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MOONLIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
SEPTEMBER, 1878.

ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

It is at Harrisburg, a hundred miles from Philadelphia, that we reach the Susquehanna River. There it lies, this storied stream, glancing, gleaming, shimmering in the sunlight. Born far up among the mountains, it wanders on—unhasting, unresting—to its destiny in the distant sea. The broad lands through which it flows were once the homes of powerful tribes, whose very names—the Conestogas, the Tuscaroras, the Conewegas—are now almost forgotten. Of all those forest nations, scarce a solitary individual now remains. Perchance some lonely wanderer, a stranger in the land of his fathers, an alien where they were lords of the soil, may gaze from some hill-top upon the far-winding river, and behold the crowded cities and fair villages and happy farmsteads, and then turn away with a bitter sigh as he feels that all the multitudinous hosts who inhabit these valleys are the conquerors—the destroyers of his people—that of his blood there runs no kindred drop in any human veins. Such an incident Longfellow has described in his beautiful poem, "The Indian Hunter:"

> When the summer harvest was gathered in,
> And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
> And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
> Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
> An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
> Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

THE SUSQUEHANNA WEST OF HARRISBURG.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white, --
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

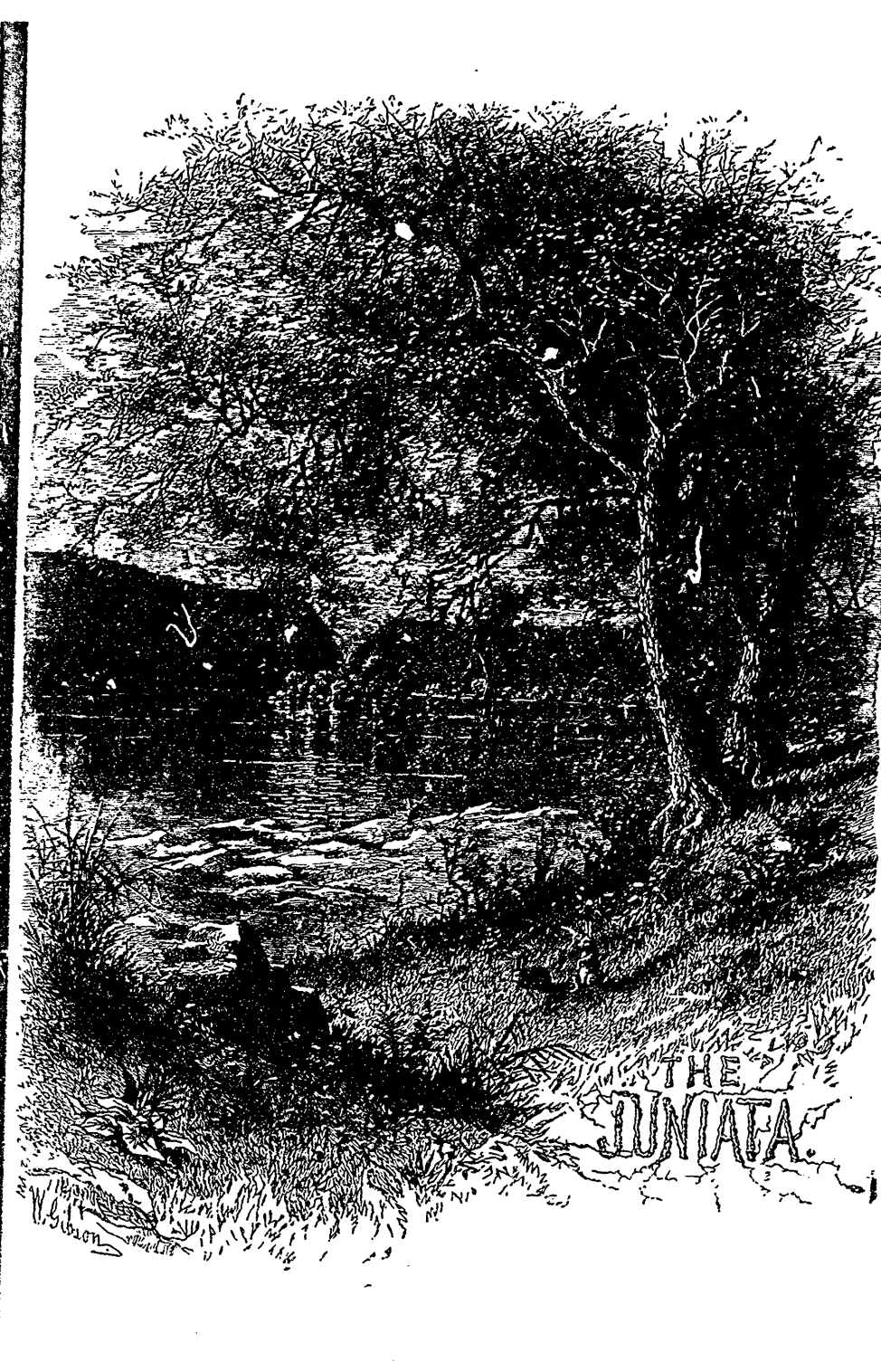
But when night draws her veil over the scene, when the pale moon walks the sky and, in the dim, uncertain light, the traces of human occupation are obscured or concealed, the imagination can easily reconstruct the scene in its original solitude. There sweeps the stately flood between its walls of dusky foliage. There sleep the wooded islands on its shining bosom. The moonlight glistens on the glossy oak and aspen leaves. The night-wind sighs like whispering spirits. The plaintive voice of the whippoorwill is heard. This surely might be the primeval loneliness before the foot of the white man invaded the continent. But hark! that deep, far-off thunder. It grows every moment louder and nearer than before. A fiery eye glares out of the darkness. A giant cyclops, with breath of flame, storms by, shaking the earth and dragging a sleeping multitude in his train. And here, creeping from the gloom, gleams the signal-light of the slow barge on the before unnoticed canal. The age

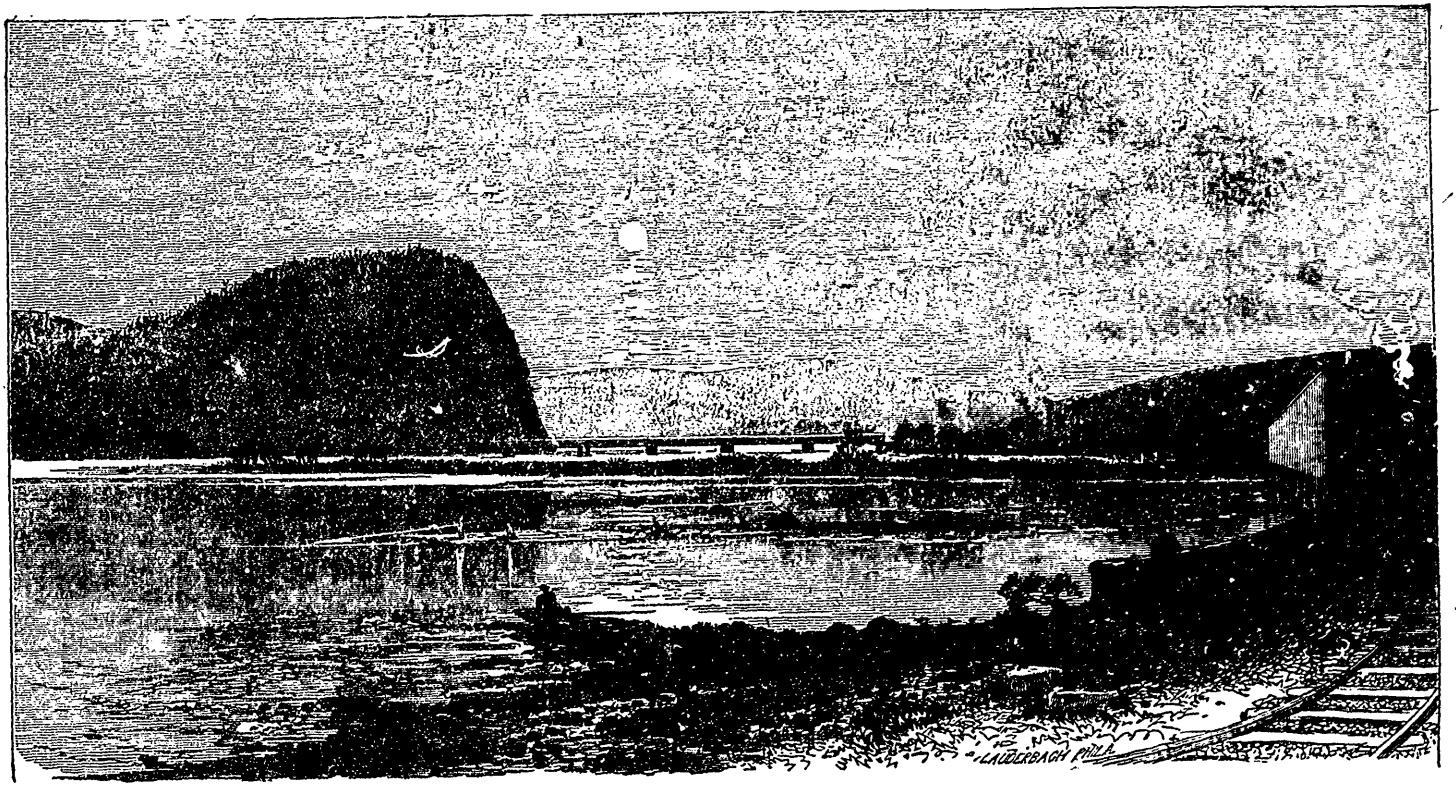
of the redman has passed. The reign of the white man has come.

Twenty miles from Harrisburg we reach the lovely valley of the "Blue Juniata." "Massiveness, softness of outline, and

EARLY MORNING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

variety," writes Mr. Sipes, "are the distinguishing peculiarities of the Juniata scenery. The miniature river, in its course of a

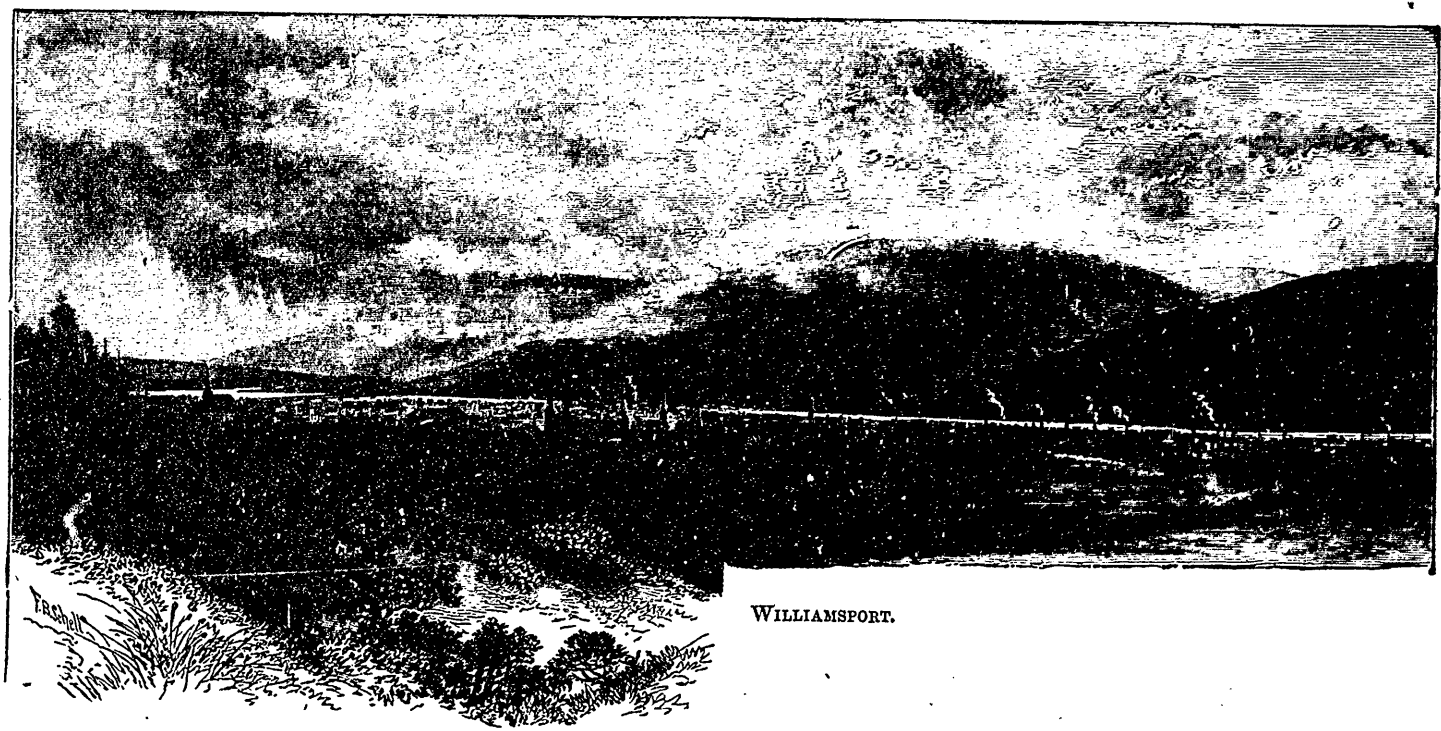

THE
JUNIATA.



JUNCTION OF THE WEST AND NORTH BRANCHES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

hundred miles through the mountains, has apparently overcome the obstacles in its way by strategy as well as by power. At many places it has dashed boldly against the wall before it and torn it asunder; at others it winds tortuously around the obstruction—creeping stealthily through secret valleys and secluded glens. Every hour of the day—every change of the seasons—gives new tints to these mountains and valleys. Almost every tree has its parasite in a Virginia creeper, festooning it from the ground to its topmost branch." Amid the quiet of these sylvan solitudes the timid hare disports himself unharmed; and the oriole, from its swinging bough, trills its rapturous song.

It was on the north branch of the Susquehanna that the "Massacre of Wyoming," which gives its tragic interest to the river, took place. Before the Revolution, the lovely valley of Wyoming was the abode of a peaceful and prosperous population, among whom the Moravian Brethren had won some of their most illustrious missionary triumphs. In the year 1778, during the fiercest agony of the war, the fertile valley was invaded by a force of seven hundred Indians and four hundred white men, under the notorious Major Butler. The scattered settlers rallied for the defence of their homes and hearths. They offered a desperate resistance, but were defeated with the loss of two-thirds of their number, and were driven behind the ramparts of a half-ruined fort. In two days they capitulated, with the promise of protection. But the inhuman savages, thirsting for blood, brooked no restraint. A hideous massacre of the prisoners, including women and children, with every circumstance of barbaric cruelty, took place. The fertile valley became a desolation, and its surviving inhabitants fugitives amid the mountains or forests, or captives in the distant wigwams of their cruel foe. A marble shaft on the site of the conflict commemorates the heroism and the tragic fate of the victims. But their noblest monument is the imperishable verse of the sympathizing poet, and the tears and pity of his readers, through all time. The employment of those ruthless savages in the wars of civilized and Christian peoples—of brothers in language and in blood—brings the blush of shame upon the patriotic cheek, and made



WILLIAMSPORT.

the arches of Old St. Stephen ring with the indignant eloquence of the high-souled Chatham.*

At the junction of the West and North branches of the Susquehanna, shown in the cut on page 198, the scenery is strikingly grand—high precipitous bluffs rising above the plain and overlooking the magnificent river, which is here a mile wide. In the quiet cemetery by the riverside sleep the remains of Dr. Joseph Priestly, Socinian preacher, the discoverer of oxygen and carbonic acid gas, and the father of modern chemistry. Born in Leeds, England, in 1733, he became one of the most learned linguists and eminent scientists of his age. Notwithstanding his religious heterodoxy, he enjoyed the friendship of the large-hearted and tolerant John Wesley. For his opposition to the Established Church and for his radical opinions, his church and house were burned, and he himself compelled to fly for his life. In 1794 he came to America and lived for ten years in a house, still

* It is only historic justice to state that our Canadian hero, Joseph Brant, whose remains sleep beside the old Mohawk Church on the Grand River, near Brantford, had no part in this cruel massacre. Campbell accuses him of being its leader in these vigorous lines:

"But this is not a time,"—he started up
And smote his breast with woe denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe, the monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains!
All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

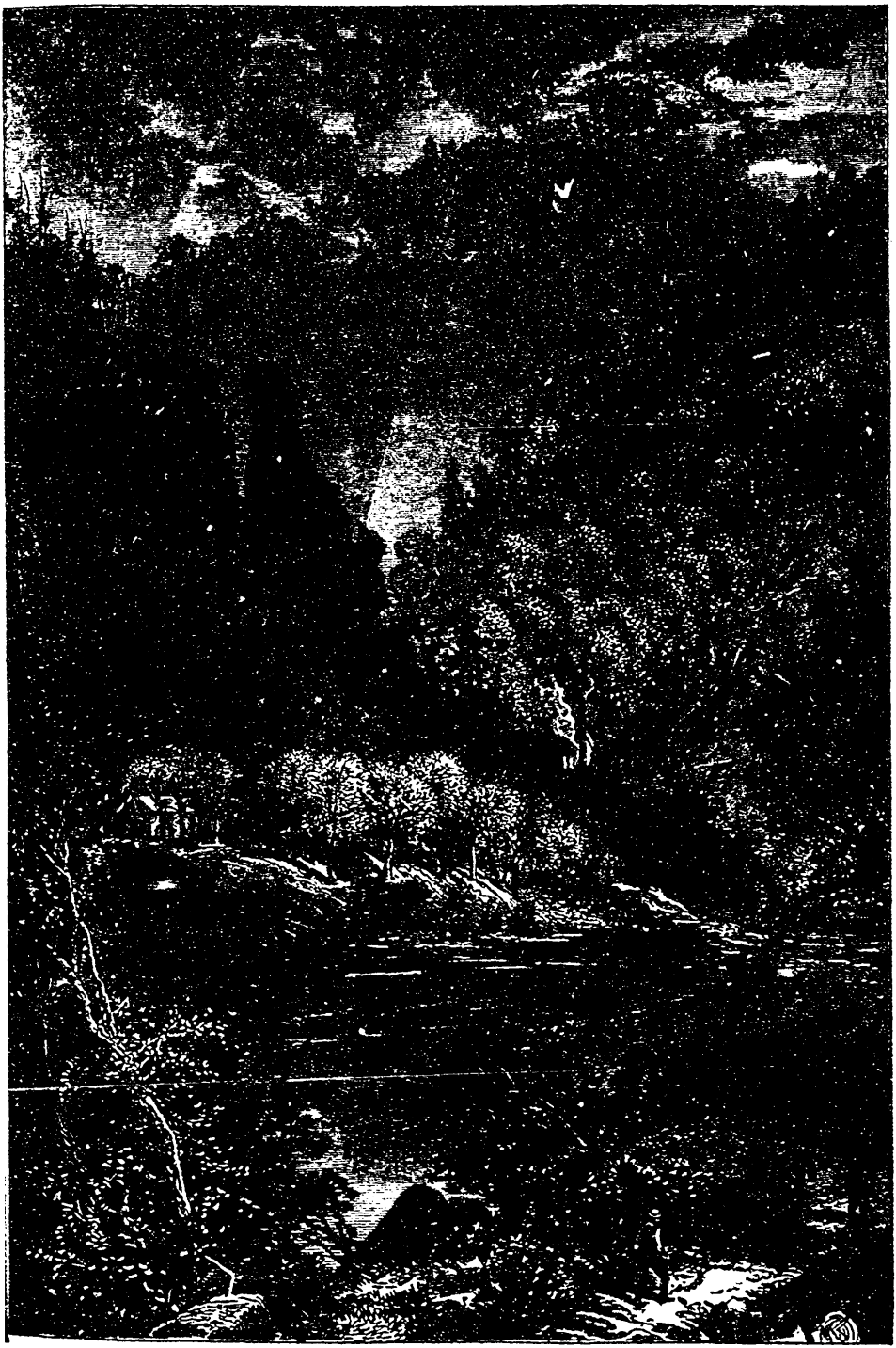
Brant was not even present on the occasion, and Campbell subsequently absolved him from this stern indictment.

standing, in this quiet retreat. Here, in 1804, he died, and here, in 1874, the centennial of Chemistry was celebrated by the leading scientists of America.

On the West branch of the Susquehanna is situated Williamsport, the most beautiful little city we ever visited. Its wide, straight, block-paved, tree-lined streets; its numerous and hand-

On the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

some villas; and its delightful surroundings of lofty hills and winding streams, make it a delightful residence. It is one of the busiest places in Pennsylvania. Its fifty steam saw-mills manufacture two hundred million feet of lumber per year. One match-factory makes ten million match-sticks per hour.



PULPIT ROCKS.

As we advance up the river the stream becomes narrower and more picturesque. The stranded sawlogs and floating rafts indicate the main source of wealth of the thriving towns upon its banks. The hills become more lofty and rugged, and the rock

WARREN, ON THE ALLEGHENY.

formations more striking. On every brawling stream, and in many a secluded glen, the ruthless saw-mills are devouring the forest with an insatiable appetite that nothing can appease. Apparently inaccessible cliffs, where it would seem that the pines would be safe from their enemies, have been scaled, and the trunks of the prostrate giants strew the craggy slopes, like

windrows of the slain upon a field of battle. Such is the scene at Pulpit Rocks, with its lone sentinel cliffs, shown on page 203.

