suicide, died by his own hand in his forty-ninth year, of the pathetic language of Job concerning the world-weary, "which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave." Elsewhere, also, he speaks in kindred vein of "the eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep"—thoughts which are steeped with the very spirit of Job. Of the misanthropic eloquence of Byron we read, "That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust its perennial waters of bitterness."

That splendid essay on Milton, in which his genius burst forth full blown, is rich in Scriptural allusions. Speaking of the triumphs of Christianity over Paganism, he says, "It was before Deity, embodied in human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust!"

In his magnificent characterization of his favourite heroes, the Puritans, he exclaims, in language saturated with the imagery of Scripture: "Instead of catching brief glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. . . . If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt as-

sured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not attended by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering spirits had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and a terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and of darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined before heaven and earth were created to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. . . . It was for his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common Deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.”

We shall quote only one more illustration, the passage in which he likeus Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah: “There we see the great Lawgiver, looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations had sojourned, always moving yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey.”

Numerous illustrations from other parts of his works might be multiplied. Remove Scriptural allusions from Lord Macaulay's writings, and you often paralyze his most powerful sentences, and, not unfrequently, rob the casket of its most precious jewel.

A hope may be indulged, and a reflection permitted, from this element in the powerful, and vigorous, and eminently graceful writings of the man who, in the House of Commons, on the

platform, and by means of the printed page, has so worthily commanded the attention of the intelligent world. The hope is, that the perfect seed, sown in the heart in early childhood, may have found good ground; and while he himself, and his biographer after him, remain so lamentably silent on the question of personal religion, the devout soul may cherish the thought that the Word did not return void to Him who sent it. The reflection is equally obvious, and has probably been anticipated by the reader. It relates to the educational value of the Bible, and suggests a grave doubt as to the wisdom of the clamour for its removal from our schools and seats of learning.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

IMMANUEL—A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY R. EVANS.

WHEN the Eternal loosed His zone of light,
 For us eclipsed, our weight of woes to bear;
 Thea in dim depths of distance infinite,
 Heaven's sun at noon grew dark as evening's star.

Pure as the dew of heaven to earth He came,
 God's own Eternal, well-beloved Son;
 He gave to scorn His everlasting name,
 And in the fiery conflict stood alone.

He chose the lowly pilgrimage He trod,
 Love's ministering paths, not Herod's princely sway,
 Earth's blushing heather meekly bears its God;
 He had not where His kingly head to lay.

Adoring silence heard Him to the close,
 None ever spake as He e'en from His youth;
 While each perfection that in God-head glows,
 Poured through His words the wine of living truth.

O render thanks, Hosanna to our King,
 The Prince of Peace, He hath done all things well;
 Let all His mission, and His mercy sing,
 And bless the name of our Immanuel.

HAMILTON, Ont.

LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP RICHARDSON.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

II.

THESE eight years—from 1824—have been so marked with important events—changes which had an important relation, not only to the connexion at large, but to Mr. Richardson's after-course, as to require a short review. Indeed, our review must be slightly retrospective of events earlier than his going into the ministry. When our subject joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1818, we have already said, the first ingress of British Wesleyan missionaries obtained, and had extended westward as far as Kingston and the Bay of Quinte. By 1820 it had extended still further, to York and the Niagara country. But in that year, the American and British Conferences took these unseemly rival relations into consideration; the agreement, like that of Abraham and Lot, was made that the land should be divided between them. Lower Canada was assigned to the British, and Upper Canada to the American Conference. This arrangement was carried into effect by the following year—save that the British missionary retained his post in Kingston, ostensibly for the sake of the military at the fort; and the American continued to occupy the Lower Canada bank of the Ottawa River, as well as the Upper Canada side, in default of a British missionary being sent to those settlements. The retiring missionaries from Upper Canada counselled their people to put themselves under the care of the Episcopal Methodist ministry. A few of them did so, but many of them did not, but kept up meetings of their own, for a time, in some places. These non-contents consisted, partly, of extra-loyal people, who inherited, from the recollections of the two American wars, a hatred to every thing “Yankee;” and partly of recent immigrants, possessed of strong Old Country notions and prejudices. Some of these constituted part of the elements with which Messrs. Ryan and Jackson organized the “Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church” in 1829. While others remained unconnected with either Methodist body, ready to unite in the

measures for obtaining the return of the British missionaries, in 1831-32, to stave off the evils of which, the Union was formed. But we must not anticipate.

In 1826, the attack on the loyalty and character of the American section of Methodism, then in possession of the Upper Province, by the Rev. Dr Strachan, and others, were so bold and calumnious, both here and in Europe, that young Egerton Ryerson took up his pen in defence of his co-religionists, and triumphantly vindicated them. He also carried the war into the assailants' territory, and showed that the Episcopal Church had no exclusive legal claim to the Clergy Reserves, which constituted one-seventh of the landed property of the province. Furthermore, a central committee was formed in York, composed of representatives from all the nonconforming bodies, who, among other doings, collected authentic information relative to the antecedents of all the so-called dissenting ministers in the Province. These statistics were afterwards tabulated in an Ecclesiastical Chart, published, if I remember rightly, under the auspices of the House of Assembly, in which those ministers' places, of birth and education, were presented with their respective names. From this exhibit it was shown, that, so far from being "aliens," all the Canada Methodist preachers were *bona fide* British subjects—the great majority British born, and the small remainder duly naturalized. Many of the former had done military service in person, either in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812-15, in the Rebellion of '98 in Ireland, or in the Continental wars with Bonaparte.

The difficulty of getting Government aid equitably distributed, led the provincial Methodists to advocate the alienation of the Clergy Reserves from the Churches altogether, and their application to education and general provincial interests. In 1829 the *Christian Guardian* was established, under the editorship of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson; and it is not to be wondered at if, in his zeal to prevent the unconstitutional disposal of public money to sustain certain favourite religionists, he had been led to enunciate the principles of theoretical "voluntaryism," which had been no part of the original testimony of either the European or American Methodists; and he was understood by many to hold those views.

Still, it would be hard to substantiate this view from a careful analysis of his writings. The present writer took the pains, four or five years ago, to read all the *Guardian* editorials, from 1829 to 1832, carefully through, and was surprised to find how little that Mr. Ryerson had written would bear this extreme construction. The most explicit utterance of these views ever given in the *Guardian*, was written by the Rev. James Richardson himself, when editor in 1832, as given by Dr. Webster in the "Life," pages 138 and 139. But even he, especially, demurred to the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterians and others, because it came from the Casual and Territorial Revenue, which Reformers maintained should be in the hands of the Legislature, and not dispensed by an irresponsible executive.

In the interval of the eight years, referred to, the following changes transpired: in 1827, the Rev. Mr. Ryan left the Conference, forming his Church in 1829; and in 1828, the separation from the United States connexion took place, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada was organized. It continued to be the Episcopal form of government in name, although that Church never consecrated a Bishop; but there was provision made in the constitution of the Church, when organized, for "doing away with Episcopacy," upon the vote of certain majorities of the Annual and General Conferences, showing that Episcopacy, from the first, was only considered a prudential arrangement and not founded on any inviolable Scriptural principle. Mr. Richardson took a very active and influential part in all these measures, for no member of the Annual or General Conference was more esteemed, and deservedly so.

The organization of the Canada Church, which it was expected would silence the charges of disloyalty, because of the previous American jurisdiction, unexpectedly exposed the Upper Canada Methodists to division from another quarter. The struggle for religious privileges, such as the right of holding Church property, and the right of celebrating matrimony by their ministers, together with their opposition to ecclesiastical monopolies, naturally, identified them, to great extent, with the Reformers of the country, who helped them to secure these rights, and who, naturally, expected the Methodists to help them fight their secular, or

political battles in return. This made the indigenous Methodist Church very obnoxious to the irresponsible provincial authorities. In the meantime, the British Conference and its missionaries in the adjacent Province, with their agents in Kingston, none of whom were theoretical voluntaries, and even conspicuous for "King and Country," if not for "Church and King," were inclined to believe their Upper Canada brethren were carrying matters too far. This laid them open to the offers of the Government, such as it then was, to accept of public aid and enter the Upper as well as the Lower Province.

The Methodists of the Upper Province, having gone from under the jurisdiction of the General Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States, the British Wesleyan authorities thought they were no longer under bonds by the convention with that body in 1820, especially as the new Church had not officially opened fraternal communications with them. The author of this article has only lately discovered, from the perusal of the MS. Minutes of the Lower Canada District Meeting, that about the time of the organization of the Upper Canada Church and after, offers of pecuniary aid were proffered from the Governor, through the Chief Justice, in a correspondence with the Missionary District Chairman, the Rev. James Knowlan, who, about that time, was the pastor at Kingston, which correspondence was submitted to the District Meeting; and that meeting, no doubt with the utmost sincerity, according to their views of things, represented the matter to their English principals as a very providential opening for the extension of the good work in which they believed they were engaged.

All this was going on unknown to the Methodist ministers and people in Upper Canada, when, in the year 1831-32, a British missionary made his appearance in answer to the request of a newly-organized band of Wesleyan Methodists, in York, who prepared to erect a chapel. This was followed by the appearance of one of their Missionary Secretaries, the Rev. Robert A'lder, with some others, in the spring of 1832, who spent a Sabbath in York. The following influential members of the Canada Conference were then residing in that town: Revs. James Richardson, presiding elder; John Ryerson, stationed minister; and Egerton Ryerson, editor of the *Guardian*. The official meeting of the York sta-

tion had previously sent a disuasive to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee against erecting rival altars in the province; and now the members of the Missionary Board, mostly laymen, such as Messrs. Patrick, Vaux, Parke, Doel, Dr. Morrison, and others, alarmed at the prospect of division, invited the Rev. Mr. Alder to remain and attend the approaching session of the Canada Conference, to be held in the village of Hallowell, in the ensuing month of August, 1832, with a view to ascertaining whether, or not, an arrangement could not be made for mutual co-operation.

The rest is a matter of well-known history. Mr. Alder did attend the Conference. He stated what the British Conference would probably require in order to co-operation. His first proposals comprised a great many more concessions than were afterwards required. The principal changes were in the name of the Church, "Wesleyan" for "Episcopal;" in the structure of the Conference, the Executive and Legislative Conferences being merged into one; in the government of the body, an annual Presidency being substituted for the life-long Episcopacy; and in the compression of the two orders of elder and deacon into one ministerial order. The "privileges" of none of the existing "preachers or members" of the Canada body were to be abridged, but no local preacher, coming into office after the consummation of these measures, was to be eligible even to election or recommendation for ordination. The principal risk was thought to be in the doing away with Episcopacy and in changing the name of the Church; but there was discipline for the one, and all the required recommendations and majorities were secured; and, on consulting two eminent lawyers, Messrs. Rolph & Bidwell, there was found to be statutory law for the latter.

At first Mr. Richardson, with Messrs. Case, Whitehead, Gatchel, Metcalf, P. Smith, Wright, Allison, and a few younger men, showed some aversion to the movement, yet, all the Preliminary Articles of Union were carried by large majorities, both in the Annual and General Conferences. True, some thought it would be courteous and prudent to consult the people before proceeding further, but the people had been informed for months in the *Guardian*; also, large numbers of them were at the Conference and witnessed all the proceedings, and no remonstrance was

made. Further, Episcopacy was something which directly concerned the ministry alone; and the modifications which touched the local preachers and members would have to be laid before the Quarterly Conferences and receive the affirmation of the constitutional majority of them, but it was argued that it would be time enough to do that when it was finally determined what those details should be, by the joint action of both the British and Canadian Conferences. The writer had a conversation at that time and place with a local elder, Mr. John Reynolds, afterwards consecrated the first Bishop of the re-constructed M. E. Church, in Canada, who, at that time, seemed well enough pleased, especially as the details affecting his order and the membership in general would have to be approved by the Quarterly Conferences, before they could become law in the united Connexion.

