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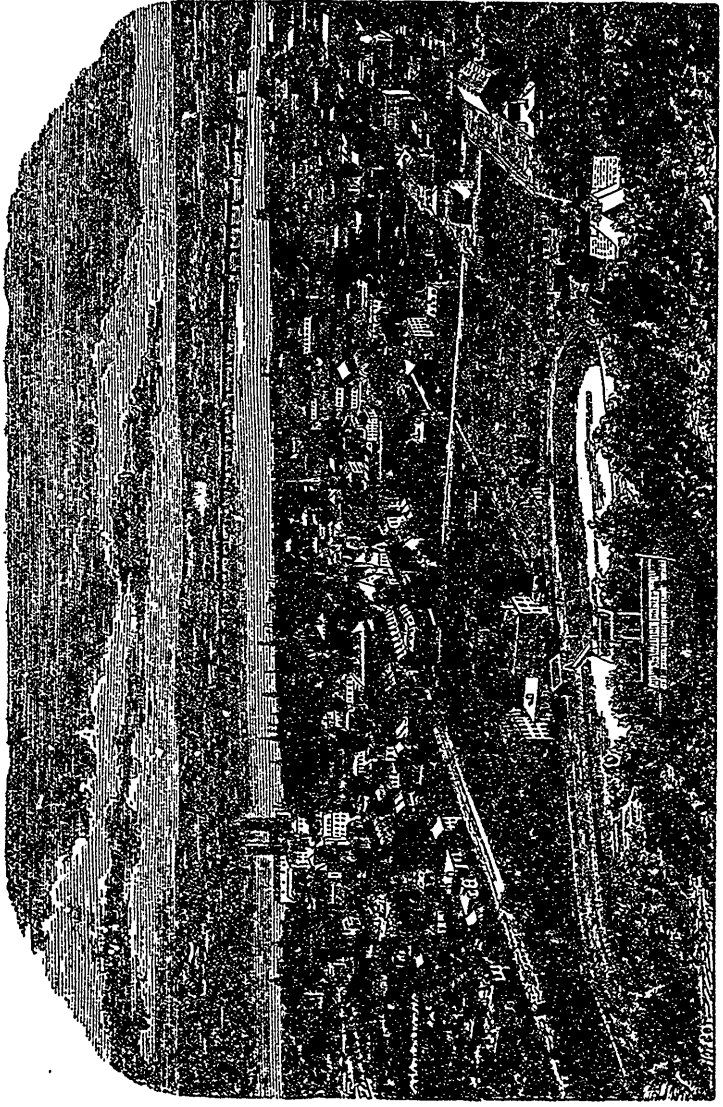
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VIEW OF MONTREAL FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1879.

MONTREAL, PAST AND PRESENT.*

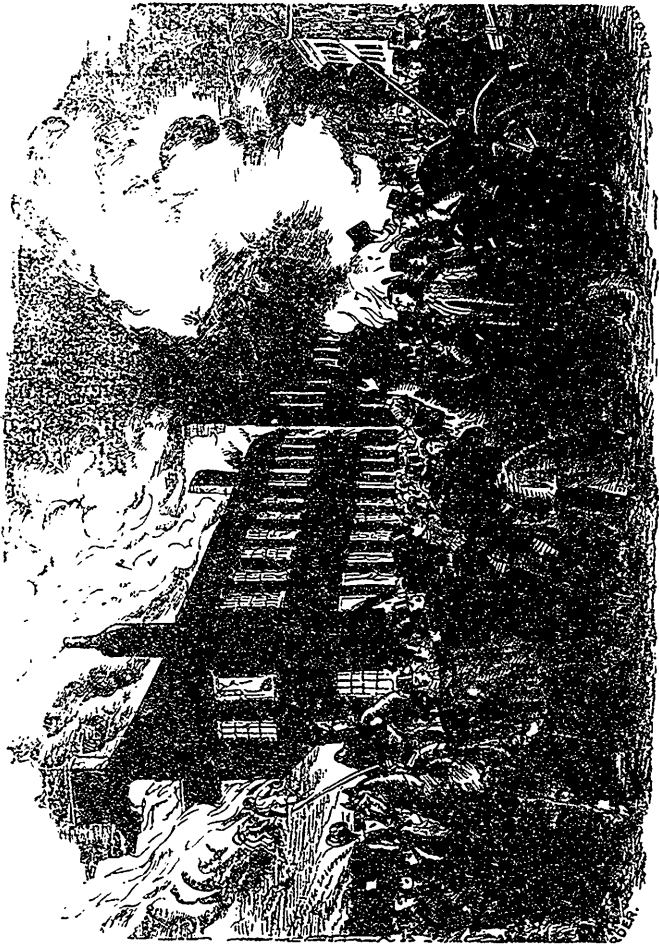
II.

WE know no more lovely drive in Canada than that around the Mountain Park in Montreal, and no grander view than that obtained from its southern terrace. At our feet lies the noble city, with its busy streets, its many churches, its pleasant villas and gardens; in the distance the noble St. Lawrence, pouring to the sea the waters of half a continent. Like a gigantic centipede creeping across the flood, is seen the many-footed Victoria Bridge, and afar off on the purple horizon the leafy mound of Mt. Belœil and the blue hills of the Eastern Townships. No one familiar with the earlier aspect of this fair city can help contrasting its present with its past.

The Montreal of the present day, says Mr. Sandham, is far different to that of fifty or even twenty years ago. The spirit of improvement has been in most active and efficient operation. A few years ago St. Paul, Notre Dame, and other business streets, were narrow thoroughfares, and were occupied by buildings which were plain in the extreme, the iron doors and shutters, which were almost universal, giving the city a heavy, prison-like appearance; but these buildings were erected to meet dangers not dreaded in the present day. The old landmarks which still

* We are largely indebted for the information contained in this article to the admirable Hand-book of Montreal, prepared by Alfred Sandham, Esq., from which we have made copious extracts. For the cuts we are indebted to the courtesy of W. Drysdale & Co.—ED.

remain, point to a time when the inhabitants had to provide against the assaults of enemies or the torch of the incendiary ; or, still more distant, to the early wars between the Indian tribes and the first settlers. These ancient buildings are nearly all destroyed, and their site is now occupied by palatial stores



BURNING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, 1849.

and dwellings, in almost every style of architecture. A quarter of a century of active development has passed, and to-day Montreal stands second to no city upon the continent for the solidity and splendour of buildings erected for commercial and other purposes, and in the extent of accommodation at the

immense wharves which line the river front, and which appear to be built to last for ages.

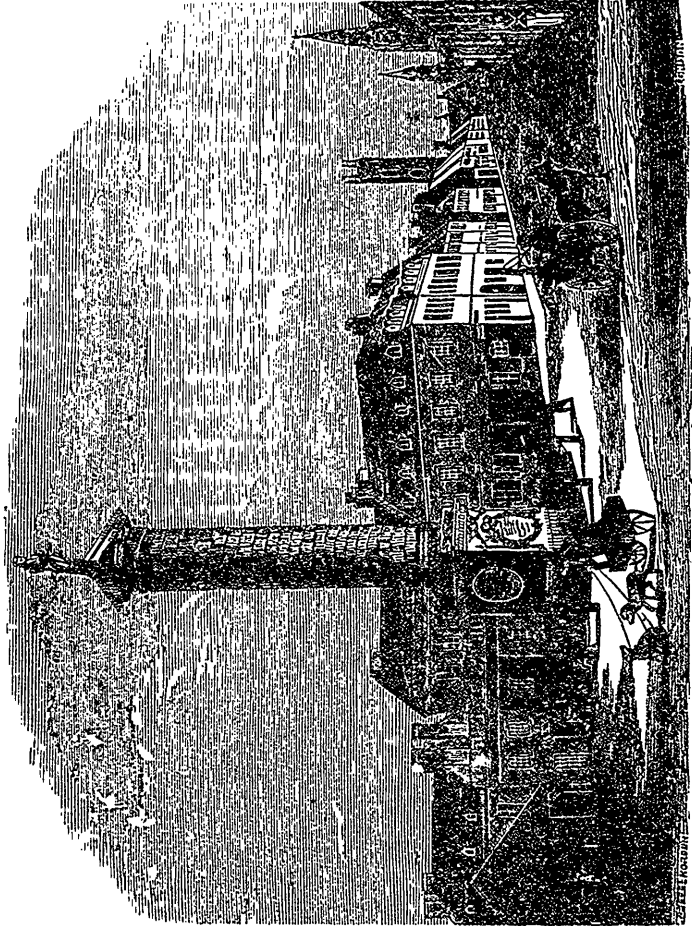
It derives much of its advantage from its position at the head of ocean navigation, and from its facilities for commerce. Up to 1809 the only mode of conveyance between Montreal and Quebec was by means of stages or batteaux, but the time had come when superior accommodation was to be provided. John Molson, Esq., an enterprising and spirited merchant of Montreal, now fitted out the first steamer that ever ploughed the waters of the St. Lawrence. On the 3rd November of this year, the little craft got up steam, shot out into the current, and, after a voyage of thirty-six hours, arrived safely at Quebec, where the whole city crowded to have a look at the nautical phenomenon. It is a fact worthy of record that the second steamer built on this continent was launched at Montreal. Fulton's little steamer first navigated the Hudson; then Molson's "Accommodation" cleaved the magnificent waters of the St. Lawrence.

"The remains of gigantic public works in connection with the cities of the East are the standing theme of wonder with travellers and historians. Great moles, breakwaters, aqueducts, canals, pyramids, and immense edifices, strikingly evince the enterprise, skill, and wealth of those people, whose very names are lost in the obscurity of ages. Modern architecture and engineering are much more superficial. How much, for instance, of modern London, New York, or Chicago would survive twenty or thirty centuries of desolation? The wooden wharves of the latter, which contrast so strangely with the immense extent of the commerce carried on at them, would not survive a hundred years of neglect. It is, however, worthy of remark that Montreal is rather following the ancient than the modern usage in respect to solidity and extent of her public works. The Victoria Bridge is the wonder of the world; the extensive wharves are not equalled in this continent, and by but four cities in Europe, and nowhere can finer or more solid public buildings be found.

"In its situation, at the confluence of the two greatest rivers, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa; opposite the great natural highway of the Hudson and Champlain valley; at the point where the St. Lawrence ceases to be navigable for ocean ships, and where that great river, for the last time in its course to the sea, affords a gigantic water power; at the meeting point of the two

ranges that divide Canada, and in the centre of a fertile plain, nearly as large as all England,—in these we recognize a guarantee for the future greatness of Montreal, not based on the frail tenure of human legislation, but in the unchanging decrees of the Eternal, as stamped on the world He has made.

“Were Canada to be again a wilderness, and were a second



NELSON'S MONUMENT.

Cartier to explore it, he might wander over all the great regions of Canada and the West, and returning to our Mountain ridge, call it again Mount Royal, and say that to this point the wealth and trade of Canada must turn.”*

* Dr. Dawson's address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1877.

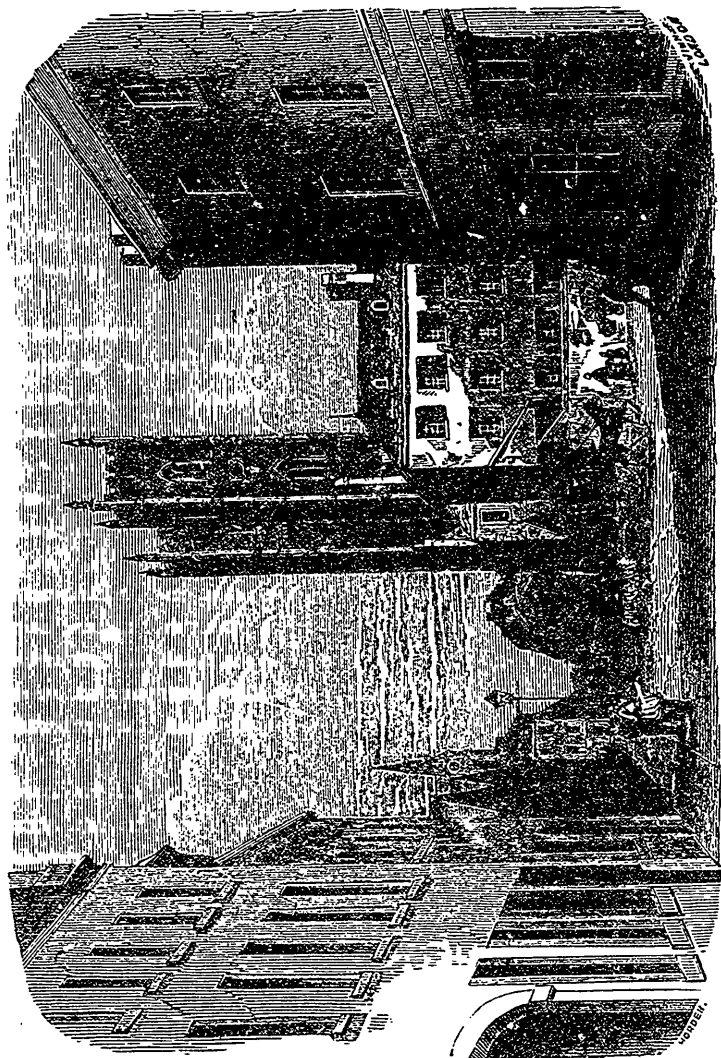
The ancient town has not been without some stormy scenes in its history, even under English administration. Some of these were connected with the unhappy rebellion of 1837-8, when blood was shed in civic broils. Another was that connected with the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill,—an Act which was obnoxious to a considerable section of the community.

On the 26th of July, 1849, Lord Elgin proceeded in state to the Parliament House, on the site where now stands St. Anne's market, and gave assent to the bill. On leaving the building he was received with groans and hootings by a well-dressed mob about the doors, and his carriage, as he drove off, was assailed with stones and rotten eggs.

The city was thrown into a ferment. The House met again in the evening. The fire-bells rang an alarm. A tumultuous crowd assembled on the broad parade of the Champ de Mars to denounce the procedure of the Governor. Violent speeches were made. The cry was raised, "To the Parliament House!" The excited mob surged through the streets, led by a party of men with flaming torches. The Assembly was in session, and the legislative halls were brilliantly lighted up. A number of visitors, including ladies, occupied the galleries. Suddenly a shower of stones shattered the windows. The rioters rushed into the Assembly chamber; the ladies and members fled into the lobby. A rioter seated himself in the Speaker's chair, and shouted, "The parliament is dissolved." The work of destruction went on. Chandeliers were shattered, the members' seats and desks broken and piled in the middle of the floor, and the Speaker's mace carried off. The cry of "Fire" was raised. The flames, kindled by the incendiary mob, raged furiously. The members strove in vain to save the public records. Sir Allan McNab succeeded in rescuing the portrait of Her Majesty, which cost £500. The rioters prevented the extinction of the flames. Before morning, the Parliament House, with its splendid library, containing many thousands of valuable books and public records, was a mass of smouldering ruins. The rioters, having carried off the mace, proceeded to attack the office of the *Pilot* newspaper. They were only prevented from assaulting the old Government House, where the ministers were assembled in council, by the bayonets of a strong guard of military.

Four days after the outbreak, Lord Elgin drove to town to

receive the loyal address of the Assembly. Although escorted by dragoons, he was greeted with showers of stones, and with difficulty escaped bodily injury. Not wishing to exasperate the excited mob, Lord Elgin left the Government House unobserved



NOTRE DAME STREET AND CHURCH IN 1845.

and was driven rapidly in the direction of Sherbrooke Street to the north of the city. His escape being discovered, a hot pursuit was made in cabs, caleches, everything that had wheels.

Through the skilful and rapid driving of the postilions, the Governor escaped from the assaults of the enraged rioters.

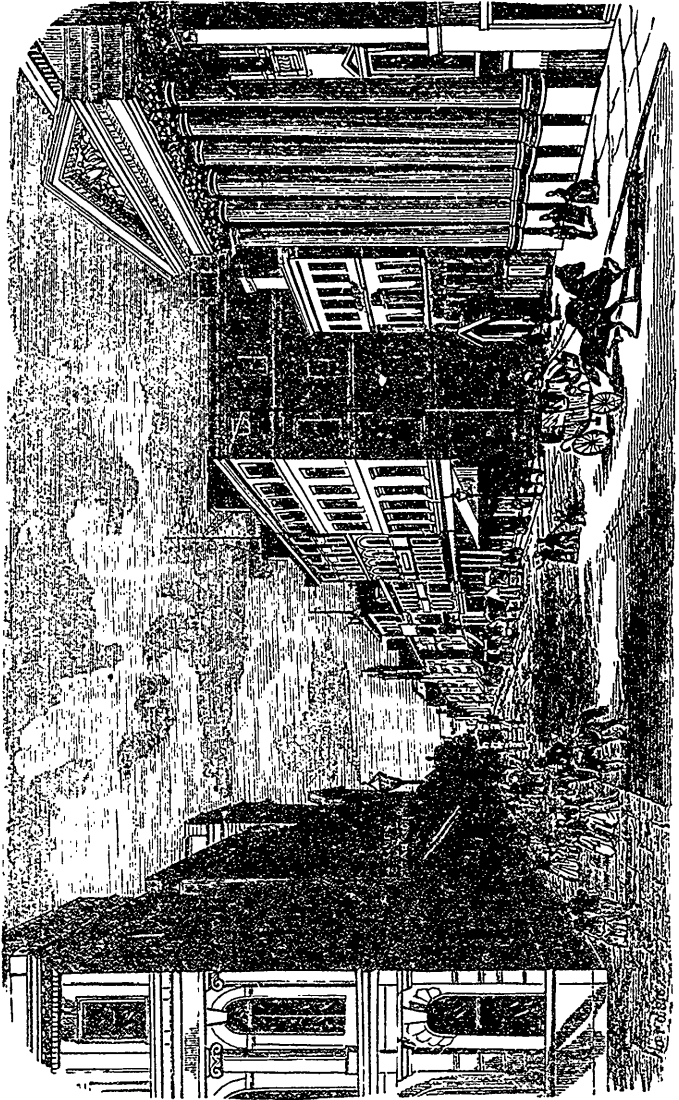
The next day the premier's house was again attacked. The military were obliged to fire on the mob, and unfortunately killed one man. An inquest was held, but an attempt was made to fire the house in which it was sitting. The funeral of the unfortunate man who was killed was made the occasion of a threatening demonstration. It was attended by an immense cortege, and the scarfs of the pall-bearers and housings of the horses were of crimson cloth—a menace of revenge.

Temporary quarters were procured for the Assembly, and the session was speedily brought to a close. Parliament sat no more in Montreal. This outbreak of violence drove it from the city, and it has never since returned.

Again, in 1853, another disastrous riot occurred. In Montreal and Quebec, the great commercial cities of Lower Canada, the Protestant and Roman Catholic population had dwelt together side by side, for the most part, in peace and harmony since the conquest. Whatever interruptions of concord had taken place, arose rather from political than from religious differences. An unhappy occurrence now took place, which led to a break in this harmony, and was the occasion of a good deal of acrimony. Father Gavazzi, an Italian priest, who had become a convert to Protestantism, was lecturing at Quebec on the topics of controversy between the two Churches. His impassioned eloquence excited the antagonism of his former co-religionists, who assailed the church in which he was speaking, and violently dispersed the congregation.

Gavazzi proceeded to Montreal, and attempted to lecture in Zion Church in that city, three nights after the outbreak at Quebec. Fears of a riot were entertained, and a strong force of police, with a company of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, which had, a few days before, arrived from Gibraltar, were held in readiness for an emergency. A tumultuous crowd, composed, it was averred, chiefly of Irish Roman Catholics, broke through the police, and forced their way into the church. Here a formidable riot took place, pistol-shots were freely fired, and Gavazzi with difficulty escaped. The church was soon cleared, and hostilities were resumed without the building. The mayor of the city, Mr. Charles Wilson, read the Riot Act, and invoked

the aid of the military, placing them in two divisions between the combatants. It was alleged that the mayor gave the command to fire on the crowd. This, however, he afterwards posi-



ST. JAMES STREET FROM PLACE D'ARMES, 1874.

tively denied. It seems probable that one man discharged his piece through misapprehension. Others followed his example, till the officers threw themselves in front and struck up the

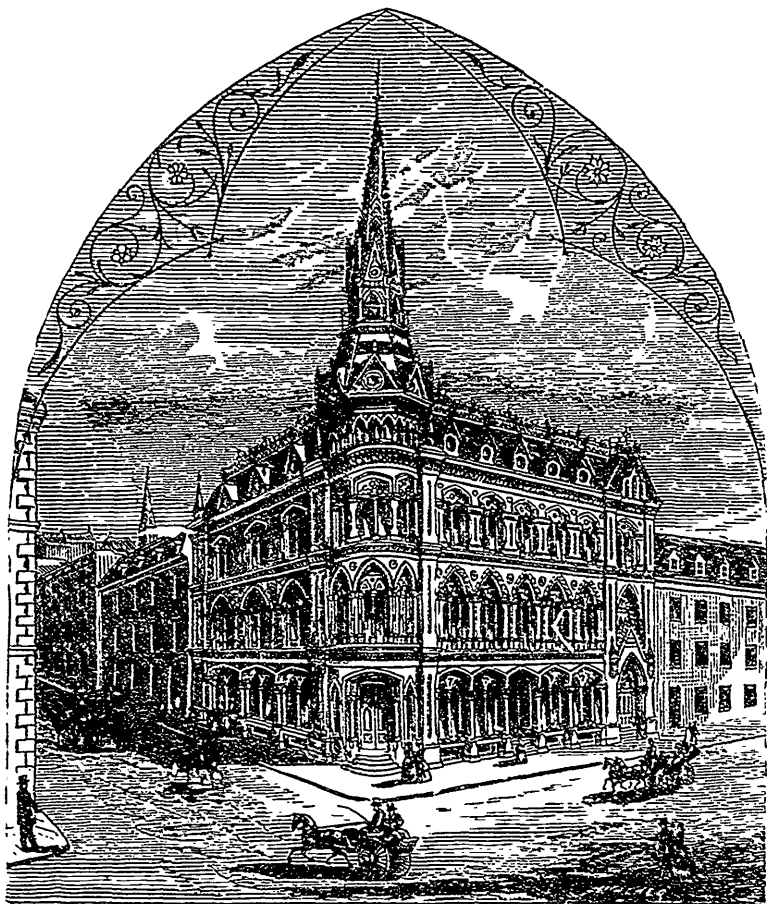
firelocks. By the volley five persons were slain and forty wounded, some of them very severely.

