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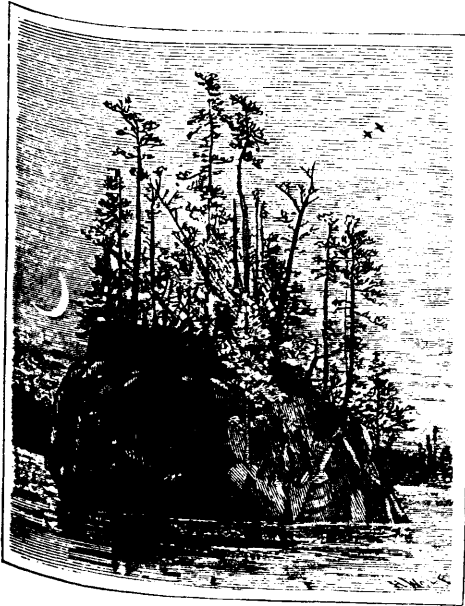


ARCH STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, U. S.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1879.

## THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



LONELY ISLAND.

Falls and Whirlpool of Niagara, to the varied charm of Owl's Head and Memphremagog, to the stern and savage Saguenay, and, above all, to the fairy loveliness of the Thousand Isles.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands begins immediately below Kingston, and stretches down the River St. Lawrence for nearly fifty miles, varying from six to twelve miles in breadth. This area is profusely strewn with islands of all sizes, from the little

It is sometimes affirmed that Canada is deficient in fine natural scenery. Without going so far as the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains, with their sublime magnificence of fiord and cliff, and lofty cloud-piercing summit, it would be a sufficient refutation of the unpatriotic sneer to point to the grandeur of Thunder Cape and Nipigon, to the beauty of our inland lakes, to the majesty of the

rock just giving precarious foothold to a few wild flowers, to islands miles in extent, stretching in broad farms and waving with tall and stately forests. Passing Forts Henry and Frederick, the grim guardians of the old Limestone City, we enter the lovely Archipelago of the St. Lawrence,—“nature’s carnival of isles.”

This beautiful lake of islands, fair as the sunny Cyclades of the Ægean Sea, as if so much beauty should not be monopolized by any one nation, belongs, in part, to the Dominion of Canada,



INLET TO LAKE OF WELLS ISLAND.

and in part to the United States of America. Indeed, the Thousand Island Park, on Well's Island, possesses a thoroughly international character. Its directorate is composed of members from both countries, and many of the park lots are held by Canadian owners, and the island is yearly visited by hundreds, probably thousands, of Canadian visitors. Indeed, one of the chief charms of the visit is the exchange of international courtesies and compliments for which it affords the scope. No welcome can be warmer or more hospitable than that which Canadians receive from their American cousins.

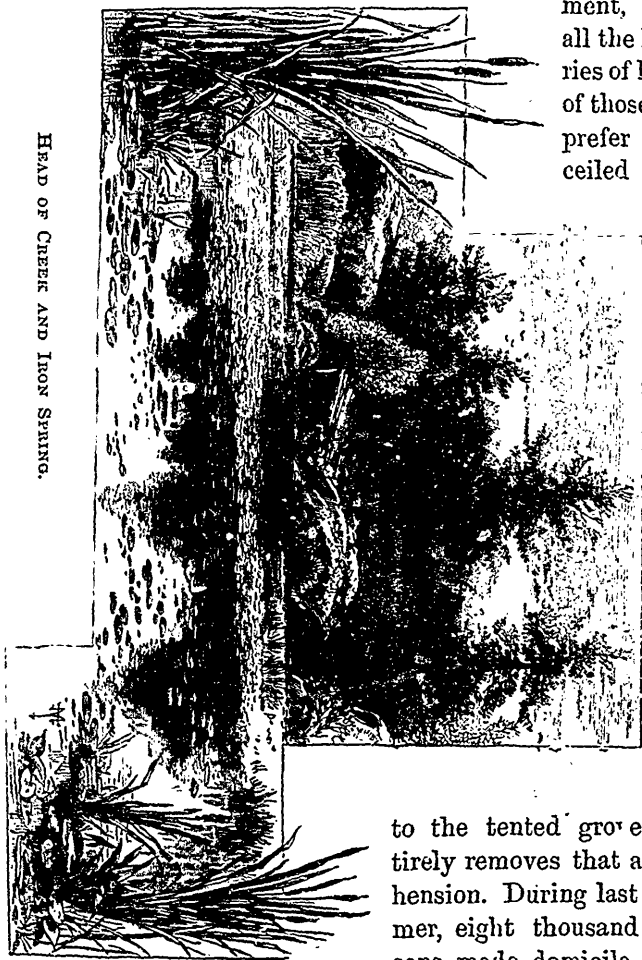
Many Canadians, however, especially those having invalids

longer  
with  
far-sun  
spent  
gentle

under their care, have been deterred from sojourning among the lovely scenes of these summer isles of beauty, under the apprehension that the tent-life of the islands, or the summer boarding-houses of the park, do not afford the home comforts that they desire. The ample provision made at Alexandria Bay, in the very heart and centre of this island world, for the entertain-

ment, with all the luxuries of home, of those who prefer the ceiled roof

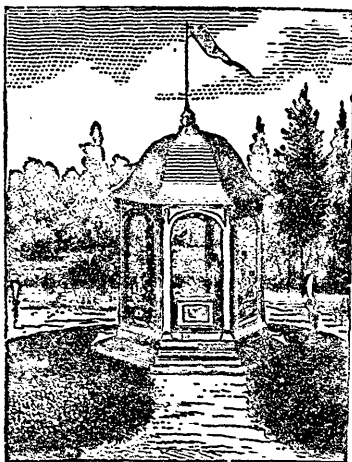
HEAD OF CREEK AND IRON SPRING.



to the tented grove, entirely removes that apprehension. During last summer, eight thousand persons made domicile, for a

longer or shorter period, at the huge Thousand Island House, with its rooms for seven hundred guests, and carried to their far-sundered homes sunny memories of golden summer days spent among these fairy isles, and of the delights of the angler's gentle art.

In the old Indian days, this beautiful extent of the river, widening almost to a lake and crowded with a perfect maze of islands, went by the name of Manatoana, or Garden of the Great Spirit; and, indeed, in the time of Nature's undisputed empire, when the larger islands were covered with thick growths of pine, hemlock, white birch, and maple; when the wild deer swam from woody islet to woody islet, and each little lily-padded bay, nestling in among the hills and bluffs of the islands, teemed with water-fowl undisturbed by the report of a gun, it was worthy, to the semi-poetical mind of the Indian, to be an abode of Him who created all nature, and who had made this lovely region as an especial dwelling-place for Himself. But, notwithstanding the multitudes of summer visitors, the Thousand Islands are not in the least tintured with the air of an ordinary watering-place, nor are they likely to become so. There are hundreds of places, rugged and solitary,—little bays, almost land-locked, where the resinous odours of hemlock and pine fill the air, and the whispers of nature's unseen life serve but to make the solitude more perceptible. Such



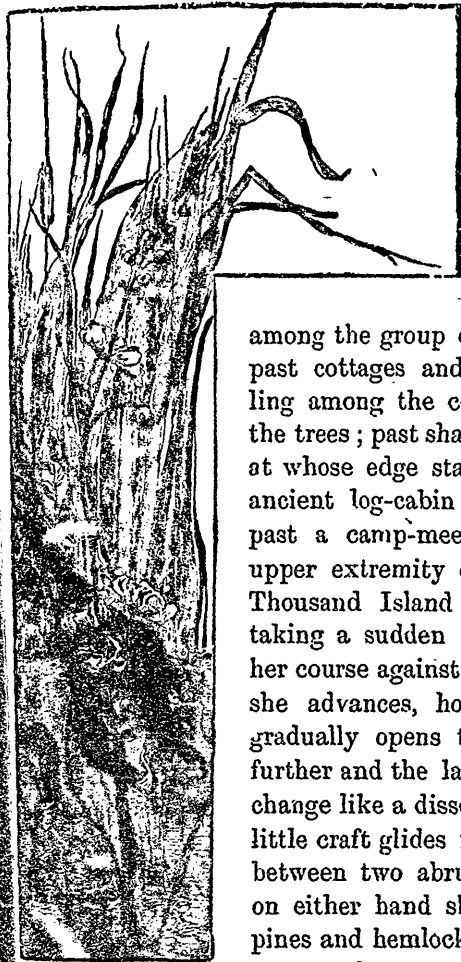
MINERAL SPRING.

scenes occur in a beautiful sheet of water called the Lake of the Isle, lying placidly and balmily in the lap of the piney hills of Wells Island, reflecting their rugged crests in its glassy surface, dotted here and there by tiny islands.

Near the Thousand Island House is a spring of mineral water strongly tintured with iron, clear as a diamond of the first water and cold as ice, and very beneficial for many diseases. A little creek, a perfect conservatory of aquatic and amphibious plants, winding in and out with many abrupt turns, leads to within a few paces of it. On either side of the open water of its channel is an almost tropical tangle and profusion of vegetation; water-lilies, white as driven snow, with hearts of gold, reposing on their glossy, cool green pads; yellow-docks, arrow,

heads with purple clusters of tiny flowers, giant bulrushes, cat-tails, and ferns,—all in a bewildering tangle of verdure, at times almost impassable. Here the tasteful kiosk, shown in the cut, has been erected for the comfort of the guests of the hotel.

Perhaps one of the best and easiest ways of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the various views, some of them



FLOWERS FROM IRON SPRING.

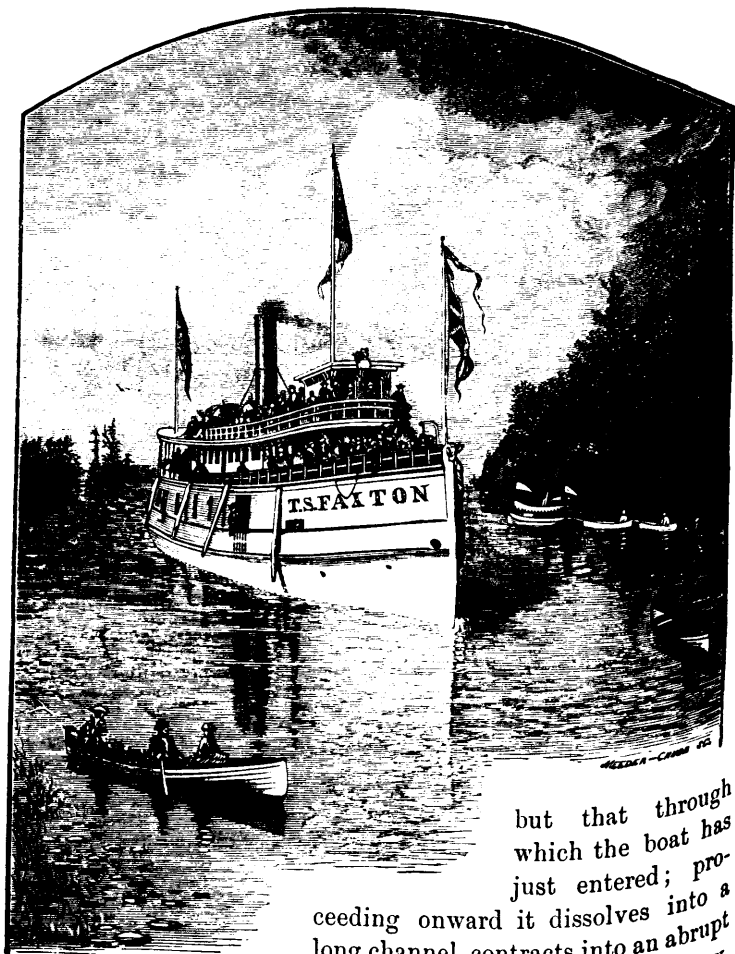
extremely beautiful, that the islands present, is by means of the little steam-yacht, "Cygnet," which runs in daily trips around Wells Island. Starting from Alexandria Bay, she

steams up the river

among the group of islands lying there, past cottages and camping-tents nestling among the cool green shadows of the trees; past shallow lily-padded bays, at whose edge stands, sentinel-like, an ancient log-cabin or dilapidated barn; past a camp-meeting ground at the upper extremity of Wells Island, the Thousand Island Park; and finally, taking a sudden turn, seems to direct her course against an abrupt shore. As she advances, however, a little inlet gradually opens to view; a few rods further and the land seems to shift and change like a dissolving view, while the little craft glides into a narrow channel between two abrupt islands, the banks on either hand shaded by overhanging pines and hemlocks. On past the white towers of a stumpy lighthouse, perched upon the corner of a little island and

defined against the dark green of the pines at its back; on at last into the Canadian channel. Here a bewildering maze of beautiful islands, north, south, east, and west, rises upon every

hand. At times the channel seems a lake surrounded by an amphitheatre of thickly wooded hills and bluffs, with no outlet



RIVER CRAFT.

but that through which the boat has just entered; proceeding onward it dissolves into a long channel, contracts into an abrupt inlet, or widens to an open bay. Further on is that sudden variation

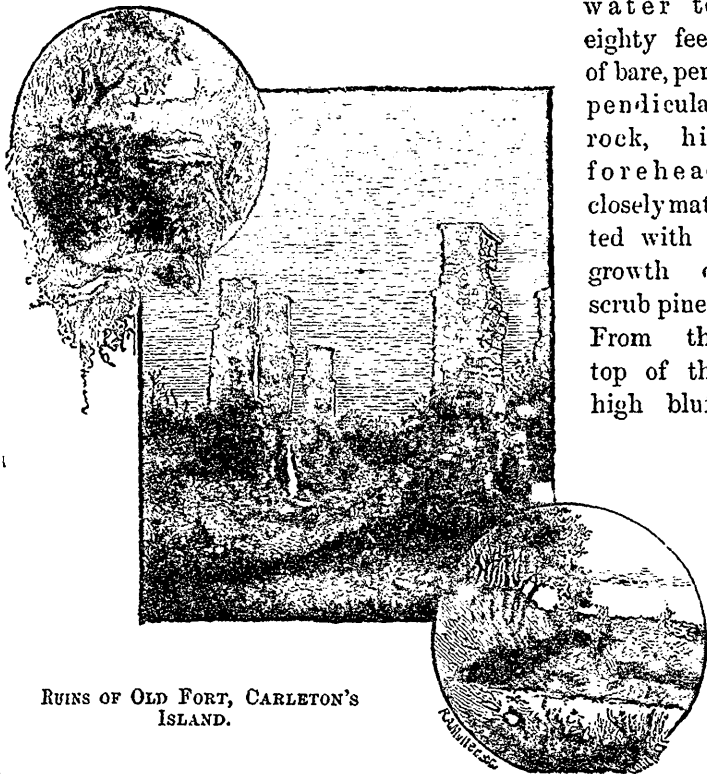
in the course of the channel, known to all St. Lawrence voyagers as the "Fiddler's Elbow." As the boat enters this portion of the channel, it seems to be directed by the helmsman point blank into an island. At the very moment, however, when a few rods of further progress in that direction would dash the boat against the rocks, she made a sudden deviation to the left, another to the right, and lo! the Canadian channel lies before



her a good mile and three-quarters broad, and Grenadier Light-house lifts in the far distance.

The islands in the Canadian channel of this part of the river are chiefly in possession of the government of the Dominion. Among them are some of the most interesting of the whole group. Old Bluff raises his rugged front from a hundred feet of

water to eighty feet of bare, perpendicular rock, his forehead closely matted with a growth of scrub pines. From the top of the high bluff,

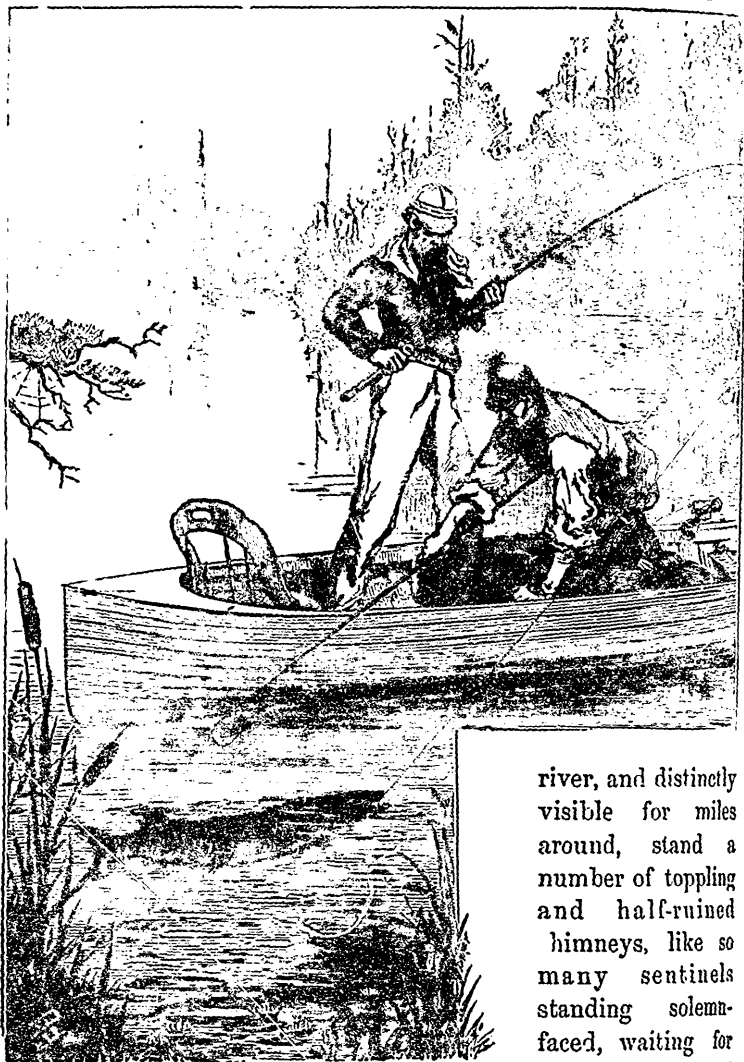


RUINS OF OLD FORT, CARLETON'S ISLAND.

fronting down the river, a magnificent view is obtained of the islands lying beneath, both in the American and Canadian channels.

One of the most curious of the islands stands a short distance above Alexandria Bay,—a cubical block of granite, having almost the appearance of being carved by human hands, rejoicing in the name of The Oven, its summit giving sustenance to a few gaunt cedars, and its sides perforated by an almost circular opening, which, at a distance, does bear some resemblance to a gigantic baker's oven. (See initial cut.)

The upper extremity of Carleton's Island, some twenty-eight miles above Alexandria Bay, narrows into a contracted promontory of land ending in an abrupt bluff fifty or sixty feet high. Here, perched aloft, perceptible to all passers-by along the



CATCHING MUSKALLONGE.

river, and distinctly visible for miles around, stand a number of toppling and half-ruined chimneys, like so many sentinels standing solemn-faced, waiting for the blessed time of rest that will re-

lieve them from duty. They watch over the ruins of an old French fort; so old that its history has been lost in the mists of the past.

The early history of the place is almost entirely lost, inso-much that it is supposed by some to be the ruin of old Fort Frontenac. It was, so far as existing data go to prove, commanded by the French about the year 1760, then fell into the hands of the English with the French possessions, and was finally captured during the war of 1812 by a party of Americans under command of one Hubbard, an ex-Revolutionary soldier, who found this once large and important fortress under the immediate command of two women and three invalids; an Ichabod of forts, its glory had departed from it. The women and invalids were vigorously attacked, and, after a slight resistance they capitulated; the poor old fort, as if to accelerate its already progressing ruin, was fired, and the Americans, with their prisoners, retired to the mainland, where they were received with salutes, cheers, and the music of the Cape Vincent band,—one fife and a drum.

Without doubt, the place was once of considerable importance. The fortress has been built in the most elaborate manner, after the system of Vauban, and exhibits a skill of the very highest order in the art of constructing defences. The fortifications in the rear are semicircular in form; the trench, four feet deep and twenty broad, is cut through the solid Trenton limestone, the glacis, which is approached by a gradual elevation, being constructed of the same material to the height of four feet. Directly on the river-front, it is naturally impregnable, and at the precipitous side was probably defended merely by a stockade.

On the night of May 28, 1838, the notorious "Bill Johnston," with half a hundred fellow-ruffians, in alleged retaliation for the burning of the "Caroline" on the Niagara, captured the steamer "Sir Robert Peel," at Wells Island, on the St. Lawrence. The passengers were driven ashore in a stormy night, and the steamer, one of the finest on the river, was pillaged and set on fire. Johnston and his gang eluded pursuit amid the labyrinth of the Thousand Islands, and, on the 7th of June, landed on Amherst Island, near Kingston, and plundered several farm-houses. A company of British soldiers and sailors scoured the Thousand Islands, and dispersed the pirate crew.\*

In the early spring, when the shallows of Eel Bay or other

\* Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo edition, chap. xxix., p. 387.

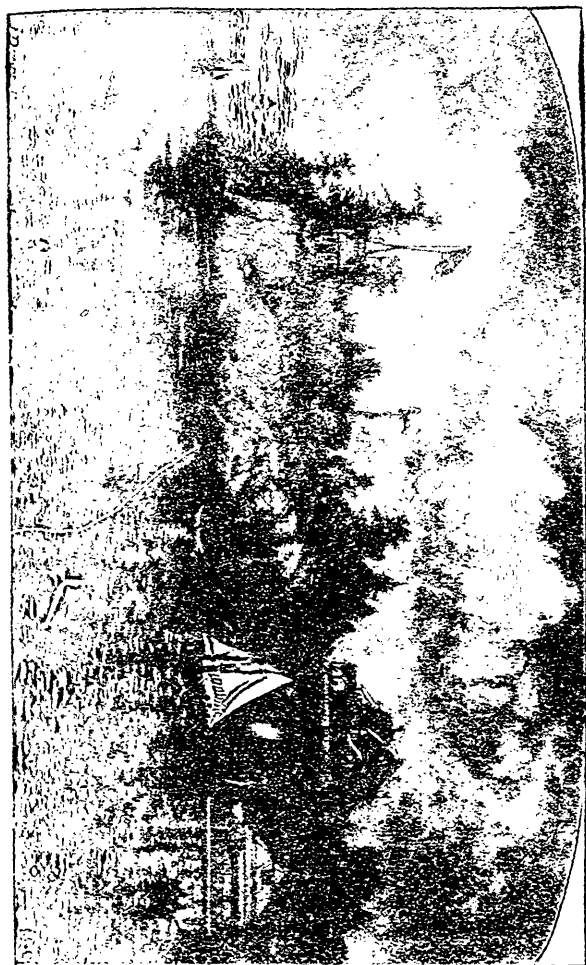


SPEARING EELS IN EEL BAY.

sheets of water of the same kind become free from ice, the water, not being deep, becomes warm much more quickly than elsewhere, and here the half-frozen fish congregate in great quantities. The professional fisherman in the bow of the boat holds a spear, in shape like a trident, but with an alternate sharp iron prong, between each barbed shaft, the whole fixed upon a long, firm handle. Eel-spearing is generally pursued at night, not only because the water is usually more quiet than during the day-time, but also because the light of the blazing pine chunks in the "jack" or open brazier, fixed in the bow of the skiff, makes objects on the bottom more apparent by contrast with the surrounding gloom.