Mr. Richardson was appointed editor for the next year, as the previous editor was chosen delegate to the British Conference, and the whole matter was ventilated through the organ of the Connexion, in which the presiding elders reported great unanimity in their respective Districts on the subject, during the year 1832-33, while the negotiations were pending. During the whole twelve months, no adverse movement or remonstrance was heard of. The Articles, as modified by the British Conference, were, if anything, still more favourable to Canadian interests than those sent over. And at the Conference of 1833, despite a disclosure, through some discussions in the *Guardian*, during the year, of the fact, that a Government grant for missionary purposes had been made to the British Missionary authorities, and accepted by them, yet neither that nor any other consideration was made a ground of opposition to the ratification of the Union, by Mr. Richardson, or any one else; but upon that gentleman's explicit recommendation that the final vote for the acceptance of the whole measure, should be "unanimous," it was so made, by a rising vote, Mr. Gatchel having previously absented himself from the house, and Mr. Whitehead's action being taken as a joke. On the announcement of the chair, it was recorded "unanimous." No brother withdrew his name from the Conference roll, excepting Mr. John Huston, who retired from the work because he received notice of "location" at the next Conference, upon Mr.

Richardson's motion, and, therefore, said he "might as well locate at once." The subject of this sketch took office under the new *regime* as presiding elder of the metropolitan District, in which he continued three years. He, it was, who put and carried the new regulations submitted to the Quarterly Meetings of the District. Nor was his discontinuance as editor considered as a withdrawal of confidence at the time; he, and all others, seemed to think the new order of things would be best expounded and defended by the former editor, who, as delegate to England, best understood the whole question.

It was what happened during the following two years, from '33 to '35, that gave the principal plausibility and success to the measures for creating a party consequent upon the Union measure. For, whatever some may now say, for some denominational ends, there are hundreds living who know, that as the Methodists of Upper Canada had seldom (thousands of them never) seen a Bishop during our connection with the States; and as there had been no Bishop in reality during the whole five years of our independency, so, it was, that few cared in the least for his continuance. Indeed, many members of the Church, to the writer's certain knowledge, were displeased at its nominal assumption in 1828. Even those who seceded from the action of the Conference clung to this institution only as best adapted, with the continuance of the old name, to give them some legal chance of holding the Church property. The discontent of many local preachers at their order being denied any further chances for ordination, and the substitution of a "Local Preachers' Meeting" for each Circuit, instead of the "District Conference" of yore, (although many of them, even Mr. Reynolds himself, had pronounced that Conference an impracticability); also, the regulation making the local preachers subject to a "Plan" of appointments, made out by the superintendent minister of the circuit, did more to bring about a disruption than any great interest in Episcopacy itself. The local preachers' officials having claimed to make their own appointments, and to go where they liked in former days, they constituted a sort of *imperium in imperio*. This, we believe was Mr. Reynolds' principal objection, he having himself, before the Quarterly Meeting vote of '33, '34, defended the Union mea-

sure "because we should get from under the heavy hand of a Bishop." The editor's publication of "Impressions made by our late visit to England," awakening the suspicion that liberal, or "Reform," politics were to give place to Tory ones in the Conference organ, gave occasion to William Lyon Mackenzie's calumnious declaration, that "The *Guardian*, press, types, and all, had gone over to Dr. Strachan." The disclosure, too, that the British Conference received a Government grant, and that the grant was expended on Indian Missions, in Canada; and that the preachers by whom those missions were served, were appointed by the Canada Conference, although the missions were, by the Union measure, committed to the British Conference, which appointed a superintendent to manage them, who acted as their Chairman, apart from the other Districts; and though the British Conference was pledged for all the funds necessary to carry them on, what was raised in Canada being conceded as auxiliary to the parent society, so that it put nothing additional into the Canadian missionaries' pockets, whether any Government money was paid into the home treasury or not—yet it laid the Canada Conference open to the charge of inconsistency with its former course.

Another measure, which increased the dissatisfaction of the local preachers and their friends, was this: The Conference of 1834, upon the representation of the Rev. Edward Grindrod, the President from England, to the effect that the continuance of orders, given to local preachers in Canada, would create disturbing expectations among the same class of labourers at home, gave rise to the resolution, from the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, "that it was inexpedient to ordain any more local preachers," thus cutting off the hopes of those even who had been local preachers in 1833, when the Union was consummated. Each Annual Conference had always exercised its discretion whether to elect the local applicants for orders or not; and now it said, once for all, "It is inexpedient to ordain any more." This was not transcending any power it had, but it was bringing on a crisis, which, but for that, might have been delayed and mitigated. The September following this action in June, the first General Conference of the reconstructed M. E. Church was held, and several local elders, with the Rev. J. Gatchel, elected and ordained the Rev. John Reynolds,

a merchant, of Belleville, Bishop of their new organization, which they claimed was the original and true Methodist Church of the province. Although we might concede them a natural right to organize any form of Church they preferred, and although we might concede that eldership in the local ranks, *per se*, was the same essentially, as eldership in the itinerancy, yet it was not so Methodistically considered, as it was "Travelling Elders" the Discipline empowered to ordain a Bishop in case of the extinction of that officary. Local elders might ordain one of themselves to superintend the rest, yet, by no means, could such action displace the Conference, and Church, and its claims which had existed lineally from the first, and all of whose modifications had been constitutionally made, Bishop Carman's introduction to Dr. Webster's book, to the contrary, notwithstanding. We do not make these remarks out of hostility to that, but purely in self-defence against the allegations of "sweeping away Annual and General Conferences and ministerial orders" at one fell swoop. For we can well remember "how exceedingly we longed after them all, in the bowels of Jesus Christ," when they parted company with us.

All that the book says of Bishop Richardson's native sense and ability, his worth as a man, his excellence as a Christian, and his worth as a minister and a Bishop, if you like, we can fully endorse; but we cannot accept the position that any scruples about the constitutionality of the change which he helped to bring about, were the causes which led to the change in his position. No, but the taunts of his political friends about the changed aspect towards certain public questions, and a growing antagonism between him and some of the leading influences with whom he was called to act, was that which led him, three years after the Union, to express himself as "not feeling at home," and to sever himself from the Conference, going first to the M. E. Church, in the United States, and then, upon his return in 1837, to unite himself to the existing M. E. Church of the province, finding it here as an accomplished fact, and feeling now more in common with that Church than with the one he had left in 1836. If he found a home in that Church, the Church acquired a vast amount of prestige from the acquisition of such a man. His one year's pastorship, his two years' Presiding Eldership in that body, his many years' Agency

in the U. C. Bible Society, during which he may be said, in some sense, to have belonged to the Church Catholic, and to have endeared himself to all, and his election and consecration as Bishop, in 1858, need not be further dwelt upon as he was "an epistle known and read of all men."

Lest we should be misunderstood in confronting some of the positions of the authors of this book, as though we had no appreciation of their Church, we are free to admit that they have wrought wonders: falling back into a tried Discipline, which embraces those essentials of Methodism which, when preserved, make it a power under every form in which it has appeared; not wasting time or energy in experimenting of any kind; taking a stand which got them the sympathy of liberal politicians; going strongly for Temperance; labouring with untiring zeal (despite the religious harm the cultivation of an acrimonious feeling towards their former friends was calculated to do to their own religious enjoyment), they have added numbers, built churches, planted missions, and erected and endowed a University.

The Episcopal Methodists, in Canada, and the late Wesleyan Methodist Church, in Canada, had a common parentage and a blood relationship; so much so, as to make them natural allies, or inevitable rivals. The following lines from Coleridge's *Christabel* will apply to them:—

" But neither found another
To free the heart from pining,
They stood aloof, the scar remaining,
The cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

We think now that they and the united "Methodist Church of Canada" might afford to bury dead issues. The old politico-religious questions, as to any practical value they now have, are set at rest. Neither body has any home jurisdiction to trammel them. The two English Conferences concerned, the Wesleyan Conference particularly so, have acted a most generous part, liberally atoning for any mistakes they may have made, by giving up their interest in almost millions of dollars' worth of Church

property, largely the fruits of long and liberal expenditure. If we cannot unify, might we not go as far, at least, as the two great Churches in the United States have gone, agree to a commission, the decisions of which would prevent the more divisive kind of rivalry and the needless expenditure of money on missions that are not missions, but strifes for sectarian position? In saying this, we are uttering nothing but what the sainted spirit of Richardson would respond to from heaven, if we could hear his response.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Not in halls of regal splendour,
 Not to princes of the earth,
 Did the herald angels render
 Tidings of their Monarch's birth.
 Not to statesman, priest, or sage
 They proclaimed the golden age :
 'Twas the poor man's heritage ;
 For on shepherds lowly
 Burst the anthem holy—
In excelsis gloria, et in terra pax.

Not by worldly wealth or wisdom,
 Not by power of law or sword,
 But by service to win freedom,
 And by sorrow bliss afford,
 Born to poverty and pain,
 Born to die and thus to reign,
 Rescuing man from Satan's chain,
 Jesus now reigns o'er us !
 Swell the joyful chorus—
In excelsis gloria, et in terra pax.

Bid the new-born Monarch welcome,
 Pay him homage, every heart !
 Hallelujah ! let His kingdom
 Swiftly spread in every part !
 War and bloodshed then will cease,
 Tyranny its slaves release,
 Love shall reign, and white-robed Peace :
 Then from earth, as heaven,
 Praise shall aye be given—
In excelsis gloria, et in terra pax.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

THE vast collection and almost endless variety of machinery, all in active operation, is to many the most interesting feature of the great Exhibition. It seems to embody one of the chief characteristics of modern civilization—the application of steam to economic industry, and the substitution of tireless sinews of iron and steel for jaded human nerve and muscle. What a triumph of mind over matter! And the beneficent giant who does all this drudgery is not the servant of the rich alone; he toils alike for the poor man in his poverty; he cheapens his bread, conveys it to all the markets of the world, digs his fuel and brings it to his fireside, fills his house with comforts and luxuries, and, by means of the newspaper and printed book, replenishes his mind with wisdom, and makes him heir of all the ages.

The wonderful variety of operations, the flexibility, the combined strength and delicacy of this giant's hand are simply marvellous. In the centre of the vast Machinery Hall, covering nearly fourteen acres, towers the great Corliss engine, with the strength of two thousand horses slumbering in its mighty thews, yet as placid, as seemingly gentle in its movements, as is the breathing of a sleeping child. But what vigorous manifestations of its strength are seen on every side! Here are a lot of pumps and hydraulic machines, pumping water into a huge tank, sixty by one hundred and forty-four feet, or, supplying a waterfall thirty-four feet high and forty feet wide. There are air blasts for ventilating mines, supplying furnaces, etc., that almost blow one off his feet. Here are pneumatic drills that noisily bore their way into the solid rock, and there are remorseless quartz-crushers that grind it into powder. Here is a Nasmyth hammer that can forge an anchor or crack a nut, and there an innocent-looking iron frame will, with its ponderous jaws, bite in two a thick bar of iron as if it were sugar candy. Here, under the guidance of a group of lady operatives, the nimble fingers of the

sewing machine are embroidering, "hemming, felling, tucking and stitching," and going through all the other mysterious processes in the manufacture of ladies' wear. There, with apparently conscious intelligence, automatic Jacquard looms are weaving elegant designs in ribbons, silks, braids, and carpets. Here, a delicate machine is boring the eyes in needles, there, another is sticking pins into papers. Almost every industry is in operation under our eyes—brick and pottery making, printing, lithography, scroll-sawing, barrel-making, glass manufacture, type-casting, wood-working, glass-engraving, watchmaking, type-writing, tobacco manufacture, chocolate and candy making, the manufacture of gutta percha and leather shoes, stocking-weaving, medal-stamping, and many other interesting processes.

The huge shaft-sinking and mining machinery from Belgium is the very embodiment of gigantic strength. Of sinister significance amid all these peaceful industries—like a demon of destruction among ministers of mercy—is the great Krupp cannon, sixty tons weight, twenty-three feet long, fifteen inch bore, propelling, with a charge of two hundred pounds of powder, a ball a thousand pounds weight, a distance, it is asserted, of over seven miles. Close beside it lies the mighty shaft of a steamship, forged from a single ingot of steel, and polished like a lady's needle. Some twenty thousand persons find employment in the mines and foundries of the great firm of Krupp & Co.

The Agricultural Hall, with its area of over ten acres, is one vast trophy of man's skill and industry in utilizing the products of nature for the purposes of food. Machines and implements for the tillage, harvesting, and manufacture of almost every useful growth of the soil, are exhibited in operation; and the manufactured articles are displayed in almost infinite variety, and in most attractive forms. The suggestions of good cheer on every side are quite appetizing. Fish and flesh, fruits and vegetables are displayed in tempting profusion; and the vast variety of economic agricultural products show forth the endless beneficence of the great All-Father, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Among the most interesting objects were a number of aquaria, with little rocky grottoes, in which one could study the habits of their finny inhabitants with great ease.