We have now reached the "Divide," between the valleys of the Susquehanna and the Ohio. The streams flow west instead of east. At Warren, on the head waters of the Allegheny, is a beautiful bridge, shown in the accompanying engraving. The logs and rafts upon the stream seek the Ohio, the Mississippi, and many of them reach, after a journey of fifteen hundred miles, the great emporium of New Orleans.

AT THE OPEN DOOR.

THE mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I knock at the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,
I'll enter that open door!

I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gate of day.

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see with weeping—
But the Saviour will let me in!

I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,
I'll enter that open door.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

II.

MANY were the almost miraculous escapes of the explorers of the Stanley expedition from the combined perils of cannibals and cataracts—of savage beasts and still more savage men—the narrative of which is of thrilling interest. But sometimes, alas! more thrilling is the story of the tragic fate of those brave men. Frank Pocock was now the only white man, besides Stanley, with the expedition, Barker having suddenly died. Amid the African jungle Frank was fond of singing the sweet Sunday-school hymns he had learned as a boy in dear old England. Saddened by the death of his brother, he seemed to have a presentiment of his own approaching fate. One night Stanley heard him singing, in a sad minor strain, the following words:

The home land, the fair land,
Refuge for all distressed,
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

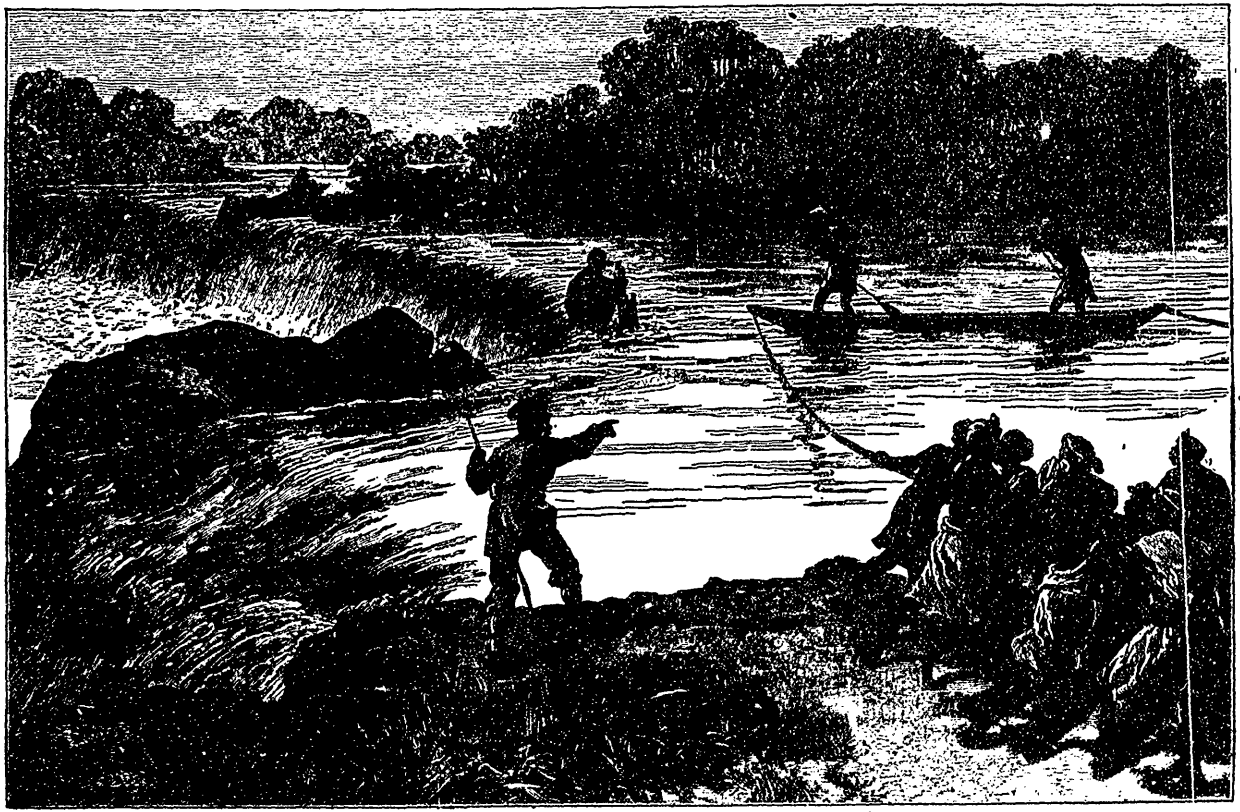
The home land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes and weary feet,
Rest on that happy shore.

The home land, the bright land,
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering all the happy band,
Passed from my sight for years.

When will it dawn upon my soul?
When shall I reach that strand?
By night and day, I watch and pray
For thee, dear, blest home land.

"I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended," writes Stanley, "so I said, 'Frank, my dear fellow, you will make us all cry with such tones as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire.'

"'All right, sir,' he replied, with a bright, cheerful face, and sang the following:



THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF ZAIDI, AND HIS RESCUE BY ULEDI, THE COXSWAIN OF THE BOAT.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hands united
Take our heavenward way.

"'How do you like this, sir?' he asked:

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh!
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done.

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lost," said Stanley. "It is of no use, my son. The time for regret and sorrow will come by-and-bye, but just now we are in the centre of Africa; savages before you, savages behind you, savages on either side of you. Onward, I say: onward to death, if it is to be. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

"He responded by singing:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

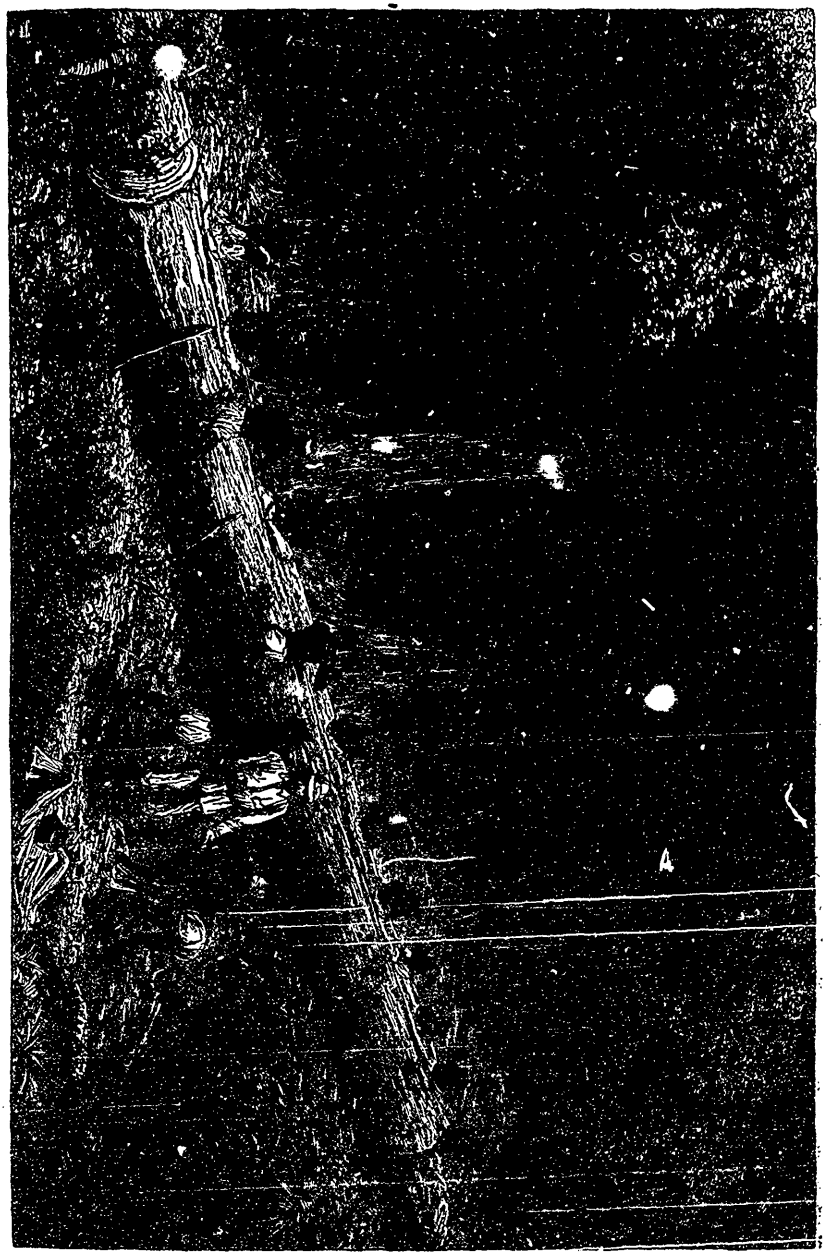
And in this spirit the brave fellow marched on to his death. Not long after, June 3rd, 1877, in shooting the rapids of Massassa, his canoe was wrecked, he was engulfed in the eddies, and his comrades never saw him again. Stanley's grief was intense. "In my troubles," he writes, "his face was my cheer; his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave, bold heart

THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.

he uttered in my own language words of comfort to my thirsty ears. Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance and true his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion—the companion had soon become a friend. When curtained about by anxiety and gloom, his voice had ever made music to my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives lost, he consoled me. But now my faithful comforter and true-hearted friend was gone."

We give a sketch of one of the numerous river fights by which the expedition had to conquer its way down the Livingstone. As soon as its approach was known the hideous war drums resounded along the shore, and the warriors rushed to their canoes. "Soon," says Stanley, "we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of our body—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us." There were fifty-four of them, manned by two thousand cannibals, vociferously demanded my human meat. Finding that he must fight against nearly twenty-fold odds, Stanley anchored his fleet of twenty-three boats and awaited the onset. "Boys, be firm as iron," he cried. "Wait till you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't think of running away. Only your guns can save you." On they came. Soon the spears were hurtling through the air, but every sound was lost in the noise of the musketry. In five minutes the savages retreat, baffled of their anticipated prey.

But Stanley describes himself as hunted to despair. "We had laboured strenuously through ranks on ranks of savages, scattered over a score of flotillas, had endured persistent attacks day and night while struggling through them, had resorted to all kinds of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yells of the savages broke loud upon our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted, yet we were still only in the middle of the continent. We were being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition who had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE" CANOE.

never be read by man. I leave events to an all-gracious Providence." Often food could be procured only at the risk of life. The guns were reduced in number to thirty. The natives were often armed with European guns. "At one time," says Stanley, "I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me." He had thirty-two pitched battles with the savages. The marvel is that a single man escaped. At the Kalulu Falls nine men were drowned in one afternoon. Not at all places were the natives hostile. At Inkise Falls 600 were hired to drag the teak wood boats, some of which weighed three tons, over a steep and difficult portage. They also helped to make, with vast toil, two new canoes, but they were both soon lost in the rapids.

The prolonged struggle was nearly at an end. And well that it was so; for they were nearly in despair. "Fevers had sapped the frame; hunger had debilitated the body; anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people," continues Stanley, "were groaning aloud. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we had but one thought—to trudge on for one more look at the sea."

Having decided that the Livingstone was the same as the Congo, they left the river to escape its cataracts, and struck through the wilderness for the Portuguese settlements on the coast. The "Lady Alice," their companion in 7,000 miles of wandering, and all their boats, were abandoned at the river side. The way-worn, feeble, suffering column, with forty men on the sick list, dragged on its weary way. It could not complete even the few days' journey to the sea. Stanley wrote an urgent letter, addressed "To any gentlemen who speaks English at Embomma," imploring food and aid. It was despatched by four of the most stalwart men, and the starving procession struggled on. In a few days came an English letter, and a few hours after abundant supplies of food. The native bard sang a song of triumph, that they were redeemed at last from the "hell of hunger:"

> "Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended:
> Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea."

The author's account of this rescue is of most dramatic interest. Soon he was met by white men and escorted in triumph to Embomma. "I felt my heart suffused," the explorer devoutly

THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANG-MA.

exclaimed, "with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne." Stanley conducted his faithful followers to their homes at Zanzibar, by way of Capetown and Natal, receiving everywhere ovations of triumph. Here they all received liberal payment for their heroic toil—the wages of the one hundred and seventy men who perished being paid to their sorrowing friends. "They were sad, sweet moments—those of parting. What noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited." Twenty times they wrung his hand at parting (December 13th, 1877), and watched his lessening sails as they disappeared beneath the horizon.

Without question this is a narrative of as heroic achievement as was ever accomplished. In this meagre sketch we have given but scanty glimpses of its many thrilling adventures and of its absorbing interest. As an example of that truth which is stranger than fiction, the graphic narrative of Stanley possesses a fascination that the most sensational romance cannot equal. The fame of the gallant explorer is known throughout the world, and his name is written forever upon the great natural features of the Dark Continent, whose mysteries he has unveiled.

Stanley entered upon the expedition with hair of raven blackness. He came out of it with hair gray as that of a man of seventy. The wearing toils, the thousand perils, the perplexing anxieties, the care of the hundreds of human lives under him, seem to have done the work of a score of years upon his iron frame. But what are a score of years of life if he but wrest the mystery of ages from the ancient sphinx · if he can solve the geographical problems which have baffled all men hitherto; if he can open the doors of commerce to vast regions heretofore unknown, and thus make it possible to pour the light of civilization and the Gospel on the Dark Continent! The mightiest triumphs of missionary achievement in the near future shall doubtless be in this land, so long shut out from the influence of Christendom. Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and a Christian civilization gladden the land of the White Nile, the great Nyanzas, of the Congo, and the Niger. And through the ages the names of Livingstone and Stanley shall be forever linked together as among the greatest benefactors of Central Africa.

THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA.

I.

SOUTH FALLS—MUSKOKA RIVER.

A WELL-KNOWN adage pithily sums up the truth learned by many an unfortunate experience in the one sentence, "Far-off fields are green;" and it is this propensity of searching, as it were, with telescopes, which often leads to places nearer home being overlooked, in solving the great summer question of "Where shall we go?" The telescopic eye would lead us to the sea, but the long distance needs a long purse, and the fatigue of the journey goes far to undo the benefits of the trip.

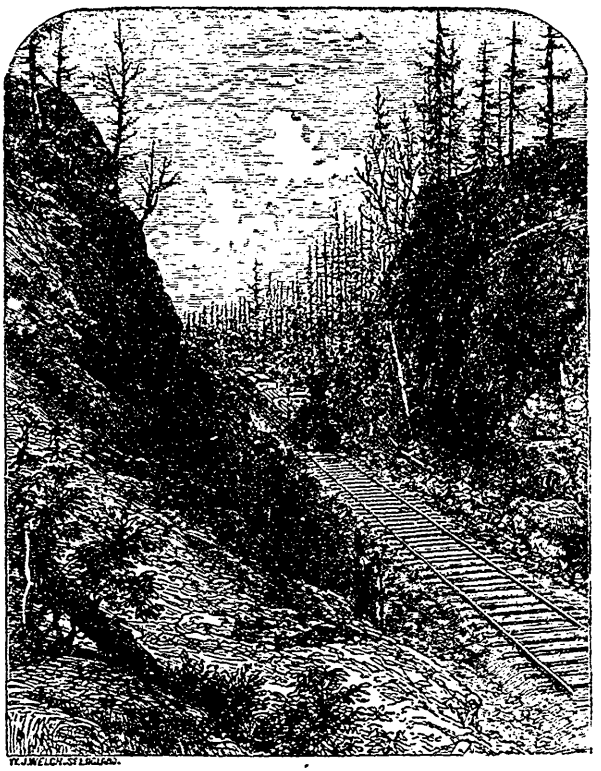
It is this very objection of distance which has attracted such attention, of late, to the beauties and advantages of the "Lake District" within our own borders. By some means or other, in the contemplation of our great lakes, we forget the little ones, and led away by the sameness of their shores, condemn their little rivals to the same mediocrity; but increasing inquiry has led to the knowledge of what is a discovery to many, that beautiful varieties of scenery, bold outlines of form, and graceful groupings of islands fringed with fresh green foliage, grant a charm to our inland waters which makes them well merit their being chosen as the scene of our summer ramble.

Foremost in point of attraction, situation, and capabilities of easy and economical access is Lake Couchiching. The extreme beauty of the lake, with its numerous and picturesque islands, attests the claims of Canada to the attention of the Canadians. Further inland are the lakes of Muskoka, whose name is legion, and variety infinite.

SCENE IN THE PARK AT HOLLAND LANDING STATION.

With such places of resort ready to hand, why should our Canadian tourist speed to places far away ?

To those who desire a complete change of scene, pure air, and a *cheap* summer trip, no better one in Canada can be found than to this lake district, now brought by rail within five hours of the central city of Toronto. The Northern Railway having completed its line to Gravenhurst, at the foot of Lake Muskoka,



THE GRANITE NOTCH, OR NATURAL PASS.

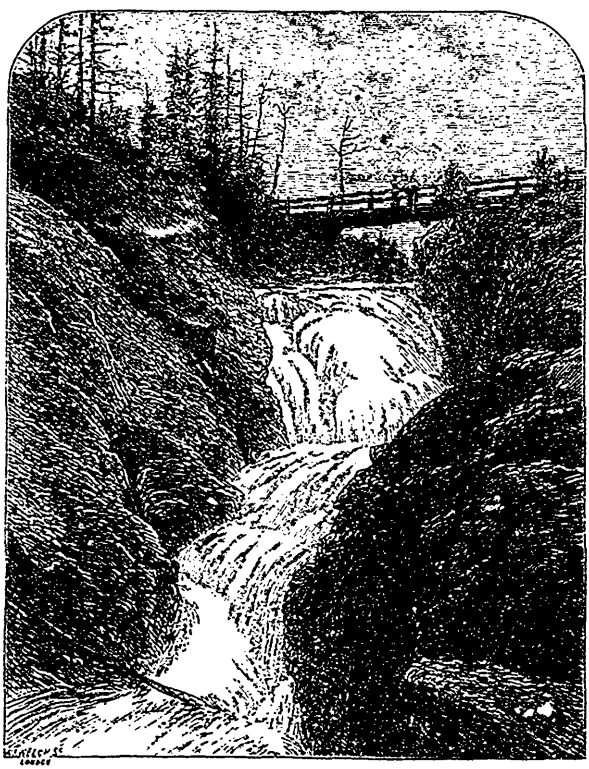
direct and unbroken communication is now afforded, and the tourist steps from the cars at once to the steamer, lying alongside the dock.

Leaving Toronto by one of the express trains, furnished with palace cars, the passengers will pass through many populous and prosperous towns and villages, and through a rich agricultural country, which is highly picturesque, and illustrates a very high standard of farming and its wealth.

At four miles is Davenport, a hill-side locality fast filling with suburban residences, and whose pretty station, with flower-garden and high-gabled roof, conveys reminiscences of English neatness and finish. Between this station and Weston, to the left, is seen the Valley of the Humber, and the Caledon Hills closing in the distant view.

The height of land between Lakes Ontario and Huron is reached at the summit (26 miles from Toronto), which is 755 feet above the level of Lake Ontario, and 415 feet above that of Lake Huron.

A few miles beyond King the line passes, by not a few curves, through "The Ridges," and then enters the finely-farmed district especially noted for the excellence of its horses and sheep. The



SOUTH FALLS, SOUTH BRANCH MUSKOKA RIVER.

village of Aurora lies to the left. Four miles further on is Newmarket, population 3,000, a place of considerable age and importance, and the headquarters of some energetic manufacturing interests.

Near the town of Bradford, the line passes over what is known as the Holland River Marsh, a locality celebrated amongst sports-

men for its abundant supply of snipe, wild duck, and for maskinonge and bass-fishing. To this point Governor Simcoe constructed the great northern road of the province, Yonge Street. Till the construction of the Northern Railway this was the great artery of commerce. During the war of 1812-14, all the naval and military stores for the naval station at Penetanguishene were conveyed over this road. At the park at Holland Landing is to be seen a huge anchor, designed for a British gunboat on Lake Huron, which was drawn by twenty-four teams of oxen from Toronto to its present position.

Passing northward we come to the Lefroy Junction, with the Belle Ewart branch connecting with Lake Simcoe. At this point the traveller to Couchiching is given the choice of two routes; the one by lake, or, continuing on by the railroad, Allandale is reached.

Allandale is situate on the shores of Kempenfelt Bay, one of the arms of Lake Simcoe, and is one of the neatest and most charmingly-situated of railway stations. Having enjoyed this first glimpse of beautiful lake scenery, the train is again taken, and, passing Barrie, the county-town, a prosperous place of 5,000 inhabitants, whose houses, built on a hill-side facing the lake, rise picturesquely above one another, a short run follows over a line of exceptional excellence of construction, and through a country of great agricultural promise, although as yet but partially under cultivation.