This tragical occurrence caused intense excitement in the city and throughout the country. A very bitter feeling was manifested toward the military, some of whom were waylaid and beaten in the street. A court of enquiry was held, and the regiment was shortly transferred to Bermuda.

We will now briefly note a few of the monuments and public buildings of the city. Conspicuous among these is the Nelson monument. It stands on a pedestal about ten feet high. From the top of this a circular shaft or column rises fifty feet in height and five in diameter. On the top of the pillar is a square tablet, the whole surmounted with a statue of Nelson eight feet in height. He is dressed in full uniform, and decorated with the insignia of the various orders of nobility conferred upon him. In front of the monument, and pointing towards the river, are two pieces of Russian ordnance captured during the war with that country.

Mr. Sandham thus describes the old parish church of Not. Dame: "Before us is the Place D'Armes, or French Square, as it is more familiarly designated. In early days this was a parade ground, on which, doubtless, the gallants and dames of 1700 oft-times assembled to witness the military displays made by the French troops under De Ramezay, Frontenac, or Vaudreuil. This square has also, in still earlier days, witnessed the hand-to-hand fight between the savage Indian and the French settler, while from the belfry of the old Parish Church rang forth the tocsin of alarm to call the settlers from the outskirts of Ville Marie to the help of their companions. The old church we here refer to stood in part of this square. Its foundations were laid in 1671. The church was built of rough stone, pointed with mortar, and had a high, pitched roof, covered with tin. It was a spacious building, and contained five altars. At the grand altar was an immense wooden image of our Saviour on the Cross. This cross may now be seen on the front of one of the galleries, near the grand altar of the new church. The church was dedicated to the Virgin Mary."

Its successor, the present parish church, is the largest in America, holding some ten thousand persons. The two lofty towers seen in the engraving rise to the height of over 200



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

feet. Its interior is vast and gorgeous, but its worship is an empty pageantry of outward forms, incapable of satisfying either the intellectual or spiritual necessities of the soul. Bowings, bendings, genuflections, pomp, and processions, are a poor substitute for the worship of God in spirit and in truth.

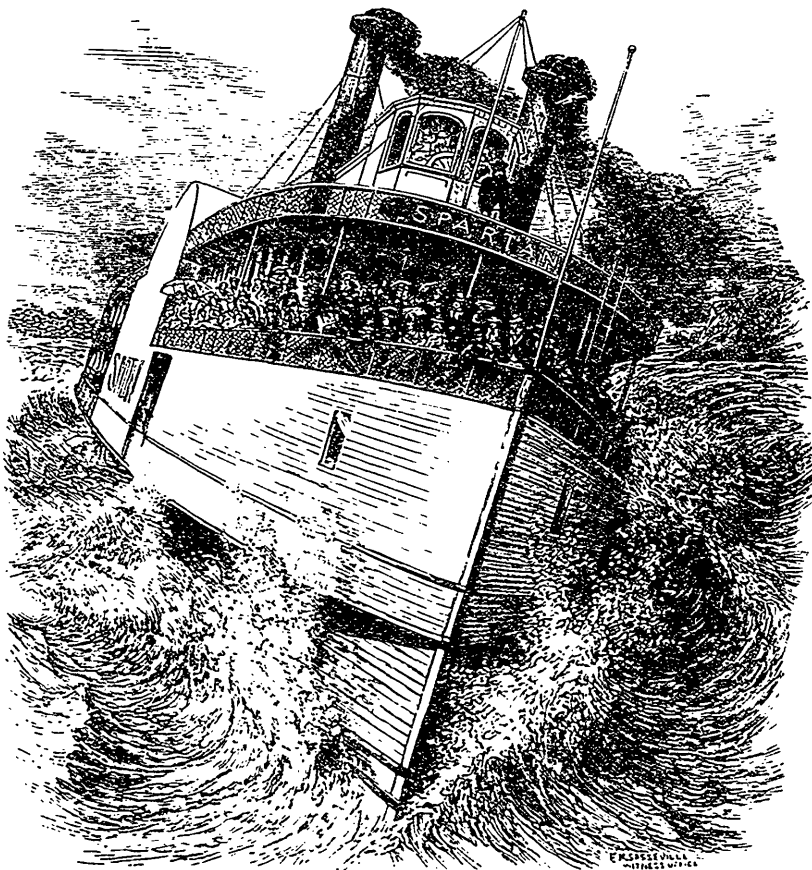
The street architecture of Montreal is scarce surpassed by that of any city on the continent. The view down St. James Street from the Place D'Armes is one that it would be hard to equal. The new Post Office, the new City Hall, the new banks, and the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, are structures that would be a credit to any city in Christendom.

Montreal boasts the possession of what is, we believe, the largest bridge in the world. In the year 1860, amid the utmost pomp and pageantry, in the name of his august mother, the Prince of Wales drove the last rivet of the magnificent structure that bears her name. Bestriding the rapid current of the St. Lawrence, here nearly two miles wide, on four and twenty massive piers—the centre span being three hundred and thirty feet wide and sixty feet above high water mark—it is one of the grandest achievements of engineering skill in the world. It cost six and a half millions of dollars, and was designed and brought to completion by a distinguished engineer, Alex. M. Ross, and the world-renowned bridge builder, Robert Stephenson.

When the bridge was completed, the solidity of the work was tested by placing a train of platform cars, 520 feet in length, extending over two tubes, and loaded, almost to the breaking limit of the cars, with large blocks of stone. To move this enormous load three immense engines were required; yet beneath it all, when the train covered the first tube the deflection in the centre amounted to but seven-eighths of an inch, proving conclusively that the work had been erected in a most satisfactory and substantial manner.

The most striking natural phenomenon in the neighbourhood of Montreal is the Lachine Rapids, where the mighty St. Lawrence precipitates itself down a rocky steep. They are considered the most dangerous on the whole river. The surging waters present all the angry appearance of the ocean in a storm; the boat strains and labours; but unlike the ordinary pitching and tossing at sea, this going down hill by water produces a novel sensation, and is, in fact a service of some danger, the imminence of which is enhanced to the imagination by the roar of the boiling current. Great nerve and force and precision are here required in piloting, so as to keep the vessel's head straight with the course of the rapid; a pilot, skilful, experienced, and specially chosen for the purpose, takes charge of the wheel, extra hands stand by to assist, while others go aft to the tiller, to be ready to steer the vessel by its means should the wheel tackle by any accident give way; the captain takes his place by the wheel-house, ready with his bell to communicate with the engineer; the vessel plunges into the broken and raging waters, she heaves and falls, rolls from side to side, and labours as if she were in a

heavy sea, the engine is eased, and the steamer is carried forward with frightful rapidity. Sometimes she appears to be rushing headlong on to some frightful rock that shows its bleak head above the white foam of the breakers; in the next instant she has shot by it and is making a contrary course, and so she threads her way through the crooked channel these mad waters



STEAMER "SPARTAN" DESCENDING LACHINE RAPIDS

are rushing down. A few moments suffice for this, and smooth green waters are reached again, and, after shooting beneath the Victoria Bridge, reaches the city of Montreal.

The progress of Methodism in Montreal forms a very important chapter in its history. As early as 1802 the city was visited by the Rev. Joseph Sawyer, of the New York Conference of the

M. E. Church, and the first class formed. The following year the first Methodist minister was stationed there—the Rev. S. Merwin, of that Conference. He was succeeded by such men as Martin Ruter, Samuel Choate, and the apostolic Nathan Bangs. In 1808 the first Methodist church was built on St. Sulpice Street, where its chapel-like front may still be seen. The estrangement caused by the war of 1812-15 led to the gradual withdrawal of the American itinerants, and the occupation of the ground by British Methodism. In 1815 the Rev. W. Strong, the first Wesleyan minister from England, was stationed in Montreal. In 1819 the first missionary auxiliary in Canada was formed, and two years later the St. Sulpice Street Church was superseded by a new and larger one on the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Street, on the site now occupied by the Medical Hall. Six years later another Methodist chapel in Gain Street, Quebec suburbs, was built, the result of the organization of a class in that locality by Mr. John Mathewson the previous year.

The progress of Methodism in the city was now rapid. In 1834 the Wellington Street Church, near Magill Street, was opened. Three years later this church was superseded by a larger one on St. Mary Street, on a lot given by Mr. (now Hon.) J. Ferrier, to whose beneficence during half a century the Methodism of Montreal owes so much.

A strongly aggressive movement now took place, and in three years three large and handsome churches were erected. In 1844 the present Lagauchetiere Street or Quebec Suburbs, Church was opened, under the superintendency of the Rev. M. Richey, A.M., and occupied by the congregation from the St. Mary Street Chapel. The following year the present St. James Street Church was opened, with sermons by Rev. Messrs. Richey, Churchill, and Carruthers (Congregational), and with very large congregations, including His Excellency Lord Metcalfe, Governor-General, and suite. This is one of the largest Methodist churches in the world, having a seating capacity for about 3,000 persons. In 1847, the Wellington Street Church having been burnt, the present Ottawa Street Church was opened, January 20th, with dedicatory sermons preached by Rev. Messrs. Richey, Wilkes (Congregational), and Churchill. In 1854 the Union of the "Lower Canada District," which had hitherto been under the

direct supervision of the British Conference, with the W. M. Conference of Canada took place.

One of the most important epochs in the history of Methodism in Montreal was the inauguration of the Church Extension Movement in 1864. To the wise foresight and energy of the Rev. H. F. Bland, then in charge of the East End Church, aided by the co-operation of such men as J. A. and H. Mathewson, T. M. Bryson, A. W. Hood, Hon. J. Ferrier, the Messrs. Torrance, Jas. Ferrier, and others, this project was carried to a successful completion, and the following year the Dominion Square, Sherbrooke Street, and Point St. Charles churches, and soon after the West End church, were opened. In 1873, the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal, an auxiliary of great importance to the progress of Methodism, was founded, and, under the able administration of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, it had achieved a very high degree of prosperity and success.

In 1878 the second quadrennial session of the General Conference was held in the Dominion Square Church, composed of 115 Clerical and 115 Lay Delegates, representing 1178 Ministers and Probationers, 122,596 Members, and three-quarters of the Methodist population of 622,000 in Canada and Newfoundland. The same year the "First French Methodist Church," Craig Street, was opened. The property was purchased from the "French Canadian Missionary Society." From this epoch dates an era of greatly increased prosperity in the French Canadian mission work of the Methodist Church of Canada.*

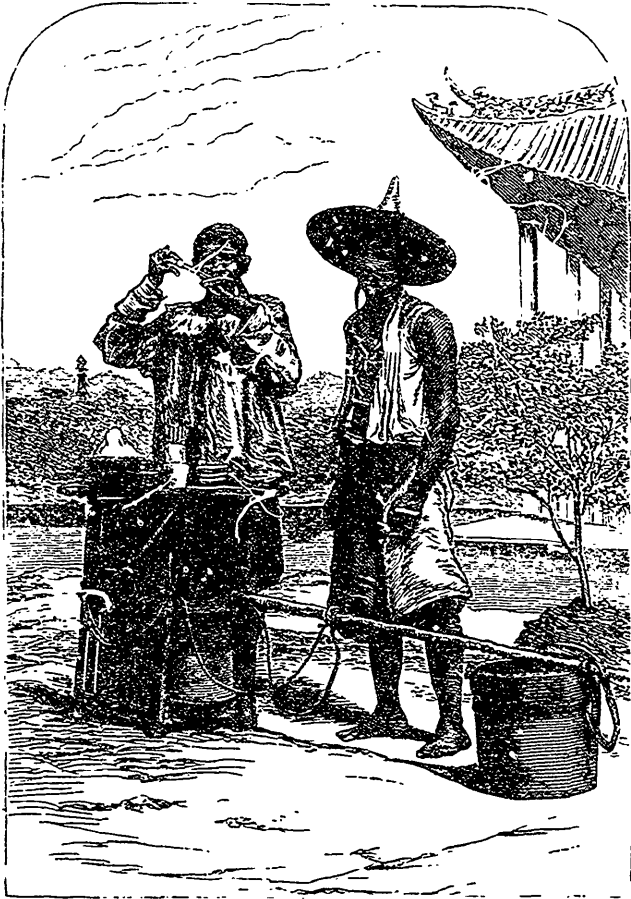
TRUST.

ONLY believe that thy Father
Is guiding thy lonely way—
Guiding thee out of the darkness
To the light of eternal day.

Only believe, though in darkness,
The sun is still shining above,
And the cup of bitterest sorrow
Is mixed with drops of love.

* For the above *resumé* of Methodist progress in Montreal, we are indebted to the admirable series of articles by the Rev. W. J. Shaw, LL.B., in the *Monthly Record* of the Methodist churches in that city.

CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE.



ITINERANT FOOD VENDER.

ALL the natural features of China are on a gigantic scale, and correspond with the vast extent of the country. Its superficial area is estimated at one million three hundred thousand square miles, or more than one-third the size of Europe. Chains of mountains, which appear almost interminable, intersect its surface, and in the north-west rise into snow-covered peaks, and its rivers are superior in length to any other in the Eastern Hemis-

phere. Nor are the works of human industry, by which China is distinguished, less imposing, as the remains of the Great Wall, which separates it from Tartary, and extends across hill and valley for one thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and its Grand Canal, the longest in the world, abundantly testify. Besides the vegetables and fruits peculiar to the country, it produces most of those that are grown in Europe. The Chinese are great agriculturists, but the article for which they are the most celebrated is the tea plant, the leaves of which are now so well known in Europe. The population of China is estimated at the enormous number of four hundred millions, equal to one-third of the entire human race! Many of the provinces are extraordinarily populous, containing upwards of six hundred persons to the square mile. Thousands of the people constantly live upon the water, in boats or vessels of various kinds, without ever spending a day on the dry land. They excel in navigation, and their rather clumsy-looking junks, with their broad lateen sails, will make long and adventurous voyages. Many of them have also won an evil reputation for piracy upon the high seas. The Chinese belong to the Mongol, or olive-coloured, variety of mankind. They have large foreheads, small eyes, short noses, large ears, long beards, and black hair, and those are thought to be the most handsome who are the most corpulent. They are a most industrious people, and are famous for their manufactures in porcelain, cotton, paper, and various other articles. They are great smokers, and many of them are fond of opium, and shorten their days by indulging in its use.

The manners and customs, trades and industries of the Chinese are very curious and full of interest. We have only space for brief allusions to some of these. One of the most numerous classes is the itinerant venders of food, as shown in one of our engravings. The chop-sticks used by the left hand figure are called *kwai ky*, *i.e.*, "quick boys," but I am afraid we should find them very slow boys if we had to eat our food with them. It is extraordinary, however, how fast the natives will make their rice and custards disappear with these slender sticks.

Another popular character is the itinerant clothes-mender. Carrying his stool and work-basket with him, he will, with great neatness and skill, patch, darn, and mend as deftly as the Scottish housewife, "Wha garred auld claithe luik maist as guid as new."

In China, not only are there many barbers' shops, but also in the streets you may see a man sitting down, and a barber shaving his head, or combing and plaiting his long queue. One of these is shown in the cut on page 499. He carries his bench and all



CHINESE CLOTHES-MENDER

requisites by a pole on his shoulders. On the one end is the fire-stove, water-boiler, and wash-bowl. Fastened to it is the pole on which he may hang the various cords that are plaited with the queue. The seat on the other end contains five little drawers. In the top he puts his money, in the next his razors,

in another his combs, etc. In China, owing to the laws of the Emperors, every man has his head shaved, with the exception of the long queue, to which a religious significance is attached. There are no railways in China; but boats, sedan-chairs, and barrows are the means of travelling. In the North, where canals and rivers are not so numerous, they have carts which are drawn by mules; but neither the roads or carts are pleasant. Some magistrates and wealthy persons ride on horseback; but most people that can afford it ride in a sedan-chair or on a barrow. At Shanghai there are hundreds of these conveyances, and many men earn food for themselves and their families by wheeling persons about. Now, however, at Shanghai, and probably other treaty ports, there are also Jinrickshas, which are much more genteel. They are like a bath chair on light high wheels, but have two shafts in which a man runs along with you. As they are a quicker and cleaner means of conveyance, I expect they will become more in use in Shanghai, where there are many wide streets as in Europe. One, two, three, or four persons can ride at once on the barrow. Just above the centre of the wheel there is a seat about ten inches wide, and on these seats, on either side of the wheel, a man can sit comfortably. If there are two persons, they help to balance each other; but if only one person is riding, the man holds his barrow slightly on one side, and asks the person to change to the other side of the carriage at intervals, so as to rest his shoulder. In most cases, when in the interior of China, a person will have his luggage on one side and his bedding, which is packed so as to form an easy arm-chair, on the other. On the upper part of the carriage you may rest your arm and help to keep your seat. An arrangement is made so that the man can see the wheel, which is important, as in some parts he has to wheel over a narrow plank or stone; and although they do not travel quickly they are safe. Sometimes another man is hired to pull by a rope in front.

The Chinese language is very peculiar, and was once thought almost inaccessible to Europeans, but a more intimate acquaintance with it has proved that it is not so. The characters are somewhat of the form of hieroglyphics, and are read from top to bottom, being arranged in perpendicular columns. Learning is much cultivated by the Chinese, and their schools and colleges are, in their way, of a very respectable character. The religion

of the Chinese is sheer Paganism, of the Buddhist type. They have no Sabbath, nor even such a division of time as a week. The principal pagodas or temples are dedicated to a god whom they call Fo; but they are not much frequented, for the people generally have their own household gods, and private heathen altars in their respective dwellings, where they perform their



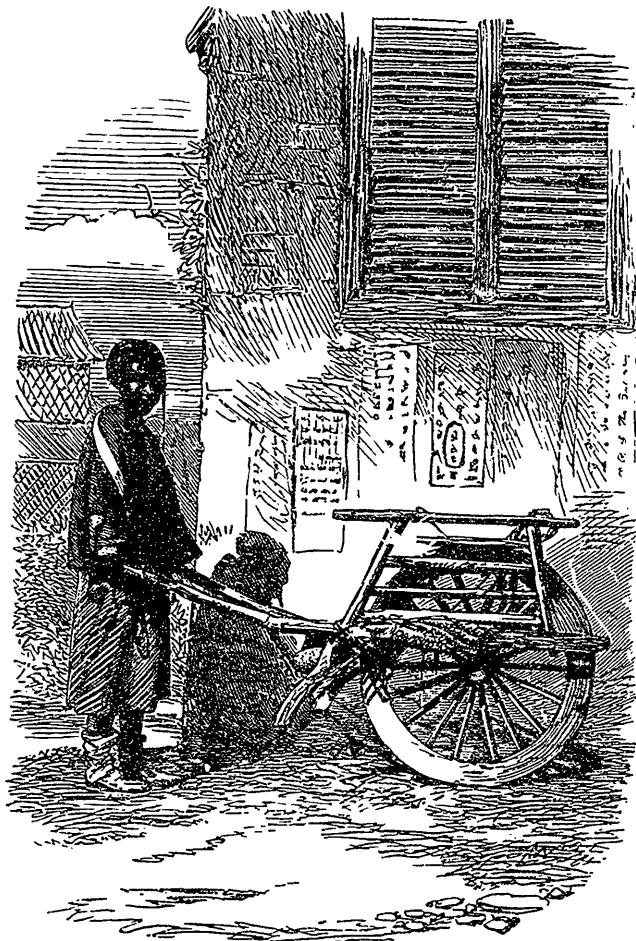
CHINESE BARBER.

idolatrous and superstitious rites and ceremonies. Many of the temples, however, are of great size, as that of the Sun, at Peking, shown in our engraving. Confucius, who flourished about two thousand years ago, is regarded as their great philosopher and reformer; but, however his works and his character may be

eulogized, no very favourable impression appears to have been made upon the morals of the population of China by his teaching. With all their high pretensions to a superior civilization, the moral character of the people is as debased as that of the Hindus, or any other pagan nation with which we are acquainted. In addition to the various forms of idolatry and superstition which are openly professed by the Chinese, there are prevalent among them polygamy, infanticide, debauchery, gambling, and other revolting forms of vice, to say nothing of the malignity, deceit, and fraud by which they are characterized. For many years China was inaccessible and almost unknown to foreigners. The people flattered themselves with the idea of superior civilization, and with a fabulous antiquity, which raised them, in their own estimation, to such a point, that they looked with contempt on all the world besides, and regarded all other nations as races of "barbarians." How long this spirit of exclusiveness would have continued it is difficult to say, had not the famous Chinese plant become known in Europe, and originated a branch of commerce which, in a measure, broke down the barrier which had so long enclosed the "Celestial Empire" against the intrusion of the so-called "barbarians." It was with great caution, and under many restrictions, that the Chinese ultimately admitted foreigners to their shores, and at first only one or two ports were open to foreign vessels, according to the treaties which were entered into, from time to time, with the Western Powers. As early as the year 1807, when the way began to open, the first effort was made by the Protestant Christians of Europe for the evangelization of China. This honour was reserved for the London Missionary Society, who, at that period, sent out the Rev. Robert Morrison, D.D., for the especial purpose of securing, if possible, a faithful translation of the Scriptures into the difficult Chinese language. After many years of arduous and plodding perseverance, this grand object was accomplished, and the name of Dr. Morrison will be handed down to posterity as the apostle of China and the founder of the first Protestant Mission to this extensive and populous country.