The steady and successful growth of interest in this picturesque region attracted the attention of capitalists and hotel men, and, in 1873, Mr. O. G. Staples, with an associate, opened the Thousand Island House. All passengers down the St. Lawrence have seen this massive building with its magnificent

BONNIE-CASTLE.



piazas, standing close to the southern shore, and mirrored in the crystal waters. Its grand and imposing front, topped by its lofty tower, its acres of pillared verandas filled with happy throngs, hundreds of laden boats and yachts breaking the silvery waters into rippling waves, all create scenes of beauty not soon

forgotten. Its site commands the grandest views of the river in both directions, including most of the more noted islands and groups, and from its lofty tower, 160 feet high, one can take in the entire panorama and never be weary of the different views. Some idea of the size of the house may be gained from the statement that three acres of carpet are required to cover its floors, and seven miles of wire are used in hanging the bells, and seven hundred persons can here find all the comforts of a home.

The most interesting part of the development of this region as a watering-place is that which relates to the settlement of the islands by private residents. The islands have not been held at too high a price, and a multitude of men have bought them and built houses upon them for summer use. Some are comfortable houses, and several are expensive and very splendid and showy places, so that a passenger on a river steamer, making his first trip down the stream, will find much of picturesque interest in glimpses of the architecture which greet him on every hand.

One of these charming spots shown is owned by Dr. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, and is named after the hero of his successful story, "Bonnie-Castle."

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## GOOD FRIDAY.

AM I a stone and not a sheep  
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,  
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,  
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved  
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;  
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly:  
Not so the thief was moved:

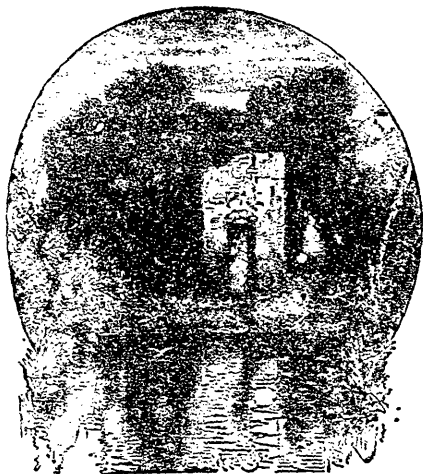
Not so the sun and moon,  
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,  
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—  
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,  
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock,  
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more,  
And smite a rock.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

## PEEPS AT THE OLD DOMINION.

## I.



RUINS OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

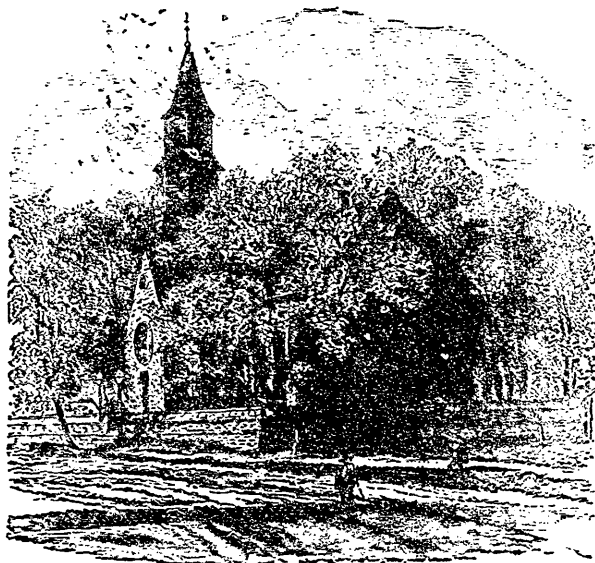
FEW places on this continent should have more interest to the English-speaking tourist than the picturesque region known in affectionate phrase as the "Old Dominion." Here first in this western world English colonization took root, and English valour and English heroism invested with imperishable interest the story of those early days. It will not be inappropriate for us in this New Dominion of the

North to look back to that Old Dominion of the South, and to gain, by the aid of pen and pencil, glimpses of the noble scenery and romantic history of that ancient inheritance of our fathers from which so many of the early founders of Canada have come.

Undeterred by the fate of his gallant kinsman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who perished at sea while returning from an attempt to colonize Newfoundland, Sir Walter Raleigh, the flower of Queen Elizabeth's court and friend of Edmund Spenser, planted the first English colony in America—named, in honour of the maiden queen, Virginia—on Roanake Island, 1585. The colony consisted of one hundred and eight persons, among whom were several of gentle blood and scholarly training. But disaster, imprudence, and conflicts with the natives led, within a year, to the abandonment of the country. Nevertheless, the glowing account given of its stately forests, its remarkable productions—the esculent potato, the prolific maize, the soothing tobacco—and the rumours of its mineral wealth, awakened a deep interest in Great Britain.

The following year another colony was sent out, but it also

was overtaken by disaster. "If America had no English town, it soon had English graves." But Life went hand in hand with Death, and the birth of Virginia Dare, the first-born of English children in the New World, seemed an omen of good for the future of the colony. The threatened Spanish invasion of the mother country, however, absorbed every energy of the nation, and for three years no succour could be sent the infant colony. At the end of that time the island was found deserted, the houses in ruins, and human bones strewed the neighbouring fields.



OLD CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Falling under royal censure, bankrupt in fortune,\* and broken in health, Raleigh languished for thirteen years in prison, solacing his solitude by writing his eloquent "History of the World." Released, but not pardoned, he sought to retrieve his credit and fortunes by the search for a fabled city of gold on the banks of the Orinoco, amid the tropical forests of Guiana. Defeated by the Spaniards, his eldest son slain, his vessels wrecked, his body smitten with palsy, Raleigh returned a heart-broken man to his native country, which he had impoverished himself to serve. The unjust sentence which had slumbered fifteen years was

\* He had expended two hundred thousand dollars of his private fortune, an immense sum in those days, in this enterprise.



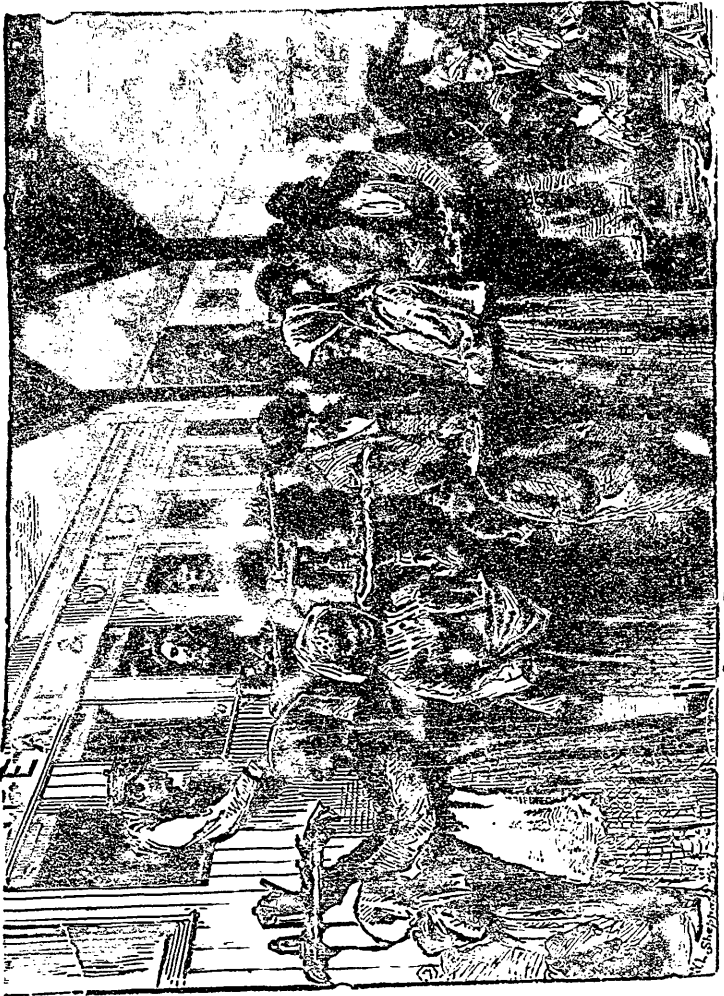
revived, and the heroic veteran perished on the scaffold, a memorable example of the ingratitude of kings, 1618. His fair fame has been vindicated by time, and his name is commemorated by the city of Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina.

It was not till 1607, one hundred and fifteen years after the discovery of America by Columbus, that a permanent English settlement was made in the New World. It consisted of one hundred and five emigrants, of whom forty-eight were "gentlemen," and only twelve labourers and four carpenters, sent out by a company of London merchants, incorporated under royal charter. They entered the magnificent Chesapeake Bay, and began their settlement at Jamestown, on the James River. Indolence, strife, and jealousy plunged the colony into anarchy and despair. Before autumn half of its number had died, and the rest were enfeebled with hunger and disease. They were only saved from destruction by the energy and ability of Captain John Smith, the romantic story of whose rescue from death by Pocahontas is one of the most pleasing legends of early colonization. With the commanding influence of a great spirit, Smith asserted his authority over even his Indian captors. By exhibiting his watch and compass, and explaining some of the wonders of astronomy, he overawed the minds of the savages, and not only escaped torture but acquired great influence among them.

Successive re-enforcements of the Virginia colony, consisting chiefly of broken-down gentlemen, bankrupt tradesmen, and idle and dissolute fugitives from justice, increased the number in three years to four hundred and ninety persons, when John Smith, injured by an explosion of gunpowder, was compelled to return to England. In six months vice and famine had reduced the colony to sixty persons, who prepared to abandon the country. Lord Delaware opportunely arrived with supplies; but in twelve years, after the expenditure of \$400,000, it numbered only six hundred persons. At length, re-enforced by a superior class of immigrants, its population rapidly increased.

In the spring of the year 1622, occurred the first of those Indian massacres, which so often crimsoned the hearths of the English settlements, and inaugurated a bitter war of extermination against the red race. It was planned with the utmost secrecy and treachery. "Sooner," said the Indians, "shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part." At noon, on the

22nd of March, throughout an extent of one hundred and forty miles, they fell upon the unsuspecting white population, and in an hour three hundred and forty-seven persons sank beneath the tomahawk or scalping-knife. The colony at first was paralysed



LOCAL COMMISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

with fear, but soon a fierce retaliation ensued. In 1644, similar scenes were renewed. They became of sad frequency during the early colonial days, and gave the name of the Dark and Bloody Ground to the scenes of these sanguinary conflicts. Still the colony thrived apace, and at Christmas, 1648, thirty-one ships

were in Chesapeake Bay, twenty thousand inhabitants were dwelling on its shores, and so greatly had their families increased, that the huts in the wilderness were as full as the birds' nests of the woods.\*

We cannot, however, trace the history of the brave old State, the mother of Presidents, the home of hospitality, the hot-bed, in sad later days, of slavery, and the battle-ground of the fierce conflict to which slavery gave rise. Our purpose is rather to take a few peeps at picturesque Virginia, illustrated by pen and pencil.



VIRGINIA AGRICULTURE UNDER THE OLD REGIME.

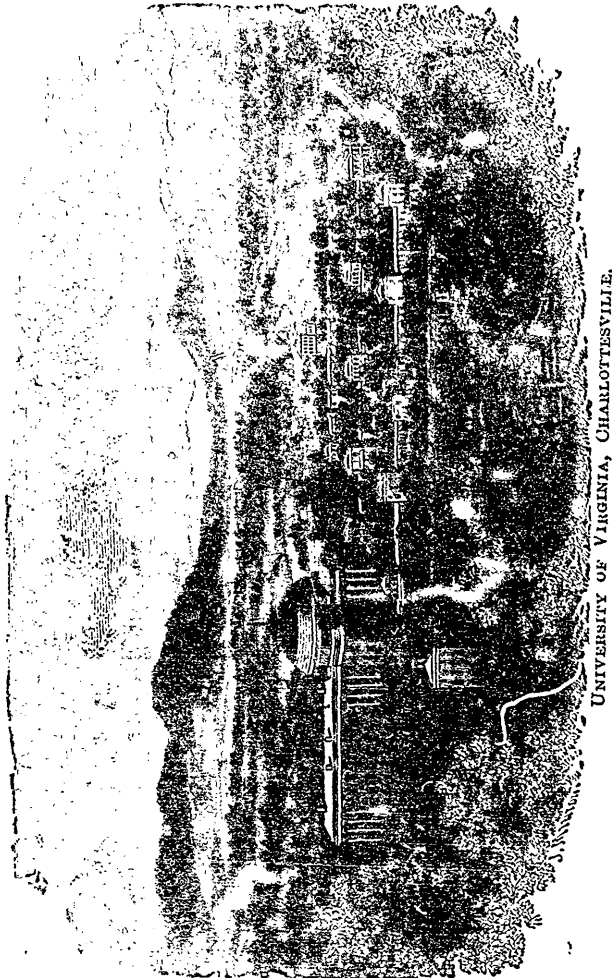
Jamestown, the first English "plantation," as it was called, is now a ruin-mound. A part of the old church tower, shown in the vignette, and some crumbling tomb-stones, are all that remain of that ill-fated settlement.

Richmond, the capital of the State, is beautifully situated, around the falls of the James River, about seventy-four miles from its mouth. It has a population of sixty thousand, and is the centre of a great export trade in flour and tobacco. The latter employs nearly 6,000 persons, and the flour mills are among the largest in the world. All around the city are traces of the vigorous efforts made for its defence, in the long lines of earthworks by which it is engirdled.

The great through route by which the State is traversed is the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. Richmond and Huntingdon, in West Virginia, 421 miles apart, are its terminal cities, so vast

\* See Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo edition, chaps. iv. and vi.

is the extent of this great State. It traverse one of the most picturesque and romantic regions east of the Rocky Mountains, and exhibits some of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill on the continent.



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

A striking feature at the railway stations is the number of sable Aunt Chloes and Uncle Toms, who supply the local commissary department. (See cut on page 304.) Since the war, the agricultural system of Virginia has experienced great changes, mainly from the changed conditions of labour. The primitive



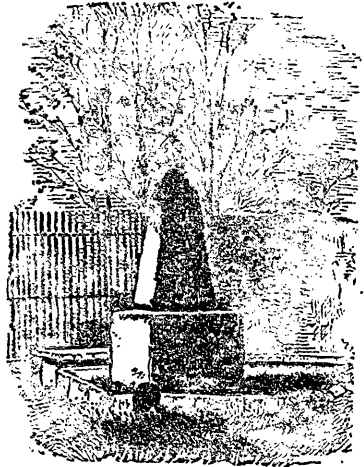
JEFFERSON'S OLD MILL.

modes of cultivation are giving place to improved methods, the exhaustive tobacco culture is less exclusively followed, and the exuberant fertility of the soil amply rewards the labour of the husbandman. The mineral resources of the State are very great, —coal, iron, lead, copper, sulphur, and salt abound, and are only in the infancy of their development.

A noble monument of the enlightened liberality of the State is the University of Virginia, in the vicinity of the beautiful town of Charlottesville. This noted institution of learning was founded by Thomas Jefferson, under a legislative enactment of 1817-'18. Liberally endowed by the State, it has taken a high position among its compeers from the requirements of its course, the personal attainments of many eminent members of its faculty, and the distinguished public men enumerated in its list of graduates. It is steadily recovering its ante-bellum prestige, and has again become, with its beautiful surroundings, its halls,

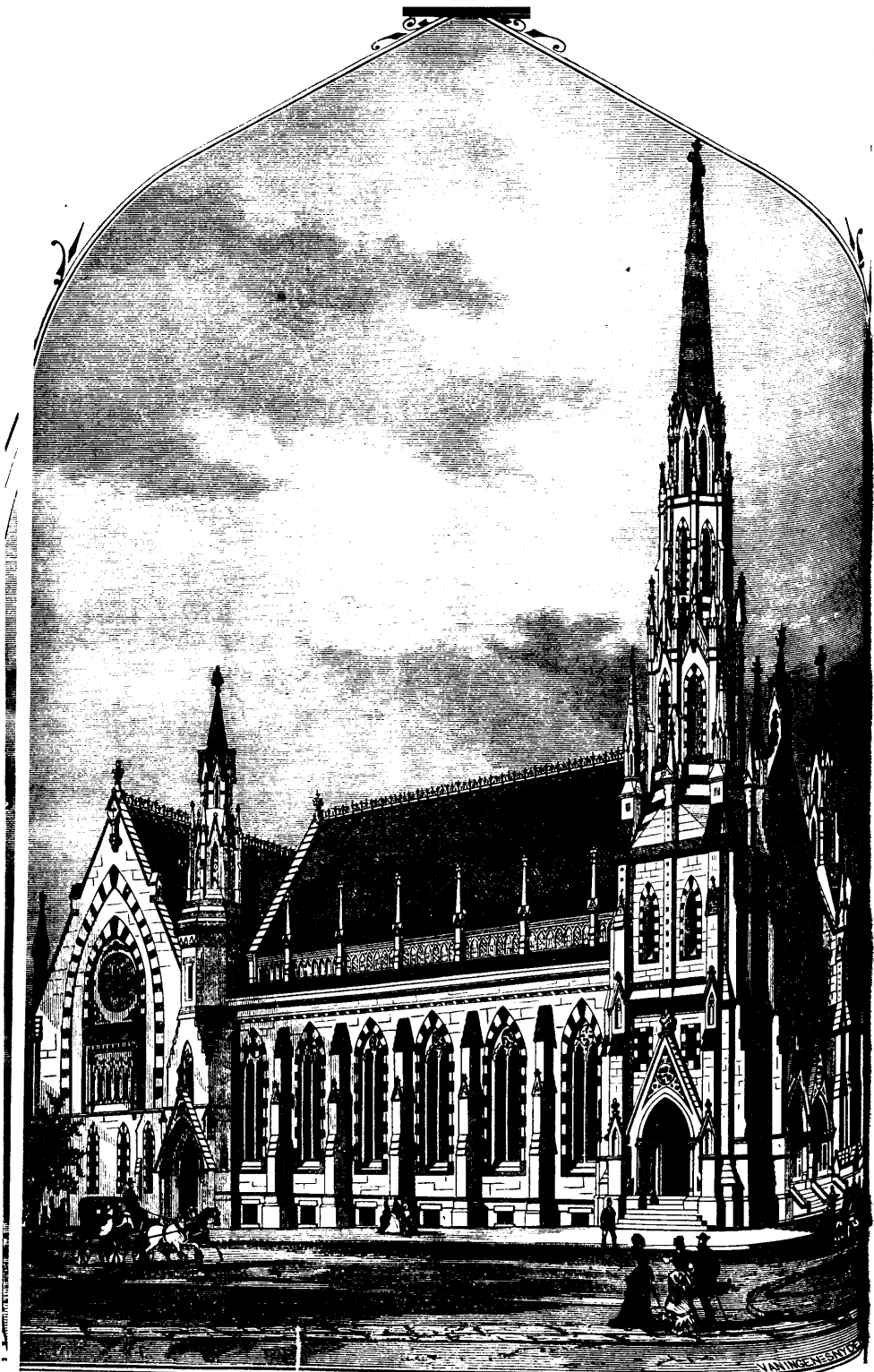
arcades, scientific appliances, paintings, and cabinets, a place of more than ordinary interest to the educated visitor.

The remains of the author of the Declaration of Independence repose beneath a humble monument, and near by are the dilapidated remains of an old mill, once the property of the great statesman.



JEFFERSON'S TOMB.

The principal industry of the mountain regions of Virginia is coal and iron mining, and the rafting of timber. At frequent intervals will be observed nestling in quiet valleys, gaunt black furnaces for the reduction of iron, and frequent yawning chasms, shafts, drifts, or adits for reaching the subterranean mines. The mineral wealth of the Blue Ridge Mountains is immense, but is only as yet very partially developed. Vast beds of red and brown iron ore, of the best quality, extend for nearly three hundred miles, with a thickness of from ten to a hundred feet. Large deposits of copper, zinc, and lead also occur. Of the latter, 25,000,000 tons have been extracted from one mine during the last century. According to the eminent Canadian geologist, Prof. F. Sterry Hunt, the Blue Ridge Mountains are as rich in sulphur as those of Spain. Vast beds of coal, both bituminous and anthracite, abound in proximity to the deposits of iron, and furnish facilities for its extraction and reduction, which, in the near future, will be largely employed. Plumbago, gypsum, salt, gold, and silver is also found, but from lack of enterprise, or capital, or skill, almost nothing was done toward their extraction under the slavery regime. A quickened industry under the stimulus of free labour promises a brighter future to the Old Dominion.



MOUNT VERNON PLACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH BALTIMORE, U. S.

## HISTORIC METHODIST CHURCHES.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## I.

THE beginnings of empire, the origin of any important institution, the birth-place of any great movement or great man, will ever engage the profoundest attention of the human mind. Hence men visit with eager interest the cradle lands of the race, they contemplate with patriotic pride the field of Runnimead, they make long pilgrimages to the humble cottage in which the bard of Avon or the bard of Ayr was born. With not less reverent feelings should we visit the cradle of the most remarkable religious movement of modern times.

The first home of Methodism was indeed very humble, suggesting analogies with the humble beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. When the Wesleys and Whitefield, by ecclesiastical intolerance, were excluded from the churches, they took to preaching on moors and commons, and at markets and fairs. Bad weather, and the need of more comfortable accommodation, led them to seek some place of shelter for their services. In 1739 John Wesley was urged to secure the Old Foundery, Moorfields, London, as a place of worship. This was a large, rambling pile of buildings, near the present site of City Road Chapel. It had been used by the Government for casting brass ordnance. Many cannon, captured from the French in Marlborough's wars, were here recast. One day, as a large quantity of molten metal was run into the moulds, the moisture in the sand was suddenly converted into steam, and a violent explosion took place; the

\*The authorities consulted in the preparation of these sketches are:—

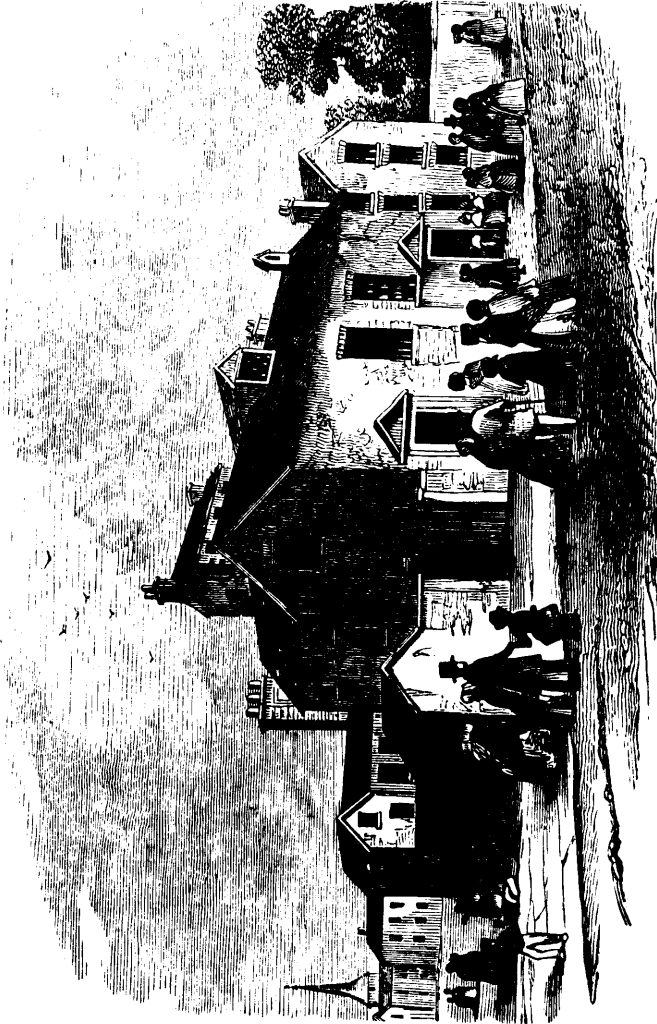
First, *The Cyclopædia of Methodism*. By BISHOP SIMPSON. This invaluable work is a perfect mine of information on everything pertaining to Methodism. For a fuller exhibition of its varied merits, see our review in the department of Book Notices, in the present number. The engravings given are from this work.