After Hawkstone, near which are some excellent trout streams, the town of Orillia is reached. Situated most charmingly at the foot of Lake Couchiching, and nestling in the shadow of highlands to the rear, this prosperous place of 2,500 inhabitants owes its progress to being, to a large extent, the lumbering centre of the district, whence supplies are distributed to the "lumber shanties," and where the operations of that great trade are largely controlled.

Lake Simcoe is the largest of the inland lakes of Ontario, being thirty miles in length and sixteen in breadth. Its shores are characterized by great sylvan beauty. At Keswick may be seen the charmingly-situated resort of one of the great lumber kings of the country, and many of the other choice spots begin

HIGH FALLS, NORTH BRANCH, MUSKOKA RIVER.

to be occupied with the summer residences of the more wealthy inhabitants.

Passing Snake Island, the isolated home of a fast-dwindling Indian tribe, and Lighthouse, and other islands, the open lake is reached.

The steamer then skirts the upper shores of the lake, past deep bays, whose wooded promontories jut out picturesquely into the lake, and, sighting Atherly, after an easy run of two hours, passes Grape and other islands closely clustered together, and enters the "Narrows," the water channel joining Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching, of which the first view is here gained.

Ccuchiching! Well may the curious tourist, struck by the peculiarity of the name, ask its meaning. Like all Indian no-

menclature, it is singularly appropriate, for the surface of the lake, always stirred by varying breezes, most welcome adjuncts of a summer resort, well attests the name of "Lake of many winds." This locality is among the highest in Ontario, being 750 feet above Lake Ontario, 415 above Lake Huron, and 390 feet above Lake Superior, as is plainly evidenced by the flow of the waters which run northward, and thence by a succession of falls down the Severn River, gain the Georgian Bay, and so by Lakes Huron and Erie, find their way to the "Great Leap" of the waters of all Northern America, the Niagara Falls, thus reaching Lake Ontario by a circuit of 800 miles to attain a point but forty miles from their original source. The elevation and clearness of the atmosphere, and the cool breezes consequent thereon, would, apart from any other consideration, be sufficient to commend the locality as a favourite summer resort.

After crossing the Narrows' swing bridge, the line passes through forests, through which distant views are obtained of Lake Couchiching to the left and Lake St. John to the right. Having crossed the Severn upon a lofty bridge, it passes the height of land separating the Lakes of Muskoka from Lake Couchiching. False impressions of the Free Grant District are frequently taken from the appearance of the country seen along this part of the trip; but, as on the south side, there are tracts of fine farming land, so, to the north, this ridge being passed over, lies the wide, arable country which is being so rapidly peopled by thrifty settlers.

The Kasheshebogamog, a small stream with a very long name, being crossed, the granite rocks raise their lofty sides, high bluff cliffs overhang the railway as it curves around their bases, in some places the front portion of the train is lost to sight from the rear, but finally the "Granite Notch" is reached, and the railway slips through a natural pass, fortunately left for its passage by nature.

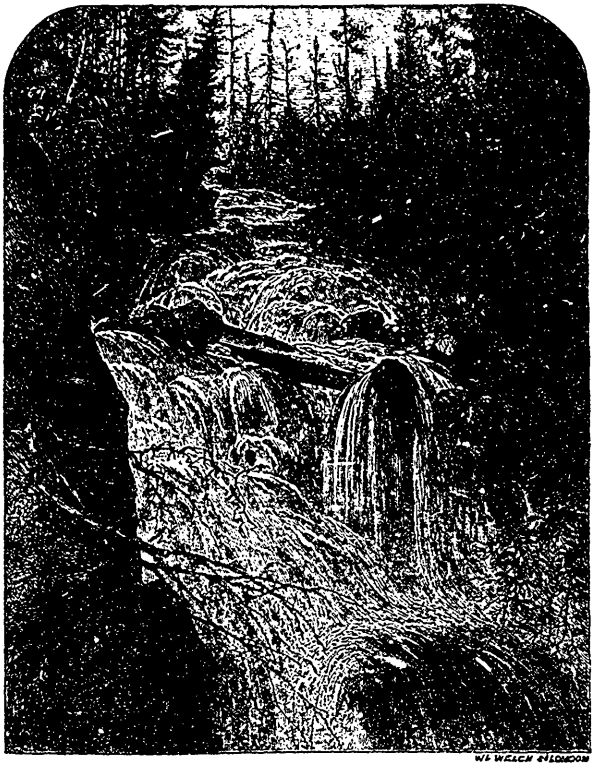
At 115 miles from Toronto is Gravenhurst, a rising village at the foot of the chain of the "Lakes of Muskoka," and the terminus, in this direction, of the Northern Railway. Gravenhurst, from its position, is the key to the great Lake District of the Muskoka, Maganetawan, and Nipissing regions, possessing

excellent facilities for first-class railway system to the southward, and by steamers on the lakes, and stages on the colonization roads, to the northward. The village occupies a most eligible site, crowning elevated, but not too hilly ground, and encircling pretty bays in the form of huge amphitheatres.

Here the steamer "Nipissing," of the Northern Lakes Navigation Company, is taken, and, passing out of the bay, through

EAGLE NEST, LAKE ROSSEAU.

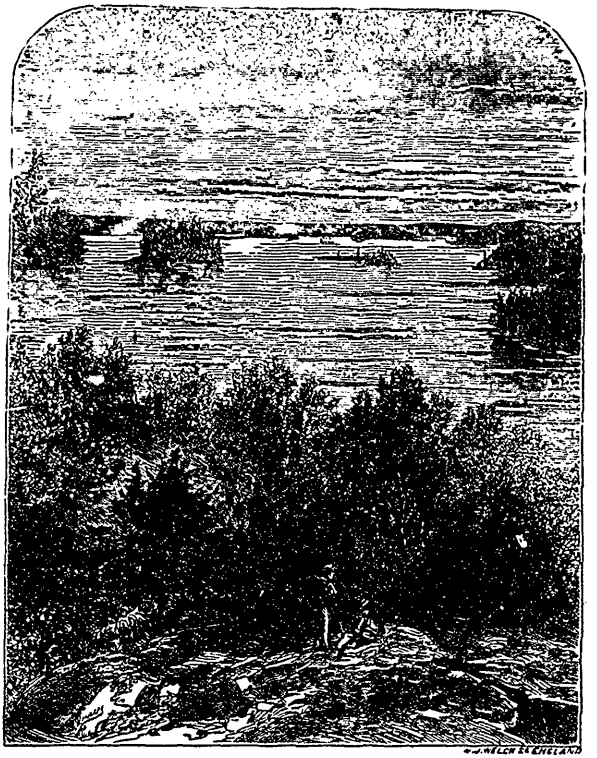
the "Narrows," after a run of an hour through Lake Muskoka, during which dinner is served, the steamer enters Muskoka River. The river is rapid, deep, and dark in colour, the steep banks fringed with forest, and the course full of quick, sharp turns. Six miles from the mouth of the river is Bracebridge, the chief village and capital of the District of Muskoka, situated



CRYSTAL FALLS, ROSSEAU RIVER.

at the head of the Muskoka River navigation. The village is incorporated, and has attained a position of prominence and importance in advance of all other villages in the Free Grant Lands of Ontario. The site of the town is elevated and well-chosen, commanding magnificent views of the fine valleys which abound in the neighbourhood. The North Falls, a cascade of about sixty feet, is in the centre village, and can be seen from the steamboat landing, but the tourist must stop over to see the grand South Falls of Muskoka, which are some two miles from Bracebridge by road, or three by boat or canoe. The Falls are composed of a series of cascades, and are well worthy of a visit, the total height being 150 feet. A good view can be obtained by descending a pathway down the bank; at about half way

down, turn to the right, to where a good solid cliff projects, which commands a view of the entire cataract. "Wilson's Falls" and "High Falls" are also within easy reach by carriage or boat.



"AMONG THE PONEMAH ISLANDS."

After returning down the river, and regaining the lake in one hour, is Port Carling, situated on the Indian River, connecting Lake Muskoka with Lake Rosseau, the higher level of the latter being gained at this place by a lock. The village might not inaptly have been called Interlaken, from its position between two lakes.

At this point Lake Joseph is entered. The waters of all the other lakes of Muskoka are dark in colour, but the waters of this are beautifully clear, deep and soft, experienced tourists

speaking highly of their bathing qualities. The islands are numerous, the shores rising into bluff headlands and prominences peculiar to this lake. Many spots have been chosen for summer residences, and the Pomonah Group and Yohocucaba and Pegamogabo Islands, formed by a quaint combination of the first syllable of the names of the first proprietors, are the resort of the "Muskoka Club" of Toronto. After a run of sixteen miles is Port Cockburn. This place, better known perhaps as the "Head of Lake Joseph," contains a general store and post office, an office of the Montreal Telegraph Company, and is pre-eminently well adapted as a quiet, plain, pleasant, and healthful family summer resort. The "Summit House" hotel is very well located, commanding a fine view of the magnificient lake and forest scenery, which abounds throughout the entire length of Lake Joseph. A very good road connects the lake here with the Parry Sound colonization road, a distance of a little less than two miles. Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin and suite took carriages here in the summer of 1874 to join the steamer "Chicora" at Parry Sound, and enjoyed the overland trip very much.

Proceeding from Port Carling direct up Lake Rosseau, the steamer touche sfirst at Windermere, on the east shore, the outlet of an important settlement, and shortly reaches the head of the lake at Rosseau, the place commands an important commercial position, in addition to its great natural beauties and attraction for tourists and sportsmen.

TRUTH.

THE soul long used to truth still keeps its strength,
Though plunged upon a sudden mid the false;
As diamonds, borne into the dark, retain
Their sunlent light a season.

—*Bailey.*

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIX.—ON THE THRESHOLD.

"If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."—Ex. xxxiii. 15.

Bear a lily in thy hand—
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

—LONGFELLOW.

LAWRENCE found his religious advantages and helps much greater than he had anticipated, if we may judge from the following extract from a letter, which about this time he wrote home:

"I am agreeably disappointed in more than one respect with the college, and especially with the religious atmosphere which seems to pervade the institution. I thought the reverse would be the case, from the stories that Tom Brown, who was rusticated two years ago, used to tell us about the pranks that he and his chums used to play on the religious students—knocking down the blackboards and putting out the lights at their prayer-meetings, locking them in their rooms, and then stopping up the chimneys so as to smoke them out.

"Tom Potter, my classmate, and a first-rate fellow, says these are all traditions of the pre-historic age. Nobody here knows anything about them; and that story about taking the cow up the stairway and fastening her to the bell-rope, which she is said to have kept tolling all night, I believe is a sheer fabrication of Brown's. I cannot find any foundation for it in fact.

"The professors are very kind—more like friends than teachers. I thought I would have more persecution to encounter from the wild collegians than I had among the lumbermen on the Mattawa. But I have had none at all, but, on the contrary, much sympathy from religious students and much help from the professors. Dr. Nelson has a Bible Class every week, and brings all his classic lore to the explanation of the Scriptures. Then I

read the Greek Testament with him, and have begun Hebrew. Dear Doctor Whitcombe is almost like a father. He introduced me very kindly to the class, and they all rose to receive me. And he bows so politely to each student as they enter the class-room. He is a wonderful old philosopher—a sort of Friar Bacon among his retorts and alembics. He talks as familiarly about molecules and atoms as if he had been handling them all his life.

"I see almost as little of the fair sex here as at the Mattawa. Good old Mrs. McDonnell, the matron, is the only one I have spoken to. She is a stately old lady, but a kind, motherly soul. She came to see me when I was confined to my room with a cold. I am a regular hermit. 'I bury myself in my books, and'—I'll not finish the quotation; Mary may look for it in Tennyson's 'Maud,' if she likes.

"We have grand meetings on Saturday night—the students by themselves—though sometimes some of the professors look in. Then we have such singing. There are several young preachers here—the finest set of young fellows you ever saw—and instead of college life killing their piety, as old Squire Jones says it will, it seems to kindle it into a brighter flame. So many burning embers together make a hot fire. One of them, James Thompson, is my class-leader—a dear, good soul. The tears will stream down his cheeks when he is talking to us.

"The Greeks, when they were very fortunate, used to sacrifice to Nemesis, to deprecate her anger. If I were a Greek, I might, do so too, for truly the lines have fallen to me in very pleasant places. But I will fear no evil in the future, but give thanks to God for His great goodness.

"Ever your loving

"LAWRENCE."

Lawrence did not encounter much persecution, it is true, but he was not without sundry petty annoyances.

"Where did you learn to swing your axe so scientifically?" asked a dandified city youth who was always grumbling at the rule which required the students to cut their own fuel.

"Where they understand the science, in a lumber camp on the Mattawa," said Lawrence, civilly.

"The Mattawa! where's that?" asked his interlocutor, whose knowledge of the geography of his own country was rather at fault.

Lawrence good-naturedly explained.

"So you're a common lumberman!" sneered the ill-bred rowdy —for such he was, despite his fine clothes. "What right have the like of you to come to college among gentlemen? I suppose it's to pay your board you ring the bell at six o'clock on winter mornings."

"Precisely so," replied Lawrence, calmly, "and I am not ashamed of it either. Poverty is no crime, but rude insolence is," he added, with some asperity.

He felt stung by the impertinence from one who wore the garb and claimed the character of a gentleman. But no bully is more brutal than your aristocratic bully. He felt vexed at himself for letting such a creature have power to sting his feelings. He

"Scorned to be scorned by one that he scorned,"

but he remembered the words of Byron, "The kick of an ass will give pain to one to whom its most exquisite braying will give no pleasure."

"Temple," said Dr. Dwight, one day, in his brisk manner, "I wish you would take charge of that boy, young Elliot. I forewarn you, he is a little wasp. Nobody else will room with him, but I think *you* can. I believe you will do him good, and I am sure he will do you good. 'Let patience have her perfect work,' you know!"

"I'll try, sir," said Lawrence, flattered by the good opinion expressed, but not very confident of success.

The little urchin had gone the rounds of the rooms of all the older students, and worn out their patience in succession. He deliberately set himself, like a young monkey, by all kinds of mischievous pranks, to exhaust the patience of Lawrence. But that commodity might in this case be fitly represented by the unknown quantity *x*. It seemed literally inexhaustible.

The poor boy was a "mitherless bairn," brought up among hirelings, and he had consequently grown up into a petty tyrant. Lawrence pitied and yearned over the lad, and secretly prayed

for him He helped him in his algebra and Latin exercises, gave him pence to buy marbles, brought him fruit from the country, and, in fact, overcame his ill temper with kindness. Before long he had no more ardent champion than the young scapegrace, as he was considered, Tom Elliot. He would fetch and carry for Lawrence like a dog, and demonstrated the grand fact that under the warmth of human loving kindness the iciest nature will melt—the sternest clod will blossom with beauty and affection.

Lawrence was anxious to do some good in the community in which he lived; so he organized a systematic tract distribution from house to house in the town, omitting none He was generally very favourably received, especially among the poor fishermen, and felt great pleasure in his work and in the opportunity of speaking a word for the Master to some toil-worn woman or disheartened man, and of gathering the little children into his class in Sunday-school. One surly fellow, however, passionately tore his tract in two and lit his pipe with it, saying:

"Look-a-here, mister, I don't want none o' yer trac's about yer, except those you make right straight away from this house. Ef ye come 'round yer agin I'll set that dog on to ye," pointing to an ugly bulldog. "He can fight anythin' his heft in the county, an' he'll tear ye wuss nor I tore yer trac'. So make tracks now. Clear! vamose! I tell ye."

"Lawrence bade him a polite good-morning and passed on.

More disheartening, however, was the stony, gorgonizing stare, and the icy politeness that he encountered from a fine lady at a grand house in the "swell" part of the town. Resolved, however, not to be deterred from his duty, he called again at both houses on the next Sunday.

"You here agin!" said his burly antagonist. "What did I tell yer? Well, yer grit, I must say. May yer leave a trac'? I s'pose ther's no denyin' yer. Give it to the 'ooman thar," and Lawrence gladly left a message of consolation to the poor draggled-looking creature in the cabin.

At the grand house the stare was less stony, and the ice somewhat thawed. In the course of time it melted entirely away, and the stare relaxed into a smile.

The quarterly meeting of the Burghroyal Church, of which Lawrence proved an active member, soon placed him on the local preachers' plan, and he had frequent opportunity of exercising his gifts and graces in preaching at numerous outposts of Methodism in the beautifully undulating and rich farming country in the vicinity of the town. Such evidence of success, adaptation, and Divine call to this work did he manifest, that he was unanimously recommended by the Board to be taken on trial as a Methodist preacher.

Though he would gladly have remained longer at college, the demand for young men to enter opening doors of usefulness in the newer parts of the country, his own burning zeal to work for the Master, and the inadequacy of his purse to defray college expenses, without being a burden to loved ones at home—one which they would gladly bear, but which Lawrence would not suffer to be imposed—all these conspired to make it desirable that he should go out into the work, if accepted, immediately after the following Conference.

The last night of the session had arrived, the examinations were ended, and the busy scenes of the Convocation week were over. The latter was quite a brilliant and, to Lawrence, a novel occasion. The Faculty, wearing their professorial robes, with the distinguished visitors, filled the *dais*. The gownsmen and spectators thronged the floor—the ladies raining sweet influence from their eyes on the young aspirants for fame. The Latin oration, the Greek ode, the English valedictory were all given with great *eclat*. Dr. Fellows, looking like a Venetian Doge in his robes of state, had conferred the degrees on the *Baccalaurei* and *Magistri Artium*. Each on bended knee placed his hands, pressed palm to palm, between those of the President, in pledge of fealty to his *alma mater*, and received the investiture of his Bachelor's or Master's hood, like a youthful knight of olden time being girded with his sword for chevalric devoir for the right against the wrong.

Lawrence would gladly have pursued, like a young athlete, this classic *cursus*, but, at the claims of what he considered to be a higher duty, he was content to forego it. Nevertheless, he declared that he would not take a thousand dollars—more money

than he had ever seen, poor fellow—for what he had already learned. And he was right. He had, at least, laid the foundation for building thereon the goodly structure of a sound and comprehensive education—which is the work of a lifetime, always advancing, never completed.

On this last night Lawrence walked beneath the trees in the moonlight and the starlight, with his room-mate and devoted chum, Tom Elliot, exchanging vows of mutual affection and pledges of eternal friendship. The old college was brilliantly lighted up. A band of music was discoursing classic strains on the lawn. A supper of an unusually festive character was spread in the ample dining-room. Exchanges of cards and farewells were taking place. A tinge of pensive melancholy blended with the joyousness of the occasion. O golden time, when youths, trained by literary culture and Christian influences, stand on the threshold of life—looking back on the bright and happy boyhood that is passed, looking forward to the duties and joys of manhood that are before them—eager to

"Drink delight of battle with their peers"

in the conflict of life into which, like gallant knights fresh from the accolade, they long to rush.

The next day they were all scattered far and wide, and the college halls, so lately vocal with the din of eager, happy voices, were silent almost as the ruins of Nineveh.

Lawrence abode quietly at home, awaiting trustfully the decision of Conference as to his future destiny. He accepted his three weeks' furlough, like a soldier on the eve of a campaign. To his mother it was a great delight to have him home again. The Augustine and Monica communings were renewed, and a proud joy was it for that happy mother to walk to church leaning on her son's strong arm, and to listen to his voice as he occupied the pulpit in the place of the minister who was absent at Conference. It carried her back to the early days of her marriage—he looked so like his father in his youth—and if she closed her eyes, she could hardly resist the illusion that it was that voice, so long silent, that she heard.

The kindly neighbours, at the close of the service, greeted them both with great warmth.

"A peart boy that o' yourn," said old Squire Jones to the widow. "I'm powerful glad to see that college-larnin' hasn't spilt him. He's jes' as plain-talkin' as his father afore him, that never see'd the inside of a college. A chip o' the old block, he is; got rale preacher's timber into him an' no mistake."

During the week came a letter from Mr. Turner, his "Chairman," stating that he had been duly received by the Conference and appointed to a mission in the Muskoka region, then newly opened to settlement. "It's a rather rough region," wrote Mr. Turner, "but it's not worse than many a circuit your father had, and I knew that his son would not shrink from the task."

"When I gave myself to the Methodist Church," was Lawrence's comment to his mother, "I gave myself to it for life, not to pick and choose for myself, but to go wherever the voice of the Church, which to me is the voice of God, sends me. I can go out like Abraham, not knowing whither I go, but knowing that God will go with me and prepare my way before me."

"That is the way I married your father, Lawrence," said his mother, pressing her lips to his forehead, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; and, amid all our trials, I never for a moment had cause to regret it. The God of your father will be also your God, my son."

During the few days that remained before his departure, the brave mother kept up her heart in his presence, though she often retired to her little chamber to pray, and sometimes to weep—to weep mingled tears of joy and regret—of joy that the vow of consecration at his birth was fulfilled, that she was permitted to give him to the holiest work on earth—of natural regret at losing such a son. She followed him about with wistful eyes, which were sometimes filled with tears. But her time was fully occupied in finishing a set of shirts for her boy, at which his sister Mary diligently helped. Even the irrepressible Tom and frolicsome Nelly seemed as if they never could do enough for him.

