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W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,

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OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD, HUMBOLDT, 1886.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1901.

SOLDIERING IN CANADA.*



TRUMPETER.—“Reveille.”



HE vivacious volume which Colonel Denison has written under this title is an important contribution to the history of our country, and is one of the many valuable services which he has rendered to the land of his birth.

The Denison family have been industriously soldiering in Canada. Recollections of his own experiences.” By Lieut.-Col. George Denison. Late Commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard. Author of “The Cavalry,” “A History of Cavalry.” Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Limited. 8vo, pp. xi-364. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00.

OL. LIV. No. 1.

imately associated with the history of Canada for over a hundred years. With very few exceptions, we think, each male member of the family to the number of twenty-six, has rendered important military service either at home or abroad.

This is not a second-hand history, but the narration of a leading actor in the scenes described. Of the stirring incidents here recorded the writer may truthfully say *Magna pars fui*. Yet nothing could be further from egotism than the modest narrative of Colonel Denison. He gives high praise to his comrades-in-arms, to the regiment which he commanded, and to the Canadian Militia, but speaks of the important part played by himself in a very unassuming manner.

We purpose giving a brief sketch of this book, which will, we trust, induce very many of our readers to make its acquaintance for themselves. By the liberality of author and publisher it is issued at a mere nominal price, which brings it within the reach of every one.

Colonel Denison comes of blended U. E. Loyalist and English stock. His great grandfather, Captain John Denison of the Second York Regiment, England, was one of the pioneers of Upper Canada. He settled in Toronto in its earliest years, in 1796. The Denisons have always possessed military instincts. His grandfather, Lieut.-Col. George Taylor Denison, served as a volunteer officer in the war of 1812, and commanded his troop of cavalry in 1837. His father and brother also saw active service in the rebellion.

His maternal grandfather, Major Dewson, served in the Waterloo campaign, and also in the rebellion of 1837. His paternal grandmother was the daughter of Captain Lippincott, a United Empire Loyalist who fought for his king in the American revolution. In the

grandfather was on the frontier with the York Volunteers in 1812, his young wife with two children lived in a lonely clearing in the forest a few miles from Toronto. It was a trying time. The country was invaded, the capital was captured and burned, and in the winter



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON (*Bellerue*).
Uniform 1822-1838.

family gatherings the conversation often turned upon the stirring events of the war time, and small wonder that the boy drank in with avidity those tales of derring-do.

Household traditions could not fail to cultivate a sturdy loyalty in the youthful scions of this patriotic family. When Colonel Denison's

wolves gathered round the solitary house and looked into the windows, so that the brave young wife had on one occasion to sit up all night and replenish the open fire to frighten them from breaking the glass. "In those days," says Colonel Denison, "there must have been thousands of women all over

Canada left under similar conditions while the men were fighting for their homes." His grandfather reports that he had ridden all day long without seeing an able-bodied man, the women and children and very old men alone being seen working in the fields, the rest were all with the army. "With a people animated with this spirit," he adds, "we can understand how a population of 70,000 in Upper Canada, with the assistance of a small British force, were able to preserve their freedom against the assaults of a nation of 8,000,000, which, during the war, called out under arms no less than 576,622 men."

On one occasion the colonel's grandfather was sent with a large sum of money, about \$40,000, from York around to the army headquarters on the Niagara frontier. Approaching St. David's he learned that the village was captured, and the gallant officer, feeling that discretion was the better part of valour, galloped away, pursued by the enemy's cavalry, and with great difficulty escaped. When York was captured in 1813 he was sent with a party of men to set fire to the ships in the docks and also a frigate in the harbour. The officer in command objected, and the vessel and all on board were captured and our Colonel's grandfather was detained prisoner of war for six months.

By a fine poetical justice, in 1895, the Canadian Government requested Lieut.-Colonel Denison to unveil the monument at Lundy's Lane where was won the victory that practically ended the war. Canada retained every foot of its soil, and the Canadian militia, with slight help from abroad, had repelled invasion at several points of its far-extended frontier.

The Denisons devoted themselves to the peaceful evolution of their country till the rebellion of 1837

brought several of its members again into military service. Both the Colonel's grandfathers were engaged in the defence of Toronto. His father, who was stationed at Chippewa, saw through a powerful telescope, the American steamer *Caroline* carrying field pieces to Grand Island for the rebels. This information was immediately conveyed to the commanding officer, Sir Allan McNab. The result was that an expedition was ordered that night to cut her out from her moorings. She was set on fire and sent over the Falls.

Colonel Denison has rendered very important service in the organization of the Canadian militia. This work indeed was begun by his grandfather and carried on by his father and uncle, who raised a troop of volunteer cavalry and purchased uniforms and equipment at their own expense. For many years the Denison troop furnished the Governor-General's military escort at state functions. The gallant officer whose record we abridge was a major at twenty-two, lieutenant-colonel at twenty-seven, and was probably the youngest cornet, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel in the Canadian cavalry.

Colonel Denison has always taken a very keen interest in discussing the military defences of Canada, and has been styled by Haliburton, "the watch-dog of the Empire." His zeal has sometimes been criticised, as on the outbreak of the American war, but the increase of the military organization of the country from 7,000 to 30,000 active militia, which was rendered necessary in order to guard our frontier, vindicated his foresight. The need of guarding our extended frontier against Fenian raids still further confirmed his judgment.

During the American war there were many southern refugees in

Canada. To these Colonel Denison extended a hearty hospitality. Among them was Lieut. Davis, a Confederate officer barely twenty years of age. Colonel Denison concealed him in his house, while Mrs. Denison sewed into his clothing a despatch written on thin silk,

guard, and General Lee. Of the latter he says:

"No man ever impressed me as he did." He strongly urged the General to visit him in Canada, which he agreed to do, but a sudden illness interposed, followed by his death, which occurred on the



COL. G. T. DENISON (*Rusholme*).
Uniform 1838-1867.

and assisted his return to the Confederacy. He was, however, arrested as a spy, tried, and condemned to death, but was pardoned through the clemency of the large-souled Abraham Lincoln.

Colonel Denison met many of the leading Southerners, among them Jefferson Davis, General Beaure-

gard, and General Lee. Of the latter he says:

"No man ever impressed me as he did." He strongly urged the General to visit him in Canada, which he agreed to do, but a sudden illness interposed, followed by his death, which occurred on the

very day that he was expected to reach Toronto.

The Fenian Raid of 1866 brought Colonel Denison into active—sometimes very active—service. He gave up his legal profession and hurried to the front with all the available troopers he could rally. His account of the campaign on the

frontier is very graphic, and is made luminous by an excellent map. The rapidity of his movements is shown in the following statement:

"I had taken my corps about forty miles across the lake on a steamer to Port Dalhousie, disembarked there, got a train made up and entrained the men and horses and went to Port Robinson, some twenty miles, detrained there, fed men and horses, marched nine miles to Chippewa, then six to New Germany, then nine miles to Brown's Farm, where we struck the Fenian pickets within twelve hours from the time we left the wharf in Toronto."

While crossing the lake, he procured a barrel of hard tack and gave one large biscuit to each man, with orders to produce it for inspection that night. Some carried them in their holsters, "some wags bored holes in them, hung them around their neck and wore them as medals;" but this was all the food they got that night.

The Sunday following the raid was one of unwonted excitement throughout Canada. In many of the churches bulletins announcing the names of the killed and wounded were read from the pulpits. In the cities stores and hospital supplies were collected, and patriotic women met to prepare lint and ambulance necessaries. All day the telegraph wires flashed intelligence of alarm or reassurance. Toward evening the city of Toronto was moved by a common sorrow, as the bodies of her slain volunteers, seven in number, were received by an immense concourse of the citizens. Two days later they were borne, with funeral pageantry, to their early graves. A grateful country has erected a marble monument to their memory, which shall be an imperishable inspiration of patriotism to successive generations of the ingenuous youth of Canada.

Colonel Denison has always wielded the pen of a ready writer. His record of the raid is long since

out of print, and any stray copy brings a large price. The following is the testimony of Colonel Denison as to the benefits of total abstinence:

"I was very much adverse to the use of stimulants on service, not that I was a professed temperance man or teetotaler, but simply because I believed men could do more and better work without them. Colonel Wolseley's idea seemed to accord with mine, but he thought that, perhaps, where men were exposed to cold and wet it might be advisable to issue a little occasionally. I did not think it necessary even under these circumstances. He instanced the service in the trenches before Sebastopol, as a case where it might, perhaps, be necessary. I referred to the custom in our lumber camps, where the men were often wet and exposed to cold, and I mentioned the use of hot tea, and suggested that any time he was out shooting near lumber camps he might make inquiries. I am under the impression that he must have looked into the matter for himself, for when he took command of the Red River Expedition, four years after, he forbade the use of spirits in the force, and supplied them with tea instead. I was glad to find that the experience in that campaign proved that it was a most satisfactory experiment."

Colonel Wolseley required prompt service, and Lieut.-Colonel Denison was just the man to render it. One night at 1 a.m. he received a note at Fort Erie asking him to make a careful survey of the Black Creek country. He was at the first bridge by daylight, worked till noon, riding many miles, examining eleven bridges. He completed his map and reached Thorold that night. Colonel Wolseley said, "I wrote you last night, and would like you to let me have your report as soon as possible." I said, "Here it is, sir." Two days later Wolseley went over the ground, verified the map, and sent the copy to England as a substitute for that of the ordnance department, which was very imperfect.

The hardest of the Colonel's militia experiences was that soldiering interfered very much with

his profession. While he was at the front his clients went off to other lawyers and did not return. "During 1867, and the beginning of 1868," he writes, "I knew what it was to be ground down by poverty, finding it most difficult to support my family, even in the most frugal way."

Colonel Denison accompanied Sir Henry Havelock, the son of Havelock,

want to know what's your business." "Who are you?" asked. "I am a captain of militia," he answered. "Pshaw," said Denison, "I am colonel myself." "So am I," Havelock. "Now, look here," the captain, "that kind of nonsense will not do." So they were placed under arrest next day till they could give an account of themselves.



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P.

lock of the Indian Mutiny, on a tour through the eastern townships for the purpose of verifying the ordnance maps. As a Fenian Raid was imminent, their proceedings excited a good deal of local suspicion. At the hotel where they slept a man came into their room with a lighted match, looked them over and said, "You are two very suspicious-looking characters; I

"That," says Colonel Denison, "was the only time I was arrested."

The same Colonel Havelock was a highly eccentric and impulsive man, of whom the following is told:

"He rode into Darlington, Yorkshire which was close to his country seat, sent a boy up to the editor of the paper asking him to come down to

street to speak to him for a few minutes, as he could not leave his horse. The boy came back with a message that the editor was busy and could not come down. Sir Henry said he would not leave his horse, and therefore rode him up two flights of

in the room, and the editor had to dance about out of his way, but he concluded by saying, 'Now the editor comes down if I go to see him mounted.' Havelock was afterwards killed in the Khyber Pass, in 1898."



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, BART., V.C. (1867).

stairs into the editor's room, spoke to him from the horse's back, expressed his regret at having to bring his horse up, and, having finished the interview, he rode around the editor's table and back again out into the street. He said the horse tumbled things about a good deal

Colonel Denison had a strong literary instinct, was a scientific soldier, and was very fond of his profession. He is best known to literary fame as the winner of the prize of \$4,000 offered by the Grand

Duke of Russia for the best "History of Cavalry." This was not, however, his first venture in military literature. As long ago as 1868 he conceived the plan of writing a book on the changes he thought desirable in the organization and employment of cavalry under modern conditions. This was promptly accepted in England and brought out by Thomas Bosworth, London. His publisher tells a good story at his own expense about the Duke of Northumberland. The Duke asked Bosworth up to Alnwick Castle to receive orders for additions to the ducal library. Returning to London together, the Duke's brougham met them at the station. As Bosworth's bookstore was in the most fashionable part of Regent Street, which at the time was thronged with people, he thought the Duke would not like to see him carrying his valise from his coroneted carriage, so he sprang to the door and called one of his shopmen to go back for the bag; but he was met in the doorway by the Duke himself carrying the heavy bag, saying, "You forgot this." Bosworth said that he would never be too proud to carry his bag across the sidewalk again.

Touring with his brother in France, the colonel was accosted by gendarmes at Montmirail, who asked for his passport. He happened to have with him his diploma of LL.B from Toronto University, and his commission of Lieut.-Colonel, which he carried as proofs of his identity. This was the only time he had to open them. The gendarmes could not read a word of either, but very politely allowed them to pass. The brothers were tremendous walkers, and one day covered forty-five and a half miles without any inconvenience.

The Colonel's book was translated into German, Russian, Hungarian. It is a notable tribute to military insight, not to say

genius, that the reforms recommended in this work have been adopted in the cavalry tactics of, we believe, every European army. His "History of Cavalry" was also published in English, Russian, German, and Japanese.

At Moville, while looking over the ruins of Castle Green, and the small battery near it, the gallant Colonel was taken by an Irish Fenian for a member of the mystic brotherhood, and left for Canada with the blessings of a Fenian hovering over him.

Colonel Denison was a very Hotspur on occasion, and on account of an affront from Sir George Cartier, Minister of Militia, 1868, sent in his resignation as an officer, although at the time applicant for a staff appointment, and strongly commended for that position by Colonel Wolseley, General Napier, and others. The country thus lost his valuable services in the first Northwest rebellion. In the general election of 1882 Colonel Denison contested Algoma in the Reform interest, but accepted very philosophically his defeat by the Hon. J. B. Robinson by only eight votes.

In 1874, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia offered a prize of 5,000 roubles (about \$4,000) for the best history of cavalry in all nations. This colonial colonel had the audacity to enter this competition against the military experts of Europe, and the further audacity to win the prize—"a lawyer, who had never attended a military school of any kind, one removed from the centres of military thought and away from the great military libraries, to attempt to compete in a competition open to all the trained officers of the regular armies of the world."

With characteristic energy he set to work, often rising through the springs and summers of 1875 and 1876 before daybreak, and was at work by daylight. He averaged eight hours' work a day for over

two years, besides keeping up his law business, and during two months at St. Petersburg it was nearer twelve and fifteen hours. He had to go through seven hundred volumes. Twenty-three competitors entered the lists, but so great were the difficulties that only three sent in completed books.

officers of rank. The gorgeously liveried flunky at the official residence of Count Heyden treated him with almost supercilious contempt when in plain clothes; but when he appeared in uniform, treated him with awful reverence.

Colonel Denison secured rooms at the residence of an English lady



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON (*Heydon Villa*).
Uniform since 1867.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General, gave letters of introduction to British officials, and Lord Derby and the Marquis of Salisbury promoted his presentation at the Russian Court. At St. Petersburg he was informed that he must wear his full uniform in calling upon any

who had been governess in the family of the Emperor Nicholas, and employed a Russian gentleman to translate Russian books for him. He engaged five or six copyists, but found the Russians knew nothing about hurrying, so he had to enlarge the number to fourteen. By writ-

ing till one or two in the morning he got his book finished just before the last day, and got a bookbinder to bind the manuscript in two large volumes, working all night to complete them.

He was presented to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar, and as he "was not experienced in courts, and had not associated with kings or emperors or grand dukes, was as innocent," he says, "as one of Mark Twain's pilgrims." After conversing on Canada, his corps, and the like, for fifteen minutes, the Colonel remarked that he knew his Imperial Highness was very busy, that the antechamber was filled with people, and he felt he must not take up his time. He had committed a frightful breach of etiquette. He should have talked till night if the Grand Duke wished, but his Highness merely laughed and said: "You need not worry, Colonel, about those old fellows. It will do them good to kick their heels about awhile; they are a lazy lot—let them wait," and he went on talking about Canada, and about our horses and dogs, and our customs, etc.

When he had talked as long as he wanted to, he said: "I am afraid, Colonel, you are thinking again of those lazy old fellows out there. Well, I am glad to see you, Colonel. You must come and see me again, and if there is anything you want, come straight to me, I shall always be glad to see you."

Colonel Denison was very ill for a while at St. Petersburg, the heavy strain of the work being too much for him, but he found absolute rest for him, but he found absolute rest for him, but he found absolute rest till Monday morning kept him going.

It was very gratifying to Colonel Denison to find that the Grand Duke was so pleased with his previous book on cavalry that he had it translated into Russian, and presented a copy to every cavalry officer in the empire. The Colonel's success in winning the first prize of

5,000 roubles was all the more gratifying because the other prizes were not awarded, the books not being considered of sufficient merit. He generously contributed a thousand roubles of his prize to the Patriotic Fund for the Russian Wounded. His expenses were about \$1,500 more than the amount he received for the prize, but the honour conferred upon himself and upon his country was something which could not be estimated in money. He humorously describes the difficulties of being unable to speak the Russian language. "It was," he says, "like being deaf and dumb."

His hard work was followed by a complete breakdown; he had to go to the south of Europe to recruit. He refers to a curious coincidence which took place some years later. He was travelling in Germany with his wife and daughters, when two young officers came into the railway carriage. During conversation they found he was from Canada, and asked, "Have you read Denison's 'History of Cavalry'?" He confessed that he had, and then added, "To tell you the truth, I wrote it." We can almost parallel this with an experience of our own. We were travelling in Bulgaria, when a Greek gentleman, whose acquaintance we made, produced a London paper with a pirated and unauthorized copy of our own story of "Barbara Heck."

In 1884, Colonel Denison's brother Fred, then a member of the Toronto City Council, was offered by Colonel Wolseley command of the Canadian Voyageurs in Egypt. At much personal sacrifice he went, and was afterwards joined by his younger brother Egerton. A compact with the brothers was that if either was killed, his body was to be brought to Canada and buried with his people. The younger brother died on his way home: the

died in 1896. They were as they wished, with their elk on the banks of the Humeral chapters of this book are d to the Northwest Rebellion 5.

a whole dispute was over some or 50,000 acres of land, in a wild of tens of millions of acres for the Government were crying for . It cost Canada the lives of two d of her people, the wounding of thers, the expenditure of about 000 in cash, and the losses of time iness that cannot be estimated. It was all over the Government free, to the volunteers, 1,800,000 land if they wanted it to settle

Colonel Denison and his cavalry were soon on their way to the northwest. The railway was completed and was ill-equipped. Men and horses were carried in open cars. The Colonel, wrapped in his blanket, slept in the middle among his men. The march of twenty-five miles across the ice on Superior was a trying experi-

As for hardship and difficult exposure, "it was a more arduous march," he declares, "than Napoleon's army across the Alps in 1800."

Humboldt Colonel Denison left with a cavalry corps to establish stores, his horses feeding on hay which cost \$600 a ton to transport.

The colonel gives an amusing account of finding a lot of supplies sent to the Northwest as they were destroyed. He confiscated the whole, greatly to the disgust of not a few of the officers.

Under the conditions, the campaign was a remarkable achievement.

A force of 4,419 men were required to cover enormous distances at an early season of the year, three regiments marching over 200 miles from bases lying hundreds of miles apart. From Ottawa to Qu'Appelle is 1,635 miles, and there

were serious gaps in the railway; from Qu'Appelle to Batoche was a march of 243 miles. Far different from the toilsome winter journey around the gaps in the railway was the return to the east, and right royal was the welcome tendered to our citizen soldiery at every town and hamlet which they reached. Never was country prouder of her sons, and never were sons more worthy of their country's pride. Colonel Denison writes of the welcome at Toronto.

"There must have been from 100,000 to 125,000 persons out to see us. What struck me most was the extraordinary enthusiasm of the people. The hardships and distances marched and privations had been great, but if we had been returning from a second Waterloo, concluding a long and anxious war, we could not have been received with greater warmth. I repeatedly saw both men and women cheering wildly, with the tears running down their cheeks."

When her Royal Highness Princess Louise and Prince George visited Toronto in 1883, the Government received information that three Fenians had been sent from New York for the purpose of assassinating the Princess. The Colonel made such careful arrangements that it was impossible for the would-be assassins to get near her Royal Highness, and the fellows reported that they were unable to carry out their designs, which they said was not to kill, but to disfigure with vitriol.

At the Jubilee celebration of 1887, by invitation of Lord Wolseley, Colonel Denison went down to Aldershot to witness a review. "I understood," he writes, "there were four kings, seven crown princes, and about ten or fifteen other royalties, and about an equal number of officials and staff." He was introduced to the Duke of Cambridge, who said, "You are a very keen cavalry soldier. I have read your books, I know all about y

and treated him with that distinguished affability of which he is a past master.

Colonel Denison's sturdy patriotism was strikingly shown in the organization of the "Canada First" party, of which, with the late lamented W. A. Foster and W. H. Howland, he was a chief originator. He has also ever taken a profound interest in the question of Imperial Federation, and has written and spoken much upon that subject. In 1894 he was in England to promote its interests. Dining at Lord Salisbury's, he met Lord Methuen and Field-marshal Lord Roberts, and

together they proceeded to the conference at Sir John Lubbock's, where the British Empire League was founded. He was also present at the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, and in 1899 was gazetted Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of his old corps in which he had served for over forty-three years. Colonel Denison is, of course, deeply gratified at the new imperialism which is now throbbing throughout the Empire.

Since 1877 he has dispensed justice as police magistrate of the city of Toronto. In this relation he has been "a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well."

VICTORIA REGINA.*

BY W. W. CAMPBELL.

Roll out earth's muffled drums, let sable streamers flow,
And all Britannia's might assume her panoply of woe!
Love's holiest star is gone:

Wind wide the funeral wreath
For She, our mightiest, hath put on
The majesty of death.

Roll forth the notes of woe,
Let the baleful trumpets blow
A titan nation's titan heartfelt throes;
Mid age and storm and night and blinding snow,
Death, the pale tyrant, lays our loftiest low.

Like some fair mask of queenly sleep she lies,
The mists of centuries in her sightless eyes,
This august woman; greatest of earth's great;
Who ruled this splendour, held this Empire's fate,
And built this purity and white of love's supreme estate.

Low, like a lily broken on its stem,
Passed all her glory, filched her diadem,
She sleeps at His weird bidding who saith, Peace,
And all the loud world's mighty roar is hushed in love's surcease. . .

Greater than greatness, stronger than iron power,
That makes earth's Neros grim, her Cæsars' dower;
Hers was the gift to girdle isles of peace
With woman's nobleness and love's increase.

The century rang with might of sword and flame
And coarser moods. Amid its blight she came,
And love grew purer, life a holier name;
Religion graver, deeper; happiness,
A part of character to aid and bless;
And softer grew life's heart of bitterness,
Man's faith grew godlier, chivalry arose,
With virtue white as winter's winnowed snows;
And art and song awoke from sorrow's long repose. . .

For us remains the grief, the pain, the woe,
The anguish, sorrow, and the boding heart;
For her, the mighty peace of those who go
Forth from a nobler part.

* At the late meeting of the Royal Society of Canada this poem on the death of Queen Victoria was read by the accomplished author. It is in our judgment one of the finest tributes that has been written in memory of our lamented sovereign.—ED.

From all earth's shores one mighty grief is heard,
Each zone remote, in tryst of sorrow wed,
The Briton's love, the alien spirit stirred,—
Earth's great heart bleeding for earth's mighty dead.

Far hid from us, in veils of love supreme,
She knows now, gloried, what she prayed before,
Storming love's fortress, for that one star-beam,
God-given to mortals wandering on this shore,
Where earth-mists thicken into perilous night,
She greets her august line of long and kingly might :

Wise, lofty Alfred : first of her great line
To build those laws by which she ruled so well ;
Heroic Richard ; and, like some Undine,
The fated Mary, both of heaven and hell ;
Great Edward ; Henry ; Charles of fateful death ;
And greatest of all her high and storied line,

Rare great Elizabeth !

These greet her, ghostly, on that shadowed beach,
Beyond our human tears and woe of human speech.

Yea, she is gone who ruled but yesterday,
Her pomp, her power, her glory but a name !
Not for its greatest will this mad world stay :
New dreams arise, new gods for love's acclaim,
New fames, new prophets. Kings, as lesser clay,
Are but the dead, gone, faded dreams

Of dead, gone yesterday.

Life feeds on life, earth's glories wane and die,
Her mighty Sidons and her vaunted Tyres ;
Her far-famed beacons and her baleful fires :
Only her noble actions never die.
These bide and stay when names of seers and kings
Are but the ashes of forgotten things,
Hid 'mid the moth and rust of earth's imaginings.

But she will live when we and all our time
Are gathered to the dread and blinding past,
A mighty dream for mighty-built rhyme,
The golden age of Britain's splendid prime,
Remembered when old glories, long that last,
Are blown as shrivelled autumn wrack

Upon the ages' blast.

Yea, she will live, and tales of her pure life,
Her toil for others, her wise woman's love,
Her heart of sorrow 'mid the jar and strife,
Her noble wifehood, faith in heaven above,
Her simple trust in love from day to day ;
Yea, these will bide, while peoples pass away
With all that puts its trust

In pomp of human clay.

Soon, with majestic rite, and earth's wide sorrow,
(Great lady of the pure and lofty crown !)
Will Britain, weeping, lay her sadly down,
To wait a brighter dawn, a happier morrow,
In that rare tomb with that rare soul to sleep,
In God's glad rest for all who wait and weep.

And days will pass, and men will come and go,
And love and hate and sorrow dream, alas !
And all this world and its wild wraith of woe
Unto the wrack of all the ages pass ;
And greatness be forgot, and dreams decay,
And empires fade, and great souls pass away ;
But she will linger in her people's love,
As autumn lingers, gilding winter's snows,
Or sunset, fading purple peaks above,
Leaves golden trails of glory as he goes.

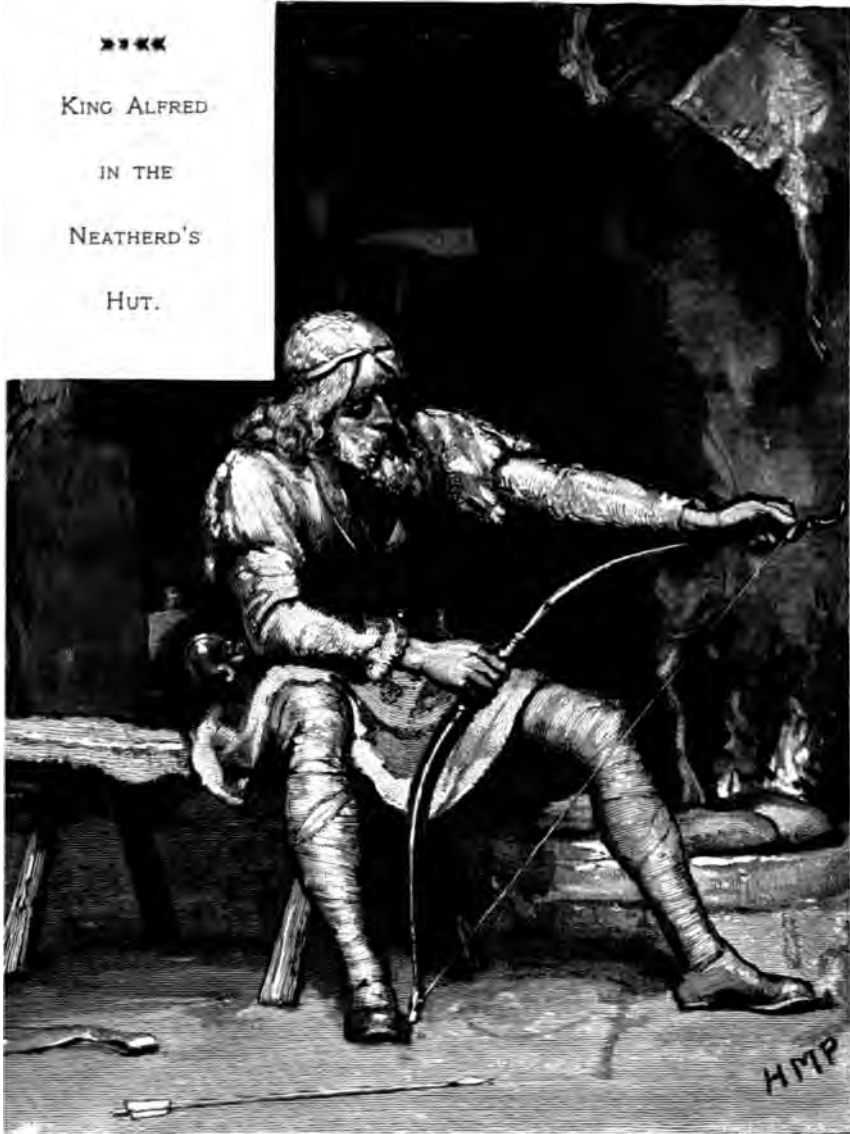
So will she fade not, nor her honour pass,
But burgeon on and grow to one white fame ;
And heart of England leaps to nobler flame,
While lark in heaven lifts from England's grass.

KING ALFRED

IN THE

NEATHERD'S

HUT.



KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

I.



MARCUS Aurelius, Alfred, and St. Louis, are the three examples of perfect virtue on a throne. But the virtue of St. Louis is deeply tainted with asceticism; and with the sublimated selfishness on which asceticism is founded, he sacrifices every-

thing and everybody—sacrifices national interests, sacrifices the lives of the thousands of his subjects whom he drags with him in his chimerical crusades—to the good of his own soul. The reflections of Marcus Aurelius will be read with ever-increasing admiration by all who have learned to study character and to read it in its connection with history. Alone in every sense, without guidance or support but that which he found in his own breast, the imperial Stoic struggled serenely, though hopelessly, against the powers of evil which were dragging heathen Rome to her inevitable doom. Alfred was a Christian hero, and in his Christianity he found the force which bore him, through calamity apparently hopeless, to victory and happiness.

It must be owned that the materials for the history of the English king are not very good. His biography by Bishop Asser, his counsellor and friend, which forms the principal authority, is panegyric and uncritical, not to mention that a doubt rests on the authenticity of some portions of it. But in the general picture there are a consistency and a sobriety, which, combined with its peculiarity, commend it to us as historical. The leading

acts of Alfred's life are, of course, beyond doubt. And as to his character, he speaks to us himself in his works, and the sentiments which he expresses perfectly correspond with the physiognomy of the portrait.

We have called him a Christian hero. He was the victorious champion of Christianity against Paganism. This is the real significance of the struggle and of his character. The Northmen, or, as we loosely term them, the Danes, are called by the Saxon chroniclers the Pagans. As to race, the Northman, like the Saxon, was a Teuton, and the institutions, and the political and social tendencies of both, were radically the same.

It has been said that Christianity enervated the English and gave them over into the hands of the fresh and robust sons of nature. Asceticism and the abuse of monachism enervated the English. Asceticism taught the spiritual selfishness which flies from the world and abandons it to ruin instead of serving God by serving humanity. Kings and chieftains, under the hypocritical pretence of exchanging a worldly for an angelic life, buried themselves in the indolence, not seldom in the sensuality, of the cloister, when they ought to have been leading their people against the Dane. But Christianity formed the bond which held the English together, and the strength of their resistance. It inspired their patriot martyrs, it raised up to them a deliverer at their utmost need.

The causes of Danish success are manifest; superior prowess and valour, sustained by more constant practice in war, of which the Saxon had probably had comparatively

little since the final subjection of the Celt and the union of the Saxon kingdoms under Egbert; the imperfect character of that union, each kingdom retaining its own council and its own interests; and above all the command of the sea, which made the invaders ubiquitous, while the march of the defenders was delayed, and their junction prevented, by the woods and morasses of the uncleared island, in which the only roads worthy of the name were those left by the Romans.

It would be wrong to call the Northmen mere corsairs, or even to class them with piratical states such as *Silicia* of old, or *Barbary* in more recent times. Their invasions were rather to be regarded as an after-effect of the great migration of the Germanic tribes, one of the last waves of the flood which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, and deposited the germs of modern Christendom. They were, and but for the defensive energy of the Christianized Teuton would have been, to the Saxon what the Saxon had been to the Celt, whose sole monuments in England now are the names of hills and rivers, the usual epitaph of exterminated races. Like the Saxons, the Northmen came by sea, untouched by those Roman influences, political and religious, by which most of the barbarians had been more or less transmuted before their actual irruption into the Empire. If they treated all the rest of mankind as their prey, this was the international law of heathendom, modified only by a politic humanity in the case of the Imperial Roman, who preferred enduring dominion to blood and booty.

With Christianity came the idea even now imperfectly realized, of the brotherhood of man. The Northmen were a memorable race, and English character, especially its maritime element, received in them a momentous addition. In their

northern abodes they had undergone, no doubt, the most rigorous process of national selection. The sea-roving life, to which they were driven by the poverty of their soil, as the Scandinavian of our day is driven to emigration, intensified in them the vigour, the enterprise, and the independence of the Teuton. As has been said before, they were the first ocean sailors; for the Phœnicians, though adventurous, had crept along the shore; and the Greeks and Romans had done the same. The Northman, stouter of heart than they, put forth into mid Atlantic.

American antiquarians are anxious to believe in a Norse discovery of America. Norse colonies were planted in Greenland beyond what is now the limit of human habitation; and when a power grew up in his native seats which could not be brooked by the Northman's love of freedom, he founded amidst the unearthly scenery of Iceland a community which brought the image of a republic of the Homeric type far down into historic times. His race, widely dispersed in his course of adventure, and everywhere asserting its ascendancy, sat on the thrones of Normandy, Apulia, Sicily, England, Ireland, and even Russia, and gave heroic chiefs to the crusaders.

The pirates were not without heart towards each other, nor without a rudimentary civilization, which included on the one hand a strong regard for freehold property in land, and on the other a passionate love of heroic days. Their mythology was the universal story of the progress of the sun and the changes of the year, but in a Northern version, wild with storms and icebergs, gloomy with the darkness of Scandinavian winters. Their religion was a war religion, the lord of their hearts a war god; their only heaven was that of the brave, their only hell that of the coward; and the joys of paradise

were a renewal of the fierce combat and the fierce carouse of earth.

In some legends of the Norse mythology there is a humorous element which shows freedom of spirit; while in others, such as the legend of the death of Balder, there is a pathos not uncongenial to Christianity. The Northmen were not priest-ridden. Their gods were not monstrous and overwhelming forces like the hundred-handed idols of the Hindu, but human forms, their own high qualities idealized, like the gods of the Greek, though with Scandinavian force in place of Hellenic grace.

Converted to Christianity, the Northman transferred his enthusiasm, his martial prowess, and his spirit of adventure from the service of Odin to that of Christ, and became a devotee and a crusader. But in his unconverted state he was an exterminating enemy of Christianity; and Christianity was the civilization as well as the religion of England.

Scarcely had the Saxon kingdom been united by Egbert when the barks of the Northmen appeared, filling the English Charlemagne, no doubt, with the same foreboding sorrow with which they had filled his Frankish prototype and master. In the course of the half-century which followed, the swarms of rovers constantly increased, and grew more pertinacious and daring in their attacks. Leaving their ships they took horses, extending their incursions inland, and formed in the interior of the country strongholds, into which they brought the plunder of the district. At last they in effect conquered the North and Midland, and sat up a satrap king, as the agent of their extortion.

They seem, like the Franks of Clovis, to have quartered themselves as "guests" upon the unhappy people of the land. The monasteries and the churches were

the special objects of their attacks, both as the seats of the hated religion, and as the centres of wealth; and their sword never spared a monk. Croyland, Peterborough, Huntingdon, and Ely, were turned to blood-stained ashes. Edmund, the Christian chief of East Anglia, found a martyrdom, of which one of the holiest and most magnificent of English abbeys was afterwards the monument. When Alfred appeared upon the scene, Wessex itself, the heritage of the house of Cerdic and the supreme kingdom, was in peril from the Pagans, who had firmly entrenched themselves at Reading, in the angle between the Thames and Kennet, and English Christianity was threatened with destruction.

A younger but a favourite child. Alfred was sent in his infancy by his father to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing. He was thus affiliated, as it were, to that Roman element, ecclesiastical and political, which, combined with the Christian and Teutonic elements, has made up English civilization. But he remained through life a true Teuton. He went a second time, in company with his father, to Rome, still a child, yet old enough, especially if he was precocious, to receive some impressions from the city of historic grandeur, ancient art, ecclesiastical order, centralized power. There is a pretty legend denoting the docility of the boy and his love of learning, or at least of the national lays; but he was also a hunter and a warrior. From his youth he had a thorn in his flesh, in the shape of a mysterious disease, perhaps epilepsy, to which monkish chroniclers have given an ascetic and miraculous turn, and this enhances our sense of the hero's moral energy in the case of Alfred, as in that of William III.

As "Crown Prince," to use the phrase of a German writer, Alfred took part with his elder brother,

King Ethelbert, in the mortal struggle against the Pagans, then raging around Reading and along the rich valley through which the Great Western Railway now runs, and where a Saxon victory is commemorated by the White Horse, which forms the subject of a little work by Thomas Hughes, a true representative, if any there be, of the liegemen and soldiers of King Alfred. When Ethelbert was showing that in him at all events Christianity was not free from the ascetic taint, by continuing to hear mass in his tent when the moment had come for decided action, Alfred charged up hill "like a wild boar" against the heathen, and began a battle which, his brother at last coming up, ended in a great victory.

The death of Ethelbert, in the midst of the crisis, placed the perilous crown on Alfred's head. Ethelbert left infant sons, but the monarchy was elective, though one of the line of Cerdic was always chosen; and those were the days of the real king, the ruler, judge, and captain of the people. In pitched battles, eight of which were fought in rapid succession, the English held their own; but they were worn out, and at length could no longer be brought into the field. Whether a faint monkish tradition of the estrangement of the people by unpopular courses on the part of the young king has any substance of truth we cannot say.

Utter gloom now settled down upon the Christian king and people. Had Alfred yielded to his inclinations, he would have probably have followed the example of his brother-in-law, Buhred of Mercia, and sought a congenial retreat amidst the churches and libraries of Rome; asceticism would have afforded him a pretext for so doing; but he remained at the post of duty. Athelney, a little island in the marshes of Somersetshire—then marshes, now drained and a fruitful plain—to

which he retired with the few followers left him, has been aptly compared to the mountains of Asturias, which formed the last asylum of Christianity in Spain. A jewel with the legend in Anglo-Saxon, "Alfred caused me to be made," was found near the spot, and is now in the University Museum at Oxford. A similar island in the marshes of Cambridgeshire formed the last rallying point of English patriotism against the Norman Conquest.

Of course, after the deliverance, a halo of legends gathered around Athelney. The legends of the king disguised as a peasant in the cottage of the herdsman, and of the king disguised as a harper in the camp of the Dane, are familiar to childhood. There is also a legend of the miraculous appearance of the great Saxon Saint Cuthbert. The king in his extreme need had gone to fish in a neighbouring stream, but had caught nothing, and was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms, when a poor man came to the door and begged for a piece of bread. The king gave him half his last loaf and the little wine left in the pitcher. The beggar vanished; the loaf was unbroken, the pitcher brimful of wine; and fishermen came in bringing a rich haul of fish from the river. In the night St. Cuthbert appeared to the king in a dream and promised him victory. We see at least what notion the generations nearest to him had of the character of Alfred.

At last the heart of the oppressed people turned to its king, and the time arrived for a war of liberation. But on the morrow of victory Alfred compromised with the Northmen. He despaired, it seems, of their final expulsion, and thought it better, if possible, to make them Englishmen and Christians, and to convert them into a barrier against their foreign and heathen brethren. We see in this politic moderation at

once a trait of national character and a proof that the exploits of Alfred are not mythical. By the treaty of Wedmore, the north-eastern part of England became the portion of the Dane, where he was to dwell in peace with the Saxon people, and in allegiance to their king, but under his own laws—an arrangement which had nothing strange in it when law was only the custom of the tribe. As a part of the compact, Guthorm led over his Northmen from the allegiance of Odin to that of Christ, and was himself baptized by the Christian name of Athelstan. Where religions were national, or rather tribal, conversions were tribal, too.

The Northmen of East Anglia had not so far put off their heathen propensities or their savage perfidy as to remain perfectly true to their covenant: but, on the whole, Alfred's policy of compromise and assimilation was successful. A new section of heathen Teutonism was incorporated into Christendom, and England absorbed a large Norse population, whose dwelling-place is still marked by the names of places and perhaps in some measure by the features and character of the people. In the fishermen of Whitby, for example, a town with a Danish name, there is a peculiarity which is probably Scandinavian.

Alfred had rescued the country. But the country which he had rescued was a wreck. The Church, the great organ of civilization as well as of spiritual life, was ruined. The monasteries were in ashes. The monks of St. Cuthbert were wandering from place to place, with the relics of the great northern Saint. The worship of Woden seemed on the point of returning. The clergy had exchanged the missal and censer for the battle-axe, and had become secularized and brutalized by the conflict. The learning of the order was dead. The Latin language, the tongue of

the Church, of literature, of education, was almost extinct. Alfred himself says that he could not recollect a priest, south of the Thames, who understood the Latin service or could translate a document from the Latin when he became king. Political institutions were in an equal state of disorganization. Spiritual, intellectual, civil life—everything was to be restored; and Alfred undertook to restore everything.

No man in these days stands alone, or towers in unapproachable superiority above his fellows. Nor can any man now play all the parts. A division of labour has taken place in all spheres. The time when the missionaries at once converted and civilized the forefathers of European Christendom, when Charlemagne or Alfred was the master spirit in everything, has passed away, and with it the day of hero-worship, of rational hero-worship, has departed, at least for the European nations. The more backward nations may still need, and have reason to venerate, a Peter the Great.

Alfred had to do everything almost with his own hands. He was himself the inventor of the candle-clock which measured his time, so unspeakably precious, and of the lantern of transparent horn which protected the candle-clock against the wind in the tent, or the lodging scarcely more impervious to the weather than a tent, which in those times sheltered the head of wandering royalty. Far and wide he sought for men, like a bee in quest of honey, to condense a somewhat prolix trope of his biographer. An embassy of bishops, priests, and religious laymen, with great gifts, was sent to the Archbishop of Rheims, within whose diocese the famous Grimbold resided, to persuade him to allow Grimbold to come to England, and with difficulty the ambassadors prevailed, Alfred

promising to treat Grimbald with distinguished honour during the rest of his life. It is touching to see what a price the king set upon a true and able man.

"I was called," says Asser, "from the western extremity of Wales. I was led to Sussex, and first saw the king in the royal mansion of Dene. He received me with kindness, and amongst other conversation, earnestly besought me to devote myself to his service and to become his companion. He begged me to give up my preferments beyond the Severn, promising to be-

stow on me still richer preferments in their place." Asser said that he was unwilling to quit, merely for worldly honour, the country in which he had been brought up and ordained. "At least," replied the king, "give me half your time. Pass six months of the year with me and the rest in Wales." Asser still hesitated. The king repeated his solicitations, and Asser promised to return within half a year; the time was fixed for his visit, and on the fourth day of their interview he left the king and went home.

TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

(After reading his Autobiography).

BY LEWIS F. STARRETT.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

When God a prophet on the earth doth need,
They on the watch-tower have no cause to fear

But in God's time His prophet will appear,
And in His name God's righteous cause will plead

With such effect that nothing can succeed
Against his message so to shut its ear

But that when he shall speak the world shall hear,

Or so to sway its thought but it shall heed.
But ere he can be on his mission sent
He must be for it born, and to it grow ;
Gifts, habits, training and environment,
All to the making of the prophet go.
God giveth what is needed. He doth make
In sending forth His prophets no mistake.

The greatest Prophet earth has ever known
Was in a stable born—the Lord's own Son ;
And of the prophets since the world begun
Most were of humble lineage ; but thine own
Was even less than humble. Thou hast
grown

From bondage into greatness, and hast won
A world's approval for thy work well done,
Reaping with joy where thou with tears
hast sown.

Statesman and scholar art thou. Thou dost
speak

Words that are just and sane and wise and
true,

Much art thou like earth's first great
prophet, who

Like thee did represent a people weak
Who had been bondsmen. Like him thou
art meek,

And, like him also, thou art mighty too.

DOES BRITAIN OR THE UNITED STATES HOLD THE FUTURE?

BY HOWARD GLASSFORD.



IN these days of competitive forces and increasing social advancement, the struggle for national supremacy becomes a momentous one. We are within the gateway of a new era in the world's history. The point on which hinges the future of a large proportion of the human race has probably been reached. At present there are on this earth two mighty powers possessing a preponderant influence in its affairs—Britain and the United States, both members of the great Anglo-Saxon family.

The expansion of the United States was the political phenomenon of the nineteenth century, and this, too, at a time when "the pulse and pace of the world were being marvellously quickened." She had her flood-tide of prosperity in the settlement of her virgin tracts. That explains the secret of an almost unprecedented development. There was, as Carlyle put it, "a vast deal of land for a very few people." Dr. Strong, in discussing this situation in 1885, thus expressed himself:

"The rapid accumulation of our wealth, our comparative immunity from the consequences of unscientific legislation, our financial elasticity, our high wages, the general welfare and contentment of the people hitherto, have all been due in very large measure to an abundance of cheap land. When the supply is exhausted we shall enter upon a new era, and shall more rapidly approximate European conditions of life."

The circumstances which made possible the abnormal expansion of the United States no longer exist. Limitation of area is now felt. There has been, in fact, an exhaus-

tion of the public lands. A writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, as far back as 1887, said: "The golden time is past; our agricultural land is gone; our timber lands are fast going."

More recent statistical reports by the United States Government give further accentuation to this condition of affairs. The fact that nearly the whole of the valuable portion of the public domain has already been taken up can hardly fail to impose a check on immigration, as the prospect of landed ownership is always a powerful incentive to the European peasantry—a circumstance proved by the steady movement of incoming population towards the unsettled districts of the West.

A brief inspection of the United States census returns shows that the percentage of increase in population has of late years been gradually diminishing. It was considerably less during the last two decades respectively than in any previous decade in her history, with the possible exception of the period between 1860 and 1870, principally due to the effects of the Civil War. All this is significant, and indicates, paradoxical though it seem, that the American Republic is beginning to suffer from, what in other countries she has for a century richly profited by, territorial deficiency. The time may be near when the press of numbers will manifest itself there as it is now doing in Europe and in Asia.

A well-known American author, referring to this subject, says: "Our wide domain will soon cease to palliate popular discontent, because it will soon be beyond the reach of the poor." Even now the United States has started an exodus of h-

farmers to the western territories of Canada, so that the "trek" across the forty-ninth parallel is already begun. But to this allusion will be made later on.

While events are taking this course in the great American Republic, the eyes of the world involuntarily turn to Britain and her vast Empire. A marked change has come over the British race. They are now imperialistic as they never were before. It is a development of recent times, the effects of which must inevitably be far-reaching in shaping and controlling their future destiny. The old doctrine of colonies being a danger and a burden to the motherland no longer holds. In short, their absolute identity of interests has become fully recognized.

A remarkable proof of the unity of sentiment throughout the Empire was attested by the attitude of the great self-governing colonies in connection with the war in South Africa. Nothing has occurred in the history of the British people to produce such a deep impression on public opinion the world over as the act of the outlying sections of the Empire in affording aid for its preservation. It was indeed a revelation to the nations of a new and extensive power for use when required, thus promoting British prestige abroad and enhancing the real external forces of England.

The vital question of to-day, however, is rather the development than the defence of Britain's Empire. Its concern in the future must be the populating of the broad, unused spaces of western Canada, Australia, and South Africa. There is no prospect of any very considerable growth except through the colonies. These hold the key to the Empire's future. Most of the inhabitable parts of the earth not fully inhabited are included in Britain's vast estate. The people of the United Kingdom have at last awakened

to the immensity, importance and possibilities of this outside heritage.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, speaking of the motherland, writes:

"We have the comfort of knowing that even if the worst of disasters were to overtake this country, if we were to be, as it is often prophesied by our critics abroad, a fallen State, or if by some physical convulsion of nature we were to sink like a volcanic island into the waves that we have ruled so long, even then we should leave behind kinsfolk across the Atlantic and in the Pacific Seas who would carry to distant ages and to unknown heights the sceptre of our great dominion."

Britain's colonial possessions are more extensive than those of all the rest of the world put together. Setting aside the rich dependency of India, with its countless millions, there remain the areas of Canada, Australia and South Africa, which invite almost unlimited expansion. Canada alone has half a continent, with resources unbounded and with capabilities untold. Her extensive prairie lands comprise perhaps the most fertile region of North America. These are destined to become the seat of populous provinces and to constitute one of the chief granaries of the world. Already the vanguard of immigration is turning that way, bringing with it the vigour and persistency essential to the upbuilding of a strong and mighty nationality.

Even if the habitable portion is in a certain measure limited by the rigours of a northern climate—modified, it must not be forgotten, by various tempering agencies—Canada has, nevertheless, in the West 600,000 square miles admirably adapted for farming operations, while farther north a belt of 900,000 square miles, though situated in a colder zone, is timbered, clothed with rich natural grasses, and as fit for the cultivation of cereal crops as are many of the less genial districts of Europe which carry a considerable agricultural popula-

tion. Nearly all this, as well as much more still uncleared within the older parts, has yet to be brought under settlement.

What has been said of Canada applies in a very high degree to Australia—that new commonwealth lying beneath the Southern Cross. The area of this island continent is about as large as that of the United States, and the unorganized districts are not only extensive, but favoured with superior natural resources. Australia, undoubtedly, will yet support an enormous population. The recent federation of the several Provinces into one commonwealth on lines closely resembling those by which Canada became established, gives prophecy and promise of a noble development, and marks a further step towards the consolidation of Britain's far-reaching Empire.

A similar federation of the colonial possessions in South Africa, which may be expected to follow the termination of the war, will form another link in the lengthening chain. Mr. Gladstone is authority for the statement that "the founding of free-growing and vigorous communities has been a specific part of the work providentially assigned to Britain." Whether or not it be true that her mission is to colonize the world, a tremendous field for action certainly awaits her. The opening up of these new spheres, and the influx of immigration which is bound to accompany, must result in an enormous expansion of trade and commerce, adding to the immense wealth of Britain's Empire, and serving to strengthen and confirm its influence and power.

It may be urged that the United States is capable of sustaining a much greater population than she now has. This is no doubt true, but it must proceed mainly from consolidation, and as the pressure of overcrowding increases, so in proportion will the tendency to

emigrate show itself, more especially when adjoining territory for settlement to the north can be had for the asking. According to official returns, 15,500 immigrants entered Canada from the United States during 1900, or more than one-third of the total immigration for the year. The fact is highly significant, and goes to demonstrate not only the conditions spoken of in the earlier part of this article, but also that to Canada's population the American Republic will be a considerable source of supply in days that are to come.

Reverting to the matter of the disappearance of the public lands, it may be well to bear in mind that the United States has a very great extent of waste area. Taking what is called the trans-Mississippi region (comprising all west of the river by that name), it has been estimated that there are 425,000 square miles of useless lands, except in so far as they may turn out to be mineralized. In addition, about 650,000 square miles have no present adaptation for anything other than grazing.

Apropos of this an eminent reference says: "Never by any possibility can the region of small rainfall, and in large part of rugged mountains, extending from the first belt of states beyond the Mississippi to the belt lying directly on the Pacific Coast, become a densely populated portion of the country."*

Certain it is that this wide territory will never maintain the teeming millions that political optimists have predicted.

From her geographical position chiefly, coupled with unsettled areas and unexampled resources of forest and field, mine and main, Canada must be regarded as the coming rival of the United States. Her natural riches have hardly yet been touched upon—riches, one should

* *Encyc. Brit. Am. Ed.* p. 819.

remember, not inaccessible, but quite within the reach of the hand of man.

Canada's mineral reserves alone are so great that an American expert says of them: "To particularize the undeveloped wealth of this northern land would require volumes."

The last four years witnessed a remarkable increase in trade and commerce throughout the Dominion. That Canada is on the edge of a bright era of prosperity few will doubt. Her total business with outside countries during 1900 aggregated over \$380,000,000, or about \$66 per head of the population; while that of the United States for the same period amounted to \$2,308,000,000, or only about \$30 per head.

The transportation problem, hitherto a pressing one, is undergoing gradual solution, and a system (both water and rail) is being evolved such as will enable the immense mineral and agricultural wealth of this young country to be rapidly unfolded. Not many realize that Canada has the power to eventually capture and control the inland carrying trade of the great lakes, which form so much of the boundary separating her from her southern neighbour; while farther west a second transcontinental railway will soon open up new and promising fields for energy and enterprise.

The conclusion of the late M. Malte-Brun, French Geographer, that "nature has marked out this country for exalted destinies," seems amply justified. The United Kingdom is the world's most liberal customer to-day, and Canada, as part of the British Imperial system, must become a formidable competitor in securing this trade. She can already vie with the American Republic in food products, and why not do at least as well in manufactures?

It is common knowledge that iron and steel are the foundations of the manufacturing of the world, and there is every reason to believe, from the activity now going on, that the Dominion will in a few years take rank as one of the leading producers of those staple commodities. Canada has the three raw materials essential to this industry—coal, lime, and ore—well grouped together, and there are no advantages under which iron and steel can anywhere else be more cheaply manufactured.

If the United States is at the present day challenging the world in the battle for industrial supremacy, let it not be overlooked by the critics that the same conditions that would conduce to this ascendancy must apply with equal, if not more telling effect, to her big northern rival. Time and development will inevitably bring Canada's forces into the conflict. Hence if the industrial interests of the Motherland, which have so long enjoyed paramountcy, should in a measure suffer displacement, it may be but a shifting of trade from one portion to another of her widely growing Empire.

Statistics show that population is congesting in all the old centres of the ruling races, which are to-day looking for new countries in which to expand. Europe finds herself being crowded, and the fast increment of numbers but serves to intensify the discomfort. This means emigration, and history teaches that the direction lies chiefly towards Anglo-Saxon channels.

Nor can the United States afford the desired relief. So far from offering much in the way of assistance, it is itself approaching the position of suppliant. The acquisition of the Philippine Islands scarcely adds to Uncle Sam's territorial wealth, whatever value they may have from a strategical point of view, for the reason that they

are without the path of active colonization. All these circumstances favour the rapid occupation, in the near future, of Britain's inviting possessions.

In the contest for commercial pre-eminence which the different nations of the globe are waging, the question, as far as concerns Britain's interests, of preferential trade within the Empire will likely thrust itself prominently upon her statesmen at no very distant date. Canada has led the way in this respect. Already has she given the preference in trade to the mother country, and to the sister colonies of the West Indies. Australia is now in a position to take concerted action. It remains to be seen what course the Imperial Government will pursue in the matter.

Consider the tremendous advantages which the American Republic, in common with other countries, has had in enjoying the freedom of the markets of the United Kingdom in past years, while on the other hand British goods have been subjected to the most hostile foreign tariffs. Political economists are asking themselves if this state of affairs can much longer continue. Free trade is doubtless an excellent theory, but in view of modern environments is it practicable? Last year the imports of the United Kingdom totalled £523,633,486, of which sum manufactured articles covered £93,216,298. It is this latter item over which the protectionist inclines to shake the head. Col. Geo. T. Denison, President of the British Empire League, in discussing the problem a few weeks ago at Ottawa, said:

"Britain has now the chance, by establishing mutual preferences, of developing the great territories under her flag, not only making them stronger and more prosperous, but binding them together by self-interest as well as by sentiment and political ties. She should seize the opportunity at once and endeavour to secure the markets of her Empire, as also

its political unity. . . It stands to reason that, as nearly all nations are shutting us out of their markets and are competing with us in ours, in self-defence the Empire with its 11,000,000 square miles and 375,000,000 people should preserve its trade for building up its own resources rather than those of possible enemies."

There is little doubt that the whole question has an important bearing on the commercial situation of to-day, and those countries—notably the United States—which have developed an export trade largely from free access to England's ports, may rightly await the issue with deep anxiety.

There are those who profess to descry signs of Britain's decadence, and papers and publicists speak of the twentieth century as destined to witness the decline and fall of her greatness. These prophets would seem to be strikingly lacking in perspective. One must acknowledge that the marks of decay are not apparent. Splendid opportunities lie before her. That she still holds in her hands the secret of success may well be believed. All that is required is that the administration of Britain's Imperial affairs shall equal the superior resources at her command.

Even if the Motherland should in the coming years fail to maintain her relative importance in the Empire, she can rest assured that the magic wand of power will not pass beyond it. The British Empire will continue to exercise its commanding influence in the world's future. It has, first of all, the territory with which to do it—a territory "bounded by no continent, circumscribed by no sphere," but reaching to the confines of civilization itself; and, secondly, the genius of colonization implanted within it from distant ages to organize that territory and weave it into one harmonious whole.

Guelph, Ont.

THE EPIC OF A PRAIRIE FARM.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.



IT is necessary to know the Canadian prairie in all its varying moods before one learns to appreciate it as it deserves.

At first sight it is all, in Western parlance, a hard country, but a good one for the strong; for, unlike the languid tropics, the prairie improves as one views it closer. Instead of weakening under sweltering heat, or sinking into sensual idleness, its inhabitants develop the sterner attributes of untiring energy, endurance and resourcefulness, which are all required by the Western wheat-grower. Still, there is another and a softer side, and this was especially manifest at Fairmead.

Fairmead, in Assiniboia, deserved its name, and after the bare sweep of Manitoban plain there was a grateful softness about its swelling undulations and willow-groves shrouding deep ravines, while walling off the waste of prairie like a rampart, a thick bluff of wind-dwarfed birches stretched on either side. Here, for a few weeks in spring, it was possible to fancy one's self in England; then the resemblance faded and it was part of the Dominion again. The frost had vanished from the surface of the land, though it still lurked a foot or two beneath, while here and there a flush of green crept across the withered sod, when I visited Fairmead to assist in the spring ploughing. Two young Englishmen, of good up-bringing, owned it then, and as they were staking their all on the weather that season it was, and my partner, every one's clear to assist them. They had

invested in all some £400 in three hundred and twenty acres of virgin soil.

A rush of warm breeze from the Pacific, which had crossed the snow-barred Rocky Mountains unchilled, set the dry grasses rippling, and long wisps of cloud drove swiftly across the luminous blue. This, and the blackness of ashes among the burned stubble, was all that broke the harmonious colouring of white and gray. Not being a skilful teamster, I had brought oxen, and waited beside them while Hunter (my host) and his half-tamed horses reeled round and round together amid a tangle of harness, which they seemed determined he should not put on, until at last he conquered, and we were ready to begin. Then he leaned breathless for a moment on the plough-stilts, a typical son, by adoption, of the prairie.

The long skin coat and fur cap had been replaced by loose blue overalls and a broad felt hat, while the laughing face had been bronzed to the colour of coffee by the blink of snow under the clear winter sun. In spite of the coarse garments the pose was statuesque, for the swell of hardened muscles, the clear eyes and darkened skin told of perfect health; and when he hailed me to break the first clod the voice had an exultant ring. For several years this man had toiled far harder than any British field-labourer in the calling he had voluntarily chosen; but instead of adding coarseness the work had rather refined him.

I called to the oxen, and the big, slow-moving beasts settled their shoulders against the collar, as with a sharp crackling the half-burned stubble went down before the share.

cannot be sold in that region, e is cut with the ear, and the ocks are burned off the first day in spring. Pale flowers, purple crocus, were crushed : hoofs, and rich black clods in long waves from the -board's slide, while amid humoured banter two fiery came up and passed. The n-ox is slow, if not always but he learns by experience, the horse does not ; and pre-it was my turn for a laugh, the foremost plough brought ith a shock upon soil still i beneath the surface. A -broken horse is a difficult to handle, and it was not wise stranger to meddle with a ened team. "Keep off," said r, declining my assistance. y're a little excited now, and take a fancy to kicking the it of you."

the end of the next long fur- ere was a temptation to halt, ilvery birches drooped their ke twigs over the ploughing, could see jack-rabbits, still ng their white winter robes, ring through the shadows of luff, while a flight of duck flashing down wind athwart unks to descend with a splash a lake the slow creek had d in the hollow. Summer in and, however, is all too short e work that must be done in it, winging the plough I reso-started another furrow. Then followed an exasperating in- e, for the oxen thoroughly stand that it hurts them to run are against frost-bound soil, hen the draught increased in land they came to a dead

Nothing would persuade to advance a step, and when lied the long wand the cau-veteran, President, quietly lay ou'll lose your temper long e you convince an ox," said a

laughing voice. "Let them have their own way. Pull out and go round;" and in that way the matter was settled. With several such interruptions the ploughing went on, while the perspiration dripped from our faces, for on the prairie warm spring comes as suddenly as the winter goes. And while we worked, the air vibrated to the beat of tired wings as, in skeins, wedges, and crescents, ducks, geese, cranes, among other wild fowl, passed on their long journey to the untrodden marshes beside the Polar Sea. Many of them halted to rest, and every creek and *sloo* (a pond formed by melting snow) was dotted black and gray with their gladly-folded pinions. In another few days they would be empty again, we knew, and remain so until, with the first chills of winter, every bird of passage came south to follow the sun.

At noon there was a longer rest than we needed, because in that invigorating atmosphere a healthy man can out-tire his team, and we lounged in the log-built dwelling over an ample meal. It was a primitive erection of two stories caulked with moss and loam; but it had cost its owner much hard labour; sawn lumber is out of the question for the poor man, while birch logs fit for building are difficult to find. Neither was the meal luxurious; fat pork, fried potatoes, doughy flapjacks, and the universal compound of glucose and essences known as *drips*. Still, on the prairie a man cannot only live but thrive on any food. Then it was time to hunt the oxen out of a *sloo*, where they stood with their usual persistency, until their unfortunate driver waded in with a pike.

Then the work began again, and the burnished clods stretched further and further into the stubble. A British ploughman would not have approved, but Hunter cared little that the furrows were curi-

ously serpentine; that was perhaps the richest wheat soil in the world, and had been waiting for centuries to yield up its latent wealth. Every minute was of value, for autumn frosts follow hard upon the brief northern summer, and the grain must be ripened before they set in. So, while the shadows of the bluff lengthened across the gray white plain, the ceaseless crackle of stubble, tramp of labouring hoofs, and shearing slide of glossy clods, went on until long after the red sun dipped, a dimness blurred the narrowing horizon and night closed gradually in. Then, tired but satisfied, we fed the weary beasts, and after the evening meal sat beside the twinkling stove in the snug room, while outside the stars burned down through crystalline depths of indigo, and under a dead, cold silence the grasses grew resplendent with frostwork filigree. The elder Hunter had a taste for music and natural history, as a result of which gorgeous moths were pinned under the trophies of skins and oat-heads on the wall, while a battered piano (of all things), which had suffered from a trying journey, stood among the baked clods we had brought in from the ploughing.

His brother's voice was excellent, and while they sang songs of the old land, which after all was home, I lounged in my chair listening, and wondered whether some day health and work and food might be found for our many ill-fed and hopeless sons in that wide country. Yet it was evident there was no room for the drunkard or slothful there.

Credit, which is universal in that region, has its advantages as well as its evils, for it divides the risks of the weather, while a bounteous harvest enriches farmer, dealer, and manufacturer alike. There is no room for half-measures upon the prairie, where a man must raise wheat or go under. Still, if pos-

sessed of average strength, he need never suffer privation, and it is perhaps this reason which leads the settlers to face trying uncertainty and arduous toil with a cheerful courage not always found at home. So we ploughed and cross-ripped the clods with disc-harrows, and when the seeders had drilled in the grain, I shook hands with Hunter and went back to my own partner.

It was hay-time when I visited Fairmead again, and found my hosts darker in colour and considerably more ragged than before. There is little leisure for the amenities of civilization during the busy summer, and the mending of clothes and sometimes even their washing is indefinitely postponed. The prairie also had changed, for the transitory flush of green was gone, while birchen bluff and willow-fringed ravine formed comforting oases of foliage and cool shadow, and, when the blazing sun beat down upon the parched white sod, the rippling waves of dull green wheat were pleasant to look upon. Now, thereabouts at least, horses and oxen must be fed during the long winter, when the prairie is sheeted with frozen snow, and hay-harvest is accordingly a matter of some anxiety. Artificial grasses are rarely sown, and the settler trusts to Nature to supply him, while throughout much of Manitoba and Assiniboia on the levels the natural grasses are too short for cutting. The hay must therefore be gathered in the dried-up *sloos*, where it may reach almost breast-high. Timber for building being also lamentably scarce, implements, for lack of shelter, are usually left where they last were used, and while I drove off with the light waggon, my friends set forth in search of the mowing-machine. It was dazzlingly hot and bright, and the long sweep of prairie seemed to melt into a transparent shimmer-

ing, with a birchen bluff floating above it like an island here and there.

At times a jack-rabbit, now the colour and much the same size as the English hare, fled before the rattling wheels, or a flock of prairie chickens flattened themselves half-seen among the grass, while tall sandhill cranes stalked majestically along the crest of a distant rise. On foot one cannot get within a half-mile range of them, though it is possible to drive fast into gunshot occasionally, but in hay-time there is little leisure for sport. Thick gray dust rose up, and the waggon, a light frame on four spider wheels, which two men could lift, jolted distressfully as it lurched across the swelling levels, until a mounted figure waved an arm upon the horizon, and I knew the machine had been found. It lay with one wheel in the air, buried among the grass, and half-an-hour's labour with oil-can and spanner was needed before it could be induced to work at all.

There were flies in legions, and the hot air was thick with mosquitoes, so declining Hunter's net (which hung like a meat-safe gauze beneath the brim of his hat), I anointed my face and hair with kerosene. Still, at times, the insects almost conquered us, as I afterwards saw them put to rout a surveying party in British Columbia, and it became difficult to lead the tortured horses. One does not, however, expect an easy time on the prairie, and the hay was badly needed; so, bitten all over, we held on until the little *sloo* was exhausted. The sun had already dried the grasses better than we could do, and when the waggon was loaded high I went back with it while the others tramped out into the heat in search of another *sloo*.

When I reached the house it was filled with Hunter's white chickens, which had sought refuge there from the swoop of a hawk. The caulking had fallen out from between the

warping logs, and the roof, which was partly tin and partly shingles, cracked audibly under the heat. But there was only time to pack up a little food, and when the waggon was lightened, grimed thick with dust, and a long wake of insects streaming behind my head, I drove out again. From *sloo* to *sloo* we wandered, halting once for a plunge into a shrunken creek, where lay three feet of lukewarm fluid, and it was nightfall when we thankfully turned our faces homewards. A little cool breeze, invigorating as champagne, came down out of the north, where still lingered a great transparency, and the sun-bleached prairie had changed into a dim, mysterious sea, with unreal headlands of birch and willow rolling back its ridges. Every growing thing gave up its fragrance as it drank in the dew, and through all the odours floated the sweet, pervading essence of wild peppermint.

Somewhere in the shadows a coyote howled dismally; at times with a faint rustling some shadowy beast slipped by; but save for this there was a deep, dead stillness, and an overwhelming sense of vastness and infinity. Under its influence one could neither chatter idly nor fret over petty cares, and I remember how, aching, scorched, and freely speckled with mosquito bites, we lay silent upon the peppermint-scented hay. Meantime, far out in the rim of the prairie, the red fires rioted among the grass, while here and there long clouds of filmy vapour blotted out the stars; but Hunter had ploughed deep furrows around his holding, and had no cause to fear them. At last, only half awake, we unyoked the beasts, devoured such cold food as we could find, and sank into heavy slumber until the sun roused us to begin another day.

It was late in autumn, and bluff and copse were glorious with many-coloured leaves, waiting, frost-nipped, for the first breeze to strew

them across the prairie, when I saw the last of Hunter's crop. The crackling grass lay ready for its covering of snow, and the yellow stubble, stripped of the heavy ears, stood four-square, solid, and rigid above the prairie. The crop had escaped the frost, the binders had gone, and now the black smoke of the threshing-machine hung motionless in the cool, transparent atmosphere above the piled-up sheaves. Hunter's heart was glad. After a hard struggle, patient waiting, and very plain living, the soil had returned what he had entrusted it to him a hundredfold, and Winnipeg millers and shippers were waiting for every bushel.

Still, there was no rest for him, and he worked as men who fight for their own hand only can do, grained with smoke and dust beside the huge separator which hummed and thudded as it devoured the sheaves. Ox and horse were also busy, hauling the filled bags to the granary, which is merely a shapeless mound of short straw piled many feet thick over a willow-branch framing, to form, when wind-packed, a cheap and efficient store. Men panted, laughed, and jested, with every sinew strained to the uttermost and the perspiration splashing from them, for the system of centralization which makes a machine of the individual has so far no place in that country, and, being paid by the bushel, the reward of each was in direct ratio to his labours. Yet there was neither abuse nor foul language, and they drank green tea, while no man derided the weaker, where each did his best, and there was plenty for all.

Then, when at last even the moonlight had faded and three borrowed waggons stood beside the threshing-machine piled high with bags of grain, a bountiful supper was spread upon the grass, because room could not be found in the house for all. Threshers live upon the best in the land, as do the kindly

neighbours who work for no money, and already Hunter's chicken-house was empty, while the painful necessity of acting as executioner with a big axe affected the writer's appetite.

Next day I knew I must drive nearly sixty miles to the settlement and back for more provisions. They ate, then, as they had worked, thoroughly and well, French Canadian, Ontario Scotsman, young Englishman, and a few keen-witted wanderers from across the frontier of the great Republic, forgetting all distinctions of caste and race in the bond of a common purpose. Tradition counts for nothing on the white wheat-lands; they are at once too new and too old for it. Empty self-assertion is also worthless, and it is only by self-denial, endurance and steadfast labour that any one can win himself a competence there. Hunter had a right to the content he felt, for by stubbornly holding on in the face of disappointments he had won that harvest.

It was six weeks later, and the prairie lay white under the first fall of snow, when with three panting teams, whose breath rose like steam in the nipping air before us, we hauled the last loads on steel runners out of the sliding drifts, through the smooth-beaten streets of a straggling wooden town to the gaunt elevators. Long, snow-be-sprinkled trains of trucks were waiting on the sidings; huge locomotives snorted, backing more trucks in, for from north and south and west other teams were coming up out of the prairie with the grain that was needed to feed the swarming peoples of the older world. At last the whirring wheels were silent for a few moments' space: the empty waggons were drawn aside to make room for newcomers; and Hunter's eyes were rather dim than bright with emotion as he spread out before me the receipts which he would presently convert into dollar bills.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TORONTO.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,
*Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.**



ONTARIO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.



NEAR the western end of Lake Ontario, on the shore of a fine harbour which is almost enclosed by the semi-circular island Hiawatha, stands the city of Toronto, on a sloping watershed between the rivers Humber and Don, and extending eastward beyond the Don towards the magnificent suburban park district known as the Scarboro' Heights. These Heights rise three hundred feet almost perpendicularly from Lake Ontario, and are partly formed by deposits from two glacial periods, a fact which makes

* Abridged from an article in the "New England Magazine."

this district one of the most attractive parts of America to mineralogists, as it is especially rich in a great variety of rocks and fossils.

When the French under Champlain first explored the country north of the Great Lakes, they found the territory lying to the south of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay occupied by Indians known as the Torontos. The district between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario was known as Toronto, and on old French maps Lake Simcoe was named Lake Toronto, and the Humber, Toronto River. The Indians of the district in time began to trade with the English at Oswego, and in doing so travelled by the River Humber. So it came about that the high land at the mouth of the Humber was used by these Indians as a camp ground.



VOLUNTEER MONUMENT, QUEEN'S
PARK, TORONTO.

When the early French traders began to explore the north shore of Lake Ontario, their Indian guides pointed to the district northward from the mouth of the Humber as "Toronto," and the traders applied the name to the landing-place.

Governor Simcoe laid the foundation for the real growth of Toronto by making it the capital of the new province of Upper Canada, which he had organized, believing that Newark (Niagara) was too near the border of the United States.

Out of compliment to Frederick, Duke of York, son of King George III., Governor Simcoe named his new capital York, and on August 27th, 1793, a royal salute was fired to commemorate the change of name from Toronto to York. The first building operations began in

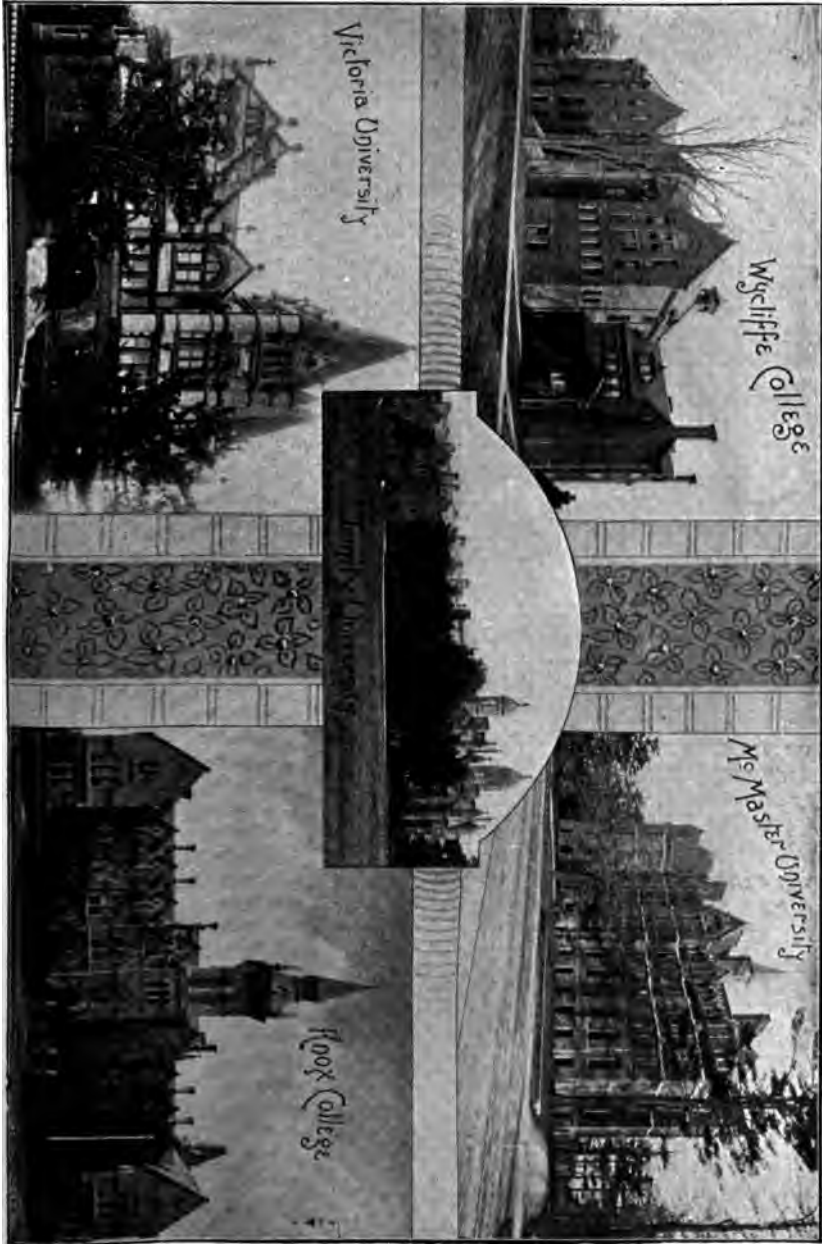
1794. Governor Simcoe himself lived in a large tent, which had originally been owned by Captain Cook, the great navigator. Governor Simcoe decided to erect the new parliament buildings near the mouth of the Don instead of at the original trading post near the mouth of the Humber. Near the bay, on Parliament Street, were built the first Houses of Parliament, consisting of what were described by a writer of the time as "two elegant halls with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice." Parliament met in York for the first time in 1797, after the new buildings were finished.

The young town grew slowly for twenty years, till in 1813 it was twice captured by Commodore Chauncey, first in April and afterwards in July. The small garrison was taken by surprise on the first visit of Commodore Chauncey and General Dearborn, and after blowing up the magazine the fort was abandoned. The United States troops retained possession of the city for eleven days. General Dearborn treated the people kindly, but "the Parliament Buildings and Parliamentary Library were burned and the church and town library were pillaged."



OSGOODE HALL.

The United States troops remained only one day at the time of quantity of shot, shells, and other munitions of war, and several can-



TORONTO COLLEGE.

their second visit. They burned the empty barracks and took away a number of boats, with a

non. A month after the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, the British retaliated at



TORONTO UNIVERSITY GROUP.

Washington. The Legislative Council of Lower Canada said at the time, in an address to Sir George Prevost: "We consider the destruction of the public buildings at Washington a just retribution for the outrages committed by an American force at the seat of government in Upper Canada."

The town grew rapidly during the last ten years of its existence under the name of York. In 1834 it had attained to a population of about 10,000, and it assumed the dignity of a city under the old name Toronto.

The first mayor of the new city was William Lyon McKenzie, an energetic Scotchman, who was the leader of the people of Upper Canada in their demands for relief from the rule of the Family Compact. He afterwards organized the rebellion of 1837, with a view of accomplishing by force the reforms he despaired of securing by legislation. The rebellion of 1837 naturally proved to be one of the great events in the history of Toronto. Its leader in Upper Canada was one of the most prominent men in the city; but although he had the honour of

being its first mayor, he had little sympathy from the people of Toronto in his attempt to overthrow the government and make Canada a part of the United States. The rebellion lasted only two days, days of great excitement in Toronto. The rebels were dispersed after a brief engagement with the loyalists, and the leaders fled to the United States. Toronto has ever since maintained its reputation for active loyalty to the British Crown.

The year 1866 is a memorable one in the history of Toronto as the year of the Fenian Raids. The Toronto regiments of volunteers were promptly sent to drive the Fenians out of the Niagara Peninsula. The "Queen's Own" met the enemy at Ridgeway, and sustained a loss of seven killed and twenty-three wounded. The beautiful monument erected to the memory of those who fell at Ridgeway is decorated each year on June 2nd by their comrades and by the school children of the city. Another monument in Queen's Park commemorates the loyalty and bravery of Toronto volunteers. It records the gallantry of those who were killed

ing the Northwest rebellion of 1835. Since 1867, when Confederation widened the range of Canada's national and commercial outlook, the growth of Toronto has been very steady and progressive. Its population in 1867 was 47,500; in 1898 it had increased to 230,000,

and two other important undertakings are at present actively considered, which will greatly enlarge Toronto, if they are carried to a successful issue. One is the building of a railway to James Bay, and the other the making of a canal or the improving of the railway facilities between Toronto and Georgian Bay, so as



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH. ST. MICHAEL'S BEHIND.

including the immediate suburbs of West Toronto, North Toronto, and East Toronto. The school attendance has increased nearly sevenfold during the last twenty-five years. The increase in population has been caused chiefly by the building of new railways and the establishment of manufacturing estab-

lishments. Two undertakings are at present actively considered, which will greatly enlarge Toronto, if they are carried to a successful issue. One is the building of a railway to James Bay, and the other the making of a canal or the improving of the railway facilities between Toronto and Georgian Bay, so as



PARKDALE METHODIST CHURCH.

adopted, a great impetus will be given to the growth of Toronto.

Among the many fine public buildings in the city the most beautiful are the new Parliament Buildings, the Provincial University, described in all guidebooks as the best specimen of Norman architecture in America, the new City Hall, Osgoode Hall, the seat of the Provincial Courts and Law School, Trinity University, Victoria University, McMaster University, the Normal School, Upper Canada College and the Provincial Asylum.

Toronto has been named the City of Churches, because of the large number of fine churches that have been erected in it. The distinctive feature of church architecture in Toronto consists in the fact that all denominations have built a considerable number of fine churches instead of concentrating their efforts on the erection of a few of greater magnificence. The large churches are not confined to the the central portion, but are found widely distributed throughout the city.

Toronto is the educational metropolis of Ontario, if not of the Dominion. In addition to the University of Toronto, which is a Provincial institution, there are several universities and colleges supported by the leading religious denominations. The English Church has two, Trinity University and Wycliffe College; the Methodists have Victoria University; the Baptists, McMaster University; the Presbyterians, Knox College; and the Roman Catholics, St. Michael's College. There are three medical colleges, one being conducted for women only. The Provincial Normal School has in connection with it a fine collection of paintings and statuary and a good ethnological museum. Toronto has a technical school, three collegiate institutes (high schools), and Upper Canada College, a provincial institution modelled on the plan of the great public schools of England. There are also several private or denominational colleges of high standing for the secondary training of young ladies. There are fifty-five public

als and nineteen separate als.

ronto has several institutions iving higher culture in art and c, the most important being the rio Art School, the Toronto ervatory of Music, and the nto College of Music.

ie work of the kindergarten is completely organized as a part he public school system in nto than in any other city of ze in America. Ontario was irst province or state to make kindergarten an or-

: part of the state m of education, and nto was the first city e Dominion to do so.

: to St. Louis, Toronto s second among the

. of America. Toronto

merica in the general duction of military in the public schools.

more than twenty-five

: the boys of all the als have been taught regularly.

Governor ham invited the To- Public School Board

nd a company of boys e military convention

Tampa, Florida, in uary, 1899; and the

did bearing, the ext-nt conduct, and the

ency of the boys met the heartiest approval

ampa, in Chicago, and Detroit, e public receptions were given eir honour.

ie development of patriotic ig is made one of the definite

of school work in Toronto als. On "Empire Day" spe-

services are held, at which otic addresses and recitations

elivered, and songs of a patri-character are sung. In the

noon the annual parade and w of the drill battalions takes

, and the soldiers' monuments

are decorated by flower companies of girls from the different schools.

Another distinctive feature of the schools for nearly twenty-five years has been the fire drills. At least

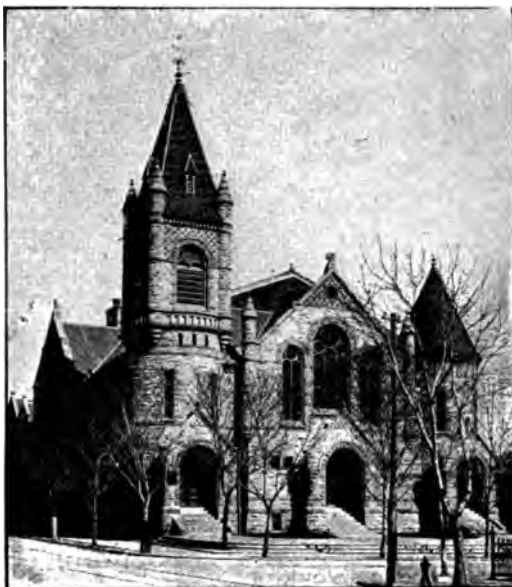
once a month at unexpected times these drills take place in every

school. Their aim is to prevent the possibility of a panic in case of fire.

Pupils can always get out of a building in case of fire without loss of

life, if there is no danger of a panic. Smoke is caused in the halls some-

times, so that even when a real fire



SHERBOURNE ST. METHODIST CHURCH.

occurs the children rarely know that there has been any danger until they

are in the yard. Four fires have occurred in Toronto schools since

the fire drills were first introduced. In every case the children were

calm, and went out as regularly as on ordinary occasions, when the

special fire signals are given. In one case the fire, which had been

smouldering under the floor, suddenly burst through, and flames

rose up several feet in height between two rows of pupils. Even



SHERBOURNE STREET, TORONTO.

then, although the children were only about nine years of age, there was no sign of a panic. They sat quietly in their seats until the principal was notified and the regular alarm given, when they formed up as usual and waited quietly till their turn came to go out.

In close relation to the work of education stands the publication of good books. In this important department of national life Toronto far surpasses the other Canadian cities. Most of the Toronto publishers are now issuing literary works of Canadian and foreign authors, in a style that will compare favourably with the books of the best houses of the United States and England.

Toronto is the chief manufacturing centre of the Dominion. The leading manufactures are agricultural implements, machinery, musical instruments, furniture, stoves,

hardware, clothing, leather, boots and shoes, oils and soap. There are also large vinegar works and pickling industries. The packing houses of Toronto have an excellent reputation in English markets for their animal food products. The agricultural machines made in Toronto are sent in large quantities not only throughout the Dominion of Canada, but to England, Scotland, Ireland, India, Australia, South America, and even to France, Belgium, Austria, Bavaria, and Russia.

The park system of Toronto is extensive and beautiful. The city is surrounded on three sides by a series of splendid parks unsurpassed in extent and natural beauty by the parks of any American city. But the most popular of all her beautiful parks is Island Park, on Hiawatha Island, which lies immediately in front of the city in the form of a



THE CITY HALL, TORONTO.

crested about three miles in length. A large part of the island is devoted to park purposes.

Toronto has a wide reputation as a pleasant, healthful summer resort. The magnificent lake, the fine fleet of steamers, the attractive summer residence districts on the lake, the bracing air and the comfortable temperature combine to supply most of the conditions for ideal summer homes.

The people of Toronto take a deep interest in outdoor sports, and her sons have done her high honor on various fields and waters in competition with the world's leaders. With such splendid boating facilities, it might naturally be expected that great attention would be paid to aquatic sports. In rowing, Toronto has produced two world's champions, Hanlan and O'Connor. In yachting, her fleet now holds the first position among the fleets of the Great Lakes. Toronto Bay has

long been the centre of the exciting and exhilarating occupation of ice-boating.

On land Toronto more than holds her own in lacrosse, football, cricket, baseball, curling, running and other forms of athletic sports. In curling, especially, Toronto leads the world—surpassing even Scotch cities in the number and size of the clubs and the splendid buildings erected by the devotees of this grandest of winter games.

One of the gratifying features that distinguish Toronto from most large cities is the fact that there is no part of the city that can be fairly regarded as the "slum" district. The city covers a very large area, so that there is no overcrowding. Workingmen have no difficulty in obtaining homes with separate gardens, and it is a common practice to use these gardens in growing both flowers and vegetables.

The city owns the franchise of the street railway, and receives from the company to which the railway is rented an income which at present amounts to \$164,000 per annum. The amount received by the city is based on the receipts of the company, so that it will increase with the growth of the city.

Toronto is pre-eminently a city of homes. It claims to have a larger proportion of good homes and a much smaller proportion of saloons than any city of its size in America.

Before the liberation of the negro by the United States, Toronto was

suitor presented himself, and succeeded in winning the confidence of father and daughter. The marriage took place, and the old gentleman proudly carried out his promise. The enriched husband started with his wife on a bridal trip in the United States, and without arousing suspicion managed to get into one of the slave States, where he increased his wealth by selling his wife as a slave. The case caused a great deal of excitement at the time. The people of Toronto sympathized heartily with the unfortunate girl, and a sufficient sum of money was at once raised to purchase her release.

After the war of the rebellion most of the negroes returned to their southern homes.

Toronto has been the home of many men distinguished in the history of Canada, some of whom were among the most prominent men of their time. Its founder, General Simcoe, was a truly great man, worthy of the inscription on the wall of St. Gabriel's Chapel in



HORTICULTURAL PAVILION.

one of the cities of refuge for escaped slaves. They were well treated by the people generally, and some of them made considerable sums of money. One old gentleman became quite wealthy in the hotel and livery stable business, and his private equipage was as fine as that of any gentleman in the city. He had an intelligent daughter, who had received the best culture that could be provided for her. His ambition was to secure a white husband for her. In order to do so, he advertised that he would give any white gentleman of satisfactory standing a large sum of money if he would marry his daughter. A

Exeter Cathedral under his medalion portrait by Flaxman, in which he is spoken of as one "in whose life and character the virtues of the hero, the patriot and the Christian were so eminently conspicuous, that it may justly be said, he served his king and his country with a zeal exceeded only by his piety towards God." After the war he was elected to the British House of Commons; but his great work was the organization of Upper Canada and the founding of the City of Toronto.

One of the greatest native-born Canadians was Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., the founder of the



CYCLING IN HIGH PARK, TORONTO.

educational system of Ontario and the distinguished leader in educational matters in Ontario for thirty-two years, retaining as he did the position of chief superintendent of education from 1844 to 1876. During all this period he resided in Toronto. In addition to his great educational work, he was one of the leading orators of his country and one of the most powerful writers on educational, religious, historical, and political subjects that Canada has produced. He was a man of conspicuous ability, and his splendid character and attainments made him the first president of the united Methodist body of the Dominion.

Sir John Macdonald, who united the separate parts of the Dominion of Canada into one country and made it the most important portion of the colonial empire of Great Britain, resided in Toronto during 1873 to 1878, his party being in opposition.

Sir Daniel Wilson, well known throughout the world by his literary works, was one of Toronto's most notable men. He was appointed professor of history and English literature in Toronto University in 1853, and became its president in 1881, a position which he filled with splendid ability till his death in 1892. He was a voluminous writer, and when a comparatively young man he won unstinted praise from the highest authorities for the scholarship and originality of his book on "The Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland." In 1862 he published his greatest work, "Prehistoric Man," which helped



THE LAGOON, TORONTO ISLAND.



THE UNION STATION—G. T. R. AND C. P. R. TERMINUS, TORONTO.

to give high rank to the university in which he was a professor.

The great English preacher, Rev. William Morley Punshon, resided in Toronto for five years, 1868 to 1873. His remarkable oratorical powers made him a universal favorite in Canada and the United States.

One of the few statues yet erected to the memory of distinguished Canadians stands in front of the Parliament Buildings, in Toronto, in honour of the memory of Hon. George Brown, who for many years was one of the most prominent Canadian statesmen. Although he was during the greater part of his life opposed to the policy of Sir John Macdonald, he was so truly patriotic as to unite cordially with the "Father of his Country" in securing the Act of Confederation, which laid the foundation for the Dominion of Canada.

Sir Oliver Mowat, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario,

has been one of Toronto's most prominent men for about sixty years, first as a lawyer and a judge, then for nearly a quarter of a century as the head of the government, and afterwards as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

The most widely known citizen of Toronto is undoubtedly Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has lived in Toronto for nearly thirty years. For half a century he has been recognized as an authority on historical, literary and educational questions. He was chosen as the most capable man to fill the position of professor of modern history in the University of Oxford in 1858, and performed his duties with marked ability until 1866, when he resigned his professorship, owing to an accident to his father. In 1861 he accepted the chair of English and constitutional history in Cornell University. He has resided in Toronto since 1871.



ON TORONTO BAY.

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN,

SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., (LIT.D., LAVAL).



HE author of the "Constitutional History of Canada" is one of our most distinguished writers. He was born, 1837, as far down east as we can get in Canada, in the ancient town of Sydney, Cape Breton, former capital of that island. Cape Breton reaches far out into the ocean, as if to welcome the transatlantic visitor. It was in all probability the first landfall of Cabot, the discoverer of the mainland of this continent.* It will probably be the Canadian landing of the ocean ferry of the future. We have in Cape Breton a fine example of social stratification, a Scottish overlying an earlier French civilization. Many of the older people speak only Gaelic, and the preaching is often in that language.

We judge from the name that Sir John Bourinot is of French, probably Huguenot, origin, for his father, the late Senator Bourinot, was a native of the island of Jersey. Sir John is a grandson of Judge Marshall, who was descended from a U. E. Loyalist family from the colony of Georgia. We remember calling some years ago upon Sir John Bourinot at his ancestral home, the charming mansion of Senator Bourinot, who was for many years French Consul in the port.

* In honour of this event the Royal Society of Canada held its annual session in the city of Halifax, June 21st to 26th, 1897. A brass tablet commemorating Cabot's discovery was placed with due ceremony in the legislative building, the oldest structure of the kind, in the oldest maritime city first seen by the famous navigator. There were present representatives of the Corporation of the City of Bristol, from which Cabot sailed; and from the city of Venice, from which he originally came.

The little tree-shaded dock was kept with real man-o'-war neatness. There used to be almost always a French frigate on the station, and the military music and stately etiquette gave quite an air of the olden time to society. The delightfully quaint and quiet streets of the old town are now animated by the influx of life and business consequent upon the new iron industries, which promise to make it one of the great iron marts of the world.

A few miles distant is the site of the once famous fortress of Louisbourg, in the eighteenth century the strongest in the world, the Dunkirk of America. Here James Wolfe exhibited his skill and prowess in the reduction of this great fortress, constructed at such a cost, and assailed and defended with such valour. After the siege of 1758 the fortress was destroyed by the order of the British Government. Where giant navies rode, and earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, today the peaceful waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small town and a few grass-covered mounds mark the grave of so much military pomp, and power, and glory. Young Bourinot must often have wandered over these ruined ramparts, and doubtless the environment of his early days cultivated the historical imagination and inspired the studies of his riper years. He has written a beautiful memorial of his native island in his volume on "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Regime."

What was then Western, but is now Central, Canada can claim an important part in the intellectual development of this distinguished writer. He received his collegiate training at Trinity University, Toronto. He was an enthusiastic and successful student, and won the



John Bourinot

From Sir John Bourinot's "Canada Under British Rule," by the
courtesy of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

n and other scholarships
inity. He has ever been
e most devoted and filial
s Alma Mater.

lied law as a profession ;
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he adopted journalism in
manhood. He had much
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erature on the public press
to, Boston, and Halifax.
ter city he was for some
or and proprietor of the
a widely circulated even-
which we remember read-
much pleasure under his
ation.

great many of our kinsfolk
, he was summoned to the
iere of the capital of the
, where in 1880 he became
the Canadian House of
. This position he has
distinction to himself and
e to the country to the pre-

the Royal Society of Can-
organized, 1882, by the
-General, the Marquis of
w the Duke of Argyll, Dr.
became its first Honorary
. This position he has
r since with the exception
ar 1892, when he was for
s president. He has also
r many years "The Pro-
and Transactions" of the
nd to his admirable literary
ey largely owe their suc-
the appreciation in which
held in the learned centres
orld.

o, in recognition of his
shed services to the Crown
erature, Dr. Bourinot was
with the Companionship of
r of St. Michael and St.
and in 1898 that of K.C.
r John is an honorary mem-
ny learned societie-, among
the American Antiquarian

He is also a member of
cil of the American Acad-
olitical Science, and honor-

ary fellow of the Royal Colonial
Institute and of other learned bodies
in the United States and Europe.

It is not true in the case of this
distinguished writer that "a pro-
phet is not without honour save
in his own country." Sir John
Bourinot has obtained wide and
cordial recognition in the Dominion
as well as abroad, and has received
honorary degrees from the majority
of Canadian Universities, including
that of the ancient university of
Laval, Quebec. He is, moreover,
a member of the Council, and is
examiner in constitutional history
and law of Trinity University.

His published books make quite
a long list. Among the more pro-
minent are the following: "Manual
of Constitutional History of Can-
ada," now in its third edition, and
"Parliamentary Procedure and Gov-
ernment of Canada." This is a
large and costly quarto volume of
over a thousand pages, and the fact
that it is now going to its third edi-
tion is a proof of its unique value
throughout the Empire. The pre-
sent speaker of the House of Repre-
sentatives at Washington has justly
spoken of it as "one of the most
important contributions ever made
to the science of politics."

"The Builders of Nova Scotia"
comprises the results of the studies
and investigations of years. It pays
a generous tribute to those men who
laid broad and deep the foundations
of British institutions in that pro-
vince. It records the heroism and
fidelity of the United Empire Loyal-
ists, who for love of the old flag
under which they were born left
their homes in the revolted colonies
for the faithful northern province.
It records with appreciation the
establishment of the great Churches
which gave the sanctions and safe-
guards of religion to the secular
country. It recites many genial
reminiscences of eminent Nova Sco-
tians for over forty years.

"We may fairly estimate,"

Sir John Bourinot, "that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women, and children were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world." Of this number between thirty and forty thousand people came to the provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The British Parliament voted them an allowance of nearly sixteen million dollars, besides considerable annuities, land grants and the like.

Sir John Bourinot well remarks :

"Canada can never be a nation until the peoples, who live either by the sea, or in the valley of the Saint Lawrence, or by the great lakes, or on the western prairies, or on the Pacific slope, take a common interest and pride in each other's history and in the achievements of the men who reflect lustre on the respective provinces that make up the federation to the north of the Ambitious Republic."

Through the courtesy of Sir John Bourinot we are permitted to print in early numbers of this Magazine the substance of this valuable contribution to the history of our country.

Our readers will, we are sure, remember with much pleasure the

series of admirable articles by Sir John Bourinot on "Canada During the Victorian Era," which ran through this Magazine during the first half of the year 1900. Other volumes by Sir John Bourinot are the following: "Cape Breton and its Memorials of the French Regime;" "Federal Government in Canada;" "The Story of Canada;" "Canada Under British Rule," both of the latter having been widely read and eulogized. He is also a contributor to the *Forum*, the *Quarterly Review*, and other leading reviews and periodicals in Europe and America, and receives the highest value for all his essays and books.

Not the least important literary service rendered his country by Sir John Bourinot has been that of his honorary secretariat of the Royal Society. His tact, ability, and unwearied industry in conducting the multifarious duties of his office, as well as editing the bulkier of its Transactions, are beyond all praise. No one has been a more copious contributor to these Transactions than himself, indeed, not a few of his large and important works are expansions and developments of papers so contributed.

A BALLADE OF BURDEN.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Our necks are bowed beneath the yoke,
Our slow feet stumble o'er the road;
Grim fear stalks by us from dawn till dark,
The fear of the merciless whip and goad.
Comrades we, in the day's dull round
Of light refreshment and lengthy fast;
Upheld alone by one sure hope,
The hope of the rest that must come at last.

The fierce rain cuts, and the red sun burns,
Faint are our bodies, and heavy the load;
The seared skin shrinks from the fly's light touch,
Yet ever behind are the whip and goad.
Is it hours or years since the day began?
Since the brief sweet moments of night
flashed past?
We are strong in the hope that will not fail,
The hope of the rest that must come at last.

The children of men are hard of heart,
Recking nought of the toilsome road;
Though sore feet stumble, and galled necks
droop,
They spare not the merciless whip and
goad,
Is there never a heart that is moved to see
Our lives of labour, and pain, and fast?
Ay, there is One who in mercy sends
The long, long rest that must come at
last.

L'ENVOI.

The age-long hours, the endless road,
The fear of the merciless whip and goad,
All the horrors of life will be over and past,
When we find the rest that *must* come at
last.

—M. D., in Temple Bar.



METHODISM AND CITY MISSION WORK.

BY THE REV. T. E. E. SHORE, M.A., B.D.,
Superintendent of the Fred Victor Mission, Toronto.

IT is important to emphasize at the outset the meaning of city mission work, which is different from, though analogous to, church extension work.

The two problems overlap each other, but one centres in the denominational idea, and the other does not. The success of city mission work largely depends upon keeping denominationalism in the background.

The great majority of the mass of non-churchgoing people, however unchristianized they may be, are nevertheless possessed of denominational prejudices themselves, and any approach to them on any denominational ground other than their own would be a failure. Methodism would thus be limited in its mission work chiefly to those of Methodist predilection. But if we leave behind our religious prejudices and our denominational creeds, and approach the unreached masses with a strong realization of the Fatherhood of God, and an intense consciousness of the brotherhood of man, and with a broad evangelical conception of salvation in Christ, then the field is unlimited, and all classes and conditions of men will respond to the call in the Master's name.

This does not mean, however, that Methodism as a denomination is incapable of doing effective mission work along broad evangelical lines. A good example to the contrary is that of our own city mission work in this city, where twenty

Methodist churches are co-operating in a mission that includes people of almost all religious persuasions. The Methodist auspices under which the work is carried on is never magnified, and not a few of the regular adherents of the services are quite unaware that it is a Methodist mission at all. We have converts identified with our work that are now, and continue to be, members of the Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and other Churches, and they do not now know to what Church each other belongs.

It is certain, however, that Methodism's denominational gain is greater in this way than it ever could be by pursuing a narrow policy confined solely to church extension, and to reaching out for those only whom she can gather within her own fold. But, were it not so, it would nevertheless be incumbent upon her as a church, to put forth self-sacrificing efforts for the salvation of the lost, and for the evangelization of the churchless crowds that throng the down-town centres of city life.

This was once Methodism's peculiar work. In Wesley's day, Methodism was almost alone in her aggressive efforts to evangelize the masses. But now, happily, other Churches are side by side with us in the progressive work of city evangelization. In England and in the United States it is a question whether the Episcopalian or our own Church takes the lead in this mission work; and the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches are not far behind. So Methodism has no monopoly of this



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Christly task. But it is encouraging to see the progress made during ten years of organization by the National City Evangelization League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which now has over fifty branches in the different cities of the United States, all doing aggressive work along various lines of city evangelization. The success that has attended the work of the West London Mission, and the impetus it has given to Wesleyan Methodism in England, is familiar to many. The

results accomplished by our own Fred Victor Mission in this city are no cause for shame.

But the work is not yet done. Our cities are not yet evangelized. The masses are still outside the church. Indeed, the non-church-going populations of the cities seems to growing faster than the church-going population. During the past ten years the city of Toronto has increased by forty thousand in population, while it is to be feared that our church attendance

increased very little, if any, during the same period. To-day the population of Toronto is about 1,000,000. There are 200 churches and missions of all denominations. Average attendance is not likely to be more than 100,000 at these 200 churches of worship. From this comparison, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that, of the remaining 900,000, upwards of 50,000 or 60,000 people in this city are non-church-goers. This supposition is not only not out of harmony with the impressions that come to one who observes the conditions that obtain, especially in the crowded districts, among the poor, as well as the immense numbers of young men and others that prefer the city to some other place to the country. The tendency of the past century has undoubtedly been to increase the number of the unchurched, and tendencies are pro-

gressing. In the meantime, cities are growing larger all the time. The nineteenth century has witnessed a tremendous development of city population, through the increase of manufacturing industries, the application of machinery to agriculture and the facilities of transportation. The twentieth century will see this development greatly multiplied. While the cities are growing, the population is growing in two directions. Mighty forces are at work, which might be termed the centrifugal and the centripetal forces, and which are tending to disperse the population into the suburban parts, and to concentrate the poorer classes in the crowded centres of the downtown districts. The inevitable slum becomes established in every city of considerable size. It comes to stay. It is there to

It is there to gather into its fold the wrongs and wretchednesses of the submerged masses of the city. It collects into a con-

gested centre of ignorance, sin and misery the poor, the outcast, and the degenerate of city life. These crowded districts constitute special fields for city mission work. They might be termed mission areas. The churches fail to reach them through their ordinary means of religious work, and even where churches are actually situated in these districts they are unable to do effective work among the poor, unless they become mission churches.

Mission work among the poor must always be characterized by direct evangelical efforts for the salvation of the lost, together with what is known as institutional work. The institutional work should bear chiefly upon the home life, and upon the education of the children along lines of equipment for life's industry and toil. The home-life is benefited by mothers' meetings. Girls are prepared for life's duties by training in kitchen garden, sewing school, and cooking school, and receive social culture as well as needed recreation by means of girls' clubs. Boys also should have clubs and gymnasiums conducted under Christian control, and may be made industrious as well as efficient by instruction in manual training schools. A savings bank is also a necessary adjunct to every well organized mission or mission church. Apart from all theory, it is the experience of successful mission workers here and in the United States, that institutional work is the only effective plan by which the spiritual and evangelical work among the poor can be strengthened and maintained.

In mission work as in church work, the best results are reached among the children; and if the family is the unit of society, then the nearer we can get to the cradle in our mission work the sooner we can save the home and save society. It is always easier to form character

than to reform it. Our own mission so much appreciates the value of work among the children of the poor, that, besides a large corps of volunteer workers, we have two trained deaconesses who give all their time to the cultivation of Christian character among the children, and recently we have appointed a paid assistant superintendent of the mission, whose first duty shall be to supervise children's work.

But the work among the adult poor and the matured sinners cannot be overlooked, for the lives of such form the environment which counts for so much in the destiny of the young associated with them in the home. Accordingly every means that is calculated to promote industry, sobriety, and a living Christian faith and experience, must be aggressively used.

Toward this end, experience in mission work teaches that nothing is so essential to social redemption as individual regeneration. Salvation is the real and radical cure for the social ills of our times. It changes men. It breaks the fetters of evil habits, and takes away the appetite for sin. It awakens hope in the poor man's heart, and quickens his energy, and stimulates a desire for work. It gives him a concern for the care of his family, and occupies his thought and time with noble desires and divine purposes, and sends him forth into the world, not a slave to appetite and despair, but a leader of his fellow men to joyful service for humanity and to a holy delight in the things of God. It is a blessed thing that the simple gospel has not lost its olden power and that when the compassionate Saviour of men speaks through the lips of the evangelistic preacher among the poor or through the testimony of sinners saved by grace, the common people still hear him gladly.

There is no difficulty in getting

good congregations in the missions, and the early Methodist method of meeting in the houses of the people, especially among the unconverted, is a most effectual way of reaching the poor. We have found the organization of small bands among the people themselves, composed of from six to ten members each, and every member burdened with the responsibility of the salvation of at least one soul, a great power in mission work. It is said that if every Christian in the world would lead one soul to Christ each year, and each new convert similarly another soul, the whole world would be Christianized within seven years. What a responsibility this places upon personal work! It is to be feared that many churches are dying for lack of individual activity, and if missions are to grow it must be not only by the help and leadership of volunteer workers from the churches, but also through the multiplying medium of individual effort by the converts of mission work themselves.

The men problem is a serious one with missions as with churches, but we believe that its solution lies in the adoption and working out of the principle of men for men in individual work, and by banding together for mutual encouragement and enlarging results. We have seen men converted and leading others to Christ in a few weeks, by this method, who had attended services for years and were never moved to decision in the larger meetings of the crowd.

This work may be done and ought to be done by all the churches where there are any unreached poor or non-churchgoing people in the community. It is not necessary to erect mission buildings in order to do mission work. Cottage meetings can be held. Bands may be organized. The one-by-one principle of individual effort ought to be established in every evangelical church.

Why should not our church classes be organized along these lines of multiplying activity? Ought not all our Epworth Leagues be led out in a movement of evangelistic and aggressive work such as this. Methodism can evangelize every neglected part of such a city as Toronto in a very short time if she sets herself rightly to the task, and what Methodism can do she ought to do.

There are many other phases of and spheres for city mission work, besides that which we have now treated at some length in our consideration of the families of the slum and the homes of the poor. There is the homeless men problem. This is one of the most difficult phases of mission work. Two general principles must, however, be thoroughly established, viz.; We must avoid pauperizing the man, and we must seek to save him. House to house begging should be utterly and always discountenanced. The indiscriminate giving of lodging-house tickets to tramps and habitual drunkards should be discouraged. Suitable and sanitary lodging-houses, with labour tests of various kinds attached to them, ought to be established under civic or Christian auspices. But above all, the vilest drunkard and the most abandoned man should be welcome in mission or church, and made to feel that there is pardon for the sinner through the Saviour's love, and power in the grace of God to lift up the fallen and to save the lost.

If free suppers will draw them to the mission, then such hospitality is but a slight symbol of the Master's love, who would invite those in the highways and the hedges to His banquet table. If an hour spent alone in close contact and in Christ-like sympathy with one of them, or an earnest prayer offered on his behalf, will win him to goodness and to God, then we ought to remember that our Lord emptied Himself of

His glory and made Himself of no reputation on our behalf, and had fellowship with publicans and sinners in His day. One is easily discouraged and often deceived in such work as this, but it is a good thing to be deceived by nineteen out of twenty, if need be, in order to pluck but one brand from the burning and snatch but one soul from the mouth of hell.

Another important phase of city mission work brings us into the rescue home, which seeks, from the standpoint of Christian charity, to solve the problem of the social evil by the same evangelical means of salvation that is brought to bear upon evil habits and sins of other forms. Christ's attitude to this serious question is the only satisfactory and saving one for the Church to take. We must remember that God does not classify sin in the merciful provisions of His grace, but "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The same spirit of loving sympathy that filled our Saviour's heart and life with tender compassion for the outcast and fallen should inspire the Church toward the betrayed and the unfortunate with kindness and care. Let us beware lest at any time, in neglecting those who have been robbed of virtue and of hope, we receive the condemnation meted out by the Master upon the two pharisaical representatives of Jerusalem's ecclesiastical preferment who "passed by on the other side," while the good Samaritan received commendation because he helped a fallen man, though a Jew, in his dying distress. This was but a counterpart of the kindness which the good Jew, Christ Jesus, accorded to the woman of Samaria as He sat by the well of Sychar, and by His goodness and love unsealed in her soul a well of water, pure and grateful, springing up into ever-

lasting life. So it must be to-day. Jesus, who said to the woman taken in adultery, when He had seen the shame of her confusion and the repentance of her heart, "Neither do I condemn thee," will not utter criticism nor scorn through His followers to-day. Ah, no! there is a better way which, if we follow, will give peace and purity to the troubled and tempted lives, and bring us into touch with the throbbing heart of God. We have seen fallen girls in the rescue home wetting the Saviour's feet afresh, as it were, with their tears of gratitude and hope, and wiping them with the hair of their heads by willing service in His cause.

Rescue mission work calls for heroic sacrifice and loving service, but none is more Christlike, and none will bring sweeter joy than this to those zealously engaged in it, when they see the fruit of their labour and love in the changed lives of the fallen.

The organization of a rescue branch of our mission, and the establishment of a rescue home under the charge of two devoted deaconesses, have in less than a year proved the efficacy of such work among the unfortunate girls of the streets and the fallen women of our city.

City mission work ought to include vigorous efforts within two other spheres. One of these has been pretty well occupied, though not always effectively worked, namely, mission work in prisons and hospitals. The other has scarcely been entered, save by a few lone Salvation Army sellers of the *War Cry*, namely, the city saloons. This paper cannot do more than draw attention to the necessity of such work. Our Saviour's warning in regard to the former ought at least to have some meaning for us: "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye ~~did~~ it not unto one of the least of

these, ye did it not to me." The solemn words of doom pronounced upon the faithless and remiss in Christian duty, "These shall go away into eternal punishment," have a deep and awful significance.

It is a question whether Methodism's duty to the sick can be satisfied even by a hospital chaplain: that visits in rotation those that are registered as Methodist patients in the wards. It would not be an impossible thing to have a cheerful, evangelistic service once a week in every ward of considerable size in all the hospitals of the city, if young people's societies and others were organized under proper superintendency along these lines.

It is doubtful, also, whether Methodism's full duty is discharged to those incarcerated in our gaols and prisons, by leaving all concern for their spiritual welfare to individual workers or philanthropic organizations, or general committees that are in no way in touch with the latent usefulness and adaptations of our Church, for reaching the unconverted and proclaiming a simple gospel of saving grace.

But the work in saloons we have not touched at all as yet. How few ministers have ever been inside a saloon to invite the bartender to church, or have even considered whether he has a soul to save. Our business and theirs are opposites; and it is difficult to say who regards the other with greater suspicion and fear, preacher or publican. Nevertheless, if we are followers of Wesley, they are part of our parish, and the scriptural injunction, "Love your enemies," applies to them as truly as to any others.

Saloon keepers and saloon frequenters need to be saved from sin, as much as any other class of men, and they are among the "all creatures" to whom Christ commissioned His disciples to preach the gospel. It will be found, moreover, that they will generally receive the

Christian man who comes to them in the spirit of frank kindness and honest helpfulness, in as gracious a manner as that in which they are approached. In some cases, impromptu services might be allowed in the saloon or sitting-room, and in others a little personal conversation will be found to do much good. Would not thus working from within do at least as much good in the matter of solving the liquor problem as hammering denunciation and smashing opposition from without? At least we must admit that while as citizens we should not abate our efforts for the overthrow of the liquor traffic, yet as Christians we must not forget that our mission is to save the lost tavern-keeper, as well as the lost drunkard.

The next phase of city mission work takes us into the sphere of another class of the non-churchgoing and unevangelized portion of the city population quite distinct from any of those already dealt with. This class includes the worldly young men of well-to-do circumstances, whose religion is social pleasure and whose church is the club. The "church and young men" problem is one that does not wholly come within the range of our paper, but it is closely related to it on what may be termed the higher social plane.

It was recently urged by a gentleman of considerable wealth and of high social position, and a prominent layman in the Methodist Church in this city, that the most needed kind of mission work to-day is one among the rich. For various reasons many of these are dropping away from the Church. This is so to an alarming extent among young men of wealthy families. A young man from one of our largest and wealthiest Methodist churches in this city stated, a few months ago, that the sons of the officials of that

church were conspicuous by their absence from all church affairs.

These fashionable young men of the world are not likely to be missioned by the same method that is effective among the poor. But the principle that underlies both is practically the same, namely, taking Christianity to them. Where are they? They are at the theatre and in the club. It is not the purpose of this paper to defend the theatre, nor to support the club. But we must find and face the forces that lay hold upon young men's hearts.

We must meet young men as any other class that we have to deal with, along the lines of least resistance. We must take for granted the social nature of young men. We must recognize that young men do and will seek recreation. We cannot here discuss whether the Church should supply the opportunities for these things or not. My own opinion is that the Church cannot hope, nor should she desire, to compete with the world along lines of recreation and social enjoyment, for the worldly young man's favour. But the Church ought to make provision for the social needs of young men within her walls if she is going to save them from satisfying their nature's requirements in places of worldly influence and amid associations of sin.

This is an important distinction that might be developed more fully if space or time permitted. But what of the young men not within her walls? What of those who never go to church? I have said that the Church cannot compete with the world in matters of entertainment and recreation. Nevertheless she dare not abandon these young men to the world, the flesh, and the devil. She cannot get them into her services. Then she must find them where they are, and bring her services to them. Ought not our ministers to know more of what

on in clubs, and of who are there? Could we not come into touch with the young men of the world individually, and impress upon them, by our own personality the manliness of Christ?