Second, *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.* By the Rev. LUKE TYRMAN. Three vols. 8vo.

Third, *City Road Chapel: London with its Associations.—Historical, Biographical, and Memorial* (Illustrated.) By GEORGE J. STEVENSON. 8vo, pp. 624. A volume of great interest.



building was shattered and partly disroofed, and several persons were killed. The royal foundry was removed to Woolwich, and the shattered building was left for some years unoccupied and going to decay. Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year,



THE OLD FOUNDRY.

from his Oxford fellowship. The sum required for the purchase of the Foundry was £115. But full of faith he assumed the debt, and, some friends coming to his aid, nearly £700 was expended in fititng it up for worship. Instead of the clang of

anvils and roar of furnaces employed in the manufacture of the deadly enginery of war, its walls were to echo the holy hymns and the glad evangel of the gospel of peace.

The following description of the building, as shown in the cut on page 310, is from *Tyerman's Wesley*:—"There were two front doors, one leading to the chapel, and the other to the preacher's house, school, and band-room. A bell was hung in a plain belfry, and was rung every morning a little before five for early service, and every evening at nine for family worship, as well as at other times. The chapel, which would accommodate about fifteen hundred people, was without pews; but in front of the pulpit were about a dozen seats with back rails for female worshippers. The front gallery was used exclusively by females and the side gallery by males." On this separation of the sexes Mr. Wesley insisted in all his early churches. Above the smoke-begrimed rafters could be seen the tile roof. A few rough deal boards formed the temporary pulpit.

Part of the building was fitted up with desks for a school. Here, for seven years, Silas Told taught a number of charity children from six in the morning till five in the evening, for the salary of ten shillings a week. Part was also fitted up as a book-room for the sale of Mr. Wesley's publications. A dispensary and alms-house for the poor was also part of the establishment, where, in 1748, were nine widows, one blind woman, and two poor children. "I might add," says Wesley, "four or five preachers, for I myself, as well as the other preachers who are in town, diet with the poor, on the same food and at the same table; and we rejoice therein, as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." A savings bank and loan fund were also established.

High up, near the roof, were apartments for Mr. Wesley, in which his mother died. There was also accommodation for the assistant preachers and for domestics. Not a stone of the old building now remains, but the old pulpit is preserved at Richmond College, and is used by the students every week. Some of the old seats are in the basement of City Road Chapel, and the bell and chandelier are in use in other chapels. To this rude and ruinous structure, in the dark London mornings and evenings, multitudes of God-fearing Methodists wended their way by the dim light of their candle or oil lanterns, over the ill-paved streets,

to the early morning or evening service; and here multitudes of souls were converted to God. The Foundery Society numbered, in 1743, no less than 2,200 members, meeting in sixty-six classes, having grown in two years from 426 members.

As the old Foundery was about to be demolished by the Government, who resumed possession, it was necessary to find a new home for the Methodism of London. In 1776, therefore, Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to



CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel." The following year the corner-stone was laid, and, standing upon it, Mr. Wesley preached, amid showers of rain, a sermon on the text, "What hath God wrought?" How much more gloriously is that Scripture true after a century's progress! The "New Chapel" was situated near the Foundery, in what was then open fields, but is now a wilderness of brick and stone.

The building is a large, plain, and nearly square structure, without much attempt at architectural display. We find no statement of its dimensions, but we read of 1,800 persons being

present at a covenant service. The appearance of the interior is much more imposing than that of the outside. Handsome galleries, with an entablature and frieze, are supported by Doric columns. The ceiling has a large centre-piece and ornaments of stucco. The pulpit is a high enclosed structure, with a reading-desk beneath, standing in front of a recess in the rear. On one occasion Charles Wesley was preaching with great animation, and Dr. Coke sat in the reading-desk below. During the service the little Doctor was astonished by the descent of the pulpit hymn-book on his head. Soon after, looking up, he observed the ponderous Bible about to follow. Springing up, he caught it in his arms, while the preacher, unconscious of the *contretemps*, rushed on in his strain of impassioned eloquence. On the walls all around are numerous marble tablets in memory of the distinguished preachers who have ministered within these walls,—among others, John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, and many others.

In the grave-yard without, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, and of many another whose life and labours were devoted to the glory of God in the service of Methodism. In Bunhill-fields burying-ground, just opposite, sleeps the dust of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan. Charles Wesley preached in City Road Chapel nearly every Sunday for ten years, but his Churchly notions made him request to be buried in the parish church of Marylebone. John Wesley regrets that the remains of his brother should not be deposited where his own should lie. "Certainly," he writes, "that ground is as holy as any in England." Aye, truly. From all parts of Christendom come pilgrims to visit that sacred spot. Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree, clippings from which have been transplanted to almost every part of the world—an emblem of the Church which he planted, which has taken root and brought forth its blessed fruit in every clime.

In this venerable mother church of Methodism, for many years, service was held as at the Foundery, at five o'clock in the morning, and, on Christmas-day, we have records of large congregations assembling at four o'clock, and again at ten.

On the death of John Wesley, his body lay "in state" in the Chapel, and was visited, it was estimated, by ten thousand per-

sons. His face wore in death a heavenly smile, and very many were almost overwhelmed with grief. The funeral took place at five o'clock in the morning, March 9th, 1791, and, early as was the hour, many hundreds were present, to each of whom was given, probably as a thoughtful provision because they had not



DR. THOMAS COKE.

breakfasted, a biscuit in an envelope, on which was printed an engraved portrait of the deceased. The funeral was very modest and unostentatious. "I particularly desire," he wrote, "that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those that loved me and are following me to Abraham's bosom." Six poor men, he directed, should bear him to his tomb.

In connection with City Road Chapel was the preacher's house in which, in a small room, used as bedroom and study, John Wesley died. For well nigh a hundred years it has been occupied by his successors, and the same plain and simple furniture,—chair, table, and desk—that he used, are still to be seen. An interesting relic is the account book of the circuit stewards. Many of the items are very curious, and illustrate the minute details and homeliness of the domestic economy. Among other items we notice, "Coach hire for Mr. Wesley, 2s. 6d.;" "chain for dog, and halters, 3s. 6d.;" "a pail, 1s.;" "for shaving the preachers, £2 10s. 6d.;" "Mr. Charles Wesley's horse quarterage, £6 15s.;" "bad copper and silver, £1 19s.;" "repairing traces of Mr. Wesley's horses, 3s. 6d.;" "clock (for chapel), £8 5s. 6d.;" "cleaning clock, 6s." The amount for "candles for chapel" is a very serious charge. Among other items are, "Mr. Wesley's salary, £30." And we note the statement that the allowances of his preachers had been raised from three to four guineas a quarter.

One of the most distinguished of the coadjutors and successors of the Wesleys in this old historic church, was Dr. Thomas Coke, the father of Methodist missions, of whom we give a portrait. As we have recently given in these pages a detailed account of his life and labours,\* we omit further reference to them here.

The centenary anniversary of the opening of City Road Chapel was celebrated last November by a service of unusual solemnity and spiritual power. A considerable debt, which had long embarrassed its usefulness, was removed, and the inspiration was caught from which has sprung the grand memorial movement raising a million dollars to clear off all connexional indebtedness, and to form an endowment for great connexional interests.

"Hail to old City Road!" exclaims Tyerman, with unwonted enthusiasm. "When we think of the ministers who have occupied its pulpit, of the families who have filled its pews, of the dead resting in the graves about its walls, of the interesting events which make up its story,—we feel that of all the Methodist meeting-houses in existence, gothic or otherwise, marble or mudden, there is not one equal to this."

\* November and December numbers of this magazine for 1878,—reprinted in a volume entitled "Romance of Missions."

It will be a striking contrast to turn from the humble beginnings of Methodism in the Old World to some of its latest triumphs in the New. Nothing can more conspicuously illustrate the growth of the apparently feeble germ planted in the rude Foundery of Moorfields. Well may we, as we contemplate the stupendous organization of Methodism on this continent and throughout the world—the providential result of the labours of John Wesley—adopt the language of devout ascription used by him in laying the foundation of City Road Chapel: “What hath God wrought?”

In no part of the world has Methodism made such progress as in the United States and Canada. Freed from the overshadowing influence of an Established Church, enriched with the ecclesiastical endowments of a thousand years, and strong in the social influence and *prestige* of the great, the noble, and of royalty itself, Methodism in this New World has had the widest scope for development. It seems to have shared the expansiveness and rapid evolution of its physical environment, and is now foremost of the great religious agencies of the time. For every day during the past century a new Methodist church has been opened for the worship of God. In the early years of the century, and to the present time in the outskirts of our ever-advancing civilization, many of these were humble structures, built by the poor out of their poverty. Of later years, and in the great centres of population, stately temples have been reared by the rich out of their abundance. But in all alike—in marble temple and in log meeting-house—the same spirit, the same religious zeal has glowed, the same doctrines have been preached, the same Heaven-inspired hymns of Charles Wesley have been sung, and the same great work of soul-saving and soul-sanctifying has been wrought.

We give illustrations, with the present paper, of some of the more prominent churches of Methodism on this continent, to be followed by others of churches in this and other lands. The frontispiece to this number exhibits the Arch Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia. This is a beautiful gothic edifice, built of white marble, at a cost of \$200,000. It occupies one of the most prominent positions, at the corner of Arch and Broad Streets, in that great city, and its snowy spire, pointing heavenward, is one of its most conspicuous and beautiful objects. It was finished

and dedicated in 1870, and is one of the finest Methodist churches in the world. We had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. R. M. Hatfield, D.D., preach from its pulpit a sermon of great spiritual force and fervour.

The second full-page cut is that of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, one of the most exquisite architectural gems we have ever seen. Its position, fronting the open square in which stands the lofty Washington column, is most commanding. Its internal appointments are as admirable as its exterior. We have pleasant memories of a beautiful Sunday morning spent in its elegant Sunday-school parlours fitted with marble fountain, pictures, and everything that can attract the attention and refine the taste. It was built under the pastorate of the now sainted Dr. Eddy, and, at the time of our visit, was under the charge of the eloquent Irish preacher, Thomas Guard, now of California. We don't know what old-fashioned conservative Methodists would think of the long row of private carriages at the doors on Sunday mornings, each with its coloured coachman in livery, wearing an elaborate white necktie, and exhibiting as much dignity as a bishop. But Baltimore Methodism, notwithstanding its wealth and social influence, is a great spiritual power in the city. It has over seventy churches, seven of these being for the use of coloured people.

Baltimore, for a century, has been the headquarters of Southern Methodism. In 1770 the first sermon was preached in a blacksmith's shop, and here Asbury had his home—such a home as, in his ceaseless wanderings, he was permitted to enjoy—a room in connection with one of the churches, where he sometimes rested and where he kept his books. To the beginning of Methodism in the Old World and the New may the words of Charles Wesley be applied :

See how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace !  
Jesu's love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

When He first the work began,  
Small and feeble was His day ;  
Now the Word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way.



## ECCE HOMO—A HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY MRS. A. MACGILLIS.

Look back my soul along the years  
 And see thy Saviour on the tree;  
 For thee He dies, and bitter tears  
 Cannot assuage His agony.  
 Though Zion's daughters wail and mourn,  
 They cannot take from Him one thorn.

Full wearily His sacred feet  
 Had toiled up Calv'ry's rugged hill,  
 For to my blessed Lord 'twas sweet  
 Ever to do His Father's will.  
 He drank the cup of wrath that I,  
 Though death-deserving, might not die.

He bears it all, the Lamb of God,  
 The grief, the shame, the anguish; now  
 Is laid on Him the mighty load  
 Of a world's sins; His sacred brow  
 Pierced by the thorns encircling round,  
 With precious blood bedews the ground.

Oh! King of glory, can it be  
 That Thou for me art hanging there,  
 Fainting and anguished? Lord, I see;  
 I hear my Saviour's dying prayer:  
 "Father, forgive them!" Oh! may I  
 Yet hope for mercy ere I die.

Oh! blessed Christ, I come to Thee,  
 Prostrate before Thy cross I fall;  
 Oh! turn Thy dying gaze on me  
 With looks of love, which tell that all  
 My sins are cleansed in that pure tide,  
 Flowing so freely from Thy side.

Thou wilt, I know; Thy loving eye  
 Is fixed upon me where I kneel;  
 Thou hear'st my spirit's mournful cry,  
 Save, Jesus! all my sorrows heal;  
 Have mercy, Lord! my sins forgive,  
 And in Thine arms of love receive.

Oh! when my last dread hour shall come,  
 When heart and flesh shall fail for fear  
 Of the dark valley's gathering gloom,  
 Oh! then, my dying Lord, be near,  
 And hold me with Thy pierced hand,  
 And lead me to the Promised Land.

## NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

## CHAPTER VI.—THE CAPTURE OF YORK.

AFTER the battle of Queenston Heights an armistice of a month followed, during which each party was gathering up its strength for the renewal of the unnatural conflict. General Smyth, who had succeeded Van Rensselaer, assembled a force, five thousand strong, for the conquest of Canada. At the expiration of the armistice, he issued a Napoleonic proclamation to his "companions in arms." "Come on, my heroes," it concludes; "when you attack the enemy's batteries let your rallying word be: 'The cannon lost at Detroit, or death.'"

At length, before day-break on the morning of November 28th—a cold, bleak day—a force of some five hundred men, in eighteen scows, attempted the capture of Grand Island, in the Niagara River. A considerable British force had rallied from Fort Erie and Chippewa. In silence they awaited the approach of the American flotilla. As it came within range, a ringing cheer burst forth, and a deadly volley of musketry was poured into the advancing boats. A six pounder, well served by Captain Kerby, shattered two of the boats; and the Americans, thrown into confusion, sought the shelter of their own shore.

General Smyth now sent a summons for the surrender of Fort Erie. Colonel Bishopp, its commandant, sarcastically invited him to "come and take it." After several feints the attempt was abandoned, and the army went into winter quarters. Smyth, an empty gasconader, was regarded, even by his own troops, with contempt, and had to fly from the camp to escape their indignation. He was even hooted and fired at in the streets of Buffalo, and was, without trial, dismissed from the army,—a sad collapse of his vaunting ambition.

In the meanwhile, General Dearborn, with an army of ten thousand men, advanced by way of Lake Champlain to the frontier of Lower Canada. The Canadians rallied *en masse* to repel the invasion, barricaded the roads with felled trees, and

guarded every pass. On the 20th of November, before day, an attack was made by fourteen hundred of the enemy on the British outpost at Lacolle, near Rouse's Point; but the guard, keeping up a sharp fire, withdrew, and the Americans, in the darkness and confusion, fired into each other's ranks, and fell back in disastrous and headlong retreat. The discomfited general, despairing of a successful attack on Montreal, so great was the vigilance and valour of the Canadians, retired with his "Grand Army of the North" into safe winter quarters, behind the entrenchments of Plattsburg. A few ineffectual border raids and skirmishes, at different points of the extended frontier, were characteristic episodes of the war during the winter, and, indeed, throughout the entire duration of hostilities.

In their naval engagements the Americans were more successful. On Lake Ontario, Commodore Chauncey equipped a strong fleet, which drove the Canadian shipping for protection under the guns of Niagara, York, and Kingston. He generously restored the private plate of Sir Isaac Brock, captured in one of his prizes.

In these naval conflicts the greatest gallantry was exhibited in the dreadful work of mutual slaughter. The vessels reeked with blood like a shambles, and, if not blown up or sunk, became floating hospitals of deadly wounds and agonizing pain.

In the United States Congress this unnatural strife of kindred races was vigorously denounced by some of the truest American patriots. Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, characterized it as the "most disgraceful in history since the invasion of the buccaneers." But the Democratic majority persisted in their stern policy of implacable war.

The patriotism and valour of the Canadians were, however, fully demonstrated. With the aid of a few regulars, the loyal militia had repulsed large armies of invaders, and not only maintained the inviolable integrity of their soil, but had also conquered a considerable portion of the enemy's territory.\*

The winter dragged its weary length along. Its icy hand was laid upon the warring passions of man, and, for a time, they seemed stilled. Its white banners of snow proclaimed a truce—the truce of God—through all the land. Apprehensions of a

\* Condensed from Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo edition, chap. xxii.

sterner conflict during the coming year filled every mind, but caused no dismay,—only a firm resolve to do and dare—to conquer or to die—for their firesides and their homes.

Neville Trueman toiled through the wintry woods, the snow-drifts, and the storms to break the bread of life to the scattered congregations of his far-extended circuits. His own flock, who knew the man, knew how his loyalty had been tested, and what sacrifices he had made for his adopted country. By a few religious and political bigots, however, his American origin was a cause of unjust suspicion and aspersion, which stung to the quick his sensitive nature. He was especially made to feel the unreasoning and bitter antipathy of the Indians to the nation of American "long-knives," with whom they classed him, notwithstanding his peaceful calling and his approved loyalty.

One day Trueman entered the bark wigwam of an Indian chief, for the double purpose of obtaining shelter from a storm and of trying to teach the truths of the Christian religion to those devotees of pagau superstition. He found several young braves assembled at a sort of council, gravely smoking their long pipes in dignified silence. His entrance was the occasion of not a few dark scowls and sinister glances.

"Ugh! Yankee black-robe," sneered one of the braves. "Friend of the 'long-knives.' The day of fight at Big Rapids him strike up my arm as me going to tomahawk Yankee prisoner. Had great mind to kill him, too."

"Ugh!" echoed another; "me see him helping wounded 'long-knife,' just like him brother."

"No! Him good King George's man," exclaimed the old chief, who had seen his impartial ministration to the wounded of both armies. "Him love Injun. Teach him pray to true Great Spirit."

But not always did he find such a true friend among the red men; and not unfrequently was the scalping-knife half unsheathed, or the tomahawk grasped, and dark brows scowled in anger, as he sought the wandering children of the forest for their soul's salvation. But their half-unconscious fear of the imagined power of the pale-face medicine-man, their involuntary admiration of his undaunted courage, and, let us add, the protecting providence of God, prevented a hair of his head from being harmed.

The spring came at length with strange suddenness, as it often comes in our northern land, causing a magical change in the face of nature. A green flush overspread the landscape. The skies became soft and tender, with glorious sunsets. The delicate-veined white trilliums and May-apples took the place of the snow-drifts in the woods; and the air was fragrant and the orchards were abloom with the soft pink and white apple-blossoms.

The little town of Niagara was like a camp. The long, low barracks on the broad campus were crowded with troops, and the snowy gleams of tents dotted the greensward. The wide grass-grown streets were gay with the constant marching and counter-marching of red-coats, and the air was vocal with the shrill bugle-call or the frequent roll of the drums. Drill, parade, and inspection, artillery and musket practice, filled the hours of the day. Fort George had been strengthened, victualled, and armed. That solitary fort was felt to be the key that, apparently, held possession of the south-western peninsula of Canada.

One evening, early in May, a motley group were assembled in the large mess-room of the log barracks of the fort. It was a long low room, built of solid logs. The thick walls were loop-holed for musketry, and on wooden pegs, driven into the logs, the old Brown Bess muskets of the soldiers were stacked. Rude bunks were ranged along one side, like berths in a ship, for the men to sleep in. The great square, naked timbers of the low ceiling were embrowned with smoke, as was also the mantel of the huge open fire-place at the end of the room. The rudely-carved names and initials on the wall betrayed the labours of an idle hour. Around the ample hearth, during the long winter nights, the war-scarred veterans beguiled the tedium of a soldier's life with stories of battle, siege, and sortie, under Moore and Wellington, in the Peninsular wars; and one or two grizzled old war-dogs had tales to tell of

“ Hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ”—

of exploits done in their youth during Arnold's siege of Quebec, or at Brandywine and Germantown.

Now the faint light of the tallow candles, in tin sconces, gleams on the scarlet uniforms and green facings of the 49th regiment, on the tartan plaid of the Highland clansman, on the

frieze coat and polished musket of the Canadian militiaman, and on the red skin and hideous war paint of the Indian scout, quartered for the night in the barracks. In one corner is heard the crooning of the Scottish pipes, where old Allan Macpherson is playing softly the sad, sweet airs of "Annie Laurie," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Bonnie Doon;" while something like a tear glistens in his eye as he thinks of the sweet "banks and braes" of the tender song. Presently he is interrupted by a sturdy 49th man, who trolls a merry marching song, the refrain of which is caught up by his comrades :

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;  
But of all the world's great heroes  
There are none that can compare,  
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row-row,  
To the British Grenadiers !"

In another corner old Jonas Evans, now a sergeant of militia, was quietly reading his well-thumbed Bible, while others around him were shuffling a greasy pack of cards, and filling the air with reeking tobacco-smoke and strange soldiers' oaths. When a temporary lull, in the somewhat tumultuous variety of noises occurred, he lifted his stentorian voice in a stirring Methodist hymn :

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His eternal Son.  
Stand then against your foes,  
In close and firm array :  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day."

The old man sang with a martial vigour as though he were charging the "legions of fiends" at the point of the bayonet. In a shrewd, plain, common-sense manner, he then earnestly exhorted his comrades-in-arms to be on their guard against the opposing fiends who especially assailed a soldier's life. "Above all," he said, "beware of the drink-fiend—the worst enemy King George has got. He kills more of the King's troops than all his other foes together." Then, with a yearning tenderness in his voice, he exhorted them to "ground the weapons of their rebel-

lion and enlist in the service of King Jesus, the great Captain of their salvation, who would lead them to victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and at last make them kings and priests forever in His everlasting kingdom in the skies."

Those rude, reckless, and, some of them, violent and wicked men, fascinated by the intense earnestness of the Methodist local preacher, listened with quiet attention. Even the Indian scout seemed to have some appreciation of his meaning, and muttered assent between the whiffs of tobacco-smoke from his carved-stone, feather-decked pipe. The moral elevation which Christian-living and Bible-reading will always give, commanded their respect, and the dauntless daring of the old man—for they knew that he was a very lion in the fight, and as cool under fire as at the mess-table—challenged the admiration of their soldier hearts.

Once a drinking, swearing bigot constituted himself a champion of the Church established by law, and complained to the commanding major that "the Methody preacher took the work out of the hands of their own chaplain,"—an easy-going parson, who much preferred dining with the officers' mess to visiting the soldiers' barracks.

"If he preaches as well as he fights, he can beat the chaplain," said the major. "Let him fire away all he likes, the parson won't complain; and some of you fellows would be none the worse for converting, as he calls it. If you were to take a leaf out of his book yourself, Tony, and not be locked up in the guard-house so often, it would be better for you!"