Almost like a dream of fairy land was the beautiful Horticultural Hall, with its Moorish architecture, its brilliant colours, its immense variety of native and exotic plants—palms, tree-ferns, bananas, orchids, and many other forms of beauty. The plashing fountains, the gleam of snowy statuary amid the foliage, and the many rare and lovely flowers were a vision of delight.

To my mind, one of the most interesting collections was the naval, military, scientific, and economic exhibits of the United States Government. Rather staring effigies, some of them ridiculous-looking guys, illustrated the various uniforms of the United States army and navy during the last hundred years. Models or actual specimens of almost everything used in both branches of the service are submitted for examination. The entire process of gun and cartridge manufacture, except filling the latter with powder, goes on before our eyes. The ingenious and deadly contrivances of the art of slaughter, and the refinements of the art of healing the ghastly wounds and ravages of war, are exhibited in strange contrast side by side. The lighthouse system of the United States, with its nine hundred and thirty-six stations, is illustrated by the lamps (from the four hundred candle size down), lenses, and accompanying apparatus, and by models of the principal lighthouses. A huge fog-horn, without the building, at intervals sounds its portentous and lugubrious blast. The models of coast defences, of engineering triumphs, of the Hell-Gate excavations, the weather signal bureau, the coast and inland surveys were all explained by intelligent and courteous military officials; as were also the Gatling gun, firing a perfect hail of shots upon their human targets, and other deadly enginery of war. A huge twenty-inch Rodman gun was mounted without the building, which carries a ball of one thousand and eighty pounds weight.

The statistical bureau exhibited a grand series of maps, showing the area of forest and arable land, of sugar, cotton, rice, wheat, corn, and fruit culture, the rate of wages, and, with sinister significance, the relative prevalence of suicide and murder in different parts of the country. For the latter, the South had a bad pre-eminence, especially Texas; for the former, the Atlantic Seaboard States.

The aboriginal department was very complete; from the skulls, pottery, and art of the Mound Builders, to the weapons, costumes, bead-work, etc., of the existing tribes. A large skin tent; an effigy of Red Cloud in full savage panoply; a Vancouver's Island canoe, sixty feet long and eight feet wide, dug out of a single tree; and lofty trunks from Fort Simpson, carved all over with hideous figures, challenged general attention, if not admiration.

The exhibits of native woods, fruits, vegetables, minerals (including a mass of meteoric iron, 1,400 pounds weight), animals, and fishes, with specimens or models of the apparatus for hunting, trapping, and fishing—especially those illustrating the whale fishing—were very instructive.

The splendid exhibits of the Shoe and Leather Building indicate the immense extent and importance of that industry. The carriages, stoves, and culinary furniture in the annex to the Main Building, demonstrate the superiority of the United States, in the elegance of the one, and economy and convenience of the other of these branches of manufacture. The Woman's Pavilion strikingly exhibits the skill, ingenuity, and artistic taste of American women, although much of the triumphs of the needle was beyond my power of criticism.

Of especial significance, and in some sense more wonderful than anything else on the grounds, were the exhibits of the British and Foreign and American Bible Societies, in a distinct pavilion, and also in the Main Building. The Word of God in nearly two hundred of the babbling tongues of earth, with a collection of Bibles of the last four hundred years, bring before the eye and mind an amount of sanctified labour for the highest possible object, far surpassing all else in the Great Exhibition. In over seventy of these translations, I observed, the missionaries have had to create a written language, chiefly in Africa and the South Sea Islands, and have employed in that task the familiar English letters—an important step, perhaps, to the diffusion of the English language and Christian civilization throughout the world.

I have kept to the last what many will regard as the crown and glory of the entire Exhibition—the magnificent collection of paintings and statuary. But what idea can be given of the many thousands of beautiful objects of art that, on every side, meet the

eye and fascinate the mind? It is a vision of delight. One walks in ecstasy, the memory of which is a joy forever. The storied scenes and the mighty dead of history live again upon almost breathing canvas. The loveliest and sublimest aspects of nature, and its most evanescent glories, are fixed in undying colours for our study and delight. Ancient fanes, solemn ruins, wild mountain gorge, and desolate sea shore, invite our varied moods. Sweet domestic scenes, childhood's sports, the love of mother and babe, forms of hero and martyr, of saint and angel; glow upon the walls; and snowy marble figures of exquisite beauty seem almost to live around us.

The United States collection of pictures is by far the largest, and illustrates the wonderful art progress of the first century of the Republic.

The English paintings were, I think, the finest in the entire collection. The landscapes had more expression, were more suffused with poetic feeling, than any others. Frith's "Railway Station," familiar from engravings, and his "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," lent by the Queen, are wonderfully realistic pictures. Landseer's animal pictures are marvels of fidelity, and the blended horror and affright of Macbeth in Maclise's "Banquet Scene," is something never to be forgotten. Millais, Hunt, Tadema, Leighton, Pettie, Sant, Gilbert, Faed, and other Royal Academicians were represented by some of their best pictures; and, among the dead, West, Wilkie, Gainsborough, Etty, Turner, and other masters of this noble art.

In the Canadian department, several familiar faces looked from the walls; and some excellent paintings of our magnificent natural scenery, and fine atmospheric effects, quickened a thrill of patriotic pride. Mr. Forbes's large picture of the "Foundering of the *Hibernia*," evinces bold and vivid conception, which, however, is hardly fully realized in execution.

The technical execution of the French paintings is more striking than their poetic expression or spiritual significance, although there are some beautiful domestic groups. The intense realism of Gerome's classical pieces, and of "Rispa" driving the vultures from the bodies of her sons, who hang ghastly in death, is marvellous. The latter inspires a feeling almost of awe.

To my surprise, Belgium surpassed, in extent and in excellence of its art exhibits, both Germany and Austria. Its paintings, as well as those of the Netherlands, were characterized by an almost infinite patience and minuteness of detail. The homely Dutch interiors, fishermen's huts, and quaint domestic scenes, repay most careful study. The cattle pieces seem all portraits. Every hair of the shaggy cows and donkeys seems painted separately, and they have a strangely human look out of their patient eyes. In the paintings of mediæval court or burgher life, the delineation of texture in the gorgeous dresses, velvets, silks and satins, brocades, lace, embroidery, drapery, and leather; in the gleaming jewels, weapons, metals, glasses, and gilding; and in the carved furniture, cabinets, marbles, and details of architecture is simply wonderful—of more than photographic fidelity. In a large picture of the cellar of Diomedæ during the destruction of Pompeii, the reflected glare of the flames on the agonized group of fugitives, and similar effects in other pictures are most vivid.

From Denmark come some fine pieces, one especially has burned itself into my brain—a stormy sunset, with the solemn approach of night. The forms of the waves, their arrested motion, as it were, and the green transmitted light through their crests, surpassed anything of the sort I had ever seen.

Among the paintings from Sweden and Norway were some very impressive landscapes of lonely fiords, mountain forests, and glacier scenery. The Russian exhibit was small, but of distinguished excellence. The bronzes of peasant figures were full of life and character.

Italy surpassed all other countries in sculpture, and Florence all other places in Italy. Rome, Milan, Sienna, Naples, and Ravenna, however, contributed some admirable specimens. The groups of children, the Fisher Boy, Infant Moses, Eva St. Clair, Boy and Dove, Girl and Dog, the Enforced Prayer, Child's Grief, and the like, were exquisite; though some conveyed an arch or comic expression rather beneath the dignity of sculpture. The allegorical figures, Faith, Hope, Charity, Pity, Modesty, Vanity, Prayer, Innocence, the Seasons, and the like, were very beautiful, though often very much alike. The Nymphs, Satyrs and Bacchantes, seemed survivals of pagan, rather than the work

of Christian art. The Pope lent some fine mosaics and tapestry, remarkable rather for the intractable material used, than for the excellence of the pictures. I was greatly interested in a collection of articles from the Catacombs—rings and seals bearing, in monograph, the name of Christ, and the Christian symbols of the dove and fish; bracelets, clasps, gilt glass, and the little tessaræ, or signs of Church membership—class-tickets, as it were—by which travelling Christians were accredited to distant Churches. As I looked at the tiny lamp, with the stains of the oil and smoke still upon it, I thought how some Christian mother may, by its light, have put her babes to bed with prayer and good-night kiss; or, perchance, amid blinding tears, have laid them forever on their narrow beds of stone. Here, too, were the toilet articles, the gems, and gold, and jewels of proud Roman dames—their beauty long since turned to dust, their very names unknown.

Spain was represented chiefly by religious art—Holy Families, Saints, and Martyrs; and in strange, yet common contrast, in Roman Catholic art, by some very meretricious female figures that ought never to have been painted at all. And here, I must record my protest against the sensuous character of many of the foreign paintings, especially of France, Austria, and Spain. In this respect they are in striking contrast with the almost universal chaste and modest character of the English and American pictures, and those of Northern Europe. I attribute this difference partly to the only partial moral restraints of the Roman Catholic religion, and partly to a survival, in the old Latin races, of the ancient pagan characteristics which created the odious art and literature, and social corruptions of the effete and dying Roman Empire. Strange, that, in this respect, the art of China and Japan should be more pure than that of the ancient cradle lands of Christianity. In the Saxon and Teutonic races, to the influence of Protestantism in purifying art must be added that hereditary reverence for women, by which they have been characterized since the time when Tacitus noted and commended this noble trait.

It was somewhat of a surprise to find such an excellent collection of pictures from Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Mexico; but they were chiefly religious subjects. It must be

admitted that the Roman Catholic faith has been the generous foster-mother of art, when it would else have perished, which is probably the cause of the pre-eminence of Southern Europe in painting. Probably, also, the prohibitions of the Koran, against the representation of the human figure, may be one cause of the poverty of Mohammedan fine art.

But the greatest wonder of the Exhibition was the Exhibition itself—that a nation which a century ago was no nation, but only the appanage of a foreign country, should challenge to competition, in art and industry, the oldest civilizations of the world, and should compare, not unfavourably, with the very chiefest of them, and, in some respects, should surpass them all. This grand gathering of the nations is a great educator of each. It knits them closer together in bonds of amity and fellowship, and is, let us hope, an augury of the better time, when all the nations of the earth shall dwell together in peace and brotherhood.

On my way home I enjoyed a rich treat at New York, at the Art Exhibitions at the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum. At the former were several Meissoniers, loaned by the late A. T. Stewart. The execution is marvellous, finished like an ivory miniature. Several fine specimens of pre-Raphaelite treatment revealed new capabilities of art. "After the Crucifixion," is a strange, weird picture; the executioners of Christ are returning to Jerusalem, and only the shadows of the crosses in the foreground, with their awful burden, indicate the dreadful tragedy that has taken place. "La Lune de Miel," a Venetian moonlight scene, was exquisite. In a picture of the Virgin and Child, the unutterable mother-love of Mary, and the holy innocence of the Divine Babe, touch the heart with a spell of power. Such pictures grow upon one. They do not yield up all their depth of meaning at once. I found myself returning again and again, with ever fresh delight, and was scarce able to tear myself away.

I was rather disappointed in an original Turner, which Ruskin describes as his masterpiece—The Slave Ship. A lurid sunset burns in the West, against which are outlined the masts and shrouds of the slaver. The reflected light on the angry waves dyes them into blood, amid which struggle the writhing forms of

the wretched slaves, cast overboard to lighten the vessel. Sublime, and even awful, as is the conception, the colouring seemed, to my untutored taste, confused and too indefinite. The painting is not large, but it is kept insured for \$10,000—its value is considerably greater. Church's Niagara is a grand picture; the water in the foreground is admirably given; and the atmospheric effect of Bierstadt's Yosemite is wonderful. I confess an inability to appreciate the Old Masters from the specimens I saw. Murillo's Presentation is very dark and vague; a Bacchus, by Rubens, looked coarse and vulgar; a Cuyp, a Tintoretto, and a Hogarth, altogether failed to impress me. I was much interested in a silver bell, by Benvenuto Cellini, covered in highest relief with figures of insects, exquisitely enchased. It was made for Pope Clement VII. (Guilio de Medici, died 1534), and was used by him in cursing a plague of these creatures. There were, also, many fine Greek and Roman antiques, the admirable Cesnola collection of classic antiquities—gems, jewellery, weapons, glass, pottery, etc., exhumed at Cyprus—and a fine collection of mediæval weapons, carvings, and cabinets.