As he parted from his mother in the porch, he whispered, "Remember me, dear mother, at the throne of grace, especially

on Sunday morning. I shall go to my appointments more full of faith if I know that you are praying for me."

"I will, my son. I always did for your father, and he said it helped him. God bless you, my boy," and she kissed him good-bye. As he departed with the seal of that mother's kiss upon his brow, and the peace and joy of God in his heart, he felt that life's highest and holiest ambition was reached—that he was indeed the "King's Messenger," and that he went forth a herald of salvation, an ambassador of God, to declare to perishing men the glorious tidings of the Gospel of His grace.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I AM going, oh, my friends, upon a long,
An untried journey, on an unknown track,
I listen, but hear nought save a low moan
Afar, from the black realms of Orcus—
A sighing, as of weary souls in pain.

The Vates tell of a black-flowing stream
Where Charon waiteth in his spectral bark,
To ferry spirits to the ghostly shore.
And now, oh friends, I hear the dashing of
The waters cold; I see the boatman pale
Who waits to carry me across.

His face is dark
And stern: I tremble as he takes my hand
In his; yet unresistingly I go,
All trustfully, although I know not where.
Our fathers who have gone before we trust
To meet, and you, oh friends, who stand upon
The shore, and wave your silent farwells as
Ye vanish from my gaze, shall follow me
Ere long. Live holy lives of faith and prayer,
And we shall meet again.

And now, oh Death,
I am alone with thee, yet fear I not.
Glide on, oh spectral bark, and land me safe
On yonder shadowy shore.

MR. BRYCE'S ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

FROM the plain of the Araxes where the Armenians place the lost Paradise of man, rises an extinct volcano, of immeasurable antiquity, its peak seventeen thousand feet high, soaring suddenly from the platform, which is about two or three thousand feet above the sea: its snow-line at the elevation of fourteen thousand feet, treeless, waterless, solemn and solitary, one of the sublimest objects on the face of the earth. It is Ararat, the mountain of the Ark, the ancient sanctuary of the Armenian faith, the centre of the once famous kingdom, now the cornerstone of three great empires. "On the top of its lower peak, Little Ararat, the dominions of the Czar, the Sultan, and the Shah, the territories of the three chief forms of faith that possess western and northren Asia, converge to a point. When in 1828 the Czar Nicholas defeated the Prussians and annexed the territory around Erivan, his advisers insisted on bringing Ararat within the Russian territory, on account of the veneration wherewith it is regarded by all the surrounding races, and which is reflected on the sovereign who possesses it." No mountain save Sinai has such sacred associations, and Sinai itself has less of legendary lore attached to it. Persians, Tartars, Turks, and Kurds regard the mountain with reverence as genuine as that of the Christian races, for its majesty, its solitariness, and because they all believe in the deluge and in the patriarch, "faithful found." They are all equally persuaded that Ararat is "inaccessible;" they are not to be convinced by any testimony, not that of Parrot, of Aftonomof, or of Abich—who respectively ascended Ararat in 1829, 1834, and 1845—of General Choazk and his party, and the Englishmen who ascended in 1856; and it now appears that they reject that of Mr. Bryce, who performed, in September of last year, the extraordinary feat of ascending the mountain of the Ark, alone.

The narrative of Mr. Bryce's ascent fills one with wonder and delight, fires one's imagination like an astronomic discovery, and communicates to one something of the thrill and of awe of the

loneliness and immutability of the scene on which the solitary man gazed, when he stood on the little plain of snow which forms the summit of Ararat, "with a vividly bright green sky above it, and a wild west wind whistling across it, clouds girdling it in, and ever and anon through the clouds glimpses of far-stretching valleys and mountains away to the world's end." It was only from dawn till dark, but an immeasurable experience, one of those which seem to free the spirit from bonds of time and space, lay between those boundaries, for him who left on the plain and on the lower slopes of the mountain scenes such as they had witnessed from immemorial time,—the nomad Kurds "watering their flocks at the spring, pitching their goat's-hair tents in the recesses of the lonely rock, chanting their wildly pathetic airs, with neither a past to remember nor a future to plan for,"—and who climbed, with body and mind strained to the utmost pitch of exertion and excitement, to that platform of eternal snow, to stand, a feeble and solitary, exulting, cowering atom in the vastness, between the cloud-veil of Ararat and the light-flooded sky.

Mr. Bryce had set out on the ascent from Aralykh with a companion and an escort of six armed Cossacks, accompanied by an interpreter; but the Cossacks failed them early in the undertaking, having no notion of the importance of time, no notion of carrying baggage, and a propensity, perfectly good-humoured, but ruinous to the purpose of the expedition, to sit still, smoke, and chatter. The interpreter was obliged to abandon the party at Sardurbulah, or "the Governor's Well," the only high permanent camping-ground on the mountain, and the one spot in all the landscape where there are trees. With their companions the travellers had thenceforth no communication, and they were at their mercy completely, yet they felt no fear of them, and incurred no danger from either Kurds or Cossacks, only after a certain time both became equally useless as guides, for the former never go higher on the mountain than the limits of pasture, and the latter have no motive to go nearly so high. When they had reached a height of twelve thousand feet, and everything lay below them, except Little Ararat opposite, and the stupendous cone that rose from where the friends were sitting, its glittering

snows and stern black crags of lava standing up perfectly clear in a sea of cloudless blue; when they had noted the landmarks carefully, and agreed to meet about nightfall at that spot, having a notion that the Cossacks, who were now widely scattered about the slope, would at least bring them safely down into the plain, the travellers parted, and Mr. Bryce commenced his solitary ascent of the awful peak, held by the Armenians to be guarded by angels from the profaning foot of man, and by the Kurds to be the haunt of jinn, who take vengeance on mere human disturbers of their devil's revelry.

At eight o'clock he started, carrying with him his ice-axe, some crusts of bread, a lemon, a small flask of cold tea, four hard-boiled eggs, and a few meat lozenges, on the perilous journey, whose dangers were of that most formidable kind, the unknown, and climbing away to the left along the top of a ridge, came to a snow-bed, lying over loose, broken stones and sand, so fatiguing to cross that he almost gave in on the far side of it. There he found solid rock, however, and the summit of the Little Ararat began to sink, and that meant real progress. At ten o'clock he was looking down upon its small flat top, studded with lumps of rock, but bearing no trace of a crater. Up to this point one Cossack and one Kurd had accompanied him—they were mightily amused by the ice-axe, and curious as to its use—but the Kurd stopped now, shivering on the verge of a long, treacherous snow-slope, in which steps had to be cut; and afterwards the Cossack, who had crossed the snow-slope, looked up at the broken cliff above them which had then to be scaled, and shook his head. Mr. Bryce made him understand by pantomine that he was to return to the bivouac below, bade him farewell, and set his face to the great peak, Little Ararat now lying one thousaud feet below the eye. He climbed the crags which had apppalled the Cossack, and emerged on a straight slope of volcanic stones, which rolled about so that he slipped down nearly as much as he went up; and here the breathlessness and fatigue became great, owing to the thinness of the air; and "the practical question was whether, with knees of lead, and gasping like a fish in a boat, he would be able to get any farther." There was no rashness in Mr. Bryce's great courage. He sat down, ate an egg,

and resolved that when three o'clock should come, or he should come to a "bad place," he would turn back, let the summit be ever so near. And as there is no more brag about his story than there was rashness in his courage, he says simply that, such was the exhaustion of his legs and his lungs, the bad place or three o'clock would have been gladly welcome.

Going on again, he turned and got on another rock-rib, working on his laborious way over topling crags of lava, until perhaps the grandest sight of the whole mountain presented itself. At his foot was a deep, narrow, impassable gully, in whose bottom snow lay, where the inclination was not too steep. Beyond it a line of rocky towers, red, grim, and terrible, ran right up towards the summit, its upper end lost in the clouds, through which, as at intervals they broke or shifted, one could descry, far, far above, a wilderness of snow. Had a Kurd ever travelled so far, he might have taken this for the palace of the jinn. Then came the struggle between the imagination, longing to feast itself upon the majesty and the wonder of the scene, and the exigencies of the tremendous task of the ascent; Mr. Bryce found that the strain on the observing senses seemed too great for fancy or emotion to have any scope. This was a race against time, in which he could only scan the cliffs for a route, refer constantly to his watch, husband his strength by morsels of food taken at frequent intervals, and endeavour to conceive how a particular block or bit of slope would look when seen the other way in descending. Climbing on and on, sometimes erecting little piles of stones to mark the way; so absorbed that the solemn grandeur of the scenery impressed him less than on many less striking mountains, the solitary traveller consumed the precious hours until he found himself at the top of the rock-rib, and on the edge of a precipice, which stopped farther progress in that direction, but showed him, through the clouds which floated around him—real clouds, not generally diffused mist—the summit barely one thousand feet above him. To accomplish that distance, he had to choose between two courses, both almost impracticable; the first was to return to the long slopes of rolling stones which he had deserted, get up the cliffs at the top, and so on to the upper slopes of rock or inclined snow which

lead to the summit. This involved a renewal of the terrible labour he had already found almost unendurable. The second was to turn back and descend into a vast snow-basin, lying south-east of the summit, and whose north-west aclivity formed, in fact, its side; which was so steep as to require step-cutting, and a "likely place for crevasses."

The hours were wearing on; a night upon the mountains would probably mean death to the brave man (whose clothing was insufficient even for the day-time, for his overcoat had been stolen on a Russian railway); the decission had to be quickly taken. He decided for the snow-basin, retraced his steps from the precipice, climbed into the basin along the border of a treacherous ice-slope, and attacked the friable rocks, so rotten that neither feet nor hands could get firm hold, floundering pitiably, because too tired for a rush. All the way up this rock-slope, where the strong sulphureous smell had led Mr. Bryce to hope he should find some trace of an eruptive vent, it was so "delightfully vocanic," but where he only found lumps of minerals and a piece of gypsum with fine crystals, he was constantly gazing at the upper end of the toilsome road for signs of crags or snow-fields above. But a soft mist-curtain hung there, where the snow seemed to begin, and who could tell what lay beyond? The solitude must indeed have been awful then, for everything like certainty and calculation had ceased. From the tremendous height, Little Ararat, lying he did not know how many thousands of feet beneath him, looked to the climber like a broken obelisk. And he could only imagine the plain, a misty, dream-like expanse below. Did he dare to think of the human life, of the peaceful tents, the cheerful fires, the voices away there in the depths of distance, as he stood alone amid the eternal snow, with mists to the left and above him, and a range of black precipices which shut in the view upon the right, and just below him clouds seething like waves about the savage pinnacles, the towers of the palace of the jinn, past which his upward path had lain?

Only one hour was before him now; at its end he must turn back,—if, indeed, his strength could hold out for that other hour. He struggled on up the crumbling rocks, now to the right, now to the left, as the foothold looked a little firmer on either side,

until suddenly the rock-slope came to an end, and he steppted out upon the almost level snow at the top of it, into the clouds, into the teeth of the strong west wind, into cold so great that an icicle eneveloped the lower half of his face at once, and did not melt until four hours afterwards. He tightened in his loose light coat with a Spanish neck-scarf, and walked straight on over the snow, following the rise, seeing only about thirty yards ahead of him in the thick mist. Time was flying; if the invisible summit of the mountain of the Ark were indeed far off now, if this gentle rise stretched on and on, that summit must remain unseen by him who had dared and done so great a feat that he might look from its sacred eminence. He trailed the point of the ice-axe in the soft snow, to mark the backward track, for there was no longer any landmark, all was cloud on every side. Suddenly he felt with amazement that the ground was falling away to the north and he stood still. A puff of the west wind drove away the mists on the opposite side to that by which he had come, and his eyes rested on the Paradise plain, at an abysmal depth below. The solitary traveller stood on the top of Mount Ararat, with the history of the world spread beneath his gaze, and all around him a scene which reduced that history to pigmy proportions, and man himself to infinite littleness.

Mr. Bryce has given to the world a wonderful word-picture of that amazing and awful spectacle, of that "landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valleys as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished;" but he could not tell us what were his thoughts, his feelings there, what the awe and yearning that came over him in that tremendous solitude, where "Nature sits enthroned, serenely calm, and speaks to her children only in the storm and earthquake that level their dewellings in the dust." His vision ranged over the vast expanse, within whose bounds are the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out; Kazbek, Elbruz, and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian Sea upon the horizon; to the north, the huge extinct volcano of Ala Goz, whose three peaks enclose a snow-patched crater, the dim plain of Erivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward,

the Taurus ranges; and north-west the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced as far as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenia kingdom, the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hill where Kars stands—peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle. While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, "while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing," the mist-curtain dropped, enfolded him, and shut him up alone with the awful mountain top.

"The awe that fell upon me," he says, "with the sense of utter loneliness, made the time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might involve." Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-axe marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friend had halted, "the sun had got behind the south-western ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountains of Media, far to the south-east, still glowed redder than ever, then turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light. At six o'clock he reached the bivouac, and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later, Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin, near the northren foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archimandrite who rules the house. "This Englishman," says the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, "says he has ascended to the top of Massis" (Ararat). The venerable man smiled swestly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, "That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible."

"ABANDONED."

BY MISS ADELAIDE STOUT.

Low, sad, and tenderly the whisper ran,
And thro' drawn whitened lips
That spoke more eloquently than mere words,
We saw the tears' eclipse
Eyes seldom moved to tears; that disallowed
Their tenderness before the little crowd,

By bending low above where slept a child
"Abandoned." Like a rose,
Dewy and dank it lay, the dew, it seems,
Had not chilled its repose.
Rose, torn from where thou had'st love's right to cling,
Hard was the hand that to the ground could fling

So sweet a flower; the hands that lift thee, now
Are wet with more than dew;
There is a sound of tears in every word
That cometh quivering through
Strange lips, that wore their own grief as a seal.
I watch a coarsely-clad "home-mother" steal

Aside to hide her tears, and then she took,
As 'twere indeed a rose,
The dainty babe to her strong sinewed hands.
O, the "Dear Father" knows
The tenderness that is 'neath roughest guise—
Just where, 'neath stones, His sweetest fountain lies!

And so with broken speech and tender hands
Strangers set wide love's door.
The babe found entrance. Can we ever doubt
The Father any more?
Shall man, by helplessness so quickly moved,
Need that God's tenderness be daily proved?

Our hands lie drooped before Thee, every chord
Is as a broken thread—
They lie as tendrils broken of the wind,
Weakness, we plead, instead
Of what seemed strength, when bravely as a flower
We stood with life's full sunlight for our dower,

Thy door of love is never shut, dear Lord.
We make our dumb appeal;

Love is not moved by strength, but helplessness.
We feel our own heart steal
Open,—wide open at the babe's least gest,
And at love's door we trust God, by that test.

Our hearts drew with one impulse their set bars
When the babe's hand did lift!
Unless Thou gather us in arms of love,
Oh God, we are adrift.
Our claspèd hands they lie unnerved, as did
The babe's that was ungathered—softly hid

Within the bosom-fold of one who said—
"For Christ's sake," thro' her tears,
We place our hands, toil-weary as they are,
Before Thee, Lord, for prayers.
Thou wilt not chide, tho' a false fear alarms,
O 'neath us be "the Everlasting Arms!"

BUFFALO, *N. Y.*

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"THE RASPER."

I.

ON first going into my district, a friend who was kindly doing what he could to "put me into the ways" of the neighbourhood, strongly recommended me to make the acquaintance of one of its notabilities known as "the Rasper."

"But who is the Rasper?" I asked.

"Well, that might be a difficult question to answer fully," replied my friend; "but whatever else he may be, he is a man who, as he would say, can put you up to a good many 'wrinkles' concerning those you will be going among. He is a rough sort of a customer, but tolerably educated, shrewd and observant, and with a knowledge of the poor of the district such as is possessed by no other man, not even excepting the relieving officer."

"And how may he obtain this special knowledge?" I asked.

"As owner of the largest tenement street in the district, and rent collector to several others," was the answer.

"Oh, I see," I said, "and it is as a landlord that he is a Rasper?"

"Yes, he has that reputation," answered my friend, "but I don't think he is so black as he is painted. The fact is, he is, or at any rate attempts to be, a reformer, and, as is generally the case with reformers, he comes in for a good deal of obloquy, especially as he is disposed to be rather high-handed in carrying out his reforms."

"What is his particular line of reform?" was my next question.

"Well, the general reform of his tenants," was the reply. "He tries to make them more orderly and cleanly and less drunken, and he certainly has effected considerable improvement among them."

A little further conversation convinced me that the Rasper would be a valuable ally, and I therefore resolved to act upon my friend's advice, and seek his acquaintance. Before doing so, however, I thought I would feel my way concerning him among the poor themselves, and accordingly one day when I was talking to an old odd-job labourer, who had lived many years in the district, I asked,—

"Do you know the Rasper?"

"Do I know the Rasper!" he exclaimed; "which I should rather think I did! There ain't many hereabout that don't know him, and what's more, there ain't many hereabout as he don't know."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, there's them as say he's a bad sort, but I should only call him a werry rum sort," answered the old man, "one of the you-never-know-how-to-have-'em sorts. In a general way, he's the sort of feller as people say would make beef-tea out of paving stones, or skin a flea for the hide and fat, and yet he'll often do a good turn for those as he's lost money by. I have known him to put his hand in his pocket to help others, to a tune that would have made some of those who set up for being extra-generous churchwardens open their eyes. He's a feller as has got on in the world. I can remember him well enough when he wasn't the Rasper; cos why, because he hadn't any houses of his own

to be a Rasper over, and no one would 'a' trusted him to collect a week's rent for them, for at that time he'd a precious soon melted it in drink."

"Then he must be a reformed character?" I said.

"Conwerted, as they call 'em," said the old labourer. "Not as he sets up as the conwerted this or that, and goes a-preaching; but, all the same, he is conwerted from what he was, and a werry good thing it's been for him every way—there ain't no better thing for any one than being conwerted, if there ain't no sham about it."

"But what was he before his conversion?" I asked, seeing that my informant showed a tendency to wander from the point in hand.

"Well, sir, meaning no harm to him, and at the same time not to put too fine a point upon it, he was half travelling chair-caner, half broken-down fighting man, and all lushington—drunken, you know. He got into some trouble over a drinking bout, and swore off the drink, and from going to teetotal meetin's, he got going to chapel meetin's and prayer meetin's and the like, and so things went on till he was conwerted."

From this man and others I heard sufficient of the Rasper's ways and appearance to be able to recognize him, when at a later date I one day met him in the street. He looked a man of about fifty, was of middle stature, squarely and strongly built, with grizzled hair worn rather long, piercing grey eyes, regular features, set, however, in a hard and austere expression, while the whole countenance was overspread with a cadaverous hue which was partly natural, partly resulting from a bluish black tinge arising from constant shaving. He was clad in a suit of dark grey tweed, that in addition to being well worn was plentifully besplashed with whitewash and mortar, and this latter circumstance, combined with his having some planed boards under his arm, and a rule sticking from his coat pocket, sufficiently indicated that he was in the habit of working at the repairs of his own houses.

"Looking them up then?" he said, after we had exchanged "good days."

"Yes," I answered, briefly.

"Ah, well, more power to you; but it's stony ground here, eh?"

"I am afraid it is rather," I answered.

"I *know* it is," he said, "but you mustn't be discouraged. It is a good fight, and you mustn't be as the children of Ephraim in it."

I did not at the moment catch his allusion, and seeing this he quoted, "'The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle,'—Psalms the seventy-eighth, and ninth verse."

"I should certainly not turn back," I said; "and indeed I have good hope of being able to make progress in my work—only, you see," I added, "I know very little of the people here yet."

"And I know a great deal of them," he said, with a certain grim significance.

"In that case then, I would like to have the advantage of a little talk with you," I said, boldly striking in for my desired opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him.

"Well, if I was given to palaver," he answered, "I might say that I didn't see what advantage you could gain from a talk with a humble individual like me, but I'm not one of that sort, I'm more the other way. I'm upright and down straight, say what I mean, and don't pretend to be more humble than I am. A talk with me *will* be an advantage to you. You're a young hand hereabout, and I'm an old 'un. I've lived in the thick of those you'll mostly be working among, and I've pretty good eyes and ears, and have kept 'em pretty well open. It's very well to pity the poor, and, mind you, I can pity 'em; ay, even when I know that about 'em as gives me the right to blame as well as pity; but at the same time it don't do to be *all* pity, and what's more important still, it don't do to be all belief—you'll know that, I suppose?"

I knew, I said, that it was unhappily a fact that you could not always rely upon the truthfulness of the tales of distress told to you by the poor.