With the tables thus deftly turned upon him, poor Antony Double-gill, as he was nick-named, because he so often contrived to get twice the regulation allowance of "grog," retired discomfitted from the field.

While the group in the mess-room were preparing to turn into their sleeping-bunks, the sharp challenge of the sentry, pacing the ramparts without, was heard. The report of his musket, and, in a few moments, the shrill notes of the bugle sounding the "turn out," created an alarm. The men snatched their guns and side-arms, and were soon drawn up in company on the quadrangle of the fort. The clang of the chains of the sally-port rattled, the draw-bridge fell, the heavy iron-studded gates swung back, and three prisoners were brought in who were

expostulating warmly with the guard, and demanding to be led to the officer for the night. When they were brought to the light which poured from the open door of the guard-room, it was discovered with surprise that two of the prisoners wore the familiar red and green of the 49th regiment, and that the third was in officer's uniform. But their attire was so torn, burnt, and blackened with powder, and draggled and soaked with water, that the guard got a good deal of chaffing from their comrades for their capture.

"This is treating us worse than the enemy," said one of the soldiers, "and that was bad enough."

The adjutant now appeared upon the scene to inquire into the cause of the disturbance.

"I have the honour to bear despatches from General Sheaffe," said the young officer; when the adjutant promptly requested him to proceed to his quarters, and sent the others to the mess-room, with orders for their generous refreshment.

There their comrades gathered round them, eagerly inquiring the nature of the disaster, which, from the words that they had heard, they inferred had befallen the left wing of the regiment, quartered at the town of York. In a few brief words they learned with dismay that the capital of the country was captured by the enemy, that the public buildings and shipping were burned, that the fort was blown up, and that a heavy loss had befallen both sides.

While the men dried their water-soaked clothes before a fire kindled on the hearth, and ate as though they had been starved, they were subject to a cross-fire of eager questions from every side, which they answered as best they could, while busy plying knife and fork, and "re-victualling the garrison," the corporal said, "as though they were expecting a forty days' siege."

"And siege you may have soon enough," said Sergeant Shenson, the elder of the two men. "Chauncey and Dearborn will drop down on *you* before the week's out."

Disentangling the narrative of the men from the maze of questions and answers in which it was given, its main thread was as follows :

Early on the morning of the 27th of April, Chauncey, the American commodore, with fourteen vessels and seventeen hundred men, under the command of Generals Dearborn and Pike,



lay off the shore a little to the west of the town of York, near the site of the old French fort, now included in the new Exhibition Grounds. The town was garrisoned by only six hundred men, including militia and dockyard men, under General Sheaffe. Under cover of a heavy fire, which swept the beach, the Americans landed, drove in the British outposts, which stoutly contested every foot of ground, and made a dash for the dilapidated fort, which the fleet meanwhile heavily bombarded. Continual reinforcements enabled them to fight their way through the scrub oak woods to within two hundred yards of the earthen ramparts, when the defensive fire ceased. General Pike halted his troops, thinking the fort about to surrender. Suddenly, with a shock like an earthquake, the magazine blew up, and hurled into the air two hundred of the attacking column, together with Pike, its commander.\* Several soldiers of the retiring British garrison were also killed. This act, which was defended as justifiable in order to prevent the powder from falling into the hands of the enemy, and as in accordance with the recognized code of war, was severely denounced by the Americans, and imparted a tone of greater bitterness to the subsequent contest.

The town being no longer tenable, General Sheaffe, after destroying the naval stores and a vessel on the stocks, retreated with the regulars towards Kingston. Colonel Chewett and three hundred militiamen were taken prisoners, the public buildings burned, and the military and naval stores, which escaped destruction, were carried off. The American loss was over three hundred, and that of the British nearly half as great.†

"How did you get your clothes so burnt?" asked the corporal, when the narrative was concluded, pointing to the scorched and powder-blackened uniform of the narrator.

"It is a wonder I escaped at all," said Sergeant Shenstone. "I was nearly caught by the explosion. I was helping a wounded comrade to escape, when, looking over the ramparts, I beheld the enemy so close that I could see their teeth as they bit the cartridges, and General Pike, on the right wing, cheering them on—so gallant and bold. I was a-feared I would be nabbed as prisoner and sent to eat Uncle Sam's hard-tack in the hulks at

\* The magazine contained five hundred barrels of powder and an immense quantity of charged shells.

† See *Withrow's History of Canada*, 8vo edition, chap. xxiii.

Sackett's Harbour, when, all of a sudden, the ground trembled like the earthquakes I have felt in the West Indies; then a volcano of fire burst up to the sky, and, in a minute, the air seemed raining fire and brimstone, as it did at Sodom and Gomorrah. It seemed like the judgment-day. I was thrown flat on the ground, and when I tried to get up I was all bruised and burnt with the falling clods and splinters, and my comrade was dead at my side. I crawled away as soon as I could—there was no thought then of making prisoners."

"But what gar'd the magazine blaw up? Was it an accident?" asked old Allan McPherson, the Highland piper, who had listened eagerly to the tragic story.

"No accident was it. Sergeant Marshall, of the artillery, a desperate fellow, who swore the enemy should lose more than they would gain by taking the fort, laid and fired the train. The General had already given the order to retreat, and knew nothing of it."

"God forgie him!" exclaimed the old Scotchman. "Yon's no war ava—it's rank murder. I can thole a fair and square stan' up fecht, but yon's a coward trick."

"Ye'd say so," said Private McIntyre, Shenstone's comrade, "gin ye saw the hale place reeking like a shawmbles, an' the puir wretches lying stark and staring like slaughtered sheep. I doubt na it was a gran' blunder as weel as a gran' crime. Forbye killing some o' oor ain folk it will breed bad bluid through the hale war. I doubt na it will mak it waur for ye, for Fort George's turn mun come next."

"I hear Dearborn swore to avenge the death of General Pike. All the vessels' flags were half-mast, and the minute guns boomed while they rowed his dead body, wrapped in the stars and stripes, to the flag-ship; and Chauncey carried off all the public property, even to the mace and Speaker's wig from the Parliament House, and the fire-engine of the town."\*

"How did you get away with the despatches?" asked Jonas Evans. "I should think Chauncey would try to take us by surprise, but the Lord would not let him."

"To avoid capture," said Shenstone, "Sheaffe placed the Don between him and the enemy as soon as possible, and broke down

\*These were conveyed to Sackett's Harbour and deposited in the dockyard storehouse, where they were exhibited as trophies of the conquest.

the bridge behind him. There were only four hundred of us altogether. Captain Villiers, who had recovered from his wound, and Ensign Norton set out on horseback, with despatches for Fort George; and, in case they should be captured, Lieutenant Foster undertook to convey them by water, and we volunteered to accompany him. We got a fisherman's boat at Frenchman's Bay. It was a long, tough pull across the lake, I tell you. At night the wind rose, and we were drenched with spray and nearly perished with cold. After two days hard rowing against head wind, we made land, but were afraid to enter the river till night-fall. We slipped passed Fort Niagara without detection, but had like to be murdered by your sentry here. We might well ask to be saved from our friends."

An unwonted stir soon pervaded the fort and camp. Again the ponderous gates yawned and the draw-bridge fell, and orderlies galloped out into the night to convey the intelligence to the frontier posts, and to order the concentration of every available man and gun at Fort George. The sentries were doubled on the ramparts and along the river front. The entire garrison was on the *qui vive* against a surprise. The next day Captain Villiers, with his companion, reached the fort, fagged out with their hundred miles' ride in two days—they had been compelled to make a wide *detour* to avoid capture. The whole garrison was in a ferment of excitement and hard work. Stores, guns, ammunition, accoutrements were overhauled and inspected. The army bakery was busy day and night. Forage and other supplies of every sort were brought in. Extra rations were made ready for issue, and every possible precaution taken against an anticipated attack, which, it was felt, could not long be delayed.

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#### CHAPTER VII.—THE FALL OF FORT GEORGE.

But short respite was granted before the fall of the blow which, for a time, annihilated British authority on the frontier. On the third day after the reception of the evil tidings of the capture of York, Chauncey's fleet was seen in the offing; but for six days adverse winds prevented it from landing the American troops beneath the protection of the guns of Fort Niagara. Day after day they stood off and on, but were unable to make the land.

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," said Jonas Evans, as he watched the baffled fleet, "and the Lord, with the breath of His mouth, fighteth for us."

At length, having landed General Dearborn and his troops, Chauncey conveyed his wounded to Sackett's Harbour, the great American naval depot on Lake Ontario, and hastened back with a strong body of re-enforcements. The gallant Colonel Vincent, commandant at Fort George, bated not a jot of heart or hope,—although he was able to muster only some 1,400 troops. Yet these, with spade and mattock, toiled day after day to strengthen its ramparts and ravelins, and to throw up new earthworks and batteries. One fatal want, however, was felt. The stock of ammunition was low, and as Chauncey, with his fleet, had the mastery of the lake, it could not be replenished from the ample supply at Fort Henry, at Kingston.

At length the fateful day arrived. On the twenty-sixth of May, at early dawn, Chauncey's ships, fifteen in number, were drawn up in crescent form off the devoted town, their snowy sails gleaming in the morning sun. On the opposite sides of the river the grim forts frowned defiance at each other, and guarded, like stern warders, the channel between them. The morning *reveille* seemed the shrill challenge to mortal combat. Sullen and silent, like couchant lions, through the black embrasures the grim cannon watched the opposite shores; and at length, from the feverish lips of the guns of the American fort, as if they could no longer hold their breath, leap forth, in breath of flame and thunder roar, the fell death-bolts of war. The fierce shells scream through the air and explode within the quadrangle of Fort George, scattering destruction and havoc, or, perchance, bury themselves harmlessly in the earthen ramparts. The ships take up their part in the dreadful chorus. From their black sides flash forth the tongues of flame and wreaths of smoke, and soon they get the range with deadly precision. The British guns promptly reply. The gunners stand to their pieces, though an iron hail is crashing all around them. Now one and another is struck down by a splinter or fragment of shell, and, while another steps into his place, is borne off to the bomb-proof casemates, where the surgeon plys his ghastly but beneficent calling.

For hours the deadly cannonade continues, but amid it all, the dead General, buried in a disused bastion, sleeps calmly on :

“He has fought his last fight, he has waged his last battle,  
No sound shall awake him to glory again.”

Jonas Evans, who had been an old artilleryman, takes the place of a wounded gunner, lifts the big sixty-eight pound balls, rams them home, and handles the linstock as coolly as if on parade. “Bless the Lord!” he said to a comrade while the piece was being pointed, “I am ready to live or die; it’s no odds to me. For me to live is Christ, to die is gain. Sudden death would be sudden glory. Hallelujah! I believe I am doing my duty to my country, to God and man, and my soul is as happy as it can be this side heaven.”

Strange words for such a scene of blood! Strange work for a Christian man to do! It seems the work of demons rather than of men, and yet godly men have, with an approving conscience, wielded the weapons of carnal warfare. But in this much at least all will agree: An unjust war is the greatest of all crimes, and even a just war is the greatest of all calamities. And all will join in the prayer, Give peace in our time, O Lord, and hasten the day when the nations shall learn war no more!

Neville Trueman, who had a pass from Colonel Vincent to visit the Methodist troops in the fort, felt himself summoned thither, as to a post of duty, at the first sounds of the cannonade. He was soon busily engaged, skilfully helping the surgeon and ministering alike to the bodies and the souls of the wounded soldiers. He also found time to visit the ramparts and speak words of cheer and encouragement to the members of his spiritual flock. Although shot and shell screamed through the air, and fragments and splinters were flying in dangerous proximity, he felt himself sustained by the grace of God. Amid these dreadful scenes he knew no fear, and his calm serenity inspired confidence and courage in others.

The bombardment lasted a large part of the day. Fort George was severely damaged. Several of its guns were dismantled, and the whole place rendered almost untenable.

The night was one of much anxiety. The force of the enemy was overwhelming. The fate of the fortress seemed certain; but Vincent, with gallant British pluck, resolved to hold it to the last. The wearied troops snatched what refreshment and repose they could amid the confusion and discomfort and danger by which they were surrounded. At intervals during the night the

American fort kept up a teasing fire, more for the purpose of causing annoyance and preventing rest than with the object of doing any serious damage. As a mere pyrotechnic spectacle it was certainly a grand sight to watch the graceful curves of the live shells through the air—a parabola of vivid brightness against the black sky, as the burning fuse, fanned by its rapid motion, glowed like a shooting-star. The loud detonation and explosion of fiery fragments that followed, however, was rather discomposing to the nerves, and unfavourable for restful slumber to the weary warriors.

Another cruel refinement of war was still more disconcerting. In order, if possible, to ignite the barracks, the gunners of Fort Niagara kept firing at intervals red hot cannon balls. A vigilant look-out for these had to be kept, and a fire brigade was specially organized to drown out any incipient conflagration that might occur.

A similar compliment was paid by the artillerists of Fort George. No little skill was required in handling these heavy red-hot projectiles. In order to prevent a premature explosion of the charge, a wet wad was interposed between the powder and the red-hot ball. In the walls of Fort Mississauga, at Niagara, may still be seen the fire-places for heating the shot for the purpose here described.

But, notwithstanding the tumult, the roar of the cannon near at hand, the explosion of shells, and the thud of the balls striking the casemates, or burying themselves in the earthen ramparts, the weary garrison snatched what repose was possible; for the morrow, it was felt, would tax their energies to the utmost.

The morning of May 27th dawned as bright and beautiful as in Eden's sinless garden—as fair as though such a deadly evil as war were unknown in the world. The American shipping stood in closer to the shore. The bombardment was renewed with intenser fury. It was evident that an attempt was about to be made to land a hostile force on Canadian ground. Every available man, except those required to work the guns of Fort George, and a guard over the stores, was hurried down to the beach, to prevent, if possible, the landing. Boat after boat, filled with armed men, their bayonets gleaming in the morning sunshine, left the ships, and, under cover of a tremendous fire from the American fort and fleet, gained the shore. First

Colonel Scott, with eight hundred riflemen, effected a landing. They were promptly met by a body of British regulars and militia, and compelled to take refuge under cover of the steep bank which lined the beach to the north of the town. From this position they kept up a galling fire on the British troops in the open field. The broadsides of the fleet also swept the plain, and wrought great havoc among the brave militia defending their native soil. To escape the deadly sweep of the cannon they were obliged to prostrate themselves in the slight depressions in the plain. Notwithstanding the inequality of numbers, the main body of the enemy were three times repulsed before they could gain a foothold on the beach.

At length, after three hours' desperate struggle, a hostile force of six thousand men stood upon the plain. The conflict then was brief but strenuous. Many were the incidents of personal heroism that relieved, as by a gleam of light, the darkness of the tragedy. Jonas Evans was in the foremost files, and, as they lay upon the ground, his comrade on either side was killed by round shot from the ships, but, as if he bore a charmed life, he escaped unhurt. Loker and McKay, while bearing off a wounded militiaman, were captured, as were many others. At length the bugles sounded a retreat. Slowly and reluctantly the British troops fell back through the town. A strong rear-guard halted in the streets, seeking the shelter of the houses, and stubbornly holding the foe at bay, while Vincent made his preparations for abandoning Fort George. All that valour and fidelity could do to hold that important post had been done. But how were a few hundred weary and defeated men to withstand a victorious army of six-fold greater strength?\*

The guns of the fort were spiked and overthrown, and baggage, ammunition, and moveable stores were hastily loaded on teams volunteered for the service, to accompany the retreat of the army. With a bitter pang, Vincent ordered the destruction of the fort which he had so gallantly defended. When the last man had retired, with his own hand he fired the train which caused the explosion of the powder magazine. When the victorious army marched in, they found only the breached and black-

\* The details of the account above given were narrated to the author by the venerable Father Brady, for many years class-leader of the Methodist Church at Niagara, who was an actor in the events described.

ened walls, the yawning gates, and dismantled ramparts of the fort. From the shattered flagstaff, where it still waved defiantly, though rent and seared by shot and shell, the brave red-cross flag was hauled down and replaced by the gaily fluttering stars and stripes.

Many a time has the present writer wandered over the crumbling and grass-grown ramparts of the ruined fort, where the peaceful sheep crop the herbage and the little children play. Some of the old casemates and thick-walled magazines still remain, and are occupied by the families of a few old pensioners. In these low-vaulted chambers, with their deep and narrow embrasures, once the scene of the rude alarum of war, often has he held a quiet religious service with the lowly and unlettered inmates, who knew little of the thrilling history of their strange abode.

Often at the pensive sunset hour, reclining in a crumbling bastion, has he tried to rehabilitate the past, and to summon from their lonely and forgotten graves upon the neighbouring battle-field, or in quiet church-yards, it may be, far beyond the sea, the groups of war-scarred veterans who once peopled the now desolate fort. Again is heard, in fancy, the quick challenge and reply, the bugle-call, the roll of drums, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. How false and fading is felt to be the glory of arms, and how abiding victories of peace, more glorious than those of war!

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour :  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

But hark ! a loud report awakes the dreamer from his reverie. It is the sunset gun from old Fort Niagara ; and as stern reality becomes again a presence, the gazer's glance rests on the peaceful beauty of the broad blue Lake Ontario, on which, at this quiet hour, so many eyes, long turned to dust, have rested in the years forever flown.

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## GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

*JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## II.

CERTAIN public events now took place which brought Chrysostom into greater prominence in his native city. By one of those popular insurrections, of which we find in modern times no parallel, save in the history of France, Antioch defied the authority of the emperor, and fell under his ban. In the year of our Lord 387, an exorbitant tax was imposed on the city to meet the exigencies of the Gothic war. The assessment was oppressive, and the citizens were driven to despair. In an outbreak of exasperation, a mob of the servile class hastened to the forum and hurled from their pedestals the statues of the emperor and empress, and of their sons Arcadius and Honorius. These they dragged through the streets with the utmost contumely, and order was only restored by the appearance of a body of archers.

The whole city was involved in the consequences of this "flat rebellion." A stern retribution was expected. The venerable Bishop Flavian hastened to the metropolis, a rugged journey of eight hundred miles, to deprecate the wrath of Theodosius. "While he is gone on an embassy to the emperor," said Chrysostom, as he led the devotions of the multitude who thronged the churches, "let us go an embassy to the Majesty of heaven."

Two officers of state had already been despatched to inflict a heavy-handed punishment on the rebellious city. As they rode in military pomp up the colonnaded street of Antioch, a serge-clad monk, as if clothed with the power of an Elijah, summoned them to stop. "Tell the emperor," he exclaimed, with a moral heroism that compelled their awe, "that if he is emperor he is also man. Let him not command that the image of God be cruelly and unmercifully destroyed. Let him reflect that in place of the brazen images," referring to the mutilated statues, "we can easily fabricate many. But that it is forever beyond his power to restore a single hair to the heads of his murdered victims."

In those early days of rapine and of wrong, of cruelty and of blood, the Church, in the person of its ministers, became the champion of the poor and the oppressed. The lords of the legions, the masters of the Roman Empire, were taught that there was a mightier power than theirs—a kingdom that was not of this world, to whose behests they must submit. Theodosius granted to the intercession of a priest what he would have refused to the menace of an army. He rejoiced more, he said, in being a member of the Christian Church than in being ruler of the world—*“Ecclesiæ de membrum esse magis quam in terris regnare gaudebat.”* \*

Three years later the emperor of the Roman world himself knelt a suppliant at the threshold of the Church of Milan, from which he was excluded for his crime of the massacre of Thessalonica. For eight months he submitted to the ignominious exclusion. On the feast of the Nativity he implored in vain admittance to those sacred precincts which were open to the beggar and the slave.

“The emperor may kill me, and pass over my body,” said the intrepid Ambrose, “but not otherwise shall he enter the sanctuary without repentance and absolution.” Theodosius remonstrated that King David had also been guilty of the crime of homicide, and yet had been pardoned. “You have imitated David in his sin,” retorted the undaunted prelate, “so imitate him also in his penitence.”

At length, stripped of his insignia of royalty, prostrate on the earth, and imploring with tears the pardon of God, the lord of the world received the absolution of the bishop of Milan.

But in later days this spiritual power became a priestly despotism. Popes spurned with their feet the crowns of kings who humbly held their stirrup or their bridle rein, and a haughty Hildebrand kept the proud Emperor, Henry IV., kneeling, half naked, in mid-winter's snow, a suppliant for the grudgingly-granted pardon of the pope. Himself driven from his throne, Hildebrand died a refugee at Salerno with the words, which may still be seen upon his tomb, upon his lips: “*Dilexi justitiam; et odivi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio—I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore do I die an exile.*”

But in the days of Chrysostom, the power of the Church was

\* *Aug. Civitas Dei.*

employed only in ministrations of mercy—in averting the sword of persecution, and withstanding the oppression of tyrants. Only six years after the monk Macedonius procured the amnesty of Antioch, another Eastern monk, Telemachus, leaped into the arena of the Roman Coliseum, between the swords of the gladiators, and, becoming a martyr to humanity, abolished for ever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre.\*

A great religious awakening and revival, such as it had not known since the days of St. Paul, followed the "Reign of Terror," in Antioch. "If the forum is empty," says Chrysostom, "the church is full. Tears have succeeded boisterous mirth. On all sides are heard supplications and benedictions. The shops are closed; the city is become a church, and all as with a common voice are calling upon God." Instead of thronging the baths and the hippodrome, the multitude sat at the feet of the golden-mouthed preacher, and obeyed with chastened hearts his solemn admonitions.

Chrysostom was now to be called to a wider field than the city of Antioch, and to a loftier eminence than the bema of its ancient church. The episcopal see of Constantinople, scarce inferior in dignity, if at all, to that of Rome itself, was vacant. Eutropius, the imperial chamberlain, who ruled alike the palace and the court, had heard the sacred oratory of the presbyter of Antioch and selected him as the new primate of the imperial diocese. In order to forestall opposition, either his own or that of his admirers, he was enticed out of the city under a false pretext, and conveyed with speed and secrecy to Constantinople.

At the capital of the empire, the strife of Arians and Orthodox had been virulent, but under the Emperor Theodosius and the primate, Gregory Nazianzen, the true Catholic faith had been re-established. The emperors had despoiled old Rome to adorn with porphyry and marble the new Rome on the Bosphorus. The Eastern capital soon exceeded in population and splendour the mother city, though barren of its storied memories and heroic traditions. In beauty of situation it far surpassed the ancient capital. Its engirdling amphitheatre of hills was classic ground—the abodes of heroes and the gods. Olympus, Ida, the Trojan plain and Scamander's stream invested its vicinage with thrilling

\* Gibbon. Chap. xxx.

associations. The magnificence of the Golden Horn, even under Turkish degradation, still calls forth the raptures of the tourist, though he may have beheld the fairest scenes on earth.

The sceptre of the world had fallen from the vigorous grasp of Theodosius into the jewelled fingers of the effeminate Arcadius, now in his eighteenth year. Yet he assumed the state and splendour of a god. His chariot, says Chrysostom, was of pure and solid gold, and flashed, when it moved, with the gleam of precious stones. The empress Eudoxia, the daughter of a Roman soldier, was elevated by an intrigue to the throne. In this giddy height, while she preserved her beauty, says D'Aubigne, she lost her virtue. She became haughty and luxurious, greedy of gold, and the slave of vice. Ferocity, it was said, flowed in her veins with her Frankish blood.