Is it out of the question to consider club services at other than church hours, in the parlours of some of the largest clubs in the city. These services would have to be dignified and unobtrusive under the auspices of the clubs themselves and with choice music and singing and good short addresses to men.

Then what of the theatre public? Mark, I do not ask, What of the theatre, but what of the theatre public, or at least that part of the public who are theatre-goers, but not church-goers? What of the men and women of the stage? Have they souls? Do they need the gospel? Can we give it to them? Is it possible to reach them as a class? Whether possible or not, ought we to try to preach the gospel to them also? Are they among the "all creatures" of whom Christ speaks?

My attention was called some time ago to an organization called the Actors' Church Alliance, founded, I believe, by Rev. Mr. Bentley, of New York. It is simply an effort to bring the good influences of the Church to bear upon actors individually. Any minister can join this Alliance, and by sending his card or church notice, with the seal of the Alliance printed on it, to any actors transiently in the city, can thus very often secure the attendance at his church services of these people, who would otherwise scarcely come at all.

But even if anything could be accomplished for the actors along this line, still the question remains, Can anything be done to reach the non-churchgoing theatre public? I took the liberty of corresponding with Rev. Mr. Bentley upon this point, suggesting the question of a

weekly or monthly service held in the leading opera house on Sunday evenings at about 8.30 o'clock. In his reply he said: "A service in the opera house would be a good thing for everybody, as well as actors. I believe in theatre services for the non-churchgoers. That is the only way to get at them in large numbers."

In these days of much talk about the redemption of the stage, it is important to remember that such a transformation as may be satisfactory involves the redemption of actors, the redemption of theatre managers, and the redemption of the public sentiment of those who patronize the theatres. Is there any way in which this much to be desired result can be attained so readily as by the regenerating power of gospel services, such as might be held in theatres on Sunday nights?

There is one more sphere that is open for city mission work, and that is the summer crowds. These are to be found only in two places in the city, namely, the streets and the parks. They are certainly not to be found in the churches. All pastors have distressing memories of discouragingly small congregations in the summer time. Yet this need not be so. Mr. Moody prophesied that the next generation would, in the erection of new churches, provide for roof-garden services. Why should they not? [This is already done in the new Lyceum Mission, London.—Ed.] Some churches would not even need to go to this expense. Wherever there are vacant grounds around or nearby a church, such grounds might be utilized to great advantage for church services on Sunday and week evenings during the summer. Thus, instead of sweltering in a close church, and preaching to a paltry hundred or so, pastors might be thrilling thousands in the open air, even as Whitefield and Wesley did in the early days of Methodism.

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respect. Its out-door meetings
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to the real meeting in the barracks.

• What we want is something quite
different; not scrappy, irregular
meetings, but open-air services con-
ducted with care, complete in every
respect, with the best kind of music
and singing, and the best evangel-
istic preaching. The great sermon
of St. Paul on Mars Hill at Athens
was an open-air sermon, but it was
a masterpiece. Wesley and White-
field did not utter vious platitudes
in the open air, and emit a little
goody-goody talk. They had genu-
ine services, and gave straight-
forward discourses, and such power
rested upon their appeals to the in-
telligence and to conscience, that
hearts were swayed and souls were
saved, as the people listened some-
times for hours to these mighty men
of God.

Our Lord preached the most ex-
quisite of his parables and dis-
courses in the open air. The Ser-
mon on the Mount was an open-air
sermon of peerless power. These
examples exalt the whole character
of open-air services, and incite us
to a noble work which ought to
command the earnest attention of
our Church. Wesley said that noth-
ing would save Methodism but
what he called "field-preaching;"
and it is certain now that Method-
ism cannot save the masses that
throng our streets in summer with-
out open-air services.

Another aspect of the same prob-
lem arises in connection with the
crowds that throng our parks dur-
ing the summer months. Park
preaching was prohibited in our
city a few years ago, owing to the
nuisance created by heated de-
bates and quarrelsome discussions
brought on and fomented by ir-
responsible speakers. But it might
still be possible to secure the C

Council's consent to reputable services in the park pavilions, or in tents erected inside or nearby the parks. These places are thronged with people during Sunday afternoons and evenings in the summer. It becomes a serious question whether the opportunity afforded of preaching the gospel to these thousands of people ought not to be seized by the Church.

Let it be understood that this paper does not propose that what has been suggested should be made a programme of city mission work to be carried out by any one organization or body of workers. We have but endeavoured to bring into view various spheres of need and opportunity among the unreached majority, and have sought to show that these present an open field for Methodism to fulfil her mission as an aggressive evangelistic force and a missionary Church.

It is not a work that can be relegated to a few. The responsibility rests upon all. Much depends upon individual effort on the part of pastors and church members. Every encouragement should be given to all organized efforts to accomplish something in any of these various directions, such as Fred Victor Mission is doing among the poor. There is room for Methodism to show her connexional spirit in this work as much as anywhere. The greatest problem of the world is the problem of the city. The best solution that the Church can offer is city evangelization. Methodism has always claimed, and rightly so, to be a great evangelism. Methodism should therefore lead in the work of evangelizing the unreached masses, and in the onward movement of capturing the cities for Christ.

“HIS GREAT LOVE.”

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There waits for me a mansion, glorious bright,
In a far land where ne'er is grief nor night,
But where, through endless rounds of happy days,
From care freed hearts rise joyous songs of praise.

I have a Friend in that glad world above,
A Friend who loves me with unequalled love;
'Tis He who makes my home so wondrous fair,
And His dear voice will bid me welcome there.

My Friend is Sovereign of the blissful land
Within whose bounds my beauteous home doth stand;
Yet once He laid His royal sceptre down,
And, for my sake, put off His kingly crown.

So from the heavenward road I need not stray,
To earth He came, and marked life's tortuous way
With His own footprints: then through death's black vale
Unshrinking passed—and lo! all sweetly pale.

There rose, amid its shades, a tender light,
As though a lily blossomed in the night,
That, when the darksome valley I must tread,
A silvery gleam may o'er my pathway spread.

Throned now again o'er all the realm of day—
Heaven's angel hosts His lightest word obey;
But on His throne He still remembers me—
And through eternal years my Friend will be.

O Saviour-King! Friend of the matchless love!
When glad I enter to my home above—
Earth's sorrows ended and its darkness o'er—
How shall my songful heart Thy praise outpour!

Toronto.

HAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?"

BY ISABELLE HORTON,*

Assistant Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

GOD once called an old man to a great work. An enslaved people were to be led out of bondage and educated in the use of their liberty.

pleaded that the burden be laid upon younger men. God said to him, "What is that in thine hand?" It was an oaken staff, that perennial companion in his journeyings, that upon which he leaned as he traversed the wilderness which had steadied him when he climbed the steep slopes of the Sinai; but God laid His hand upon it, and it became a thing of power, to strike terror into the hearts of the Egyptians, to turn the Nile to blood, to make a path through the sea, and to bring forth from the heart of the wilderness a new people.

God calls upon His people to do His great work. Millions of men have gone astray; men have been in a cruel bondage to sin, to social wrongs. They walk the same streets with us, they breathe the same air, but between them and us is a great gulf. Their feet are entangled in sin, and they cannot pass over. God calls His Church of the twentieth century to take the burden of the world, the imperative, insistent.

the substance of an address given at the commencement exercises of the Deaconess Training Institute, Chicago, May 10th, 1901. Miss Horton has large experience in deaconess

No other problem of the age is so important, because it combines all other problems. Its weight of woe and sin might cause the strong heart of youth to falter, and the Church is no longer young. It has gained in wealth and wisdom and culture, but it has lost something in fire and force. It no longer courts danger and prays for hard things to conquer. The Wesleys and the Whitefields have gone to rest. The Church has put on its dressing-gown and slippers; it loves its study fire, its books and its telescopes. It is saying perhaps that the age of brawn has given place to the age of brain. But this must not be. New dangers bring new calls to valour, to sacrifice, and to self-abnegation. There is no discharge in this war. But well may the Church falter as it sees the tide of population sweeping toward the great cities and say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Perhaps God answers, as He did to Moses of old, "What is that in thine hand?" The womanhood of the Church has been its staff and support through all its history. It may be now that God's hand is to be laid upon it that it may become an aggressive instrument, a wand of power, and that womanhood, Christ-crowned and God-inspired, will come to the help of the Church in this crisis, and that the cities shall be won for Christ.

Bishop Merrill speaks of the history of the Church in epochs or eras. First, he says, there was the revival epoch, when the fires of conversion swept over the land; then there came the epoch of organiza-



MISS ISABELLE HORTON,
Assistant Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

tion, when the machinery by which our Church is managed was created and the discipline framed; then there was the theological epoch, when the deeper truths upon which our faith rests were studied and collaborated; now, he says, we are entering into an age of charities and benevolences.

But there are some things the good bishop did not say. He did not say that while the Church was spending itself upon theologies the

common people have drifted away from its influence. They do not greatly care about these things. The evils of this present life press down upon them, and the call to a higher life must appeal to their felt needs—must reach them where they live. Neither did the bishop say that women who do not themselves excel in theology, neither are much troubled about questions of Church discipline—as they generally do about as they please—may

are the special qualities that are needed for meeting this crisis.

Do not remember to have ever seen two women sit down to discuss the difference between preparation and fore-ordination, nor to draw the line between sanctification and perfect love; but start a fair for the purpose of furnishing flannels for the little heads of Africa, and every woman in the church is ready to work her way to the bone. Women as a rule have the social tact and the sympathy with suffering which is necessary in carrying on enterprises for the relief of the needy. They possess also another quality which is either good or bad as it is applied to worthy or unworthy work. It is what Victor Hugo has in his description of a French woman: "a sublime capacity for flinging herself away." This tendency towards self-martyrdom, which is not rival minds or low aims may be not only silly or disagreeable, but also, if over against the world's need, may bring her in line with the world's great martyrs. It is not possible that a woman has to go to the kingdom for such a sacrifice as this?

While God has doubtless a special work for the womanhood of the church as a whole, He is also calling for some now, as in the early days, to special service. There is much to be done that women who are chiefly engrossed in social and domestic cares cannot do it all, and they must have His deaconesses, missionaries and special workers along many lines.

It may be of interest to know what kind of women He needs for work, who they are that will readily hear His call, how they shall be trained and how they shall be used in the work.

First, there are some He will not call for if He should, they will not readily to answer, and they are the idle and frivolous women. The

aimless, butterfly lives that some women lead is a sadder sight than the famine-pinched faces we see in the city street, for these may mean only a starving body, but those are a starving soul. For the soul, like the body, must live by what it feeds upon. Some one has said rather smartly that there are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business; the first is that they have no business, and the second that they have no mind. He might also have said that if they begin with no business they will end with no mind. There is nothing so fatal to spiritual and intellectual health as idleness. And yet I do not suppose there are any women who will admit that they are idle.

I remember, as a Michigan school-ma'am, a certain woman who lived quite by herself. She had neither chick nor child, nor cat nor parrot, to share her interests, and yet she used frequently to insist that she was quite "too busy" to assist in church work because, as she explained, she had all the coal to bring in and the fires and everything to look after with her one pair of hands,—there was nobody to help her. Since then I have never expected to find a woman who was not busy. But perhaps it may be well for us to ask ourselves with what are we busy. My mother once called my little brother to do some errand for her, and he answered, "I can't come; I'm too busy." He was fishing in a bowl of water with a bent pin for a hook for some minnows that had been caught once. Perhaps some of us may answer to our Heavenly Father's call, "I can't come; I'm too busy," when we are only fishing in very shallow waters for social minnows.

It is not always the fault of women that their lives revolve in such a narrow circle. I believe in women. I have known many well

and a few intimately, and almost without exception I have found them to be self-sacrificing and pure and true in their aspirations. The trouble is we are so easily satisfied with little things, and foolish things, and unnecessary things. We spend hours in crocheting lace that could be easily duplicated for ten cents a yard, and making impossible sofa-pillows, or reading novels that require no more effort than to swing backward and forward in a rocking-chair. Surely it is not from such as these that God will find His special workers. I would have every woman trained to sew, to cook, to keep accounts, to teach, to nurse the sick, to do something, be it ever so humble, by which the world may be made brighter, or wiser, or better.

But what of that other evil so omnipresent that our whole life from cradle to grave must be a warfare against it? If idleness and frivolity starve the soul, selfishness poisons the very springs of life. Warriner says, "There is not a word of evil import in human speech that is not the expression of selfishness, nor an evil thought, impulse or desire that is not inspired thereby. Hence our only possible salvation is the extermination of selfishness, for it is manifestly impossible that a selfish person should be admitted into the Kingdom of God, or that the Kingdom of God should be introduced into this world except to the degree to which we exterminate selfishness."

Long ago I read a strange, weird story of a beautiful woman who from her childhood had fed upon a certain subtle poison. Beginning with a small potion, her system had gradually adapted itself to the strange diet, and she maintained an unnatural exotic life, supported by the deadly drug that would have been instant death to one not accustomed to its effects. But the penalty of her thus setting at defi-

ance the laws of nature was that she became herself a poison. She lived in a palace inlaid with gems where silken draperies were stirred by perfumed airs, but to every one who entered her enchanted presence came a deadly faintness. Her hand was fair and white, but the fingers yielded to her cold clasp became paralyzed with a strange numbness. Her breath was intoxication, her kiss was death.

Perhaps no tale of romance was ever spun that the spinner did not weave its fibre from some true experience of heart or brain. And this story, strange as it is, is but an embodiment of a spiritual truth. The influence of a character is a savour of life unto life or of death unto death, and of all soul poisons the most subtle, the most cold and deadly, is selfishness. We give it a hundred different names, it comes to us even in the guise of sweet charity itself. The best and purest life is scarcely free from its subtle influence. A life utterly selfish curses every other with which it comes in contact.

During the last few years I have studied one such life. When I first knew this woman she was a bride, beautiful and light-hearted and merry. She was not cruel, she was not false, she was not intentionally wicked, she was simply utterly selfish, possessed with the idea that all happiness and good fortune were hers by right, and that whatever troubles came on others she should have the best of everything and be always happy. In four years she became a widow. While on his death-bed her husband's ears were tortured by her fretful complaining, and the last words he heard from her on earth were, "Oh, what will become of me?" Later, when one of her children was taken from her, she said, "Oh, why could it not have been some one else?" She brooded over her grief, and nothing could rouse her to take the slightest

it in anything outside of her-
 and her own sorrows. Her
 revolved around this one
 until she became morbid,
 nsane, and still her cry was
 me. To a friend she said,
 ese troubles had come to you
 ld not have been so bad; you
 have borne them better, but
 ays wanted to be happy and
 life." I do not know one
 person in the world who can
 My life has been happier or
 for having known her." Her
 haired mother says, "She
 d me much sorrow, I could
 she had never been born."
 r, mother, husband, child,
 , every one who has come
 i the sphere of her influence
 elt its blighting touch and
 made unhappy in proportion
 e nearness of the tie that
 l them together. No sadder
 ation was ever given than her
 n, unhappy life, of the words
 : Master: "He that seeketh
 vn life shall lose it."
 : staff that Moses carried be-
 once a hissing serpent as well
 ower for good. It was never
 me simple, harmless, oaken
 gain. So either for good or
 il, when God speaks to us,
 lents that he gives become
 ; magical. When His call for
 l service comes our life will
 be lifted up to greater pow-
 d blessings, or there will be
 ng of the serpent, the poison
 verted blessings and lost op-
 ities.

ely it is not the selfish woman
 God can use for unselfish
 . And yet there are selfish
 i in Christian work. Strange
 ay seem, it is strangely and
 true that the very voice of
 re may be mistaken for the
 f God. There is so much of
 r surrounding the work of
 aconess and missionary in
 lays of hero-worship, and
 is so cheap, that self-love

itself may impel it to sacrifice and
 efforts that are very like real ser-
 vice. As Christian workers, we
 shall need to be very sure that we
 have some motive deeper and more
 enduring than the praise or honour
 of men to keep us to our post. This
 motive we can only find in a life
 fully consecrated to God, looking
 to Him, and to Him alone, for ap-
 probation.

There is also a certain joy and
 uplift that comes with the service
 itself, the outgoing pity of our
 hearts for the wretched and the
 fallen, the keen stimulus of the feel-
 ing that we are really doing good,
 but even this is not enough. One
 of the most trying experiences that
 comes to the Christian worker, and
 it must come to every worker
 sooner or later, is the disillusion-
 ment of all our cherished ideals.
 We find that those whom we have
 helped or would help, instead of
 being grateful and eager for up-
 lifting, would sometimes really
 rather be left alone in their filth and
 rags, or else that they are accepting
 our religion for the sake of the old
 clothes, or that they are deceiving
 us in some way or other. We shall
 find that even our fellow-labourers
 are very human, not at all the
 saints and martyrs that we deemed
 them, and our very souls recoil up-
 on themselves in discouragement
 and disappointment. Then, if it is
 upon these things that we have
 anchored our souls, there is no re-
 action from the depression that
 settles down upon us; but if we are
 resting our faith upon the perfect,
 powerful, never disappointing, di-
 vine man, Christ Jesus, if we are
 really serving for His sake and in
 His name, none of these things will
 move us.

But for efficient service some-
 thing more is needed than even a
 perfect motive. The deaconess
 must of necessity be a woman of
 ability. I am not satisfied with that
 word. If I were a Shakespeare I

would coin a word and say a woman of can-ness, a "canny" woman, just as king means, says Carlyle, the "canning man." Some one has said there are two kinds of people in the world, the lifters and the leaners; I should say there are the people who can and the people who can't. I need not say that the deaconess must be one of the people who can. She must be one upon whom other people may lean. Not one of those milk-and-water creatures who go about the world bewailing their own sorrows and calling people to come and sympathize. Least of all will she be one who speaks or even thinks of her present life as one of sacrifice; let others think what they will.

She need not necessarily be highly educated, though it would be better if she were; but I have known one worker, at least, who with very little education (but with this quality in abundance) is doing most efficient work. The deaconess should be a woman of magnificent health, but even this is secondary to the motive power for doing things. I can think of another who, in spite of almost constant physical pain and weakness, is a most tireless and efficient worker, accomplishing more than many another without these handicaps. The deaconess must be strong, resourceful, capable. We Yankees have summed it up in a word—she must have gumption.

I remember a few years ago when the United States was at war with Spain, and the call for volunteers came, I was not at first greatly disconcerted. I thought to myself, well, there are plenty of men in our cities just fit to stop a Spanish bullet. I can remember yet the thrill that came over me one day as I stopped a moment before a recruiting office where was posted the requirements for volunteers, and the thought came upon me for the first time that these were

not to be the riff-raff of our cities, but the youngest, the strongest, the perfectest specimens of manhood our country afforded, not those who could just as well be spared as not. And whenever during the course of the war some call came for an especially dangerous duty, some desperate venture that was almost certain death, it was still the best and the bravest who was wanted. So in the service of the King of kings the greater the sacrifice, the more trying the service, the stronger, the more capable, the more valuable must the woman be who undertakes it.

But, natural advantages being equal, God can best use the trained worker. We take our new dress to an experienced dressmaker, our gold watch to an expert jeweller, but not many years ago we did not fear to entrust the intellectual and moral training of our children to a girl just out of her teens, well versed, perhaps, in "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," but as ignorant of child-nature as she was of Sanscrit. Even now we are possessed with the idea that almost anybody who is good can teach a Sunday-school class, entrusting to unskilled hands those two things most full of divine mystery—the Bible and the heart of the child. But more and more are we coming to see that in these lines more than any other we need the expert, the specialist. The Christian worker should have at least a good working knowledge of the Book of books. She should know enough of it to realize that after all she knows but very little, and is willing to handle it reverently, and prayerfully, and cautiously.

The ignorance of the simplest truths of the Bible among the rising generation is simply appalling. Some have said this is a reading age; it is not that, it is rather a rushing age, and the Bible especially is not studied as it should be. We read the titles of a great many

n over the leaves, and
pages of the latest, glance
readings of the daily paper
comb our hair before
and perhaps imagine that
ell-read. Perhaps some
familiar with the experi-
ofessor of one of our col-
l a few years ago. He
ity-two quotations from
containing allusions from
to a class of thirty-four
and asked them to ex-
Biblical allusions. Of this
ixteen apparently knew
f Jacob's wrestling with
twenty-three had never
Joseph of Arimathea,
e were ignorant of the
of the Church upon
ck. These were not ig-
s, they were college stu-
l yet too ignorant of the
ad their Tennyson under-
t. The deaconess should
ugh of her Bible to be an
i to its further study;
I also know something of
oundation of authenticity
ch it rests—what Glad-
called "the impregnable
oly Scripture"—that she
le to meet the objections
eist and the free-thinker
"sweet reasonableness."
ed not dwell upon the
for Bible study in the
of the Christian worker.
ever disputed, and really
foundation of the work
training schools.
ould also have her train-
ce some studies in soci-
e have drawn such fool-
arbitrary lines between
and secular"; but just
udy of the Word of God
considered sacred, and
of the noblest work
should be considered
s more than I can
ome the study of man-
his domestic and social
not less sacred than the

study of the Bible. The deacon-
ess should be a student of human
nature and child nature especially,
and of all those conditions which
affect human life, favourably or
unfavourably. It would be as sen-
sible for a medical student to devote
himself to the study of drugs alone
to the exclusion of anatomy and
physiology, the clinic and the dis-
secting table, as for one who hopes
to minister to sick souls to study
her Bible and her theologies to the
exclusion of that human nature to
which she is to apply the healing
balm. I am a little dissatisfied
with our course of study in this
respect.

A good woman was once listening
to my account of some of the hor-
rible conditions to be found among
the poor in our great cities, and
said with a little pious sigh, "And
to think all this sorrow and suffer-
ing is caused by sin!" but I flashed
up at that, and said, "Yes, but by
whose sin? It is not always the
sin of the sufferer; it may be his
father's sin, or his grandfather's;
it may be the sin of society; it may
be your sin or my sin." When we
see poverty, intemperance, wretch-
edness, we should learn to look be-
yond it for the cause, and as we
shall find that the forces which drag
down are manifold, even so must
be the forces that lift up. We
must learn "the saving grace of all
good things," and come to realize
that everything which improves the
physical, intellectual, or social na-
ture is also a step somewhere on
the ladder that leads up to God.

Fishing for souls may include
digging the bait, carrying the tackle
and rowing the boat. Christ said
to Peter when he protested his love
for Him three times, "Feed my
sheep." He preferred this even to
worship. I am not afraid of your
growing too pious, I am only afraid
you will not be pious enough.
Until you can "sweep a floor as by
God's law," until you can bathe and

dress a sick woman and wash the children's faces just as devoutly as you would pray, until you can teach a sewing class or a cooking class just as sacredly as you would a Sunday-school class, you are not pious enough. I shall be glad when Strong's "New Era" and Ely's "Social Law of Service" and some good work on psychology stand on every deaconess' book-shelf beside her Bible and her "Guide to Holiness."

Then your training should include a knowledge of yourself, of your powers and limitations. This will lead you to stick to your own line of work and service. God says to each, "What is that in thine hand?" and expects us to use that, not what is in some one else's hand. It may not be even so much as an oaken staff, it may be only a broomstick, and we will look at it in discontent, and think if it were only a king's sceptre or a fairy wand how easy it would be to accomplish something in the world. But let God use your talent. It does not matter so much what the talent is, but whether it is God that is behind it.

There is an old saw that has meant much to me throughout my life:

"For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there's none;
If there is one try to find it,
If there is none never mind it."

There is much of practical wisdom in these four lines. There is but one clause with which I have any quarrel; I believe that "for every evil under the sun, there is a remedy." It is not for every one of us to find out every remedy, but it is our duty to find the remedy whenever we can, and not to talk too much about it. For instance, if you find a dusty corner somewhere you can go, if you choose, and get your friends to come and look at it, and see just how dreadful it is; and then you can go away and talk about it,

bewail it, and heap up the agony, until all the world is dust and ashes to you; but a better way would be to whisk out your little feather duster and make it all right in a moment and go on your way with a smile of conscious rectitude on your lips. The world needs workers far more than talkers.

But on the other hand we must be content to let much go undone. It is your duty to find out the remedy if possible, but if not it is equally your duty to "never mind it." Nothing is so wearing as the weight of woes we cannot cure. It is this that breaks down our workers, and these are the burdens that we were never meant to carry. It is a sin to carry them.

Then I would say to all who are trying to fit themselves for Christian work, make up your mind to be always learners. The years that you have spent or will spend in training are precious and wonderful years. New experiences, new lines of thought have been opening out before you, and it may seem to you that you have never known such a year in all your lives; but next year should be better still, and the next, and the next. Be sure, that at the most you have not learned much. You have only been learning the titles of things; now you will be learning the things themselves, which is far more important.

Guard against the poison-sweet influence of flattery. If your work is blessed—if you see your humble staff performing wonders, remember that "in thine hand" it was but a rude staff until God touched it; so you will say, "it is of God," and go on with your work. Don't believe yourself an angel because other folks say so. If, on the other hand, you do not see results, you will learn to trust your Leader and leave results with Him.

Lastly, I would say, believe in your vocation. A great deal of false sentiment has been written

andsaid about woman's sphere, and we have been taught from generation to generation to believe that the sole and only honourable position for a woman to fill is that of wife and mother. Bishop Fowler recently said to a class of graduates from our Chicago Training School that this was the highest position for a woman to occupy, but that next to that he would place the vocation of deaconess. I do not come to you with any such message as that to-night. I place the vocation of a consecrated worker for God and humanity second to none in the universe. When a great and good man lays his laurels at the feet of his mother it thrills our hood can be anything but pure and noble. We lose sight of the fact that back of the wife and back of hearts, and we forget that mother—the mother is the woman, shaping all these accessories of life to her own character, and with a womanhood less than pure and noble all these relations are of the earth, earthy. If a Washington or a Wesley can say, "All that I am I owe to my mother," not less can many a criminal paying the forfeit of his crimes on the gallows say, "All that I am I owe to my mother." Margaret Jukes, whose descendants for seven generations have cursed the city and state of New

York, was a wife and mother, the well-mated wife of a scoundrel, the mother of a thousand criminals.

The worker in the city slums sees these sacred names, so revered by poets, trained in the filth of the streets, used to cover dishonour and anguish, and heart-break until they are divested of every trace of glory or of sentiment, and as often a thing to be abhorred as revered. So when the bishop of the Methodist Church says to a class of deaconesses that their vocation is only a secondary one, I say even to a bishop, "No!" The highest place for any woman to fill is the place to which God calls her, whether it be as queen of a happy home or whether it be to gather into her heart the world's sorrows, to be a sister to its unhappy ones, a mother to its motherless children. I believe God calls to this vocation as truly as to any other, and that the world needs it not less.

So, my sisters, if God is calling you to His great white harvest fields I bid you accept the call with uplifted faces as a royal commission, not less honourable than that of any queen on her throne; and if you faithfully serve "for love of Christ and in His name" you need not envy the happiness of any woman on earth.

THE DEEP SIGHING OF THE POOR.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS.

I heard their deep, deep sighing,
It haunted me night and day,
I spent my life in trying
To drive the voices away.

I gave my wealth to still them,
Prayed all the prayers I knew,
Hasted to clothe and fill them,
Yet the deep, deep sighing grew.

I prayed the Lord in anguish—
I felt I could bear no more—

"Lord! they in sorrow languish,
Their sighing is at my door.

"Comfort them, they are weeping,
I'll surely die of their pain;
Lord! are thine angels sleeping?"
Lo, the deep sighing again!

Then I thought of beguiling
Their sorrow for just a day—
Gave myself to them, smiling—
And their sighing died away.

—The Outlook

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.



RED ALLER strolled away by himself one fine afternoon. Usually he gave Willard no peace until he accompanied him, unless young Aller could add himself to some enterprise or expedition undertaken by the young ladies. Of late neither Hope nor Katherine seemed to have as much leisure as formerly. This day Aller strode along the wide highway nodding to everybody he met, for he had talked with almost every individual in the town limits, and all liked his jovial manner. He stopped at the grocery to tell Miss Pixley that he understood she proposed the literary society, and the idea did her "infinite credit."

"Oh, well," giggled Sophie, blushing and wriggling in happy confusion, "you young folks ought to have a chance to meet somewhere."

"We young people, you mean!" corrected Fred, offering to carry the pound of starch and the bar of hard soap which Miss Pixley had just purchased, but she was going the other way.

"Oh, have you heard Mr. Willard say anything about Mrs. Ferris being very sick? Bill Bogert said they sent here for Doctor Sumners in an awful hurry night before last," she said inquiringly.

"No; she has not sent for the minister, or at least I, have not heard of it. Goodness me! if she were going to die what can a young chap like Mr. Willard say to a woman of her age that would make her flitting easier?" asked Aller, with a sort of sudden flippant curiosity.

"Why, we always send for the minister if anybody has an excuse for doing it, especially for a new minister. It is the way we get acquainted with him. Well now here comes Polly Huggins herself! Polly, what is to pay up to your house?"

"Our house!" echoed Polly, with rather overdone surprise and dignity.

"Yes; ain't Mrs. Ferris very sick?"

"No, she ain't. She had a faint turn night before last," returned Polly;

adding, in a careless way, "Wonder if they have got in that coffee they were out of yesterday."

Aller bowed politely, and went on. He reached the woods, and coming to the very nook in which Miss Goddard had read Kate's letter a few months earlier in the season, Aller threw himself lazily on the turf. He had come out to meditate on a subject that was now occupying all his thoughts; and serious thinking had not been with him a frequent mental exercise.

"I don't know," he mused, "whether I am coming to my senses, or whether I am in a state of mind not exactly sane. Only to think of it—my getting daft on a country minister's girl! It is queerer yet that I cannot be sure that she likes me well enough to say, 'Yes,' if I should get in a hurry about expressing my sentiments. Of course, it would be a rather fine thing for her, and a big uplift generally for the Hopkinsees. Father would be glad to see me marrying a little Puritan, and he would start us out handsomely. I am not deceiving her about myself. I told her enough to show her that I had not been a fellow like Hugh, and had a good deal of back work to make up, so to speak. She took it awfully solemn. Mine is a kind of dubious conduct, if one looks back, but then I am looking forward, and my present is all correct. I am not half good enough for her, yet I don't know any other fellow but Willard who is, and he can't have her, because I want her myself. Moreover, from the day Hope Hopkins promises to marry me, I will be a man. All the same, I shall not ask her to-day nor to-morrow. There is such a thing as being in too great a hurry and losing by haste. How she brought me up standing, though, that afternoon! I thought that was just the most fetching thing that a fellow in my position could possibly say to a real earnest girl (and I meant it, too)—all that about a chap behaving splendidly when he had the inspiration of a true woman's love. I could have crawled under the carriage seat when she

looked me through with those clear eyes and said surely no man would do more for such a woman than for his own grey-haired, good father. I am ashamed of myself, and father shall know it."

The young man pushed off his hat and flung himself back where he could watch the swaying tree-tops and let the soft influence of nature's beauty and peace sink into his already softened heart. He had not for years given his character and aims, his conduct and associations so sober an examination. The woods were in deep shadow, and the sun going down when he started towards the village with a firm new resolution in his deepest consciousness—"I will be a different man, and win Hope Hopkins if I can; if I cannot, I will be worthy of her, even if I lose her. I have fooled away enough of my life."

It was the afternoon for the fortnightly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, which was to be held at Mrs. Ostrander's. The members usually assembled about half-past four, and sewed till supper time, when the gentlemen appeared. These last, by the payment of a small contribution toward ameliorating the condition of the heathen, were entitled to all the mild festivity of the later exercises. The society was very flourishing that season. A nice little sum of money had been raised for the Foreign Board, and a good box of clothing sent to the far West. Last, but not least, social harmony had been promoted. All the matrons and all the maidens attended. Some of the fathers, also, but many more of the young men, promptly at half-past six, appeared in Sunday coats, pronounced neckties, and other elegancies of attire more or less conspicuous. Of course, Mr. Willard was in great demand; for his outwardly calm demeanour was kindly deferential to the plainest and most rustic of his flock. He saw their comical provincialisms, but he was too true a man and too sincere a Christian not to value worth, if it were not allied to culture or even to good manners. Aller, with his handsome eyes, his city graces, and witty tongue set all the girls agog, and delighted their mothers by putting a dollar every time in the missionary box.

There were six "directresses" in

the society, whose duty it was to meet at the appointed place two hours earlier than the other members, and cut and prepare work for the afternoon.

On the day mentioned, Mrs. Hopkins, who was a "directress," sent Hope in her place. The young girl made her way first to Mrs. Ostrander's dining-room, for she carried a basket of cut flowers.

"I thought perhaps you might like a few more flowers for your vases," she explained. "There are not many in bloom just now."

"I am very glad of them," exclaimed Mrs. Ostrander, who was buttering biscuit enough for a regiment. "There are empty vases on the sideboard. I left them, hoping that you or Hannah Goddard would send more flowers."

"Mother was afraid if she cut work all the afternoon, she would have to go home before the society was half over; her head aches to-day. Can I do her share?" asked Hope.

"She is not needed, nor are you either, but you can help me if you will take those vases and this flat basket out on the piazza and arrange the bouquets. I have no knack at making them."

"So Mrs. Ferris has got the neuralgia?" said Miss Pixley. "And what is she taking for it, Polly?"

"Well, she ain't takin' the ginger tea I made for her, nor puttin' the roasted raisins on her gum, nor stickin' her feet into hot water, nor ironin' her face through wet flannel. So there ye be!"

"Is it in her face, then?"

"She says 'tis," said Polly, shortly.

"She wanted to borrow a little laudanum she saw me have once in a bottle. I could not seem to find it, nor she won't if she is looking this blessed minit."

Hope thought Polly Huggins very unsympathetic, and then forgot her and Sophie in a pleasant reverie wherein younger persons figured. By and by she fancied that she heard her own name spoken; but no, that could not be, for Polly was only saying, "I don't know how Mrs. Ferris hears so much about things that are goin' on? She does tell me the most surprisin' news about folks once in a while."

"Why, I presume John tries to interest her in that way. I hear he wants to get her out among folks."

"That's all true, but I never hear

John Ferris gossiping about nobody; 'tain't his way," said Polly, reading a piece of cotton cloth with a loud report.

"Well, I don't see what he finds to tell her. I am sure there isn't anything going on nowadays to make much talk," said Sophie. "There is a beautiful state of feeling in the church."

"Yes, the girls are all dead set after the minister," giggled Polly, "except such as would like to catch the other fellow."

"I am sure Mr. Willard is very discreet."

"That he is, and I hope the other chap won't make a goose of any of our girls, fillin' their heads full of notions so they won't look at our own young men. He is pretty enough; but handsome is as handsome does. Mrs. Ferris says he is an awful flirt, and has a girl in every place he goes to, lots of them a-corresponding with him, and each supposin' that she is the favoured one.

"Well, Mrs. Ferris says he has been a-boastin' that he could have either Hope Hopkins or Kate Hamilton, but he guesses he might have the best time making love to Hope, for Kate Hamilton is a good deal sharper, has seen more of the world. Somebody ought to give Hope a hint. Suppose you do, Miss Pixley."

"Not for forty farms! Hope Hopkins has got spirit, I can tell you, Polly Huggins."

Polly shook her head, giving an ominous groan that meant anything. If it meant doubt of Hope's ability to take care of herself, it was a pity that she did not see the minister's daughter's face during those few moments. The surprise—indignation—the impulse to step into that parlour and utter her sentiments, finally the quiet retreat to the dining-room.

"Here are the bouquets, Mrs. Ostrander, and if I am not needed I will be very glad to go home. I have not seen the others, so don't tell them that I have been here at all, for they might think I ought to have stayed."

"Very well! I am ever so much obliged for the flowers."

Hope Hopkins, like most large-hearted, noble natures, was singularly sweet-tempered, and not easily excited. In her late intercourse with Aller, she had rightly understood the young man's regret at his wasted time and wrong-doing. She had met his confidence with good faith and hearty

sympathy, as well as with a few earnest words of admonition for the future. She would have felt the same desire for the reformation of the most ignorant bumpkin to be found in all the county, but she would not have been so interested in the person to be reformed. She realized that the handsome, witty, winning fellow had come to occupy a large place in her mind, and she had trusted him. Now it seemed to her as plain as day that he had been amusing himself with her earnest simplicity, had tried to make himself interesting to her by posing as a repentant prodigal, because she, being a "plous little country girl," would in this way be easily approached. She grew hot with intense indignation, and woe to the "soldisant" prodigal had he crossed her path in that brief walk to the parsonage.

For two good hours the workers in Mrs. Ostrander's rooms cut and basted and gossiped like demoralized nineteenth century Dorcas, and then the members began to arrive. Staid old ladies came first, with lace caps in baskets on their arms. They sewed and visited together with kindly talk of one another's interests, for it would be the grossest slander to say the Cairnes Missionary Society, as a whole, was a place for overmuch gossip. The younger members came later, and soon the cheerful rooms were full, and the hum of seventy voices made Marjory Hopkins think of a huge hive of bees. Kate Hamilton, in obedience to a hint from Hannah, was making herself as agreeable as possible to the young people, whom she found by no means as congenial as was Hope; but of whom it was best to make friends rather than foes. Mr. Aller arrived, beaming, and—in Miss Pixley's eyes at least—beautiful, for she whispered to Hannah Goddard, "He is a regular Apollo Belvidere," pronounced with a broad "deer."

"No, no!" whispered Hannah. "Not in the least like any picture I ever saw."

"Well, I hadn't any special picture in my mind; I meant an ideal of manly beauty," returned Sophie, a little disconcerted, but happy again when Aller, approaching, sat by her side and sedulously matched purple squares to pale yellow for her patchwork. Then he circulated among the older ladies, held one's yarn and threaded another's needle. When

Willard—a little to his dismay—requested to read the reports of society and a letter from the homeliest of his family, with a view to his friends, dressed and shoes, behaved with a sweet gravity for his friend to endure than the arduous work he had ever under-

At supper time dozens of little were brought in and set about groups of the members, who they were to do for social enjoyment. He assisted in helping Mrs. Ostrander her assistants, so he passed around pickles and cheese, tarts and cold ham; only once he whispered to Marjory: "In which room is Sister?"

"Isn't coming—she—I don't know why."

At a moment the wicked young man was tempted to cast the cheese and bread held out of the window and the societies of that sort "stale, flat, unprofitable;" then his countenance brightened. Hope was alone at the table and nobody left the society early in the evening; so he went on laughing and jesting and urging "on benevolent old ladies hesitating about "another of Sister Ostrander's nice biscuit." He gracefully submitted at last to be seated at the table, and was lavishly ministered to by several rosy-cheeked, greatly admired damsels.

At the time supper ended, the lights began to be lighted. It was a difficult matter for Aller to slip a lace curtain to the piazza and ring on the soft turf beyond, but he made a hasty retreat from his late scene of action. It was not dark, but a starlight night, delightful after the heat of crowded rooms. Once out of the house,

on the highway, Aller went slowly, trying how to tell Hope of his love without coming at it too early. Perhaps she would not be so all at once the fullest enjoyment he would like, but at least he would make a beginning. The young man, going along singing under the stars, had never been so hopeful, so strong in good hopes, so benevolent toward all the world. He almost felt as if he were twitting Willard, but then all in love, and the minister ought to have been more energetic.

Hopkins' door stood open, and he did see Hope within. She sat with her book in her hand, but was not

reading. When he tapped lightly and entered, nothing in her greeting seemed especially cool. She was not a girl given to impetuous words or ways. If soon he perceived a little restraint of manner and a deeper colour in her cheeks than usual, he fancied she was embarrassed at the idea of a "tete-a-tete so admirably adapted to his purpose. He told her about the society, and she listened quietly, but when he indulged in a mild jest, she was not in a receptive mood for nonsense. Rather pleased than otherwise to find that he might all the sooner speak out his most earnest sentiments, Aller began to give the conversation a personal turn. She did not help him in the least, but he saw her hand tremble, and the colour in her cheeks glowed deep red, leaving the rest of her face very pale. The wheezy old clock in the corner struck eight, neighbours passed the gate laughing; soon Mrs. Hopkins would be bringing Marjory home. If Aller spoke out what he had to say it must be done abruptly. He forgot his ordinary shyness, his easy grace with all the world, and hurriedly, eagerly, without picking or choosing of phrases, he told Hope how he regarded her—the portrait he drew was highly coloured, but he honestly did believe that she was angelic, beautiful, unlike any other girl on earth; that he was not half good enough for her, but if she would trust him, he would become worthy—and so on and so on. He did not ask her to marry him; for that was understood as a matter of course, and he was too much in earnest "making love" to her to come down to details in the first burst of his eloquence. But alas for poor Aller! In what a mood he had found this usually just and gentle girl! She interpreted every word he uttered by the words of Polly Huggins' text. He had "boasted" he would do this—he had played on her sympathies that day of the drive that he might soften her heart to him.

Neither of them could ever coolly recall what she said when she spoke. She would have scorned to give him a hint of the pain that shock of the afternoon had given her. She would let him suppose that she had all along understood his shallow nature. She rejected his love as if it were insincere even to call it "love." She did not use one harsh or bitter word, but she first amazed and then enraged him with the realization—coming from

what words of hers he could not tell, but coming—that she considered him unworthy of her respect—a supercilious, unstable profligate. Afterward, in justice to her, and long before his wrath abated, he admitted to himself that she said nothing of that sort, but he then read her face, her thoughts even, clearer than her words, and he read them very nearly aright.

All need to answer was saved him. Marjory's voice was heard from a little way down the road. The young man rose up without a word, and was gone. Hope was in her room when Mrs. Hopkins arrived, and it was only Marjory who "saw a shadow by our gate."

When Aller dropped on a chair in the far corner of the Bogert House piazza, and sat there unnoticed by the loungers nearer the door, he had the stunned sensation of one who has fallen from a height and cannot at once collect his wits. But just as physical pain is likely to ensue in one case, so in a short time our young man was in such a fever of rage that he had no mind quietly to endure the real hurt and heart-ache of which he then began to be only too conscious. One moment he wondered how he had dared to think that Hope Hopkins could love him after his revelations to her, again he reasoned that because of his utter sincerity and his honest intentions to amend his life, she owed him at least respect, if not sympathy. One thing was as clear as noonday: she had not a shadow of affection for him, or she never could have repulsed him thus—nay, she must even dislike and despise him. His pride was up in arms at the thought, but later came a heartsick mood in which the poor fellow went down into the slough of despond.

"Well, I am of no account anyway, and she sees it. She looks at Willard and contrasts us."

Stung by that reflection, it seemed to Aller that he could stay no longer in Cairnes only to make himself a dark background for Willard's virtues.

"Hello!" exclaimed Bill Bogert from the door. "Is that you, Aller?" Then, not noticing the curt response given, he called out, "I am going to drive over to Kent, don't you want to go along? The roads are fine, and I'll be home before it's late. I want to show you how this colt of mine picks up her heels."

"I'll go with pleasure, Bogert," said Aller, adding, in a minute, "but, if

you don't care, I will not come back with you. I have a great mind to spent a day or two in Kent."

Bill was surprised, but, free and easy as Aller seemed, no one took liberties with him; so, thinking his boarder's movements none of his business, Bogert replied, "All right. The colt will be around in five minutes; the buggy wheels needed greasing."

Aller rushed up to his room, and when, after five minutes, he rejoined his companion, all his belongings were left ready for transportation if he should conclude to send for them, and he carried with him what he needed for a few days.

"It is a little hard for Willard, leaving him to make explanations; but I can get up some excuse if I don't come back," thought the excited fellow, glad to find that Bill was quite satisfied to do all the talking. However, when half-way to Kent, he was recalled to his surroundings by an unexpected question, and made the effort to seem interested in Bill's conversation.

"I declare for it, this is a mighty cold wind that blows up from the lake," said Bill.

"'Tis that," returned Aller. "I wish I had thought to put on a heavier coat."

"You'd orter, especially after havin' chills as lately as you have had 'em."

"Oh, Doctor Sumners has brought me past them, I hope; the old man has a large practice about here, hasn't he?" asked Aller, hoping to start Bill off again on another harangue. He succeeded, but long before they reached Kent, Aller became so tired of his rasping, monotonous voice, and so nervous from cold and excitement, that he longed to jump out of the carriage and break into a run.

"Better stay all night at the Eagle Hotel. It is the best in town," said Bogert, when they parted in the principal street, which seemed brilliant and almost thronged, by contrast with Cairnes.

"Yes, thanks; won't you tell Mr. Willard I will drop him a note to-morrow? Good-night; that is a grand pony," and Aller fairly rushed from his innocent tormentor. He walked on aimlessly, turning to quiet streets where he could think. He thought until his brain was hot, then he sought some outside excitement in which he might not think, finally he found himself before the Eagle Hotel.

There was a cheerful reading and billiard-room on the first floor, and he went in to read the newspapers that seemed unaccountably dull and that shook in his hands as if he had the palsy. He was chilled to the very marrow, and Doctor Sumners had told him to avoid exposure in the night air. Across the hall was a quiet-looking bar-room. What possible harm if he warmed himself with half a glass of brandy, as any one cold and in need of it might do? Aller did not forget his late good resolutions; he assumed that he did not relinquish one of them. He had made no vow, signed no pledge debarring him from brandy as medicine.

He certainly took more than any doctor would have prescribed, before going to play a game of billiards, then he engaged his room, looked at the bar, hesitated, went out into the street.

He returned in a half-hour, and as he went slowly up-stairs to his room, the hall porter thought him as fine a gentleman as had "put up" at the Eagle within his remembrance.

The next afternoon, about three o'clock, Aller, partially dressed, was stretched on the outside of the bed in his room at the hotel. He was pale, but a bright red spot burned in each cheek, and his clear blue eyes were almost black, so brilliant were they. He had been trying to read the newspapers, but had thrown them aside, and was rolling restlessly about the bed. He did not hear a rap on the door, nor see Mr. Willard until the latter stood over him.

"Oh, good morning, parson; or is it afternoon? My confounded head aches so I can't tell the time of day," remarked Aller, adding: "This is the awful effect of that Missionary Society."

"Fred, what ails you? What made you come over here, and have you had another chill? You look feverish," said Willard, sitting on the bed and laying his hand lightly on the other's forehead.

Aller gazed nonchalantly at the window, as if studying the saddler's sign opposite, then at the anxious, friendly face so near him, and finally remarked in a would-be careless tone that Willard knew well:

"It is partly fever—partly brandy. Last night it was mostly brandy; this morning about half-and-half; now it—well, as old Sumners might say, the fever seems to predominate."

He looked away, then straight into Willard's sorrowful eyes, saying, "I have not been drunk. I did not mean that. I was cold, and I felt a chill coming on last night, so I took brandy, not a great deal for me. This morning I have been ill in good earnest. I did not come over here to have a spree; I will say that in justice to myself; and I might add, for the sake of keeping truth on my side, that, ill or not, I think very likely I should have drunk the stuff all the same."

Willard went over to the window, into which a hot sun was streaming, pulled down the shade, opened the casement, asked Aller if he was taking anything for the fever, and finding he had not followed the doctor's last prescription, he prepared the medicine and gave it to him. He rightly surmised that Aller had dreaded his coming, and braced himself for the confession just given. That it was so carelessly uttered did not for an instant lead him to think Aller was not writhing under a self-contempt hard to endure.

"Your fever always runs highest about this time of day, so keep quiet until your medicine begins to act. I will go down-stairs and write a letter. You did not sleep last night, I know, for your eyes are bloodshot. Keep this wet towel on your head, and perhaps you will get asleep."

"Go along, grandmother," was the apparently unfeeling reply; "and if evil communications corrupt good manners, I advise you to stay away."

"I came to spend the night," remarked Willard, closing the door behind him. When he came back, Aller was sound asleep, and stayed so for hours; but it was evident that he was going to have a return of the chills and fever which he hoped he had conquered. That evening, when he was for the time feeling as well as usual, Willard said: "Come, Aller, what is the use of telling half a thing? There is something behind all this. If you did not come over here for that, what did start you off in such a hurry, and then sending back for your traps? What did you suppose Miss Goddard and the Hopkinses and Miss Hamilton would think?"

"Think I had gone to the devil, where I belonged."

"I don't propose to go to the devil, and I have told you more than once that I shall stick to you like a brother,

or a Dutch uncle, whichever relative sticks tightest."

"Why?" asked Aller, as if coolly seeking enlightenment about somebody's else affairs. "Because, being a minister it is your business, or has father wrought on your feelings until you feel responsible to him?"

"You know the reason well enough. I can't give you up, because you seem to belong to me, and always have so seemed since you were my torment in college. I won't give you up for your own sake, and if you put it in that way, because it is my business to look after you."

"Business promises not to be dull."

"Aller, tell me why you left Cairnes so suddenly?"

The room was unlighted save from the street below. Aller's fever had left him weak, and, after all, it would be a relief to give Willard an inkling of the truth if—

"What do you think of—Miss Pixley?" he began.

Willard made no reply.

"Well, then," resumed Aller, in a tone the minister perceived to be quite different, "what do you think of Miss Hope Hopkins, Hugh?"

"I think her a clear-headed, noble-hearted girl."

"You must have excellent opportunities to study her good qualities."

"Yes, and she is worth the study."

"No doubt; no doubt about it," quoth Aller, giving a tremendous throb to the other side of the bed as he exclaimed, "she will make a model minister's wife."

"She ought to get a model minister, if she has any," replied Hugh, smiling in the dark, and innocently adding, "Do you think she is inclined to the ministry?"

"Haven't you found out by this time?" returned Aller, pettishly.

"I have no special interest in the matter, one way or another."

"Are you lying?" was Aller's exceedingly disrespectful question; but Mr. Willard considered its source, and the motive which prompted it.

"So you are jealous, are you? Well, don't increase your fever on that account, remarked the minister, soothingly."

"Oh, the only difference that Miss Hopkins' preferences make to me is that if you are not falling in love with her, I can talk a little more freely. I left Cairnes, for one thing, because Miss Hopkins showed me that she held me in supreme contempt—most

likely I merit it, but that knowledge does not make the fact any sweeter for meditation."

"You must be mistaken, Aller! Why, think how she has treated you all summer long."

"Yes, until of my own accord I told her that I was not worth her regard," said Aller, and then, led on by Willard, he told enough to give the minister a clear insight into his own mind, but not enough to make Hope's conduct intelligible. Willard could understand that Aller had surprised her, that she had not desired his attentions, and had no love to give him; but he was hurt for Aller, who seemed to have been very unkindly rejected. He could not think of any reason why a young girl, apparently so gentle and sympathetic, should humiliate and anger one who felt toward her as did Aller. Indeed, as Aller talked this night, Willard was stirred to admiration of certain traits in his character. He was very angry, yet he showed that even in his anger he could do Hope justice. He called her pure and good, and declared it truth that he was unworthy of her.

They talked long, and, after all, to little purpose, until Willard asked:

"Well, Aller, because one good girl cannot love you is no reason why you should not be worthy of another," and not waiting for an answer, he went on pleading with his friend as Aller had never heard him plead before. There was an earnestness in Willard's manner of showing Aller how weak his resolutions were, and an intensity about the way in which he urged him to become a thorough Christian that moved Aller deeply. He had known for months how Willard thought about the chances of his keeping any good resolutions, if subjected to great temptation, though Willard never "preached" at him.

Partly to hide his emotion, he exclaimed, "You will make your mark, Hugh, as a preacher. I did not think it was in you to be so eloquent to such a poor audience."

"No, Aller, I shall never be a popular preacher. I have had a rough struggle this last year to give up some ambitions. I doubt if I ever have a church."

"For pity sakes, man! What do you mean?" ejaculated Aller, who knew a little more than even his friend suspected of Willard's desire to "rise in his profession," as the phrase goes.

I have made me change my said Willard.

because the study of one the study of all souls—of their temptations, and capabilities. are thousands of ministers ing general truths and against general, but I think the world a few more educated, trained ers to bring particular truths r on particular sins. I feel to preach the Gospel of Christ's id all-sufficiency to those whom has bound by intemperance ; ler, there is liberty to the capnd safety and assurance only in aith. You won't believe it ow, because you can't realize own weakness."

o. I did realize it last night. hink I feel most cut up by what told you. That hurt, but I named to the bottom of my soul well, that bar-room was stronger ll my good intentions. Nobody l me; no jolly company ex-me; I just walked in because l not keep out."

er, before I go out labouring nen only allied to me because our common Father, and Christ r them as for me, can't you let ve the joy of leading you to a and help that will never fail

Morality never can satisfy Pledges will be broken, but a Saviour will be a present ."

this is in your line, Willard. i you have grown right into it. not. It does not come natural. ople go to church, and all that, 'ell, I don't know how to beg re to start up and announce that going to be a perfect saint, of that would be all good as far went, but I wouldn't go until week Wednesday. The sinners come giggling around and pick , and the good people would just as we expected,' and there d be, the same old sixpence."

you really want help, and o be different? Are you actu-s you say, downright ashamed rry, not only for this habit, but erything in you that is not " urged Willard, as if he were s with a beloved younger r, for Aller never had seemed sincere, yet more boyish, than ght.

young fellow on the bed was several minutes, but at last he 'Yes."

"Then get down here on your knees with me, and if you really want to know how to begin, I will show you."

It was again a few minutes before Aller knelt by his friend; then only one prayed audibly, but all the same two prayed. No wonderful change took place in Aller's mood, no great or immediate results followed; but Willard knew that for the first time in all their intercourse he had a hold on Aller firmer even than the bond of their friendship.

The next day, before Mr. Willard returned to Cairnes, Doctor Sumners answered in person a note requesting him to call at the hotel.

"Just as I expected to find you, young man," he remarked, fitting himself into the biggest chair, and stretching his long legs.

"You have been sitting around in the damp bulrushes reading poetry to the girls, or roaming in the graveyard with them by moonlight, and this is the result."

"We will all be glad to see Mr. Hopkins again, but we don't want to spare you, Mr. Willard," he exclaimed, rolling up a great leather wallet. "I hear his vacation is pretty nearly ended. I wish this community was rich enough to keep two ministers over that Cairnes Church."

"Well, I never was more cordially treated than I have been in Cairnes, but putting me in Mr. Hopkins' place was dropping a small peg into a hole much too big for it," replied Willard, with unfeigned humility.

"What do they hear from him?" asked the doctor.

"He will be home the week after next. You must bring Aller out all right by that time, so we can go back and report at headquarters."

"Yes, doctor, I am going to work, to downright hard work," said Aller.

"Good for you!" commented the doctor, curiously studying the handsome fellow, who not only looked pale this morning, but seemed uncommonly quiet and serious. "Good for you!" he repeated earnestly.

More rambling talk followed, then it was decided that Aller should stay where he was until able to go home. A man from the hotel would attend him, and Mr. Willard received the doctor's promise to look well after him. Mr. Willard himself could drive over to see him frequently, and the fact of his being ill in Kent was a sufficient reason why he should not again re- turn to Cairnes.

"AL."

SCENES FROM A SKY-PILOT'S PARISH.*

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



THE SKY-PILOT.

HE was just out of college, ready and willing to serve his Master in any sphere to which he might be called, but all the time conscious of an inward hope that his lines might be cast in some of the pleasant places of Zion. His thoughts ran, when he was off his guard, to one or other of the comfortable charges and homelike manses he knew of in not a few of our old settled towns, where civilized life could be enjoyed to the full, while at the same time good and faithful work might be done in the cause of the Gospel. But he tried to be on his guard always against these tempting thoughts, and to maintain the spirit becoming a true soldier of the cross—a willingness to answer the call of duty without reference to his own preferences.

In due time the call came, and it was not to any of the ideal manses and kirks of his vision. The church needed him in the frontier work. His marching orders named the Fort Macleod and Pincher Creek country as his parish, and the cowboys of the ranches as the chief section of his flock. And it was after all with a genuine willingness he took the train for the West. He would see the grand country he had so often heard of at all events. And he was not disappointed in its expected charm. On the contrary, his spirits rose with every mile of the journey, and before he reached his destination he enjoyed not only the bodily and mental exhilaration of the clear, light atmosphere, but a corresponding exhilaration of soul—a love and enthusiasm for the people amongst whom his lot was to be cast.

* By kind permission from the *Presbyterian Review*. The story is essentially a transcript of facts. The illustrations are specially made for this magazine by the accomplished author-artist.—Ed.

It was in the midst of the winter season that he arrived in Pincher Creek, and he was gratified to find that the climate suited him so well. He had thought of this region as being somewhat arctic in its weather tendencies, but discovered that he was equal to the worst it could do if this was a fair sample of its cold—as the stage driver assured him it was.

The reception he got from the "boys" at the Manson Ranch on his first visit was well calculated to test the ardour he felt in their behalf. The shack in which they lived when off duty was roomy enough, but had few charms in any other respect. It was poorly lighted when he walked in that night, and, though comfortably warm, bore all the usual marks of a bachelor's abode. The new Sky-Pilot at once noted the absence of the little graceful touches indicative of woman's presence, and could not help thinking what a change his dainty sisters would make in it if they had an opportunity for just a day or two. But it was not the depressing atmosphere of the place—an atmosphere, by the way, well laden with tobacco smoke—that chiefly affected him. The wet-blanket sensation he felt arose from the sort of reception the occupants gave him. He knew his arrival had been duly announced, and that he was expected. It was known to all concerned that he was to hold service on the following evening in the little school-house hard by. Moreover, he had read a good deal about cowboys, and somehow had got the impression that they were, with all their faults, a friendly and hospitable class of people. There were some score of them in the shack—disposed variously in the two rooms thereof; some playing cards, some reading papers or books, some enjoying social chats, and some lying in their bunks resting or sleeping.

He had a vague idea that it would be in order for some of them to come forward and shake him by the hand in a rough but genuine way, and greet him with, "Hello, pard!" or some equally friendly phrase of the great West. Perhaps they would proceed

to ask him to have a drink, at least, a smoke. He didn't know what form the reception would take, but it never occurred that it would be in any way. With these impressions he actually stepped in and closed the door behind him. It is quite possible that one or two of the boys glanced at their cards on hearing the door closed, but on this point he could not be sure. He was certain, however, that if this measure of notice had been taken of his arrival, it was to the extent of welcome vouchsafed. No word was uttered to him by any of them. There was not even a sign of an "elaborate indifference" to his presence—it was a simple indifference, and could not

bring himself to a seat beside the big fireplace, opened his book, and proceeded to have a quiet read. It was part of his plan to ignore his neighbours, since they ignored him; so that he took no particular notice of the figure lounging on the bunk near by, and apparently absorbed in a novel. Thus the dramatic episode of the entrance ended, and Mr. Campbell (for that, by the way, was the Pilot's name) was really beginning to feel at home, when he was all of a sudden startled to find himself actually addressed.

"Say," drawled a voice from the bunk, as a brawny hand extended the novel towards him—"what does that foreign language mean?" The question referred to a Latin quotation at the head of one of the chapters of



SOME PLAYING CARDS, SOME READING, SOME LYING IN THEIR BUNKS.

been more complete if he had been the oldest habitue of the ranch. There are such things as negative impressions, and this the young preacher had experienced as one of them. He had had a few exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable moments, feeling that it would be a relief if someone would break the spell by getting him out. But before long he had managed to adjust himself to the circumstances, and then it came to him that the easiest way to deal with the matter was to make himself right by waiving all social formalities. Accordingly he placed his gripsack in a convenient corner, removed his hat and deposited it on the grip, taking a copy of Drummond's from the pocket, calmly entered into the next room and helped

himself to a seat beside the big fireplace, opened his book, and proceeded to have a quiet read. It was part of his plan to ignore his neighbours, since they ignored him; so that he took no particular notice of the figure lounging on the bunk near by, and apparently absorbed in a novel. Thus the dramatic episode of the entrance ended, and Mr. Campbell (for that, by the way, was the Pilot's name) was really beginning to feel at home, when he was all of a sudden startled to find himself actually addressed.

"Say," drawled a voice from the bunk, as a brawny hand extended the novel towards him—"what does that foreign language mean?" The question referred to a Latin quotation at the head of one of the chapters of the story—it is a fashion some writers have of impressing their learning upon an innocent public. Mr. Campbell, fresh from college, and a B.A., had, of course, no difficulty in supplying the translation, which he did with marked politeness. "Ya-as," drawled the inquirer, "I had a notion that's what it meant."

So began the acquaintance with Al Urquhart, and the new Sky-Pilot considered himself now entitled at least to take a look at his first friend. His eye rested on the well-knit muscular figure of a young man of about twenty-eight, clad in the regulation cowboy fashion, and a good type of the character so familiar in the pictures of Frederic Remington. The features were good, and well bronzed with the storm and sunshine of the range,

though they bore the mark of dissipation. Al was a chap well worth knowing. This was the mental judgment Mr. Campbell passed after a moment's survey, for, of course, he took care not to seem inquisitive in his deportment. In another moment, indeed, he had resumed his Drummond, and left the cowboy to the undisturbed pursuit of the lovely heroine of his well-thumbed story.

For half an hour or so that paragon of beauty and grace held Al's attention, and then he laid down the novel and spoke again :

"You the new Pilot?"

"Yes; I believe that will be my title in this portion of my charge."

"Thought so," came the drawing reply, after a pause. Al made up



"SAY, WHAT DOES THAT FOREIGN LANGUAGE MEAN?"

for the omission of unimportant words by dwelling leisurely on those he did use.

"Goin' to hev a service to-morrow night, I un'stan'."

"Yes;" said Mr. Campbell, putting away his book, in the hope that this friendly advance might mean the opening to a mutual good understanding—possibly a permanent friendship. "Yes," he repeated, "I believe notice has been given to that effect. I hope to see you all present."

This last rather formally-sounding phrase he put in because he felt something should be added to the bare rejoinder, and he did not think of anything better to say at the moment.

"Some of the boys will, I guess," said Al in his long-drawn-out manner,

"but I could take no hand in them games. Fact is, I don't believe in the Bible, so what's the use goin'?"

"You find difficulties in the Bible, do you?"

"Lots of 'em; it's full. Runs up agin itself all through—can't go it, no how."

"You mean it contradicts itself?"

"That's it."

"But are you sure the passages you refer to are real contradictions? May they not be capable of explanation when rightly understood?"

"Don't know 'bout that. Can't see how anybody could explain 'em so's they wouldn't jibe," said Al deliberately. "F'r instance, it says in one part God is good and merciful, and then again in another place it says

He will visit the sins of the father on the children. How kin them ideas be hitched so's to pull together? An' that's jes' one case."

This seemed a fair opening, and the new Sky-Pilot availed himself of it wisely. He avoided all appearance of the parson, and endeavoured to meet the difficulty in a way likely to be effective with his interlocutor.

Noticing that the latter, notwithstanding his western vernacular, was a man of some education—he had evidently been quite capable of translating the Latin sentence without assistance—Mr. Campbell called his attention to the well-established principles of heredity, and the application of its laws. Al admitted the fact, often illustrated before his own eyes, of the heritable character of certain diseases. The subject, indeed, had a painful personal interest for him, as he had reason to suspect that the taint of consumption was in his own blood, notwithstanding his present robust appearance. But he objected that this did not apply to the matter in hand. Disease might pass from parent to child, but disease was not necessarily the punishment of sin. He acknowledged that it might in most cases have originated in offences against physical laws, when that view was put to him; and he was equally candid in allowing that there certainly were many diseases which were the manifest fruits of sin. His personal observation had furnished him with an abundance of proof on this

point. Such cases were unquestionably proofs of the truth of the terrible words of Scripture, there could be no escape from that. "But," said the Pilot, after following up this line in a convincing argument, "don't you think it would be much better, since we must just accept these given facts, without pretending to understand or account for their existence, to turn our attention to the other passage, which assures us of the goodness and loving-kindness of God. That is equally true, and equally a matter of experience?"

"Wal," said the cowboy, thoughtfully—he was now sitting on the bunk with his elbows on his knees, and in a genuinely serious mood—"I don't know but what you're right thar'. It ain't much use kickin' agin' facts; and it would be a sight more pleasin' to dwell on the other idee, that's so. If I on'y could do it—thar's the thing."

"You may be able to in time," suggested Campbell. "Perhaps heretofore you have only read the Good Book to find puzzles—"

"When I've read it at all, sez you," interrupted Al. "I hain't done much in that line, I will admit. But I've got one of them books somewhar's in the shack, and I reely hev a notion to look into it careful."

"A very good notion, too," responded Campbell, smiling. "I can safely promise that you will find it a pleasant task, if you go about it in earnest. I suppose you are all pretty busy at this season on the range?"

And with this the conversation drifted peacefully to indifferent topics. The preacher had purposely refrained from touching upon religion directly, but he felt that he had made real progress toward the goal he aimed at. He was sure he might at least reckon on Al's friendship, which was a good start.

At the appointed time the door of the little log school-house in the village stood open, and some glimmering lamps invited whosoever would to enter. Mr. Campbell had begun his pastoral labours by sweeping out the room, and it must be said that he "made a good job of it," considering that he was a tenderfoot in this as in his more important line. He had also trimmed and lighted the lamps, which operation included the polishing of the chimneys—something they decidedly needed. As the hour for service approached a number of the

residents straggled in. Fisk, the captain of the round-up, was amongst the first, and he redeemed the section's reputation for hospitality by coming up and shaking hands with Campbell, and remarking in a friendly way that he "hoped the boys would turn out pretty good." This hope proved to be too sanguine; only some half-dozen of the ranch hands presented themselves—and, as it happened, Al was not amongst them. Nearly all the women of the vicinity—there were not many in that western community—were on hand, and amongst them pretty Bella Balfour, the daughter of old Simon, a canny but also drouthy old Scot, well known in the neighbour-



THE SKY-PILOT SWEEPING OUT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

hood. At this fair damsel it was observed that Fisk occasionally cast glances that meant much for such a timorous fellow as he was known to be where the other sex was concerned; though a hero among horses, cattle, Indians, and other elements of the wild west, he was "nowhar," as he candidly confessed, in the presence of feminine charms. Altogether a congregation of a score or thereabouts assisted in the new Pilot's first service, and listened to his inaugural sermon, which was a simple and earnest presentation of the Gospel message. The attentiveness of the little company, and the heartiness of the singing betokened an encouraging amount of interest, and Campbell began to entertain high hopes of a fruitful pastorate. The "offertory" portion of the service confirmed these hopes. It is in the collection that the West

really shines, especially the cowboy element of a congregation. Nothing less than "two bits" is to be thought of—this terminology being western for a "quarter." "Shell out, boys," remarked Fisk from his place on one of the side benches, as Mr. McQuarrie, the school-teacher, passed around the plate; and the boys did not fail to do so. Mr. Campbell discovered quite early in his ministry that the collection means much to the ranchers. The explanation he usually received when he ventured to remark to one of them afterwards, upon his absence from the meeting, was, "Well, you see, Pilot, I didn't happen to hev any money in my clothes."

The winter passed quickly, Campbell worked hard and gained the confidence of the men. It was Monday morning after the spring round-up, and as he had good services the day before he was in capital spirits when Fisk dropped in to see him. The captain of the round-up was in every respect a leading character of the vicinity, famous for his mastery of horsemanship and "roping." His latest feat in the latter science was the rescue of one of the cowboys who had been somehow swept from his horse in a rapid stream while in the act of crossing. He was being borne away in the current to certain death when Fisk, seeing his plight, galloped down the bank and lassoed him with a skilful throw of the rope.

A real good fellow was Fisk, modest, kindly and brave—excepting (as to the last quality) amongst "wimmin folks." He sat down now as if for a casual talk merely, and the conversation had gone on for some time on a variety of unimportant matters. The stock of available subjects was running low, when Campbell thought he might venture an allusion to a rumour he had heard earlier in the day: "I understand you are going to be married, Mr. Fisk." At once an expression of relief came into the latter's face; the appearance of having "something on his mind" vanished. "That's what I come to see you about," he said calmly. "I want you to tie the knot." "When do you wish to have the ceremony?" asked Campbell. "Tomorrow, I guess." "Have you the license?" "No, I hain't. But you kin git that fer me, can't you?" And so the matrimonial event was arranged. Fisk, in his easier mood, volunteered some news. "Al Urqu-

hart ain't well, I calk'late. Bin off his feed lately."

"Indeed!" said the Pilot, somewhat startled. "I must go over and see him before I leave for McLeod. Is he in the shack?"

"No, he's on the range; he hasn't quit work, but he ought to be in bed, in my opinion."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Can't exactly say," replied Fisk, "seems to have a bad cold for one thing. But the boys tells me he's doin' too much readin'?"

"Ah!" was Campbell's laconic comment.

"Yes; readin' the Bible all the while even when he's ridin' the range, so they say."

"Well, he will get no harm from that, if his health is otherwise all right. I will see him on my return."

"An' you won't forgit about that paper?"

"Oh, no; I'll bring the license. But I scarcely think I can marry you tomorrow. Let us say Wednesday."

"All right, Pilot," replied Fisk, "I ain't perticular to a day or so."

As Campbell drove his buckboard along the trail the next evening on his return to the ranch, he heard the hoof-beats of a galloping horse behind him. Al Urquhart came up. "Guess I'll ride with you," he remarked, after the minister had greeted him heartily. So he dismounted and got into the rig, holding the bridle rein of his broncho. To immediate inquiries for his health Al admitted that he was somewhat out of sorts, and thought he would lay off for a week or so. But the keen eye of the Pilot detected something more than a casual illness. His heart warmed to the cowboy, for he felt sure the battle was spiritual rather than physical. He was confirmed in this opinion when Al said:

"I don't jest think I done right in sendin' that letter to my mother a spell ago. I'd like to get your idea on the pint. You see, she's bin writin' to me from time to time ever since I left home—"

"Is your home in the East?" Campbell asked the question more as a relief to Al than for curiosity.

"No; in England. I left when I was a boy. But mother's livin' there yet, and hes always rit to me, and I've generally answered her letters. But lately—the last time—I told her that if she didn't let up on the religious

in her letters, I wouldn't write agin'." "I couldn't have done that, Al; a never has more than one and you cannot doubt that she what she felt in her heart was best interest. No; I wouldn't splied in that way. It must urt the dear old heart," said all.

There was a moisture in Al's eyes falter in his voice as he said: "I guess you're right. I'm sorry it, now. I ain't heard from ce."

"Write again, Al, and tell her so the best thing you can do." "I believe it is," was all he said.

Wednesday morning Fisk came to see about the license. The document had been duly sent but a new difficulty had arisen. "Have you received old Simon's yet, Mr. Fisk?" Campbell his visitor.

"Consent? how?" Fisk was manifestly unaware of the "snag."

"Why—don't you know that he objects on the ground that the girl is underage? It appears she is a minor less than three months, and the old man considers that she has a right to him."

"The idea of the boys hev bin puttin' their heads for a lark—I see how it is. The old man's bin on the spree and they've bin playin' on him. I'll straighten it out fer me, and you be a good feller. You kin do it, I'll have the affair to-morrow according to the arrangements."

"I'll run over to Campbell to inquire if Fisk had got the consent of the girl herself. He could scarcely say how, when, or where the thing had been done, or the question, in view of the round-up man's disposition toward the sex. Campbell concluded it would be safe to do as he was granted.

That day, "at the residence of the father"—a very humble little ceremony came off. It was exactly what the society journal called a "pretty house wedding," and was as lawful as any, and quite in its own way. Campbell's plan had succeeded. The old man had been played upon by the just as Fisk had surmised, and some time protested with indignity of manner that Bella had put him a duty." Under the terms of the Pilot he at length

withdrew the objection, and replaced it with a very fervid consent, accompanied by the announcement that he would give the bride away in person.

It was Campbell's first wedding ceremony, and he has seen none precisely like it since. The little party almost filled the shack. Fisk, looking like a man awaiting execution, stood uneasily before the parson. Then the bride, in her ordinary everyday trousseau, came "up the aisle on her father's arm"—that is to say, the old gentleman, scarcely quite sober, came up holding her by the hand, and took his place with grave demeanour between the high contracting parties—now holding the bridegroom's hand as well. He was politely ordered to the rear, however, and under protest took his place in that humble position. Then the twain were made one, and, after due congratulations from the assembled guests, left to spend the honeymoon at Fisk's shack.

It was on a Saturday evening some three weeks after Campbell's first marriage service. He had seen little of Al Urquhart in the meanwhile, but had found increasing evidence on the occasion of two or three short conversations to confirm his belief that the work of the Holy Spirit was going on in the young man's soul. On one of the occasions referred to, Al had mentioned with unusual gentleness of manner (for I have omitted to record that he had always been noted for his brusque style and fiery temper among the "boys"—as much feared, in fact, for his quick resentment of an offence, as admired for his cleverness as an all-round range rider)—that he had written to his mother and taken back his undutiful words. Mr. Campbell happened to be thinking of him at the moment, as he approached the school-house to sweep out and set it in order for the morrow's service, when he saw the object of his thoughts coming in his direction on horseback. He was coming in a hurry, too. Campbell stood and watched him as he galloped down the bank of the little river and dashed through its waters, and when he came up the transformation of his face and manner told the story without the need of words.

"Give us your hand, old man!" he cried—speaking almost rapidly in the new joy that had come to him. "It's all right. I've got it here. The old book is true, after all—seek and ye shall find—He will abundantly pardon."

"Al, my boy, I thank God for this! God bless and keep you!" said Campbell, fervently.

Then Al dismounted and they walked to the schoolhouse together.

"You must tell me your experience, Al. Let's have a little Methodist love-feast right here by ourselves," said the Pilot as they went into the room together.

"Well, there ain't much to tell after all," answered Al. "It all come of that little talk we had. I jest made up my mind to read the book through, and let it do as it pleased with me. I mean I wasn't goin' to fight agin it as I read. I probably wouldn't done this if you hed started off to talk to me about my soul bein' saved, but I go to readin' and then I got interested,

got to stop right now. He's genuine, you kin tell that if you's got any sense. He'd a' used his gun afore this if he wasn't. He's a changed man for sure, 'cuz he don't shoot. He grins and bears it right along. But it's got to quit now. The first galoot that interferes with him agin has got to interfere with me!"

It was big Jim Burke who spoke, and the boys in the ranch knew that words from him "meant business."

"You gettin' pious, too, Jim?" one of them ventured to ask.

"Never mind 'bout that," retorted Jim. "What I say I mean. And I guess you'll all allow that Al Urquhart is jest as good a feller as he ever was, and better, since the change come to him."

"That's right!" assented Joe Loder, "it's a pile easier to get along with him at work these days in every shape and way!"

So it came about that a truce was called to the long series of persecutions poor Al had gone through since the night of his talk with the new Pilot. From time to time he had said to the latter, since that "love-feast" scene, "Pilot, I cannot stand it—it's awful. The boys just goad me to rage, an' the ole Adam's strong in me yit, I reckon!"

But One had said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and Al, who looked to Him for help, found it according to His promise, and conquered at last.



"GIVE US YOUR HAND, OLD MAN."

and afore long somethin' took right hold of me. It was like the risin' of the sun, somehow. In the light of them holy words, and in the presence of that lovin', tender, forgivin' Man of Sorrows dyin' on the cross so lonely for His enemies, I came to see myself as I hadn't done afore that time, and see what a mean, low-down critter I was. It come to me that there was only one thing worth while after all, and that was to be like him. Then, for the first time, I understood my mother. Pilot, she's putty much like Jesus—she's follered Him all her life, dear old mother—and I've nigh broke her heart!"

"It's no use, boys. This thing's

When the Pilot, on a visit to the Old Land in the summer, found himself in the vicinity of Al's old home, it was with great joy that he performed the duty he had promised his friend—to find out the old mother and tell her the glad tidings. And the widow's joy was equal to his own when he had found her and delivered the happy message. "Yet I have been expecting this," said the dear old lady, as her wrinkled face beamed with the light of faith and love. "I have prayed for my poor boy ever since he went away, and I knew that God would hear and answer me. And now I give Him thanks and praise—for this my son was dead and is alive again: he was lost and is found!"

THE DEACONESS MOVEMENT IN CANADA.



METHODIST DEACONESS HOME AND TRAINING INSTITUTE, TORONTO.

Seven years ago the first germs of the Methodist deaconess organization were planted in Canada. They were planted amid doubts and fears and discouragements. The deaconess idea was misunderstood and misinterpreted. It was looked at askance by many good men and by some good women. The deaconesses were described as Protestant nuns, aping the methods of Romanism. The movement was regarded by some as a rank outgrowth of popery. It was prophesied that soon the deaconesses would be taking irrevocable vows, shaving their heads, bearing conventual names, and wearing conventual garb. They have done none of these things. Miss Scott, the superintendent of the institution, to whom the movement owes so much of its success, is as little like a nun as you can imagine; a bright, cheery, alert, sunny-souled woman. Even her buoyant nature was at first somewhat depressed. She came from the Methodist Deaconess Home in Chicago, where was a bright and happy family of a score of deaconesses. In the little Home in Toronto, with only one or two of the gentle sisterhood, she felt somewhat lonely and discouraged. But she worked on with faith and hope and zeal, and after seven years, what is the result?

As the deaconesses mustered to walk to Broadway Tabernacle to hear

Dr. Chown's admirable anniversary sermon, they mustered twenty-six happy, consecrated souls, who had enjoyed training in the word and works of God, and had already had experience of the joys of Christian service. They have won the love and confidence and sympathy of the entire Methodism of Toronto. They occupy one of the most beautiful, commodious, well-equipped Deaconess Homes on this continent, given and furnished through the appreciation of their work by Toronto Methodists. Another home for rescue work is already opened. Seven deaconesses are constantly employed in connection with the Massey mission, and others in visitation of the sick, the suffering, the sorrowing, in helping the helpless, in remembering the forgotten, in seeking and saving them that were lost.

They established last year a Fresh Air Mission, in the town of Whitby, at which over a hundred little wilted waifs of children, blanched like potato-vines in a dark cellar, struggling for the sunlight, with many of their toll-worn mothers, gained health and strength in the fresh air and sunshine of the country. Best of all, the joy and gladness and sunshine of the Gospel found their way to dark homes and dark hearts, and many have been led to the Saviour.

There is nothing of mediæval asceticism or sacerdotalism about this movement. The deaconesses are eminently practical. They glean in all fields. They gather up fragments that would else be wasted. They run, as Miss Scott says, a great "department store," in which almost everything needful for succouring the sick and the needy can be found. This is kept replenished chiefly by the Methodist women of Toronto, who know that their gifts—from jellies for the sick, to housefurnishings and cast-off clothing for the poor—will be wisely used. Nothing is given except in cases of absolute, imperative need; but everything is sold at a price that makes it a boon to those in want. The following enumeration will indicate the variety and character of this work:

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Number of missionary and parish calls | 7,020 |
| Other calls | 5,690 |
| Total number of calls | 12,710 |
| Number of papers, magazines, books and bibles distributed | 5,588 |
| Number of new and half-worn garments, etc., distributed | 4,993 |
| Number of families supplied with food | 836 |
| Delicacies for the sick distributed | 500 |
| Number of families supplied with fuel | 34 |
| Number receiving fresh-air holiday in the country | 125 |
| Persons for whom work was secured | 429 |
| Number of times teaching | 855 |
| Number of meetings held | 802 |
| Number of hours spent in nursing | 1,000 |
| Amount of emergency money spent | \$147.00 |
| Amount of fresh-air money | \$208.19 |

The marvel is that with so little money so much good has been done. The deaconesses have the art of making a very little go a long way.

This movement, we may say, owes very much of its success to the wisdom, the consecrated common-sense, the religious devotion of Miss Scott, superintendent of our deaconess institution. It has also been greatly aided by the visits and ministrations in several of our churches of Miss Isabelle Horton, of The Deaconess Advocate, of Chicago. Miss Horton's addresses, by their human tenderness and pathos, relieved by a fine vein of humour, instinct with an earnest spirituality, and clothed with a literary grace and eloquence of a quite unique character, were an inspiration and uplift to all who heard them.

Three years ago we had the pleasure of printing in this magazine Miss Horton's admirable address, given at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on "What the Deaconess Saith Unto the

Churches." Through the great kindness of Miss Horton, we have the pleasure of reproducing the substance of some of her addresses, given in connection with the seventh anniversary of the deaconess institution, in part from her own manuscript, and in part from dictation to our own stenographer. We commend these addresses to the thoughtful study of our readers, especially to the women of Canadian Methodism. We believe that, to use Miss Horton's striking figure, a rod of power lies ready to the hand of the Church of to-day, in its consecrated womanhood, a lever of more than Archimedean strength to raise and bless the world.

We do not forget or discount the fact that in all ages of the Church women have been its most effective ministrants. But with their larger opportunities, with their increased leisure, with their broader culture, with their ampler opportunities, they have come into a kingdom such as they never knew before. Only half a century ago most of the work in the home was wrought by women's hands, they were emphatically the spinners, the wives, the ladies—the spinners, the weavers, the loaf-givers, as the words mean—of the household. They carded the wool and spun and wove and dyed the cloth, and made the clothing. A type of these is found in the wise woman in the book of Proverbs, of whom we read, "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. . . . She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

But this is now all done by the nimble fingers and tireless sinews of machinery. Woman is released in large degree from this material service. At the same time, in our schools and colleges, our daughters have kept pace step by step with their brothers in climbing the difficult steep of Parnassus. They have received larger and better equipment for intellectual, social, and religious work than ever before. Yet the very advantages of their new culture involves a new peril, that of becoming mere aesthetic dilettanti, of cultivating a refined selfishness.

At this very time God has provided a noble antidote for such a malign spell, a spell which involves spiritual atrophy and death. On every side he has opened doors of usefulness for women—in the home and foreign missionary field; in the Sunday-school

Home Department, and in work; in the Christian cult and the Christian service of the League and Christian Endeavour organizations; in the opportunity of ministering to their lowly, and worse than orphaned little ones; and, thank God, many of them are finding in this sacred service joy unspeakable.

Allen, president of the British Society, told us, during his visit here, of a spoiled daughter of fortune, of wealth, and of selfishness, whose bitter confession was, "I have everything that I can want, but I am miserable." It is still the same in the days of St. Paul, "She findeth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." It is for evermore a fact of the deepest meaning, he that will lose himself, by self-centred endeavour, will lose it, but he that will lose his life in a divine self-surrender and self-negation, akin to His who loved us and gave Himself for us, shall find it. His daughters cannot all be technicians; they may be such

potentially, in essence and in spirit, for the word means a servant of the Church for Christ's sake. The example of these good women, these "sisters of the people," who, bound by no conventual tie, free to leave the order at any time, live a wholesome and heartsome life of service, a life throbbing with a rich, intellectual and spiritual experience, will be an inspiration to many who do not join their order to share, in their own homes and more immediate social circles, its blessings and benedictions.

We supremely honour these sisters of ours who break the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, of their heart's richest affections on the feet of Jesus, and by their ministry to his "little ones," minister even unto him. Like the holy women of old, they bring the balm and myrrh and spike-nard of saintly service to the Lord they love. They offer their choicest culture, their gifts and graces, their winsome womanhood, as new vestals to keep the holy fires burning on the altar of humanity, not for Rome, but for the whole wide world.

"NO NEED HAVE THEY TO GO AWAY."

BY SAMUEL L. HAWORTH.

Dark night place; night comes apace;
And God supply: shall souls thus die
When God hath sent the heavenly
bread?
"No need have they to go away;"
"Give them manna sweet give them to eat
And let the multitude be fed.

Multitude in want of food—
"One depart with longing heart,
Hunger seeking to be filled?"
"No need have they to go away;"
"Give them manna sweet give them to eat
And let the multitude be fed.

At home, abroad, on lonely road,
Or crowded street where many greet,
Perchance they hunger for life's food.
"No need have they to go away;"
In love discreet give them to eat
And feed the suffering multitude.

Beyond the seas are feeble knees,
In distant lands are trembling hands,
The multitude is dying there.
"No need have they to go away;"
Yet time is fleet; give them to eat;
The bread of life with them now share.

—The Friend.

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystal lines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

—Mrs. Browning.

RELIGIOUS DRIFT.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is an impression in some minds that the religious world is, to an alarming extent, drifting away from the old established faith of the Gospel; and that the cultured thought of the age is trending toward skepticism and infidelity. We think there is no ground for this conclusion, but strong grounds for a conclusion the very opposite. It is the exceptional that excites attention, that excites remark. The regular sweep of the planets in their orbit, age after age, awakens no special interest; but should one of these break away from its orbit, or let a comet flash athwart the sky, and all the world is agaze. One erratic Professor Briggs, or one blaspheming Ingersoll, sets all the papers on the continent buzzing. But the twenty thousand Methodist preachers, who stand in the old ways and preach the grand old doctrines that have subdued the world, excite no remark.

The needs of the human soul are the same in every age. In the hour of sorrow and of sadness, of utter and sorest need, the heart and flesh cry out for the living God. The speculations of science, the blankness of infidelity, cannot satisfy its deep and immortal yearnings. It needs a positive revelation of a loving and personal Saviour. And in all the Evangelical Churches there is, we believe, a more lively apprehension of Christ as the Saviour of men, and of faith in the Crucified One, than ever before. As a consequence there is more devoted Christian effort to train the children for God, to rescue the perishing, to evangelize the masses, to raise the criminal classes, to send the gospel to the heathen, than the world ever saw before. Where Wesley and Whitefield were mobbed and stoned, Moody and Sankey have had great tabernacles erected for their services, and have had the co-operation of a host of willing workers, clerical and lay. If a blundering magistrate interferes with the services of the Salvation Army, a powerful organization is formed for its defence.

The colleges at the beginning of the century were hot-beds of infidelity. At Yale only four or five professed faith in Christianity. Princeton was no better. At Bowdoin only one was willing to avow himself a Christian. It was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two generations. Says Dr. Dwight, "From France, Germany and Great Britain the dregs of infidelity were

vomited upon us. An enormous edition of the 'Age of Reason' was published in France to be sold and sent over to America for a few pence per copy, or to be given away." Between 1817 and 1830, 57,689,000 volumes of the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other infidel writers were circulated on the continent.

"It is affirmed," says Dr. Dorchester, "That the Evangelical Churches have lost their hold upon the intellect of the age. How and wherein? When was it equally identified with the best, the most vigorous, the most learned culture?" The students in the evangelical colleges have increased twice as fast as the population of the country; and one-half more of these students are professing Christians than forty years ago. During ten years, of fourteen hundred graduates of Harvard, only two were skeptics; and never were there so many church members among the students as now.

All over the land the old and impressive truths of revelation, sanctioned by a book in which the hearers have not the slightest distrust as to its divine origin, and as accepted through the ages, are preached every Sabbath, and taught to susceptible childhood in the Sabbath schools. As an instance of the interest felt in Sunday-school work, may be mentioned the fact that during a single year there have been held on this continent an average of *fourteen* Sunday-school conventions for every day in the year.

Against this vast tide of evangelical influence, sweeping in ever-broadening volume down the ages, the manifestations of current skepticism are only chips upon the stream. They cannot stem the swelling tide. We have so serene a confidence in the triumph of the Gospel, that all the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, of skepticism and infidelity, alarm us not the least. In one of England's darkest hours of unbelief, brave, blind old Milton wrote: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty?" Let us, after two hundred years of added demonstrations of its invincible might, emulate his serene and lofty faith.

Current Topics and Events.



One of the most notable features of the Pan-American is the magnificent display of sculpture, about five hundred pieces in all, by some of the foremost designers of America, together with reproductions of classic masterpieces. Beneath the blue sky and against the background of green foliage and many-coloured buildings, the pure white statuary has a charming effect. We present one of the characteristic pieces adorning the Temple of Music.

THE PRICE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Under this title the New York Independent has a generous recognition of the righteousness of Britain's conflict in South Africa. If her war be just, then its great cost in money and in blood does not affect that righteous-

ness. Even after paying the increased income tax of "tu'pence in the pound," and a penny on sugar, Great Britain will still be far the most lightly taxed nation in Europe—only 9.3 per cent. of its income, with an increasing population and national resources, wealth growing rapidly from year to year. France, which expresses such commiseration for Great Britain under its burdens, with a decreasing population and little trade with its colonies, is taxed 13.6 per cent. of its income, and impoverished Italy is taxed 22 per cent. The accompanying diagram shows the relative taxation of the nations.

The following is the Independent's article :

Already the South African War has cost the British people \$733,000,000 in taxes and loans, not to speak of



destruction of values in South Africa itself, and all the incidental losses to individuals and to commerce. It is likely to cost a round billion of dollars before it is concluded. Is it worth the cost ?

Certainly the British people think it is. Whether it be the British in Great Britain or in Cape Colony, both agree that whatever the cost the war must be carried on till the conclusion of British sovereignty is attained, and the danger of the loss of South Africa is finally averted.

They are right in the valuation they put on South Africa, even taking that alone, and not considering what would be the loss of prestige to Great Britain in Europe and China and India were she to be beaten by the Boers. The question in conflict is the possession of South Africa—of the best part, the temperate part of the continent, whether it shall or shall not belong to Great Britain. A billion dollars would be a very small price to pay for it now, even as landed property, not to speak of its assured future. The territory in debate is nearly as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi.

Then there is to be considered the relation of South Africa to the rest of the British possessions in Africa. Great Britain cannot afford for any price to lose her possession of South Africa, so long as she has the ambition to be the principal power in Africa. The best of Africa she now holds, from Egypt to the Cape. France may hold as much land, but it is mainly sand ; the best rivers and harbours and mines and tillable soil are held by Great Britain. To hold all this and develop it with Eng-

lish settlers she needs to hold South Africa ; she must hold the way from Cairo to the Cape.

And yet it is the mastery of sentiment over financial values that controls in this matter. England could not, would not, forsake her sons in the Transvaal, nor would she yield their equal rights. It was English liberty for all, the right to be represented by equal votes, that was at stake ; and for this liberty in the Transvaal she was willing to fight, and when the fight was on, to finish it at whatever cost. The previous condition was not liberty ; it was the subordination of the newcomer to the old settler. The future condition will be one of absolute equality, British and Boer, a fair liberty, such as the Transvaal could never see so long as it was the policy to exploit and tyrannize over foreign settlement and wealth.

The kind of civilization that the British will give to all South Africa is worth many billion dollars more than the kind which the Boer rulers wanted, who would have made it all Dutch, of the Kruger kind, from the Cape to the Zambesi.

Whether we count money value, or whether we add the worth of British prestige abroad, or whether we take in the worth of that free self-government and equal rights, and those institutions of civilization of which Great Britain and the United States are the best promoters, the value received by Great Britain and the world in the maintenance of British sovereignty in South Africa is well worth the price for which Englishmen are now required to pay twopence extra income tax and a cent on sugar.



serious peril of the substantial prosperity over which capital and labour are wrangling being scooped up by hard times, which such quarrel invites. It is affirmed that the loss of trade about which there is such outcry in Great Britain at present is the direct result of the colossal strikes of a few years ago.

street-car strikes as those in Lynn, St. Louis, and Albany are of civil war—not very civil. The business of great cities is completely disorganized, and thousands of persons are put to much inconvenience and great loss, and in these precious lives have been sacrificed. Some board of conciliation such as has prevented strikes many years in New Zealand, is not beyond the resources of civilization. It has been affirmed more money has been lost to the working classes by strikes than has been gained, while there is a

An American cartoon represents Mr. Pierpont Morgan as asking King Edward what he will take for his crown, and another paper describes him as negotiating for the Bank of England and the House of Parliament, or perhaps the British navy. The English people take very philosophically, however, the purchase of steamship companies at a very high rate, and the annexing of American heiresses by what are called Morgan-atic marriages. The King and the London magnates have been showing marked courtesy to the American multi-millionaires, and the nation exhibits no resentment at Mr. Carnegie's generous gift of ten millions to Scottish universities.

Religious Intelligence.

THE CONFERENCES.

first Conferences of the twenty-first century have been seasons of uninterest. A feeling of expectancy and consecration pervaded these decades. It was realized that the needs of the past century but gave an opportunity and greater obligation for the century to come. The great success of the Twentieth Century Fund it was felt would be complete without the outpouring of a glorious spirit of revival and soul-winning power.

It is most gratifying to note that, notwithstanding the extra effort by nearly a million and a quarter are laid upon God's altar, most connexional funds show no diminution, but in some cases marked increase. Best of all is the evidence of vital growth in a general increase of membership throughout the world. Thus we regard it as the grand harbinger of a great forward movement, when many thousands

more will be brought into the kingdom of God.

It is significant, too, that a large proportion of this increase comes to us through the Sunday-school. This is as it should be. The school is the best recruiting ground of the church. Those who enter by this door into the sheepfold ought to be better trained, and give promise of longer years of usefulness and development, of nobler Christian character, than those who are rescued from the world after years of sin. Intrinsicly precious as all souls are, it is wise of the Church to seek first of all, and above all, the incorporation of its own children into the household of faith. The largely increased circulation of our Sunday-school periodicals is one indication of the life that throbs in this most important department of our Church's operations. Methodism in all its branches lies under an obligation of unspeakable importance to the many thousands of faithful, unwearying teachers

devote so much of their time and thought and care and means to their blessed work of training for heaven the youthful immortals whom God and the Church commit to their loving teaching. Nor are they unrewarded. They receive in their own souls, in the deeper insight into the Word of God, in the joy of training the young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in witnessing their conversion to God, a hundredfold compensation for all their efforts.

Our faithful Missionary Secretary raised the warning that we are dividing our work into too many separate units, and employing in the old or settled parts of the Dominion too many agents in a limited field; while the new fields and the frontiers of the far west, and the foreign field, were earnestly calling for more labourers. Thus faithful labourers, who are able and anxious to work, are forced upon the Superannuation Fund for lack of circuits, and the maintenance of those upon the home missions is quite inadequate to their proper support. While some Churches are complaining of the dearth of candidates for the ministry, our own, notwithstanding the hardships and sometimes privations of the itinerancy, has a more than ample supply, and these are receiving more thorough scholastic training than ever before. It was urged that our Presbyterian friends are covering their home work with a less number of men, and are so able to send more missionaries to the heathen world.

It is a fact of great significance that so many of our laymen, men of affairs, conducting large business, or engaged in professional life, find time to devote several days to the sessions of Conference, and that they take such a profound interest in the spiritual as well as temporal aspects of the Lord's work. It is noteworthy, too, that men like Mr. Chester D. Massey, Mr. M. H. Peterson, and others, who have done so much for Methodism in the past, are offering to assume still further financial burdens for its extension in the immediate future.

While we have, as a Church, great ground for gratitude, we have none for self-satisfaction or surcease of effort. While we look thankfully at the past, we look hopefully for the future. "Not as though we had already attained, either were already perfect; . . . forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching

forth unto those things which are before, we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

—
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
JUBILEE.

The jubilee anniversary of the inauguration of the Y. M. C. A. on this side of the water has just been celebrated. It is gratifying to know that the society in Montreal is the oldest one outside of Great Britain. This organization has been one of the most successful for gathering in and ennobling young men. Lord Kinnard and Lord Strathcona are announced among the speakers at this famous jubilee.



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS,
Father of the Young Men's Christian
Association.

W. S. Harwood, in the *June Century*, writes thus of Sir George Williams:

"One dull London day I sat at luncheon in a room which is, in some ways, one of the most interesting in the world, with a man who, judged by a central act in his life, stands among the notable figures of the nineteenth century. The table at which I sat is historic. Around it, one day in June, fifty-seven years ago, a band of London young men gathered—not

more than a dozen in all. The man who sat with me was their leader. Guided by him, they established the greatest religio-civic body known among men since the dawn of Christianity.

"It was in this room, at this table, that George Williams founded the Young Men's Christian Association, recognized by progressive men, in and out of the Church, as one of the most powerful agencies of modern life for the physical, mental, moral, and religious betterment of young men. When I called at the office of this white-haired yet young-faced old man, I found him sitting in his little private office in the building in Paternoster Row known wherever there is a member of this great association. He was an old man, but his mind was clear, his intellectual grip strong.

"He invited me to go up to the room, on the third floor of his great business house, unchanged since the day when he and his young friends gathered while he outlined to them his plans for the new organization. The room remains as it was on that memorable occasion, nearly sixty years ago."

We beg to call special attention to the admirable paper on "City Mission Work," by the Rev. T. E. Egerton Shore, M.A., B.D., in this number of *The Magazine and Review*. We know no such comprehensive survey of this great subject as that which Mr. Shore has presented. He writes from intimate personal knowledge of the needs of the poor among whom he has laboured with such zeal and success. His heart is touched with their sorrows. He recognizes the only solution of the great city problem. He believes, as Robert Hall, that "the soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." His summons rings like the call of a clarion to Methodism, which Chalmers describes as "Christianity in earnest," to be more in earnest than ever in evangelizing the cities, the strategic points of the future.

Miss Horton's beautiful address on the deaconess work will also appeal to the sympathies of our readers, not only for its literary grace, but still more for its tender and Christly spirit.

HARVESTED.

The grim reaper has been busy with his scythe during the month, and a

wide swath of men of mark has been harvested for the kingdom. Three distinguished missionaries—Cochran, Mackay, and Chalmers—have, like ripe sheaves, been garnered home. Of these,

THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN, D.D., the founder of our Japanese mission, comes nearest to our hearts and homes. Brought up on a Canadian farm, he entered our ministry at the age of twenty-two. He was not the product of the schools, but of indomitable self-help, and a passion for study. His great work was his well-nigh quarter of a century spent in Japan. For six years before this he wielded commanding influence in Toronto, and was associated with Dr. Punshon in the erection of the Metropolitan Church.

In Japan, whither, with Dr. Davidson McDonald, he went to plant our mission in 1873, he at once became an important factor in the religious life of that country. At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 the present writer asked a Japanese commissioner if he knew Dr. Cochran. The man grasped my hand eagerly, and said, "Dr. Cochran baptized me," and he introduced me to a fellow-commissioner, also a convert of our new mission. Dr. Cochran took, also, active part in the great work of translating the Bible into the Japanese language. During a brief furlough he returned to Canada and became again pastor and president of the Conference. In 1884 he returned to Japan, and devoted himself for some years, as president of the Theological College, with great earnestness and success to the training of native Japanese ministers. Failing health compelled him to seek a less enervating climate, and he became Dean successively of the Maclay Theological College and of the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Southern California. Everywhere, in the home-land, in the far-land, Dr. Cochran won warm friends. He grappled his students to his heart with hooks of steel. In positions of responsibility he was wise, just, patient, and a man of unflinching conciliation and tact.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

It is gratifying to know that in his far-off southern home he was surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends." His wife, and son and

daughter, and many Canadian kinsfolk, were with him to the last. At his funeral, the Rev. E. A. Healy, Rev. William Williams, Rev. A. Hardie, and other friends of many years, joined with co-workers of later date in paying honour to his memory. A Los Angeles daily gives a portrait of Dean Cochran, and report of the glowing tributes to his character. His last words to his students were words of cheer and of encouragement for the great possibilities and opportunities which lay before them. "He magnified the cross day by day," said Dr. Cantine, at his funeral, "not only by what he said, but what he did."

Mrs. M. E. Lauder, a personal friend of Dr. Cochran, writes a poem to his memory, of which we regret we have not room for more than the following lines :

A leader of men, a leader of souls,
He has built himself into the story
Of that wondrous land of the Rising Sun,
And helped form that arch to firmly unite
The East and West in a brotherhood true,
Lasting and strong ; arch with the keystone
of love.

MACKAY OF FORMOSA

was a Canadian boy, born in Zorra, Oxford county, of Highland Scotch descent. He received a thorough training at Toronto University, Knox College, Princeton, and Edinburgh. The cause of missions lay near to his heart. He offered his life to their service, and selected as his field the unevangelized island of Formosa. For well-nigh thirty years he laboured with unflinching devotion and with marvellous results.

He has been the means of establishing between sixty and seventy churches, a hospital, schools, and in addition a college, called Oxford College, for the training of a native ministry, and for the higher education of the girls of the island. There are in addition thirty-five Bible-women and eight day-schools for the education of the children of Christian homes, all established by Dr. Mackay.

Dr. Mackay further cemented his interest in his life-work by marrying a Formosan lady in 1878, and his family consists of one son and two daughters. The latter are married to Chinamen, and are engaged in the mission work.

On a visit to Canada in 1894 he was elected Moderator of the General

Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and roused extraordinary interest in Canadian churches by his fervid missionary appeals. His book, "From Far Formosa," is a classic in missionary literature, a book more fascinating than a romance.

"When Dr. Mackay landed in Formosa, in 1871," says his namesake, the Missionary Secretary of the Presbyterian Church, "there were none before him, none to welcome him. He found his home in a stable, and immediately acquainting himself with those around him, began to learn the language. He has shown a limitless amount of courage ; nothing could daunt him. He was a man of intense fervour of spirit, which has never been quenched by any adverse circumstances he has met."

DR. BABCOCK.

More tragical than either of these deaths was that of Dr. Maltbee D. Babcock, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York. He was one of the most devoted, earnest, and eloquent ministers in America. As a relief from mental strain he was on his way to Palestine, and had reached Naples when he was attacked with fever. In a moment of delirium he took his own life. Few deaths have caused such a profound sympathy and sorrow since that of Hugh Millar, the great geologist, one of the foremost laymen of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who, under the mental strain of his last great book on what may be called the religion of geology, ended his life in a similar manner.

The following verses, by Dr. Babcock, were received by a friend a short time before his untimely end :

Why be afraid of Death, as though your life
were breath ?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. 'O
glad surprise !

Why should you be forlorn ? Death only
husks the corn ;
Why should you fear to meet the thresher
of the wheat ?

Is sleep a thing to dread ? Yet sleeping you
are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the
skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your
wooden bench ?

Why not with happy shout run home when
school is out ?

"The dear ones left behind!" O foolish
one, and blind,
A day, and you will meet; a night and you
will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe away
a breath

And know the end of strife, and taste the
deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without
a tear,

And work, nor care to rest, and find the
last the best.

REV. T. A. BEYNON, B.A.

This cultured and scholarly brother has been for many years the subject of physical infirmity, notwithstanding which he ceased not to labour as strength permitted. He entered into rest at Viriden, Man., on May 11. He entered our work in 1878, graduated from Victoria in 1880, and passed away at the comparatively early age of forty-nine. He is the subject of a beautiful tribute from the pen of Dr. Maclean, in *The Guardian*, which says: "For many years he was borne his burden of pain without a murmur, but at last the load became too heavy, and when he reached the top of the hill he sat down to rest, and bade farewell to the anxious watchers, who now wait in sorrow for their turn to go home."

JAMES CHALMERS.

Another heroic missionary, James Chalmers, of the London Missionary Society, with his young colleague, Rev. Oliver Tompkins, and ten native students, were murdered by ferocious cannibals in New Guinea last April. Dr. Chalmers had been for more than thirty years a missionary in the South Sea Islands, and he had done more than any other man in the exploration of New Guinea, the largest island in the world, except Greenland.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

The death of Sir Walter Besant removes not a man of the first class in literature, but still one of high rank. It is curious that much of his best work is little known beyond the subscribers to the Palestine Exploration Fund. He was for many years secretary of that fund, in connection with which Lord Kitchener won his first laurels, and editor of its Review. He also wrote in collaboration with Prof. Palmer, who was afterwards killed

by the Arabs, "The History of Jerusalem." His more lasting and solid work is his encyclopaedia of London, on which his late years have been spent. His novels have not the stamp of immortality, and in a few years will probably be forgotten. His truest monument will be that magnificent institution for the uplift of the masses, the People's Palace in the east-end of London, the outcome of his most popular work, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

THE HON. A. S. HARDY.

It is a grand thing when, after forty years of public life a servant of the Crown passes away, and leaves not a single enemy behind. Yet that is the noble record of the late Premier of Ontario. When Mr. Hardy resigned his office less than two years ago, it was amid a chorus of praise from men of both political parties. This was followed by a generous gift in recognition of his long continued and faithful services to his Sovereign, in which his political opponents, as well as his own party, vied. It is to the credit of this man that amid opportunities whereby a corrupt politician might have amassed great wealth, yet he died poor. Greater honour is this than if he left a large fortune. He was a faithful follower of his gallant chief, Sir Oliver Mowat, for a score of years. When called to be his successor he proved himself a born leader of men. He had a magnetic personality that grappled friends to his heart with hooks of steel, and was found faithful in stormy as in halcyon weather.

The last time we saw Mr. Hardy was at the unveiling of the Wesley portraits at the Metropolitan Church a few weeks ago. In that delightful religious exercise he was an appreciative and sympathetic participant.

Public life and the power of patronage make even social relations sometimes a dread to a sensitive man. Dining with Mr. Hardy at a private party, he said to the present writer, "Where have you been; I have not seen you for some time?" We replied, "We have no favours to ask, no axe to grind, and so have not troubled a very busy man." "You are the sort of man we like to see," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. In all his public and social relations he was the soul of honour and of courtesy. Such men live for their country, and make it worth living for.

Book Notices.

"The Illustrated History of Methodism." By Rev. James W. Lee, D.D., Rev. N. Luccock, D.D., James M. Dixon, M.A. St. Louis and New York: The Methodist Magazine Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv-759. Price, \$2.75.

The most significant phenomenon of the eighteenth century is the great religious revival under the Wesleys and their helpers. One of the most striking features of the nineteenth century is the rapid spread of Methodism through all lands. This stirring story is fully told in this handsome volume. It is the most sumptuous illustrated history of Methodism that we know. It contains over a thousand engravings of persons or places connected with this great religious movement. In a series of thirty-five well-written chapters, an account is given from its origin down to the present day. When was ever a more marvellous story told? Do you wish romance, surpassing that of fiction?—here you will find it. Do you seek records of heroism equal to those of the crusaders?—it is written in these pages. Do you long for religious inspiration and uplift?—it throbs and thrills in this record of trial and triumph. A well-written chapter is devoted to the progress of Methodism in Canada, with portraits of many of the men of light and leading who have moulded the religious life of this great Dominion.

"Marvels of Modern Mechanism and Their Relation to Social Betterment." By Jerome Bruce Crabtree. With special chapters by Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., and Willard Smith, M.D. The King-Richardson Co., Springfield, Mass., and Toronto. Pp. 750.

So familiar are we with the easements and benefits of modern civilization that it requires much effort to conceive the inconvenience and hardships we should endure without them. Mark Twain humorously illustrated this in his story of a Yankee at King Arthur's court. He would gladly exchange its feudal pomp and splendour for the comfort and convenience of his village home. The book under review gives an admirable description,

free from technicalities, of a few of the most striking inventions of modern times, and illustrates the part they have played in our industrial life. It is a tribute to the men who have "thought in iron and steel," and shows of what universal benefit their work has been.

"The demands of modern life," says the author, "are so exacting that the average man is prone to forget how much he owes to those who have helped to bring civilization out of savagery. This book is issued in the belief that he is unthoughtful rather than ungrateful, and that he will be glad to have their struggles and victories recalled to him."

The many marvels of mechanism are grouped under such heads as Modern Machinery; Power, Its Production and Use; Transportation, Its Relation to Progress; Electricity, Its Practical Applications; Iron and Steel Working, the Foundation of Industrial Life; Military Art and Science; Mineral Industries, Gold, Silver, Copper, Coal, Petroleum; Means of Communication, Telephone, Telegraph, Postal Service, Printing; Agricultural Machinery, How it Increases the Food Supply of the World; Modern Surgery; Housekeeper's Debt to Invention; Woman's Work and Training. These groups cover, it will be seen, almost the whole range of mechanism. A long list of authorities has been consulted. Dr. Carroll Wright, the distinguished economist, and Dr. Willard Smith, the eminent scientist, contribute special chapters. Many scores of engravings and full-page cuts illustrate the subject. The many topics are so lucidly treated that any intelligent boy will be fascinated with the book, which is yet so comprehensive that almost any practical mechanic can learn something new from its pages. It is like a course of technology to read these successive chapters. We have found great pleasure in the reading.

"The Progress of the Century. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. iv-583. Price, \$2.50.

With the close of the century appeared many reviews of its progress from almost every point of view. One

of the best of these was a series of papers written by experts, which were published in the *New York Sun*. These are now issued in this handsome volume. The treatment is, of course, very succinct, but a vast amount of useful information is compressed within these pages. It is gratifying to know that two distinguished Canadians are among the writers—Dr. William Osler, who writes on Medicine, and Professor Goldwin Smith, whose long residence in Canada warrants us in claiming him as one of ourselves. British authorities are largely in evidence, thus Alfred R. Wallace writes on Evolution; Professor Ramsay on Chemistry; Professor Flinders-Petrie on Archaeology; Sir J. Lockyer on Astronomy; Professor Caird on Philosophy; Professor Thomson on Electricity; Sir Charles Dilke on War; Andrew Lang on Literature. Among the American contributors are Captain Mahan on Naval Matters; Thomas C. Clarke writes on Engineering; Cardinal Gibbons on Catholicism; Professor Allen, of Cambridge, on Protestantism; Professor Gottheil on The Jews and Judaism; and Professor Goldwin Smith on Free Thought. These names are a guarantee that the respective subjects are treated with the authority of experts which, in matters of fact, leaves no appeal. In matters of opinion, however, even the authority of a great name is not a court of final appeal.

"Monopolies Past and Present." An Introductory Study. By James Edward Le Rossignol, Ph.D., Professor of Economics in the University of Denver. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-253. Price, \$1.25.

It is a marked tribute to our Canadian universities that so many of their students so soon reach professorial positions in American universities, and recognition in American literature. Of these brilliant students Professor Le Rossignol, a distinguished alumnus of our own Victoria, is a conspicuous example. His book is a model of condensed information on important subjects, and of eminently sane conclusions from a wide induction of facts.

The question of monopolies is no new thing under the sun. They did not begin with Messrs. Rockefeller

and Morgan. Professor Le Rossignol traces them back to Egypt and Greece. They abounded in mediaeval times. Then, as now, the Church was the champion of the poor. It demanded a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and this economic principle was incorporated into the Canon Law.

The story of the mediaeval guilds is one of romantic interest. Twelve of these survive in London, by whom the aldermen and officials of the city are still elected. Few of their members have any connection with the trade to which they nominally belong. There are generals who are Haberdashers, and scientists who are Fishmongers. Mr. Le Rossignol quotes some of the quaint rules of these old guilds:

"Item, that no man sett up a loome within hys howsse, but if he have been prentyse VII. yere at the occupation, under payne of ten pounds."

"There shall no woman worke in any worke concerning this occupation within this town."

"None to take an apprentice or workman aliant-born."

"If any barber who is a foreigner shall draw teeth in any part of the town except in a barber's shop, he shall forfeit twelve pence each time."

"No cobbler to amend shoes or bootes with bad stuffe or at unreasonable rates or keep them longer than two daies."

"Not to work after 9 p.m. on Saturdays."

"Item, that every brother of this saide brotherhood shall bring up reverentlie their servauntes in the feare of God."

"Any craftsman who shall brybe, purloyne, or stele above seven pence, and to persist, to be cast out utterly for ever."

The Hanseatic League embraced at one time eighty-five principal German cities, and largely controlled trade. The East and West India Companies, the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies are survivals to the present day of these merchant corporations. Interesting chapters are given on patents, copyrights, municipal, railway and capitalistic monopolies. The superb organization of the trusts and combines can certainly cause much economy of management, but that the consumer may obtain the benefit of these it is essential that the trusts and combines shall not override the authority and control of the laws.

"The Spiritual Experience of St. Paul." With Other Devotional Papers. By J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., B.D., Principal of the Wesleyan Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 227. Price, 70 cents.

In this book are collected a number of admirable studies chiefly of the life and teachings of St. Paul. Each is finished like a cameo, with a delicacy, refinement, and unity of purpose that make it a literary gem, perfect in its way. We strongly commend this book by the accomplished principal of the Wesleyan Theological College to the thoughtful study of our readers.

"A History of the Missions of the Moravian Church During the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." By J. Taylor Hamilton. Bethlehem, Pa.: Times Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-235. Price, \$2.50.

No Church in Christendom has such a splendid missionary record as the Moravian Church. It numbers in all only about 200,000 members, nearly one-half of whom have been gathered from among the heathen. The Moravians were earlier in the field than most of the Protestant Churches. They selected some of the hardest mission fields in Labrador, in Alaska, on Mosquito Coast, and in some of the strongholds of barbarism and savagery. The story is a continuation of the "Acts of the Apostles"—one of the grandest evidences of the truth and power and spell of religion that the world has ever seen. At the close of the century this little community had 390 missionaries, besides 1,863 native workers. A series of maps show their mission fields throughout the world. The faith and zeal, the chivalrous devotion and heroic endeavours of the Moravian missionaries for the glory of God and salvation of man form one of the most stirring chapters in the annals of the Christian Church.

"How We Kept the Flag Flying." The Story of the Siege of Ladysmith. By Donald Macdonald. Lon-

don, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-303. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

When shall the story fade? Few more heroic episodes in war are writ large upon history's page than that of the little beleaguered garrison of Ladysmith, stormed at with shot and shell, doomed—so far as Boer chivalry could doom them—to the pestilence that walketh by night, the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. When neither famine nor fever could starve them into submission, the Boers employed thousands of Kaffirs to dam the River Klip, and drown the women and children out of the warrens in which they took refuge from the remorseless fire of the Boer guns. Nearly twice as long as the siege of Lucknow was the siege of Ladysmith maintained. "And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew." This heroic story is here told with stirring power.