"Not always!" he said with a slight laugh; "seldom, I should say; it's more a question of how many grains of salt you are to take 'em with than of salt or no salt. Meaning no disrespect to

you, there are plenty of 'em hereabout that would buy and sell you any morning; but you ask any of 'em whether they think they could get round *me*. Why, bless you, sir, I know most of 'em as well as they know themselves,—better, you may say, sometimes; for I know what they are when they don't know themselves—when they are in drink, which is as often as they can get the chance with a good many of 'em; I could sort 'em out into lots for you, pretty much as a fruiterer might fruits. The poor as their poverty is their misfortune, and the poor as their poverty is their fault; the lazy poor, and the hard-working poor; the drunken poor, and the sober poor; the honest poor, and the dishonest; the canting poor, and the straight-for'ard poor; the poor as 'as always been poor, and the poor as have seen better days; and the poor—if you can understand me—as ain't *really* poor, though they look so. If I couldn't put you up to a thing or two to help you with your work, it would be a pity; and I'm quite willing to do so, just because I should like to help you with your work; so give me a call whenever you like."

I would take an early opportunity of doing so, I said; and then parted with him for the time being, feeling that I had come across a character.

The streets for which the Rasper was collector were of course situated in the "low" quarter, and in fact made up a considerable proportion of that quarter. In some of them the dangerous classes were mingled with the merely poor, while the poor, as might be gathered from the above-quoted remarks of the Rasper, were a very "mixed" lot. In all of them there was terrible overcrowding, and the diseases more particularly incidental to overcrowding were at all times rife in them. Outwardly they looked dirty and dismal; there was often street rows in them; and altogether they were the kind of street that, generally speaking, are avoided by all save their inhabitants, and those whom unavoidable business engagements took into it. The Rasper lived in the particular street that was his own property; residing in a corner house, larger than the others, and having in the rear a yard of considerable dimensions, in which was stored building materials. That a man who, there was no doubt, could well

afford to live in a better neighbourhood, should voluntarily take up his residence in such a street, was to many a matter of surprise; but what others thought a piece of eccentricity or mere miserliness on the part of the Rasper, was really a wise proceeding, from a business point of view, as his success in the management of the property was in a great measure attributable to his living on the spot. The front room on the ground-floor of his house was fitted up as a sort of office, and it was in this apartment that I found him on making my promised call one evening some three weeks after the date of my first meeting him.

"You've looked me up, then," he said, placing a chair for me on one side of a small office table, and seating himself at the opposite side.

"Yes," I said; and then there was a short silence, which was broken by his saying, in a meditative tone,—

"It's been in my mind, sir, since I saw you last, that you would think, from what I said then, that I was very hard; that, instead of wishing to help you in your work, I was trying to stand between you and the poor by making out that they were bad and undeserving. I know," he went on, stopping me by a gesture as I was about to speak, "that many do think me hard, and perhaps I am; and yet, goodness knows, I shouldn't be, and don't mean to be. If I was wilfully hard on the poor, or even on the wicked, I would be as bad as the servant in the parable, who, when his master had forgiven him his debt, went and took his fellow-servant by the throat, saying, 'Pay me that thou owest.' A heavy debt of sin has been forgiven me. I have been as wicked in my day, I dare say, as any in this neighbourhood; and that I am not so now is God's special grace, not my special deserving. But then, sir, you remember there is the other parable of the wheat and the tares, and if in this case I point out to you the tares, as we call 'em, it is not to advise you to pass them by without trying to change their nature, but only that you may not be taken at a disadvantage. It may sound hard to say it, but it *is* true—only too true—that among the people of quarters like this there are a lot of drunken, lazy, canting ones, who are always on the look-out for charity. Their first idea, on

getting wind of any one like yourself, is—tickets. Bread tickets, coal tickets, clothing tickets, tea-party tickets, blanket tickets, or any other tickets they can lay hold of. All is fish that comes to their net; and they will tell any lies, or profess themselves anything, to net any fish, however small. Now, it is some of them that I would warn you against; and I think it right to stand in their way; it is really doing them good, if you look at it judgmatically, and, what's of more consequence, it is doing a service to those who are really needful and deserving, and who, not being so forward as the others, are very often not found out till it is too late—till the black gang, as I call 'em, have devoured all that there is to give."

"Unfortunately, your picture of the state of things is too true," I said.

"I've no doubt you have had experience of it," he said; "but just let me give you an illustration of it in my own line. A man with a wife and three children rents a room from me, paying two shillings a week for it. He could have a little second room for another shilling a week, but he won't take it; and so they all pig together in the single apartment, eating, sleeping, and living in it. That, of course, would be very hard lines on them if it was a case of sheer necessity, but it isn't; it's a case of drink before everything. That fellow can earn as much as eight or ten shillings a day, 'lumping.' I don't say he can do it every day, but he wouldn't if he could; for when he has a chance for a regular spell for a week or two he won't take it; three days at a stretch is the most he'll work; he wants the rest of the week for drinking; and if at times, when he really can't get 'lumping' work, and he and his family are at starvation point, you were to offer him ordinary labouring at three shillings a day, he'd only swear at you. I've tried him. Well, this fellow gets three or four weeks behind with his rent. I go down to his house, march into the room, and find the wife and children there, dirty and in rags, looking more than half starved, and without a mouthful of food in the house. 'I've come for my rent,' is my salute, 'and I mean to have it.' 'I haven't got it,' she says; 'I can assure you that the children and I have scarcely had a bit or sup in our lips these three days past.' 'I dare say not,' I answer, 'all the more

shame to that precious husband of yours; it's a scandal that he should be allowed to starve you as he does; I shall have to put the relieving officer on to him, if you don't; however, that isn't the thing just now, I want my rent.' 'Well, but you can't get blood from a stone,' she whimpers. 'Oh yes, I can out of some stones,' I answer; 'when I get hold of the sort of stone that can bleed freely for drink, I'll make them bleed for rent, or I'll crush them. Just you tell *your* stone of a husband that if some of the arrears arn't paid off by to-morrow night, and all of 'em within a week, I'll seize what traps you have got, though they are only fit for firewood, and turn you out; and tell him, too, that whether he pays or not, I'll put those on to him that will lay him by the heels, if he doesn't look better after these children."

"Now, any outsider hearing this," the Rasper went on, "would say how hard I was; and the insiders would of course cry ditto to any extent; but the one party would speak without knowing, and the other without caring, what the circumstances of the case were. To my own thinking I acted not only justly, but wisely. I knew that the fellow had spent five or six shillings in the public-house the night before, and that there was two or three weeks' work for him at good pay if he liked to stick to it, instead of only going for one half of the week, just to earn enough to go on the drink for the other half; and so I put the screw on—tight. The result was, I got my rent. He knew that if I turned him out for not paying rent he would have a bad chance of getting in anywhere else hereabout; for it is reckoned that if I can't make people pay no one else can. However, that is neither here nor there just now. Another of my tenants is a widow, who supported herself and a little girl by needlework, and her rent got into arrears about the same time. Knowing she was a decent body, I let it run about six weeks before I called, and then I found her unable to work, through having got her right hand poisoned, and she and her child in a state of dire distress. She burst out crying when she saw me; but I soon put her mind at ease as to the rent, and—well, I took care that she didn't at any rate want for bread till she was able to work again; and when she was able, I let her start unburdened to the extent of drawing my pen through her arrears of rent."

"That was very good of you," I said.

"It is very good of you to say so," he said; "but I didn't mention it in the way of sounding my own praise; what I wanted to lead up to is this, that if I wasn't hard with the likes of the fellow I spoke of first, I shouldn't have it in my power to be easy with the like of the poor widow. Not to be hard with such as him comes to be pretty much like robbing such as her. That's the line you should go on in your work, so far as any giving or recommending for gifts is concerned. You wouldn't get at people as easily as if you gave tickets freely and no questions asked, and you wouldn't hear so many professions of repentance, or get so much eye and lip service, but you would do more and better real work for all that. There is nothing stands more in the way of spreading religious feeling and knowledge among the very poor, and the classes whom we may call our home heathens, than the fact that they see that the canters amongst them get the lion's share of the charity that is generally associated, directly or indirectly, with religious visiting. It not merely stands in the way, it gives rise to a feeling of bitterness against religion, as you would know if you could hear the remarks about it that I do. To you it may seem a very worldly sort of thing to say, but a visitor to get along well with such people as the bulk of my tenants ought to strike them 'as a knowing customer,' one who, as they would say, knows the 'ropes,' can 'spot' a canter at sight, and show generally that it is difficult to 'have' him."

I could quite understand that, I said; and, for my own part, would be disposed to go more or less upon the principle of being, as he put it, "hard"—not unmercifully, but judiciously, hard—with any who I had reason to suppose were undeserving.

"Well, the more you go upon it the better," he said somewhat grimly; and then, by way of carrying on the conversation, I asked,—

"How long may you have lived in this district?"

"All my life here and hereabout," he answered. "I was born and brought up in the district, scamped about it when I was a scamp, and continued to live in it after I was, through God's goodness, brought to be something better than a scamp. My father was a respectable mechanic in the neighbourhood. He

gave me a good education for one in our rank of life, and would have given me a good trade, and made a man of me, if I would have let him. But I went other ways than those he wanted to lead me in. I chose bad company, and was soon as bad as the worst of them, and took a pride in being so, though it caused my poor father to hang his head among his shopmates and neighbours, and made my mother grey-haired before her time; but, thank the Lord—and there is nothing in all His goodness to me that I am more truly thankful for—they were both spared long enough to see me another and a better man than the one that had caused them such grief. When I was about thirty years of age—and that is something like twenty years ago now, for I went to the bad when I was a mere boy, and as a blackguard was old at thirty—one of my companions in evil was killed on the spot in a drunken brawl, and his death was to be the means destined to bring me to a new life. I saw him half an hour after he was dead, and as I looked upon him I felt for the first time what a lost sinner I was. It rushed upon me all in an instant, and I can assure you I feared and trembled. There lay his body, I thought to myself, but where was his soul, struck down unprepared as he had been? Such as he had been I was, and his case might have been mine, for I had been in scores of such brawls. I shuddered at the thought; I scarcely know how I got home; but when, at last, I found myself alone in the miserable garret which was my lodging at that time, I locked myself in, and, falling on my knees, prayed as fervently, I should think, as any alarmed sinner could pray; and thankful indeed I was then to think that when a boy I had been taught to pray. *The* prayer—the Lord's Prayer—came back to me as freshly as in my school days; and, oh! how I did pray, 'Deliver me from evil! Deliver me from evil!' and, all praise be to Him that can deliver from evil, I saw my Saviour, and I was delivered."

HOW AUTHORS WORK.

ONE of the most interesting chapters in literary history would, undoubtedly, be that which should record the whims and eccentricities of authors when engaged in the active pursuit of their calling. First, because it is always pleasant to know how works, which have taught and delighted whole generations of readers, have been produced; and secondly, because such little personal traits, if not directly instructive, are, at any rate, suggestive and curious. But, strange to say, this chapter remains unwritten; and among all the "curiosities of literature" these, the greatest of all its curiosities, are by some inadvertency passed over unnoticed.

The methods of authors in the course of composition have been singular, and though no two of them have worked alike, they have, most of them, illustrated the old proverb that genius is labour, and that few great works have been produced which have not been the result of unwearied perseverance as well as of brilliant natural powers. Some men have undoubtedly possessed astonishing facility and readiness both of conception and expression, as we shall presently see; but, as a rule, the writings of such men, except in the case of Shakespeare, are not so valuable as they might have been, and are marred by crudities which might otherwise have been finished beauties, by deformities which should have been graces. First among the sons of literary toil stands Virgil. He used, we are told, to pour out a large number of verses in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in pruning them down; he has humorously compared himself to a she-bear, who licks her cubs into shape. It took him three years to compose his ten short eclogues; seven years to elaborate his "Georgics," which comprise little more than two thousand verses; and he employed more than twelve years in polishing his "Æneid," being even then so dissatisfied with it, that he wished before his death to commit it to the flames. Horace was equally indefatigable, and there are single odes in his works which must have cost him months of labour. Lucretius's one poem represents the toil of a whole life; and so careful was Plato

in the niceties of verbal collocation, that the first sentence in his "Republic" was turned in nine different ways. It must have taken Thucydides upwards of twenty years to write his history, which is comprised in one octavo volume. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his work three times before he could please himself; and John Foster, the essayist, would sometimes spend a week over one sentence. Addison was so particular that he would stop the press to insert an epithet, or even a comma; and Montesquieu, alluding in a letter to one of his works, says to a correspondent, "You will read it in a few hours, but the labour expended on it has whitened my hair." The great French critic, Ste.-Beuve, expended incredible pains on every word, and two or three octavo pages often represent a whole week's incessant effort. Gray would spend months over a short copy of verses; and there is a poem of ten lines in Waller's works, which, he has himself informed us, took him a whole summer to formulate. Miss Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Hume, and Fox have all recorded the trouble they took. Tasso was unwearied in correcting; so were Pope and Boileau. Even Macaulay, with all his fluency, did not disdain the application of the file; and there are certain passages in the first chapter of his history which represent months of patient revision. There is a good tale told of Malherbe, the French poet, which illustrates very amusingly the elaborate care he took with his poems. A certain nobleman of his acquaintance had lost his wife, and was anxious that Malherbe should dedicate an ode to her memory, and condole with him in verse on the loss he had sustained. Malherbe complied, but was so fastidious in his composition, that it was three years before the elegy was completed. Just before he sent it in, he was intensely chagrined to find that his noble friend had solaced himself with a new bride; and was, consequently, in no humour to be pestered with an elegy on his old one. The unfortunate poet, therefore, lost both his pains and his fee. So morbidly anxious was Cardinal Bembo about verbal correctness, that every poem he composed is said to have passed successively through forty portfolios, which represented the various stages towards completeness. The great Pascal affords another instance of similar literary conscientiousness. What he especially aimed at was brevity. He once

apologized to a friend for writing him a long letter, on the ground that he had no time to make it shorter—and the result is that his "Provincial Letters" scarcely yield to Tacitus, or to the "Letters of Junius," in concise, epigrammatic brilliancy.

Some authors have rapidly sketched the plan of their intended work first, and have reserved their pains for filling out the details. Godwin wrote his "Caleb Williams" backwards—beginning, that is to say, with the last chapter, and working on to the first. Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" the great scholars Barthius and Turnebus; Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" Locke; Fuller, the "witty" divine; Bishop Horne, Warburton, Hurd, and many others kept commonplace books, which may account for the copious and apposite illustrations which enrich their volumes. Sheridan and Hook were always on the alert for bits of brilliant conversation and stray jokes, which they took good care to jot down in their pocket-books for future use. The great Bentley always bought editions of classical authors with very broad margins, and put down the observations which might occur to him in the course of his reading—which is the secret of his lavish erudition. Pope scribbled down stray thoughts for future use whenever they struck him—at a dinner-table, in an open carriage, at his toilet, and in bed. Hogarth would sketch any face that struck him on his finger-nail, hence the marvellous diversity of feature in his infinite galleries of portraits. Swift would lie in bed in the morning, "thinking of wit for the day;" and Theodore Hook generally "made up his impromptues the night before." Washington Irving was fond of taking his portfolio out into the fields, and laboriously manipulating his graceful periods while swinging on a stile. Wordsworth and De Quincey did the same. It would be easy to multiply instances of the pain and labour expended on compositions which to all appearance bear no traces of such effort.

But it is now time to reverse the picture, and to mention meritorious pieces produced against time and with extraordinary facility. Lucilius, the Roman satirist, wrote with such ease, that he used to boast that he could turn off two hundred verses while standing on one leg. Ennius was quite as fluent. Of Shakespeare we are told, "His mind and hand went together, and what he

thought he uttered with that easiness that we (the editors of the first folio) have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." When the fits of inspiration were on Milton, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with the fast-flowing verses; but we must remember that the poet had been brooding over his immortal work for years before a line was committed to paper. The most marvellous illustrations of this facility in writing are to be found in the two Spanish poets Calderon and Lope de Vega. The latter could write a play in three or four hours: he supplied the Spanish stage with upwards of two thousand original dramas, and Hallam calculates that during the course of his life he "reeled off" upwards of twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines! Of English writers, perhaps the most fluent and easy have been Dryden and Sir Walter Scott. In one short year Dryden produced four of his greatest works—namely, the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," his share in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "*Religio Laici.*" He was less than three years in translating the whole of Virgil. He composed his elaborate parallel between poetry and painting in twelve mornings. "Alexander's Feast" was struck out at a single sitting. Indeed, he says himself that, when he was writing, ideas thronged so fast that the only difficulty he had was in selection. Everybody knows the extraordinary literary facility of Sir Walter Scott—how his amanuensis, when he employed one, could not keep pace with the breathless speed with which he dictated his marvellous romances. If we can judge from the many original MSS. of his novels and poems which have been preserved to us, it would seem that he scarcely ever recast a sentence or altered a word when it was committed to paper. The effect of this is that both Dryden and Scott have left a mass of writings valuable for the genius with which they are instinct, but defaced with errors, with grammatical blunders, and with many pleonasms and tautologies, the consequence of their authors' not practising what Pope calls

> The first and greatest art, the art to blot.

Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Horace Walpole wrote nearly all "The Castle of Otranto" at a sitting which terminated not by

mental fatigue, but by the fingers becoming too weary to close on the pen. Beckford's celebrated "Vathek" was composed by the uninterrupted exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, during which time the ecstatic author supported himself by copious draughts of wine. What makes the feat more wonderful is, that it was written in French, an acquired language, for Beckford was of course an Englishman. Mrs. Browning wrote her delightful poem entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a long elaborate romance in a difficult metre, in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. It is comparatively easy to understand the rapidity with which these compositions were produced, because, being works of imagination couched in a style essentially bold and free, choice phraseology, careful rhythm, and copious illustration were not so much needed; but when we learn that Ben Jonson completed his highly-wrought comedy of "The Alchymist" in six weeks, and that Dr. Johnson could throw off forty-eight octavo pages of such a finished composition as his "Life of Savage" at a sitting, one is indeed lost in bewildering admiration, and perhaps half inclined to doubt the author's word. However much we may wonder at feats like these, we should not forget Sheridan's witty remark, that very easy writing is generally very hard reading; and comfort our commonplace selves with the thought that, in nine cases out of ten, genius in literature is like genius in practical life, little else than honest, indefatigable labour fortunately directed. The wise Lord Bacon has observed that prodigies, of what kind soever they may be, belong to what is monstrous in nature, and as they are not produced in accordance with the laws which determine man's condition, ought neither to be sought out nor imitated. But we must turn now to our third point—the strange circumstances under which celebrated works have been produced.

It is curious that two of the greatest historical works in the world were written while their authors were in exile—the "History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides, the "History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon. Fortescue, the Chief Justice in Henry VI.'s reign, wrote his great work on the laws of England under the same circumstances. Locke was a refugee in Holland when he penned his memorable "Letter

concerning Toleration," and put the finishing touches to his immortal "Essay on the Human Understanding." Lord Bolingbroke had also "left his country for his country's good" when he was engaged on the works by which he will best be remembered. Everybody knows Dante's sad tale, and his miserable wanderings from city to city while the "Divine Comedy" was in course of production. Still more melancholy is it to review the formidable array of great works which were composed within the walls of a prison. First come the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote;" the one written in Bedford gaol, the other in a squalid dungeon in Spain. James I. (of Scotland) penned his sweet poem "The Kynge's Quhair," while a prisoner in Windsor Castle; and the loveliest of Lord Surrey's verses were written in the same place, under the same circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was composed in the Tower. George Buchanan executed his brilliant Latin version of the Psalms while incarcerated in Portugal. "Fleta," one of the most valuable of our early law works, took its name from the fact of its having been compiled by the author in the Fleet Prison. Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," De Foe's "Review" and "Hymn to the Pillory," Voltaire's "Henriade," Howel's "Letters," Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts," Grotius' "Commentary on St. Matthew," and the amusing "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," all these were produced in the gloomy cells of a common prison. Tasso wrote some of the loveliest of his sonnets in a mad-house, and Christopher Smart his "Song to David"—one of the most eloquent sacred lyrics in our language—while undergoing confinement in a similar place. Poor Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, is said to have revolved some of his tragedies in lucid intervals within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Plautus fabricated some of his comedies in a bakehouse. The great Descartes, Berni, the Italian poet, and Boyse, the once well-known author of "The Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Hooker meditated his "Ecclesiastical Polity" while rocking the cradle of his child; and Richardson slowly elaborated his romances among the compositors of his printing-office. Moore's gorgeous Eastern romance, "Lalla Rookh," was written in a cottage blocked up with snow,

with an English winter roaring round it. Burns dreamed one of his lyrics, and wrote it down just as it came to him in his sleep.

Such were the extraordinary circumstances attending the composition of works which have amused and instructed thousands of people; such have been some of the methods, and such some of the habits of authors. Various and unintelligible often are the forms in which human genius will reveal itself; but quite as various, and perhaps quite as unintelligible, at first sight, are the ways in which it has surmounted the obstacles which opposed it, asserted its claims, and effected its development.

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

Soft, through the rich illumined panes,
All down the aisle the sunlight rains,
And sets in red and purple stains.

And 'mid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise,
Its wings the waking spirit tries;

It flutters, but it cannot soar;
Oh! heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no choice.
Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-relieving voice.

All, all the soul's unuttered things
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings;

Now soft—as when for Israel's King,
Young David swept his sweet harp-string;
Now loud—as angels antheming.