Such were the uncongenial surroundings to which the humble presbyter of Antioch found himself transferred. Had he been content to maintain the pomp and splendour of his predecessor, Nectarius, and to be an obsequious and courtly preacher, he might have lived and died in worldly ease. But in his desert cell he had learned to scorn the gauds and vanities of time, and to live as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye, and in the broad light of eternity. He carried the asceticism of the monk into the palace of the archbishop.

"Instead of munificent hospitality," says Milman,\* "he took his scanty meal in his solitary chamber. His rigid economy endured none of that episcopal sumptuousness with which his predecessor Nectarius had dazzled the public eye: he proscribed all the carpets, all silken dresses; he sold the costly furniture and the rich vessels of his residence; he was said even to have retrenched from the Church some of its gorgeous plate, and to have sold some rich marbles and furniture designed for the great basilica. He was lavish, on the other hand, in his expenditure on the hospitals and charitable institutions. But even the use to which they were applied did not justify to the general feeling the alienation of those ornaments from the service of the Church. The populace, who, no doubt, in their hours of discontent, had contrasted the magnificence of Nectarius with apostolical poverty, were now offended by the apostolical poverty of Chrysostom, which seemed unworthy of his lofty station."

\* *Hist. of Christianity.* Chap. ix.

The following is the strain—in which we see a picture of the old Byzantine life—in which, from the ambo of the stately Church of St. Sophia, the bold preacher addressed the courtly throng, who, notwithstanding their poignancy, were charmed by his words: “The rich lords and ladies come hither not to hear the Word of God, but to exhibit themselves, how they shall make the greatest display, surpass each other in the splendour of their dress, and attract attention by their looks and airs. The lady is thinking within herself ‘Has this and that person noticed and admired me? Do my robes sit well? Are they properly arranged?’ Then comes the lord, attended by a band of slaves, who clear the way before him. As soon as he takes his place his thoughts fly off to his business or his money-bags. Yet such persons think they are conferring a favour upon us, upon the Church, and even upon God Himself, by their mere presence among us.” These bold, brave words were little apt to conciliate the favour of the proud court dames and lordlings of the gay Byzantine capital.

Nothing more strikingly shows the decadence into which the great empire of the Cæsars had fallen than the facility with which base adventurers attained the highest places in the state. Eutropius, the eunuch, who had begun life as a slave and groom of the stables, by fraud and guile had won his way to the very steps of the throne. “As imperial chamberlain, this vile huckster,” says the poet Claudian, “marked off and appraised the Roman provinces from the Hæmus to the Tigris. A large tablet in his anti-chamber shows their various prices. As he sold himself, he is determined to sell every one else.” He governed the emperor like a sheep, says Zosimus, a contemporary writer, and pandered to the vices and greed of the empress. He made Hosius, originally a Spanish cook, Chancellor of the Empire. He struck down from their places and banished to the Libyan desert or the rugged wilds of the Caucasus, officers of the highest rank and noblest name. One of his victims took refuge in the church and appealed to the protection of Chrysostom. The intrepid primate became the champion of the oppressed, and resisted the tyranny of the oppressor. The malicious eunuch obtained an edict violating the right of sanctuary, little thinking that he himself should so soon need its protection.

Chrysostom, lamenting the evil of the times, exclaims, “Does

it not seem as if society were dissolving into chaos? Where shall I begin? With the high offices of state? There is more stability with the motes floating in the sunbeam than in them. The man who yesterday sat upon the judge's bench, to-day is hurled down, and stripped of all his possessions. Poverty is now the shield of defence, while wealth is the signal of danger."

But, like most minions of arbitrary power, Eutropius was in turn dragged from his eminence. The army demanded his head; the populace thirsted for his blood. The empress, who had profited by his errors, betrayed him. The emperor basely yielded him to his enemies. The wretched man sought in the church whose right of sanctuary he had abolished, and at the hands of the prelate whom he had insulted and defied, that protection which he could find no where else. And he was not disappointed. With the magnanimity of a great soul, Chrysostom interposed, and saved the life of his abject enemy at the peril of his own.

"While the hunted criminal lay trembling at the altar," says a historian of the event,\* "listening to the cries of the infuriate multitude demanding his life, the Sabbath day came round, and Chrysostom appeared in the pulpit. The great cathedral was filled to overflowing with an excited and tumultuous throng, who came, it is to be feared, not so much to worship God as to gratify their vindictive curiosity by feasting their eyes on the fallen minister. 'It is always seasonable,' said the orator, as he rose, 'but at this moment more seasonable than ever, to exclaim—'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'" Where is the glory of this man? Where the halo of that light which surrounded him? Where the shouts with which he was received when he appeared in the theatre and at the race-course? Gone—all gone! A sudden whirlwind has swept off the leaves and left the tree bare. The trunk stands naked and stricken to the roots. Where are the friends who worshipped his greatness and surrounded him with a cloud of incense? It was but a dream of the night: the morning has dawned and the dream is dissolved. It has fled like a shadow; vanished like a vapour; burst like the empty bubble that it was! Oh vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"

Turning to the miserable wretch who crouched at the altar, gazing at the excited multitude like a wild beast at bay, he ad-

\*Macgilvray, *Life of Chrysostom*, p. 253.

monished him of his guilt and exhorted him to repentance. Then addressing the tumultuous throng he demanded his pardon. "Let it be the glory of the Church," he said, "to open her gates to her former enemy, to protect the man who is pursued on every hand. Let her in such a cause brave the displeasure of the emperor, the wrath of the people, the hatred of all." He justified the plea for mercy by the example of the woman who was a sinner, who, nevertheless, was spurned not from the feet of Christ; and he besought them to approach not the table of the Lord without forgiving their enemy. The spell of the preacher's eloquence triumphed. Sobs were heard on every side, and the vast audience was melted into tears. The whole scene lacked no element of dramatic interest, and is worthy of being immortalized by the genius of the poet in deathless verse.

The death-penalty pronounced on the unhappy man was commuted to perpetual exile in the Island of Cyprus. But his crimes were too many to be forgotten. He was subsequently tried on another charge, and, as no Chrysostom was by to protect him, he was ignominiously beheaded.

But with all his courage, his eloquence, his moral dignity, says Milman, Chrysostom, instead of establishing a firm and permanent authority in the turbulent City of Constantine, became himself the victim of intrigue and jealousy. The very unworldliness of his character prevented his exercising that decision and practical wisdom which characterized the later prelates of the West—as, for instance, an Ambrose or a Gregory the Great. He lacked also the mental sternness which enabled a Knox in later days to resist the entreaties of his sovereign, urged with all the fascination of lovely womanhood. Chrysostom had degraded from office an unworthy ecclesiastic whose restoration the empress demanded. The prelate refused her request backed by the authority of the emperor. Determined not to be foiled she proceeded in state, with the infant prince Theodosius in her arms, to the Church of St. Sophia. She rapidly traversed the nave, entered the choir, and paused before the primate seated on his throne. Placing the child upon his knee, she conjured him to pardon the deposed bishop. The venerable patriarch hesitated, but moved by the sight of the infant prince, whose duty it would be to learn to pardon, he granted the request. Knox would have austere rebuked the haughty empress and denied her suit.

## EARLY DAYS OF CANADA—THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

THE narrow-minded and unyielding policy of George III., as every one now admits it to have been, brought about the American Revolution, and gave birth to the American Republic. As always happens in every great movement, there were two sides to this question, not only between Great Britain and her colonists, but among the colonists themselves. One side clamoured boldly for their rights, and if needs be separation. The other side shrank from a contest with the mother land, and preferred a more peaceful solution of their difficulties. A moderate degree of liberality on the part of the British Government would have appeased the demands of the malcontents, and another destiny, whether for the better or worse, might have been in store for the American people. But those were days when the policy of the nation was stern and uncompromising, when the views of trade were narrow and contracted, when justice was untempered with mercy, and men bigoted and pugnacious. Protracted wars consumed the revenues and made many draughts on the national purse, and when the trade of the colonies was laid under contribution, they refused the demand. The Government, true to the spirit of the age, would not brook refusal on the part of its subjects, and must needs force them to comply. The contest began, and when, after a seven years' struggle, peace was declared, those who had sided with the old land found themselves homeless, and rather than swear allegiance to the new *régime*, abandoned their adopted country and emigrated to the wilds of Canada and the Eastern Provinces. Two results grew out of this contest: the establishment of a new and powerful nationality, and the settlement of a vast country subject to the British Crown, to the north, then an unbroken wilderness, now the Dominion of Canada, whose rapid strides in wealth and power bid fair to rival even those of the great Republic.

The first settlers of Upper Canada were principally American colonists who adhered to the cause of England. After the capitulation of General Burgoyne, many of the royalists with their families moved into Canada, and took up land along the shores



of the St. Lawrence, Bay of Quinte, and the lakes, and upon the evacuation of New York at the close of the war a still greater number followed, a large number of whom were soldiers, disbanded and left without employment. Many had lost their property, so that nearly all were destitute and depending upon the liberality of the Government whose battles they had fought, and for whose cause they had suffered. They were not forgotten. The British Government was not tardy in its movement, and at once decided to reward their loyalty. Immediate steps were taken to provide for present wants, and also to provide means for their future subsistence. These prompt measures on the part of the Government were not only acts of justice and humanity, but were sound in policy, and were crowned with universal success.

Liberal grants of land were made free of expense on the following scale:—A field officer received 5,000 acres; a captain, 3,000, a subaltern, 2,000; and a private, 200 acres. Surveyors were sent on to lay out the land, and commenced their work near Lake St. Francis, then the highest French settlement, and extended along the shores of the St. Lawrence up to Lake Ontario, and thence along the lake and round the Bay of Quinte. Townships were laid out and then subdivided into concessions and lots of 200 acres. These townships were numbered, and remained without names for many years. Of these numbers there were two divisions: one, including the townships below Kingston in the line east to the St. Francis settlement; the other, west from Kingston to the head of the Bay of Quinte, and were known by the old people as first, second, third, fourth town, etc. No names were given to the townships by legal enactment for a long time, and hence the habit of designating them by numbers became fixed.

The settlement of the surveyed portion of the midland district, which then included the present counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington, Hastings, and the county of Prince Edward, commenced in the summer of 1784. The new settlers were supplied with farming implements, building materials, provisions, and some clothing for the first two years, at the expense of the nation. "And in order," it was stated, "that the love of country may take deeper root in the hearts of those true men, the government determined to put a mark of honour" as the order of the council

expresses it, "upon the families who had adhered to the unity of the Empire, and joined the royal standard in America, before the treaty of separation in the year 1783." A list of such persons was directed in 1789 to be made out and returned, "to the end that their posterity might be discriminated from the future settlers." From these two emphatic words—The Unity of the Empire—it was styled the U. E. list, and they whose names were entered therein, were distinguished as U. E. Loyalists. This, as is well known, was not a mere empty distinction, but was notably a title of some consequence, for it not only provided for the U. E. Loyalists themselves, but guaranteed to all their children, upon arriving at the age of twenty-one years, two hundred acres of land free from all expense. It is a pleasing task to recall these generous acts on the part of the British Government, towards the fathers of our country and the descendants of these true and noble-hearted men, who loved the old Empire so well that they preferred to endure toil and privation in the wilderness of Canada, to ease and comfort under the protection of the revolted colonies. We should venerate their memory, and foster a love of country as deep and abiding as theirs.

In order further to encourage the growth of population and induce other settlers to come into the country, two hundred acres of land was allowed, upon condition of actual settlement, and the payment of surveying and office fees, which amounted in all to about thirty-eight dollars.

In 1791 the provinces were divided and styled Upper Canada and Lower Canada—the one embracing all the French seigneuries; the other all the newly-settled townships. The first governor, John Graves Simcoe, Esq., arrived in 1792, and took up his residence at Newark (Niagara), then the capital of the province. Here the first parliament of Canada met and held five successive sessions, after which it was moved to York. Governor Simcoe laboured hard and successfully to promote the settlement of the province.

Kingston is the oldest town in Upper Canada by many years. The white man found his way here over a century before any settlement in the west was made or thought of. Small expeditions had from time to time penetrated the vast wilderness far to the west, either for the purpose of trading with the Indians, or led by some zealous priest who sought for the glory of God to bring the

wandering tribes into the fold of the Roman Church. The untiring energy and zeal displayed by these early Fathers, together with the hardships, dangers, and privations they endured, form one of the most interesting pages of adventure in our country's history. The crafty and industrious French Governor, de Courcelles, in order to put a stop to the encroachment of the Five Nations, despatched a messenger from Quebec to their chief to inform him that he had some business of great importance to communicate, and wished them to proceed to Catarraqui, where he would meet them.\* As soon as the Indian deputies arrived, a council was held. The Governor informed them that he was going to build a fort there, to serve principally as a depot for merchandise, and to facilitate the trade that was springing up between them. The chiefs, ignorant of the real intention of the wily Governor, readily agreed to a proposition which seemed intended for their advantage. But this being so far from what the Indians expected, was really to be a barrier against them in future wars. While measures were being completed to build the fort, Courcelles was recalled and Count de Frontenac sent out in his place. Frontenac carried out the designs of his predecessor, and in 1672 completed the fort which received his name, and retained it for many years.

It has been said that the love of country was not a characteristic of Canadians; that in consequence of our youth there was but little for affection to cling to; that the traditions that cluster around age and foster these sentiments were wanting. This may be to a certain extent true. But I cannot believe but that Canadians are as loyal to their country as any other people under the sun. The life-long struggle of those men whom the old land was wont "to put a mark of honour upon," are too near to us not to warm our hearts with love and veneration; they are too sturdy a race to be lightly overlooked by their descendants. Their memory is too sacred a trust to be forgotten, and their lives too worthy of our imitation not to bind us together as a people, whose home and country shall ever be first in our thoughts and affection.

As a Canadian—and I believe I utter the sentiments of every

\* Catarraqui, the original name of Kingston, is an Indian name, and means "Rocks above water."

born son of our grand country—I feel more satisfaction and pride in being a descendant of the pioneers of Canada, than I could possibly feel if noble blood coursed my veins. There is more pleasure to me in looking back to the log cabin which my grandfather erected on the bay shore, as the home of my father, than if I could point to some baronial castle or rocky keep as the place of his birth. I know that they were loyal, honest, industrious, and virtuous men, and if this is not a better record than hoary castle or battered keep can furnish, and one as highly to be prized, then I am mistaken and wish to remain so.

Is there any place in the world where such marvellous changes have taken place as here? Where among the countries of the earth shall we find a more rapid and vigorous growth? Ninety years ago this province was a dense and unknown forest. We can hardly realize the fact that not a century has elapsed since these strong-handed and brave-hearted men pushed their way into the profound wilderness of Upper Canada. Were they not heroes? See that man whose strong arm first uplifts the threatening axe. Fix his image in your mind and tell me if it is not a theme worthy the genius and chisel of a Chantrey; mark him as he swings his axe and buries it deep into a giant tree. Hark! how that first blow rings through the wood, and echoes along the shores of the bay. The wild duck starts and flaps her wings; the timid deer bounds away. Yet stroke follows stroke in measured force. The huge tree whose branches have been fanned and tossed by the breeze of centuries, begins to sway,—another blow, and it falls thundering to the ground. Far and wide does the crash reverberate. It is the first knell of destruction booming through the forest of Canada, and as it flies upon the wings of the wind, from hill-top to hill-top, proclaims the first welcome sound of a new-born country. And did these men of whom we have been speaking make war alone upon the mighty forest? Did they find their way alone to the wilds of Canada? No: they were accompanied by women as true and brave as themselves, women who uncomplainingly shared their toils and hardships, who rejoiced in their success, and cheered them when weary and depressed. They left kindred and friends far behind, literally to bury themselves in the deep recesses of a boundless forest, and comfortable homes to endure hunger and fatigue in log cabins which their own

delicate hands helped to rear, far beyond the range of civilization. Let us follow a party of these adventurers to Canada.

In the summer of the year 1795 or thereabouts, a company of six persons, composed of two men and their wives with two small children, pushed a rough-looking and unwieldy boat away from the shore in the neighbourhood of Poughkeepsie, and turned its prow up the Hudson. A rude sail was hoisted, but it flapped lazily against the slender mast. The two men take up the oars and pull quietly out into the river. They did not note the morning's sun gradually lifting himself above the eastern level, and scattering his cheerful rays of light across the river, and along its shores. All nature seemed rejoicing over the coming day, but they appeared not to heed it. They pulled on in silence, looking now ahead, and then wistfully back to the place they had left. Their boat was crowded with sundry household necessaries carefully packed up and stowed away. At the stern are the two women; one, ruddy and strong, steers the boat; the other, small and delicate minds her children. Both are plainly and neatly dressed, and they, too, are taking backward glances through silent tears. Why do they weep, and whither are they bound? Their oars are faithfully plied and they glide slowly on. And thus day after day may we follow them on their voyage. Now and then a gentle breeze fills the sail and wafts them on. When the shades of evening begin to fall around them they pull to shore and rear a temporary tent, after which they partake of the plain fare provided for the evening meal, with a relish which toil alone can give, and then lay them down to rest, and renew their strength for the labours of the morrow.

They reach Albany, then a Dutch town on the verge of civilization; beyond was a wilderness land but little known. Some necessaries were purchased here, and again our little company launch away. They reach the place where the city of Troy now stands and turn away to the left into the Mohawk river, and proceed slowly and often with great difficulty up the rapids and windings of the stream. This rich and fertile valley of the Mohawk was then the home of the Indian. Here the celebrated Chief Brant had lived but a short time before, but had now withdrawn into the wilds of Western Canada. The voyageurs, after several days of hard labour and difficulty, emerge into the little lake Oneida, lying in the north-western part of the State of New

York, through which they pass with ease and pleasure. The most difficult part of their journey had been overcome. In due time they reach the Onondaga River and soon pass down it to Oswego, then an old fort which had been built by the French when they were masters of the country as a barrier against the encroachments of the wily Indian. Several bloody frays had occurred here, but our friends did not tarry to muse over its battle-ground, or to learn its history

Their small craft now danced on the bosom of Ontario, but they did not push out into the lake and across it. Oh no: they are careful sailors, and they remember, perhaps, that small boats should not venture far from shore, and so they wind along it until they reach Gravelly Point, now known by the more dignified name of Cape Vincent. Here they strike across the channel and thence around the lower end of Wolfe Island and into Kingston Bay, when they come to shore. There were not many streets or fine stone houses in the Limestone City at this time; a few log houses composed the town. After resting and transacting necessary business they again push away and turn their course up the lovely Bay of Quinte. What a wild and beautiful scene opened out before them! The far-reaching bay, with its serried ranks of primeval forest crowding the shores on either hand. The clear, pure water rippling along its beach, and its bosom dotted with flocks of wild fowl, could not fail to arrest the attention of the weary voyageurs. Frequently do they pause and rest upon their oars to enjoy the wild beauty that surrounds them. With lighter heart they coast along the shore, and continue up the bay until they reach township number four. This township, now known as Adolphustown, is composed of five points or arms which run out into the bay. They sail round four of these points of land and turn into Hay Bay, and after proceeding about three miles pull to shore. Their journey it would seem had come to an end, for they begin to unload their boat and erect a tent. The sun sinks down in the west, and weary and worn they lay themselves down upon the bed of leaves to rest. Six weeks have passed since we saw them launch away in quest of this wilderness home. Look at them, and tell me what you think of their prospects. Is it far enough away from the busy haunts of men to suit you. Would you not rather sing—

“ Oh solitude, where are the charms  
Which sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place.”

With the first glimmer of the morning's light all hands are up and at work. A small space is cleared away, trees are felled and in due time a house is built. I fancy it was not large or commodious, that the rooms were not numerous nor spacious, the furniture neither elegant nor luxurious. A pot or two, perhaps a few plates, cups and saucers, with knives and forks and spoons, a box of linen, a small lot of bedding, etc., with a

“A chest, contrived a double debt to pay—  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.”

This is not a fancy sketch, the writer has heard the story many a time from the lips of the little old grandmother\* who was of the party. She lived to raise a family of nine children, and saw most of them married and well settled; exchanged the log house for a large and comfortable home, and died peacefully at a good old age.

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## EASTER.

ROLL back, ye bars of light,  
Wide open gates of glory;  
All heaven, behold the sight,  
Attend the wondrous story:  
Ye angel hosts that crowd  
Around the conqueror's car,  
Proclaim his praise aloud  
Whose mighty ones ye are!

Rise, saints, your Lord to meet,  
To praise and to adore Him;  
Come, worship at His feet;  
Come, cast your crowns before Him!  
Lift up your heads, ye gates,  
And let the Victor in,  
Eternal triumph waits  
The Vanquisher of sin.

At morn the Saviour rose,  
Like giant from his slumber,  
Fled all his mighty foes—  
And who may tell their number?  
Death and the gloomy grave  
Have yielded up their prey;  
Almighty now to save.  
On high He takes His way.

Ride on, ride on, O Lord,  
The golden gates enfold Thee;  
In highest heaven adored,  
Our eyes may not behold Thee.  
Yet hear, oh! hear our praise,  
Great Saviour, God, and King;  
As this our hymn we raise,  
Our hearts' devotions bring.

—Rev. W. MacIvorine.

\* The writer is one of her grandsons.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.\*

BY H. E. CLARKE, ESQ.

## I.

DWELLERS on this side of the Atlantic have some pleasures that are comparatively unknown to their less fortunate brethren on the other side. Pleasures of hope, pleasures of memory, and pleasures of imagination, they have in common with us; but in the exercise of these, as a holiday excursion to the other side of the water is planned, we have a decided advantage over them. Europeans may visit America, be impressed with its marvellous resources, or admire the beauty of its scenery, but how short-lived is the impression, and how quickly the admiration fades away! We have nothing to aid the outward sense in fixing these impressions on the mind. No rich colouring of historic association, and it is just this colouring that gives to European landscape its richest charm.

We have fairer landscapes than they. We have nobler rivers. Our cities will compare favourably with the cities of the older world; but ours are peopled with a race of ordinary mortals like ourselves, while their cities have an added population in the long line of heroes who have made their names famous in the world's history. Men whose fame has fired the imagination of our boyhood and has grown with our growth, until we have peopled most of these old cities with a race of giants taller than the tallest Anakim that ever frightened Israelite from the land of promise.

These phantom giants of the past, whether they be soldiers or statesmen, poets or preachers, are meeting us at every turn, and they are really the men with whom we most associate, and whose company gives us most pleasure, as we visit the places made famous in song or story by their lives or by their deeds.

Fleet Street, in London, makes no great pretence to architectural beauty, and the crowds that jostle you on its sidewalks are ordinary men and women, whose rapid movements proclaim

\* We have pleasure in reproducing these papers, which form the substance of a lecture given in the Richmond Street Church, in this city, on January 28th, 1879.—Ed.



them solely intent on the every-day business of life. But the stranger visiting London for the first time sees but little of this ordinary traffic. If he be a man of any imagination at all, he is more likely to see Dr. Johnston swinging along with awkward stride, touching the posts that still in imagination obstruct the thoroughfare. Or he follows Charles Lamb, as with idle steps he saunters towards his office in that building near Temple Bar. Or it may be that with Goldsmith and Boswell he crosses to the tavern opposite, where to the present day a very comfortable lunch may be had at a reasonable figure. He is as likely to meet Thackeray and Dickens with their marvellous creations, as he is to meet Brown and Robinson of the present day. But if he be too intent upon communing with Thackeray and Dickens it is likely enough that Brown and Robinson will elbow him off the sidewalk, and he will awake to all the realities of a London life.