Dr. Morrison had studied the Chinese language for a brief period before he left home, under a learned native named Sam Fok, then residing in London. Going to China by way of New York, the missionary received from Mr. Maddison, the Secretary

of State, an introduction to the American consul, which proved of great service to him. On arriving in Canton, he conformed to the prevailing usages of the country, in diet, dress, and manners. He handled chopsticks instead of knife and fork, curled



A CHINESE WHEELBARROW-CARRIAGE.

up his hair in orthodox pigtail form, and allowed his finger-nails to grow. But, after pursuing this method for some time, he was led to see the folly of such a degrading conformity to the habits of a heathen people, and henceforth assumed a dignified and distinctive character and aspect. At first Dr. Morrison found it

extremely difficult to obtain tutors to aid him in the acquisition of the language; and for several years he was, to a considerable extent, excluded from social intercourse with the people. It was not long, however, before he was able to report to the Directors of the Society that "the Chinese Grammar was ready for the press, the Dictionary was filling up, and the manuscript of the New Testament was, in part, fit to be printed."

In the year 1813 Dr. Morrison was joined by the Rev. Wm. Milne, D.D., who was also honoured to render efficient service in the Chinese Mission; and in the following year they baptized their first native convert, a man named Tsai-Ako, who continued faithful to the day of his death, in 1818. The work of evangelization was very slow in its progress for a length of time; but stations were at length established in Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Macao, and other places.

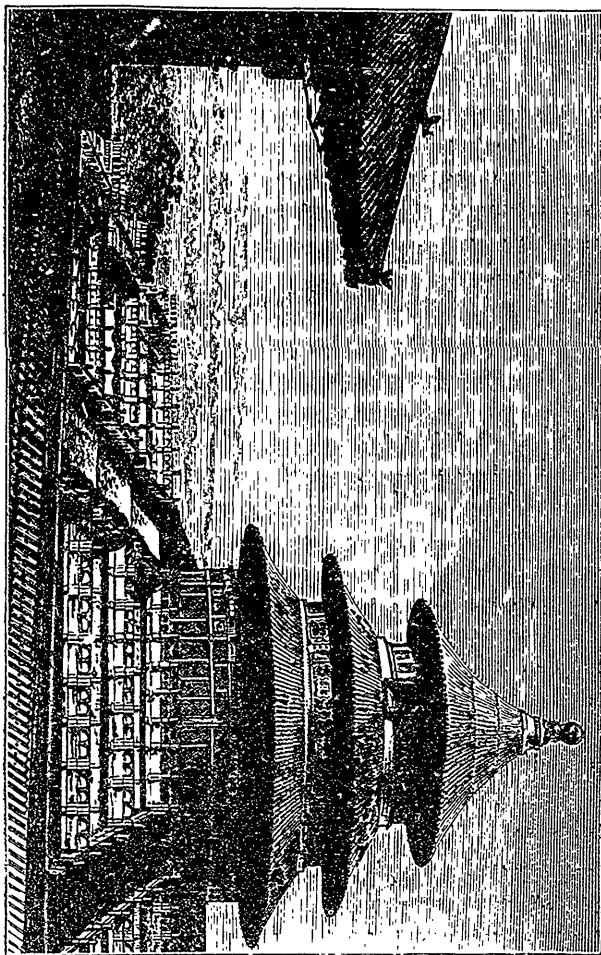
The Wesleyan Mission to China was organized at a comparatively recent period. When, in 1845, China was thrown open to foreigners to an extent it had never been before, by the publication of an important document notifying that every form of Christianity might be freely professed, and permitting missionaries to make extensive journeys beyond the limits of the "five free ports" to which they had been previously confined, a strong desire was felt that Methodism should enter the country and take its proper share of missionary work in the "Flowery Land."

The conversion of China to the faith of the Gospel was a burden laid upon the heart of a pious young man in Yorkshire, named George Piercy, and he could scarcely rest day or night, from a deep conviction that he ought to give himself entirely to this great work. This conviction was deepened by a communication from a few pious soldiers stationed at Hong Kong, and ultimately Mr. Piercy, impelled by the constraining love of Christ, went out to China at his own expense, and without any pledge of support from any Missionary Society. He arrived at Hong Kong on the 20th of January, 1851, expecting to find a pious sergeant, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, at the head of a small band of praying soldiers. He stepped on shore in a strange land with peculiar feelings, and, walking towards the barracks, he inquired of the first soldier he met where he should find Sergeant Ross, and he received the startling reply that he was dead! He then inquired for Corporal

D——, another member of the little Methodist class, and his grief and disappointment were somewhat relieved on finding that the man to whom he was speaking was the person himself, who at once gave him a cordial welcome to China.

Mr. Piercy proceeded to make arrangements to labour for the

TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PEKIN.



benefit of his fellow-countrymen in the garrison, till he could acquire the Chinese language, and prepare to enter upon his mission to the natives. He hired rooms in Hong Kong, one of which, capable of containing about sixty persons, he turned into a preaching-place for the English soldiers. At the same time he

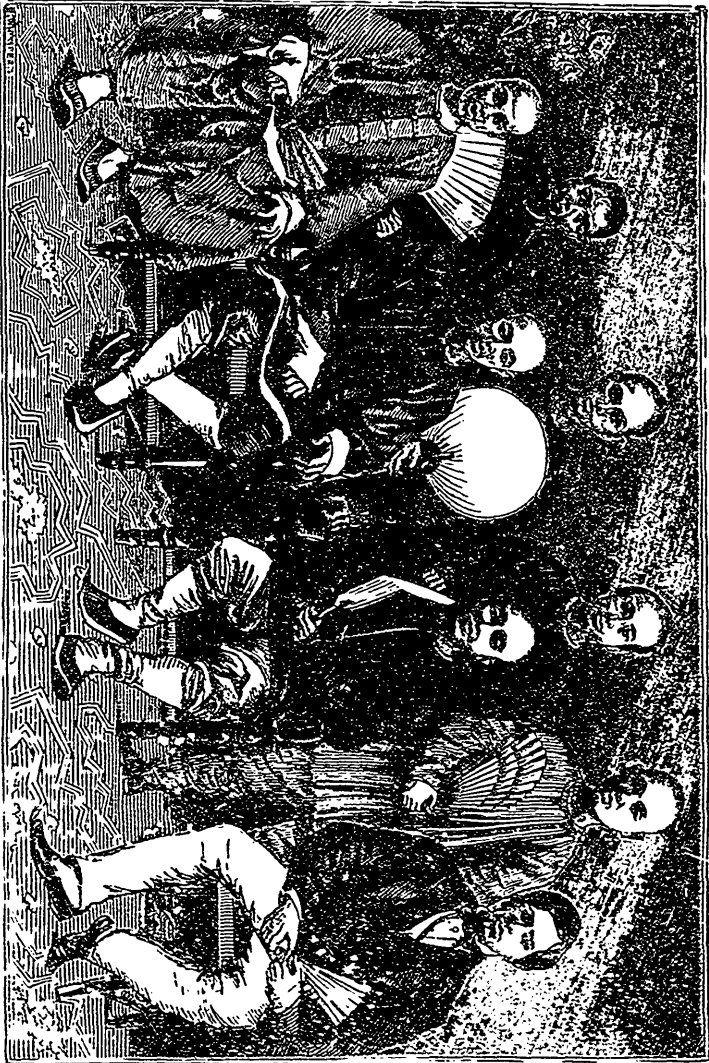
commenced visiting the sick in the hospital, and applied himself to the study of medicine as well as to the acquisition of the language of the people among whom his lot was cast, that he might be more fully prepared for future usefulness. The Lord greatly blessed his labours among the soldiers and their wives, and about twenty of them were soon formed into a society, of whose sincerity he had good hope.

At this stage of his evangelical labours, Mr. Piercy, who had long been a consistent member of the Methodist Church, offered his services to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. On hearing that his offer of service was accepted, he began to arrange his plans for future action. These plans involved his removal to Canton, where he believed there was a more ample and appropriate sphere of labour.

Having hired apartments, as before, Mr. Piercy continued his studies at the language, and soon began to hold religious services for the benefit of the natives. Soon after his arrival at Canton, he writes: "As to the field before me, I need not say it is large. I can look two miles to the west, and two-and-a-half to the north; and in this small space are crowded the abodes and persons of four hundred thousand human beings. Through every street of this given space I can pass unmolested, and in many places I can enter shops and leave a tract, or speak a few minutes with the people. They come into the preaching-room, and, in many instances, pay close attention to the speaker. The idolatry and temple rites have no hold on their hearts, but as seasons of show and mirth, of amusement and relaxation from business." Other missionaries were soon sent out, and a boys' school was commenced under auspicious circumstances. The work of the mission was going on hopefully, when the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and the Empire of China seriously interrupted the work, and obliged the missionaries to take refuge in Macao, in the month of November, 1856. For nearly two years they were obliged to continue in exile, during which period they held four meetings weekly for the benefit of the Chinese, by whom they were surrounded at Macao. At the same time they were constantly employed in study and in distributing tracts and copies of the Scriptures. At length, towards the close of 1858, the success of the Allied Powers having secured the objects for which the war was undertaken, the

restoration of peace was followed by the re-occupation of Canton as a station of the Society.

From the commencement of the work considerable difficulty



THE REV. GEORGE PIERCY AND HIS CLASS OF CHINESE CONVERTS.

had been experienced in obtaining suitable missionary premises, which had, in every instance, to be hired, as the Society was not in a position to erect buildings of their own. But in 1860, by

the munificent legacy of £10,000, especially for the India and China Missions, the Committee were enabled to make arrangements for the erection of commodious chapels, schools, and mission premises, in different parts of Canton. As the new places of worship were opened, from time to time, a fresh impulse was given to the work, which continued to advance slowly but gradually in all its departments. The prospect of the future was, for the moment, bright and cheering; but missionary experience is often very checkered and fluctuating. The new mission premises were scarcely completed when, in the month of July, 1862, Canton was visited by a terrific storm, by which the property of the Society, as well as that of many other parties, was placed in great jeopardy. Indeed, some of the buildings were wholly destroyed, and the effects of the brethren scattered to the winds. In a few months, however, the damage done by the hurricane was repaired, and the work went on as usual.

At times the missionaries were exposed to "perils among robbers." Mr. Preston, in company with an American missionary and consular chaplain, took a journey into the interior of the province, for the purpose of distributing New Testaments and tracts and preaching to the people. The journey occupied fourteen days, and extended over a distance of two hundred and forty miles. At most of the places they were kindly received by the people, but on passing through a ravine they were captured by banditti, stripped of nearly all their clothing, and robbed of their horses and other property. Having led them away three or four miles among the mountains, repeatedly threatening their lives, the robbers took them into a remote valley, and re-searched their persons, to ascertain that nothing valuable remained in their possession, and then, returning to each of the missionaries a coat, marched off, leaving them to find their way as best they could. On arriving at the town from which they had started in the morning, the missionaries were kindly provided with food and lodging, and with equal kindness and generosity were helped onward by officials and others to their homes in Canton.

The China Mission having now become well established, the work advanced from year to year, if not rapidly, yet with marked improvement and uniformity. Ten years after its establishment,

Mr. Piercy writes thus: "What obstacles has Divine Providence removed during these ten years! Now all the country is open before us. Men are wanted who will give themselves to the work of evangelizing this country in its length and breadth, who are willing to leave the old posts, and penetrate into new localities in the very heart of the Empire, and encounter the difficulties of opening up new fields of labour."

In connection with the new mission at Hankow, a new element was brought into operation as an important auxiliary to evangelistic work, namely, the dispensing of medicine to the afflicted. The Chinese have a high opinion of the skill and benevolence of Europeans; and they will make application for their medicine, when nothing else would induce them to come in contact with the Western strangers.

The plan adopted was to dispense medicine gratuitously to the poor, and to give spiritual counsel and instruction to the invalids, as far as practicable. A commodious hospital was accordingly fitted up in connection with the mission-premises, and the days appointed for the application of patients. When the poor sufferers were assembled, one of the missionaries, already acquainted with the language, delivered an address before the doctor commenced an examination of each case respectively; and whilst he was afterwards busily engaged in the dispensary, conversations were continued with the waiting patients in the adjoining chapel. The people distinctly understood, that in connection with the healing of the body, the missionaries sought the salvation of the soul; and yet they came together in large numbers, and not only received with gratitude the medicine prescribed, but often listened with devout attention to the instruction given.

During the first year, 18,764 patients were actually registered, with others admitted irregularly. The persons applying for medical aid were of every rank and degree, from the haughty grandee to the poor beggar in the streets, and from every province in the Empire. Much suffering was relieved, many diseases cured, some lives preserved; and the moral effect produced was, in many instances, very gratifying, considering the strong prejudices and other obstacles which had to be encountered in the prosecution of the work. Some who had received benefit from the medicine of the missionaries, began to regard them as their

friends and benefactors, attended to their religious counsel, were brought under the renewing influence of Divine grace, and there is reason to hope that they will be their "joy, and the crown of their rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus."

The Wesleyan Mission to China is in active and vigorous operation, and in all its departments—evangelical, educational, and medical—it has already been a means of both temporal and spiritual good to many; and with God's blessing on the zealous and persevering labours of His servants, still greater success may be expected in time to come. From the peculiar character of the work, it will require much faith, and patience, and perseverance, on the part of the missionaries who are engaged in it, and continued sympathy, prayer, and liberality on the part of the friends of missions at home. In connection with the respective stations in the two districts into which the work is divided in China, there are now fourteen missionaries, seven catechists, 260 Church members, and 460 scholars are receiving instruction in the mission-schools. For these results, comparatively small as they may appear, we would render sincere thanksgiving to Almighty God, and devoutly pray that the leaven of Gospel truth, which has been deposited in the dense mass of heathenism which exists in that dark benighted pagan land, may work effectually till the whole Empire shall be permeated with the light and life of our Divine Christianity.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

<p>SHEPHERDS watching through the night See the host divinely bright; Glad they hear the angels say, "Christ the Lord is born to-day." Let us watch with them and greet Tidings so divinely sweet; Let our lips this gospel tell— "God with men has come to dwell."</p>	<p>Let us hearken to their strain, Let us sound it back again; Let us live that so good will May the earth possess and fill.</p>
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<p>Shepherds listen to the song Chanted by the heavenly throng, "Glory to the Lord on high, Peace on earth and charity!"</p>	<p>Shepherds hasten to the place, Where they gaze on Jesus' face, David's son and David's Lord, By the angel-hosts adored. Let us also gather there, And in grateful worship share. And our prayer shall be, "Impart, Lord, to us a Christ-like heart!"</p>
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—DAWSON BURNS, in *The Christian World*.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

WHITEFIELD'S bold evangelism brought its common reward of persecution. Like a new Baptist crying in the wilderness "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," he openly reproved the pharisees and hypocrites who gainsaid his message, and of course incurred their wrath. "Scoffers," says he, "mutter in the coffee-houses, give a curse, drink a barrel of punch, and then cry out against me for not preaching more morality. Alas! poor men, their morality, falsely so called, will prove their damnation." In South Carolina, Whitefield was formally arrested and tried before the quarter sessions for "libel against the clergy" in his sermons. But he appealed to England and the prosecution was dropped. Often was he exposed to the assaults of evil-minded men, stung to fury by the pungency of his reproofs of sin. But often, also, those who came with stones in their pockets or clubs in their hands, to do him bodily harm, were disarmed by his words and remained to cry for mercy on their souls.

Many, also, were the dangers he encountered by sea and land. Like the great apostle, whom in his burning zeal he so much resembled, he might refer to his journeyings often, his perils in the city and in the wilderness, to his weariness and painfulness, his watchings, his fastings, and his manifold infirmities. In traversing the pathless American forests, sometimes he could hear the wolves "howling like a kennel of hounds;" and he had at night to keep them at bay by blazing fires. He had to ford icy rivers, and once was nearly drowned in crossing the Potomac amid the rigours of midwinter. Seldom has such a burning soul been tabernacled in so frail a body. The latter portion of his life was one long martyrdom of suffering. Once after preaching he was so exhausted that, as he was laid upon a bed, he heard the bystanders say "He is gone." Again, he writes, "I was in all appearance a dying man, expecting to be with my Maker before morning. I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the

word, I thought it worth dying a thousand times." Later on he writes, "Everything wearies this shattered bark. . . . O for a hearse to carry my weary body to the grave."

Yet his zeal burned the more intensely the nearer he drew to the end of his labours. Fourteen times he visited Scotland, in the rude and uncomfortable coaches of the period. During the last of these visits we read that he preached "generally twice, sometimes thrice a day, and once five times." When his health was at its worst, his "short allowance of preaching was once a day and thrice on Sunday." To get into the pulpit seemed to put new life in his dying frame. While thousands hung upon his words he seemed to soar like a seraph to the gate of heaven, and speak as one who saw the secrets veiled from mortal sight.

The labours undergone by that enfeebled frame were Herculean. Thirteen times he crossed the broad Atlantic in the crowded and comfortless vessels of the time, often consuming eleven weeks on the voyage. Once his vessel lay a month in the Downs waiting for a favourable wind. He was wont to have prayers and preaching on shipboard every day. From Georgia to Maine he ranged through the forest wilderness of America, preaching in its scattered towns to eager multitudes. In Great Britain, from the mountains of Wales, to the heathy moors of Scotland, in crowded cities and on barren wolds, his persuasive voice was heard pleading with men to flee from the wrath to come. During the terrors of midnight tempest and earthquake, he preached to an awe-stricken multitude in Hyde Park of the more awful terrors of a dissolving world and of the judgment-day. Again he preaches beneath the gallows-tree, standing upon the coffin of the criminal who is to be executed, and ascending with him to the scaffold, prays with him to the last. At five o'clock on a winter's morning thousands were drawn without the city to listen to the story of Calvary from his lips. "I have seen," writes a spectator, "Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times as the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night."

Never were more disinterested labours than those of Whitefield. While raising thousands of pounds for charitable objects, he lived and died a poor man. At one service he collected £600 for the people of an obscure village in Germany, which had been burned down, for which he received the thanks of the Prussian Sovereign. He maintained for years a household of over a

hundred orphan children in Georgia, by the voluntary contributions of his hearers, most of whom themselves were poor. Yet he himself derived no sort of advantage from this stewardship. He even had to sell his furniture to meet the expenses of the orphan-house. He might, indeed, have enjoyed ease and leisure if he would. He was offered £800 a-year in Philadelphia to become a settled pastor for but half the time, leaving him six months to range the continent. But he could brook no trammels on his freedom to go whithersoever the Spirit called him, and the tempting offer was declined.

The profound humility, the true lowliness of spirit of this great man is one of the most remarkable traits of his character. He exhorts his friends at Savannah to "pray that he may know himself to be, what really he is, less than the least of them all." In the midst of his apostolic labours, he exclaims,—“Oh that I may at length learn to live. I am ashamed of my sloth and lukewarmness, and long to be on the stretch for God.” Again, near the close of his life of unprecedented toil, he writes with undeserved self-upraidings, “Oh to begin to be a Christian and minister of Jesus.”

Notwithstanding the unhappy doctrinal differences between himself and his early friend, John Wesley, he ever cherished toward him feelings of the deepest and tenderest regard. At one time when Wesley was seriously ill and supposed to be dying, Whitefield wrote, “The prospect of your dissolution has quite weighed me down. I pity myself and the Church, but not you. A radiant throne awaits you, and ere long you will enter on your Master’s joy. But I, poor I, that have been waiting for my dissolution these nineteen years, must be left behind to grovel here below. If prayers can detain you, even you, revered and ever dear sir, shall not leave us yet. But if the decree has gone forth that you must now sleep in Jesus, may He kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love.” He had soon the satisfaction of witnessing the recovery of his friend, who was yet to preach his funeral service and survive him more than twenty years.

On another occasion, when a small-souled bigot asked him if he thought he should see John Wesley in heaven, he replied, “I fear not, for he will be so near the throne and you and I so far away that we shall scarce be able to catch a sight of him.”