"Lest We Forget." By Joseph Hocking. Author of "All Men are Liars," "The Story of Andrew Fairfax," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-384. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

Joseph Hocking is a well-known minister of the Primitive Methodist Church in England. His books all have a profoundly religious significance, and several of them are of strongly pronounced religious type. Of that number is this. We do not much admire the flamboyant Protestantism whose chief merit is denouncing the errors and crimes of the dark days of Romanism. Still it is well to remember the sufferings and blood and holy martyrdoms by which our religious liberties were bought. There is, therefore, peculiar significance in the title of this book, "Lest We Forget." The story is one of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, but we would be very sorry to exchange for them the ampler liberties and nobler civilization of the days of Queen Victoria. The episode of the rescue of the wife by her husband at the very stake is one of thrilling pathos.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men . . .
The more we feel the high, stern-featured
 beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.

Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal
 praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

Methodist Magazine and Review

W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

IV.

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ALFRED THE GREAT.
Statue to be erected in his honour in New York.


Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1901.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

II.



IN order to restore civilization, it was necessary above all things to reform the Church. "I have often thought," says Alfred, "what wise men there were once among the English people, both clergy and laymen, and blessed times those were the people were governed by kings who obeyed God and his laws, and how they maintained peace, virtue and good order in the land, and even extended them to their country: how they fought in battle as well as in wisdom, and how zealous the clergy were in teaching and learning, and in their sacred duties; and how they came from foreign countries for instruction; whereas now, we desire it, we can only obtain it from abroad." It is clear to the king, unlike the literary men of Scandinavian paganism, that the root of the evil lay upon Christianity as the root of the nation's greatness, and even of the king's power, of the nation.

In order to restore the Church, it was necessary above all to reform the monasteries. The Church—society having become a religion being established.

OL. LIV. No. 2.

and the Church herself having acquired fatal wealth—these brotherhoods sank into torpor and corruption; but while the Church was still a missionary in a spiritual and material wilderness, waging a death-struggle with heathenism and barbarism, they were the indispensable engines of the holy war. The re-foundation of monasteries, therefore, was one of Alfred's first cares; and he did not fail, in token of his pious gratitude, to build at Athelney a house of God which was far holier than the memorial abbey afterwards built by the Norman Conqueror at Battle. The revival of monasticism among the English, however, was probably no easy task; for their domestic and somewhat material nature never was well suited to monastic life.

The monastery schools, the germs, as has been already said, of our modern universities and colleges, were the king's main organs in restoring education; but he had also a school in his palace for the children of the nobility and the royal household. It was not only clerical education that he desired to promote. His wish was "that all the free-born youth of his people, who possessed the means, might persevere in learning so long as they had no other work to occupy them, until they could perfectly read the English scriptures; while such as de-

sired to devote themselves to the service of the Church might be taught Latin." No doubt the wish was most imperfectly fulfilled, but still it was a noble wish. We are told the king himself was often present at the instruction of the children in the palace school. A pleasant calm after the storms of battle with the Dane!

Oxford (Ouse-ford, the ford of the Ouse) was already a royal city; and it may be conjectured that, amidst the general restoration of learning under Alfred, a school of some sort would be opened there. This is the only particle of historical foundation for the academic legend. Oxford was desolated by the Norman Conquest, and anything that remained of the educational institution of Alfred was in all probability swept away.

Another measure, indispensable to the civilizer as well as to the church reformer in those days, was to restore the intercourse with Rome, and through her with continental Christendom, which had been interrupted by the troubles. The Pope, upon Alfred's accession, had sent him gifts and a piece of the Holy Cross. Alfred sent embassies to the Pope, and made a voluntary annual offering, to obtain favourable treatment for his subjects at Rome. But, adopted child of Rome, and naturally attached to her as the centre of ecclesiastical order and its civilizing influences though he was, and much as he was surrounded by ecclesiastical friends and ministers, we trace in him no ultramontanism, no servile submission to priests. The English Church, as far as we can see, remains national, and the English king remains its head.

Not only with Latin, but with Eastern Christendom, Alfred, if we may trust the contemporary Saxon chronicles, opened communication. As Charlemagne, in the spirit partly perhaps of piety, partly of ambition,

had sent an embassy with proofs of his grandeur to the Caliph of Bagdad; as Louis XIV., in the spirit of mere ambition, delighted to receive an embassy from Siam; so Alfred, in a spirit of piety unmingled, sent ambassadors to the traditional Church of St. Thomas in India; and the ambassadors returned, we are told, with perfumes and precious stones as the memorials of their journey, which were long preserved in the churches. "This was the first intercourse," remarks Pauli, "that took place between England and Hindostan."

All nations are inclined to ascribe their primitive institutions to some national founder, a Lycurgus, a Theseus, a Romulus. It is not necessary now to prove that Alfred did not found trial by jury, or the frank-pledge, or that he was not the first who divided the kingdoms into shires, hundreds, or tithings. The part of trial by jury which has been politically of so much importance, its popular character, as opposed to arbitrary trial by a royal or imperial officer—that of which the preservation, amidst the general prevalence of judicial imperialism, has been the glory of England—was simply Teutonic; so was the frank-pledge, the rude machinery for preserving law and order by mutual responsibility in the days before police; so were the hundreds and the tithings, rudimentary institutions marking the transition from the clan to the local community or canton. The shires probably marked some stage in the consolidation of the Saxon settlements; at all events, they were ancient divisions which Alfred can at most only have reconstituted in a revised form after the anarchy.

He seems, however, to have introduced a real and momentous innovation by appointing special judges to administer a more regular justice than that which was administered in the local courts of the

and bishops, or even in the national assembly. In this respect he is the imitator, probably the conscious imitator, of Charlemagne, and the precursor of Henry II, the institutor of our Justices in Eyre.

The powers and functions of the legislature, the executive and the judiciary lie at first enfolded in the same germ, and are alike administered by the king, or, as in the case of the ancient republics, by the national assembly. It is a great step when the special office of the king is separated from the rest. It is a great step also when unity of justice is introduced. Formerly, however, these judges, the itinerant justices of Henry II, were administrative as well as judicial officers; or, in the terms of modern polity, they were departments of the Home Office as well as of the Central Courts of Law.

With his laws, Alfred, with the soundness and caution on which the men of his race have prided themselves, renounces the character of an innovator, fearing, as he says, that his innovations might not be approved by those who would come after him. His code, if so inartificial a document can be dignified with the name, is mainly a compilation of the laws of his Saxon predecessors. We trace, however, a change from the barbarous system of wergeld, or composition for murder and other crimes as private law, towards a state system of criminal justice. In the total prohibition of composition for blood, and the establishment of that indefeasible sanctity of life which is the essential feature of civilization, the code of Alfred stands contrasted with other ancient codes.

Alfred, in fact, incorporated an unusually large amount of the modern Christian elements, which, combined with Germanic customs and fragments of Roman law, in different proportions, to make up the codes of the early Middle

Ages, called the Laws of the Barbarians. His code opens with the Ten Commandments, followed by extracts from Exodus, containing the Mosaic law respecting the relations between masters and servants, murder and other crimes, and the observance of holy days, and the Apostolic Epistle from Acts xv.



COLOSSAL STATUE OF KING ALFRED.

To be unveiled at Winchester, Eng.

23-29. Then is added Matthew vii. 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "By this one commandment," says Alfred, "a man shall know whether he does right, and he will then require no other law-book." This is not the form of a modern Act of Parliament, but

legislation in those days was as much preaching as enactment; it often resembled in character the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality.

Alfred's laws unquestionably show a tendency to enforce loyalty to the king, and to enhance the guilt of treason, which, in the case of an attempt on the king's life, is punished with death and confiscation, instead of the old composition by payment of the royal wergeld. Hence he has been accused of imperializing and anti-Teutonic tendencies; he had even the misfortune to be fixed upon as a prototype by Oxford advocates of the absolutism of Charles I. There is no ground for the charge, so far at least as Alfred's legislation or any known measure of his government is concerned. The kingly power was the great source of order and justice amidst that anarchy, the sole rallying-point and bond of union for the imperilled nation; to maintain it, and protect from violence the life of its holder, was the duty of a patriot law-giver.

As the authority of a Saxon king depended in great measure on his personal character and position, no doubt the personal authority of Alfred was exceptionally great. But he continued to govern by the advice of the national council; and the fundamental principles of the Teutonic polity remained unimpaired by him, and were transmitted intact to his successors. His writings breathe a sense of the responsibilities of rulers and a hatred of tyranny. He did not even attempt to carry further the incorporation of the subordinate kingdoms with Wessex; but ruled Mercia as a separate state by the hand of his brother-in-law, and left it to his own national council or witan. Considering his circumstances, and the chaos from which his government had emerged, it is wonderful that he did not centralize more. He

was, we repeat, a true Teuton, and entirely worthy of his place in the Germanic Walhalla.

The most striking proof of his multifarious activity of mind, and of the unlimited extent of the task which his circumstances imposed upon him, as well as of his thoroughly English character, is his undertaking to give his people a literature in their own tongue. To do this he had first to educate himself at an advanced age, after a life of fierce distraction, and with the reorganization of his shattered kingdom on his hands. In his boyhood he had got by heart Saxon lays, vigorous and inspiring, but barbarous; he had learned to read, but it is thought that he had not learned to write. "As we were one day sitting in the royal chamber," says Asser, "and were conversing as was our wont, it chanced that I read him a passage out of a certain book. After he had listened with fixed attention, and expressed great delight, he showed me the little book which he always carried about with him, and in which the daily lessons, psalms, and prayers were written, and begged me to transcribe that passage into his book." Asser assented, but found that the book was already full, and proposed to the king to begin another book, which was soon in its turn filled with extracts.

A portion of the process of Alfred's education is recorded by Asser. "I was honourably received at the royal mansion, and at that time stayed eight months in the king's court. I translated and read to him whatever books he wished which were within our reach; for it was his custom, day and night, amidst all his afflictions of mind and body, to read books himself or have them read to him by others."

To original composition Alfred did not aspire; he was content with giving his people a body of trans-

of what he deemed the best ; here again showing his good sense. In the selection of authors he showed liberality and freedom from Roman, ecclesiastical, imperialist, or other bias. On one hand he chooses for the edification of the clergy whom he desired to reform, the " Pastoral Care" by the good Pope, Gregory the Great, the author of the mission which had converted England to Christianity ; but on the other hand he chooses the " Consolations of Boethius," the chief work of Boethius, the last of the Romans, and a victim of the cruel jealousy of the Gothic Emperor. Of Boethius Hallam

writes of the classic writers, in style and diction, though displaying too lavishly its poetic exuberance which had discoloured the two or three preceding ages ; in elevation of sentiment equal to the philosophers ; and mingling its Christian sanctity with their lessons, rescued from his prison in the swan's song of dying eloquence. The philosophy which consoled him in bonds was purified in the sufferings of a cruel death. Quenched in his blood, the lamp trimmed with a skilful hand gave a new light ; the language of Tully and Cicero soon ceased to be spoken ; and the ages were to pass away before diligence restored its purity, and the original genius with imitation taught modern writers to surpass in the clearness of the Latinity of Boethius."

Edward the Great's Ecclesiastical History of the English, the highest product of the memorable burst of Saxon ingenuity which followed the conversion, and a work, not untainted by the legends and legend, yet most reliable for its historical qualities, as well as for its mild and liberal spirit, is translated in the series of translations by the series of Orosius, who wrote of general and secular history, though not of religious object. In the translation of Orosius, Alfred has given a sketch of the geography of the country, and the reports of

explorations made by two mariners under his auspices, among the nations dwelling on the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea—further proof of the variety of his interests and the reach of his mind.

In his prefaces, and in his amplifications and interpolations of the philosophy of Boethius, Alfred comes before us an independent author, and shows us something of his own mind on theology, on philosophy, on government, and generally as to the estate of man. To estimate these passages rightly, we must put ourselves back into the anarchical and illiterate England of the ninth century, and imagine a writer, who, if we could see him, would appear barbarous and grotesque, as would all of his equipments and surroundings, and one who had spent his days in a desperate struggle with wolfish Danes, seated at his literary work in his rude Saxon mansion, with his candle-clock protected by the horn lantern against the wind. The utterances of Alfred will then appear altogether worthy of his character and his deeds. He always emphasizes and expands passages which speak either of the responsibilities of rulers or of the nothingness of earthly power ; and the reflections are pervaded by a pensiveness which reminds us of Marcus Aurelius. The political world had not much advanced when, six centuries after Alfred, it arrived at Machiavelli.

There is an especial sadness in the tone of some words respecting the estate of kings, their intrinsic weakness, disguised only by their royal trains, the mutual dread that exists between them and those by whom they are surrounded, the drawn sword that always hangs over their heads, "as to me it ever did." We seem to catch a glimpse of some trials, and perhaps errors, not recorded by Asser or the chroniclers.

In his private life Alfred appears to have been an example of conjugal fidelity and manly purity, while we see no traces of the asceticism which was revered by the superstition of the age of Edward the Confessor. His words on the value and the claims of a wife, if not up to the standard of modern sentiment, are at least instinct with general affection.

The struggle with the Northmen was not over. Their swarms came again, in the latter part of Alfred's reign, from Germany, whence they had been repulsed, and from France, which they had exhausted by their ravages. But the king's generalship foiled them and forced them to depart. Seeing where their strength lay, he built a regular fleet to encounter them on their own element, and he may be called the founder of the Royal Navy.

His victory was decisive. The English monarchy rose from the ground in renewed strength, and entered on a fresh lease of great-

ness. A line of able kings followed Alfred. His son and successor, Edward, inherited his vigour. His favourite grandson, Athelstan, smote the Dane and the Scot together at Brunanburgh, and awoke by his glorious victory the last echoes of Saxon song. Under Edgar the greatness of the monarchy reached its highest pitch, and it embraced the whole island under its imperial ascendancy. At last its hour came; but when Canute founded a Danish dynasty he and his Danes were Christians.

"This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works." If the king who wrote these words did not found a university or a polity, he restored and perpetuated the foundations of English institutions, and he left what is almost as valuable as any institution—a great and inspiring example of public duty.



THE ALFRED JEWEL.

BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.*

I.

SOME ELEMENTS OF THE POPULATION.

JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

THE foundation of Halifax in 1749 practically put an end to the Acadian period of Nova Scotian settlement. Until that year the English occupation of the country was merely nominal. Owing to the representations of Shirley, of Massachusetts, the British Government decided on a vigorous policy in the province, which seemed once on the point of getting out of their hands.

Halifax was founded by the Duke of Edward Cornwallis, on the slope of the hill, whose branches dipped their branches in the very waters of the noble bay long known as Chebucto, and renamed in honour of the Duke of Halifax, a member of the same family, who was at the time the Council of Trade and Plantations, which had in those days the control of the administrative colonial affairs. Colonel Boscawen, a son of the baron of Boscawen—a man of firmness and

at the pleasure in reprinting, by kind permission of Sir John Bourinot these extracts from his "Builders of Nova Scotia," which was printed in the *Annals and Transactions of the City of Halifax*, for the year 1877. The book was subsequently published in octavo (The Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto), with specially-designed covers by J. W. L. Forster. Only a few copies are unsold, and may yet be procured from the publisher. Price, \$1.50.

discretion—entered the harbour on the 21st of June, old style, or 2nd July, present style, and soon afterwards assumed his duties as governor of the province.

The town was surrounded by a cordon of palisades or upright pickets with five quadrangular block-houses at important points. In the middle of the town was the parade, ever since a familiar feature to residents of the town. On the upper part of this ground the barracks of the Royal Artillery stood for some years. An historian of the city tells us that before 1760 "the houses were generally built of square and round timber, some with small pickets placed upright between the studs of the frame, and the whole covered over with clap-boards; they were usually of one story with a hipped roof, the shops and half-doors with no glass, swinging signs, and wooden shutters opening downwards, on which goods were exposed for sale." The first Government House stood on the site of the present province building, and had only one story, defended by small pieces of ordnance mounted on hogsheads of gravel and sand. Block-houses and eventually batteries were raised at all important points around the harbour, whose chief defence for years was the fort on George's Island. In early years there was only a small redoubt on Citadel Hill, which was included within the original palisades. That important position was defended by a

fort about or after the commencement of the rebellion of the thirteen colonies, though the present fortifications may be said to date actually from 1794-7, when the Duke of Kent, then in command of his Majesty's forces, ordered the removal of the old fort and the commencement of new works.

and useful. On the whole, they were not the best colonists to build up a prosperous industrial community. The Government gave the settlers large inducements in the shape of free grants of land, and supported them practically for the first two or three years. It was not until the Acadian popula-



GOVERNOR SHIRLEY.

Between two and three thousand people were brought in by the British Government to found the new town and settle the country. These people were chiefly made up of retired military and naval officers, soldiers and sailors, gentlemen, mechanics and farmers—far too few—and some Swiss, who were extremely industrious

and useful. On the whole, they were not the best colonists to build up a prosperous industrial community. The foundation of the agricultural prosperity of the peninsula was really laid.

The settlement of 1749 was supplemented in 1760 and subsequent years by a valuable and large addition of people who were induced to leave Massachusetts and other colonies of New England and es-

establish themselves on the fertile Acadian lands and other favoured parts of the peninsula. Persons not well acquainted with the history of the Acadian provinces are wont to attribute the material prosperity of the peninsula of Nova Scotia mainly to the large body of Loyalists who left their homes in the old colonies, after the war of independence. As a matter of fact, however, there were two well-defined streams of immigration into the province after the expatriation of the French Acadians. The first was the influx of the people properly known as Pre-Loyalists, who settled in townships of the present counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Queens, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Cumberland, and Colchester, especially in the beautiful townships of Cornwallis and Horton, where the Acadian meadows were the richest.

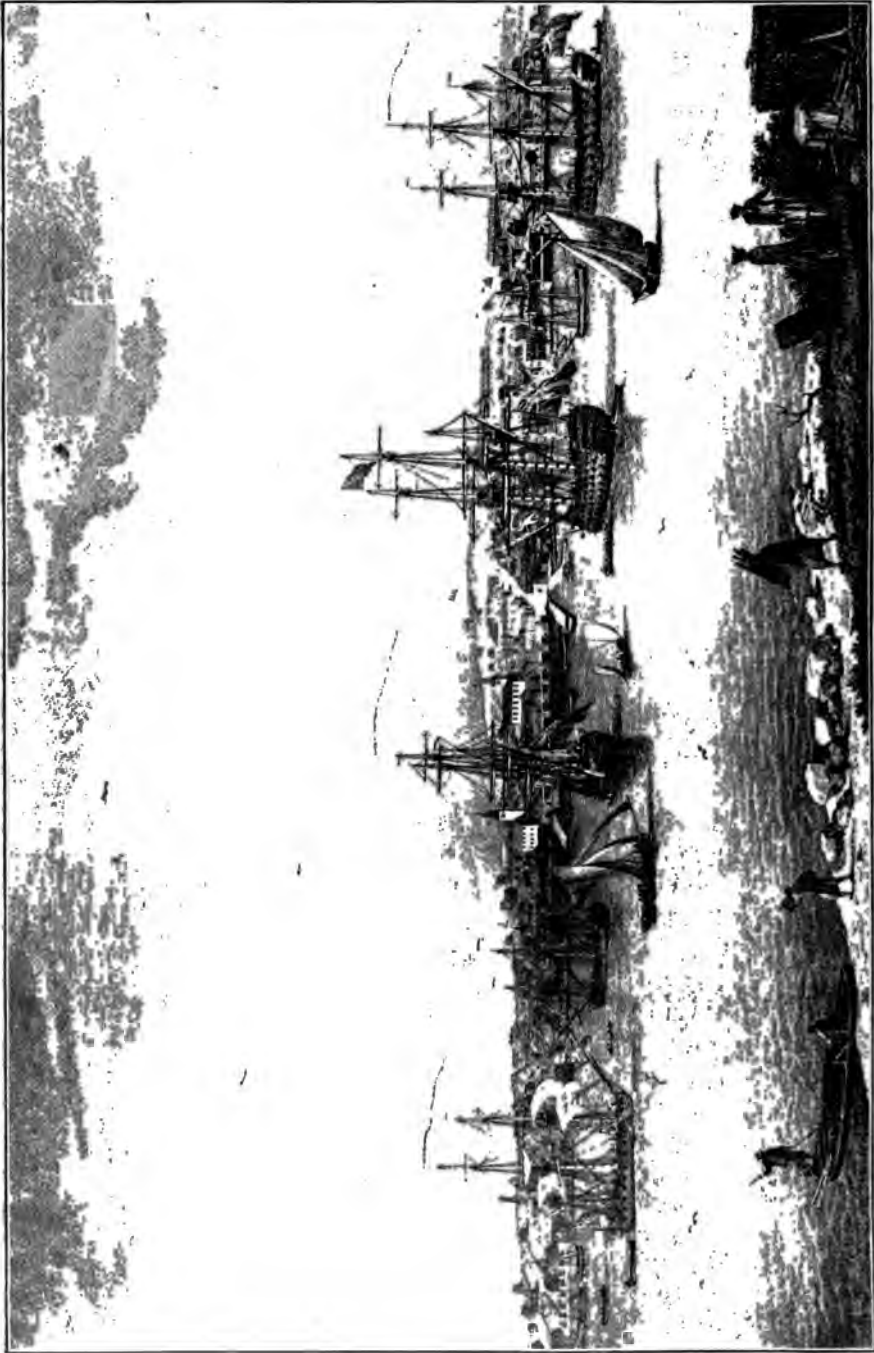
No better class probably could have been selected to settle Nova Scotia than the American immigrants. The majority were descendants of the Puritans who settled in New England, and some were actually descended from men and women who landed from the "Mayflower" in 1620. The county of Yarmouth has always illustrated the thrift and enterprise which were the natural heritage of the founders of New England.

COMING OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

By 1783 the legislative and legal institutions of Nova Scotia were fully organized, and the province received a large accession of loyal population from the old thirteen colonies, then recognized as the independent federal republic of the United States. In 1784 there were in the province, according to the most trustworthy statistics available, about forty-three thousand souls, of whom over twenty-eight thousand represented "the

new inhabitants," or loyalists and disbanded troops, who had taken part in the late war. The "old British inhabitants," or the immigration previous to 1783, are given at fourteen thousand. Only four hundred Acadian-French were living at that time in the country. Of the Loyalists, nearly ten thousand were already settled on the St. John River, and eight thousand in the county of Shelburne, where they had very bitter experiences. The new population also included, besides black servants or slaves, a large number of fugitive negroes, many of whom were deported to Africa at a later time by the Imperial authorities.

The Loyalist migration of 1783 commenced a new epoch in the history of British North America. It opened up districts, made additions of a loyal population to the older settlements, and gave colonies to the empire. The articles of peace, which were signed in 1783, afforded no adequate protection to the men who had fought and suffered for king and country. The weak congress, which then nominally governed the feeble confederation, formed in 1781, had no real influence over the independent states, when the question arose of carrying out the provisions of the treaty and granting an amnesty to the people who wished to be restored to their homes and estates, or to obtain at least some compensation for the same. The legislatures of these states were animated by a purely revengeful spirit, and few, if any, estates were given back to their lawful owners. In many places men were tarred and feathered, and even hanged, for daring to remain in the country. Many thousands had no choice open to them except to seek refuge in Florida, the West Indies, the British Isles, and in the wilderness which still belonged to Great Britain in North America.



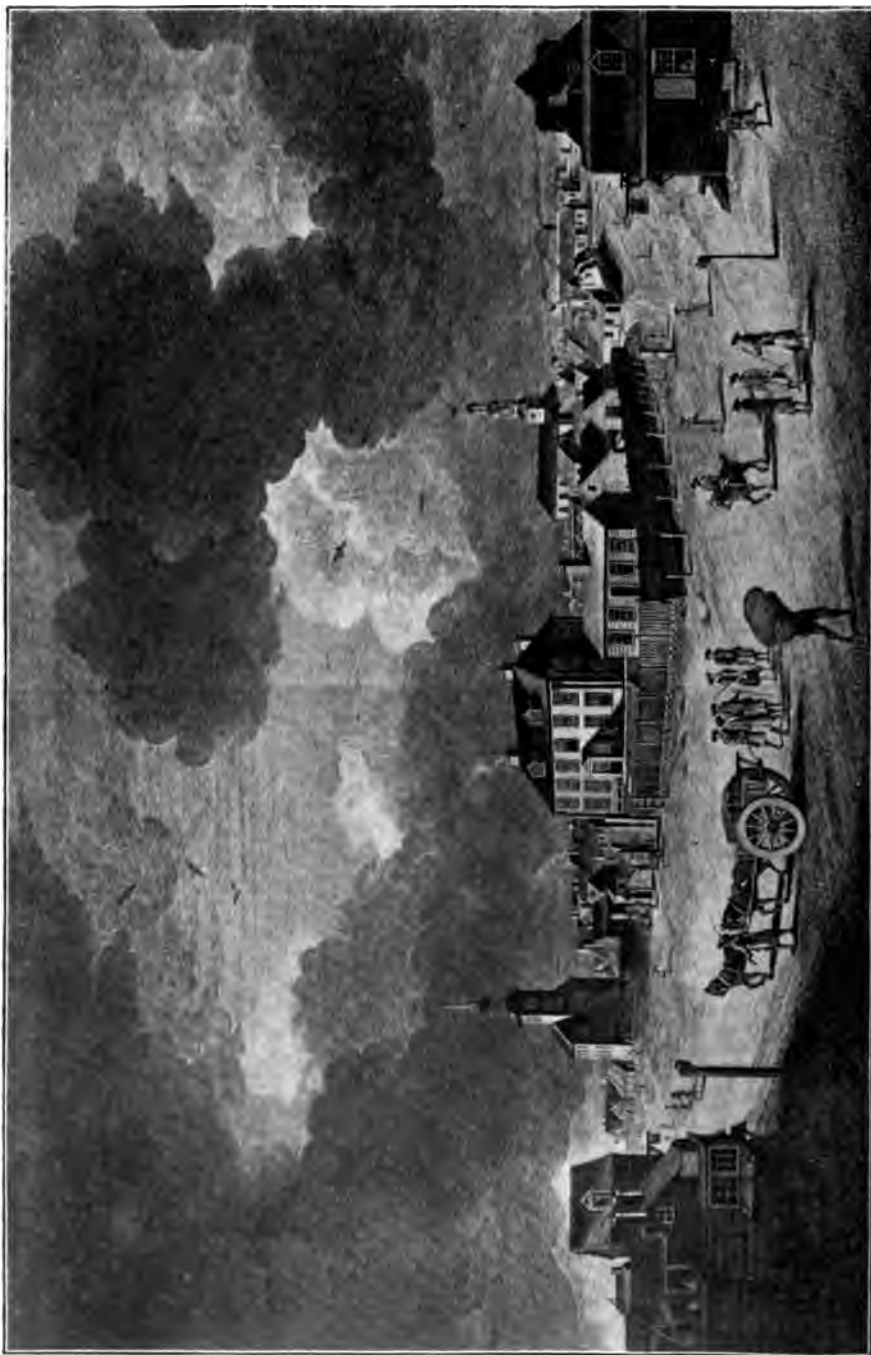
VIEW OF TOWN AND HARBOUR OF HALIFAX IN 1777.

- ' They left the homes of their fathers, by
sorrow and love made sweet ;
Halls that had rung a hundred years to
the tread of their people's feet ;
The farms they had carved from the forest
where the maples and pine-trees meet.
- " He left his years of manhood, he left his
place of pride ;
And she, she left the little room where
her first baby died.
Ah, God, how each familiar thing to that
fond mother cried.
- " The rebels held our homesteads ; ' Ours '
laid them down in the moss.
The world was loud with their triumph ;
the woods were dumb with our loss.
They sat on the throne as victors ; the
throne of our love was a cross.
- " 'Mid slow, soft footed things that creep
at the edge of the eve and dawn,
The women went with their young ones,
as the doe goes by with her fawn,
While the men they loved went on before,
guns ready and sabres drawn.
- " They passed down the silent rivers which
flow to the mighty lake ;
They left what they'd made for England
(but those who have made can make),
And founded a new Dominion for God
and their country's sake."

It is impossible to tell exactly how many persons altogether became exiles. All the men who had taken an active part in the war, and were consequently most hated by the successful revolutionists, certainly left the United States. As we know that at the very least twenty-five thousand men fought in the regularly organized royal regiments, we may fairly estimate that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women and children, were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world. Of this number, between thirty and forty thousand people came to the provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the remainder in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The British Government granted pecuniary compensation and lands to the Loyalists

who had suffered great losses—almost irreparable in many cases—for the sake of the empire. It took some years before the pecuniary claims of the numerous applicants for aid could be investigated and relief afforded. Many persons felt all the misery of "hope deferred." In 1786 a writer stated that "this delay of justice has produced the most melancholy and shocking events." Eventually the exiles, who made out their claims, were voted by Parliament an allowance of nearly sixteen millions of dollars! others received considerable annuities, half-pay of military officers, large grants of land, and offices in the provinces.

In Nova Scotia, the principal settlements of the exiles were in the present counties of Annapolis, Digby, Shelburne, and Guysboro'—so named from Sir Guy Carleton—but a considerable number also found homes in the old settled townships where the American Pre-Loyalists, Irish, Germans and others had established themselves from 1749 until 1783. Nearly all the men who came to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had served in the royal regiments of the old colonies. The condition of the people is described in 1783 by Governor Parr, of Nova Scotia, as "most wretched." They were "destitute of almost everything, chiefly women and children, all still on board the vessels," and he had not been "able to find a place for them, though the cold was setting in very severe." Rude huts were erected for the temporary accommodation of these unhappy people when all the available buildings were crowded. At Shelburne, on the first arrival of several thousand exiles, chiefly from New York, there were seen "lines of women sitting on the rocky shore, and weeping at their altered condition." Some of these people, says Sabine, tried to make merry



VIEW (1777) OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE (IN CENTRE), MATHEW'S CHURCH (TO LEFT), ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (TO RIGHT),
WITH GLIMSE OF PARADE, CITADEL HILL.

doom, by saying that they found for a lovely country, there are nine months' wind and three months' cold weather every year"—so little did they know of the climate and needs of their new homes.

Guysboro', the first village was hurriedly built by the settlers, was destroyed by a bush fire and many persons only saved their lives by rushing into the sea. Loyalists had also to suffer in the valley of the St. John. Some of the people spent their winter in log huts, bark houses, and tents covered with snow, or rendered habitable only by the heavy banks of snow which piled against them. A number of persons died through exposure, and "strong, proud men," wrote the words of one who lived in those sorrowful days, "like children," and lay in their snow-bound tents to

receive supplies of the necessaries of life were granted to the people for many years. At Port Roseway, Shelburne, and at the mouth of the River St. John—to quote the words of Colonel Morse, in 1764—"astonishing towns have been raised in less time, perhaps, than was ever known in any country before." Shelburne was for many years a place of great expectation, and had a population greater than that of Quebec and Montreal combined, but it transferred after a short and bitter experience that it had none of the elements of stable prosperity, owing to the rugged nature of the country around it: and when the British Government withdrew the supplies and withdrew troops, its people began to migrate and seek homes elsewhere in the provinces, and a few even in the United States. A pretty town now nestles by the side of a beautiful and spacious harbour

which attracted the first ill-fated settlers, and its residents point out to the tourist the sites of the buildings of last century, one or two of which still remain, and show you many documents and relics of the days when the old inhabitants were full of hope.

If we review the lists of the Loyalists who settled in the Maritime Provinces, we find the names of many men who had distinguished themselves in divinity, law, medicine, and commerce in the old colonies, especially in New England. Among them, there were some who were direct descendants of the famous Puritan migration of 1629-1640. A few were sprung from the Huguenots—the Bayards for instance—who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

It is an interesting coincidence that on those very shores, which the Acadian exiles of 1755 left in such misery, there landed the far greater proportion of the Loyalists almost in the same spirit of despondency which had been felt by their predecessors in misery less than thirty years before. More than a century has passed since the occurrence of those sad events in the history of America, and the Acadian provinces, which are so intimately associated with the sufferings of those exiles, have become prosperous and happy communities. On the meadows, won from the sea by the Acadian farmers, there are now many happy homes, and the descendants of the old French occupants of Acadia have villages and settlements within the limits of the ill-defined region which was known as Acadie in the days of the French regime.

In the beautiful valleys of the St. John and Annapolis, by the side of many spacious bays and picturesque rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we find the descendants of the Loyalists, living

in content and even affluence—occupying the highest positions of trust and honour. By the St. Lawrence and the Canadian lakes we see also many thousands of people who proudly trace their lineage to the same migration; who have the same story to tell of suffering and trial in the past, of courage and patience triumphant in the end, of the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. In the records of industrial enterprise, of social and intellectual progress, of political development, we find the names of many eminent men, sprung from the people, to whom

Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude for the services they rendered her in the formative period of her chequered history.

If the provinces of British North America have been able at most critical periods to resist the growth of purely republican ideas, and to adhere to England, credit is largely due to the principles which the Loyalists handed down to future generations after their migration of the last century to the Atlantic provinces and the country in the valley of the St. Lawrence and great lakes.

UNION WITH GOD.

BY LEWIS FREDERICK STARRETT.

“Happiness is neither within us nor without us; it is the union of the soul with God.”—PASCAL.

Not from within. The nature we inherit
Is so polluted and defiled with sin,
He sees but little save his own demerit,
Who looks within.

Not from without. Our intercourse with others
So oft deceives us, that we come to doubt
If there be any truth in those our brothers;
Not from without.

Not from within. For conscience makes denial
Of our pretensions as the friends of right;
We boast our courage, and in time of trial
Shrink from the fight.

Not from without. The friends whom we have tested,
They whom our confidence would not betray,
Upon whose strength our weariness has rested,
Fall by the way.

Not from within. The soul gives loath assurance
Of soul realms that it dares not to explore:
Glad, if their demons be but kept in durance
By closed door.

Not from without. For time is ever spoiling
Alike the plans of cottagers and kings;
And wealth we gain at price of lifelong toiling
Makes itself wings.

Only a soul united in endeavour
With Him who is the Lord of every sphere,
Forward may go to any fate soever
Without a fear.

What shall it fear? Shall it not triumph, rather,
Though fates combine, if God be on its side?
The child the Father loveth, from the Father
What can divide?

PHOEBE—SISTER AND SERVANT.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON,*

Assistant Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

SOMETIMES it is a question not easily settled whether a great event is a product of the times in which it occurs, or whether the times are a product of the event;—that is, whether it is an “epoch” or an “epoch-marking”

But the birth of the order nesses is so closely allied to other movements mark-closing years of the cen-at we gladly put it down one blossoming of the : spirit which is stirring t heart of the world. An eeds and theologies is giv-e to an age of charities ctical benevolences.

age has its “Imitation of but it is not that written mas a’Kempis, with its ons, its heart-searchings, drawings from the world; s been written by Sheldon What Would Jesus Do ?” ong emphasis on the “do.” y titles are significant. It much the mystical Christ, nted Son of God, whom would imitate, as Jesus, of man, with red blood g through his veins and t of daily toil on his brow. not the literary merit of s book that caught the heart, for it had none, but that it spoke the word that of men were longing to oken. Christendom is

s xvi. 1.—An address given in way Tabernacle at the seventh y of the Deaconess Institute,

heart-hungry for a practical Christianity, and is trying—with many a slip and many a blunder, of course, but still trying—to realize the second part of the great commandment—“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

The ever-swinging pendulum of human impulse may carry us too far in this direction; we may come to need another a’Kempis, another Fenelon, to give us back our spiritual tone; but still we believe that humanity, with all its goings to and fro, is approaching with every sweep nearer the Divine, and that in all our multitudinous doings, from the city-wide associations of charities and philanthropies, down to the simple round of a deaconess’ daily duties, we find a spirit and purpose that reaches up to the very heart of God.

And if this is an age of practical things in religion, not less is it a woman’s age. In the business world, in temperance work, in all public philanthropies, women are taking positions of influence and leadership which they have never before assumed. In church work, where women have always been a leading factor, it is not strange that they should assume new responsibilities, supplying an element in church organization which has long been lacking. And this is well. It is an old and trite story of the great artist Angelo, that he spent days and even weeks upon a certain statue after a casual visitor to the studio thought it had been finished. Finding him still at work upon it, he asked what he had been doing. The sculptor said, “I have curved the lips a little and deepened the shadows.”

eye, and finished the drapery." "But these are only trifles," said the visitor. "That may be," returned the artist severely, "but trifles make perfection."

So, when the wise church fathers have carved out the rugged framework of the Church, which is the body of Christ, and have rough-hewn it into masterful proportions, there still remain the finer touches, the detail of curve and line, that the manifest image of Christ upon earth may lack nothing of love and tenderness as well as of majesty and power.

So the deaconess work is in its motive and impulse the essence of a broad Christianity. In practice it is but an epitome of what the whole Church should be and do. It was not for deaconess or for missionary, but for Christians, that the hymn was written, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee."

What if—in the fine specialization and organization that our times demand—what if she carries the banner of sacrifice and service a little in advance of the rank and file? It is only to lead the way where all must follow if the Church would not confess that it has lost its early power over the masses.

Paul understood this principle two thousand years ago, and in sending his letters to the church of Rome by the hand of the deaconess Phoebe, he defines her relation to the church almost with a stroke of his pen, and yet so justly that the modern deaconess has not wished to alter or improve it. "I commend unto you," he says, "Phoebe, our sister, a servant of the church that is at Cenchrea."

What a delicate balancing of relationships! "Our sister"—"a servant;" and of duties—"She hath been a helper of many," he says, and then exhorts the church

to "assist her in whatsoever need she hath need of you."

It is so much easier to remember others' obligations to us than ours to others that, when the Church affirms and emphasizes the duties of the deaconess as servant and helper, we may be forgotten. Sometimes we venture humbly to remind our brothers and sisters of their fraternal duty to help in whatsoever good work we need assistance.

The idea of servitude is always repugnant, and it ought to be to every noble mind. It degrades both slave and master. God himself planted in every man's soul the love of freedom as our Lord Jesus took the shameful and horrid emblem of suffering, and made it the glory and of victory, so that upon Himself the form of servant, He glorified service and made it royal; so that not kings and princes of the earth were proud to write upon their banners, "I serve." This is the truth that our Lord held constant before His disciples, not a word, but in deed, as when at the last supper He even washed their feet. What gives that marvellous scene its pathos is the fact that "He who was rich, for our sake became poor," and of His gracious will—not another's—formed that humble service which was asked, unexpected, even proclaimed against.

If, without irreverence, we could imagine the disciples taking the bald literalness of his assertion that the greatest among them should be as the servant of all, and had derived from the Master that menial task which humiliates the hearts, instead of melting them into tenderness, would turn from them in disgust, not that they would not ask, but that the great Teacher should yield to such arrogance.

So when Paul would com-

as "servant of the he places just before the term that other word that most stand as a synonym selfish love—"Our sister." vice must be love-service. be of grace, and not of y, else there were no graci- in it.

can be in the Church, s the body of Christ, no of high or low, honour or ur, master or servant. For, , the word which our Eng- nslators have made "ser- "diakonos"—deaconess— and applies equally well to and to ministers.

Phoebe was a helper; she o to be helped. She was, those early times, a woman s, capable of directing and g in matters of importance. iness which called her from to Rome with letters of ction by Paul, could have o trivial matter, but some- onnected with the larger in- of the Church.

in all places and in all ways ; the loving sister—servant the bond-servant—doing and graciously a thousand ministries, all the more wel- ecause they were not de- nor compelled, but freely or love's sake, and in the f Love Incarnate.

true deaconess to-day will o higher, and need take no lace than this of sister-ser- She will carry the spirit of service wherever she may in homes of wretchedness serv she may not shrink ie humblest tasks, but she it cheapen them by accept- e position merely of a rather will she enrich and them with the compas- tenderness of a loving sis- Who of us in times of sick- trouble would exchange ough ministries of mother

or sister for those of a hired ser- vant? We cannot shut our eyes to the truth that it is not the work that is done for money that most reaches the heart and influences the life; no—nor that which brings to the doer the purest and truest satisfaction. It is the love-in- spired service that, forgetting it- self and its own interests, goes out in Christlike tenderness to the lost or the sorrow-laden.

And it is not only to the suffer- ing, but to the sinful as well, that the deaconess must go in the same spirit. Go in love, judging never, yet keeping her own hands clean and her heart pure. I know how one deaconess learned the lesson— I think there is no other way for any to learn it.

She had been but a few weeks in the work, coming from a whole- some country home, when it be- came her duty to carry a message from a heart-broken mother to her daughter in one of the dark places of the great city. If it had been hunger or cold, or suffering of any kind, it might have been easy to pity and relieve; but this was sin—shameless, unrepentant sin— flaunting itself in silken attire and setting at naught everything sacred in life. And yet this deaconess dared not go even to this woman in a spirit of condemnation, and for days she waited, trying by force of will or sense of expediency to overcome her aversion to the task. At last, in desperation, she went on her knees before God, and for hours pleaded for a heart to love—not sinners in the abstract—but this one sinner in particular, to be helped to so hide herself in Christ that she could see with his vision, and, conscious of her own short- comings, could go to this woman and say without cant or hypocrisy—"my sister." It was midnight when the answer came, but the next morning she stood before the guilty woman, and looked into her

eyes, and gave her message, tenderly as one would to a wayward sister. And the woman covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair, and sobbed in shame and sorrow; and before many days the mother received the message of hope she so longed for.

And whenever we dip down into the shifting, drifting tides that form the undertow of life in our great cities, where good men and women are struggling against the forces of evil, we shall always find that the measure of uplifting influence is the measure of love in the heart of the worker. Without this the gift pauperizes, the reproof irritates, the advice falls upon unheeding ears. The woman who, from the heart out, can place herself in the relation of sister to these children of misfortune is the woman who has power to lift them up. And the ideal deaconess is she whose heart is full of this spirit of humble, loving service; the one who, though lacking nothing of refinement and true womanliness—perhaps because lacking neither of these—can go to the poorest, the most degraded, and say, "Come, my brother, my sister, there is still hope for you."

Sometimes in reading the story of the Prodigal Son, I have wondered whether, if that elder brother had been a sister, the wanderer would have received a grudging welcome home. It rather seems to me that she would have been sending out her white-winged letters, telling him that the father's heart still yearned over his son, and begging him to leave his swine and come home—that she would have kept the light burning in the window—nay, that she might herself have gone, even down to the gates of hell, to rescue and lead him back.

The cities swarm with these prodigal brothers of ours; too weak to stem the tides of misfortune and

disaster, yet dimly longing for better things. There are those, the tempters rather than the tempted, who seem to have sold themselves to work iniquity until they have lost the stamp of both the divine and the human, and bear but the mark of the beast in their faces—God pity and judge them; I cannot—but I believe the majority are rather weak than wicked.

When we consider the power of the evil influences all around them—the saloon and the gambling den allied with every seductive accompaniment to lure the feet of the unwary, where music, and art, and social pleasure, and every good thing that the lonely heart craves is made the bait to drag down—when we see the heartless war of business life, every man fighting desperately for himself, and driving the weak one to the wall—when, worst of all, we see men in high places, who stand as examples and models for others, perjuring themselves and shamelessly degrading their office for gold, we cannot wonder that the victims of our civilization become cynical, and hopeless, and desperate. Rather do we wonder when we see at how frail a straw they will often grasp to lift themselves to a better life. A friendly hand-clasp, an encouraging word of sympathy and interest for some homeless vagabond have often been enough to turn the scale, and give him heart for a new struggle.

And who so potent to exercise such influence as the sister who, with honest eyes and kindly voice, pleads with him to forsake his evil ways and be a man again? God gives but one mother, and she has become but a dream and a memory to him; he is not fit to have a wife, or if he has one he has doubtless broken her heart long ago; saints and angels are very far away from one like him; but a sister—the very word is full of sweet

ness. Ideas of peace, pity, and all gentle and helpful cling to it like perfume to r. It suggests not a dis- of charity merely, but an ed friend, near enough to rusted with the heart's yet wise and kind enough ooked up to for advice and tion. It is the ideal re- o those whom we would

v months ago a boy came door in Chicago asking for thes. During the winter the tramp had become so us, and was proving such upon our time and our re- that we have vowed to our hearts against this of the "genus homo," and s my first call after that on was made. But as I at him standing there— g, ragged, dirty, and d—I said to myself, "He's boy; I can't turn him and I brought him in by the I heard his story and gave good meal, and manufac- me excuse for work some- as an equivalent for that ne warm clothes. But I was not the food nor the that meant the most to him, ie stood with his hand on r, he turned his face away ng for some words that he to sav but could not, and dumbled out awkwardly, : so kind to me, I don't hat to make of it," and away.

ad been invited to come and he did, three or four ithin the next few days, 1 we saw him no more for weeks. But one morning alled to the parlour, and t my tramp boy, his face with soap and water and

I gave him a hearty wel- nd an invitation to stay to

Before he left he opened

a little purse well filled with money, and taking two silver dol- lars, he put them into my hand, saying, "I want to give you some- thing for what you have done for me." I did not want to accept it, but for his sake I did, saying, "If you are sure you can afford it, I will take it to help some other boy who is in a tight place;" and then I remarked to him what I had at the first remarked to mvself, "You are looking better than when I saw you first." "Yes," he said, in his slow Swedish accent, "I was des- perate that day when I came here first. I had evil thoughts all right enough. If you hadn't—if you hadn't"—he said, hesitating for a word, "if you hadn't been differ- ent from some other folks, I wouldn't 'a' been here like this now. I'd 'a' been in prison most likely."

He comes to our home still, an invited guest. He is working hard and honestly, and trying to save a little money to help him to go to school next winter. But when I think what that boy's life was—not one little place in all the wide world that he could call home, and not a friend within a thousand miles—when I think of the days of weary wandering, the cold looks and harsh words, the disappointments, the awful nights in police stations or saloons, or cheap lodging-houses or wander- ing all night in the streets, the evil associations that were continually around him, and put over against all these a bundle of old clothes, a half-dozen meals, and a few kind words, I can only marvel at their potency.

Then there is the great world of commonplace people; people who are not wicked enough to be pic- turesque, nor wretched enough to be soul-harrowing, nor bright enough to be interesting. Yet how often the deepest tragedies lie hidden under these commonplace exteriors. So many sealed hearts

that open only to the touch of sympathy! so many fountains of bitterness that can be sweetened only by loving-kindness! so many high aspirations hidden and crushed under the dull routine of spiritless, unappreciated toil, just waiting for some other soul, not occupied with its own sorrows, to come and tell them what they want to believe, but cannot of themselves—"God's in His heaven; all's right with the world"—to all such as these she who is soul-sister to humanity may be guide and confidant.

Then there are the omnipresent, perplexing problems of charity—falsely so called. We are assured that the poor we shall have always with us, and we are exhorted by scores of commands in the Good Book and by every Christlike impulse in our own hearts to do them good. A century ago it was thought enough to give generously of our substance, and there were not lacking those who fondly imagined that the heavenly Father was so especially favourable to them that the poor and miserable were made so on purpose that they themselves might win heaven through their works of charity.

Then the enlightened conscience of modern times began to wonder if the poor, dear people were not being imposed upon by beggars, who seemed to be growing more numerous and importunate with all the alms that were distributed, and who were not as a rule duly grateful to their benefactors. Then came our improved methods of charity. The practical tendencies of the age found expression in societies that were to draw the line carefully between the "worthy" poor, who were to be helped, and the "unworthy" poor, who were to be shut outside the pale of our sympathies. We were solemnly warned against the pauperizing effects of giving, and taught to put

on our flint-glass magnifying spectacles and examine our applicant as a "case."

"Very likely you're an impostor, sir; I see you're poor—but are you strictly honest? Perhaps you tell lies sometimes, which you know is very wrong—for a poor man. But I'll investigate your case, and have you **property** ticketed, and labelled, and transfixed with a pin through your heart in a jiffy."

And thus, from the Scylla of hysterical generosity we are hurled on to the Charybdis of heartless institutionalism. Which is worse—which is the greater travesty of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, I do not know. The old, Lady Bountiful charity that pauperized was bad because there was no love in it but self-love; the new may be just as bad for the same reason. Either may be good with the leaven of unselfish love to keep it sweet. But love is more than sentimental gush; something more than real but impulsive self-sacrifice.

If there is any one who can reconcile the two extremes, saving what is good in both—one who can give without condescension, and investigate without brutality—who can be both loving and practical at the same time, surely it is she who can best sustain the relation of faithful friend and counsellor. She who has the mother's confidence, who advises her in her little economies, counsels with her about the children's welfare, and is told without asking all the secret sorrows of the family life.

Perhaps she will find that sometimes the poor and downtrodden do not want to be lifted up; that they would rather be left in their filth and ignorance, and supported by gifts, than to rouse themselves for the bitter struggle with untoward circumstances; and few of us realize how hard and how bit-

t struggle must be in most

But if she be a true sister, I know that this does not least alter the fact that it is my duty to bring them, if possible, to the inspiration and higher ideals the desire comes for a better life. And I have such faith in the value of this personal friendship that I would almost dare to say that there is no life so depraved that a strong, patient, tender friend could not redeem it, if the friend be true enough, and patient enough.

1.

1. My work is slow and difficult, and my passion for obtaining large results at small outlay has its limitations.

There are some kinds of work for which no machinery ever known or can be invented. It is the deft touch of the human hand. So in social and reformatory work, there is no substitute for heart labour—for the loving, heart-to-heart intercourse with those we would help. To purchase this is costly—so is made lace—but it is the only effective.

There are yet others for whose redemption the Church needs this sisterly help and service. There is many a household where the mother is weary and burdened that the care for the little ones is left to the older.

We see them everywhere—"little mothers"—carrying their charges with a patient devotion that only the mother-love could equal. And our great Mother—Mother—with all her many cares—has she not been busy with her many societies and her world-wide missions that she has not been able to give her attention to the needs of the ones of the fold? And is she not learning when it is too late that they are slipping from her grasp by hundreds and thousands. Now I fear we do not do as we should the need of special care and teaching for

this class, nor do we regard it as a consummation devoutly to be wished for, and worked for, that they should early be brought into church membership.

Not long ago I read an account of a great revival in some church where it was said that seventy-five people had been converted, "not counting the children." Who in the name of sanctified common-sense would they count? Some old, gray-headed reprobate, whose evil years stretch in a black vista behind him—who can never possibly hope to undo one-tenth of the evil he has done, or recall the baneful influence he has sent out to curse the world? Could such a conversion begin to compare in value with that of an innocent child, with all his years and their bright possibilities still before him?

Then there is the child of the alley, with his mischief, his waywardness, and his misery, just waiting for the outstretched hand to lead him where it will. He has no father to speak of, and a mother who is perhaps worse than no mother at all. He lies, and fights, and swears, no doubt, for he has learned these things from infancy. Yet, down deep in his nature are the springs of affection that can be unsealed only by the love-touch which now he never knows. And he stands for thousands of his kind, poor little half-starved bodies and wholly-starved souls, hungry and waiting for the loving word, the tender, guiding hand. They can never know a mother's wise and loving care; too often the "wife and mother" of the slums is the chief factor in the degradation of her family. At best she is a spiritless, broken-hearted creature, crushed down by cruel circumstances, and helpless toward the uplifting of her family. Perhaps she herself was such a child

of such a home, and without help from outside sources her children will go from bad to worse.

But it is so easy to win them to better things. A smile for some neglected waif in the street, and his grimy little hand is thrust into yours to walk by your side, and pour out his artless confidences. A bunch of flowers for the mother, and her consent is won for the little one to go with you to Sunday-school, or wherever you may choose to lead him. A little watching, a little patience, a little more love, and the childish feet are trying as best they may to follow in ways of righteousness. This has been the history of many a little pilgrim.

I think in all my deaconess life I have had no sweeter experience than in walking through some dusty, dingy alley where children swarmed, to see little dirty faces uplifted with shy smiles—though they might never have seen me before—and to hear childish voices pipe out, "Hello, teacher," or, "Hello, sister," because some other woman wearing a garb like mine had sometime gone in and out among them, bringing brightness and cheer into their lives.

Let the Church send out its sisters, and let it give them all the needful appliances, that these little ones may be gathered in, not by scores, but by hundreds and thousands, and trained for Christian citizenship. If three-fourths of the machinery of the Church were devoted to saving the children it would be wisely invested. If we take care of the children, the old people, with all their distressing problems of pauperism and crime, will, in a generation or two, take care of themselves.

But the deaconess is not only a sister to the world's needy souls, but she is a sister in the household of faith, and a child of the common parent—the Church. And

not more does the Church need her strong and helpful service than she herself needs the support of the Church, that she may be found more lacking in reverence than in sisterly love. The typical deaconess whose soul, though fed by the springs of divine life, is given to self-analysis no more than the typical nun, who in actual ecstasies of soul-conviction She does not spend her time marking the ebbing and flowing of the tide of religious sentiment but rather uses its power to turn the mill-wheels of servitude into the mill-wheels of service to humanity.

But the perfect life is not to be served by the fine balance of communion and service. The deaconess needs always a place at the home fire where her service become manifest. There may be rocks and reefs ahead in the future development of the work, which will require the wisest forecast, the most judicious judgment, the broadest vision, that the parent Church may have, for there is no organization that is not growing with it great possibilities for good that has not been met by the infinitely great possibilities of the deaconess.

We appeal to the Church for fraternal co-operation and paternal guidance, which will leave us as untrammelled as possible for the fulfilment of our duty to "seek the wandering, the sorrowing, save the lost."

The deaconess of the future must be about what the Church needs her to be. The attitude of the Church toward the deaconess largely determine the character of the women who enter the service. If she demands simply "obedience and docility," she will get it. If she demands "ability and docility are chief considerations, the deaconess will be forthcoming, though it may be at the expense of more valuable considerations. But are the

ties what the Church most needs in meeting the crisis that is confronting it in the problems of the modern cities? A piece of putty is splendidly pliable, but its use in building enterprises is limited.

If the Church asks for the "sister," she will get that, and the servant too. She will get more than this; she will have at her service all the tenderness, the self-sacrificing instinct, which is the spiritual quality of true motherhood, not sealed up in the precious alabaster box of one home, but broken at the Master's feet to bless many homes and many homeless little ones with its rich incense.

Do not fear to ask great things of the future. Humanity loves the teacher who sets before it a high ideal and demands its fulfillment—providing the teacher himself follows it, not afar off. The divine audacity of the call will be its attraction. Great sacrifices are easier than small ones because of the great inspiration that comes with them; human nature loves to be called upon for the best that is in it. But the Church should measure up to the same standard of sacrifice and service. If it exploits the deaconess work as a cheap commodity, a sort of bargain counter, where much work can be secured for little money, the deaconess will soon be swallowed up in the worldly-wise policy of the Church.

If the Church, in supporting the work, also buys the deaconess to work exclusively for the promotion of its interests, she may become a dutiful creature, moving without friction in her appointed sphere, and we may be able to point with pride to the economical workings of the machine; but we shall have lost the enthusiastic uplift, the spiritual power, the holy abandon, which alone can make the service a blessing to the Church.

Rather let us hope that the deaconess of the future will be the broad and intelligent helper, working, not narrowly for the Church, but with the Church for the salvation of the lost world. Co-operating intelligently with every good cause; sometimes obeying, sometimes being obeyed; the servant of the Church as the hand is the servant of the body—cherished and protected while executing its generous will.

Do you fear the results of too much liberty, and ask whereunto this may tend? Civilization has taken the check-rein from the neck of its draught horses, realizing that the power that bears the burden must be freest from unnecessary straining. Do not fear to make as free your sister of the Church. Let her decide for herself what it is suitable for her to be and to do.

Conventionalities differ with time and place. In India it is thought unwomanly for the wife to sit at table with her husband; Paul suffered not a woman to teach. In Canada and America to-day a woman may do both without losing her womanliness. That is something that cannot be made or unmade by outside restrictions.

Do you say that I magnify my office? In my heart of hearts I believe there is no higher or more sacred calling. The fact that it will always be an exceptional one does not alter but rather emphasizes this fact. But she who most deeply feels the responsibilities of her position will also most keenly realize her own unworthiness, and in very desperation be driven to the source of divine strength. And so with faith in Him who has promised to meet every human need, with divine fulness, with faith, too, in our great Church, whose heart is always open to every generous impulse, we commend to you your sister—a servant of the Church.

'TWIXT TWO CENTURIES: LOOKING BACKV AND FORWARD.*

BY FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., D.C.L.,
Dean of Canterbury, England.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the
of Israel, that they go forward."—Ex. xiv. 15.



ONE hundred years ago we stood all but alone amid the conflagration of universal war. The debt of England was then £448,000,000. The genius of Napoleon seemed to be sweeping all Europe into subjection. In 1805 the great William Pitt died of a broken heart, crushed by the news of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, and it seemed as if England, too, must at last succumb to an invincible despotism. But God gave us Nelson to annihilate the power of our enemies at sea; and Wellington to crown our triumphs on the glorious field of Waterloo.

The expansion of Great Britain, it has been said, over vast subject populations is without parallel in the history of the human race. She now bears rule over one-seventh of the surface of the globe and one-fourth of its population. We have

* We have pleasure in presenting in the same number with the character-study of the great Dean of Canterbury, his recent remarkable sermon, preached in England's most venerable Abbey, which has often rung with the eloquence of her mightiest pulpit orators. We deem it one of the most noteworthy signs of the times that such a sermon should be preached in such a place on such an occasion. Dean Farrar has done much to answer his own prayer for a prophet to rouse the Church to noble and strenuous leadership. Like Jonah in Nineveh he proclaims the peril of the nation, but points out, too, its only salvation.

We think Dean Farrar too pessimistic in his outlook. The progress of the past is a bright augury of the progress of the future. His own long fight against the drink evil is synchronous with a revolution in the State Church, many hundreds of whose clergy are now pronounced temperance advocates, where units were forty years ago. Even

54 separate colonies or colonies. Our Indian empire extends from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, territory equal to all Europe without Russia. In 1837 our Queen had 130,000,000 subjects; in 1900 she had 400,000,000. In 1837 she had over 2,000,000 of square miles; in 1900, 8,000,000 of square miles.

With this growth of God has granted us many priceless blessings. In the closing of the century there are no more of the terrible evils in the midst of our civilization. Corn Laws were a curse to the British people; taxation oppressive; expenditure extravagant; criminal enactments were savage. Two hundred and thirty-three offences were punished by death. The prisons, in the words of Lord Cockburn, were dreadful cruel hells of torture and degradation. Little weeping women were publicly hung for trivial offences; and sailors even

greater progress has been made in the reformation of the conformist Churches, which the majority of the people of England own. Church may in large degree be up to disputes about incense and vestments and chasubles and stoles. Every hour the Dean was speaking in the conformist Churches were giving themselves for a Simultaneous Mission in every city, town and village in the promotion of Christ's kingdom by completing the most magnificent offering to Almighty God ever made. His altar in the history of the blackest cloud on the horizon of our civilization. The most shameful blot on our land's escutcheon is that she could not give liquor for every man, woman and child in any other country in the world. The greatest glory of our own Dominion is that it offers the least consumption of liquor per head in the world.—Ed.

offences were condemned to five hundred lashes; women were publicly flogged; slavery was universally prevalent; children of six were employed for long, cruel hours in factories and mines; wretched boys were driven by blows to suffer indescribable horrors in narrow and soot-choked chimneys; sanitation was almost unknown. Small-pox and other epidemics raged unchecked; manners were coarse; drunkenness was prevalent even in the highest society; profane swearing was all but universal. The vast mass of the people were entirely uneducated; the whole power of government was in the hands of a few wealthy oligarchs; money became scarce; exports fell away. England, it is said, exhibited all the appearance of a dying nation.

Yet from all these miseries and dangers God most gloriously delivered us. In 1832 the Reform Bill inaugurated the new principle of government of the people by the people for the people. In 1833 came the emancipation of the slave; in 1843 the rescue of children from a living death; in 1859 vaccination was introduced; the causes of death were combated. The death-rate in 1800 was one in thirty-six; it has now fallen to one in fifty. Our commerce increased by leaps and bounds. According to Mr. Gladstone, it increased more in fifty years of the reign of our Queen than in all the long millenniums since Julius Cæsar. Missions to the heathen began. Charity societies, which now number more than five hundred, have endeavoured to alleviate many forms of human misery. The discovery of anesthetics, of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, of the Röntgen rays, and the vast advance of skill in medicine, extended human life and saved it from unnumbered horrors.

Above all, science began its magnificent and unparalleled advance, advance so marvellous as to exceed

in this century alone all the progress of all the long previous millenniums of the human race. Geology has for the first time deciphered the primeval records written by God's own finger on the rocky tablets of the world. Astronomy has brought within our ken the abysses of space crowded with galaxies of innumerable stars. Electricity has fearlessly seized the lightning-flash by its wing of fire and utilized it to light our houses and to flash our messages in a moment round the girdle of the globe. Mechanical science has used the expansive force of steam to speed us across vast continents and over boundless seas. The telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph have transmitted, magnified, and perpetuated sound. And science has not only been the herald of progress, but the archangel of beneficence in economizing human labour, increasing human blessedness, and lengthening human life.

When we have reviewed all these facts which have come to pass in the last century, might it not seem as if the human race, and England especially, had entered into a new millennium, and as if England might claim indeed to be Lady of the Kingdoms, and her sons might sit as gods and say, "There shall no harm happen unto thee"?

Such language, my friends, is always dangerous, as the prophets of Israel warned Babylon and Tyre; and all history is but one long comment upon their warnings. This is the moral of all human tales. 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past; first freedom and then glory. When that fails, wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last, and history with all her volumes vast, hath but one tale. What is that tale? It is that there is one thing and one thing only, and that is righteousness, in which is included all manliness and spiritual force; one thing only, righteousness, which exalteth a nation; and that sin is not only

the reproach, but the ruin of any people. If that be so, what is our outlook for the twentieth century?

1. To begin with, Shall we retain our splendid empire? Are its foundations secure?

Let us look at this question, not with a rose-pink optimism, but with fearless honesty. Not long ago a poet warned us that extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour. We are surrounded on every side, to a degree quite unprecedented, with the burning hatreds and jealousies of the nations; and if it be argued that this only means the rabid virulence of the Continental press, it is the press which stimulates the enterprises and inflames the passions of other people. It is by no means improbable, considering that we have long ceased to produce in these islands sufficient food for our own population—it is far from improbable that the new century may not have advanced far in its course without seeing a European combination against us, which might find us most inadequately prepared, and might shake our supremacy into the dust. It is all very well to say, with stolid boastfulness: "Come the four corners of the world in arms, and we will shock them." Nevertheless, we may be very sure that our empire, too, will go smoothly gliding down into the limbo of the things that were, if we show neither sufficient foresight nor sufficient energy, intelligence, and self-denial to face the fleets and armies of the many powers to whom we are objects of jealousy and detestation.

2. And, then, our commerce: Will our commerce maintain its present supremacy? On this subject there is wide and deep misgiving. We are receiving warning from many competent authorities that our commerce is in a state of unstable equilibrium. What made *the price great of old* was her obe-

dience to her first com-
cept: "Around this ter-
merchant be just, his w-
his conduct guileless."
us? Have we no spu-
modities? No fraud-
tions? "The product
Britain," said the no-
General Gordon, "ha-
fallen off. It is mor-
money, with us; we a-
tricks in every trade.

hood in trade shows wa-
ity in the nation, and wh-
is wanting the end is n-

"Our ports," said Lo-
field, "may be full of st-
factories may smoke on-
our forges may flame ir-
yet, if the testimonies a-
true, we shall form ne-
to that rule which the j-
tory has mournfully r-
fade like the Tyrian d-
crumble like the Veneti-
"Other hands," said J-
Giffen, "are filching
trade. The Continent, l-
agents, often far better
more energetic than tho-
send forth, is forcing
upon our own old custo-
rica and farther Asia.
lems, political and socia-
future will have to sol-
easier, but, in the const-
of population, are infi-
complex than those with
country has been confrc-
former age." And this
is greatly due to a cer-
ness and languor which
over us. "Industrial
says another writer, '
slowly and surely upon

According to the Boa-
returns, employment has
many of the most impo-
ches of commerce. Ge-
are greatly supersedit-
manufactures. In ne-
market the Americans
passed England in ek-
neering, and in many l-

mechanical production, because Americans show more intelligence, more originality, more willingness to modify their educational systems in accordance with modern needs. Hence Germany and America are replacing England as the great workshops of the world. Young Germans oust young Englishmen from hundreds of places in our great English business establishments. Why? Because they are better instructed, because they know more, because they are less devoted to self-indulgence and to amusement. "And in America and France," says another competent authority, "much greater thought is given to mechanical improvement than is now the case in England." In a world glowing with a love of progress the old conservatism of the English manufacturer is undoubtedly the most perilous form of dry rot by which our industrial system can be invaded.

These are no idle conjectures of mine; the subject is not one which I have specially studied. These are the opinions of the best experts. Shall we arouse ourselves in England to consider and to remedy these perils, or shall we, in spite of all warnings, blunder on in slothful confidence until all improvement has become too late?

3. What view are we to take of our present social condition?

It has been said by one of the first living men of science that, along with our marvellous successes there have been equally great, equally stirring, moral and social failures; and our self-appreciation does not rest on an adequate appreciation of facts. Our boasted civilization, he says, is in many respects a mere surface veneer. In support of this view he points us, amid the utter nonchalance of greed and luxury, to the fact that there are, according to the estimate of Mr. Charles Booth, in London alone, 300,000 paupers, besides the

inmates of workhouses, prisons, hospitals, and asylums, who are in miserable and poverty-stricken conditions, in grinding and hopeless toil. He points out that suicides in England and Wales have increased from 67 per million to 92 per million of the population; that the insane, too, have increased 50 per cent. faster than the population; that the increase of population is 10 per cent. larger among paupers than among the well-to-do. And Professor Huxley, as you know, said, when he spoke of an East-end parish in which he had lived some years, that the state of things in it was one which, unless wise and benevolent men take it in hand, will tend to create something worse than savagery: a bog which in the long run will swallow the surface crust of civilization. And our greatest poet asked, Is it well that

"While we boast our science, glorying in
the present time,
City children soak and blacken soul and
sense in city slime"?

Are we to neglect this warning? Are we to neglect the warning of a great man of genius, that there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives has no antidote?

4. And then there is one of the most marked and fatal signs of the apathy of national effort and the utter callousness of the national conscience—it is the shameful dereliction of our national duty as regards drink.

We sometimes vainly pride ourselves with the notion that there is more serious religion in England than on the Continent. Yet in opposition to the curse and ruin of drink, France is stirring, Belgium is stirring, Switzerland is stirring, Austria is stirring, Russia is stirring, even Spain is stirring; Sweden and Norway have long saved multitudes of their population from destruction by drink. America has long adopted reason

sive measures. And in this matter of vital importance all these countries have shown themselves more brave, more conscientious, more in earnest than we are.

We flatter ourselves that intemperance is on the decrease, and yet the drink bill of 1899 was £162,163,474, which is £7,682,000 in excess of what it was in 1898. And with what result? With the result that our paupers, our criminals, our lunatics, our suicides, our murderers, our habitual drunkards rise against us to condemn us for our careless neglect of the thing which ruined them. We still speak with horror of the massacre of the innocents by Herod; but through drink we massacre and cause to be massacred, to be starved, to be beaten to death, to be overlaid by drunken mothers, and especially on Saturday and Sunday evenings, thousands more than the children whom Herod once slew in Bethlehem. One of the ablest of our working-men representatives, Mr. John Burns, has said: "What England wants is, not a whiff of grape-shot against its foreign foes, but a breath of Puritanism over its national life." Gambling symbolizes among the working classes the mania for money, the greed of gain, that our foreign critics say is eating into every phase of British life, and involving us in imperial difficulties and continental dangers which will require the courage which only Puritanism can give.

Why will not the nation listen to the repeated warnings even of its leading statesmen? Our Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that with all the millions of children and hundreds of thousands of total abstainers, we are still spending on drink per head of the population, the monstrous sum of £3 17s. 6d., which since he spoke has increased. Sir William Harcourt proved to us that we are consuming more beer, more wine, more spirits, more of

every kind of drink than any other nation under the sun. Lord Rosebery has warned us that if the state does not control the liquor traffic, the degraded result will be that, to the infamy of England, the liquor traffic will control the English state. And another Prime Minister, the greatest of modern days, Mr. Gladstone, said: "Among many other warnings, let us carry deeply stamped upon our hearts and minds a sense of shame at the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land sapping and undermining the character, breaking up the peace of families; and let us remember that this great plague and curse is," he said, "a national curse, calamity, and scandal."

It would be useless, nor shall I attempt to do so, to repeat to you again the incessant, indignant, burning testimonies of all who are most competent to bear witness—of our judges, of our statesmen, of our physicians, of our philanthropists, of our social inquirers, of our magistrates, that drunkenness means rags, filth, vice, crime, degradation, mental disease, and horrible death to such an extent that led one of our chief physicians to say, that when he witnessed its ravages he felt inclined to throw up his profession altogether and to go abroad proclaiming, Beware of this enemy of the race. Even the royal commission appointed by a government which declines at present to lift so much as a finger to help toward the removal of this deadly curse, even that royal commission, I say, declared that a gigantic evil remains to be remedied, and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would result in a marked diminution of this national degradation.

Yet this seems to be the darkest and most damning blot on our national character that, callous to all this evidence of crime and misery

which the papers daily bring before us, deaf and dumb and blind to moral duties so intensely urgent, we go drowsily on to our punishment and to our ruin, everywhere still confronting the minimum of resistance to the maximum of temptation, crowing over our plutocratic drink-sellers, indifferent to the wholesale ruin of our poor, causing the endless multiplication of children who are pale, sickly, stunted, decrepit, sallow-faced, with bowed shoulders, half starved, brutally maltreated, who grow up to fill our disgraceful streets with the dehumanization of drunkenness and the brutalities of Hooliganism. The Rev. C. M. Sheldon told me he had seen more drunkenness in England in a single fortnight than he had seen for long years together in his native State of Kansas. And a brilliant American statesman, Mr. Chauncey Depew, after one Sunday visiting Whitechapel, said: "Such poverty, such misery, such wretchedness, such a seething furnace of ignorance and all the attendants upon it, I never saw before, and never expect to see again. And when I saw it I felt that the great city, with all its wealth and luxury, rests upon a volcano which only needs the force of civilization to relapse upon it to produce a catastrophe which would make the world shudder."

Are we to be indifferent to all the testimonies of our greatest men and our greatest visitors? Can these things be, and not awaken our indignation, and alarm, and shame; without stirring up to that national repentance which must come soon, or it will be too late to avert the consequence of our crimes?

5. The Church and religion in England—how are they meeting the perils which lie thick and dark around us?

What do we hear of most in any paper about the Church of England? Is it about spiritual passion

and moral nobleness, or is it about the trivialities of infinitesimal importance? Meanwhile, one of our writers has asked, Has religion touched the life, the habits, the thoughts of the majority of workers in our great towns? And he answers, Assuredly not. Efficient work is done in many parishes, we thankfully admit; but we want the Church to lead, to uplift, to inspire the mass of the people. The measure of the vitality of religion is its power to readjust its conceptions and to readapt its institutions to its environment. The measure of its weakness is its timidity and foolish laxity; the measure of its hopes the measure of self-sacrifice it inspires, and the reality of the efforts with which it serves the wretched and despairing.

The religion of Christ and His apostles, the religion which regenerated the world, knew nothing of petty externalism; but it was the burning energy of spiritual love which, if it existed now, would make it impossible to say, as a lay speaker said not long ago at a church congress, that the Church of England had too usually been on the side of privilege against right, of ignorance against knowledge, of restriction against freedom, of retrogression against progress, of the few against the many. The emptiness of multitudes of our churches certifies to the need of changes in our services. We, almost alone of all the churches of Christendom, go on reciting constantly the Athanasian Creed, most unsuitable for purposes of public recitation, in its literal sense most uncharitable and most deeply repulsive to thousands of those who hear it. Our liturgy is, as many clergy testify, what the people do not want and cannot understand. It is too iterative, too long, too mechanical, too formal.

The world, said the eloquent Archbishop of Armagh, will certainly judge the Church by her

works, by that which softens, which brightens, which improves, which elevates, which sweetens, which does something for human society, and lays its hand with a touch of healing on the leprosy of life—that religion will be welcomed first as a friend and then as a messenger of Christ. I see the people rising to their feet, the greatest host that time has ever known; I hear the murmur of millions speaking to millions in many languages. What there is in Christ's Gospel to rectify human life, to elevate the selfishness of capital and chasten the selfishness of labour, to carry to the homes of the people improvement in the present and hope for the future—that will find eager listeners. But to the man of the future, religion will appear a barren and worthless stem unless it bring forth the fruits of love.

We need some true man among us, some true prophet, to arouse the Church to noble and strenuous leadership. If God grant us such a man he will of course be hated and persecuted, slandered by all the so-called religious press, martyred by a life-long martyrdom till another generation has placed him among the saints. But unless such a prophet comes we are only able to say that "where there is no vision there the people perish."

I have not attempted to conceal from you, my friends, the conviction—which would be nothing at all if it were only mine, but it is that of many of the most earnest thinkers among us—that the future of England in the coming century is full of the most serious perils—peril to our Empire, peril to our commerce, peril to our Church, peril to our whole national life. If we are to content ourselves with ease and luxury, with blind optimism in the state and retrogressive pettiness in the Church; if the nerves of our national manliness are too much relaxed to arouse ourselves and our

growing youths to greater energy and self-denial; if we produce so few true men and so many hungers and thirsts and fevers and appetites—then farewell to the greatness and glory of England.

Our greatest men have passed away; and God can never make man's best without best men to help Him. We want—

"Deeds, not words of whining note,
Not thoughts from life remote;
Not stately, languid prayers,
Not love of sects and creeds—wanted,
Deeds."

We want voices, not faded echoes; truths, not exploded shibboleths; saints, not effeminate conventionalities; we want prophets with words aflame who will scorn as lying unfathomably beneath their utmost capacity the malignities and meannesses of party criticisms.

"God give us men; a time like this demands
High minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not fill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour; men who will not lie."

The river of our national life must not be allowed to stagnate in a back-water of acquiescence in existent evils. Would to God we might say, as Milton said in his day, "Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation arousing herself like a strong man out of sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eye at the full noon-day beam, while a whole noise of timorous birds, with them also that love the twilight, flutter about her, amazed at what she aims at." The clash of an Armageddon battle with the hosts of the evil ones is at hand. Shall we have men to meet it? May God grant it! May He flash His own lightning through our national apathy and our petty religious

us. May He speak to us
 voice of the archangel, and
 trump of God, and bring
 our minds the truthfulness
 glorious inspiration of a
 which men can hold. Come
 four winds, O breath, and
 upon these slain that they
 :!

It go away and lay a salve
 consciences by simply say-
 you have heard a pessimis-
 on. I am no more a pessi-
 in the prophets of Israel,
 not fear, at the cost of per-
 and hatred, to point out
 and the perils of their fel-
 trymen. If we would be
 re noble, more true, more
 less apathetic, less petty,
 f-confident, less self-indul-
 more determined to uphold
 se of truth and righteous-
 should not be a pessimist,
 th an intense love for my
 , the most hopeful of opti-
 Meanwhile I say, as I once
 fr. John Bright say: "Sup-
 tood at the foot of Vesuvius
 ia, and, seeing a village or
 ad planted on its slope, I
 the dwellers in that hamlet:
 e that vapour which ascends
 e summit of the mountain—
 pour may become a dense
 smoke that will obscure the
 u see that trickling of lava
 re crevices of the mountain
 rickling of lava may become
 of fire; you hear that mut-
 n the bowels of the moun-
 hat muttering may become
 ing thunder that may shake
 : Continent. If I say this

to the dwellers on the slope of the
 mountain, and if there comes there-
 after a catastrophe which makes
 the world shudder, am I responsible
 for that catastrophe? Was it I
 who built the mountain? Was it I
 who stored it with explosive mate-
 rial? I merely warned the men
 who were in danger."

The nobler course is not to
 preach a mere vapid optimism full
 of flatteries to you, and poor vatici-
 nations, but it is to point out dan-
 gers while yet there is time to avert
 them.

" Naught shall make us rue,
 If England only to herself be true."

But let England be true to herself
 to an extent and degree which is
 now not the case; let her shake off
 the consuming greed of gain, the
 execrable curse of drink, the *laissez
 faire* of self-satisfied indolence, the
 dead religionism which is not relig-
 ion; let her aim at being more
 faithful, more strenuous, more self-
 denying, more progressive, more
 serious, and then we shall perhaps
 be able to say that God will cer-
 tainly give us His blessing. Then
 Christ will reign in the midst of us.
 Then England will hold herself as
 the first nation, fearing God and
 doing righteousness. Then, "as an
 eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth
 over her young, spreadeth abroad
 her wings, taketh them, beareth
 them on her wings," so the Lord
 shall care for us; and in the light
 of His countenance we shall rejoice
 for evermore. The command of
 Jehovah is timely: "Speak unto
 the children of Israel that they go
 forward."

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

Il air the music lies unheard;
 rough marble beauty hides un-
 seen;
 the music and the beauty needs
 master's touch, the sculptor's chisel
 keen.

Master, touch us with thy skilful
 hand;
 the music that is in us die!

Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as Thou
 wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished, broken,
 marred;

Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
 Thy perfect image—Thou our God and
 Lord!

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE.*

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

I. THE LINTEL AND THE ARCH.



ARCHITECTURE begins in need of shelter. The weather and the wolves, we may say, first made men builders. After necessity followed beauty. When any man began to take pleasure in building, architecture became an art. The craft of building has to do with use, the art with delight. When the craft began we may be sure that it was not long be-

pleasure in his work. It would please him to make his own beautiful. He would spend more effort on the shelter of chief, which, in a sense, belonged to the whole tribe. If it was decided to build a dwelling for the god worshipped, the best builders would be chosen and the best materials supplied. So from nearly the



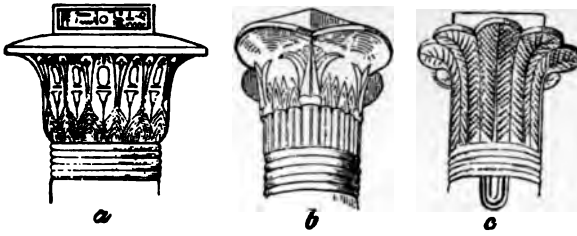
PRIMITIVE ARCHITECTURE—STONE AND WOOD SWISS CHALET.

fore the art followed, for it is man's nature when he works freely to take

* The Editor of this Magazine spent three years of his life in an architect's office, and has for many years made a special study of architecture. It possesses for him, as for many others, a singular fascination. He purposed preparing a series of papers on "The Romance of Architecture." Interruptions of work and pressure of other duties have for the present postponed that undertaking. He, therefore, gladly avails himself of the admirable papers by Mr. Rankin which he abridges from the *Congregationalist* of 1898, supplying, instead of the illustrations which appear in that paper, a larger number of appropriate engravings.

ginning architecture has had to do and build private houses, public buildings and churches, just as he does to-day.

At first, no doubt, sticks and skins or bark were the materials employed for building, but when somewhat more permanent was desired, logs and stones began to be used. There were new difficulties. Everybody can make a wall, the question is how to make a door and windows they might at first do along without (there are no



CALYX CAPITALS.

ent) but they must have
ow to cover the door was
n which the first builders
or timber had to answer,
een the important ques-
ince.

stion of covering the
been answered in two
long as men built with
as simple enough. All
do was to lay a strong
s the top of the sideposts
r. If the wall was of
would find or cut a flat
and heavy enough to
oor and hold up the wall
Such a beam or stone is
ntel, and such square-
rs and windows covere.
ie or beam are common
. These are shown in

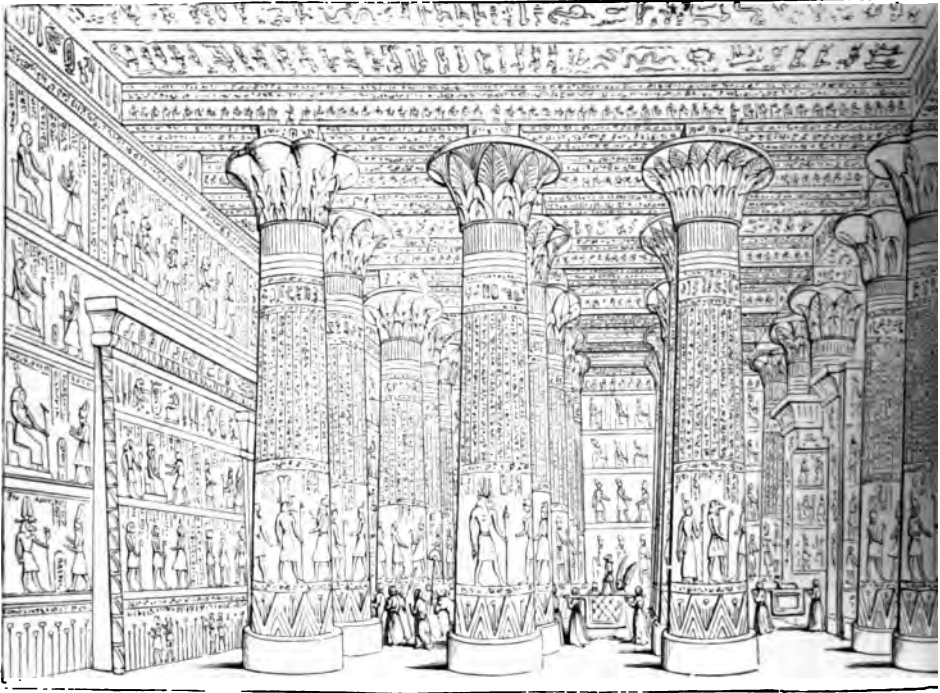
the picture of the Ramesseum at
Thebes in Egypt. Blocks of stone
cover the doors and rest on the tops
of the columns; and the flat roof is
made in just the same way. All
architecture founded upon this prin-
ciple may be called the architecture
of the lintel.*

Suppose, however, that the
builder lived in a country where
there was neither timber nor stone
large enough to use for lintels. He
must either send a long distance for
beams or stones or find some way of
covering his doors and windows
without them. He could not make
a flat lintel by cementing bricks or
small stones together, because the

*This is better shown in the illustration
of the restored temple of Esneh, Egypt.



THE RAMESSEUM, UPPER EGYPT.



PORTICO OF TEMPLE AT ESNEH.

cement would not hold the weight of the wall above it. At last some clever builder discovered that by putting brick or stone together in a half circle on a framework of small sticks above the door, that even if the framework dropped the bricks would hold; and not only would they hold, but they would also carry the weight of the wall above them just as if there were no door. This was the invention of the arch, without which neither brick nor small stone could have been put to the best use in building. Cut on next page, taken from a Norman church in England, shows an example of walls held up by arches resting on the tops of pillars, and illustrates the second school of building, which may be called the architecture of the arch.

All architecture depends for its *style or fashion* upon the way in which its doors and windows are

covered in. The Greeks were lintel builders; the Romans used both the lintel and the arch; and we use either or both in endless combinations growing out of the Roman fashion, or in part by the adoption of Oriental practice. When men first began to be architects they took the materials for building which were close at hand; and one can see in all their building afterward the traces of their first method and material. The temples at Athens are built of marble, but no one who studies their lines can fail to be reminded of the logs of wood with which the first ancestors of the Greeks began to build. They supported their roof on upright trunks of trees, and laid a beam across the top of the doorposts, and the later architects imitated the same forms in stone.

The people of the Euphrates valley had neither stone nor wood, and



TRANSITION ROMAN TO NORMAN STYLE, BUILDWAS ABBEY.

to build with clay baked in
They covered their doors
lattice of reeds or small
covered with wet clay, and so
to make the arch and the
fired bricks and a keystone.
The Chinese began to build
near the banks of rivers,
where the bamboo or great
reeds grow. They found that
they could readily work with
the bamboo stalks, and they
delight in the network of
lines which they produced.
When they began to build
with stone they still built
as they could, so that a
great pagoda still looks
almost like a structure of
bamboo. The Chinese had
no reeds strong enough
to be used singly, so they
used them in bundles and
filled up the spaces around
and between them with
mud. When they moved
up to the mountains they
found an abundance of
building stone, but their
method still suggested the
reed and packed clay of
their building.
The forms of architecture for

thousands of years went on
separately. Each had a life
of its own and grew like a
tree that is always putting
forth new branches. We can
tell to-day, if an old palace
or temple is dug out of the
earth in Asia or Africa,
what people built it and
about what time in their
history. The Chinese built
in the Chinese fashion,
the Egyptians in the
Egyptian, the Greeks in
the Greek, without ever
thinking of any other.
Each architect tried to
make improvements, but
without changing the
general fashion which
had come down to him.

This life and growth of
architecture went on until
about the time of the
discovery of America, when
people began to study and
think about the old Greek
and Roman building, and
to follow the rules laid
down by Vitruvius, a
Roman engineer of the
time of Augustus, whose
book on architecture had
just been rediscovered.
Instead of building like
their fathers, with such
slight changes and
improvements as they
could invent, they



THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

began to be weary or ashamed of their fathers' building and to wish to imitate the old work of the Greek and Roman times. The law of living growth gave place to an artificial selection, often resting upon the whim of passing fashion and leading to confusion, which has been the history of architecture in most of Europe and America ever since. Even the good work of the great architects suffered from this essential change in the life of architecture.

We have many strong and convenient buildings and a few beautiful ones, but there is no longer any regular law of growth or fixed standard of taste. We go all over the world for our suggestions. We put the imitation of a Greek temple next door to the imitation of a Gothic church. We grow proud of a beautiful church and then allow somebody to build a stone block next door higher than its steeple to spoil it. It is this mixture of elements and jumble of styles which makes the study of modern architecture so confusing and unsatisfactory.

II.

GREEK AND ROMAN BUILDINGS.

Imagine a modern city with all the buildings gone but the churches and you will have a picture of what was left of Greek architecture when the modern age began. The roofless theatres of Athens were soon buried under rubbish. Private houses, which were built around a central court and made small show upon the street, soon perished. The wooden roof-beams of the temples fell in, their columns were broken, their walls defaced. So it happened that when modern architects began to build in what they called Greek style, they were really imitating only temples—and ruined temples at that.

Almost every American or Canadian village has a church or a few houses built with white columns in imitation of a Greek temple. Our illustration shows the ruins of a pure Greek temple of the best time (the Parthenon at Athens).

The architects of ancient Greece had a native style of their own, and

every purpose would have found some way to use it. They despised foreigners too much to imitate them closely. They would never have thought it irreverent as well as inconvenient to make a private dwelling like a temple. It is doubtful if they would have cared to paint their houses white. The Parthenon, the most splendid of all the Greek temples, was constructed of beautiful white marble. It glittered like the sun, but the Athenians, and they painted it in colours.

brick. The later architects did the same thing with Roman columns, and so on, century after century, until at last men began to go back to Greek forms again as most beautiful of all. The city of Washington is full of such borrowed decorations. The Capitol is surrounded by Greek porticoes and columns. They were repeated over and over again at the Chicago Fair.

It is this perfection of the column and architrave and pediment which we owe to the Greeks. They did not invent them, but moulded and



THE ACROPOLIS,
ATHENS.

What the modern builders really do is to use the beautiful post and capital architecture of the Greek temples as a mere outward ornament for all sorts of buildings. Perhaps the Greeks themselves did not care for big buildings, or value mere size as an element of architectural power. They built no high towers or steeples, and the lines of their temples follow the line of the earth and do not reach up toward the sky. A tall and slender tower on top of a steep hill they would have consid-

ered fitted them with exquisite skill and taste, and with these simple elements constructed the most perfectly proportioned buildings the world has yet seen. In their best days the Greeks did not care for big buildings, or value mere size as an element of architectural power. They built no high towers or steeples, and the lines of their temples follow the line of the earth and do not reach up toward the sky. A tall and slender tower on top of a steep hill they would have consid-



THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME.

ered ugly. The Parthenon on its great rock looks almost as if it had grown there, and not as if it had been raised by the hand of man. Their buildings harmonize with the bare and sunny hilltops, on which they were usually built, as no other structures do.

Nothing was careless or accidental with the best Greek builders. The Parthenon, for example, appears to be full of straight lines, but in reality there is not a straight line of any length in it. All are carefully curved so that they may appear to the eye to be straight. It was so solidly and perfectly built that nothing but an explosion of gunpowder ever shattered it, and yet its stones were fitted together without mortar or cement. Each stone was perfectly shaped for its

place, and once in position remained there by its own weight.

The first Romans were colonists. When they began to build they found themselves between two different peoples. On the north were Etruscans, who used the arch. On the south were Greeks, who preferred the post and lintel. The Romans were magnificent borrowers. They reached out on one side and took the arch, while on the other they borrowed the column and put the two together. Of all the Greek orders they liked the Corinthian best and used it most frequently. Its luxuriance of decoration exactly suited their magnificent taste.

The Romans wanted law courts, public meeting-places, baths, tombs, triumphal monuments and palaces.



MODIFIED GREEK ARCHITECTURE—
THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

ew, larger rooms were
lost of their temples
at for other purposes
well as needed, large
lings. They had ex-
and clay for brick-
the best cement the
r seen, so that it was
to cut stone with the
y. They liked to put
columns on top of an-
of their high walls,
of arched openings.
post and lintel came
a mere ornamental
arch.
ght in high buildings,
1 story, the Romans
that effect of hori-
zontal which the Greeks made
and set the fashion of
rising toward the sky.
strong in later times.
and of big triumphal
each new conqueror
the road that entered
honor of his triumphs.
ows the ruins of one
came to be many such

arches in Rome and they were imi-
tated in other places and in later
times.

Most important of all, the Ro-
mans enlarged and perfected the
vault, which is a broadened arch,
and the dome, which may be de-
scribed as a circle of arches with
a common keystone. These they
used for covering great assembly
rooms, and so prepared the way for
the Christian churches and Moham-
medan mosques which were to fol-
low. Such a dome covers the Pan-
theon in Rome. It was probably
the central hall of a public bath,
but is now a church.

With the Greeks and Romans in
temple-building the outside was
more important, but with the de-
mand for larger buildings for pub-
lic and everyday use the interior
began to claim equal or greater
attention, and in this respect again
the Roman buildings prepared the
way for the Christian churches.

“Sunset skies thro’ a dusty pane,
Stars and clouds, and the morn again—
Yet you never need look for the sky in vain.”

RUMBLINGS OF REVOLUTION.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



“ THE CHIEF OCCUPATION HUNTING,
OR SWASHBUCKLING.”



TO a land flowering with orchard bloom, glossy with grassy hills, clover fields and meadows—a nation of brawn and brain, a great, free, full-bosomed nation budding into life like our own Canada—to such a people it is often difficult to repicture those scenes of lands where civilization has grown over-ripe, old historic scenes of insurrection, battle-strife and carnage. Yet it is well that sometimes we look back thus, lest we forget the path by which our fathers were led, lest we forget our cause for thankfulness in this land of freedom and plenty; in the reiterated words of Kipling, “Lest we forget, lest we forget.”

to the Far West we find

a species of cactus that bursts into bloom only after a growth of a hundred years. To such a species of plant must belong that period of French history that culminated in the French Revolution—a plant whose leaves were thick and thorny. Only it differed in that its growth was yet slower, its roots were embedded beneath a throne, and its efflorescence was deadly. Its flower, if by any irony of poesy it can be called a flower at all, must have been akin to the blossoms of that fatal basket borne in to the Christian Empress Valeria, flowers whose fragrance was filled with death. Certain it was that the French monarchy had long paved the way for those who should tread her underfoot.

Shakespeare may never repeat, but history is a series of reiterations, and never perhaps had crumbling Rome repeated herself more fully than she did in the Paris of the eighteenth century.

A pampered nobility, over-fed, over-dressed, amused to death, and world-weary, was idly fawning about a throne already storm-girt by twenty-five million human beings, whose spur was Hunger, whose captain was Despair.

Ennui is a result of sin, and an ennuye class means somewhere else a class either overworked, or starved, or both. The chief malady of the French court, according to Carlyle, was “languor and vanity,” and the chief amusement hunting, or swashbuckling. It was said of their king on the days he did not go hunting, “Le roi ne fera rien”—To-day the king will do nothing.”

They tell also how he had a



WHILE THE SWEET NOTES OF THE GUITAR DROWNED OUT THE MURMURINGS OF SAINT ANTOINE."

some horror of death. Once, on his way to a hunting expedition he met a peasant, bearing a message for one of his fellow-rulers. "What did he die of?" asked the noble. "Of hunger!" answered the peasant with a ghastly smile. And the noble went silently on. It was at this time that the trouble lay with the noblesse of France. It was not so much the evil they did that made Paris flow with blood, but the good they left undone. So often we have pictured the nobility of France as goading on the enslaved peasants with dark-brow and lashing whip. "Monseigneur" was only indifferently to his brother, only smiling and jesting at the sweet notes of the guitar drowned out the murmurings of Saint Antoine. The French Revolution was as much the child of Indifference as it was of the Oppression.

"Let the peasant toil, let the peasant pay the *taille*, the *gabelle*, the *corvee*, and all the rest; let the peasant starve." So said "Monseigneur," basking in the presence of Beauty and Fashion.

Says Lodge, of the French nobility :

"Many of them had powers of jurisdiction, all had supreme rights of hunting and forestry. They could exact forced labour from the peasants and could compel them to pay tolls and other dues, and to grind their corn at the lord's mill. These exactions would have been cheerfully acquiesced in so long as the lord's were real rulers, and gave protection and judicial administration in return for them. But in the eighteenth century the vast majority of the nobles were absentees, who left the collection of their dues in the hands of extortionate bailiffs, and squandered the proceeds in the capital.

So heavy was the burden of taxes imposed upon them, that all motives for economy, or for the improvement of agriculture, were destroyed. The *taille* had been gradually increased by the mere will of the government, and its collection was purely arbitrary. Most of the indirect taxes were levied on necessities,



“ BASKING IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY AND FASHION.”

such as salt, and therefore fell with special weight on the poorer population. In addition to the odious exactions of their lords, the crown had now come forward with similiar demands. No grievance is more prominent at this period than the *corvées*, the compulsory labour enforced by the central government for the making and repairing of roads. And besides having to bear most of the expenses of the regular forces, the peasants were also compelled to undergo an irksome term of service in the militia.”

A weak and vacillating king, who is the tool of his haughty wife, the tool of his ministers, the tool of every one who whispers in his ear, a country whose expenditure exceeds its revenue, whose cry is more taxes, more tolls. Such was France. More tolls! From whom? From the peasant who was born to toil, not from the noblesse who make merry in their chateaux. *Les paysans*, for whom is poverty and toil! Then comes Famine, with her ghastly, cadaverous touch.

“ And above them the God,” says Carlyle. That was teaching philosophy.

Yet they wrong the Cause of those days who think she has herself altogether with the Wealth and Oppression. Light on her altars never in utter darkness. There always some faithful she share the miseries and sympathize with the aspirations of the poor. But the name of the Church dishonoured by those in power. There were in her pale those who Faubourg St. Antoine, and those who fawned upon the rich.

But who within tapest curtained salon sees the clouds gather in the sky and hears the faint, low hunger in the far-off hut knows that the roof leaks; that the children are but and are crying with cold knows and who cares?



“WHO WITHIN TAPESTRIED AND CURTAINED SALON SEES THE STORM-CLOUDS
GATHER IN THE SKY WITHOUT?”

nation that forgets the home, however lowly—that nation weaves its own shroud.

And, lo! Famine musters her forces. There, in Parisian streets, the dark cloud of human beings grew and grew till its voice was as the thunder shaking the distant turrets of Versailles and breaking into the dreams of the beautiful but selfish Marie Antoinette with her “vision all too fitful narrow for the work,” she had “to do.”

Yet historians tell of her charities in earlier days—charities to those about her. Her sin lay in that she did not sacrifice herself to know her people. Knowing them not, she heeded not their cry.

And so the blood of a king and queen must flow. “He that saveth his life shall lose it.” Better a thousand times a life laid down in the service of their people. “If you would win the love of men, do them good.” Louis XVI. and his fair queen simply forgot this great truth, and the nation forgot to love its rulers, forgot to love, then learned to hate. Yet let us not condemn with overhaste the sins beneath a diadem. We have each our realm, for which we are as answerable as they. “Not to be ministered unto but to minister.” There is between these two the difference of life and death.

“Be like the bird who, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.”

FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D.,

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

BY IGNOTUS.



ARCHDEACON FARRAR.



INCE Dr. Frederick W. Farrar left Westminster, where he was Archdeacon, Rector of St. Margaret's, Chaplain to the House of Commons, and Canon of the Abbey, for the dignified comparative retirement of the Deanery of Canterbury, he has passed somewhat out of the public eye. When he preached on Sunday afternoons in the Abbey there were never seats or even standing room enough for the vast congregations. In those congregations Nonconformists formed a very large percentage, for, apart from his eloquence, Dr. Farrar's broad-mindedness, his strong evangelical-

ism, his fearless zeal as a reformer, and especially as a temperance reformer, made him a favourite second to none. It was a source of deep regret to thousands when he left London, but years of hard, unremitting pastoral and literary work were beginning to grave deep marks in his face, and he had well earned the lighter duties attached to the care of the mother church of Anglican Christianity, on the site of the church built for St. Augustine.

Twenty years ago Canon Farrar's course of Sunday afternoon discourses on "The Larger Hope" started a controversy that extended to all the churches, and powerfully modified the theological thought of the time. Whatever may be said

story he expounded, it can be said that Dr. Farrar has a light of sin or the coming t. No Anglican preacher is more insistent on the de- ture of sin, and has more ally denounced social id individual vices and sels, that tended to blunt the conscience and to ob- he eternal Divine distinc- veen holiness and a callous ess. Here is a character- sage from an Abbey ser- "The World's Dream of ss": "Most men are cer- iving their fruit unto the ar, and their labour unto shopper; they are making mselves cisterns—broken that will hold no water; : giving their money for ich is not bread, and their or that which satisfieth not. marvellously sad thing is a never seem to utilize the ce of so many ages of the the boy, the youth, and the eager to run the race his ran, however vain and d that race may have been. nows our weakness so well, tterly despises his victims, spreads the snare quite n the sight of the silly bird. gles the gilded bait before hardly takes the trouble to the lacerating hook in it. ter year, in generation after on, he impudently whispers rlasting lie which cost us e, and hardly conceals from i at the moment, that it is g but a lie. And yet he hat, betrayed by the sor- inward passion, youth after nd man after man, and wo- er woman, will listen to the ned whisper, 'Yea, hath d? but ye shall be as gods, e shall not die,' and pretend to believe, or e themselves that they that it is not a lie, it *though the victims of it*

lie slain on every side, lie in the grave like sheep, death feeding upon them suddenly in the morn- ing, and their beauty consuming in the sepulchre."

The deadening effect of conven- tion in sapping the foundations of religion and morality is a peril on which Dr. Farrar never tires of dwelling. A favourite exhorta- tion to young men is that they "should not be content to be swept like dead fish down a stream." The rich rhetoric of this preacher, while a main element of popularity with many, is, I confess, not so agreeable to myself. Dr. Farrar so delights in sensuous language that his thought is often weighed down by the heavy embroidery of the ornate expression. One longs amid the gorgeous procession of overcharged sentences for a little simplicity, as on a glaring summer day one longs for a little shade.

A less censurable characteristic of Dr. Farrar's preaching is his fondness for quotations and liter- ary allusions. He is a mighty reader of books, and reminds one in the pulpit of Macaulay as a writer. The quotations and allu- sions are often extremely happy, and light up or adorn a thought in a very delightful way, but often, too, they seem crowded in when there is no real necessity for them either for use or ornament. We have to go back to Jeremy Taylor to find so quotative a preacher, and it happens to be Jeremy Taylor, also, whom Dr. Farrar most re- sembles as a dazzling rhetorician. Dr. Farrar is at home in many lan- guages. He was once a master at Eton College, and published one of the most helpful of Greek gram- mars. He seems to forget, how- ever, that 499 out of 500 of an average congregation are limited to their native English, and are only bewildered when quotations are carelessly strewn over a ser- mon in Greek, Latin, Italian, and German. It is a serious blunder

for any preacher not merely to quote in sermons from languages unknown to the congregation, but to use "dictionary words" that are familiar only to students, and in this latter respect, too, Dr. Farrar often lays himself open to remark. But amid all that is subject to criticism, his burning earnestness, the directness and force of his appeals, and his stalwart Protestantism, that is becoming almost an extinct 'ism in the Church that once boasted of Cranmer and Hooper and Latimer and Ridley, made him and still make him, on the rare occasions of his pulpit appearances, a mighty influence for good.

As a lecturer on Dante, Browning, Tennyson, and other poets, Dr. Farrar has delighted countless audiences. He often, even as Dean of Canterbury, lectures during the season to Nonconformist Literary Societies, to the horror of High Churchmen, who regard a Nonconformist chapel as something infinitely more defiling than a gin palace. Dr. Farrar has been the personal friend of many poets, and he was one of the officiating clergy at the burial in the Abbey of Browning and Tennyson. He is a great admirer of Cromwell and the men of the Commonwealth, and has often expressed his strong disgust at the degrading conduct of the Restorationists, who grubbed up their bones from the Abbey, either to hang them in chains at Tyburn, or to pitch them pell-mell into an unmarked pit in St. Margaret's churchyard. Many a delighted Nonconformist party he conducted round the Abbey, and regaled with fascinating stories and details from his unrivalled intimate knowledge of its history.

The delivery of Dr. Farrar would disappoint the Methodist, who prefers to hear the natural intonation in the pulpit. Dr. Farrar's intonation is highly-pitched, and he drops into the artificial "sing-song" so common with the

Anglican clergy, no doubt as a result of the practice of intoning the service. To do justice to his preaching full allowance needs to be made for this habit, never very agreeable to Nonconformist hearers.

As an author Dr. Farrar first became famous by his "Life of Christ," in which he has pictured in such glowing colours the doings and sayings of our Saviour. That book has sent thousands with the keenest zest to the New Testament, and has brightened countless sermons, by firing the minds of the preachers by its sanctified realism. His "Life of St. Paul," and "The Early Days of Christianity," were written in the same style. The ardent imagination of Dr. Farrar revels in the early Christian history, and it is rarely he preaches without introducing some telling incident he has met with in the reading of the Fathers. Thus, in a Church Congress sermon at Bradford, last year, he laid stress on practical as opposed to a merely contemplative Christianity, and said :

"Do not let us expand selfishness to infinitude by thinking only of our own salvation; but let us remember that Christ taught us by love to serve one another, and the epitome of His life is that 'He went about doing good.' There is a legend in the Greek Church about her two favoured saints, St. Cassianus—the type of monastic asceticism, individual character,

Which bids, for cloistered cell,
Its neighbour and its work farewell,

and St. Nicholas—the type of genial, active, unselfish, laborious Christianity. St. Cassianus enters heaven, and Christ says to him, 'What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?' 'I saw,' he answered, 'a peasant floundering with his waggon in a marsh.' 'Didst thou help him?' 'No!' 'Why not?' 'I was coming before thee,' said

ssianus, 'and I was afraid
ing my white robes.' Then
cholas enters heaven, all cov-
with mud and mire. 'Why
ned and soiled, St. Nicholas
ie Lord. 'I saw a peasant
ering in the marsh,' said St.
as, 'and I put my shoulder
wheel and helped him out.'
ed art thou,' answered the
'thou didst well; thou didst
than Cassianus.' And He
l St. Nicholas with four-fold
ral."

a preacher to young men Dr.
is very stimulative. He
ises on them the necessity of
a robust, strenuous life of
e for Christ, and the need of
t purity of thought and deed
a life is to be lived. In a
elpful sermon on "The Good
of Faith," he recently in-
ed a congregation of the
h of England Young Men's
y how they might conquer
lower selves, and live the
ly life. He thus summarized
unsels:

ut if you are in earnest to
er sin, which doth so easily
you, whatsoever it be—and if
re not, I tremble to think of
nay await you, for then noth-
at God's terrible and fiery
can shrivel the falsehood or
the vice out of your souls—
there should be even one soul
n earnest, even one soul here
lesires with all his might to
his life from destruction, and
il the high purpose for which
reated him, then I pray you
God Himself were speaking
by my voice, as He is speak-
t this moment to the inner
ence of every one of you,
beg you to let me for one
nt recapitulate these counsels,
t me ask you to try and fix
in your memories:

(1) You must be absolutely
iced that you can be saved,
at the door of heaven is not

closed against you. (2) You must
resolve, determined in God's name
that you will not continue the slave
of sin, but will give your soul to
your Saviour Christ. (3) You
must pray with all your hearts this
night and without ceasing, and it
may be as you have never prayed
before, to Him whose merciful ears
are ever open to the cry, 'God be
merciful to me a sinner.' (4) You
must occupy all your days and
hours with good deeds, wholesome
interests, pure aspirations, noble
efforts. (5) You must set a re-
solute watch over your hearts, that
you offend not by guilty thoughts.
(6) You must nerve yourself to
the battle which must continue
even unto the end. Lastly, do not
lose one single day, one single
hour, one single moment, but here
and now and in this church, as you
sit there, give your whole soul to
God, with the cry, 'I am thine,
oh, save me!'"

These are golden words, and
once sunken in the memory of a
Christian young man, should save
him from many a peril. It is well
that when so many of his clerical
brethren are speaking and acting
as if the burning of incense and
the lighting of candles are the
essential things of Christianity,
there should be one man of lofty
character, of high station, in the
Church, who might be a Primitive
Methodist for his clear vision of
the truth that the one thing need-
ful is the saved soul and the
changed life. Lately, Dr. Farrar
has been speaking very despond-
ently of the state of his Church and
the moral and religious condition
of England. Let the Noncon-
formists in general and Methodists
in particular hearten him up by
working for such a wave of spiri-
tual revival as shall reduce the
"beggarly elements" of Ritualism
into insignificance, and change the
moral face of England.—Primitive
Methodist Magazine.



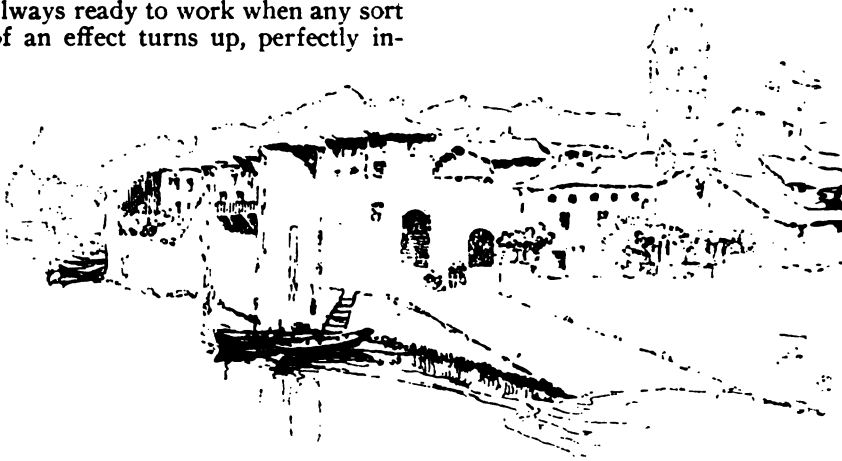
RHONE SKETCHES.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



IT was just at sunset on one of those hot summery days that come in the Provençal autumn that I leaned on the balustrade which bounds the Rocher des Doms at Avignon. My only feeling was one of envy towards a painter who was putting in a magnificent sunset going on down the river. He was apparently one of those fortunate individuals who are always ready to work when any sort of an effect turns up, perfectly in-

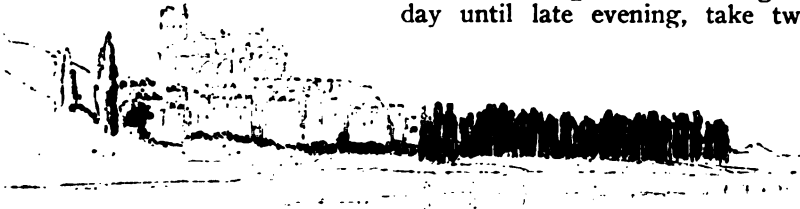
different to the hot winds and mosquitoes, plagues to which I had succumbed. But as I loitered there was wafted from among the trees up the river the long, low, booming whistle of a steamboat, which I had first heard on the Mississippi, and which sometimes on quiet nights one hears coming from the Thames in London. And around the first turn of the river, and out of the mist which always covers the Provençal plains as soon as the sun goes down, came the steamboat from Lyons.





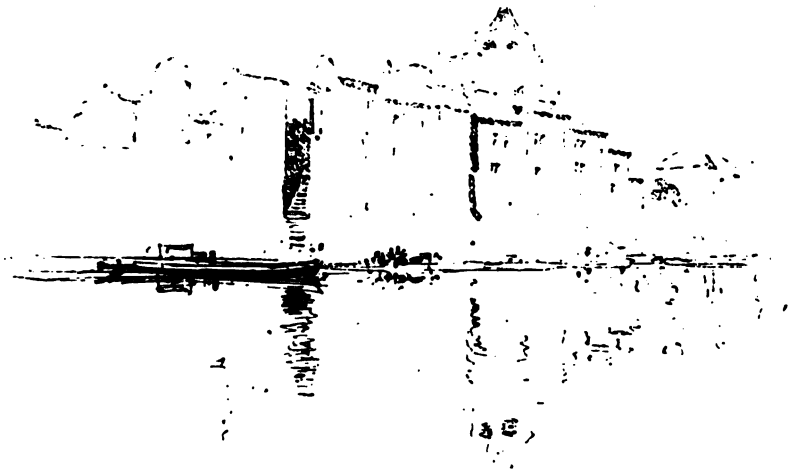
ster than a railway train she
ed down the straight reach to
ity. Her engines stopped, the
sman, a silhouette at the stern,
ed his skeleton plank as he put
udder hard down, and even at
distance became a perfect emen-
ment of picturesque power as he

gers, and the movements of the
deck-hands getting ready for the
up-river trip the next day, filled me
with a desire to take it. For the
boat which had just come down
from Lyons with the tide—I really
do not know how far it is—in one
day, would start at the earliest hour
in the morning, and travelling all
day until late evening, take two



ed himself against it far out
the water. The boat swung
ly, but surely, round, taking the
le river to turn her enormous
th, and silently was made fast
e quay.
he skilful turning of the boat,
quiet departure of the passen-

days to get back again. And it
was on this part of the Rhone, too,
that an ingenious magazine edi-
tor once suggested to Mr. Robert
Louis Stevenson and myself
that we should go canoeing. The
trip certainly would have been de-
lightful and interesting and excit-





ing, and there would have been a tremendous *denouement*. As Mr. Stevenson remarked, the only question was the exact spot at which we should be drowned. There is no necessity to add that this Inland Voyage was never made.

I was called at about half-past three, wandered down through the black, cool streets, peopled with

a chunk of bread in a *café*, a dirty little hole apparently only used by the crew. But if they had to pay as much as I did, it must have consumed all their earnings for the day. We, however, soon started, and there was a complete absence of all that silence which had so fascinated me in the evening. The captain, the steersman, and the engineers yelled and ordered, the engines



cloaked figures, hearing only the loud reverberations of footsteps in the darkness. A city gate to which I came was closed—that is, a padlocked bar was across the empty arch; I crawled under it, and in a few minutes was alongside of the boat. While she was taking on her final baskets of beautiful fruit, the engineer and I had some coffee and

throbbed, and the boat rolled as it began to make headway against the furious current, to return against which takes twice as long as to come down.