England is a lovely country to see, even though your first view be only through the windows of a car, rushing at the rate of fifty miles an hour. To a Canadian, whose railroad experience only brings up dim visions of endless forests, the change to a roadway running through lands, every inch of which is under cultivation is very striking. Between Liverpool and London the road runs through a garden of undulating ground that fairly teems with corn. And as you pass through hamlet or village or town that is associated in your memory with some story, real or fictitious, such as Rugby, Tamworth, Harrow, or Stafford, it requires an effort to convince yourself that this is all real, and that you are not under the spell of some fairy tale.

English railways differ from ours in many important particulars, and, although they have their advantages, I think, on the whole, our system is much more perfect than theirs. In the first place, you are shut up in a small compartment, and where, as sometimes happens, two or three friends have this to themselves, it is very pleasant,—you can talk upon any subject without having a circle of witnesses you don't want. Then the carriages ride more easily, and there is less noise than on ours, but there the advantages cease. You have no boy coming round to regale you with peanuts. No lottery packages to be dropped in your lap, to be nursed like a doll until the determined urchin returns again to collect them, with a manner that is all protest against

the trouble you give. And, what is a real and standing grievance against all English railways, you might die of thirst on the road and you couldn't get a drink of water for love or money. They have absolutely no accommodation for passengers in transit. They carry you safely and speedily to your journey's end, but they never dream of ministering to your wants on the road; and yet John Bull thinks he has the most perfect railway system in the world. He won't even admit that our system of checking luggage is better than his awkward mode of conveyance. There your traps are placed in a compartment of the car on which you travel, and they are safe enough in transit, but, arrived at the end of your journey, each passenger claims his own luggage, and there is positively nothing whatever to hinder any stranger from claiming and receiving luggage that belongs to another.

There are many ways of seeing London, and probably one of the best for those who have but a limited time at their disposal is to see it from the top of a "Bus." As these ply in all directions, from aristocratic Regent Street and Piccadilly, down through St. Giles, and on through Whitechapel to the Mile-end, phases of London life are presented which are not easily seen in any other way. As a rule, too, the drivers are well informed, and not indisposed to gratify your thirst for knowledge. But you will probably be seated with the driver for sometime before this thirst for knowledge comes upon you. The fact is you are in a constant state of nervous apprehension. The streets are crowded with vehicles of all sorts, carriages, cabs, carts, drays, and donkey-waggon, crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction, until you are satisfied that there is no possibility of getting through without crushing a cab or riding over a donkey-waggon. Yet in the midst of all this seeming confusion your driver sits serenely steering his great omnibus with such skill through each winding passage, that in a burst of admiration you are likely to forget your principles, and treat him to what he so much loves, a pot of English ale. Yet this is one of the sights of London. To sit on one of the busses at the Mansion House and watch the Gulf Stream of humanity as it flows round the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, gives one a new sensation, which is much heightened as you lift your eyes towards Cheapside, and see how the surging masses

strike against each side of the street and eddy away into lanes and alleys, with all the restless regularity of a heaving sea.

The "bus" top at night brings before you in all its brilliant hideousness one of the greatest curses of London life,—the "Gin Palace." Far as the eye can reach, in any street you may be riding through, you see at regular intervals a house brilliantly illuminated. As you get near you see that there is a constant stream in and out of the illuminated palace. Get nearer still, and from your point of vantage on the bus you can see over the ground glass that covers the lower part of the windows, that the place is still full, and that fully one half of those who are thus squandering their earnings, blighting their homes, and nightly adding to the criminal classes, are women.

It is no wonder that in London great wealth and luxury are yet surrounded by extreme poverty and wretchedness. Their drinking habits are simply awful, and the crowds at these gin palaces must represent untold misery somewhere.

Perhaps I should add, by way of mitigation, that as a rule Englishmen in their cups are not quarrelsome. You can pass through these reeling ranks wherever you may meet them, at any hour of the night, and if you mind your own business no one is likely to molest you. Much of this security is of course due to the watchful care of London policemen, but when you have credited them with what they may justly claim—and it is generally admitted that the London police system is the most perfect in the world—there is yet room to credit much of the street security to the inoffensive habits of the Londoner, even when under the influence of drink.

The moral police system of a community is centred in its churches, and there is certainly no lack of these centres in London. On the Surrey side of the Thames, not far from Blackfriars Bridge, a plain unpretending building that would scarcely attract your notice as you passed on a Sunday morning, is forced upon your attention by the long stream of humanity which bends its course in that direction. Entering with the stream you find yourself in the far-famed Spurgeon Tabernacle. The audience room is about as long as the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, but very much wider, and it has two galleries instead of one. The church is uncarpeted and the pews are not upholstered, yet there is an air of great neatness and cosiness

throughout. As a stranger you must stand in the aisle until the pew-holders have had an opportunity of taking their seats, but at five minutes to the time for beginning the services, if the pew-holders are not in their places then, they have to stand during the service, for the ushers clap their hands three times as a signal that vacant seats may at once be filled, and a good deal of disorderly crushing immediately takes place.

It is a grand sight to see a room capable of holding six or seven thousand people densely packed, so that the preacher has before him a "sea of upturned faces." They have no organ in the church. A man from the back steps out, and, taking his place near the minister, leads the singing, and the first burst of music from the immense congregation sends the blood tingling through your veins, until you catch the enthusiasm, and whether you know the tune or not, you join with all your heart and voice in the service of song.

Mr. Spurgeon is a thick-set, burly Englishman, has a voice of great compass and flexibility, and speaks with great deliberation, as indeed he must to be heard by such a crowd. He uses very little action, makes no effort to produce an effect, and yet you feel as you listen that a man of extraordinary power is moulding a vast audience at his will. And you know that one of the secrets of his power is his faculty of clothing thought in simple language, and illustrating his subject by the incidents of everyday life.

More pretentious a good deal than Spurgeon's Tabernacle, is the City Temple, on Holborn Viaduct, where Dr. Parker holds forth. His congregation is not so large as Mr. Spurgeon's, simply because you cannot put five thousand people into a church that will hold only three thousand. The Doctor's appearance as he comes into the pulpit creates a favourable impression. He has a lion-like head, and he does not proceed far with his discourse until you find that he is lion-hearted. No secret sin of London life will go long undetected or uncondemned in his church, and his denunciations are likely to be remembered. With a full, rotund voice, something like the voice of our Canadian Dr. Douglas, he shouts out sentences that tell. He is a great mimic, and makes a plentiful use of that power. His illustrations are just about the last you would think of, and yet their appropriateness is at once seen and felt.

His congregation listens with breathless attention until he chooses to relieve the tension by some mimicry, that makes the whole Church smile audibly.

City Road Chapel is an old-fashioned building that has nothing but its associations to recommend it. The pulpit is yet one of those old-fashioned sentry-box affairs that church architects delighted in, when they thought it was necessary to inform the people that preachers were watchmen on the walls of Zion, who must be perched up in a tower to warn their flocks of the enemy's approach. In Wesley's time this perch or watch-tower was three feet higher than it is to-day. No wonder he so frequently addressed a stiff-necked people. He would take a creak in the neck himself if he had to change places with his long-suffering congregation. No good Methodist visiting City Road comes away without sitting in Wesley's chair and plucking an ivy leaf from his grave.

There are two churches in London so crowded with ghosts, that even in broad day-light they shut out the living and leave you alone with the mighty dead—St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The very names make one's blood tingle, and strange sensations thrill us as we walk those time-worn aisles where—

“Stiff the hand and still the tongue  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung.”

You can never walk these aisles alone, for you feel the breath of the ghostly visitants that throng them, and you hear strange voices echoing down the corridors of time, as the shades of England's dead wander from place to place it may be, still taking note of passing events.

If one could get rid of the tremor that makes the skin creep at the very thought, it might be worth while hiding from the verger to get locked up for a night in Westminster Abbey.

When the shades of evening fall and those gloomy gates are shut to mortals, do those other shades come forth, and is there a meeting in the cloisters of those whose names are inscribed on monument and slab within those walls? If there is, what a strange meeting it must be, and what a strange procession would pass before the mortal hidden, let us say, behind the screen in Henry the Seventh's chapel. In yonder aisle to his right, from under a costly monument, Queen Elizabeth rises and

hurries with guilty tread along the passage to find her way into the cloister. She dare not cross the nave in front, for there, to the left, Mary Queen of Scots is ready to remind her that she came a refugee from Scotland to throw herself under the protection of the Virgin Queen, and a long imprisonment, ending in death by beheading, was the result. But perhaps in that other world they forgive and forget, and both these shades may join hands and rest themselves near Henry the Seventh's tomb, too close to the mortal to make him feel comfortable in his hiding-place.

Who is that great burly fellow, walking arm in arm with the tall but slight gentleman of dignified appearance? They come from the farther end of the church, and seem interested in the newly-carved stone. These are Fox and Pitt, forgetting that they were ever rivals, and only eager to know that England can yet present orators and statesmen who would do credit even to their age. Back yonder, immediately behind the Seventh Henry, Cromwell comes to see the slab beneath which he was buried, and Charles the Second rises up to tell him that his remains were removed at the Restoration. I wonder if they ever quarrel over such a trifle? If they do, it will go hard with Cromwell, for Monck, Duke of Albermarle, is in that spot, and he is bound to defend the man he did so much to restore.

What noisy mirth is that the mortal hears in yonder corner? Only the poets indulging in their witticisms. Addison has run from Queen Elizabeth's aisle, where his dust lies buried, to find more congenial company in Spencer, Butler, and rare Ben Jonson; while Chaucer is reciting for their amusement the "Canterbury Pilgrims," and Dickens is graphically describing the London of to-day. There, too, is Goldsmith, though his body lies in the Temple, and his great friend, but rough patron, Samuel Johnston. Right from under the mortal where he stands rises George the Second and Queen Caroline; James the first is behind, trying to get over the railing that keeps him in with Henry the Seventh. And here from the left comes a gentle lady, but lately introduced, and on whose tomb the *immortelles* still rest, Lady Augusta Elizabeth, wife of Dean Stanley, who preaches from yonder corner yet.

Does the mortal care for music? There is the monument of George Frederick Handel, with his arm resting on the instru-

ments, and before it his "Messiah," open at the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"—one of the most appropriate monuments in the whole gallery. Shakespeare's monument alone approaches it in this respect. He is represented holding a scroll on which is written, "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself; yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." Wesley himself, whose tablet is in the other nave, nods approval as he reads these words.

Bulwer Lytton and Thackeray are there, and indeed it would be hard to think of a character that lives in song or story whose shade does not stand beside some monument in this historic pile.

But meanwhile a shadowy procession is slowly making its way from St. Paul's, to take part in the deliberations of the ghostly assembly. It is headed by the Duke of Wellington, whose body lies under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's, and amongst those who follow you may recognize Nelson, Picton, Abercrombie, Collingwood, Howe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Moore, Bishop Heber, and Lord Melbourne. They came down Ludgate Hill, up Fleet Street, through Temple Bar, and down the Strand, stopping for a moment at Trafalgar Square to admire the column raised to commemorate the deeds of Nelson, then on through Whitehall and Parliament Streets until they reach the door of the Abbey, which, being opened to receive them, gives exit to our mortal, who may not be present at the counsels of the mighty dead.

Before leaving Westminster Abbey, it would be well to spend a few minutes in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, where you may see a rickety old chair, that no lady who reads this would care to have even in her back kitchen, yet Queen Victoria, and every sovereign of England for six hundred years, was crowned in that chair. If some of the theories taught at the present day be correct, then I laid my hand on the stone that Jacob had for his pillow at Bethel,—the famous stone on which the ancient Scottish kings were crowned. It lies under that same old rickety chair in Westminster Abbey.

No Canadian will care to leave London without a visit to Westminster, where meets the Parliament of England, the greatest debating assembly in the world. The House of Commons is not

as large and not as well finished as our Commons Chamber at Ottawa. There are no desks for members, but long benches, like the pews in a church. The ministry occupy the bench on the Speaker's right, and the leaders of the opposition the corresponding bench on the other side. These advance to the table when speaking; the other members speak from their places in the House. I shall not attempt to describe the character of the oratory to be heard in the House of Commons, but it is not going out of the way to say that the leading speakers in our Canadian House of Commons would take a front rank in the British House. Sir John A. Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake, and Dr. Tupper would be felt acquisitions in a Chamber that is swayed by eloquence, but governed by a sturdy common sense. I may also be allowed to say that, in debating power, the ministry and the opposition, as at present constituted, are very equally matched. That was my impression after listening to a four nights' debate on a want of confidence motion. Sir Stafford Northcote's sturdy sense carries conviction against Mr. Gladstone's vehement eloquence, while the other speakers on either side are fairly matched in oratory.

Mrs. Malaprop says that comparisons are odorous, but a Canadian listening to the debates in the English House is mentally saying, "We have a Canadian Gladstone in Mr. Blake, and a Canadian Stafford Northcote in Mr. Mackenzie," and a visit to the Upper House will convince him that we have a Canadian Beaconsfield in Sir John A. Macdonald.

The House of Lords is a magnificent Chamber, gorgeously decorated. At one end is the throne of state, with the royal arms above. To the right stands the Prince of Wales' chair. Down from the throne are steps, where, on state occasions, other members of the royal family are allowed to sit. The whole is fenced in from the rest of the Chamber by a brass railing.

The peers' benches are covered with scarlet, and when the Queen takes her seat, arrayed in her robes of state, while the lords and ladies are robed and jewelled in holiday attire, the sight must be worthy of the greatest monarchy in the world. But even when the Chamber is empty there is an air of grandeur about it that befits its place in history.

Entering the House at five o'clock, I expected to see the Chamber filled with peers waiting to transact the business of the



empire. What I did see was the Lord Chancellor on the wool-sack, two bishops in their lawn sleeves, and six peers, who looked very much like country farmers gathered together to discuss the state of the crops. I was in some fear that there would be an adjournment, and that I would not see this famous House in session. But in about fifteen minutes the peers began to gather, and, after awhile, I saw one coming from behind the Lord Chancellor's seat, whom I knew at once, although I had never seen him—the hero of my boyish dreams, and the one man who can yet claim the homage due to a hero—who, without social advantages, by the mere force of his genius, aided by an unconquerable will, had made himself leader of the proudest party in England,—who now occupies the highest seat a subject can hold,—and who, at that time, certainly filled the largest place in the world's eye of any man living,—Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. And yet there was something disappointing in his look and port. He has a strange kind of a walk, something between a walk and a shuffle. He does not seem to be certain of his legs, places his feet down flatly, and so glides into his place. And when he is seated there is a strange air of lassitude about him, as if he was tired of the world and all his success in it. He looks like a man wearied and nearly worn out. He has not an English face, and yet you would scarcely call it Jewish. He wears no beard or moustache, simply a black goatee, which, I think, detracts from his appearance. He seemed to be proud only of two things,—his very glossy black hat and his glossy curl of hair. The hat was carefully placed on the bench beside him at first; then, as the Marquis of Salisbury strode forward to take a seat near his chief, it was hastily but carefully placed under the bench; then, remembering the danger in which it stood from restless feet, it was placed on the table, to be immediately afterwards removed to its final resting-place, under the table. The owner seemed to care more for that hat than he did for the carping criticism of his adversaries. There he sat, with a countenance perfectly impassive, while the Earl of Carnarvon was referring, with much warmth, to something he had said on a former occasion. Lord Carnarvon's speech was cutting enough, one would have thought, to have fired up his old chief, but when he rose to reply he didn't seem to think it worth while to warm up in any way. He advanced to the table, pulled

out his handkerchief, then, placing both hands on the table, and never once lifting his eyes, he said what he had to say, in an even tone. He speaks very deliberately, has a good voice, stumbles now and then over his words, and, in closing, imparted to his voice just a shade of contempt for his opponent, that allowed you to see what he could do if he tried.

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ECCE HOMO.

ZACHARIAH xiii. 6.

Who wanders by with feeble step and lone,  
 In wayworn guise, all haggard, poor, and wan?  
 His garments stained with blood, His beauty gone,  
 His face more marred than that of any man?

Is it not He who made the worlds of light,  
 Who reigns on high, the King and Lord of all,  
 In majesty supreme and infinite,  
 Before Whom angels and archangels fall?

What mean these stripes, these cruel marks of woe?  
 What unrelenting foe hath dared to smite  
 Those holy, harmless limbs, whence trickling flow  
 The streams of life from five dread scars of light?

Alas! no enemy this grief hath wrought:  
 No traitorous slave, no stranger's malice fierce:  
 His own familiar friend, whose love He sought,  
 Hath ventured thus that gracious Form to pierce.

What seeketh He upon His toilsome road,  
 With earnest gaze, with oft-repeated cry?  
 Why stretcheth thus His yearning arms abroad,  
 As though He bid unto His love draw nigh?

He seeketh him who pierced with sharp thorn,  
 With nail and spear, His gentle spirit through:  
 Yea, who with ruthless scourge His soul hath torn,  
 And crucified the Lord of Life anew.

O Lord my God! I am that ingrate one!  
 Lo! at Thy feet I own it, bathed in grief:  
 Thy tender love hath touched this heart of stone,  
 Oh, mighty Love! exceeding all belief.

Jesu, my King! that pardoning voice of Thine,  
 That kind, forgiving look that drew to Thee  
 Thy lost, Thy traitor child, with power Divine,  
 Shall live within my heart eternally.

## THE HIGHER LIFE: SEEKING AND NOT FINDING.

BY THE REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D.

“ I sought Him in the secret cell  
 With unavailing care;  
 Long did I in the desert dwell,  
 Nor could I find Him there.”

THERE are more persons who seek the pardon of their sins than there are who find that great blessing. There are various reasons, but the chief one lies in the fact that the unsuccessful seekers do not really trust in Jesus Christ. They are told to trust and they try, and they think that they do, but they are mistaken. The truth is that saving faith is possible only in a certain state of mind. There is a divinely prescribed and irreversible order of duties: first, repent, and, secondly, believe. When a sinner feels that he is lost, and loathes his sins, he is more than half saved. Trust in Christ for forgiveness is possible only to one who realizes his utter helplessness.

More are they who seek, than find, the rest of faith or love made perfect, variously styled the higher life, entire sanctification, or evangelical perfection. Various are the reasons for failure, but the chief is a lack of faith in Christ, the living High-priest and Giver of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier. As in the case of the penitent sinner a certain state of mind is requisite to the faith that saves, so in the case of the Christian believer seeking purity of heart, before he can exercise perfect trust he must reach a certain state. That state is a sense of nothingness. Hence Charles Wesley sings:—

“ Now let me gain perfection's height !  
 Now let me into nothing fall !  
 As less than nothing in thy sight,  
 And feel that Christ is all in all.”

To the same point does Theodore Monod come, in that beautiful little hymn, “ The Altered Motto,” written during the Oxford Convention, the last line of each of the last three verses expressing the gradual approach of the believer, struggling toward the point of nothingness:—

“ O the bitter shame and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be  
When I let the Saviour's pity  
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,  
‘ All of self, and none of thee !

“ Yet He found me ; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accursed tree ;  
Heard Him pray, ‘ Forgive them, Father !’  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
‘ Some of self, and some of thee.’

“ Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
‘ Less of self, and more of thee.’

“ Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered ;  
Grant me now my soul's desire,  
‘ None of self, and all of thee.’”

Many, indeed, are the professed Christians who get no farther than the first verse. A large number of accepted souls live in that mixed state expressed by the second. Too many aim at nothing more than the state ascribed to in the third. Happy indeed are the few who can shout over the accomplished fact in their experience,

“ None of self, and all of thee !”

Those lights of the dark ages, stigmatized as mystics, Bernard, Hugo, Eckhart, and Tauler, heroic souls of whom their age was not worthy, however great their theoretical errors, were certainly right in their central doctrine of the perfect abnegation of self as a pre-requisite to entire devotion to God.

But now comes the practical question, How may I reach the state of nothingness ? Is it a gift of God, or is it attainable by my own exertions ? In a sense it is both. Every step Christward is of grace, and grace is of God. But this grace assists our efforts, and is ineffectual without them. Hence it is proper to sing the prayer :—

“ O to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at His feet ;  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet.”

Or, as we heard a Christian woman recently pray, "O Lord, give us the baptism of nothingness."

At the same time we are to remember the divine command, "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God," as implying that our wills are to be active in sinking out of self into God. St. Paul says, "I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." The power of divine grace had nailed him to the cross, but he had sought this very crucifixion, and willingly yielded his hands to the spikes, his side to the spear, and his head to the thorn-crown. The hostility of the self-life to this sudden and violent extinction is the chief hindrance to faith. "How can ye believe who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" Jesus indicates that the self-life finds its chief nutriment in the esteem and applause of our fellow-men. It is not by accident that in every age those who have fully consecrated themselves to Christ, and have been entirely sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and have proclaimed this as the privilege and duty of all Christians, have been under a cloud of reproach. Christ has set reproach and persecution as two cherubim at the gate of the Eden of perfect love, to test the consecration, courage, and confidence of all who seek to enter. They who lack any one of these qualities must be excluded from this paradise. Dear seekers of soul-rest, are you willing to have your name cast out as evil, meekly to wear opprobrious nicknames, to be accounted as the filth and offscouring of all things for your testimony to Christ as a perfect Saviour, able to save unto the uttermost? But, say you, is this the indispensable condition? In this age of enlightenment and religious liberty has not the offence of the cross ceased? Nay, verily, except to a world-conforming sort of Christians, who keep up a state of peace with the world and a truce with the devil by declaring that they consciously sin every day, and that there is no efficacy in the blood of Christ to cleanse the heart of its depravity, and no power in the Holy Spirit to keep the trusting soul from sinning. Jesus wishes that all who propose to follow Him fully should count the cost, and not shrink back in disappointment when they find that He has not where, in worldly honours, to lay His head. Hence total and irreversible self-abandonment is the indispensable condition of that oneness

with Christ, that harmony with God, which, in scriptural phrase, is called perfect love.

This must be the language of the lip and the sincere meaning of the heart:—

“ Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer  
Welcome to this heart of mine ;  
Lord, I make a full surrender ;  
Every power and thought be thine—  
Thine entirely,  
Through eternal ages thine.”

When the will gladly makes this unconditional surrender, it is easy to trust unwaveringly in Christ as the uttermost Saviour. In fact, when the self-life expires, the fulness of the Spirit comes in as rapidly as the air rushes into a vacuum. Faith then becomes as natural as breathing. We create the vacuum by dethroning our idols.

The whole question relating to the faith that leads the believer into full salvation is simply whether he will sell all to buy this pearl of great price. Nearly all the delay, difficulty, and danger lies at this point, a reluctance to part with all things. Self can assert itself just as effectually in a little as in a great thing. If self has life and strength enough to cling to a straw, it has power to bar the gate to perfect soul-rest.