I greatly enjoyed a religious service at the old John Street Church, the first Methodist place of worship on this continent, dedicated 1768. The building has been more than once remodelled, but much of the original structure yet remains. I was shown a picture of the first edifice. A wooden clock, brought to America by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of religious service. Marble tablets commemorate the virtues of the pioneers of Methodism in the New World: Barbara Hick (*sic*, and not Heck, as it should be); Philip Embury; Francis Asbury, "the pioneer bishop of American Methodism, and the foremost among her tireless itinerants, who ordained 3,000 ministers and preached 17,000 sermons;" and John Summerfield, and other former pastors, whose names are now historic in the annals of the Church. The night was wet, the congregation small. The tide of population has ebbed away; the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway have usurped the neighbourhood of the humble sail-loft, where the earliest Methodist worship was held. But the old Methodist fire still lingers, as was manifest in the fellowship meeting that preceded the preaching. Men make a pilgrimage

to Independence Hall, as the cradle of American liberty. With, at least, equal reverence may we visit this sacred spot, the mother Church of American Methodism.

In the morning I heard the "Rev. Fred. Bell, the Singing Preacher," as he is announced, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the large Opera House, in which the General Conference of 1872 was held. He sings before and during his sermon, accompanied, in the refrain, by a large choir on the stage. The large building was filled, and a vigorous evangelistic work is being carried on.

On my way home I made a run down to Seneca Lake, to visit the famous Watkins' Glen. A small stream has, in the course of ages, excavated a deep and narrow gorge, like a volcanic chasm, rending the rugged rocks. In the distance of two miles, the stream makes a descent, by a succession of leaps and rapids, of eight hundred feet, for the most part between perpendicular walls, towering to a height of nearly three hundred feet. Numerous galleries, bridges, and stairways, enable one to traverse its entire length. As one threads the devious gorge, between the towering cliffs, festooned with ferns, climbing vines, and trailing flowers, embroidered with brilliant mosses and lichens, and crowned with graceful birches, larches, and hemlocks; the blue sky gleaming through a narrow rift, and the sunlight penetrating the shadowy gloom, through the ever-shifting foliage; the sense of seclusion, and of weird and wondrous beauty, is delightful. Here the stream, in snowy foam, makes a leap of sixty feet; there it rushes angrily through a narrow defile; and now it lurks in deep and sullen pools, like a murderer nourishing evil thoughts in his dark heart. Now a silver rill trickles down the dark rock, like tears of gladness on a giant's face; and here we pass, on a narrow shelf of rock, behind a crystal veil of waters, flashing like diamonds; and, in the depths below, gleams a beautiful double rainbow, like the nymph Iris, haunting this fairy scene. The Rembrandt-like contrast between the blue sky and emerald foliage and the dark gorge; the stern rocks, bedecked with sweet wild flowers, wherever they can find a place to cling; these, with the whispering winds and murmuring waters, give to the entire glen the charm of an artist's dream or poet's song.

In places the path is so narrow that two persons cannot pass ; here it clings to a shelf of rock ; there it creeps round a jutting crag, or climbs a steep ascent ; and, when it reaches an impassable barrier, it boldly leaps across a narrow bridge to the opposite side of the gorge, far above the water brawling below. An iron rail, bolted to the rock, or supported outside of the pathway, protects one from any real danger. A poetic fancy has given romantic names to different parts of the glen : Neptune's Pool, Fairy Cascade, Diana's Bath, Cavern Gorge and Cascade, The Grotto, Sylvan Gorge and Rapids, Rainbow Falls, Glen Cathedral, Shadow Gorge, Pool of the Nymphs, Pluto Falls, Elfin Gorge, and Glen Elysium, where all is hushed.

As though the whole bright summer scene were set
To the unuttered melody of rest.

The series of lovely pictures is photographed in the chambers of memory for ever. After having studied and enjoyed some of the finest paintings in the world, they showed me that the simple beauties of Nature far transcend the choicest works of art—that the fern, the flower, the lowly moss, the stately tree, the rippling water, and the universal sunlight—the common things around us everywhere—present to God's great family of the poor elements of higher enjoyment, and fairer loveliness, than any contained in the gilded galleries of the rich.

THE WANING YEAR.

THE year begins to tremble with decay,
Like an old man who leans upon his staff,
And in the graveyard reads the epitaph
Of all his offspring who have passed away ;
But the soft breezes with his thin locks play,
Scattering his sadness with a jocund laugh,
While the great sun yet warms in his behalf,
And with his darts keeps winter still at bay,
Yea, soothed and flattered in full many ways,
Though all the fields be bare and woodlands sere,
Half hidden from his sight by thickening haze,
Serenely smiles the slow declining year,
Like one who has in goodness spent his days
And waits his coming end without a fear.

WHAT A DOLLAR DID.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"WELL, Mary; did Mrs. Thompson pay for the sewing?" asked Mrs. Morrison, a delicate-looking woman, wasted with sickness and care, yet scrupulously neat, as was everything in her humble apartment.

"Yes, mamma;" answered an intelligent, bright-eyed child, of a strangely mature expression of countenance. "At first she said to call again, but I told her you were sick and wanted some medicine, so she gave it to me; but see what a worn, crumpled, and dirty bill it is."

"Thank God, I can now get some syrup for my cough. I slept little last night, and I did so want to be up on Christmas day. It grieves me, darling, that I cannot get you and little Freddy the presents you used to have before papa died. Go, dear, to the store, and get the medicine, it will soothe my cough, and I will do my best to make your Christmas, if not a merry one, as happy as I can."

"Oh, never mind, mamma, dear; it will be just splendid, and I will make a rag doll for Freddy, and he will think it ever so fine;" and the affectionate child hurried off to the store of the little village, where were kept a miscellaneous assortment of dry goods, groceries, hardware, and a few of the more common remedies for the numerous ills that flesh is heir to.

Wistfully the little girl eyed the brilliant dolls and toys and trinkets that more happy parents than her's were purchasing to gladden bright eyes on the morrow, as with shouts of glee the well-filled stockings would be emptied almost before it was light enough to see them. But she bravely turned away, crushing down the longing in her heart, and purchased the soothing anodyne, and a few, alas! too few, of the bare necessaries of life—with precocious worldly wisdom making her worn and tattered dollar bill pay for as many articles as possible. Then, with a hoarded penny, buying a candy toy for brother Fred, she hastened home through the wintry streets with more of real satisfaction

in her little heart than many a pampered child of luxury who, surfeited with gifts, knows not the superior joy of giving.

Unnoticed, in the throng of customers that almost filled the store, stood the little son of the village shoemaker, his feet exhibiting the proverbially wretched covering of the children of disciples of St. Crispin. As the storekeeper received the dollar from the hands of Mary Morrison, the widow's child, little Tom Needham repeated his request, "Please sir, father wants the money for mending the boots."

"I'm too busy just now, my boy," said the bustling storekeeper, while weighing a pound of tea. But, as the little fellow turned disappointedly away, for he knew that his own chances of a Christmas dinner depended on being paid for the work, the busy salesman exclaimed, "Stay, here you are. This is just it;" and he handed him the tattered bill.

With a glad "Hurrah!" Tom burst into his father's squalid little shop; smelling strongly of leather and wax, and littered up with shreds and patches, and a disreputable-looking collection of old shoes. For Mr. Needham was rather a mender than a maker of these useful articles, now that almost everybody bought them at the store ready-made from the great factory in the city.

"Well, Tom, have you got it?" asked the rather dirty-looking craftsman, as he looked up wearily from his bench, pushing back his spectacles and revealing a brow furrowed by care, and a stubbly beard of a week's growth. The good man found the maintenance of a large family, with his decreasing business, year by year a more difficult task.

"Yes, father, here it is," shouted the light-hearted boy, not yet feeling the burden of poverty.

"Well, it is a seedy specimen," said the shoemaker, taking the soiled bill by the corner as if afraid of soiling it still more with his grimy fingers. "But it will get mother and the girls a good Christmas dinner, anyway, won't it, Tom?" and the toil-worn father went forth with loving thoughts to provide for the wants of his family. Though not much given to moralizing, he felt his lowly calling dignified and ennobled by his care for those who were, by God's providence, committed to his keeping.

The village butcher's stall was a sight to behold, with its noble

roasts of beef and fat sheep and plump turkeys. But all these were too aristocratic for the shoemaker's purse; so he selected a more plebeian goose, and wended his way home with the apology for his unwonted extravagance—

“Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, it brings good cheer.”

“Here Tompkins,” said the jolly butcher, as fat as one of his own prize sheep, to a meagre-looking man, who was selecting a cheap joint for his Christmas dinner, “here’s a beef’s shank that will make a good pot of soup for your young kids at home; and here’s that dollar I owe you for cutting wood. I don’t like to go into Christmas owing anything, you know,” and he handed him the bill he had just received from the shoemaker.

“Neither do I, Mr. Burroughs,” said the meagre little man, with joyous alacrity. “This will help me to pay my rent to Squire Bilton to-night. I shall eat my Christmas dinner, plain as it may be, with better relish when I don’t owe for the roof over my head;” and with a load of care lifted off his mind, he started for the Squire’s Hall to pay his rent.

At the end of an avenue of spiry spruces, that shivered in the wintry wind, stood the hospitable Hall. The warm light streamed from its curtained windows upon the frozen fountain and the arbour, dismantled of its summer covering of vines; and rich strains of music floated forth on the icy air as the Squire’s young folks sang with merry glee a joyous Christmas carol. A twinge of envy and discontent wrung the heart of the poor man as he thought of his own humble home and the scanty enjoyments of his children.

“Ah, Tompkins, is that you?” was the hearty greeting of the Squire. “Come for your Christmas-box, have you?”

“I came to pay my rent, sir,” he replied, with a feeling of manly independence that made him feel at least an inch taller, as he produced the shabby bill, with others almost as bad, from his well-worn but scantily-filled purse.

“That’s right, Tompkins; always pay as you go and keep out of debt. That’s how I got along. But go into the kitchen. My wife has been putting up a basket of Christmas fixings for your

youngsters. I always enjoy my own Christmas dinner better for knowing that my tenants are enjoying theirs. Somehow the thought of God's good gift to us, kind of mellows and warms one's heart to every one." And the Squire's round, kindly face was wreathed with smiles that might have become Father Christmas himself.

As Tompkins left the house with a well-filled basket on his arm, his heart felt a good deal lighter, notwithstanding his heavy load. Not a particle of envy lingered in his bosom, but instead of murmuring at the allotments of providence, he said to himself, "The Squire is a real good landlord, and deserves all the prosperity he enjoys. I wish there were more like him," to which wish we heartily say, "Amen!"

Shortly after, the kindly Squire, well muffled, walked down to the village store, on charitable thoughts intent. While ordering a handsome hamper of toys and trinkets for his own family and the minister's children (he had previously ordered a parcel of books from the city for their father), he did not forget the wants of his tenants and poorer neighbours, including the family of the sick widow, Mrs. Morrison, whom he had known in better days. Having given directions to deliver the parcels that night, as he paid for the toys and picture books for the widow's children, the store-keeper exclaimed, "Why, here is the identical dollar little Mary Morrison brought me this very night. I wonder where it has been since. It must have brought me luck, for I never did a better night's business. Here, Mrs. Flanighan, I'll make you a Christmas present of it," handing it to the Irish washerwoman, who had been waiting some time for her "Christmas-box."

"The blessings of the Holy Vargin and all the saints attend you; and long life, and a merry Christmas, and many of them to your honour," exclaimed the grateful creature, with many curtsies.

What became of the tattered bill further, we know not. We think it was left at the village baker's, and is, perhaps, going its rounds on its missions of mercy yet, bringing joy and gladness to many a home.

The Christmas morning rose bright and clear. Little Freddy Morrison, for once, was up early, and soon roused the household by his tumultuous excitement. "Merry Christmas, mamma! Santa

‘Claus did come after all, although you were afraid he wouldn’t,’ and he emptied his well-filled stockings on his mother’s bed. “And here is a book for Mary, too. I prayed God last night to send Santa Claus just as He used to when papa was alive; and so He has, you see.”

“God has not forgotten us,” said the widow, with her eyes glistening through her tears, as she clasped her children in her arms and covered them with kisses. “I will try not to forget His promise, that He will be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.”