Oh! tell what myriad heads are bent,
Oh! tell what myriad hearts repent,
He will look down; He will relent.

It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "amen" the warm tear starts,
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

REMINISCENCES OF GIDEON OUSELEY AND FRIAR MARTIN.

BY JOHN MORPHY.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was a respectable merchant and consistent member of the Wesleyan Church, in which he was a class-leader, as well as the leading spirit in all its religious and business meetings for about half a century, in the town of Monaghan, Ireland. His intelligence, manly, and dignified bearing, handsome countenance, mild and generous disposition, endeared him to all his acquaintances.

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

His wife was an excellent housekeeper, and a pattern of amiability and piety. In temper and disposition I never saw a more equally balanced couple. The religion of Jesus shone so conspicuously in their tempers, conversation, and acts, that others seeing them were led by their example and exhortation to glorify their Father which is in Heaven. Their house, which was spacious and well furnished, was a home for Wesleyan ministers and others requiring their hospitality. I have a distinct recollection of spending an evening with a party of friends who assembled there to meet the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, who had arrived on the previous day on one of his missionary tours. The conversation at, and after tea, embraced such topics as the rise and progress of Methodism, its ministry and discipline, revivals of religion, the influence of Methodism on the community, how to obtain an abiding sense of the love of God in the heart, the Christian's warfare, joys and final triumph, incidents and anecdotes by Mr. Ouseley, etc. There was no time there, nor at any other Methodist party then, for puzzles, croquet, charades, bagatelle games, or pastimes, late or expensive suppers or luxuries.

At eight p.m. we adjourned to the little chapel, which had an iron palisading in front, a little green plot at each side of the gravel walk, and two gothic windows in a gable front. There were

galleries at each side and in front of the pulpit, either of which could be touched by the preacher with a sheriff's rod; all sat on forms without backs—the men to the left, and the women to the right on entering. During the service, an active young man snuffed the candles several times at each side of the preacher in the pulpit, and in the little chandelier in the centre, suspended from the ceiling. In the absence of an organ or any other musical instrument, all sang who could, and sang well, and all kneeled during prayer. The ladies were respectably and neatly attired, as became Methodists, keeping in view the admonition of the apostle,—1st Peter, iii. chap., 3rd and 4th verses. There was no feather-heads, apologies for bonnets, chignons, crinoline, sweep-trains, nor pull-back dresses; nor was there a Methodist there, or in any part of the kingdom then, who patronized, directly or indirectly, a dancing school or any other frivolous assembly where the profane and the ungodly delighted to attend; nor any private evening party, of a social nature, having a tendency to draw the affections from heaven to earth—from peace and joy and hope in Christ to the fleeting unsatisfactory pleasures of sin for a season, and to a fearful looking for of judgment as the consequence.

On arriving at the chapel gate, we found it locked, and while the key was being searched for, about half the congregation arrived in front of the palisading, where Mr. Ouseley gave out a hymn. When the key was found, we entered the chapel and heard an excellent sermon from the venerable Ouseley, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, and most of that congregation, have gone to their final reward. A beautiful chapel, in the gothic style, with spire, basement, pews, gas, etc., has taken the place of the one described. It was near completion in the summer of 1862, when I had the pleasure of visiting it in company with the esteemed Chairman of the District, the Rev. Mr. Harper, who was architect and superintendent of the building, and also an efficient workman at the great building on which Jesus is the chief corner-stone.

A few years subsequent to the evening alluded to, while resident in the obscure old village of Ballytrain, in a district where Protestants were few and far between, I became acquainted with

an excellent young man named Irwin, and was one of a party of four one evening in the house of a Friar Martin there. The circumstances connected therewith which are shortly as follows:—In the said village there lived a Friar who, irrespective of the regular priesthood, attended to the immediate religious and medical necessities of the peasantry, by administering church rites and pretending to cure all manner of diseases of mankind and cattle by virtue of masses and holy water. I have known people to come long and expensive journeys to him with cases of lameness, blindness, deafness, epilepsy, and various other diseases. Some returned sadder and wiser, while others, for whom nature effected cures after they had left him, attributed such cures to the virtue of the prayers and holy water of the Friar, and spread his fame accordingly. On each Sunday morning he said mass in the *Bohogue*, a little nook built and covered with sods, on the bank of a river. On the conclusion of the mass he passed through the congregation in the field, and took up a collection in his hat, by which, and the voluntary contributions of oats, potatoes, peat, and other products, and by money extorted for pretended cures, he was sustained.

I have often seen his congregation—and a rough, motley one it was—immediately after vespers, end the Sunday by forming themselves into a circle on a common, dancing to the merry tunes of a piper, who sat on a big stone in the middle of the ring,—and going through various gymnastics, such as throwing the stone, leaping wrestling, etc. When rows occurred in fairs, I have seen him cudgeling the tipsy combatants and bystanders, while he was, tipsy himself. On remonstrating on his conduct, the villagers in reply, told me that his riverence lost none of his virtue by taking "a glass too much."

He was a morose little man about sixty years old, with round shoulders, a pock-marked countenance, and a husky voice. He was rather slovenly in his dress; which comprised a broad-brimmed old hat, and a threadbare suit of old-fashioned black clothes. He lived a solitary kind of life with one old maid servant whom he called Poll Cooney, in a one-story thatched house with mud walls and earthen floors.

While conversing with my friend Irwin one day, he was accosted by a man named Peter Duffy, who came thirty miles to get the Friar to cure his cow, which he said, had lost her milk by being "elf shot, overlooked or bewitched in some sort of way." Having come from Irwin's native place and known him for many years, he asked a personal introduction to the Friar, with whom Irwin and I had been well acquainted. In vain we pointed out to him the absurdity of his proceedings,—that cows were subject to various diseases as well as human beings, that it was preposterous to imagine that the Friar was gifted with such miraculous healing power as to cure a cow at the distance of thirty miles without a knowledge of her complaint, and that it was downright imposition to pretend to do so. We could not shake his faith in the Friar, to whom we introduced him and who, after some preliminary conversation about crops, weather, politics, etc., and hearing Duffy's complaint of his cow, put on his vestments, and with his back to us, at a table he went through some Latin prayers and genuflections, and gave Duffy a small bottle of holy water, at the same time telling him that his cow would be all right on his return home, for which services he charged five shillings.

On receiving the money, he called Poll (the old maid), and giving her half a crown, told her to bring a quart of whiskey, out of which, when it arrived, he took a draught, which interfered materially with the lineaments of his hard visage, his temper and conversation, as he had been considerably under the influence of liquor immediately before he indulged in the last glass. He then sat on the bed-side next the little window, and I took a seat next him at his request. Duffy and my friend also got seated, while the Friar entered upon a sort of epitome of the history of Ireland, and would doubtless have risen to an eloquent point of action, especially while descanting on its chieftains and saints, and the wrongs inflicted on it by the English, were it not for the effects of the whiskey, which muddled his intellect. He was inveighing against Cromwell and William the Third, when a miserable-loking peasant woman gently opened the door, and made her obeisance, and in a plaintive tone said,

"Plaize yir revrence, may the Lord's blessin' light on ye every hour, and give me a dhrop ov the blest wather as one ov my childher is very bad wud the chincough?"

"Remain in the kitchen with Poll until I get it ready," replied the Friar, and then with my assistance, he managed to get to the side of the next bed, where I performed a task such as I never did before, and in all probability will never do again, namely:—assisted, at his request, to robe a tipsy Friar with various canonical trappings which I took off the bed; and being a perfect novice, I am certain that I did it very clumsily. He then muttered some Latin prayers and performed some other acts over a tin pail of water which had been brought in by old Poll. The service being performed, the poor woman, by his direction, filled her little bottle out of the water which had been made holy, and retired, praying for the choicest blessings and long life to his riverence; meanwhile Duffy was evidently ashamed of the whole proceeding, and returned to his home with his confidence considerably shaken in the virtue of the Friar.

Who can imagine a greater contrast than Friar Martin and Gideon Ouseley?—than the two evenings alluded to—to the one spent in the society of the venerable Ouseley and his friends, whose grand aim and object was the welfare of mankind by the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom—the other with a miserable remnant of humanity called a Friar, whose business was to dupe an ignorant peasantry by wilful misrepresentation, and to confirm them in the lowest depths of superstition.

TORONTO, *Ont.*

SELF-EXAMINATION.

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

—*George Herbert.*

DADDY WILL; OR, THE SLAVE'S LESSON.

With the institution of slavery, one of its gentlest, tenderest, and most beautiful social outgrowths, the old-time favoured and trusted family domestic, is rapidly fading out of sight and mind. To fix upon the memory some faint traces of the dusky but kindly visage of one of these relics of a by-gone day, and of an institution once co-extensive with the Union, but now utterly and forever swept away, is the object of this unpretending sketch.

Though a slave, the old negro family domestic was more than a servant, and was often a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. In both sexes they were as intrinsically a part of the family household as if they were knit to it by closest ties of blood and kinship. They shared its joys and divided its griefs; they participated in its prosperity and helped it to carry the burden of adversity; they were identified with all its feelings, prejudices, hopes, and fears, with its pride, its friendships, its loves, and hates; and they were made the safe repositories of its most carefully guarded secrets—trustees whom no bladishments could seduce nor offers of reward corrupt.

On the birth of a son, Colonel Dater, as was the usage with many slave-holding families, assigned to the young heir for his own peculiar servant the child of one of his most trusty slaves, a bright negro lad of six or seven, named Will.

Like his father, young Dater embraced the profession of arms, and when the Mexican war broke out entered into it with ardour, emerging from it with a high reputation for skill and valour, and with the well-earned rank of colonel. Will had accompanied his young master to Mexico as a body-servant, and in that capacity had shared the young officer's dangers, and accompanied him in all his daring exploits, approving himself, and being estimated by Colonel Dater throughout the whole of that campaign, as well as of the longer one of life, the trustiest and most devoted of friends. Although he had been given his freedom by Colonel Dater when they were both young men, Daddy Will, as he came to be invariably called by his master's children

and their children after them, remained with the Dater family, who placed unbounded trust in his fidelity and sagacity. When Colonel Dater died he left a comfortable provision for his old friend, who was then verging toward threescore, and in his will charged his son sedulously to care for him in his declining years —a trust which young Mr. Dater gladly accepted and reverentially performed, receiving in return the most loyal and affectionate service.

But if Mr. Dater inherited the legacy of Daddy Will's unswerving fidelity, the faithful old man transferred to his master's daughter Kate the devoted attachment which he had concentrated in his earlier years on her grandfather, Colonel Dater. No knight was ever more chivalrous in his devotion to his leal lady than was Daddy Will to this beautiful girl from the time when he first beheld her lying on her mother's bosom, a babe a few days old. With the poetical instinct which is often strong in men of his race, he had then knelt down by Mrs. Dater's bedside to kiss the helpless babe, and as he did so, he silently vowed to his dead friend and master that he would "stan' by" his grandchild while life should last. Then, turning to happy Mrs. Dater, and uplifting her delicate white hand to his lips with the grace of a courtier, he ejaculated, "De dear little apple blossom!" And from that hour "Little Apple Blossom," as he uniformly called Kate, except on rare occasions, had no more abject slave or loving worshipper than Daddy Will; and the young girl requited his love by an affection as frank and unreserved as his own.

It was very beautiful to see these two as Kate blossomed from infancy into girlhood. Daddy Will was a man of great stature, and despite his growing years still held himself erect, and preserved his soldierly gait and bearing which he had acquired during his military life. He was exceedingly scrupulous in his toilet, which was invariably a suit of black broadcloth, the coat being of the inevitable swallow-tail cut, almost universally worn half a century ago, but now consigned to the isolation of full dress, and his shirts and ample cravats of many folds were of the finest and whitest materials, contrasting strongly with the swart hue of his face and hands.

Long before Kate was able to walk, Daddy Will had constituted himself her keeper, if he might not be in all respects her nurse. Whenever she went out of her mother's care she was certainly to be seen cradled in his capacious arms, where she seemed to be a mere speck of white and pink resting against the black outlines of his broad chest. He would walk thus with her to and fro for hour after hour, conversing with her for months before she could lisp a word, and taking for satisfactory reply the understanding gaze of her great round unwinking eyes. And the companionship of the pair continued without interruption, changing only in its character as the babe developed into girlhood and womanhood, to each of which stages the old man adjusted himself with instinctive nicety.

Mrs. Dater had wisely encouraged Daddy Will's devotion to her daughter, and for a double reason: she had the highest respect for his simple but acute wisdom, for his unbending probity, and for his staunch family attachment and allegiance; and she knew that Kate's budding frame and intelligence would be strengthened by just such training and exercise as the vigorous old soldier would insure to both. And Mrs. Dater's sagacity was not at fault, as was shown on at least one occasion, the incidents of which seem worth reciting.

When Kate was eight years old she was very lovely in person and disposition; but withal, as a child in perfect health is apt to be, as active and mischievous as a monkey. She was naturally loving and docile; but one day, in a moment of vexation or disappointment caused by some direction of her mother's which she did not relish, she rushed out of the room in a gust of passion, looking like a little fury. In an instant, however, she was arrested conscious-stricken by the sight of Daddy Will standing before her, and looking very grave and sorrowful. He had been an unobserved spectator of her ebullition, and when she was stopped in her headlong course by his accusing face, she was filled with remorse. She felt that Daddy Will did not approve of her, did not even pity or excuse her; and as the two stood for a brief instant in dead silence, she seemed, in her pretty self-abasement —her head bowed and her arms hanging listlessly at her side—

the impression of shame springing into life at the touch of conscience.

Daddy Will broke the silence which was so dreadful to poor Kate. "Miss Cath'rine!" he exclaimed.

He had never before called her by any other name than "Little Apple Blossom," the pet one he had given her when she lay newborn in her mother's arms; and at the unwonted formality she burst into tears.

"Miss Cath'rine!" he repeated, in a tone of reproachful astonishment, at the same time taking her hand, and with frigid politeness leading her, an unresisting culprit, into the room known as her "Grandfather's Library." His first words after arriving there somewhat reassured the little criminal, though his tones relaxed nothing of their formal severity.

"Miss Cath'rine," he said, "will please fetch old master's big Bible."

There it lay on the library table, the Bible that had belonged to Colonel Dater, and was a treasured family memento of its venerated owner. With noiseless and timorous steps Kate obeyed, and placed it on the old man's knee, as he sat in his master's great arm-chair and motioned her beside him.

"Miss Cath'rine will please find de Ten Comman'ments," he said.

Silently and deftly, Kate turned to the place and laid it open before them.

"Miss Cath'rine will please to read here," he resumed, placing his forefinger on the page, where, to the quickened fancy of the self-convicted child, it seemed a huge exclamation point denoting reproach and condemnation.

Tremulously she began: "'God spake these words, and said—'"

"Who spoke dese words?" gravely interrupted Daddy Will.

"God!" said Kate, in a low whisper.

"Jis so," he reverently rejoined; "de Lord God A'mighty said 'em. Please put your finger 'longside of mine, Miss Cath'rine, under dose words of de Lord."

The child's tiny pearl and rose forefinger stole meekly alongside of Daddy Will's great dark index; and then the two fingers

moved slowly together downward over the page, to the first commandment, where they stopped, and the child again read the inspired words.

"Who spoke *dese* words?" again asked Daddy Will.

"God," Kate devoutly replied.

"Jis so; de Lord said 'em," he responded. And so with each of the commandments, until the fifth was reached, when he put the question once more with special emphasis: "*Who* spoke *dese* words?" receiving again the same response from the absorbed child.

"Jis so; 'God spake dese words, and said'—Read 'em with me, Miss Cath'rine."

In low and reverent tones the two read the commandment aloud together, Daddy emphasizing certain of the words as they read, thus: "Honour thy father *and* thy mother, that *thy days may be long in the land* which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The little pink finger and the huge black index came to a full stop under this commandment, and Daddy Will, like a relentless fate, resumed:

"Dat's what de Lord promises dose children who honour their father *and* their mother—their days shall be long in de land. But, Miss Cath'rine, He make no sich promises to dem children who do *dishonour* to their father or their *mother*."

Here the full enormity of her iniquity rushed upon Kate's mind, and she sobbed out, in an agony of penitence, "Oh, Daddy Will, I did not mean to do dishonour to mamma. I am very sorry. Do you think God will forgive me?"

"In *course* He will, my dear Little Apple Blossom," said the old man, relaxing into tenderness on the instant. "De Lord's ears are allers open to hear de cries of His sorrowful children. Let us ask Him to help us."

And the old man and the child knelt together beside the dead colonel's chair, and joined in the petition, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." Then, kissing her on the forehead with a kiss that seemed like a benediction to the softened little one, Daddy Will rose from his knees, and said, "Now de Little Apple Blossom will run to mamma, and ask her to kiss and forgive her sorry little daughter."

How lightly the little one sped to her mother, and how tearfully she fell upon her bosom, or how gladly the mother whispered sweet words of love and forgiveness, which were sealed with fond kisses, we shall not describe; but from that day forward, the mother, the child, and the faithful negro slave became closer and dearer friends than ever before.

HIGHER.

BY MRS. E. L. SKINNER.

Oh, I hear your voices chanting through the star-encircled spaces,
And I see your white robes trailing in the glory-laden air;
And my heart leaps forth exulting, like the rider at the races,
With the goal in view before him, and his triumph waiting there.

Oh, Jerusalem, the glorious! grand, eternal, higher city!
Where earth's jarring discord melteth into harmony sublime;
Oh, ye saints, white-robed and waiting, look adown on us with pity,
Who linger still and groan beneath the scourging lash of Time.

Here our highest thoughts and holiest, are stained and sin-polluted;
Our joys are quickly swallowed by a swift-pursuing pain;
All our costliest sacrifices with self are still diluted,
And we never walk so upright that we stumble not again.

We never see the sunlight flood the earth in Eden beauty,
And happy flowers smile back again the glad thanksgiving ray,
But shadows lurk like sentinels, who, eager to their duty,
Sweep o'er the flowers, crush back the smile, and chase the beam away.

We never strike the psaltery with our praises and thanksgiving,
But the crash of curses round us mingles with them on the strings;
We never give the thirsty drink and smile at the reviving,
But wails from lips we cannot reach prick all our smiles with stings.

Oh! for peace and rest eterna!; oh! for light undimmed, unfading;
Oh! for harmony unbroken on my tortured ear to fall;
Oh! for purity unblemished, free from earthly line and shading,
And the love of God, like banners, waving softly over all.

Oh, ye saints, white-robed and waiting, look adown on us with pity,
Pierce earth's shadows with your vision, as ye stand without the gate.
Oh, Jerusalem, the glorious, grand, eternal, holy city!
Oh, Lamb! the light, the joy thereof, I yearn, I call, I wait!

PRESENT OUTLOOK OF EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANITY.

BY J. F. HURST, D.D.

IT is now forty-two years since the obscure Strauss, of Tubingen, sent forth his *Life of Jesus* on its destructive mission throughout the Christian world. He aimed to settle forever the mission and character of Christ by ascribing to him only a vague and mythical existence, which took its colouring in the Gospels from the Oriental hopes, excitements, and superstitions of his inexperienced and uncultivated disciples. This theory, propounded with great array of learning, fortified by such magnificent foot-notes as only German patience can produce, brought about the most important theological crisis of the century; and there were timid souls enough to prophesy the universal reign of negative criticism, the arrest of evangelistic labour, the cessation of attendance at public worship, the disruption of the serious study of orthodox theology, and the general loosing of ecclesiastical restraints. But the sky never fell, after all. Many of these prophecies are on record, though there are few who are willing to acknowledge their paternity. But what is the present condition of the Church and her great golden creeds and iron instrumentalities? Strauss has passed out of the world without its turning aside to note it, while his theory preceded him to the grave by at least a score of years. But the Church is moving on with its "army of banners," and was never so vigorous or so ready to take the initiative, at home or abroad, as at the present moment.

We instance Strauss and the speedy and hopeless antiquity of his celebrated negation, as a certain test of the recent improvement in the evangelical outlook. Infidelity never adheres long to its maxims. Its positions of one hour are forsaken the next, and all that is left to denote a hot engagement is the broken weapons, some slain defenders, and the forsaken *impedimenta* of the force which had invited fight with bold word, and poised lance, and shining plume. It is but just to say that the enemies of evangelical Christianity have never, from Porphyry

and Celsus down to Matthew Arnold and Huxley, made two strong fights in succession on the same field. They sometimes get around to the old ground again, but they find it so well occupied that they are more apt to pass on in prudence than to make a stand in valour. The consequence is, that, absolutely, the enemies of Christian truth make no headway. Sweep your glass over the past Christian centuries, and where have these men held a single advance post, and what foot of orthodox territory have they been able to annex and lay down on the map of their permanent conquests? They never ventured to assail John's Gospel until the first quarter of the present century, and now they have been met with such overwhelming argument, and with such unanswerable proof, that they have betaken themselves to other books. Just now they are at the first chapter of Genesis again. Admitting the possibility of their success here, it will take them more than the life-time of ten Methuselahs to pass Balaam and his eloquent beast, and more æons than Basilides ever dreamed of, to get down to a fair understanding of the nineteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Revelation.