It is said that a traveller by night fell into a dry well. His cry for help attracted a neighbour, who let down a rope and attempted to draw him up, but did not succeed, because the rope kept slipping through the fallen man's hands. At length the rescuer, suspecting that the man's grip was feeble because of his having something in his hands besides the rope, called out to him, “Have you not something in your hands?” “Yes,” replied the man at the bottom, “I have a few precious parcels which I would like to save as well as myself.” When at last he became willing to drop his parcels, there was muscular power enough in his hands to hold fast the rope till he was delivered.

My dear friend, seeking purity of heart, and still finding yourself, day after day, in the horrible pit of impurity, though the golden chain of a complete salvation is lowered to you from above, have you not something in your hands? How about those precious parcels? Have you dropped them all? Then hold on the hope that is set before thee, and keep hold till

thy feet are on the rock, and songs of deliverance burst forth from thy lips, and thy goings are henceforth established in the highway of holiness. Is that last parcel too precious to be dropped? Well, say then, "I will not give up my idol," and no longer dishonour God by saying, "I cannot believe."

All unbelief touches God at a tender point. "I am a jealous God." With God, as with man, the question of veracity is so wrapped up with His honour that He cannot be indifferent toward those who disbelieve His word. But men are prone to locate all their religious difficulties outside of themselves, and in so doing the divine truthfulness is impeached. Unsuccessful seeker, look within for the hinderances to your faith—in that small idol, so small as almost to need a microscope to see it; in that indulgence, which you know wars against your highest spirituality; in that other gratification, of which you stand in doubt, and yet give self and not God the benefit of the doubt; in that slight omission, of which conscience once spoke quite clearly, but now with a lessening emphasis. Appear before God with a perfect willingness to do His will, and you will find faith springing up spontaneously in your heart.

Religious unbelief, in all its forms, has not an intellectual, but a moral, cause. The difficulty is not with our faculties, nor with the evidences, but with our moral state, our wills, our disposition to follow unhesitatingly wherever the truth leads.

Let the reader who has asked and received not, examine himself in the light of the truths set forth in this article, and pray for the illumining Spirit to reveal the hinderances to faith. Then let him surrender all to God for the glory of His Son, and expect the baptism of fire to purge his heart from all sin.

" Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,  
 And quicken what the world would chill,  
 And homeward call the feet that stray;  
 Virtue's reward and final grace,  
 The eternal Vision face to face,  
 Spirit of Love! for these we pray."

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THE strong sense we have of God in us  
 Makes me believe my soul can never cease.  
 The temples perish, but the God still lives.

—Bailey.

## JONATHAN SAVILLE.

Jonathan Saville was a poor, feeble, crippled man, whom Methodism found in the workhouse, but purified and exalted to be a "burning and shining light" in the land. His mother, a pious Moravian, died before he was four years old; his father, a good man, was killed in a quarry by a mass of earth falling upon him. The child was in the workhouse when he was but seven years old. He was afterwards apprenticed, but was sent by his master to work in the coal mines. His health failing at that, he was employed spinning worsted at home. Shivering with the cold one day, he stepped to the fire to warm himself, when a daughter of his master struck him and pushed him away so rudely that he fell to the floor and broke his thigh bone. No doctor was called in to set his thigh. No relieving treatment was given by the woman of the house. They compelled him to remain at his work all day, and mocked at the groans of the little sufferer. He crept to his bed at night, where he held the fractured bone in its place with his hand. Nature at last healed the broken limb, but he was left a mere wreck. Hopeless of any profitable service from him, his master conveyed him back to the workhouse. The superintendent treated him kindly and gave him light tasks at spinning. The poor inmates healed his broken heart by their sympathies. An old paralyzed soldier taught him to read, and in one year he learned to read the Bible. An aged man among them made him a pair of crutches, and with these he used to limp to the Methodist chapel in Bradford. After remaining some years in the almshouse, he learned the craft of a warper and removed to Halifax. There the religious instructions he had heard in the Methodist chapel in Bradford, ripened into a rich Christian experience. Under a sermon by Benson he received the peace of God. He became a prayer-leader and afterwards was appointed a class-leader. He soon had two, then three classes under his charge. His original class "swarmed" six times.

His zeal prompted him to labour for the salvation of the country regions around Halifax. There being no Methodist chapels in the surrounding villages, and the people being scattered about the valleys, and on the hill-sides far from a church,



and in a state of spiritual darkness little better than that of the heathen, he procured the aid of three other Wesleyan laymen of like mind, and went forth among these hamlets holding prayer-meetings on Sunday and week-day evenings, and often conducting seven or eight on a single Sunday. He was signally useful in such services, not yet a preaching but a praying evangelist among the rustic communities. At Southoxam there was not one Methodist when they began; in a short time a class was formed there of twenty-two members. At Luddenden a great revival attended his humble labours; in half a year fifty-four members joined the Society. He lived to see three chapels and many local preachers raised up in this neighbourhood. His little company of prayer-leaders was increased to twelve bands, and maintained meetings in eleven hamlets, in all of which save one, there was at first no person capable of conducting such services.

In Halifax, and in all the villages within six or eight miles of it, did he pursue these labours. He was unable to ride on horseback, but would sometimes, notwithstanding his lameness, trudge through twenty-five miles a day. He found this work its own reward, and the wintry storm and scorching summer sun saw Jonathan Saville travelling over hills and exploring valleys, calling the poor cottagers together who lived far from any place of worship, and who could not call the Sabbath a delight, giving them a word of exhortation, and then praying with and for them. It is not too much to say, that no man in that neighbourhood has been in such labours abundant; and no doubt hundreds have been through his instrumentality saved from sin and brought to God.

In 1803 he was licensed as a local preacher. He had virtually been one for years, though he had never discoursed from a text. His popularity became general. Crowds flocked to hear him. His crippled appearance, his genial spirit, his deep piety, his originality of thought, and homely, but strong language, attracted irresistibly the rude masses; they both pitied and revered him, and followed him in hosts. His preaching was peculiarly effective; frequently several persons were awakened under a single sermon. His voice was remarkable for its strength and musical modulations, his action was energetic, and many of his sermons produced extraordinary impressions. He was called

abroad in all directions, to speak on extraordinary as well as ordinary occasions. He had the happiness to preach in the town in whose workhouse he had found shelter. As he arose in the pulpit his heart overflowed with his recollections of the scene. "If I had a word that would do your souls good," he exclaimed, "I would give it you, though it should cost me my life; for I owe my life to you, through the mercy of God. If you want to know where I got my education, where my college was, it was the workhouse yonder; there it was I received all my education, between the knees of an old pensioner."

If Jonathan Saville was not grateful for his deformity he was grateful for the advantages it gave him in his Christian labours. It made irresistible appeals in behalf of the poor and the afflicted, it commanded tender respect from even ruffian men; drunkards in the street, it is said, became reverential as he passed them, for they knew what he had endured and how he had conquered. It is remarkable, says his biographer, how seldom they were known to treat him with incivility. One case is recorded which proved a blessing that the crippled preacher would not have foregone. On going to a country appointment, an intoxicated man knocked him down, calling him a "crooked little devil." "The God that made me crooked made thee straight," said the preacher as he rose. Whether the drunkard perceived the significant reproof or not, the exhortation with which it was followed sank into his heart. Years later, when Saville had been preaching in the city of Hull, a stranger seized his hand, exclaiming, "I bless God I ever knocked thee down." The good man was astonished; the stranger recalled the old offence, and said that it led to his reformation and conversion. Children loved him, and he was very useful among them. By his diminutive stature he seemed one of them; by his cheerful spirit he was as juvenile as any of them. They would gather about him on the streets, where he conversed with them on simple religious topics, asking them whether they went to Sunday-school? Whether they loved God? He was an indefatigable visitor of the afflicted. As he knew from his own sad experience how to address them, they eagerly sent for him.

During many years he was one of the most popular speakers of the connection on the missionary platform; many of his speeches have been pronounced "brilliant and worthy of men

of greater fame." He stood up, in this cause, by the side of the greatest leaders of Methodism, and hardly could their superior abilities prove more effective, on popular occasions, than his peculiar genius.

Jonathan Saville, Samuel Hick, and William Dawson, personal friends and fellow-labourers, were, in fine, three of the most useful men of their times. They formed a class which probably could not have found in any other church, an open field for their extraordinary talents; they achieved historical results in the denomination, and their lives are among its most significant historical illustrations. Its strict regimen trained them to habits which, notwithstanding their eccentric dispositions, never detracted from its honour; their peculiarities seldom or never degenerated into vulgar decorums; they were made by their religion, modest as well as brave men, deferential to authorities, and regardful of religious discipline. They were good examples to all their brothers, except in their peculiar talents; and were not so in their talents, only because these were inimitable.

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### DIVINE MERCY.

THEY have a saying in the East:—  
 Two angels note the deeds of men;  
 And one is first and one is least.  
 When men do right, one takes his pen  
 And magnifies the deed to ten.  
 This angel stands at God's right hand,  
 And holds the other in command.  
 He says to him when men do wrong,  
 "The man was weak and sin was strong,—  
 Write not the record down to-day;  
 The man may grieve—the man may pray."

It may be myth; but this is truth.—  
 No ruth is lasting as God's ruth;  
 The wisest is the tenderest;  
 He who best knows us loves us best.

M. R. K.

## AN EASTER MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. SAML. COX.

ONCE more Easter Day points our thoughts to an opened grave, to an opened heaven. Once more the whole world of Nature conspires with the day to fix our thoughts on Him who could not be "holden" in the bonds of death, and on that great uprising in which there lies a prophecy of the general resurrection unto life eternal. For the world, at this spring-tide, cannot be holden of death; it is rising from its wintry grave; the silence and cold rigours of death are giving place to the quickening warmth and merry choirs of life.

The gracious hallowed time speaks to us, through all its changes, both of the past and of the future. It speaks of that joyful day when He arose who is "the Life indeed," and of that great day, more joyful still, when He will prove Himself "the Resurrection" also, the day on which old things shall pass away, and all things, even to the solid earth and spacious heavens, shall become new.

To the company of the apostles the first Easter Sunday was a day of wonders surpassing all the wonders they had known. For the three previous days they had sat in darkness and the shadow of death. They had long hoped that Jesus had been He who should have redeemed Israel. His crucifixion, while Israel was yet unredeemed, defeated their hopes. Their hearts were heavy with sorrow. Their sorrow was sharpened by disappointment. Their disappointment was embittered by shame and self-rebuke. But on the first day of the week, "very early in the morning," a new day dawned upon them, a new hope. The holy women, who had gone while it was yet dark to the sepulchre to embalm a dead Master, met a living Friend, and returned with haste and joy to bring the disciples word of an empty grave and a risen Lord; to remind them that He had foretold His resurrection while He was yet with them; and to invite them to the mountain in Galilee "where He had appointed them."

Of all the apostles, St. Peter, hot and passionate in his repentance as he had been in his sin, had suffered most during those days of self-rebuke and sorrowful discomfiture of hope. He had

thought himself so strong, yet proved so weak, boasting that if all others should forsake Christ, yet would not he, and after all denying Him with oaths and curses, that when Christ was taken away and there seemed no chance of ever atoning for his sin, reproach well-nigh broke his heart. Weeping bitterly, he went out from the apostolic company, as deeming himself no longer worthy to be numbered with them. Except that John, when his new "mother" could spare him, came to relieve his solitude, Peter seems to have been left alone with his sin, all the man, we may well suppose, broken with remorse.

His last word of Christ was a vehement denial of Him; Christ's first word of him is a message of forgiving love and tenderness. The angels bear the message to the holy women, the women to Simon. Had the heavenly messengers said to the women, "Go tell His disciples *except* Peter," Peter, I suppose, would have been the last to complain. But they are commanded to say, "Go tell My disciples *and* Peter:" Peter, who thinks he has forfeited all claim to be numbered among the disciples, who will not believe that a message addressed to them includes him, tell Peter too; let him have a special message, a gracious message, that he may know himself forgiven, and that the broken heart may be healed.

But Christ is not content with mere words of forgiveness. Early in the morning Peter receives the message; but before night the Master Himself stands at his door. Before He appears to the apostolic company, He comes to the penitent apostle who thought himself not worthy to be with them. "He is seen of Cephas; then of the twelve."

This pathetic interview of the fallen servant with his risen Lord is shrouded in a sacred reserve. But for St. Paul's incidental reference to it when writing to the Corinthians, and the casual exclamation of the ten recorded by St. Luke, we should not so much as have known that it took place. We can easily imagine with what passionate self-abandonment and contrition the apostle cast himself at the feet of Christ, and with what gracious and tender kindness Christ reassured and comforted him; but the inspired record lends neither help nor encouragement to such conceptions; and even in imagination perhaps it is better that we should respect the reserve in which the Holy Ghost has left this sacred pathetic incident. Let it be enough

for us that we may find in it the revelation of a love so pure, so enduring, so divine, that our contemplation of it may well deepen the joy natural to this holy and joyful day.

The risen Jesus saw Peter alone first, then with the other apostles. For Peter had to retrieve both a public fault and a private personal offence. He had boasted before his brethren, "Though all these should be offended at Thee, yet will not I be offended." Yet, when the other apostles simply fled from Christ, Peter thrice denied Him in open hall. When Jesus rose from the dead he had neither forgotten the presumptuous boast nor the denials which falsified it. That Peter might show that he was "converted," and publicly atone his public fault, he had to unsay his boast and revoke his denials. Before his brethren Jesus asked him, "Lovest thou Me more than these? Do you still hold to your boast?" And the humbled apostle tacitly withdrew his boast, claiming to love Christ indeed, but no longer claiming to love Him more than others. As he had thrice repeated his denial of Christ, so he has thrice to witness this good confession. Thus the public offence was atoned and forgiven. But the private offence, the personal sin against the friendship of the man Christ Jesus, this, no doubt, was confessed and forgiven in the private interview when Jesus appeared to Simon alone, and before His interview with the apostolic company. Even as it was, Peter was "grieved" that the question, "Lovest thou Me?" should be three times repeated; but had there been no previous private interview he might have been grieved beyond all endurance and filled with despair.

Now this gracious adaptation to the individual needs and peculiarities of men does not stand by itself: it is characteristic of Christ. Though His work be very great, and though it be essentially one work, He adopts a different treatment with each of His disciples—a treatment exquisitely adapted to their special make and needs. It is nothing short of wonderful to mark how, with the whole world upon Him, He thinks specially for Peter and for Thomas, for Philip and for John, and adjusts the common truth to their respective exigencies and power.

Happily for us, He has respect to the sanctities of our personal make and our personal attachments to Him, and varies and suits the communications of His truth and grace to our personal temperaments and moods and wants. Just as the genial warmth

of spring makes the whole world green and fair and musical, but takes a special form and tint in every wayside flower and weed, and leaves to every bird its distinctive feather and note, so the love of Christ broods over the whole Church, and wakes it into new and vigorous activity, yet in an infinite variety of character and experience and service, each of which is beautiful in its place and season, and which all blend, not into a wearisome uniformity of outward appearance, but into the sacred and helpful unity of a complex and manifold spiritual life.

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### TRULY THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD.

YES, there was darkness o'er the land  
 On that tremendous day !  
 The temple veil was rent in twain  
 'Mid earthquake and dismay,  
 But through the darkness shone confess'd  
 Thy glory, and our sin,  
 And mighty Thine expiring breath—  
 Acknowledgment to win !

With shameful cross for kingly throne,  
 For crown the platted thorn,  
 Yet of the willing sacrifice  
 How was the witness borne ?  
 Not such the malefactor's death,  
 Though 'neath Thy people's ban !  
 And faltering lips confess'd at length,  
 " This was a Righteous Man ! "

Thy Godlike majesty in death  
 Rome's stern centurion saw,  
 Nor rending rocks his spirit thrill'd  
 With such mysterious awe.  
 He marked Thee on Thy Father call  
 In calm of holiest peace,  
 Then bow Thy sacred head to die,  
 And from that suffering cease.

" Truly this was the Son of God ! "  
 In marvelling fear he cried,  
 While sinners smote upon their breast,  
 And trembling turn'd aside.  
 So by the cross in sight of all  
 The lifting up was shown,  
 And what if thus our brethren, too,  
 Thy followers' sonship own ?

## REMINISCENCES OF A GOOD MAN.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

On Christmas day, 1869, a sad-looking congregation came together in the Elm-street Methodist Church, Toronto. It was not difficult to discover traces of sorrow upon the faces of many, even on that happy anniversary morn. The preacher, (the present editor of the *Christian Guardian*,) evidently sympathized with the feeling that influenced his auditors, and even a stranger would, we imagine, have come under the magic spell of the powerful emotions which had knit the people together in a common bond of sympathy. Had you inquired the reason for the hushed voices, the sober looks, the subdued and sometimes forgotten greetings, which seemed strangely out of harmony with the joyous memories of the day, the answer would have come promptly, "our dear minister is dying." It was even so, and as the sermon was brought to a close, messengers came to say that the spirit of James Henry Bishop had escaped home to heaven.

Nearly a decade of years has gone since then, but even yet there are not wanting those who cannot mention the name of that godly man without tearful eyes and choked utterance. Mr. Bishop's name continues to be to many "as ointment poured forth." He stands out in our memory as the most lovely character with whom we came in contact in our boyhood. We cannot associate, even in thought, an unworthy or unmanly act with his name. Outside of our own immediate family circle, we can think of no one to whom we feel more indebted for the creation and strengthening of noble impulses than to the subject of these reminiscences.

It has been a surprise to us that no sketch of his life has appeared, if we except the brief official obituary notice in the "Minutes," and the scarcely less brief notice in our con-

nexional paper. And perhaps it may not be hard to find a reason for this. Mr. Bishop's life, though eminently useful and holy, was not an eventful one. So far as we know, it was unmarked by anything of a very striking or noticeable character. He was unassociated with any great movements, sufficient in themselves to give colouring to his otherwise quiet and peaceful career. In fine, the biographer might find a lack of material which would serve to make an interesting volume for that critical impersonality, the "general reader." The mere facts of any general interest with regard to Mr. Bishop's life-work may be told in a few brief sentences, and the character of this good man was so beautifully simple and pure, that it seems a thankless task to attempt its analysis. A flower is the perfection of beauty until the leaves have been torn asunder by the botanist. You almost dread a somewhat similar result if you critically examine the life and character of a man who lived and laboured as he did.

It is not our purpose even to attempt a biographical sketch. The most we purpose is to gather up a few memories touching this sainted servant of the cross, urging, as our only fitness for the task, a pure, unselfish love for the true-hearted man, of whom we write. As simple, humble flowers have their value, when loving hands lay them on the grave, our testimony to the worth of James H. Bishop may be regarded with forgiveness, if not with approval.

Having once seen Mr. Bishop you were not likely to forget his appearance. He was not large physically, but he was every inch a man. Ruddy, cheerful, fresh of countenance, genial of manner, ready with a hearty greeting for his friend, and a courteous reception for the stranger;



faultlessly neat in apparel, though removed by an infinite distance from foppishness; unmistakably, but not obtrusively, an Englishman,—these were among the elements which went to make up the outward man of this noble, Christian minister. When you add to this, the fact that he was ever faithful as a pastor, diligent as a student, conscientious as a disciplinarian, wise in his thinkings concerning men, you may be helped to something of a true conception of Mr. Bishop's character. That he was a hard worker; that he knew too little of "the gospel of rest," finds melancholy proof in his early death.

We came to know him somewhat intimately during his first year on the Toronto Third Circuit (Elm-street). Ever watchful for means of doing good, he established a young-people's class for the mutual improvement of its members. How wisely he developed and helped the timid ones! How skilfully he checked unwise ambition! How happily he imparted even theological instruction without weariness, and stimulated to study without letting you think you had a task to learn. That class is broken up long since; its membership is widely scattered, but no one who enjoyed the instruction and advice of its leader during the winter of 1868-9, will ever regret the time spent in connection with it.

That he was a clear, concise, earnest, instructive preacher will be generally admitted. We have evidence that his preparation was most careful. It was our good fortune to obtain several of his MSS. on his death. Those of later years were more fully written out—the sentences are more carefully elaborated—than those of an earlier date. Still the best of them are outlines, and but imperfectly preserve the subject matter of the sermon. A MS. sermon lies before us based on two texts, Isaiah xxviii, 16, "Behold I lay in Zion a foundation stone, etc.," and Matt. xxi, 44, "And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken," etc. What clear and beautiful penmanship, remarkably characteristic of the man. The first sentence is so

like him: "Every blessing has its alternative curse." This is the key to the introduction, and, to some extent, to the discourse. A sermon on Hosea xi. 8, 9, "How shall I give thee up?" is written out almost in full. The MS. is "plainer than print," and seems to have been prepared with especial pains. That he held no gloomy views of the world's progress toward the coming better day is evident from a sermon from Luke x. 23, 24. The world is getting better, and was never so good a world as now, is the view which he eloquently illustrates and enforces.

But how imperfectly these sketches serve to bring back the power of the sermon! Philips Brooks is right—it is the man behind the sermon which makes it successful, to a large extent. Before Mr. Bishop came to Canada, he spent three years at the Richmond Branch of the Wesleyan Theological Institution. He was a faithful and diligent student. We have before us a little book, in the clear unmistakable handwriting of the subject of our sketch, on which is inscribed the legend, "verses; original, not very select, by James H. Bishop," the result of some more playful and lighter hours spent during these years. He would not be proud of his poetic efforts if he were alive now, nor think it a kindness that they should see the light. They are, for the most part, rather mechanical, though some of them do not want for poetic fire. We may be permitted, however, to transcribe the following lines, as illustrating the quiet humour which made Mr. Bishop a most cheerful companion and pleasant friend. They were written in the Church's album at Pinner, on April 13th, 1851.

"Of Harrow I heard and to Harrow I've been,  
Of Eastcot was told and this Eastcot I've seen;  
But for distance from home (I know it is true.)  
To the village of Pinner the laurel is due.

More than ten thousand times each foot I set  
On sand, or on grass, in the dry or the wet;  
Till just at the moment my strength was expended,  
My very long journey at Pinner's Church ended.

Once or twice in my way I thought with  
myself,  
Had the good folk at Pinner but plenty of  
pelf,  
A railroad they'd start from the church to  
the college,  
To save the poor legs of the bearers of know-  
ledge.

But till Pinner's folk California's dust fetch,  
I suppose e'en a *Bishop* must still his legs  
stretch,  
So binding the truth which mothers oft  
press,  
These ills must be borne which we cannot  
redress.

Then to Pinner I'll go and no longer com-  
plain,

While with strength I am blest and freedom  
from pain,  
And I pray from my heart to life's vory end,  
That Heaven's richest gifts on its church may  
descend."

But these rambling reminiscences must close. A sweeter, truer, holier man we have yet to find. And on the Circuit he travelled there will be many to bear the same testimony. He needs no biography to keep his memory green with those who knew him. His memoir is written on the hearts of hundreds of loving friends.

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### CHURCH EXTENSION.