It would have done one’s heart good to see how the little Needham’s enjoyed their savoury Christmas goose; and the young ‘Tompkins’ their rich beef broth and the “Christmas fixings” from the Hall; and Mrs Flanighan and her children their Christmas dinner, humble though it was. As the Squire sat down to his well-filled board, his rubicund face fairly shone with good nature, and he thanked God for Christmas, with its tender and sacred memories, and the kindly feelings it kindles in every heart.

And the agent by which all this happiness was communicated, —that soiled, and worn, and crumpled dollar bill,—was it not an angel in disguise? a messenger of mercy scattering blessings on every hand, and bringing gladness to many a heart? And how great is the crime of those who, from thoughtlessness, or avarice or neglect, prevent these messengers of joy from their blessed ministrations, by withholding the wages of the poor when it is due. The dollar, which to the rich is a trifle, may to the poor be a matter of greatest moment. The merciful All-Father, who ever remembereth with compassion his great family of the poor, hath given especial injunction in His Word, that “The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee till the morning.” “Say not unto thy neighbour,” says Solomon, “Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee.” And in stern denunciation, writes Saint James, “Behold the hire of the labourers, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.”

THE "HOUSE-TOP SAINT;" OR, THE HIGHER LIFE
EXEMPLIFIED.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

"YES, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort o' a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—I is one o' the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce any whar; but de Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me*!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole; and dare I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlour; and from de parlour to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Star's don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' o' your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up sta'rs! I says to him, says I, Brudder—I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom—why don't you come up into de light?"

"'Oh,' said he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy; I doesn't desERVE de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"Phoo, says I, Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member, says I, when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up st'ars? Not she! she tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewellery massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n Mc-Ivor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam!. But so fur it hain't fatched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovelli' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warm, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top;" said the young man, thoughtfully.

"M: fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien,' come up higher!" He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlour and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlour Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlour Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes straitway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlour, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said me, one dead-o'-night, 'O Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han';—'Oh, Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' gettin' through de shinin' gate! your clothes and your face and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she. Dear soul, says I, dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to catch de rays!

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, Oh Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus? says I.

" 'Yes, de chief o' sinners ;' says she, with a groan.

" Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan ? says I.

" 'Yes,' says she.

" Well, den, says I ; if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved ? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.

" Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself ; and her face light up like an angel's ; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singin',

" 'In my han' no price I bring,
Simple to dy cross I cling.'

" But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlour. Parlours is fine things ; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

" What's a chamber-saint, auntie ?" asked the young man.

" Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlour, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, ' Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now ! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber ; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while ? De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort ; but some turns it into a roostin' place ! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny ?"

" No."

" What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan ?"

" Oh, yes."

" I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat ! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty ginerall. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me, Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby'—Satan often has de impudence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I's weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in the words o' Scriptor, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a buddle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hymn to cher my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most ginerall; and I goes 'bout my work a singin':

"My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain;
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all your might and main!
Hololujah!"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most general. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weepsons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fatched me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on da'ir way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbour through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey! how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

THE DYING THIEF.

PEACE, dying thief! thine eye is on Christ's cross,
 Christ's blood that sprinkled all, for thee doth flow;
 Once red like crimson, thou art white as snow;
 These golden moments cancel years of dross,
 And death is gain, where all of life is loss.
 Did Mercy's swiftest wing e'er light so low?
 Her pinions touch the vestibule of woe.
 Had Judas seen, he, too, had swept across
 The broad black gulf, before his sun had set.
 Peace, dying thief! Christ doth remember thee,
 I hear His gentle voice, O might there be
 Such bless'd assurance of my cancell'd debt,
 When from the shadows of the grave I rise,
 To claim Christ's fellowship in Paradise!

—R. Evans.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

AMID so many popular customs at Christmas, full of so much sweet and simple poetry, there is, perhaps, none more charming than that of the Christmas carols, which celebrate in joyous, and yet devout strains, the Nativity of the Saviour. The practice appears to be as ancient as the celebration of Christmas itself, and we are informed that, in the early ages of the Church, the bishops were accustomed to sing carols on Christmas Day among their clergy. Milton, in the twelfth book of "Paradise Lost," thus alludes to what may be regarded as the first Christmas carol:—

His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
Of squadron'd angels hear His *carol* sung.

In process of time these Christmas hymns became very much secularised, and latterly were frequently nothing more than festal chants, sung during the revelries of the Christmas season.

As with the generality of our popular ballads, we find the earlier specimens of Christmas carols often extremely rugged and unadorned in point of composition, and perceive them gradually assume a more polished and harmonious form with the progress of education and refinement. This improvement is chiefly to be remarked after the commencement of the sixteenth century. The following is a carol belonging to that period:—

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, " God's Son is born this night : "
In excelsis gloria.

This King is come to save mankind.
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind.
In excelsis gloria.

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
 Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
 Where we may sing to Thy solace,
In excelsis gloria.

In his "History of English Poetry," Warton notices a licence granted in 1562, to John Tysdale, for printing "certayne goodly Carowles, to be songe to the glory of God;" and again, "Crestenmas Carowles auctorissed by my Lord of London." This may be regarded as a specimen of the endeavours made, at the time of the Reformation, to supplant the old popular carols by compositions of a more devout and less Popish character; and in Scotland we find instances of the same policy in the famous "Gude and Godly Ballates," and "Ane compendious Book of godly and spirituall Sangs;" the latter printed at Edinburgh in 1621. The Puritans, indeed, denounced not only the singing of Christmas carols, but the observance of the festival of Christmas itself, as pernicious and unscriptural.

The following is one of the most popular of the class of chants under notice :—

God rest you, merry gentlemen !
 Let nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ our Saviour
 Was born upon this day,
 To save us all from Satan's power,
 When we were gone astray.
 Oh, tidings of comfort and joy !
 For Jesus Christ our Saviour
 Was born on Christmas Day.

Beside the Christmas hearth, as the yule log blazed high, our song-loving Anglo-Saxon ancestors gathered, listening to the carols without, and answering them by a joyous refrain from within, as is pleasantly described by Longfellow :—

I hear along our street
 Pass the minstrel throngs ;
 Hark ! they play so sweet
 On their hautboys, Christmas songs !
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher,
 Sing them till the night expire !
 Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the babe was born,

Sang with many a change,
 Christmas carols until morn ;
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher,
 Sing them till the night expire !

Christmas carols were sung on Christmas Eve as well as on the morning of Christmas Day, and, indeed, the former was regarded by many as the more appropriate occasion. Then the choristers attached to the village church made their rounds to the principal houses throughout the parish, and sang some of those simple and touching hymns. The airs to which they were sung were no less plaintive and melodious than the words, and were often accompanied by instruments. The sweet and pathetic melody, which was often remarkably well sung and played, the picturesqueness of the group of singers, whose persons were only rendered visible in the darkness of the night by the light of one or two lanterns which they carried, and the novelty and general interest of the scene, all produced a deep impression on the mind.

In England, at one time, it was customary on Christmas Day, more especially at the afternoon service, to sing carols in churches, instead of the regular psalms and hymns. We are, moreover, informed that, at the end of the service, it was the usage on such occasions for the clerk, in a loud voice, to wish all the congregation "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Full of beautiful suggestion, too, is the sweet ringing of the Christmas chimes,

As most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
 With their strange unearthly changes, ring the beautiful wild chimes,
 Low at times, and loud at times, and mingling like a poet's rhymes.

To this universal chorus of thanksgiving, Longfellow again refers in the following beautiful lines :—

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 Their words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

EDITORIAL.

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

ONCE more the revolving wheels of time bring round the anniversary of the Advent of our Lord. It will, therefore, be peculiarly appropriate to let our thoughts run back to the first Christmas, more than eighteen hundred years ago. Let us hearken again to the words of the angel choir, "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Let us follow the guidance of that star of Bethlehem that led the wise men where the young child lay. Let us draw near with them and present our Christmas offerings, not gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, but the incense of a grateful, loving heart.

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favour secure.
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

He doth prefer the upright heart and pure before all human temples, and the worship of a loving soul before all costly offerings. May that star of Bethlehem shine on our souls, and lead us not merely to the straw-thatched stable where the infant Redeemer was laid, while

"Cold on His cradle the dew-drops were shining,
And low lay His head with the beasts of the stall ;"

but let it lead us also to heaven's gate, whither He has now entered, and where He now receives, not the homage of a few humble shepherds, but the adoration of the devout millions of Christendom.

It was an ancient superstition that at the blessed Christmas-tide no ghost might walk, nor evil spirit stir abroad.

"The nights are wholesome : Then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

So should the holy thought of God's great love to us subdue all evil passions in men's souls, and banish from their hearts all anger, malice, wrath, and strife. So should sweet peace brood over every mind, and kindest charity mark every act.

Mindful of God's great gift to us and all mankind, let us seek to benefit and bless all men, especially those who are poor in this world's goods, and who, at this inclement season of the year, and amid the general rejoicings around them, feel more keenly than ever the pinchings of penury and the pinings of want. As we sit beside our comfortable fires, or at our well-filled board, surrounded by our household joys, let us not be forgetful of those whose hearths are cold, whose tables are bare, whose homes and hearts are desolate. Our own Christmas cheer shall be more gladsome and our hearts more light, if we feel that we have gladdened some drooping soul and comforted some aching heart.

There are many, too, whose Christmas gathering will have a sad vacancy which can never more be filled. The memory of the dear departed, who keep the feast on earth no more, comes sadly to their heart—of those who last year sat around their Christmas hearth, but are now with Him whose birth we celebrate. And who of us who keep this Christmas festival shall keep the next? God grant that when our anniversaries on earth are over, we all may spend an eternity of joy, as unbroken families, in the Father's house on high.

Let us briefly dwell in thought upon the angel's salutation, and inquire in what way the advent of our Lord promotes the glory of God, peace on earth, and good-will toward men.

God's highest glory certainly consists in the perfection of His moral attributes—His mercy, His love, His justice, and His holiness. And have not these their sublimest manifestation in the gift of His dear Son, in the incarnation of our Lord? Let us think for a moment what that wonderful expression really means. It means that the Lord of life, the well-beloved Son of God, who had shared the Father's glory before the worlds were, who had lain in His bosom from all eternity, should forsake that glory and leave that bosom and lay aside His Godhead and assume our manhood, with all its weakness and infirmities, its sorrows and its sufferings; that He should espouse poverty and pain, and bind

persecution like a wreath about His brow ; that He should live a life of lowliness, and often of ignominy and reproach, and die a death of infamy and shame—receiving the punishment reserved for only the vilest of felons. Is not this the very perfection of infinite compassion and of everlasting love—that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us !

This was also the perfection of Divine justice, inasmuch as it inflicted the inevitable penalty for sin in order to maintain the majesty of God's eternal law.

It was the perfection of holiness, because that priceless sacrifice expiated a world's guilt, that blood of sprinkling cleanseth from all sin, and prepares the soul of fallen man to serve God acceptably here, and to enjoy Him forever hereafter.

And this supreme glory of the ever-living God is manifested not only in the highest degree, but in the highest heaven, and among the highest orders of beings. The incarnation of the Son of God was an event in which not merely men but angels were interested. Indeed, that wonderful event was regarded with far more intense and thrilling sympathy in the courts of heaven than here on earth. While men were wrapped in deepest slumber, save some weary watchers or careful shepherds guarding their midnight flocks, all heaven seemed emptied of its shining host to join in this glad anthem of "Glory to God in the highest." Bright angels from their starry seats swept downward to the lowly manger, where lay, in baby form and swaddling clothes, He whom they were wont to worship on His everlasting throne. And, as the lofty truth unfolds and expands before their gaze, they revel in the sublime contemplation, and exult in an ever-increasing comprehension of God's glory.

But the Divine purpose embraces also "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Fallen man is in a state of hostility toward heaven and toward his fellow-man. The carnal mind is enmity toward God. Man's warring passions have made of our green earth, which came forth from the hands of its Maker so stainless and beautiful, an immense battle-ground—a very Aceldema, a field of blood. What scenes of carnage, of mutual slaughter of the children of the same All-Father have desolated the earth, oft

“ Covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay has covered, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.”

The fatal spirit of discord has been abroad in the world. It has entered the charmed precincts of the family circle, and even the hallowed courts of the house of God. The richest legacy promised by our Saviour in His benediction pronounced upon His disciples the same night that He was betrayed, is that pre-figured in the angels' song: “Peace, I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.”