With true greatness of soul he could rise superior to the

calumnies of malice. When his character and motions were bitterly aspersed he calmly wrote, "I am content to wait till the judgment for the clearing up of my character; and after I am dead I desire no other epitaph than this, 'Here lies George Whitefield. What sort of man he was the great day will discover.'"

Nevertheless, in spite of the carping criticisms of mole-eyed malice, few men ever awakened such enthusiastic admiration and warm affection. Like his great Master, the common people heard him gladly. Nor were the higher ranks insensible to the spell of his eloquence. More than once in America the legislature and the judges' sessions adjourned in order to hear him preach. Philosophers, like Franklin and Hume, esteemed his correspondence with them a privilege, and many titled and noble persons considered themselves honoured by his friendship.

It is difficult, after the lapse of more than a hundred years since his death, to fully comprehend the secret of his wonderful eloquence and his spell-like power over the souls of men. A contemporary well remarks that if his delivery were the product of art it was certainly the perfection of art, for it was entirely concealed. While he was a great master of words, he studied especially plainness of speech. His zealous ministrations were a striking contrast to those of a good many somnoric divines of the period to whom applied the words of Longfellow—

"The preacher droned from the pulpit
With a sound like many bees."

His stirring appeals touched every heart, and held the attention of every hearer. A worthy ship-builder narrates that he could usually during a sermon build a ship from stem to stern; but under Mr. Whitefield he could not lay a single plank. The voice of this Son of Thunder was one of rich musical quality and of great strength. The philosophic Franklin computed, by practical experiment, that he could easily be heard by thirty thousand persons. Indeed, he often held audiences of over twenty thousand spell-bound by his eloquence. His dramatic ability was such that his auditors seemed actually to see the things which he described. Once, while preaching to an audience of sailors at New York, he thus portrayed in vivid words the terrors of a shipwreck: "Hark! don't you hear the distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? The air is dark. The

tempest rages. Our masts are gone! What next?" The unsuspecting tars, continues the chronicler of the scene, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, and with united voices exclaimed, "Take to the long boat, sir!" The celebrated actor, Garrick, was heard to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could only say "Oh!" as Mr. Whitefield did. But the crowning glory of his preaching was that it was accompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Hundreds were pricked to the heart and led to repentance and faith. In a single week he received a thousand letters from persons under conviction of sin through his preaching, and everywhere he laboured he won multitudes of trophies of Divine grace through those labours.

A marked characteristic of Whitefield was his tenderness, his sympathy for sinners, his burning love for souls. He that would move others must himself be moved. Hence multitudes were melted into tears, because tears were in the preacher's words, his voice, and often on his cheeks. "You blame me for weeping," he says, "but how can I help it when you will not weep for yourselves, although your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction?"

Whitefield used to pray that he might die in the pulpit or just after leaving it. His prayer was almost literally granted him. He died, as he lived, in the midst of labours more abundant than those of almost any other man. The last entry in his journal, July 29th, 1770, is that during the month he had completed a five hundred miles circuit in New England, preaching and travelling through the heat every day. At Exeter, Massachusetts, he was requested to preach again. A friend remonstrated, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to the pulpit." "True," he replied, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, if I have not yet finished my course, let me speak for Thee once more in the fields, and then come home and die." As he entered the pulpit he seemed like a dying man. Yet, for the space of two hours, he exhorted the people like a man who already beheld the realities of the eternal world. His text was 2 Cor. xiii. 5, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith," etc. At this last service an intending persecutor, with a pocket full of stones, said, "Sir, I came to break your head, but God has broken my heart."

After the sermon, he rode on to Newburyport, a distance of fifteen miles. As he retired to his chamber on the last evening of his life, so many were desirous of hearing him that he stood upon the stairs with his candlestick in his hand, and addressed them with much feeling till the candle burned low in its socket—like the lamp of his life then flickering to extinction. During the night the asthmatic spasms, to which he had been for so many years a martyr, came on with increased violence. He was removed to the open window to enable him to breathe with less difficulty, but after an hour's suffering his spirit passed away. He left no dying testimony; but he had borne so many for God during his life that there was no need. His labours in two hemispheres, the eighteen thousand sermons that he preached, his many journeyings by sea and land, his undying zeal for the salvation of souls—these were a testimony which shall be an inspiration and a spell while the world shall last.

He was buried beneath the pulpit of the Old South Church, Newburyport, and thither pilgrims from many lands have come to pay their tribute of homage to the memory of the greatest preacher since the days of Chrysostom. One of these thus describes his visit to Whitefield's tomb: "We descended to the vault. There were three coffins before us. Two pastors of the church lay on either side, and the remains of Whitefield in the centre. The cover was slipped aside, and they lay beneath my eye. I had stood before his pulpits; I had seen his books, his rings, his chairs; but never before had I looked upon part of his very self. The skull, which is perfect, clean, and fair, I received, as is the custom, into my hands. Thought and feeling were busy, and we gave expression to the sentiments that possessed us, by solemn psalmody and fervent prayer."

The Quaker poet, Whittier, has thus sketched, in tuneful lines, the salient features in the life and character of this great and good man, and with the quotation we close this brief review of his labours—

Lo! by the Merrimack Whitefield stands
 In the temple that never was made by hands,—
 Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,
 And dome of the sunshine over all!—
 A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name
 Blown about on the winds of fame;
 Now as an angel of blessing classed,

And now as a mad enthusiast,
Called in his youth to sound and gauge
The moral lapse of his race and age,
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw
Of human frailty and perfect law ;
Possessed by one dread thought that lent
Its goad to his fiery temperament
Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying,—Repent !

And the hearts of people where he passed
Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
Under the spell of a voice which took
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold
On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,—
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.
The sailor reeling from out the ships
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.
Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
The calker rough from the builder's yard,
The man of the market left his load,
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
Their hearts in a closer union melt,
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom
Down the endless vistas of life to come.
Old age sat feebly brushing away
From his ears the scanty locks of gray ;
And careless boyhood, living the free
Unconscious life of bird and tree,
Suddenly wakened to a sense
Of sin and its guilty consequence.
It was as if an angel's voice
Called the listeners up for their final choice ;
As if a strong hand rent apart
The veils of sense from soul and heart,
Showing in light ineffable
The joys of heaven and woes of hell !
All about in the misty air
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer ;
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent

An undertone as of low lament ;
 And the rote of the sea from its sandy coast,
 On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,
 Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment host.

So the flood of emotion deep and strong
 Troubled the land as he swept along,
 But left a result of holier lives,
 Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.
 The husband and father whose children fled
 And sad wife wept when his drunken tread
 Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,
 And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,
 In a strength that was not his own began
 To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.
 Old friends embraced, long held apart
 By evil counsel and pride of heart ;
 And penitence saw through misty tears,
 In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,
 The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—
 The peace of God for the world's annoy,—
 Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !

Under the church of Federal Street,
 Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
 Walled about by its basement stones,
 Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
 No saintly honours to them are shown,
 No sign nor miracle have they known ;
 But he who passes the ancient church
 Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch
 And ponders the wonderful life of him
 Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
 Long shall the traveller strain his eye
 From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
 And the vanishing town behind him search
 For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church ;
 And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,
 And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,
 By the thought of that life of pure intent,
 That voice of warning yet eloquent,
 Of one on the errands of angels sent.
 And if where he laboured the flood of sin
 Like a tide from the harbour-bar sets in,
 And over a life of time and sense
 The church-spires lift their vain defence,
 As if to scatter the bolts of God
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
 Precious beyond the world's renown,
 His memory hallows the ancient town !

HOW THEY GOT THE CHAPEL AT ST. PIRAN'S.

A CORNISH CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

"Tut, tut, boy—tut, tut. Don't 'ee go letting the chield hear 'ee talk such nonsense. You'in making me quite ashamed to listen to 'ee."

As the old lady spoke, she turned round from the side of the fire to add the indignation of her looks to her plain-speaking.

"But, mother, you know that the steward is everything. The Earl won't do anything without him, and so long as Mr. Mawmon says that the old place will do, there really isr't any chance of our getting another."

The "boy," as his mother called him, was a stout, broad-shouldered man of forty or more. He stood now looking out through the latticed window, with a troubled face. Farmer and butcher, he managed to get on very comfortably, so far as this world was concerned; and as for the next, he did his share, in relation to that, by an earnest, religious life, and was a leader, local preacher, and general head and chief of the little Methodist society in St. Piran's.

"No, Jan, my dear; there's never any earl or steward either that can stop you having that there new chapel, for all the old one *is* big enough; only you must go the right way to work about it. How come we to get the old one I should like to know? And the parson so dead against us as he was, too; and own brother to the old lord."

"Yes, but grandfather was always such a favourite with the old Earl, you know, grandmother."

The pleasant voice came from the window. Sitting there quite in a bower of green leaves and scarlet blossoms, Grace Polruan, a girl of eighteen summers, had thrust out her pretty face and joined in the conversation, as she sat crumbling bread on the table for a little lame chicken that had come to some grief in the poultry-yard.

The old lady tightened her lips with a sigh, and knit her wrinkled brows over the pair of eyes that flashed angrily. She

snatched her crooked stick from the corner of the fireplace and struck the ground.

"There 't is, Jan Polruan—there 't is! The child is getting into just the same ghastly old ways. I'm fine and glad it do say that we must be angry and sin not. I can't help it. To hear anybody going on like that! Favourite—iss, of course, he was. But, but—" (and the old lady's voice trembled as she spoke, and she struck the floor more gently)—"who made him a favourite, I should like to know?"

"Well, he married you, grandmother, and you know how that you nursed his lordship, and how fond he was of you. That had a good deal to do with it, I'm sure." And Grace spoke with such a pleasant voice that, like the minstrel's harp of old times, it might well have soothed the troubled spirit. But all it did was to change the vexation to grief.

"There—that's it; that's it." And the old lady sank back in the chair. "Your grandfather was this, and I was that, and the Earl was the other, and the Heavenly Father was nothing at all! Aw, Jan Polruan, that ever you should come to talk like that."

And the old lady sighed again and shook her head. Then she went on: "These here ghastly ways of unbelief—they're dreadful, sure enough, dreadful. Why, isn't *He* the Landlord of every bit of it! Is not *He* the Lord of lords, and the King of kings, too! Couldn't *He* fetch Joseph out of prison, and make a prince o' him in a day! And couldn't *He* take Moses out of the bulrushes and make a King's son of him directly!"

The old lady stayed a moment, as if appealing to her son; then she went on more gently.

"La, Jan Polruan, however can 'ee go talkin' like it! *He* could do all that; but *He* can't give you land for a new chapel, because the Earl and John Mawmon don't want to! 'Tis dreadful—dreadful! These here ghastly ways of unbelief. And all the time 'tis writ down in His Book so much for you as for anybody else: '*The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.*' I'm ashamed of 'ee, Jan Penruan, for all you'm my son."

For a time the little chicken had it all to himself, with his shrill "cluck, cluck," and the hard pecking, preaching his sermon, too, in his own fashion about those "ghastly ways of unbelief." Perhaps Grace was the only one who heard it, but it came right into her heart, and did her good. "Cluck, cluck; only look at

me. I know that grandmother is right—of course she is. Here am I, a poor little lame chicken that can't pick up so much as a crumb outside there, yet here I am, petted and fed to my heart's desire, all because of what is written in the Book: *Your Heavenly Father feedeth them. And are ye not much better than they?*"

Then Grace spoke out—"Well, father, grandmother is right, isn't she? Wouldn't it be a good thing to have a prayer-meeting about it on Christmas morning?"

John stood looking still out of the window. He drawied the reply very slowly—"Well, I s'pose there couldn't be any harm in it." "Harm!" cried the old lady. "Harm! Jan Polruan. I can't think wherever you do come from. Your father never had no such ghastly unbelievin' ways. There, I'm afeared the boy do take after me! Poor dear," she muttered to herself as she sat down by the fire, "he do take after me!"

Grace sat down on her stool at her grandmother's side, the old lady's hand stroked the glossy black hair fondly. "Bless her," she muttered to herself, "taketh after her grandfather." Then she sighed again, "Poor dear Jan be more like me—so many ghastly ways of unbelief about him."

But John Polruan had taken himself off, busied about the great supplies of meat with which they celebrated Christmas at the Hall.

St. Piran's was as pretty a place as one could find in the county. The whole parish, with just one little exception, belonged to the Earl. That exception was John Polruan's place at Tresmeer. The pleasant farmhouse had belonged to the family for four or five generations now; long enough to beget a sturdy independence that stood out in striking contrast to the helplessness of the villagers.

At their farmhouse it was that Methodism first found a home, though his lordship had threatened and the parson raged; and the first members in the little society were old John and Grace Polruan. And when at last the chapel was built, it was in the Polruans that it found its chief supporters.

Of the old Earl the story ran that, when taken with his last illness, he had asked the doctor if he was going to die. The doctor timidly evaded the question, until the Earl somewhat angrily demanded an answer.

"Why does your lordship want to know?" asked the doctor.

"Well," said the Earl, "if I am going to get better I must send for the parson. But if I am going to die I should like to have old John Polruan."

And forthwith old John was sent for. Faithfully and lovingly he talked to his lordship of Jesus the Friend and Saviour of sinners; and earnestly he pleaded for him until light came and his soul was filled with peace and joy through believing. His lordship's last act before his death was to bid the steward give to John Polruan the lease of a site which he indicated for building a Methodist chapel. Then the Earl had died in faithful old nurse Polruan's arms.

So the first place had been built; in the eyes of old John and Grace it was the Lord's doing, and wonderful accordingly. But wretchedly small and out of the way, and on Sunday evenings crowded as it was to suffocation, little wonder that the younger John and those with him felt that they ought to have a new chapel. It had been talked of and debated for five or six years, at least. But Earl and steward and parson were dead set against it; and not one in the little society at St. Piran's could see the faintest glimmer of hope. Except, indeed, old Grace Polruan; as we have already heard, she somewhat fiercely maintained that there was but one hindrance, and that was *these here ghastly ways of unbelief*.

It was a busy time with John Polruan. Christmas-day was on the Friday, and as it was already Tuesday afternoon he had much to do, and not much time to do it in. There were to be great goings-on at the hall: a larger company than the oldest inhabitant ever heard tell of was to meet there this year; and on Christmas-eve the servants were to have their entertainment. Not that John Polruan or any other Methodist of those times could have anything to do with such vanities; all this concerned him only so far as the supply of beef and mutton was given to the poor on Christmas morning—four pounds for each labourer on the estate. So John had to be busy.

Grace was off inviting the ten or twelve members of her father's society-class to a seven o'clock prayer-meeting on Christmas morning. "Grandmother thinks that if we want a new chapel the least thing is to ask for it," she explained with her pleasant manner and her sweet voice. "And she says that the right One to ask is our Heavenly Father."

So it happened that there was nobody left at home but the old grandmother, and she sat before the fire clicking her knitting-needles every now and then when she stirred from an occasional doze. Suddenly the old lady was startled by a knock at the front door—a long, loud, and altogether very important knock. It was such an utterly new and unheard-of thing for anybody to come by that round-about entrance that she quite jumped out of her chair, and let ever so many stitches slip as the needles, with the half-finished stocking, fell to the ground.

“Mercy on us,” she cried, straightening her cap and smoothing her hair, “whoever is it, I wonder?” Then she hastened along the passage and pulled back the bolts, and managed to turn the old, rusty lock.

The door was at once pushed open from the outside by a big woman with a very red face, and a great many very red ribbons, carrying on her arm a small bag of a staring crimson colour.

“Really, I can’t think—whatever you folks—do want to perch—your houses up—in such out of the way—place for. It might be—a-purpose to kill them—as isn’t used to it—a-taking anybody’s breath away—till they can’t—hardly speak.”

Then, rubbing her face with her handkerchief, the stout visitor walked in without further ceremony.

Old Mrs. Polruan, annoyed at the coolness of her visitor, and wondering what her business could be, and who she was, put on her stateliest manner.

“Will you walk in here, please?” she said, as she curtsied in old-fashioned style and opened the door of the little parlour.

Stumbling over a step that led down into the room, and that really was an awkward entrance, the stout visitor sat herself heavily in a capacious arm-chair, and wiped her face again.

“What orful hillconvenient places these old tumble-down houses are to be sure! However you poor creatures can put up with them I can’t think. But I s’pose you’re used to it, like heels to skinnin’, as the saying is, and that do make a sight of difference, don’t it?”

“Do you wish to see me or my son, ma’am?” asked old Mrs. Polruan, with a grace that rather surprised the visitor, and brought her to a manner that was a little more polite.

“Ah, yes, I had forgotten that. Polruan lives here, don’t he?”

Mr. Polruan, I mean." And she puffed again, and wiped her red face.

"I will tell him," said the old lady, moving towards the door. "He is very busy. May I take him your name, or give him any message?"

"Well, my name is Mrs. Crawling, the new house-keeper from up to the 'all. And I'm a-come with the horders."

So Mrs. Polruan hastened away, leaving her visitor to look round at the pretty little parlour, with its wool-work pictures and its store of books.

"Umph," remarked Mrs. Crawling to herself; "they carry their 'eads too 'igh for my thinkin', these 'ere Polruans, which is a thing as I can't a-bear to see in folk as belong to these 'ere lower horders—as you may say they can't so much as call the hair that they do breathe their hown."

And Mrs. Crawling puffed again, as if even she, with all her aristocratic associations, were not always mistress of that essential "helement," as she would have called it.

Then she took a book from the table, and turned at once to see what name was inscribed on the cover—"To my daughter Grace; her dear mother's hymn-book. May we all meet in heaven—J. P."

Then the visitor turned over the next page, and looked at the frontispiece. "A nice old gentleman, too—I wonder what his name is." And, leaning forward to let the light fall on it, Mrs. Crawling read the name "John Wesley." She dropped the book in disgust. "Why they're horrible Methodists, too. So that's how you come for to set yourselves hup for so much better than heverybody else, is it, Mr. What's-yer-name? A pack of nasty, cantin', whinin', snivellin' hypocrites, as would twist a cock's neck for crowin' 'pon a Sunday, and would send anybody to perdition for so much as heatin' of a 'ot dinner. Well, there, if I was only the Hearl my own self——"

At that moment the door was opened and in came John Polruan. "You have brought the orders from the Hall, ma'am," said he, as Mrs. Crawling opened her bag and drew out the account-book.

"Yes. And his lordship's horders is to settle hup for the 'alf year, Mr. What's-yer-name."

"Polruan," said John, taking the book.

"Ah, yes, houtlandish sort of name, too, Mr. Polruan. I can't

think of it all in a minute, Mr. Polruan. And of course, you'll make the usual allowance, you know, Mr. Polruan."

John was entering the amount of the order, whilst the house-keeper stood with the money in her hand. He had not noticed Mrs. Crawling's last remark, so, having made up the total, he handed her the bill without any reply.

"Of course, Mr. Polruan, Sir, you know as there's what they calls perkisites, Mr. Polruan. Of course you allow the same as they does in London, Mr. Polruan?"

"I don't understand you," said John.

"The hinnocent lamb," Mrs. Crawling muttered to herself. "Why in London the *gentlemen* gives me so much as pounds to a time on a 'eavy settling like this, and they calls it perkisites."

"But, surely you must know that they have to take it out of his lordship's pocket in some way."

"Well?" replied Mrs. Crawling, failing altogether to see Mr. Polruan's point.

"Well!" cried John indignantly, "And do you actually propose that I should rob his lordship in order to make you a present!"

"Oh, no—of course not," and Mrs. Crawling blushed a deeper red, and fumbled with her bag: "not when you put it like that; but in a regular way of business, you know."

"No, Mrs. Crawling, I can't; and I am sorry that anybody could ever do such a thing, or that you could ever ask it." And John Polruan signed the bill and handed it to her.

"Then, John What's-yer-name, you're a fool!" muttered the woman angrily, as she put the book in her bag and hurried out of the room.

John Polruan closed the front door after her, and barred and locked it with a fierceness as if he would shut out all such people and their crooked ways from his house for ever.

As he passed through the kitchen, his mother sat in the window, making most of the fading light.

"Well, John, and how did 'ee get on with the new cook, then?" she asked, looking up for a moment, thrusting the worked-off needle into a little bundle of straws that she wore on purpose stuck in the band of her apron. "A dangerous body to be the wrong side of, I reckon."

"Then we must try and keep the *right* side of her, mother,"

said John, cheerily ; “ the *right* is always the safe side, isn’t it ? ” And he bent down and kissed the old lady’s forehead.

“ Bless the dear boy,” she whispered to herself as he hurried away to his work. He’th got a grave deal of his father, too, for all he taketh so much after me.”

The loud clock at the Hall had rung out the hour of twelve upon the still, frosty air. “ There, ’tis twelve o’clock ! ” said Grace Polruan, as she finished the last bit of decoration with which she had been garnishing the kitchen and parlour at Tresmeer ; and then she crept away noiselessly towards her little room, whispering, “ A merry Christmas to all the world ; ” and wishing it with all her heart.

At seven o’clock the little company of Methodists gathered for the prayer-meeting. Movang slowly along with their lanterns, a dozen or fourteen met to pray about the new chapel. It certainly was a dismal place in which they worshipped this morning. The dim tallow candles stuck here and there served for little else than to make the darkness visible,—flickering and guttering in the draughts that came from window and door. With low uneven walls, and earthen floor, and a few forms for seats, a more dreary or cheerless place could scarcely be found.