A systematic effort is being made in this city for the purpose of church extension, from which we anticipate very important results. A society has been formed with president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary, and with a growing membership, for carrying out this object. The adoption of similar methods in all our cities we are persuaded would greatly promote the work of God among us. The membership fee has been placed at the small sum of one dollar, in order to make the composition of the society embrace, if possible, the whole membership of the church. In this way it is hoped that an annual income of between two and three thousand dollars will be realized. With this it is proposed to take possession for Methodism and for God of strategic points in the growing suburbs of the city, and to secure building sites for future churches. It is *not* proposed to build expensive structures, which would be a burden for a suburban population to support; but to establish a Sunday-school and mission church to be maintained in vigorous operation at first by some of the older churches. When a congregation is gathered and a society organized they are expected, when the occasion demands, to build for them-

selves a suitable church, with perhaps the assistance of a loan from the fund.

The advantages of this system are manifold. One of the most important of these is its thoroughly connexional character. Our city churches are too apt to become isolated and localised in their sympathies, and to forget the bond of brotherhood which should bind them together. Here is an opportunity for all to rally round a common cause and to "dress front," as parts of the same brigade, for a grand aggressive movement all along the line, in extending the influence of the Gospel of Christ.

Then, it gives opportunity for carrying out the apostolic injunction that they which are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak. The poorer classes of the community who, in consequence of cheaper rent and lower taxes, are forced to settle in the outskirts of the city, perhaps remote from the church of their choice, are made to feel that they are not forgotten. The Sunday-school and the services of the sanctuary, with all their ennobling, elevating, and sanctifying influences are brought within their reach, and they are saved from lapsing into indifference to religion or neglect of its ordinances.

This, moreover, is missionary work. We need not go to heathen lands for examples of practical heathenism. There are multitudes in our cities who never darken a church door, who know no day of praise and prayer, to whom the Bible is a sealed book, and to whom their Sunday only gives ampler occasion for vicious indulgence. The cause of this with many is antipathy to religion, but with others it is merely apathy, or the want of suitable clothes in which to attend church. But many of these will drop into the humble school-house service, or the lively temperance meeting, and the children will be gathered into the Sunday-school, and will carry into Christless homes the joyous hymns and winsome teachings of the schools.

This movement takes possession of strategic points, plants the standard of the cross, and "holds the fort" for Christ and for His cause. During the American civil war the colour-sergeant of a black regiment, in the crisis of battle sprang forward and planted the standard on the ramparts of the enemy. "Dese colours neber go back," he cried, as he fell pierced with bullets. But the next moment, fired by his example, the regiment swarmed over the ramparts and captured the fort. We need to plant the standard of the Gospel in every place of vantage, never to go back, but to hold possession to the end. If we do not pre-occupy the ground, the powers of darkness will. The corner lot which to-day may be secured for the site of a church, to be for ever a source and centre of beneficent influence, to-morrow may have planted upon it a grog-shop—a deadly upas to poison the whole neighbourhood. Values are constantly going up, and sites that with prudent forecast might be cheaply obtained may soon be quite beyond purchase.

In an economical point of view these movements will be a good investment. A Christian church planted in a neighbourhood will raise its character and enhance the value of the property all around. Its re-

ligious services, temperance meetings, Band of Hope, and pastoral visitations will be a moral police that will repress the drunken rowdism that haunts the suburban street corners and often makes night hideous and dangerous with its riot.

But the most important advantage of this movement is its reflex influence on the churches and on individual character. That church is not doing its proper work which exists only as a sort of select social or religious club. That Christian is not doing his duty who seeks only to save his own soul alive. The condition of heathful, religious life is active, Christian effort. Working for the Master we win His benediction. Blessing others our own souls are blessed. In all our churches are members, young and old, who would gladly engage in some Christian work if only shown what to do, and how to do it. They will teach in the Sunday-school, or beat up recruits for its ranks, will hold cottage prayer-meeting and week night preaching services, and establish classes, and while doing good to others shall share the joy of the Master, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many. The dollar which is given to this work will carry with it far more than the dollar's worth. It will carry the sympathy, the prayers, and the consecrated efforts of the donor, who shall receive in his own soul an abundant reward. Thus shall our city churches become like banyan trees, sending forth their branches, letting fall their tendrils, which shall take root in the ground to become in turn the feeders of the parent tree, and the centre from which shall go forth new branches and rootlets, till the whole ground is covered by its shade and rejoices in its fruit.

#### IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

At the late missionary anniversary of the Richmond-street Church in this city, the Hon. Alexander Morris, M.P.P., ex-Governor of Manitoba and of the North-west Territory, oc-

cupied the chair and gave an admirable address. Having negotiated many of the treaties with the Indian tribes for the cession of their lands, he enjoyed exceptionally favourable opportunities for observing the social and moral condition of both the Christian and pagan bands. He bore unequivocal and emphatic testimony to the great work that has been, and is being, done among the native tribes by the missionary agencies of our Church. He bore a noble tribute to the moral worth and missionary zeal of the late lamented George Macdougall, who was employed by him to visit the tribes of the Far West, and to prepare the way for the negotiations of the commissioners. He congratulated the Methodist Church on its pre-eminent success in this work, and urged it, in the interest of our common country, to relax no effort in this formative period of the great North-west to christianize the yet remaining pagan tribes.

The Rev. Dr. Young, pastor of the Church, on the Sunday previous to the missionary anniversary services, adopted a course which we are persuaded might be followed with advantage in many of our churches. After a sermon in the morning on the general subject of Christian missions, he devoted the evening to an exposition of the work of the Missionary Society of our Church in the various departments of its domestic, Indian, French, German, and Japanese Missions. The more widely such information as he imparted is diffused, the deeper will be the sympathy of our churches and people with this cause, and the heartier their response to the appeals for its support.

#### THE ELECTION OF BISHOP.

It is recorded of both Athanasius and Ambrose of Milan, that when importuned to accept the office of chief shepherd of Christ's flock they strenuously resisted, protesting *Nolo episcopari*. The parallel does not exactly hold good in the recent episcopal election in this city except in the delay and difficulty with which

a bishop was at last chosen. To an observer it certainly seemed a strange and not a very edifying spectacle to witness a dignified body of clergy and laymen at a dead-lock for nearly a week, and to hear the strong and partisan comments of the friends of the respective candidates. It shows, we conceive, a much greater divergence between the opposed parties within the pale of the same Church, than exists between the different branches of Methodism, whose unhappy divisions are often contrasted with the boasted unity of the Anglican and Roman communions. The contrast showed, too, the preponderant strength of the High Church party among the clergy and of the Evangelical party among the laymen. Although when neither was able to elect its candidate, by a compromise they agreed upon a third person, yet that compromise does not destroy the radical difference of principle between them. The theory of the one is sacerdotal and sacramental; that of the other is antipodal in essence, and to an outsider the peace seems only an armed truce. The new bishop behoves to be a man of much grace and wisdom, and to be able "by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers."\* We rejoice that the electors of the Evangelical party had the courage of their convictions, and, notwithstanding some obloquy and much inconvenience, were faithful to their principles in the prolonged struggle.

#### THE HARD TIMES.

The "National Policy" is launched under circumstances of, as far as we can remember, unprecedented commercial depression. Nor do we anticipate from its action any great degree of relief of that depression. The causes of the hard times are to be sought in economic laws, whose action no Government, past, present, or future, can overrule. The

\* Titus i. 3. We will not finish the quotation lest we should be thought to prejudge the matter.

springs of a nation's prosperity are not under the thumb of any finance minister. Its sources are the thrift, industry, and economy of its people. Reckless speculation, extravagant expenditure, and rash improvidence are the causes of the present depression. We shall have to learn to practise, as individuals and as a nation, a self-denial to which we have been unaccustomed, or we must endure the inevitable results of a violation of those economic laws. The consumption of liquor and tobacco, expensive and pernicious luxuries, has scarcely been appreciably diminished. Most of those now living on charity have wasted, and many still waste, what, if saved, would keep them in comfort. France is a much poorer nation than England, and its artisans earn lower wages; but there is much less suffering, because there is more thrift,—less waste of the means of subsistence, and, above all, a far less consumption of intoxicants.

Hence the nation pays the tremendous German indemnity and grows rich at the same time. Smiles states that even in the best of times the British artisan is very often a reckless, improvident creature, and skilled mechanics, earning five pounds a week, scarce save anything, squandering their earnings in liquor and luxuries. Of course trade will go to those who can carry it on more economically. These, of all times, are the most inopportune for strikes and lockouts. Upon the workman falls the heaviest loss. Joseph Arch states that a workman's union, whose funds sustained a number of strikers, absorbed £10,000 in dispensing £7,000. Capital and labour, instead of being antagonistic, are the two oars by which the bark of national prosperity is propelled. The true solution of the trade difficulties of the times, we think, will be found, as Joseph Cook has shown, in co-operative industry and co-operative trade.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

As a Church Extension movement has been commenced in Toronto, it may be interesting to our friends to learn something of the doings of our fathers in England in respect to church-building.

From the last report of the Chapel Committee we learn that the committee gave the sanction for the erection of churches amounting to \$1,530,127, thus providing for nearly 20,000 additional hearers. A much larger sum was expended in the preceding year. For some years past the expenditure for new erections has been on an average \$2,500,000 per year. One pleasing fact is also stated, viz., that the Trust Estates contributed during the past year the sum

of \$220,000 towards the support of the ministry, from which it will be seen that probably not less than sixty additional ministers have thus been employed who could not have been supported from ordinary circuit income.

The Methodists in England are copying some of the institutions of their offspring in America, foremost among which may be mentioned, the Conventions, which are now being utilized to great advantage. For some years past the ordinary income of the Missionary Society has not been equal to the expenditure. To remedy this lack a variety of means have been employed. Recently Conventions have been held in various central places, which

have been numerously attended both by ministers and laymen, with one of the missionary secretaries. Several sessions were occupied in conversation as to the best means that can be adopted to accomplish the desired end. A public meeting is always held in the evening, so that information on all points of missionary interest may be most extensively diffused. British Methodists have always led the van in the missionary enterprise, and it would seem that whatever else may decline, the missionary spirit still prevails among our fathers at home.

Commercial distress still prevails in England, but, notwithstanding this, the central meetings on behalf of the "Thanksgiving Fund" bring forth such results as leave no doubt but that the original sum first contemplated to be raised will be far surpassed, which will certainly be one of the marvels of this century.

Rev. Wm. Tranter, who was the oldest surviving Wesleyan minister in the world, recently died at Salisbury. He entered the Itinerancy in 1803, and was one hundred and one years old, when the Master called him home.

#### METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

Gratifying intelligence has recently been received from Japan and Manitoba. The fields are "white unto the harvest." Bro. Meecham recently visited his former flock at Numadzu where he baptized several persons. At Tsubhiji where he now resides, he tells of delightful Sabbath and week-evening services. A Sabbath-school has been organized. A small church and a place for the sexton has been erected at Ushigomi. The land is held on rent for which the native church is responsible. The account of the opening services is very interesting. One gratifying feature in the work at Japan is, the desire on the part of the young men to become qualified to explain the way of salvation to their fellow-men. Candidates for the ministry are increasing, and the Missionaries have an abundance of work to meet the numerous calls

that are made upon them for all kinds of labour.

Bro. Eby, at Kofu Yamanashi Kerr, has an effectual door set before him. He has opened a chapel, formed classes, and organized a Quarterly Board in true Methodist fashion, and is teaching the people to help themselves. He has many calls from distant villages, and has arranged to revisit many places which he has formed into an extensive Circuit; some of his journeys are sixty miles. His native helpers are rendering him efficient service. The people are so eager for the word that they are not content with short services; they must have an "hour and a half or two hours talk."

Bro. W. W. Andrews writes very encouragingly from Prairie Grove, Manitoba. His Mission includes sixteen townships, each containing thirty-six square miles. One Methodist lady whom he visited said, "we thought we were never going to see a Methodist preacher again. We see the need of supporting the Missionary Society now better than we did in Ontario." Emigrants are going into the Province by hundreds every week, it is, therefore, indispensably necessary that the number of missionaries should be increased.

As we are preparing these notes for the press we learn that Rev. J. B. Goodspeed of the London Conference has been called to his eternal home. Bro. G. was received on probation in 1866. He is the eighth minister who has died this year in the London Conference.

#### MISSIONS SUCCESSFUL.

In the wall of the chapel at Ancityum, one of the New Hebrides, has been placed a tablet to the memory of Dr. John Geddie, formerly of Prince Edward Island, who was a successful missionary there from 1848 to 1872. On it is inscribed this noble testimonial, "When he came here there were no Christians; when he went away there were no heathen."

The mission to the Friendly Islands has ceased to be a charge,

and has become a contributor to the treasury of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to the amount of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per year,—a larger sum of money, probably, than had ever been seen in the entire group before the introduction of Christianity.

Within thirty years the converts of India have increased three hundred per cent. ; and in China, if the present rate of increase be kept up for thirty years more, there will be twenty-six million communicants and one hundred million adherents. Scarcely a region can be mentioned in all the world that is not now reached by American or European agencies.

Protestant missionaries went to Ceylon about sixty-five years ago. There are now about thirty European and American missionaries in the island, ninety native ministers, and about thirty thousand native Christians.

The late Governor-General of India, Lord Lawrence, says, "that missionaries have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined," which Sir Bartle Frere supplements by saying that "they have worked changes more extraordinary for India than anything witnessed in modern Europe."

The native Christians in Formosa, who were heathen ten years ago, recently contributed five hundred dollars for the relief of the famine in Northern China.

There is now a Baptist Church at Shechem, near the place where Christ had the conversation with the woman of Samaria. The congregation averages one hundred persons. Rev. E. L. Karey, the pastor, is a Syrian, and was educated in Great Britain.

In South Africa the missions are much endangered by the war which prevails in the Transvaal and Natal. There is reason to fear that the labours of years will be destroyed.

It is believed that before another quarter of a century the majority of the people in Ceylon will have been won to Christ.

In the library at Stepney College, England, is preserved a little sign-board on which is printed—

BOOTS AND SHOES  
MADE AND MENDED HERE BY  
W. CAREY.

That sign belonged to the poor and humble man whom God called to inaugurate the work of modern missions.

The foreign work of the Evangelical Protestants is thus summed up. They are now represented by more than 2,000 missionaries, who have more than 300,000 converts under their care; they are assisted by more than 4,000 native preachers and catechists, whose instructions reach an aggregate of one and a half millions.

The help given by Christians for the relief of the famine-struck Chinese is bringing its results. Rev. A. H. Smith, of the American Board, reports forty villages in which there are 140 applicants for Church membership. In one village a temple was emptied of its sixty idols, which were buried in a pit, and the building and premises voluntarily made over to the Church.

#### EVANGELISTIC.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell, Presbyterian, who has been doing mission work in Africa during thirty-five years, in the course of an interesting address recently said, that the Moody and Sankey Hymns were sung at all the mission houses and schools by native choirs.

--The Evangelical Society of France thinks the outlook a very promising one for Protestantism in that country. The Society has sold four millions copies of the Scriptures among its thirty-five millions of Roman Catholics, besides what it has given away. Half-a-million young Frenchmen have been taught in military reading schools established by a Protestant; and Mr. McAll's mission in Paris has been very successful. There is now perfect religious liberty, and Protestants lecturing on Protestantism draw crowded houses in all parts of the country.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Cyclopædia of Methodism, embracing Sketches of its Rise, Progress, and Present Condition, with Biographical Notices and Numerous Illustrations.* Edited by MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Imperial 8vo. pp. 1,025. Philadelphia: Everts & Stewart; Toronto: J. B. Magurn. Price, \$6 75.

Few books are more useful than a well-arranged Cyclopædia, where you can turn at once to any subject which you want to investigate. Such books condense a volume into a page, and are really the cheapest to purchase, for they contain the substance of many books, besides the economy of time which they effect by their facility for reference and study. We have had cyclopædias of law, of medicine, of science, of theology, of biography, and bibliography; but this is the first Cyclopædia of Methodism ever published.

No better editor could be secured for this work than Bishop Simpson. His veteran experience, his judicial impartiality, his literary skill especially qualify him for the task. He has called to his aid able coadjutors. His plan has been to secure, where possible, representatives of the different branches of Methodism to furnish the information affecting their respective branches. A few extracts from the preface will set forth the scope of the work. It is intended to present the chief facts of Methodist history and economy. It condenses and renders easy of access important information which has been scattered through a multitude of volumes, or which has never been collated. Under appropriate heads will be found the chief facts, dates, and incidents connected with the rise and growth of Methodism in England and America, and its missionary operations in many lands. An account of the principal Methodist colleges and

seminaries, and of its historic churches and missions throughout the world is given, also a bibliography of Methodist literature and of books by Methodist authors.

The articles in the biographical department are necessarily brief, and some names that we would like to see are omitted. The purpose has been to give the most eminent among the departed; and among the living those occupying official positions; those in charge of literary institutions or of the publishing and benevolent movements of the Church, are succinctly treated. There are a large number, 378 in all, of generally well-executed engravings, consisting of portraits of distinguished ministers and laymen, and views of the finest church edifices, pioneer churches, and the denominational schools and colleges. Many of these are handsome full-page cuts, such as those shown in the present number of this Magazine. The work is an honour to Methodism and should find a welcome everywhere. In every respect it is the most attractive volume on Methodism ever offered to the public. Methodists of all branches are represented impartially. It is sold exclusively through special agents.

The Editor expresses the hope that the work will inspire the young especially with the Christian zeal and activity that so prominently shone in those who laid the foundation of the great Evangelistic movements of the age. Fine steel portraits of John Wesley and Bishop Simpson embellish the book.

As this book embraces not merely the Methodism of the United States, but of the cradle land of that Church, Great Britain, and of the daughter churches in Canada and throughout the world, it will be of great interest to Methodists everywhere. Sketches of several of our Canadian ministers and institutions are accompanied by



portraits or pictures. This remark applies still more widely to English Methodism. We find the book of very great use for reference.

*Mile Stone Papers, Doctrinal, Ethical, and Experimental, on Christian Progress.* By SAMUEL STEELE, D.D. 12mo. pp. 297. New York : Nelson & Phillips, and Methodist Book Rooms.

In this volume Dr. Steele returns to his cherished theme of the higher Christian life. In a clear, vigorous, and above all, practical manner he sets forth the true philosophy and sound theology of the doctrine of Christian Perfection. He meets the objections, points out hindrances, and suggests helps to its acceptance, enjoyment and profession, and he bears personal testimony to its blessedness and power. His words of counsel and encouragement will prove helpful to those who are earnestly desiring to "go on to perfection." In previous pages of this number we reprint a chapter of this book.

*Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* Vol. i., sixth ed. Svo. pp. 548. Toronto : Rose-Belford Co.

This is a book which has made a considerable sensation in its day. It is a deliberate attack on the supernatural origin of Christianity, the credibility of miracles, and the authenticity of the Synoptic Gospels. It need not be said that we dissent utterly from the conclusions of this anonymous agnostic. He brings forth from the armoury of unbelief, and refurbishes the antiquated weapons which have been wielded by abler hands from the time of Porphyry and Celsus down to Strauss and Renan. His objections have many times been met, and the fallacies of this school exposed by the great apologists and exegetes of Christendom, both living and dead. The author employs some fifty pages in defending himself against the incisive criticisms of Dr. Westcott and Prof. Lightfoot—we judge with only very partial success. We regret

to see this Canadian reprint of this bulky and in its way learned and able skeptical work. From an examination of its contents, however, we are led to endorse the opinion of Wesley that "Freethinkers are seldom close-thinkers." Its tendency is, nevertheless, to unsettle the minds of those who are not grounded in the faith. We cannot congratulate the publishers on endeavouring to popularize an exotic skeptical literature in our young community. On the contrary, we consider it a very grave responsibility to empoison the springs of our national life with an anti-Christian literature.

*Lectures on Preaching,* delivered before the Theological Students of Yale College. BY REV. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D. (one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church.) Cloth, 12mo., pp. 336. Price \$1 50. New York : Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms.

In this volume Bishop Simpson gives the practical lessons of his ripe experience as a successful Methodist preacher. One of its chief charms is the exceedingly personal character of many of the lectures. Not that the good bishop is at all egotistical. The very reverse. But like a good Methodist he "tells his experience," his early failures and latter success, for the instruction of those who listen to them. We read with much delight the newspaper reports of the lectures as they were delivered. They are much more enjoyable in the clear, open pages of this handsome book. The Bishop is not above a joke occasionally. Indeed there is a fine vein of wit running through parts of these lectures. The advice as to personal habits, hours of study, care of health, reading, etc., are very valuable. The deep spiritual unction that pervades the book is its finest quality. The following is an outline of the subjects of the lectures:—The Nature and Work of the Christian Ministry; The Call to the Ministry; The Preacher Personally; Indirect Preparation for the Pulpit; The Preparation of a Sermon; The Delivery of a Sermon,

Ministerial Power; The Influence of the Pastorate on the Pulpit; Collateral and Miscellaneous Work; Is the Modern Pulpit a Failure.

*Elements of General and Christian Theology.* By L. T. TOWNSEND, D.D., author of "Credo," etc., pp. 97. Flexible cloth. Price, 40 cents. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Room.

The distinguished reputation of the author of "Credo" will be a guarantee of the ability with which this little book is prepared. It is an admirable compend of the religious teachings of the Methodist Church, concisely given and clearly arranged. Every Sunday-school teacher should have it, and no thoughtful Christian can read it without clearer conceptions of the relations of Divine truth. The chapter on Soteriology is a terse exhibition of Arminian doctrine, and that on Eschatology—to which subject so much attention is now given—contains some suggestive speculations on the character of Satan, which will, we think, command assent when carefully weighed.

*Camp Meeting and the Sabbath.* By S. C. SWALLOW. 12mo., pp. 68. New York: Nelson and Phillips.

The author traces the origin and history of camp meetings, points out their utility, also their perversion and how to correct it. He brings a heavy indictment against them on account of the Sabbath desecration which, when conducted as great pleasure resorts, they cause. The words of warning should be heeded, that a great and menacing evil may be averted and this agency, so honoured of God in the past, may achieve still more blessed results in the future.

*A Dictionary of English Literature;* being a comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Cassell & Co.; and G. Mercer Adam, Toronto. 8vo., pp. 776, price \$2.

Everybody who reads or writes has felt the need of some convenient help to verify a quotation, to explain an allusion to characters in literature, or to give a concise account of authors and their works. To such this book will prove very useful. The *noms de plume* assumed by writers are very fully given. The chief poems, essays, plays, works of science, philosophy, *belles lettres*, etc., are briefly described. This edition contains all the matter of the large first edition, and costs only half the price. Very useful for the study table.

*Wine in the Word.* An Inquiry into the wine Christ made and the wine of the Supper. By ABRAHAM COLES, M.D., LL.D. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

The writer of this pamphlet believes that the wine of our Lord's first miracle, and that of the Last Supper, was the fresh and unintoxicating juice of the grape. We believe so too; and think that he has maintained his thesis.

The Christmas edition of the *London Graphic* was 264,000. Yet five days before the day of publication orders were received for 40,000 copies more than that number. The retail value of the edition was over \$70,000. Allowing one-third of an inch as the thickness of each number, this would make a pile higher than Mount Washington, or, placed end to end, a row sixty-two miles long.

# Passion Chorale.

A Hymn for Good Friday.

HANS LRO HASSLER.

1 } O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,  
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round-ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, though des - pis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain:  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show Thy cross to me;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free:  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Translated from the "Salve, Caput Crucifixum" of Bernard of Cleigny (Paul Gerhart J. W. Alexander.