What a blessed time will it be when that sacred promise shall receive its full accomplishment; when the Prince of Peace shall reign in every land, in every home, in every heart; when all the warring passions of mankind shall be hushed to everlasting rest; when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other, and sorrow and sighing shall flee forevermore away!

But this salutation embraces also “Good-will to men.” This is the key-note of God's dealings with our race. He is not, as many seem to think, stern and unforgiving, vindictive and austere. His mind and will toward us are benevolent and kind. His words are words of gentleness and love. Even the warnings and threatenings of His law are but the barriers placed around the pit of perdition for our soul's protection. His heart is a heart of loving-kindness and of tender mercy. He approaches the race with the language of entreaty and forgiveness. He stretches forth the sceptre of pardon that guilty sinners may draw near and touch it and live.

Let us, therefore, draw near at this advent season and accept the priceless boon He offers in the unspeakable gift of His dear Son. Let us bring the offering of a penitent and loving heart. Let us consecrate ourselves to His service, live for His glory, and ever seek to promote peace on earth and good-will to men. At peace with God, reconciled through the blood of His Son, and at peace with all mankind, let the law of love be in our hearts, and words of kindness on our lips. And let our good-will be manifest in good deeds. The idle sentiment will be profitless and vain.

“ The flighty purpose ne'er is overtook
Unless the deed go with it.”

Good intentions that are not carried into execution, but weaken the moral sensibilities, deaden the heart, and enervate the will. Let us, therefore, exhibit in our lives that pure and undefiled religion that visits the fatherless and the widow in their affliction as well as keeps itself unspotted from the world.

Let us seek, above all, to lead men where the young Child lay. Let us imitate the pious shepherds who hastened to tell the glad story of the Saviour's birth. Let us endeavour to make known the blessed mystery of the Incarnation, not merely as a historic fact, but as a hallowed consciousness in every soul. And when all our Christmas gatherings on earth are over, may writer and reader meet in an eternal festival of joy in the house not made with hands on high.

To all our readers, both old and young, with unfeigned sincerity we wish A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

OUR PAST AND FUTURE.

It is with a very considerable degree of satisfaction that we look back upon the brief history of this Magazine. The very kind reception it has met, and the degree of support accorded it, demonstrate that it has supplied a felt want in our Connexional literature. It has been enriched with the best thoughts of some of the best thinkers of our Church. It has also called forth the literary activity of several of our younger writers. It has furnished a vehicle for the repeated advocacy of our Educational, Sunday-school, and other Connexional interests; and for the discussion of Temperance and other social reforms. It has furnished a record of the holy lives and happy deaths of many devoted servants of God, whose example is an inspiration to Christian duty and zeal. It has conveyed lessons of practical religion which have been blessed to the spiritual welfare of not a few of its readers. It has furnished wholesome and instructive literature to many hundreds of households, to the improvement, we trust, of both head and heart. (See the table of contents for six months, accompanying this number.) Several of these articles

have been reprinted in the English Methodist newspapers and magazines. For the cordial support of both contributors and readers, we tender most hearty thanks, and solicit its continuance in still larger degree.

The future of this Magazine, we hope, shall be still more successful than its past. During the coming year, several features of increased interest—for partial details of which, see Prospectus of new volume—will give it a still stronger claim upon the sympathy and support of all our people. The testimony of our Methodist brethren in the United States, as to the importance of Christian literature, is full of suggestion to ourselves. “In very many of our families,” said Dr. Curry, at the late General Conference, “the secular, and often infidel magazines, are taken and read, and our young people are being poisoned in their own homes. We have failed in a capital point. We provide no adequate literature for the demand; and the consequence is, our people are reading that which does not tend to the knowledge and love of God. The Methodist Episcopal Church owes it to her people to furnish them with wholesome reading-matter; and since the magazine is a favourite form, let such a one be prepared which, while avoiding the faults of others, shall combine all their excellences.” These words apply with no less force to Canada. There is a swarm of American story-papers and sensation novels which invade the houses of many of our people, perverting the taste and corrupting the mind, and often destroying the moral principles of the young. On this subject we quote the words of the Pastoral Address of the Toronto Conference to the members of our Church:—

“What literature shall we read? is a question of great importance. The mind, chameleon-like, assumes the hue of that on which it feeds. It is as much the duty of the Christian parent to provide wholesome food for the minds as for the bodies of his family. Poison in their daily bread would be speedily sought out and destroyed; yet often a poisoned literature is permitted to creep into the houses of our people, to the peril of the moral health and spiritual life of their inmates. The best way to exclude pernicious reading is by supplying that which is good. Your Church supplies this important want.” Of the CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE, which it commends to the loyal patronage of our people, the Pastoral Address goes on to say : " It offers to all ages, family reading of an instructive and religiously-edifying character, thoroughly loyal to the institutions of our Church, and surcharged with sympathy with its Arminian orthodoxy. It is hoped that it may, at least, accompany, if it does not supersede, the popular periodical literature found in many of our households, which is often antagonistic to our institutions and theology, if, indeed, it is not utterly frivolous and largely skeptical."

Our American friends, at great expense and with much energy, are enlarging the scope and changing the character of their veteran Magazine, in order to meet more fully the wants of the age. Such is the design of our own Magazine. We are abundantly able, as a Church, to sustain it with vigour. A slight increase in circulation will make it a decided financial as well as literary success. Let each of our present readers procure one additional subscriber, and we shall be able greatly to improve the character of the Magazine, and have a handsome profit for the Superannuated Ministers' Fund—an object which commends itself to the warmest sympathy of all our people.

We appeal, especially, to the thousand ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada for their kind co-operation in making this Connexional enterprise a grand success. Several have sent large lists from what seemed unfavourable canvassing fields. Others have warmly commended this periodical from some of our foremost pulpits. Let all our ministerial brethren give us their valuable aid in extending its circulation and influence, and it will become a still greater power for good throughout our far-extended Connexion. We are desirous not to lose a single one of our old subscribers. We hope, especially, that the subscribers to *Earnest Christianity*, to whom, for six months, we have been sending this Magazine without any remuneration, will now subscribe for themselves. It was the strong confidence that this would be the case which led to the amalgamation of the two magazines. Otherwise that amalgamation would be to us a loss, instead of a gain. All subscriptions expire with the December number, and the Publisher cannot continue the Magazine without the authority of the subscriber. We therefore urgently request all our readers to promptly

remit their subscriptions, that they may receive the January number—which will be issued early—in time for Christmas reading; and that we may know what sized edition to print. We have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following appeal from the late editor of *Earnest Christianity*:—

“A word to the subscribers to EARNEST CHRISTIANITY:—

“Six months ago, I promised myself the pleasure of communicating occasionally with the subscribers to EARNEST CHRISTIANITY through the pages of our Connexional Magazine; but a constant succession of duties connected with the Missionary work of the Church has prevented the accomplishment of that design. I still cherish the expectation of being able to prepare an article, at no distant day; and, in the meantime, I would express the earnest hope that all my old friends, who so heartily sustained ‘E. C.’ will now transfer their support to the METHODIST MAGAZINE, and, by the prompt renewal of their subscriptions, aid in making it a grand success. A subscription *before* New Year is worth more than one *after*. Please renew without delay.

“A. SUTHERLAND.”

CHARITY.

Who made the heart 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias:
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 Though they may gang a kennin wrong,
 To step aside is human;
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

—Burns.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE CHURCH AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE record of the Methodist Church in relation to the temperance question, is one of proud distinction. Almost alone among the Churches of Christendom, it has been based on the principles of total abstinence. In his views on this important subject, the honoured founder of Methodism was as far in advance of his age as he was in many other respects. As long ago as 1743, when the General Rules of the Methodist Societies were formulated by John and Charles Wesley, the "buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in case of extreme necessity," was stringently prohibited. In all branches of Methodism throughout the world to the present day, this rule, with greater or less stringency of interpretation, has been adopted. The Methodist Church is thus "the only Christian church since the days of the apostles which forbade the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, and their sale for such purpose."^{*}

The ministers and members of that Church, it is to be regretted, have not always lived up to the letter or spirit of these rules. There has been, at times, great laxity in the administration of discipline, and sometimes a tendency to recede from the advanced position of Mr. Wesley. But the great body of Methodist ministers, we hesitate not to affirm, have been true to these principles, and have both preached and practised total abstinence. They have helped very largely to educate public opinion on this important subject ; and the present aggressive temperance revival, both in Canada and the

United States, is very largely due to their influence. Methodist periodical literature has always given no uncertain sound on this subject. We have thought it, therefore, not inappropriate to discuss various aspects of the temperance question in the pages of this Magazine. We have been greatly encouraged by the warm expressions of approval that have been thus called forth, and by the demand for a pamphlet edition of those articles for circulation as temperance tracts.

We are pledged, as a Church, to battle against the evil of intemperance till it be destroyed. Year after year our Annual Conferences have unanimously passed resolutions in favour of the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The General Conference of 1874 solemnly "called upon all ministers and members of our Church to speak and act fearlessly and conscientiously in behalf of the much-needed temperance reformation," and ordered the preparation of a petition to the Governor-General and Parliament for the passage of a prohibitory liquor law. Our several Conferences have been more specific still, and by reiterated resolutions have urged upon ministers, official boards, Sunday-school authorities, and the membership generally, the formation of temperance societies in connection with each Circuit and Sunday-school, the preaching of temperance sermons, and the dissemination of sound temperance principles throughout the community.

It is upon the Christian Church, and on Christian people, that the success of the temperance reform largely depends. Would that we felt that responsibility still more solemnly. It is the mission of the Christian Church to fight against every form of sin, and no form of sin is more disastrous to the common

^{*} Rev. Henry Wheeler in *Methodist Quarterly Review* for October, 1876.

weal, or more perilous to souls, than intemperance. The writer, in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, previously quoted, makes an urgent appeal to the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States for combined effort in the temperance cause. "Temperance," he argues, "cannot advance beyond the position of the Church; neither can the cause become permanent and strong unless it is adopted by the Church as a portion of herself. The ministry must not be silent, nor give an uncertain sound. They must be leaders in this as in every other moral reform. There is before us, as a Church, a glorious and extended field of usefulness in the cause of temperance which we should not fail to enter. This interest should not be left to promiscuous, spasmodic, and uncertain effort, with here and there an individual pastor or layman toiling in the field; but there should be one general advance, by the whole Church, all along the line of our militant host."

These remarks apply with no less force to Canadian Methodism. If our hundred thousand members were organized for aggressive temperance work, what a tremendous power they would be in the land! To too great an extent, this work has been left to organizations outside of the Christian Church, to societies, open or secret, which have sometimes not been altogether free from objection. Affiliate this movement with regular Church work, and it will acquire ten-fold power. The mantle of *quasi* respectability will be rent from the hideous loathsomeness of the traffic, and it will receive the condemnation and opposition of all good men. The temperance cause, instead of "begging for sympathy among the Churches of the land," would be mighty in their alliance for the accomplishment of the moral and social elevation of the community. The Churches, themselves, would be greatly benefitted by this alliance. By no cause are so many lost from its membership, aye, and from its

ministry; and no form of sin so prevents men from entering its pale.

It is especially among the young that this organization, under the auspices of the Church, can be most successful. Our Sunday-schools furnish us the machinery ready to our hand. Every school should be a Temperance Association. A temperance pledge should be in every teacher's class book. Every scholar should be a pledged abstainer. (At our request the Rev. S. Rose, our indefatigable Book-Steward, at Toronto, has prepared a supply of Sunday-school class books containing a temperance pledge. It would be well if a pledge against the use of tobacco were also added, signed and kept by both teacher and scholars.) 'It is difficult, sometimes, perhaps impossible, to reform a confirmed drunkard. It is easy to preserve the young from falling into the fearful vice, and to train them up in abhorrence of strong drink. The generation of drunkards will soon pass away. If we can save the young from acquiring the evil habit—and, by God's help, we can—society will soon be free from the dreadful curse. Parents, we beseech you, set not the evil example before your children of using strong drink. Do not expose it on your sideboards. Do not harbour it in your houses. Familiarity with its presence may lead to its use, to its awful abuse, to its terrible mastery over body and soul. At this festive season especially, we implore our fair readers that they offer not to their guests or to their New Year's callers, the seductive and destructive wine cup. Do not lend the witchery of your smiles to the deadly wiles of this siren. You are the true regents of society, the arbiters of custom. You may brand the use of strong drink as an infamy and disgrace, or you may crown it with your favour, and become the temptresses, it may be to perdition, of immortal souls.