We claim that the aggregate of skeptical gain during this entire century is positively nothing. Not a single great concession has been required, not a book has been given up, and not an evidence has been compromised; while the life of Jesus is still majestic and divine—the insoluble enigma to the cold critic, but attractive and comprehensible to the humblest believer.

But let us look at the positive side of the question. What has the Church been doing? Has the apologist made no advance? Is the map of Christendom just now what it was, say, when the old Independence bell broke with its first glad peal of liberty to both the hemispheres? We would not boast, but we must be grateful. God has been in the storm, and he has made it speed on His ship of truth as in no equal period since the first Christian Pentecost.

But there are souls of dark doubt who say, "Behold our interests! See our educational institutions staggering in their course! What financial embarrassments affect our great benevolent agencies!" The children of faith reply, "God never

gives up His enterprises. If money is needed, His children have it and to spare, and they are going to give as freely and gladly as God has given to them. Such a spirit of outpouring love and generosity is sure to come upon the Church as it has never known since the charmed hour of the common treasury of the apostolic age. There is not a dollar hidden away in any private napkin which God needs for His work, that His eye does not see, and which His hand will not touch into vitality and power, and bring forth for work when the supreme hour of its need shall strike. God owns the instruments as fully as He owns His cause.

The first great reply to Strauss was Neander's *Life of Christ.* It was a constructive work, and not simply negative. It was the first of a long line of defensive writing of the foremost theologians of the century. It would take a good octavo to contain merely the titles of the works that the last forty years have produced in favour of the divine foundations of Christianity. The war has been carried into the enemy's camp, and the leading skeptical writers are more busied just now with defending their own ground than with advances upon the foe. Professor Henry B. Smith has lately shown, in a very conclusive way, that the recent apologetical literature of the Church is able, copious, and aggressive beyond example. There is no question that the most vigorous theologians of the present time are thoroughly orthodox, in whatever country we look for examination. Poor skeptical Heidelberg, rich only in historical and natural associations, has lost her great number of theological students because she has been giving them nothing but "husks that the swine did eat;" while evangelical Leipsic, Halle, and Berlin are thronged with busy seekers of the "bread of life." Young men never really love a negation. Only the truth is beautiful.

The recent activity in missionary labour, in evangelical work at home, in providing modest places of worship for the threadbare and despondent multitude, in humanitarian open-handedness, in paternal love, and in care for the scriptural knowledge of the young, is a sure indication of the new voyage of evangelical Christianity from its old traditional moorings, out upon a broad sea of discovery and possession. The great forces of civilization

are now Christian, and they are becoming more positively so every day. Shall we despond? Shall we think that the world is going back? Real history never repeats itself. It is only the sham that has to do its work over again. Every step which pure faith takes is forward—as surely so as destiny itself. It does not even look back.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

A Rhyme of the Olden Time.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without a fear.
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cherry red the sword,
Priest preacheth pure the holy Word,
Dame Alice worketh embroidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fishes in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut, and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fall to each what may befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castle fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments, and towers,
Fair palaces, and pleasing bowers;
Great work is done, be it here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

THE HIGHER LIFE: "DEAD UNTO SIN, ALIVE UNTO CHRIST."

BY REV. C. H. FOWLER, LL.D.

DEAD is the most absolute term in human speech. It admits of no modification. It has no degrees. When one is dead, that settles all possible relations to worldly matters. There is no going back of this fact. It is final. A man may retain some lingering interest in things in any other state. A man may be sick even beyond the hope of the physicians, and still retain a chance of return. He may be a prisoner in a secluded dungeon, yet, like Richard, he may come out to dominion. He may be deserted by every friend, and wrecked in every virtue; still, while life lasts, there is hope. But when he is dead, *he is dead.* It is impossible to use a stronger term or combination of terms to convey the idea of separation, absolute and unchangeable separation, from the things of this life. When Paul talks about our being *dead unto sin*, he is exhausting the capabilities of human thought to conceive, and of human language to express, the idea of separateness from sin.

Whatever theory we may entertain about our privileges and duties in Christian experience, there can be no doubt that Paul thought that sainthood or Christian life involved a deadness unto sin that extended to every possible relation to it.

"Crucified unto the world" is another expression for deadness unto the world and unto sin. If it is possible for you to have any faculty dead, and yet acting as if it were not dead at the same instant, then it will be possible for you to tone down the devotement demanded by apostolic injunction. Consecration that puts the old nature to the sword, that can truthfully count itself "dead unto sin" and "crucified unto the world," is a divine requirement. Your grandfather is, long ago, crumbled back to dust; what interest has he in the politics or excitement of this life. New railroads may run over his ashes, but he has not the slightest concern. Are you thus dead unto sin? Is your crucifixion unto the world such as to separate you from its habits, desires, strifes, plans, ambitions, prides, and spirit?

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The approach of the Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada furnishes an occasion of looking back and noting the progress of the four years past. Such a retrospect calls forth a feeling of devoutest gratitude to God for the tokens of His approval which have been vouchsafed the operations of our Church. The admirable statistical tables drawn up by the Rev. George Cornish, show in the three Western Conferences 161 ministers on probation, 613 effective, 100 superannuated, 41 supernumerary—a total of 915, being an increase of 210 in the ministerial staff. Deducting 113, belonging to the late N. C. Church, we have a net increase of 97 during the Quadrennial term.

The membership returns show in these three Conferences an increase of 2,053 during the past year, and of 23,275 during the quadrennial term, from which deduct 7,439 belonging to the late N. C. Conference, and we have a net increase in the four years of 18,736.

The returns from the Eastern Conferences have not yet been tabulated nor are the financial returns at all complete. We will present at as early an opportunity as possible a complete abstract of the four years progress.

Notwithstanding the unprecedented hard times, the financial exhibit of each of our funds will show a marked increase. But the demands upon them have also largely increased, especially on the superannuated and missionary funds, so that in those important departments of economy there is a serious deficiency.

The progress of church and parsonage building is beyond all precedent in the history of the Church, both in number, beauty and costliness of these structures.

The increase in circulation of our periodical literature has also been very gratifying Our Sunday-school work especially, in all its departments, is exhibiting unusual prosperity and extension. At the beginning of 1874 the circulation of the *Sunday-School Banner* was 2,650. Since then it has increased one-fourth in size and more than doubled in circulation. We are now printing 5,500 copies per month. The circulation of that highly efficient Sunday-school help the *Berean Leaves*, has also advanced from 22,000 per month, four years ago, to 58,000 per month. The *Sunday-School Advocate* has also shared the general prosperity of our S. S. publications, its circulation in two years having increased 1,723 copies. It has also been greatly improved in character, and the number of the engravings largely increased. The success of this MAGAZINE, has surpassed the expectations of some of its most sanguine friends. It has won warm tributes of commendation from the leading journals of Methodism both in Canada. the United States, and Great Britain. It is admitted to be mechanically the handsomest in the Domion. Of its literary merit it becomes not us to speak. During the past year—notwitstanding the extremely "hard times," its circulation has increased 1,035—a proof of its growing popularity. The increase of our veteran weekly, the *Christian Guardian*, never more full of moral and intellectual power than at present, during the year as reported to the Conferences—the latest dates at hand—is nearly 1,000. These facts and figures are full of encouragment and are an augury of still greater success in the future.

The General Election.

It has been said that there is more politics to the acre in Canada than in any country under the sun. There is, certainly, a very prolific crop at present. The country for the next month will be in a harvest heat of excitement. There is this to be said in its favour, however, that the free, even if somewhat vehement discussion of public questions, is vastly better than stolid apathy or enforced repression. Even the over-bold license of the press is better than having it muzzled as in France, Germany, Russia, and almost every where except among English-speaking people. The great economical question of the day is a more profitable subject of discussion than personal or public scandal, and its criticism on every side is an intellectual education of no mean order. The free examination of political abuses is one means of hastening their removal. Public opinion is the final bar of appeal. The people are the real rulers of the realm; and as their moral convictions are brought to bear upon the politics of the country, the standard of public life will be elevated and political purity will be secured. Watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, the public conscience and the public will must guard the common weal. Governments are only the instruments of the people, and in themselves can neither make nor mar the destinies of the nation. This is the work of the million toilers with the plough and with the axe, with miner's mattock and fisher's net, at the loom and at the forge, in counting-house and store, at the editor's table or teacher's desk, in the pulpit and in the Sunday-school, and, most of all, in the gentle woman's influence of ten thousand happy homes—for here is the leverage of more than Archimedean power to elevate and bless the race, and

> "The hand that rocks the cradle
> Is the hand that rocks the world."

It is a cause of exceeding regret that the nominations, and probably the elections, will take place during the period of holding the General Conference. Many of its lay members take an active part in political life, and the elections will seriously interfere with their convenience. It becomes not us to censure the Government, but the occurrence of the two events at the same time is, to say the least, very unfortunate.

Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne.

Extreme regret is felt throughout the Dominion at the approaching departure from the country of the Governor-General and his esteemed consort. They have won all hearts by the winning courtesy of their manners and left pleasant recollections of their visits to every part of the Dominion from the seagirt peninsula of Nova Scotia to the Pacific Province of British Columbia. Lord Dufferin has demonstrated in a grave crisis in our history, the qualities of a wise constitutional Governor. In his public addresses, he has exhibited the wide vision and clear insight of a statesman combined with the eloquence, the wit, and the brilliant fancy of the poet and orator.

The regret which is felt at the departure of the Earl and Countess of Dufferin is accompanied by gratification that they are to be succeeded in their high place by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. It is felt to be a pledge of the deep interest taken by her Majesty the Queen in the Dominion that she chooses to be represented among her Canadian subjects in the person of her daughter and of her son-in-law. The domestic virtues and amiable character of the Princess, and the cultured taste and statesmanly ability of the Marquis, will command the love and admiration of all Canadian hearts and will knit them still more firmly to the throne. Her Majesty's sympathy with our country is also manifested by the noble gift of £10,000 sterling for the construction

of the "Kent Gate," in the proposed Dufferin improvements at Quebec, a worthy commemoration of her father, the Duke of Kent, Commander of the Forces in that city in 1794. These improvements when completed will be a lasting memorial of our generous-hearted Governor-General by whom they were projected.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

We had the pleasure last month of visiting this popular summer resort, being under engagement to lecture at the Scientific Conference. The sail down among the Thousand Islands is delightful. The Camp-meeting Association owns 1,500 acres of undulating forest and meadow and winding rocky shore. Much of this is laid out in avenues, with numerous tasteful cottages or snowy tents gleaming among the trees. A large and well-served dining hall will accommodate four hundred persons at once, and the large auditorium, under canvas, will seat an audience of, we should judge, over a thousand. We know no more delightful change and recreation than a visit to some of the numerous and interesting conventions at the Park. Jaded brain and weary muscle will be rested and invigorated, while the mind will be instructed, and a store of pleasant memories will be laid up for future rumination.

One of the most charming features of these international gatherings is the pleasant intercourse into which it brings us with our American cousins. Nothing can surpass the exceeding kindness and courtesy with which Canadian visitors are welcomed to this lovely island, consecrated to religious worship and efforts for social and moral reforms. If we cannot have commercial reciprocity between the two countries, we can at least have the reciprocity of Christian fellowship and kindly intercourse,—an exchange which makes us mutually richer, and to which not even the most rigid "protectionist" would object.

No one visiting the Park should fail, if possible, to sail around Well's Island in the little steamer, *Cayuga*. It is a most delightful experience to thread the mazy channel of these northern cyclades—as fair, we think, as any of the soft Ægean sea. Many of these Islands are graced with picturesque cottages, nestling among the trees, or crowning some rocky height. "Bonnycastle," the handsome residence of Dr. Holland, the accomplished editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, is especially attractive. Great hotels cluster at Alexandra Bay, but the greater quiet and economy of the Park will suit most tastes and persons better.

We took advantage of our proximity to Trenton Falls, recently depicted in this Magazine, to make them a visit. The distance is less than a hundred miles, and the run is made in about four hours. We had heard much of the Falls, but their beauty surpassed our highest expectation. The West Canada Creek, a stream of large volume, flows through a canyon two and a-half miles long and from 60 to 150 feet deep—in places, probably more. In this distance it descends 497 feet in six successive falls, with rapids. The beauty and sublimity of towering tree-crowned cliff, and of gleaming water, now flashing in snowy foam, now seemingly black as ink in the dark shadows, and the intense greenness of the spray-drenched foliage, make up a picture of surpassing loveliness. The delicate ferns clinging to the dripping rock, the blue-eyed wind-flowers swinging in the breeze, the shimmering aspens and the dark spruces climbing and clinging on the front of the precipice, were a perpetual delight. In the sunlight the amber-coloured waters gleam like a topaz or like liquid amber. The beauty of the Alhambra Falls and Rocky Heart held us as by glittering spell. The floods lift up their voice and chant their mighty song of praise for evermore. As viewed from above, the deep dark

stream looks like the river of an underworld — a gloomy Styx or Acheron—yet of weird and wondrous beauty.

Death of the Rev. Asahel Hurlburt.

It was with a sense of personal bereavement that all who knew the late Rev. Asahel Hurlburt must have heard of his sudden death. We think we never knew a man who lived more in the confidence and affection, not merely of brethren of his own age, but also of the younger generation who were succeeding them. He was in character and disposition one of the most genial and simple-minded of men. He kept his heart young and his sympathies with all that was liberal and progressive, alive and warm. He was like one of our unfading forest trees,

> "Green, not alone in summer time,
> But in the winter's frost and rime."

He was all his life a man of thought and study, of extensive and varied reading, and kept abreast of the scientific thought of the age. The utterances of few men possessed more weight and influence in the councils of his Church. His judgment was sound, his views broad, his spirit gentle and kind. But, above all, his piety was deep and earnest with a sweet mellowness that diffused a fine spiritual aroma, as it were, around him. He reminded us of the testimony given of Nathaniel—"An Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." We hope soon to present from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Williams, who knew him well and loved him much, a fitting memorial of our departed brother; but we could not refrain from paying this passing tribute to the memory of one whom we so greatly revered.

We regret to hear, as we go to press, of the death of the Rev. Conrad Vandusen, one of the oldest ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada. His health for some time had been feeble and on the evening of Sunday the 19th ult., he passed away in peace. Bro. Vandusen was the author of a work on Practical Theology, and of several others which had a considerable circulation.

England's Eastern Policy.

Public opinion in Great Britain is strangely divided on this subject. Some of the leading journals warmly eulogize it, others as strongly condemn it. We give brief extracts of both descriptions, that our readers may see for themselves the opposite views which are held upon this important subject:

The nature of the reception given by the English people to the Defensive Treaty concluded between Great Britain and Turkey is, according to the *Standard*, already placed beyond doubt. The Treaty has a patriotic and practical aspect; and it satisfies at one and the same time Imperial sentiment and Imperial interests. It reasserts the claim of England to be a great Asiatic power, and it provides substantial guarantees for the future peace and stability of the empire. That it should be received with annoyance and animosity by the strange minority of the English people who consider prestige as immoral, and whose central political idea almost seems to be that England should rid itself of India, beseech its colonies to take up their freedom and go, and should henceforth devote its attention exclusively to burials bills and the reduction of taxation, was only natural. But the complaints proceeding from that quarter will only serve to convince the nation yet more firmly that Lord Beaconsfield's Government has sustained the name of this country, and has vindicated the interests which its traditional enemies have laboured, at so bootless a cost, to imperil. Abroad, the appropriate boldness of the policy of the Crown is either handsomely or angrily acknowledged.

The *Spectator* cannot believe that the English people yet understand

the magnitude of the responsibility which her Majesty's Government, by the Secret Treaty of June 4th, have accepted on their behalf. It is nothing less than the duty of protecting, controlling, and in the last resort, administering the whole of Asiatic Turkey—that is, of an empire larger than Austria, France, and Spain, taken together. England must be prepared to maintain at least 30,000 extra soldiers, besides double that number of Indian auxiliaries, to keep an additional fleet cruising in Mediterranean waters, and to undertake obligations which, on the most careful calculation, cannot be discharged for less, at first, than ten millions a year. England will be compelled to administer Asiatic Turkey, replace the pashas by English governors, guarantee the people by English collectors and English magistrates, and directly rule and administer from Constantinople eastward to the border of Siam, governing, protecting, and taxing the whole of the Western Asiatic world, all the countries on the Eastern border of the Mediterranean, on the Southern border of the Black Sea, and in the Valley of the Euphrates, all India, and as much of Indo-China as is drained by the Burampooter and the Irrawaddy. Their financial liabilities will be such as even the chiefs of an English Treasury may witness with dismay. There never yet was such a task undertaken by a people, least of all by a people already satiated with territory, already overburdened with possessions and responsibilities, already compelled to call to its aid the aid of mercenary swordsmen of other races, other creeds, other languages, other objects than its own.

American Opinion of the Treaty.

The natural love and pride, says the *San Francisco News Letter*, with which all true Britons are accustomed to regard their country must, at this time, be increased tenfold; and at the present position of England her sons may well exult, for she stands paramount in the councils of Europe, her foe is humiliated before her, her victory is complete. A diplomatic victory, truly, inasmuch as it is bloodless; but not a diplomatic victory in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, especially when applied to continental politics. It has not been by trickery or overreaching her neighbours that England has bent Russia, or rather Europe, to her will; but by frankly and openly announcing her demands, and then rigidly adhering to them. No fair man, no matter how bitter his prejudice against the mother country may be, can deny this fact: that from the moment when England first raised her voice on the Eastern Question down to this day, not one hair's-breadth has she swerved from her original attitude. Covert threats, open sneers, reported hostile alliances, never caused her to lose faith in herself for an instant. She took her ground and kept it; she asked no more than she was determined to have; she made no boast of what she would do, but prepared to *do* it, on a scale that astonished the world. This is the nature of England's diplomatic victory, and not one of the innumerable triumphs that she has waded chin deep in blood to win, has redounded more to her imperishable honour. They may prate as they please about her selfishness in no aiding the Turk at the outset—they would have execrated her as the ally of the infidel if she had—but who is it now that keeps the Turkish Empire from utter annihilation and gives to the Sultan a mountain barrier, without which his dominions would be at the mercy of the Czar? Russia vehemently opposed the fortification of the Balkan passes by the Turks, and thereby showed her future designs; the other powers were lukewarm and indifferent on the subject; but England was resolute, and, as far as Russia is concerned, Turkey was made safe for another hundred years. Of course it will be said that

this is all "selfishness" on the part of Great Britain. Be it so—England has made no secret of the fact that her own interests are her chief concern—but the the result is all the same to the advantage of regenerating Turkey. Indeed, it may be doubted whether that country will not be better off after the Congress than she was before the war. She has shown her own great valour and wonderful resources; she has seen her arch-enemy baffled and weakened, not only materially but in prestige; she has gained a constitutional form of government, has made many radical reforms in her administration of law and justice, and has learned an invaluable lesson. With these advantages, with the troublesome burden of her semi-independent provinces shaken off, with the granite girdle of the Balkans defending her northern frontier, and with her future position assured by a solemn compact of the Powers, it will be strange if rotten old Turkey does not grow sound and young again, and take a place among the nations of the earth of which she need not be ashamed.

Boat-Racing.

We regard with serious apprehension the popular craze on this subject which has infected the community, and especially the betting mania with which it is accompanied. We think we are not narrow or bigoted. We can admire physical endurance for any rational object. We like out-of-door enjoyment, and rowing is a grand exercise when taken in a safe boat in a social manner. But we deprecate the rush and crush of thousands of people, from near and far, to witness a race of favourite champions in frail shells, accompanied as such contests almost invariably are, with gambling, drinking, swearing, and riotous conduct. At Brockville the sanctity of the Sabbath was most outrageously profaned, and the scene on the Kennebecasis was a disgrace to our Christian civilization. Day after day a mob of idle, drunken rowdies, terrorized over the more peaceably disposed spectators till, as was minutely reported, almost every other man of them had a broken nose and bloody shirt—their turbulence culminating in a murderous attack on the house where the "champion" lodged. Column after column of such reports are telegraphed at great expense to the papers and eagerly read. In street and store, in the parlour and, especially, at the bar, the weight and inches of the champion, what he eats and drinks, and the number of strokes he rows per minute are discussed with a warmth becoming their momentous interest. The conquering here is welcomed with *Io pæans* of victory,—with torches, music, and toasts as if he were at least a Beaconsfield bringing "peace with honour" from a Council of the nations. Fair enthusiasts wear the colours of the favourite, who has the honour to give his name to ladies' scarfs and ribbons, and his picture, in sporting costume, occupies an honoured place in their albums. It makes one think of the blue and green factions of the Byzantine Hippodrome. An American satirist gives a cartoon of the victorious Columbia crew as a group of athletes with abnormally developed muscles and diminutive bullet heads, upon whom the nobler busts of Webster, Washington, and the intellectual giants of a former age look down with disdain.