As the light began to grow and the mist to rise, the land came out of its shroud, and various black bundles developed into passengers. Beautiful groupings of trees, pic-





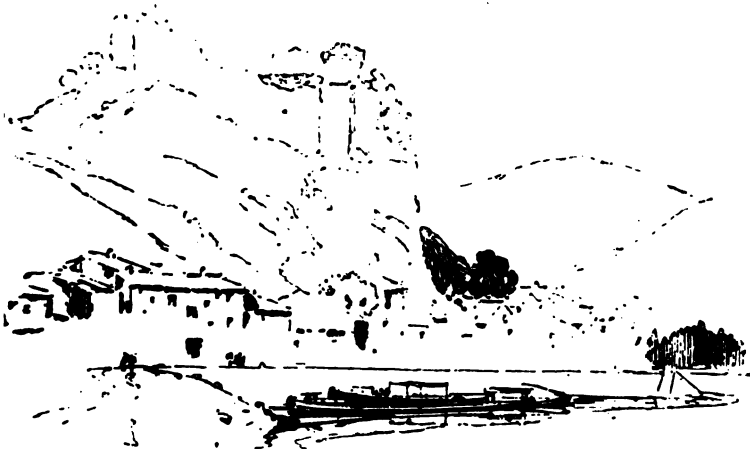
the rope-worked ferry boats
ed, and were passed, and now
perched high on its hill-side,
ed with a statue of the Vir-
st touched by the rising sun.

else about it, save that from the
river it was most picturesque?
Why shouldn't I try to describe in
my own art what really did interest
me in this endless succession of pic-
tures?



my hand in my pocket for my
book—I had forgotten it.
What of it? What did I care
what happened in this town,
its name was, or anything

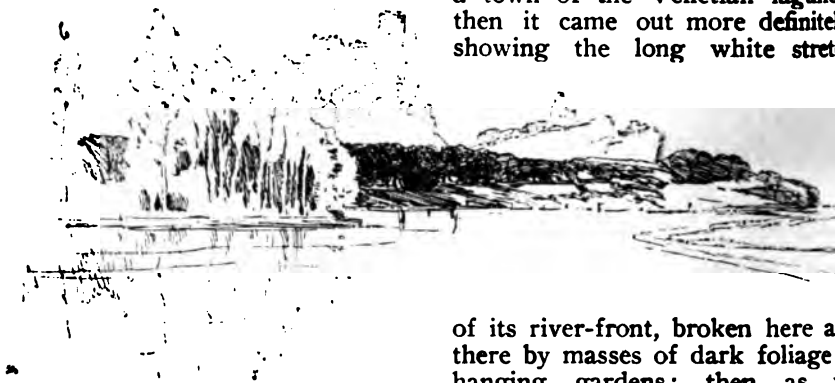
The sun rose behind Mont Ven-
toux, and then a great long, low
country farmhouse, just showed
light-grey against the dark trees as
we swung round another curve.
Then followed the beautiful and





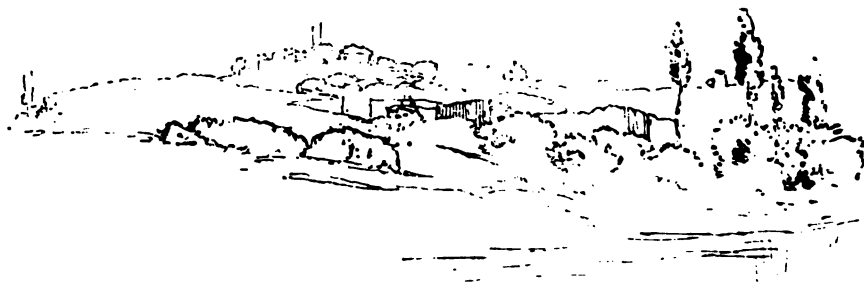
never-ending variety of the grouping of the tall, thin, white-trunked poplars, and stretching from them were the great black lines of cypresses planted to protect the cul-

One of the most interesting effects was to note the way in which these towns grew: First there was a mere light mass in the distance, seemingly poised above the water, like a town of the Venetian lagunes; then it came out more definitely, showing the long white stretch



tivated fields against the *mistral*; and coming out from behind, and towering even above them would be a little city apparently set on a hill, which, as the boat rounded the next point, would prove to be built right on the water's edge.

of its river-front, broken here and there by masses of dark foliage in hanging gardens; then as we stopped there was an entire and utter change; new towers, before hidden, now appeared, and then it all gradually faded away again into the white shimmering distance. The most characteristic feature of each of these towns is the gilt Vir-



gin, with arms outspread, glowing
in the sunlight, who crowns the



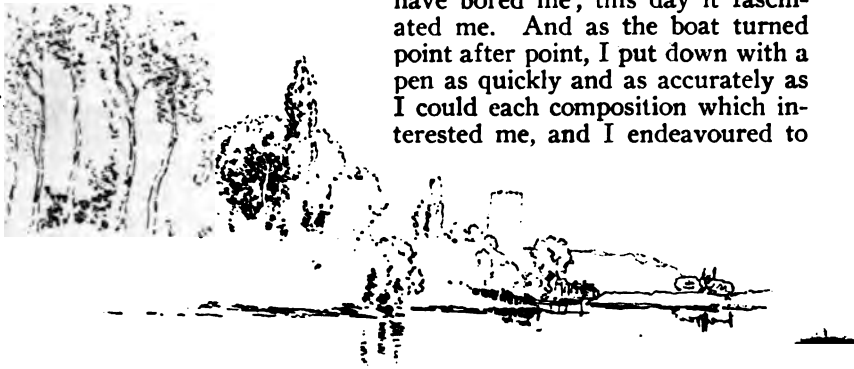
highest building, but who, if the
hill just behind is loftier, is placed
on its summit, a beacon for the
country round. But I never knew
before how well an ordinarily un-

Later in the day, instead of the
towns only being on little hills, the
whole country rose and took on a
new character, and then again we
came into a region of low-lying
land, backed by far mountains. The
entire journey it was but a succes-
sion of little towns, of great ruined



picturesque new suspension bridge
would come in. There is only one
old bridge, I think, on this part of
the river, and even this is partially
broken.

chateaux, of beautiful groupings of
trees, of distant bridges that became
hard and repelling and mechanical
as we passed under them. Some
days this beautiful monotony would
have bored me; this day it fascinat-
ated me. And as the boat turned
point after point, I put down with a
pen as quickly and as accurately as
I could each composition which inter-
ested me, and I endeavoured to





give the general appearance of the country, the aspect of the whole day which pleased me—in fact, just those things which strike an artist—I beg your pardon, merely a black-and-white draughtsman.

I have not attempted, of course, the picturesque human side of river life, or even to draw the great rafts, the huge, unwieldy boats, the steam

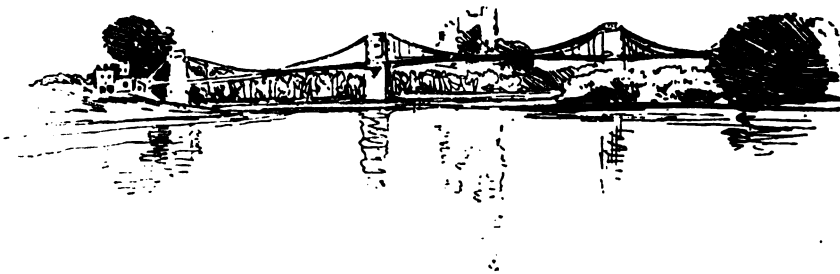


boats themselves. For these, like the people, cannot be sketched in a few minutes; I should have to study them for hours together to get anything. These are the notes which fill these pages. What the places are I know not, and I care not. If they explain themselves as picturesque combinations which affected me, this is all I tried for. All I have to say is, why should not one's artistic sensations be quite as well

worth recording as literary emotions? At any rate, these drawings were done entirely on the spot; save the headpiece, they are untouched

since I made them. If any one does not believe that sketches of this kind can be done on a moving steamboat, I have only to say that they can, and that these are my record of a lovely autumn day on the Rhone.

Towards evening I got off opposite Montelimart, and returned by train to Avignon, conscious that I had well amused myself.



EPITAPHS.

BY THE REV. T. E. HOLLING, B.A.



THE beautiful article by Dr. Withrow in a recent issue of this magazine on the Epitaphs of the Catholics, deals with a phase of literature which has a peculiar charm to the antiquarian. The epitaphs of the dead are often found to be "elegiacs in stones" as well as "poems of affection"; in many other cases, however, the wise and melancholy jester in both old and new England has dictated to the stone-carver rhymes of quaint truth and humour.

Like every other good thing, the literature of the graveyard has been abused, not only by the coarse wits of the village rhymester, but by the fulsome flatteries of the perfidious friends of the dead, and there is considerable truth in the dialogue between Smith and Jones: Smith—"Truth is a sure cure for lying."—"Not always; I've known a man break out again on a tomb-stone."

Graveyard literature is quite as common as any other; from time immemorial the records of the past are preserved in references to the custom of gravings on the tomb and reading of the obsequies certain elegiac poems in praise, though sometimes in censure, of the deceased. The most interesting of the Egyptian sarcophagi are the epitaphs, none of which are of special interest. The valorous deeds of the heroes of Thermopylae have been engraved on columns dedicated to their memory. The inscription on the tomb of the Duke of Wellington thrills even the cold western heart to-day. "I am here, go tell the Lacedæmons that we lie here obedient to your command." Greek epitaphs are common, and are full of absorbing

interest. The stone which marks the spot where Plato's dust lies, says:

"Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests."

Roman epitaphs are no less numerous. "Ossa Tassi" is the brief inscription on Tasso's tomb.

It is in England, however, that we find epitaphs of the greatest interest, and one of the pleasures of a recent visit to the British Isles consisted in walking through some of the old churchyards and examining the quaint epitaphs which are there to be found. The Peak district of Derbyshire is renowned for this particular form of literature. It would, however, almost seem as if the eccentric characters who lived in Derbyshire for the past few hundred years had some premonition that curious tourists of later days would be in search of something odd, and by way of rebuke, I suppose, one Micah Hall, who lived and died near Peveril Castle—well known to readers of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak"—gave instructions that the tablet erected to his memory should bear the following lines:

"What I was you know not,
What I am you know not,
Whither I am gone you know not,
Go about your business."

After reading this curious inscription, I took the good man's advice and went.

Passing on to the ancient town of Bakewell, the capital of the Peak, I found a churchyard two thousand years old. Haddon Hall, an old baronial mansion, pleasantly situated on the Wye, is close by. The Vernons and the Manners of

that noble house lie in Bakewell church. A monument in memory of Sir George Manner and his wife, and their nine children, has this inscription: "Ye day of a man's death is better than ye day of his birth." Examining some of the tombstones I found the following curious inscription. After recording the interment here of John Dale, barber-surgeon of Bakewell, and his two wives, Elizabeth, daughter of Godfrey Foljambe, and Sarah Bloodworth, it reads:

"This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
Here all three lie together lovingly;
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes;
Here Sarah's chiding, John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling, Sarah no more fears,
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet—still are both his wives."

The epitaphs of these old churchyards are not all in a humorous vein; pearls of wisdom are often found alongside these quaint conceits of olden times, and as Gray sweetly sings:

"Many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

No doubt that in many cases the awakening of conscience has followed the reading of admonitory sentences engraved on tombstone and tablet. An inscription written by Charles Wesley cannot be read without suggesting solemn thoughts.

"Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose body lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise
And still more innocent;
When the archangel's trump shall blow
And souls to bodies join,
Thousands shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine."

Full often the epitaph seems to have been dictated by the ardent devotion of a broken heart; there is deep pathos and genuine poetry in the couplet found on the tombstone of a sainted minister who

lived and died at Long Branch, N.J.

"Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,
Through liquid telescopes of tears."

No less beautiful is the epitaph on an old slate slab in a New England graveyard, which commemorates the virtues of one. Mary Ann Pratt:

"Think what a good woman should be;
She was that"—

which is certainly in much better taste than the wail of a desolate husband, who had inscribed on his wife's tombstone:

"Tears cannot bring thee back, therefore I weep."

The famous sentence to Sir Christopher Wren's memory, which is carved on St. Paul's Cathedral, has been chiselled on a doctor's tombstone, and cannot be regarded as a compliment to his medical skill: "If you would see his monument, look around." The following specimen of churchyard literature could hardly be expected to be composed outside Ireland; it is accordingly to be found on a tombstone in that country:

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

Much more to the point, and aptly illustrating the Wise Man's words "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," is the inscription on the tombstone of a soldier:

"Here lies a soldier whom all must applaud
Who fought many battles at home and abroad;
But the hottest engagement he ever won
in
Was the conquest of self in the battle—
sin."

The valour of some of our bravest military men is only exceeded by their unswerving devotion to God and His Kingdom. Cromwell and Ironsides have their successors in modern military circles. Sir A. r-

thur Blackwood, whose recently published biography is one of great interest, was a noble specimen of a soldier of the cross, as well as a servant of the Queen, and the tablet in Exeter Cathedral to his memory fitly expresses his unswerving fidelity to God amid arduous duties discharged to his country :

“ This man put his hand to the plough and never looked back.”

Lord Lawrence's epitaph in Westminster Abbey also reveals the secret of true strength and valour on the field of battle :

“ He feared man so little because he feared God so much.”

These bright examples of saintliness in the upper circles of society are in pleasing contrast to another section of the same circle, where fashion is a goddess and pleasure a king, and from which section Browning brings one of his characters, who

“ above all epitaphs
Aspires to have his tomb describe
Himself as sole among the tribe
Of snuff-box fanciers, who possessed
A gregnon with the Regent's crest.”

There are a number of ingenious epitaphs, in which a comparison between a man's life and his avocation is drawn. Two of this class shall serve our purpose. The following is to be seen in a Lancashire churchyard, hard by the village smithy :

“ My anvil and my hammer are declined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail's driven, and my work is done.”

The curious inscription that appears on the tomb of Benjamin Franklin was written many years before his death by the great philanthropist himself :

“ The body of
B. Franklin,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
lies here, food for worms,
But the work shall not be wholly lost ;
for it will, as he believed, appear once more
in a new and more perfect edition,
corrected and amended
by the Author.”

The epitaphs of the illustrious in both the literary and religious world make an interesting study. Not only in the “ storied urn and animated bust ” of Westminster, but in many another abbey or churchyard, the inscription marks the resting-place of those who have peopled the past with words and deeds of greatness and power. Shakespeare's epitaph is, perhaps, as familiar as any :

“ Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey would furnish us with all we require, but we must be content just now with one, inscribed to the memory of Thomas Gray, author of the famous *Elegy* :

“ No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled
reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay ;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.”

The great Dr. Johnson's memory has been kept green by Boswell, his biographer, and the world is familiar with the brilliancy as well as the eccentricity of the famous dictionary compiler. Soame Jenyns has compressed into an epitaph the features of Johnson's character, which are more elaborately depicted by Boswell :

“ Here lies poor Johnson ; reader, have a
care,

Tread lightly lest you rouse a sleeping
bear ;
Religious, moral, generous and humane
He was ; but self-sufficient, rude and vain,
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute ;
A scholar and a Christian and a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his
folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melan-
choly ?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked,
and coughed, and spit."

Had the epitaph that was origi-
nally to have appeared upon the
tomb of Sir Isaac Newton been
placed there, it would have been
singularly appropriate :

" Nature and Nature's law lay hid in night.
God said, ' Let Newton be,' and all was
light."

Pope, however, wrote another, a
Latin Elegy, a translation of which
is as follows :

" This marble acknowledges Isaac Newton
mortal, whom time, nature, and
heaven prove immortal."

David Hume, the historian, has
the following singular *jeu d'esprit*
written upon his tomb in the Cal-
ton Hill, Edinburgh :

" Within this circular idea,
Call'd vulgarly a tomb,
The ideas and impressions lie
That constituted Hume."

The tombstone seems a strange
place for the perpetration of a pun,
but quaint Tom Fuller, the old Puri-
tan divine, manifested his wit even
when in the grasp of the last enemy,
for the words, " Here lies Fuller's
Earth," were dictated by him just
before his dissolution. Of the same
quality is the startling pun that Dr.
Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury,
who died in 1736, has upon his sar-
cophagus :

" Alack and well-a-day,
Potter himself has turned to clay."

Archbishop Whateley's elegy on
Blackland perpetuates the mem-
ory of that eminent geologist in ap-
propriate and humorous terms :

" Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones ?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies
around
For he's quite in his element underground.

" If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away
Of his own geological toil ;
In a stratum so young the Professor dis-
dains
That imbedded should lie his organic re-
mains."

It is said that after an evening
party, which included the late
Douglas Jerrold and Charles
Knight, between whom a close
friendship had subsisted for many
years, they walked homewards to-
gether. In the course of the even-
ing the conversation had turned on
epitaphs, and Knight, half in jest,
half in earnest, had asked the great
wit to write his epitaph for him.
The incident had escaped Knight's
recollection, but arriving at the point
where they were to part each for
his own house, it was recalled to
his memory by Jerrold himself.
" I've got the epitaph for you," said
he. " Well, what is it ? " " Good
Knight." And with that they
parted.

In Cheswick churchyard is to be
seen Hogarth's epitaph, written by
David Garrick, the actor. It is
the tribute of one man of genius
to another :

" Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art ;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye, correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here"

If Hogarth was renowned as
painter, William Wordsworth was
equally so as a poet, and although
Westminster Abbey does not con-
tain his dust, this high priest of
nature is honoured with a tablet
and inscription in the holy of holies
of the English people.

“WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

‘Blessings be with them—and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares,
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.’

Born April 7, 1770. Died April 23, 1850,
Buried in Grassmere Churchyard.”

A tablet in Westminster Abbey also tells of the poetry and preaching, the work and the worth, of John and Charles Wesley. But we must make a pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Methodism in City Road if we would see our illustrious founder’s grave. Standing by Wesley’s monument, behind the chapel, I thought of “the crowded hours of glorious life” which were so many links in the chain uniting Epworth Rectory to City Road Chapel, and lest I should lose myself in admiration of the man, and forget to thank God, the stone spoke and said: “Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the instrument, give God the glory.”

Across the street from Wesley’s Chapel is Bunhill Fields Cemetery, and here I saw the tombstones of Susannah Wesley, Isaac Watts, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Richard Cromwell and many others rich in the literature of which this article treats.

It is a long distance from London to the native Christian burial-ground at Serampore, but let us travel it in loving imagination, for there we find a tall square block, supported by pillars at each corner and

domed. We are standing at the grave of William Carey, the father of modern missions, who shortly before he died remarked to Mr. Duff, the young Scotch missionary: “Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey. Speak about Dr. Carey’s Saviour.” The simple inscription dictated by himself is in beautiful harmony with his dying words:

“WILLIAM CAREY,

Born August 17, 1761;

Died June 9, 1834;

‘A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.’”

A tablet to Judson’s memory preserves the record of a man no less apostolic than Carey:

“ADONIRAM JUDSON,

Born August 9, 1788;

Died April 1, 1850;

Malden, Mass., his birthplace.

The ocean his sepulchre.

Converted Burmans

and

The Burman Bible

His monument.

His record is on high.”

It is a thought full of encouragement that while time effaces the chiselled chronicle, and even crumbles the slab itself, “a book of remembrance is written before the Lord. The costly marble may not tell the story of our trial and triumph, but enough for us that our ‘record is on high.’”

Manitou, Man.

BY THIS CONQUER.

Exalt the Cross! Its awful shape
Athwart the blood-red sky,
Shall draw the nations of the earth
To Him of Calvary.

Exalt the Cross! Its outstretched arms
To all the world proclaim
The passion of the Saviour’s love,
The meekness of His name.

Exalt the Cross! Its mystery,
Beyond all human ken,
Shall melt the hearts, wash white the souls
Of multitudes of men.

Exalt the Cross! Its feebleness,
Transfigured, divine,
Shall shake the whole great teeming earth;
Christ conquers by this sign!

—J. M. Bronson.

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.



THESE were hard days for John Ferris. The spiritless, sullen women who tried his patience in every conceivable way was a burden on his conscience. Mary would sit for hours in a sort of stupor, not the dreamy languor induced by the drug which she had once been able to obtain—then she had been amiable—but this was a mood of ugly aversion to any employment or amusement. John had tried every argument, every temptation, to arouse in her some interest in life. She would not travel. She would not see more people. Polly Huggins told him as plainly as she dared that a little of this apathy was assumed, for, in his absence, as she declared, Mrs. Ferris "livened up often and talked."

But such talk! She questioned the all-too-loquacious Polly on the past history, and the present affairs of almost everybody in the community. She often sat by her window watching the passers-by. She conceived an absolute hatred for the two young girls, Kate and Hope; it seemed to her a personal grievance that they should be merry and attractive, should go laughing past her gate on sunny mornings and at rare sweet sunset hours. At times an intense desire possessed her to work mischief in the community—aimless malice, but malice all the same. Just as much as she dared, she indulged this propensity. Polly Huggins was always at hand, and Polly would any time promise "never to tell who told her" if the thing told was sufficiently interesting. Exactly as a writer might work out the plot of a story, Mary Ferris would artfully mingle innocent facts with ingenious falsehoods, and impart them to Polly on various occasions. A sewing woman sometimes came to the house; to her Mary dropped hints about this one and that, her stories always plausible and of a sort to go if once started.

Since the night when by mistake she had taken too much morphine, she had made no effort to obtain more of the drug, knowing that she was

closely watched. She had one other way of supplying herself, after time enough had elapsed and John had become less suspicious. A certain peddler, who carried tinware and bargained for rags, had made a private agreement, for a consideration, to furnish her with what she craved. John began to trust her with very little money, but in anticipation of this state of affairs, she had treasured up a sum sufficient to last her for months to come.

There were times when John Ferris longed for human sympathy, for wise womanly counsel about his life at home, and then he most earnestly wished for a mother or sister. He never talked to Hannah Goddard nowadays on any matter remotely concerning his present troubles. If he greatly needed advice in any practical manner, he sometimes consulted with the Ostranders, but a wise and loyal instinct prompted him to keep absolute silence about the wife who was so miserably weak compared to the one woman who seemed to John Ferris stronger and better than almost any others whom he knew.

Polly Huggins was right in suspecting that Mrs. Ferris' neuralgia was feigned rather than real. Mary fancied that her husband would make urgent appeals to her in regard to attending the society at Mrs. Ostrander's, and so he did, but all in vain. Had old Mathewson, the peddler, brought her the drug for which she was watching with an impatience almost amounting to frenzy, she would perhaps have consented. But day after day had passed, and Mary had received only the constantly decreasing amount of morphine reluctantly portioned out to her by John, in accordance with the doctor's orders. It was nothing to the amount she craved, and mornings when Polly was busy in the kitchen and the men were in the fields, Mary would wander about the house as if possessed by an evil spirit. Again she would take her stand at an upper window, and watch every man appearing on the highway.

Doctor Sumners had given John many hints about her probable con-

re long Mary's new alert-ifest, because it was in ast to her moody ab-he gate never clicked but the sound of a man's tep on the gravel walk her to a sort of stealthy which John reported to

on it, John, she is either some message for what expecting some one who in deceiving us. Polly ho comes and goes when home."

the meeting of the so-ed to the poor woman ld go frantic if she could ething to quiet her. ould have helped her, if een too angry to consult as, she was almost beside en Polly had gone to er's, Mary began a tire-mong the woman's pos-he laudanum bottle that to find. At one time in ly's oracle, "old Doctor d supplied her with big, ddle-sized flasks, bottles taining mixtures without mong all these Mary r looking, when John d Mathewson plodding up n the great gate; near-ie, he veered in his contrary to his custom, the front door. When d on the threshold, the d uneasily into the hall aster of the house; then, i on the top step of the his forehead, muttering out dog-day weather be- . "I fetched your wife rds of jet buttons to show id she didn't like none d around here."

now at random, he'll why I did it, if he is inno-ohn's quick impulse, as ng straight into Mathew-little eyes and wizened l call her; but first let you have got any mor- your duds?"

told; the peddler was not cunning. He red-giggled, as he answered, r know me to peddle

that is why I mean to doing it; you can't suc- at all sure but he must was only in jest. John

coolly held out his hand, saying, "Deliver up."

"Will ye pay what she agreed to, John? It costs like the mischief, and I had a lot of fuss to get it, any-way."

"This time I will, you scamp, and if you ever try the trick again, you will find your business played out in Cairnes, I can tell you," said John, sternly, receiving and pocketing the package meant for his wife. He was counting out the money when Mary came down the stairs from the chambers, and stopped midway at sight of the two men. The peddler knew she was there, but pretended to be busy stowing away his pay, and Mary understood the whole when John said, "Hereafter we can buy our buttons and our drugs without your help."

Mathewson, not sorry to be well out of an affair that he had not been greatly inclined to go into, shouldered his pack and went down the lane, regretting that he had not confined himself to selling Polly Huggins pins and calico, as of yore.

"Am I never to be able to trust you, Mary? How could you take that drunken old peddler into your confidence?"

"I hate you so, John Ferris, I wish I could kill you!" she hissed through her teeth, as she glared down on him, her eyes gleaming, her face pale with rage, then turning she ran up the stairs into a near room, slamming the door and locking it. He entered the room just below, and waited, not knowing what he expected; only the fear sometimes oppressed him that she would try to kill not him but herself. A long time passed, and he heard her walking about. Polly Huggins returned, and clattered noisily around the kitchen.

There was no urgent work outdoors that John must do, and so, opening his desk, he resolved to busy himself there until his wife should come where he could try once again the old wearisome task of appealing to her conscience and her womanly instincts. There was very little writing done, and Polly Huggins, who several times surprised John sitting absorbed in melancholy reflections, thus expressed herself to Joel: "What can all a woman to be so senselessly contrary and selfish? There she is moping upstairs when right across the road is a houseful of jolly, sociable, kind-hearted folks. If she would go over there and sew for the missionaries,

and think about somebody else, how she might enjoy herself! Think of all them good clothes hanging in her closet doin' nobody any good. I reckon if I stood in her shoes I could find something better to do than to sulk seven days in the week. She says Cairnes folks are——"

"See here, Polly, I want my supper. Don't harp on that string any longer," and Joel began to warble about "the gum-tree canoe," until his supper was ready.

"What is Mrs. Ferris stayin' upstairs for? Ain't she going to eat nothin'?" asked Mrs. Huggins of John, somewhat later.

"You had better go up and see; perhaps she——" but he never finished the sentence, for the door opened and Mary entered. She was very handsomely arrayed in the finest of what Polly had described as her "good clothes," and her manner was as matter-of-fact as possible.

"Give me a cup of tea in here, Polly. I don't want anything else. My neuralgia is gone, and if you will get ready, John, we will go over to the Ostranders' for the evening."

Polly retired to bring the tea, and then express her emotions to her spouse, while Mary remarked, when the door shut behind Mrs. Huggins, "I can't always control myself. I don't wish to kill you, and I don't hate you—only don't speak of that. Go dress yourself."

"I am very glad you are going over there. You will not be sorry that you made the effort."

"I doubt it," was her grim response.

He hurried with all his might, lest she change her mind, and just about the time Mrs. Ostrander's parlours looked their brightest, the Ferrises arrived. Everybody was very cordial. Hannah, who had not seen Mary since that unfortunate evening, came to talk with her as if they had been the friendliest of neighbours. Miss Pixley joined them, then Mr. Willard and Mrs. Hopkins, all by a common impulse desirous of showing Mary that she was welcome, for both the minister and Mrs. Hopkins had received from Mrs. Ostrander a hint of how matters stood. Now, had no one paid any attention to Mary, she would have been angry, but, perversely enough, she was almost as much incensed that people should suppose she needed to be patronized and talked to as if she was deformed or differ-

ent from other folks. So short were her answers to all attempts to engage her in conversation that after a while the little knot of friends talked together, all about her rather than with her. Nothing they said interested her; she longed to get away again. An uncontrollable restlessness had brought her there, and the same impulse urged her to get up and wander about the room—to rush away home. How could Hannah sit in that easy, reposeful attitude, and talk about English politics to Mr. Willard? And John was listening. Oh, if it were again that day of the picnic, and she were afloat on the water, dreaming of everything peaceful, body and soul soothed under the same blissful spell!

"I wonder if John really believes that coming among other women is going to make me like them? I am not like them, and never can be. I detest the things they all enjoy. I wish I had never been born."

"Mrs. Ferris," said Hannah Goddard, slipping into the chair next to Mary's, "have you ever been to the Edgerton Falls?"

"No; they are near here, are they not?"

"Only four miles away, in a wonderfully pretty glen; the Edgerton River runs into the creek just about there. It is a tiny stream, but the falls are not to be despised. I have an errand beyond the falls to-morrow afternoon. Will you go with me? Kate has an engagement with Hope."

Mary's reply was scarcely an acceptance of the invitation, but Hannah chose to consider it as such.

"She does not ask me because she enjoys having me with her," mused Mary. "She does it to show me that she is so good she is trying to overlook what she knows of me—of that evening when Polly ran after her. Perhaps she pities me—if she really is good as John is good, she may guess how hard it is for me to live when my living has no pleasure or interest; when it is only made endurable by one thing, and that a forbidden thing. How can all these women be so bright and friendly with one another!"

Then poor Mary's thoughts drifted away in the old channel. Morphine she must have, and now that her last scheme had failed, what new plan could she contrive? There was one thing in which she could find a degree of consolation, and it could be procured with much less difficulty than she could obtain the drug she

craved. Brandy was a stimulant to the effects of which she was by no means a stranger. She could take a large quantity without losing self-control. Miss Goddard saw Mrs. Ferris' face suddenly brighten, and she arose to go about the room, talking with various persons. She did not notice Mary when, a half-hour later, she slipped from the parlour as quietly as Mr. Aller had done, and, like him, she hurried away in the darkness. Entering her own home, she put on a plainer dress, then, going out again, hastened to the Bogert House. The public room was deserted. Bill Bogert was absent, and in his place was a dull-looking fellow, whom he had left in charge of the bar. Mary startled him from a nap which he was taking in his chair tilted against the wall, and requested a bottle of brandy for "medicinal purposes." She was promptly waited on, paid the price, and departed while the sleepy youth was trying to remember where he had seen her. He failed, because he had seen her only once, at church, when he was, if possible, sleepier than this night. Mary had but just re-entered her house, and put off her bonnet when John returned. She amiably remarked that she had been too tired to stay at the Ostranders' longer, and came out quietly, that he might remain as long as he liked.

By noon the next day Bill Bogert had asked John who was sick at his house, and reported the purchase of the brandy. John managed to say that his wife had complained of severe neuralgia in the face, and probably wished it for that. When he came home and asked Mary about it, she laughed in his face, showed him the bottle empty, and coolly declared she could have taken twice the amount and been herself.

"And now, John Ferris, if you will not provide me with morphine that I can take at home, I will provide myself with liquor, and all the community must know that your wife is a drunkard."

They stood a moment in silence; the man stern and pale, full of anger, of wounded pride and disgust, the woman with bloodshot eyes—pale, too, but repulsive with the fumes of the brandy; then, without a word, John shut himself away in solitude. He had exhausted words.

At three o'clock that afternoon Miss Goddard sent Andy into the Ferris'

house to say that she was at the gate and ready to start for the falls. Mary came out almost immediately, and was more animated than usual. They drove along the broad road, and talked of the purple asters and golden-rod just coming into bloom, saying how soon after this the first autumn tints would appear, and the summer hasten to its end. They turned off on a straggling road, where pretty vines were tangled into the stone walls, where rude bridges spanned little brawling streams, and here and there some old homestead nestled in a circle of great trees or among overgrown clumps of lilac bushes. Hannah talked of the people who lived in these homes or those who had gone out from them. Mary listened, asking a question now and then. They reached the falls about four o'clock. The little glen was extremely picturesque. Below the shelving rocks over which the stream leaped and bounded in a succession of separate falls, was a shadowy gorge, where the river was much deeper and the current strong.

"Let us stop here a while, for the light is more beautiful than it will be later," said Hannah, "and my errand will not take me long afterwards."

They tied the horse to a tree, and made their way down below the falls, where the air was full of refreshing coolness. Hannah found a broad stone, and they seated themselves. Suddenly Mary exclaimed:

"You saw me the other night. I never took so much morphine at one time before; I never wish to do it again; but I cannot live without it."

Trying to speak as simply as if they were talking of dress or housekeeping, Hannah replied, "When you are longing for it most intensely, I know it must seem so to you, but if you will persist in going without it, your life will be worth a great deal more to you; you will be a happier, stronger woman."

"How can I resist?"

"Will to do it with all your might, and pray that your will may be kept firm."

"I have no will at all, or none to resist—only a will to have what I want, no matter how, and this is the truth."

"Pious talk is cheap, Mary, but I know what I tell you is true. Your Saviour and mine says in the Bible to you and me and every struggling soul everywhere, 'My grace'

cient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

"Well, that might avail for me, perhaps, if I wanted help to resist half as much as I wanted morphine, but I do not."

In that one sentence Mary laid bare the secret of her life, and Hannah felt a sickening powerlessness to arouse the woman out of her spiritual apathy. She comprehended what John Ferris had been trying to accomplish and how he had failed. Before she could speak, Mary resumed:

"You can show me no help—don't think you must try. What a solitary spot it is here, not a farm-house in sight!"

There was a little dwelling-house only a few rods away, behind the pine-trees, but Hannah was too stirred to talk of trifles. Could she not help this woman, who, after all, must be amenable to some influence?

"Let us follow the stream down," said Mary, rising.

She had to pick her way along stones, and boulders, while Hannah, delaying a little, was surprised to see her go on so rapidly.

"Take care, or you will make a misstep and land in the mud," she cried, but Mary called back, "I am going out where the water is clearer and deep. She reached a boulder midway of the stream, looked back, waved her hand to Hannah, as if ordering her to come no farther, then leaped out and fell into the current.

"She could save herself, but she means to drown!" was Hannah's first thought, as she rushed forward, seeing rocks and logs to which Mary might cling, seeing, too, in that first second that Mary made not the faintest effort to save herself. In the next Hannah was in the water and had seized the sinking woman, who fought to free herself. Hannah had known how to swim since her childhood, but it was a terrible struggle to keep Mary from dragging her down with her to death. Both were too desperately in earnest to utter a cry. Mary ceased to struggle first, and it was with a mighty effort that Hannah succeeded in reaching a log to which she could cling and help her hold on to her almost unconscious burden. The sound of an axe recalled to her mind the near house, and she cried for help as loudly as her exhaustion allowed. The steady blows of the axe went on; her burden began to weigh tons. She *could not drag it out of the water, and*

she could cling to it but a moment more. She heard a woman's shrill voice, then a man's; the axe ceased to fall, and there came a rushing sound of feet breaking the dry twigs. A man and a woman plunged through the mud, and she knew nothing more until she opened her eyes and saw the blue sky between the pine-trees.

"I knowed you would come to all right in a minute, but she must have swallowed lots of water. Jim knows just how to fetch her to, though, if it can be done."

"Then help him," insisted Hannah, trying to rise. "I shall be all right in a minute. Don't mind me."

"How in the world did both of you tumble in?" persisted the woman, helping her husband work over Mary. "I sprang in to help her. I can swim."

"Oh, I see! Well now, marm, don't you stand shivering out here in them dripping clothes; hurry right over to the house, and my eldest girl is there. She didn't hear ye scream-in' no more'n Jim did, till I made him stop chopping; she'll give ye a change. Hurry now, for this one is a-coming out all right, ain't she, Jim?"

"She is, you can depend on it," replied Jim, but Hannah remained until the fact was evident to her own perceptions.

When Mary opened her eyes and stupidly studied the two strange faces so near her own, Hannah waited no longer, but made her way to the little house and greatly astonished a neat damsel who was sitting serenely sewing on a pink calico frock. Once clad in dry apparel, she hurried out and found her rescuers half-carrying Mary towards the house. This done, Hannah asked the man to go for John Ferris, telling him what had happened.

"Do not tell any one else; for if you do, all the town will believe we are both drowned."

She would have gone herself, but she feared to leave Mary, lest she might again attempt self-destruction, and Mary was not yet able to return with her. Mrs. Knowles, her good-natured hostess, did not rest until her troublesome guests had taken hot tea and Mary was apparently asleep. Just as the sun was low enough to flood the little room with sunset light, Jim returned, bringing John Ferris.

Meanwhile Hannah, who had been putting on a bonnet and shawl lent

Mrs. Knowles, said to the lit-up, "I must go home, or some-ill get alarmed about me." "I, if ye must, ye must; but worry about yer wet clothes. 'em in just as good shape as how."

"I'll go and untie your horse," he said, speaking for the first time. They were away from the house, the pine-trees, he stood still, "Did she fall into that water, Hannah?" "Yes, in, Hannah?" "Was all done in a second," she said slowly; "but I—she jumped a great leap." "She ought so; she meant to drown."

"I'll assure her that I will never tell a soul that it was not an accident. She need know much about it, any-

at will the end be! Is it not so?" he exclaimed, vehemently, "I'm standing at the sombre, ill-fitting hat made Hannah look so un-; he added, "And you saved her!"

"I only held her until help came. It did not come just as it did, I've let go my hold on her. I could really help her."

"Bless you, and send us help, Mary and me. Are you well to drive home? You are pale."

"I'm well enough," and a little Hannah was eagerly watching the familiar landmark on the road.

"There, she seemed so weary, she did not like to make her exertion, although it puzzled her to understand "how two grown men could tumble off the rocks into the bit of an Edgerton River."

"The next day Miss Goddard was so glad that Kate, insisting on

her as an invalid, prevailed to rest in a hammock under the pine trees. In the warm air she fell deep and did not awake until

When she opened her eyes, it was to see Andy, with an arm-chair on his woolly head, trotting along at the side of Doctor Sumners. Coming out of the hammock, he reversed the

and the old man seated himself on the ground and the remark, "Well, Miss Goddard, ain't you a little advanced in years to go frogging, and your playmate into trouble,

"Have you seen Mrs. Ferris to-day, and how is she?"

"She has taken a bad cold. I think she will have pneumonia."

When Hannah was silent the old man continued, "John told me how it was. The river is pretty deep there; I wonder she did not pull you under."

"What is going to help her, Doctor Sumners?"

"I don't know. John is trying watchfulness and prayer; I am giving her double chloride of gold as an experiment; but I don't know, I don't know," reported the old man, shaking his head. "Her brain is diseased. There is what doctors call an isomeric change in the nerve tissue, produced by opium."

"It seems a more hopeless form of intemperance than the use of liquors."

"It is bad enough, and the use of morphine or opium is increasing alarmingly; there are, it is estimated, not less than three million persons in the United States who are slaves to this habit."

Hannah was about to ask some other question in regard to Mary, when Hope and Kate came down the garden walk.

"Oh, Doctor Sumners," cried Kate, "I am so glad you called to see this giddy-headed aunt of mine! Won't you order her to obey me for the next few days? She ran away yesterday, tumbled into the river, and behold the wreck!"

"She will come out all right; I know her constitution; I brought her through the measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox, let me see, about—about—"

"Oh, I am thirty-two years old, doctor, if that is the arithmetical calculation you are after," laughed Hannah.

"Well, you don't look a day over twenty-five, if you look that. You don't scold nor worry, that is the reason. Every time a woman scowls, she draws her skin into a new wrinkle. See, here, you foolish girls, you! what have you let that young Aller kill himself for—keeping him out damp evenings until you brought on his fever? Why, I found him yesterday worse than he was when I first took hold of him?"

"Is he really ill?" asked Hannah, not noticing the girls' silence.

"Yes; he went over to Kent and had a hard chill. He goes from there home, when he is well enough. I like that chap; there is a downright sincerity about him. He makes me think of the boy I lost," sighed

old doctor. "Aller isn't exactly the crony you would have picked out for the parson, but Willard says he never had a more loyal friend or one with more generous qualities. Howsoever, I am glad he is going. We haven't any girls to spare, and he was a dangerous party to let loose—together too taking a way with him."

"He does not seem to have taken anything but a fever," said Kate, with a whimsical smile, adding, "I am sorry for him. He has been very genial and pleasant."

"What do you hear from your father, Hope?" asked Hannah, more surprised at Mr. Aller's sudden departure than she thought it wise to make apparent.

"He will be home in a week," replied Hope, beginning an animated account of all that her father had lately written and done.

"It is dinner time," exclaimed Kate, looking at her watch; "and you need not hesitate, Cousin Hannah, to make the doctor stay. That is, I thought it a good time to wrestle with the cook book."

"I won't stay," said the doctor. "I would rather have corned beef."

"Oh, but, doctor, we have corned beef, too, and I will make you a grand cup of coffee."

"I came, saw, was conquered. Will you be at the banquet, too, Miss Hope?" asked the old fellow, feeling in his alpaca coat pocket for something; but Hope declined to stay.

"I am going to give you a powder, Hannah. It may keep you from feeling worse, and it will pay for my dinner. By the way, Hope, you tell little Marjory she dealt me a blow last Sunday," he remarked, unfolding a long white paper, taken from a leather wallet.

"What has Marjory done?" asked Hannah, as Hope began to laugh.

"She did this," said Doctor Summers. "You know Mrs. Ostrander has a juvenile Missionary Society. Each child puts into an earthen jug little sums earned by self-denial; then she chooses a text, and nobody knows it but herself. Last Sunday evening they had a missionary concert. You were not out, but the church was filled. Those jugs were smashed, the texts read, and the net result of the savings reported. Think what burst on me! The secretary smashed a little jug, took out of it a paper, and read, 'Marjory Hopkins, seventy-nine cents; mostly earned by

taking Doctor Summers' awful medicine,' and everybody in that church 'tee-hee-ed' right out. Tell her she brought my gray hairs down to the portico in shame."

"Marjory always refreshes me, and that laugh has done me good," said Hannah. "I will go in to dinner on the strength of it."

It was a dismal, rainy afternoon, just a week from the day Mary Ferris plunged into the Edgerton River. The results of that shock to her system had been immediate, and it was soon evident were to be fatal. This dreary day Doctor Summers had not left the house. He was now sitting by the bedside, from time to time feeling Mary's pulse. Her husband and Mrs. Ostrander were holding her in various positions, trying in vain to find one where she could breathe with ease. In the kitchen, Mrs. Huggins, having removed every sign of ordinary work, was sitting in lugubrious state. At times she rose and glided into the sick-room, to return with surmises about "the poor creature's" being able to last the "night out," and the probability of her "going hard at the last—strangling and choking, most likely."

"Polly," said Doctor Summers, appearing in the kitchen, "if you understand how to open the window in there, come and do it. We need more air."

Polly followed him back to the bedroom. Mary was sitting almost upright. When the window was opened a bird alighted on a dripping bush just outside, and twittered; all the clouds in the west seemed lifting, and Polly murmured, "The storm is over, I reckon."

Mary opened her dull eyes as if she heard her and understood. Panting for breath between her words, she said, "I trust to—His mercy. I could not—begin all over—here—but there—perhaps."


John could not speak, but the clumsy old doctor said, soothingly, "When God forgives us, Mary, He makes us new creatures. He knows all about you, and you can trust to the last."

There was a moment of troubled breathing, a little gasp, and to God "the just Judge, strong and patient," was left the answer of the question what could be done for Mary Ferris.

(To be continued.)

THE MINISTER'S SELF-ABNEGATION.

BY DOUGLAS HEMMEON.



THE house of Stephen Benton, before whom and for whose sake the minister humbled himself, stood the farthest out on the point that took its name from its own ancestors, who were the first settlers on its rocky shores. The point itself runs out into the North Sea from the southern coast of Nova Scotia. It is a spot where nature has the most supreme sway, the efforts of man being of little avail in attempting to alter her handiwork, and has wrought there mostly in stone. The only attraction the place possesses is the sea, and in the summer months, the waves murmur dreamily around the rocks or tell their whispered tales of olden times in sunny climes to the listening ear. It is pleasant to live there. But in winter, when gale after gale blows relentlessly up from mid-Atlantic, the spray and foam of driftwood coming along the rocks, poisoning man and tree into stunted growth, the wind into the houses and drawing the smoke from the chimneys, and the fair-haired women, and sending many small but solemn funerals, where every follower is a mourner, to the tiny grave-yard; when nature puts her cruellest upon her, and goes forth to kill and destroy; then, indeed, Benton's Point is a forbidding place. On the promenade decks of the great ships that go grandly swinging by, full of splendour to the children of the East, the ladies, wrapped in rugs and furs, and secure against the cold, bending over each other, say, "What a forbidding place! What must it be to live here, and forget Benton's Point forthwith, and think of Italian skies and the vineyards of Southern France, whither they go for the winter months. The hearts are as human on Benton's Point as in Genoa; and as in the one or in the other, man constructs his world, and his world is found within it may be that hearts beat quicker here, where the sunlight smiles into the eyes, but I think the smiles are on Benton's Point, and the hearts, often thrilled with passing joys, moments of such deep and significant as many people, rich and poor, and strangers to.

Stephen Benton and his minister proved this once in years gone by, and this is how it came about.

Benton's Point was the most remote settlement on the minister's field, which was a hard one to travel, including over a dozen communities that demanded pastoral care. As a consequence, months would sometimes pass without seeing him.

Stephen's young wife was a frail though beautiful woman, and they were passionately attached to each other. One spring, despite all that could be done, an hereditary disease reached its climax; and on a wild night, when the wind hurled the white foam through the dark and screaming sea-fowl thrashed in vain against its force, the soul of the sick woman passed from storm to calm. When the grey dawn crept up over the grey sea and looked, like a sullen thief, through the salt-stained windows, a lone man, young in years but old in trouble, sat wearily by the fireless grate and gathered to his broken heart three motherless children, the eldest but five years, the youngest scarce as many months.

Now, it chanced that the minister had not visited Stephen's wife since the disease turned for the worse. He had much work to do, and his own wife had been dangerously ill. He had known of the sudden serious change for the worse in Mrs. Benton, and had purposed visiting her before she died. But when all this has been told, the fact remains that it had not been absolutely impossible for him to see her, and each may judge for himself whether the minister was in fault or not.

Further than this, it fell out concerning the burial of the dead mother after the following fashion:

Stephen's nearest neighbour, Joel Brainard, drove to the parsonage to inform the minister that Stephen wished his wife buried the next Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning. When Joel stopped his horse in the parsonage yard, the minister was looking at his rhubarb plants that were beginning to burst the ground for the spring's growth, thus early in the year.

"Good morning, sir," said Joel.

"Good morning, Joel," replied the minister. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Mrs. Benton is dead, sir. Died in the night, poor thing, and Stephen wants you to bury her at ten o'clock, Sunday morning," said Joel.

"Ah, I'm very sorry—poor fellow," said the minister, as he thought gratefully of the spared life of his own dear wife. "Why, yes, I can bury her then. But, stop!"—as a new thought came to him. "Won't Sunday afternoon do? I have a service here at ten o'clock in the morning and the service at the Point is in the afternoon."

Now, there was a time-honoured custom in that section of the country whereby all other services gave way to a funeral service, but the minister did not know of it, and, looking perplexedly at the ground, he did not see the expression of acute displeasure on Joel's face, for the old man was angered at this seeming neglect of his neighbour. So, in ignorance of his companion's displeasure, he continued:

"I'm sorry, Joel—very sorry, but you will have to ask Stephen if Sunday afternoon won't do, for the regular service here is of some importance, and I do not feel free to give it up."

There was no answer, and when he looked up, the old man was driving off. He was in no wise surprised that he had not answered, for he supposed him to be cast down and subdued on account of his friend's sad blow, so he called out, "Good morning!" and went in the house.

Now, sadly enough, it further happened that at the very hour in which these two men were talking, a man from Benton's Point, in drawing his lobster-pots, carefully enough, for the wind was high, fell overboard, striking his head, and was taken from the water dead; and it will not be known till the sea tells its myriad secrets whether he was drowned or whether he was killed by the blow.

So, that same afternoon two men drove into the parsonage yard, one of whom, being shown to the minister's study, cap in hand, requested his attendance at another funeral at Benton's Point on the afternoon of the coming Sunday.

The minister, after expressing a genuine sorrow for such a sad event, asked the man to arrange for a double funeral in the afternoon, never doubting the possibility of such an arrangement.

But the proposal was met by decided objections. The parties had refused to consent to one funeral. The friends of the two families had come long distances, and wished separate services. The minis-

ter was quite displeased, and said he would consider the matter.

As soon as the men drove off he sought the advice of a trusted counsellor, and laid the case before him. His friend advised him to give up the other services, and have two funerals, so he consented.

Meanwhile, old Joel Brainard had driven home and told Stephen Benton of the minister's apparent unwillingness to carry out Stephen's wishes in the matter of a morning funeral.

In the end, however, the matter was settled. The minister, it was reported, had yielded; and two funeral services would be held in their church. Two sermons would be preached; one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, and other appointments for the day would be cancelled; all of which turned out to be the case.

The Sunday came and went. The friends of the bereaved families assembled twice in the little church, listened to two funeral sermons, followed two coffins to the little grave-yard by the sea, and departed to their homes.

On the following Sunday the regular service in the church in Benton's Point was held in the evening. As the minister rose to announce the text, he noticed with satisfaction that Stephen Benton was in his accustomed place.

Then he read his text, arranged his notes, assumed his favourite attitude, and was about to begin his discourse, when suddenly a child's tiny treble voice spoke up shrilly from the congregation: "I want my dear papa, and I will go to him!" and, in spite of anxious protestations in a woman's voice, continued to prattle on in entire unconsciousness of the place and the circumstances.

As in all country churches, the people turned toward the new source of interest by a common impulse, and the minister, finding himself without hearers, broke off in his introductory remarks and leaning over the pulpit, suggested, in a kind voice, that they quietly take the little one to a house near by.

The suggestion was immediately carried out. The service was resumed and brought to a close, the minister remaining in entire ignorance of the fact that the child was one of Stephen Benton's little girls.

The next day the minister drove down to Benton's Point to see Stephen. "Poor fellow, he must be so lonely," said he to his wife.

Now, the only way of approach for a horse and carriage to Stephen's house

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place.

' sorry for you, Stephen," he

did not answer at once. He
e turning something over in
oved by a sudden impulse, the
red sharply at him and saw
e signs of a personal griev-
was about to ask what the
when Stephen began to

phen Benton was a man of
id of upright and Christian
neighbours respected him,
respected his father before
ver, he was a man slow to
f reasonable mind, and if, in

his dealings with his pastor, he betrayed
any hardness, let it be remembered that
he had recently been called to walk in the
shadow of a grave.

"I want to tell you, sir, how I feel to-
ward you. I feel that you have slighted
and neglected me and my family, and have
insulted me publicly."

The minister was taken completely by
surprise, but he recovered himself and,
though his face was a trifle paler than
before, he leaned against the fence and
thought quickly for a moment. He
thought more in that moment than he
often thought in an hour. Many things
flashed through his mind. First his pro-
fession as a Christian man and a servant
of the Church came to him. Then the fact
that he had not visited Stephen's wife.
Then his liking for Stephen. Then the
harmaquarrel would do. All these thoughts
and many others, the last of which was a
desire to know Stephen's mind. Influ-
enced by them all, he acted immediately
on the last.

"Stephen," he said, "tell me all you
have against me."

"Well, sir," said Stephen, "in the
first place, you never called on my wife
when you knew she was sick and could
not live."

The minister explained that just at that
time his own wife was seriously ill, feeling
at the same time that he could have called
had he done his utmost, and that many
faithful, self-sacrificing men would have
left their own sick ones to minister to the
sick of others.

He was interrupted in his thoughts by
Stephen's voice.

"And then you objected to burying my
wife on Sunday morning when I sent to
ask you. You must have meant to show
me a slight."

The minister tried to explain. He felt
that in this matter he was not to blame
and his indignation began to rise.

"Was that what you referred to when
you said I 'insulted you publicly?'" he
asked.

"No, sir. You did that last Sunday
night. My little girl, Frances,"—the
father was speaking now and the hard
voice softened—"called to me in church
and you asked to have her taken out.
Coming after the other slights, it shows
that you intended to insult me publicly.
Even if you are a minister I think you
have no religion. I have been thinking
it over and I feel very hard. I will never
come to the church again while you are
here, for I think you are not a Christian."

While Stephen was speaking the

ister's heart had grown angry within him. He had not consciously given Stephen any cause for anger. He felt himself to be misjudged and injured, and by the time Stephen had finished speaking, he had instinctively passed through the gate and shut it after him, so that it was between them. Now he remained leaning upon the gate seemingly lost in thought.

What course should he pursue? He had tried to justify himself and Stephen would accept no explanation. If the surly man chose to leave the church it was his own fault. So spoke the minister's reason.

But if the man left the church without every right effort being put forth on his part to hold him, was he not in a measure responsible for it? So spoke the minister's conscience.

For a long time he stood on one side of the gate and Stephen on the other. For a long time the struggle went on in the minister's heart. Should he stand on his rights or should he give them up?

And so they stood. The one thinking in bitterness of soul and sickness of heart of a loved and loving wife who had gone from him for ever, nor did he seem to care whether the minister stayed or went.

The other at last lifted a perplexed face and glanced at his carriage, as though intending to drive away. The little mayflower he had picked from the roadside and placed on the carriage seat smiled at him sweetly. At once the loving face of her for whom he was keeping it came before him pale and wan with sickness as he had seen her last. Then quickly appeared another face before his mind's eye—the face of his mother. He remembered suddenly the words of her last letter that rustled even now in his pocket

"My boy, be slow to anger and forgetful of self." Then behind and above these pictures, another face appeared, glory-crowned, tender, patient, the face of his Lord and Master whose he was and whom he served.

And then, with all that was divine in him uppermost and all that was earthly and brutal tramped down, he turned and looked across the gate with eyes that, in his own memory, had flashed vindictive hatred and sudden flaming passion at his fellow-men, but from which there now shone a boundless pity and a great and patient love for the sullen, lonely man opposite; and his voice was calm and even.

"Stephen, if I have hurt your feelings in any way I am very, very sorry. And Stephen,"—reaching over and laying his hand lightly on his companion's arm—"I want you to answer me by coming to church next Sunday morning."

They were the first words spoken for a long while.

The tiny white lambs, feeding beside their mothers, lifted their gentle eyes and seemed to look approval. Far above, specks of dazzling white on the blue deep of heaven, the gulls called down the commendation. A wave from the sea's immensity fell softly along the sand like the sound of a great "Amen."

The peace of God was in the minister's heart and on the minister's world as he drove homeward in the gathering dusk.

And many wondered at the catch in their pastor's voice when rising to announce the opening hymn next Sunday morning, he saw Stephen Benton's bowed form in its accustomed place.

Hebron, Nova Scotia.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY BISHOP COX.

We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling, To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray,
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally, with your music and your wine?
Up, it is Jehovah's rally, God's own arm hath need of thine;
Hark! the onset, will ye fold your faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier! Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding: thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding, on, right onward for the right!
On! let all the soul within you for the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew tell on ages, tell for God!

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.*

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

never thought much of him when we were all fellow-students together at St. Chads' Hospital. "Poor old Parkes," he was generally called, who knew him best, said, "He was such a queer sort of fellow—a mixture of the casual and the professional. His figure was familiar to one set of St. Chads' students; he spent an abnormal amount of time going through his exams., and I to say, ruefully: "I'm a fool of a fellow, things at one of my ears and ears. I can't, for the life of me, remember the names of them." Tom drove every scrap of knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and a pair of his teachers and indeed, it was several times hinted to him that he should in adopting some other professional profession; but he held his head over such a thing. I can't give it up. It's a profession in the world, and it ticks to it." At the hospital, he was still contentedly and hopefully. Sometimes to my rooms in London; I left, and poured out my ideals to me. I don't know why he chose me for his subject that I had tried to write and then to the poor man med hard lines that he universally looked down upon at. He was awfully lofty notions of his work. I can see he stood on my hearth-stone and eagerly about to convince a doctor ought to be a patient, and I couldn't say what sort of influence would have over his paper (got any). He looked a very impressive fellow. He was always of that sort of chap. His sketch, which we reprint here, is a noble tribute to the man, unsurpassed, we think, by Maclaren's "Weelum Mac-

clothes hung upon his loose, shambling figure, a little as if he were a clothes-prop; his hair—it was red—had a way of falling loosely over his forehead, which gave him a habit of tossing back his head to shake a straying lock from his eyes. He had no beauty to recommend him. His eyes were green, and they were not handsome, though their prevailing expression was one of good temper and kindness. His smile was wide and kindly, but somehow his whole countenance bordered closely on the grotesque, and the more he talked of ideals and lofty aspirations, the more acutely did he tickle one's inward sense of humour.

Tom's talk and his personality did not fit well!

I left him behind me at St. Chads', as I say, when my hospital days were over. I carried away with me a vivid recollection of the grip of his big red hand, as he said:

"Good-bye, Marlow. I say, I wish you weren't going, you know. You've been—jolly good to me." There was a queer look of wistfulness in his eyes. It reminded me of the look in the eyes of my Irish terrier when I left him behind me.

"Poor old Tom," I said to myself; "I'll come back and look him up now and then. He's such a lonely sort of chap."

I am sorry now that I didn't stick to my resolution, but other interests soon filled my life, and I forgot to look Tom Parkes up, or even to ask him to come and see me. Then I left town, and shortly afterwards England, and for eight years or so I did not set foot in London.

Shortly after my return I went down to St. Chads', and, as I strolled round the old hospital, feeling a terrible Rip Van Winkle among all the "new men, new faces, other minds," I all at once bethought me of old Parkes. A stab of remorse smote me. What a beast I had been, never to think of the poor chap in all these years. Was he, perhaps, still at St. Chads', toiling at exams. which he never passed? Later on I called upon the Dean of the medical school, and asked him if he could give me any news of Parkes.

"Poor old Parkes," Dr. Thursby

said, smiling. "Oh, yes; I can tell you where he is. He has a sort of surgery in Paradise Street, in the Borough. He is not making his fortune, I gather."

He gave me the address of a street about half an hour's walk from St. Chads', and thither I repaired on the following evening, with a laudable determination to find Tom Parkes and cheer him up a bit.

"For it must be precious dull living in these God-forsaken slums," I thought, as I walked down a forlorn little street, the fac-simile of others of its type, which all present an appearance of having been forgotten when the dustman went his rounds. Bits of things of all kinds littered not only the gutters, but even the roadway and pavement. The dwellers in Paradise Street evidently used the road as their dustbin, paper basket and general rubbish heap. It was unsavoury as well as unsightly. It belied its name. It bore no resemblance to any paradise. Each house exactly resembled its neighbours in grayness and dreariness, but over one door was a red lamp, and upon the same door a small brass plate, bearing the words, "Tom Parkes, surgeon."

Poor old Tom! There flashed before my mind his wistful ideals of a possible house in Harley Street in some dim future. This depressing street in the Borough must have choked his ideals considerably. As I knocked at the door I noticed how the paint was peeling off it, how dilapidated was the bell-pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the dwellers in Paradise Street.

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much the same Tom as I had last seen eight years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and whiter. He flushed when he caught sight of me, and his eyes grew bright.

"Why, Marlow," he exclaimed, grasping my hand; "I say, I'm jolly glad to see you. It's awfully good of you to come down here, and—and—" I saw his eyes running over my clothes, which were perfectly ordinary; but—well, the poor chap was so woefully shabby himself, it made my heart ache.

"I say," he went on, hesitatingly, still holding the door wide open, "I've got poor sort of diggings. Do you

mind coming in? My landlady is out to-day, and we're in a bit of a muddle."

"Mind? My dear chap, of course not. I want to have a chat, if you can spare time?"

"I'm free just this minute," he said; "but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be sent for, too. I'm rather busy just now, that's the truth. There's such a lot of influenza and typhoid about."

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?" I asked, as I followed him down a grimy passage into a small dingy room.

He smiled, but the look in his eyes gave me a queer lump in my throat.

"Not much," he said; "you see, you can't—well, you can't take fees much from people who—well, who are starving themselves."

I glanced sharply at him. In the better light I could see that his own face was terribly thin, and his eyes had a curious sunken look. How thin the man was altogether! His chest seemed to have sunk in, and he had acquired a stoop which I could not associate with the red-faced, hearty student of eight years before.

The room into which he ushered me was bare of everything but the merest necessities, and those of the cheapest and commonest kind.

"This is my consulting-room," he said, with a little smile; "the patient wait next door," and he pointed through half-open folding doors into a second and even barer room, that was furnished only with a few chairs.

He pushed me into the only arm-chair his room possessed—an unpromising and ancient horsehair chair, stuffed, judging by the sensation it produced, with stones!

He seemed pleased to see me, but he talked very little; it was hard to think that he could be the same being who had stood beside my fireplace in the old days, talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans. I had not been with him more than a quarter of an hour when a knock came at the outer door. Tom answered it in person, and returned, accompanied by an old woman.

"That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

The old lady, having signified that she had no objection to my presence, proceeded to give a lengthy and graphic account of her various ailments.

Parkes listened to it all with a patient interest, which I could not but admire. Something in his tone, as he spoke to the old woman, struck me particularly—an indescribable ring of sympathy, of gentleness, which I cannot put into words. Having taken up a good half-hour and more of his time, the old lady rose to depart, drawing her miserable shawl round her.

"Oh, doctor dear," she whispered, as he told her to send up in the morning for some fresh medicine, "and I ain't got nothin' to give yer, for yer kindness. Will yer let it go till next time? Jem 'e've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was to get it—"

A faint smile showed in Tom's eyes.

"All right, Grannie," he said, gently; "times are hard just now, aren't they?"

"So they be, doctor, so they be. What with the cold, and the strikes, and the influenzy, there ain't much doin' for pore folks."

He opened the door for her as if she had been a duchess, and, before admitting the next patient (several had arrived in the waiting-room by this time), he said to me wistfully, almost apologetically:

"They're awfully poor just now. One can't make them pay. I know philanthropic people call it pauperizing, and all that, but——" He broke off lamely.

"Why don't you send them up as out-patients to St. Chads'?" I asked.

"It's a long way from here, isn't it? A good half-hour's walk; and then it means a lot of waiting about, and losing work, perhaps. It doesn't seem fair to send them so far, and we've no hospital nearer here."

He said no more, and I stayed on, fascinated, in spite of myself.

The same thing happened over and over again that evening. Half-starved-looking men and women shamefacedly asked to be let off any payment, and the same answer met them all in a cheery voice, which somehow did not seem at all to go with Tom's thin, bent form.

"Oh, that'll be all right. We'll settle up when times are better, won't we?"

When the last patient had gone he turned to me, his face flushing.

"I say, Marlow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you supper; but the truth is my landlady is out, and—and so I sha'n't have my supper at home." He tried to speak jocosely, but my own impression was that he

did not expect to have any supper anywhere.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

I could hardly bear to see the look that came into his eyes. It reminded me of a starved dog I had once fed.

"Thanks, awfully," he answered; "but my old working clothes aren't decent to go in, and—and——"

Oh, I could guess well enough where his other clothes were! But, of course, I only laughed, and replied:

"Nonsense, old fellow, never mind the working clothes; I'm certainly too hungry to wait whilst you make yourself smart. Let's go to a quiet restaurant. I shall be offended if you don't come."

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—influenza and so on, and I'd be glad of a snack of something first." He tried to speak carelessly, but it was a failure.

I felt ashamed, downright ashamed of myself, for being well nourished and well clad as I sat opposite poor old Parkes in that restaurant. It made me choky over and over again, I can tell you, to see the man put away that meal.

Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me lend him a little spare cash. I put it as nicely as I could, saying that I knew that doctoring in a poor neighbourhood was very uphill work. But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you," he said; "but I haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt."

And I could not move his resolution.

"You'll look me up again some day?" he asked.

"Rather; as soon as possible."

But a summons to a distant part of England on important family business kept me out of town for three weeks, and when I went next to the house in Paradise Street, poor old Parkes did not open the door to me.

A frowsy landlady confronted me.

"The Doctor, sir? 'E's awfully bad, but 'e would get up. I told him not to, with such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients,' and so 'e's a-sittin' in 'is room as ought to be in bed. 'E was took on Saturday, as to-day is Wednesday," she ended.

I pushed past her into the consulting-room, and there sat Tom in the

arm-chair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A wonderful relief came into his face as he saw me.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "got—a touch of the flue—I think."

He spoke gaspingly, as though speech were painful.

"I'll tackle this patient for you, old man," I said, glancing at an old woman who sat before him. "Look here, let me help you on to the couch."

He could hardly stand, and I almost lifted him on to the horsehair sofa of unprepossessing appearance, and, after getting rid of the old patient, turned all my attention to making Tom comfortable.

"It's nothing much," he gasped. "I've just got—a touch-of—influ—such a lot—about," he muttered, wearily; "such—bad nights—so many sick—and dying—and dying—"

He rambled on whilst the landlady and I brought his bed into the consulting-room, and I lifted him upon it, and undressed him. It was pitiful to see his thinness.

"Pore gentleman!" the landlady exclaimed, "'e's bin and starved 'isself, that's what it is; and many's the time I've 'a brought 'im in a bite of somethin' we've bin 'avin', and 'e says always so cheery, 'Now, that's kind of you, Mrs. Jones,' and never missed payin' the rent neither, though Lord knows 'ow 'e got it. 'E've 'a put away most everythin'," she whispered, whilst I stood looking down at the flushed face and bright, unseeing eyes, and listening to his rambling, disconnected talk.

We did our best for him, poor fellow. I fetched one of the leading physicians of the day, but he only shook his head significantly.

"Absolutely hopeless," he said, "absolutely hopeless, poor fellow."

"And 'im always a-slavin'," sobbed Mrs. Jones. "'E was always out day and night in these streets, and in 'is thin coat, and starvin' 'isself; t'ain't no wonder 'e got the pneumony, or whatever they calls it; 'e never thought of 'isself, never once."

I sat by him that same night. Towards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me, and whispered:

"I've made a poor thing of it, and—~~I meant to do big things.~~"

I don't know what I said went on:

"I say—what's that—about an—unprofitable servant?—me—an—unprofitable—serv. meant to do—a lot. I've an—unprofitable servant? nothing—nothing—an—unprofitable servant."

I'm not a very religious sort but somehow when he said words some others came into and I whispered:

"Not unprofitable, old there's something else in the Book, isn't there, about a 'faithful servant'? That's n mark for you."

A queer smile crept over his curious light stole into his eyes:

"Unprofitable—or faithful?" he murmured.

They were the last words from poor old Parkes' lips.

I was obliged to be out again for the three days death, but made all arrangements the funeral should be a day and I determined to be present myself, for I couldn't bear of the poor old chap going long last long home.

There was a gleam of what upon London as I walked through the Boro' on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of flowers in my hand. I didn't think that no one would put on his coffin, and I knew his relations.

As I entered the thoroughfare of which Paradise Street opens I was surprised to find myself upon the skirts of a dense crowd of people. The traffic was at a standstill; a few policemen visible were powerless to do anything with the mass of human beings that lay as far down the street as I could see, and blocked every corner. The police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, and it was not difficult, for a more silly and behaved crowd I never saw. My efforts in vain for its cause. My thought was that there must be but no signs of such a thing visible.

I touched a policeman's arm.

"What is it all about?"

"Can I get through?"

"Don't look much like it, sir, funeral."

? But I never saw even at the funerals of shed people. Who in grand enough in these a following like this?" he began, then turned, "Pass on there, pass in sheer impossibility, by no one could move an

it all mean?" I said to me, a rough coster, like myself, held a ers in his hand. Doctor's funeral," he re-

or?" I asked, mystified. going to a Doctor's at my poor friend wasn't he won't have crowds He lived in Paradise

nap." Doctor," the man an drew his grimy hand ; "maybe 'tis the same. as as we've come to see ve. 'E was good to us, st thing we will ever do

ean to tell me that this wd—" I stammered. ollowin' for Dr. Parkes, t sight you don't see but time, neither. Most of 'ad to give up a day's ; but, bless you, we don't he ; no, that we don't," gave a little gulp.

'om Parkes' following ? it that I should be his I was but one among

knew I was the dead they at once somehow through the crowd, lenser and denser as I n Paradise Street—a ent, silent crowd. eached the door they

were carrying the coffin out ; it was one mass of flowers, and I, poor fool, had thought, pityingly, that my insignificant bunch would be the only ones upon it ! They told me, afterwards, that men and women had spent their hard-won earnings to buy these wreaths for the Doctor they loved—men and women who could with difficulty spare their money, who were having a hand-to-hand struggle themselves for existence.

I have never seen such a sight as that funeral, never in my life. All the way to the far-off cemetery those thousands of men and women—aye, and even children, followed their doctor, and it seemed as though the great, silent crowd would never cease filing past his grave afterwards, when all was over.

"'E said as 'ow 'e 'ad failed, sir," his landlady sobbed that evening, when I went round to see after poor old Tom's few little things ; "'e said 'is life was all a mistake, but it don't look much like a mistake, sir. Why the good 'e 've 'a done, and the influence 'e 've 'ad in these courts, no one wouldn't believe as hadn't seen 'is funeral. 'Twas a wonderful buryin', sir."

Truly a wonderful burying !

I wrote to a lot of his fellow-students to try and raise enough money to put a stone over the poor old fellow. But we were forestalled in this by the people amongst whom he had worked—for whom he had died. They collected the money—those folk in the back streets of the Boro'—in farthings and halfpence, and pence, and they put a white cross over the grave, and upon the cross they engraved his name and these words :

"The Beloved Physician."

"Greater love hath no man that this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

d send you the darkness,
t you could bear the light ;
ot cling to His guiding hand
re always bright ;
not care to walk by faith
ays walk by sight.

many an anguish
owful heart to bear,
el thorn-crown
l head to wear ;
ew would keep close to Him,
t guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of sevenfold heat ;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet ;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go ;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low ;
And, well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

NOT WITHOUT AVAIL.

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF REV. WESLEY FLETCHER, OF WELDON.

HE Rev. Wesley Fletcher paced slowly up and down his little study. Even the old, familiar books on the shelves were impotent to dispel the shadows from the pale face. He was only twenty-four, and so was just beginning to square his shoulders to the burdens of life. Later, they accommodate themselves to their load. But it galls sorely at first.

He had been ordained for a year and a half, and for that time had ministered to the spiritual necessities of Weldon Circuit. He was very lonely, and keenly missed the agreeable friends of his college days. But he worked manfully for his God and his church. There were no holidays. But sometimes he dreamt of the day when he could return to the village of his boyhood, and come back—not alone.

Weldon Circuit was poor and struggling. That was why he was sent there. The land was sterile and rocky, the cattle and horses poor and scraggy, even the children appeared ill-fed and unhappy. Life was not found altogether a pleasant thing by the preacher or the school-teacher.

Not that the people meant to be unkind. They were simply a reproduction of the character of the country. Their livelihood was obtained by their triumph over nature in a hand-to-hand struggle. They and the young minister were of different worlds. They could not conceive a man being wounded by a word. Bad land does not foster the sensibilities.

To praise him would have been thought inexcusable. He was but a young man, and it was best that he should know his faults, and be kept humble. So, when the members of his Quarterly Board were not exchanging civilities among themselves, they were expressing their fears that the church was "going down," and instituting comparisons between him and his predecessor. None but the young man and his Maker ever knew how every word pierced his sensitive soul like a dagger.

But never before had his spirit utterly failed him. He had been conducting revival meetings in Weldon for three weeks, beating in vain against the ramparts of the sin he saw about him. He had preached and pleaded and prayed, but without avail. The nervous strain was intense. It was an uphill struggle, every step. There was an indefinable something that hung as a dead weight upon the meetings.

The church members were critical, the others careless. Only when he looked toward the bench where sat Betty Hadley—old, decrepit, rheumatism-stricken—did his heart warm. Often he saw her lips moving. He knew that she was praying for him, and it did him good.

That night her pew was unoccupied, and it had strangely lowered his spirits. The boys in the back seats had been noisy, and the singing lifeless. He was glad when the service was over. If he were only a girl, he thought, he might go home and cry himself to sleep.

At the door he was joined by Bro. Henderson, and the heart within him sank, as he resigned himself to the tender mercies of his local preacher.

They trudged on together through the fresh snow.

"Mr. Fletcher," began the old man, "how long do you mean to keep up the meetings?"

"I hardly know," replied the minister. "There is certainly a wide field for work in Weldon."

"That's so, but my experience with revivals is that if you don't reach 'em at the start, you won't reach 'em at all. They get harder an' harder after the start. Now, the boys to-night were dreadful—specially during prayer."

The young man was tempted to tell him he did not consider ten-minute prayers judicious, but he remembered in time that he was a preacher.

"Then, too," continued Bro. Henderson, "I never knew meetings so dead, or oil and wood so dear. It seems a pity to waste them for nothing."

They had reached the parsonage by this time. Bro. Henderson would not go in, but kept the minister shiver-

he gate while he told him of
 sed awakening the church had
 ced, two years before, under
 rson.

was a fine man, and so popular.
 ry Bacon said, just this night,
 didn't know what he was till
 gone. . . . I told him as
 u were doing the best you
 how. . . . But Mr. Ryer-
 ned to know just how to
 ie people. . . . Good-night,
 tcher. It feels like a storm.
 ldn't be surprised if there
 many out to-morrow night."

e young man paced his room,
 nk of the bitter cup of failure.
 hour he was like that Hebrew
 who, under the juniper-tree
 wilderness, bemoaned the un-
 f his people, and cared not if
 l or died.

ought of the chorus they had
 iging a few minutes before :

t I g^o, and empty-handed?
 ust I meet my Saviour so?"

he leave Weldon empty-
 ! If his Lord had entrusted
 h a talent, he had not, at least,
 back through cowardice. He
 ught it forth into the market-
 fulfil his Lord's bidding. It
 lded nothing, and through his
 his Lord was lightly esteemed!
 n discomfiture was nothing that
 He could not bear to think that
 at King's mandate should be
 ded because of the weakness
 mbassador.

mind reverted to that day,
 1 months before, when he was
 d, with three others, a minis-
 the Methodist Church. How-
 l gone to China; Wilson and
 were still farther north than
 Again he saw the
 l church; again he heard the
 voice of the preacher of the
 he implored them, above all
 hold up the Christ; the ten-
 sonition of the superintendent,
 dressed them as a man would
 of his love, adjuring them
 forget to how weighty an office
 messengers, watchmen, and
 is of the Lord—they were
 the solemn ordination prayer;
 ain felt the hands laid upon
 d. . . .
 ad been meekly proud; diffi-
 d uncertain of his own powers,
 ud of the splendid church that

stood his sponsor, of the noble tra-
 ditions of his office, and tenfold prou-
 of the great Evangel he was conse-
 crated to proclaim. And so he had
 told them when it came his turn to
 speak.

In the days of chivalry, when a
 squire had received his spurs, his
 heart burned for an opportunity to
 establish his worthiness of the
 knighthood conferred upon him.
 With like spirit, Wesley Fletcher had
 welcomed his location at Weldon. He
 longed to carry the standard where
 the blows fell thickest.

And now he had proved recreant to
 his trust, recreant to his calling as a
 Christian minister. Neither his Mas-
 ter nor his own conscience had con-
 demned him, yet he had suffered his
 heart to fail and faith to dim beneath
 the lash of pitiless tongues. He
 thought of Carey and the years of dis-
 piriting toil for his first convert in
 India; of Paul, whose hearers found
 the cross foolishness and a stumbling-
 block; of the Christ, whose appeals
 so often fell on deaf ears, and he
 prayed long and fervently that he
 might be forgiven the sins of doubt
 and anger. As he prayed, peace came
 to him, and a great love rested in
 his heart for these people. If they
 were worth his Lord's death, they
 were worth his life.

The next day passed as a dream.
 He saw no one. Old Harry Bacon
 called to report the disappointment of
 the church regarding the revival. Mrs.
 Harrison had a bad cold—had had it
 for two whole days—and was com-
 plaining that the minister hadn't
 called. Old Harry meant to report
 that, too.

So, solemn with importance, he
 asked for the minister.

"Yes, he's at home," said Mrs.
 Allison, the housekeeper. "But it's
 my belief that he's going to be ill.
 Hardly a bite has he taken this day.
 And he's as quiet and gentle as can
 be. Hour after hour he just walks
 up and down his study. Listen!
 You can hear him now. This morn-
 ing, when I was sweeping upstairs, I
 could hear him praying as he walked,
 and all about his own unworthiness.
 His unworthiness, indeed! Poor,
 lonely boy! It would make his
 mother shiver to hear him. It's my
 rooted opinion that some as ought to
 be his friends are doing their best to
 drive him crazy."

Old Harry arose, and said that

since the minister was busy he wouldn't disturb him. He would call again, perhaps later in the afternoon. "Heaven forbid!" fervidly ejaculated Mrs. Allison, as she closed the door.

It was a glorious night. The moonlight lay, soft as God's kiss, upon the sleeping earth; the snow sparkled like a myriad diamonds. Through it the young minister walked to his church, with the illumined face of one who, in a vision sublime, had seen that which is past the veil.

The church was well filled. Betty Hadley was there, to whose face pain was daily adding fresh sweetness. Brother Henderson was there, in the front seat, making with his hand a funnel of his best ear. The boys were there, and during the opening exercises a general cracking of peanuts could be heard. But soon that annoyance ceased. Yet none could have exactly explained why it ceased.

The sermon was on the old story of the Prodigal Son, that parable redolent of home, and pardon, and peace. The preacher spoke of the infinite patience of God, the home-longing in all wandering hearts, the devouring hunger for the better life that remains, unquenched, in every human soul. It was no stranger calling them to a strange house, but the Father inviting them home; it was discarding the rags for the kiss, the ring, the robe, the feast!

A profound stillness hung upon the audience. The pale young man was forgotten in the message; even the most hardened could not but feel this treasury of love and compassion of a soul greater than their own. They were impressed, but there was no response when those willing to return to the Father's house were urged to stand.

After a few kindly words to some of the young men, Mr. Fletcher walked slowly home. He could scarcely believe that he was only twenty-four hours removed from the struggle of the preceding night. He still regretted his lack of success, but now only to determine that truer work

should crown the future. I not force fruit to form, but I and would, work in the vine the day's end.

He was hanging his overcoat at the door. Opening it, he saw Ned Chapman, the village carpenter and acknowledged leader among the wilder of the young men.

He was paler than usual, and by the strength of a pure reason. "Mr. Fletcher," he said, "I can't stand it any longer. I laughed at you and your people. But I need your Christ. Can you help me?"

As they came out of the parsonage together, half an hour later, the young man said to Brother Henderson with Mrs. Henderson.

"Yes," said the minister, a look of his own, "Ned has returned to his Father."

"Then let him hear my counsel. I have come, Mr. Fletcher, to you. I mean to stand by you and find a way. It came to me to-night, as I was preaching of hope and love, and looking so weary, and looking so weary, how that you are from us who live here. Go with me, I haven't tried to give you to remember us kindly. I am old, and it is hard for an old man to feel for a younger. Can you help me? I will try to help."

The tears stood in the young man's eyes as he grasped the hand of the old farmer.

"Let us say nothing to the brother. I, too, am asking pardon for my doubt and a thought all my work had been away."

"Remember," said the old man, "that it was said only of that fell where there was no rest of earth, that it sprang up with."

"Your work has never been its effect," said Ned Chapman a few days more, and you will find it in Weldon."

And they did.

Greenbank, Ont.

"GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED."

Compasséd by Omniprescnce,
Lonely—thou art not alone ;
On Infinitude relying,
Portionless—thou all dost own.

By Omnipotence upholden,
Weak—thou canst unshaken stand ;

Sightless—still thou safe shalt
Clinging to Omniscience' hand

Trustfully, O, then, press for
Pilgrim, toward thy bourn
Faltering never, fearless ever
Since thy God thy Guardian

—Amy P.

THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



MRS. M'KINLEY.

One of the most beautiful aspects of President McKinley's character is his tender and lover-like solicitude for his invalid wife. He is never too absorbed in the business of state or in the excitement of a political campaign to be as watchful over her as in the days of their courtship. Her seriousness in San Francisco, which for a time threatened her very life, called forth the warmest sympathy, not only from the American people, but of the whole English-speaking world. The message of condolence from the King and the royal family of England emphasized their appreciation of the profound sympathy of the President, and the nation which he represents, in the event of his bereavement of the whole British Empire, on the death of its beloved sovereign. We have pleasure in con-

densing, from various sources, the following brief sketch of Mrs. McKinley, and of her home-life :

Mrs. McKinley has been one of those wives of whom it may be truly said that they have been their husband's helpmate and the cause of much of his success. Their marriage was a love match. She made no concealment of her pride in her distinguished husband. She was not in the least surprised at any of the greatness that came to him ; she knew he had it in him when she married him.

After graduating from a seminary, Miss Ida Saxton, now Mrs. McKinley, with her sister, and a goodly company of friends, made a long and interesting visit to Europe.

Although a man of large means, Mr. Saxton believed in making wo-

independent of the changes of fortune; therefore his daughter was taught the banking business, and soon her finely shaped head, like a framed picture, appeared at the cashier's window of her father's bank. Mr. Saxton thought he had locked out

in the story. Mr. Saxton, at a time, gracefully yielded to the fact and consented to the union of his daughter Ida with the brave and favoured Major McKinley.

The greatest sorrow of Mrs. McKinley's life came to her in the death



PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

Cupid, but he only contrived to more certainly shut him in. It is the old sweet story, and if to the life romance of Major and Mrs. McKinley there was added a little early opposition, the necessity for some few innocent manoeuvres to secure a coveted interview, surely the world is more inter-

of her mother. So great a shock caused a long and severe illness, as a resultant prostration of health and strength, from which Mrs. McKinley has never entirely recovered. Her two children also died in infancy. Their personal sorrows cast about the bereaved parents a halo of mut-

l, and broadened their com-
mon and sympathies, till every
o met them acknowledged that
ief so great might have its
ations, at least in part.
Kinley's devotion to his wife
pass into history even before
mphs as a statesman. Con-
everywhere, on all occasions,
ld all possible surroundings, he
d upon her, not ostentatiously,
affectedly, and as a matter of
all those delicate attentions
the cynic declares men offer
only during courtship, or at
ll the brief honeymoon wanes.
many years Mrs. McKinley has
marked personality in Wash-

For over a quarter of a cen-
e has been an invalid, but her
ness and friendships brought
ring that time, into contact
ost interesting phases of life.
avelled with the President
er possible. She never allowed
ess to close the doors of the
House for social life, and kept
iving days, and sat at all the
dinners, and received on New
with as great punctuality and
g manner to the people as the
st hostess of the Executive
n.

cept young people with her con-
and allowed them the same
entertaining they would do at

The White House was con-
open to their friends. Mrs.
ey has not even the face of a
man ; it is refined and delicate,
t ill-looking, except, infre-
; after days of pain. Her
an is constantly with her, goes
er she does, and she has the
t confidence in his treatment.
etests what is artificial in
and dislikes that which is un-

She cares for children more
omen or men, and the poorest
with the prettiest baby, is
receiving more attention from
ly of the White House than is
o a diplomat.

y child in Canton was taken to
s. McKinley as soon as the
nt's town house opened. Mrs.
ey said there was once a time
he knew every child in the
That was before Mr. McKinley
vernor, and she kept in closer
with the newcomers. She
nfessed, with a sigh, that she
know the children by name in
now, and this was a grievous
intment to her.

"I dislike so to hurt their feelings,"
she said, "by asking their names."

Mrs. McKinley might be found every
evening, between eight and ten, al-
ways in a great mahogany arm-chair,
with her embroidered foot-stool, and
the knitting needles in her hand. The
President sat here with her, reading
his papers or talking to Cabinet mem-
bers or Senators who dropped in for a
friendly chat. Mrs. McKinley was
never excluded from these talks, no
matter how much they dealt with mo-
mentous questions, for the President
has made a confidant of her from the
beginning.

She talks little, rarely enters into
the conversation, and is a good
listener. She makes an interesting
picture, sitting in the great chair, al-
ways knitting, with a constantly
changing group of great men around
her.

When she wishes to retire, which is
always early, the President gives her
his arm, and assists her to her room,
where her maid is waiting for her.
Never has she allowed the state of her
health to deter him from any public
duty, nor to keep her long away from
him. Mr. McKinley never spends
away from the side of his wife an
hour that is not required for the
actual performance of his public
duties.

Although Mrs. McKinley received
an advanced education, and had a
father who put into practice his
decidedly advanced theories about the
"sphere" of woman, she is, notwith-
standing, in tastes and manner, alto-
gether feminine.

The mistress of the White House
has had unusual opportunities for the
manifestation of those little acts of
thoughtfulness which cost so little in
money, yet yield so heavy a dividend
in happiness bestowed, and no woman
in public or private life ever took ad-
vantage of them more eagerly. It
may be a cluster of bright-hued
flowers sent from that wonderful
treasure-house, the White House con-
servatory, to some sick child in the
hospital, or it may be a dainty
luncheon to her old school friends,
but always it is prompted by the same
generous-hearted regard for the com-
fort and pleasure of others.

The great diversion in the home-life
of the wife of the President is found
in fancy-work, and particularly in the
crocheting of dainty little slippers,
which she has given away literally by
thousands. Mrs. McKinley estimates

that she has knitted fully four thousand pairs of these little foot-warmers. Numbers have been given to personal friends, and quite a few have been donated to charity bazaars and church fairs.

If the first lady of the land is denied the companionship of books, she may at least enjoy the other joys in the supreme category—music, children, and flowers. It would be somewhat difficult to say of which of the latter she is more fond. Boxes of the choicest blossoms are sent at regular intervals to be placed on the two little graves in the cemetery at Canton, and very many of the juvenile visitors to the Executive Mansion go away with "posies" tightly clasped in tiny hands.

Of music Mrs. McKinley is very

fond, and the talents of her nieces in this direction seem to leave an especial void when none of them is a guest at the White House. Mrs. McKinley frequently accompanies her husband in the carriage to church, but it is considered rather too much of a strain upon her strength for her to remain throughout the period of devotion.

Formerly it was the custom at the diplomatic dinners for the mistress of the Executive Mansion to occupy the seat opposite the President, she being taken in to dinner by the British Ambassador, who is next in rank to the President in the Diplomatic Corps. President McKinley, however, with unfailing solicitude, makes it a point to keep his wife continually by his side.

DER LETZTE DICHTER -THE LAST POET.

(From the German of Anastatus Grün).

TRANSLATION BY THE REV. NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM.

When will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended
The o'd eternal song?

Is it not long since empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
(Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconciliation glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read.

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;

Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be;

And singing on, triumphing
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last poet;
He is the last man, too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask, if of the question
Not weary yet,—"How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

THROUGH SIBERIA.*



Around an Old World."

Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.

STATION OF KORFOVSKIA, EASTERN SIBERIA, SHOWING AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.

and Mrs. Clark and their
 ar-old son were among the
 y of foreigners to go around
 l by the new trans-Siberian
 route. They left Pekin
 w days before the dreadful
 volt of last year, and this
 he outcome of that tour. It
 n in Dr. Clark's lucid and
 style, abounds in interest,
 s us the most recent view of
 r highway around the old

t deal has yet to be done to
 e trans-Siberian road up to
 ard of our Canadian Pacific,
 mes next to it in length un-
 management. We quote
 om Dr. Clark's interesting
 :

the custom of the few
 who have crossed this line,
 art of it, to poke fun at the
 ikal Railway. And, indeed,
 hard to do so. With its
 trains, its inordinately long

ew Way Around an Old World."
 Francis E. Clark, D.D. New
 London: Harper & Brothers.
 William Briggs. Pp. xv-213.
 0.

stops, its primitive rolling-stock, it
 does not inspire much respect. It
 reminds one of the railway in the
 United States called a 'tri-weekly
 road,' which was explained by its
 president to mean that a train went
 up one week, and tried to come down
 the next.

"All the ancient and hoary railway
 jokes," says Dr. Clark, "like the one
 about the boy who started on a half-
 fare ticket, and was so old before he
 reached the end of his journey that
 he had to pay full fare for the last
 part, are cracked and appreciated by
 the passengers on this line. Yet it
 must be remembered that the last
 spike in this road was driven less
 than six months before I passed over
 it; that it was not even then accepted
 by the Government, or formally open
 for traffic; that it is largely built for
 military exigencies, and that no one is
 asked to travel over it, but rather dis-
 couraged by Russian officials; then
 the jokes lose their best points.

"Still, it must be confessed that
 the road seems to tithe the mint
 anise, and cummin, and **other**
 weightier matters of rail-
 construction. For instance



FIG. 11. "A New Way around an Old World."

Copyright, 1911, by Harper & Brothers.

RUSSIAN TYPES.

towers are beautiful, stately structures, and the stations are very creditable even for an old railway, but the rails are light and constantly breaking and giving way, and delaying traffic for days at a time. 'Two streaks of rust across Siberia,' is the exaggeration of a friend, which has an element of truth in it.

"Many parts of the embankment have been carefully sodded, the sods being pegged down with great care, but the road is very imperfectly ballasted, and is rough almost beyond belief. The culverts and small bridges are buttressed with cut stone, carefully dressed; the cars, as I have said, are exceedingly poor and filthy.

"Still the road is evidently built for the future, and all these defects will, in time, be remedied, and the Trans-Baikal section will take its place as an important link in the greatest railway of the world."

Dr. Clark writes thus of its mid-continent section: "The accommodation even in the 'car de luxe,' was none too good. The fifth-class were simply box-cars, with no seats, and marked on the outside, 'to carry five horses, or forty-three men.' These cars there crowded, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, and Siberians, Moujiks and Tartars, Buriats, and Eng-

lishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans.

"If there were fifth-class cars, there were plenty of sixth and seventh-class people—some in rags, and many in tags, but few in velvet gowns. Old Moujiks, with half a dozen half-naked children, filthy with a grime that has accumulated since their birth, and alive with unmentionable parasites, crowded every car, or, rather, human pigpen, as each car soon becomes. Odours, indescribably offensive, made the air thick and almost murky. The stench, the dirt, the vermin, grew worse the longer the car was inhabited, and one simply resigned himself to the inevitable, and lived through each wearisome hour as best he could.

"We never get away from the prisoners in Siberia, and two cars, immediately in front of ours, were filled with these poor wretches. Before these cars, at every station, marched four soldiers with set bayonets. The heads of the prisoners, shaved on one side only, would have betrayed them even had they escaped for a little."

"I must record that, in the midst of the filth and discomfort and unutterable odours of this hard journey, we met with many courtesies and kindnesses from the most unpromising of our fellow-travellers. Some of

usants were ladies and gentle heart, who would incommode lives to promote our comfort, are never too preoccupied to helping hand, or to supplement needily limited Russian. We had a 'fourth-class guardian who took us under his special ion, and was never weary of little kindnesses. He even to share with us his black and some curds, which we it difficult to refuse without his feelings." 8 days our tourists travelled less 80 miles, or less than six miles r. They had exasperating n transfer luggage. s devout character of the Rus- was shown by the fact that third-class waiting-room had me, with beautifully-framed pic-

tures of Christ and the Madonna, and some of the eastern saints. Before these icons often burned ceremonial candles, and smaller candles were to be had by devotees for two or three kopeks apiece. Rapt travellers, with uplifted eyes, were often to be seen crossing themselves before these icons."

Our tourists were thirty-eight days coming from Vladivostock to Moscow. The genial traveller was profoundly touched with the physical and religious needs of the interesting people of the great northern empire. They were kind, courteous, and humane, and under wise rule are capable of developing rich and generous character. The book is very handsomely illustrated, as a few specimen pages, which we present, will indicate.

DEACONESSSES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE EDITOR.

he Catacombs of Rome are touching memorials of the *ae Dei*," "the handmaids of the early Church.* The ve Church early availed itself services of saintly women, a female diaconate, for the ad- ation of charity, the care of ck, the instruction of the and of their own sex, and for g the light and consolations of spel into the most private and s relations of life. It thus these gentle ministrants, pos- of facilities denied to the other

are frequently mentioned in itings of the Fathers, under nes of "diakonoi," deaconesses, e," widows, or "ancillae Dei." stolic times they were required f the mature age of sixty years; lows, and even the unmarried, ubsquently admitted into this s early as forty, or even twenty of age. Olympias, a Christian of Constantinople, of noble widowed at eighteen, became a ess, and devoted her immense to charity. She was long the l patroness of the persecuted stom.

unmarried deaconesses, how-

Christian "ancilla quæ ministræ ur," whom Pliny tortured, were of this class.

ever, assumed no vow of perpetual celibacy, nor of conventual life, but lived privately in their own homes, employed in offices of piety and mercy. How different the practice of Rome in binding young girls, in the first outburst of religious enthusiasm, or the first bitterness of disappointed hope, by irrevocable vows to a death-in-life, and indissolubly riveting those bonds, no matter how the chafed soul may repudiate the rash vow and writhe beneath the galling yoke. The consecrated virgin of the early Church, instead of the ghastly robings, like the cerements of the grave, in which the youthful nun is swathed, the symbol of her social death, wore a "sacrum velamen," or veil, differing but little from that of Christian matrons, and a fillet of gold around her hair. The custom, now part of the Romish ritual, of despoiling the head of its natural adorning, was especially denounced by some of the ancient councils. We are but returning to-day to the institutions of primitive times in employing the services of these saintly women in the service of the Church of God.

That old Roman world, with its fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to succour, exposed to ~~unhappy~~

able indignities and cruel punishment, even unto crucifixion, for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve, and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial. And, doubtless, the religion of love won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly charities and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians. This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief.

We have described elsewhere the revival of the order of deaconesses of the primitive Church, by Pastor Fliedner, at Kaiserswerth, in Rhenish Westphalia. We have also, in our July number, set forth some of the advantages of the organization. We have space here to refer to only one or two others.

The adoption of a modest and inconspicuous uniform by these devoted women who work among the poor has been found greatly advantageous in many difficulties under which they labour. It is often a protection from insult or injury. Their simple, modest garb enables them to go, like a beam of sunlight, amid the most noisome purlieus of vice, carrying light and purity and healing amid scenes of defilement. The roughest toughs in the lanes and alleys will often become the champions and defenders of the deaconess. Where the burly policeman will not dare to venture alone, this sister of the poor walks unharmed.

"A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

Her distinctive garb is also a passport to the confidence and love of the forlorn and desolate. Often a grimy little hand will be placed in hers, and a child's voice will seek her help in its sorrows. Often a fallen sister, of the burden of sin, will cast

herself upon her sympathy, and implore her aid for deliverance from its bondage.

It is, moreover, a means of economy—no small consideration with these good women, who give their lives for the succour of the poor. They receive no salary, they accept no payment for services rendered, they have but a modest allowance for personal needs. Their quiet uniform is uniform, it does not change with the seasons. Its neatness, its unobtrusive quietness and harmony are the very essence of good taste, and stamp them with a grace and dignity that the gayest fashion cannot reach. In this it is as far removed as possible from the conventual garb of the Roman Catholic nuns, which are often like the ceremonies of the grave, and from the somewhat bizarre and discordant garb which used to be worn by the devoted and well-meaning "hallelujah lasses."

It is also a bond of sisterhood, and promotes the "esprit de corps," the unity and solidarity of the organization. And there is need of this. Without domestic ties, without that sweetest idyl in this world, a true home-life, their woman soul feels the need of a social organization, and this they find in the cheerful and happy relations of this life of service.

We have seen the wise use made of the deaconess organization by the early Church. We beg to call the sympathetic attention of the women of Canadian Methodism to Miss Horton's beautiful presentation of its adaptability to the multifarious needs of modern society. There are still "lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by." There are still bruised and burdened souls to succour and to save. There are still "eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep." There are still those who suffer unutterable wrong and wretchedness. Therefore, to the sympathy and co-operation of all who seek the uplifting of the fallen, the solace of the sorrowful and the sinning, the restoration of the lost, and succour of the suffering in the words of St. Paul, we "commend unto you Phoebe, our sister, which is a servant of the church, that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many."

LOVE TRIBUTE TO DR. STORRS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.*



STORRS.

summer of 1845 that I
 th my friend Littell (the
iving Age) through the
 ookline, and we came to
 1. "That," said Mr.
 Harvard Congregational
 They have lately called
 g Mr. Storrs, who was
 ant with Rufus Choate ;
 bright promise." Two
 I saw and heard that
 minister in the pul-
 -organized Church of the
 klyn. He had already
 and his throne. He
 visible over the conti-
 ch will be "Dr. Storrs'
 7 a year to come.
 ribly gifted law student
 o the bar he would in-
 on a great distinction.
 charmed the United
 his splendid eloquence.
 ned from Choate some
 c and how to construct
 ous sentences that rolled
 h chorus" over his de-
 s. But young Storrs
 art, and no temptation
 allured him from the
 preaching Jesus Christ
 . He was—like Chal-
 l and Spurgeon—a *born*

York Independent.

preacher. Great as he was on the plat-
 form, or on various ceremonial occasions,
 he was never so thoroughly "at home"
 as in his own pulpit ; his great heart
 never so kindled as when unfolding the
 glorious gospel of redeeming love. The
 consecration of his splendid powers to
 the work of the ministry helped to en-
 noble the ministry in the popular eye,
 and led young men of brains to feel that
 they could covet no higher calling.

One of the remarkable things in the
 career of Doctor Storrs was that by far
 the grandest portion of that career was
 after he had passed the age of fifty ! In-
 stead of that age being, as to many others,
 a "dead-line," it was to him an intel-
 lectual *birth-line*. He returned from
 Europe—after a year of entire rest—and
 then, like "a giant refreshed by sleep,"
 began to produce his most masterly dis-
 courses and orations. His first striking
 performance was that wonderful address
 at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Henry
 Ward Beecher's pastorate in Plymouth
 Church, at the close of which Mr. Beecher
 gave him a grateful kiss before the ap-
 plauding audience. Not long after that
 Dr. Storrs delivered those two wonderful
 lectures on the "Muscovite and the Ot-
 toman." The Academy of Music was
 packed to listen to them ; and for two
 hours the great orator poured out a flood
 of history and gorgeous description with-
 out a scrap of manuscript before him !
 He recalled names and dates without a
 moment's hesitation ! Like Lord Mac-
 caulay, Dr. Storrs had a marvellous mem-
 ory ; and at the close of those two ora-
 tions I said to my-elf, "How Macaulay
 would have enjoyed all this !" His ex-
 traordinary memory was an immense
 source of power to Dr. Storrs ; and, al-
 though he had a rare gift of fluency, yet
 I have no doubt that some of his fine
 efforts, which were supposed to be ex-
 temporaneous, were really prepared be-
 forehand and lodged in his tenacious
 memory.

In this short article I have not space to
 dwell on many of the public efforts in
 which my departed friend wrought some
 of his most magnificent oratorical tri-
 umphs. Dean Stanley, on the day before
 he returned to England, said to me,
 "The man who has impressed me most is
 your Dr. Storrs." When I urged the

pastor of the "Pilgrims" to go over to the great International Council of Congregationalists in London and show the English people a specimen of the American preaching, his characteristic reply was, "Oh, I am tired of these *show-me-visions*." But he never grew tired of preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The Bible his old father loved was the Book of books that he loved, and no blasts of revolutionary biblical criticism ever ruffled a feather on the strong wing with which he soared heavenward. A more orthodox minister has not maintained the faith once delivered to the saints in our time than this champion of the cross of Christ.

All the world knew that Richard S. Storrs possessed wonderful brain-power, culture and scholarship; but only those who were closest to him knew what a big loving heart he had. Some of the sweetest and tenderest private letters that I ever received came from his ready pen. I was looking over some of them lately; they are still as fragrant as if preserved in lavender. His heart was a very pure fountain of noble thought, and of sweet, unselfish affection.

And now that great loving heart has ceased its beatings, and the veteran has fallen asleep in Jesus. He died at the right time; his great work was complete; he did not linger on to outlive himself. The beloved wife of his home on earth had gone on before; he felt lonesome without her, and grew homesick for heaven. His loving flock had crowned him with their grateful benedictions; he waited only for the good-night kiss of the Master he served, and he awoke from a

transient slumber to behold that glory. On the previous day his Andover instructor, Professor Park, had departed; it was Andover's most illustrious should follow him; now they the presence of the infinite light both beheld the King in His

Dr. Storrs was descended and illustrious line of New England clergymen. His father, Richard Storrs, was for sixty-two years pastor of the First Congregational Church of Andover, Mass.; his grandfather, whose name was Richard Salter, was pastor of a Congregational Church in Long Meadow, Mass., for many years, and his great-grandfather was chaplain in the patriot army of the American Revolution.

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* says: "He could not have been more self-poised and uncentred had he been alone in his delights, like his duties to the sons of men, and his ministry was servant unto the name of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. He was inadequate and can only be that seek to denote him as a The classical simplicity of the world, whose qualities were whose art was immortal, and actors were gods, united in alert and the alive intelligible modern time of revelation, believed, of learning, in wisdom profound, and of altruism, was the very incarnation."

HAVE THE BIRDS COME?

BY PASTOR FELIX.

Ye hills of home! Ye bonnie native woods
Of mine own land! Are ye now musical,
As when I loved beneath your shade to dwell?
Are ye still haunted by soft, singing broods?
Does the woodpecker wake your solitudes
With his loud-tapping bill the golden-wing'd
And the familiar? Are the lyres still string'd
Of your sweet breathing pines, whose interludes,
Between the whispering leaves, so drew mine ear?
Or comes to you the blue-bird's carol still?
Does Robin April's evening silence fill
With the old cheery sounds so sweet to hear?
Comes, too, that blithe associate, Chickadee?
Hear you the sparrow, where to green unfurl
The reddening maples, and the tiny pearl
Of the loved Mayflower scents the forest lea?
So many friends have flown, it soothes my pain
To think thy singing birds are coming back again.



Religious Intelligence.

ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

Canadian delegates to this body are as follows: Rev. Briggs, D.D., Rev. John Potts, and Chancellor N. Burwash, Toronto; Rev. J. V. Smith, London; Dr. J. C. Antliff and Mr. W. I. Shaw, D.D., LL.D., Montreal; Rev. J. Hazlewood, Dunbar; W. F. Wilson, Hamilton; J. Crothers, D.D., Belleville; P. Rose, D.D., Ottawa; Rev. Heartz, D.D., Halifax, N.S.; Charles Stewart, D.D., Sackville,

London.—Mr. N. W. Rowell, Toronto; Mr. N. L. Lovering, Coldwater; Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Stratford; Joseph Gibson, Ingersoll; Mr. Johnson, Belleville; Mr. W. W. Bly, Inverness; the Hon. S. Ley, Lunenburg, N.S.; Mr. J. LL.D., Fredericton, N.B.

His opening sermon will be delivered by Bishop C. B. Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. At the first conference he was the late lamented Charles Simpson. Rev. John Potts, in reply for Canada to the address of welcome, and Wm. Johnson, of Belleville, will give an address on "The Present Position of Methodism in the Western Section."

Dr. Stewart's International Peace and International Fellowship come in for their share of attention on Friday, September 12, on the Bible and Modern Scholarship the following Saturday. Sir John Cowler will preside at an evening that will discuss the question of the responsibility that rests on the Methodist Church to do all that is in its power to promote peaceful relations between the two great sections of the English-speaking world.

Mr. Stewart, of Sackville, discusses the principles of Protestantism vs. Sacerdotalism," and the Rev. Wm. Shaw, LL.D., gives an essay on "Indifferentism." Rev. Willingham, D.D., is a member of the Executive Committee. No doubt our delegates from America will be present in the large public meetings, evenings, and in the provincial meetings, which are to be arranged in accordance with the present programme. It is to be noticed that "Practical Methods

of Dealing with the Liquor Traffic," and "The Perils of Increasing Wealth and Luxury," are down for discussion. "Is Methodism Retaining its Spirituality?" and "The Neglect of Family Religion and Worship" are the subjects for Thursday, September 12, and on Monday, the 16th, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is to discuss "How to Mobilize the Whole Church." Addresses are to be given ten minutes, and essays twenty minutes.

The religious anniversaries at London were very successful. Price Hughes, restored to health again, was at his best at the London Mission anniversary. Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, made an admirable address; Mark Guy Pearse, alluding to the Bishop's presence, "hoped the time would come when our grand and venerable mother-in-law, the Anglican Church, should become our mother in love," and Lady Aberdeen addressed the sisterhood meeting with her usual eloquence and grace. Dr. Robertson Nichol, editor of The British Weekly, preached the missionary anniversary sermon in Great Queen Street. It was an address of marvellous power.

Miss Isabella Bird, the well-known traveller, whose prejudice against foreign missions was overcome by personal acquaintance with the fruits of mission work, has offered herself to the Anglican bishop of Calcutta for mission work in India.

The increase in the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England, Scotland, and Wales during the past year is 2,511. These are fully-accredited church members. The increase in the number on trial for church membership is 8,391. The total accredited membership in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain is now 455,012; on trial for church membership, 36,951; meeting in junior society classes, 81,180. This gives a total number of members of all grades meeting in class of 573,143—an increase on the previous year of 12,940.

Our Primitive Methodist friends in England report the largest increase in membership for seventeen years, the net increase being 2,218, total membership close upon 200,000.

“ ‘Resident bishop of Europe’ is a title that knocks all monarchical claims into fits,” remarks the Roman Catholic Standard and Times. “So extensive a diocese must surely need a coadjutor, yet the individual who fills the post makes no demand, but, like Atlas, bears the whole load himself. Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, is the all-sufficient incumbent. We were under the belief that his habitat was in the United States somewhere, but from a card of his inviting us to hear him preach in the Methodist Episcopal conventicle in Rome we perceive our mistake. He holds vesper service in the parlours of Dr. Burt, he further kindly intimates; and perhaps (although it is not stated on the card) there is a distribution of soup and old clothes to pretended ‘verts subsequently.” “The Standard and Times has just learned the alphabet of knowledge as to the world-wide influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church,” says The Northwestern. “We commend to its notice the statement of the London Pilot, an Anglican paper, that ‘the future of American Methodism is probably of more importance and interest to the human race than the future of either the Roman Catholic or the Anglican or the Lutheran Church.’”

WOMAN’S WORK FOR WOMEN.

Only in the last half-century, says The Missionary Review of the World, has she begun, as woman, to organize independent mission work. And the growth of distinctively woman’s work has, since David Abeel made his famous appeal to the Christian sisterhood of Britain, been almost unparalleled. Women’s mission societies and boards have sprung up, until every denomination has its auxiliary, and almost every local church its women’s society. These godly women have invented a method of scattering information in the briefest and cheapest form—the mission leaflet; they have taught us how to organize little gifts into great rivers of beneficence; they have magnified prayer as the *first of all handmaids of missions*;

they have trained up godly children for a holy self-offering, and thus prepared the way for the great young people’s crusade; they have multiplied small gatherings for feeding the fires of missionary zeal, and called greater conventions for the consideration of the major issues connected with the work; they have studied and worked, and prayed and given, and written and spoken, until they have come to be authorities in the Church and before the world upon all the mission movements of the day. Not only so, but, not content to go as wives of devoted men of God, and mothers of coming missionaries, they have given themselves to the work as teachers, translators, Bible readers, evangelists, and most conspicuously of late as thoroughly trained medical missionaries, finding their way, not as women, but as physicians and surgeons, into communities and royal families, where no man ever had recognition as a foreign doctor.

THE ITALIAN WALDENSEN.

While the publication of Signor di Amicis’ “Alle Porte d’Italia” in 1884 brought home anew to the lovers of Italian literature the importance of the Waldenses, Americans in particular are at present feeling that importance by reason of the presentation of Waldensian work and needs in the addresses now being made by Mrs. Angelini in various churches and cities. The Waldenses are the direct descendants of the early Christians who, escaping from Rome, went northward into the Alpine fastnesses. Mrs. Angelini and other Waldensians claim that their faith, essentially Protestant, as opposed to papal pretensions, has been kept in its pristine purity. She points to the fact that, when the Reformation occurred, the Waldenses did not take the title of Reformers, though they sympathized with the efforts of Luther and Zwingli; for they feel a just pride in never having adopted the errors against which the German and Swiss Reformation protested. The Waldenses thus form a link between Apostolic times and the Reformed Churches of to-day. As is appropriate from this historical background, we find the Waldensian Church doing the most important evangelical work of any Protestant body in Italy; in its communion

out nineteen thousand, and it shows a con-

There are about fifty densian pastors in the to them must be added dred evangelists, teachers. Of course, the ongest in its native North Italy, but its most rogress in recent years he capital itself. From ltude of the young King remier, an unprecedented is now presented for ork. As will be readily is is not merely a work being done in the home- apacy, is a world-work.

comes a blacksmith, and our sorrows were forgotten when our boat floated proudly on the river.

For two years the "Leo XIII." has made innumerable voyages on the Congo and its tributaries; it has come very often to the assistance of the merchants and the French Government itself; it had the good fortune to refloat by its own powers a boat which had been wrecked; but, above all, the missionaries have had the joy of carrying the cross into the midst of these barbarous hordes, and of rescuing a large number of poor slaves from the teeth of ferocious cannibals.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN ITALY.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Catholic Mission in a reports thus: Our as, did not increase ith our necessities, and we were obliged to imerest privations upon rder to obtain the boat bsolutely indispensable generous benefactors our aid, and we were a steamer with a stern nty-four tons burden, f fifty horse-power.

ig the terrible epoch of l, and it was then iming the large pieces by done to-day. All the boat, hull, boiler, and cut in sections of thirty weight, and each piece ver the mountains on acks for 580 kilometers. ecessary to adjust this mposed of 2,000 pieces, r of which had been in-lling, and several lost g journey in the moun-

his important and diffi- had neither engineers, but we had willing ith God's help went to work. Complete ed our efforts, and the had the pleasure of cally afloat their boat. whose putting together reat credit to the mis- rse, we hammered our han once, and received burn from the boilers. ammering that one be-

In the number of this magazine for April, 1898, we described the splendid work of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Naples, Southern Italy and Sicily. That society had then in Italy 49 chapels and other preaching places, 61 missionaries and paid teachers, 87 Sunday-school teachers and local preachers, 1,627 members, and 28,074 attendants on public worship.

Rev. T. W. S. Jones, who has been Superintendent of the Mission in Southern Italy for forty years, issues a report of progress up to date. In Naples and its immediate vicinity is a population of one million persons, among whom a great work is being done by this Methodist mission. Its Italian agents have also planted missions in Alexandria and Cairo, where there is an Italian population. They are, curiously enough, the only representatives of Methodism in these two great cities of what is practically a British suzerain state.

There were more Wesleyan sailors mustered on the British warships in the harbour of Naples than there were Roman Catholics in the same ships, but the latter were welcomed with honour to the great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Naples, while for the Wesleyans no adequate provision was made. Mr. Jones makes a stirring appeal on behalf of a forward movement in Italy at the end of the century. He writes, if the Australian colonies would give each one young man or one little school, Canada would not be behind. Roman Catholicism in Italy, he says, is only held up by the pence and pounds and dollars of the world. He strongly urges co-operation on the part of the Methodism of this Dominion in this good work.

Book Notices.

"Pundita Ramabai." The story of her life. By Helen S. Dyer. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 170. Price, \$1.25.

The help that India needs is largely self-help. The handful of missionaries cannot themselves evangelize its many millions. It is only by raising up among the people teachers and preachers that this great work can be done. Pundita Ramabai is one of the most successful illustrations of what can thus be accomplished. Herself one of that despised class, an Indian widow, she has devoted herself to the salvation and education of that most hapless, helpless class of women in the world. This book contains the record of her marvellous success. She has herself been led into larger religious experience, great institutions have been built up, many widows and children have been rescued from degradation and trained in useful Christian life. In 1897 alone, three hundred girls were saved from starvation, and nearly seven hundred and fifty girls are now trained under over a hundred faithful teachers, all but sixteen of whom render their services, as Spenser says. "All for love and nothing for reward." To the great work of Pundita Ramabai we purpose devoting a special article in the near future.

"The Sign of the Cross in Madagascar; or, From Darkness to Light." By J. J. Kilpin Fletcher. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 309. Price, \$1.00.

The story of Madagascar presents one of the most striking records in the annals of missions of the triumphs of the cross. Nowhere have more bitter persecutions been endured, nowhere have more glorious results been achieved. We have told, in previous numbers of this magazine, the stirring story of early missions in Madagascar. The special value of this book is that it recites more recent events, especially the disasters which have befallen Madagascar since the conquest of their country by the French. Its capital was bom-

barded, the French troops were quartered in the Protestant Mission churches, the queen dethroned, and the territory confiscated.

Many of the Malagasy martyrs exhibited a fidelity even unto death not surpassed in the most heroic ages of the Church. As a group of them were burned at the stake, the last words that reached their murderers from out the consuming flames were like those of the martyr Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive our spirits." "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

The French are very fierce in their denunciations of the British for maintaining their rightful suzerainty over the Boers who invaded British territory, stormed with shot and shell, and doomed to death by famine and fever non-combatant women and children, and plotted by a deep-laid conspiracy to drive the British into the sea. Yet only five years ago the French, after a cruel and destructive war of two years, which cost 6,000 French lives, overthrew the independence of Madagascar, and by an act of highway robbery annexed the island. The capture and ill-treatment of a British missionary by a French admiral caused the British Government to demand an apology from France, and indemnity for the action of their admiral. "Probably," says our author, whose own words we largely quote, "it was only the yielding of the French Government that prevented a fierce and bloody war."

"By the rule of the French," he continues, "the door was thrown wide open for the intrigue and intolerance of the Jesuits; and, in 1896, the queen was banished because she was a Protestant, and refused to become a Roman Catholic. When the question was raised in the French Senate, and the Colonial Minister declared that religious liberty was guaranteed by the French flag, he was met by roars of laughter from the Senators. Such was the course of the French nation in the conquest and subjugation of Madagascar; such was the passing from her high position of a Christian queen, who had ruled her people in the fear of God, banished by a powerful nation—which could not justify its acts of conquest on

grounds—not for crime, rebellion, but for loyalty and God.

missionaries in their reports to the increased degradation of the people through contact with a largely irreligious civilization and immorality—habits of the Continent which themselves felt even more who seemed to have been out of the licentiousness of the continent.