If the moral and God-fearing portion of the community would bear their testimony, by example and pre-

cept, against the use of *all* intoxicating drinks; especially if they would sedulously endeavour to prevent the recruiting of the army of drunkards from the ranks of the moderate drinkers, by training up the young in the principles of total abstinence, the evils of intemperance would be very greatly restricted, a temperance conscience would be created in the community, and, by God's blessing, the liquor traffic, with its hideous train of evils, would eventually be banished from the land.

THE MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN

has opened well. It got a good start at the grand Anniversary Meeting at St. John, New Brunswick. It was ably sustained at the meetings already held in the Maritime Provinces, most of which were largely in advance of last year. The same result has followed in the Missionary meetings in the West, so far as they have been yet held. Notably has this been the case in Toronto. The city ministers wisely arranged to have the meetings in our eight churches all held in one week. The consequence has been more united action and much friendly association between the congregations. The week's services have been a valuable Missionary education of our people; much information has been diffused, and much interest awakened. The expense of the meetings in printing and in the travelling expenses of the deputation has also been considerably reduced—a very important item. It was a happy thought, which we hope will be widely carried out, that of having energetic laymen, like Alderman Clendinneng, John Macdonald, M.P., and Warring Kennedy, Esq., on the deputation. These gentlemen mean business, and talk to business men in a business-like way, that was very effective. It showed the people, too, that this was not merely a preachers' question, but one in which the laity should be equally interested. Then, we were favoured with the presence of three "live Missionaries." The touching

incidents recounted by the Rev. E. R. Young, the statesman-like utterances of the Rev. George Young, and the fervid appeals of the Rev. L. N. Beaudry, together with the eloquent addresses of the Rev. W. Williams, moved and warmed every heart. Toronto will be far ahead of last year. We trust that the Missionary Meetings throughout the country will be held as early in the season as possible, and that a large proportion of the subscriptions may be paid before the New Year. It will be just as easy for the donors, and will save a large amount of interest now paid for bank accommodation. Let there be a grand advance "all along the line," a rally round the cause. The Society may thus be extricated from its financial embarrassment, and the blessings of them that were ready to perish shall come upon the generous supporters of the cause of God.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

It is a high compliment to the people of the United States, that what amounts practically to a revolution in their Government should take place without any civil disturbance. Notwithstanding the intense excitement preceding the election and the strenuous activity of both political parties, no sooner had the vote been taken than the nation passively awaited the verdict of the popular will. After a week's suspense the same attitude of quiescent waiting was maintained from the lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. While we may congratulate ourselves that we are exempt from the quadrennial agitation that excites our American neighbours, we cannot fail to recognize the development of those principles of constitutional liberty which, in common with ourselves, they have derived from the great Anglo-Saxon mother of both peoples.

THE CLOSE OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

AFTER six months of more than anticipated success the Great Palace

of Concord, in the City of Brotherly Love, has closed. But its grand result of popular and industrial education, of kindling kindly sentiments, and knitting together in bonds of commerce and friendship far-severed nations of the earth, remains. How completely the estrangement between the mother and the daughter-land is healed, is seen in the generous and magnificent contributions of Great Britain to the Centennial celebration of the revolt of her former colonies. May the bitter memories of the past be all thus buried forever, and may the golden chains of peace bind together the two great nations which in language, faith, heroic traditions, and undying love of liberty, are one.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER

WILL contain, among other interesting articles suitable for the season, the following:—"Taking Stock," a chapter for the New Year, by the Rev. J. H. Robinson; A Short New Year's Story, written expressly for this Magazine; the opening pages of "The Days of Wesley," which we can promise will be of great interest; the first of two papers by Dr. William Cooke, author of "Christian Theology," explaining the mysterious problem of the Great Pyramid, which, for three thousand years, has puzzled mankind; the Religious Aspects of the Centennial

Exhibition, by the Rev. Wm. Williams; a sketch of the heroic John Nelson, by the Editor, to be followed by other sketches of the worthies of Early Methodism—including: Silas Told, the Prisoners' Friend; Susannah Wesley; George Whitefield; the Countess of Huntingdon; Mary Fletcher; Dr. Coke; Francis Asbury; Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in the United States and Canada; and others, with the story of whose noble life every Methodist should be familiar. An eloquent sketch of the late Bishop Janes, the second Asbury of American Methodism, by Dr. Fowler, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*; important papers on the Indians of Canada, the Eternity of Future Punishment, and the Higher Christian Life, will also be given; and a steel portrait and sketch of the Rev. Gervase Smith, M.A., late delegate from the British Wesleyan to the Canadian Conference. These will be followed by other papers of great value and interest, including a steel portrait and sketch of the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A., a man beloved and honoured by Methodists throughout the world.

AN engraving of Grace Church, Winnipeg, and sketch of that Mission, by the Rev. Dr. WOOD, is crowded out this number, but will appear in our next.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

METHODIST CHURCHES.

IN his lecture on the "Rise and Progress of Methodism in the Nineteenth Century," delivered at Baltimore, Bishop Doggett gave the following statistics of Methodism throughout the world: Institutions of learning, 1,076; travelling preachers, 27,561; local preachers, 61,474;

annual contributions for religious purposes, \$20,000,000; Sunday-school children, 3,500,000; Sunday-school teachers, 600,000; and people having Methodist affinities, 16,000,000.

The late Missionary Notices of the Parent Society mention the names of twenty-three Missionaries

and their families who sailed from England during the month of October for various parts of the world—thirteen of the number being for the West Indies. Some had been in the Mission-field before, and were now returning after a short furlough in their native land; but the majority were leaving home for the first time. We do not remember ever reading of so many being sent out at once.

Sir Arthur Gordon, the newly appointed Governor of Fiji, has borne a noble testimony to the loyalty of the Christian natives, and has spoken in terms of great commendation respecting the labours of the self-denying Missionaries among the ferocious people of those islands, which now belong to the British Empire.

"The Key-Note" Missionary Anniversary has once more been held in the town of Leeds, and notwithstanding that some fifty thousand pounds sterling has been raised for the erection of additional places of worship in that town, yet the proceeds were equal to any former year.

Our English brethren have inaugurated several revival Missions, for which they made as much careful preparation as they usually bestow for their Missionary campaigns. In London especially, the arrangements made for services during November were of the most complete kind. Every circuit in the metropolis was visited, and services held in all the places of worship daily—in many instances four times a day. Every means was adopted to arouse the whole Church, so that every member might be induced to seek the salvation of souls.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BISHOP HAVEN has gone on an episcopal tour to Africa. He will first visit the Methodist Mission work in Liberia, and then visit as much of the African coast as his time will permit. The vessel in which he sails has a large number of coloured persons on board, who are

being sent to Liberia under the auspices of the American Colonization Society.

Good news comes from the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Italy. The city of Venice, which contains one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, is now added to the list of Mission stations.

METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

OUR excellent confreres, the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan*, contain gratifying accounts of the onward movements in the various Conferences. We are pleased to know that so many brethren are engaged in special services for the conversion of sinners. This is the grand mission of Methodism. The building of churches, and increasing the efficiency of the ministry, must not be lost sight of; but, after all, the mission of Methodism is to save souls.

The decisions of the late meeting of the Central Missionary Board appear to have given general satisfaction; and though it is to be feared that the Missionaries will have great cause for self-denial, yet they seem to be toiling very hopefully in their respective fields of labour. The confederation of the Conferences has made us much better acquainted with the Mission-field of the Dominion. Comparatively little was previously known of the inconveniences endured by our heroic brethren in some parts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

One brother, at Flower Cove and Straits of Belle Isle, travels some forty miles on foot in the northern section of the Labrador coast. Here he labours in summer. Red Bay is the chief place, though he preaches occasionally at some ten others. The population is chiefly Methodistic, and his congregations vary from twenty to two hundred. On the south side of the Straits, where the Missionary labours in the winter, he travels forty miles westward, and is cut off, during six months, from all com-

munication with the outer world. These brethren deserve the sympathy of the Church, and their fields of labour, though not likely ever to become self-sustaining, are real Missions, for the people are most needy, and cannot do much to help themselves.

Mr. Beaudry, our French Missionary in Montreal, is labouring with such success that the Ministers' meeting has sanctioned the erection of a church for the habitans, and recommends the project to the favourable consideration of our people. We shall be glad to hear of the church being built.

JAPAN.

THE Japanese have become weary of the way in which they have been accustomed to worship, and some of them, in casting off heathenism, are in danger of falling into grave errors. A new religious sect, the doctrines of which remain secret, is said to be spreading. The new faith does not resemble either Christianity, Mohammedanism, nor any form of Japanese religion.

Within the last five years, seven hundred Buddhist temples have been converted to other uses. They have lately contributed to the erection of the best church in the country. The pews, pulpit, and communion-table of the Reformed Mission Church, recently opened, were made from wood that came from demolished temples.

Some of the women who embraced the new faith made kindling wood of the idols which they had formerly worshipped. The Buddhist priests, not being able to prevent their people embracing the new faith, appealed to the government, and said, "If the thing were not stopped the whole of Kiogo would soon be believing in the Jesus' religion." But there was no redress.

Last January the first Christian newspaper was issued.

Dr. Williams, a Missionary-bishop in Japan, is devoting two-thirds of his own small income to carry on the

Mission work, and he lives in a poor little Japanese house, hardly better than a hut; and this is home, church, and school-house.

The Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as well as our own Missionaries, appear to be labouring very successfully. A recent number of the *Missionary Advocate* contained a view of the first Methodist Church in Japan. A more recent account is given of the third annual meeting of our American brethren, in which they write very hopefully of their work. Another church is being erected, and several new preaching places have also been opened.

REVIVAL MISSIONS.

CHRISTIANS of all denominations appear to be catching the revival spirit. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey have long been used freely for special religious services; but the various parishes in the metropolis are now the scenes of similar services. York Minster has become a famous place for such services. Enquiry meetings have been held for the benefit of anxious enquirers. In Sheffield, a number of clergymen and laymen, including a nobleman and an archbishop, have been engaged in revival Mission work. A system of house visiting has been organized, whereby every family in the town was called upon for religious conversation. The evening meetings at the various churches were crowded.

Rev. J. W. Bonham has been holding special services in the Cathedral at Montreal, assisted by Canon Baldwin and others.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are meeting with great success in Chicago. Most of the ministers in the city have joined them in their evangelistic labours. Trains are run on the various railways to suit the services, and occasionally several "overflow" meetings have to be held. The managers of the meetings have planned a series of similar services to be held throughout the North-

west, and so favourable is the outlook that a Methodist Presiding Elder expresses a belief that probably 100,000 conversions will take place during the campaign. It is no unusual occurrence for two-thirds of the entire audience to remain at the enquiry meetings.

From Australia, we hear of numerous revivals. In New Zealand there are great religious awakenings. The Young Men's Christian Associations are working vigorously.

Captain Brindy, of Chicago, has been sailing in the Gospel ship, "Glad Tidings," last summer, and

has visited many places on the lakes. The sole object of the cruise was to scatter Gospel seed among the people in out-of-the-way places. The Captain was pleased with his trip, and during the winter he will labour among the sailors in Chicago.

One of the blessed results of the revival movements of this day, is the union which is being promoted among Christians. The Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal, labour side by side with each other at Mr. Moody's meetings in Chicago.

BOOK NOTICES.

A History of Canada, for the Use of Schools and General Readers. By WILLIAM H. WITHROW, M.A. Crown 8vo., pp. 320, with folding map, 75 cents. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. Wesleyan Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

WE do not intend to review our own book; that, we suppose, would be hardly *en regle*. We shall merely quote a passage from the preface, and one from the close of the book:

"THE preparation of a compendious history of his native country has been, for years, the cherished purpose of the writer.

"In the earlier portion of this history, the author has studied compression so far as was consistent with sufficient clearness, in order to be able to give, in fuller detail, an account of the more recent and important events leading to, and following the confederation of the British North American provinces. The growth of the principles of civil liberty, and the development of the Canadian Constitution will, it is hoped, be found impartially traced in these pages. The social, commercial, and military, as well as the political aspects of Canadian history

have been treated as fully as the necessary limits of space would permit.