There is a serious side to this question. A London Recorder spoke from the Bench the other day, of the great increase in crimes of fraud, and embezzlement among young men in order to pay their sporting bills. The immorality of the thing is the winning of money for which no equivalent is given. Society is in danger of being honey-combed with this evil. Already a sporting community exists, in the old world and the new, which manipulates these contests, so as to line their own pockets,

exacting toll of the railways and hotels, which thrive by the crush of spectators which they bring. Your professional "sport," with his vulgar slang, his flash jewellery, his strange oaths—the creature who haunts the German gambling spas, the British turf, the Bowery saloons of New York—is a loathsome object, and we hope never to see him naturalized in Canada.

We have been unable to prepare for this month, through pressure of other work, our usual sketch of Missionary heroism. The subject of the next sketch—Thomas Coke, the Father of Methodist Missions—is based upon Etheridge's voluminous Life, which demands a good deal of time for its careful reading. We are grateful to find some of these sketches reprinted in the English *New Connexion Magazine*. The series, when completed, will be republished in cheap form as a contribution to a native Sunday-school literature. Our Canadian story—"The King's Messenger"—which has been received with unexpected favour, will also be republished for separate circulation.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

Wesleyan Conference, England.

This parent Conference met in Bradford. The Rev. J. H. Rigg, D.D., was elected to the Presidency by the largest vote ever recorded. His inaugural was brief, but comprehensive. He has long been one of the foremost men of the Body, and will worthily occupy the chair which has been filled by many distinguished men.

The Fernley Lecture was delivered by the Rev. G. W. Olver, B.A., on "Life and Death." The church was crowded. The Lecture is greatly eulogised by the press, and occupied two hours and a-half in delivery.

There were five vacancies in the Legal Hundred, which were supplied by Revs. H. J. Piggott, H. M. Harvard, Dr. Lyth, J. P Lockwood, and G. S. Rowe, all of whom fitly acknowledged the honour thus conferred upon them.

One hundred and twenty-three candidates for the ministry had been accepted by the Committee of Examination. Beside these, twenty-three were rejected. The Conference Public Examination was conducted in three different churches.

The death-roll is unusually large, no less than forty ministers having been called from labour to rest; one of whom, Rev. Peter C. Horton, died at the Conference, just after he had given a testimony in honour of a deceased colleague.

An unusually large number of ministers retire this year from the active work, some of whom have performed effective service in the foreign work. The Revs. J. Hargreaves, T. Hodson, H. Bleby, and M. B. Bird, are names with which the readers of missionary intelligence have long been familiar.

The Rev. J. Rattenbury has succeeded in collecting £95,000 as an additional endowment for the Auxiliary Fund. As this is the year when the Mixed Conference of ministers and laymen is to be inaugurated, it has been suggested that the laity of the Conference should give £5,000 more, and so complete an endowment of £100,000.

There is a net decrease in the membership of 1,413, but the number of deaths is 5,487. Eight districts reported a decrease of more than one hundred members. The conversation which took place on this subject was very searching. It seemed to be universally conceded that there was no cause for despondency, for every other department gave evidence of prosperity. Cornwall District, which reported the largest decrease, is seriously depressed, commercially, hundreds having left the country in search of employment; and the number of members in proportion to the ministerial staff is much greater than in other districts: consequently, there cannot be that pastoral oversight which is so desirable.

Deputations from other Churches.—The Irish Conference and the Conference in France sent duly appointed delegates, who addressed the Conference. For the first time, a delegation was present from the Primitive Methodist Conference, which consisted of Revs. Dr. W. Antliff, T. Smith, and W. Beckwith, Esq. The Nonconformists of the town presented a well-written address, which was accompanied by a speech from Rev. Dr. Fairbairn. Bishop Bowman and Chancellor Haven, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Rev. Dr. Clarke from the South, who is visiting England in the interests of the "Wesley Memorial Church," Savannah, Georgia, all addressed the "open Conference." Chancellor Haven, especially, advocated the holding of a Methodist Œcumenical Conference, and the Conference appointed a committee to consider the subject and report at the Conference of 1879, which is to meet at Birmingham.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, IRELAND.

This Conference was held in the City of Dublin. The Revs. Dr. Pope, President; A. McAulay, W. Arthur, Dr. Rigg, and Dr. Punshon, were present from England; also, Bishop Bowman and Chancellor Haven from the United States.

The Rev. W. Applebe took the degree of D.D. in Trinity College, and preached a sermon in Latin and another in English, prior to the conferring of the degree. He is the first member of the Methodist Conference who has received such an honour from Trinity College, which is now open to all denominations.

Only four young men had finished their probation and were received into full connexion and ordained.

Much discussion had taken place during former years respecting the wine that should be used at the Lord's Supper. The Conference now resolved that the purest native wine that can be obtained shall be used, and where there are those who conscientiously object to this, special provision shall be made to meet their views, so that nothing shall be wanting on the part of the Conference to promote harmony on this question.

A Sunday-school Convention was held in connection with the Conference, at which some valuable papers were read and a model lesson was taught.

On the Sabbath, all the City churches were crowded, and some open-air meetings were held for the accommodation of those who could not gain admittance to the churches. Dr. Punshon preached in Concert Hall, when it was estimated that more than four thousand persons were present.

The Mixed Conference of laymen and ministers was held for the first time, and gave great satisfaction. The union between the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist Churches was consummated, to be known in future as the Methodist Church in Ireland — a grand consummation, which, it is to be hoped, will give increasing impetus to the evangelization of that country.

ITEMS.

—The General Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society recommend the Conference to associate

laymen with ministers as Missionary Deputations.

—Wesleyan University, Connecticut, has sent nearly six hundred men into the Methodist Ministry, and over one thousand two hundred instructors into the colleges of the country.

—A great loss has been sustained in the removal by death of Mr. E. T. Eyton, who, during the last thirty-three years, has contributed not less than $140,000 to the funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

—A conference of Protestant missionaries recently met in Tokio, Japan, to take measures for securing a translation of the entire Bible into the Japanese language. The version of the New Testament will be completed in 1879. Arrangements were made for the translation of the Old Testament.

—The leavening power of the Gospel is finely illustrated in the case of Mexico. It is but a few years since the first Protestant missionary went there, and now nine Protestant denominations have missions in Mexico, employing in the aggregate ninety-eight missionaries. There are one hundred and thirty-seven congregations and twelve hundred members

—A Bible-reading community of eighty souls has been found in the town of Corato, in the Neapolitan province of Italy. It is the outgrowth of the present of a single Bible, in 1860, to an image-maker of the place, who, being converted by its perusal, added the work of Bible distribution to his own trade A severe persecution has been aroused, and one old man says, "We are all determined to follow Jesus; we may be persecuted, but God will not forsake us."

—From the Thirty-ninth Report of the Mysore Wesleyan Missions we gather the following pleasing facts: Eleven European missionaries are engaged in the work, and they are aided by three native ministers and eighteen catechists. The girls' schools and orphanages contain one thousand six hundred and twenty scholars, who are chiefly taught by missionaries' wives; and three hundred orphans have come under the care of the Society through the late terrible famine.

—The Rev. W. Taylor, of California, has made a tour of the South American Republics, and spent some time in Bolivia, Peru, and Chili. He has gathered together a number of missionaries and teachers from various seats of learning, and despatched them to those places, where they have agreed to labour for a term of years in preaching the Gospel and establishing schools. Mr. Taylor makes himself responsible for their support. Among them are graduates of Boston University, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Baldwin University, Ohio.

—What missions have done for the South Sea Islands may be seen from the following well-authenticated facts:—One whole race, the Malayo-Polynesian, has, to a great extent become Christian. Heathenism, as generally understood, has not only disappeared from Samoa, but also from most of the islands in Eastern and Central Polynesia. The youth of those islands have never seen an idol. except as a strange curiosity. The number of Church members is about forty thousand, besides a population of nominal Christians of between two and three hundred thousand.

—An interesting episode in connection with the late Œcumenical Council of Bishops took place in Westminster Abbey. Colonial and American bishops, and bishops from elsewhere, have occupied the pulpit of St. Pauls during the last few weeks; but on that day the native bishop of he Island of Hayti preached in the ancient Abbey. This is the first time that a coloured *episcopus* has had this honour. The swarthy divine preached an excellent Gospel-sermon in yet more excellent English, and his cogent arguments in favour of missionary enterprise were listened to with profound attention.

BOOK NOTICES.

Members one of Another. A sermon preached before the Theological Union of Victoria College, by the Rev. S. S. NELLES, D.D. ; and *The Genesis, Nature and Results of Sin*, a lecture before the same body, by the Rev. N. BURWASH, S.T.D. Methodist Book-Room.

We are glad that the Theological Department of Victoria College has organized this Union, and hail with pleasure this initial pamphlet—the percursor, we trust, of a long series of simila. able treatises upon important subjects of Christian belief and practice. Dr. Nelles' sermon is in his happiest vein, full of wise philosophy, fervid with religious feeling, sparkling with happy illustrations, and rich gems of thought. The reading of such a discourse as this inspires a feeling of regret that other engrossing duties prevent one who can so clothe noble thoughts in noble words from more frequently conferring upon the Church, and the public at large, the benefit of their printed publication. We take the liberty of reproducing the opening paragraphs of this sermon, both for the genial spirit which they breathe and in the confidence that many of our readers will send for the pamphlet that they may possess the whole.

"The human frame is frequently employed in the Holy Scriptures to illustrate spiritual truths. It is used especially to depict the relations subsisting between Christ and His Church, and also the mutual dependence subsisting between the various members and offices of the Church. I purpose this morning to employ the same figure to explain and illustrate the great law of interdependence and reciprocity which obtains in the world of thought; to follow the principle in its intellectual or educational bearings, and thus to draw forth some lessons adapted to the occasion which draws us together.

"Educated men and uneducated are members one of another. The men who toil with the brain and the men who toil with the hand are in co-partnership, bound together by the closest ties of reciprocal help and obligation. This is sometimes forgotten by men of culture, especially by men of narrow or ungenerous types of culture. They have a knowledge that puffeth up, but not the charity that buildeth up. They become infected with the haughty spirit of exclusiveness, the coldness and the pride of a spurious refinement. They are of finer clay than the common humanity. They are of the head and have no need of the feet. Young men fresh from College are sometimes tainted with the disease, and venture even to look scornfully upon the homely garb and homely ways of the very father and mother by whose tender love and sore self-denials they have secured the slight elevation from which they affect to look down upon the rock from whence they were hewn. And in other walks and phases of intellectualism the same miserable vanity may be detected. But his enlightenment has not advanced very far who has not yet learned that without the mechanic and the farmer there could be no scholarship or philosophy. If there was no shoemaker, the scholar must needs make his own shoes; if there were no carpenter, the scholar must needs build his own house; if there were no miller or baker, the scholar must needs grind his own corn and bake his own bread; the result of all which must be, poorer bread, poorer houses, poorer shoes, and also poorer scholarship, if, indeed, any scholarship at all. When it is said the king himself is served by the field, this means the king of thought as well. The crown upon the brow of the scholar may be luminous with the light of heaven, but the gems

with which it is set have been dug from the rugged rocks of earth. The sceptre he wields was hewn from the mountain side by the rude hands of toil. The steps by which he ascends to his throne of power repose upon the shoulders of the common and unlettered humanity below. Learning means leisure, leisure means capital, and capital means labour. The scholars exemption from manual toil is a purchased exemption — purchased by the vicarious drudgery and mental poverty of many generations of men. This a truth open enough to reflection, but the penetrating sense of it comes only through that divine religion which not merely teaches but creates the spirit of brotherhood among men. It is one of many examples to show how dependent the perceptions of the intellect often are upon the affections. The philosopher may indeed discover his obligations to the peasant, but the Gospel alone will infuse into all the walks of literature and science that sweet and tender sympathy which reveals itself to the world in the manger and the cross. If, therefore, my young friends, any of you in preparation for the Christian ministry are aiming for scholarly attainments, as I rejoice to know you are, then I beseech you cultivate this sense of oneness with all humanity, however removed it may be from you in learning and refinement. If you find at any time a man whose hands are hardened by toil, whose feet are laden with the thick clay of the field, and whose air and gait betoken the severities of his homely lot, then, with a quick and tender cordiality, lay your soft white hand in his, letting him feel how mindful you are of him as a brother in the common work of human advancement; as a brother, too, through whose vicarious exclusion you have found admission within the temple of science and letters."

We have only space to say of Dr. Burwash's admirable lecture, that it is just what might be expected as the outcome of his ripe thought, wide culture, clear theological views, and keen faculty of mental analysis.

A History of England in the Eighteenth Century. By W. E. H. LECKY. 2 vols., cr., 8vo., pp. 626-699. New York: Appleton & Co.; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. $5.

This is one of the most notable books which has been published for several years, and is unquestionably the best history of England since Macaulay's, although covering a different period. Mr. Lecky, in his previous History of Rationalism and History of European Morals, demonstrated his possession of a fascinating literary style, and of philosophic insight into the causes of events and of the "historic imagination" without which history is but a skeleton of dry bones without life. The present volumes are marked by the same careful accuracy, the same firm grasp of principles, and the same quick apprehension of hidden causes—like that of the geologist who from the contour of the landscape divines the hidden trend of its strata, and the agencies which have produced the existing results. The literary style fits the subject as admirably as a well-shaped glove the hand—smooth and flexible—following without wrinkle every movement and action. This is a history not merely of wars and treaties, but of the social, moral, and intellectual progress of the people. It shows how the England of to-day came out of the loins of the England of the past. The account of the colonies, of Scotland and Ireland, of the conquest of India and Canada, of social legislation and reform, and of the state of morals and religion are full of instruction and wise philosophy. One hundred and thirty of those closely printed pages are devoted to the religious revival under the Wesleys and Whitefield—a subject which the author treats with an unexpected appreciation and sympathy,

when we think of his rationalistic standpoint. Lord Mahon in his History of the Reign of George II., also devotes, if we remember rightly, as large a space to the same subject. In fact, it is the most important factor in the domestic history of England during the last century. We can realize the grandeur of that revival only by learning the appalling spiritual deadness and political and social corruption out of which it raised the nation. We purpose, by the aid of these volumes, to give in a couple of papers an account of the England of a hundred years ago.

A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, including a History of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and Manitoba. By W. H. WITHROW, M.A., with six steel portraits, maps, and over one hundred wood engravings, large 8vo., over 600 pages. B. B. Russell, Boston; Clough & Townsend, Toronto; Cloth, $3 50; Morocco, $4 50.

The preparation of this book has been the cherished purpose of many years, during several of which it has occcupied almost every leisure hour that could be snatched from engrossing duties.

The author's smaller School History has received the commendation of Sir Francis Hincks and of leading journals of both parties for its strict impartiality. The same object has been aimed at in the larger volume, especially in treading upon the delicate ground of recent political events.

Copious use has been made of the existing sources of information, embracing original documents in French and English, Parliamentary Reports, newspaper files, representing the views of all political parties and many printed volumes.

The book is published by the old established Methodist House of B. B. Russell, Cornhill, Boston. It is printed and bound by Albert J. Wright, for many years, State Printer to the Commonwealth, of Masachussetts—a guarantee of its mechanical excellence. Its manufacture in Boston has given special advantages in the way of steel, wood, and map engraving. The book is dedicated, by gracious permission, to His Excellency, the Earl of Dufferin, of whom it contains an excellent steel portrait, as also of Her Majesty the Queen, and four other steel engravings. It contains also a folding coloured map of the Dominion and over one hundred wood cuts of prominent places and persons, including the leading public men, down to the new Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne. Much attention is given to the social and educational progress of the country: to the last a special chapter is devoted.

The author has endeavoured to describe, in as full detail as possible, the blended romance, and chivalry of the early years of his native country; the heroic valour of its wars of self-defence against a powerful foe; the gradual development of those principles of constitutional liberty and responsible government which the English-speaking race has everywhere acquired for itself; the important events leading to and following the Confederation of the British North American Provinces, the grand expansion of its territory and growth of its power in the recent past; and the boundless possibilities of its future. The very interesting history of the Maritime Provinces as well as that of the newer Provinces of the North-west and of the Pacific Coast has also been given as fully as possible. Of the way in which the work has been done, it becomes not us to speak. In the hope that the book will promote an intelligent patriotism in its readers and better prepare them for the duties of citizenship, it is committed to their indulgent notice. If it shall kindle in the hearts 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 in-

heritance they have received from 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 reecord of a noble Christian nation, this book shall not have been written in vain.

Baptisma: A Threefold Testimony: Water-Baptism, Spirit-Baptism, and the Baptism of Fire. By the Rev. JOHN LATHERN. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo., pp. 267. Halifax: A. W. Nicholson

Open Letters on Baptism. By DUNCAN D. CURRIE, of the Methodist Church of Canada. With appendix by the Editor of the *Wesleyan*. 8vo., pp. 52. Halifax: A. W. Nicholson.

Religious controversy is not an agreeable, but it is sometimes a necessary, duty. In the discharge of that duty both of these books had their origin. Our brethren in the Maritime Provinces were compelled in self-defence, to give a reason for their belief and practice in the matter of Christian baptism. Our Baptist friends are sometimes very fond of polemics and of unduly asserting the peculiar feature of their creed as though it were the be-all and and the end-all of Christian duty. Into no better hands could the task of defending the polity of the Methodist Church in this respect—which is the polity of nine-tenths of the Churches in Christendom—fall than into those of the authors of these wonderful books. They have all previously earned a good degree for their service in the defence of the truth, and have now enhanced that reputation. Brother Lathern treats the subject most fully. He exhibits in its treatment wide range of research and careful accuracy of scholarship. His conclusions are clear and definite and, we judge, irrefragable. There is an eloquence and elevation of style which makes his book much more attractive and edifying reading than works on controversy often are. He does us the honour to quote with approval from our volume on the "Catacombs," the records of the earliest art treatment of the subject of baptism in the Primitive Church.

Brother Currie's "Open Letters," grapple with vigour with this important question, and he clinches his conclusions with a relentless logic of iron strength and firmness. The philological argument is used in both these books with great learning, skill, and effectiveness. Brother Nicholson closes the controversy with a few paragraphs of scathing and well-merited rebuke of the unchristian intolerance and bigotry of the self-appointed champions of certain harsh, exclusive, and unscriptural views on this sacred ordinance, which is the inheritance of all Christendom and not merely of an isolated sect.

These books may be ordered through any minister, or from any of the Book-Rooms of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Science and Theology, Ancient and Modern. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE; and *An Agnostic's Apology*, by LESLIE STEPHEN. pp. 63. Rose-Belford Publishing Co.: TORONTO.

Mr. Froude is always a clear strong, luminous writer, whether you agree with him or not. The gist of the present pamphlet is that Lucretius anticipated many of the modern objections to a belief in God and the future life, nearly two thousand years ago. That, however, does not improve the skeptics of today. Mr. Stephen's Apology is marred by a cynicism of tone and a mode of negative and pessimist criticism that makes it, to us at least, very unsatisfactory reading. It is about as inspiring as filling oneself with the east wind.

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

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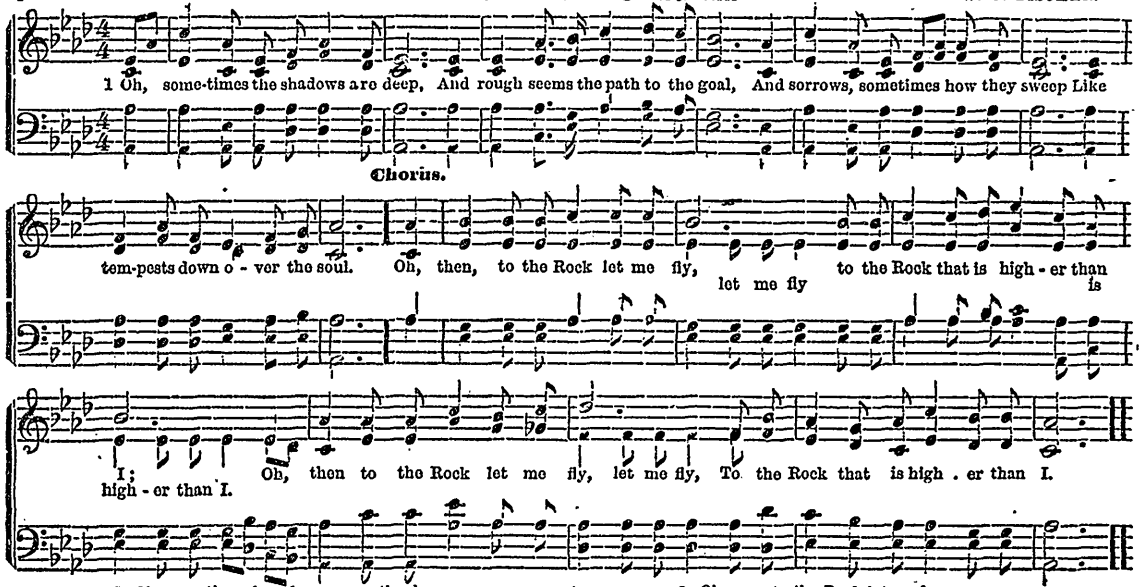
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

W. G. FISCHER.



2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale:
Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

From "THE WAVE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG." Samuel Rose, Publisher.