But as they kneeled to pray, dear old “ Granny ” Polruan, as they called her, carried them all up to the gate of the Celestial City—aye, and further than that, right into the presence of the King.

“ Thou loving Lord Jesus ! We do love Thee sure enough, and we do praise Thee, to think that Thou wert born in a stable and laid in a manger. Bless Thy dear name ; Thy love was stronger than for to mind about the old walls, and the cold winds, and the poor folks that come for to bid Thee welcome. And so ’tis still. Thou art here ’long with us, bless Thy name. And Thou hast all power in heaven and on earth. And they do want a new chapel for to worship Thee in, O Lord ; but we do thank Thee for the old one. And Thou canst give it to them if ’tis Thy will, so easy as Thou didst say, ‘ Let there be light, and there was light.’ And, blessed Lord, whether we do have the new chapel or whether we don’t, help us every one to have done with these here ghastly ways of unbelief. Amen.”

Certainly if unbelief could be killed, that prayer-meeting must have been his death. The presence of the Lord filled the place.

Prayer was turned to praise. John Polruan, who was generally rather slow, and not much given to rapture, this morning might have been one of the angels that do excel in strength, such an excellent triumphing was there in the power and wisdom and love of God. And when the brief hour was done, he, at least, went home assured that nothing could hinder it now, and resolved that he would keep the Lord right there before him, high and lifted up upon His throne, far above earl, and steward, and everybody, and everything.

The clock at the Hall struck nine, and the solemn old church clock followed. About the great kitchen fires waited groups of old parishioners—the women in red cloaks, the men in long serge overcoats that hid their breeches and the thick brown stockings. Groups of labourers in their clean smocks joined them, and now and then the servants stopped to add some bit of news.

It was very evident that something serious had happened. The Christmas merriment had died out of all faces, and they talked in grave tones with sober looks and shakes of the head.

There, at the further end of the kitchen, piled on the tables, were the pounds of beef and mutton which were to be given presently to the poor. And now came the steward and his lordship, led by Mrs. Crawling; evidently some explanation was going on.

“Have you sent for John Polruan?” asked his lordship, “for we can do nothing till he comes.”

So immediately a messenger was despatched with all haste to Tresmeer. John Polruan, with his mother and daughter, was just rising from prayers when there was a loud knock at the door. Before it could be answered, the door was opened, and a frightened face was thrust in for a moment only. “Please, Mest’ Polruan es wanted up to the Hall, now to once.” Then the messenger went away as suddenly as he had come.

“Whatever is it?” cried old Granny Polruan.

“What can it be?” wondered Grace, turning pale.

“Blessed King, Thou art upon the throne, whatever it is,” said John Polruan to himself, as he put on his hat.

When John arrived at the Hall the little group that waited at the door fell back before him with a strange silence. He read in every face that there was some trouble, in which he was involved.

He passed along the great kitchen, but not a scarlet cloak curtsied to him; not one of the old familiar faces bade him a good day. Then he stood in front of the three—his lordship looking very sad; Mr. Mawmon, the steward, looking very severe; Mrs. Crawling, the cook, with her hands on her hips, looking red and triumphant.

“His lordship’s horders was four pounds,” she begun. The Earl waved his hand to her to be quiet.

“John,” he said kindly, “I think there is some mistake here; and I am confident that you can explain it.”

Mrs. Crawling shook her head decidedly. Mr. Mawmon stroked his chin with his finger and thumb, doubtfully.

“The order, I think, was four pounds of meat in each case.”

“It was, my lord,” said John.

“I see, too, that you have charged for four pounds. Now these have been weighed in the presence of the steward and myself, and we find that each lot is more than a quarter of a pound deficient.”

John looked confused—guilty, the steward thought.

“My lord, they were all weighed under my own oversight. Most of them were a little overweight; but I am prepared to take my oath that not one was less than four pounds.”

“I dare say you will know if the meat is precisely the same as when you sent it.”

John looked over the lots. “Yes, my lord, they are precisely the same.”

“Then they are, as I say, all deficient.”

Taking up one after another and throwing them into the scales, Mrs. Crawling remarked, “There, your lordship, seein’ is believin’, as the sayin’ is. P’raps Mr. What’s-his-name’s scales are wrong.”

“Perhaps, my lord, these weights are not right,” said John.

“P’raps Mr. What’s-his-name’s will try ‘em his hown self.” And the cook held out a couple of two-pound weights instead of the one that they had been using. Again it was given against him. “*The weights* is right enough, your lordship.” And Mrs. Crawling pointed to the scales triumphantly.

John was bewildered. “I can’t understand it, my lord, I’m sure.” His lordship’s face grew sadder. Mr. Mawmon looked more severe. Mrs. Crawling became redder and more triumphant.

"Your lordship will see that it does not only affect this particular supply for the charity, but the household supply likewise, and to a similar extent," the steward pointed out in a very solemn tone of voice.

"*Hegs-actly*," cried Mrs. Crawling, tightening her lips and nodding her head.

"Your lordship, moreover, will not have failed to perceive, I am assured, that this sort of thing may possibly, and has probably, been going on for a considerable period of time."

"*Pre-cisely*," said Mrs. Crawling.

His lordship sighed. "John Polruan, I *did* hope that you could have given some explanation of this most unfortunate occurrence." And his lordship spoke in the tone that he used for convicted prisoners at the Quarter Sessions. "Every aspect of the matter is very grave, but to me the blackest part of it is that, at this Christmas season, you should have deprived these your fellow-parishioners of their charity. Of course I shall see that they do not suffer, but your fraud"—

"*Fraud*, my lord!" John cried, as his voice faltered.

"I wish I could use another word, John Polruan. You bear a name that has always been a pledge of honesty and straightforwardness. And I cannot tell you what a surprise and grief it is to me that"—

In a moment the thought flashed upon John's mind that *the Lord was King*; far above earl and steward and everything else; and he lifted his face with such radiant honesty that the Earl stopped.

"Have you anything to say, Mr. Polruan?" his lordship asked.

"Nothing, my lord; only I am convinced that this matter shall yet be cleared up to your lordship's satisfaction."

The cook tightened her lips and shook her head. *That* would never be; they might take her word for it.

"But meanwhile my duty is plain," his lordship went on; "you cannot supply my household again, and unless there should be some explanation, of which I am sorry to say, I can see no prospect, your good name is gone."

In spite of his faith in the King it was a hard struggle. John's lips quivered, and the tears gathered in his eyes. He could not get out a word; but as the Earl turned to leave, John, too,

hastened between the silent ranks of the parishioners, and left the place.

Seated by the fire, at home, the old lady and her granddaughter waited anxiously for his return. Now as he came in he looked so cheerful that he completely drove away their fears.

“What was it, then?” asked the old lady, looking up. “Nothing so very dreadful after all, I s’pose.”

“Nothing so very dreadful, mother, if it weren’t for our ghastly ways of unbelief.” And John sat down at her side.

Grace took her father’s hand tenderly in her own. “Then they ought not to have frightened us out of our senses by sending for you like that, if it were nothing serious.”

“Well it was something serious, dear. Very serious, too—there’s no denying that.” And John spoke so gravely that both faces grew troubled at once.

“There’s something wrong with the weight of the charity meat. His lordship and the steward have weighed it with the cook; and each lot is nearly a quarter of a pound under weight. I can’t understand it.”

Grace’s hand tightened its clasp. For a moment a sadness came over her father’s face, and his voice faltered. Then the light shone again and the voice regained its pleasantness—“But the Lord is King, mother, and it will be all right.”

Old Granny Polruan only looked steadily into the fire. Grace sat with tearful eyes fixed on her father’s face.

“So I am not to supply the house any more.” Then John stopped again.

“But the worst of it all is that—that his lordship”—again John’s voice faltered—“has charged me before half the parish with—with *stealing*.”

In a moment the old lady turned round and looked at him—sitting there so quietly! talking of it with so little trouble! She sprang up and clasped her stick, whilst with the other hand she gripped her son’s shoulder. Her black eyes flashed and her cheeks were crimsoned. Stamping her foot, she cried, “Stealing! stealing! A man of your father’s name charged with—with *that*! And you don’t go mad with rage! And you sit there like that! And you don’t go searching out the lie—and, and—”

“Mother!” said John very quietly, looking up into her face. In an instant the colour died; the fierceness vanished; the voice

sank to grief. She let the stick fall, and resting both hands upon her son's shoulder, she leaned down and hid her face.

"There—that's *me*! And to think that I should have set up for to teach other folks about the ghastly ways of unbelief! Then she looked up again. "Yew'm right, Jan; yew'm right. And I'm proud of 'ee tew. Yew'm right. And yer be your father's boy all over. Bless 'ee." And the old trembling hand stroked his hair tenderly. "There, I always had so many ghastly ways of unbelief about *me*—always." And she sat down rocking herself to and fro before the fire and sighed.

Just then the chicken came hopping along the table and perched, as it often did, on Grace's shoulder. And there right under John Polruan's ear it began its sermon, so close that they all three heard it, and it came to each heart and did them good. "Cluck, cluck! Will you listen to me a minute, please? Cluck, cluck." And the little preacher turned his head from one to another quite elegantly. "You know that I am nothing but a little lame chicken," and it drew up the crippled foot under its feathers, and stood on its one sound leg. "But the Heavenly Father careth for me. And He brought me in here, and made my fair mistress look after me so well that I want for nothing; but am as happy as the day is long. Cluck, cluck. And to be sure, He'll take care of your good name, master—I know He will. Are ye not much better than they? Cluck, cluck." And then, having finished the sermon—which was short, as all Christmas sermons should be—the preacher hopped down and went his way.

Yet, in spite of John Polruan's faith it was a trying year. The villagers looked askance at him. Men who owed him a grudge took care to fling this in his teeth. And the business was almost given up. The little company of Methodists, however, confident in his uprightness, were only knit to him with a closer love and sympathy. But as for the new chapel, no one had a word to say about that; not even Granny Polruan could find any hope of that now.

Another Christmas-day had come. There was already a faint light of dawn far away over the river as the little company at Tiesmeer sat down to breakfast. Suddenly there came a loud knock at the door. It was repeated impatiently; and before John could open the door a frightened face was thrust inside, and the panting messenger cried, "Please Mest' Polruan is wanted up to the Hall,

and he must come to once, for her's dying, so the doctor saith." And before any further question could be put, he was gone.

"What is it?" thought Grace.

"Whatever can it be?" cried the old lady. "It never is the Countess, to be sure. Her wouldn't want our Jan nayther."

Away went John, along the familiar footpath and through the woods.

Again in the great hall he was met with silent and troubled faces, amongst whom one moved whispering some later tidings. Without a word of explanation, all taking it for granted that he knew why they had sent for him, he was led up the stairs and along the passages, until he reached a room of which the door was opened, and the Earl himself stood waiting for him. His lordship held out his hand, and almost frightened John by shaking hands with him warmly.

"Thank you, Mr. Polruan for coming so quickly," his lordship said, in a hoarse and sorrowful voice. "It was very good of you. She had sent for us that she may see you in our presence."

Beside the Earl stood the steward, who held out his hand too, seeing that his lordship had gone so far; but his lordship had put his heart into *his* greeting; Mr. Mawmon only put his fingers.

Hastening into the room, there, propped with pillows, and gasping for breath, John found Mrs. Crawling evidently dying. She turned a face of agony to him.

"Can you—forgive me—Sir?" she gasped. "They know—all about it, and will tell you. Oh, can you—ever forgive me?"

Then at once it flashed upon John. It was all cleared up now.

"Yes, yes," cried John, "with all my heart;" and he took her by the hand tenderly—"with all my heart."

For a minute or two she lay with closed eyes, as if unconscious. Then looking up again, she asked, "And—will you—ask God to—forgive me, too?"

"He will—He will;" and, leaning over her, John spoke the comfortable words of the Blessed Lord Jesus. Then all knelt about the bed, as he pleaded with God to give her the light of the Holy Spirit, and besought the Lord to bespeak His forgiveness and love to her heart.

When John had finished, all still knelt for a few minutes in silence; and as they waited there she passed away.

"Thank God that you came, Polruan," said the Earl, wiping his eyes, as they went out of the room together. "Do not go away. Breakfast will be waiting for you in the housekeeper's room. You must please do me the favour to stay to the distribution of the Christmas charities. I have sent for your mother and daughter, and I hope they will be able to meet you here."

"Thank you, my lord," said John, wondering.

And, sitting alone in what had been Mrs. Crawling's room, John let his over full heart pour out its gladness and thanksgiving to the Lord in heaven. He was scarcely able to think of how she had contrived her wickedness; the thought of her passing away thus, and his joy at finding himself free from suspicion, once more left no room in his mind for anything else.

At nine o'clock the great kitchen was filled. There were old couples in their red cloaks and long brown overcoats, with comfortable lappets to keep the shoulders warm. There were labourers in clean smocks, with comely wives, and troops of sturdy children. The buzz of gossip ceased as the Earl came in with the steward, and beside them stood John Polruan, with his mother and Grace.

Then his lordship stood up to address them. "You remember, all of you, the painful scene in this place on Christmas-day of last year. I wish you could forget it. Misled and deceived as we all were, it was unhappily my part to charge one whom we all knew and respected with what it seemed impossible for us to believe. That matter as you have all heard by this time, no doubt, has to-day been cleared up. Now, I wish before you all to tell Mr. Polruan how deeply grieved I am that I should thus have injured him."

"My lord, please don't say so," cried John, overwhelmed.

"It is not enough for me to say that we all believe him to be a man honest and true as his father before him—and I can give him no higher praise."

"There!" cried old Granny Polruan, pressing her son's arm, and looking on him proudly.

"But I desire to-day to give, so far as I can, some lasting token of my regret at what he has suffered, and my estimate of his thorough uprightness."

Then his lordship turned and faced John. "Mr. Polruan——"

"Call num Jan, your lordship; will 'ee, please?" whispered the old lady, almost beside herself with joy.

"John, then," said his lordship laughing, "I hope you will give me the opportunity of making this slight reparation."

Poor John couldn't get the words out; his heart was too full. He stammered some broken words of thanks, and added something about the favour of his God and the respect of his fellow-men being more than anything else, and that, having them, he really had nothing more to ask.

Then old Granny Polruan's voice spoke out, shrill and trembling, "Why, your lordship, he'th been praying for ground for a new chapel. Perhaps this be the Lord's way of sending it."

Mr. Mawmon stroked his chin doubtfully.

"The very thing," cried his lordship. "So it shall be. Let Mr. Polruan choose the site. And now Mr. Polruan—John, I mean, let me shake hands with you in the presence of our neighbours in token of our regard and our joy this day. Of her who is gone it becomes us to say nothing."

And so the Methodists of St. Piran's got the pretty little place that stands there to this day, witnessing alike to the power of faith and to the truth of our Christmas Tale.—*Methodist Recorder.*

THE GLORY OF CHRISTMAS.

A DAY, a Day of Glory!

A Day that ends our woe!

A Day that tells of triumph

Against a vanquished foe!

Yield, summer's brightest sunrise,

To this December morn:

Lift up your gates, ye Princes,

And let the Child be born!

With "Glory in the Highest,"

Archangels tell their mirth;

With "Lord have mercy on us,"

Men answer upon earth;

And Angels swell the triumph

And mortals raise the horn,

Lift up your gates, ye Princes,

And let the Child be born!

He comes, His throne the manger,

He comes, His shrine the stall;

The ox and ass His courtiers,

Who made and governs all;

The "House of Bread" His birthplace,

The Prince of Wine and Corn;

Lift up your gates, ye Princes,

And let the Child be born!

They bar the gates, that henceforth

None thus may passage win,

Because the Prince of Israel

Alone hath entered in;

The earth, the sky, the ocean,

His glorious way adorn;

Lift up your gates, ye Princes,

And let the Child be born!

—Translated by J. M. Neale.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

FLORENCE—VENICE.

I LEFT Naples at ten o'clock at night for Florence, a ride of three hundred and sixty miles. The glorious moonlight flooded the landscape with a silvery sheen, whose beauty almost forbade the thought of slumber. Stopping a few hours at Rome, I visited the new Government Buildings—a splendid pile, of recent construction—and the vast Baths of Diocletian, now converted into a church, containing the tomb of Salvator Rosa; an eye infirmary, and extensive barracks. It was a curious thing to see the letters, S. P. Q. R., the initials of the stately phrase, *Senatus, Populusque, Quirites, Romani*, under which the legions marched to conquest, painted on the water carts of the modern city. Leaving Rome, the train follows the yellow Tiber, passing near the Milvian Bridge, where Constantine seeing—or feigning that he saw—the sign of the cross in the sky, conquered the persecuting Maxentius, and became sole ruler of the empire. As we proceed we obtain fine views of the “Snowy Soracte” of Horace, of Lake Thrasymine, on whose banks Hannibal won a sanguinary victory over the Roman legions more than two thousand years ago,* and of Arezzo, the birthplace of Mæcenas, and, thirteen centuries later, of Petrarch.

No place in Italy, scarce any place in the world, possesses such numerous attractions—historic, literary, and artistic—as Florence. The heroic memories of its struggles for liberty, the wonderful achievements of its sons in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and science, invest it forever with intensest interest.

* “ Far other scene is Thrasymine now ;
 Her lake a sheet of silver and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough :
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
 A rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain :
 And Sanguinette tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet and turned the unwilling waters red.

—Childe Harold.

Nestling in a lovely valley of the Appenines, its situation is singularly beautiful. Embalmed forever in Milton's undying verse are the names of leafy Vallombrosa, Val d'Arno, and fair Feisole, where the "Tuscan artist with his optic tube"—"the starry Galileo with his woes," explored the skies. A patriot writer thus rhapsodizes over the beauties of 'Firenze, la bella':—
 "Like a water lily rising on the mirror of a lake, so rests on this lovely ground the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting works, and its inexhaustible riches. Each street contains a world of art; the walls of the city are the calyx, containing the fairest flowers of the human mind."

"The Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls
 Girt by her theatre of hills; she reaps
 Her corn and wine and oil, and Plenty leaps
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
 And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

In the portico of the Uffizi palace are the statues of celebrated Tuscans, most of them the sons or denizens of Florence. No city in the world, I think, can exhibit such a galaxy of illustrious names. Among others are the statues of Cosmo de Medici, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Orcagna, Giotto, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Galileo, and Benvenuto Celeni. Besides these, Savonarola, Bruneleschi, Ghiberti, Fra Angelico, Raphael, and many an other illustrious in letters and in art are forever associated with the memory of Florence.

Let us take a walk through this old historic city. We start from the Piazza della Signoria, once the forum of the Republic, and the scene of its most memorable events. On the site of that great bronze fountain, erected three hundred years ago, on which disport Neptune and his tritons, Savonarola and two other monks, precursors of the Reformation, were burned at the stake, May 23rd, 1498. There, for near four hundred years, has stood in sun and shower, Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of David. That prison-like palace, with its slender tower rising like a mast three hundred feet in air, was the ancient seat of government. Let us climb its marble stairs. We enter stately chambers, carved and frescoed by great masters, once the home of the senate and councils of the Republic. In the topmost story are the private

apartments of the princely Medici, sumptuous with dark, carved, antique furniture, frescoes, and tapestries, but small and mean in size. From these prison-like windows looked forth on the lovely landscape the fair faces and dark eyes of the proud dames of the mediæval court; and in one of these very chambers Cosmo de Medici, with his own hand, slew his son Garzia for the murder of his brother Giovanni.

Descending to the Piazza, we face the Loggia dei Lanzi, a large open portico, of date 1376, fronting the Square, and filled with masterpieces of sculpture in bronze and marble by Celini and other Tuscan masters, which for three hundred years and more have educated the art taste of successive generations.

Along a crowded street we proceed to the great Duomo. On the way we pass the Church of "St. Michael in the Garden,"—a church below, a corn exchange above—so called from a plot of grass in front, which was paved with stone six hundred years ago. How strange that the memory of that little plot of grass should be preserved in the name through all these centuries of chance and change! Further on we pass the house, with iron gratings and small bull's eye glass, in which Dante, "*il divino poeta*," as the inscription reads, was born, A.D. 1265.

There, at the end of the street, rises one of the most remarkable groups of buildings in the world—the Duomo, Giotto's Tower, and the Baptistery. The first was begun in 1294. It is a noble specimen of Italian gothic of black and white marble, fretted with exquisite carving and tracery. Its mighty dome, added in 1420–34, surpasses in size even that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is the more daring, as the earlier achievement. Its interior is covered with gigantic mosaics of the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise; hideous figures of satyr-headed devils are torturing the lost in the flames with pitchforks—a dreadful and repulsive sight. The guide whispered against the wall, and I distinctly heard what he said on the opposite side of the dome. From the lantern, nearly four hundred feet in air, a magnificent view of the city at our feet, the far-winding Arno, and the engirdling hills, is enjoyed. In the Square below is a statue of Brunelleschi, the architect of the dome, gazing upward with a look of triumph at his realized design. Here, too, is preserved a stone seat on which Dante used to sit and gaze with admiration on the scene, on summer evenings, six hundred years ago.