Of the sorest curses is the drunkenness. In these French conquests must prove yet more and more injurious to the people, a life of the land, and a scale in the way of the pure religion over the

the French conquest, when in progress, the Jesuit Antananarivo were saved by the friendly action of missionaries. Their remarkable kindness was, so soon as rule was established, to the destruction of those who lost their lives, and to destroy

in localities the Romanists they would arrest and condemn every Protestant pastor and evangelist. Many suffer death; and in the fiery trial proved themselves successors of those years before, had counted themselves dear to them for the last. Murdered at times by gangs, and at others by the law, on trumped-up charges they were truly the victims of persecution.

Those so slain, Raindriamamanga was publicly executed in the presence of some 50,000 spectators. An officer in the Malagasy army, sixteen hours, and so on to the Prime Minister; he was shot. We are told he fell, pierced by eleven bullets, as he shone like that of an angel in the multitude of Malagasy eyes. The secret of his death was revealed when, as he was approached and offered to die in order to save his soul, he calmly and clearly answered: "I will die in the simple way which I have lived." Possibly he was almost incredulous as

to such things being done in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and in a country under French rule; but the evidence is to be found in the devastated mission stations, in the scarred and broken Protestant teachers and evangelists of Madagascar, and in the testimony of British missionaries, whose word is beyond doubt; while some of the most damaging evidence is furnished by Frenchmen themselves, and the reparation which the French authorities have had to make."

Thank God that, with all its faults, British rule stands for law and order, liberty of conscience, and the rights of man to worship God according to the convictions of his soul. French Protestant missionaries are now being sent to Madagascar. In 1899 eighteen were so sent who are working in harmony with the other Protestant missions. The Christian Endeavour movement has taken a firm hold on the young people in the churches of Madagascar, "and possibly," says our author, "some of the most earnest and faithful Endeavourers to be found in any part of the world are to be found there." Of a population of three and a half million, about half a million are Christian. It is still true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. After its sad record of persecution a brighter day will yet dawn upon this island appendage to Darkest Africa.

"The Cobra's Den; and Other Stories of Missionary Work Among the Telugus of India." By Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 270. Price, \$1.00.

The readers of Dr. Chamberlain's stirring book of missionary adventure, "In the Tiger Jungle," will be eager to procure this sequel, descriptive of missionary trials and triumphs in the land of the deadly cobra. "Our Hindu cousins," this devoted missionary writes, "are probably the most interesting, and those most rewarding study, of any of the people of Asia." He has devoted the best years of his life to their moral uplift and physical and social betterment as a medical missionary. His story stirs the blood like the peal of a clarion. As he stands before an angry mob which has shut the city gates, determined to make an end of the missionaries,

and gathers around him armed with stones, he says, "My whole soul is wrapped up in the thought, 'How shall I get my Master's offer of salvation before these people?'" He begins to chant one of their own hymns, then, as he told the "story of stories, the story of redeeming love," he sees tears coursing down their faces, and dropping on to the pavements, that they had torn up to stone him. We quote as follows:

"Now," said I, folding my arms, and standing before them, "I have finished my story. You may stone me now. I will make no resistance."

"No, no," said they, "we don't want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had come to tell us. Do those books that you have tell more about this wonderful Redeemer?"

"Yes," said I, "this is the history of His life on earth." And they purchased all the gospels and tracts he had, and escorted him to the camp, begging forgiveness for their insults, for they knew not whose messenger he was.

"Verily the story of the cross has not lost its power. It still reaches the ear and touches the heart of men of every tongue, in every clime. Happy we, if we have a part in making known, here and in all the world, that story of the cross."

In 250,000 of the 1,000,000 towns and villages of India, through the agency of the surgeon's knife, the physician's prescription, the voice of the wandering preacher, the Gospel has been made known, though accepted by comparatively few. In 750,000 other towns and villages no such work is done. A school-house can be built for fifty dollars, the Gospel planted in a village for a hundred. Canadian Methodism ought to have a share in this good work. We commend this book to our readers, as one of the most virile and stirring appeals we ever read.

"Protection of Native Races Against Intoxicants and Opium. Based on Testimony of One Hundred Missionaries and Travellers." By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, and Misses Mary and Margaret W. Leitch. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 289. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 35 cents.

This book, like the prophets' scroll, is full of lamentation and weeping woe. It describes the awful

ravages of drink among the pagan races of the world, the rum tragedies in Africa and the sunny islands of the sea, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"Wherever in heathen lands Christian nations have not 'made ten drunkards to one Christian,' it is usually due to the fact that we have encountered a total abstinence religion. Mohammedans say, on seeing one of their number drunk, 'He has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus.' In Morocco, from a Mohammedan point of view, 'Drunkenness is considered a Christian sin.' 'All the grog-shops are kept by Christians.' 'There is no license system, because the Sultan cannot derive a profit from sin.' This 'Christian habit' is the chief obstacle, say the missionaries, to the conversion of Mohammedans, in Africa and Asia alike."

Thank God, the nations are awakening, and none more so than the two foremost Christian nations of the world, Great Britain and the United States. "Britain, the most experienced of colonizing powers," says our author, "is beginning to recognize that commerce, no less than conscience, calls for the abolition, not alone of slavery, but also of the kindred traffics in liquor and opium."

Sixteen leading nations in 1892 united in a league for the suppression of the traffics in liquor, firearms, and slaves, in the Congo region.

"Great Britain, without waiting for the concurrence of other powers, is adopting prohibition, in the name of conscience and commerce, as to opium in Burma, as to intoxicants in many parts of Africa and the South Sea Islands."

"Mohammedan prohibition protects native races in the parts of Africa north of portion covered by Treaty of 1899, and British prohibition protects most of the natives in the regions south of it."

As long ago as 1879, under the Royal Arms of Queen Victoria, appeared a prohibition for the sale of liquor by any British subject in Tonga, Fiji, and other islands of the South Seas, since extended, we believe, to all the South Sea islands under her control. Would that the same protection could be extended to her children at home.

Among the many portraits in this book we note that of our Canadian Methodist missionary in Japan, Miss E. A. Preston, and of many other notable workers for the uplift and salvation of mankind.

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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VIEW OF HARBOUR OF HULLIAN IN 1777, TAKEN FROM GEORGE'S ISLAND AND LOOKING UP TO KING'S YARD AND REDFORD BAZEN.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.*

SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

II.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.



THE Church of England had its teachers in the province when Nova Scotia became an English possession by the treaty of Utrecht, and eventually when Halifax was founded it became practically

the Church for very many years the formative period of English institutions. Army chaplains necessarily for a while performed religious services at Annapolis, but the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel extended their operations to the province as early as 1722. The Reverend Mr. Watts was the first pastor and missionary who was paid by that old and historic institution so intimately associated with the establishment of the Church in all the colonies of the British crown. St. Paul's Church the oldest Protestant church in the Dominion—was commenced in 1750 on its present site, with materials brought from New England, and was opened for service in an incomplete state on the 2nd Sep-

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tember, 1750. The present St. Paul's had additions made in the course of a hundred and fifty years, but its main framework is the same as in the middle of last century. Old St. George's, the next oldest historic church, always kept in repair since 1760, is to be seen on Brunswick Street. It is now always called the "Little Dutch Church" because it was built for German converts soon after the completion of St. Paul's. A church first called "Mather's" in honour of the famous Cotton Mather, of New England, was built in 1760 on Hollis Street, for the Congregationalists, many of whom came from New England, and the Reverend Mr. Cleveland, great-great-grandfather of a president of the United States, was the first minister.

The coming of the Loyalists gave a great impulse to the growth of the Church of England, as nearly all of the twenty-eight thousand people, who found their way to the maritime provinces, belonged to that faith. Over thirty clergymen sought refuge in these provinces, between 1776 and 1786, and the majority made their homes in the new colony of New Brunswick. A very few soon left for England, or returned to the United States, where



OLD ST. PAUL'S CHURCH IN 1800 AND LATER.

the distinguished Mr. Seabury, of Connecticut, became the first Episcopalian bishop.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Inglis, who had been a leading divine for many years in New York, and forced to fly from the country when the revolution was successful, was consecrated at Lambeth on the 12th August, 1787, as the first bishop of Nova Scotia—and of the colonies in fact—with jurisdiction over the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Bermuda, and Newfoundland, until the Right Reverend Jacob Mountain was consecrated in 1793 first Anglican bishop of Quebec. Bishop Inglis was a member of the executive council, and exercised great influence in the government of the province. He was the founder of the University of Kings, which had its beginning as an academy, in 1787, became a college in 1789, and received a royal charter in 1802. It received large grants from the British and provincial governments, and was a power in the

politics of the country, fierce controversy raged between the supporters and opponents of nominal colleges.

Until the separation of the executive from the legislative and the foundation of a new system of government, the influence of England was predominant in official life. The Crown of England has made more progress since it is removed from the influence of local animosities and religious dissensions which its position enjoyed in old times.

The new settlers who came to Nova Scotia from New England between 1760 and 1763 were for the most part, Congregationalists, and by 1769 there were many churches of this denomination in the course of time they became Presbyterians or Methodists. The same body gradually became a large portion of the most influential families of New England and differences in the Church of England at Halifax added to their numbers. One of the early



BISHOP BINNEY.

ters was the father of the
nt Canadian statesman, Sir
es Tupper. The most striking
: in the history of the Baptists
ova Scotia is undoubtedly that
. Crawley, a member of a fam-
hich had always held an hon-
le position among the gentry
gland. His father was a com-
er in the Royal Navy, where,
midshipman, he had served
Nelson. The Captain settled
e island of Cape Breton, and
resent writer well remembers
autiful home across the har-
of Sydney, where the boyhood
: Crawley was passed among
rees and flowers which were
ated and tended with such
z care by his father and
er, who brought with them
fine English tastes and habits.
more than sixty years, after he
eft the Bar, for which he was
ted, and joined the Baptist
ch in 1827, he exerted a re-
able influence in its affairs,
ially in connection with Aca-
ollege, which he was proud to
stablished on a firm founda-
long before his death.

Dr. Crawley was in every sense a gentleman, not simply by artificial training, but by natural instincts inherited from a fine strain of blood. He was dignified and urbane, full of benevolent sympathy for young and old, and the language in which he clothed the elevated thoughts to which he gave utterance in the pulpit or on the public platform was chaste, clear and impressive. Even to his ninetieth year, when he closed a long, brilliant and useful career, his face retained that intellectual, refined cast which in his youth was a positive beauty.

The pioneer of the Methodist Church of Nova Scotia, and indeed of the maritime provinces, was the Rev. William Black, who preached for half a century, but made his first success at Sackville, New Brunswick, where in the course of years was established the prosper-ous university which owes its name of Allison to the liberal gentleman whose liberality gave it birth. So slow, however, was the progress of this church that by 1800 it only had five ministers in all Nova Scotia, while at the present time the Con-ference comprises one hundred and thirty-four members, who minister in two hundred and eighty churches



BISHOP CHARLES INGLIS.



REVEREND DR. FORRESTER.

to between fifty and sixty thousand persons. In 1786, Mr. Black made Halifax his base of operations for work from time to time among the societies which he established in various parts of the Province. Mr. Wesley corresponded with him, and encouraged him in his pioneer labours in a field untrodden until he took it up. He was undoubtedly one of the most successful missionary ministers of the province, when we consider the progress Methodism made through his untiring energy. Dr. Alder, who became one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the parent state, was also a useful worker for his Church in the formative period.* One of the most eloquent ministers of this Church, obtaining a reputation beyond the province, was the Reverend Dr. Matthew Richey, whose son became, in 1883, a lieu-

* See "Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia," by Charles Churchill, Wesleyan Missionary, London, 1845. Also, "History of Methodist Church, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Bermuda," by Rev. Dr. T. Watson Smith, who has recently issued an interesting essay on Slavery in Canada in *Collections of Nova Scotia Hist. Soc.*, Vol. X.

tenant-governor of Nova Scotia on the succession to Sir Adair Richey was for a while president of the Victoria College, president of the Canadian Association of the Eastern British Wesleyan Methodist Church. He possessed a degree of influence which was more common those days among the members of his Church than it is at the present time, when the necessity of training is generally

The Presbyterians of Nova Scotia now number upwards of one hundred and ten thousand and consequently rank second among the religious denominations in the province. Roman Catholics coming next, own over two hundred churches, and enjoy the services of a hundred and twenty ministers. The first Presbyterians in Nova Scotia were the French Jesuit missionaries



REVEREND DR. CROIX.

panied De Monts in his expedition to Croix and Port Royal, but the experiment did not succeed.

* See an excellent though somewhat sketchy account of Dr. Richey's life by Fenwick in "Portraits of British America" (1865), illustrated by Notman. The illustration I give is taken from this book.

more of Calvinist until Halifax was

most prominent in long identified early development byterianism were Reverend Drs. Mac- and MacCulloch, u. The Secession arose in 1733, out hostility of a few itious ministers of blished Church of d to the corrupting es of a system of ge which facilitated wth of a time-serv- ignorant ministry, o in the course of ided into what were as Burghers and ghers. The origin se names is ex- by Dr. Patterson. life of Dr. Mac- , of whom he was a

n. It appears that the bur- of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and vere required by the law to oath, in which there was gious clause: "Here I pro-



REVEREND WILLIAM BLACK.

From Reverend Dr. Richey's Memoirs.

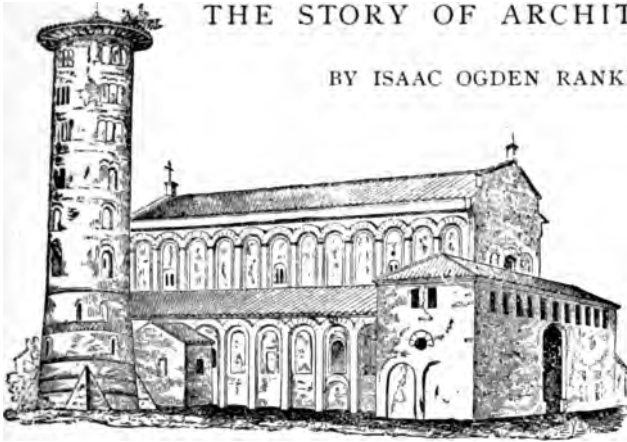
test before God and your Lordships, that I profess and allow with my heart the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof; I shall abide thereat and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Roman religion called Papistry." Dr. Patterson explains that this clause was held by some ministers and elders "as implying an approval of the corruptions of the Church of Scotland against which the Secession was testifying, and they therefore refused to take the oath; but others held that it only meant the true religion itself in opposition to that of the Roman Catholics, and therefore were willing to take the oath, or, at least, regarded the point as one on which conscientious men might honestly differ, and which, therefore might properly be made a matter of forbearance." Those who condemned the taking of the oath were usually known as Antiburghers, while those who did not object to its terms were called Burghers.



REVEREND DR. MATTHEW RICHEY.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE.*

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.



CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARE, RAVENNA, BUILT A.D. 540.

It still used the forms and skill it found, and adapted them to its needs. It accepted and put to use the different forms of structure which came to it and could be adapted to its worship. Among the chief buildings in existence when it came to the throne, which also modi-

III.

CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.



CHRISTIANITY took three centuries to conquer Rome, but when the work was done, it found itself heir to the Roman tongue, the Roman law, the Roman art and buildings. It began by worshipping in private houses. It retreated in troubled days to the underground cemeteries, or catacombs, of Rome and other cities. It built churches, only to see them destroyed or confiscated in times of persecution. How it chose to build before the age of Constantine's conversion we hardly know. Only the chapels in the catacombs remain as examples of early Christian church building.

When, after a time of special persecution, the Christians came into power with Constantine, they received gifts of buildings already existing, or grants of money with which to build new churches. Christianity had been a purely spiritual force. It had originated new in art or architecture.

fied or helped the later Christian building, were the law courts or basilicas. Basilica means a king's hall, the place where princes or magistrates sat to administer justice. The early Greek and Roman basilicas seem to have been large roofless spaces surrounded by columns, but later they were walled in and covered over. They had room for a great many people, so that they were sometimes used for markets, and this spaciousness made them better adapted for the use of Christian congregations than the temples, which were often small and usually cut up in little rooms and halls, and which had been profaned by idol worship. At one end of the basilica was a raised platform, often in an alcove where the prince or judge sat with his counsellors or associate judges.

At the end of 400 years the churches had given their chief bishop almost a monarch's power. The prince's seat in the church was reserved for him, the others were given to his associate ministers. In the new and large churches to which the name of basilica came to be given the Christian altar stood where the Roman altar had been and the pul-

pit took the place of the clerk's or crier's desk. A few churches in old Rome were made over from temples and several from the large halls of baths, but some of the larger ones were basilicas, and their successors in Rome, as, for example, St. Peter's, are called basilicas even yet.

Hitherto it is the outside of buildings which has seemed most interesting, but from the beginning of the Roman, and more especially of the Christian age, it is the inside which becomes of most importance. The Greek temples were places to which people gathered. The Roman basilicas and churches were places in which people gathered.

When the Romans borrowed the Greek column and lintel, they kept the two together, as if they could not be parted, and used them largely as an ornamental addition to arched walls of masonry. Soon, however, they began to find them necessary for convenience within. They enlarged their floor spaces by building vaulted roofs or by the use of long beams extending across from wall to wall. In order to get still more room they cut these side walls up into square piers and made these piers smaller and smaller, until at last they carried the upper walls on a lintel (architrave) above a row of columns or, at last, on arches springing from bits of such an architrave above the columns. It did not seem to occur to them that the column could be used without this fragment of architrave.

When at last arches were built to spring directly from the capital of the column, with this final

throwing out of the lintel, the step from Roman to Christian architecture had been made. The Greek had only the column and the lintel. The Roman brought in the arch, and put the three together without real unity. The Christian threw out the lintel and joined the column and the arch in one.

This is the essential characteristic of Christian church architec-



NORMAN ARCHITECTURE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

ture, more essential than the shape of the arches (which were round in the earlier period, called Romanesque, and pointed in the later period, usually called Gothic), or the shape and decoration of the windows by which the different periods of Gothic are most easily recognized.

With the building of stone roofs new problems required solution. The great church of the Divine Wisdom (Sta. Sophia) in Constan-



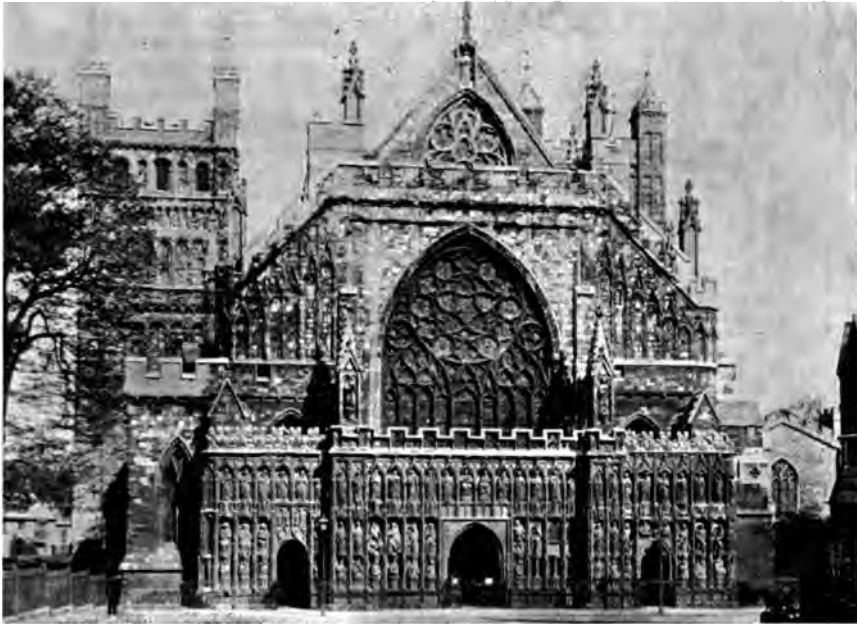
NAVE OF ELY CATHEDRAL, WITH LOFTY VAULTED CEILING.

tinople is built with similar subordination of the exterior. Its glory was in its huge dome and the beauty of its interior proportions. In the smaller church of St. Mark's at Venice the same ideas were followed.

In the north the pointed arch, a suggestion of which any one who looked at a round arch from the side could see, was found better fitted for the joining of vaults than the round arch had been. It lent itself to the upward look which the Christian builders came to love, as the Greeks loved the horizontal

line. The Gothic windows at first were narrow, lance-headed openings in a solid wall, then larger and filled with tracery and painted glass, and at last so large that they nearly filled the end walls of the building.

Every feature of the church came to be used as a visible image of some Christian truth. They were built in the form of a cross and the steeple pointing towards heaven held up the cross so that every man as he went about his work might see it. The walls and columns were made high



EXETER CATHEDRAL, SHOWING GREAT WESTERN WINDOW.

l higher that they might carry thoughts of the worshippers ward. In Italy and the East nk wall spaces were covered h painted or mosaic pictures. in an age when few could d, the churches became like eat stone Bibles, of which the oured windows, carvings, and ntings, and even the shapes of stones, were like separate chap-

his Gothic love of height wed itself in the narrowing in uplifting of the walls. The rns were made slender for uty and clustered together for ngth, until they became parts stone piers on which the weight he arched roof rested. Towers l steeples were added. Painted ss was considered the most utiful form of decoration and ture writing. The window ces were made larger and ger until they weakened the ngth of the walls, and it be- me necessary to hold up what

was left of them between the win- dows with outside props called buttresses, some of which touched the wall only at the top, and came to be called flying buttresses. So the work went on century after century, the people taking more pride and pleasure in their churches than in any other treas- ures they possessed, the architects trying to make these great stone Bibles in the city streets more and more full of meaning.

At last the spirit of the time changed. Builders began to take more pride in showing what won- derful things they could do with stone and mortar than in the re- ligious use of the churches they planned. Instead of growing bet- ter and better, Gothic art grew worse and worse. Then came the age of printing and discovery. The ruins of Greece and Rome began to be studied again, and the old Greek and Roman writ- ings to be read. A pagan art that cared for nothing but beauty



FLYING BUTTRESSES, NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

came back once more, and the Christian architecture of the earlier centuries perished.

It must not be imagined, however, that Gothic art concerned itself only with church building. There are beautiful Gothic palaces and houses left in Europe, such as the Ducal Palace at Venice and many public buildings in France and Belgium, which show that the masters of the style could adapt their art to any purpose. Nor is the use of the pointed arch, or even of the arch, a sure test of Gothic building. When it suited his purpose the Gothic architect could use the lintel, and the lintel alone, in a way that was characteristic of his age and full of beauty.

IV.

RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE.

In the age of Constantine, Christians were destroying pictures of the Greek and Roman gods. In the age of Columbus, Raphael and Correggio were painting new pictures of Greek gods and goddesses at the order of pope and abess. Painting grew rapidly toward perfection, but the method of architecture had largely changed from growth to imitation.

The same year that America was discovered, Alexander Borgia

became pope. He was a man of evil life, who is supposed to have died of poison which he had intended for one of his guests. For a long time after, while the Reformation was beginning in Germany, Rome was a thoroughly pagan city. The popes lived splendidly, and lavished money upon art. Michael Angelo and Raphael were painting and building, but the work they did had cut loose from

the older methods, and was done in quite a different spirit.

This is the turning-point of the movement in art, which is called the New Birth, or Renaissance. It had already shown itself in the architecture of Italy, but in the time of the pagan popes it became the fashion. The Christian, and especially the Gothic, building fell into contempt, and the ruins of old Rome became the models of a new and sumptuous style. A Latin book on architecture, by a Roman engineer of the time of Augustus, named Vitruvius, was found, and its rules were studied as a sort of infallible guide for architects. To the confused and often misunderstood rules of this old volume, and to the ruins of ancient Roman



GOTHIC INTERIOR.



GOOD TYPE OF RENAISSANCE—DOME
DES INVALIDES, PARIS.

s, especially of the Coliseum owe most of the architecture of the Renaissance. In the hands of a few great masters some of the masterpieces of the world's building, but it fell into mischief in the hands of the men.

As much the popes and cardinals cared for the old buildings after which they modelled their palaces may be judged by the Coliseum, which had been ruined and imitated most of the buildings of the Renaissance were ruined by an earthquake and turned into a stone.

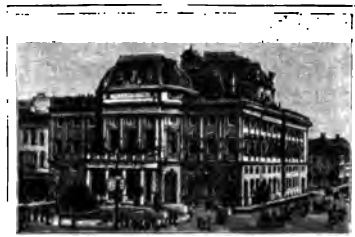
Architects copied its de-

sign, and carried its fragments off piecemeal for new palace walls. Fortunately, it was so large that they only succeeded in taking about a third of it.

The system of arched openings, story above story, framed in by columns and entablatures, which marked for the eye the divisions of the stories in the Coliseum, is the key to most of the palace buildings of the time. Another mark is characteristic of the style. When a door or window was covered with a straight lintel, the architects of the Renaissance were not content to leave it so, but added a purely ornamental triangular or curved cap. This ornament is repeated over and over again along American city streets. It is the Greek pediment reduced to a mere projection on a flat wall surface, serving as a water-table for the windows. Even the old

broken entablatures were sometimes used again above the columns.

St. Peter's at Rome is the greatest of the Renaissance churches, as well as the largest church in the



FRENCH RENAISSANCE.



FRENCH RENAISSANCE, PARIS.

world. It was planned by Bramante and Michael Angelo, and its dome is of special interest, linking it through several buildings of an earlier period with the Roman time. The most perfect of the remaining buildings of old Rome is the Pantheon. It was probably the great hall of a bath, but is now used as a church, in which Raphael and King Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert are buried. It is covered by one of the most beautiful domes in the world, which may be called the father of all later domes. Again and again Christian architects imitated it or improved upon its structure.

Renaissance architecture prefers the arch as the essential feature of its work, and uses the column and entablature as ornaments. Its beauty depends upon the proportion and arrangement of its parts. Its success has been in palaces and public buildings, and in a few great, or very simple, churches. Like the Gothic, it ran out at last in absurdities in the hands of weak or vulgar architects.


It will be noticed that the line of study which has been followed in these papers has taken that kind of building which each different people cared most about, and which proved most suggestive to the architects who followed. With the Greeks it was the temple, with the Romans the public meeting place, whether law court, amphitheatre, or bath, with the Christians the church, with the luxurious priests and nobles of the Renaissance the palace. In our own day we care most about great structures for practical use—libraries, railroad stations, government or office buildings. As to style, we are always experimenting and always imitating. We order a new building of one historic style or another as we would order one flavour or another for a pudding, and it must be confessed that many of our experiments have been failures.

GERMAN RENAISSANCE DOORWAY,
HALLES, NEUCHATEL.

THE ROMANCE OF "THE KILLING TIME."

BY THE REV. ALFRED G. IRWIN, B.A., B.D.

I.



SOME years ago, when the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, of Ragged School fame, was in the heyday of his work was held in Argyle, and was addressed by the Duke, Mr. Guthrie that this was not the first that an Argyle and a had spoken in Edinburgh same platform in a worthy

His allusion created the enthusiasm, being greeted upon round of applause. He referred, as every one knows, to those stirrings, over two centuries when Archibald Campbell, of Argyle, and the Rev. Guthrie, minister of Stirrings executed within a few each other upon the same the first-fruits of Scotland's harvest of martyrs in the the Covenant.

He had carried the king's standard to Scone, a dozen years before Cromwell had placed it on the standard. Guthrie, too, had been a staunch royalist, and had the cause of Charles I. Cromwell. But they reared the head and front of the Covenanted movement, and the movement Charles II. had determined to destroy. He cherished a grudge against the Covenanters for the surrender of his the forces of the parliament. But his enmity was more due to his discernment of the claims they asserted, and it they manifested, were antagonistic to the dearest

desire of his heart. A nominal Churchman, in reality a Catholic, and that, too, from political rather than religious motives—Catholicism supported the divine right of kings—a man apparently utterly without moral conviction, an unblushing sensualist, the veriest of triflers, he had one serious purpose, to attain to absolute power in Church and State. This purpose he prosecuted with a tenacity and a disregard for truth and honour characteristic of the house of Stuart, and followed it with a subtilty and cunning far exceeding that of any of his predecessors.

In his extremity, he had subscribed the Covenant, but in his prosperity he utterly repudiated his oaths. He was thus, by promise and consent, the champion and defender of the Presbyterian cause, but the first Scotch parliament of his reign—known by the unenviable sobriquet of the Drunken Parliament—passed an act declaring the king supreme in all matters alike civil and ecclesiastical. It formulated an oath of allegiance, and promulgated an Act Recessory, undoing at a stroke all the hard-won victories of twenty years in the struggle between presbytery and prelaticism.

On his way to the scaffold, Argyle, who had been a man of varied and gifted parts, declared, "I could die like a Roman, but choose to die like a Christian;" and Guthrie, whom Cromwell called "the short man that could not bow," when the napkin had been placed about his face, raised it to cry, "The Covenants, the Covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving."

The cause of the Covenanters received a second serious blow, in the defection of James Sharp, minister of Crail. He had been sent to London to plead for Presbytery; but played a double game, and as a reward for his perfidy was created Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Parliament enacted that "all persons in public trust should subscribe a declaration renouncing the Covenant, as unlawful and seditious." The Covenants were torn in pieces, and publicly burned by the common hangman in Linlithgow. It was ordered that all ministers who had been admitted to orders subsequent to 1649, should accept prelacy on pain of being banished from their parish.

Middleton, whose scheme this was, boasted that there would not be ten ministers who would fail to comply. To their lasting honour, be it said, nearly four hundred ministers resigned their livings; and in the face of an approaching winter, with but scant preparation, left their manses to seek shelter in the wilderness, and to subsist solely by the care of Him who "feeds the young ravens when they cry."

In the room of these pious and not un frequently scholarly men, the bishops imported a herd of unlettered and irreligious curates—"the dregs and refuse of the northern parts," men either "debauched or stupid, or both." They speedily became the objects of mingled contempt and hatred. So notorious was their unfitness, that the wits of the day declared that "the cows in the North were in danger, since all the herdsmen had become ministers." The scorn of the people found vent in various ways. Unknown persons barricaded the church doors, and "the poor curate had to climb in at the windows. Sometimes his boots were filled with ants. Sometimes women brought their

children with them to church, and encouraged them to cry, till the voice of the preacher was drowned in a stormy chorus from the infant choir."

Persecution now became widespread. Some of the ejected ministers persisted in preaching, and openly denounced the Government. An ordinance was obtained, declaring such acts as sedition.

Many ministers were imprisoned. Some fled to foreign parts. The aged Lord Warriston, an eminent Covenanter, was pursued to Holland, surprised at his prayers, dragged aboard ship; and, despite age, and bodily and mental weakness, was conducted, on foot and bareheaded, from Leith to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and sent tottering to the scaffold.

Parliament proceeded to yet more extreme measures. The Scot's Mile Act commanded all nonconforming ministers to remove from their parishes within three weeks, and not to reside within twenty miles thereof. To this was added, what was known as the "Bishops' Drag Net"—an act to compel the people to attend the services of the obnoxious curates, or to part with a fourth part of their goods. A Court of High Commissions was established to enforce submission. It was compared to the lion's cave in the fable, where there were many footsteps leading in, but none returning. During the two years of its existence,

"It banished ministers, whipped women, and after branding and scourging boys, whipped them off to the Barbadoes as slaves. Worst of all, it made it an act of sedition even to give charity to the ejected ministers. If any of these had knocked at the door of one of his own parishioners and sought a cup of cold water, or a piece of pease-meal bannock, the asking and the giving were alike a crime."

as and banishment failed submission, and in 1663 stened to London to inking to levy and quarter on the people of West to "suppress the

my was commanded by native of West Lothian, served in the army of the distinguished himself by butcheries. He was an cruelty. His favourite s that of putting lighted between the fingers of o make them disclose in-

. So well did he play that the more stubborn retired to the caves and its, the swamps and the the deep glens and ountain tops, while the d returned to the prelates curates, under the com- martial law.

had not been long in before the heather was A body of Covenant- d and made prisoners n soldiers. They had ie too far to recede. ks were augmented by e peasants. At Lanark ewed the Covenant, and a declaration of de- They marched toward h, their rear meanwhile y Dalziel. They drifted, weary with marching winter roads, toward the Hills. Here, on Rullion nid the gloom and dark- dreary November night, e attacked by Dalziel, and uted.

rsecutions which followed tive and quite accidental ere exceedingly drastic. e hanged at their own The heads of some were t Hamilton, Kilmarnock, udbright; and their right played at Lanark, where signed the Covenant.

14

Hugh McKail, a young minister only twenty-six, had characterized the king as "an Ahaz on the throne," Middleton as a "Haman in the State," and Sharp "as a Judas in the Church." He fled to Holland. On his return he found his wife and family exiled from their home, and all their substance wasted by the soldiers. He had joined the Pentland rising, but was compelled through illness to retire. He was subjected to the most cruel torture of the boot. The torture was excruciating.

"One touch more," cried the cruel Rothes, and the bones cracked as the mallet fell.

"I protest solemnly in the presence of God," cried McKail. "I can say no more, though all the joints in my body were in as great torture as that poor leg."

Having failed to accomplish their design, the council condemned him to death. "A thrill of emotion passed through the multitude as McKail came upon the platform." His crippled foot appealed to their sense of pity. His youth, his talent, his courage, his piety, impressed them. We are told that there was such a lamentation as was never known in Scotland before. As the rope was placed about his neck, he lifted the handkerchief from his eyes, and with a heavenly glow upon his face, exclaimed,

"As there is great solemnity here, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out of windows, so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven, of angels to carry my soul to God.

"Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations. Farewell, the world and all delights. Farewell, meat and drink. Farewell, sun, moon and stars. Welcome, God and Father. Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant. Welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace, God of all consolation. Welcome, glory. Welcome, eternal life. Welcome death!"

The vast multitude burst into sobbing as the fair form swung in the air, and Hugh McKail, at the age of twenty-six, had won the martyr's crown.

The promotion of Lauderdale, an ex-Covenanter, who had become a courtier, to the post of High Commissioner, brought a brief period of respite. Then efforts toward harmony were "interrupted by the shot of a pistol." It was fired at Sharp, by one Mitchell, a partially insane preacher, who attempted to assassinate the bishop as he entered a coach in Edinburgh. Mitchell escaped, but six years later was arrested. At his trial, after terrible torture, he was sent to the Bass Rock prison. He was, however, subsequently retried, "and sent to glorify God in the Grassmarket."

It was some years later that a company of men, twelve in number, had assembled on a lonely spot, on Magis Muir, near St. Andrew's. Their object was to waylay and chastise, perhaps kill, one Carmichael, an active tool of the prevalent tyranny. They learned that Sharp, the arch-fiend of the persecution, accompanied by his daughter, was travelling in his private carriage from Edinburgh to St. Andrew's. "It was a tragic scene—the servants palsied with terror, the old man and his daughter clinging to the carriage as to an ark of safety, the dark and vengeful faces of the

twelve men. Hackstoun a little apart, and Burley, with his sword bared and quivering with homicidal eagerness, the broad landscape, with distant St. Andrew's, and the smoke from his palace, visible in the bright May sunshine. Sharp prayed for mercy. "He would save their lives, give them money, even lay down his title of Bishop."

They answered, "We intend to take your life, not for hatred of your person, nor for prejudice you have done to us; but because you have been an avowed opposer of the Gospel and kingdom of Christ, and a murderer of his saints, whose blood you have shed like water. Thy money perish with thee! Mercy for thee who never didst show mercy to others!" The swords of Balfour and the others were buried in his bosom.

This dark and terrible deed was looked upon by many as a judgment from God upon the arch-persecutor, but it brought down even fiercer vengeance upon the Covenanters. It added a new test to the inquisitorial investigations, "Is Sharp's death murder or no?" Sharp was succeeded in the Council by the Bluidye MacKenzie, the Jeffries of Scotland; and shortly afterwards the notorious Claverhouse appeared on the scene. He was a merciless man, who in his excesses of cruelty surpassed even Dalziel.

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

The Father's house hath many rooms,
And each is fair;
And some are reached through gathered gloom,
By silent stair;
But He keeps house, and makes it home,
Whichever way the children come.
Plenty and peace are everywhere
His house within;
The rooms are eloquent with prayer,

The songs begin,
And dear hearts, filled with love, are glad,
Forgetting that they once were sad.
The Father's house is surely thine,
Therefore why wait?
His lights of love through darkness shine,
The hour grows late.
Push back the curtain of thy doubt,
And enter—none will cast thee out!
—Marianne Farningham.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

ST. BONIFACE, THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY.

BY THE EDITOR.



O records of missionary adventure exhibit nobler heroism than those relating the story of the introduction of Christianity into the pagan wilderness of Central Europe. Its rude superstitions gave place reluctantly to the gentler genius of the Gospel. The stern

ogy of the north seemed to me what akin in the rugged h of the Teutonic races. But gion of the cross was shown io less adapted to the rudest ost barbaric natures than to f the highest culture and re- it.

Protestant Christendom is d to a German monk for pating the souls of men from ritual thralldom of Rome. It an English monk that, eight d years before, the German were indebted for the first ing of the Gospel, not yet ted with the papal supersti- by which it became subse- / degraded.

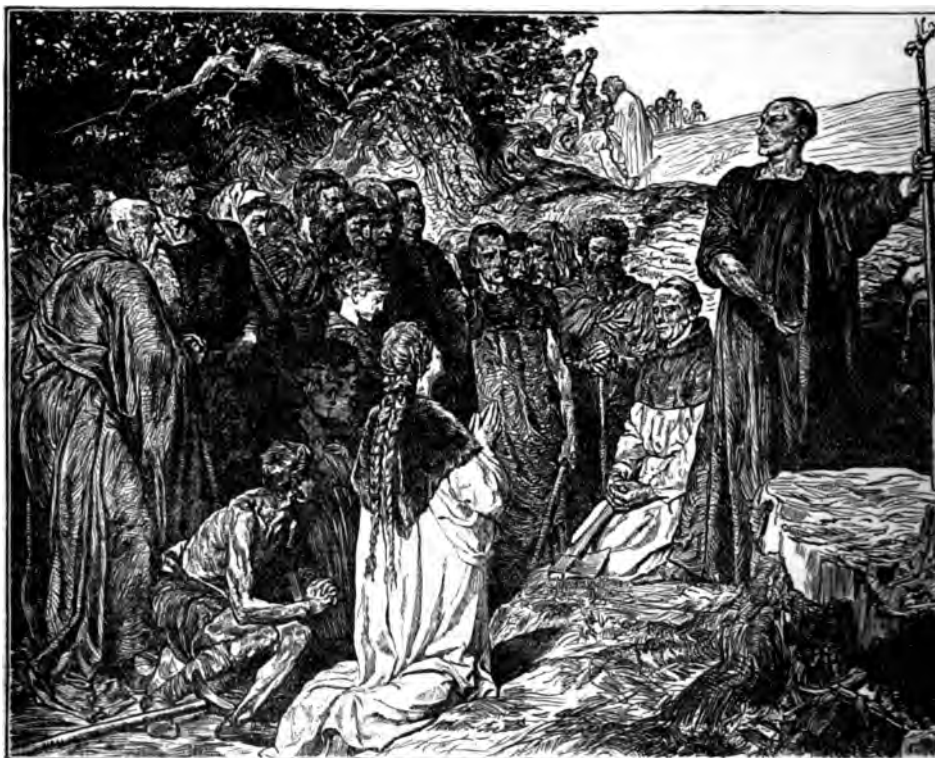
r the ancient city of Exeter, beautiful county of Devon, rn, towards the close of the 1 century, Winfrid, the fu- ostle of Germany. The son orking wheelwright, he was taught to labour with his

He was also carefully edu- in a conventual school, the anctuary of learning in those days. He was designed by rents for secular life, but a ous illness turned his its towards serious things.

He became eminent for his diligence and devotion, and for his deep acquaintance with the Scriptures. In his thirtieth year he received ordination, and his remarkable eloquence and superior talents and learning won for him great repute as a preacher. He was honoured with the confidence of King Ina, of Wessex, and the way to fame and fortune seemed open for him in his native land.

But a nobler ambition fired his soul. A few years before, Willibrord, a Northumbrian monk, educated in one of those Irish monasteries which were then the most famous for learning and piety in Europe, had gone with twelve companions as a missionary to Frisia, as the low fen lands of Belgium and Holland were then called. They met with great success and great persecution; and some of them won the coveted crown of martyrdom. The tales of their heroic deeds stirred the heart of the English monk, and he burned to emulate the zeal and to share the trial and triumph and the everlasting reward of his countrymen who were toiling among the pagan Frisians. He was destined to surpass them all in suffering and success, and in perennial fame wherever the records of Christian heroism are remembered.

In the year 717 he sailed from London, even then a busy port, to the coast of Normandy. Joining a band of pilgrims, he proceeded on foot through France and over the Gallic Alps to Rome. From Pope Gregory II. he obtained a commission to preach the Gospel among the pagan tribes of Germany. In the following spring, therefore,



THE FELLING OF THOR'S OAK AT GEISMAR. "FROM THE TIMBER OF THEIR FALLEN IDOL W. CONSTRUCTED A CHAPEL FOR THE WORSHIP OF CHRIST."

with a band of fellow missionaries, he traversed the plains of Lombardy, climbed the rugged Swiss Alps, threaded the wilds of the Black Forest, full of elk and bison, bear and wolf, lynx and glutton, and, for all he knew, of worse beasts still. Arrived in the heart of ancient Thuringia, he opened his commission. The wild German ritters were not impervious to the truth. Their stern hearts melted at the tender story of Calvary, and converts were made to the religion of Jesus.

Rejecting an invitation to become bishop of Utrecht in the Frisian land, which had become partially Christianized, Boniface plunged into the wilds of Hesse. Multitudes of the fierce Saxons, subdued *by the power of the Cross*, soon received *baptism at his hands*. Never-
his converts were prone to

relapse into paganism or, in strange confusion, to blend their old superstitions with their new creed. At Geismar, in Hesse, stood an ancient oak sacred for ages to Thor, the god of thunder. It was the object of peculiar reverence, and was the rendezvous of the heathen assemblies of the neighbouring tribes. In vain Boniface argued and entreated against its idolatrous veneration. He therefore boldly resolved to destroy the idol, for such in reality it was. He advanced, axe in hand, to cut down the obnoxious giant of the forest. A vast multitude assembled, restrained from interference by a sense of awe and terror. Many expected the instant destruction of the intrepid monk by the power of the outraged deity. But blow fell on blow and still Thor gave no sign. In vain his votaries invoked his power. Like Baal, he

on a journey, or was sleeping, answered not their prayers. At the mighty monarch of the shivered through all his leafy trees, tottered on his throne, crashing down, and lay upon the ground, shattered in pieces by the fall. The vast multitude were convinced that the **He is the God**, and from the **of their fallen idol** was **cond a chapel** for the worship of

throughout the Schwartz- writes the historian of the **tion of Germany**, "the **he- temples** disappeared; **humble trees** rose amid the forest; **monastic buildings** sprang **erever salubrity** of soil and **presence** of running water **sug- an inviting site**; the land was **l and brought** under the **; and the sound** of prayer **aise** awoke unwonted echoes **forest aisles**. The harvest **was** plenteous, but the labour- **re few."**

Mayence on the Rhine Boni- established his see in 751. As the son of a wheelwright he had as his seal a pair of . To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the of the city. They are in- in stone on the city gates, ed on the city standards, and ited on the vanes of its tow- This humble heraldry of toil er than any heraldry of arms. venerable missionary, vener- uth by his years and his apos- character, boldly rebuked sin h places. The smiles or of earthly potentates in- in him neither hope nor fear. ng that King Ethelbald of d was living a life of fla- in, he administered a scath- roof, and tried to shame him pentance by contrasting his t with that of the pagan in the German forests, who, without the law of Chris- did *by nature the things*

contained in the law, and testified by stern punishments their abhor- rence of the crimes committed by the recreant Christian king.

Though bowed beneath the weight of years and labours mani- fold, the missionary ardour of this apostolic bishop knew no abatement. Six times he crossed the Alps in the interest of his vast mission field. The welfare of his spiritual flock was a burden that lay heavy on his heart. In his seventy-fifth year he was called upon to restore upwards of thirty churches which had been destroyed by inroads of the heathen Frisians. He made an urgent appeal to Pepin of France for the protection of the persecuted Church. He wrote:

"Nearly all of my companions are strangers in this land. Some are aged men who have long borne, with me, the burden and heat of the day. For all these I am full of anxiety, lest after my death they should be scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Let them have a share of your countenance and protection, that they may not be dispersed abroad, and that the people dwelling on the heathen borders may not lose the law of Christ. My clergy are in deep poverty. Bread they can obtain, but clothing they cannot procure unless they receive aid to enable them to persevere and endure their hardships. Let me know whether thou canst promise the granting of my request, that, whether I live or die, I may have some assurance for the future."

This truly apostolic epistle brings to us across the dim and stormy centuries the assurance of the faith and prayers and godly zeal with which the foundations of the Christian civilization of the German Vaterland were laid by this pious English monk so many hundred years ago.

His work was well-nigh done. His death was as heroic as his life. Though upwards of seventy-five years of age, his missionary zeal burned as brightly as when in his eager youth in his English home he yearned to preach the Gospel to the pagan tribes. He resolved to make

a dying effort to win the heathen Frisians to the religion of Jesus. He had already selected his successor in office, and he bade him a solemn farewell. Among the books which he took as his companions on his last journey was the treatise of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," with which he sustained his soul as he went calmly to his fate. He felt an assurance that he should not return, and directed that with his travelling equipment his shroud might also be put up.

With a retinue of ten ecclesiastics and forty laymen he embarked at Mayence, on the Rhine, on his last missionary expedition. He glided down the rapid river, whose castled crags are haunted still with old-time memories. At length they reached the dreary fen land of the heathen Frisians. For a time all went well. Many pagans were converted and several churches were planted. But the heathen party, enraged at the success of the missionary band, resolved on an exterminating blow. On a blithe June morning the shimmer of spear-points was seen approaching the Christian encampment. Soon the clash of arms and shouts of an infuriate multitude were heard. Some of the bishop's retinue counselled resistance, and began to prepare for a defence. But the venerable Boniface stepped forth from his tent, his white hair streaming in the wind, and gave command that not a weapon should be lifted, but that all should calmly await the crown of martyrdom.

"Let us not return evil for evil," said the dying saint. "The long-expected day has come. The time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen ye yourselves in the Lord, and He will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can only kill the body. Put all your trust in God, who will speedily give you an entrance into His heavenly kingdom and an everlasting reward."

Enbraved by these heroic words,

that doomed missionary band calmly awaited their fate. The onset of the heathen was furious. The struggle was brief, and soon the blood-bedabbled robes and gory ground and mutilated bodies were the mute witnesses of this dreadful tragedy. The victorious pagans eagerly ransacked the tents, but their only treasures were some leathern cases containing the precious parchment Gospels and other manuscripts of the monks. These were speedily rifled and the books strewn upon the plain or hidden in the marsh. Pious hands afterwards gathered up with loving care these relics, and conveyed them, with the body of the great missionary, to the monastery of Fulda which he had founded.

In a stone sarcophagus in the crypts of the monastery still sleep the remains of the Apostle of Germany, and here has been treasured for ages the time-worn copy of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," which, with his shroud, was stained with his blood. This simple relic brings vividly before the imagination that heroic martyrdom eleven hundred years ago—June 5th, A.D. 755—by the shores of the Zuyder Zee:

Many centuries have been numbered
While in death the monk has slumbered,
'Neath the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the brave deed through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

This heroic life and death are but one example of the pious zeal of the mediaeval apostles and missionaries of Europe. Dr. Maclear describes the missionary movement as follows:

"Eager, ardent, impetuous, they seemed to take the continent by storm. With a dauntless zeal that nothing could check, an enthusiasm that nothing could stay, they flung themselves into the gloomiest solitudes of Switzerland and

in and Germany, and before long wooden huts made way for the more substantial buildings of Luxeuil and Fulda in Burgundy and Gall. With practised eye they selected the proper site for their monastic home, saw that it occupied a favorable position with reference to the surrounding country, among whom they proposed to settle, and that it possessed a fertile soil, a pure water, and was near some friendly water-courses. These points secured, the woods were cleared, the trees were felled, the ground was cleared, and the monastery arose. The voice of prayer and praise was heard in those gloomy solitudes, the psalm and plaintive litany awoke the echoes amid the forest glades. The brethren were never idle. While the uneducated children whom they had rescued from death or torture, others copied manuscripts or toiled over illuminations or transcribed a Gospel; some cultivated the soil, guided the plow, planted the apple-tree and the vine, arranged the bee-hives, erected the wind-mill, opened the mine, and thus directed to the eyes of men the kingdom of Christ as the kingdom of One who deemed the bodies no less than the souls of His creatures."

Colomban, a successor of Boniface, founded the first monastery in the forest of Burchwald. Unfettered, he sailed up lonely rivers and reversed pathless wildernesses to the foot of man had never before. By day he protected himself against wild beasts by singing hymns and prayers. At night he kindled a fire of faggots, and himself with the sign of the cross, and committed his soul to the protection of God. Before long he gathered about him four thousand monks under his leadership, felling the forest, ploughing the glebe—planting, tilling, digging, dyking and draining—changing the wilderness into a garden, the scene of pagan savagery into the seat of Christian civilization.

The Western monk never exhibited the delirious fanaticism which characterized the Eastern confraternities. He was characterized, in the earlier barbarous days of monarchism, by his submission to authority, by intense industry, and by industry of

life. "Beware of idleness," wrote St. Benedict, "as the greatest enemy of the soul." *Qui laborat orat*, was the motto of his order. Under the inspiration of this principle, work, before degraded as the task of slaves and serfs, became ennobled and dignified as a service of duty.

The Latin confraternities were also less austere and ascetic than the Eastern orders. They exhibited less of spiritual selfishness and clearer conception of Christian obligation. "I serve God that I may save my lost soul," exclaimed the Stylite, and, fakirlike, cursed the world as a scene of baleful enchantment, and in his dying hours refused to look upon the face or regard the tears of the mother who bore him. The gentle heart of St. Francis Assisi, the flower of the Western monks, went forth in affection to all created things, and inculcated boundless beneficence as the essence of Christianity. In his "Song of the Creatures," he gives thanks for his brother the sun, his sister the moon, his mother the earth, for the water, the fire, and even for his sister Death—"Laudato sia Dio mio Signore—messer le frate sole—per suor luna—per nostra madre terra—nostra morte corporale."

But the monastic system, however clear in the spring, became miry in the stream. It shared an inveterate taint from which sprang frightful corruptions invoking its destruction. The picturesque ruins of the abbeys and priories of a by-gone age are the monument of an institution out of harmony with the spirit of modern civilization—an institution to be remembered with gratitude, it is true, for its providential mission in the past, but without regret for its removal when that work has been accomplished. In lands where it still exists it is an anachronism and an incubus—a belated ghost of midnight walking in the light of day.

SIR HENRY FAWCETT.*

THE BLIND POSTMASTER OF ENGLAND.

I.



HENRY FAWCETT was born at Salisbury, August 26th, 1833. His father, William Fawcett, a draper, was a man of great vigour of body, genial temperament, a good political speaker, and became Mayor of Salisbury. His mother, Mary Cooper, the daughter of a solicitor, was a woman of strong common-sense, deeply interested in politics, and an ardent reformer.

The boy, Henry, active, enthusiastic, and merry, was placed at a small dame-school. That he did not help the quiet and order of it is manifest from a remark made by him to his mother: "Mrs. Harris says that if we go on, we shall kill her, and we do go on, and yet she does not die!"

At the age of eight the boy was sent to the school of Mr. Sopp, at Alderbury, five miles from Salisbury. He was not especially pleased, as his letters home show. He writes, "I have begun 'Ovid.' I hate it. . . . This is a beastly school—milk and water, no milk; bread and butter, no butter."

At fourteen he entered Queen-

* The life-story of a great statesman who, in spite of his blindness, conquered his way to the very first rank in the British Ministry; who devoted his energies to the welfare of the poor, the friendless and oppressed; and especially to those suffering the same disabilities as himself—a man who in spite of his infirmities lived an active, uncomplaining, nay, joyous existence, is well worth telling. We are dependent for the facts here given chiefly to the admirable sketch by Sarah Knowles Bolton.—Ed.

wood College. Here the lad became much interested in science. A composition which he wrote on "steam" so pleased the father, that he promised to give Henry a sovereign. It was the first thing which convinced Mr. Fawcett that there was "something in the boy." He preferred study to boyish sports, and, in spite of prohibitions, would desert the playground to steal into a copse with his books.

"In an old chalk-pit, he would gesticulate as he recited, till passing labourers had doubts as to his sanity. Even at this time, when the boys talked of their future lives, he always declared that he meant to be a member of Parliament—an avowal they received by 'roars of laughter.'"

The Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Hamilton, was consulted as to the future of this lad, who "meant to go to Parliament." Upon seeing Henry's mathematical papers, the Dean said at once that he ought to go to Cambridge University.

As the father was not a rich man, Henry decided upon that college which gave the largest fellowships. He had a certain rustic air, in strong contrast to that of the young Pendennis who might stroll along the bank to make a book upon the next boat-race. He rather resembled some of the athletic figures who may be seen at the side of a north-country wrestling ring."

Though fond of sports, "He never," says his classmate, Stephen, "condescended to gambling. The moral standard of Cambridge was, in certain respects, far from elevated; but Fawcett, though no ascetic, was in all senses perfectly blameless in his life."

Fond of mathematics himself,

ett soon became the centre of a circle of mathematicians and young men. Especially was the intellectual economy of John Stuart Mill read and discussed. Sincere, unashamed to show his enthusiasm and warm-heartedness, he had many friendships which lasted through life. One of Fawcett's qualifications for making friendships was his utter incapacity to be awed by differences of opinion. He was equally at home with an agricultural labourer, a prime minister, or a senior scholar.

He became prominent in the debate at the "Union," speaking on National Education, The Crimean War, University Reform, and other subjects. He won a scholarship at Cambridge examination in 1854, and determined to try for the senior fellowship—a most exciting con-

test—the Tripos," says Stephen, "as I imagine, the first and the best of his life, Fawcett's nerve failed him. He could not sleep, and he got out of bed and ran round the college quadrangle to exhaust himself. He failed to gain access upon which he had depended in the concluding papers." He stood seventh on the list.

At Christmas, 1856, he was elected to a fellowship, which gave him two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Still determined to enter Parliament some day, he began the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, London. Desiring, however, to excel in public speaking, he joined a debating society, which held its meetings in an old-fashioned room near Westminster Hall. It is said that Sir Edward Bulwer once came here, mistaking it for the House of Commons, and only perceived his mistake when he heard no dull speeches worth one asleep.

Young Fawcett's eyes now began to fail him from over-use, and he

was obliged to give up law for a time. He found employment by taking a pupil, who went with him to Paris to study French, and mathematics at the same time under Fawcett.

A letter written about this time to an intimate friend of the family, Mrs. Hodding, shows the strong purpose of the young man of twenty-three:

"I started life as a boy with the ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labour, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow-men, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one—the mental degradation of millions.

"I have tried myself severely, but in vain, to discover whether this desire has not some worldly source. I could therefore never be happy unless I was to do everything to secure and fit myself for this position. For I should be racked with remorse through life if any selfishness checked such efforts. For I must regard it as a high privilege from God if I have such aspirations, and if he has endowed me with powers which will enable me to assist in such a work of philanthropy. This is the career which perhaps the too bright hopes of youth have induced me to hope for."

To remove "the mental degradation of millions!" This was, indeed, what Fawcett ever after lived and worked for. How seldom do we regard, as he did, aspiration "as a high privilege from God," and yet this is often the making of a man or woman. Aspiration, as a rule, means that one has power within him to achieve results.

Alas! how soon was this life-plan to be thwarted—this hope crushed; thwarted it would have been in the case, perhaps, of nine persons out of ten, but not thwarted in young Henry Fawcett.

On September 17th, 1858, Fawcett went out shooting with his

father on Harnham Hill. It is a lovely place, where he had often come to view the landscape, enriched by beautiful Salisbury Cathedral. The father, with incipient cataract of one eye, and forgetting for the moment where his son stood, fired at the birds. A few shots entered young Fawcett's chest, but two shots went higher, one passing through each glass of his spectacles, directly into the eyes, remaining imbedded behind them. In one instant the brilliant young student was made blind for life.

His first thought was, he afterwards told his sister, that he should never again see the view upon which he had looked that perfect autumn afternoon. When he reached his home, his first words to his sister were, "Maria, will you read the newspaper to me?" Total darkness came, and remained till his death.

Young Fawcett was calm, even cheerful, but his father was broken-hearted. He had looked forward to great success for his son; he and Henry were in a remarkable degree companions and confidants, and now both lives seemed almost valueless. He told a friend, "I could bear it if my son would only complain."

Young Fawcett said years later, that he had made up his mind "in ten minutes" after the accident to carry out his cherished plans as far as possible. But it was evident that blindness must prove an almost insurmountable barrier to success. He thought of attempting to go on with the law, but soon gave it up. He tried to write with his own hand, but soon had to discontinue it. "But," said Stephen, "he had resolved to stick to his old ambition. Blind, poor, unknown, he would force his way into the House of Commons."

At first he had occasional fits of depression, which he tried to keep

from the knowledge of his mother and sister, whom he idolized; but he soon came to make cheerfulness the habit and comfort of his life, and the joy of those about him. He resolved to be as happy as he could, and expressed, in later years, "some impatience with people who avowed or affected weariness of life." There was only one thing which he dreaded, loss of energy. He kept his wonderful activity, both of brain and body, to the last.

Cheerful, determined though he might be, the hard fact was ever present—he was blind. He left Lincoln's Inn, and went back to Cambridge, to give himself to study—through the eyes of others. He engaged as his guide and amanuensis a boy, Edward Brown, the son of a college servant at Corpus Christi College. Nine years later Brown entered Trinity College to study for the Church. He went out to Natal, and died before he had been a year in his work.

At Trinity Hall, Fawcett, as ever, gathered about him a delightful circle. His chief studies were now in the line of Political Economy, though he found time for Shelley and Wordsworth, Milton and Burke. He listened eagerly to the reading of parliamentary debates, and every newspaper within reach.

He prepared essays for the British Association and the Social Science Association. His first public appearance was in September, 1859, a year after he became blind, before the British Association at Aberdeen, where he gave a paper on the "Social and Economical Influence of the New Gold."

"He astonished," said Mr. Stephen, "an audience, to most of whom even his name had hitherto been unknown, by the clearness with which he expounded an economic theory and marshalled the corresponding statistics as few men could have done even with the ad-

of eyesight. The discovery of Fawcett was the most remarkable event of the meeting."

The following year he served on a committee appointed to investigate the question of strikes. He was now but twenty-seven years of age. Evidently he was to take on a great deal of thought and work of a kind, although blind.

The blind young author was an ardent disciple of John Stuart Mill. A few years later Fawcett said in writing some prizes at Manchester, "As I was reading Mill's works, perhaps the greatest work of the greatest living writer, as I thought it noble, I might almost say my idea, I thought I to myself, why one in my country could not read this work, how in a happier world the nation

of 1863, the Professorship of Political Economy became vacant at Cambridge. There were four candidates. Some said Fawcett could not preserve order in his lectures; and most, of course, regarded his loss of sight as an unobjection. The election was very contested, but Fawcett won the prize.

Fawcett wrote to his mother: "The day yesterday was a wonderful day. All the masters opposed me with two exceptions. My victory was a great surprise to the university. I thought, on the day that I should win, but I expected a much smaller majority." Fawcett continued to deliver his course of lectures at Cambridge as long as he lived.

At thirty years of age the blind Fawcett had become a professor at one of the great universities of the country, an author, and was ready to enter politics. But it was not a matter to enter. Thousands were rich, and had sight, and more prominent even than he, and eager for every position.

Nothing daunted, he determined not only to try, but to succeed.

The death of the admiral, Sir Charles Napier, left a vacancy in the representation of Southwark.

The Southwark committee were pleased with the blind young politician, and consented to hold meetings in his behalf. At the first meeting but few were present to hear the unknown candidate; but soon, as he spoke every night, hearers came from all parts of London, and the street outside the place of meeting was often crowded.

He made new friends constantly. He declared that he would not spend one shilling to influence votes, and the people believed in the purity of his principles. But his blindness was the insurmountable obstacle.

"How can he catch the eye of the Speaker?" said one.

"How can he understand about laying out new streets?" said another.

Fawcett explained how he could inform himself by putting pins in a map. How little the people then realized that he was destined to do more important work for England than the laying out of new streets!

Finally, Fawcett was obliged to give up the contest in favour of a well-known candidate, Sir Austin Henry Layard.

Young Fawcett was told by his friends that he could never get into Parliament, and that, as he had already shown marked ability in some mining transactions, he "better go on the Stock Exchange and make a fortune."

He replied:

"No; I am convinced that the duties of a member of the House of Commons are so multifarious, the questions brought before him so complicated and difficult, that, if he fully discharges his duty, he requires almost a lifetime of study. If I take up this profession, I will not trifle with the interests of my country; I will not trifle with the interests of my constituents by going into the House of

Commons inadequately prepared because I gave up to the acquisition of wealth the time which I ought to have spent in the acquisition of political knowledge."

There was now a vacancy in the representation of Cambridge. Fawcett became a candidate. The Conservatives opposed him as a Radical, and they were shocked that he was willing to admit Dissenters to fellowship! The contest cost six hundred pounds, and Fawcett was defeated.

A vacancy occurred soon after at Brighton. Again, Fawcett became a candidate. The contest, "in which rotten eggs and Brighton pebbles played their part, was bitter in the extreme. Fawcett was opposed because he was poor, and would not, as well as could not, spend money on the election; he had favoured co-operation, and was therefore said to be "plotting the ruin of the tradesman," and worst of all, and above all other objections, he was blind. For the third time he was defeated.

To any other man but Henry Fawcett, the case must have seemed utterly hopeless. Not so to him, who had made up his mind when a boy that he would some time enter the House of Commons. He tried a fourth time for Brighton, and was elected. At thirty-two Fawcett had become a member of Parliament.

What must have been his feelings as he sat in his seat for the first time! He thus writes to his father:

"I have just returned from my first experience of the House of Commons. I went there early in the morning, and soon found that I should have no difficulty in finding my way about. I walked in with Tom Hughes, about four minutes to two, and a most convenient seat, close to the door, was at once, as it were, conceded to me; and I have no doubt that it will always be considered my seat. Every one was most kind, and I was quite overwhelmed with congratulations."

Fawcett showed his good sense by remaining comparatively quiet

in the House of Commons for some months. His first set speech was on March 13, 1866, on the Reform Bill for the extension of the franchise.

The Conservatives contended that the common people did not desire the right to vote. Fawcett spoke earnestly on behalf of the working classes. He urged that the great questions of the future were those affecting labour and capital, and those most deeply concerned had a right to help make the laws.

Fawcett's second speech, made the following month, was upon the opening of fellowships to Dissenters. At Oxford University, strange as it may seem in this nineteenth century of freedom of speech and belief, a Dissenter could not take a degree. At Cambridge a Dissenter could hold a scholarship, but not the higher reward of a fellowship. Many fellowships in both universities could be held only on condition of taking orders in the Church of England.

Fawcett argued that every religious test which excluded any sect from the universities should be abolished. He felt that the fellowships should be given to the most distinguished men. Fawcett laboured in support of the University Tests Abolition Bill, till, after being twice rejected by the House of Lords, in 1869 and 1870, it was passed in 1871 by both Commons and Lords. Clerical fellowships were abolished in 1877.

Fawcett desired especially to see the children of agricultural labourers as well provided for intellectually as those in manufacturing districts. Both in Parliament and in the press he was constantly asking for better education, more comfortable homes, higher wages, and happier lives for the labourers.

"Many years of my life," he said, "were passed on a large farm. It is a fact that the vast majority of agricultural

men never can, or at least never do, any provision for old age. There are tracts of the best cultivated land in the country, where it would be almost possible to find a labourer who had five pounds. As a class, they look as if they should be maintained upon parish when they are unable to work. It more appears that our agricultural system is such that those who till our soil frequently spend their lives in poverty, and end their days in pauperism. Leisure is a priceless blessing to those who possess some mental cultivation, but it weighs heavily on the hands of those who are as uneducated as our agricultural workers. I remember one winter's day calling upon one of these labourers about seven o'clock; I found him going to bed. On being asked why he did not sit an hour or two longer, he said in a peculiar melancholy which I can never forget, 'My time is no use to me; I do not read. I have nothing to do, and I have no use burning fire and candle for nothing.' When I reflected that this man was endowed by nature with no ordinary intellectual power, I thought what a blessing his words were upon our vaunted civilization. . . . A man's moral qualities are, as a general rule, developed by the proper

training of the mind. It is of peculiar importance in agriculture that the workman should possess a high moral character. The profits of the farmer often entirely depend upon the honesty and the fidelity with which his labourers do their work."

Mr. Fawcett laboured constantly for compulsory education, and after years of effort saw it accomplished by Mr. Mundella's bill in 1880.

He was found by personal investigation that children were taken away from school at a very early age, and made to earn to help to support the family. In one village there was not a single youth who could read sufficiently well to enjoy a newspaper. "A child when he is seven or eight years old can earn a shilling a week by holloaing at crows, and when a year older gets two shillings a week as plough-boy. These children are almost invariably taken away from school at this early age, and they consequently soon forget the little they have learned."

QUIETNESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"—Job xxxiv. 29.

"He giveth quietness." Sweet words of blessing,
When the storm gathers, and the skies are dark;
Out of the tempest to His sheltering bosom
Fly, O my soul, and find a welcome ark.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this: in every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumult stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine, along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning,
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest peace?

THE ROMAN VILLA AT DARENTH.



THE account of the Roman occupation of England for four centuries is written not only in the works of Latin authors, but also on and under the surface of our island. Fragments of the walls still remain, whose strength, after nearly two thousand years, laughs to scorn our modern buildings. Roman tiles formed the best material with which some of our early church builders could work. Many of our finest roads leading straight over hill and down dale were the work of the Romans. Under the earth none can say what relics remain as yet undiscovered; but enough has been found to show us much of the way of living of the Italian invaders of our island.

Their great road, Watling Street, from Richborough to London, and so on to the Roman wall, passed through Canterbury and Rochester, and had one of its halting-places at Springhead near Darenth.

One would naturally expect that a settlement would spring up here, and therefore the discovery of Roman coins and other antiquities during the past fifty years, was not a matter of much surprise. The church of Darenth, too, was known to contain large quantities of Roman tiles in its walls, which must have been obtained from buildings in the neighbourhood. A steam-plough which had been employed in a neighbouring field had been broken by the strength of some old foundations under the surface, while the labourers sometimes turned up Roman tiles when digging. It had also been noticed in dry summers, that certain lines

of irregularity in the crop, crossing and recrossing each other, might be seen.

All these things pointed to the likelihood of the old foundations of a Roman villa still existing under the soil. There must have been at the time of the Roman occupation many houses in the neighbourhood whose occupants were engaged in furnishing supplies to the station at Springhead, or else had placed their dwellings so as to be conveniently near to the river Darenth as well as the main road.

Two gentlemen living in the neighbourhood at last determined to put the matter to the test, and obtaining leave from the tenant farmer on whose land the supposed site was, they began to dig. At the depth of a foot they came upon a Roman pavement composed of small pieces of red brick.

The harvest of 1894 had been already cleared, and there was thus an excellent opportunity for making further excavations. A portion of the field was at once enclosed, and a lease obtained from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who are the owners of the land. Mr. George Payne, F.S.A., a celebrated authority on Roman Antiquities, was asked to superintend the work, and the whole of the subsequent excavations have been carried out under his directions, and in many places, where the work was of special delicacy, by his own hands.

The present appearance of the villa is rather like that of an immense house, where the excavations have been completed, and the foundations brought almost to the level of the ground. There are many things, however, which we should not expect to find in the

ons of a modern house, as several things missing, e should expect to find.

rst surprise in digging was rmous size of the villa. e of land at first enclosed 0 feet square, but it was nd that the walls extended this in every direction. osure was increased to 450 are, and the foundations und to cover the greater his extensive area. It is, the largest Roman villa yet been discovered in

ter walls are two feet in s and built of flint with of tiles, and faced with

of these tiles, on being d, was found to be fifteen long, eleven and three-inches wide, and two and nches thick.

general plan of the house l of a long suite of rooms, g from east to west for a f 380 feet. Corridors ran e back and front; one the istance, the other only half. The space in front of the ridor was divided into two urtheryards, separated by an nt ninety feet in length, the which is uncertain. It is eet in width, and had walls t in thickness. At the end a semicircular tank, once th lead, and having a water-ling into it. The lead has ice gone, but the character interior shows clearly that once so lined. No other villa yet discovered has a apartment, and hence the nty as to its use.

ng at the eastern end, the ng to be noticed is the e arrangement for heating ns. Coming from sunny this country, one of the ey felt the most must have

been the coldness of our winters. They still continued the practice of their own country, to keep one part of the house for winter, and to reserve the cool, shady rooms for summer use. No less than six rooms at the north and east of the Darenth villa have these underground arrangements for heating the rooms called hypocausts (heated from below).

The floor of the room was supported either by columns of tiles about eight inches square, as the room in our illustration shows, or by flue tiles about two feet in height, or else by parallel rows of chalk blocks with spaces between for the fuel. The hot air thus passed under the whole floor and up the walls, by means of flue tiles.

Nearer the centre of the house are the rooms set apart for bathing, some heated by hypocausts, and some for cold baths. The bath was an important part of the daily life of the Roman, the wealthy nobles often spending some hours a day at the baths. One of the baths at Darenth contains a trench which seems to have been for the feet of the bathers. The leaden pipe for carrying off the water from one of the baths is still preserved. There is also a large swimming-bath, about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide, which is reached by a descent of four steps, which are carefully rounded so that the bathers should not scratch their limbs.

Towards the west are other rooms, which show that water was let in at one end of the series, and after passing through them was let out again by a channel which probably led to the river. It has been suggested that these rooms may furnish a clue as to the probable occupation of the owner, say tanning, or dyeing.

The flooring of the various rooms is of various materials. In

some, it is composed of square red tiles imbedded in cement, in others of cement alone, while in others, again, it consists of small cubes or fragments, from half an inch to an inch square, laid down piece by piece in cement to form a pavement.

The walls were coated with plaster, upon which colours were laid, sometimes plain, sometimes in ornamental design. Fragments of plaster showing the colour upon them have been found in the rubbish with which the floors were covered.

One of the most interesting discoveries in connection with the excavations has been that of fragments of Roman window glass, not blown or rolled, but cast in a mould. No whole pane has been found, but there are enough pieces to show that the size was 11 3-4 inches long by 8 3-4 inches wide.

Many antiquities of interest have been dug up in the vicinity. One of the most curious is a bell which suggests a modern bicycle bell. There seems to be no doubt, however, as to its genuineness. It is a curious instance, showing how conservative mankind is. Among other articles which have been found are a comb, a key-head, a bone pin, a bronze ornament, a pair of tweezers, several knives,

and a horse-sandal, some of which are not unlike those at present in use. The knives are not set into handles like our modern cutlery. The horse-sandal recalls the shoe which is put over the horse's foot sometimes, to prevent him from slipping into the soft earth.

Many coins have also been dug up, several of which belong to the reign of Tetricus, and dating from A.D. 267 to 272.

No clue has yet been found as to the time when the villa ceased to be occupied. There are no traces of charred roof or walls, so that it probably was not burnt down. The fact that all the walls are brought down to the level of the ground, is easily explained by the way in which the ruins were used as a quarry from which to obtain materials for building the church, and doubtless other buildings too.

The foundations of the villa lie four or five feet below the present level of the ground, and must have been in constant danger from the overflow of the river. To remedy this, a wall 340 feet in length had been built between the house and the river. The difference of level is largely due to the continual washing down of the soil from the higher slopes, though the turning over of the soil and the action of earth-worms have no doubt helped to bring about the result.

L'ENVOI.

And they were stronger hands than mine
That digged the Ruby from the earth—
More cunning brains that made it worth
The large desire of a King ;
And bolder hearts that through the brine
Went down the Perfect Pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race,
For Pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make—
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see.
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay ;
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well ?

—Rudyard Kipling.



OLD MISSION CHURCH AND CLOISTERS—SANTA BARBARA.

IN SARDIS.

BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

Revelation ii. 14.

Foul the streets of Sardis thread
 Many a way of shame,
 Walk I there among the dead,
 Dead beyond reclaim.

Slain by passion, greed and crime,
 Oft across my way,
 Lies the youth in manhood's prime,
 Lies the head of gray.

Yet the King of spirits seven,
 In His hand a star,
 Speaks from out His highest heaven,
 "There thy goings are!"

"Strengthen, comfort, watch apace,
 Not one soul deny;
 Ready are they for My grace;
 Ready, too, to die.

"Raiment fair awaits thy toil,
 Where beyond the strife
 Stands thy name without assoil
 In the Book of Life."

Lord, I kiss thy garment's hem
 Only heavenly might
 Can in Sardis take of them
 Who shall "walk in white."

—*Union Signal.*

LORD LEIGHTON.



HOEVER has seen the majestic frescoes in the South Kensington Museum representing the Arts of Peace and War, must have been profoundly impressed with the genius of the great British artist, Lord Leighton. These are thus described by our accomplished Canadian artist-critic, E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.

The first of these designs represents a quay or wharf in a sea-port of ancient Greece, in the background of which, in a semi-circular colonnade, a group of languid beauties is seen, gossiping or braiding their hair. In the immediate foreground (if water may be so described) is a boat laden with fruit and merchandise. On the quay are vendors of fruit, pottery, etc. The whole composition is treated with a view to beautiful arrangement of line, mass and colour without regard to realistic or antiquarian accuracy. This is the keynote of Leighton's success. With a knowledge of the manners and customs of the people of Greece presumably as complete as that of any other painter of his intellectual scope, he never allowed that knowledge to pedantically obtrude itself: his pictures have, therefore, the high æsthetic value of genuine artistic creations in which considerations of historical accuracy have played only a minor part.

In the second panel, or lunette, representing the Art of War, the president struck a more forcibly dramatic note than in the first. The costumes would represent, probably the mediæval period of the world's

history, when the flame of war was quickly spread, and when every man carried his life in his hands. In the busy preparations which are being made by the young warriors in this picture to meet successfully the invasion of the enemy, Leighton has seen his opportunity for a motley picturesqueness which he never reached before nor since. In the busy movement and bustle of the scene, one almost hears the clanging of the armourer's hammer as he rivets on the coat of steel; and, on the left, in the shadow of a palace wall, a group of matrons are stitching and patching the doublets and hose of the departing lords.

A brief sketch of this distinguished artist, more honoured by his nation than any other, together with presentation of some of his more notable works, will be of interest to our readers. We abridge this in part from an article in the *American Methodist Magazine* and from other sources:

When, in the month of January, 1896, the tidings of Lord Leighton's death were announced to the world, a general feeling of the deepest regret was manifested. Unlike the artist-poet, Alfred Tennyson, he hardly lived to enjoy his peerage, so nobly won. Indeed, the new-year list of honours, which included him among the peers of the British realm, was published in the very month of his demise.

Since the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the friend of Samuel Johnson and John Wesley, whose "Discourses on Painting" still remains a classic, the national interest in the subject has deepened and enlarged. In many respects Ruskin's theories of art stand in contradistinction to the somewhat formal utterances of the great and good Reynolds. The latter theories in-



"THE MUSIC LESSON."

e on the inherent quality of art, as including the whole spiritual and religious.

rt held up to admiration in s' time was the semi-pagan the Renaissance. Ruskin

Renaissance ideals, and re- o the simpler, more direct ons and methods of pre- itic times. These aspira- e found alive in the deliver-

Leighton. "As we are, so k is!" he declares in a mem- discourse, "and the moral f what we are will control ist's work, from the first f the brush or chisel until ' And again:

ve me, whatever of dignity, of strength, we have within

us, will dignify and will make strong the labours of our hands; whatever little- ness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work, whatever purity is ours will also chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is, and what we sow in our lives, that, beyond a doubt, we shall reap for good or for ill in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot."

These heartfelt passages are worthy of the great president who did so much to raise the whole character of English art. It is not wonder- ful that he should have early attracted the favourable notice of the late Queen, and that his first marked success, "Cimabue's Ma- donna," should have found in her



"VIOLA."

haser. Forty-six years ago Victoria paid three thousand for the painting.

Leighton was a north-country born on the coast of Yorkshire at the fashionable seaside of Scarborough. He came of an artistic family, his father and grandfather having been physicians.

The latter, Sir James Leighton, was at one time in attendance at the court of St. Petersburg, as physician to Alexander I. and his eldest son, Nicholas. His grandfather, father of the painter, was a physician in medicine at Edinburgh. He took his doctorate in medicine and he had brilliant prospects which were clouded by an attack of deafness. In place of his medical pursuits, he devoted himself to metaphysics. The result was therefore accustomed from childhood to high ideals and strenuous effort.

Like Ruskin and Browning, he was happy in enjoying the intimacy of his father and judicious parent. In his early years old he already showed signs of artistic aptitudes. His mother, who was ailing, spent much of her time on the Continent to restore her health, and she took her boy with her.

He had the advantage of studying drawing at Rome with the painter, Raffaele Menghi. Four years later he went to Florence with his father, where they met Hiram Powers, the American sculptor. To the inquiry from the father, "Can you make him an artist?" Powers replied: "Sir, you have no doubt in the matter; he is one already."

Leighton's early influences were very cosmopolitan. Not only did he owe much to the somewhat different Florentine and other Italian schools, but he also gained valuable hints from personal association with the great German, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Steinle, the Frankfort master. He was thus enabled to correct many of the mannerisms which

characterized current Italian methods, and which he was only too prone to exaggerate. Leighton always expressed himself as deeply indebted to Steinle, whom he considered underestimated by the world. His seventeenth year he spent at the Stadtelsches Institut, in Frankfurt. Next year he proceeded to Brussels, where he worked without a master, and produced his first piece worth recording, "Cimabue Finding Giotto in the fields of Florence." This was purchased by Queen Victoria. It was reminiscent of the three years he had spent in the city of the Medici. From Brussels he went to Paris, and later we find him at Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the famous French painters, Gerome and Bouguereau. Here also he met his fellow-countryman, Robert Browning, then busily engaged in writing his "Men and Women." The poet and the painter were working in closely allied territories, and were afterwards to be linked together. Another gifted writer, the Frenchwoman, Georges Sand, was in Rome at this time, and was among the circle of his acquaintances.

In the year 1859 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Academy. His diploma picture was in the sphere of Christian art. It represents St. Jerome, naked to the waist, kneeling with uplifted hands at the foot of a crucifix, while a lion hovers in the background. Already a new influence was manifest in his work, for the gorgeous East had begun to throw its spell over him. In the year 1868 the eyes of the world were centred on the Suez Canal, where M. de Lesseps was just completing, under imperial auspices, his famous waterway. Leighton visited Egypt in this year, and made a voyage up the Nile with the Frenchman, the Khedive himself providing the steamer which carried them. The only picture he exhibited at the Academy in 1870



"LETTY."

was named "A Nile Woman," and became the property of the late Queen of England. The figure, that of a girl, stands in the moonlight, balancing an empty pitcher on her head.

Leighton was particularly successful in illustrating Bible incidents, the field in which he chose to work being the Old Testament. Those who have seen his grand study, "Moses Views the Promised Land," will hardly forget its ma-

jestic outlines. Other studies are: "Cain and Abel," "Abram and the Angel," "Eliezer and Rebekah," "The Death of the Firstborn," "The Spies' Escape," "Samson and the Lion," and "Samson at the Mill." The nine compositions constitute a "Bible Gallery," and have been reproduced in a popular form by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The painter is associated with the publication, in 1863, of George

"Romola," to each instalment which he supplied a full drawing, as the story appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. These were these drawings es- that they were afterwards and in the form of a "Corn- lery."

Years later he furnished a piece, which serves to inter- Albert Browning's "Balau- Adventure." This famous e, produced in 1871, is "Hercules Wrestling with for the body of Alcestis." ne is laid by the sea, and the the dead queen, robed in in the centre of the pic- nder the branches of great On the right the grey spec- eath is pressing forward to where she lies, and is kept the giant strength of the Hercules. On the left there up of mourners beautifully while in the rear stands old . So delighted was Brown- the presentation that he in- his poem, published shortly ad, a tribute to the painter's

too, a great Kaunian painter,
strong,
lean, though rosy with a robe
that softens down his sinewy
strength:

as made a picture of it all.
s Alkestis dead, beneath the sun
d to look her last upon, beside
which somehow tempts the life in
us
trip over its white waste of waves,
escape from earth, and fleet as free.
he body I suppose there bends
es in his hoary impotence;
een-wailers in a corner crouch
autiful as yon four, yes, indeed!
h to other, agonizing all,
ed in fear's rhythmic sympathy,
ontending opposite. There strains
it o' the hero 'gainst his more than
match,
readful not in thew and bone, but
like
nomed substance that exudes some
dew,
the merely honest flesh and blood
er up and run to ruin straight,

Ere they can close with, clasp and overcome
The poisonous impalpability
That simulates a form beneath the flow
Of those grey garments. I pronounce that
piece

Worthy to set up in our Poikilé.

The French critic, M. Robert de la Sizeranne, speaks of this great painter's distinctly English touch, veiled though it be by his eclecticism.

"Leighton finds his chosen field," he adds, "in subjects which elevate the thought towards the pinnacles of existence and of history, so that one cannot recall a nose or a limb without remembering some high gospel lesson, or, at least, some great social obligation. The grandeur of human fellowship, the nobility of peace, such is the theme that inspires him oftenest and best; and it is an idea for which he found his inspiration at home."

Mr. Wylie Grier enumerates among other of his best-known works the following:

"The Fisherman and the Siren," "The Triumph of Music," "Paola and Francesca," and "Romeo and Juliet." A rapid succession of pictures came from his prolific brush, till his art reached a sort of culminating point in the "Daphnephoria," a canvas of huge dimensions, which was exhibited in 1876.

The picture, "Wedded," has become widely known through the medium of a popular engraving, its serene, chaste beauty having won a place in many hearts. In "The Music Lesson," Leighton's powers as a painter of drapery are shown in the large—I had almost said noble—disposition of flowing line and voluminous fold; and the childish earnestness of the young musician is tenderly portrayed. "A Vestal," "Viola," and "Letty," although amongst his minor works, are charming examples of feminine beauty; while the "Orpheus and Euridice" and "Summer Moon" may be ranked with the best of his seriously elaborate compositions.

SOGA, THE KAFIR MISSIONARY.

BY THE REV. J. W. DAVIDSON, B.A., B.D.



A TYPICAL KAFIR CHIEF.

TO the left of the vestry door in the eastern wall of a neat, commodious, and substantial mission church, on the banks of the Magwali Stream, thirty miles beyond King William's Town, in British Kafraria, is

fixed a tablet, the Kafir inscription on which declares :

"This stone is to keep us in remembrance of the Rev. TIYO SOGA, the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race. He was a friend of God ; a lover of His Son, inspired by His Spirit, a disciple of His Holy Word ; an ardent patriot, a large-hearted philanthropist ; a dutiful son, an affectionate brother ; a tender husband ; a loving father ; a faithful friend ; a learned scholar ; an eloquent orator ; in manners a gentleman ; a devoted missionary who spent himself in his Master's service ; a model Kafir."

It is the loving gift of W. White Millar, of "The Heart of Midlothian," to the memory of his departed friend, whose nameless but unforgotten grave is beneath the apple blossoms of the orchard which was watered with the tears of his earliest efforts for the elevation of his race.

Interesting even to the borders of romance is the story of his life. Instructive and inspiring is the record of that which he became and did. Said the venerable Moffat to a Boer boss who declared Kafirs to be no better than dogs. "Yes,

but the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table." Over the entrance of many a Boer church on the sunburned veldt of South Africa is the warning, "Dogs and Kafirs not admitted here." Tiyo Soga is an exemplification of the fact that the "dog" can be metamorphosed into a man ; that even the poor Kafir can become an educated Christian gentleman, a sincere, zealous patriot, a useful citizen of the world. Heathenism, oppression, drink, witchcraft, and polygamy shadowed the land of his birth. His young life was exposed to the taint of the beer parties, obscene songs, nocturnal revelries, and superstitious cruelty which give tone to the dull monotony of the Kafir kraal. With such a heritage, in the midst of such an environment, few Britons would have done as well.

He was the seventh son of Nosutu, the "great wife" of Councillor Soga, of the Gaika tribe. His mother named him Sani, a contraction for Zisani, meaning "What bringest thou?" but his father soon changed it to Tiyo, after an influential Galeka councillor, who was brave on the battle-field and wise in the counsels of the great Kaffir parliament. The infant boy was destined to attain celebrity by his wisdom and courage in the bloodless conquests of the Gospel in his cradle land.

In 1818, eleven years before the birth of our hero, the Rev. John Brownlee had, on the initiative of the Cape Government, at the invitation of Chief Gaika, established a mission station on the Chumie river, in the district of which Councillor Soga was headman. This work was taken up in 1827, and ex-

by the Rev. Wm. Chalmers, Glasgow. At the Soga kraal a school was opened. Hitherto, in consequence of the severity of his father's punishment for neglecting the boy, he resorted to Tiyo, to secure an education. His mother, who had become a Christian, and severed her former relationship with her husband, encouraged the boy, and he became a teacher in Chalmers' school.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he was weaned from his father's kraal and

returned to his barbarous home, the only school of mission in the district, which he frequented. The lad, in his own kraal, and two other kraals, conspired by the riv- where, many closed the great resur- morning, is the re of the Rev. Chalmers, who, twenty years' laid at his post early age of ve.

it miles from umie was the seminary of le, presided over by the Rev. Govan, under the control of the Church of Scotland. In Tiyo competed and failed in examination for a scholarship gave free admission to the

Tiyo's spiritual teacher, convinced that the lad was great character and promise, arranged with the principal Lovedale institution for the

boy's education. He earnestly pursued his studies. The sting of his failure, the rivalry of school-fellows, and the natural ambition of an earnest schoolboy, soon placed him at the head of the class lists.

His moral qualities balanced his intellectual keenness. He was sensitive to the beauty of goodness. It is a noteworthy fact that, of his schoolmates at Lovedale, five entered the Christian ministry, whilst two others entered into political and civil life.

In 1846 the "War of the Axe" broke out between the Kafirs and the British. The Lovedale institution was broken up and the pupils dispersed; the Reverend Mr. Govan, the principal, resigned, and, taking Tiyo with him, re-

turned to Scotland to take charge of Inchinnan Free Church. Here John Henderson, Esq., of Park, bore Tiyo's school expenses till he was promoted to Glasgow Free Church Normal Seminary. While he was at the Sem-

inary, John Street United Presbyterian Church adopted Tiyo with a view to his education as a missionary. The promptings of the Spirit led him to make open profession of faith in the living Saviour and seek the seal of adoption into Christ's family. He was baptized in 1848.

Soon afterwards he returned to South Africa as a catechist, and laboured with conscientious zeal



KAFIR HEAD-DRESS.

among his own Gaika tribe. In 1849, while the iniquitous machinations of the impostor, Mlanjeni, were rallying the dismembered Gaikas against the British with the avowed object of driving them into the sea, Tiyo accompanied the Rev. Robert Niven in an attempt to found a mission station in the very centre of the far-famed Amatole, the Kafir stronghold in all former years. But the smouldering embers soon burst into a flame. The delusive charms, magic pretensions, and dark falsehoods of Mlanjeni shot a thunderbolt at the British. The scenes of horror so utterly prostrated Mrs. Niven that return to Europe was imperative. Tiyo Soga accompanied his chief.

John Street Church now assumed the responsibility of preparing him for ordination. At Glasgow University the thought of his perishing countrymen, the expectation of those who had taken a deep interest in his progress, and his long-standing resolve, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," preserved him from dangerous paths and inspired zealous application. He was persevering, painstaking, and systematic. In the examination hall he took honourable rank. In his pulpit appearances his ability found him ready and attentive audience. During his school days he was universally esteemed and beloved by his fellow-students, and at their close in 1856, their plaudits, well-wishes, and prayers followed him from the college halls and ordination altar of John Street Presbyterian Church.

After a few months' itinerancy, visiting various churches, in a successful effort to excite an interest in the Kafir Mission, he married Miss Janet Burnside, a pious, thrifty, frugal, devoted Scotch-woman, who marched heroically and faithfully by his side through the eventful scenes of his brief and *chequered* life. While Tiyo Soga

was speeding over the sea to his homeland, superstitious fatuity, led by conspiracy against British ascendancy, was transforming that garden of beauty into a wilderness. Chief Kreli fired the native hatred of the British. Under his influence a witch-doctor, named Mhlakaza, through the medium of his niece, Nongase, prophesied an approaching resurrection from the dead of all the old chiefs and their followers, who would unite with the tribes to drive the white men out of the country and restore the glory of the Amakosa nation. In order that this should be accomplished, it was proclaimed that all Kafirs must destroy their cattle and their corn. All temporal blessings were to ensue. Death would be abolished, and the race would become gifted with immortality and perpetual youth. The deluded people believed and obeyed. Their whole means of subsistence were sacrificed, but the sun of the day announced for the resurrection set on the prophecies unfulfilled.

The despair bred by destitution prepared the way for outrage. Upwards of one hundred thousand wild Kafirs, stung by the bitter pangs of hunger and the deeper pangs of disappointment, driven to despair, their cattle recklessly killed, and nothing found in their stead, were ready, like a pack of famished wolves, for havoc. It was unsafe to travel. Bloodshed, plunder and confusion prevailed. Only by promptness, wisdom, and charity on the part of the Government and the colonists was war averted, and the victims of this fanatical act of self-destruction saved from starvation.

The returning missionary found his people a despised nation, ruined, scattered, famishing. But with a brave heart and true, trusting in the overruling providence of God, he took up the work of resuscitating the mission. A site for a new station was secured in the famine

depopulated Kafir land of corn and milk. After many difficulties met and disappointments faced, a mission house was erected and duly opened.

But this was only the beginning of toils. For nearly two long years did Tiyo Soga labour within the church and beyond it, at evening classes, and in Kafir kraals, before the time of the first-fruits arrived. That April Sabbath when two

A more commodious place of worship became a necessity. The missionary secured, from his own people and the colonists, the sum of £362, and the building was begun, and in June, 1862, was opened for the worship of God. It cost £1,465, and of this amount Tiyo Soga, by his own efforts, raised £600. Within a few weeks it became the spiritual birthplace of fourteen souls.

Difficulties followed prosperity. The peace and harmony of the station were broken by a wave of vice. There is depth of moral degradation in the Kafir character which it is difficult to eradicate. The kraal is a hotbed of iniquity. But worry, and the discomforts of his poor manse, had done their work, and towards the end of 1862 Tiyo Soga was thoroughly prostrated. Distressed by painful suspense, and harassed by some of the bitterest trials and by some of the darkest dispensations of Providence, he was driven to seek comfort from the Friend of the suffering and sorrowful. The blackness of midnight darkness passed into the

peace and beauty of the dawn.

The Mission Board granted him several months' furlough, advising that he proceed to the drier regions beyond the Orange River. His correspondence on this occasion bears incidental testimony to the success of Wesleyan missions at Lesseyton and Glen Grey. Of the former place he writes: "There is here an industrial school, attended by twenty-eight youths who are taught various trades. Several



KAFIR MEN'S HEAD-DRESS.

young men were admitted to the great ordinance of the Christian Church was a joyful day at Magwali. Sweet thereafter tempered the bitter. The work steadily progressed. By the year 1859 nearly four thousand people had settled at the Magwali. Out-stations were established; the eldership was increased; a systematic itinerancy was carried on, and the most fondly cherished hopes were being gradually realized.

have already gone forth as full-fledged journeymen. Altogether, they are in advance of any native Christians I have seen."

On his return from furlough, he was authorized by the committee to abandon his decaying wattle-and-daub cottage and build a more substantial and comfortable dwelling. For this purpose they made him a grant of £650. The house was completed and occupied in 1863.

A commodious school-house was erected to replace the crumbling one first constructed. Towards this he contributed £90 from his meagre salary. His heart was cheered by an accession to the missionary staff. The general state of his work was also more promising, while the moral tone of the membership, which now numbered 138, was more satisfactory.

The arduous labours and difficulties of a missionary's life among the Kafirs seriously impaired the constitution of Tiyo, and obliged him to take a six months' furlough and pay a visit to Cape Town. To his great joy, he was again partially restored to health and strength.

During his busy years, Tiyo found time for valuable literary work. To his people, who read it with avidity, he gave Bunyan's immortal allegory in their own tongue. From the very commencement of his missionary career he employed his leisure in collecting Kafir fables, legends, proverbs, fragments of Kafir history, rugged utterances of native bards, and records of the ancient habits and customs of his country, which were published. He



KAFIR WOMEN'S HEAD-DRESS.

began a series of practical expositions on the parables of our Lord, but the interposition of a higher hand arrested the work. He was one of the revisers of the Kafir Bible, but he lived to see the completion of only one of the four Gospels before his death.

Tiyo Soga had built a comfortable, commodious church. He had a growing membership, flourishing schools, an interesting field for itineration, and a number of attached European friends. Peace, prosperity and comfort tempted him to remain, but he cheerfully left his comfortable home and began life once more in a Kafir hut, in the midst of a dreary wilderness, among a people opposed to his message.

The mists and damps which constantly arose from the sea rendered his new mission unsuitable to his infirm state of health, and he fast wasted away.

Weary, worn, suffering from physical prostration, he toiled on. His new church at the Tutuka was opened in April, 1871. He was singularly happy and cheerful on

that occasion. It proved to be a farewell gathering. It was sunset time, and his footsteps were near the open gates. The couch on which he lay was so placed that he could look out in the direction of his own Gaika country, where he was born and had laboured for the best years of his life. He suddenly gathered all his strength and broke out into an audible, fervent prayer in Kafir, commending to the care of God all missionary preachers of the Gospel, the Tutuka membership, the children of the schools, the Gal-eka tribe, his own family, and especially his sons beyond the seas, whom he desired to return to teach his own people. Then he peacefully fell asleep, and all the rivers were behind.

Thus lived and died a great and good man. Christian enterprise and self-sacrifice are words on every page of his life history. Simplicity and godly sincerity marked out the true nobleman and Christian gentleman. His earnestness, pathos, and tenderness won many friends, and deep, abiding love. A tone of sadness pervaded his whole life, for he stood alone. He towered above his race, yet a gulf separated him from white men. Generous even to a fault, he was often imposed on by the unscrupulous. Dignified, yet without vanity or conceit, he carried himself a man, a gentleman, and a Christian. His memory in South Africa is blessed.

Hudson, Que.

B E Y O N D .

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Queen Victoria always spoke calmly of death, regarding it with a certain fond anticipation, as a reuniting with loved ones from whom she had been long parted.

It seemeth such a little way to me
 Across to that strange country—the Beyond :
 And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
 I know I feel those who have gone from here
 Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand,
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
 We should find Heaven right round about us lies.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
 And so the grave hath lost its victory.
 It is but crossing—with a wasted breath,
 And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious than before.

These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them ;
 This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet ;
 My face is steadfast towards Jerusalem,
 My heart remembers it. . . .

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,
 To-day His staff is turned into a rod,
 Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,
 And stay upon my God.

—Christina Rossetti.

ANTIQUÉ SPOONS.

BY T. W. GREENE.



IN the history of domestic implements it may not, perhaps, be generally known that the simple and homely spoon boasts a position of considerable antiquity, and has, at one period, at least, of artistic excellence, been the subject of considerable ornamental skill on the part of its producer. We are accustomed to think of our more remote ancestors as supplying themselves with food in the most natural, not to say barbarous fashions. Even the elegant Ovid, writing two years before the Christian era, gives the injunction, *Carpe cibos digitis*.

We must, however, leave to the learned antiquary the task of finding the exact date at which the invention of such instruments took place, and the name of the country in which their use was first introduced. Certain it is that two kinds of spoons were known to the Romans. One, figured

in our initial, they called a "coch-

lear," because they used the point of the handle to draw snails and shells out of their shells, the spoon being serving for eggs, jellies, and aliment of little consistency. Three varieties of three ancient silver spoons are given in the Museo Borbonico of about the size of a dessert spoon, one of which is a cochlear, a round bowl and point, the other being of oval shape, and with two handles. Another Roman spoon with a bowl of oval shape, is seen in the interesting collection of antiquities at Mayence, carved in bone or ivory, and actually performing the familiar "rat-tail" after to be mentioned.

My object in the present paper is to give some idea of the development, artistic and other, of the spoon in more modern times. In my task, I may note, is rendered easy by the presence of the maker's mark to be found on English spoons in silver, which is, generally, legible, an infallible guide as to the year of their manufacture. As a general rule, every piece of plate of the last four hundred years is both signed and stamped with the initials of the maker, as well as the letter of the alphabet indicating the year of its origin.

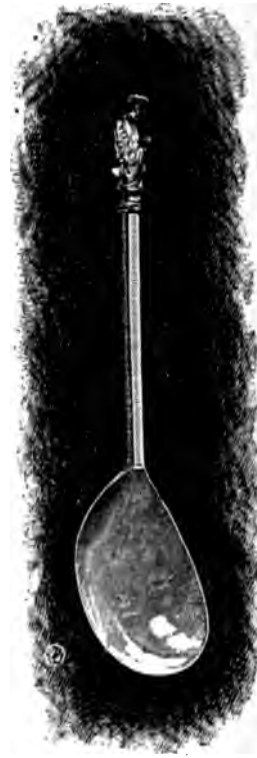
In the Middle Ages the earliest proofs of the existence of such spoons as far back as the thirteenth century, but these were, no doubt, for the most part, of wood, or of other material. The fork, however, was in general use till after the reign of Elizabeth.

It must be a matter of common experience among those who have been acquainted with the study of antiquities in the provinces, to have seen objects of art whose origin has

tentions to a more or less remote date are almost invariably referred to the time, if not to the possession, of one of four rulers of England—Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, or Queen Anne. These seem to constitute the great popular landmarks of history, for the preservation of whose memory tradition has as yet done more than Education Acts and School Boards. But, however unfair it may seem to ignore the claims of other monarchs to the credit of works of art produced in their time, there is, no doubt, much sense and convenience in the above division, and it is one which happens to approach exactness in the changes which have occurred in the form of spoons. For plate, like other luxuries, such as jewellery and dress, has been the sport of fashion, and subject to all the caprices of that fickle goddess. The division must, however, be understood in this sense: that the forms which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth existed also in the reigns of her predecessors for a hundred years, as well as for a generation or more afterwards. The second division, which begins rather with the Restoration than the Commonwealth, is of much shorter duration, ending with the death of Queen Anne, in 1714; and then we come to another distinct period of some fifty years, extending to the third quarter of the last century. It now remains to consider the distinctive shapes that belong to each of these divisions of time.

We are told by Mr. Cripps, in his valuable work on "Antique Silver," that "the most ancient piece of English hall-marked plate in existence is a simple spoon," bearing the date of 1445-6, in the reign of Henry VI. This year falls within the great epoch of the Renaissance in Italy, whence taste and culture spread so rapidly to other countries of Western Europe. The specimen in question is even historical, and

is known to collectors as the "Pudsey Spoon," having been given to Sir Ralph Pudsey by King Henry VI., together with his boots and gloves, after the rout at Hexham. This spoon is now preserved at Hornby Castle, Lancashire, by a descendant of Sir Ralph Pudsey. Its pedigree is said to be undoubted; and in proof of its authenticity it bears the royal badge of a single rose engraved on the top of the handle, which resembles a common seal with six sides. The form of spoons from this time down to the Restoration varies only in the



APOSTLE SPOON (1).

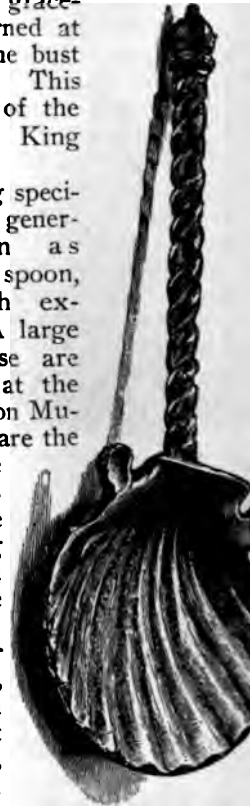
designs affixed to the points of the handles, but differs in every respect from the modern type. Thus, the bowl is pear-shaped; the stem is firm and solid as a pillar; and the handle is either a plain round knob

or ball, or any carved device into which the skill of the maker could convert it. We find, for instance, the figure of an apostle, the head and shoulders of a maiden, a lion *sejant*, an owl, a pomegranate, an acorn, a diamond, a scallop-shell, or most commonly of all, a seal. The character is, therefore, highly ornamental and pleasing to the eye, without any loss of utility, and is quite in harmony with the decorative and artistic fashions of this very interesting period.

Fig. 2 is a solid bronze spoon about fourteen inches in length, too massive to be comfortably raised to the mouth, but very serviceable for heavier work. It probably belongs to the fifteenth or sixteenth century. One may easily conceive that a barbarian of the lowest state of intelligence, being in want of such assistance as a spoon supplies, might avail himself of a shell to serve his purpose; and it would need no great amount of ingenuity to apply to this something in the form of a handle. The specimen here figured, then, embodies this idea, the bowl being fashioned like a scallop, and attached to a strong spiral handle, which ends in a solid knob somewhat in the form of a crown. Fig. 1 is taken from a genuine apostle spoon of the time of Elizabeth, bearing the date 1587, the personage of St. Peter being identified by the attribute of the key. It should be remarked that there is always one peculiarity about the London-made spoons of the first or Elizabethan period. This is, that the interior of the bowl is stamped with the leopard's head, a hall-mark which runs through the whole series of English plate, but which in the later times was invariably placed on the back of the handle. This so-called leopard's head, however, is really the face of the grand old English lion, the name of leopard having crept in from the use of the heraldic French

"leopard" in ancient documents, and meaning no more than a lion figured and seen full-face. The likeness to our national emblem is, however, so striking that a cursory inspection will prevent any zoological confusion. It should be added that even in the days of the Commonwealth the head is adorned with a crown, which only disappeared from the hall-mark in the year 1823. Fig. 4 is a very graceful spoon, adorned at the end with the bust of a maiden. This bears the date of the ninth year of King James I.

The remaining specimen (Fig. 3) is generally known as the seal-top spoon, a name which explains itself. A large number of these are now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and they are the least rare of the various forms belonging to the period, having been made down to the end of the Commonwealth. This particular spoon, however, was not made in London, but at Exeter, Devon, and is stamped with the principal mark of that



BRONZE SPOON (2).

town. Instead of the lion, or "leopard's" head inside the bowl, we find the letter X, still surmounted by a crown; while in the place of the usual marks at the back of the stem the name of the maker, "Radcliffe," appears in full—a silversmith who is known to have worked in that important city of the West in the latter days of Charles I. The full



SEAL-TOP AND MAIDEN SPOONS (3 AND 4.)

Names of other makers are also known to have been stamped in this way, and a spoon with a lion *sejant* in the possession of the writer bears that of "Wade." But such marks are exceptional and rare, the signature by initials being the rule. Another kind of handle, which was made, perhaps, more frequently in the time of Cromwell than before it (though known also in the early years of Elizabeth), consists of a

plain stem cut off obliquely at the end, as if with one stroke of a knife, in an iconoclastic fashion, the ornament at the end thus completely disappearing, without any alteration to the bowl. The change which occurred at the Restoration affects every part of the spoon; but any notice of this, or of other and subsequent transformations, would lead us far beyond our present limits.

MISSIONS AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

BY THE REV. J. P. BERRY, B.A.



As we stand at the meeting of the centuries, we are led to take a sweeping glance over the one just past to learn its achievements and also its failures, and then we peer wistfully into the future to gain a vision of that which is to be. As loyal subjects of King Immanuel, that which we see most clearly in the past, as well as that which we discern in the coming time, must surely, we deem, be related to the establishment of His kingdom. A century ago we find practically no interest in the extension of the bounds of that kingdom. Representative Christian men looked upon the idea of foreign missions as altogether fanatical and Utopian, whereas to-day it is one of the foremost problems of the age. Over five hundred societies and auxiliaries are organized to carry on this work, with an annual income of over \$19,000,000. The foreign missionaries are a force of 15,460, and are assisted by a native army of 77,000. The Bible has been translated entirely, or in part, into 420 languages and dialects, placing it within the reach of nine-tenths of the human race.

The Church has grown more during the past century than during the previous eighteen centuries. A hundred years ago it had a membership of approximately two hundred millions, but to-day it has become over four hundred millions. The results achieved are truly marvellous; whole tribes have been turned from cannibalism to the service of the loving Father. Glorious

victories are being constantly gained in darkest Africa, in India, in troubled China, in the Land of the Rising Sun, and in the islands of the sea. What literature is more truly fascinating than the records of the miracles which are being wrought in foreign lands to-day in the name of Jesus of Nazareth?

But this is only one side of the question, for after all the jubilant rehearsals of our progress, after all the consecrated services of a Carey, a Judson, a Livingstone, a Paton, a Thoburn, there are more men and women in the darkness of heathenism to-day than ever before. Great as the advancement has been, the Church has not yet caught up to the heathen birth-rate. The reported increase in membership for the year previous to the Ecumenical Missionary Conference (although it is true that no figures can give a correct idea of the amount of good seed that has actually fallen into fertile soil), is a little less than eighty-four thousand, whereas we have been told that a million a month in China are dying without a knowledge of God. With all the advance of Christianity there has been in many cases an even greater advance in the use of rum, opium, and the curses and vices of civilization.

In view of these awful facts, what can be hoped for missions of the twentieth century? The problem does not appear to be growing more simple and easy of solution, but more and more complex. The tremendous magnitude of Christian missions has probably never been recognized as at the present day. The basis of the movement seems to have been gradually changing during the past generation. The

s is now placed not so much future peril of the heathen their present degradation, their future salvation, but their present redemption. The not the mere proclamation of appeal to the world, but the civilization of the world.

great reason may we thank for the clearer vision of our era or a fuller consciousness of our burden of our responsibility, but also for a spirit of dissatisfaction over the achievements of the past. One of the best evidences of the vitality of the Gospel is its completeness with present success. has the Church recognized the incompleteness of its work as it stands today. Never have the sins of the world been so evident and never has their appeal come to the consciousness of men and women as now. Never has the Church faced its work so sadly and hopefully as at the present time. Its glory is not in the victories of the past, but in the triumphs yet to come.

have seen streams of salvation proceeding from the Christian world to the ends of the earth, but these streams there have gone dry of iniquity. The problem which presents itself is not simply how to increase the present missionary activity, but how to do it in the face of the closing of the flood-gates of vice. Is there any means not only of greatly increasing the influences which bring righteousness and life, but of decreasing those which bring evil and death? Yes. The purification of the fountain from which proceed these streams. The influence of a Christian nation on the heathen world is to be measured not solely by the number of converts it may send out, but by the individual character of its converts.

The giving of missions is not enough, it must be supplemented by Christian living at home.

One great barrier to missionary progress in the more enlightened nations of the East is their knowledge of the unchristian condition of affairs in the so-called Christian nations. Their attitude is "Physician, heal thyself." Rev. H. H. Coates, in an address on his work in Japan, said: "Japan will never become more Christian until we become more Christian here."

With the extension of the kingdom there must come an intensification; with the broadening there must be a deepening. Our work is not simply the subjection to Christ of the pagan world, but the bringing of our every thought, motive and duty into that same subjection. The Church will be enabled to Christianize the world abroad just in proportion as it Christianizes business, politics, amusements, and society in its midst.

But when we begin to talk of the application of the principles of Christianity to politics, to the capital and labour problems, and to the various social questions, some earnest souls will protest and cry out for the "pure gospel." Just what is meant by that expression it is difficult to say, yet it seems to mean something abstracted from man's relationship with man, and from the great problems and burdens of humanity, and has something to do with the other world. These people would divide life into the secular and the spiritual, and practically regard Christianity as applicable only to the latter. But to the one with the spirit of Christ everything he touches becomes sacred. The antagonism between the spiritual and the worldly is not in things, but in men. To the spiritual everything has its spiritual aspect, but to the worldly all things are worldly. The great sin against God of Judah and Israel, according to the teaching of the prophets, was man's inhumanity to man. The Master, in the parables

of the Unmerciful Servant, of Dives and Lazarus, of the Good Samaritan, and in the description of the last judgment, shows us the same thing—that a love to God, which does not manifest itself in loving actions towards men, is spurious. “Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these ye did it not to me.” The kingdom of love, which Jesus came to establish, is for this world. He did not teach his disciples to pray that they might be taken to heaven, but rather that the will of God might be done here, even as it is done in heaven. He told men to look forward to a better, nobler, diviner social order than any they had ever seen. Sometimes, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at, his followers have become discouraged at the slowness of the growth of that kingdom, and patiently and resignedly submit to the ills of life, with the hope of redress beyond. But that is not in accord with the teaching of Jesus. “He proclaimed a better social order for this earth, unfolded the laws of that social order, and bade his disciples be the heralds of, and to do their best in, the establishment of that kingdom of love, and in the driving out of injustice and wrong.” The aim of the Gospel, therefore, is not simply to fit men for another world, but to fit them for this world, and to make this world fit to live in, whether in Ontario or in China.

Wherever men are in need, whether that need be due to unjust legislation or cut-throat competition, to greed and ambition of capitalists or ignorance and selfishness of workingmen, to social ostracism or to their own sins, there is the man of God called to bring relief, to seek redress, as far as it may be within his power. Possibly there are many men, women, and children who, through our social, political, and commercial systems, or through the drink traffic, *atē in as sad* condition as was the

man who fell among them, we unwittingly pass by on the side, not because we are not able to see and understand the need, but because we do not care enough to see and understand the need. Rightly or wrongly, we are beginning to think that the Church cares little for those things that press so heavily upon the world; the result is they care little for the Church.*

This is a period of transition. We are in a stage of transition from that extreme individualism which followed the Reformation, where each man was supposed to be able to stand alone, to that social order which sees that no man can live in isolation. All phases of life are becoming increasingly complex. We see a tendency in international relations, such as the Peace Conference, to the present co-operation of the nations, as in China. The nations are more and more dependent upon each other through the development of trade, and in this we see the development of the greatest safeguard between the great powers, the development of international law. This is evident again in commercial relations, in great corporations, trusts, and monopolies. Then there are the fraternal associations, trade unions, fraternal societies, clubs, and other organizations of social cooperation. These all show a tendency towards social dependencies. These all show that man has more than individualism. In fact, it shows that man is beginning to realize that he cannot become their brother's keeper, though the conception of brotherhood is very narrow. The individualist usually limits it to his own interests, and the traditionalist usually limits it to his own traditions, and the trad-

* Dr. Sutherland, in his *Book of the Kingdom of God and Problem of the Day*, says: “Ten thousand voices have every variety of clamouring on this one subject. To comprehend the meaning of this discontent may not be easy; but one thing is clear: the discontent is so deep and widespread that it has its source in some real trouble, and if we could but reach it, we could find some remedy.”

who follows the same. All classes have yet to learn their neighbour.

view these currents with regard to the world. In the world much real hardship is met. Many in the churches these movements as a drift from the old landmarks.

Often with conflicting these tendencies are by men within and without churches, and seek a return to better conditions. But that is noble, and we may be thankful.

The unrest of to-day, as the capital and labour contest, and in the social agitation often manifesting itself to be much regretted, is partially at least, the result of the gospel leaven, and the evidence of life and growth. Gaining a clearer conception of the potentialities of his being, it is as if there is a hungering and thirsting for better things. Says N. Small, in the American Journal of Sociology:

As man begins to discover himself, self-discovery by man incites to discovery and conquest. . . . Men have wanted life and liberty and happiness, but never did these wants come to any man as they do to some men to-day. Never has a mass of men brought within their grasp their wants as large a fraction of a complete man will demand.

practical fraternal spirit of the Church due, whether generally recognized or not, to the message of Christ proclaiming the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The unrest, the outward striving, the upward striving, is due to the fact that He offers a better life—more abundant than the children of men. Reimpossible; to advance has many attendant dangers. The peril is in men failing to meet their indebtedness to

Jesus Christ, and practically forgetting or ignoring the fatherhood of God, and thus they deprive themselves of the great, inspiring, uplifting power of His love.

Jesus Christ was the friend of the workingmen, and He was always so regarded by them; but the same thing cannot be said of His Church. In many cases the labouring people are not attracted to the Church in the present day as they were to Jesus Christ when "the common people heard him gladly." Why? May an explanation, partial at least, be found in that the Church has not kept in touch sufficiently with the spirit of the times, with the growth of the kingdom, and is still giving its message on that extreme individualism which regards man's great duty to be to save himself and to get to heaven, rather than to do God's will and to save others? That extreme individualism has been outgrown in the commercial, industrial, and social spheres, but the Church apparently has not recognized the fact, and consequently is not suiting its message to meet those changed conditions.