"While the narrative interest is centred chiefly in the provinces now known as Ontario and Quebec, the contemporary history of the sister maritime provinces, and of the newer provinces of the North-West and the Pacific coast has been given as fully, yet succinctly, as possible. The contemporary history of the empire and of foreign countries, where it was intimately connected with that of Canada, has been interwoven with the text."

"Here, then, closes our survey of the history of Canada. If the review of the blended romance and chivalry of its earlier years; of the heroic valour of its wars of self-defence against a powerful foe; of the gradual development of those principles of constitutional liberty and responsible government which the English-speaking race has everywhere striven to acquire; of the grand expansion of its territory and growth of its power in the recent past; of the boundless possibilities of its future;—if these shall kindle in the hearts of our readers an in-

telligent patriotism, a glowing affection for the noble country which is theirs, an unconquerable resolve to cherish its best interests, to promote its material, intellectual, and moral progress, to live worthy of the goodly inheritance they have received from the pioneer fathers and founders of Canada,—the brave men who died, and the wise men who grandly lived for it,—to hand down to generations yet unborn the unsullied record of a noble Christian nation, this book shall not have been written in vain."

In preparing a popular history of our native country, we have followed, though at a humble distance, the example of John Wesley; who, amid the engrossing occupations of his busy life and the "care of all the churches," which came upon him daily, found time, not only to write his numerous theological works, but to prepare popular histories of England, Greece, and Rome; besides grammars of the languages of those countries. The reception of the book has been exceedingly favourable; the leading journals of the country, with but two exceptions, according it very high commendation. With reference to its accuracy and impartiality—important matters in a school book—we take the liberty of submitting the testimony of two journals representing opposite political parties. In the course of a lengthy review, the *London Advertiser* (Liberal) remarks:—"He set out with the intention of taking neither side in his narrative, and he has been strictly impartial. So scrupulous has he been in this regard, that circumstances which are now universally condemned are merely mentioned in detail, the readers being allowed to draw their own conclusions." The *Kingston Daily News* (Conservative) says:—"After reading those portions of his book referring to political circumstances, connected with which the prejudice of the partizan might be expected to be manifested, we must acknowledge that he has not given colour to the picture. . . . This History of

Canada, on account of its impartiality, can be safely recommended to the general public."

Life and Letters of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright. Edited by the REV. C. G. CARTWRIGHT. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

THIS book gives very interesting glimpses of the early history of this province. Its subject was born in Albany, in 1759, and died in Kingston, 1815. His adult life thus covered the period of two great wars. At first choosing the Church as a sphere of labour, by the force of circumstances he was forced into public life, joined Butler's Rangers, served two campaigns, entered into successful business, was made a Judge and member of the Legislative Council, and took a patriotic part in the war of 1812-15. He gives a tragic picture of the Indian ravages of the American frontier during the revolutionary war, with their accompanying cruelties, "exercised indiscriminately on friend and foe, without distinction of age or sex." Several letters to successive colonial governors and other correspondents on public and social affairs, trade, revenue, politics, etc., give a vivid picture of the early days of this province, in the words of one of its pioneer settlers, and most intelligent men.

The Popular Science Monthly. 8vo. p.p. 128, \$5.00 a year. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WE have frequently called attention to this Monthly as giving the best record of the progress of science and discussions of its important problems that we know. Though Prof. Youmans, its editor, is a pronounced evolutionist, he lets both sides of the question be heard. For instance, we have in this number Prof. Huxley's lecture on evolution, and Dr. McCosh's essay, showing that, even if admitted, it is by no means sufficient to explain the universe without the intervention of a final cause—the *fiat* of the Almighty.

Prof. Morse shows what American zoologists have done for evolution; and Dr. Dawson, from a theistic point of view, discusses the so-called conflict between religion and science, Prof. Joly illustrates the early history of fire, and Mr. Wallace points out the difficulties of the development theory as applied to man. Professors Bastian and Prestel, Dr. Seguin, and R. A. Proctor, also contribute valuable articles. At an early date we shall re-produce Mr. Bixby's important paper on science and religion as allies—instead of foes—a relation which is often overlooked. This able Monthly is invaluable to all who would keep abreast of the latest discoveries and results of science.

The Fifty-Second Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, 1876.
Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

THIS Report makes a bulky octavo volume of 314 pages. It is, in itself, a monument of the wonderful progress of the Society which it represents. It contains, to use its own language, "reports from brethren engaged in sowing the seed of the Word over an immense territory, among civilized and uncivilized communities:—in sunny climes, 'where man alone is vile,' and in snowy regions, where human life is principally sustained by successful hunters and patient and dexterous fishermen." These reports from British Columbia, the North-West Territory, Japan, Newfoundland, and our various Indian and Domestic Missions are very encouraging, and are an inspiration to increased liberality and zeal. We would strongly urge all our readers, if they have not a copy of it, to beg or borrow one; or, better still, to subscribe, at least, \$4.00 to the Missionary Society, and get one of their own.

In accordance with its policy of rigid economy, the Central Board has resolved that a separate Report shall be published for each Conference, giving details of income; but

that the General Report shall contain only names of subscribers of \$5.00 and upwards, and the aggregate amount from each Circuit or Mission. Thus a large expenditure for printing the Report, which is annually growing more bulky, will be saved.

Another very important resolution appeals to the devotedness and loyalty of the members of our Church on the Missions in old and well settled districts, to generously relinquish Missionary aid, and thus enable the Board to respond to the calls from the Heathen World, and from the destitute parts of the Domestic Work. Upon this and other important resolutions of the Board, we shall take the opportunity of making some remarks in our next issue.

Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Shaw, late General Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in South Africa.
By HIS OLDEST SURVIVING FRIEND. Crown 8vo., pp. 463.
Wesleyan Conference Office and Methodist Book Rooms.

IN few regions have Wesleyan Missions been more successful than in South Africa. Of this success Mr. Shaw was very largely the instrument. This volume is a loving tribute to his memory, and a sympathetic record of his life. The episodes of two Kafir wars, and the vicinity of the Orange River Free State and Transvaal Republic to the mission field, invest the narrative with such general interest that we have placed it in the hands of an accomplished reviewer for more adequate treatment than can be given in a brief notice. In the consolidation of British power, in South Africa, Wesleyan Missions have borne no unimportant part. This volume is illustrated by a steel portrait, large map, and several wood engravings.

The Gold Thread. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. Small 4to., pp. 68. Toronto: Belford Brothers, Methodist Book Room.

WE consider this, in its mechanical execution, the handsomest book yet

printed in Canada. The numerous and exquisite engravings, thick paper, and elegant binding, make it a most charming Christmas present. Dr. Macleod's beautiful allegory of the Gold Thread of duty that guides unerringly through difficulties and danger, of the peril of losing it, the joy of its recovery, and the eternal happiness to which it leads in the glorious palace of the Great King, is freighted with profitable teachings for both young and old.

Macleod and Macaulay. Two essays by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P. 8vo., pp. 80. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

IN this pamphlet the facile pen of Mr. Gladstone pays a fine tribute to two distinguished men. The essay on Macleod is one of loving sympathy and of appreciation of his moral worth. That on Macaulay is

more elaborate, and gives an estimate of his genius and of his literary merit. It is, on the whole, highly eulogistic, although it criticises and adduces facts that go far to confute some of his historical statements. Gladstone evidently bears no rancour on account of Macaulay's severe review, nearly forty years ago, of his book on Church and State.

Wee Davie. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. Pp. 45. Belford Brothers.

"AND a little child shall lead them." This is a short and touching story of the life and death and holy ministry of a little child, who unconsciously brought his parents to a knowledge of their Saviour. All who have lost children, nay, all who have loved children, will feel the spell of those short and simple annals of the poor.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

—"James the Second and the Duke of Berwick" is the title of a volume by Lieut.-Col. C. Townshend Wilson, shortly to be published, which enters more fully into the history of Berwick's career than does any work yet published. Great attention is paid to the campaign in Ireland which resulted in the final overthrow of the Stuart cause.

—The parable of the Prodigal Son has been made the subject of a series of explanatory, simple, and practical sermons by the Rev. Henry Footman, M.A., author of "Life, its Friends and its Foes," and they will be issued shortly as a volume of religious teaching, having special reference to the snares and temptations of modern life.

—The *Academy* deplores the loss of a valued contributor on military subjects, in the person of Col. Charles Cornwallis Chesney. Those who wish to see specimens of his work

as a military critic should read his volumes on the campaigns in Virginia and Maryland, published during the progress of the Civil War in America, while he was Professor of Military History at Sandhurst.

—M. Lemerre, of Paris, has just issued two important volumes—"Le Parnasse Contemporain," a collection of unpublished poems by young contemporary poets, and "Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve." The latter is a collection of the illustrious critic's intimate notes on the important people he knew, and on different literary, political, and moral subjects. They are most exquisite, and furnish human malice with ample food.

—Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. have completed arrangements for the publication of an English translation of the late M. Guizot's "History of England," simultaneously with the French issue. This work, like M. Guizot's "History of France," was

taken down from his dictation by Madame de Witt Guizot, and the manuscript thoroughly revised and annotated by himself. This history, which was written before the "History of France," extends "from the earliest times down to the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria." It will be completed in two thick royal octave volumes, and will be elaborately illustrated.

—The preface of Mr. Horwood's edition of Milton's "Common-Place Book," contains a careful description of the MS. which was discovered by him in the library of Sir Frederic Graham, of Wetherby. In his comments on its contents, he writes not as a Miltonic devotee, but quietly notes such indications as they afford of the poet's tendency to grandiloquence when speaking of himself, of his difficulties with amanuenses, and of his proud reluctance to draw upon the stores he had acquired. A letter from Lawes, enclosing a pass for Milton's journey over sea in 1638, and a Latin proclusion and copy of

verse on early rising (starting with Sir Toby Belch's favourite saw, *diluculo surgere*) are appended, as also a list of places in his works wherein Milton has made use of some of the entries of the "Common-Place Book."

—Messrs. Hodden and Stoughton, a leading London House, Publishers of the *British Quarterly Review*, have brought out an English edition of "The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity," by W. H. Withrow, M.A. The reception given to this volume by the English Press has been very flattering. The *Saturday Review*, one of the most critical journals in Great Britain, gave it a full and very favourable notice. The *London Quarterly Review* devoted several pages to highly appreciative review. Dr. Wm. Cooke made it the subject of a special article in the *New Connexion Magazine*; and other leading journals have given it an equally favourable reception.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Agnes Prowse	Brackley Pt R'd	Murray Har. PEI	83	Sept. 10, 1876.
George Goddard	Spoon Cove	Newfoundland..	73	" 12, "
Hannah Ryal	Warkworth	Percy, O.	74	" 12, "
Hannah Simmott	Coot Hill	Welsford, N.B.	40	" 13, "
George H. Sharp	Havelock	Havelock, N.B.	40	" 17, "
Charles Oxley	Wallace	Wallace, N.S.	76	" 18, "
Sarah A. Shay	Falmouth	Hantsport, N.S.	72	" 24, "
Thomas Embree	Port Hawksb'ry	Pt. Hwksby, N.S.	89	" 30, "
William Heuse	Catalina	Catalina, Nfd.	27	Oct. 1, "
Thomas Sibbald	Streetsville	Streetsville, O.	28	" 3, "
Rev. Claudius Byrne	Burford	Fairfield, O.	84	" 3, "
Charlotte L. Creme	Lower Horton	Horton, N.S.	84	" 3, "
Sarah S. Gray	Catalina	Catalina, Nfd.	26	" 4, "
Jane Queen	Coot Hill	Welsford, N.B.	55	" 16, "
Philip Austin	Simcoe	Simcoe, O.	86	" 17, "
Clarinda Wilson	Poi't St. Charles	Montreal, P.Q.	35	" 20, "

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. R. 113; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

HERALD ANGELS.

Words by Miss HARRIET AUER.

Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOBY.

1. Hail, all hail the joy-ful morn! Tell it forth from earth to heav'n, That "to us

Child is born," That "to us a Son is giv'n." { Angels bending from the sky, }
Chanted at the wondrous birth, }

"Glo - ry be to God on high, Peace, good will to man on earth."

"Glo - ry be to God on high, Peace, good - will to man on earth."

Him, prophetic strains proclaim
King of kings, the Incarnate Word ;
Great and Wonderful His name,
Prince of Peace, the Mighty God.
Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky ;
||: And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high. :||