The Campanile, or Giotto's Tower, is an exquisite structure, rising, more and more ornate as it climbs, to a height of three hundred feet, enriched with carvings of the Seven Cardinal Virtues, the Seven Works of Mercy, the Seven Beatitudes, and the Seven Sacraments. Notwithstanding its beauty, it has yet a look of incompleteness, the spire of the original design having never been finished.

“ In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The city of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.”

Opposite the Duomo is the, still older Baptistery, venerable with the time-stains of seven, or perhaps eight hundred years. Here are the famous bronze doors of Ghiberti, worthy, said Michael Angelo, to be the gates of Paradise. They represent, in high relief—the figures stand out almost free—scenes from Scripture history, and are marvels of artistic skill. The vast and shadowy dome is covered with mosaics, in the austere and solemn style of the thirteenth century. On a gold ground are seen the majestic figures of the sacred choir of angels and arch-angels, principalities and powers, apostles and martyrs. Beneath are the awful scenes of the Last Judgment, the raptures of the saved, and the torments of the lost. I sat and pondered long upon those solemn designs, which for centuries have uttered their silent warning and exhortation to the generations of worshippers who knelt below.

Not far from the Duomo is the Church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is a building of simple dignity, five hundred feet in length, begun in 1294. Its chief attractions are the frescoes of Giotto and the tombs of Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, the Medici, Alfieri, and many another famous son of Italy.

“ In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make them holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities,
Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,

The starry Galilio with his woes ;
Here Maccheavilli's earth returned to whence it rose."

In front of the church is the splendid monument of Dante, inaugurated on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth. In the adjacent cloisters is an ancient statue of God the Father, a blasphemous attempt to represent to sense the Eternal and Invisible.

The chief glory of Florence is the unrivalled art collection in the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. Through these long corridors and stately chambers one wanders, sated with delight in the study of the art treasures on every side. There "the goddess loves in stone ;" here the Virgin breathes on canvass, and heroes and martyrs and saints live forever—immortalized by the genius of Raphael, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippi, Titian, Guido, and their fellows in the mighty brotherhood of art. These palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but are connected by a long covered gallery, lined with pictures, over the Ponte Vecchio, which it takes fifteen minutes to traverse. As I stood upon the ancient bridge and watched the sun set over the Arno, I thought how often from that very spot Dante, Angelo, and Raphael must have watched his setting long centuries ago.

Adjoining the royal Pitti Palace are the famous Boboli Gardens laid out by Cosmo I. It required but little effort of the imagination to repeople its pleached alleys and noble vistas, adorned with many a marble statue and diamond-flashing fountain, with the gay forms of the cavaliers and ladies fair of Florence in her golden prime.

One of the most interesting visits which I made in Florence was to the once famous, now suppressed, Monastery of San Marco. It gave me the best insight that I got in Europe of the mediæval monastic life. Here were the cloisters in which the cowed brotherhood were wont to walk and con their breviary ; the large bare refectory, with its pulpit for the reader, and the pious paintings on the wall ; the scriptorium, with its treasures of vellum manuscripts and music ; and the prison-like cells of the monks. One of these possessed a peculiar fascination. It was the cell of the martyr-monk Savonarola, the place of whose funeral pyre I had just seen in the great Square. I sat in his chair ; I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine, clear hand—and his

MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy ; and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic soul who kindled, four hundred years ago, a light in Italy that has not yet gone out.

Here, too, are the cell and many of the pictures of the saintly painter, Fra Angelico. The pure and holy faces of his angels, from which he derives his name, give an insight into his inner nature ; for only in a saintly soul could such sacred fancies dwell. A Last Judgment, by this artist, greatly impressed me with its realistic power. Christ is throned aloft in a glory of angels. An archangel blows the trump of doom. The graves open, and the sheeted dead come forth. To the right, a rapturous throng of the saved sweep through asphodel meadows to the gates of Paradise, welcomed by shining seraph forms. To the left, devils drive the lost to caves of horror and despair, where "their tongues for very anguish they do know," as described with such dreadful vividness by the burning pen of Dante.

Here, also, are the cells in which Cosmo I., a-weary of the world, retired to die, and that in which Pope Eugene slept four centuries ago. In the laboratory of the monastery are still prepared the drugs and medicines for which it was famous when all chemical knowledge was confined to the monkish brotherhood.

In the Church of San Lorenzo are the tombs of the Medician princes, on which have been lavished £1,000,000. Here are the masterpieces of Angelo, his Night and Day, which age after age keep their solemn watch in the chamber of the dead.

With the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, erected A.D. 1250, many tragic memories are linked. I stood in the chamber, originally a chapel, but for centuries a gloomy prison, in which the victims of tyranny languished and died ; and saw the spot in the courtyard below where one of the greatest of the Doges of Florence fell beneath the headsman's axe.

Among the more recent memories of this fair city is the fact that here Mrs. Browning, the greatest woman poet of all time, lived, and wrote, and died. I inquired at several book stores and at the hotel for her house, but no one seemed ever to have heard of her.

I left with regret this lovely city, and took rail for Bologna, a ride of eighty miles. The route is one of the grandest in Italy, crossing the Appenines through a deep and romantic ravine, and passing through no less than forty-four tunnels. Bologna is one

of the most quaint and mediæval looking cities of Italy. It has shared little of the modern progress of ideas of New Italy, and is the centre of a mouldy, reactionary ecclesiasticism; and here, appropriately, the Council of Trent held some of its sessions. It seems to have stood still for centuries while the rest of the world has been moving on. It has no less than one hundred and thirty churches and twenty monasteries, and dates back before the Punic wars. Its University, which I visited, is one of the oldest in the world, founded in 1119. In 1262 it had ten thousand students; it has now only four hundred. It was here that galvanism was discovered by Prof. Galvani, in 1789. It has had several distinguished lady professors, one of whom, Novella d'Andræa, is said to have been so beautiful that she lectured behind a curtain to prevent the distraction of the susceptible minds of the students. The narrow streets, the covered arcades on either side, the numerous old fortress-like palaces, the venerable churches with their lofty campaniles—all give a peculiar aspect to the city. In the choir of St. Petronio, a large delapidated looking church, begun in 1390 but never finished, Charles V. was crowned in 1530. Two leaning towers, quite close together, rise to a height respectively of one hundred and thirty-two and two hundred and seventy-four feet. The latter especially, as I sat at its base, seemed to soar aloft like a mast, and looked as if it would topple over on the huxter stalls beneath. Yet for seven centuries and a-half they have both hung poised, as it were, in air. Near by is S. Stephano, a group of seven connected churches, the oldest founded in the fifth century on the site of a temple of Isis. They are very odd, on different levels, and of mixed pagan and Christian styles of architecture. In one is a column which tradition affirms measures exactly the stature of our Lord. In the art gallery is Raphael's celebrated St. Cecilia listening to the heavenly music in an ecstatic trance; but it failed to impress me very profoundly. As I lingered in an ancient square, a squadron of cavalry, with their long, plumed lances, galloped by—a strange contrast of the present with the past.

In going from Bologna to Venice we pass the decayed old city of Ferrara, with its mouldering palaces, its deserted streets, and its memories of Tasso, Ariosto, the princely house of Este, and the infamous Lucretia Borgia. At Padua, once next to Rome in

wealth, the church of St. Antonio is larger than that of St. Marks, at Venice. Indeed, the whole of Northern Italy is studded with cities of historic renown—Parma, Modena, Ravenna, Mantua, Pavia, Cremona, Verona—which it was tantalizing to be so near and yet not have time to see.

It is curious what different motives tourists have in travelling. I met three Roman Catholic priests, while on my way to Venice, who chose to forego the art treasures and immortal memories of Florence that they might make a long and expensive journey to the "Holy House of the Virgin," at Loretto. This Holy House is a small brick building, averred to have been brought by angels through the air, from Nazareth, first to Dalmatia, in 1291, and afterwards to Loretto. It is covered by a magnificent church, and surrounded by a gorgeous marble screen. The priests with whom I journeyed described with great enthusiasm its appearance. I ventured to question the reality of the alleged miracle, when one of them gravely assured me that there was quite as good ground for believing its genuineness as for believing in that of the Colosseum of Rome. But if anyone were to assure me that Colosseum had been carried by angels a thousand miles through the air, I should take the liberty to question it. But it was useless to argue against such blind credulity as that of my travelling companions. They reminded me of the robust unreasoning faith of one of the early Fathers, who said, "*Credo quia impossibile*—I believe, because it is impossible." The other great object of their pious pilgrimage was the Grotto of our Lady of Lourdes, away off in the Pyrenees, in all the fabulous stories about which they seemed to have the most unquestioning faith.

As we glide along the iron way, eagerly scanning the horizon, a dark blue line of towers and churches, seeming to float upon the waves, comes gradually into view. We quickly cross from the mainland, by a bridge over two miles long, to the far-famed City of the Sea, the Queen of the Adriatic.

"There is a glorious City in the Sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,

As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently."

In the fourth century a band of fishermen, flying from the ravages of Atilla, the Scourge of God, built their homes like waterfowl amid the waves. Bold, skilful, adventurous, they extended their commerce and conquests over the entire Levant; and soon, like an exhalation from the deep, rose the fairy City of the Sea. During the Crusades the city rose to opulence by the trade thereby developed. In 1204 she became mistress of Constantinople and the *entrepot* of oriental traffic. The names of her merchant princes were familiar as household words in the bazaars of Damascus and Ispahan. Her marble palaces were gorgeous with the wealth of Ormuz and of Inde. Her daughters were clothed with the silks of Iran and the shawls of Cashmere. Their boudoirs were fragrant with the perfumes of Arabia Felix, and tuneful with the notes of the bulbul from the gardens of Schiraz; and her walls were glowing with the breathing canvass of Titian and Giorgione.

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

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

It is very odd on reaching Venice, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream, in a luxurious gondola. After dinner I sallied out for a sunset row upon the Grand Canal. All I had to do was to step to the door and hold up my finger, and a gondolier, with a stroke of his oar, brought his bark to my feet. The charm of that first ride along that memory-haunted watery way, whose beauties are protrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. I was alone—as

one should be to let fancy conjure up the past. Onward I silently glided—

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

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

“Now a Jessica
Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits
At her half-open lattica.”

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

As the sun went down I sailed out into the broad lagune, over the glowing waves which seemed like the sea of glass mingled with fire. The sunset fires burned out to ashen grey. The light faded from the sky ; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white ; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at his little vessel's prow, and rowed me back to my hotel through a labyrinth

of narrow canals threading the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and the crowded dwellings of the poor. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna. As we traversed the narrow canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—*preme*, or *stali*—were heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the strange stillness of that silent city, without sound of horse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till I scarce knew whether my strange experience were real or but the figment of a dream.

 ALONE.

THE sun has set, the evening brightness fades,
 The gloom increases in the forest glades ;
 And a deep sadness all my soul pervades :
 I am alone.

A wild bird here and there still sings to cheer
 His mate, that nestles in the thicket near ;
 But ah ! no voice of love falls on my ear :
 I am alone.

The gentle air plays with the rustling leaves,
 Sweet with the fragrant odours it receives ;
 My bosom with no whispered incense heaves :
 I am alone.

A distant horn the evening silence breaks,
 The mountain in soft echoes answer makes ;
 No heart responsive to *my* voice awakes :
 I am alone.

O'er rocky heights the Ilse, wild and free,
 Hastes like an eager lover to the sea ;
 But whither shall *I* turn for love ? Ah me !
 I am alone.

Still dreading dreams I can to none impart,
 I live with nature and my own sad heart ;
 Whatever comes of joy or sufferings smart
 I bear alone.

THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF METHODISM.

II.

It strikes us very forcibly that there was less of what is called criticism practised in the early days of Methodism than there is now. There was an all comprehending, all-embracing generosity, a heartiness of faith and trust, that we do not always find in these times. We were willing to believe the best of all men. We sought earnestly for and noted every good quality a man possessed, and did not fasten with leech-like tenacity upon every little defect or weakness. A supreme charity ruled us, not as with a rod of iron, but as an angel of light. We had less fault to find with sermons in those days, and consequently the preachers were borne up as on eagles' wings. They felt the full confidence reposed in them, and they walked into the pulpits with firm step, being met immediately with a glow of warmth from the congregation which gave them steady faith. A trusting audience wins half the battle for the minister.

Mr. Spurgeon lately complained of a class he styled "the professional grumblers." It is to be feared that these grumblers sometimes find their way into the social circles of the church. There, it must be admitted, they do a great deal of mischief. Now in the Methodist body exceptional means are afforded for the criticisms of ministerial character. We believe this subject to be of vast importance, and we hesitate not to approach it, however delicate it may be. Let it be understood that we do not here refer to moral character. That matter is so secure in the hands of the Conference that none need trouble themselves about it. But next to a man's moral character, his intellectual character is dear to him. Let us here also say that we are not afraid of fair and open comment upon the intellectual character of the ministry. As a whole it will hold its own side by side with any other body in respect to the great essentials of preaching. The Methodists have never made any boast of their learning or scholarship, because they have higher work in hand: they have never talked on the housetops about their great literary acquirements, because neither the time nor the money has been at command to enable them to produce a literature commensurate with that issuing from

the English Church clergy. Yet it may be claimed that the Wesleyan ministry has done its duty as well as any other in Great Britain. It has perceived where it ought to direct its energies, and a practical understanding of affairs has led it almost instinctively to the cultivation of those things that win genuine spiritual success.

But to return to our point. What we wish to object to is the indiscriminate and loose way in which preachers are sometimes criticised in the social circle. Criticism perhaps is not the proper name for it. It is composed of mere intellectual crudities. But it is nevertheless mischievous, and has generally a twofold influence. It first acts injuriously upon the spiritual life of those who talk; and secondly, younger people listening gather disjointed views of preaching, and, what is worse, their minds are often prejudiced against the men best fitted to do them good. How many of us, like Penelope, only with a very different motive, undo the work at night which we have done in the morning! At best we are foolish creatures, for we often by a single stroke destroy or shatter the moral and spiritual structure which it has cost us many anxious and resolute hours to build. Alas! how many preachers have had their pulpit-teaching partially destroyed by the loose talk of drawing-rooms. To estimate its effects upon the young would be wholly impossible. How much better themes we can find for our drawing-rooms! How much nobler objects for the enjoyment of the social hours! If the preachers are to be the subject of discussion, why not set ourselves to find out their good qualities? If the same vigilance were employed in searching for merit, pure motive, and righteous endeavour, as that employed in seeking to discover some eccentricity of manner, some trifling flaw in the discourse, what a richer harvest of good would be realized in the social circle!

The field of the Christian ministry is one for the exercise of large sympathy, for the most tender consideration of weaknesses. It would assist powerfully the preaching of the gospel if, in the social relation of the Church, those whom we listen to Sunday after Sunday were to be upheld for such qualities as they possess, and not run down for their defects, real or supposed. The influence of the social circle is far-reaching, and it would be a public benefit if it were considered in its results upon pulpit teaching. It is the duty of the heads of families to see that nothing is said

in the family circle derogatory to the Christian ministry. The future well-being of their children may be more largely depending upon this than they imagine. Mr. Matthew Arnold points out that one of the great virtues in Charles Kingsley was his generous recognition of the better part of every man. Mr. Arnold says:—"There was one thing in which Kingsley seemed to me an unique, and I desire to speak of that above all other things. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known, the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured or even indifferent by having to support ill-natured attacks himself."

The danger to which we have thus alluded is perhaps increased by the pernicious literature of the day, which is admitted into many families professedly Christian. There is a species of literature in great demand now, which is in many respects calculated to blunt the edge of the better susceptibilities of religious households. A novel is indispensable in many quarters where we might expect to find better reading. We do not presume to quarrel with the higher class of fictions, in which instruction is combined with amusement; but this, it is to be feared, would not be considered the leading feature in numbers of novels that may be seen in the hands of the youth of the present age in the social circles of Methodism. Unwholesome fictions are issuing from the press in shoals. The pernicious character of these publications is not glaringly exhibited, as is the case in some of the earlier objectionable tales. Religion is now made the material out of which certain novels are constructed; and because of this, Christian parents admit them to their homes. The modern sensational tale has acted with almost revolutionary force upon the nobler instincts of the religious mind. Its breath has been fatal to the growth of many a fair aspiration, many a fine motive and endeavour. A course of such reading in the social circle is a bad preparation for the ministrations from the pulpit. What is called the fashionable novel does not pave the way for a sympathetic appreciation of expositions on the epistles of the New Testament. But apart from the moral, or rather the immoral feature of such books, there is a disposition shown in not a few of them to brand

religion with the name of cant, and to represent professions of religion as mere hypocrisy practised for selfish ends. Though having a great admiration for the genius of Dickens, and sympathizing with his fine attacks on great social abuses, we have never been amongst those who could extol in a Methodist drawing-room his more exaggerated caricatures on the ministry. The tendency to enjoy such caricatures is perhaps too apparent, even in Methodist social life; and here as in other matters we go from small things to greater. The influence of the novel is amazing. It has become a great element in modern society, and judging from the signs that are open to our eyes, it is likely to become still larger in the sweep of its influence. A too careful consideration, therefore, cannot be bestowed upon a subject that winds itself into the inner currents of our daily life, and either fits or unfits our sons and daughters for the free and unobstructed reception of that truth which is of the first magnitude and importance.

Speaking for ourselves, we confess that we have no disposition to condemn all fictions, or to advocate the extinction of this kind of literature. We look upon the novel as capable of being made a great vehicle of truth. It gives opportunity for the exercise of imaginative talent, and in wise hands it may subserve the noblest purpose. Some of the greatest writers have discovered in the novel the field best suited for the exercise of their genius. A writer who has dealt ably with this subject tells us that "there are no symptoms yet that the novel is about to lose its popularity as a form of literature. On the contrary, there is every symptom that in one shape or another it will continue to be popular for a long time, and that more and more talent will flow into it. The novel has been becoming more real and determinate, in so far as it can convey matters of fact, more earnest in so far as it can be made a vehicle for matters of speculation, and more conscious at the same time of its ability in all matters of phantasy. What is this but saying that its capabilities have been increasing simultaneously as regards each of the three kinds of intellectual exercises which make up the total of literature—history, philosophy and poetry; and what is this again but saying that in future there may be either a greater disposition among those who naturally distribute themselves according to this threefold classification, to employ it for their several purposes, or a greater desire

among those who are peculiarly novelists to push its powers in the threefold service?"

It may safely be inferred that the novel will continue to influence us in a large, and probably in an increasingly large degree. Such being the case, it becomes the members of the Christian communities to set their faces against the bad types of imaginative literature. There can be no doubt that a good deal of carelessness exists in regard to this matter. We do not desire to reproduce the severe forms of the Puritan mind, but what a great writer has called the anti-Puritanism of Dickens, need not win our full assent. Dickens did a great service to his time by attacking social abuses, and his works are in the main healthy. Still we must not be carried too far by this anti-Puritan spirit. An author whose name is in everybody's mouth at the present moment, has just reminded us in clear and vigorous language of the better side of the Puritan spirit. Mr. John Richard Green, in an historical work of rare labour and rare ability, says, "As soon as the wild orgie of the Restoration was over, men began to see that nothing that was really worthy in the work of Puritanism had been undone. The revels of Whitehall, the scepticism and debauchery of courtiers, the corruption of statesmen, left the mass of Englishmen what Puritanism had made them, serious, earnest, sober in life and conduct, firm in their love of Protestantism and of freedom. In the Revolution of 1688, Puritanism did the work of civil liberty which it had failed to do in that of 1642. It wrought out through Wesley and the revival of the eighteenth century the work of religious reform which its earlier efforts had only thrown back for a hundred years. Slowly but steadily it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, English politics. The history of English progress since the Restoration, on its moral and spiritual side, has been the history of Puritanism."

In the varied elements that make up our social life some observant men would not hesitate to say that we had gone a long way from Puritanism. The question is whether we have not crossed the line too far. We are not likely to err on the severer side of life. Modern literature, especially imaginative literature, has sought to make life amusing rather than grave. An attempt has been made to afford us pleasure by superficial and often objectionable means. Many writers make it their aim to drive

out all thought from their books, all serious matters, all that would tax the intellectual powers. Consequently incidents of a pleasing description are to be sought. The one aim is to amuse, not to inspire; to provide a means of killing time, not a source of life that will grow and fertilize in a larger range of action. The result is that the Divorce Court, with its revolting records, is made the staple of some of the books that are permitted to cross the Christian threshold, and the blue and green volumes sometimes have not even the company of a good book. We have seen this in some Methodist homes.

The social life of religious people is also more or less affected by the species of journal called the "Society" journal. This is a new element in modern life. Such organs are becoming more numerous, and it is admitted by the ablest journalists that this is a kind of literature wholly unworthy the support and patronage of the heads of Christian families. Gossip is the material out of which the "Society" journal is manufactured. It is often gossip, too, for which there is believed to be little foundation in fact. Where incidents are scarce and no sensation can be aroused, there appears to be no difficulty in manufacturing incidents. Half the stories recorded in these weekly budgets of scandal are exaggerated or untrue. A great critic has said that the public should, with respect to all that it reads, carefully consider the object of the writers. We have no difficulty in arriving at a proper conclusion in the case now before us. The whole object is to amuse, to dazzle, to astonish, but the amusement is produced at an immense cost. It is often produced at the sacrifice of some one's character. Apart from all this, there is the lack of the great virtue of seeking the elevation of the people. The journals under review weaken rather than strengthen the moral nature. It is extremely doubtful whether they strengthen in any degree the intellect, which all good literature ought to do.