"Touching the wide range of man's social needs, we have too often said, like the disciples at Bethsaida, 'Send the multitude away'; and when this has been the case we have no right to complain if many of them have gone away to their lodge-rooms and their trades-unions for the things that they needed but could not find in the Church."*

The great opportunity of the Church at the present time is in taking hold of these great tendencies towards concentration, co-operation, and fraternity, to spiritualize them, to sanctify them for the glory of God in the highest, and for peace on earth.

By this we are not to understand that the duty of the Church or the ministry is to enter the political field, or engage in any of the con-

* Dr. A. Sutherland, in "The Kingdom of God and Problems of To-day," p. 114.

flicts between capital and labour, or identify itself with any particular "ism" as a cure-all for the ills of man. Seldom, if ever, will the facts warrant such a course, but its work is to keep the *end*, *i.e.*, the glory of God and peace on earth, before the minds of those engaged; yes, and also the principles which must govern the "means," but the application of those principles it had better leave alone, as it is something on which the best and wisest men are continually differing.

But many are hopeless as they view these great questions; they have little faith in the Christ being able to redress the social evils of our day, to purify the foul waters of politics, to overthrow the hideous monster of intemperance, and to transform the industrial and commercial systems so as to make the end the creation of men rather than of wealth. If they lack faith here, how much real faith have they in the establishment of the kingdom of God anywhere on earth? The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, whether dealing with the cannibalism of politics and commerce, or that of Fiji. The same power which overthrew slavery in the nineteenth century now grapples with all these evils, and will not rest until they also are overthrown.

There is sufficient dynamic power in Christianity to meet all the moral needs of man. But that power has to be definitely applied. Man must adapt the means to the end here as truly as in the physical world. What a marvellous provision God has made to meet all the physical needs of man, and yet not until the nineteenth century did man begin to awaken to a realization of the great forces placed within his reach. Electricity has always surrounded man, but the genius and concentration of an Edison has been necessary to *reveal* its power and usefulness. Is it too much to say that for man to feel a need, whether in

art, science, or commerce, is to make the discovery, sooner or later, that nature is able to supply that need? Men are beginning to believe that the consciousness of want is an indication of the further richness of nature; that God in nature has made provision for every physical need. Man is now able to so harness up its unseen forces that, in spite of his own physical weakness, he is practically able to do all things.

There is also a mighty Niagara of power in the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the accomplishment of the moral purposes of man. God has made no less provision for man's higher needs than he has for his lower. There is no want of man, individual or social, to which Christianity does not undertake to supply the need, even according to the riches of the glory of God. But man's genius, consecrated and concentrated, is needed to apply that power as truly as in the realm of electricity. If the nineteenth century has been noted for the discovery and application of the great physical forces to the necessities of man, is it too much to hope that the twentieth century may be characterized by the application of the dynamics of the Gospel to the moral needs of men in the social, political, and industrial spheres?

The Church, and the various organizations of socialistic tendencies, represented by such works as "Looking Backward," "Poverty and Progress," and "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury," do not differ so much in their estimate of present conditions and in their conceptions of an ideal society, but they certainly differ widely in their means of realizing their ideals. The one places emphasis primarily upon a change of environment, the other on a change of heart. One says adopt the single-tax, or profit-sharing, or government control, and we will have another paradise upon

the other says get men "con-
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erefore must be settled to-
. In reviewing the progress
: sciences during the nine-
century, we find that each
: has constantly been giving
nd suggestions to others.
il science, *e.g.*, has reaped
gain from chemistry, natu-
ence, and biology. Biology
utgrowth of chemistry, geol-
d zoology. There is scarcely
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ent directly or indirectly
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ranch of science has leaned
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ped forward the others. All

have been vitalized by the belief
that the universe is *one*, is living,
growing, developing from day to
day. Orthodox economists long
held economics aloof from ethics,
and announced laws with no moral
content whatever. Carlyle, Ruskin,
and the masses generally have been
demanding that they be kept sep-
arate no longer, that economics
should be transformed into a moral
science, dealing not only with what
is, but with what *ought* to be, and
with the aim of giving not so much
cash as healthy souls. One econ-
omic writer has summarized the
results by saying that "all political
economy is being rewritten in the
light of the Sermon on the Mount."
Every political question is rapidly
becoming a social question, and
every social question a religious
question. These problems cannot
be held apart and settled separately.
They are not mere skin diseases,
but touch the very vitals of society.
Each reacts on all the rest, and one
cannot be cured without the others.
They all spring from a common
root—selfishness, sin. They are
settled by a common principle—
self-sacrifice or, if you will, the
Cross of Calvary. The Cross in
the individual life is God's solution
of the problems of society and
human life.

If a man does not recognize the
bond of brotherhood binding him
to his fellow-workmen, his employer
or employee, and to his fellow-citi-
zens, it cannot be expected that he
will recognize that which binds him
to his brother in China or Africa.
If he love not his brother whom he
hath seen, how can he love his bro-
ther whom he hath not seen. If
men are ever to become thoroughly
enthusiastic in sending the Gospel
to the pagan world, they must first
have a practical knowledge of its
value in all the relationships of their
own life. When men take hold of
their business concerns with the
same spirit that they expect the

missionary to take hold of his work, the coffers of the missionary societies will immediately begin to overflow; yea, more, commerce will become an ally of the missionary in raising the peoples of foreign lands. Wanted—men who are as enthusiastic in seeking the subjection of our politics, and industrial and social life, to Christ, as is the missionary in the winning of heathendom to Christianity.

May our colleges become centres where men may secure such a vision of life and the world that they will see and feel even more keenly than they do the necessity of carrying the Gospel of Christ abroad, and at the same time the equal necessity of carrying that same gospel into every phase of our home life. Then will not only the direct missionary activity be greatly increased, but the streams of influence now going abroad, often only to blight and blast, will become potent factors in causing the moral wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The missionary agitation has done much to banish slavery and intemperance, and to quicken all philanthropic movements; in fact, the nineteenth century seems to show that Christian missions was at least the forerunner, if not the parent, of these enterprises. May these movements in turn do their part in extending the boundaries of the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.

This may seem to be a long way around, but if we are able to read the signs of the times aright, it is the way God is leading us. There are no short cuts to success in His work. Impatience—the demand for quick returns—is one of our

great hindrances. "The said one, "is that God is hurry and I am." But consists in finding out the is going, and going that

As Robert Bruce of lay dying, he made this "When I am dead, tak heart, and as my succe into battle, let him carry of mine fastened with a cl his neck, that he might u that in his fighting Bru with him." So his succe ried the heart of the dea into battle. One day his beginning to break ranks ter. What could he do t men again to the confi thought of the heart of E taking it from his bosom it far into the ranks of t! exclaiming, "Go forth, Bruce, we will follow the Under that magic spell t! and followed that heart- lowed it to victory. C has thrown His own hea conflict—not a cold, dead a living, throbbing hea: bing with a divine passic redemption from sin ar of the children of men.] ing upon us to throw c into the struggle, to fol Him, to falter not until al of the redeemed shall sho victory! Other kingdc been founded upon the power, but speedily to Jesus Christ seeks to est kingdom upon the powe and with the golden chai mighty eternal force, to sons of men in universa hood about the feet of Gc
Apsley, Ont.

The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love

The ladder of his faith, and c
On th' rounds of his best in

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.



R. ALLER was ill about ten days at the hotel in Kent. His symptoms were not at all alarming, and when the days were peculiarly fine he rode out with Doctor Summers. Mr. Willard came over to stay with him from time to time, and the young man found the enforced quiet not unprofitable. A very real disgust and remorse filled his soul when he reviewed the time since he left college. It seemed to him that these days in Kent must ever after appear to have been the transitional period from "childish things" to the putting on of manhood, with its duties and responsibilities.

When at last he had gotten the better of his chills and fever, he came over one Sunday to Cairnes, and, after the church exercises, bade good-bye to his summer acquaintances, telling them he was to go back to "business" on the morrow. In this way he avoided the necessity of calling at their houses, for to have gone to Miss Goddard and left the Hopkinses unvisited would have given occasion for remark. Everybody gave him a warm greeting, and many were the invitations he received "to come again next summer." Hope was not visible.

That young lady's state of mind had not been uniformly placid since she so summarily dismissed Mr. Aller. Mr. Willard had in her presence—though apparently for her mother's benefit—indulged in an analysis of his friend's character which differed totally from the estimate put on him by the sewing society cutters and slashers of cloth and reputation. Again, Kate, to whom Hope had confided the whole matter, did not hesitate to tell her that she might have tempered her wrath with mercy, for it was not at all likely Mr. Aller ever made the speeches attributed to him. Had he been shallow enough to think such things, he would have kept them to himself, knowing that they would

surely be repeated if uttered. Now this was extremely unpleasant as a theme for meditation, because, after all, Hope had done nothing that she could undo.

The next afternoon Mr. Aller was more than two hundred miles from Cairnes, and rapidly increasing the distance between himself and these people whom he never expected to see again. He could bear with equanimity the thought that certain of them were lost to him for ever, but what would he not have given to know that he might return a welcome guest to that little parsonage, which even yet seemed to him the most enchanting place on earth? His love for Hope was so much stronger than his resentment, that he was homesick for Cairnes again at every thought of her. Indeed, he was finding more excuses for her treatment of him than Hope herself was able to make, now that she was suffering a revulsion of feeling. Aller was human enough to wish he might be able some time to do something so excellent and praiseworthy that the report of it would penetrate even to Cairnes.

About five o'clock Aller was tired, and resolved to break his journey for the night. He learned that the city of L— would be the second stopping place, and reached at six; but they had gone only a little way farther when the train halted at the outskirts of a small town, where there seemed to be much excitement. In a moment or two, it was understood that ten minutes earlier there had been a collision on the track just beyond, and several cars had been demolished. The passengers swarmed out, Aller with them, to see the extent of the damage done, and found that no one had been killed; many were badly shaken and bruised, one man had his leg broken, but the baggage cars had fortunately been the ones overturned. Hearing that the track would not be clear for hours, Aller bethought himself to walk into the near town and stop for the night. The shortest way to it lay through pleasant fields, and the afternoon light on its roofs and spires lent the village a picturesque attractiveness.

Before starting, he walked about among the victims of the disaster, and found them for the most part in excellent spirits and greatly thankful to have escaped so well. The contents of a number of trunks were spread out, and with the women frantically rushing around among them, he was reminded of "bargain day" in a metropolitan dry-goods shop; but his services not being required, he started for the town. It was a country village, larger than Cairnes, with a big white wooden hotel, which looked like a young ladies' seminary, in a grove of maple-trees. He was given a cosy room that reminded him of the "spare chamber" in his grandmother's house, and soon after taking possession he was aware of some unusual commotion in the room adjoining. He asked the cause when the maid brought him hot water and towels.

She was a good-natured, sympathetic girl, ready to tell all she had learned, and so broke forth at once:

"O, don't you know, it is the man as had his leg broke in the accident! They fetched him right here as quick as ever we could send a democrat waggon with a mattress in it to bring him. The doctor and the waggon got here together, just a minute before you did, and the leg is going to be set right off. Such a nice, patient old gentleman, too, as is hurt, and he ain't so very old, either, but his head is bald, and he was on his way home to Cairnes, and he——"

"To Cairnes! What is his name?" exclaimed Aller, startling her with his earnestness.

"Hopkins, sir, and a minister. I heard them sa——"

"I know him—that is, I know his family. I am just from Cairnes. Go right in there and see if I can be of any help—no, wait, I will see myself!" and Aller, without an instant's delay, appeared to the surgeon in the next room and delivered his own message. He was a red-haired Scotchman of few words, but he gave Aller a searching look, then told him to stay around if he liked, and he might be of use. The proprietor of the hotel and two young men were also present. Mr. Hopkins was under the influence of chloroform when Aller, coming near, studied his face. He was a tall, thin man, with very handsomely-cut features, scanty gray hair, and a mild, sweet expression even then, when his face was colourless and a little drawn from the pain not quite subdued.

The operation was as speedy as possible, and Aller, if he did not greatly help, did not hinder. Meanwhile he explained to the landlord his interest in Mr. Hopkins, and requested that everything possible should be done for his comfort, adding, "I shall stay with him myself for a day or two, or until he hears from his friends."

The doctor remained until Mr. Hopkins had recovered from the anaesthetic, and had been made comfortable for the night. He then allowed Aller to tell his patient very briefly who he was, and what he proposed. Aller had not said a dozen words before the minister eagerly grasped his hand, exclaiming that Mrs. Hopkins had mentioned him in almost every letter, and thanking him gratefully for his proffer of help.

"It lifts a load off me, you being here. You will write what has happened now; a telegram would frighten them terribly," said Mr. Hopkins, with a kindly glow in his clear eyes—eyes so like Hope's that Aller's heart gave a queer leap.

There was a door between the two rooms, which Aller had opened, and soon he let it be understood that he was for the present installed as the minister's nurse. On learning that Mr. Hopkins was not expected home for several days, but had planned a surprise, he agreed that it would be best not to telegraph, but to write by the morning mail. Mindful of the doctor's charge about keeping his patient quiet, he soothed him with pleasant talk of Mrs. Hopkins and Marjory, and saw him peacefully sleeping early in the evening.

Now Aller was exceedingly kind-hearted, and had he found Bill Bogue or Joel Huggins in the same predicament as was Mr. Hopkins, he would have delayed his journey for either of them, and made sure that every care and comfort would be given. But the sufferer being Mr. Hopkins, Aller was unboundedly glad of what he called, in his inmost soul, a chance "to get even with Hope." She had hurt him most cruelly. All the revenge he asked was to render the utmost kindness to one whom she loved, and then to let her writhe a little under her inability to return her thanks. Perhaps it was not at all noble in the young man, but it was very natural.

The next day he wrote a letter to Mrs. Hopkins, telling her that her husband had slept well, eaten a hearty

ast, and was in excellent spirits. The surgeon declared the injury a fracture, needing only time and rest for perfect cure. He, Mr. Aller, had plenty of time at his disposal and would stay with Mr. Hopkins until it was perfectly convenient for him to leave home. As soon as the surgeon would allow, Mr. Hopkins would be taken home, but until then he was very comfortably lodged. Mr. Aller then added, at Mr. Hopkins' request, that the hotel seemed "one of the most inexpensive I have ever had seen in all his travels," and that the board of Mr. Hopkins "would amount to any considerable sum, if they were to remain longer than it was probable they should." Mr. Aller had drawn the landlord's private transactions on his behalf, and never once entered Mr. Hopkins' head, although he marvelled at the kindness and generosity shown him throughout his stay of

the same day Mr. Hopkins declared his thanks to his doctor or his nurse, and was far more comfortable than he could have supposed the new position of a broken leg could have been under any circumstances. He told Mr. Aller as if he had known him for years, no doubt because Aller, from his parish, could tell him of his home interests. He described the places he had visited, and the people he had met, and asked many questions about Mr. Willard. He was a guileless, unsophisticated man, and when in turn was drawn to him, feeling not unlike that which had been felt for Hugh Willard. Before the onset of the second day after the meeting, he had talked to the minister with a freedom that at the time seemed surprising. He thought that Mr. Hopkins was not likely to be shocked by his confidence, and he let the fact of his being a father go for nothing. He had known a wise, good, kindly man, who was a minister, and whom he should never see again in a few days, and he was as satisfied as he could have been to his lot.

If such a man could help or hinder him to make his life a success, why not trust him? And help and encouragement Aller did receive. The morning of the third day, Mr. Hopkins had a hurried note from Mrs. Hope, saying that she would be home that evening, and thanking Mr. Aller for his kindness." It

might have been fancy, but Fred thought the thanks were rendered a little stiffly, and he dwelt on an additional clause to the effect that it was a "pity to detain Mr. Aller from proceeding on his journey;" so, much as she would like to thank him in person, it "was not necessary for him to be hindered any longer."

"No, of course," exclaimed Mr. Hopkins. "I must not be selfish. My wife will get here either at five or at eight, and you can go on at five. Ah! what is this on the last page?"

Mr. Hopkins read it composedly, and explained: "She may not come after all. I mean Mrs. Hopkins. She says, after reflection, it seems wiser to send Hope. Mrs. Ostrander and Mr. Ferris say that Mr. Willard will now have to hold the fort for me a few weeks longer. The care of the house and Marjory, with Mrs. Hopkins' many other duties, all considered, they think perhaps Hope better come first to me, even if she changes off later with her mother. Yes, that is the best way, no doubt!"

"Humph, and I may go about my business before Miss Hope arrives! So that is the real purport of the solicitude about my being hindered!"

"Yes," continued Aller, speaking aloud this time. "No doubt Miss Hopkins can be spared from home rather easier on short notice. As for me, I may as well move on, if I can be of no further service."

He did not feel wholly glad at the warm expressions of grateful friendliness in which Mr. Hopkins at once indulged, when, after a consultation of time-tables, it was decided that the train most likely to be taken by Hope would be the one arriving at eight. Aller concluded to resume his journey at five. The rest of the day passed rapidly, until it was time to say good-bye to Mr. Hopkins and repair to the station. He was the only traveller who bought a ticket of the sleepy agent who waked up enough to regard him curiously for a few minutes, and then retired from view. He read the time-tables and steamship advertisements on the wall, watched an express waggon come and a load of freight depart. Finally, far down the track, he heard the whistle of the approaching train—and suddenly wished he had waited until eight o'clock and—himself unseen—had looked once more on a certain fair

face that he was not able to forget, nor yet to remember with any pleasure. On came the train with a roar and a screech. He was tempted, when it slackened speed, to stand where he was and let it go on without him. Doors slammed, the conductor stepped to the platform, then a fat woman followed with a poodle, then almost into his arms came Hope Hopkins. She looked up to see who retreated so suddenly, and in that first surprise of recognition, Aller saw confusion suffuse her beautiful face with colour, but the quick light in her eyes was not anger. It was more like the relief of one who in bewilderment sees a way of escape; then she was less at ease than he ever saw her before. That fact took away all his own embarrassment.

"I am glad to tell you, Miss Hopkins, that your father is getting on wonderfully well. The hotel is but a little way from here. I go on this train."

He had not held out his hand, but she had put out hers, stammering, "I am so glad—I mean about father—and I wanted time to thank you—"

"Not at all. Cairnes people have a claim on me. Is Willard well?"

The whistle blew. She looked straight in his eyes, in a kind of desperation of fearless innocence, exclaiming, "You are angry at me! You had a right to be, but if you knew how my pride had been hurt that day, and I thought that you—somebody had gossiped. There! you must go, but I wish you could go away my friend."

Again she held out her hand to take his, and in the act to wave him towards the moving train. He took hers in a close clasp, and audaciously remarked, "I was going on the later train, and I should so much like to know—more."

It was more than ever embarrassing for Hope when, instead of vanishing out of her sight and her life for all time, as she supposed him about to do, this eager youth was left standing at her side awaiting a cool explanation of her impetuous farewell.

He came to the front again at once, saying: "Miss Hope, your father does not expect you by this train, and when I left him he was going to sleep. There is a lovely walk here down to an old mill. Won't you take it with me?"

He led the way at once, and she followed, very grateful at the tact he showed in beginning to tell her of

the accident, with details of her father's share in it. He was not exactly sure whether he himself were not in a dream or under the beatific influence of chloroform as they turned down a pretty by-way bright with goldenrod and asters. Hope was all alone with him, and not scornful. She was entrancingly shy and self-conscious, this once severe Hope, who had rejected him and—

"Nothing else he heeds or hears;
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon."

When at last they did come nearer an understanding, an outsider might have thought that no very precise statements were in order. Aller did not renew his suit, and Hope did not by any means give him to think that she refused him in haste to repent at leisure. But she did let him know that she had all along liked him and believed him in earnest in his meaning to live worthily and becoming a man among men, like his friend Willard. She gave him in outline the facts, or rather the fictions, of the sewing-society day, and frankly confessed that she had misjudged him, and knew it later, on cool reflection. She expected him to resent this misconception of his character, but there again she erred. She was touched by his humility and gladness at a renewal of their friendship. Yes, the artfully artless young man put matters on that basis, and before they had reached the old mill, and retraced their steps, Hope had promised to answer his letters and he had arranged to visit Cairnes another summer. Yes, she had admitted that she "cared" for him, and altogether Aller was very much happier in taking the eight o'clock train than he could have been had he gone on his way at five.

"Sometimes, Miss Pixley, I have sorter wished," said Mrs. Huggins, "that I hadn't mentioned several things that poor Mrs. Ferris told me, and I hope you never'll let 'em go no farther."

"I never will tell anybody one single thing that I haven't already let drop," said Sophronisba, vaguely aware that she could not have produced an item kept in reserve, had her life depended on so doing.

"You see," continued Polly, "she told me some things that I've found out since couldn't be as she said they

I've no idea but they seemed queer, only she got all mixed in so tell 'em and now repeated, might make trouble."

"I said they might," said Sophie, dryly shaking her head. "Did you hear about the Loomis fuss that like to split the Day Baptist Church all to over at Hoadley Corners? all come from such a little

Sister Susan Loomis was a waken, conscientious creature as wed, and Roxana Parker was; only a little more touchy. Loomis took milk of the Park-d little Bob Parker fetched it to them. Roxana never was and she just as often poured in pint extra as not. One day Mrs. Loomis was pourin' it out 's pail, she says, 'Your ma's woman for Scripture measure' ing, of course, pressed down, ; over an' all that. She for-next minute. Bob, he warn't ill up in the Bible, and he went and says he, 'Miss Parker says never see such a woman. You'd your measure, and it's just

' I can tell you, Roxana was She fumed, she told the whole she got so riled she could not er exactly Bob's words, so a week after it got to the s that Roxana said Susan had er 'mean' and 'stingy,' and d knows what all. The two from that time talked so much ybody, and so fast, they got from the startin' point. Their ys fit at district school, and ris made faces at one another. oomis sent back a photograph late Parker gave her as a phillo-ment. Mr. Parker said he never to hear Mr. Loomis again in meeting, and Mr. Loomis said ptists hadn't no use for such of a Sunday-school superin-as Mr. Parker was. Finally her Carleton, who had got one it were, in heaven, and was t of waiting to go all the way int he was!) he went right to t of the matter, and asked Loomis to stop a-vowing that er said this thing nor that, and st what she did say. He) and Roxana herself to come arsonage and hear. If you'll it, that aggravatin' Bob, the

minute Susan said, 'Mrs. Parker sent me so much milk that day that I said it was Scripture measure— Bob, he sings out, 'I told you so, ma, didn't I? Anyway, that's what she said.' I took that lesson to heart and I make allowances."

"Yes, you ain't uncharitable," commented Polly, "and poor infallible bein's as we are hain't no call to be so."

When she returned and gave Sophie the viands, with a red fruit napkin for elegance, Sophie inquired sympathetically: "How is dear Brother Ferris, and does he bear up under his trial?"

It was Polly then who was uncharitable, who doubted her neighbour's motives, and almost regretted treating her to big pears. It gave her unalloyed delight to respond, "Mr. Ferris has let the farm to Joel for a year and —"

Polly stopped to hunt for her ball of yarn, snarled under the wooden rocker.

"And what?" asked Sophie, rapidly swallowing a bit of cake.

"And Mr. Ferris is going around the world."

"Around—the—world—in eighty days!" gasped Sophie, some connection of ideas supplying her with the Frenchman's phrase.

"In eighty days! No, indeed; he will be gone a year, anyway. He said in a talk with Miss Ostrander which I overheard, that he needs a change, his life has been in one rut. He wants to see new people and learn new things. He wants to go to the Holy Land."

"My gracious—clear off there!" cried Sophronisba; adding, "Pa's brother's stepson has been to Hong Kong, perhaps that is on the way—in going around the world."

"Oh, he means to take in everything," calmly remarked Polly. "And I don't know a man that will learn more than John Ferris will a-doing it. I don't begrudge him the privilege."

"Will he ever want to settle down again, do you think?"

"Yes; some men wouldn't, but he will. He'll take in ideas enough to last a lifetime," said Polly, blithely. And then Tom Pixley came to the gate with his "team," and Sophie had to go home without learning any more.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Willard sat idle a long time at the parsonage one afternoon, musing at intervals on his approaching departure from Cairnes. He would be very sorry to go, for he had learned to like very many of the people, and to be interested in almost all of them. He was conscious that in the future, when he remembered Cairnes, there would arise before him visions of good Mrs. Hopkins, of Sophronisba Pixley, of Mrs. Huggins and Joel, the Ferrises, the Ostrandens, Bill Bogert, and the old doctor. He was in the meantime very sensible that just now his intensest interest in Cairnes centred in one person—Kate Hamilton. Up to a certain time he had been reasonably sure that she found his acquaintance agreeable, but of late she had unmistakably avoided him. Since Aller's unpleasant interview with Hope the difference in their manner of intercourse had been very marked.

It was depressing for the young minister to reflect that Kate was possibly as wholly unaware of his sentiments toward her as Hope had been of Aller's, or that perhaps, warned by Hope's experience, she had resolved to discourage any similar advances on Willard's part. For a "long, long time," ever since the picnic, the young minister had known that he had lost his heart to Kate; but if she knew it, she had made no sign. It depressed him to think that she might be far too ambitious to marry a poor man, and one who proposed for himself the role of a temperance evangelist. She had lived in the city, and travelled in Europe, and, for aught he knew, might be engaged to some youth with a fat pocket-book. It was certainly time that Willard found out if he were hoping for impossibilities. He would call on Kate that very afternoon and ask her to correspond with him when he left Cairnes. Was not letter-writing always the opening wedge in cases like this?

It occurred to him then to go out and ask Andy if Miss Hamilton was at home. When he reached the old well he stopped, and, moved by an impulse which he never resisted, he let down the bucket and heard it hit the sparkling water deep below, then raised its trickling drops of coolness, which made him thirstier yet for the coming draught. He was turning away when he saw at his feet a

torn photograph of Kate, that Andy had neglected to take to the playhouse with his other treasures. Like Andy, the minister did not consider it "horrid." He looked at it so steadily, while he wondered whence it came, that Marjory saw him and also wondered; then he coolly put it in his breast pocket, and went away, forgetting his errand to Andy. Marjory sat thoughtful, but received no light at the moment. It came to her turn just then to be a giraffe, and all her thoughts were diverted to stretching her pretty neck for parade.

Mr. Willard, persuaded that Kate must be very lonely without her friend Hope, went toward the cottage, pondering ways and means of approaching Miss Goddard's summer guest, for the summer was almost gone. He found the ladies sitting together, with books and work, in the pretty parlour, which was bright with the late and brilliant flowers.

"What do you hear from Mr. Hopkins?" asked Hannah, after the first greetings.

"He is getting on surprisingly well, and Miss Hope writes in the best of spirits. She says her father enjoys this first really idle time of his life. He writes letters and delights in the books that she draws from the public library for his benefit. All such reports are very soothing to my conscience, for it makes my pleasure in staying longer in Cairnes seem less selfish.

"When you go from here, I suppose it will be to take some permanent charge," remarked Hannah, not interrogatively.

To her surprise, he quickly returned, "No, Miss Goddard. I am going to become a 'temperance evangelist,' as the phrase goes. I am impelled to preach Christ as the only sure hope and help of the drunkard."

"Then you are called to a good work," said Hannah. "But is it not something of a sacrifice?"

"Yes, and no," replied Mr. Willard, talking with Hannah, but letting his eyes wander to Kate. "I do not flatter myself that I have such a high order of talents that great city churches would cry for me, and all the power I possess, moral and intellectual, will have full scope in the work I enter on. Fortunately I am not dependent on a regularly paid salary. I have a very modest little income of my own."

"But will you never have any local

lon, and be for ever on the
asked Hannah, then was
he had put such a suggestive
n.

colour rose in the young man's
he laughingly exclaimed, "Oh,
no thought of becoming a man
t a country—or a home!"

aking of wandering, reminds
aid Miss Goddard, changing the
quickly, "that Mr. Ferris
on his travels in a week or

d I am right glad for him. That
ceeds a wider outlook than he
ver had," said the minister,
ng the bit of lace on which Kate

e was a sound of youthful voices
; the open window, and Hannah
'Andy is here now, Kate, and
send him to the post-office
our letters."

took three letters from the
and went out. They could hear
lking, giving Andy his instruc-
to return soon, and then ask-
rjory if they had enjoyed their

She did not come back imme-
, and Mr. Willard picked up a
e of Matthew Arnold's poems
ade some comment on them,
ring all the while how he should
his siege. He was saved any
tax on his mental resources.

Jory sauntered into the room
her dingy doll, hanging limp
er chubby arm. She looked re-
sly at Mr. Willard, and then
d over and leaned on Kate's
ler, gazing full in the minis-
countenance so placidly beaming

"Willard," said she, "that
graph of Miss Kate that you
l so long at and then put it in
breast pocket, was Andy's. He
; by our well. Have you got it
you now?"

culprit actually turned pale, and
s needle stopped midway in its
e; with a lightning glance she
in the alarm and confusion
ly changing to fun in Willard's
e face. He hesitated a second,
he drew from near the region of
hart a very grimy picture of the
; lady sitting opposite, and
ly surrendered it to Marjory,
g:

tion, whether foul or fair,
r done, but it leaves somewhere
rd written by fingers ghostly,

"I await my sentence, but recom-
mend myself to your mercy, Miss Ham-
ilton. You can guess how I covet
the reality when I am driven to steal
the shadow from a little black boy."

"There comes Andy now," quoth
Marjory.

"Then go and return him his trea-
sure," said Willard, with cheerful
alacrity, and having gotten rid of the
little damsel, he leaned toward the lace
worker who had resumed work with
great energy.

"Now I will tell you how and why I
fell into' sin. Marjory has only
paved my way to a confession I was
eager to make."

A half-hour later, when Miss God-
dard re-entered the room, it was to in-
vite the young minister to remain to
supper. He astonished her by rising
to grasp her hand with fervour, reply-
ing, "Yes, cousin Hannah, I will."

She looked from him to Kate, un-
derstood it all, and with her gracious
directness of speech said, "I am very
glad to have you for a cousin."

A week or two after this evening
Mrs. Ostrander said to Miss Goddard,
"Hannah, you ought to be ashamed of
yourself to be so sly. You know why
Mr. Willard smiles away to himself
so seraphically when he supposes no-
body notices it. Which girl is it, and
when?"

Hannah demurely answered, "I was
going to tell you to-day. It is Kate,
and when Mr. Hopkins gets home, and
is well enough, I am going to have the
prettiest wedding in my house that
you and I can plan for. It will prob-
ably be between Thanksgiving and
Christmas. Hope and Mr. Aller will
stand up with them. I shall invite
every one I can get under my roof to
whom such a feast would give plea-
sure. Will you help me, Maria?"

"With all my heart!" returned Mrs.
Ostrander. "But, mark my words
for it, Hannah, we have not seen the
end. There is Hope—"

"Yes, I should not be surprised if
some time—"

"And then"—interrupted Maria,
mischievously; but meeting the serene
gaze of Hannah's blue eyes she con-
cluded to ask where the next Mis-
sionary Society would meet.

The End.

As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.

—Longfellow.

THE SAINT OF THE PARSONAGE.

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D.D.

My visit to a Western Methodist Conference was made memorable by a very unusual experience. The Catholic priest invited the presiding Bishop and all the official visitors to the Conference to dine with him. By a special courtesy I was included among the guests. The only other guest was the mayor of the city, who was a communicant of the Catholic Church. The dinner was a banquet provided by the best caterer of the city. No expense had been spared. The elegant and elaborate feast was evidence of the high honour the host sought to pay his invited guests. The after-dinner chat was, if possible, more delightful than the banquet had been. The host was a capital storyteller. His experiences had been adventuresome and thrilling. He had come to the town when but a young man, and had lived his whole life in the one parish. He laughingly said :

"The Methodists and the Catholics had a race for this town. It was like that famous one so often related, where several ministers entered by the first train, but the Methodist distanced all competitors by riding on the cow-catcher. The first Methodist minister was on horseback, and I was afoot, and, of course, he beat me a whole day."

The mayor, who was one of the first settlers, and was as full of reminiscences as the host, suggested, with a sly wink at the Bishop :

"The Methodist minister beat you in more ways than one. He had a wife who always kept him on horseback, while you have had to go afoot alone. You never could catch up."

The priest joined in the hearty laugh at his own expense, and then, in a voice that was full of emotion, exclaimed :

"Blessed little woman ! If every priest could have for a wife such a saint as she was, it might be well for our Holy Church to absolve us from our vows of celibacy. I watched her for a year, and I fear I worshipped her almost as long. I confess I found myself at times somewhat confused between the two holy women, the mother of our Lord, and the wife of the Methodist minister. Protestantism would do well to canonize a few

saints, if she has any more like the little girl who redeemed this town."

The little woman who had been dead so many years was living still. Her memory was yet fresh and bright as the priest and the mayor related incidents of her unselfish life of love.

The mayor said :

"'The Baby' was a young fellow who had run away from home and dropped down among us for a lark. He had long curls, and the smooth, innocent face of a girl, but he was the ringleader in every form of deviltry. He was the most desperate and reckless daredevil I ever knew. He stabbed to death the bully of the town at the very feet of the Methodist minister who was conducting a religious service in one of our saloons. 'The Baby' never seemed the same after that night. He tried to be light-hearted and jolly as before, but his eyes had a look of fear as if he was accustomed to see ghosts. I caught him wiping his white hand one day. It was perfectly clean, and as pretty as a woman's hand. I said :

"'Baby,' what is the matter with your hand ? Do you want us to flatter you by calling it pretty ?"

"With a strange look of terror in his blue eyes that fairly made me creep all over, he whispered :

"'I fancy sometimes there's blood on it. Old Dick's blood, you know. He is never absent from me now. He sleeps by my side at night, and walks by my side all day. There he is, now, looking over your shoulder.'

"I started and turned around in my fright, really expecting to see the desperado who had terrorized us when he was alive. When I saw no one I laughed and jeered at the boy.

"'You're crazy. I helped dig the grave in which we buried him. I took such great pains in putting him in that I have no fears of his ever getting out.'

"'I am afraid I will go crazy,' the trembling boy whispered. Then, with a hollow laugh, that made my blood turn as chill as ice, he began to sing a vile song. He was soon the centre of an admiring crowd, for his voice was a tenor, with notes like liquid gold. The jollity

his being put to bed dead
s was now a nightly occur-

in a day or two after our
tion, 'The Baby' was taken
h malignant diphtheria. The
did to him as soon as he saw

by," do you want me to be
with you?"

'the boy whispered.

must die. I cannot help
othing can save you.'
I glad,' the boy replied. 'I'd
see the Methodist parson's

ould not dare let her come,
She would be sure to take
dful disease. She would pay
olly and mine with her life,'
or sternly said.

ad wept as if his heart would
He refused to be comforted.
as it was possible I slipped
e room, and ran to the Meth-
rsonage, and told the little

She did not wait a second,
hing up her hat accompanied
laby's room. I stood back
ght and let her knock. The
pened the door and started
had seen a spirit.

must not enter, madame,' he
y curtly. 'It will be sure

He attempted to close the
her face. She thrust in her
t so that the door could not
i. She smiled and spoke
etly :

tor, if you can risk your life
y, I can risk mine to save a
hrist has promised to be my
: When he is with me, I
d of nothing. This poor boy
woman's care. If his mother
' were here you could not
them away. Please let me

'Baby' looked like an angel
saw her. His face lighted
an unearthly joy that fairly
shine. He reached out his
id, taking the woman's white
essed it to his swollen lips as
ered :

new you would not be afraid

I just wanted you to pray
once as mother would do if
s here.'

ough there were two or three
trange men standing around
ot seem to see us. She knelt
r the bedside, and held his
ille she prayed. I felt as if
ght God right down into that

little room. She talked as if she
were 'Baby's' mother. I believe I
can repeat that prayer to-day, every
word of it. I know I cried like a
child, while the doctor sobbed aloud.
'The Baby' smiled all the time. His
big eyes, peeping through a huge
tangle of golden hair, were never
taken from her face. When she
whispered 'Amen!' he said :

"I knew if you were to pray God
would hear you ; he would come ; he
is here ; I am not afraid now. If you
are willing to risk your life to help
me, Christ, who died to save me, will
not let me be lost. I have been a
very wicked sinner, but my mother
taught me that He came into this
world to save sinners. I ask Him
now, for your sake and for mother's
sake, to forgive me and save me. He
will, I know. He does—' The
white face became transfigured with
a strange light. His eyes seemed to
see some one. His lips moved as he
silently prayed. The silence was
broken by the words spoken aloud,
but in a feeble tone, as sweet as
music :

"'Tho—I walk—through—the val-
ley—of death—I will fear—no evil—
for Thou—art with me.'

"He became unconscious, and never
spoke again. The parson's wife re-
mained by his side until all was over.
When the story was told all over town
no man heard it without tears, or
without a prayer. The little woman
saved more souls by her one prayer
than either the priest or the preacher
did by a hundred sermons."

The priest, who was silently
weeping, said, in a voice broken and
trembling :

"That is so, I am sure."

After a moment, partially regain-
ing his composure, the priest said :

"I witnessed a similar scene, which
is as fresh to-day as if the years that
have passed were so many minutes.
A ruffian had beaten a wretched girl
so terribly that she was about to die.
When they attempted to arrest him,
he had blown his own brains out. I
lived near, and was immediately sum-
moned. The dying girl was sobbing
and shrieking as if she were demented.
She kept calling for her mother, and
would listen to nothing I could say.
There was but one decent woman in
town. It was the parson's wife. It
was then two o'clock in the morning.
I sent a messenger to the Methodist
parsonage who told the little woman
the awful story. It was but a few

moments before she entered the room. She put her little hand in mine, and said in a voice as sweet as that of an angel :

" 'I thank you, father, for sending for me.'

" She turned and seemed to forget that I was present. Five girls, with flashy garments and painted faces, were huddled together by the side of the bed of the dying girl. The poor creature cried out in an agony that made her companions cling in terror to each other as the hot tears ploughed their way down their painted cheeks.

" 'O mother, mother ! If I could only have you hold my hand, I would not be afraid to die. But to die all alone, like this, alone, alone, all alone.'

" The words ended in a wail so awful in its piercing sorrow and woe that it would have melted the hardest heart. The parson's wife crowded her way through the group of girls, and, stooping down, pressed her lips to the bruised and swollen face, as she said in a voice of sweetest music :

" 'My sister, let me hold your hand.'

" The dying girl gave one glance into the beautiful face so close to her, and, putting out her hands, shrieked as she tried to thrust the little woman away :

" 'You're the parson's wife ! Don't touch me ! I'm a guilty, wretched thing ! My very touch would stain your white hand. And I was pure like you once.'

" A bitter wail, followed by hysterical weeping, shook the frail body as a leaf is tossed by a brisk breeze. The parson's wife stooped down, and, taking the girl in her arms, held her in a strong and loving clasp.

" 'My sister, I am but a sinner saved by grace. You cannot pollute me. But Jesus can make you as white as snow.'

" The only answer was a clinging clasp of the girl's arms about the little woman's neck, and a flood of tears upon her breast. After she had sobbed herself into a helpless quiet, she breathed a sigh, as if she were a frightened child that had at last found its mother's breast. When she had become calm, the parson's wife, with swift and skilful movements, made the bed as comfortable as possible, and then, putting her arms around the girls huddled together, softly said :

" 'My dears, will you please me by going to your rooms and changing your clothing, so that you may be company for me here ?'

" In a few moments the girls returned modestly attired, and with clean faces. Each was welcomed with a smile and a kiss. The night was spent in tender words with the dying one. As day began to break, the end approached. The parson's wife saw the signs, and, kneeling by the bedside, she took the girl in her arms as her mother would have done, and began to pray.

" The simple, tender prayer was a child's talk with its father. She held up to God a broken flower crushed and stained. She pled for forgiveness for the dying one who had been led into sin by deceit, and was now hurled into eternity by wicked and cruel hands. Each petition was followed by a whispered 'Yes !' from the girl. At last, as the morning sun flashed its first rays into the room, they fell across the face of the praying woman. The dying girl caught the gleam, and, looking into the shining face, thought she saw her mother as she saw her when she was an innocent child nestling upon her knee. Her darkening eyes opened wide. She smiled and whispered :

" 'Mother, mother ! I knew you would come. I'm not afraid now. Hold my hand !'

" The girl's hand fluttered for a moment in the warm clasp of the parson's wife's hand. The light of the eyes fastened upon the loving eyes beaming above her gently faded, but the gaze never wavered until a gentle sigh and a stony stare showed the sinner was at rest.

" After the funeral the little woman took to her home the five wretched girls and never let them get beyond her loving care until she had saved them and provided for them respectable and loving homes. One of them is the wife of our friend, the mayor.

" Would you believe me, this plucky little woman captured every vicious girl who came to our town, and took her to the Methodist parsonage, and sent her away to begin a new and a pure life. The reformation wrought in our wicked town by this heroic and holy woman seemed a miracle. She was universally loved and almost worshipped. She lost her name, and was known to all, whether Protestant or Catholic, as 'The Saint of the Parsonage.'"—The Independent.

THE CHURCH ON THE ROCK.

BY MRS. EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

as literally founded on a rock, a granite which guarded the stretched inland for many a under greensward and brush-

All around it, at irregular spaces, yawned great quarries, like mouths. The noise of pulley, when the derrick was at work, and chipping, with occasional signals of the stone-boats, went on during the week, gave to the church on the one day when, when her bell was the only that broke the stillness beside the murmur of the waves upon the

Then the house of God opened doors in welcome, and "the rich and poor met together; God the Father of them all." Land labourers and fishermen formed a bodyguard to the poorer visitors or well-to-do owners.

Originally it was founded upon a rock, or, if the faith of Peter, and the man himself, was the foundation, which the Master Builder, as some assert, surely the unimpaired edifice was evidence of a belief in the prevailing power of the truth. Far back, more than a century of a century before, the spot for some place of worship, united prayer might be offered, the Scriptures read and explained, borne in upon the minds of a godly people. They met together, they waited for God, and they began to build. Material was at hand, and many a man gave his time and labour assiduously after the regular day's work was done.

were the women idle. They and they wove what they spun into mats, selling them to defray their expenses. When it became widely known that there was an English-speaking church in the neighbourhood, interest was excited, and the mats found a ready

"wife," said old Chris Downes, just before retiring, "Mebbe I'll be in my pants."

Yes, Chris Downes, what ever do you mean? You'll do nothin' o' the

mebbe if I took 'em off I'd find 'em put into mats afore mornin'."

old fellow chuckled at the

humour his wife's zeal had evoked, and the thing became a standing joke.

Toilers of the deep gave of their spoil, and petty farmers of the fruits of the earth, quarry labourers of their hard-earned wage. In time, a neat white church reared its head on the slope of the hill, overlooking sea and land. It was furnished with pine pews, and painted inside a pale sea-green. There was no ornamentation, but a small cross and crown in the archway behind the reading desk, and over it in gilt capitals, "Let The People Praise Thee, O Lord." The sun painted the windows, and the distant murmur of waves upon the shore was at first the only accompaniment to the human voices. Outside was placed a board announcing services, leaving space for the pastor's name. For he was coming—this God-sent man, who was to shepherd them. They had not got him yet, but he was coming.

"Hello, old fellow!" exclaimed a gentleman, as a young man stepped off the train at a railway station some twenty miles distant from the little church. "It is good to see you again. Shall we walk? My quarters are near."

They had been college chums, these two, but afterwards their paths diverged. Henry Howlett, the elder, had entered a university, while Vincent Lyle avowed his intention of following a certain line for which his tastes seemed to fit him. Indeed, so marked were his qualifications that soon after graduating, he had an offer of a lucrative position. All at once this plan was overturned.

"How was it that you changed your mind?" his friend asked, as they sat on a broad piazza some hours later.

They were gazing out over the rock-bound coast at the wide sweep of ocean. Clouds had drifted, leaving room for a single bright ray to shoot athwart the rising tide in a golden ripple. Vincent Lyle's eyes followed its play.

"It was this way," he said, after a pause. "One day I seemed to awake in a new world, a world so different from what I had hitherto known, that existence could never again take on its old shape. As surely as you

beam of light has touched and tinged the ocean, a sudden revelation—inspiration—call it what you will—coloured my life. I gained a spiritual insight, and became the subject of a spiritual kingdom. There was no violent emotion, nothing of what has been deemed essential to conversion. Yet I knew myself a changed man. By-and-bye I discovered how little else I knew, and began to read and reflect. With increased light came a sense of responsibility. I must give my best for the best; my strength to the promotion of the highest good. I was 'my brother's keeper.'

"The mental strain must have been greater than I was aware, for, suddenly, I found myself physically brought low. I needed a change. You know how I always loved the sea, brought up near it as I had been. So well did I love it"—and here the narrator could not restrain a boyish laugh—"that I once asked a fellow, who was going to the shore while I remained in the city, to bring me back a tarred rope's end—I did, indeed. I kept it in my room; I almost felt like putting it among my clothes. I begged, too, for a bottle of salt water, and a handful of seaweed, but some beggar opened the bottle, thinking it must contain something good to drink, and after a pull—as I suppose—threw it away in disgust."

There was an indulgence of merriment for some moments. This relieved the mind of Howlett. If his friend had "got religion," it was at least of a breezy nature.

"I went down to a quiet boarding-house on the coast," Lyle continued. "A girl was there who attracted me;—don't smile, it hurts me! One day, as we sat on the rocks, I began talking, half to myself, of what had been upon my mind. She looked at me curiously, with a sort of sweet gravity I had never before seen on her face. Suddenly she asked, 'Are you preaching?' I had not intended to preach, and to this auditor least of all, but I was sure afterwards that there were argument and persuasion, with the dogmatism of conviction, in my speech and manner. Any way, the idea she had evoked stuck. I opened my mind to one of the noblest of men, the greatest of modern preachers. The result was, that I studied for the ministry. And now, here I am, at the end of my course,

somewhat worn out, but greedily hailing the invitation you gave me."

"And the girl?" Howlett ventured after a pause.

"I never saw her since. She is a singer in a city church, and was on her vacation at the seaside."

It soon got about that an ordained minister was staying at Plume's Point, and he was surprised by a visit from a select committee of the church on the rock, requesting him to conduct a service. Regarding it as an opportunity for usefulness, he readily consented.

Shall we tell how he found his place? How he spoke as his auditors had never heard man speak before, with a direct and forceful simplicity which could not fail to attract and awaken thought? His prayers brought them to the gates of pearl. A few days later, one or two of the most influential members voiced the desire of the people in extending a unanimous call to the young stranger.

"You cannot live on what they will give you, man," said Howlett.

"I think I can," was the quiet reply.

His genial spirit, hardihood and ready appreciation won the approval of the knights of labour. The children clung to him. Even the most aristocratic summer visitor could not find fault with his gentlemanly bearing and well-toned voice. All parties were satisfied.

Vincent Lyle had not been long installed in his charge when he encountered his first difficulty, the evil influence of a youthful member. One evening after he had striven and prayed, he found waiting for him at the church door, a stalwart fellow of about nineteen, evidently under the influence of liquor.

"I'm—proud—of—you," hiccupped the lad, for he was little more.

The minister put his hand on the young sinner's shoulder.

"And I hope to be proud of you," he said. "Come home with me."

"Land's sakes! If it ain't Solly Shedd's boy!" whispered a woman. "If our minister prays him into the kingdom, an' he comes to stay, it's nothin' short of a miracle o' grace."

"But, Sister Lee, he's been converted twice a'ready," put in another.

"Guess 'twas only from the teeth out," returned the woman. "The rum went lower than the change o' mind, an' soaked into the old nature."

The fact so ambiguously stated was

Ben Shedd, the greatest young grace, was the son of the greatest in the village. "Old Solly," deacon of the church on the tolling on the sea for a livelike was a well-known character in neighbourhood. He had collected treasures of the deep, and other things, which could not be bought one, and offered for sale, when some, some ordinary odds and which no one wanted to buy. In observation and no mean thing, upright, sincere and honest, his lightest promise was as valuable as any millionaire's bond. It was the grey head of such a father whose only child was bringing down sorrow to the grave."

The minister kept Ben that night, as closeted with him next morning. There were other interviews, partial reformation, but at heart Solly was not satisfied. Many times did he shield the ungrateful from his father's righteous indignation. Many a time did he sit with the old fisherman in the boat. But he took in the prodigal too often.

One night, after some weeks' sober work in a quarry, Ben appeared at the father's lodgings, again under the influence of liquor. He was not sober, but sullen and resentful. "I can't use in facin' the old man," he said. "Down on my luck, sir; every penny gone in two deals. Guess I'll

you can stay here to-night, and work in the morning," Mr. Lyle said. "But, Ben, I cannot always rely on you in this way. In God's name, come one to hold on to you when you are passing a saloon, if you may have it a wide berth. Other men had to do it until they got the habit of the drink habit."

That night the pastor had an urgent call to the bedside of a dying woman. He went, nothing doubting.

When he returned, some hours later, Ben Shedd was gone, and with him the minister's well-earned quarter's pay. A desk had been pried open, and a rifled drawer met the eye of the minister as he entered the sitting-

room. He never told old Solly of his loss or the boy's defection. Ben had his way; that was all. The neighbours should never point to their pastor's piety and say, "His prayers are idle words; his only son is a thief and a robber!"

Vincent Lyle had learned economy; he was not to know want. He struggled on for some weeks, and then—oh, seal of his consecration, and token of divine favour!—came, most unexpectedly, the rich gift of \$500 from a maiden aunt. She had not approved of his change of profession, but honoured him for the courage of his convictions. He thanked God and went steadily on.

Two years passed, and he loved his work better and better. To the people he was a true shepherd; for the church a faithful minister. The winters were trying, but he endeavoured to lighten their tedium. Sometimes he had to trudge in uncleared snow through blinding blizzards. Sometimes in the teeth of a storm, which bore to his ears the last signals of perishing men. More than once he had hazarded his life in a vain effort to save them. But through all these perils, by land and by sea, his fine constitution, though impaired by over-study, asserted itself, and he grew strong and vigorous in mind and body.

It was Sunday. All night the wind had sobbed and shrieked, and the waves swept with a sullen, ominous dash upon the shore. Day came with a scowl, murky and threatening, with occasional flecks of snow.

"'Tis blowin' up for a gale," remarked one fisherman to another, "but the boats most gotten in."

Looking seaward, they could discern a schooner lying-to under a double-reefed fore-sail.

"She ain't a haddock boat," said old Solly. "If there's any one aboard that knows the coast, she may make the cove, but she's sou'-east of the island, and can't see to wind'ard."

Then the snow thickened, like a great white shroud, wrapping out the scene of disaster and death.

All that day the storm swept the ocean, waves rising to masthead height for any unfortunate craft that might encounter them. Occasionally, as the dense haze upon the coast was lifted for a moment, a rocket cleft the murky darkness, or the boom of a signal of distress mingled with the roar of the water. But even these were faint, and only discernible to practiced eyes and ears. The sea, which had been to many a man "friend and fire and bread," was now his cruel enemy.

Toll—toll—toll! At intervals the bell of the church on the rock rang

out. There was no hope that they would hear it at sea—those men battling there for dear life—but some might be nearing shore, running for the shelter of the cove. Oh that the familiar sound might reach and guide some wanderer home! For others it was a lament!

A few of the aged and very young, too anxious at heart to heed the cold, met in the church for prayer. The minister led. Then he went out into the darkness, and took his place with the strong men, who were gathered on the wharf, scarcely able to keep a foothold against the immense combers which broke over and threatened to sweep it away. Solly Shedd was there.

"Had you not better go back to the church?" shouted the minister in his ear.

"It's callin' me!" answered the old man. "There's somethin' out yonder I must reach. An' it ain't a dead hand, for it beckons!"

"God help him!" muttered the minister. "When the storm goes down his senses will have gone with it."

Bit by bit they were beaten back by the storm, but still old Solly refused to leave the place. He clung to an iron stay, colling a rope around his arm.

Then came a sudden and ominous lull, as if the hurricane was gaining force for a fresh rush. Or was it that the God of nature stilled the war for that one precious opportunity? In that awful moment voices—human voices—cries for help—came to their ears.

"Let me go!" shrieked Solly. "They're in the cove, an' the sea-wall's givin' way. Don't you hear its thunder? Men—mates—they'll be dashed to pieces a'most within our reach. Give me a lantern—quick!"

With great difficulty, for all lights had been extinguished, one was found. Solly and the minister, followed by others holding on to them, crept forward to the edge of the wharf. A giant wave broke over them, but a rope, fastened to an iron support on the shore, and clutched by many hands, still held.

One gleam the lantern gave, but that ray was sufficient to show a form, tossed like a plaything, on the white-crested billows.

Sh—h—h! A rope shot through the whirl! A rope from an old man's hand, but sped with the steady aim of long practice. It dragged—yes! It was caught—something heavy was attached! It was not the shifting motion of the sea that swayed it.

A phalanx of strong fishermen laid hold of each other, and of the line. Around the waists of the foremost other ropes were passed. With an irrepressible cry they hauled in through the towering foam—a man!

They bore him through the darkness to the church on the rock; it was the nearest shelter. And there, as the lights fell on his unconscious face, old Solly knelt and cried:

"My God, I thank thee! 'Thine my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!'"

Ben Shedd lived; lived to take his place in the kingdom and manifest the reality of a change of heart. As Ben afterwards said, night and day—night and day, the memory of his father and the minister he had so shamefully wronged, never left him. He saved his wages, and had taken ship for home, to restore the money he had stolen. The soaked notes and a cheque were found inside his shirt.

During five years of steady labour Vincent Lyle had the joy of seeing the church on the rock prosper and increase. It was truly a light set on a hill. When at last he quitted it for a more extensive field of labour, he left one in charge who was well qualified to carry on his work.

But through all these years he was not alone. There came to him a true helpmate, a city girl, content—yes, more than content—to share his crosses and his blessings. The beauty of her fresh young voice attracted many visitors, while the purity of her enunciation and phrasing seemed to invest the simplest and best known hymns with new power.

"You made a preacher of me," her husband said one day, "but I often feel when you sing that you are the more effective preacher of the two."

The quiet of a shadow-haunted pool
Where light breaks through in glorious
tenderness,
Where the hushed pilgrim in the shadow
cool
the way's distress—

Such is this hour, this silent hour with
Thee!

The trouble of the restless heart is still;
And every swaying wish breathes reverently
The whispers of Thy will.

—Lucy Larcom.

THE SERMON OF DONALD CAMP.

BY ELSPETH MORAY.

Rev. John Bell sat in his study with two letters before him. The dawning morning light fell on his face grave almost to sternness, wearing upon brow and lip an expression of surprised annoyance. He leaned upon the table, fidgeting restlessly on the table with his long pale fingers as he read the last-opened letter, and with an inarticulate expression of astonishment, leaned back in his chair. His wife's entrance turned the current of his thought.

"You go this morning?" she asked, by the ten-forty. I am very annoyed about Forsyth. He looked out at the last moment sending Camp here."

"I don't like it!" she said, "it is most provoking, especially at his anniversary, when the people expect something different. I cannot expect them to be satisfied with a sermon of Camp's abilities. Indeed, when he preached here before, Dr. Barry assured me it was distressing to listen to his language. There is to be nothing studied; and there is a want of refinement and literary training which, in a sermon like mine, is sure to shut out from any appreciation."

"Well, he may do better this time," she said, rather lamely. "Besides, my dear, Dr. Barry rarely sees good points in any sermon save yourself."

Rev. John attempted to disarm her with a smile. "Barry is a man of great penetration, though, and he is really a privilege to hear the men of such a stamp—men who have a philosophy themselves and a higher criticism."

"It is really a privilege to hear the men of such a stamp—men who have a philosophy themselves and a higher criticism." "In whom is your other letter?" asked his wife, who always felt uncertain in mind when he used these significant words.

"Yes, I wished to speak of it in a note from Mrs. Muir asking to speak to Walter. I am sure I do not see in the least what to say for him outside of the pulpit. I shall be impressed by my sermon, I am afraid, personally, I think him no good."

"I hope, dear, he doesn't understand our sermons," the little wife said timidly. For her own part

she usually sat astounded at her husband's eloquence, but made no pretence of understanding him.

"If he does not understand my sermons then, my dear, he ought to join the Salvation Army," returned the Rev. John with solemn emphasis. "That is the place for him. I really doubt if I have spoken three words to the fellow in my ministry here, so it would be out of place to accost him."

Mrs. Bell was reading the letter.

"Dear Mr. Bell," it ran, "forgive my presumption in writing, as I have no opportunity of speaking. Dear Mr. Bell, it is about my Walter. Since his father died I have had a hard fight with poverty, but I have tried to bring Walter up well. He is not a bad boy—far from it—but lately he has become very careless in attending the church, and I am afraid is taking up with bad companions. I have no one to advise me, and have made bold to write to you. If you would speak to Walter, and point out to him the dangers of the path he has chosen, I will be very grateful.

"Respectfully yours,

"Margaret D. Muir."

Mrs. Bell laid down the letter with a sigh.

"Poor Mrs. Muir, I am so sorry for her," she said.

"Well, my dear, so am I, but I am hardly responsible for her thriftless son." He looked at his watch. "I'll have to leave in half an hour," he said, "I suppose Camp will be here on the seven express. I will have time to run around to Barry's and see the doctor. I would not like him to think I was instrumental in bringing Camp here."

The next day, Sunday, dawned gray and dull. Dr. Barry looked at the sky from the windows of his luxurious study, and turned to his dancing fire with a smile.

"Not coming out, father?" asked his daughter Rose from the doorway.

"No, my dear, not to-day. Mr. Bell called on me yesterday and told me that Camp was preaching to-day. I confess my patience cannot stand another dose of him." He smiled self-reproachfully, and stretched out a velvet slipper to the blaze.

"Why does Bell send such idiots to take his place?" cried young Edward Barry hotly. He was dressed to accompany his sister to church, but stood now glancing longingly at some novels on a side-table.

"Oh! come, now, Ned," his sister laughed, "Don't you pretend to know the difference between sermons. You do not listen any too well to the Rev. John Bell."

"It was not his fault that we had Camp," Dr. Barry said, and he gave them the minister's explanation.

"Oh! well," Rose answered, "for my part I rather liked Mr. Camp. He gave the cushion a house cleaning with his thumps, and wakened me quite up."

Her father smiled indulgently and waved his pipe in farewell as the two young people disappeared.

Donald Camp was what his fellow-students called "a fine fellow, Camp, but,"—that "but" meant one-and-forty drawbacks. He was too sincere to be brilliant. He had not the most imaginative soul nor the most facile speech, yet he steadily refused to write either sermons or prayers. A made-up prayer was to him the abominable thing. His conscience had had a thin skin from the beginning of its existence, and he carefully abstained from hardening it in the slightest degree till every pin-prick inflamed it. He was intensely sensitive to instinctive right. But a lawyer would have laughed him to scorn. He loved denunciations, and he thought he flattened out the bulwarks of higher criticism, as he thumped out the dust from the pulpit-desk. But he never read a word of it, and every book in his study would have been approved by John Knox. But withal he was so genuine, so purely good, so warmly believing, that he often touched the cold, intellectual heart with a regret for the faith of past years, and brought quick tears to the eyes of women whose souls were so often akin to his own. Margaret Muir was both touched and strengthened. While Ned Barry yawned and chinked the silver in his pocket, she listened with her whole soul in her faded eyes, and new and fragrant resolves blossomed out in her heart. When she went home she found her son by the stove reading. She went straight up to him and bent her cheek to his. Walter laid down his

book and waited for the sound of the unusual creak, for a reserved pair, rarely with affection truly existing between them.

"Well?" said he.

"Walter," Mrs. Muir "go to church to-night with you."

"Well!" he said again. His mother's voice had a note new, but it had not yet touched him.

"I don't often ask you my blunder. I want to go to church often enough. I can't go twice in a long distance, but I want to go to-night, Walter."

She turned pale, and her voice trembled. "All right, mother," he replied uncomfortably, and she dropped the subject.

The Barrys' seat was empty that evening. Many of the corners of the pews had taken on the appearance of their pastor's absence to other ministers of the city. Mrs. Muir slipped into a back pew. The text was a common one, but perhaps one of the elders had said afterwards that it was not a new thought for the evening. Dr. Barry was eminent in mind with the latest of theological treatises. In a discourse the Rev. John Bell preached a quaint discourse on "Ecce Homo." His people would have been glad had they seen the rapt expression on his auditors and the satisfaction of the more cultivated class. As it was, he directed his criticisms critically to Donald Camp, derided wherein the difference. But at night, under the influence of his dumb soul in crying for speech, Walter walked homeward with a glow on his face.

A few weeks later he came to church. The Rev. John Muir asked various questions concerning his faith and change of hearing, and pressed his own satisfaction in answering it.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "without a certain patronage, whether a particular sermon it was which led you to think of these subjects?"

Walter did not answer directly. When he did it was with directness and quietness of speech.

"It was Mr. Camp's sermon, sir. He preached

the Valley of Decision,' and was coming out he was at shaking hands. I wanted to go to him, but could not. He had seen something in my face I don't know, but he grasped my hand warmly, and said, 'God bless you to-night,' just as if he knew my mind. Somehow I believe I did decide." A simple, brief history of the soul! When has it failed to shine on the minister's face. In the years of his ministry before him in their passivity unbroken by the tragedy of the every-day heart. In that moment he could recall not one soul

which stood apart and blessed him for the warmth and gladness of a new life.

When the young man finished, the minister's keen, gray eyes softened with a film of tears. He held out his hand.

"I am very glad," he said. His voice was not so clear and strong as usual. "I hope we shall get to know one another and—help one another in our Christian life. Good-bye! God bless you!"

When Walter had gone he stood thoughtfully by his desk and his heart prayed in the silence. It was not the prayer of the Pharisee.—The Westminster.

THE PURE IN HEART.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

They who have kept their spirit's virgin whiteness
Undimmed by folly and unstained by sin,
And made their foreheads radiant with the brightness
Of the pure truth whose temple is within,
They shall see God.

Freed from the thrall of every sinful passion,
Around their pathway beams celestial light;
They drink with joy the waters of salvation,
And in His love, whose love is infinite,
They shall see God.

Though clouds may darken into storms around them,
The promise pours through all its steady ray;
Nor hate can daunt nor obloquy confound them,
Nor earth's temptations lure them from the way
That leads to God.

They shall see God! Oh, glorious fruition
Of all their hopes and longings here below!
They shall see God in beatific vision,
And evermore into His likeness grow—
Children of God!

So when the measure of their faith is meted,
And angels beckon from the courts on high—
Fill'd with all grace, the work divine completed,
They shall put on their immortality.
And dwell with God!

By the prayer of Plato old:
And make thee beautiful within,

And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything—save sin.

—Whittier.

A TURNED LESSON.

BY M. FREDERICK.

There were those who pronounced Stephen Crawford morose, or taciturn; others, more kindly disposed, remarked vaguely on the "eccentricity of genius"; but, those who knew him, knew, also, that a strong, deep and enduring affection underlay the outwardly unemotional demeanour.

Stephen Crawford had come to the quaint, quiet town of B—, ten years before the time of writing, as the organist to the Episcopal church. During the years that ensued, Stephen Crawford had formed no intimate acquaintances, and it was well known that his sweet, frail wife devoted all her time to her husband.

The fall afternoon was drawing to a close; a dull, leaden sky hung low, relieving itself, intermittently, by a heavy shower. Stephen Crawford leaned his head wearily upon the hand, from which the pen had dropped, and with the other pushed from him several manuscript sheets of music. After some few minutes, he rose from his seat, and, gathering up the sheets before him, descended the stairs. Opening the dining-room door, he entered. Near the bright fire, seated in a low rocking-chair, was a sweet-faced young woman; the delicately-cut features were expressive with an almost ethereal beauty, and the golden-brown hair formed a perfect aureole to the marble-white brow and strangely brilliant eyes. She was girlishly slight, and one, judging from her appearance, would not credit her with ordinary strength. Her husband entered with his coat and hat, preparatory to going out.

His wife looked up from her sewing, with a smile, and said, "Have you completed it, dear?"

His face brightened visibly, as he took his wife's hand in his own and looked into her face. "I cannot, exactly, say that I have," was his reply, "somehow, I seem unable to get just what I want, for one stanza. Before the darkness deepens, I intend going over to the church to try it, so good-bye, treasure, for a while." He stooped and kissed her, then left the room.

A few minutes' brisk walking brought him to the old church, now beginning to wrap itself in the sombre

garments of the evening. The solemn silence soon rang, and echoed with the soft, intense melody of the organ, as it seemed almost vocal, under the touch of a master-hand. Unaware of the presence of any one, but himself, Crawford sang, beginning with "Abide with me, fast falls the evening-tide."

Down in the back pew, almost concealed from view, sat a tall, spare man, whose noble, intellectual face was aglow with keen appreciation as he sat there under the spell of the music.

Clearly, sweetly, and with a nameless pathos, was that grand prayer-hymn sung, until "Amen!" and the receding notes of the organ aroused the rector from his reverie. He rose and walked hastily to the chancel. The organist sat motionless, with his head bowed upon the keys of the instrument, as he had so often seen him, before.

"Crawford," said the rector, "I have been listening to you, with what pleasure, I cannot tell you. I am doubtful if you ever excel this effort. But I notice you have not set that one stanza, one which, I think, can hardly be omitted, 'I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,' to music. Have you purposely omitted it?"

Crawford turned around sharply: "How can I find music for it, when there is no responding echo, in my heart, to its sentiment? Just think of it—"

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting—"

He stopped abruptly, and after a moment's pause, looking the rector full in the face, asked bitterly, "Could I say that? Do I fear no ill?" A half-smothered groan broke from his lips, and he turned away in quest of his coat.

Well the rector knew that Crawford was secretly rebelling, and with an anguish which only a silent, reserved man feels, against the fate by which he was soon to lose one dear to him. That she was slipping away from him, he had no doubt, and in his heart

rawford knew he blamed the
had power to destroy and
live. In the presence of the
his man, the rector felt as
must be silent. However,
ed him down the aisle, and
loor laid a restraining hand
arm.

ord, my poor fellow, believe
l for you." The earnest
essed his hearer, and he
s the rector continued, "If
l but take this awful load
trying to carry to the
arer, it would make an
of you. You cannot bear
it alone, it will mar your life,
your work, and, perhaps,
u to drift into unbelief.
ourself to believe in an All-
loving Father, who takes
st interest in the minutest
our individual lives, and
othing but what will perfect
cter and make us meet for
e."

d made no reply, but
he rector's hand, and then
ft the church.

months were succeeded by
and but a month after
rawford's superb Christmas
ad delighted his hearers, his
et wife was committed to
w resting-place, in the old
d.

years have passed away!
ttence of the Great Teacher!
patiently waiting till that
lesson is learned. Graci-
rding from all consequent
e rebellious pupil. Twenty
tion, and Stephen Crawford's
learned.

ht spring morning! The
re donning their gayest
d all nature had awakened
e. An apparently aged man
wly up the village street, in
tion of the church. He
t the sexton's cottage and
the key. Before entering
h, however, he turned aside
urchyard, and, without hesi-

tation, sought a grave, well-kept, and
adorned by a chaste, simple stone.
That grave had been well cared for
by an honest villager, who regularly
received money for that purpose. Al-
though the face of the stranger bore
the stamp of sorrow, it was not sad
as he stood by the grave. After
some few moments he turned and
entered the church.

From the rectory window the rec-
tor had seen the stranger enter the
churchyard, and, later, the church.
His interest was aroused, and he de-
cided to go over to the church and in-
terview him. As he approached the
church, the notes of the organ fell on
his ear, and as he listened, the words,
"Earth's joys grow dim," greeted him.
He listened—ah! he had heard that
before—Stephen Crawford.

Quietly entering, he seated himself
where he would be unobserved by the
organist, and waited.

"I fear no foe"—the voice was
true, though not strong, and the un-
seen listener, recalling all the cir-
cumstances, listened to the words
which had found, at last, an echoing
melody in the musician's heart. "Re-
veal thyself before my closing eyes"
—the voice was lower, but, at "Hea-
ven's morning breaks," it rang out in
triumph, and as suddenly ceased.
The rector, moved by an unnamed
fear, hastened to the chancel, and
there, with his hand pressed to his
heart, and his head fallen forward on
the instrument, from which he had
so often evoked such marvellous
melody, sat Stephen Crawford. When
they carried him from the church they
saw that a radiant smile lighted his
face, and knew that after the storms
that had been the prelude of heaven's
everlasting morning, Stephen Craw-
ford had found a safe and quiet har-
bour. They laid him beside his wife
in the old churchyard, and, on the
tombstone, the rector caused to be
graven:

"After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway leading to this."

re be some weaker one,
se strength to help him on;
linder soul there be,
e guide him nearer Thee.
my mortal dreams come true
the work I fain would do;
with life the weak intent,

Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude.

—Whittier.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND ITS RESULTS.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



THE past fifty years have, in the biblical and theological world, been years of persistent and thorough examination. The line of an intense and widely comprehensive investigation has been cast into every department of religious teaching, and questions of every character and colour have been pressing for attention and solution. It is not too much to affirm that this period of a scholarly criticism, covering all the literature which constitutes the canon of Scripture, has frequently assumed a disturbing and threatening tone, and the most alarming consequences have again and again been feared. Upon no other book in the world has so much profound attention been bestowed for such vast periods as upon that volume which, by common consent, furnishes the ground of the brightest aspirations and the most cheering and sustaining hopes.

Men with large gifts have for years made it their special aim and duty to gather up every possible fragment of information as to the composition of the Scriptures, their authorship, authenticity, and the various qualities which have combined to give the biblical documents such a marvellous and magnificent position and supremacy in the literature of the world. Again and again lovers of the sacred books have been startled and pained by announcements made by unfriendly assailants as to the incredible and unhistoric contents, first of this book, then of that, and there have been moments when it seemed as if the temple of revelation was being shaken by the winds and waves of a pitiless and continued criticism which have swept around it.

A vast amount of literature has been created by the prolonged conflict. By general consent, it is felt, however, that the mission of the critic, so far as it relates to the structure of the individual parts of the scriptural canon, is about finished. As a most competent authority has recently said :

Criticism has lost the enthusiasm

of youth, and is reaching the : of middle age ; her wiser student growing cautious, and are less : in their theories. The time for tant voyages of exploration is and the season for surveying newly-discovered coasts has It is not likely that the further of either Testament will result I find so brilliant as to dassel Church's imagination, or so sts as to shake their faith. Befo scholarship of believing men no the sober task of correcting speculations, clearing up d working upon the text of Scri assimilating information from a remains, and classifying result

As the smoke of battle clears and the confusion and noise o tending camps are less dis heard, it is profoundly interest notice what has disappeared and still remains of the greatest bo mankind has ever been called u read and heed. One thing is c and that is, that a fair, earnest petent criticism has honestly the gratitude of every Christi liever in the world. By its and untiring efforts the Bil been edited with foot-notes, an light has been thrown on its co tion. Each volume has been its true historical circumstanc author has become a living) the history of the particular has been re-created, and the life of vanished ages has been fore us in fresh and striking c

As the Bible comes from the of a believing scholarship, it richer book for the Christian, b while its soul has been left unt its whole form has been illun and made more intelligible. practical outcome of long ye critical examination is happily trated by the work now going connection with one of the grea lish cathedrals. Workmen been busy taking down the fact cleaning off the grime and du the carvings, numbering each as they cleaned it. When th is finished, each stone will back in its place, and the

ll rise as before, only the accretions the centuries will disappear.

True, there is trouble and unrest ring the cleaning process, but that riot of disturbance is almost over, and from it we shall find—in fact, are now finding—that the Bible is issuing from the trial, with the old truth no bit diminished, but more clear to the apprehension and more satisfying all the demands of a profound and intelligent faith.

The Church of Christ has not lost its faith in the form and contents of its unfailing and glorious Book. No Bible Society in the world is for a single moment contemplating the ceasing up of its work of translation or publication of that volume, or any part of it, which has done so much to raise the moral and religious temperature of the world. No Church in existence, which, with any consistency, calls itself Christian, is proposing to drop out of the sacred collection any one of its parts, because the criticism of the past half of a century has so discredited its history and claims as to make it impossible to retain it any longer. The universal Church of God has no such surrender to make, nor is there the slightest prospect that any such abandonment will take place in the near or far-distant future. Thinking, believing men are feeling now, more than ever, that the Word of God, as found in the Christian Scriptures, is one of the permanent and indestructible forces of the world, that its authenticity and value are receiving fresh credentials as the years unfold their treasures

and sorrows and needs on a fuller scale than ever before.

Let it not be assumed for a moment that in our present discussion of the critics' work we ignore the human side of this matchless Book, or the imperfections which of necessity belong to this aspect of the biblical structure. Doubtless there is room here for debate and perplexity, but there are a good many things that we do not understand in nature, but we do not for this reason dismiss it. Whatever may be said against this planet, it is, so far, our best standing-ground. And so long as the Bible vindicates itself in its practical, moral, and spiritual effects, that is enough for us. Our scientists have used the spectroscope during the recent years, and they have found a good deal in the sun they did not expect. They have found a good many terrestrial elements there. But, so long as the sun keeps on ripening harvests, creating summers, filling the planet with music, with flowers, with loveliness, and ten thousand good and noble things, we shall respect and admire the sun. And whatever may be the technical defects of Revelation, so long shall men stand by it whilst it lifts up fallen men into righteousness, inspires boundless hope, pours its consolations into weary and bleeding hearts, furnishes a standard by which men may live and a light by which they may die, and makes the great wilderness of the nations to blossom as the rose.

Dorchester.

BY THE BROOK CHERITH.

BY JOSEPHINE RAND.

I sit beside my Cherith
In God's appointed place,
And watch the failing waters
Of God's mysterious grace.
More weakly flows the current,
More shallow day by day,
And yet the Spirit whispers:
"God will provide alway."

Parched grow the fields around me,
The song of birds is still;
I only hear the murmur
Of the ever failing rill.
Its plaintive voice grows fainter,
Dying from day to day,
And yet the Spirit whispers:
"God will provide alway."

Elijah's God is watching,
Though he may be concealed.
When fails the brook of Cherith
His care shall be revealed.
Forth to some fair Sarepta
His faithful hand shall lead,
And there His wondrous bounty
Will meet my every need.

And so I sit by Cherith
In God's appointed place,
And see without complaining
The waters fail apace.
For faith and trust are with me,
My comfort and my stay;
I hear the Spirit whisper:
"God will provide alway."

—Zion's Herald.

MORE EMPIRE BUILDING.*

To not many men is it given to add half a million square miles to British territory, and from twenty to thirty millions of new subjects; yet this was the happy fortune of Sir George T. Goldie, one of those great British pro-consuls, who have organized so much savagery into civilization. This achievement was accomplished by wise tact and diplomacy, and almost without expenditure of British blood. On June 14, 1898, by the stroke of a pen, a treaty was signed by which the French Government recognized the claims of the British to the vast region occupied by the great Housa-speaking race. The frontier of this new protectorate extends 1,875 miles, as far as from Paris to Moscow. It is part of the vast Soudan, a region so large that persons might be within its limits and yet be five hundred miles farther apart than London is from Khartoum. "Apart from India and Burma no native state or combination of states within the empire can compare in size, population, and importance with this, our latest protectorate." Thus is opened a new and almost unlimited market for British goods. Canon Robinson's book gives a graphic account of this vast region, and its people. It is written with ample knowledge, generous sympathy, and with a fine vein of humour.

The African fever, says our author, has heretofore prevented most Europeans from contracting any other disease, because it left them no time in which to be ill of anything else. But the discovery of the antidotes to malaria, and of the noxious mosquito which causes it, may soon make that scourge of Africa almost obsolete. The success of imperialism depends largely on the success with the microscope. The mortality from fever in India is five millions a year. "War, famine, and pestilence have slain their thousands, but the mosquito its tens of thousands."

The Housas are no more savage than the people of India. They have

reduced their language to writing, established schools throughout their country, and organized a stable government among many diverse tribes. "The Housa policeman is almost as incorruptible as an English judge." In force of character and physical strength the Housas are unsurpassed by any people in the world. A Housa soldier has carried upon his head a mountain gun, which Canon Robinson could barely lift an inch from the ground, twenty-two miles in a day. They have proved faithful and valiant soldiers of the Queen, even in operating against their Moslem fellow-countrymen.

In 1896, Sir George Goldie, with twenty-five English officers and five hundred Housas, in an expedition to suppress slave-raiding, attacked the King of Bida in his stronghold. Their foes outnumbered them fifty to one. The advance guard of two hundred was attacked by twenty thousand men—one hundred to one—armed with guns and spears; but they captured the king's stronghold, with a loss of only one white officer and seven blacks killed, and nine wounded. "This," says our author, "was the most important battle ever fought in West Africa, the first real blow struck at the slave-raiding in the interior."

As may be supposed, travel throughout this region is difficult and slow. A package of letters sent to our author reached him after more than two years. The postman asked thirty shillings for his two years' search. The traveller's purse in England would weigh, perhaps, half a pound; the author's in Nigeria weighed 3,500 pounds. The currency consists in cowrie shells and slaves, the value of the latter is 150,000 times as great as the former, but the British do not use this costly currency. The value of a sovereign weighs 200 pounds in cowrie shells, so, to avoid cost of carriage cloths and silks are used instead.

The food problem is a difficult one. Meats are scarce, poor, and indigestible. The pawpaw, a remarkable melon, is eaten with the meat by way of digestive. Its potency is described in the case of an English official, who took an extra-sized pawpaw to bed with him. In the morning the official was missing. "It was not till they had cut open the melon

* "Nigeria, Our Latest Protectorate." By Charles Henry Robinson, M.A., Canon Missioner of Ripon and Lecturer in Housa in the University of Cambridge. With map and illustrations. New York: M. S. Mansfield & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp.

he watch and buttons of the late afforded an explanation of had occurred." The Canon not vouch for this story.

hing less than a man-of-war can t fresh eggs in West Africa.

a ship arrives every bad egg a neighbourhood is soon sold; bsequent purchases must, there-be fresh. The Canon quotes the d that the heat in Nigeria is so that the natives put their hens o chests to prevent them laying boiled eggs.

bane of the country is its s. The Housas say that their age contains 343 words, each representing a different species; the of three hundred of these may regarded as fatal. This the cal Canon thinks an exaggera-

ugh the upper waters of the have been known 2,000 years, uth was only discovered in 1831. Royal Niger Company made four ed separate treaties with native , and so maintains peace hout the vast region. It has hed human sacrifice, almost ed the slave trade, has limited, a most regions abolished, the sale arms and intoxicants.

op Tugwell—a good name forfrican prelate—has established a on among the Housas. No- else in the world are the peo- o numerous and so intelligent, have never heard of the Chris-

faith. The Canon strongly the training of the natives in al work. He illustrates the ation of religious feeling and ity among these emotional peo- y the statement that certain con-praying that they may "here-live a godly, righteous and sober understood the word hereafter an in the world to come, as if it nothing to do with the present

evoted Englishman and name-of the author, in seeking to learn housa language, died on the . To carry out this work our r fearlessly entered the same

describes the market-place of as the largest in the world. Its

average daily attendance is estimated at 30,000, and it has been maintained for at least a thousand years. At the time of the Norman Conquest it furnished better made cloth than any to be found in England at the time. It has a great slave mart, the usual number on sale being five hundred, but on the occasion of his visit there were three times that number.

The author quotes specimens of Housa literature issued by Cambridge University Press, consisting of poems of a religious and political character. Some of the lines have a striking resemblance to passages in the New Testament as, "This life is a sowing-place for the next, all who sow good deeds will behold the great city." "Whoever chooses this world rejects the joys of the next, he seizes one cowrie, but loses 2,000 cowries."

The Canon believes that in Africa the role of Islam is played out. It served its purpose in substituting the worship of one God for that of many, but it must bear the responsibility for maintaining the open sore of Africa—slave-raiding. This crime England is extirpating, and well she may, for for two centuries she was the greatest slavetrader in the world. "Probably not less than four millions of slaves," says the Canon, "were imported under the British flag, chiefly from Nigeria, the West Indies, and America."

Thanks to the Royal Niger Company, gin is unknown in Upper Nigeria. "To stamp chaos under foot and plant wholesome cabbage" is defined as the role which England is destined by providence to play in Central Africa. For many years Nigeria will furnish opportunity for this work. Our author concludes:

"Many a noble life has been laid down in the attempts which have already been made to introduce Christianity and Christian forms of government into the power part of Nigeria, and the list of those who have fallen, whether as missionaries, soldiers, or administrators, will be a far longer one than it already is ere the desired result can be obtained, and our responsibility towards the inhabitants of our latest protectorate can be in any true sense fulfilled."

"That delicate forest flower
With scented breath and looks so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe."—*Bryant.*

THE MISSIONARY VISTA.

BY THE RT. REV. HENRY B. WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D.

Standing on the threshold of the twentieth century and gazing at the missionary vista, intent on discovering prophetic signs, I can say emphatically that I find everything to encourage optimism.

The world is to be won to Jesus Christ. Concerning that my belief is absolutely certain. Christianity has not worn out its power of its message, and the twentieth century will more than match the nineteenth for missionary zeal and enterprise.

It is quite true, and always will be, that in the conflicts between the kingdoms of Good and Evil there are times when the former seems to be losing ground; but when we remember that all modern movements have tended to develop and extend the deep, passionate love of humanity, which seems to be one of the great distinguishing features of the age, we can no longer feel afraid for the future.

One hundred years ago slavery was general throughout the earth; one hundred years ago there were no Toynbee Halls, no missions to the slums, and foreign missions were regarded as forlorn hopes. Only a few years ago, when Stanley for the first time penetrated Darkest Africa, he travelled for 990 days through regions where the people had never heard the name of Jesus Christ. Now there are 60,000 people on Lake Uganda alone who have been converted to Christianity. Never, not even in the days of the Apostles, have there been such victories for the faith as are now being achieved.

Perhaps the worst cannibals in all the world were those of the Fiji Islands. So terrible were they that after the Wesleyan missionary had been with them for five years, one of our commodores offered to send him back to England. "No," he said, "I will remain and win them to Christ or die here." There is no more cannibalism in the Fiji Islands now, and of 120,000 population, 90,000 are habitual attendants on public worship.

When I was a boy sixty years ago there was no Christian settlement in all the antipodes, and only one white settlement—Botany Bay, the cesspool of civilization. To-day multitudes of the heathen occupying those lands have been won to Christ; great numbers of white people gone to dwell among them, and

Christian civilization has spread over the entire area.

The Indians of the United States, a few years ago, were regarded by white men as hopeless savages, doomed to perish utterly or be driven off the earth—the generally accepted proverb held that "the only good Indian was a dead one." To-day there are 25,000 Indian children gathered in schools, 38,000 speak the English language, and 30,000 are communicants of Christian churches.

I see nothing alarming in the fact that here and there are men drifting away from old beliefs. There always has been, and there always will be, such drifting. But to a great extent that which is thought to be a drifting from faith and belief in God is only the natural revolt of men's minds against certain human opinions which have wrongfully been incorporated into Christian creeds, belief in which is not necessary to salvation.

All over the Christian world men to-day realize more clearly than ever before that all we can know about God is to be obtained by looking in the face of Jesus Christ; and that his tender love, sympathy and hopefulness were the earthly revelation of God and his love. More strong and widespread every year is growing that Christian-born belief in the brotherhood of humanity, and the belief that God has made of one blood all the nations on the face of the earth, and that Jesus Christ died for all men.

I believe that throughout the Christian world to-day men generally have clearer ideas and firmer belief in the cardinal truths of their religion than ever before. It is true that they no longer persecute: but that to my mind is far from a bad sign. Some few generations back men held certain opinions so strenuously that they were willing to put to death those who differed from them. This was true of the Church of Rome, true in England and in New England. Men were persecuted not because they did not believe in God or Christ, but because they did not hold to certain definitions.

Perhaps one of the most hopeful signs of the times is that Christians of different denominations have ceased to fight against each other, and I believe that the predominating thought that lies next to Christian hearts to-day, in consideration

lities of a new field of mission-
s "Who can best do the work
er, Jesus Christ, in this place?"
this sympathetic and brotherly
which is constantly becoming
ed as the years roll on, I feel a
all bodies of Christians will
find reunion in work for our
i those for whom He died.
nomination no longer thinks
exclusively for itself. The
; asks is one that touches all
earts: "What can be done to
Gospel of Jesus Christ to all
need it?" As the years go on
of the two kingdoms will be-
er, and many a man will fall
afflict on one side or on the
there remains in my mind not
st shadow of doubt as to the
ctory for Christ.
erence between the care of
entury ago and now shows how
s wending Christwards. The
labouring classes to a degree of
id independence unknown in
ges is another sign. Every-
are recognizing the fact that
Christian is the man who be-
tensely in the Master that he
pefulness and passionate love
ty and willingness to work and
meelf for men.
ring wealth of Christians and
ches does not disnay me, for
rowth I see the growth of the
manity. True, the accumula-

tions of some men are enormous, unpre-
cedented; but with them has come the
belief in men's minds that they are but
the stewards of that wealth, and the de-
termination to be able to give a good
account of its expenditure. Never was
there a time when men gave so freely, so
liberally and so in accordance with that
precept of Christ's which warns us to
beware of ostentation in our charities:
"Let not thy left hand know what thy
right hand doeth."

The other day I heard a Christian man
abusing one of great wealth on account of
his supposed meanness, and I said: "I
would not conclude too hastily in such a
case as that, for though I cannot explain
fully, I know of a certain \$50,000 stipula-
tion that the name of the giver should not
be mentioned."

There is something very hopeful, also,
in the changed form of the giving. Christ
commanded to feed the hungry and the
poor, and all over Christendom in the
middle ages there were monasteries dis-
tributing alms and food. The same beg-
gars came every day to receive their dole,
and the miserable condition of the peas-
antry of Europe to-day is largely due to
the monastery alms, for wherever you
establish an almshouse you graduate
paupers.

Now we help people to help themselves,
we teach them that God will help them if
they try. We try to give them hope.—
The Independent.

A GREAT PREACHER—ROBERT W. DALE.



R. ROBERT W. DALE.

out twenty years since I first

heard the late Dr. Robert William Dale.
His appearance in the pulpit immediately
impressed me. The large head, firmly set
on a body of medium height, and so slender
as to suggest physical delicacy, could
only be the head of a man of thought.
It was said that Dr. Dale wore the largest
hat in Birmingham. There were cer-
tainly more brains under that hat than
under any other in the Midland metro-
polis. Its wearer simply compelled—
without any self-assertion, for he was the
most modest of men—recognition of his
intellectual superiority. From the open-
ing prayer to the benediction his power-
ful mind laid its spell on the minds of his
hearers. Must I confess that my recollec-
tion of the sermon is blurred after so long
an interval? I do remember, however, that
that sermon lasted over an hour, that I
thought it all too short, and that the deep
sincerity of the preacher left an abiding
impression on my young man's ~~restive~~
restive mind.

Where shall we look for another Dr. Dale, in our own or any other period? We might compose one, perhaps, out of combined characteristics of Dr. Martineau, Dr. Fairbairn, and the late Dr. Charles A. Berry, but after all there would still be missing the strong individuality which really made Dr. Dale. He had Dr. Martineau's power of clear thinking, Dr. Fairbairn's encyclopedic information, and Dr. Berry's political and social enthusiasm, but the blend was his own, and as every tea-man will tell you, the blend is all-important.

Perhaps Robert Hall comes the nearest to Dr. Dale, in his individuality and his religious and political influence, of any other who might be named. Both are supreme types of the prophet-statesman—the preacher who has a message to the community and the nation, as well as to the individual; who knows how to save cities as well as to save souls. Both were men who, in any walk of life where brain-power tells, must have risen to the top, and who, though they felt their life-vocation was to preach the Gospel of salvation, held that that Gospel was so large that it covered every sphere of social action, and that it must not be narrowed down to a merely theological individual application.

It is not an easy thing to be a prophet. The prophet must be an encyclopedic man if he is to bare the roots of social evils and political sophistries, and lay the axe at those roots. We have in these days, and there have been in all days, cheap prophets who shirk the laborious acquisition of necessary knowledge, and mistake shouting for the Divine prophetic fervour that rarely comes except to the full mind and the full heart. The Hebrew prophets knew what they were talking about when they described the messages entrusted to them to deliver as "burdens." Dr. Dale was a prophet to the city and the nation if ever there was one, and truly his messages were burdens. He reminded me of Mount Hecla, that mount with the heart of fire and the summit and slopes of ice and snow.

In the vulgar sense, I do not think Dr. Dale could truly be called a "popular" preacher. He always put a tax on the intelligence of his hearers, by the sheer force of thought, that ordinary minds found it difficult to bear. An hour and a quarter or so of concentrated attention to such sermons as he preached left the man or woman, accustomed to much shorter and much lighter mental exercise, tired and exhausted. He scorned the

arts of mere popularity—the arts that are perfectly legitimate within limits—the gauds of rhetoric, the introduction of anecdotes, the dramatic manner, the poetical quotation.

There was about his preaching much of the austere simplicity of those Puritan Independents whom he regarded with such veneration and whose ideals he cherished, but with all this there was a breadth of view and an extensive sympathy that were all his own. At times Dr. Dale appeared to envy Methodists their warmer emotionalism and greater communicativeness of religious experience, and it is significant that in his later years Dr. Berry came to feel keenly the coldness of Congregational Church membership, and to advocate, as essential to the fulness and glow of the spiritual life, something very closely resembling the Methodist class-meeting.

In a sermon preached in connection with the Centenary celebration of Wesley's death, Dr. Dale said:

"About the external incidents of worship the men of the Revival were very indifferent. One place was as good to worship God in as another; an old hay-loft, a farmhouse kitchen, a carpenter's shop, was as sacred as any cathedral. When they built chapels it was their only anxiety to get as large a chapel as they could for their money. They cared nothing about the ecclesiastical style, or indeed, about any style at all. Their minds were filled with the awful yet glorious work of saving the souls of men, and with the blessedness of approaching God. The walls and the roof of the building in which they met were forgotten. To me, the square, red-brick chapels which were built in those times, with staring windows and low ceilings, are infinitely significant. They are the visible symbols of a faith which was unconscious of things seen and temporal, and was wholly absorbed in things unseen and eternal. It was in chapels like these that men listened to the strains of an eloquence by which their hearts were melted to penitence and inspired with exulting joy in the love of God; it was in chapels like these that weak by weak devout souls discovered with infinite wonder and thankfulness how near heaven had come to earth. These were the buildings in which the evangelical movement achieved its glorious successes. The churchmen of the evangelical succession were as careless about such matters as the Nonconformists. The evangelical clergy thought nothing about restoring

; it was their business to do to God. It did not occur to heavy galleries and high-backed pews, if only they were crowded and women eager to listen to him. The portentous 'three-room which they preached did not invite any hostile criticism among the hearers; it mattered nothing in what pulpit the preacher stood if he could tell them 'the way of salvation'—to spend money in scraping the floor with Purbeck marble which had been polished with whitewash, or in filling the pulpit with painted glass, would have done more for many of them an odd way of doing things in the name of God, and work of this kind would have contributed nothing to the growth of their devotion."

In every sermon he draws his ideal of the Church, and surely it is the ideal! "You remember the description of an orator. It was he alone that spoke; his eyes, his hands, his feet—they were all in it. And a Church is a living organism; the minister is its voice; but if he speaks to any purpose the voice comes from a body struck with health, fixed features, glassy eyes, firm limbs; there would be something in that. Eyes, hands, face, all have life and passion in them; they all must speak; they must sorrow and alarm with which he tells men of the infinite evil; the rapture with which he tells of the infinite love of God. You work and you will share his final reward. In every man you find his ministry from an irreligious man; every man who through his weakness in God strength for the monotonous struggle with sin, and consolation in the faith which our earthly condition is and saddened; in every man you find his instruction, entreaty, and encouragement continues patiently in prayer and wins glory, honour, and joy, you will see the answers of prayer, intercessions, and the triumphs of earnestness and zeal."

Theology of Dr. Dale was firmly based on the Kingship and the Atonement. Christ was the head and representative of the race, and the rose to the fulness of the Christhood, realising the representation of Christ, and suffering him-

self to be reconciled to God by Christ's atoning sacrifice, he freely and joyfully surrendered his will to Christ's will, and let Christ be the absolute ruler of his life. Out of Christ he firmly believed there was to be no life, and therefore Dr. Dale became, with the late Rev. Edward White, one of the few holders in this country of the doctrine of conditional immortality. We may disagree with Dr. Dale on this, as on other points of this speculative theology, but we cannot but be heartened and strengthened in our Christian faith by his manly and robust faith, and his simple-hearted and perfect surrender of all the gifts of a capacious intellect to the Master who was once "despised and rejected of men," in order that thereby He might lift men to the height from which they had fallen.

Many a prominent preacher of to-day traces the quickening of his soul to a sermon or a book of Dr. Dale. He was a teacher of preachers, as only Henry Ward Beecher has been besides in the last half-century. He was also a teacher of statesmen, whose mark is deeply impressed on the legislation of this half-century. He was the most forcible exponent of the principles of spiritual religion and religious equality, and in spite of the temporary galvanization of a degenerate sacerdotalism, and a toothless and mummified intolerance, the principles of Dr. Dale are the winning principles in church and school and state, and the victory will only be hastened by the forces that seem to be telling against them.

What Dr. Dale was as citizen, however, only Birmingham fully knows. No service was too humble for him that could in any way advance the well-being of the city he loved. I have heard a Birmingham minister say that in an election emergency he has seen Dr. Dale directing and filling envelopes at a committee-room. He lifted municipal, and he tried to lift national politics to a place so high that they were indistinguishable from religion. He has left disciples, but no heir to his mantle, for Dr. Dales do not "like Amureth to Amureth succeed." It is pleasant, however, to know that a man after his own heart occupies his pulpit, and to feel that while Rev. J. H. Jowett lives, the pulpit of John Angell James and Robert William Dale will keep alive its noble traditions.—"*Ignotus*," in *Princeton Methodist Magazine*.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.*



MRS. RIJNHART IN NATIVE COSTUME.

This tragic story is one of special interest to Canadian readers. Mrs. Rijnhart is a Canadian lady, born near Toronto, who has passed through a baptism of suffering paralleled by but few heroines of the mission field. In 1891, Mr. Rijnhart, a devoted Holland missionary, made his first journey through China. Three years later, accompanied by his bride, both trained physicians, he entered upon his heroic attempt to penetrate the sealed land of Tibet. They went without any guarantee of support, though many friends were won by Mr. Rijnhart's lectures in Holland, the United States and Canada. They went up the Yangtse river and over the mountains of Tibet, a two-thousand-mile journey in midwinter. War was waging with the Moslems on the border. The slaughter was terrible. Eight hundred were killed in a single day. Some of the missionaries' earliest

work was to minister to the wound in the field of battle. Day after day he worked hard and with success. The doctors could do nothing. "After a sight," writes Mrs. Rijnhart, "one appreciate the blessings which the sciences of medicine and surgery bring to the feet of the suffering and sick in the tian lands."

* "With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple." Narrative of four years' residence on the Tibetan Border, and of a journey into the far interior. By Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming Revell Company. Pp. 400. Price, \$1.50.

In 1898 they started for the unpopulated highlands with sixteen ponies, three hundred New Testaments, food for a year, and their year-old baby. "I must have a happy childhood," says her father. "He must have the best education in English, French, and German that he may not feel that because he is a missionary's son he missed the joy of brightening other boys' lives." All their dreams! Already their baby was stricken with death. The mother prays earnestly, as she pathetically writes: "O Him who holds all life in His hand, let us have our darling child. Do not know how we loved him, and can it be possible that the very joy of our lives, the only human thing that made life labour sweet amid the desolation and

lation of Tibet—could it be possible that even this, the child of our love, should be snatched from us in that dreary mountain country by the cold, chill hand of Death? But the little flower, blooming on the bleak and barren Dang La, had been plucked and transplanted on the Mountains Delectable to bask and bloom for ever in the sunshine of God's love. But, oh! what a void in our hearts!"

We further abridge her pathetic narrative:

"Our drug box, emptied of its contents, and lined with towels, served as a coffin, which I myself prepared, while Mr. Rijnhart and Rahim went to dig the grave. With hands whose every touch throbbled with tenderness I robed baby in white Japanese flannel, and laid him on his side in the coffin, where he looked as pure and calm as if he were in a sweet and restful sleep. Many of his little belongings were put into the coffin, accompanied by our names written on a piece of linen and on cards.

"Then there was the agony of the last look. Our only child, who had brought such joy to our home, and who had done so much by his bright ways to make friends for us among the natives—to leave his body in such a cold, bleak place seemed more than we could endure. As the three of us stood over the grave the little box was lowered. Mr. Rijnhart conducted the burial service in the native tongue, so that Rahim might understand, and the cold earth of Tibet, the great Forbidden Land, closed over the body of the first Christian child committed to its bosom—little Charles Carson Rijnhart, aged one year, one month and twenty-two days.

"Mr. Rijnhart and Rahim rolled a large boulder over the grave to keep wild animals or robbers from digging it up, and obliterated as well as possible all traces of a recent burial. We could only say, 'Thy will be done.' Less than a month afterward we realized that the All-Loving had dealt very kindly with us in taking our little darling when we were comfortable, when we had plenty of food for him, a tent to sleep in and ponies to ride on; for later we found ourselves with barely enough common food to exist on for a few days, while we travelled on foot, Mr. Rijnhart carrying on his back a heavy load."

A greater grief than this was in store for this brave Canadian woman. Their Chinese guides ran away in the night. They engaged fresh guides and ponies. The guides led them astray. They were

set upon by robbers, all their ponies but one were shot or carried off, and then the guides deserted them. Seeing some tents across the river, Mr. Rijnhart started towards them for help. Mrs. Rijnhart writes: "I waited alone with God until dark. The thought came, 'the tents are far away, he will be back by morning.' It gives one a strange sensation being alone among a hostile people, without even a tent or a dog.

"What he must have suffered did he have time to think of his wife alone and in danger! I knew that, unless he had hopes of helping me himself, every thought was a prayer that his loving Father would tenderly care for the one alone on the hillside. I tied my pony among the bushes and lay down, more for protection from the cold than from any



REV. PETER RIJNHART.

desire to sleep, and spent a quiet, peaceful, though slumberless night, in a mood not to be surprised if the sound of that precious voice rang out my name through the deathly stillness, remembering what he had said about calling to me if he should return after dark—but in vain.

"But as the hours of the second day sped on and no trace of him was seen, my heart almost ceased beating. Well it was that we had learned to trust God in hard and difficult places. What else supported me through the leaden hours of that day but the thought that I was in God's hands!

"Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath."

Efforts to hear of her husband were unavailing. Riding turbulent yaks or

untrained ponies, crossing mountains and rivers, changing mercenary guides for faithless and dangerous ones, seeking protection of nomadic chiefs and bigoted lamas, who gave her tsamba and butter and "ula" (official passport), and hurried her off under escort; sleeping outdoors, and glad in this land of snow to "spend several nights in the stable with horses, donkeys, cows, and pigs," terrified when her escort was attacked by drunken Tibetans, she at last reached Ta Chien-Lu. There, at the home of the Tibetan Band of Christians, she "found a haven of rest after the lone, long journey of over six months."



A TIBETAN CONVERT.

The first question asked when in safety was, "Is Queen Victoria still alive? From Ta Chien-Lu she wrote to Mr. Paul, of Toronto, of her husband's disappearance.

This touching story was written in intervals of toil and travel and finished at Chatham, Ontario. This devoted mis-

sionary, undeterred by disaster in the death of those she loved, has determined to go back to the hermit-nation of Tibet. It was her husband's burning ambition to be of service in evangelizing Tibet, whether by his life or his death he said it did not matter to him. Her whole soul is devoted to the redemption of this long-sealed land.

"From ten thousand tongues," she says, "amid the flutter of the prayer-flags and the clink of cylinders is heard the mystic invocation—'Om mani padme hum,' but there is no Christian altar. The devotees still flock to revere the Sacred Tree and worship the great Butter-God, and amid all the host there is not one witness for Jesus Christ! The call comes and it will be answered soon, I feel convinced. And whoever responds will find many who know something of Christianity, who have copies of the Scriptures, and remember with affection the White Teacher who, while he was with them, laboured for their good, and who left them never to return. And many will have heard of the lone little grave under the huge boulder at the base of the Dang La.

"To the spirit select there is no choice.
He cannot say, This will I do or that.

A hand is stretched to him from out the
dark,
Which grasping without question, he is
led
Where there is work that he must do for
God.

To the tough hearts that pioneer their
way
And break a pathway to those unknown
realms,
That in the earth's broad shadow lie en-
thralled,
Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great
hearts."—*J. R. Lovell.*

WHEN ON MY DAY OF LIFE THE NIGHT IS FALLING.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds, from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

near me when all else is from me drifting—
earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy
Spirit

Be with me then to comfort and uphold:
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

—*Whittier.*

Current Topics and Events.

THE END IN SIGHT.

pent cyclone the South African
iced to local eddies and a few
nlicts. The besom of Kitch-
g swept the country of supplies
red the non-combatant into
ere they are fed and cared for,
ng ruffians," as Lord Milner
1, can do little more than snipe
ng British from behind their
r raid defenceless farms or vil-
st of the brave burghers who
unt of the war have been cap-
rrendered. The riff-raff and
th whom the Boers filled their
ve been perpetrating cold-
uelty and murders. These
rages call for severe repression,
be thoroughly vindicated by
f justice of the civilized world.
ring army has ever dealt more
with the conquered than the
h the captured or surrendered
any of the refugees declare
were so well cared for before.

ugees' camps the scale of pro-
at least equal to that of the
lier, with special adaptation to
f women and children. Dairies
hed for supplying milk, schools
ed for training the children,
us services are provided in
English.

. Kruger and Dr. Leyds, who
safe retreat incite the maraud-
t in the field to continue their
flict, and even more upon Mr.
Labouchere and their fellow
in Britain, rests the responsi-
he prolongation of this un-
. In the last issue of his
f Reviews," Mr. Stead de-
we have lost all of South
ept Cape Town and Simon's
ill be lucky if we can retain
e one slandering the mother
him, he rails against the so-
ish atrocities and pursues his
e last two years in defaming
that protects him, and giving
fort to its enemies. In what
the world could a pro-Boer
emanding absolute independ-
closing with singing the Mar-
held under the protection of
like that which the Boer dele-

gates, Sauer and Merriman, addressed,
with Mr. Labouchere presiding?

Mr. Stead's encouragement to the
Boers, and denunciation of his country,
finds expression in the accompanying
cartoon from a Pittsburg paper which
illustrates Mr. Stead's remark: "The
Boers think they can safely bank upon
the certainty that the 'Daily Mail' and
its coadjutors will succeed in hurrying
England into some continental trouble,
either with Russia or possibly with
America, where, if nothing is done to
bury the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, there is
certain to be an angry agitation which
will confront us with the alternatives of
war or humble pie."



Mr. Stead holds up to view as a
frightful bugbear the enormous cost of
the war, but if it be a righteous one, its
cost does not enter into the estimate at
all. The question is, is that cost too
great a price to pay for maintaining the
integrity of the Empire, the honour of
the flag, and in frustrating the long-laid
plot to drive the British into the sea and
substitute a Dutch oligarchy based on
slavery for British rule based on freedom?

THE PAN-AMERICAN.

No one could visit this great ex-
position without being impressed with
its architectural and artistic beauty, its
evidences of material and intellectual
progress, and especially of the achieve-

ments of electricity in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The grouping of the buildings, their colour scheme, the pure white statuary against the blue sky or green foliage, the waterscapes and especially the illumination effect at night form a dream of beauty which none who have seen it can ever forget.

The educational exhibit at the Pan-American was of wonderful interest and instructiveness. All the great colleges of the country were represented in photos and statistical diagrams. It was a significant fact that fifty-three per cent of the colleges were under denominational control and nearly one-third of these were under the control of the Methodist Churches. It augurs well for the future of the Union that this most important aspect of its intellectual development is under the fostering care of the Church of God.

The exhibits of the methods adopted for social betterment in the great cities, in the way of model lodging-houses to take the place of the demoralizing and disease-breeding tenements of New York, the social settlements, the organization for preventing cruelty to animals, and humanitarian work, the exhibits of the W.C.T.U., the Y.M.C.A., for the education of negroes, the manual and mechanical training schools and the like, were full of encouragement.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

"When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord," in the vision of Job, we read that "Satan came also among them." So amid these æsthetic and intellectual achievements and many instructive exhibits intrude a few coarse and vulgar performances, notably that of the Streets of Cairo with its barbaric discords of tom-toms and tom-foolery. One might travel a month in the Orient and not see nor hear a tithe of the barbarism that is here concentrated as typical of the Orient, and the side-shows here thrust upon the attention would have to be sought out in secret places. It is a libel on the East to gather the sweepings of its slums and exhibit them as types of the Orient. General Miles, of West Point Academy, after witnessing the performances in the so-called Streets of Cairo, prohibited the cadets of West Point from visiting that part of the city. This evil began with the exhibition at the Chicago Fair and has since spread like an epidemic over the

country. In many western cities a week is devoted to a carnival of vulgar exhibition without even the slightest of industrial exhibition. Almost all the entertainment usually given is vulgar tent shows to which the unsophisticated rural population are attracted and by which they are greatly civilized. We cannot be too sure that these evils have not been permitted to enter Canada, and we hope they will not. This Midway business is a very evil. An American cartoonist has drawn a fair of the future as consisting of a meagre art and manufacturing exhibit in contrast with a bewildering Midway attractions thronged with a gaping multitude who illustrate the adage that "the fool and his money soon parted."

THE DEATH OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

The Roman moralist long ago expressed the universal truth that death knocks with equal hand at the prince and the cottage of the poor. Our sovereign, King Edward, has had a painful experience of this in the bereavements of the last year of his mother, his brother, the Duke of Coburg, his nephew, Prince Victor, and now his eldest son, whom he was devotedly attached to.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

The Princess Victoria was the intellectual of all the Queen's daughters. It is to her intelligent training and energetic character of the German that the success of the German Empire is largely attributed. She had

o play in German politics. Prince rck was throughout his life her bit-emy, and publicly and privately mized her interests to the utmost. g the prolonged illness of her hus-too, she was strongly opposed by urt party. Much less is known of ivate life and of her religious views of her mother, our late beloved , but all we know commends her r sympathies as a wise and good 1, bearing her part bravely in the lace to which God called her.

THE STRIKES.

the economic section of the Pan-can Exhibition there are series of ms showing the effects of strikes on employers and employees. One of diagrams exhibit the enormous stained by both capital and labour s civil war, for such it really is. oss falls most heavily and most ously upon the working-man, who is family are often reduced to y and overwhelmed with debt. The effect of the strike upon the ist, on the other hand, is that he o add a few more millions to his id is able to work off his surplus of manufactures.

on the other hand, the strike is be only weapon of the workman to his share of prosperity. Some- great corporation shortens hours reases wages of its own accord, as Standard Oil Company last May, t often. The shortened hours, ed wages, recognition of the union, en refused till compelled by a strike. n sympathies in these conflicts are with the working-men, who are lly in the position of the under the fight. But why should there courts of conciliation or arbitra- o which both sides should appeal whose decisions they should abide? same time the use of intimidation lence by either employers or ces can but estrange public y and injure the cause it is meant . A cartoon in Harper's Weekly nts Capital and Labour struggling ach other, while Justice looks on ys "Come, brothers, you have so big, you cannot afford to ."

GETTING THE WHITE PLAGUE.

great medical congress for the ion of problems presented by

tuberculosis, the "white plague" that for centuries has decimated Christendom, is a remarkable sign of the times. The ablest specialists of all lands contributed the best results of their wisdom and experience to its solution. Dr. Koch, whose alleged discovery of antitoxin lymph created a few years ago such high hopes, only to be followed in many cases by bitter disappointment, aroused much discussion by the statement that bovine tuberculosis could not be communicated to man. Dr. Lister, probably the greatest living authority on the subject, disputes this, but both agree that the segregation of the infected, the destruction of sputa, and absolute cleanliness are conditions of cure. We may hope that through the progress of science consumption will become as rare and harmless as smallpox is now.

As a practical outcome of the Tuberculosis Congress the sum of six hundred thousand dollars was pledged for establishing a public tuberculosis sanatorium.

RAPPROCHEMENT.

We rejoice at every *rapprochement* between the mother and the daughter land, Great Britain and America. The visit of the American capitalists to London did much to promote good will between the kindred nations. They were received with special distinction by their British hosts and were honoured guests of the King at Windsor. On leaving the country they gave a generous donation, which will amount probably to not less than a hundred thousand dollars, for the Queen's memorial. If this be added, as has been suggested, to the fund for a special American memorial to the deceased sovereign, it will be a pledge and seal of love that cannot fail to link the kindred people in closer bonds of amity and peace.

The American people are realizing that Canada is by far their best customer on this continent. Our six millions of people purchase more than the sixty millions of Mexico and South America. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August says: "The Canadian people, under the present or other leadership, will in time accomplish another of those modern miracles, the creation of a great nation. There is no reason why Canada should not have 25,000,000 population within the span of the present generation. Her wealth is increasing at four-fold ratio. Her tremendous natural resources are

only just beginning to be understood, and there is no apparent limit to their ultimate development.

Thirty years ago the cry of "*A Berlin!*" and the invasion of Germany precipitated the fall of the French Republic. By one of the strangest ironies of history a recent automobile race from Paris to Berlin through Bazilles and Sedan resulted in the victory of a French automobile, which was received with enthusiastic cheers of the Germans *en route*, and especially at Berlin. Let us hope that the rubber tires of the automobiles will efface much of the bitterness and antagonism between these neighbouring nations.

We observe it is suggested that the grand stand of the Toronto Industrial Exposition shall be employed during the annual races by transferring the latter from the Woodbine. To such a proposition we strenuously object. The Woodbine is a private commercial enterprise with which no one has anything to do, either as patron or shareholder, unless he wishes. The Industrial Exhibition, on the other hand, is a public institution on whose board the city and all our industrial and manufacturing institutions are represented, and in fact belongs to the people. We strongly protest against making these civic, industrial and manufacturing societies partners against their will in racing, with all the concomitant evils of the turf, its betting and other demoralizing associations.

ABUSE OF ATHLETICS.

We are glad to see the increased attention given to athletics in school and college life. That successful Public School Inspector, Mr. J. L. Hughes, says he learned more in the lacrosse team than at school. As a general thing the man who is best in football will also be best in the Rugby game of life. Athletics strengthen the muscles, quicken

the wits, and give nimbleness and energy to all the faculties. Yet athletics may be overdone. They may engross too much time and thought. The Montreal Presbytery makes the following deliverance on this subject:

"With regard to the influence of amusements and athletics on the religious life, the report says: 'There is a very serious problem before us in the fact that our young people do not read. An athletic craze has come over a large part of Canada which is, we think, seen more fully in Montreal than anywhere else. With many of our young people the controlling thought is athletics. The matter has gone beyond all bounds of reasonableness.' These sports are destroying in many young men all efforts at mental culture, resulting, in many cases, in lamentable ignorance.

"The following recommendations were appended to the report:

"That all encroachments upon the sanctity of the Sabbath be vigorously combated.

"That pastors shall not cease to warn young men of the danger attending an undue devotion to sport, and of the great temptations those undergo who attend questionable places of amusement."

It was through the great kindness of Dr. Goldwin Smith that we were able to reprint in the July and August number of this magazine, from his volume of essays printed for private circulation, his admirable article upon King Alfred the Great. This acknowledgment was inadvertently omitted from the numbers containing that article.

Our attention is called by an old Etonian to an error in the article on Dean Farrar in the August number of this magazine. It is there stated that he was at one time a master at Eton College. This is a mistake. He was a master at Harrow and afterwards headmaster of Marlborough.

BESIDE A PASTURE POOL.

The mirrored silence of this pool
Reveals a world of noiseless rule,

It soothes and rests my fevered spirit —
A bath of balm of the deeps, and cool.

Still move the clouds, still wheel the
skies,

The aspiring tree no longer sighs,—

Fair thoughts of God, full-clothed in
heaven,

All calm and beautiful in love's eyes.

Glassed in the light of heaven's repose,
He wears perfection, like a rose!—

Impatient heart, be still! Thou seest
He brings his work to a perfect close!

—Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L.

Religious Intelligence.

ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

interest in the Annual Conference of British Methodism suffers by reason with the great gathering of Universal Methodism, to which, from all ends of the earth, delegates are hastening. It is a wonder to the unity and solidarity of Methodism throughout the world, that over one hundred and fifty years never equalled in the world's history for its intellectual progress, its fearless questionings of all sacred and secular, this most noble Church of English-speaking Christendom should, through its delegates, assemble without doctrinal schism in its ranks, and bring a jar in its theology, still fast to the old doctrines of grace and conscious pardon. Results not from adhesion to a bound creed or confession, for divisions of membership are the general in the world, but to its ideal practical piety, to the external character of its religion, to its joyous theology of its hymns, to think, also, to the unifying effect of its itinerant system, which prevents the formation of cliques and local divergences of thought or expression. In the old religious world, and especially the Methodist world, will await the report of this great international gathering.

THE PRESIDENT.