Clearly, then, it is the duty of those who have it in their power to mould the life of the family, to induce the young into paths sound and pure, to lift a protest against this sort of literature. The fair growth of religious principle will be choked if it be permitted to come into the domestic circle. In the Wesleyan Church we have handed down many traditions of the excellence and the purity of our forefathers. All the literature that the

Wesleyans have is pure: every book that proceeds from their book-room is issued with a view to immediate good. Let the gentlemen of the Methodist Church substitute their own excellent biographical works for the tawdry, sentimental, often untrue gossip that is falling on many a family with a withering breath, and which is poisoning the very roots of society.

It does not seem certain, moreover, that the daily journals are exactly what they should be. On the whole, our newspaper press is a great and beneficial agency, mirroring the world at our breakfast tables every morning. It is conducted with an amazing amount of intellect and enterprise. Nothing seems to be spared in order to make this agency the wonder of the age. But whilst feeling grateful for its information, its instruction, its influence, and we may say its genius, there are some of the daily journals to which the words of Mr. Miall, himself a practical journalist and an energetic writer, apply.

“I ask any religious man to watch the tendency of an influential section of the press. Its tendency, I am bound to predict, will be felt to be something like this. He will be tempted to look at all the great realities of life as matters which it is lawful to play with as convenience may dictate. Whatever veneration for truth he may entertain will gradually become less sensitive, and he will come to consider lying, as theft was considered by the Spartans, to be infamous only when done in a bungling style. He will perceive in himself a disposition to sneer at all the sterner exemplifications of virtue, to accept calumny as naturally due to heroism, to make light of moral principles when they stand in the way of party objects, to disbelieve the human magnanimity, to make grimaces at all the grander passages in a people's history, to smile most obsequiously upon what the gospel condemns, and jest most mockingly at what the gospel enforces. In short, if he were to yield himself up to the full effect of the deleterious atmosphere with which such journals would surround him, he would sink into a talker upon all conceivable subjects, without faith, without heart, without conscience, without a single object before him, or guiding principle within him, to make his talent subservient to man's elevation. Now, what must the effect of this be on unreflecting and irreligious minds, more especially when it is commonly reflected, though not dimly, by the lesser organs of opinion? For my own part, I often wonder

that it has not been more pernicious than it seems to have been. I attribute it to the distinguishing mercy of God, and to the power of vital Christianity, even in its feebleness, that journalism here has not brought us down to the degraded level of the people of France, amongst whom public virtue is believed to be an unreasonable fiction, and public crime nothing worse than a blunder; and that all trust in the true and good, the disinterested and the holy, the moral and the divine, has not been washed away by the incessant streams of selfish, sordid, sceptical but gentle utilitarianism which are propelled by our newspaper press through the public mind."

And as an antidote to this state of affairs, it is suggested that a daily newspaper should be started on the broad principles of Christianity, in which all topics might be dealt with as the friends of righteousness, truth, peace, love, and God would wish them to be dealt with. "Facts worth noting honestly narrated, principles worth holding faithfully adhered to, public objects worth seeking steadily pursued,—surely an organ proposing this high aim to itself, employing high talent, permeated by a religious spirit, and conducted by business capacities, ought not to be looked upon as a dream never to be realized, or as a project devoid of all chances of success. Such a journal would shame its rivals into the recognition of a purer code of morality, and become the centre of a much healthier tone of public spirit. The advantages to the cause of the gospel in this country would transcend all present calculation. It would act upon society as a change of mind or season."

Now there is much in this restless age of ours to call our minds away from the due consideration of the changes that cross our path. It is an age of bustle, of hurried newspaper reading, of strong party strife, of exciting politics, of stir in theological matters, of dangerous open onslaught, and of still more dangerous covert attacks against religious truth. A great writer has told us that "old leisure is dead, and declared to have perished amid the shock of revolutions, the press of democratic feet, the fever of controversy, and the rush to be rich."

Quæ regio in terris nostris non plena laboris.

We need to watch the instincts of social life, the tendencies of society. To the members of the Methodist Church is given a

wide heritage of religious associations. Let the young especially take care how they use the influences with which they have been surrounded from the nursery, let them seek to perpetuate them, and to give force to the richest traditions handed down to them. They will then make the social life of the Methodist Church what it should be—a powerful ally of the ministry in working out the higher functions of the Body, and thus giving a tone in the future, as has been done in the past, to the great current of English life.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

THIS is the day that Christ was born,
 The day that saw a Saviour's birth ;
 Rise, happy light, immortal morn,
 Make glad the desert spots of earth !
 No monarch crowned with diadem,
 He cometh not a king to reign,
 But Israel's star and Judea's gem,
 His dawning glads the earth again.

He offers not an earthly prize,
 Though kingdoms are His own to give,
 But in His glad, immortal eyes
 The blind shall see, the dead shall live.
 His ways are not as ways of ours ;
 His is the dust, the toil, the heat,
 And in the pathways strewn with flowers
 He knows the thorns which pierce our feet.

Dear Saviour, in the year now past,
 If any dear as dear could be,
 Grown weary in earth's way, at last
 Have left these paths to walk with thee,
 Oh give no sense of balmless grief,
 Oh give no sense of voiceless pain,
 As to a heart without relief,
 As if we might not meet again

Gathered beside the Christmas hearth,
 By the sweet shining of thy grace
 Let us behold the lost of earth
 As we shall some day see thy face.
 And clinging closer to the cross
 Which thou hast borne, through shame and scorn,
 Let us grow happier by loss,
 On this, the day when Christ was born.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BY BISHOP RANDOLPH S. FOSTER.*

THERE is probably much more resemblance between the present and future state than is generally supposed. The difference in some respects must necessarily be great; in others more important it may be, only as they differ between childhood and manhood, or the different stages and spheres of the present life. All that kind of desire and effort which springs from bodily wants will disappear, and this will be a wonderful change. Physical appetite of every variety, which produces so much disquietude, and which, to so large an extent, determines the structure of society here, and stimulates the pursuits of this life, will disappear. Temptation, moral struggle, doubt, sin, pain, sickness, death, and all the tendencies and methods which spring from them, will disappear. What pertains to family, Church, and civil governments; methods and machinery of education; industries, commerce, and all such activities as grow out of this earthly state, will pass away. They were of the waste-work, scaffolding in the building, and there will be no further use for them. But all that is of permanent worth will remain—personality, intellect, emotion, will, the real manhood, with all of endeavour, enjoyment, and fellowship that pertain to such a life in its unembarrassed and endless development. What disappears is the tear, friction, alloy, rust; what remains is the gold, the pure and permanent.

The soul wakes up in the future world, or passes into it, as it passes from one city to another, with as little interruption of its faculties. The former friends it meets when it enters the new society, though wonderfully changed, it knows as readily, and embraces as cordially, as those we meet when, after a few days' journey, we return to our homes.

In the next world we have reason to suppose that our faculties will be greatly strengthened and impediments will be less; but knowledge will not be by intuition. The soul will still be finite, and its joy in a great part will continue to arise from gradual

* Condensed from his recent book under this title.

unfolding of its powers, and enlargement of its knowledge. The zest of new ideas and fresh discoveries will in part make its heaven. It is probable that as we, when we find ourselves in a strange city, incline to seek out some friend whom we may have known before; so when we enter the heavenly world we will naturally seek out and consort with those known and loved before. Is it a fancy? Admit it. Is it not natural and probable? It will be so, or not. Can we imagine the possibility of opposite?

It is probable that special friendship, commenced on earth, will be continued and carried on in heaven, and through eternity. That souls do have their characteristic tastes now is certainly true; why not forever? Affinities result from correspondence of ideas and pursuits. Why may they not find play in the eternal realm?

While pure love and sincere affection will bind all heavenly beings as one family, no jars, jealousies, or discords ever disturbing the blessed union; no affections ever being injured or growing cold; still there will be special intimacies, closer and more special friendships. Some will probably not know each other, having lived in different ages, and never spoken together; others will be on speaking terms, exchanging occasional salutations; while some again will be the close companions of centuries and ages. Who can number the millions that will live in heaven? Who can measure the distance in degrees of power and rank between the foremost sons of light and the just admitted sons? Will they not have graded employments? Will they not come into special intimacies?

The whole order and society of heaven will be adjusted for the social comfort and complete development of all the glorified spirits who shall compose it. Whatever separates will be taken down and abolished forever, and perfect love and friendship reign to all eternity. Blessed state! Let us not doubt that in measure more than we can conceive, and an order of felicity greater than we can imagine, all glorified souls will forever progress along the enlarging and ascending experiences of immortal life. All that was useless in acquirement in their inferior earthly life, or only useful for the earth, will perish with the earthly; all needless and false learnings; all imperfect and unworthy ideas and affections; all that were arrange-

ments for physical production and growth and discipline; all impediments and hinderances: and those things only will be retained that ennoble and aggrandize our existence. Unalloyed life will remain—the life of perfect love; the life of ceaseless acquisition of knowledge; the life of joyous and happy freedom in noble activities; the life of useful and helpful ministries; the life of fellowship with God—eternal life. As we look up into those glorious culminations, how grand life becomes! To be forever with the Lord, and forever changing into His likeness, and, still more, forever deepening in the companionship of His thought and bliss, “from glory to glory,”—could we desire more?

To my own mind, when I look in the direction of the future, one picture always rises—a picture of ravishing beauty. Its essence I believe to be true. Its accidents will be more glorious than all that my imagination puts into it. It is that of a soul forever growing in knowledge, in love, in holy endeavour; that of a vast community of spirits, moving along a pathway of light, of ever-expanding excellence and glory; brightening as they ascend, becoming more and more like the unpicturable pattern of infinite perfection; loving with an ever-deepening love; glowing with an ever-increasing fervour; rejoicing in ever-advancing knowledge; growing in glory and power. They are all immortal. There are no failures or reverses to any of them. Ages fly away; they soar on with tireless wing. Æons and cycles advance toward them and retire behind them; still they soar, and shout, and unfold!

I am one of that immortal host. Death cannot destroy me. I shall live when stars grow dim with age. The advancing and retreating æons shall not fade my immortal youth. Thou, Gabriel, that standest nearest the throne, bright with a brightness that dazzles my earth-born vision, rich with the experience of uncounted ages, first-born of the sons of God, noblest of the archangelic retinue, far on I shall stand where thou standest now, rich with an equal experience, great with an equal growth; thou wilt have passed on, and, from higher summits, wilt gaze back on a still more glorious progress!

Beyond the grave! As the vision rises, how this side dwindles into nothing—a speck—a moment—and its glory and pomp shrink up into the trinkets and baubles that amuse an infant for a day. Only those things, in the glory of this light, which lay

hold of immortality seem to have any value. The treasures that consume away or burn up with this perishable world are not treasures. Those only that we carry beyond are worth the saving.

The discussion has its practical uses. It comes to us fraught with comforts concerning those who have gone out from us. Whatever our sorrow, would we, were it possible, call them back ?

It furnishes us hope amid our bereavements, and against our fears. We shall not always sorrow. "Now for a season, if needs be," we must walk in the dark ; must spend our nights in weeping ; but it is only for a little. Soon the everlasting day will welcome us, and our sorrowing will be turned into rejoicing. Then, tears no more forever.

The discussion also teaches us the greatness of the future, and urges its paramount claims. How can we be charmed any more with the earth ? How can we resist the attraction of the blessed heaven ? This time—a day, a moment—what has it for us, that we should cling to it, love it ? The immortal home, the blessed ones awaiting us, the spirits of just men made perfect, the endless good in store, will they not draw us with irresistible attraction ?

These views clothe our friendships with a new charm, and enrich them with an eternal value. Blessed loves ! how happy they have made us on the earth ; what will they be when they have deepened through ages, with no alloy of envy, or suspicion, or selfishness, or sorrow !

Who, as he stands here and looks into that blessed state, feels not arising within him the yearning to depart ? Multitudes stand waiting to receive us, expecting our arrival. With open arms they will embrace us, and with blessed welcomes attend us to our prepared homes. Let us not disappoint them ; but be up and pressing on, until the battle of life is fought and the victory won, and we ascend to join them !

Is death uncertain ? therefore be thou fixed :
Fixed as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.

—*Young.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

In closing the tenth volume of this MAGAZINE it is with devout gratitude for the success which it has enjoyed. It has vindicated before the world, we think, its right to exist. It has been received with marked favour both at home and abroad. It has won a wide constituency of attached friends. It has, we venture to say, promoted in no small degree loyalty to the institutions and enterprises of our church, loyalty to our country, and loyalty to Christian duty and to God. It has had the warm sympathy and co-operation of the ministers and members of our Church in promoting its circulation and influence; and it has been favoured with the literary contributions of a large number of Canadian writers, both clerical and lay. It has been a welcome visitor in the homes of our people in town and country, from Vancouver's Island to Newfoundland and far beyond; and has helped to inform the mind, to cultivate the taste, to widen the views, and to deepen the piety of its numerous readers. During a period of almost unparalleled depression it has held its own where other and older periodicals, which appealed to a wider constituency of readers, have been obliged to suspend publication; and it is now, with one exception, we believe, the only Magazine edited and printed in the Dominion. It is, we think, a matter of honest pride that during its comparatively brief career it has published a greater number of high class engravings than *all the other periodicals or books together ever printed in Canada*. Its influence in thus cultivating an art taste in the homes of the people is one of its strong claims for the continued and increased support of the Methodist and general public.

We trust that this Magazine is but in the infancy of its mission in the

"promotion of religion, literature, and social progress." We trust that when all its present collaborators shall have passed away, it shall continue to flourish—*velut arbor ævo*—growing more vigorous with the passing years. We hope to make the beginning of a new volume the starting point of a career of increased vigour and usefulness. We offer our thanks to all our readers and patrons for their kind sympathy in the past, and ask their hearty co-operation in enabling us to realize this purpose. If you can honestly speak well of the Magazine of your Church, please do so; and use your best endeavours to increase its circulation. That is now the great need felt to guarantee the fulfilment of the purposes of both publisher and editor for its future improvement. For our programme for the forthcoming year we beg to refer to the Prospectus in our advertizing pages, which is only a very partial announcement of the good things in store. In connection with this subject we would call attention to the following paragraphs from a book elsewhere reviewed in this number.

METHODIST LITERATURE.

Every-day reading is the food for public thought. The common people are not relying much upon social converse, nor digging into solid book literature, to find the ideas which engross their attention. The daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications constitute the bulk of general reading. It is said that story papers alone circulate more than five hundred thousand copies weekly. The great dailies have the advantage of first dishing up the news for which the public has a craving appetite. They are not as likely to be accurate as those papers which have more time to consider the reliability of reports. Flaming headlines are frequently used to

attract attention to the veriest rumour, the contradiction of which will occupy a liberal share of space in the next edition.

Nor is a constant perusal of the great story-papers less baneful. Ideals of character and life are there made prominent, which, if not utterly base, are generally defective, and frequently improper. One of the city judges of New York observed: "There can be no question as to the evil tendency of many of the flashy and sensational story papers that are sent out every week from this city by the hundreds of thousands. I have given some attention to this subject, and have traced more than one criminal to what I believe to be the influence of this kind of reading. Such papers are read by the youth of the land with a relish that no other sort of literature gives to the boyish mind." And yet in thousands of religious(?) homes there is not a printed column to counteract the influence of this kind of reading.

Among the elements of strength possessed by the Methodist Church is her publishing houses and depositories. To furnish a cheap and pure literature for the people, and at the same time appropriate the profits of that literature for the people's benefit, was an idea of two-fold strength put into practical operation by the founders of the connectional publishing institutions. While the books and periodicals of other Churches are published by independent firms for the enrichment of individuals, those of Methodism are furnished by the Church herself in one of her departments of service.

This wonderful fact seems to be overlooked by many Methodists, who allow designing publishers of nominally religious literature to secure their patronage. Fascinated by a showy chromo in the hands of a "wide awake" solicitor, they have become "fast asleep" to their own interest, and thrust their precious dollars into the hands of speculators instead of their own Church treasury.

Doubtless this has often resulted from ignorance of the real issues.

Thousands of people in the Methodist communion know absolutely nothing of her publishing system. They have not the slightest impression that while they might obtain the best reading in their own denominational papers, and at the same time deposit, as it were, their money for practical Church uses, that which they pay to other publishers is gone forever, not unfrequently being the price of trash or moral poison.

The devil is waging a lively contest with the powers of light, and one of his methods is to make prominent plausible literary sentiments, so that under cover he can destroy the best principles of Christian minds. He gets vantage-ground over some by announcing *unsectarianism* as the characteristic of a home paper, as if it were criminal to love one's own Church, and to work uncompromisingly for her advancement. In other cases he procures the services of some brilliant, but morally "loose-jointed preacher" to write for a given periodical, and on this ground urges it upon Christians, as if a rattlesnake ought to be petted because there is a harmless rattle on his tail. Methodist homes by hundreds can be found into which Church publications never enter, the children and other inmates reading only second-class novels and distorted news, which, while they may amuse the fancy, debase the mind and injure the soul. It may be feared that Methodist parents will be found at the judgment, all in a quiver of terror under a sense of responsibility not fulfilled, springing from this gross neglect. They gratified their perverted literary taste, or they saved a few cents—the price of pure religious reading—but they left deathless spirits, committed to their solemn charge, to revel in vile imaginations, and involve themselves in eternal disaster.

But, to put aside questions of self-interest, (for Methodist literature has never been sent begging,) there is a more independent view. Literature may be placed upon its merits, and then that of Methodism will compare favourably with any other.

Pastors should preach upon this subject. They should also operate the plans for the dissemination of good reading. People should come to their aid. Members who turn their backs upon this important branch of Church work are at fault. Other things being equal, those congregations well supplied with our literature are the most useful and prosperous. They know what their Church is doing, and their spiritual sympathies are not withering for the want of proper nutriment.—*Rev. J. H. Potts.*

THE C. L. S. C. AGAIN.

More and more is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle growing in favour and in the number of its members.

"This new organization," says its prospectus, "aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited), so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

"It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by textbooks which shall be indicated; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and 'students' sessions' at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations."

It has already, though little over a year old, accomplished a great deal in this line of effort. It has lifted many an aimless, vacuous life into a higher plane, and inspired a new and noble purpose for the improvement of God-given faculties. Many of the instances on record are of really a touching character. One poor blind woman found an unspeakable solace in solitude by brooding in her perpetual darkness over the lessons read to her in the evening hours by her husband and children. Another, a railway engine-

driver, carried his book in his pocket, and in the odd moments of a busy life read up the course. The course can be prosecuted in isolated farm-houses and quiet village homes, and will give delightful and instructive employment to long winter evenings, and a new interest to life.

In connection with the young people's associations of our churches, it will give definiteness of aim to what might otherwise be frivolous and profitless meetings. For instance, supposing a number of persons in such an association were prosecuting this course; instead of a programme of readings or essays or debates in which no one felt any special interest, would be substituted readings and essays or debates on the subject of study, in which all would be deeply interested, and nearly all could take part in the discussions and exercises with intelligence, and with keenest zest.

The course of study might also be largely adopted by the teachers and older scholars in our Sunday-schools. Both classes would be better qualified for the study and teaching of the Word of God thereby, and for the general duties of life.

In Young Men's Christian Associations, Mutual Improvement Societies and the like, the adoption of the course would greatly enhance the interest and profit of the meetings. What is wanted is for some *one* person—a minister, teacher, anyone—to make a start in the matter and invite the co-operation of others, and the desired purpose will soon come to pass. Any letters of inquiry sent to Rev. Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, New Jersey, or to Mr. L. C. Peake, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, will receive prompt attention.

OUR CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS.

We have made arrangements whereby we can supply the readers of this MAGAZINE with the leading American and British monthlies at much less than the usual rate. (See list in our advertising pages.) We can furnish almost any other English

or American periodical, taken with this MAGAZINE, at about twenty or thirty-five per cent. off retail price.

Scribner's announces great things for 1880. Among others, Picturesque Canada, by Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston; The Reign of Peter the Great, by the U. S. Minister at St. Petersburg; Stories of Southern Life, by Mrs. Burnett and G. W. Cable; Poets and Poetry by Stedman; and Art Papers, with copious illustrations,—160 pages monthly. Only \$3 a year with this MAGAZINE. Full price \$4.

St. Nicholas is permanently enlarged, and will maintain its marked characteristics. Only \$2 a year with this MAGAZINE. Full price, \$3.

Harpers, that old favourite, is printed in larger type, with numerous high-class engravings,—160 pages

monthly. To subscribers to this MAGAZINE the twelve numbers for 1880, together with the last four for 1879, will be sent for \$3. Full price, \$5.33.

The Atlantic depends on its high-class literature, without illustrations. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, James, and other foremost writers, are among its contributors. Howells, James, and Aldrich will write serial stories for 1880. It will be sent for \$3.25. Full price, \$4.

Littell's Living Age, sixty-four pages weekly, gives reprints of articles by the ablest living writers. Will be sent for \$6.75. Full price, \$8.