The election of Dr. W. T. Davison as President of the Wesleyan Conference was a fine tribute to Christianity. Dr. Davison is a noble parsonage, born at Newtown Tyne fifty-five years ago. For twenty years he has rendered efficient service as tutor in literature and exegesis, and as Professor of Systematic Theology at Harvard and Handsworth College. He is one of the ablest, wisest preachers on the great biblical questions which are agitating the world, and it is to his judicious treatment of these great subjects that the world has been spared the somewhat trivial discussions which have divided sister denominations.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN LONDON.

Under this heading Rev. Dr. A. H. Briggs, now of San Francisco, writes in the *North Western Christian Advocate* a very racy and readable article. It is full of praise for the Forward Movement in the West London Mission, with which the writer was for some months associated. But we submit that in his praise for the present Dr. Briggs is unjust to the past. We must not despise the ladder by which we have climbed, nor ignore the debt we owe to those who have gone before. The evangelization of London is one of the greatest tasks before the Church. Dr. Briggs well remarks, "Canada is bigger than Europe, London has more people than Canada." In South London alone are "two million over-crowded, saloon-cursed English heathen, who neither feel nor heed the appeals of religion."

English Methodism has been grappling with the slum problem for many years. It is hardly correct to say that "fifteen years ago British Wesleyanism was too dead to decompose. Its leaders were fatally conservative. Anything new was wrong. Whatever moved was dangerous. They were actually marching with their faces to the rear. The Church militant was a sepulchral farce which waited the touch of the Forward Movement to make it a splendid force." Epigram is not always fact.

The whole religious world rejoices in the grand achievements of Hugh Price Hughes and the West London Mission. But there were great men before Agamemnon. There were great preachers and consecrated workers before the West London Mission was established. To those more familiar than the writer with the personnel of British Methodism, many brilliant names will be suggested. But the memory of such heroic workers as William Arthur, William Thornton, Dr. Punshon, Gervase Smith, Charles Garratt, Gipsy Smith, of the Central London Mission, George Perks, T. Bowman Stephenson, whose Children's Home is a monument of Methodist care for the orphan and the stray; Thos. Champness, of the "Joyful News" Mission, and such names as the Jackson Brothers, Dr. Hanna, Dr. Jobson, Ebenezer Jenkins, W. O. Simpson, Samuel Romely Hall, Luke Tyerman, Luke Wiseman, Richard Roberts, Peter McKenzie, E. A. Telfer,

J. Rattenbury, and many other soldiers of God in the war against sin, refute the saying that, 'Fifteen years ago British Wesleyanism was too dead to decompose.'

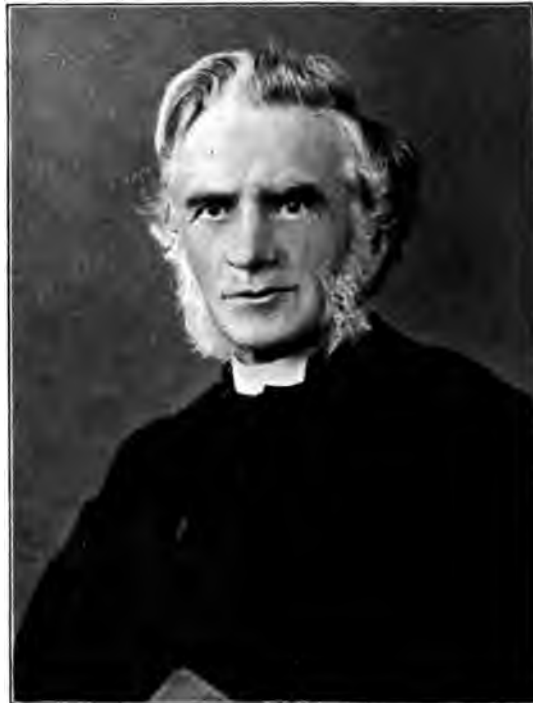
The West London Mission for twelve or fifteen years has maintained stirring evangelistic services in St. James' Concert Hall and in other rented buildings in the very heart of the fashionable vice of West London. We do not know that it has erected a single building or acquired a foot of ground on which to erect one. But five-and-twenty years ago the Metropolitan Extension Fund, inspired and grandly helped by Sheriff Lycett, erected scores of new Methodist churches throughout the metropolis. Many of these good men who built their lives into the foundations of Zion have passed away, but some yet linger behind. Let us be just to their memory. While we may not say with the Preacher in Ecclesiastes, "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive," let us at least not reverse the order, but give them their due. The McAll Mission is worthy of all the praise Dr. Briggs gives it.

RECENT DEATHS.

The death of the venerable Bishop of Durham, Dr. B. F. Westcott, has removed one of the greatest Christian scholars of the age. He was great as an expositor, a theologian and a leader in ecclesiastical life, but his greatest work was as a textual critic in conjunction with Dr. Hort in giving the best Greek text of the New Testament. He was not a mere dry-as-dust scholar, but a man of broad human instincts and sympathies and profound religious spirit. He took a profound interest in the physical and social condition of the miners and labourers of his great diocese, and was diligent in seeking their uplift and betterment. To the range of his sympathies his last book, reviewed elsewhere in this number, bears tribute. His domestic relations were of ideal tenderness and beauty.

To Canadian readers will come with special force the sad and

sudden death of the late Dr. William Fawcett, of Chicago, the son of a venerable pioneer Canadian missionary. He never lost interest in the land of his birth. Of this his frequent visits to Canada are evidence, and his practical sympathy with Victoria University by endowing a perpetual prize will long preserve his memory among us. The mysterious providence that cut short his useful life by ptomaine poisoning while travelling, adds to the pathos of his call from labour to reward.



DR. B. F. WESTCOTT, LATE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

The Rev. Joseph Cook was a latter-day prophet akin to those old Hebrew sages and seers who spoke a burning message to their time. He was a man of strong and positive convictions and unfaltering courage in their defence. He mastered the philosophical scholarship of the age, and long stood as a bulwark of conservative orthodoxy. Few men had the ear of the nation as had Joseph Cook. His Monday lectures in Tremont Temple, Boston, were crowded by the most intellectual audiences.

and were read eagerly as reported in the press. He treated not merely the problems of philosophy, but the questions of the day, with a keen criticism and trenchant eloquence. When he was a student at Keeseport, New York, Joseph Cook asked a Roman Catholic fellow-student, L. N. Beaudry, to attend his Protestant service. He did so, was converted, and became and continued for many years an able and successful Methodist minister in Montreal and New York.

Professor John Fiske was one of the many victims of the intense heat which in a single week caused nearly a thousand deaths in New York City, and many more throughout the country. He was a philosophical thinker, and his most important work was probably the interpretation of the doctrine of evolution from a theistic point of view. As an historian he combined the clear and limpid style of Parkman with the research and accuracy of a Justin Windsor, and his great works on the planting of the American colonies will be perhaps his most popular books.

From *The Wesleyan*, of Halifax, we learn of the sudden death of the Rev. F. H. Wright, D.D., the new pastor of the Grafton Street Methodist Church in that city. Dr. Wright was one of the most able and eloquent preachers in the Maritime Provinces, a brilliant graduate of Sackville University, and a post-graduate student of the University of Chicago. He began his ministry five-and-twenty years ago, and served many of the most important charges in his native Province. After only two weeks on his new circuit, to which he went full of heart and hope, his work was ended, his sun went down at noon-day. The day before he died he preached with his wonted energy and eloquence, but before noon on Monday he had passed from toil to triumph. The appalling suddenness of his summons came with a great shock to the entire Christian community.

We regret to learn from a private letter that the Rev. Dr. J. C. Watts, for several years a prominent minister of the New Connexion Church of this country, and subsequently in England, passed away in his seventy-second year, at his home in Stockport, England. Dr. Watts came to Canada in the year 1849, being

then in his twentieth year. He won honours in Hebrew at McGill College and studied Latin and Greek as he rode on horseback through lonely forest ways. He returned to England in 1869, was twice Secretary of the Conference, four times General Secretary, and in 1879 was elected President. He was for two years classical professor at Ranmoor College and for some years editor of the connexional magazine. He was an eloquent and impressive preacher and an effective platform speaker. His faithful ministry is remembered with grateful recollection in many a Canadian home.

We regret to note the death of the Rev. Francis Delong, of Lombardy, Montreal Conference. Bro. Delong faithfully served the Church of God for thirty years, almost or quite entirely within the bounds of the Montreal Conference. He was a brother greatly beloved, and a labourer that needed not to be ashamed.

One of the best known figures in Toronto will no more be seen among us. After a long life spent in the service of his country, Hon. G. W. Allan passed away in the house in which he was born eighty-two years ago. It would be hard to parallel this circumstance in the case of any other public man, of either the United States or Canada. He was a typical example of an English gentleman, dignified, courteous, with a fine sense of "noblesse oblige." While a gentleman of much leisure, he employed it not in selfish gratification, but was an active worker in many lines of Christian service and public duty. In his young manhood he travelled extensively in the East, and had some remarkable adventures in Asia Minor. He was the first Canadian ever to sail up the Nile in his own dahabiyeh. Many honours and dignities were conferred upon him, but he was to the last the same kindly, courteous, Christian gentleman.

At the venerable age of eighty-eight Sir Thomas Galt, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, passed away. He was a son of the famous John Galt, the distinguished novelist, who founded the city of Guelph and town of Galt. After an honourable career at the bar, he was raised to the Bench in 1869, became Chief Justice in 1887, received the honour of knighthood the following year, and retired from judicial life in 1894.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Complete in twelve volumes. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxxviii - 685-xxxvii.

This is the most comprehensive enterprise which even this great house has undertaken. Its editions of the Schaff-Herzog Cyclopedia and Standard Dictionary, great achievements as these were, were of far less magnitude than this cyclopedia, which will fill twelve volumes of 8,000 pages, with 2,000 illustrations, and will cost about three-quarters of a million dollars. Over four hundred Hebrew and Christian scholars will contribute to its pages. It is the most full and adequate presentation of the history, antiquities, religion and literature of the Jewish people ever given to the world. The time is ripe for such a production. A new and profound interest is being created in all that pertains to God's chosen people. Amid the persecutions and wrongs which they have endured we have reason to be proud of the record of Great Britain and her colonies in this regard. Nowhere are they so free, nowhere do they receive such ample vindication and protection as under the British flag, and nowhere have they risen to higher honour and greater wealth and exhibited more loyalty. Not merely is the archaeological aspect of Judaism fully treated, as in the sixteen pages devoted to the apocalyptic and apocryphal writings of the Jews, but also the most recent economic developments, as in the twenty pages given to Jewish agricultural colonies throughout the world, including several in Canada. The book is well illustrated and admirably printed and bound.

"Lessons from Work." By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

... from the other world
... latest volume of the great

Christian scholar who has into the skies. It deals technicalities of learning was such a master, but practical side of Christian great aim has been to show fact of all history, the the incarnation of our Lord the problems which meet us daily work and in our sections." Among the topics The Study of the Bible, Mission, Biblical Criticism andblems, Prayer the Support Missions, Temperance, O Industry, International Attitude toward War, The The Spiritual Ministry of Westcott defends the right the war in which the nation and shows that even the Quaker sect recognized the actual necessity of force and the sword of justice." His words of Israel Pennington co-founder with George Fox ciety of Friends, as saying: against any magistrates defending themselves against sion or making use of the press the violent and evil their borders, and a great attend the sword where it rightly to that end, and it honourable." The saneness of these papers will strike The book is dedicated to his wife, who was for fort his unfailing counsel and st

"History, Prophecy and the or, Israel and the N James Frederick McC LL.D., Professor of Languages in University onto. Vol. III. New Macmillan Co. London & Co. Pp. xxiii-470.

This volume completes Curdy's great work. It is addition not merely to the ture of our country, but to scholarship of the world. patriotic pride that so many should proceed from a Canadian university. wide commendation from b of all lands. This volume

interest than the preceding ones. It deals with the history of the people of Israel from the great reformation under Josiah to the period of the Exile; it traces the influence of Egypt, Persia and Greece on national character and national morals, and describes the development of Hebrew literature; it frankly states the theory of the gradual development of moral and religious ideals, and with a conservative bias, the results of a new criticism of the sacred Scriptures. It will be an addition of great value to the library of every preacher and scholar. The valuable indexes of the work greatly enhance its worth. It was no part of his original design that he would be glad if Professor Whedon would continue his studies through the stirring period of the Exile and later history of the people

of Israel on the Old Testament. Vol. I.—Ezekiel and Daniel." By John M. Cohen, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Wm. Briggs & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 415. Price, \$2.00.

A comprehensive commentary, provided in large part executed by the author, Whedon, is now approaching completion. In this volume two very fine books receive full and admiring treatment. The introduction to the Book of Daniel comprises ninety pages, the results of latest scholarship.

The new archaeological discoveries furnish corroboration of many of the critical statements which have previously been questioned. "The tens of thousands," says our author, "among even the most critical critics seems to be toward a respectful and even reverent treatment of this prophecy."

In no other Old Testament book is the faith of the primitive Christians so fully depicted in the catacombs of Rome as in that of Daniel in the lions' den and the three Hebrew children in the furnace. "No one, even the most liberal critic, denies that we can find the true Messianic prophecy anywhere we can find it here." We strengthen this commentary as the result of the latest scholarship on these books. The author pays a fitting tribute to the collaboration of his friends in preparing the manuscript for

"Christian Instruction in the Public Schools of Ontario." By James M. Middlemiss, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 239. Price, \$1.00.

We are justly proud of the educational system of this province. It has won the commendation of many experts who have travelled far and seen much of the best educational methods of the age. But it has, in our judgment, one serious defect—the lack of definite provision for Christian instruction and the study of that Book which has supreme claim to our regard; not only as the greatest classic of all the ages, but as the authoritative expression of the mind and will of God. Our Roman Catholic friends consistently emphasize the importance of religious instruction, but the jarring jealousies among Protestants have prevented that unity of action which can alone secure success. That great man, Dr. Ryerson, the founder of our public school system, prepared a manual of Christian instruction that commanded the approval of all the Catholic and Protestant Churches, with a single exception; that exception prevented its adoption as part of our system. Even the excellent selection of passages for school readings caused a crusade of criticism, not Catholic but Protestant. Dr. Middlemiss, with marked candour, fairness and ability, points out the disadvantages of our system, and the importance of some more efficient way of training our young people in Christian ethics and morality.

"Studies in Christian Character, Work and Experience." By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 248.

No visitor from the mother Methodism of Great Britain to the daughter Methodism of Canada made a profounder impression than the author of this book. In spiritual insight, in intellectual vivacity, in occasional quaintness of expression, that distinguished writer and preacher has unique gifts. This collection of brief papers is strongly marked by these characteristics. A single passage in the chapter on Dry-rot in Character will indicate what we mean:

"So must we keep ourselves from whatever would infect, and evermore steep our moral faculties and life in the antiseptic influences of truth and grace. We must saturate our understanding with the blessed truths of the New Tes-

tament, our imagination with Christ's beauty, our affections with God's love. The moth, the microbe, the spore, cannot live in a soul that is daily seasoned in the strong and fragrant virtue of heavenly fellowship and blessedness."

"Palestine in Geography and in History." By Arthur William Cooke, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Two volumes.

The land and the book are so intimately related that we cannot properly understand the one without knowing something of the other. It gives new interest to the reading of God's Word to comprehend the physical relations of its earthly environment. It gave also a wonderful interest to our own wanderings over the Lord's land to read upon the Mount of Beatitudes the Sermon of our Lord, or upon the Mount of Olives the story of His ascension.

The purpose of this book is to give Bible readers and students a clear picture of the country in which most of the events about which they read occurred. It is concise, yet sufficiently ample for most students. It is founded on the best authorities, and is brought down to date. The numerous coloured maps are very valuable, especially those setting forth its physical relations. We cordially commend these volumes.

"Canadian Essays, Critical and Historical. By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. Author of "A Gate of Flowers," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 222. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. O'Hagan is a patriotic Canadian, and has rendered important service to his country by this admirable volume on Canadian subjects. His review of Canadian poets and poetry, Canadian women writers, and French-Canadian life and literature reveals an unexpected wealth of native literature. In this department of our national life, notwithstanding the gigantic task of creating a nation out of a wilderness, we have not been engrossed solely in sordid toil. Labour has been sweetened with song and ennobled by a literature of which we need not be ashamed. The true story of the Acadian deportation, the heroic traditions of the Wilderness Missions, and other chapters, are written in full sympathy with the Roman Catho-

lic Church, of which Dr. O'Hagan is a devout son. It is well for Protestants once in a while to look at national matters from the point of view of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Dr. O'Hagan has greatly added to his previous services to Canadian literature in both prose and verse by this volume.

"Content in a Garden." By Candace Wheeler. With decorations by Dora Wheeler Keith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 209. Price, \$1.25.

We are glad to notice the increased attention which is being given to nature-study. To the beautiful books on birds and flowers, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., this is largely due. One of the most elegant of these is the one under notice. The wide margins, with floral decorations, and the dainty text, make the book a pleasure to read. The studies of plant life are in harmony with the beautiful setting. We shall more fully notice this elsewhere.

"The Blessed Life." Being a series of meditations on manhood and womanhood in Christ. By William A. Quayle. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 281. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Quayle is one of the most thoughtful and eloquent writers of Methodism. His historical and critical studies have won him wide fame. This volume of devout meditations on Christianity, in its various relations to law, labour, and power, on its sanity, its true aristocracy, its social joy, the blessed life, and immortal society, will come to many a soul with an uplifting and sanctifying power.

"White Christopher." By Annie Trumbull Slosson, author of "Fishin' Jimmy." New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

This is another of Mrs. Slosson's tender stories akin to that of "Fishin' Jimmy," in which the dawn of intelligence in a poor half-witted lad is set forth. Again the Saviour sets a child in the midst and again is fulfilled the words: "A little child shall lead them."

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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THE FALLS OF THE RHINE BY MOONLIGHT, NEAR VIEW.

Ecologist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1901.

THE STORIED RHINE.

BY H. A. GUERBER AND W. H. WITHROW.



GATE, CONSTANCE.

I.

"The Rhine is swift like the Loire," says Victor Hugo, "and broad like the Loire, pent between high banks like the Seine, winding like the Seine, green like the Somme, like the Tiber, majestic and blue, veined like the Rhine, and peopled with phantoms like an Asi-

bove poetical statement of the Rhine is composed of many thousand streams, IV. No. 4.

drains an area of seventy-five thousand square miles, is between seven and eight hundred miles long, falls nearly eight thousand feet, connects the Alps with the sea, and that it is one of the principal waterways of Europe.

Rising in Switzerland, the headwaters of this stream flow from about one hundred and fifty glaciers, remains of the ice age. The main feeder, the Vorder Rhine, rises on Mount Saint Gotthard (not very far from the sources of the Rhone), and falling more than twelve hundred feet within the first twelve miles of its course, forms numerous picturesque cascades. It winds through wild ravines and gathers the waters of many small streams as it dashes along its way. At Chur the united waters of the three Rhine streams first become navigable. After broadening out to form the Lake of Constance, the Rhine plunges over the Jura barrier in three falls fifty to sixty feet high. The deafening roar—still very awe-inspiring—and the rainbow effects of the spray, were first mentioned by early Latin writers.

The falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are by far the largest in Europe, but they are not to be mentioned in the same day with our own Niagara. Nevertheless, they are very picturesque and beautiful. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries command sun-

views. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE RHINE.

beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara. The old town of Schaffhausen, with its castle and minster dating from 1100 and odd

architecture, is exceedingly picturesque.

From Kaiserstuhl to Basle, the river makes so many twists and turns that it almost trebles the distance from the Lake of Constance to the last-named city. Along this stretch it receives several tributaries, the most important being the Aar, which, with its accretions, drains the Bernese Oberland and all the larger Swiss lakes except that of Geneva.

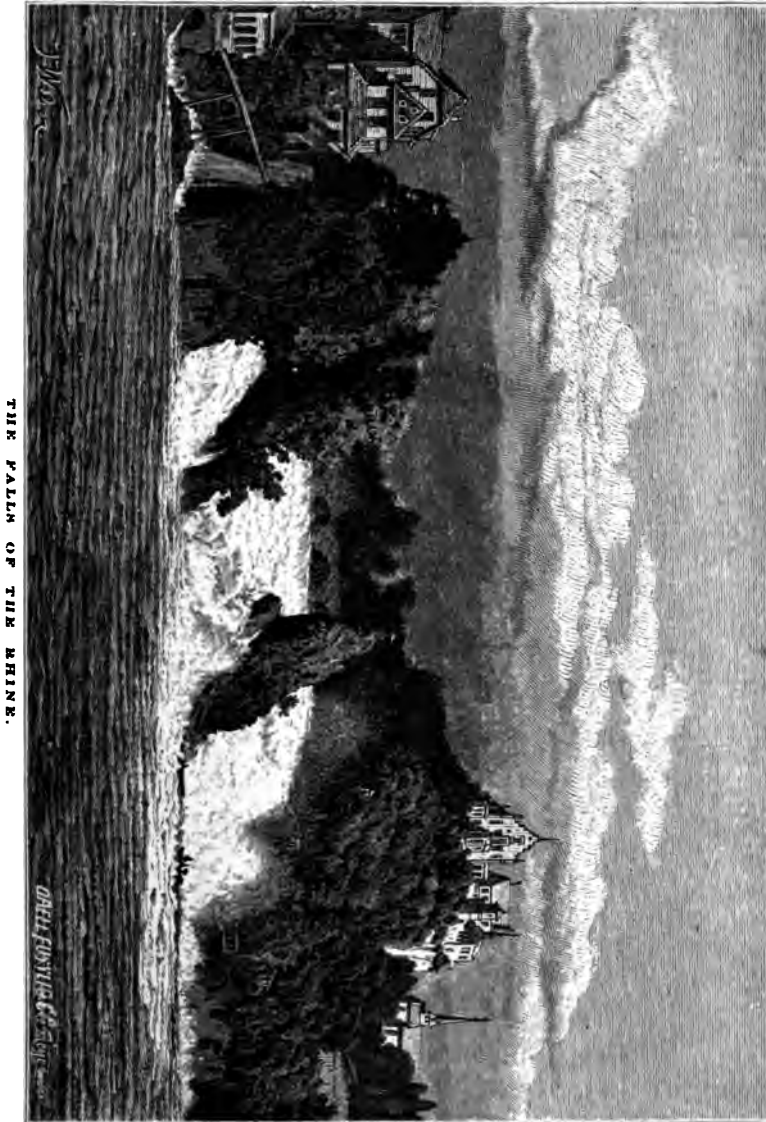
At Basle the Rhine turns to the north. Instead of rushing along over jagged rocks and through narrow ravines, it broadens out and, becoming shallow, divides so as to form numerous islands. Navigation is resumed at Basle, from which point it extends uninterruptedly to the sea. Owing to modern engineering, which has forced its waters into straighter, narrower channels, towns which formerly stood on the Rhine are now connected with it only by canals.

Basle, a thriving town of 45,000 inhabitants, has played an important part in Reformation annals. It is mentioned in 374 as Basilea—hence its name. The minster, founded in 1010, a huge structure of red granite, is one of the finest Protestant churches in Europe. In a quaint relief of the Last Judgment, the risen dead—stiff archaic figures—are naively shown putting on their resurrection garments. Here was held the great Council of Basle, lasting from 1431 to 1448; and here is buried the great Reformer, Ecolampadius, whose fine statue, with a Bible in its hand, stands in the square without. In the Council Hall are frescoes of Holbein's famous Dance of Death, like that at Lucerne. Kings, popes, emperors, lawyers and doctors, lords and ladies, are all compelled to dance a measure with the grim skeleton, Death.

In the museum is a large mechanical head, which, till 1839, stood

in the clock tower of the bridge, and at every stroke of the pendulum rolled its eyes and protruded its long tongue in derision of the people at Little Basle, on the Ger-

The cloisters adjoining the cathedral are of singularly beautiful stone tracery, five hundred years old. In the grass-grown quadrangles sleep the quiet dead, un-



THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

an side of the Rhine. A corresponding figure on that side reminded the graceful amenity. A similar clock is still in operation at Koblenz.

moved by the rush and roar of busy traffic without. An old church of the 14th century is used as a post-office; high up among the arches of the vaulted roof is heard

the click of the telegraph instruments; the chancel and solemn crypts are used to store corn and wine and oil; and beneath the vaulted roof which echoed for cen-

ramparts converted into broad boulevards, lined with elegant villas. The quaint old gates and towers have been left, and form conspicuous monuments of the



CONSTANCE, SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

tures the chanting of the choir, is now heard the creaking of cranes and the rattle of post-waggon. The old walls which surrounded the city have been razed, and the

ancient times. I lodged at the Trois Rois Hotel, whose balcony overhang the swiftly-rushing Rhine. Just beneath my window were gorgeous effigies of the three

The Cathedral from
the Bridge

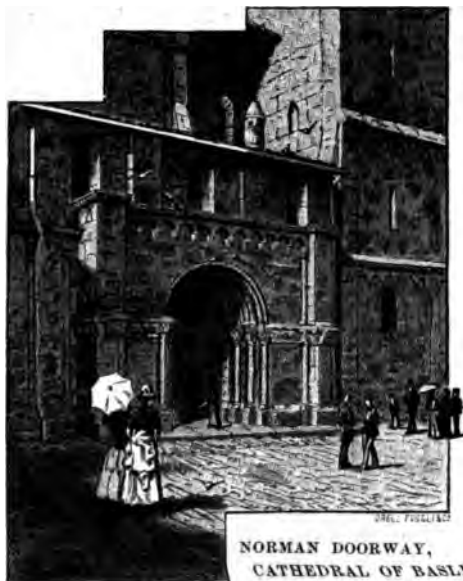


to the height of 105 feet, and four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. It is one of the finest specimens of Romanesque architecture in Germany. The carvings are very quaint. In one the genealogy of our Lord is shown by a tree growing out of the body of David, from whose branches spring Christ's kingly ancestors, and from the top, as the consummate flower

Gipsy kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar—one of them a Negro—who presented their offerings to the infant Christ.

The mighty river sweeps by the ancient imperial City of Worms, whose walls it once bathed. This city, also the capital and tomb of many of the German emperors, numbered more than seventy thousand inhabitants in the days of Frederic Barbarossa, but now boasts only about ten thousand. It is visited mainly for its cathedral, for its historic associations, and for the sake of the grand Luther monument, erected in the middle of this century.

In the old Romanesque Cathedral, begun in the eighth century, the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises



NORMAN DOORWAY,
CATHEDRAL OF BASLE.



WORMS CATHEDRAL.

of all, springs the Virgin Mary. In this stern cradle of the Reformation, a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past. I afterwards wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to conjure up the great world-drama of the Diet of Worms, three centuries and a half ago.

The Main joins the Rhine at Mainz, a town founded by the Romans before our era and still possessing many remains of their occupation. Its cathedral, begun in 978, was six times a prey to fire. Alternately used as barracks, stables for cavalry, a magazine for powder and provisions, and even as a slaughter-house, it is nevertheless one of the finest and most interesting specimens of mediaeval architecture.

In sailing down the legend-haunted Rhine, I travelled leisurely, stopping at the more interesting points—Bingen, Coblenz, Bonn, and Cologne. On my way to Bingen—"Sweet Bingen on the

Rhine"—I passed Ingleheim, a straggling village, once the site of a famous palace of Charlemagne of whose splendour the chronicles give fabulous accounts—scarce a relic of it now remains. The famous Johannisberg Vineyard is only forty acres in extent, carefully terraced by walls and arches; yet in good years it yields an income of \$40,000. A bottle of the best wine is worth \$9—enough to feed a hungry family for a week.

Between Bingen and Bonn is the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose steep crag, and cliff, and ruined towers are rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel of this great highway of central Europe—ever ready to king on his way to be crowned king. When they could no longer do so by force, they did it under the forms of law, and, till comparatively late in the present century, travellers had to run the gauntlet of twenty-nine custom houses of rival states.



GEN ON THE
NE, WITH
MENT CASTLE.

ine. In the whole of there were 400 separate including baronies, 1,200 it powers.

re over 100 steamers on , many of them very ndid, and swift. More illion tourists travel on ners every season, not to hose by the railway on of the river.

steamer, like a Swiss rs a fine opportunity to natural history of the rist, of many lands and gues. The French and ire very affable, and are of airing their English, mperfect it may be. I amused in observing an little lady, followed by footman in livery, whose sk it was to humour the f her ladyship and her perious little lap-dog.

much freight traffic er by means of powerful h pick up and overhaul a l wire cable.

ow Bingen, on a rock in : of the stream, is the m, or Mouse Tower, a e structure, which takes from the legend of the abishop Hatto, of May-

ence, which has been versified by Southey. Having caused a number of poor people, whom he called "mice that devoured the corn," to be burned in a barn during a famine, he was attacked by mice, who tormented him day and night:

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," said he ;
"Tis the safest place in all Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the waters deep."

But the mice have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From within and without, from above and below—
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

The legend is a curious illustration of the growth of a myth. It undoubtedly arises from the name Mauth-Thurn, or Tower of Customs, for levying toll, which the old ruin bore in the middle ages.

The Rheinstein is a wonderful fully picturesque, many-towered old castle, dating from 1279, perched on a rocky cliff, accessible

urg, for their stony-hearted-
ere changed, says another
into the group of rocks
the Seven Virgins.
e's song on the Lurlie is one
most popular:

sammt es mit gold hem Kamme,
singt ein Lied dabei ;
hat eine wundersame,
altige Melodei.

as been thus translated :

h a golden comb she combs it,
sings so plaintively ;
tent and strange are the accents
hat wild melody.

Rheinfels is the most impos-
n on the river. It once
od a siege of fifteen months,
gain resisted an attack by
men. Two rival castles are
ly known as Katz and
-the Cat and Mouse—prob-
om their keen watch of each
The Sterrenberg and Lieb-
are twin castles on adja-
ills, to whose mouldering
ion a pathetic interest is
by the touching legend of
irangement and reconcilia-
two brothers who dwelt in
oo years ago. At Boppard,
nt old timbered town, the
vin spires of the church are

connected, high in air, by the
strangest gallery ever seen.
Marksburg, a stern old castle, 500
feet above the Rhine, is the only
ancient stronghold on the river
which has escaped destruction.
Past many another grim strong-
hold we passed, where wild ritters
kept their wild revels.

Byron, in a few immortal lines,
has described these

“ chiefless castles breathing stern fare-
wells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin
greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty
mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and
proud,

Banners on high and battles passed below ;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust
ere now.

And the bleak battlements shall bear no
future blow.

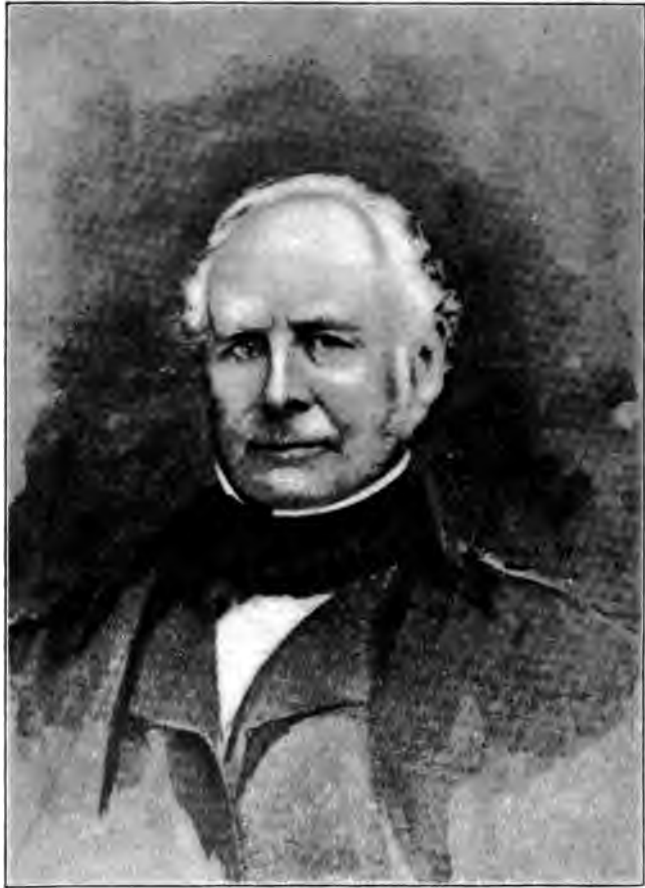
Beneath these battlements, within those
walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud
state

Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will.

And many a tower, for some fair mischief
won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin
run.



THE LURLIE ROCK ON THE RHINE.



JUDGE HALIBURTON.
Author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker."

BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.*

SOME DISTINGUISHED NOVA SCOTIANS.

SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

III.



Judge Haliburton.

WAS only a boy when I first saw Judge Haliburton, who soon afterwards removed to England from the province where he had been for so many years a conspicuous figure, and consequently I have nothing to say of his personal characteristics from my own knowledge. I can well remember, however, the complex feelings with which his name was once mentioned by many Nova Scotians who were proud of his reputation as an author, and at the time inclined somewhat to re-iss sarcastic allusions to foibles weaknesses of the Nova Scot-people.

's a most curious, unaccountable but it's a fact, said the clockmaker, blue-noses are so conceited, they they know everything. . . They themselves here a chalk above us noses, but I guess they have a wrinkle to grow afore they progress ahead yet. If they ha'nt got a full cargo ceit here, then I never see'd a load, all. They have the hold chock eck piled up to the pump-handles, uppers under water."

n Slick remains still one of the original creations of American ur, and new editions continue e printed from time to time. is other books are readable full of "spicy" observations. show his keen knowledge of

human nature, but they are little read nowadays and his reputation must always rest upon the sayings and doings of Sam Slick.

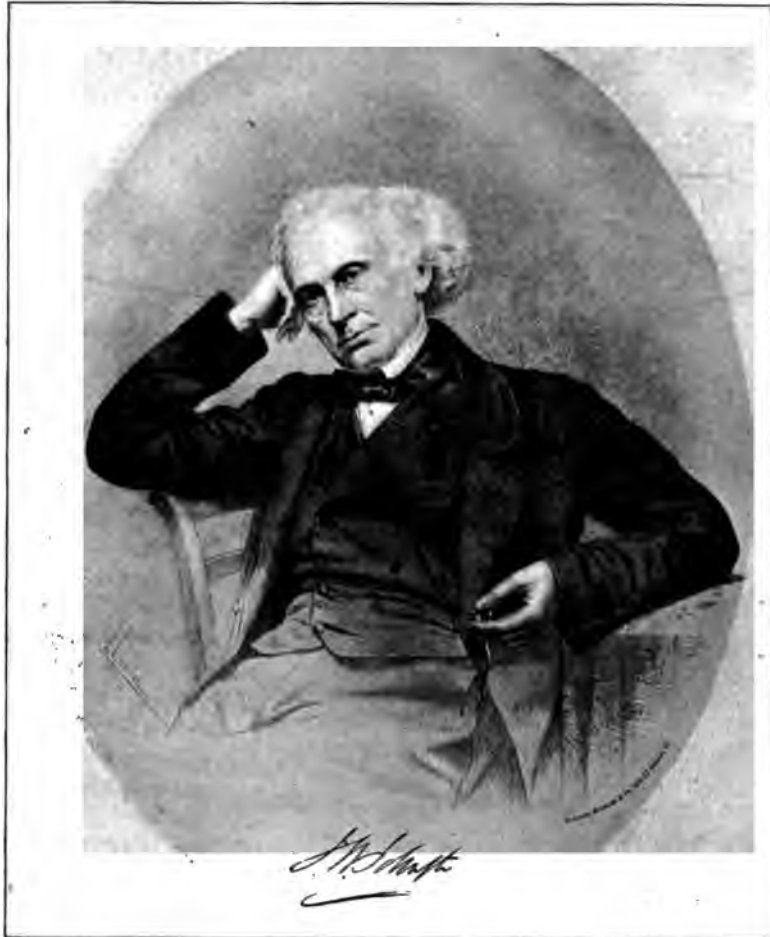
The Hon. William Young.

The Honourable William Young belonged to a Scotch family who came to Nova Scotia in 1815, when he was still a lad, and several members of whom besides himself were conspicuous in the public affairs of the Maritime Provinces. His father was an able member of the assembly for years, and wrote under the pseudonym of "Agricola" a num-



CHIEF JUSTICE SIR W. YOUNG.

ber of valuable letters which gave a decided stimulus to agriculture on scientific principles. His brother George was a journalist and literary man of no mean qualifications and a politician of note for many years. William Young's own Scotch shrewdness and tenacity of purpose, his vast store of legal knowledge and experience, made him a power at the bar and in politics. He was a man of ripe



HON. J. W. JOHNSTON.

From a portrait taken in his sixty-third year.

scholarship and high culture, though he never rose to the heights of eloquence which his great rival, James W. Johnston, often reached, or captivated the mind, like Joseph Howe.

The Hon. J. W. Johnston.

It is quite probable that few persons in Canada, outside of the Maritime Provinces, are familiar with the name of James William Johnston, though he exercised in a large influence in the

legislative halls and in the law courts of Nova Scotia. The portrait that recalls his memory in the Commons House of Nova Scotia, where he was so long an honoured leader, delineates a face of great intellectual power, with its finely-cut features as if chiselled out of clear Carrara marble, his prominent brow, over which some scanty white hairs fall, his earnest, thoughtful expression, and his bending form, which tells of unwearied application to the many responsible

is duties that devolved in the course of a busy career and politician. A Tory and an aristocrat by birth and inclination, but the records of the legislature show an obstinate opponent when he came to believe earnestly that the proposed measures were really a reform. A leader in every sense of the word, an impassioned orator at the bar, a master of invective, a man of earnest convictions, he presided necessarily at large political councils, and did not mould the legislation of the province. It is an interesting study while a Tory by education



FRANK MARSHALL (1867).

tion, he was more than an advocate of most liberal and radical measures, one of the most simultaneous polling at the holding of elections and the same day-- carried ten years even was thought of in the provinces.

Ton. Joseph Howe.

recall the portrait of the great Nova Scotian of his day famous for the brilliancy of his oratory and his wide popu-

larity in the province where he struggled successfully for the people's rights—I can still see in my mind's eye the face and figure of Joseph Howe, when he stood by the clerk's table in the session of 1860, answering Dr. Tupper, who was the most formidable opponent the liberal leader ever met in the political field. His massive head was set on a sturdy framework, his eyes were always full of passionate expression, his voice had a fullness and a ring of which he had a most complete mastery, his invective was as powerful as his humour was catching and his pathos melting. Indeed he had a sense of humour and a capacity for wit which has never been equalled by any public man I have ever met in public life. Among his compeers, at a dinner or supper table, this humour was a "little robust," to use the expressive phrase given me by a former governor-general of Canada. He was like Sir John Macdonald in this particular, though far superior to him in originality of wit and power to tell a good story. Howe's sense of humour, his personal magnetism, and his contempt for all humbugs, his sympathy for human weaknesses and frailties, added to his earnest advocacy of popular liberties, deservedly won for him a place in the people's hearts never held before or after him by a public man in Nova Scotia.

He was the most magnetic speaker who ever stood on a public platform in the Dominion: he could sway thousands by his flights of eloquence, and lead them to follow him as if he were the shepherd of a flock of political sheep. In the homes of the people he was always welcome, the children loved to hear his stories, and the girls never objected to be kissed by him. He was vain of his popularity, but his vanity was that peculiar to all great men and never obtrusively



HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

From a portrait taken in his sixtieth year.

displayed. It was the vanity that spurs men to greater efforts and to make the best use of their abilities.

During the movement for confederation he found himself in the unfortunate position of opposing a union to the advocacy of which his most eloquent address had been mainly devoted many years previously. It was most unfortunate for the success of this great national measure that so powerful an orator and leader of the people *should have thought it his public*

duty to assume an attitude of hostility which eventually brought the province to the very verge of revolution.

Howe was never in his heart opposed to union in principle, as I know from conversations I had with him in later times, but he thought the policy pursued by the promoters of confederation was injurious to the cause itself—that so radical a change in the constitution of the province should have first been submitted to the people at

and that the terms at Quebec were inadequate in.

Howe gave up the fight for confederation, and accepted the terms," which were the result of the contest he fought in 1868, it was with the conviction that no other course was open to one who valued the preservation of British interests on the continent. His action at that time in our political history cost him many staunch friends in his own province, and no wonder, until his death, some would call him an unhappy man when he considered the difficulty of bringing his associates and supporters to a political career to understate the loftiness of his motives and the true patriotism that underlay his whole conduct at this critical time in the history of the Dominion.

His career was in many respects remarkable, from the moment he worked at the compositor's desk when he died in that old brown government house which has since been the greater part of this building. A few blocks from the old government house of the younger province building, during the hot fight he carried against Lord Falkland, he was sent out to Nova Scotia as lieutenant-governor at the critical stage of its constitutional history, he found himself accepted out from the hospital government house and was made the governor and his

wrote as well as he spoke; he was as sarcastic in verse as he was in prose and Lord Falkland suffered accordingly. Some of the most poetic verses ever written by a Canadian can be found in his collection of poems; but relatively few persons nowadays recollect once famous satirical attacks on the lieutenant-governor have given much amusement to

the people throughout the province, and made his life almost unbearable.

In the little volume of verses, which one of his sons had printed and published after his father's death, we see something of the true nature of the man—his love of nature and her varied charms, his affection for wife, children and friends, his fervid patriotism, his love for England and her institutions. No poems ever written by a Canadian surpass, in point of poetic fire and patriotic ideas, those he wrote to recall the memories of the founders and fathers of our country. Great as were his services to his native province and to Canada—for had he continued to oppose confederation, Nova Scotia would have remained much longer a discontented section of the Dominion—we look in vain in the capital or any large town of Nova Scotia for a monument worthy of the man and statesman; for such a monument as has been raised in several cities in Canada to Sir John Macdonald, who in some respects was not his equal, and not more deserving of the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. Howe's life was rarely free from pecuniary embarrassment, fortune never smiled on him and gave him large subscriptions and possessions of land and money, the "res angusta domi" must at times have worried him. He had an aim before him—not wealth, but his country's liberty and her good. It was, however, a fitting termination to his career that he should have died a tenant of that very government house whose doors had been so long in old times obstinately closed against him. His voice had been often raised in favour of appointing eminent Canadians and Nova Scotians to the position of lieutenant-governor; and he was wont in some of his speeches to make caustic comparisons between the men of his pro-



HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., G.C.M.G.
At the age of seventy-seven years.

vince and the appointees of Downing Street.

Stern destiny, which is ever playing such pranks with poor humanity, with statesmen as well as mechanics, with the greatest as well as the humblest of mortals, placed him for a while—too short a while—where Falkland had lorded it over him and others, and where he could recall the past with all its trials and struggles, humiliations and successes; and then Fate, in its irony, suddenly struck him down, and the old government house lost the noblest and greatest who ever lived within its walls. As I close this imperfect page to a man whose broad states-

manship and undoubted genius I recalled as I stood last before his portrait in the assembly room of the Province Building, I ask his countrymen to remember his own noble verses, and apply them not only to the famous Liberal orator, poet and statesman, but also to his eminent opponent, the Conservative chief, who, like himself, was an honest, conscientious man, differing in principles, but equally influenced by lofty aspirations:

“ Not here? Oh, yes, our hearts their presence feel;
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,

which, in days gone by, were
 that soft music. If there
 ere our country's fame to
 breast with joy and triumph
 everberates to our measured
 breath will own our reverence
 dead.

gather'd in a stately urn
 honoured—while the sacred

y vestal hands was made to

ago. If fitly you'd aspire,
 dead; and let the sounding

r virtues in your festal hours?
 r ashes—higher still, and
 patriot flame that history
 e old men's graves go strew
 choicest flowers.”

Charles Tupper.

retirement of Mr. John-
 ne field of political com-
 leadership of the Con-
 arty devolved naturally
 upper, a descendant of
 st stock. He became
 most influential actors
 lic affairs not only of
 a but of the new Do-
 e established the pre-
 able system of public
 n the country, where it
 us to 1864, in a most
 condition. It was
 ough his remarkable
 that the Confederation
 ually established, and
 many years have passed
 e eventful and trying
 is still an active and
 s figure in political life,
 voices of his famous
 ave long since been
 the grave. He con-
 how that tenacity of
 at power of argument,
 nce in himself, and that
 anada's ability to hold
 n this continent, which

have been always characteristics of
 a remarkable career, and though
 he is now drawing to the end of his
 eighth decade of years, time has
 in no sense dimmed his intellect,
 but on the contrary he is capable
 of the same vigorous oratory which
 was first displayed in the old cham-
 ber of the assembly of Nova Scotia,
 while the progress of age has only
 given additional breadth to his
 statesmanship.

It does not, however, fall within
 the scope of this paper to refer to
 men who are still alive. The time
 has not come for speaking calmly
 and dispassionately on the merits
 of men like the venerable chief of
 the Opposition, who has, naturally,
 in the course of a remarkable life,
 evoked many antagonisms. Be
 that as it may, Nova Scotians, Lib-
 erals and Conservatives alike, can-
 not fail to admit that his intellect,
 energy, and oratory entitle him to
 the highest place in the roll of
 Nova Scotia's most distinguished
 statesmen.

Sir John Thompson.

I have still before me the well-
 known figure of Sir John Thomp-
 son, the friend of my early man-
 hood as well as of later years. All
 will admit he was a statesman of
 worthy ambitions and noble mo-
 tives, a remarkably close reasoner,
 and a logical speaker, who had
 hardly an equal for clearness of ex-
 pression in the House of Commons
 of Canada. His life in the Do-
 minion field of politics was one of
 promise rather than of perform-
 ance in successful statesmanship,
 and I doubt very much if he could
 ever have been willing to master
 all the arts and intrigues of a suc-
 cessful politician. In him Canada
 lost a man who, above all others,
 would have brought to the supreme
 court of Canada, or to the judicial
 committee of the Privy Council of
 the Empire, a clearness of intellect,
 a soundness of judgment, and an



RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G.

accumulated store of legal knowledge, as well as intensity of purpose, which would have been invaluable to this country during this practically formative stage of our constitution; but that obdurate fate, which has hovered over the Conservative party since the death of Sir John Macdonald, the great Prime Minister, struck Sir John Thompson down almost at the foot of the Throne, and placed Canada in mourning for one of her *sons torn from her in the pride of his intellect.*

Some Famous Soldiers.

It was my good fortune over thirty years ago to meet and converse on more than one occasion with the hero of Kars, who became for the first time since his boyhood days in Annapolis Royal, intimately associated with the public affairs of Nova Scotia as lieutenant-governor in 1865. Sir William Fenwick Williams was appointed at that critical moment when the provinces were threatened by the Fenians, and the federal union was

in the balance. The government felt it was not an officer of signal ability should be stationed in the Provinces, and that noble influence should be able to bear on the unstable situation of this imperial and colonial measure.

Williams, in appearance, was up to the ideal of a brave soldier, though in his relations of social life



R. F. W. WILLIAMS, BART.,
C.M.G., OF KARS.

of "bonhomie" and which gave no one the thought he was the same man of command so commended the garrison at Kars for most extraordinary prudence whose resolute courage won the admiration of the hero who only conquered him through starvation.

Williams," said Moulton. "A Russian general to whom the fortress surrendered, made yourself a name and posterity will stand

amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army which has covered itself with glory and yields only to famine." In the English House of Commons, Lord Palmerston said: "A greater display of courage, or ability, of perseverance under difficulties, or of inexhaustible resources of mind, than was evinced by General Williams, never was exhibited in the course of our military history."

At a later time another sword was voted to another gallant Nova Scotian, the grandson of the first colonial bishop of the Church of England, and the son of the third bishop of Nova Scotia, Lieutenant-Colonel, or—to give him his later titles—Major-General Sir John Eardly Wilmot Inglis, K.C.B., who took a conspicuous part in the dreadful conflict of the Indian mutiny. With rare intrepidity for nearly ninety days he successfully resisted, with a small force—a resistance not paralleled in the annals of modern warfare—the murderous attacks that were persistently made upon Lucknow by more than fifty thousand mutineers, and won imperishable fame, like Havelock and Lawrence.

But I must drop the curtain over the past and close my ears to the many voices that are ever whispering. Where, indeed, do we not hear the voices of Nova Scotians? Do we not hear them in the old halls and sombre corridors of the Province Building, so full of the phantoms of Nova Scotia's public men? Do they not speak to us from the banks of the Annapolis, the Chebogue, the La Heve, the Avon, the Gaspereau, and the Basin of Minas, where the Acadians made the saddest pages of our history. From the Mabou, the Marguerite, the Mire, and other beautiful rivers which now flow through cultivated



GENERAL SIR J. E. W. INGLIS, K.C.B., OF LUCKNOW.

From a portrait in Province Building.

meadows and farm lands, we hear the Scotch accents of the humble people who were exiled from the mountains and glens of old Scotia. Do they not speak to us from the storm-swept beaches of the Atlantic coast, where the surf of the ocean ever beats a requiem in memory of the hapless loyal exiles, who wept on the lonely shores to which they fled from their homes in the old rebellious colonies?

Does not Inglis call to us from the beleaguered walls of Lucknow—Williams from the ancient citadel of Kars—Parker and Welsford from the trenches of the Redan? Whenever the drum-beat "following the sun and keeping company with the hours" may play "the martial airs of England" will be heard the voices of Nova Scotians under the folds of the meteor flag to which they have been always true. From

of the globe we hear the
the calls of our sailors:

Amuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges
Far-off, bright Azore;
Hama, and the dashing
Silver flashing
San Salvador.

tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
By the hoarse Hebrides;
The wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
Isolate, rainy seas."

Be sure that wherever
Gaians may be found—
Lying under the burning

suns of India, or amid the sands
or jungles of Africa, or planting
orange groves in the sunny land of
Florida, or in the fruitful valleys
of Southern California, or seeking
fame and fortune in far Australian
lands, or searching for gold amid
the rocks of Klondike, or driving
the plough through the rich grasses
and flowers of the western prairies,
or illustrating the intellect and
genius of their people in legisla-
tive halls—they never forget that
Acadian land which is associated
with the most cherished memories
of their boyhood or manhood.

IN THE BEGINNING.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

I.

God! God alone! and naught beside—no height,
Nor depth; no time in hours or days or years;
No sound so harsh to vibrate mortal ears;
And intermingled with the dark, no light
So dim that mortal eyes could bear the sight;
No trembling ether seas, no rolling spheres,
No element, no sensuous bound appears,
No everywhere, but all the Infinite.
Elohim! Fulness of all majesty
And power, Sum of Universal Force!
Jehovah! Being Absolute, and Source
Of Thine Eternal Self! Not the Unknown,
For there were none to know—God, God alone—
"In the beginning," one supernal "Me."

II.

God! God alone! Then elemental dark;
A brooding motion on the finite vast
Of chaos—Love's first breath o'er earth's wide waste.
"Let light be," and the desolations hark.
From God, not grinding flints of fate, a spark
Leaps forth, and light through all the abysses passed,
First messenger of Love. And then were massed
The earth and seas—Life set on them was mark
Of unimpeachable divinity;
God's finger-gem whose rays flash everywhere.
And sang the swarms of the abysmal sea,
The lark that trilled the firmament above,
And man of all God's handiwork most fair,
Creation's Alpha and Omega—Love.



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.

V.—MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.

THE best hope of modern architecture is the growing taste and knowledge of architects, the changed requirements of modern life, and the new materials and methods of building. In our climate we do most of our work under
We are accumulators and age houses for records, tures, museum and other . Land in the centres es grows more valuable pile up office buildings ories high.
e new building materials. of the Pantheon at Rome brick, but the dome of ol at Washington has



OLD COURT-HOUSE AT MONMOUTH, VA.

more than 3,500 tons of iron in it. Many buildings in our cities are constructed wholly of iron and glass. Where they have been moulded and painted to look as



EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—THE CRADDOCK HOUSE,
MEAFORD, MASS., BUILT IN 1633.



STEEL STRUCTURE—MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

much like stone as possible, like all falsehoods they are ignoble, but there is no good reason why an iron building should not be beautiful.

We have new methods also. In old days the building rested upon its outside walls, which were made broad at the base in proportion to their height. Nowadays we make the real building of steel beams bolted together, and the wall is nothing but an ornamental shell.

Crossing the ferry to New York I saw not long ago a building higher than Trinity Church steeple made entirely of steel—a network of black beams through which the light shone. About a third of the

way up the outer skin of granite blocks was completed. A heavy earthquake would probably shake down this outer wall, as a man by shrugging his shoulders might shake off a loose bath-robe until it fell at his feet, but it would probably only make the network of steel tremble and sway.

We may not like these tall buildings, and the law will probably compel them to keep within a certain height and shut them out of certain streets and squares, but the steel core has come to stay. The problem of modern architecture, with all the buildings of the world to study and all the different needs of the public to serve, is to use the



OLD COLONIAL STYLE, LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

materials by the new methods
the best advantage for dignity
beauty as well as for conveni-

By encouraging the study
of principles, by employing
the architects who have be-
come masters of their art, and put-
ting an end to the political favour-
itism which often puts the planning
of public buildings into incompe-
tent hands, we shall have better
lessons set before us. The
public taste will grow and we shall
have less cause to be ashamed of
our new architecture.

What would strike us most in
city streets, if we were not so
used to it, is the multitude of win-

dows and doors. Our houses
stand shoulder to shoulder like
troops in line, and each opens all
the eyes it can upon the street.
In a block of tenement houses on
a hot night every window and door
seems occupied. The people are
trying to get as much air as pos-
sible, and access to air and light
is only at the front or back.

In an Eastern city, like Cairo or
Damascus, we should notice the
blank walls along the street, with
few windows and no one looking
out. These houses get light and
air from central courts around
which their rooms are built. This
was the fashion of house-building



EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

which the Greeks followed. It may be studied in the houses of Pompeii dug out of the ashes in which Mount Vesuvius buried them eighteen hundred years ago. It is the fashion still of most people who live in hot climates. The size of the house depends on the wealth of the occupant, but as a rule the building does not, except in the

English houses of brick or wood, with gable ends toward the street, the change to the modern city houses, often as much alike as peas in a pod along a whole block, is not very great. There was little chance for invention, and it was easier and cheaper to make them pretty much alike in structure with slight ornamental variations about the doors and windows.

Village and country houses are much more interesting. The first



MANSARD ARCHITECTURE.

case of the very poor, wholly depend upon the street for light and air.

City houses in America are rather uninteresting. They began with the houses of brick imported from Holland which the Dutch built in New Amsterdam and with the plain houses of Boston and Salem. From these Dutch and

house the pilgrims built at Plymouth was a log hut twenty feet square with a thatched roof, and thousands of American villages have begun, just as Plymouth did, in or near the woods, and with a log house.

The Pilgrims went to work at once hewing planks, with which their next houses were built. Then



THE NEW NATIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.



BURO-CCLASSIC STYLE,
PANTHEON, PARIS.

single, which took the
pitch for the roof and
planks at the side.
It solved the problem
of logs into boards, and
it became the national
material for private houses
and public buildings, as it
has been even yet.

Houses have no verandahs.
The porch (or piazza) belonged
to a warmer climate,
and people wanted to sit out of
the sun yet be sheltered from
the wind. In old Virginia houses,
and in which Washington
built Mount Vernon, it extended
the whole front. Still further
it is called a gallery,
common in the early
of England or Canada,
and now became a necessary
feature in our village and country

Today this form of house
has pitched roof and gable
changed for a square
tower roof. A fair ex-
ample of a simpler form is the

Craigie (Longfellow) house at
Cambridge, Mass. It usually had
porches, or balconies, with light
columns, and often attempted some
variety in the window openings
and outside ornaments. This may
be taken as a form of what we
nowadays call colonial architecture,
suggested by the houses of wealthy
people before the Revolution. In
the hands of modern architects it
has given us many beautiful and
convenient dwellings, and its effect
is usually dignified and pleasing.

After the Revolution, largely
through the dominant French in-
fluence of the time, there appeared
a revival of the classical style which
gave us the Greek temples in our
village streets, to which reference
has already been made, and such
houses with classical porticoes as
the White House at Washington.
This classical style lasted a long
time, only broken at last by some
attempt at reviving the Gothic.
As the architects imitated Gothic
churches or battlemented castles,

not good
houses of
the Gothic
time, this
resulted
only in ug-
liness. All
this time it
was the
fashion to



MODERN
GERMAN
GOTHIC.
A PARISH
CHURCH.





MODERN ADAPTATION OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE—BOURBON PALACE, PARIS

paint all houses a glaring white. In the shade of green trees white is pleasant to the eyes, but in the long monotony of a shadeless village or city street the eye soon wearies of it.

About thirty years ago another French fashion, that of building houses with mansard roofs, came in. It had the practical advantage of giving extra rooms at a small cost, but in ordinary houses it is almost impossible to make the roof seem small enough for the walls, and the extra rooms are always hot or cold. Every one has noticed how upon a little house the mansard roof looks like an extinguisher. The style is only fitted for large buildings, and even then depends for success upon a perfection of curve in the lines of the roof which few American architects seemed to know how to reach. The style has gone out, but has left it many ungraceful build-

Of late the passion for regularity seems to have given place to a passion for irregularity, hiding a multitude of sins under the name of Queen Anne. The American runs easily to extremes. We are not yet fully learned that slight delicate variations give more pleasure in the long run than do novelties. Fortunately the sense of architects is settling down and more to the opinion that health and convenience, simplicity is the most desirable quality in house-building. Even in our island and mountain cottages eccentricity will gradually give place to moderation and good sense.

It has been impossible within the limit of these papers to treat of house-building in other lands or among different races. Plans and pictures of the houses in Pompeii are accessible, and would repay study. It would be well for those who are interested in the subject to look to the authorities which they ha-

such subjects as the cave
the lake dwellings of Switzer-
and the East Indies, the wig-
of the Indians and the "long
s" of the Iroquois, the Bed-
ents, the Swiss chalet, with its
layan counterpart, the cliff
ings and adobe houses of
na and New Mexico, and the
ing houses of Japan, Syria,
any and England.

With minds that think and com-
pare as well as eyes that see, the
houses and other buildings that we
pass on our own streets will be-
come as interesting to us as the
people we meet, because they, too,
have a history and belong to fami-
lies with which we are already ac-
quainted, or to which we hope to
be introduced.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

Oft has been told a German legend old,
That, once a year, at midnight doth appear
Across the Rhine a bridge of burnished gold.

The full moon's beams, surpassing fancy's dreams,
In weaving blend, and o'er the stream suspend
A radiant path that meet for angels seems.

Like saint in fane, the soul of Charlemagne,
With uplift hands, above the bright arch stands,
God's blessing begging for his old domain.

Meekly he pleads for Germany's great needs—
Her homes, her fields, and streams—for all that yields
The Fatherland support he intercedes.

This tale retold, may grander truth unfold!
Not Charlemagne, but Christ doth love constrain
The cause of every sinner to uphold.

His nail-scarred hands embrace remotest lands;
In His broad prayer the nations all have share;
Man's great unceasing Advocate He stands!

—*The Angelus.*

"IF MEAT OFFEND." *

BY SILAS SALT.

Gleamed jagged lightnings bale along a strand
By wintry storm-lashed phosphorescent white,
And *there* a weary surfman fought—a mite—
Against the solid blasts of drifting sand.
Then deeper dark besieged him with its band
Of terrors, and ink-black grew his straining sight,
Still on he pressed, but bore no cheering light,
"Twould *trick* the sailor's hope—"The fall of land."

Thus by the sea of our life's arguments,
Patrolling on its shore 'twixt life and death,
Faith battles still must fight with doubt and fear,
Not, coward, seize on self-indulgent breast's
Dim light and risk a "brother's blood" to hear,
But forward press, lit by that Flaming Breath.

* Large sections of the United States coast are regularly patrolled in order to miti-
gate the danger of wreck. These men are called "surfmen."

PREACHING AND PASTORAL WORK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.



HERE is no reason to assume that our entrance into the Twentieth Century creates a demand for some new kind of preaching. Though as regards time we are in the Twentieth Century, we are still living under the influence of the life and thought of the Nineteenth Century. No new conditions have yet arisen that require any serious "new departure." At the same time it is eminently right and proper that the Christian Churches should note the tendencies of the times, and seek to be prepared to meet the demands that are sure to arise in the developments of the future. There should be a wise adaptation of our preaching and methods of church work to the circumstances and conditions of the times in which we live.

A Permanent Ordinance.

The question, What should be the character of the preaching for the times? must ever be a subject of permanent interest. Preaching is not a temporary human expedient. It is a divinely-appointed means for accomplishing a great and desirable object. In the past history of the Christian Church it has been stamped with tokens of Divine approval. The prophets of the Old Testament were preachers of righteousness. But in the New Testament dispensation preaching is lifted into still greater eminence by being made the chief medium of making known to the world "the unsearchable riches of Christ." From the day of Pentecost, when the sermon of Peter brought con-

viction of sin and the knowledge of salvation to three thousand in one day, down to the present time, the preaching of the Gospel by a living ministry has been the most potent means of extending Christ's kingdom in the world.

It is sometimes said that the press has superseded the pulpit, and is doing the work formerly done by the preacher. The press is undoubtedly a powerful agency for the diffusion of knowledge; but it can never do the work of the Christian preacher, or render his mission unnecessary. Preaching is not the mere communication of information about divine things; but, as Phillips Brooks has said, "it has in it two essential elements, truth and personality." That is, the message delivered and the personality of the preacher through which it comes. "It must come through his character, his affections, his whole intellectual and moral being." In other words, it is "the mind of the Master" that, through the testimony of those who have been themselves saved by grace, and called to be witnesses for His truth to others, His Gospel should be spread throughout the world. For this cause, the character of the preaching of the pulpit possesses for all Christians an enduring interest and importance. If we know what the character of the preaching was at any period, we can tell pretty closely what the condition of the Church of that period was. In discussing this subject, the main question is, What should be the chief themes of the preacher? The manner and spirit of preaching are also important elements of success.

stian Preacher's Themes.

ing for an answer to the
What should constitute the
f the preacher's message?
e light from two sources:
1 the teaching of the Holy
s; (2) from the moral
and needs of the people
the preachers of the Gos-
nt.

is a good deal of indefinite
the air" about the preach-
reaching for this new cen-
actual meaning of which
means clear. The religious
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ch of the past are spoken
re as if they were untrust-
nd required "reconstruc-
: is assumed that modern
methods of study demand
in the matter and methods
reachers of the Twentieth

Creeds and doctrinal
; are objects of special dis-
nt, as if it were a weak-
er than a virtue, to "ear-
ntend for the faith which
delivered unto the saints."
aching there is a significant
of frank statements as to
the beliefs that should be
, or what are the ideas
hould be substituted for
eemed effete and unworthy
ion. It is not too much to
his way of vaguely insinu-
suggesting the uncertainty
has been held as truth in
tends much more to create
in to strengthen faith.

no sympathy with an un-
; clinging to everything
lown from the theologians
st. We should "prove all
hold fast that which is
But though the theories of
; change, and men having
ars may not endure sound
"nevertheless, the founda-
God standeth sure." The
f Holy Scripture relating
nd man, to sin and salva-

tion, to human duty and destiny,
must be the chief themes of the
Christian preacher in the Twentieth
Century and as long as the world
lasts. If objectors to doctrinal
preaching simply mean that ser-
mons should not be dissertations on
theological dogmas, I fully agree
with them. But neither the pro-
gress of science nor the specula-
tions of critics have rendered the
truths of that Gospel, which Christ
commissioned his disciples to preach
"to every creature," effete or obso-
lete. Man's need and God's remedy
are still the same. The Gospel
herald's mission is to preach, as the
only Saviour of men, "Jesus Christ,
the same yesterday, and to-day, and
for ever."

I ask these objectors what Chris-
tian doctrines can we afford to set
aside and leave out of our preach-
ing? Certainly not those which
present the holiness, goodness, and
power of God; not those which por-
tray man's sinful and lost condition
—not those that unfold the way
of salvation through Christ, and
our duty as His witnesses in the
world; not those that unveil the
life and immortality which our Re-
deemer hath "brought to light
through the Gospel." It is a sig-
nificant fact to be borne in mind
that all the great preachers in the
history of the Church, who were
most distinguished for their useful-
ness and influence upon their gen-
eration, owed their success to the
faithfulness with which they ex-
pounded and enforced these truths,
which a certain school of objectors
deem unsuitable themes for the pul-
pit, because, forsooth, the modern
world has outgrown them.

We do not overlook or ignore the
practical duties of life by giving
prominence to Christian doctrines.
Every doctrine has a relation to
practical ethical duty. The power,
wisdom, and goodness of God in-
dicate His claim to reverence, obe-
dience and love. The divine char-

acter and work of Christ are the reason why we trust in Him for salvation. A belief in the authority and inspiration of the teaching of the Scriptures brings a sense of obligation to obey their requirements. A belief in human brotherhood prompts those who receive it to be just and kind to their fellow-men. It is true, theology is not religion; but, far from the doctrines of Christianity being metaphysical dogmas which do not concern our present life, the believing acceptance of these doctrines supplies the mightiest motives to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." It is the bounden duty of the Christian preacher faithfully to urge the practical application of the ethics of the New Testament in all the relations of life. The world's greatest need is applied Christianity. The religion that fails to make those who embrace it more honest and truthful, more unselfish and brotherly, whatever its pretensions may be, is not the religion of Christ our Saviour.

*Preaching must be Adapted
to Human Need.*

I have intimated that we may learn in some degree what the preaching of the pulpit should be from the condition and needs of those to whom the Gospel message is addressed. Roughly speaking, there are three classes of hearers, and therefore a threefold message is required to meet their needs.

(1) It is pre-eminently the mission of the preacher to persuade sinners to forsake their sins and seek and find salvation through Christ. So long as men are guilty and at enmity against God, it must be a chief part of the message of the pulpit to preach "repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." It should not be forgotten that personal conversion is set forth in Scripture as the beginning of the Christian life.

The church in which no conversions take place is in a condition of spiritual deadness and decay, in which only failure can be expected. (2) The preacher should faithfully urge those who have experienced the joy of forgiveness to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" to go on to perfection. For even those who have been truly converted need to have the Scripture standards of duty and privilege kept before them, that they may be true witnesses for Christ's religion in the world. (3) True Christian preaching should also be adapted to instruct and comfort those who are in circumstances of special trial, suffering, perplexity, or temptation. The Bible contains truths adapted to all conditions. The faithful application of these truths to the wants of practical life is an important part of the preacher's duty.

As I have grown older I more and more feel, when I stand before a congregation, that my main thought should be: Here are a number of struggling, burdened and tempted men and women, with different spiritual needs; what words can I speak to them that will help them to bear their burdens more patiently, to fight their daily battles more bravely, to be more faithful in doing the work of Christ, and that shall help to make them stronger in faith and more resolute in holy purpose because of what they have heard from me in the house of God?

It has been said that working men do not generally attend church because the preaching of the pulpit is not adapted to interest and help them. But the spiritual wants of men, and the religious teaching that meets those wants, are not peculiar to any class of human beings that can be designated by outward distinctions. No man is worthy to occupy a pulpit who does not sympathize with the struggles

sons of toil, and aid them in way that is right and practi-

But it does not follow that ers should accept and advo- their preaching every social olitical notion that claims to the interests of the working . Some people find fault be- their fads are not preached the pulpit. Science, phil- ; politics, and general litera- re valuable and important. tures on these subjects, even delivered in a church, are ristian preaching. Provision erwise made for teaching things. The knowledge of objects may be made to in- the efficiency of the preacher, ; special mission is to speak whereby men and women e saved, and built up in in- it Christian manhood and hood.

Discerning Improvement in Preaching.

ugh the message of the Gos- its essential features must be the same, the condition gs in particular periods and ies may require the special sis of truths that have been ed, and need to be pressed attention of the people. As not foresee the developments future, any suggestions as to the preaching of the future be must relate to points n it is thought present-day ing may be improved and more effective.

iew of the keen and relent- iticism which prevails in all s of thought, the teaching of lpit must be such as will the closest scrutiny. Theo- d beliefs will not be taken on the authority of eminent . The faith and teaching of urch of the future will not be on speculative conjectures, s widely prevail at present.

Without giving less prominence to the importance of a personal ex- perience of pardon and peace, there is room and need of greater empha- sis of the ethical teaching of the Bible. There has been, in some cases, too much made of inward emotions, that have not always brought forth the fruits of right- eousness in the relations of daily life. The Master's own words are: "If ye love me, keep my command- ments."

The tendency against unduly magnifying the importance of minor differences in theology will probably grow stronger as the years pass. And the pulpit will conse- quently be less and less occupied with controversies between those who hold the essential doctrines of Christianity. There is reason to believe that there will be more charity for these from whom we differ on non-essentials, and more unity of Christian forces against the assailants of supernatural reli- gion.

By faithful study of the Bible and growth in spiritual life, prea- chers may gain a truer conception of the teaching of divine revelation. A restatement of doctrines is justi- fiable when it more truly expresses the meaning of God's Word. But if the preaching of the pulpit in the Twentieth Century is to be a greater power for good than that of the past century, this will be the result of a deeper insight into the truths of the Bible, and greater zeal and fidelity on the part of those who preach; and not from surrendering, explaining away, or holding with a feeble or temporizing hand, the blessed truths which have inspired and sustained the people of God through all the centuries of the past.

I have not space for more than a few words about pastoral work. Pastoral visitation has two great advantages. By personal inter- course with his people in their

homes, the pastor may comfort the suffering, instruct the perplexed, and warn the erring. Conversation, face to face and heart to heart, may accomplish what the most eloquent sermons have failed to do. Wise and faithful pastoral work may also be a great benefit to the preacher himself. Not so much by furnishing incidents and illustrations for his sermons, as by keeping him in living touch and practical sympathy with the life of the people, and thus preventing his sermons being abstract essays in theology, that take no real grip on the hearts and consciences of those to whom he preaches.

*The Manner and Spirit of
Preaching.*

As to the manner or style of preaching, it cannot be learned like a trade. The character and spirit of the preacher will determine the character of his preaching. Of course, faults of manner should be avoided. But if a preacher has the necessary natural gifts, if he fully grasps and firmly believes the truths of the Gospel himself, and intensely desires the salvation and edification of his hearers, such a man's labour shall not be in vain. Strong faith is a great element of power in preaching. Every time I heard Charles Spurgeon preach I

was made to feel that the strongest element of his influence on his audience was the impression he made, that he believed what he taught with a mighty, undoubting faith.

I have heard the most eloquent preachers of our day, such as Beecher and Simpson, Punshon and Spurgeon, Liddon and Farrar, Parker and Drummond, Douglas and Chapin, and other famous men. I need hardly say that I greatly enjoyed the preaching of these gifted men. But all preachers cannot be eloquent orators. And for myself I may say, if I had to choose between the two, I would rather listen to the unpolished utterances of a preacher who shows that he has a deep sense of God's mercy and man's need, and who speaks out of a full heart that feels the burden of his message, than to hear the most eloquent orator who was destitute of these qualities.

To the preachers who read this article I would say, in the words of the late Dr. John Ker, of Scotland: "Let us then preach salvation by faith and regeneration through the Holy Spirit; let us seek to search the depths of the soul with the Gospel of Christ; let us bring all God's truth to bear on the lives of men in plain, practical speech; and we shall be workmen that need not be ashamed."

THE GREATER GLORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. SPEER.

We never see the sun so fair as when, through curdling clouds,
He paints the rainbow covenant there beyond the silent woods.
We never prize the winter till the flowers with heat are bowed;
We cherish not the summer till she sleeps in winter's shroud.

The glory of the mighty man is not his power to crush,
But, like the towering oak, to stand and shield the wild rose bush.
So distance binds with cords of love, we wish for those not here,
And memory, that white-winged dove, brings loved ones ever near.

We never see His face so fair, who suffered on the tree,
As when He hung on Calvary, there to die for you and me;
But, out of rack and wrench of time, when worlds reel to their fall,
When bells of time have ceased to chime, then "Christ is all in all."

Toronto.

"LET US FOLLOW HIM."*

BY ISABELLE HORTON,

Assistant Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

each not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord: and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."—2 Cor. iv. 5.



THROUGH all the history of Christianity one thought runs like a refrain in music: sometimes low, sometimes loud; sometimes almost lost in the mingling of notes, sometimes throbbing and clear, but always with a strong and giving character and a definite composition.

The thought which thus gives life to our Christianity is not a mere creed as a life; not so much a duty to be accepted as a principle to be performed. The key-note of the religion was struck when the great Founder said that He would make Him king: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and in the potency of both the old and the new precept, He tried to lead His followers this principle of service and sacrifice for

we have always been those who separate the two ideas, and the result is not Christianity. We do not practise self-sacrifice for His sake—doing penance to Him, as if suffering alone could affect the character or the life. Such sacrifice is the life of hermits, ascetics, or saints, but not our ideal

given at the Carlton Street Deaconess Institute, Toronto, on the seventh anniversary of the Deaconess Institution.

Christian. Even the more practical philanthropies and charities of our day, devoid of the life-giving motive, can only produce a humanitarianism, as different from real Christianity as the waxen image is different from the living, breathing man. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor," says Paul, "and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

On the other hand, we find those who believe that they love God with all their hearts and their neighbour as themselves, but they have eliminated from their theology the idea of sacrifice or service. They tell us that suffering and all difficult and unpleasant things are wholly unnecessary, and they fondly hope to reform the world by thinking beautiful thoughts about it.

There may exist a principle of love which has no object and which is not expressed in service, but to the average unscientific mind such love is as cold and incomprehensible as the latent heat which scientists assure us is stored up in an iceberg.

A few years ago Drummond focused the teaching of Christ and the apostles into a brilliant little literary gem, "The Greatest Thing in the World." This greatest thing was love—the silent, irresistible, attractive force of the spiritual universe, as gravitation is of the material. It is the force that binds man to man, and man to the heart of God. It is the essence of almightiness itself. "God is love."

But from the human standpoint, service must ever be the expression of love; the outward embodiment of which love is the soul. Service is love, active and alive, working with all its might for the highest good of that which it loves. The All-wise Father Himself could find no better way to reveal to humanity his heart of love than the way of sacrifice. So "taking upon himself the form of a servant . . . he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." This was the very incarnation of love, manifested in service.

Dare any one call himself a follower of our Christ who has not to some degree at least worn the badge of service and followed in His footsteps of sacrifice?

The age just dawning gives promise that this thought is taking a new hold upon the world's conscience. Its perfect development will bring the millenium. Far enough away it seems, while distant lands still shake with the tramp of our armies; while our own country is torn with struggles between the masses and the classes; while the liquor power rides rampant over our laws and our consciences and laughs in the faces of our legislators; while millions of dollars are squandered in riotous living and little children cry for bread in our alleys; yet through all these discordant sounds the hopeful heart can still catch the refrain of loving service. The Church is hearing the call to a deeper consecration, and outside the visible Church, altruism, brotherhood, social service, are becoming the catchwords of a new civilization. I believe that more rich men to-day are asking themselves, "What shall I do for the betterment of the world?" than at any other time in the world's history.

The very force and insistence with which the evils of our time thrust upon our notice savours

of reform. In ages past men killed one another for a creed and split up nations for a dogma, and there was no protest. But conditions which a century or two ago would have deluged a continent in blood, now, acted upon by popular sentiment, are settled by few battles and much diplomacy. And the hundreds slain in these battles arouse more protest and commiseration than the hundreds of thousands in the olden time. Once slavery was everywhere tolerated, and even defended as a divine institution, but now it is becoming intolerable that men and women should toil and starve until body and mind and soul degenerate, and public and private charities are struggling with the problems of poverty and pauperism. And though, as yet, the life that truly and unreservedly gives itself to unbought service for humanity seems to exist only in the dreams of the reformer and the ideals of the poet and seer, yet deeds are born of ideals. What is but a madman's vision in one century becomes the accepted fact of the next.

The very ideals of our literature show which way the popular heart is tending. The editor of one of the great Chicago dailies recently called attention to the fact that in three of the popular works of fiction of modern times—he was speaking only of the class dealing with moral questions—the hero who has broken away from ecclesiasticism and plunged into the muck and muck of humanity, hoping to redeem it from its slums and misery, meets a violent death as the result of his sacrifices. The books referred to are Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," Hall Caine's "Christian," and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "A Singular Life." In each of these books the hero becomes a martyr, and this fact the astute editor interprets to mean the failure of Christianity to redeem mankind from misery and vice. Hence, he

hat the reformer does not and that Christianity as a failure.

irely it was a superficial that jumped to this con-

The thoughtful reader that it was not the failure n but the cost of redemp- t was the motive of the entioned. The very qual- m that caught the popular is the power, the pathos, megation, even to the last y. In "A Singular Life,"

Bayard was murdered by keeper after a few years of ork in Angel Alley. But rained? Drunkards saved, s reclaimed, hundreds of irred to higher and purer r the Christ-like life lived hem, and a church—"The of the Love of Christ"— n the very heart of Satan's

What is a Christian's tri- this is defeat? The hero en heroes must die—but question of continued suc- his cause depended upon there would be another to step into the vacant ounting not his life dear night win souls for Christ.

r years ago a deaconess in Cleveland was burning. a frail wooden structure, e was barely time to re- patients to the yard be- lower part was a mass of t was supposed that all e their escape, when sud- girl's white face looked out : third story window. It

German nurse, Minnie whose patient was a man roken hip who had been to the bedstead.

ome save my patient," she it it was too late to enter e, and no one could help. uted back, "Jump and rself."

elow her was the broad veranda; a hundred hands

were upstretched to assist her, but with the path to life and safety open before her she said, "I can't leave my patient," and turned back into that hell of smoke and flame. When all was over they found the poor, charred body fallen by the bedside, her hands still clutching the fastenings that bound her help- less charge in a last attempt, in blindness and pain, to undo them.

When the newspapers told the story of the disaster, and lauded the bravery of the young deaconess nurse, there were some who said, "How foolish of her to throw away her life when she could not save that of the other; and if she had, he was only a poor wreck of a man not worth half so much to the world as the nurse!"

But others said, "Such a life is not thrown away—not more than those of the three hundred Spar- tans who laid down their lives for a lost cause at Thermopylae—not more than that of the Roman sol- dier who stood at his post in the fiery storm that buried Pompeii. The brave heart of this girl of twenty-two must be for ever a shame to cowardice, a living inspi- ration to duty and Christ-like self- renunciation. A thousand other souls must be made braver and stronger by her example. Some- times the best use that can be made of a life is to throw it away.

It is not death that means defeat or failure; not chains, nor persecu- tion, nor the martyr's crown of fire. It is the cowed spirit that loves its ease more than its Lord, that would turn away its eyes from the sight of its brother's misery, and gather to itself the good things of earth. If the cause of Christianity lags to-day, it is not because those who devote body and heart and soul to the redemption of the world some- times suffer trials and martyrdom, but rather because there is so little of the real martyr spirit. We shrink from the cost of success.

And yet, it is a scientific as well as an ethical and a spiritual truth, that life comes from death—the individual perishes for the race—the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

It is said that Herbert Spencer, studying human beings in their social relations, and interrogating experience to find the right rule for their guidance, reached after years of careful study the very law laid down by Jesus Christ two thousand years ago, the law of love and service embodied in the Golden Rule.

In the light of these truths the revival of the ancient order of deaconesses is not a strange phenomenon, but a natural development. The order did not arise because five or six hundred women were more devoted, more self-denying, than all others, but rather because many hearts were not satisfied with a religion that makes its own salvation, its own experience, the end and aim of living, but were reaching out for at least a faint realization of the second part of the great commandment. The deaconess is but a sign that many hearts are beating toward a broader humanity, a humanity that prays not only to be blessed, but to be made a blessing to the world. The gifts, the prayers, the "God-bless-you's" that have sent us on our way tell us that other hearts are going out in anxious care for the lost and fallen, and that if the deaconess is the hand, back of her is the heart and brain of the Church, waking to the same spirit.

During the past year and a half it has been my privilege to be in a position to receive the letters and the gifts that have come for the support of one branch of this work; and I have read messages of tender sympathy from those I have never seen and never hope to see in the flesh, that have brought the tears to my eyes and a lump in my throat; and gifts both great and

small have been placed in my hand that told of sacrifices that made me ashamed for my lesser ones. So I have come to realize how many hundreds of hearts are bearing up our little band of workers with their prayers and sacrifices.

But this very spirit, inspiring as it is, is a source of danger, because it leads to the idealizing of the individual worker. We come to expect the deaconess herself to be the standard, instead of judging the work by its motives and ideals. And, alas! the deaconess is very human, a mixture of foibles and frailties, much like the average woman. The perfect woman—she who combines sound judgment with winning grace of manners, who is pious but not sanctimonious, who is talented but not vain, who is sedate with the old folk and gay with the young, and altogether lovely with children—has not become numerous as yet in deaconess ranks.

The deaconess is simply a woman who has felt the touch of a great uplifting desire to spend and be spent for love's sake—for pity's sake; and who has offered herself to the Church for just what she is worth in whole-hearted service for the Master. Standing in the calcium light of public life her failings as well as her virtues stand out in a stronger relief than in more sheltered ways, and the work itself may be exalted beyond measure or unjustly condemned according as the individual worker merits praise or blame. This is not just to either.

Rather should the Church regard the deaconess as in no wise separate from its own life and work. "Your servants for Jesus' sake" is Paul's standard, not for deaconesses only, but for all Christians. True, there are different ways of serving. Often the deaconess is merely the channel through which the Church's sacrifices and gifts

ch their appropriate destination and her usefulness will depend much upon what is behind the way of sympathy and as in what she is herself; the reception of a book not alone—not so much—merits, as upon whether it strikes a responsive chord upon a popular heart. Many a good man has fallen dead from the ground simply because it was ahead of him behind the spirit of the times. The deaconess work will succeed far as it finds in the heart of the Church this answering impulse to love and to serve for Jesus' sake. This impulse will send into the world—not goody-good young men whose call to the work is in their never having had anything else—but it will be that alone we have a right to God, the best. And it is to carry up the work with the support and the moral that come from intelligent action and understanding. The hope of the world is not that all persons, more or less, shall have this as their special vocation; it is that the principle upon which it rests may become universal in its application. Methods may be, special principles, never. If it is to apply Christ's law of love in works of charity and it may be yours to apply it to business relations or to the world, and yours may be the difficult and the more honourous. But is it too much to hope that the time is coming when this law shall be the accepted law in all relations of life? The principle of service for which alone can sweeten the life; here, without a precept the standard, "He is the greatest among you, let him be your servant." The same standard serves the amenities of society.

What hard-headed man would think of entering

his friend's drawing-room in the same self-assertive spirit which he believes he must maintain in his counting-room? It is the accepted ideal at least, however far we may come short of it, in the Church, considered as an organization. It is the sudden change of attitude—the sudden donning of the steel glove—as we go out from home, or society, or the Church, to meet our brothers and sisters on a business basis that is so bewildering to the unchurched masses. It is this that the deaconess finds so hard to explain, and that often makes her dumb in the face of charges against the Church of selfishness and hypocrisy. But there are those whose faith reaches to the time when Christians will take the principle, "By love serve one another," into business. Shining examples of the successful application of it are not wanting even in this dawn of the new century, and when we dare trust it a little farther, when we emerge from the fogs and mists that seem so substantial just now, perhaps we shall find that the man who is a Christian gentleman at home need not of necessity become a savage when he leaves for his office in the morning.

A business man said once, shaking hands with one of our workers at a church door, "It does me good to even meet one of your white-ribboned sisterhood on the street; it reminds me that there is something in the world worth living for besides the almighty dollar." We did not take this as an empty compliment to the order, but rather as the protest of his own better nature against the idea that the exigencies of business must of necessity array the children of a common Father against one another.

But, however far our practice may fall below our ideals, let us not commit that most grievous sin of all—that of lowering the standard to fit our practices. "The

Sermon on the Mount," some have said, "is impossible in practice; it was never meant to be followed implicitly, but only in very general principles." Rather let us confess, with shame and confusion of face if need be, that no matter how far our practice falls below our profession — preachers, deaconesses and missionaries alike—that the law that Christ gave is both in theory and practice, the sane, perfect and practicable rule of human conduct.

Christ calls upon human nature for something more than its human best. Through Him we are to be "partakers of the divine nature" and linked with the divine we can love humanity as He loved it and serve as He taught us how. He never promised anything but joy that was to be won through sacrifice and suffering. "I will show him," He said of a candidate for discipleship; "I will show him"—not what positions of honour and trust may be his, nor what wealth he may accumulate, nor what ambitious desires he might obtain—none of these; but "I will show him—how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Did ever leader offer such inducement for disciples? And yet the followers of no earthly conqueror can outnumber those of Jesus of Nazareth.

But does He demand less of the twentieth century than of the first? If not called to suffer like the early saints, we are still called to serve. The cry of a brother's need is pitiful now as then. We hear it in the plaintive voices of neglected childhood; we see it in the hollow eyes and pleading faces that haunt the city streets. And oh! if we dare follow the demons of want and sin to their lurking places in alley and slum, we shall hear it cry to us with a thousand tongues of our fellow creatures are living like dumb brutes—not living,

and yet not quite dying—starving like Tantalus in the midst of plenty, famishing for bread where, within five minutes' walk, hothouse grapes are being sold for ten dollars a pound and winter strawberries for three dollars a box! Can we wonder that robbery and crime abound when men and women and children walk the streets weak and sick with hunger and see heaped within the grasp of their hands delicacies and luxuries from every clime under heaven?

And infinitely worse than the half-fed bodies are the starved and darkened souls. We shed tears over the starving bodies of our poor, but over their starving souls angels must weep. "Their blood will I require at thy hand," God says to every one to whom he has entrusted wealth, or talent, or time, or opportunity, unless in some way it be devoted to the uplifting of the world.

A father brings home a bag of luscious oranges to his flock of little ones. He might divide them equally and impartially among them and so win their love and gratitude to himself. But he knows a better way. His great heart is not satisfied that they should love him supremely; he would have them love one another, even as he loves them. And what can so melt and weld the little hearts together as loving kindnesses, given and received.

So he places the golden treasures all in the arms of the first-born, and waits to see the little love tokens multiply themselves as they pass from hand to hand.

But no. "Thank you, papa," says the boy, and calmly walks off to bestow his treasures in his own room. Day by day he gloats over them, or ostentatiously displays them to the longing gaze of brothers and sisters. "See what my father has given me," he says. "Is he not the very best father in the

And at night when his
comes home from toil he
love you, papa, very much
you have done for me."
that father's smile of ap-
st upon that boy? Does
him better, or less, than
her children upon whom
he has not bestowed so

expects—demands of us,
sweat of brow, and heart
i. Not simply the surplus
and dollars that we never
gifts that come from near
he heart to tell the Lord
at it is given for love of

g will reach with saving
ese prisoned souls that
appeal to their felt needs
resent needs. Salvation?
rcely know they have souls

Sorrow and weariness
er and cold are more pa-
; to them than sin. You
tell them that God loves
od who is mighty in power
ct in happiness, and rich
worlds—believe that He
em and leaves them in
ery? You must prove to
at human love is before
alk to them of a God who
m.

certain street corner in Chi-
nds a handsome church
ndreds of worshippers
ery Sabbath morning for
id praise. Just a little
almost within the shadow
e, lived, or rather herded,
damp basement, a family
—father, mother, and six

For all the influence that
s or the sermons or the
ad upon them they might
d there and died like rats

They did not believe in
heaven, nor hell—other
in which they lived.
oers were to them a lot
r hypocrites who wrapped
fortable robes about them

and cared nothing for the suffer-
ings of others. Hunger and misery
were daily realities.

Disease always lurks in those
awful cellars, and it found the poor,
half-fed bodies an easy prey; and
it was then, in their worst estate,
that the deaconess from the church
found them. "It seemed the most
hopeless place I ever saw," she
said. "So dark I could not see
my way until my eyes grew accus-
tomed to the shadows, and the
odours were frightful." Two chil-
dren lay upon a filthy, bare mat-
tress, sick with what proved to be
malignant diphtheria, and four
others, pale, dirty, and uncared for,
crouched about the room. Worst
of all was the sullen, bitter mood of
the parents. It seemed as though
the very powers of darkness held
control. Could preacher, or saint,
or angel have gone into that home
and preached a gospel of words?
But the deaconess was a servant—
their servant "for Jesus' sake."
She said nothing of her religion,
but she went to work. She sent
the well children away, and isolated
the mother and baby that the dis-
ease might not spread. She pro-
cured a physician and medicine,
and food. Then she took her place
by the bedside and nursed the chil-
dren through the day and the long
hours of that awful night. The
next day she brought a trained
nurse, another deaconess. The
disease was conquered, but the
poor little bodies were left in a
frightful condition, throats and
limbs partially paralyzed. They
would never be well, the doctor
said, unless they could be taken
from that wretched place and given
pure air and sunshine and strength-
ening food. The deaconess found
homes for them in the country—
deaconesses know many good
people—where they stayed for
months, until health and strength
were perfectly restored.

As they began to emerge from

their chaos of despair the parents looked in wonder at the woman who had come so unexpectedly to their relief. Who was she? Why did she come? What did she take all that trouble for? They were nothing to her. One day the mother spoke out the questions in her mind. The deaconess, looking at her, wished that she could truthfully say, "Because I love you." But she could not—just then. But she answered, "The Lord Jesus loves you and wants to help you, and He can't tell you so except through His servants. He puts it into my heart to try to help you." And tears filled the woman's eyes, but she turned away, wondering more than ever.

The family had been living for more than a year on an average of thirty cents a day, picked up by the father here and there in uncertain jobs. The deaconess was able to find him regular work at small wages. She insisted upon their moving from the cellar into more wholesome quarters. She provided decent clothing for the children and enticed them one by one into the Sunday-school, and the mother did not say them nay. By and by some entertainment in which the children were to take part inspired the mother with a desire to be present; but she had no decent clothing to wear. The deaconess turned milliner and dressmaker, and with her own hands, working after her day's work was done, provided her a suitable outfit. The mother's heart was touched with the new atmosphere in which she found herself—so different from what she had supposed the church to be. Not long after she was down on her knees, the deaconess beside her, learning to pray. "You can tell Jesus all your troubles," the deaconess told her, "and ask Him for what you need."

A few days later the woman met her with tears and smiles and told

how, when the last morsel of food was gone and the children were crying with hunger, she had gone away by herself to "tell Jesus," and while she was yet on her knees a man had come with potatoes enough to last a month. "I know you must have ordered them," she said, "but God had to send by somebody, hadn't He? And He answered my prayer just the same." And from that day a new light and hope was in her face.

To-day, after four years, the family are self-respecting and self-supporting. The two oldest girls earn between them fourteen dollars a week. The whole family attend church and Sunday-school, of which the mother and older children are members; one daughter is a teacher in the primary department. The task of raising a whole family from pauperism to respectability has not been an easy one, and the deaconess has had many helpers, but when one considers all the potencies for good or evil going out from one such family, who can say it is not labour well spent?

In these days of scientific research, we pay great reverence to the laws of life and talk much of heredity and environment and their influence in shaping character, until sometimes we come to feel that these laws are absolute and irrevocable in their effects. But we must not forget that after all they are only natural laws; and there is always an appeal from the lower court to the higher—from natural laws to spiritual. It has been said, "Order is heaven's first law." I don't believe that: some human mind evolved that. The Bible says, "God is love." Then must not love be heaven's first law? And love, if it is strong enough, and unselfish enough, can say, even to natural laws, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

One day, passing along a street where a magnificent new building

up, I saw a great block
ted by the derrick and
ward its place on the
the law of gravitation
ulled; it was saying to
with all the force of a
ousand pounds, "You
down, down, down."
was a stronger force
g, "No, but you
you shall come up, up,
ou find the place the
tended for you." So
atural laws of a child's
dragging it down to a
the brute, the law of
n and says, "I will take
I will toil for him, and
im, and love him, and
p—always up—until he
into the place prepared
y the great Master
the temple of life."

e is still a brighter side
tion of service. The
his wages, and the ser-
us never fails of his re-
leaconess said to me in
long ago, "It seems to
never been able to make
'for Jesus' sake' be-
never I have thought I
so, straightway He has
ch a blessing that there
rifice at all."

o, a life spent in such
vices may seem narrow

To give one's self to
n of wherewithal Mrs.
nd her numerous pro-
be clothed and fed, and
Maloney's soul may be
to the eternal verities;
us over Mrs. Johnston's
rith something of Mrs.

own heart-sickening
awake at night with a
us burden on your heart
nder whether Mrs. O'-
trick has kept his pro-
y away from the saloon
very noble or heroic in
e these: but then—to
spoken gratitude in sor-

rowful faces when lips are dumb;
to see children's faces grow glad,
and tear-dulled eyes brighten at
your coming; to see souls coming
from darkness into light and to
know that your hand has been lead-
ing them thither—these are joys
that carry with them no sting of
pain. These are what our Lord
Himself must have meant when He
prayed that "His joy" might be
fulfilled in His followers. Little
duties are little windows that let
in floods of purest sunshine into
the soul.

And there is a reward richer and
deeper than joy. Ruskin speaks of
a "grievous and vain meditation
over the great book, of which no
syllable was ever yet understood
except by a deed;" and the Book
itself tells us that he that doeth His
will shall know—shall understand.
And there are precious glimpses of
truth, beautiful conceptions of di-
vine things coming into the soul
through these channels of humble
service that can never be learned
through books or meditations.

A deaconess called one day at a
home and found a woman sick and
alone but for two small children.
She was moaning with delirium
and pain. The deaconess took off
her bonnet and gloves and began
the task of ministering to the sick
woman. The doctor came and
looked serious. It was a severe
attack of pneumonia, and every-
thing would depend, he said, upon
careful nursing during the next
few hours. So all the long night
the deaconess stood at her post,
fighting the progress of the disease
as best she could. Morning
brought no relief. The doctor had
promised to send a regular nurse,
but none came, and the case was
too critical to be neglected a mo-
ment. As the hours went by the
watcher suddenly remembered that
her pastor was out of the city and
she was expected to conduct the
prayer-meeting that evening, and

she had no moment for preparation. But she said to herself, "I must do this hour the duty the hour brings." But as she hurried back and forth, carrying out the doctor's orders, she lifted her heart to her Father in Heaven for a message for His flock.

It was seven o'clock that evening before she was relieved, and then, after twenty-seven hours of constant service, she hurried home while the first church bell was ringing, found the needed chapter in her Bible, hunted up a half-forgotten quotation, donned a pair of fresh ties and hurried to the service. God was with her, and hearts were touched with a simple story of heart experience, for she herself had been taught lessons of trust during those hours of painful toil that reached other hearts as no elegant essay on ethics would ever have done.

A few years ago a child's face appealed to me—only one among the many that swarm in the dark places of the city—but so sad, so hungry-looking, so haunting in its unchildlike gloom, that I set myself to redeem, if it might be, this one soul from the sin and wretchedness of its surroundings. There were months, years, of hope alternating with discouragement, but after a time I could see the better life springing up from the wrecks of child nature. Once a woman said to me, "What influence has that boy been under that has made him so different from others of his class?" And then I told her something of the time, and effort, and money that had been spent upon that one boy; and she said somewhat wonderingly, "I suppose you saw something in him from the first that made you think he was worth saving." But I said "No; I think there was nothing at all, save that he was wretched and miserable. He was just a common red-headed, freckle-faced boy. I

think I must have wanted to help him because he was miserable and he couldn't possibly help himself."

Then, with a sudden sense of recognition which I had never known before, I thought, "And that's just why the dear Christ came to save us—not that we deserved it, but because we were lost and miserable, and we could not save ourselves." How true the picture. "For we ourselves were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived; serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared; not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."

"The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be faint as a bird's whisper, and yet it may be the same. And so God may have a thought, and I standing near and looking up into His face may have the same thought." "Thinking God's thoughts after Him"—so said one who lived far up on the heights of spiritual knowledge.

But if we thus enter into the heart of God it must be by the way He has showed us, the way of humble love and service to His other children. Many hearts have cried, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him?" and they search for Him in the wise dissertations of theologians, or would find Him through "grievous and vain meditations," but are not satisfied. Let them look for Him in deeds of loving service to the suffering and sad, and in ministering to others' woes they will find Him walking by their side.

"Have ye looked for the sheep in the desert?"

For those that have missed the way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places
Where the lost and the wandering stray?

you trodden the lonely highway,
ul and noisome street?
'be ye'd see in the gloaming
int of the Master's feet."

ho that has thus found, even
some and thorny ways, the
f the Master's footsteps, has
: price too high?

so, not that we have already
d, but following after, we in-
to this same "following
the life of service; the life
in harmony with God's laws,
f nature and grace; the life
a giving, finds what it has
ught; what if it had sought
d not have found—true hap-

We invite you to the
life of service for Jesus' sake,
k lightened by love, of pain
red in joy, of servanthood
freedom, because heart-im-
a life that loves God be-
He is everything that heart
nceive of that is good and
ssionate and lovable; that
umanity, even in its degra-
because He loved it with
nite love; that would give
e it loves, asking for nothing

he is a Japanese legend that
ow the emperor once sent
bell-maker, and commanded
make a bell that should be
and sweeter-toned than any
ade before, to sound out his
ver his kingdom. He gave
ver and gold and copper and
without stint, and bade him
his task. But when the
lker put the metals into the
g-pots they would not mix

properly. He tried again and
again, using different proportions,
but to no purpose, until the em-
peror was impatient, and the bell-
maker was in despair because his
life would pay the forfeit of his
failure. One night the bell-maker's
daughter went secretly to an oracle
and implored to know the reason
why the gods were not propitious.
She was told that the metals must
be mingled with the life-blood of
a young maiden. She returned
and flung herself into the cauldron,
and the bell when cast rang out
sweet and clear as the bells of
heaven.

A foolish legend, say you? Yes,
but it is only the cloak wherein is
hidden a truth. We can learn it in
nature, where life is ever springing
from death; in history, where na-
tions have been cemented in blood;
we learn in it social relations,
where the gold and silver of charity
give but a clanging sound unless
mingled with the blood of sacri-
fice. We learn it above all in the
history of the Church, with its tri-
umphant martyrdoms. It is the
key-note of creation's chorus,
dumbly felt in nature, interpreted
more clearly in legend and song,
groped after by heathen tribes,
chanted in one strong solo of
majestic sorrow by the Son of
God; broken into a thousand
sweeping fragments at last to be
gathered into one grand, trium-
phant chorus by the Church of
Christ to send out over the whole
world the glory of the King of
Kings, the Saviour of the world.

A PRAYER.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

be good in that I wrought,
and compelled it, Master, thine;
have failed to meet Thy thought,
r, through Thee, the blame is mine.

th and dream of my desire,
tter paths wherein I stray,
owest who hast made the fire,
knowest who hast made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men—
That I may help such men as need!

THE CHURCHMANSHIP OF JOHN WESLEY.

AN APPEAL TO THE LOGIC OF FACT AND PRACTICE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



AS the life, work, and marvellous influence of John Wesley are once more brought prominently before the attention of the world by the Methodist Ecumenical Council, which met in London in September, it will not be a matter of surprise if his relations to the Established Church of England are, in some quarters, quite seriously discussed. Zealous churchmen have always been ready to seize upon all special occasions and to remind the people called Methodists that the great instrumentality employed in the breaking up of the spiritual slumbers of a nation, and in the organizing of that movement into a great compact religious communion, was a devoted member of the English Church, and remained a loyal and obedient son of that Church to his dying day.

In tracts, sermons, editorials, addresses and conversations, in which strong Episcopalians almost entirely figure, the claim has been repeated with a strange and monotonous persistency, that John Wesley was an ardent and consistent churchman, and remained such until his eventful life reached its close.

One or two points in this discussion are at once striking and of decided interest.

It is just a little singular that fifty years ago churchmen in England took a very different ground from that occupied by many Episcopalians to-day, for they

argued that Wesley was throughout all his active career, a "schismatic," and no other than a dissenter, whatever else he might fancy himself to be. A second consideration, which also is not a little significant, and one frequently overlooked by zealous ministers of the Church of England, is the fact that Wesley, during his ministerial life of over fifty years, was almost, if not entirely, universally repudiated and denounced without measure by archbishop, bishop, and the rank and file of the clergy of the Church wherever he went. He was practically shut out of every church in the Establishment, and was about the best abused man in the British Isles.

How to explain the changed attitude of our Protestant Episcopal friends, and this great revolution of opinion and estimate, is a task which we do not undertake to discharge. Our purpose in this brief contribution is to present a calm and impartial view of this matter, which has engaged quite an amount of public attention, and to remove, if possible, the confusion and perplexity which in some minds is still acknowledged to exist.

First, we think it unfair, if not absurd, to regard John Wesley as a perfect character, incapable of inconsistency, imperfection, or mistake. This he never claimed, and in fact he was not slow to confess of certain things he once believed, that he had lived to see that they were erroneous, and was ashamed of them. John Wesley's churchmanship is, we think, to be determined not so much by what he said,

readily conceded that he in many things concerning this which stand out in striking contrast to his practice extend more than half a century. The contention is that the very point in dispute must be determined, not on the evidence of the sermon he preached, or note may appear in his journals here and there to time, but by his strong and determined opposition to the established ecclesiastical control and discipline, when that control and discipline in any way interfered with his plans and work. For the sake of clearness and brevity, I will only summarize the points of difference from the policy and of the English Church, of which John Wesley was the respondent, and which he never for a moment desired to cancel or amend. We leave our readers to determine whether the constantly recurring claim as to John Wesley's connection with the National Establishment founded or not. Our interest is not so much to certain points which he made as to his relation to the Church of England and to the undeniable and undeniable logic of the facts and circumstances which distinguished his ministry from the year 1739 to 1791. His actions speak louder than words, and our readers will not have any difficulty in reaching a pretty definite conclusion in the matter under consideration.

The following facts speak for themselves:

Though never ordained to the office or rank of bishop, in the common sense of that office of England John Wesley claimed that he was a bishop nevertheless. His words are: "I firmly believe that I am a scriptural 'episkopos,' as well as any in England or Europe."

What would be thought of the relationship of any other clergyman to-day who persisted in the claim that he was as

truly a bishop as the dignitary who wears the robes and exercises the prerogatives which in the Church of England distinguish the office named?

2nd. But John Wesley not only claimed that he was a bishop in the New Testament meaning of that word, but again and again he performed the functions of a bishop by ordaining men to administer the sacraments and fulfil the other duties pertaining to the ministerial office, and this he did repeatedly, without himself ever having received Episcopal ordination to that office.

He ordained Dr. Thomas Coke to be General Superintendent, or bishop, over the Methodist societies of America apart from the Church of England, and when these societies, in General Conference assembled, erected themselves into a distinct and separate Church, John Wesley sanctions the deed, fully believing and declaring that the Methodist Episcopal Church of America is as truly a New Testament Church as the Apostolic Churches at Philippi and Thessalonica. He also ordained numerous Presbyters for Scotland and the West Indies, and in 1789 the demand from his own people in England became so urgent that he could no longer refuse, so his prudential reasons for delaying were set aside, and he accordingly ordained some seventeen to the full work of the ministry in England.

Would not any one of those ordinations to-day place the ordinary and unauthorized clergyman who would dare to arrogate to himself the functions of a bishop, and in the most public manner exercise those functions, outside the Church in a very short time?

3rd. Charles Wesley and Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, both maintained that John Wesley separated from the Church of England when he

ordained preachers to administer the sacraments apart from the Church.

4th. It is also important in this review to bear in mind that, the widely circulated assumption that John Wesley continued to be a High Churchman in his prime and old age, is one of the most singular and groundless delusions that ever took possession of the ecclesiastical mind. Dr. Rigg, in his *Life of Wesley*, has proved with mathematical completeness that John Wesley, when his convictions were fully and finally matured, had no more sympathy with what is known as High Churchism than Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, has to-day. Wesley's repudiation of the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession" is so strong that we quote his own words: "For the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove."

5th. Wesley organized congregations and ministered to them himself, and by his preachers during "church hours," contrary to church law.

6th. Wesley had his preachers licensed under the Act for the Protection of Dissenting Ministers. This Act was passed in the reign of William and Mary, "for exempting their Majesties' Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England, from certain penalties." Charles Wesley, who ought to be a good authority, wrote to Grimshaw in 1760, "Our preachers are mostly licensed, and so are dissenting ministers. They took out their licenses as Protestant Dissenters." Grimshaw replied, "The Methodists are no longer members of the Church of England. They are as real a body of dissenters from her as the Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, or any body of Independents."

It is an indisputable fact that the Methodist Societies of

England never had any organic or official connection with the Church of England, and from the very organization of the movement neither Mr. Wesley nor his preachers ever acted under the direction or control of any authority of that Church. It is a matter which admits of no discussion that the direction and control of the Established Church authorities were openly and for a long series of years disobeyed both by Wesley and those who were called into permanent association with him.

8th. Neither Mr. Wesley nor his preachers, nor the immense and ever-growing organization which they were instrumental in bringing into existence, shared in any of the emoluments with which the Established Church is so largely endowed.

9th. Mr. Wesley went from one parish and diocese to another preaching and forming societies, and he did this against the express prohibition of the Archbishops and Clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury on one occasion wrote to Mr. Wesley, and after a brief attack upon the work he was doing, the Archbishop thus concludes: "Sir, you have no business here. You are not commissioned to preach in this diocese. Therefore, I advise you to go hence."

To this episcopal rebuke Mr. Wesley replied in strong and defiant words, claiming that he was a priest of the Church Universal, and that his work was not limited to any particular locality, thus asserting his consciousness of the truth of the inscription on his memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey: "The world is my parish." How would especially our High Church friends regard the churchmanship of any of their clergy who would dare to defy, and that for a period reaching over half a century, the rebukes and prohibitions of the highest authorities of the Church?

Mr. Wesley not only societies in the prohibited, but he regarded those as true New Testament societies. In his Journal, dated 26th, 1789, we find the following record: "I met the son of Redruth, and explained to him the rise and nature of Methodism, and still ever I have read or heard of, either in ancient or modern history, any Church which builds on so weak a foundation as the Methodism, which requires of its members conformity either in opinion or modes of worship, but the one thing, to fear God and work righteousness." For years Wesley was convinced that Methodism was no mere association of Christian societies, but a true Testament Church in the plain and truest sense of that

Mr. Wesley, in 1788, admitted that a kind of separation had already taken place and that it would inevitably spread, though, perhaps, by slow degrees. At that separation Mr. Wesley was himself responsible, and it is not to be looked for everywhere for the separating hand.

Wesley deeded all the rights of worship, and all the property which he became possessed of, to the legal head of the Methodist Church in England, to the Conference, to hold for the Methodists, independent of and outside the jurisdiction of the Church of England, which had jurisdiction, either civil or ecclesiastical, over them.

Wesley obtained an Act of Parliament by which all the rights and privileges of the Methodist Church in England were secured to an independent Church in the New Testament sense, and John Wesley intended it should continue. He said after the Act became law of the realm, "It is a foundation likely to stand as long as the full moon endure."

In this "Deed of Declaration," enrolled in the High Court of Chancery in 1784, for the express purpose of securing the legal status of Methodism and its perpetuation as an independent religious organization and Church, we have the wedge which made the separation final and complete.

Unfailing loyalty to a providential mission led Mr. Wesley by successive and decisive steps into a new and permanent religious communion, and one by one the strands of the cord which had bound him to the national Church were severed by his own hand, until it is a task of no little magnitude to show in what respect the honoured leader in the great revival can be regarded within the pale of a Church whose authorities he had defied and many of whose regulations and rules he had consciously and deliberately set aside for over thirty years.

The true appeal, we take it, must be to the facts and practices of a long ministerial lifetime which distinguished John Wesley's illustrious career, and not to any note in his Journal, nor to any particular sermon which he preached either in England or Ireland.

14th. Dr. Rigg, in his "Churchmanship of John Wesley," has stated the matter as follows: "Looking at the whole evidence, it appears to be undeniable that, so far as respects the separate development of Methodism, Wesley not only pointed but paved the way to all that has since been done, and that the utmost divergence of Methodism from the Church of England at this day is but the prolongation of a line, the beginning of which was traced by Wesley's own hand. It is idle to attempt to purge Wesley of the sin of schism, in order to cast the guilt upon his followers. Wesley himself led his people into the course which they have consistently pursued."

In conclusion, we have only to

remark, that in view of the facts presented in this contribution, every one of which can be substantiated by indisputable evidence, we find a conclusive answer to those who are continually reminding Methodist people that, after all, John Wesley was a loyal churchman, and so continued to his dying day. The invitations frequently issued by the clergy of the Church of England to the Methodist Communion to "come back" to the fold from which they are said to

have wandered, are not a little amusing. As the facts get more and more before our people, that invitation becomes increasingly absurd. The absorption of the largest section of Protestant Christianity in the world to-day by a smaller body would be an experiment so portentous and perilous that the putting of the new wine into the old bottles would be an operation comparatively safe and insignificant compared therewith.

ETHER MUSIC.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.

God said, "Let there be music,"
(The spirit of the light)
And forth it sped with rhythm
In sacerdotal white.

It sped with wings of morning,
On that creation day;
And still melodic sweetness
Is in each crystal ray.

But we who court the shadows,
Who cannot bear the light,
Paint green and blue and orange
Upon its priestly white.

Yet these are tones of music
In God's prismatic scale—
His diatonic rainbow—
Whose sweetness cannot fail.

Oh! what a weary jargon
You earthly people seek!
Come out beneath the starlight
And hear the silence speak.

Toronto.

Come hear the ether music
For but one golden while,
And it shall ring within you
For many a toilsome mile.

Your compass shall be vaster
For these harmonic bars,
Your soul enlarge to circle
God's wilderness of stars.

We think beyond our vision;
We dream beyond our ken;
It may be angel whispers
Obscure the tones of men.

It must be God Almighty
Hath many things to say,
That alphabet and rainbow
Only in part convey

And tender, strange vibrations
From subtler realms than sense,
Meet us on that sweet border
Where human things commence.

THE FREEMAN.

BY JOHN HOWEY.

No Independence is there but in freedom
of the soul,
In all confronting valour of the mind,
In universal challenge to the world,
In universal justice to mankind.

Let cowards be the renegades of Right,
Let selfish schemers cringe to consequence,
Let bigots be the slaves of precedent,
Edmonton, Alta.

And leave them their unenvied recompense.

Live thou in whole consistence with thyself,
Consistence as thy life is deep and broad,
Believing spite the day and circumstance,
The verdict of thy judgment is the mandate of thy God.

SOUND AND SPIRIT.

AN ANALOGY.

BY T. C. JEFFERS, MUS. BAC.

WHEN the old Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, while a neophyte among the Egyptian mysteries, discovered that the range of sound extends, both upward and downward, beyond the range of human organs, he hit upon a truth that startled him. There flashed upon his vision the vast conception of the harmony of the spheres."—circling planets, winding ever-ceasing orbits about the earth, seemed to his mind, in their courses and recourses, to emit a variety of sound, profound, sweet, eternal. It is this conception which sometimes moves the poet wondering over the verities of the natural law. One thinks of the celestial note, with its upper harmonics, or over-tones, the variously called, making a diversified chord of what seems to the un-knowing ear but a single note. This is this idea of the foundation, rounded, tinted, individualized and etherealized by the division of equal portions of its whole into interlinked and overlapping systems of system within system which gives rise to another

is it but a type of the parent spirit of all, of which other tones are but as the million over-tones which vibrate harmoniously

It again comes the mighty father of a deeper tone than all, a father of tones, and father of sound, all other tones are only

harmonics. Think of it, that all-pervading diapason, vibrating perhaps once in a century! And then reckon upwards its million of sound-children, slowly ascending from the unheard and unthinkable depths below, up through the sounds audible to the human ear, up through a hundred octaves of myriad-hued harmonies, upward and ever upward, until the last crystalline note and echo of echo whispers and fades beyond the reach of human hearing or imagination, lost in the awful stillness of immensity.

Straying into an old cathedral late one afternoon, I sat down to feast my eye on the warm, deep tones of colour, and my fancy on the centuries of memories that were filling the air. Soon the great organ sounded, from its dim distance in the choir, a long, quivering note. To my disappointment, the tuner was at work on the reeds of the instrument, and I listened to the grotesque cacophony with a distaste that gradually changed to curiosity at the absurd and freakish pranks of the tones, and the ludicrous discord that was at times introduced. The workman would often throw the reed down far below, and out of tune with the standard tone, which was sounding at the same time, and to which he wished to tune the reed. Then one would hear the tapping of the tool on the tuning-wire, which, as it slid down the tongue of the reed, would cause the strangest and most fantastic effects of quickly-alternating discord and harmony. Up the note sped, making the quaintest sounds of duck-quacking or cat-calling, up and up, nearer and nearer the de-

sired pitch. As it approached the standard, how fierce and strident was the discord! And the closer it came, the greater grew the conflict between the two tones. Closer and closer, till one's tympanum fairly shook with the rapid concussion of the beats of the warring vibrations. All was clamour, strife and disagreement. But as it began to merge into the tone-pitch the protesting beats grew slower and slower, the dissonance less and less perceptible, until, after giving a final reluctant throb or two, it joined its voice in closest union with the standard tone towards which it had been so unwillingly striving and climbing. The two notes were blent into one smooth, clear sound, that echoed down through the glorified lights and shadows in the level purity and unwavering steadiness of the perfect unison. The haven of rest was reached at last. No more noisy strife, no more unrest; all was peace and calm and satisfied agreement.