We hope to supply reprints of the *Contemporary Review* and *Nineteenth Century* for \$2. The English editions cost \$6 a year each.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The key-note Missionary Anniversary for the current year was held as usual at Leeds, where the Missionary Society was formed in 1813. The amount realized at the various services, including the Sabbath, exceeded \$8,600, which was an increase on the preceding year.

At a recent missionary meeting, Dr. Punshon described the character of the Fijian teachers who accompanied the pioneer missionary to New Guinea. Certain bodies represented to the newly-appointed Governor that these Fijian teachers, poor fellows, were bribed, threatened, or intimidated to go upon this service of hazard. He instigated an inquiry, as he was bound to do, and an interview took place. Sir Arthur said, "They are a bloodthirsty people, and cruel, to whom you are going. I have no right to prevent you from going; but

if these white preachers have brought any undue influence to bear to induce you to go, tell me." There was not a man flinched. They had counted the cost, and they went with their lives in their hands, and soon won the crown of martyrdom, and joined that host of unburied witnesses, which "cry from beneath the altar" unto God. The bones of these murdered Fijians have taken possession of the land of New Guinea in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. And now the natives who killed and ate the missionaries have built twelve churches and paid for them. That is an illustration of the way in which mission work is prosecuted in the far ends of the earth.

The mission churches in Jamaica raised last year no less than \$81,410, which is an average offering of \$4.50 for each Church member, and shows great generosity and self-

sacrifice among the native Christians.

The French Government will not allow Methodist ministers to preach to the soldiers.

The Missionary Notices for November have just come to hand. The secretaries acknowledge the receipt of nearly sixty letters from various parts of the world during the past month. The letters from South Africa, where war has lately been raging, are deeply affecting. The members of the native churches were true to the British Government. In the battle of Rorke's Drift, fifty-four of the members of Edendale Mission were engaged, but only fifteen of them came out alive. One of the missionaries states that one of their catechists told him that more than forty years ago he went to Zululand when Dingaan was king, and on the second Sunday after his arrival the King said to the missionary, "I give you leave to stay in my country, but you must not preach. I am God here, and the devil is Matiwane, a chief I have killed, because he would not do what I wished, and all wicked people I send to him to be killed in the place where I killed him." Cetewayo inherited his belief from his ancestors, whom he certainly represented.

An old Zulu, on being warned of the peril involved in becoming a Christian in Cetewayo's territory replied: "I fear not death if I may learn more of the Saviour's love." The King's sentence against all converts was delayed a little, but a soldier soon came to his hut and summoned him to come out for execution. He begged a few moments to talk with God; and while praying for the King and his people, the impatient soldier killed him with his assagai.

The amount promised to the "Thanksgiving Fund" has now reached \$935,490.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Since our last issue, the annual meeting of the Central Missionary Board was held in the City of

Ottawa. Most of the members were present, and the deepest interest was manifested in the proceedings. Sermons were preached on the Sabbath by Rev. H. Sprague, M.A., and Geo. Douglas, LL.D. The anniversary meeting was held on Monday evening, in the Dominion Church. Mr. Dawson, Mayor of Charlottetown, presided. The Report was read by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland. The various resolutions were moved and seconded by Rev. J. Shaw, Mr. Donly, Rev. Dr. Rice, Mr. James Morrow, Rev. S. J. Dove, J. Macdougall, E. A. Stafford, and R. Duncan. The total number of paid agents is 475, which number could soon be considerably increased, if funds were forthcoming to justify such an increase of agency, as urgent appeals are constantly being made for an increase of labourers in the Provinces of British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-west, and the Empire of Japan. Unhappily, the income is \$9,000 less than last year, but, in consequence of the small appropriations made by the Central Board the previous year, the debt is only slightly augmented.

Gratifying reports have been made respecting the success of the "Relief and Extension Fund," so that it is confidently hoped that the debt of the Missionary Society will soon be extinguished, and that the work of extension will be vigorously prosecuted. Our friends in the East especially in Newfoundland, have set a noble example to their brethren in the West; and if the same liberality be practised in all parts of the Dominion, the amount asked for by the Committee will be secured. In view of the fact that the Revs. George Cochran and John McDougall, both returned missionaries, are expected to attend several missionary meetings during the winter, it is to be hoped that a great impetus will be given to the noble cause. Information of the most valuable kind will thus be imparted respecting Japan and the North-west.

Concerning Japan, a returned missionary recently said: "I wish I

could, in a few words, make a statement of the case that would *stick* in the minds of the people. It would hardly be putting it too strongly to say that Japan is *not a heathen country*. The educated classes, who form a very large proportion of the people, have ceased to believe in heathenism. Almost the only exceptions are some of the old people. And even among the lower classes, at least in the cities, heathenism has, to a great degree, lost its hold, and what hold it still has is chiefly as an amusement, not as a religion."

Another says: "Do the Foreign Committees appreciate the pressing need of present help for Japan? Do they know that Christianity is being everywhere discussed among this people—in debating clubs, in families, and wherever people meet together—and that Christian books are bought in large numbers by Japanese whom we do not see in our congregations, for the purpose of finding out what Christianity is, and discussing it among themselves?"

ITEMS.

Rev. J. W. Butler, writing from the City of Mexico, late in September, says: "Another Protestant massacre took place lately in Toluca, the capital of the State of Mexico, and about sixty miles from the City of Mexico. Said massacre took place in the Presbyterian Mission, of which Sr. Procopio Diaz is pastor. He is the same man who was in charge at Acapulco some four years ago, when several were murdered. As far as is ascertained, one man was murdered at Toluca, after being dragged through the streets by a mob, crying, '*Death to Protestants!*' and, after being killed, was hung up on a tree in the city, and left there during the next day."

The Moravian Church now has 323 preachers engaged in missionary work, with 1,504 native assistants, and has made 71,000 conversions in heathen countries. At the recent meeting of the General Synod, seventeen invitations to begin new missions were declined on account of a lack of funds.

Mr. Mark Firth, a member of the Methodist New Connexion at Sheffield, some four years ago gave a park to the town, and he has just given a college, called Firth College, in which the University extension scheme may be carried out. The building cost \$100,000. He also gave \$25,000 towards endowing the college. On the day of the opening of the college he was presented by a few friends with \$7,500. He immediately gave said amount to establish scholarships in the college. Ranmoor College, for young ministers in the Methodist New Connexion, is also largely indebted to Mr. Firth's benevolence. Prince Leopold, the Queen's youngest son, opened the Firth College, and by so doing conferred more honour on himself than on Mr. Firth, whose guest he was.

TEMPERANCE.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Unions of Brooklyn, New York, are entering upon a new crusade. This time it is against beer. Committees have waited upon the clergy, and the city is to be flooded with beer tracts the coming month.

A new temperance movement has been organized in Great Britain. It takes the form of a joint stock company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, in shares of \$5 each. It proposes to open temperance houses all over the kingdom. The Archbishop of Canterbury heads the prospectus of the enterprise.

THE DEATH-ROLL.

Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce, the patriarch of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, recently went home to heaven. He was 94 years of age, and had been a Methodist more than three score years. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?"

Rev. J. E. Werden, of Montreal Conference, died on November 6th. He died in great peace. He had only been in the ministry about eight years. Early crowned.

An error in our last. Rev. W. Irwin had only been laid aside from active labour five years—not eight, as stated.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Atonement in Christ. By JOHN MILEY, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. pp. 351. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Halifax.

This is a refreshing book. As we pace, with its gifted author, the summits of high theology, we breathe invigorating mountain air, and we return from the excursion stronger in thought and braver in action.

It is an unqualified pleasure to those who, with the present writer, have listened in the class-room to Dr. Miley's masterly system, now to have the same before them in expanded and published form. And those to whom the author is a stranger need only read the work to be convinced of its vast importance as a contribution to theology. We find in it not a mere complex of learned allusions, but a crystal stream of definition, argument, statement, and illustration. And we are convinced that it will take its place at once as the standard Methodist work on the subject of which it treats—a work, in fact, with which no Methodist minister can properly dispense.

Dr. Miley fully recognizes that the fact of an atonement is of more importance than the theory, and gives us an able chapter on the *Reality of Atonement*. He calls attention, however, to that irrepresible tendency of the mind which seeks the rationale of every fact, and the articulation of facts into a system.

He therefore proceeds, in Chapter II., to discuss the *Necessity for Atonement*. The necessity must affect the theory. What needed to be done, must largely determine our view of what was done. The necessity Dr. Miley finds fundamentally in the interests of moral government. Chapters follow on various minor schemes, which, deny-

ing real necessity, are not properly schemes of atonement at all. The *Moral Theory* is next disposed of, and the author comes to what he considers the only two scientific theories, viz., the *Satisfaction* (or Calvinistic) Theory, and the *Governmental*. The former he subjects to an extremely acute analysis, and rejects as inconsistent in its elements and false in its implications. The Governmental Theory he accepts, not indeed as stated and expounded by others, but according to his own definition. In brief, his view is this: The ground of punishment is indeed the demerit of sin, but its end is the support of government. Penalty may be remitted in view of a remedial measure which equally well supports government. The vicarious sufferings of Christ are such a measure, for they manifest those very attributes of God and elements of government which the exaction of penalty would have manifested, and equally influence men, and so support the divine administration. "The vicarious sufferings of Christ are an atonement for sin as a conditional substitute for penalty, fulfilling, on the forgiveness of sin, the obligation of justice and the office of penalty in moral government." The exposition of this view is of intense interest to all who hold the two great scriptural facts of the universality of atonement on the one side and the conditionality of salvation on the other. If this theory be true as we believe it is, a clean sweep is made both of Calvinism and of Universalism, and Methodist theology stands on an unshakable basis.

Chapters follow on the *Sufficiency of the Atonement*, *Objections to the Atonement*, and the *Extent of the Atonement*, the course of noble argument bursting the barriers of all false theories, and sweeping down majestically to the blessed conclu-

sion of the universal love of God in the universal atonement made by Christ.

F. H. W.

Thoughts and Conclusions of a Man of years concerning Churches and Church Connection. By the Rev. JOHN CARROLL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 16. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 5 cents each, or 50 cents per dozen.

In this vigorous pamphlet Dr. Carroll has answered a number of inquiries often asked by persons wishing to join a Christian Church, and as yet undecided in their choice. He discusses briefly the subjects of High Churchism, Immersion, Plymouthism, Romanism, etc., and finds in the constitution of the Methodist Church what should meet the wants of any reasonable person. The pamphlet will be useful for circulation by pastors and class-leaders among young converts.

The Royal Path of Life; or, Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness. Compiled from the best authors, ancient and modern, with Introduction by the Rev. JOHN POTTS, D.D. 8vo, pp. 462. Toronto: John B. Magurn.

Books of wise counsel are sometimes very dull reading. This book is a remarkable exception. It unites, in a remarkable degree, wit with wisdom, intense interest with solid value. It gives the views of some of the greatest minds of the world on some of the most important questions of life. The book is pervaded by high moral principle. Its views are based, not upon what is expedient or what is fashionable, but what is right. Among the many subjects treated are the following: Home, Habits, Associates, Education, Reading, Occupation, Energy, Luck and Pluck, Economy, Industry, Dress, Fashion, Manners, Friendship, Courtship, Marriage, Trials, Debt (not that it is insinuated that these last are the consequence of marriage), Prayer, Religion, Old Age, Death. These important themes are treated with marked good sense, and with no

small degree of literary ability. We heartily concur in the introductory remarks of the Rev. Dr. Potts:—"In this age of trashy and pernicious literature, when so many of the young people of the land are becoming intellectually enfeebled and morally poisoned, the advent of a book like this should be hailed with joy by all who feel an interest in the social and religious progress of our country. The teachings of this book are designed to elevate the tone, purify the heart, and strengthen the character of all who accept its teachings and practise its golden precepts."

The Perfections of God Displayed in His Works, and other poems. By the Rev. R. STRACHAN. pp. 32.

This is a dainty little volume of verse by an esteemed poetical contributor to our connexional periodicals. The poems breathe a spirit of earnest piety and are of skilful versification, and several of them are of very superior merit. "Be not Weary in Well Doing" is especially good, but is too long to quote. The following has a true poetic and manly ring:

THE STERLING MAN.

'Tis not the glittering scabbard's sheen
That proves the worthy sword;
Nor polish of the blade, I ween,
Nor gilding of the guard.
But 'tis the fineness of the steel
Of which the sword 's made;
The temper true, from point to hilt,
That proves the worthy blade.

So 'tis with man; not all the sheen
Of wealth or high degree,
Nor pride of birth, or lofty mien,
Makes him true man to be.
'Tis true nobility of mind,
And kindness of heart,
With earnest piety combined,
That sterling worth impart.

Empty Churches and how to Fill Them. By the Rev. J. BENSON HAMILTON. New York: Phillips and Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms. pp. 104; price, 25 cents.

How to evangelize the masses is the great problem of the day. It is a sad fact that in the midst of Christendom are multitudes of practical heathen. They know no Sabbath, they offer no worship, they

never attend the house of God. Mr. Hamilton has been very successful in reaching this numerous class. In this little book he gives us his experience, and his philosophy of the subject deduced therefrom. He is a very racy writer and evidently a "live" man. In another number we shall give copious extracts from his book. No pastor, we think, can read it without getting valuable suggestions therefrom. The writer has suffered considerable persecution on account of his gospel-raids into Satan's territory. He quotes with an utter frankness the most adverse as well as most favourable criticism of his methods.

Conrad; A Tale of Wiclif and Bohemia. By EMMA LESLIE. 12mo., pp. 293. New York: Phillips and Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.50.

Margarethe; A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By EMMA LESLIE. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 324. Same publishers and same price.

Cecily; A Tale of the English Reformation. By EMMA LESLIE. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 324. Same publishers and same price.

We have here three additional volumes of the admirable Church History series previously reviewed in this magazine. It is sometimes difficult to get young people interested in the great epochs of history and in the great men of the past. That difficulty is largely overcome by books such as these. The periods and characters have been carefully studied, and then, by the exercise of the historic imagination, the breath of life is breathed into the dry bones of history, and the great actors in the drama of the ages are made to move and act and speak before us. The curiosity of the young is thus stimulated, and they are led to inquire and verify the statements in standard books of history. We attribute very largely our own fondness for historic reading and research to an early

familiarity with the pages of Sir Walter Scott.

Of course work of this sort, to be useful and not misleading, needs to be well done; and such, we are happy to say, is eminently the case with the volumes under review. Miss Leslie has studied the best historical authorities and has, so far as we are able to judge, taken no unwarrantable liberty with the historic facts. But she has suffused the whole with the graceful play of her own fancy, and filled up the outlines and details of her sketches in a manner that gives a much truer, because more vivid, conception of the periods treated than many so-called histories.

No periods could be more important in the evolution of religious liberty and of the Protestant Reformation than those treated in these volumes. The noble characters of Wiclif, Chaucer, Huss, Luther, Zwingle, Hooper, Latimer and other heroes of the Reformation are vividly pictured, and to the youthful reader they are no longer mere names but living men by whose heroic spirit and example they can hardly fail to be ennobled and inspired. The minor characters are also very skillfully drawn and contribute to give life to the picture. The religious teachings are most salutary and impressive. The books are handsomely illustrated and elegantly bound. The whole series, nine in number, would be a valuable addition to any Sunday-school or a charming present from any father to his children. These books, we may say, form part of the Church Lyceum course.

Pastor and People; or, Methodism in the Field. By the Rev. J. H. POTTS. 16mo, pp. 278. New York: Phillips and Hunt and Methodist Book Concerns. Price, \$1.25

Mr. Potts is one of the accomplished editors of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*. He is a man of clear perceptions, of strong convictions and of forcible expression.

In this volume he gives his views on the whole round of the duties and relations of Methodist preachers and people. He gives the result of wide and lengthened observation and well studied thought. The scope of the work will be best seen by the enumeration of some of the subjects treated. Among others are the following:—pastors, sub-pastors, officials, people, support of pastors, benevolent organizations, missions, what women may do, revivals, baptism, care of converts, doing good, perfecting holiness, homelife, Sunday schools, camp-meetings, prayer meetings, class-meetings, social meetings, civil affairs, the press, Methodist literature and literary institutions, and numerous other subjects. The practical and incisive mode of treatment of the author will be seen from the extract on Methodist literature which we give on another page. We heartily commend the book to the study of our readers.

Beyond the Grave. Being three Lectures before Chauvaugua Assembly in 1878 By Bishop RANDOLPH S. FOSTER. 12mo, pp. 209. New York: Phillips and Hunt and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

No subject can be of deeper and wider interest than that of "Life Beyond the Grave." Our whole soul yearns and craves for light that may dispel, in part at least, the shadows of the tomb. Bishop Foster in this volume brings the light of both reason and revelation to bear upon this important subject. In the first lecture he proves the dual character of man—that the body is the mere instrument of the real essence, the soul. He meets and confutes the falacies of the materialist and the atheist, and shows that this complex being must have had a divine origin. The second lecture demonstrates, so far as the subject is capable of demonstration, that the spirit survives the body, and that in a conscious condition of joy or misery. The doctrines of conditional immortality, of annihilationism and restorationism

are carefully examined and, we judge, successfully confuted.

On the subject of the resurrection his treatment is less satisfactory. He mentions three theories, and confesses his inability to decide between them. He endeavours, however, to remove some false conceptions. He conceives from the deductions of reason and from the teachings of St. Paul in the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, that the resurrection body is not the body that is sown, but that God giveth it a body adapted to its new conditions of existence, in which alimantation and propagation have no place.

One of the most interesting chapters is that which discusses the doctrine of recognition in the future life—a subject of such absorbing interest to every human heart. His argument is very cogent, convincing and comforting. The very constitution of the soul, the postulate of personal identity, demands the continuance of memory, of association, of recognition. But the relations of earth are not carried over into the heavenly life, as such, but sublimed, purified, ennobled and made the source of intense and perennial joy.

In arguing that physical death must be an inevitable law of existence he presents the following singular calculations:—The progeny of a single pair of sparrows doubling every year, if none died, would, in two hundred years, fill a space forty octillions of times greater than the sphere bounded by the earth's orbit round the sun—a solid mass of nothing but sparrows. If men be substituted for sparrows and none died, two hundred generations doubling each time, would fill a space across which it would take a ray of light a hundred octillions of years to pass—a vast space of which mere figures can convey no conception. In ten years the progeny of a single pair of codfish, if none perished, would fill thirty thousand decillions of worlds like ours, each condensed to the weight of gold—nothing but codfish. The statements seem in-

credible, yet anyone may verify the calculation for himself.

Whether Bishop Foster's arguments will in all cases carry conviction or not, his fervid eloquence and devout spirit will at least warm the heart and kindle a glow of devotion and heavenly home-longing in the soul. Some of the reviewers have taken serious exception to some of his positions; but it will be found easier, we conceive, to object to them than to confute them.

Life in a Look. By MAURICE S. BALDWIN. Montreal: Dawson Brothers pp. 113; price 50 cents.

This is a plain and practical treatise on the New Birth, by the the well-known evangelical rector of the Parish Church, Montreal. No theme can be more important; and the author exhibits intense moral earnestness in his treatment of it. Our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus is the theme of these cogent arguments and fervent exhortations. No one, we think, can read the book without strong convictions of duty and deeper yearnings for a higher life.

The Ark of God: the Transient Symbol of an Eternal Truth. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. pp. 350; price, \$2.25. Methodist Book Rooms.

One of the preachers best worth hearing in London is Dr. Parker, author of "The Paraclete" and other works of striking originality and power. He preaches in the City Temple, one of the handsomest Dissenting "chapels" in the metropolis. The present volume is a collection of discourses preached from its pulpit. They possess a freshness and vigour of style that

are strikingly characteristic of the man, and possess a sort of unity from the cognate character of the subjects discussed. To ministerial readers the volume will possess a further interest from the series of talks on homiletic topics which it contains. Any suggestion that so successful a preacher as Dr. Parker may have to offer on the great life-work to which he has devoted his remarkable powers cannot fail to be of advantage to all who seek to emulate his usefulness.

Short Studies on Great Subjects. Third Series. JAS. A. FROUDE. 12mo., pp. 400. Scribner & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms. Price, \$1.50.

Even those who most strongly dissent from the philosophical teachings of Mr. Froude will cheerfully admit his merit as one of the most perspicuous and vigorous of living writers. In this volume of short studies there is not much room for dissent from his judgments, and the wide range of his information and his special studies in the subjects discussed will lend great weight to his opinions. Among these are the Annals of an English Abbey; a review of the recent progress and present position of Romanism, a very suggestive essay; Studies in Greek and Latin Literature, for which the learned author is especially qualified; a journal of a Tour in South Africa. The judgment of so shrewd an observer upon the character of the Kaffirs and Zulus, and on the political and social condition of the South African possessions of Great Britain, cannot fail at the present time to be of much interest.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

T. F. SEWARD.

1 Ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous story; First in song, on

arg tongues, It came from realms of glory; "Peace on earth, good will to men," An-

ge - lic voices ring - ing, Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious message

Chorus.

bring - ing. Ring the bells, the merry Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry,

Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

2 Wise men hastened from the east,
To bring their richest treasure,
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure;
Him they sought, although a king,
They found in birth-place lowly,
There within a manger lay
The babe so pure and holy.

3 Earthly crowns were not for Him,
He came God's love revealing:
On the cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing;
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day,
Its grateful anthem raises.