One could not but think of God's will, and our own selfish wills, at variance with His. Oh, if my hopes and desires were but in unison with the source of all truth and perfection and wisdom! The eternal and loving will of the Father, like some great standard of pitch to which all should tune the note of their own petty wills, if they would be in unison with all that is wise and just, and find a sudden peace and calm succeed all our unhappiness and restless striving after the unattainable. Think of that divine and God-like river of melody, sounding, sounding, for ever sounding in eternal completeness, and inexhaustible richness, and supernal beauty! One can conceive of the good man praying: "O God, let me tune my puny note to Thine. No longer may I strive, now here, now there, and ineffective and foolish on my own. Oh, let me

tune my note upward, higher and ever higher, till I reach Thy supreme and perfect pitch and unite with God's own note!"

Then all discord and waywardness shall be gone; gone all the clamour and strife, born of resistance to the only true way. Each little pipe absorbed in the diapason of heaven's organ; each feeble note lost in His mighty tone; the puny human will and the great Divine Will merged into a magnificent unison for ever marching on, one and indivisible, in giant billows of sound, conquering and to conquer. And oh! the thrill of happy concord that shoots through the soul when first we touch upon the verge of that far-winding stream, and carried to the centre, are borne away, pulsing with the sense of joyous union, away and away—far beyond the bounds of time and space, and sin, and suffering, and care, and sorrow—upon the bosom of that resistless melody, far off upon a sea of blissful sound, under sunset skies and 'mid wind-blown stretches wide-heaving with the palpitation of a million tones indissolubly wedded to and dominated by the great central tone of all.

Two centuries ago Stradivarius fashioned this old violin, in that quaint Cremona workshop of his, working with rude and simple tools that have long ago rusted entirely away. Cunningly, with deft hands, he wrought it, and with that sustained concentration of skilled effort which the artist loves to spend upon his work. Do you think, when that mystical wooden shell was finished, that the soul of music spoke from out those strange-looking f's with the same free breadth and richness of appeal that they do today? I hardly think so. In its raw newness it could know nothing of the ways of sound, nor had its fibres yet learned the trick of swaying in harmonious synchronism. As we look at the queer, reddish-

ice of it, a thousand tiny
 experience and different
 usage steal out upon our
 What strange scenes it has
 1, what life-histories it
 late! Many the glittering
 at which it has been a
 guest; many a night of
 and gay company, with
 1 hair, slender court
 and all clad in satin, with
 shoe-buckles. What un-
 ragadies and dark doings,
 ly hours when the player
 vn from the strings and
 wood the strains of his
 rrows, and loves, and high
 gs. Into that sympathetic
 confidante, with face of
 ye, what generations of
 l-gone artists and sound-
 ive poured all their joys
 es, and deepest soul-strug-

so that quaint shell lies
 eped in two hundred years
 intensest feeling of human
 ce, its fibres saturated with
 dies of generations of play-
 : of them artists. All those
 hearts, against which this
 mpanion rose and fell with
 1 of emotion and each swell
 g, they are stilled long
 eir names and rank, fears
 s, carking cares and vault-
 itions, forgotten as if they
 been. Nothing remains
 frail little hollow sphinx,
 1 its cabalistic f's and cur-
 ves looks up at me, big
 ets. It has survived them
 1 when it lifts its voice it
 pirit of these things that
 t the mere seeming of

life flowed on the fibres of
 1 learned to vibrate more
 e freely, and nearly always
 ithy with the richest over-
 Little by little they grew

more responsive and unanimous in
 their resonant oscillations. Small
 skill had they in re-echoing harsh
 sounds, because they so seldom
 heard them. As the years sped,
 they became elastic and sensitive
 to the highest degree, until at last
 one had but to draw the bow across
 the strings, and the whole shell shiv-
 ered and thrilled with that strange
 phenomenon which acousticians
 call resonance, or re-inforcement,
 The string merely gave the funda-
 mental, hinted at the overtones,
 and straightway a legion of hidden
 elfin voices caught up the strain
 and swelled it out into luscious
 fullness, and rich, throbbing ap-
 peal.

O youthful soul, let none but
 skilful hands play melodies upon
 thy strings! Chiefest of all, let the
 Divine Hand busy itself with thee.
 Think not that from some far,
 sweet isle of peace, safe-sheltered
 from the stress of life, lulled by the
 lapping of soft waters and the mur-
 mured music of aeolian airs, you
 may thus grow into a perfect in-
 strument for the Great Player's
 bow. Not so; it is the tug of op-
 posing circumstance that breeds
 new strength, and suffering, strife,
 and sacrifice alone can ripen the
 will and affections into the obe-
 dient instrument of all loving
 thoughts and gentle service.

And so, as the days flit by, the
 first unwilling, yielding, and tardy
 response grows and changes into
 perfect accord, giving back with
 celestial resonance and full-voiced
 harmony the answer which His
 bow draws forth. Perchance at
 last, so unaccustomed to its voice
 shalt thou become, that sin and
 folly shall gain no response when
 they call upon thee, but only

"He whose hand is on the keys
 Shall play the tune that He shall please."
 Toronto.

sire
star
we
it
and

AN UNANSWERED LETTER.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.



Rob" was a "river man." He knew every bad piece of water on the Fraser from New Westminster to Yale, and had a name for every snag." One snag, old and hoary with the tossings of many floods, was known as "Old Joe," and woe betide the vessel that struck "Old Joe," for although he rose and fell most politely, as the current struck him, yet his root was in the river bed and his head was sharp and jagged as if made on purpose to pierce anything that came in its way.

Once Rob was caught napping on this very snag. It was a thick, misty morning, and the gray of the dawn hung over the river like the shroud which hides a corpse. The dead trees, rooted in the river, seemed like the sentinels of a sleeping army, and among them in the "snaggy reach" was Old Joe. His habit of sinking with the current and rising again when the force of the waters passed, puzzled many a navigator, and this morning Rob himself was taken in. He looked and looked again, but no Old Joe could be seen, but just as the vessel was passing over where he lay, he rose, and there followed a crash and a shiver of the boat from stem to stern which told us Old Joe had got in his most deadly blow.

To back out of the grip of the snag and to run for shore was the work of a few minutes, for we were almost beyond recovery. The shock had thrown Rob head, and through the mist I could hear his cries for help.

Then, crushed and almost sinking as we were, we put about and ran up stream to save Rob.

We found him clinging to the head of Old Joe, and then we understood why his cries for help were so fitful and disconnected. He could only shout as Old Joe came up, and was nearly smothered as his head went down. We hauled him on deck, and the first thing Rob did was to fall on his knees and thank God for his rescue. It was a strange sight, for Rob was never known to pray, and it seemed to open up a past in his life which none but God and Rob and some others in a far-away home knew.

It was not by a snag, nor in a rushing "ripple" of the Fraser that Rob met his death. It was in one of those long reaches of the river where the waters are still, and where, speaking to the banks on the shore, you find your words echoing back to you again and again until they are lost in sweet whisperings like the dying out of distant music. It was a lovely spot for the man to die in, but better had Rob died clinging to the snag, for then he had at least a moment to pray.

To me his death is ever connected with a wonderful personal and family deliverance. I was due to preach in Yale on Sunday. The usual run from Hope to Yale was by the boat on which Rob was an officer. She was delayed, and I took a canoe for the fourteen miles up stream, my wife to follow after in the steamer.

I held my services on Sunday in Yale, and waited in vain until Monday morning for the boat. Just as the morning broke on the river, I saw a canoe pulling as if for dear life against the stream, and a man

aking signals of dis-
on we found that the
d blown up, and that
were lost, and among
nan.

1 journey of mine
Hope is for ever en-
memory. The turns
he seeming slowness
and the questionings
of Indians we met on
e, feel, and hear again
memories of long
things I was assured
ians, the captain and
d, and a woman pas-
siong the lost.

l the wreck I felt my
st unbearable. The
first question, "Was
board?" "No." She
on the gangway, and
pulse, for which she
count, turned back,
ould persuade her to
she been on board, I
as I know now, I
lost one who shared
where friends were
od souls conspicuous
ice.

wreck of the steamer,
to shore, lay the
dy of poor Rob.
lown into the Fraser,
holds fast its dead.
ne lay where it died,
orm of as kind a man
reckless a Westerner
times could produce.

Where did he come
estions not so easily
met with thousands
early sixties. I ate
pt with them, prayed
d saw many of them
istory of their early
ecret that never was
men who could tell
ame from, and who
g ones that had lov-
his death.

e of the river men to
he has a letter about

him, and if you will search his
pockets we may find out where he
came from and to whom he be-
longs.

I searched his pockets, and I
found in one of them a newly-
opened letter. I took it from the
envelope, and before I knew it
was reading it aloud. It began:
"My dear Rob," and continued
"this is from your dear father, who
feels it is the last letter he will ever
write you. Mother has gone to
heaven. Only your sister and I re-
main at home, and we are so lonely
without you. We pray for you
morning and evening. Be sure,
dear Rob, to love Christ, read your
Bible, and pray, and then, if we
meet no more on earth, we will
meet with dear mother in heaven.
Sister sends love to brother Rob.
Your loving father."

The name and address of the
father were on the letter. I knew
then why Rob prayed when saved
from drowning, and as I looked on
the faces of the rough men who
listened to my reading of the letter,
I saw as in a vision many a father
and mother waiting for some word
of hope from these far-off sons.
Perhaps it was a mercy after all
that they knew not that the reck-
less drunkards and gamblers who
wept at the reading of the letter
were once their own innocent boys
who knelt at their family altar, but
were now, alas, hiding the memory
of their past, as if to forget was to
bury it for evermore.

What a burial these large-hearted
fellows gave Rob! Nothing was
too good for their dead chum.
Their sorrow was no meaningless
grief, and as we laid him away by
the side of the river he knew and
loved so well, every heart went back
to that eastern home where waited
the father and sister for the one
who would never return.

The funeral over, I wrote the
father and sister, concealing all the
rough side of Rob's life, and telling

them all about the sympathy of his brother men when they found him dead, and how they carried him to his grave with tears. I assured them of his having a Christian burial by a minister of his own Church, and that his grave would not be forgotten by the men who knew him so well.

I dreaded an answer to my letter, but it came, and it was from the sister; the father was too feeble to write, and Rob's death was hastening his departure from earth. I was tenderly thanked for my kindness, and instructed to give Rob's

money, if he had any, to any institution I pleased. They wanted but one thing, and that was to know that Rob died a Christian. To tell them that would be a heaven of joy to them both, to know he died without hope would be too hard for them to bear. That is the unanswered letter. I knew they were waiting and watching for the answer, and had not the heart to write it. I know God forgives me for letting them know what eternity would reveal.

Toronto, Ont.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

"Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. xxviii. 20.

"Still, still with Thee where purple morning breaketh,"
Still, still with Thee, the whole bright, livelong day,
Earth hath no charms to draw me from Thy presence,
Still, still with Thee, my Saviour, all the way.

Still, still with Thee—life's duties claim my powers,
And now, dear Lord, I cannot think of Thee,
Yet let me feel Thy presence still beside me,
And know, dear Lord, that I am still, still with Thee.

Still, still with Thee—earth's shadows close around me,
Thy face, dear Lord, I hardly now can see,
Close, closer put Thy loving arms around me,
Still let me rest, since I am still with Thee.

Still, still with Thee, when I shall reach the margin
Of that lone stream that lies 'twixt Heaven and me;
Safe may I enter, free from doubt and fearing,
Since, O my Saviour, I am still, still with Thee.

"Still, still with Thee," eternity shall echo,
When in Thy presence evermore I'll be,
Nothing between and naught to mar the gladness
Of ever being, dear Lord, still, still with Thee.

—*American Friend.*

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim
With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,
And, darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.
I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;
In my own hands my want and weakness are,
My strength, O God, in Thine.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

SIR HENRY FAWCETT.*

THE BLIND POSTMASTER OF ENGLAND.



II.

IN the preservation of open spaces or parks for the poor, Mr. Fawcett worked untiringly. He knew that the people who lived in stifling rooms needed the sunlight now and then, to make life endurable. He knew that land was becoming so valuable, and trade so grasping at the forests and parks and would soon become a part of the past, unless somebody of humanity took the part of the workers, who were too busy with their daily bread to lift their own defence. It was fortunate for England that there were a few other true men who cared for such men and their country from revolutions. In villages may now be traced and not a single labourer found possessing a head of land; few even keep a pig, and in ten thousand has a cow. What is the result of this? The labourer does not live as well as he did a hundred years since; he and his family seldom taste meat, and his children suffer cruelly from ill-health because of the difficulty he has in obtaining fresh air for them.

The life-story of a great statesman who, in spite of his blindness, conquered his way to the first rank in the British Ministry; who devoted his energies to the welfare of the friendless and oppressed; and who, true to those suffering the same disabilities as himself—a man who in spite of his infirmities lived an active, uncomplaining, joyous existence, is well worth recording. We are dependent for the facts of his life chiefly to the admirable sketch by Knowles Bolton.—Ed.

A poor peasant, forced to sell his cow, said, "They are going to enclose our common;" and asked how it was that a gentleman who had something like ten thousand acres could be so anxious to get hold of the poor man's common? Remembering that the Home Secretary had defended enclosures in the House of Commons because the Home Office never received complaints from the locality, Fawcett asked this labourer why he and his friends did not resist that which they so much dreaded, he replied that he had never heard of the Home Office.

Fawcett was outspoken against the use of so much land for game. "The passion for the preservation of game," he said, "which has gradually assumed such dangerous proportions, now probably exerts a more powerful influence than any other circumstance to promote enclosures. People who spend a great part of their lives in slaughtering half-tamed pheasants are naturally desirous to keep the public as far off as possible from their preserves. This constant pursuit of what is falsely called 'sport' often generates so much selfishness that a man is willing that the enjoyment of the public should be sacrificed in order that he may kill a few more hares and pheasants."

Fawcett used to say that "the worst and most mischievous of all economies was that which aggrandized a few and made a paltry addition to the sum total of wealth by shutting out the poor from fresh air and lovely scenery."

This blind philanthropist always took delight in long walks, and in having his companions tell him about the beauties of the landscape as they walked.

"It is a reflection," says Stephen, "which has something of the pathetic for the future generations of Londoners who will enjoy the beauties of the Surrey Commons and the forest scenery of Epping, that their opportunities of enjoyment are due in so great a degree to one who could only know them through the eyes of his fellows."

Meantime a new joy had come into Fawcett's earnest, busy life. He had married, April 23rd, 1867, Millicent Garrett, twenty years old, the daughter of Mr. Newson Garrett, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk; a most attractive young lady, whose devotion, whose brilliant intellect, and whose helpfulness proved the greatest blessing of his life. There are comparatively few such intellectual unions as the Brownings and the Fawcetts. Mrs. Fawcett's volumes on "Political Economy," published in 1870 and 1874, like her husband's, met with a large sale. Her essays in the leading magazines are bound up with his in books. Her ability in public speaking, her grace, her womanly manner, her interest in all matters of education and progress, have made her honoured and beloved.

Their first home after marriage was at 42 Bessborough Gardens, and from 1874 till his death at the age of fifty-one, The Lawn, Lambeth, which had a garden about three-quarters of an acre in extent, where Fawcett could walk and think.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway thus describes Fawcett in these early years of his parliamentary career:

"The visitor to the House of Commons, waiting at the door of the Strangers' Gallery, and watching the members of Parliament as they file in by the main entrance, will, no doubt, have his eye particularly arrested by a tall, fair-haired young man, evidently blind, led up to the door by a youthful, petite lady with sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks. She will reluctantly leave him at the door. . .

As she turns away, many a friendly smile, and many a pleasant word

attend her as she trips lightly up the stairway leading to the Ladies' Café, near the roof of the house. . . . The two are as well-known figures as any who approach the sacred precincts of the legislature. The policemen bow low as they pass; the crowd in the lobby make a path. . . . The strangers ask 'Who is that?' and a dozen bystanders respond, 'Professor Fawcett.'

"No one can look upon him but he will see on his face the characters of courage, frankness, and intelligence. He is six feet two inches in height, very blonde, his light air and complexion, and his smooth, beardless face giving him something of the air of a boy.

"His smile is gentle and winning. It is probable that no blind man has ever before been able to enter upon so important a political career as Professor Fawcett, who, yet under fifty years of age, is the most influential of the independent Liberals in Parliament. From the moment that he took his seat in that body he has been able—and this is unusual—to command the close attention of the House. He scorns all subterfuges, speaks honestly his mind, and comes to the point. At times he is eloquent, and he is always interesting. He is known to be a man of convictions."

Always taking the side of the poor or the oppressed, it was not strange that Fawcett became the advocate for India, so much so that he was for years called the "Member for India." He felt that in the government of nearly two hundred millions, most of them poor, abuses would and did creep in. He pleaded for a deeper interest in the welfare of that far-off country, and for fairness and justice.

He made himself familiar with the details of its finances and needs. The people of India soon learned who was their friend. Addresses were voted to him by a great number of native associations. When the Liberals were defeated at Brighton, and Fawcett lost his seat, a fund of £400 was immediately raised in India to assist in the expenses of the contest at Hackney, from which place Fawcett was elected in 1874.

Fawcett was an earnest advocate

peration and profit-sharing. w stood so prominently be- e country that he was to re- n additional honour. He pointed Postmaster-General 7, 1880. He writes home:

dear Father and Mother,—You now, all be delighted to hear that t I received a most kind letter adstone offering me the Post- feneralship. . . . I did not h to you the appointment at first Gladstone did not wish it to be until it was formally confirmed ueen ; but he told me in my in- with him this morning that he te sure that the Queen took a tereast in my appointment."

rad now been fifteen years House of Commons, filling fessorship at Cambridge, valuable books, and all this ever too busy to make , to be a cheerful comrade, lly with young men, to keep and bright his home affec- ind his tenderness and sym- for the poor.

n he went to Salisbury he t a point to visit his father's ousers. His father's old ervant, Rumbold, was one ring to Fawcett's mother the ws from his sties, "and," he "mind you tell Master when you write to him, for e's one thing he cares about s."

was always in the habit of ; a weekly letter home. He ied one day to ask his sister what gave his parents most e? She replied, "Your let-

Ever after that, no matter verwhelmed with work, he two letters a week to these nes.

own home was pre-eminently py one. His only child, a, born in 1868, was his nd companion. They walked de on horseback, and skated er. On the open spaces he skate alone, his little daugh-

ter whistling to guide him as to her whereabouts.

Fawcett declared in 1880, says Stephen,

"That no one had enjoyed more than he a skate of fifty or sixty miles in the previous frost. In later years he used to insist that every one in the house, except an old cook, should partake of his amusement. His wife and daughter, his secretary and two maids, would all turn out for an expedition to the frozen fens. . . . His own servants loved him, and the servants of his friends had always a pleasant word with him. He was scrupulously considerate in all matters affecting the convenience of those dependent upon him."

Fawcett was very fond of fishing.

"He could not," he said, "relieve himself by some of the distractions which help others to unbend. Blindness increased concentration by shutting out distractions. We close our eyes to think, and his were always closed. . . . Fishing served admirably to give enough exercise to muscle and mind to keep his faculties from walking the regular treadmill of thought from which it is often so hard to escape."

Fawcett was forty-six when he became Postmaster-General. He took hold of the work heartily and earnestly. In his first year he took up the important matter of Post-office Savings Banks, which had been introduced twenty years previously, and greatly extended their benefits.

The postage-stamp saving scheme was adopted in 1880. Little strips of paper were prepared with twelve squares each, the size of a stamp. To these, as persons were able to save, penny stamps could be affixed. When the slip was full, and they had thus saved a shilling, any postmaster would give them a bank-book. In four years the total number of depositors had increased by a million.

The facilities for life insurance and annuities were increased. A person could insure his or her life or buy an annuity at any one of

seven thousand offices, and pay in any sums, and at any time.

So eager was Mr. Fawcett that the poor should be helped to save, that he wrote, "Aids to Thrift," of which a million and a quarter copies were distributed gratuitously. He introduced the new system of postal orders, devised under his predecessor, with very low commissions charged. He was instrumental in the passage of the Parcel Post Act. The number of parcels carried annually soon reached over twenty millions.

He was in favour of cheap telegrams for the people, one cent per word, with a minimum charge of sixpence. Government had purchased the telegraphs, giving the large sum of £10,000,000 for a property valued at £7,000,000. His plans in this matter were not carried out until shortly after his death.

Fawcett became emphatically the good friend of his employees. He believed in their honesty, was courteous, kindly, and most considerate.

"Numerous instances have recurred to me," says Mr. Blackwood, "when he preferred to wait for information rather than cause an officer to forego his leave of absence, and even miss a train or his usual luncheon hour."

Fawcett was especially anxious to increase the opportunities of work for women. He employed them in the various departments, and found them accurate, faithful, and competent.

In the fall of this year, 1882, Mr. Fawcett had a dangerous illness—diphtheria followed by typhoid fever. The whole country was anxious about the result. The Queen often telegraphed twice a day.

"He spoke when at his worst," says Stephen, "of a custom which he had for years observed, of making presents of beef and mutton to his father's old sisters or their widows at Christmas. As he became distinctly conscious,

he told his secretary to be sure to make the necessary arrangements. He also asked whether the inmates of his family, or the doctors who came to see him, were getting proper attention for their meals."

After being very near death he recovered, and gained strength rapidly. Friends daily came to read to him. For two years he attended to his work as usual. The sickness was evidently beginning of the end. He took the last of October, 1884, and was threatened with congestion of the lungs. Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. M.D., the sister of Mrs. Fawcett, and Sir Andrew Clark of Cambridge, only to find Fawcett dying. He fell into a sleep a few minutes, and passed away.

Letters came to the stricken man from rich and poor alike. The Queen wrote to Mrs. Fawcett. Gladstone wrote a letter to Fawcett's father about the remarkable qualities of his noble son, and how good he had done for England.

A Provident Society asked Fawcett to allow a penny memorial to be given by the whole people of the whole country in the shape of charity, but for public and striking services rendered by one of the best men since Edmund Burke. We only wish we had lived twenty years longer.

Mrs. Fawcett was able to carry out to this kind intention that her husband's forethought and plan had left her and her daughter comfortably provided for.

Many deserved honours were conferred on Fawcett before his death. The universities of Oxford, Göttingen, and Würzburg conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. The Institute of France made him a member. The Royal Society made him a Fellow.

After his death, by national subscription, a monument by Albert Smith, A.R.A., was erected in Westminster Abbey; from the fund, a scholarship tenable

of both sexes, founded at
 dge; also from the same
 onwards providing a play-
 at the Royal Normal Col-
 the Blind at Norwood.
 ett had felt great interest
 institution, especially as it
 a large proportion of the
 to earn their own living.
 tested against "walling up"
 d blind in institutions; for
 the young they were neces-
 He said: "Home associa-
 re to us as precious as to
 know from my own experit-
 the happiest moments that
 in my life are when I am
 anionship with some friend
 ll forget that I have lost
 sight, who will talk to me
 ould see, who will describe
 ne persons I meet, a beauti-
 et, or scenes of great beauty
 we may be passing."
 tue has been erected in the
 place at Salisbury, where
 l to play when a boy; his
 by Herkomer has been pre-
 to Cambridge by members
 niversity; a drinking foun-
 nmemorative of his service
 rights of women has been
 on the Thames Embank-
 Fawcett was an earnest ad-
 of Woman Suffrage. He
 n favour of it in the House
 mons, and in his books.
 eved that "women should
 e same opportunity as men
 in any profession, trade, or
 nent to which they desire
 te their energies." He
 ted in his "Essays" the
 customs and legal enact-

ments which combine to discour-
 age women of every class from
 earning their livelihood."

Fawcett supported ardently the
 first proposal to admit women to
 the Cambridge local examinations,
 and the first meeting which led to
 the foundation of Newnham Col-
 lege was held in Mrs. Fawcett's
 drawing-room. Both Mr. and
 Mrs. Fawcett were untiring in their
 efforts for the higher education of
 women in England. What a re-
 ward for his labours could he have
 lived to see his daughter, Philippa
 Garrett Fawcett, in June, 1890, not
 yet twenty-two years of age, carry
 off the highest honours in mathe-
 matics at Cambridge, standing
 above the senior wrangler!

When her name was read in the
 Senate House of Cambridge, Sat-
 urday, June 7, prefaced by the words
 "Above the senior wrangler," the
 enthusiasm of the undergraduates
 was unbounded. Thus heartily did
 the young men recognize and feel
 proud of the ability of one, though
 not of their sex, who had excelled
 them.

It was fortunate that Fawcett
 lived to see so much accomplished
 for women's higher education, and
 for suffrage, and better conditions
 for the labourers. He died in the
 very prime of his life, at fifty-one;
 but what a life! What heroism,
 what nobleness of purpose, what
 energy, what devotion to principle!
 He used to say, "We must press
 on, and do what is right." Simple
 words, but worthy to be the motto
 of nations.

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD.

of the world, one after one,
 p-fires of a night, in ashes gray
 and fall; the wind blows them
 way.
 nd Naucratis and Babylon,—
 ow are their kings' palaces of
 tone?
 rd houses children build in play,
 and flame and ruin and decay

Have wasted them, an all their lights are
 gone.
 Thus, even thus, Manhattan, London, Rome,
 Like unsubstantial figments shall depart.
 Their treasure hoards of wisdom and of art,
 Which war and toil have won, a ruthless
 hand
 Will scatter wide, as jewels the wild foam
 Gathers and wastes and buries in the sand.

—William Prescott Foster, in the *Atlantic*

THE ROMANCE OF "THE KILLING TIM"

BY THE REV. ALEX. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.D.



II.

THE bold act of a few Covenanters, under the leadership of Lord Hamilton, who, on the 29th of May, 1679, entered Rutherglen, a village near Glasgow, and extinguished the bonfires kindled in honour of the king's return, burned the acts promulgated against the Covenant, and affixed to the market cross a declaration condemning all the proceedings of the Government since the Restoration, brought Claverhouse, at the head of his dragoons, with all speed to the west. After making a few arrests, he concluded to disperse a large field meeting, which he had learned was to assemble the following Sunday morning at Drumclog—a dreary waste of "muirs and quagmires," deep in the recesses of the mountains. A large company had gathered here, among whom were Balfour of Burley, Hackstoun, and Robert Hamilton, leader of the recent exploit at Rutherglen. The sermon had just commenced, when a watch, posted on a neighbouring hill, fired his carbine, and hastily retreated toward the worshippers. Claverhouse and his troopers were upon them. Quickly the women and children were placed in the rear, and the fighting force of the assembly, their foot in the centre, and their horse on either wing, drawn up behind a morass, with their backs to a hill. The challenge to surrender was met with a shout of defiance; and on the whole multitude

of the Covenanters bro a psalm of triumph. risive cheer, the soldi upon the morass. met with a staggering turned to the charge. dislodge the band of C they attempted a flank but Burley, who com the wing, held his me troopers had crossed and then, delivering a tack, cut them to pie main body seconded efforts so successfully royalist forces were sc flight up Calder Hill, the victorious Covenante house escaped on his horse, which a count gored with his pitchfork his first and only defeat tired to Glasgow, wh pelled with considerable a premature attack of t anters, and then wit Edinburgh.

The camp of the C was established at Ham entire country rose en their aid, but they w armed, and unfortunate a recognized leader.] disputes, too, unhappily in their ranks, over the i and the recognition of authority. Donald Ca few others, had begun t their liberties, civil and would never be secured as the Stuart family r would seem, too, that n important than policy more purely theological, the subject of discussio were eighteen ministe

Endless harangues, bitter
ersy, and abounding con-
ere the order of the day.
hree weeks after the battle
nclog, on another Sabbath
5, the royal army, com-
by the Duke of Monmouth,
by Claverhouse and Dal-
acked the Covenanters at
ll Bridge. Their position
ndoubtedly naturally a
one. Hackstoun and his
undred men, with deter-
valour, held the bridge,
and Captain Nesbit com-
the foot and horse along
r. The main body of the
as still engaged listening to
ies. Charge after charge
elled by the stalwart Hack-

An attempt to ford the
as foiled by Burley. The
ition on the bridge was
Again and again they
supplies. At last a bar-
ved. When it was opened,
ed to be a barrel not of
, but of raisins. Still the
e was continued, until,
vered by mere numbers,
rces of Hackstoun were
driven off the bridge.

late the main body of the
nters perceived its mistake,
tempted to rally to the
"but the Lord had de-
them into the hands of
nemies." The charge of
eguards swept all before
nd "the battle became a
y." Claverhouse encour-
is men to every excess of

Twelve hundred men,
rew down their arms on the
were stripped almost naked,
mpelled to lie flat on the

If one raised his head
shot. About four hun-
erished. Burley, who made
brave stand at Hamilton,
ounded, but escaped, and
rently retired to Holland.
ouse seized horses, plun-
houses, and *haled men and*

women, and even children, to pri-
son.

The prisoners were sent to
Edinburgh. Five were executed
at Magis Muir. Twelve hundred
were huddled together in Grey-
friars churchyard, "with no cov-
ering but the sky, and no couch
but the cold earth." Some were
shipped to the Barbadoes, and
sold as slaves. Some escaped,
and some were set free.

But Bothwell Bridge left a
deeper mark on the life of those
Covenanters who were still at
large. Discouragement over-
spread their spirits. With their
"Bible and their sword," they re-
tired to the wild moors, and lived
in the dens and the caves of the
earth. The solitude, scant pro-
visions, the weird surroundings, in
dripping caves, forest fastnesses,
and lonely mountains, began to
have their effect. Many died; the
reason of others was impaired; a
wild enthusiasm began to possess
the souls of others. They had
presentiments, saw visions, uttered
strange prophecies, became the
prey of deluded imaginations and
of fierce fanaticism. Yet those
"gaunt visaged, wild eyed, grizzly
bearded refugees, who sought the
wilds of Galloway, Nithdale, and
Ayrshire," were not without hope.
They believed in God, and that he
would yet revive his people. They
proclaimed their undying faith in
their cause, and fearlessly de-
nounced the tyranny of the king
and his ministers.

Cargill escaped to Holland, but
shortly afterwards returned, and
became, with Richard Cameron,
the soul of the movement. He
was almost ubiquitous in his
labours to cheer and strengthen
the cause of the Covenant. A
price of 5,000 marks was placed
on his head. He had many nar-
row escapes.

In company with Henry Hall, he
was in hiding near Queensferry.

when he was betrayed by the curate of Barrowstounness. Hall was captured, but Cargill escaped. Hall died before he reached Edinburgh, but on his person was found an important document, since known as the Queensferry paper. It set forth the position of the Covenanters in great fullness. After declaring faith in the Scriptures, condemning prelacy, and proclaiming Presbyterianism to be the only right government of the Church, it continued, "We do reject the king, and those associated with him in the government, from being our king and rulers." It asserted the obligation of mutual defence, in the cause of liberty, of worship, and civil rights, and the intention to persevere, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end."

This paper stimulated the fears of the rulers, and gave fresh impetus to the persecutions. It was shortly afterwards seconded, in a bold declaration, drawn up by Michael Cameron and Cargill. Just one year to a day after Bothwell Bridge, they rode with a company of Covenanters into the town of Sanquahar; and after holding worship at the square, nailed to the market-cross a document, in which they publicly disowned the king's authority, threw off allegiance to the house of Stuart, and claimed for themselves and their children a free parliament and a free assembly. Thus had misunderstanding, outrage, and persecution snapped the bond of loyalty and fealty for which the Scottish people have ever been so famed.

Four weeks later a battle was fought in the parish of Auchinleck. Richard Cameron, a noted minister, with David Hackston, and a company of about horse and foot, were sud-

denly surprised at Airmoss. Before the battle began, Cameron loudly prayed, "Lord, spare green, and take the ripe." Turning to his brother, he said, "is the day I have longed for the death I have prayed for. day I shall get the crown. let us fight to the last."

Cameron and his brother heroically, fighting like None yielded, few fled, most killed or taken prisoners. vengeance was wreaked on Cameron by cutting off his head and limbs which were taken to Edinburgh Hackstoun, who was desperately wounded, entered the city, and faced backwards upon a scaffold. Cameron's head and his hand lifted as in prayer, were borne before him. Hackstoun met the Council fearlessly, was condemned and executed with barbaric horror to describe. His quarter body was sent to four distant parts and his head was affixed to the Netherbow.

A monument has since been erected at Airmoss, to the memory of the valiant defenders of the who perished there; but no fitting memorial could be had the following poem, written by James Hyslop, an Ayrshire herd lad, which reflects alike the weird solitude of the landscape, the sternness of the conflict, and the sublime faith in which these tyrants fell:

In a dream of the night I was wafted
To the muirlands of mist, where the mist
lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bit
seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather
grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness
blood,
When the minister's home was the
tain and wood,
When in Wellwood's dark valley, the
ard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather
lying.

few faithful ones, who with
 iron were lying.
 along the mist, where the heath
 was crying;
 men of Eartshall around them
 hovering,
 bridle reins rung through the
 misty covering.

rew pale, and their swords were
 leathed,
 ceance that darkened their brow
 unbreathed;
 igned to heaven in calm resig-
 on,
 eir last song to the God of sal-
 on.

h the deep mournful music were
 ing,
 nd plover in concert were sing-
 ;
 lody died 'mid derision and
 ghter,
 of ungodly rushed on to the
 ighter.

mist and in darkness and fire
 y were shrouded,
 s of the righteous were calm and
 louded;
 eyes flashed lightning, as firm
 unbending,
 like the rock which the thunder
 ending.

righteous had fallen, and the
 bat was ended,
 fire through the dark cloud de-
 ended;
 vere angels on horses of white-
 s,
 ning wheels turned on axles of
 ghtness.

folded its doors bright and shin-
 'like gold of the seventh refin-
 ;
 ls that came forth out of great
 ulation,
 ted the chariot and steeds of
 vation.

of the rainbow the chariot is
 ling,
 e path of the thunder the horse-
 n are riding;
 y, bright spirits, the prize is be-
 e ye,
 ver-failing, a kingdom of glory.

ath of Cameron deeply
 Cargill. He had long felt
 as time for the Church to
 aggressive. Hence in the
 September, at a great
 at Torwoodlee, near Stir-
 publicly pronounced ex-
 cation on the enemies of
 vant. After preaching,

and a prayer in which he presented
 the woes of his country to the Al-
 mighty, and sought wisdom in the
 hour of distress, he solemnly de-
 clared: "I, being a minister of
 Jesus Christ, and having authority
 and power from Him, do in His
 name, and by His spirit, excom-
 municate, cast out of the true
 Church, and deliver to Satan,
 Charles II., King of Great Britain
 and Ireland, the Duke of York, the
 Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of
 Lauderdale, the Duke of Rothes,
 General Dalziel, and Sir George
 Mackenzie." Many, even of his
 friends, questioned the wisdom of
 this grave step, but Cargill with
 earnest conviction declared, "If
 ever I knew the mind of God, and
 was clear in any piece of my gener-
 ation work, it was in that transac-
 tion."

Cargill was bold not only in utter-
 ance but in action. Hiding in a
 cottage on the moors, and hearing
 that the soldiers were coming, he
 donned a peasant's garb, and going
 forth, talked with the soldiers about
 their mission and walked quietly
 away. At another time he re-
 mained concealed in a window,
 which his friends walled up with
 books while the dragoons searched
 the house. When one of the dra-
 goons was about to displace a book,
 a maid cried out, "He is going to
 destroy my master's books," appeal-
 ing to the Captain, so that the sol-
 dier was commanded to leave them
 alone. Even in the days of direst
 persecution he entered the cities of
 Glasgow and Edinburgh, and it is
 said preached in the lanes of the
 former. But the reward of 5,000
 marks at length led to his betrayal.

He was surprised in his bed and
 captured. He was bound bare-
 backed upon a horse, with his feet
 so tightly tied beneath that the
 blood ran. He was brought before
 the Council. Threatened by Rothes,
 he replied: "My Lord Rothes, for-
 bear to threaten me, for die what
 death I may, your eyes shall not

see it." It is related that Rothes was shortly smitten with illness, which ended fatally on the morning of Cargill's execution.

The venerable age of the man impressed some of the Council in favour of imprisonment in the Bass Rock. "To the gallows," cried Rothes, smarting under the sting of the preacher's excommunication.

On the scaffold he sang a part of the 118th Psalm, ending with the words:

"Thou art my God, I'll Thee exalt,
My God, I will Thee praise;
Give thanks to God, for He is good,
His mercy lasts always."

He tried several times to speak to the people, but his voice was drowned with the noise of drums. As he ascended the ladder he exclaimed, "The Lord knows, I go up this ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever I entered a pulpit to preach." He prayed for his enemies, and that sufferers might be kept from sin, and know their duty. In the last moment he cried, "Farewell, all relations and friends in Christ; farewell, acquaintances and all earthly enjoyments; farewell, reading and preaching, praying and believing, wandering, reproaches, suffering. Welcome, joy unspeakable and full of glory. Welcome, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

His head was placed on the Netherbow Port, where for many a day,

"It scorched in the summer air
And the months go by and the winter snows,
Fall white on the thin gray hair."

Still the persecutions went on. Statutes and ordinances outrivaling anything in the past were enacted. Letters of intercommuning were issued against certain persons, forbidding all, on pain of death, to hold any communication with them. Suspected persons were tested by torture. Common soldiers were empowered to put to death, without trial, all who refused to take the

oaths or answer the enquiries to them.

John Brown, the Ayrrier, was an amiable and man, whose only crime was of the curate's preaching, sional attendance at the conventicles. He had gone hills to prepare some pea Claverhouse, with three dragoons, tracked him to surrounded and surprised the head of his captors, Lincoln leaving his plough marched to his own door. Wier, his brave and p came forth to meet him, child by the hand, and be other in her arms.

Claverhouse, never tar John why he did not go to curates. He received the ply. "Go to your knees shall surely die," was the

On his knees he prayed vently for his wife and that the eyes of the dragoon to moisten, and Claverhouse ing they would be unnerly interrupted him with r blasphemy. "No more roared the savage comm John Brown bade farewell wife and family. "You goons there, fire on the fa

But they did not fit prayer had disarmed them. ing a pistol from his belt house himself shot his through the head. He felt mangled head in his wife's she caught it up the r manded, "What do you your husband now?"

"I aye thocht muckle sir, but never sae muckle this day."

"I would think little to beside him."

"If you were permitted not you would, but how answer for this morning's

"To men I can be answer and as for God, I shall take my own hands," replied

is he put spurs to his horse
e away.

l Wier calmly wrapped the
her dead husband in a nap-
nposed his body, covered it
is plaid, and then, sitting
side the corpse, gave her-
to convulsions of grief.

ling amid the multitude
witnessed the execution of
was a slightly-made, fair-
youth of nineteen years,
Renwick. The mantle of
fell upon him. From that

was a Covenanter of the
nters. After a brief sojourn
and he returned, and by his
rring preaching roused and
the hearts of the Coven-

His scholarship was excel-
is countenance boyish and
il; his eye-kindling; his voice
: sweetness. His activity
:less. Preaching, catechis-
ptizing, he passed from par-
arish, wherever he could find
uir hill folk."

ed a wandering life, the ob-
bitter persecution. A price
d on his head. No less than
searches for him were had.
the strain of exposure his
began to fail. He could no
mount his horse, and had to
ried from place to place.
ted, yet full of fiery elo-

his preaching was regarded
red. Having come to Edin-
in the month of February,
ie was discovered accident-
men who were searching for
ed wares, and arrested.

is trial he conducted himself
reat calmness and courage.
uth and beauty, and wasted
nce might have won him
leniency. But he seemed
o desire to seal his testimony
s blood. When asked if he
ight it to be unlawful to pay
a tax imposed for the sup-
the persecuting soldiers, he
ed that he had, and replied,
d it have been thought law-
the Jews in the days of

Nebuchadnezzar to have brought
every one a coal to augment the
flame of the furnace, if they had
been so required by the tyrant?"
Needless to say, he was condemned.

When the fatal day arrived, and
he heard the drums sounding his
execution, he fell into an ecstasy,
exclaiming, "'Tis a welcome warn-
ing to my marriage. The Bride-
groom is coming. I am ready! I
am ready!" He went forth to the
scaffold in transports of joy.

It was the 18th of February, and
the sky was overcast. "I shall
soon be above these clouds," he
cried, "and then I shall enjoy Thee
and glorify Thee, without interrup-
tion or intermission for ever." Ad-
dressing the people, he denounced
the corruptions of his times, and
closed by commending his spirit to
God with the words, "for Thou
hast redeemed me, Lord God of
truth." Thus, at the age of twenty-
six, James Renwick expired.

In twenty-eight years of persecu-
tion, twenty thousand souls, it is
estimated, had perished. Scotland
had been sown thick with the blos-
soms of martyrdom. This was its
last pale flower. Shortly after-
wards the flight of James II. and
the coming of William III. brought
the Revolution that conceded all
for which the Covenanters had
fought. Thus was their cause vin-
dicated by history. Strangely does
God prove and sift His people.
Strangely does He seem to demand
the deepest sacrifice from His
chosen ones. Is it that their testi-
mony may assert the soul, and
awaken mankind from the stupor
of the sensuous, to the reality of the
glory of the unseen and eternal?
May we not trust that the deeds of
heroism in the cause of liberty and
truth are never "cast as rubbish to
the void," but live in creative echoes
that

" Roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

Port Colborne, Ont.

AN AUTUMN HYMN.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX).

Autumn has come, sweet Sabbath of the year !
Its feast of splendour satiates our eyes ;
Its saddening music, falling on the ear,
Bids pensive musing in the heart arise :
Now earlier shadows veil the sunset skies,
And bright the stars and harvest moon do shine ;
The woodbine's blood-red leaves the morn espies
Hung from the dripping elm ; the yellowing pine
And fading goldenrod denote the year's decline.

The light is mellow over all the hills ;
Silence in all the vales sits listening ;
A holy hush the sky's great temple fills,
As if Earth waited for her spotless King ;
Nor is there want of sacred ministering ;
The laden trees seem priests, all consecrate ;
The rustling cornfields seem to chant His praise :
Surely Man's thankfulness, 'mid his estate,
A gladsome hymn should not forget to raise
To Him whose bounteous hand doth ever crown our days !

To Him be praise when harvest fields are bare,
And all the sheaves are safely gathered in ;
When merry threshers vex the slumb'rous air,
And ruddy apples crowd the scented bin ;
Praise Him when from the dim mill's misty din
In floury bags the golden meal comes home ;
And praise Him for the bread ye yet shall win,
When steaming horses plough the fertile loam,
And so prepare the way for harvests yet to come !

Praise Him, when round the fireside, sparkling clear,
The household group at evening smiling meet !
To Him, whose goodness crowns the circling year,
Lift up the choral hymn in accent sweet ;
The comeliness of song lift to His seat
Who, from His palace of eternal praise,
His earth-born children hears their joys repeat ;
Nor answer to their thankfulness delays,
But more their grateful love with blessing new repays !

Our chastened hearts shall hunger not for gold ;
Enough the splendour of these sunset skies,
The scarlet pomp from maple bough unroll'd,
The high-built woods' resplendent phantasies.
Ah, think, if these no more could win thine eyes !
Nor earth, nor heaven, nor the majestic sea !
If Love were gone—that jewel angels prize,
And all that makes the Soul's felicity !
What then were gold, or gems, O famished one ! to thee ?

Not bread, that strengtheneth the heart of man—
Not this alone—our gracious Father gives ;
More provident, the Heavenly Husbandman
Yields that diviner food by which man lives :
Not gladdening wine alone the heart receives,
Nor oil, which makes his mortal face to shine ;
Like autumn rain from dripping cottage eaves,
He gives the thirsty soul a draught divine :
—Come ! lay your thankful sheaves first-fruits upon His shrine.

THE REWARD OF A SACRIFICE.

BY ELLA M. TOWNS.

ELLA Fraser's weekly music lesson had dragged out its monotonous hour of discords, and that amiable young person signified her relief pushing back the organ pound brought her mother in to the parlour, where as adjusting her cape and to go, though leisurely, the last lesson of the erefore, pay-day.

r was always talkative. se of well-meant hos-fearing to appear in any al, she talked all the time in her house, and held loor to start fresh topics parted. Very favoured corted to the gate in all her. In her anxiety to versation going she an-guests' words with a h often surprised them g what they were talk-

ugh evident embarrass- : somewhat in check, she : at once, coming to the nder a rain of words on ely separate from it.

oking real smart to-day, " she began. " I haven't k so well all summer. our ma, and all the n't know 'em, of course, same, I hold it a kind-her folks ask after John e, when they don't know I know me ; and I take hat way, too. Bella's e, and if you come over summer, we'd like to again. John don't put n music, but he heard The Cam'ells Are Com-foney Musk," the other was awful pleased. His who died long before ed, used to play them old melodeon, and— going to say ? Oh, yes, ing over to Smith's sale id he's got his mind set some colts they have. 's a good hand at turn-ble horses from pretty

unpromising material, and these colts are about the right age, so's he won't have to lay out too much in feed, and yet have 'em so they'll sell to good advantage in the spring. He ain't sold none of his grain yet. He's waiting for a rise in the price, so I ain't asked him for no money to pay you, Miss Fletcher. But if you could wait a week or so, we could send it over by mail."

Miss Fletcher's expectant smile faded, and she blurted out with a want of words and diplomacy, more fatal than Mrs. Fletcher's volubility :

" I expected—I can't—oh ; I never wait on anybody."

Bella tossed her head, and Mrs. Fraser looked wrathful.

" Mercy me," she answered, " I ain't the one to ask anybody to trust me, or John, either. I don't need to ; though if I do say it myself, there isn't a man whose word could be took quicker than John's anywhere he's known. Bella, go to the barn this minute, and ask your pa for six dollars, and we'll pay our debts, and be done with it."

" Go yourself, ma," answered Bella, dutifully. " He won't pay any attention to me."

Mirie Fletcher parted her lips to speak, but before words came Mrs. Fraser had disappeared from the doorway, and Bella had gone out of the front door, banging it after her.

Mr. Fraser met the demand by promptly producing the required sum, and his wife's indignation by averring that it was not at all unlikely the teacher needed the money badly, or she would not have been in such a hurry. Reflecting on her husband's words, as she returned to the house, and being naturally good-tempered, Mrs. Fraser was much less ruffled when she again reached the parlour.

" I'm sorry," began Mirie—but Mrs. Fraser cut her short.

" Say no more about it, Miss Fletcher, John could spare the money as well now as next week. You're welcome to it, I'm sure. You'll be going home now, I s'pose, as you said you cal'lated to ? Going to-morrow, are you ? Well, good-bye. Come and see us again, and, mind, we'd like

to have Bella take more lessons if you come back next spring. Good-bye—lovely day, ain't it?—good-bye."

Mirie Fletcher walked quickly down the sidewalk leading into the village, and entered a house at the end of the long main street. She went up the stairway to her own room, where she removed her wraps, and after taking an old-fashioned work-box out of the drawer of the tiny dressing-table, she drew a chair over to the window and sat down. The box held the money she had saved since she had come to Ellisville, seven months before. To its contents she added the bills given her by Mrs. Fraser, and then began to count the money over and over. There was one hundred and three dollars and eighty-five cents in the box. With an exulting, childish pleasure, she slipped each bill through, and over her fingers, again and again. She piled and repiled the silver coins, counting them in each new combination. It was an hour of delight such as falls rarely into the lives of those to whom a hundred dollars, more or less, is nothing, or, at the least, comes with weekly or monthly wage-earning regularity. To Mirie Fletcher it was a unique possession. She had never had as much money at one time, in all her life. She had known to a penny how much the box held, and how much would be there when the price of Bella Fraser's music lessons would be added, yet, now it was actually all together there was a new sense of possession, of realization, rather, that lightened her spirits, and lent colour to her sallow cheeks. For this money saved meant the realization of a cherished plan.

Mirie could remember well—if she had not chosen just now to forget memories, even—a score of other plans that had failed, leaving the flame of hope a little lower each time. To be able to fully carry out one undertaking, whereof money was the staple, the beginning and the end, was an intoxicating pleasure that compensated for years of hard work and failure.

By and by she let her hands fall into her lap, the fingers still idly raising a coin here and there. Her eyes looked out of the window unseeing. From the thought of all the good this money was going to do, came that of the hard, bitter poverty she had known all her life. There had always been a struggle for a bare living, even at home. He father had said, long ago, if the world owed him a living

it was a hard debt, and he might as well let things take their own course. So he worked when work came directly into his hands, and relied for the rest on what his children earned, as they grew up.

Her mother's nature had been warped and soured by disappointment. At heart she was loyal to her family, but her constant complaining and fault-finding made it very unpleasant, even for the husband and sons, whose feelings were not the most delicate in the world. The miseries of her school days were things Mirie never liked to recall. She had been a thin, scrawny girl, with a sallow complexion, and a short, spare braid of wispy, light hair. Other children treated her with an indifference hard to understand, until one got a glimpse into the child-heart that was labouring under a burden heavy for one of twice the years.

Knowing the depths of poverty in her home, she thought every one must know it, too, and fancied slights where none were intended. The children really pitied her, after the manner of children, but Mirie was dull, and spoiled their games by her awkwardness, and not being quick to invent plays, to carry on old ones, or to take her part in the battle of jealousy and petty meanness that so often dominates school life, she was left alone. There had never been quite enough of anything in her home to suffice or to satisfy. How glad she had been that there were holidays after Christmas, and by the time school reopened presents were forgotten, so she was spared the misery of having to tell that she had got none.

The years went by, and the few who were left of the old playmates were kinder to Mirie than they had been. For now they were themselves puzzling over the difficult game of life and actual contact with its hardships helped them to understand many things.

When she grew out of short frocks, Mrs. Lemon, the dressmaker, had taken Mirie as an apprentice. Miss Carruthers, the minister's daughter, pitying the forlorn child, had taught her what she knew about music, and had allowed her to practice on the little church organ. When Mrs. Lemon moved away from Madison, Mirie carried on the dressmaking in her stead. So the years moved on their heavy, uneventful way, changing the girl, who once had vague dreams of something bright and good that the

future held for her, into the unattractive woman of thirty-eight, asked only that the future might plenty of work, and the strength it. She was still thin and sal-

Her light hair was drawn into a knot instead of the spindling

Of aspirations and ambitions and none, save anxiety that work not fail. Yet she was not un-

Life had become a round, a mere struggle for the means it, and she accepted it so without protests, useless had she thought of them.

In the past two summers her workmen much interfered with by two young women, who opened a making shop in Madison, and drew custom away from Mirie, for lack of style in her own, and her old-fashioned patterns her people's. And since Mirie had no particular claim on her patronage, being moreover old-fashioned, and no longer did any one thought of pitying her, a few good mothers, who knew needed the money for all the work could get to do. So these women took their plain dresses to as a sort of excuse for the others who took their materials to a dressmakers' shop, where they fitted out in what they were used to think was city style.

It was during the second winter, when work had dwindled to almost nothing at all, that Mirie heard a woman from Laramie say that the Ellis family came there to get their dresses done, having no dressmaker in their own village. Ellisville was ten miles away, and Mirie had been away from home more than a day at a time in all her life. Her work must be got somewhere, so she was bravely resolved to go to Ellisville and in March she went, fortified with strong will, a package of new patterns and fashion books. She found a way of dressmaking to do, and another way of earning money opened.

There was no music-teacher in the neighborhood. Mirie boldly demanded that she would give music lessons, also. Her musical knowledge was of the most meagre kind, but why Ellisville did not demand

The ability to play gospel songs, and a few pieces, such as "The March," or the "Prize Ban-
nickstep," was the height of its ambition.

She intended at first to send home

all the money she could spare. But an unexpected piece of work came in her father's way, and for once in some years he exerted himself to undertake and to finish it. The boys, moved by an unusual impulse, sent some extra dollars home, so Mirie, relieved from immediate anxiety for the welfare of her parents, put aside the money she earned, intending to carry it home at the first opportunity. The money she now earned, not being called upon as soon as she earned to furnish forth the necessities of life, seemed to pile itself up with a wonderfully solid and reassuring regularity. As was but natural, she thought at times of how she might use it for herself, and especially of the desire, almost forgotten now, which had once strongly possessed her, that she might have an organ of her own, and for a little she gave herself up to imagination. She could see the new organ—it must be of six octaves, and of such-and-such a style—occupying a proud corner in the little sitting-room at home. A coveted possession. Longed for through hopeless years of toil, that had gone to eke out an existence. Was it possible she might dare gratify herself at last? But no, let the hope remain yet. By and by, perhaps—

Just now there were so many real needs, and in thinking of the latter Mirie formed her great scheme. Long ago, in more hopeful days, her father had bought the home in Madison, but had never paid for it. In one way and another they had managed to pay the interest on the mortgage, and so kept the place. But this could not go on for ever, Mirie knew, and she determined to save a sum that would not only pay the interest, but would wipe out some portion of the principal. The mortgage fell due the last week of October. She would plan her work so as to have finished by that time, as far as possible. Her mother was always laid up with rheumatism during the greater part of the cold weather, and though work could be had in Ellisville, she must go home for the winter anyway, so she might as well go at the end of October as at any time.

To further the plan Mirie rented a room where she could prepare her own meals, which were stinted almost to the point of starvation that she might save the more. She could hardly have had strength to work on the meagre fare she allowed herself, had it not been for occasional hot dishes sent up

by her landlady, and the plentiful dinners and suppers provided at the farm-houses where she now and then sewed by the day. Her shabby clothes were against her reputation as a dressmaker, and gossip was busy in the little village, where every one knew everybody's business, as to what Miss Fletcher did with her money that she could not dress herself decently. Most people put it down as the miserly stinginess of an old maid. A few went so far as to hint to her that she "saving stacks of money," but they got no satisfaction from Mirie, who well knew how to keep her affairs to herself.

Now the long summer and the tedious work was over. The day after to-morrow the mortgage was due. To-morrow she was going home. The thought came suddenly—how would she get home? As time had gone on, and the pile of money in her work-box kept getting bigger, Mirie thought of saving fifty dollars to take home. When it had passed the fifty-dollar mark she felt that with the money she would get from her half-dozen pupils she might safely calculate on having one hundred dollars with which to carry out her scheme. She owed her landlady three dollars and a half. That would leave just thirty-five cents over the one hundred dollars. The stage fare from Ellisville to Laramie was thirty-five cents, and from there to Madison twenty-five cents. Just sixty cents altogether, and that round-about route was the only way to reach home. She would not break on a dollar of the mortgage money, if she had to walk home—and instantly her mind was made up. She would walk home. The more she thought of it the shorter grew the eighteen miles between Ellisville and Madison. It was the only thing to be done. She could walk four, maybe five miles an hour. It she started early in the morning she could be home by dinner time.

She could not sleep that night for thinking of home, and over and over again she pictured old man Allen's astonishment at receiving his interest and seventy dollars on the principal of the mortgage he had yearly threatened to foreclose. Perhaps, if her mother saw some hope for the future she might be more cheerful, and her father, too, would take heart. He was still a strong man, and being a first-rate stonemason, he could get good jobs he didn't bother to look for now. Those two young dress-

makers would get tired of Madison soon, and she would have the work again. Perhaps the boys, when they heard of this, would help along at home more, so she could go on paying off the mortgage, or they might help her to pay it. Anyway, things were getting better. The future was bright and she was so glad. She could not remember that she had ever been so happy.

Mirie's plan of going early in the morning was changed when morning came, and she remembered that she had not meant any one to suspect her intention, and in order to preserve the appearance of going in the usual way she could not start before one o'clock, the time at which the Laramie stage left Ellisville. The delicate principle of right and wrong involved in this deception that saved pride, never appealed to Mirie, so she delayed her going till after dinner. With a savage perseverance speeding her she trudged away, a little black figure carrying a satchel, going steadily along the dusty highway that stretched like a grey ribbon over the weary distance that lay between her and home.

It was a fine day. Summer seemed not to have departed, so far had the warm, bright days encroached upon October. Only the faint chill in the wind that flew across the fields told that winter death was near. The near maples were gorgeous with crimson; the distant woods were veiled in blue haze.

For the first five miles an unwonted light-heartedness took possession of Mirie, as if youth and its anticipations had returned. A chipmunk, racing along the rail-fence, made her laugh. He was so droll when he stopped to peep at her from behind a sheltering branch, and then scampered on. She felt a strange fellowship for the little animal, going about the serious business of its life in such a gay fashion. If she only dared to race with him! Being a prim old maid the bare idea sobered her with a shock.

The miles grew very, very long after this. She rested on the roadside once or twice, but a few experiences of the pain it caused her to rise and go on walking made her decide to keep on steadily, if more slowly. Her ill-fitting shoes chafed her feet. When she dropped her eyes, the road seemed to pass by while she stood still. She counted her steps, one foot—one foot, one—two, one—two, till her

led, and the rail-fences zig-zagged in a bewildering way when she raised her eyes.

It was over—almost. The house was in sight at the foot of the winding road. Soon she could see the house, the home she had longed for and stinted all summer, yes, many summers, to save. It was still dark, but no light was coming through the windows. When she unlocked the door and stepped in, the air was still daylight enough to see her father sitting in his arm-chair, an unlit pipe in his mouth, and her mother lying on the lounge. All the days had left Mirie; the long, hot days of the past summer were like a dream, vivid yet as when she had just awakened, but only a shadow.

Her mother sat up. Even in the face of her elation, Mirie felt the mother's evident ill-humour. Her father did not speak. He drew himself up in his chair, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"For the land sakes," was the father's greeting; "where come you from? Have you got over there already?" "I've come back home," answered Mirie,

gladly! All the way from the States? Well, I must say, father, I've done better. I've saved up a lot of money. I've earned this summer? Most of the money is in such straits here as you know, even. Something I've done for you, I don't know what, but it has punished me for it by making me poor all my life."

"Wait, wait," cried Mirie. "Wait, you know what I've got, and what it's all for? Here—fumbling carefully in her pinned-up pocket for the money—here's a hundred dollars, father, to-morrow, when the interest is due, this is to pay it, and what's left is going on the principal. I've been saving it over so much—her heart was returning in full gladness, and I see my way clear to wipe the whole mortgage off in time,

"But, mother, you've just been wasting your smart-money, if you saved your money."

"You must keep your business for yourself, of course, or things have been different if you'd let us know what you were up to. I was always too late with my money, anyway. The mortgage was foreclosed a week ago, and the bank has bought the place of

old Allen. All we've got to do is to get out as soon as possible."

Mirie could not speak for a moment. She could not quite understand that her money had come too late. She had intended it so long for this one purpose, that any other use to which it might be put never entered her mind.

"Mother, don't say it's too late," she cried, miserably. "I can't stand that, mother, I've worked night and day to save this. I've rented a room and lived on biscuits—cooked them on Mrs. Smith's stove, so's I wouldn't have to have a fire myself, and without a speck of butter to eat on them, mostly. I've gone fairly ragged, and with old shoes, not fit to be seen among strangers—is the deed all made out to John Peters, and—and everything done?"

"Yes," sneered her mother, "you can't change anything. But, then," she added, softening a little, "it can't be helped now, so come and get some supper. You always was a strange child, I said, though maybe you mean well."

But Mirie, doubly weary now, and crying bitterly, had gone out of the door, and up the stairway to her own room.

Long after Mirie had sobbed herself to sleep she woke to find the room filled with the light of the late moon. She rose, and going over to the open window, knelt, with her arms upon the sill. Over the garden below, disorderly enough in the daytime, the mantle of moonlight lay, hiding disorder and neglect. The unkempt grass, upon which the boughs of the old apple-trees swaying in the breeze made weird shadows, might have been the smoothest, emerald lawn.

Mirie knew nothing of herself, of emotions, of effects, so she could not know that there the real reward came to her. She could but feel the peace of its coming. The long struggle had ended in bitter defeat for her own plans, but God's designs were being marvellously unfolded. Never again could Mirie be as she had been. Gone was the old apathy that was killing affection, ambition, sympathy, all the kindlier growths of life; in its place was hope, buoyed up by a vague something to be reached out for, an awakened life-giving ambition. To be renewed, awakened, vivified, this was her real reward. So, with tears in her eyes, but with peace, youth, and hope in her heart, Mirie turned herself again to sleep.

A CRUSHED FLOWER.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

I.



T was a hot summer night—not a breath of air stirring on that shadeless avenue of the great old city. Saturday night! Saturday night, when Christ's tollers bend in prayer for the morrow, and when, at the same hour, the workman passes his weekly wage over the bar-room counter. Saturday night, with its prayer and its sin!

It was yet bright and early in the evening, but in spite of the oppressive heat, the Methodist mission was already crowded with unkempt men, bareheaded women, their heat-moistened hair hanging in shreds about their faces, men with liquor-laden breath, and swarms of neglected children. Here and there respectably-clad tradesmen and their families mingled with the group; many of them had been uplifted through the mission, and the change was manifest outwardly, as well as inwardly.

The room itself was cleanly, and decked with flags and flowers. There was the usual shuffling commotion incident to an uncultured audience. Then a sudden hush! The clear, bell-like voice of a singer burst upon the air, lingering in low, sweet warblings, then rising in full, clear swells; the children that swarmed the pavement clustered about the open door.

Two men, of a very different stamp, were coming down the street. The one might be recognized as Dr. Cawthra, the other also, though less well known, wore the air of a medical man.

"Terrible street, this, isn't it?" said Dr. Cawthra. "Look at what's going to run our city, by and by," pointing to the swarm of barefooted children.

"And, after all, Cawthra, we do nothing to make them any better."

"Better! Those rats, they're the off-scouring of every nation on God's earth! But, say, Glynn, that's a visionary line of thought for you to

take up. What's come over the old boy?"

"Hark!" said Dr. Glynn. "Listen to that singing!"

They stepped softly and in silence for a moment, as they listened to the old Gospel hymns in the hushed hum of the street.

"Humph! That's in the Methodist mission," said Dr. Cawthra. "That would grace any stage in the city. Strange, that a woman with a voice like that should spend it there."

His companion made no reply, but listened in silence.

"And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace."

Again the voice swelled out in all its fulness; she had carried her hearers far up into the streets of the New Jerusalem, as she lingered on the last line,

"And tell the story, saved by grace."

The misery, the squalor, the want of the narrow streets were gone. The invisible glory was filling every soul, and Dr. Cawthra, in spite of himself, kept humming, "Saved by grace," as they passed on their way. A strange sadness had crossed his face.

"Good-night, Dr. Cawthra. I'm going back to hear that singer."

"Oh, come off, old boy! Don't let your heart be touched so easily. She'll have you down on the penitent-bench in ten minutes." But there was a catch in Dr. Cawthra's voice as he tried to jest it off.

"Take my word for it, you'll find a stout mother of eleven in a straight grey gown."

But Dr. Glynn turned to retrace his steps, and reached the porch of the W— mission just as the chorus of the last verse was being sung. The tears stole forth in spite of himself.

"It sounds like her voice, but it can't be—it can't possibly be."

The singing ceased, and the voice of prayer was heard. The stranger in the porch stole softly into the rear of the congregation.

The singer rose again—a slender, dark-faced woman, beautiful, but with such a pathos in her beauty. There was something half-crushed in

eyes, like a flower pressed by
 eas foot. But her figure was
 and even queenly; she was
 well dressed for her surround-
 ough not at all ostentatiously.
 rk grenadine clung in grace-
 is about her, and the white
 n her bosom rose and fell as
 ce swelled forth in exultation,
 away in a silence that was
 music. But, oh, the pathos in
 vice! Oh, the cry—the wo-
 cry she could not still!
 face in that audience drooped;
 e grew deathly white. It was
 rest Glynn's.

minister gave out his text, and
 vice continued for some time.
 v, as Miss Millruss has an en-
 nt to sing at X— Temple to-
 or the benefit of their organ
 ve will listen to her at this
 of the service," said the
 r.

again the audience was hushed,
 e seekers of salvation went for-
 kneel at the altar as she sang.
 n sat with bowed head; he
 her than heard her footfall on
 tted aisle, as she passed out to
 b awaiting her. Then, when
 ang again, he too stole out.

— Temple!" he said, as he
 into the nearest vacant cab.
 s a very different scene there—
 t lights, shimmer of silks, per-
 iden air, windows aglow with
 and scarlet, and the angels
 yonder far up in the fretted

The great organ rolled forth
 nder; the concert was near
 when the last singer to come,
 iciously the favourite in the
 of the people, appeared. Her
 s removed now, and the rich
 f hair showed in its place a
 e spray of white blossoms
 g in the dark waves above her

ence of expectation settled upon
 dience. Mary Millruss was to
 or the first time a song of her
 thorship:

it in the storm of a starless sea,
 A sail was adrift, one night—
 —One night—one night—
 A sail was adrift, one night."

ething like a shudder passed
 e audience. The pillars of the
 r rocked for a moment to their
 l vision. The singer's voice

had taken on all the coldness of a
 midnight sea. Just as she had made
 her former hearers forget the misery
 and squalor of their lives, and opened
 for a moment to them the Eternal
 City, so now the beauty and glory of
 the Temple faded, and they followed
 the singer with the charm in her lips
 out over the heaving billows, through
 boom of waves and icy rattle of sails,
 till they saw it was the world of sin
 she painted, and those yawning
 gulfs, destruction.

Then the bells of heaven rang in
 her voice's dear music, and they saw
 the clouds part and the angels looking
 down through the halo. They were
 nearing the end.

"And through the tempest the Master's
 voice,
 'Come home, oh, come home, my child.'"

All the love in her heart—all the
 sweet mother-spirit—all the pain she
 had ever suffered, were in those
 words,

"My child—my child."

Her eyes were fixed on yonder cor-
 ner beneath the gallery.

"Come home, oh, come home (her
 voice quivered audibly) my—"

But the line was never finished.
 The lips closed. The head drooped
 slightly. She stood one moment—one
 still, awful moment—then fell among
 the lilies and ferns in the back-
 ground. And their green fronds
 locked hands above her, as if to shut
 the world away.

Dr. Forest Glynn, sitting back be-
 neath the gallery, buried his face in
 his hands.

"Nervous breakdown! It's too
 much for any woman," said a gentle-
 man behind him. "That woman's
 being sung to death. That's the way
 with these popular singers. They
 say the doctor ordered her out of the
 city weeks ago for a rest. She sings
 everywhere, from the best churches
 to the Seaman's Mission."

"Is she very well trained, I won-
 der."

"Fairly well, I presume; but it's
 the feeling in her voice makes
 her success. She's been singing be-
 fore, this evening, down in the W—
 Mission, I heard some one say. That's
 too much, you know, two engage-
 ments in one evening. She never
 falls those missions, though, and
 often sings in a church concert after."

II.

The night train halted for a moment as it rushed around the hills at Mill Stream. There was only one passenger to alight in the flood of summer moonlight, a woman, clad in black, and heavily veiled.

"Drive you anywhere, lady?" asked Sam Smith, who kept the only cab.

"No, thank you."

"No hotels very near here. It's a lonesome spot."

But without answering she walked down to the deserted end of the long platform, and raised her veil for a moment. It was the singer of Saturday night.

Oh, the peace all around her after the city's ceaseless roar! A few lights burned late in the straggling cottages, the great hills lifted their moonlit brows to the stars, an occasional night-bird sounded its cry, and the wind, fresh with the fragrance of dew-tipped flowers, fell soothingly upon her brow.

She turned with the air of one who knows her ground well, and followed the road that led, a long white streak in the moonlight, up among the Mill Stream hills. It was a lonely path. The watch-dogs from the straggling farms barked at her from over the gates; the fire-flies circled dizzily over the swamp-land, and the lower creations went through all their mysterious plungings and rustlings in the reeds and sedges of the roadside ditch. Hark! It was the rumble of an approaching lumber-waggon.

"Have a ride, ma'am?" asked the driver.

"No, thank you," she said, rather because she wished to conceal her identity, for it was a good two miles before she stopped at the little white church on the hill-top, and turned in among its tombs. A superstitious villager would have seen something uncanny about the veiled stranger wandering there at night. But she went with the air of a purpose straight to the little plot in the corner beneath the pines. A sudden start as of fear! No, the great tall tomb is in the other plot. There were only the little graves, with mossy headstones there. All was well.

She descended the hill to rest, leaning on the railing of the little bridge over the Mill Stream, and her tears fell into the playful waters beneath. No one saw her. None but God. A lonely woman leaning there on the

bridge rail, the great vine-clad hills towering around.

"Seven years! Seven years!" she murmured, "and yet am I only twenty-five?"

Through the rift in the hills she could see the dark outline of a roof among the trees, where seven years before a white-robed girl of eighteen used to flit carolling through the halls, and gather her friends upon the lawn. That was before—and she bowed her head, and wept as only a woman weeps, whose name is stained in the eyes of the world—a woman who has fallen from her girlhood's purity, and been cast off from her old home for ever. She could feel that touch on her arm to-night, the touch of the hand that betrayed her.

For one moment the years between faded—struggle and poverty, ambition and success, applauding crowds, glare of gaslight, and odour-laden flowers—all were gone. And she was a girl, a girl pure and stainless, there among the hills of her childhood. But it was a moment only. That Mary Millruss was dead. This was a different Mary that had breasted the waves of life through many a midnight storm, and many a sunrise fair.

A little cloud came and darkened the brow of the hill as she watched, and she thought of that other scene, when she hurried from her home at dead of night, to save the Millruss name. Alone in a strange city, she had found that the love that crushes does not stoop to uplift.

But she was a clever needlewoman, and roused herself to earn a livelihood for her child. Summer came, with its terrible heat, and the little face in that third story room grew white. For the little one's sake she wrote home, but the letter came back re-addressed in her father's hand. She wrote no more. And one hot night the little hands unclasped from her neck, the little cry ceased in the garret, and she was alone and unloved.

Then sin came with its ghastly whispers. You are young, beautiful. You are all alone. No one knows you, no one cares for you. Whether you rise or fall matters to none. If God Himself cared He would have delivered you."

Oh, that perilous abyss—that awful, cavernous depth of wrecked womanhood that swallows often the finest and tenderest souls!

But in the right hour a Christian lady "threw out the life-line." The

had been bent to the dust
in its face to the skies,
the cry. She offered but
not of her ruined life. But
where God can do with a

Whether the girl who
in the Mill Stream choir
was unrecognized—whether
it awakened it—or whether
it had suddenly bestowed
upon her within her a long-sup-
pressed ambition to have her voice

She spent every spare
moment of her culture.

Years later there came forth,
from the city missions, a singer
who paused to hear as they
passed the street. People listened,
and to the Christ she upheld.
The men watched for her smile,
and when she touched her skirts in
the Ministers bowed reverently.
Her name went out among
the people of her city, till now Mary
Ellen, Mary Millrusas uplifted,
the most popular of evangelistic

“down nerves,” they had
said. But she knew better.
In the gallery she had
seen the face of—Dr. Forest Glynn.
Years ago those same eyes
had fallen into hers as they crossed
the trestle bridge together. It
was too much. Her heart re-
sounded. That was all.

It was the woman who, in the
dark shadows, crept silently up
to her home. Would they
see her? She could not stay
there. The weary city awaited

The birds were piling up on the
roofs most before she noticed it.
Flashes of lightning shot
across their sombre shadows. The
bark of a dog sounded on the

Rover, hush, old dog,” she
said as the old friend came
toward her. In an instant
he recognized her. He was not to be
deceived, he whirled round and round
and bounded up and licked her

Rover! Rover! You dear
old fellow and she knelt down and
rested her hands in his woolly neck.
You dear old fellow. You at
last give me a welcome. Thank
you, a dog’s welcome.”

It was the first outburst
of her life. The big drops were be-
falling. Without stopping to
think she hurried into the yard and

into the old woodshed at the back of
the kitchen. The great black storm-
cloud came driving before the wind;
the hailstones fell in torrents; the
suddenness of the tempest drove all
sad thoughts from her mind.

Rover had disappeared into the
kitchen through the little square win-
dow that had been left open. Sud-
denly the door opened behind her, and
two big eyes shone in the dark. It
was Rover. She remembered then,
how he used to draw the bolt with his
paw when shut in the kitchen at
night.

“Dear old boy, you’re bound I shall
come in for once more in my life,
aren’t you?”

Then a new desire took possession
of her. How sweet it would be to
rest in her own room till morning.
She stole noiselessly up the hall. Her
father’s door was open. Dare she
pass? She made one quick dart.
But a flash of lightning half-blinded
her, and her door creaked behind her.

But, oh! she was in the room of
her girlhood. Forgiven, redeemed of
God, if not of man. She knelt once
more by the little white bed that the
almost continuous lightning revealed.
For, oh, she had much for which to
be thankful! If she had once fallen
very low God had set her again in a
high place. But, oh, to rest there
with her head on the same pillow after
all her sin and sorrow and success!
The thunder boomed, peal on peal!
The lightning quivered and trembled,
now duller, now brighter. The hall
clock struck three in a lull of the
storm. Then the thunder booms
grew fainter, the flashes paler and less
frequent.

She could hear her father and
mother talking now in their room
across the hall, and her heart began
to beat more wildly.

“It’s been a terrible storm—a ter-
rible storm,” he said. “I wish I knew
where that sick lamb was.”

“Ah, there’s a poor lamb of your
own been out in the storms for many
a day, and it doesn’t trouble you,” said
his wife.

“John, I tell you,” continued her
mother’s voice, “if you don’t write or
go to the city and see about that
singer there, I’ll do it myself. I tell
you I believe it’s our Mary.”

“She had no trainin’, how could she
hold city audiences?”

“She could get it. An’, you know,
the preachers here all said she had no
common voice.”

"It's nonsense, wife. There may be many a Mary Millruss. Old Dobson's just stuffin' you with his news."

"But I tell you that's my child."

There was a long silence.

"Your child is dead, Martha. I saw her spirit this very night. She was all in black, and she went up the hall toward her old room. But she seemed to glide along too fast for a human being. I've killed her, wife—I've killed her—oh, my God! I can't ask forgiveness even of the Lord! I don't deserve it."

A dark-clad figure had glided into the room unseen.

"Mother dear! Father! It's your own Mary. Forgive me, and let me be near you just for to-day. God has forgiven long ago. Can't you forgive, too?"

Nearly a week had passed, and Mary Millruss stood in the old garden toying with the last roses that fell at a touch, breathing their dying fragrance on the air. A storm had just passed over, and for an hour the clouds had been moving westward on the winds, great dark banks of blood-fringed cloud piled up on the pine-crested hills. Here and there long flaming rents burned their way through the mass and grew paler, leaving great yawning chasms. But gradually the sunset fires cooled; the cloud masses broke into little isles of gold, and the lurid chasms narrowed into shadowy, roseate shores. The wind grew still; the storm was past; all was rest.

Mary Millruss was thinking of that sweet home-coming. What would the heavenly home-coming be? For a moment death looked sweet, now that all her desires were fulfilled. But she thought of earth, with its sin-enlaved.

"Not yet, Father—not yet," she said, "let me toll while the light lingers till the shadows come," and she seemed for a moment to hold communion with Some One through the parted gates of the west. She did not hear a light footfall on the path behind her. A touch rested on her arm. She looked around with questioning eyes upon a stranger—a well-dressed woman, who looked into her very soul with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen.

"Pardon me. I am Mrs. Forest Glynn." Mary Millruss drew back slightly from the touch resting on her arm. This, then, was the heiress of

Ballaclay, Scotland. She had seen the marriage in the papers years ago.

"I don't suppose my name conveyed any meaning to you." (Ah, did I not mean anything?) "You have probably never heard the name. But my husband heard you sing last week. He was converted, and I felt that I must see you face to face—that I must know the woman who brought us so much joy."

The face of the singer was turned away, and there was a joy upon it that for some moments Mrs. Forest Glynn dared not intrude upon.

"Mary, let me call you by that name, my sister." (Little did she dream that her husband had breathed that name in this same old garden seven years before.) "I want to do just one little thing for all you have done for us. You will not refuse. You must not refuse, for the Master's sake. God has entrusted me with some of his riches. Will you"—her tone was full of pleading—"will you let me pay your expenses in Europe for a year while you study under German masters?"

But Mary Millruss did not answer. She seemed to be holding converse with Some One unseen. Mrs. Glynn held her hand and watched her with reverent eyes.

"You cannot refuse."

"I must. Listen! I cannot thank you in words. I will not try. But the doctors say I cannot live but a few years at the utmost. There are souls here that I have been permitted to win, and God has given them me to watch over. A year out of my life would be too much. I must sing—sing with all the soul I have till night comes."

Years passed. The doctors' prophecies were defeated. Mary Millruss was singing more sweetly with each passing year. Her voice was heard throughout the different cities of her land. But always on her return to her home on one of the retired avenues, the most pleasant surprises awaited her, and often a sweet face, under a widow's veil, was waiting to greet her. It was the woman she had first heard of as the heiress of Ballaclay. Sisters they, the one ministering with her wealth, the other with her song, and no reproaches fell from the lips of either. Dr. Glynn himself told his beautiful wife the story, and now, after his death, it still sealed the bond of their sisterhood.

THE BETTER SIDE OF BISMARCK.*

BY THE EDITOR.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

on Chancellor, as sketched by of his Secretary, Herr Busch, a very attractive or lovable man of indomitable will, the "blood and iron," who welded a divided and often antagonistic Germany into a great empire. These letters to his wife reveal a quite different aspect of his character. From the flinty rock of deep and pure and tender passion rush forth. His grim and as sardonic character is softened and sweetened by the influence of a good woman's love. In these letters, Bismarck unveils his utter frankness. A vein of earnest piety is shown, and a touch of quaint humour.

They are the right sort of love-letters. They are not merely the effusions of youthful passion. They reveal the ever-deepening affection and devotion of a whole life.

They cover a period of twenty years, and those addressed to the Emperor and his wife are the companion of his long and illustrious career are as loving and ten-

der as those addressed to his girl-bride.

"Love-Letters of Bismarck." Letters to his Fiancee and Wife, 1846-1871. Authorized by Prince Herbert von Bismarck and translated from the German under the supervision of Charlton T. Lewis. Illustrated with portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam & Brothers. Toronto: William B. Eerdmans. Pp. 428. Price, \$3.00.

der as those addressed to his girl-bride.

The domestic virtues of the Germans, as described by Tacitus, enabled them to repel the attacks of the Latin race two millenniums ago. The same virtues, we believe, enabled them to overthrow the French Empire, and by their rapid growth in numbers, to leave the French Republic hopelessly behind.

From the very first the letters strike a religious note. In asking the father of his fiancée for "the highest thing that he could dispose of in this world, the hand of his daughter," Yunker Bismarck confesses that at the time of his confirmation, in his sixteenth year, he had no other belief than a bare Deism, that he had ceased to pray because prayer seemed inconsistent with his view of God's nature, that by reading Strauss and similar writers he had been led only deeper into a blind alley of doubt. But he made the acquaintance of a religious family, who "accepted the teachings of Scripture as true and holy, with childlike trust." He began the study of God's Word. The fatal illness of a friend tore the first ardent prayer from his heart. By reliance on God's grace he purposed to live a Christian life.

He frequently, throughout the letters, quotes Scripture, refers to his daily Bible-readings, and often uses English phrases, and quotes from the British poets; but he says, "The English poems of mortal misery trouble me no more now; that was of old, when I looked into nothing—cold and stiff, snow-drifts in my heart."

The German, like the Scottish language, lends itself to the use of endearing diminutives, which he did not fail to employ.

The bride-elect had six names: Jeanette Friedericke Charlotte Eleonore Dorothea von Puttkamer, which the lover used in all manner of combinations, in many tongues, including Polish. He addresses her as "Angelia, mon ange—my angel"; and "ma tres chere, mon adoree Jeanneton." "My Heart, I have warmed myself at your dear letter," he says; "Gloriana mia," "Jean the Black"—he refers often to her "blue-black grey eyes;" "Ma reine, be patient with your

faithful slave ;" Jeanne la mechante ; beautiful tigress ; chere et bonne ; my belovedst beloved ; beloved Juanita ; Jeanne la sage ; " Farewell, and God guard you. Yours altogether and for ever, dear Johanna." When she was ill, he writes, " My Poor Sick Kitten." She is " the apple of his eye ;" " the rose of the wilderness." His favourite pet name was, Sweet-heart, or Dear Heart, or Dear Nanne, or Nan." He repeats in many languages the phrase " Jeannetke, ich liebe dir ;" " io, ti voglio ben'assai ;" " I love you ;" " Je t'adore." He counts not merely the days, but the two hundred and eighty hours till they shall meet. The lady seems to have but one form of address, " Hochwohlgeboren," " Right Honourable."

Tender to his girl wife, he was capable of inflexible sternness to others. He speaks of his sarcastic-sardonic-ironic-satiric character.

There is an unexpected and playful vein of fun in these letters. Good, long letters they are, too, several pages, often written amid the hurly-burly of a tumultuous assembly, or in dismal country taverns.

His fiancee had a serious illness. He insists, " We must share with each other joy and suffering. I must and will bear your sorrows and your thoughts, your naughtinesses, if you have any, and love you as you are, not as you ought to be or might be."

" We do not mean to marry for the bright days only," he writes, and he insists. " If I am to be tormented, as you say, with 'an unendurable, dispirited, nervous being,' I must seek Christian consolation for it." He wants to marry her sick or well, and his masterful will had its way, just as it had in annexing Schleswig-Holstein to Germany.

" Worshipped while blooming, when she fades forgot," he quotes, and adds, " There are qualities that never fade ; I shall worship you as long as I live, because you will never give up blooming"—and he kept his word long after youth's bloom had passed away.

He was a dike captain, having charge of the River Elbe during the spring floods, and kept like a sentry at his post. " We are not in this world to be happy and to enjoy," he says, " but to do our duty." He exhorts her to be " joyful in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer."

He plans a wedding tour to Switzerland and down the Rhine, if funds

suffice ; if not, they will make a shorter trip. He is a most devoted husband, and " divided his time between political battles and the apron at the sick-bed."

His ideal of earthly happiness is " a family life filled with a peaceful haven, into which a wind perchance forces its way through the storms of the world-ocean ruffles the surface, but its depths remain clear and still ; as the cross of the Lord is raised in them."

After their marriage they were much separated by his political duties. After long absence he writes her from Berlin, " I must have you here were we married for ? If you come soon I shall take to gamblers drinking. Above all things, quickly—in a hurry, swiftly, in—to your dear little husband. This sounds very funny from a gigantic guardsman. " To be a wife," he adds, " is to lead a life."

He was a devoted father, and toys and presents for the children among them shoes, which he gave a size large to last another year. " Give a hug," he writes, " to your grey-bearded dad, and to the little scamps."

The children were attacked with cholera. The father in Berlin was in an agony of suspense. " Watching cannot help," he writes, " God in heaven, we submit."

He is conscious, like Paul, of the remains of the carnal mind, and seeks God, by his Holy Spirit, to subdue his stubborn heart with humiliations. " Only the grace of God can make one person out of the mass within me, and so strengthen me with the portion that it shall have of the devil's share."

His love of nature is shown in his descriptions of scenery, and his procession of the seasons in Thiergarten at Berlin, and he is glad if the storks have arrived yet in their country home.

During the stormy period when all Europe was shaken by revolution, when Berlin was under martial law, he writes, " God, who moves the worlds go round, can also move me with His wings."

Away back in the '50's he was a man of peace than he was in the '60's. " Give thanks and glory to God," he writes, " who grants

and has not denied His blessing upon my own modest work."

After dining with the King and receiving highest honours, he writes: "I am very much worried by the illness of dear little Midget; but I go to sleep, and He awakes me."

He was no Christian Scientist. Of course, he writes, "prayer is better than pills, but don't neglect medicine." When the child is ill, he writes, "Praise and glory to God that He has heard our prayers; may He also, hereafter, look upon our sins, but be gracious to us. Thank the faithful and merciful Father for our knees."

After receiving the Communion, he says, "I was almost hopeless, and wanted to leave the world because I did not consider myself worthy to join in the ceremony in the final prayer from the Lord gave me leave, and a sum of money, and afterwards I felt very

at all his intensely domestic life. He yet writes, "It is probable that for long years to come I shall be at home only as a transient visitor, absent on leave, but I am an old soldier, and whither He sends me I must go, and I believe He will shape my life as He needs it. Take courage in what God does is well done. How sad and sick from longing, I earnestly implore God to give me strength to do my duty. Life is short, and we are still apart from the other. God has placed me here, and I must be an earnest man and soldier for the King and the country what He will. May God have you and His faithful keeping. I pray for you, and evening more earnestly for you, and believe that I am

that he is promoted to the Championship, with a large salary, and his wife that she, poor child, is not so stiff and sedate, and be of excellence. He urges her to be familiar with French, so as to be in diplomatic circles. "But it is a matter of life and death, and my wife, not the diplomats', can just as well learn German as can learn French. For I shall be in order to love you in order according to the need of my mind in order to have in the world of the strange world a place of my heart, which all the world's people cannot chill, and where I

may find the warmth of the home-fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without; but not to have a society woman for my comfort, and I shall cherish and nurse my little fireplace, put wood on it and blow, and protect it against all that is evil and strange, for, next to God's mercy, there is nothing which is dearer and more necessary to me than your love, and the homelike hearth which stands between us everywhere, even in a strange land, when we are together."

He preferred, himself, to use his native German speech. "I cannot talk French with my dear, faithful Lord and Saviour. It seems ungrateful."

There is only one house in Berlin which offers congenial company, that of the English Ambassador, Lord Crowley. Bismarck was a shrewd diplomat himself. "I am making headlong progress in the art of saying nothing by using many words." He describes a dinner with "Old Rothschild," whom he describes as a "little, thin, grey imp of a man," but a poor man in his palace, childless, a widower, cheated by his servants, and ill-treated by his kinsfolk, who will inherit his treasures without gratitude and without love. There was many a hundredweight of silverware, gold forks, and spoons on the table. But at this splendid banquet the host touches nothing at his dinner, but eats only "undefiled food."

He admonishes his wife that her letters are opened by postal spies, so she must "write nothing that the police may not read."

He thinks without pleasure of his wasted, swaggering youth when he was the hero of eighteen—or was it twenty-eight?—duels. "Would that it might please God," he writes, "to fill with his clear and strong wine this vessel, in which at that time the champagne of twenty-two-year-old youth sparkled uselessly away, leaving stale dregs behind. If I should live now as I did then, without God, without you, without children, I should, in fact, be at a loss to know why I should not cast off this life like a soiled shirt; and yet most of my acquaintances are thus, and they live."

We note, as his political duties become more engrossing, we think, a deterioration of character. He writes "I am a real heathen, for I do not get to church any more, and always

travel on Sundays. I have a very guilty conscience about it; for I serve men on the day when I should serve only God."

He complains that his wrists and fingers are lame with writing. What a boon the typewriter would have been!

He lived much with the great kings and emperors. He notes that twenty thousand rix-dollars' worth of gold-encumbered uniforms sat at a gala dinner-table. He had no taste for banquets or state splendour. He hated to be stared at as if he were a new rhinoceros of the zoological garden.

As an extraordinary example of a perverted conscience, we note his account of a duel before which he "spent an hour in prayer," and was sorry he had not winged his antagonist. The thought of his wasted youth continually haunts him. He writes, "The happy married life and the children God has given me are to me as the rainbow that gives me the pledge of reconciliation after the deluge of degeneracy and want of love which in previous years covered my soul."

His dignities rapidly increased. He was successively appointed Minister to St. Petersburg and Paris, Minister, President, and Imperial Chancellor. At Paris he was presented to Queen Victoria, the Emperor and Empress, and was treated with remarkable kindness. He travelled extensively throughout Europe, over ten thousand miles in a year, and wrote from most of its great cities, and from many of its byways, sometimes sixty miles from a railway.

At a great review at St. Petersburg he says, "The Czar devoted himself to me as particularly as though he had got up the parade for my benefit." His German thrift is shown by his urging his wife to return a telegram that he might recover an overcharge on the same.

The northern spring in Russia came like an explosion—in forty-

eight hours from the cond budding twigs to that of a thick curtain. It seemed to have occurred to Nature that she had slept her time, and was putting twenty-four hours her entire dress from head to foot. The thermometer rose to 120 degrees in the sun, no summer clothes, and was discommoded.

During a holiday at Biarritz "I have a bad conscience as many beautiful things without." On the eve of the Austro-Prussian campaign he writes, "I hope to come to our senses before Europe on fire for the sake of slaying some little princes."

When the war came in 1870, in the thick of it. The Emperor was lost, killed and wounded, twenty thousand men, fifteen thousand officers. He was thirteen hours on his saddle. "His horse," he writes, "was not shy at shot nor at bayonet." He bivouacked on the street pavement with no straw.

A great brewer enticed two Prussians into a cellar, made them drunk, and set it on fire.

He asks his wife to send him thousands of cigars for the soldiers' hospital.

He describes to his wife the surrender of Napoleon after the battle of Sedan, September 2, 1870. He mounted a narrow, rickety carriage with the Emperor, to a room twelve square, with a wooden table and rush-bottom chairs. "What contrast to our last interview at the Tuilleries!" "How strange and mantic are God's ways," he writes, "where remarks are made." "The two days of France one hundred thousand men and an Emperor."

Amid this hurly-burly he writes, "Happy is the man whom God has given a virtuous wife, who writes to him every day." And so to the sweet idyl of domestic love, and the sombre tragedy of war, and the overthrow of empires.

"GO IN PEACE."

"Go in peace;" the Lord hath spoken.
Hast thou faith? That faith avails.
Not one word of His is broken,
Not one promise ever fails.

Pardon He hath freely given;
Fear not; all is well with thee.

Sin is gone, and bonds are riven;
Jesus says so; thou art free.

Saved through faith! Believe it
Do not doubt thy soul's release.
His the word; all honour give it.
Jesus saves thee. "Go in peace."

—Rev. Frank P. B.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The whole world has been following with intense interest their royal progress throughout the British Colonies, a progress unparalleled in the history of the British Empire. Nothing has more strikingly illustrated the solidarity of the

of love and loyalty which has everywhere greeted the heir apparent to the British throne, and his accomplished and beautiful wife. Nowhere has that tribute been more spontaneous, more hearty and enthusiastic, than throughout the Dominion of Canada.

Current Topics and Events.

SEPTEMBER SIXTH, 1901.

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

A stowaway slept in a nook in the hold ;
Fiercely the storm smote the writhing wave,
And the good ship strained while her captain told
The turbulent watches, growing heart-old
As he guided his craft to a port or a grave.

The young sun smiled on the ship as she rode
At anchor, and flashed morning-peace on the bay.
But the skulker saw where the captain strode
On the deck late scarred by the tempest's goad,
And smote him as only a man-fiend may !

—*The Outlook.*



RECENT PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT
M'KINLEY.

A WORLD-SORROW.

All the world has been waiting, with scarce a metaphor, it may be said, with bated breath, around the couch of President McKinley. Seldom have the sympathies of all civilized lands been so called forth as by the craven and cruel attack upon his life. It seems the very irony of civilization that it has made it possible for one of

the worst and most worthless of men to imperil the life of one of the best. But out of seeming evil, God oftentimes educes good. Few things could have drawn the English-speaking peoples around the wide world so closely together as the outburst of sympathy for the President and for the nation of which he was the chosen chief.

Vaulting ambition has again overleaped itself, and the very effort to harm the President made him for ever the idol of the nation. He never appeared more noble than in that moment of supreme peril. His first thought was for his invalid wife, his second an intercession for his assassin, his third a regret for the injury wrought the great Fair.

"He wore the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years." No ruler of our time seemed more near to the heart of the people over whom he ruled. Sprung from their ranks, and about at the termination of his office again to return to the ranks, having just received by the free suffrages of his countrymen a new verdict of approval of his course, and a new lease of authority and power; having just returned from a triumphal tour exceeding in extent any ever attempted by a reigning sovereign of Europe, and while in the very act of receiving a great popular ovation, the bullet of a reckless anarchist plunged a nation into grief.

"The great tide of sympathy," says the Philadelphia Press, "has flowed around the world. No land is absent and no people silent. Most of all, at this moment of overwhelming national sorrow, the English-speaking

vered though it be by all the
d loyal to differing flags, feels
ty of common emotions, com-
mpathies, and an embracing
d regard for its greater figures
draw near the veil, if it be
at Osborne House or the
rmer's son at Buffalo, no less
and loved."

a few months ago the sym-
f President McKinley with the
f the British Empire in the
their beloved Queen touched
hearts. Now the sincere ex-
1 of the heartfelt sorrow of
dward awakens a responsive
n every American soul.

e words of the great poet who
alike to all English-speaking
we find a phrase which seems
opriate as if written for this
asion. This man

Hath borne his faculties so meek,
hath been
r in his great office that his virtues
lead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against
ep damnation of his taking off."

ier quotation from the great
ems equally appropriate:

rell, I charge thee, fling away am-
bition:
thy right hand carry gentle peace,
nce envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not:
l the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,
Jod's, and truth's; then if thou
fall'st
fall'st a blessed martyr."

ere was the sympathy for the
nt and the nation of which he
e honoured head more marked

Canada. Our very proximity
scene of the tragedy brought it
o every soul. Nowhere were
rvent prayers offered than in
adian pulpits. The transient
at the Ecumenical Conference
by the breezy debate on the
ar was buried beneath the tide
ng called forth by this colossal
a feeling all the more intense
e distinguished sufferer was an
d member of the Methodist

It has been a revelation to
s in the Old World, where the
the State is also the head of
ate Church, and hereditary
der of the Faith," that the
xecutive of eighty millions of
was a Methodist local
r, and by precept and practice,

by "walk and conversation," was as
worthy a Defensor Fidei as any of
them all.

It is gratifying to know that a
Canadian lady, Miss McKenzie, of
Brockville, Ont., was one of the de-
voted nurses who ministered to Pres-
ident McKinley during his fatal ill-
ness.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Since the above words were writ-
ten the President has passed away.
Of him in a nobler sense than that in
which they were written is it true,
"Nothing in his life became him like
the leaving it." If anything were
needed to deepen the passionate affec-
tion felt by the American people for
their great chief, it was the Christian
dignity with which he "wrapped the
drapery of his couch about him and
lay down to sleep." "Come and see
how a Christian can die," says Ad-
dison; but with no self-conscious-
ness, in utter simplicity of soul, trust-
ing solely in the merits of his Re-
deemer, this great man repeats that
hymn of faith and hope, "Nearer, my
God, to thee," and to his weeping
wife gives the Christian consolation,
"God's will, not ours, be done."
Nothing can surpass the moral sub-
limity of the scene. He is not dead,
but allve for evermore, more alive
than ever he was. He has taken his
place for ever among the great im-
mortals of the race.

Again we emphasize the unifying
influence of this common sorrow of
the English-speaking people. This
feeling is expressed in the words of
The Westminster Gazette: "It is not
too much to say that the whole
Anglo-Saxon race was kneeling at his
bedside, clinging to hope as long as
hope existed."

All the more was that feeling
deepened when at length he passed
"to where beyond these voices there
is peace."

No message of sympathy was more
heartfelt and well expressed than that
from our own Dr. Carman, represent-
ing the Methodist Church of Canada.
The pronounced utterance of the
Duke of York and Cornwall, of sym-
pathy with the American people, will,
we are sure, deeply touch their hearts.

In the development of the indi-
vidual character we can often learn
from the blessed ministry of pain. It is



ON THE THRESHOLD.

The cartoon from "Harper's Journal of Civilization," which we present, is not quite complete. Not only do the North and the South mourn over the untimely death of the great President, the whole world joins them in heartfelt grief.

through much tribulation that we enter the kingdom. Oftentimes are God's saints made perfect through suffering. It is so also of nations. Oftentimes, by a baptism of blood, of suffering, of sorrow, are the best and noblest traits of nationhood developed. When a man or a people say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," it is in deadly peril. But when, in the height of its prosperity, a crushing blow falls and a nation humbles itself beneath the mighty hand of God, then is it touched to finer issues than any wrought by material prosperity. So nobler ideals of man-

hood have been created by the martyrdom of Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley, whose sun went down at noon, than if they had lingered to the late twilight of old age. Their memory is mightier than that of any in a long line of Presidents, unless it be that of Washington, the "Father of his Country."

"Only those are crowned and sainted,
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer."

The last public utterance of Mr. McKinley, a prayer for peace and concord among the nations, might well



MRS. M'KINLEY.

written in letters of gold as his
 ph.
 et us ever remember that
 interest is in concord,
 conflict. . . . Our ear-
 prayer is that God will
 onusly vouchsafe prosperity, hap-
 s, and peace to all our neigh-
 s, and like blessings to all the
 es and powers of earth."

A TRIBUTE OF KINDRED.

er of Kings, and King of brother men,
 o and martyr, lo! thou dost not sleep.
 strenuous soul, beyond our mortal ken,
 sues life's journey through the eternal
 deep.

here, not here, lives on the lofty aim,
 iron purpose of a steadfast life,
 strong, brave heart that forged a death-
 less name
 tender love of duty, land, and wife.

ghty Sister in our loyal line,
 erica! guard well his sacred dust,
 rief is ours, e'en as our blood is thine—
 twain who hold the great world's
 peace in trust.

—Frederick George Scott, in
 "Montreal Star."

ANARCHISM

e President's words, "Do not
 this man," uttered in the very
 ent when he was stricken down,
 stern rebuke to the incendiary
 s of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, who,
 ie following Sabbath, uttered the

regret that the wretched murderer had
 not been lynched on the spot—an ex-
 pression endorsed by a mob of ten
 thousand persons, for mob it became
 when a worshipping assembly vocifer-
 ated such truly anarchic sentiments.

There is no lesson the American
 people more need to learn than that
 of maintaining the supreme majesty
 of the law. It is cause for congratu-
 lation that even in the wild frenzy of
 the murderous attack upon the Presi-
 dent, its administrators kept their
 heads and rescued the murderer from
 the vengeance of the mob.

Another of the lessons the United
 States and Great Britain alike must
 learn, is that they must no longer
 permit a nest of vipers like those of
 Paterson, N.J., and in the slums of
 Whitechapel, to hiss and sting and in-
 cite to murder and sedition. Liberty
 of the press and liberty of speech are
 one thing, but anarchic incitements
 and conspiracies are another. "These
 wretches," The Independent justly
 says, "are mostly foreigners, or of
 foreign parentage, who have learned,
 under tyranny, to hate all government.
 They are atheists, having no fear of
 God or of future life, and are swal-
 lowed up by the conceit of their own
 folly, and think they make them-
 selves heroes for all the ages if they
 sacrifice their own lives to slay the
 tyrants of the world. They are very
 few, but they are very dangerous.
 Their insignificance gives them the
 protection of obscurity, while the dis-
 tinction of their victims raises them
 to world-wide notoriety of fame.
 Against their bullet or dagger no
 President, no King, no Emperor, no
 Czar is safe."

To the reckless anarchist nothing is
 sacred. Even our own beloved
 Sovereign, Queen Victoria, was sev-
 eral times the target of murderous
 weapons. The motto of the an-
 archist is, "Down with all that is
 up;" the purpose of Christianity is,
 "Up with all that is down."

A YELLOW PERIL.

There is another peril to law and
 order and public decency. The
 irresponsible yellow press, in which
 nothing is sacred, by savage cartoon
 and bitter attack vilifies, denounces,
 and caricatures the chosen chief
 magistrate of the nation. For months,
 for years, the yellowest of them all
 has followed this course, representing

ad nauseam the President and Vice-President as odious monkey-like dwarfs, led by a bloated brutal figure representing the Trusts. These, in their way, are no less a peril to civilization than the vapourings of Emma Goldman or the fanaticism of Leon Czolgosz. The British theory is, "The King can do no wrong," the doctrine of the journals opposed to the American Government is, "The President can do no right." This is not legitimate criticism, it is literary Hooliganism.

The journals that set in battle array class against class, the rich against the poor, capital against labour, are the greatest enemies of the State.

Brotherhood, not antagonism, is the keynote of the higher civilization of, let us hope, the near future.

"But now are they many members, yet but one body. Nay, much more, those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

BETTER THAN SOLDIERS.

The United States authorities in the Philippines have already employed a thousand American teachers, many of them from Methodist schools and colleges. These were selected out of eight thousand volunteers. They will be the best civilizers of the Tagalogs and Filipinos. Schools, not garrisons, are what are needed. The English language, with all the traditions and inspirations of liberty for which it is the vehicle, will be the chief means of instruction.

The schoolmaster is also abroad in South Africa, and many thousands of the Boer children in refugee camps are acquiring a knowledge of this world-wide speech, in addition to the local patois in which they have been trained. Boers are enrolling by hundreds as British scouts and guards.

Lord, here's a heart,
Thy temple it should be. Good Master,
rout
All mean intruders, turn the dearest out,
And only let Thine own true priest-
hood in:
Be Thou the keeper; keep from every sin.
O, take this heart!

Not more than eight thousand desperadoes are skulking in the drifts and dongas, and these will soon see the folly of their resisting the inevitable.

STOP THE WAR.

This has been the clamour of Mr. Stead and his party for months. Very good counsel, indeed, it is, if addressed to those who began the war and now prolong it, to those who invaded British territory, besieged British towns, and annexed British colonies. But he has not done this. He has encouraged by every means in his power these enemies of his country to prolong the war.

To-day's despatches report of the Boer women who, weary of the strife, sought to induce their husbands and kinsfolk to accept Britain's terms of peace, that they found these ignorant fanatics deluded by the account of Stead and Labouchere's pro-Boer meetings that Britain "was on the verge of civil war" over the South African question. The men who fostered this delusion are the men who are largely responsible for the prolonging of the war, with all its waste of treasure and of blood. The dynamiting trains bearing peaceful passengers, women, and children, among them Red Cross nurses, is savagism, not civilized war. The proposal to carry leading burghers on these trains to safeguard the lives of the passengers, will, we hope, prevent such cruel outrage.

The yellow press, after its wont, announced in flaming headlines that France had sent an ultimatum to Turkey, and that if not complied with, Constantinople would be bombarded in twenty-four hours. Constantinople is not bombarded yet, nor likely to be. The Sultan will always yield to pressure if it be but persistent enough, and if he can no longer play off the powers against one another.

Lord, here's a life,
With all its possibilities of ill
Or boundless good, as Thou, my Lord, shalt
will:
If Thou dost bless, life shall a blessing be:
If Thou withhold, Lord, all must come from
Thee.
O, take this life!

Religious Intelligence.

PAN-METHODISM.

Ecumenical Conference has attracted greater attention than ever though the Associated Press emphasizes doubtless the differences of opinion rather than the great underlying agreement. It is strange that in America, "the land of the free," the negro should suffer such social disabilities, a monarchial and aristocratic system there is absolutely no exception." The half-dozen American delegates who left their hotel on the day of the presence of a coloured man do not represent the highest type of civilization or Christian brother-

Bishop Walters, himself a coloured man, received the heartiest welcome of the American delegates. He says in *The Outlook*, an impassioned plea against race prejudice, and from the English people that they may hereafter be benefited by the example of his race in the future. He has been extended in the past the same treatment as the lynchings of the negro. He affirmed that in only eleven out of ninety negroes who were lynched was there proof of assault on white women.

The Boer War was another apple of discord. Sir Charles Skelton and the "Little Englander," decried the war, but Sir Henry and Mr. R. W. Perks, both Liberal statesmen, opposed it. They were hostile to the Government, mainly on the ground of its unrighteousness. Mr. Joseph of Ingersoll, Ontario, and our Mr. Potts, in strongly patriotic terms, vindicated the policy of Great Britain.

It is remarkable that from the great dependencies over seas came the most and strongest manifestations of love and loyalty to the land. "They little know of England, who only England know." The selfish politics of Mr. Labouchere are utterly inadequate to the needs of the mission and destiny of the world-wide British Empire.

A note from an exchange contains the following figures: The first Ecumenical Conference was held in City Road, London, September, 1881. Twenty-five different branches of Methodism were represented by four hundred delegates, equally divided between ministers and laymen. The second

Conference was held in Metropolitan Church, Washington, D.C., October, 1891, with five hundred delegates in attendance. Between the first and second Conferences Methodism in general advanced from a membership of barely 5,000,000 to over 6,500,000—a net gain of 1,500,000 in ten years. The present membership in round numbers is 7,400,000, making the gain in the last decade only 900,000."

DEACONESS PROGRESS.

The last report of the Toronto Deaconess Home and Training School, submitted by Rev. I. Tovell, chairman, and Rev. A. Brown, secretary, is one which causes us to thank God and take courage. We have given much prominence in this magazine to the noble work which has been accomplished by the devoted handmaids of the Lord—that is the name given them in the early Church, *Ancillae Dei*—for we are convinced that there is no more vital link between Methodism and the masses than their consecrated services. We abridge as follows some of the special features of this report:

"This work has long since passed its experimental stages. A Deaconess Home in any locality soon becomes a centre of religious activities which are felt in all directions, and gathers to itself the sympathy and support of Christian people; it demonstrates the need of its existence, and proves itself worthy of an honourable place among the institutions of the Church. All this has been abundantly realized in Toronto. Calls for deaconesses are coming in from other cities. A thoroughly qualified worker has just been appointed to the Centenary Church, Hamilton, and it is confidently expected that this will prove the beginning of a large and regularly organized work within that Conference. Another deaconess has gone to St. John's, Newfoundland; still another to Picton, Ont.

"The past year has been one of steady progress. The various departments, such as Nursing, Visiting, Kindergarten, etc., have been represented in the churches and in mission spheres by well-trained and fully-devoted deaconesses; and, while there

have been the usual discouragements incident to such labour, fruit has abounded to their account.

"The rescue work, with the advantages of a Rescue Home, now secured, may be expected to assume larger proportions and result in increasing good. To save the tempted and lift up the fallen is the Christ-like object of this effort.

"The fresh-air work has been attended with gratifying success, scores of children realizing a new joy amid country scenes, and breathing a new life away from the stifling atmosphere and demoralizing conditions of their city abodes.

"During the year over 12,000 calls have been made for various purposes. Over 2,000 hours have been spent in nursing the sick. Food has been supplied to an average of 80 families per month. Employment has been found for persons out of work at the rate of 35 per month, more than one a day being thus assisted to an honourable livelihood. Over 5,000 articles of clothing have been distributed. These figures only afford a sample of the tabulated results, while above and beyond these are the results which figures cannot enumerate, and which no classification can set forth.

"The Training School continues to attract young women who are seeking to prepare themselves for Christian service. As many students as could be accommodated have been in attendance during the past year.

"Pastors appreciate the fact that no better assistance to their work can be found than a deaconess, and even one of our missionaries has asked that a deaconess be sent to help him.

"The Metropolitan, Carlton Street, Queen Street, and Bathurst Street Churches have each engaged a deaconess to assist their minister, for whose services they pay into the treasury \$200. and car-fare, per year.

"Miss Scott, Superintendent of the Home, and other deaconesses, will gladly respond to invitations from pastors to speak in their churches. It is recommended that pastors avail themselves of this opportunity, not merely for the sake of helping the deaconess work, but for the sake of stimulation in every movement which seeks to save and bless the people."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

We quote the following article from *The Message and Deaconess Advo-*

cate, an official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church. What is said of Romanism in the United States is no less true of Romanism in Canada. Indeed, we have by far the most col-

Lydia Harrison, Louisa V. Fullerton, Annie L. Irwin, E. Jean Scott, Agnes M. Thompson, Fannie Milk, Jeanette M. Johnston, Ethelind E. Howson, Sr. CRIMINALS.
GRADUATING CLASS, 1901.



Lottie M. Deacon, Jean E. Whitworth, Anna Whitfield Day, Millicent E. Stone, Gertrude M. Winauer, Klara I. Boyd, Maudie Pettit.

sal and consolidated conventual system in this country that there is on this continent, many of the American convents having their mother house in the cities of Quebec and Montreal. Not even in Mexico, where

nan Catholic Church has had or four hundred years, is the y so dominant as in Canada. country, ecclesiastical property, h vast sums were accumulated spoliation of the people, has questrated by Government and sed for educational and similar s, and the wearing of distinc- lesiastical garbs and ecclesi- processions, which are so a feature in the Province of are not permitted in the Republic. The Advocate's is as follows :

has the deaconess work been ceaful? Why is it attracting ger attention and expectation hose who love God and hu- ? One might answer in the of one of the wisest of our , "It furnishes the principal p- place between Methodism and sed masses," but there is, I be- t still more profound reason. rld wants mothering. Mother s its part to do in winning the to Christ, as well as father : and teaching and guidance. acness movement puts the into the Church. It supplies minine element so greatly in the Protestant Church, and rooted deep in the very heart anity's needs.

Roman Church has won its vic- in America far more by its apped sisters than its black- ed priests. These women at noiselessly but tirelessly, with a, the sick, the aged, in educa- id reformation, may well com- sur study. They have thrown lves into the work of the with a courage and devotion tempts anything. Their hos- for instance, are everywhere. ie order of sisters has deter- to plant a hospital in every Indiana that has 10,000 in- ts. Methodism prides itself little hospital, in a city of 0. Romanism has five hos- in that city, and is planning r.

anism can do this work—it has men. In and near three of the al cities of our land there are

5,300 sisters. Think what it would mean to Methodism to have in three cities 5,300 deaconesses. But we have some deaconesses, and the num- ber is growing. We have caught the idea, and all the rest will follow. Orphanages, hospitals, literary schools, homes for the aged—what may we not undertake, once the now unused energies of our free women bend themselves to work? Miss Drexel, years ago, gave herself and \$10,000,000 to the Roman Church. Is there less devotion to the Methodist Church, where giving one's self to the Church means no loss of freedom, no convents, but free, joyful, loving activity?

Of our Toronto Deaconess Home Miss Horton, of the Chicago Deacon- ess Advocate, writes :

"The Wesley Avenue Home in Cin- cinnati, or the new New York build- ing may rival this, but with these possible exceptions, there is probably not a deaconess home building in America so beautifully complete in every detail. The friends to whose generous planning this is due have not spared any expense that could sub- serve comfort or convenience. The building has but one fault. It is not sufficiently expansive to meet the needs of the growing work."

Under the administration of Miss Scott the Home and Deaconess move- ment among us has reached the marked success above noted. While we are indebted to our Methodist friends of the United States for the gift to this country of Miss Scott's eminent services, it is gratifying to know that the accomplished and efficient head of the Deaconess Home in Chicago is a Canadian lady, Miss Bella Leitch. This is a kind of inter- national reciprocity of which we can stand a good deal.

Mrs. Lucy Ryder Meyer has the distinction of being the originator, in 1887, of the deaconess work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. To-day there are in that church 82 Deaconess Institutes and 28 stations, centres of work, but not of training, with 786 deaconesses and probationers at work.

He comes to make the long injustice right,
Comes to push back the shadows of the night—
The gray Tradition, full of flint and flaw—
Comes to wipe out the insults to the soul,
The insults of the few against the whole:
The insults they make righteous with a law.

Book Notices.

"The Tribulations of a Princess."

With portraits from photographs. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York and London: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 379. Price, net, \$2.25.

The great bulk of mankind who keep the noiseless tenor of their way along the cool, sequestered vale of life are apt to look with envy on those who walk its sun-gilded mountain tops. If we knew more of their real lot we would not envy them so much. Thus the self-revealing of this story is a disillusion of the glamour of rank. The author, though possessing name, fame, and fortune, was miserable. The victim of a loveless marriage, her heart pined for "the joys that happy peasants have."

Born in Brittany, the daughter of a German father and Russian mother, and the wife of an Austrian prince, she saw much of court life in many of the capitals of Europe, and amid its pomp and splendour, with banquets, where the flowers cost \$30,000, and sixty liveried footmen waited upon thirty guests, she yet confesses that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Amid the splendour of her surroundings we realize the miseries of a palace. Her dearest friend was the unhappy Empress Elizabeth of Austria, whose tragic fate cast a gloom over her life.

Like the Empress she was a keen sportswoman. Her story describes her adventures in many lands, from the snowy wastes of Siberia, with the thermometer at -48° , to the burning sands of Egypt and Algiers. She describes vividly the exactions of the Prussians from the French—a striking contrast to the clemency of the British to the Boers. "The peasants mortgaged their fields and sold their harvests before they ripened; while the highest ladies of the land pawned their jewels and gave up all display of luxury, regretting only that they could do so little when they saw the humble peasant girls and the poor fishermen's wives cutting their luxuriant tresses as if they had suddenly been stricken by the plague, in order to add what little gold they thus obtained to the glittering treasures

which the relentless Prussians so greedily demanded." Her description of the horrors of a field hospital, in which she served as a nurse, dispels the glamour of the pomp and circumstance of war. The book has more than the interest of the average novel. It is written with much literary skill, and sparkles with epigram and anecdote.

"The Mystery of Baptism." By Rev. John Stockton Axtell, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, 401 pages. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.20, net.

The subject of this book is one which has engaged the deepest attention of men for ages, and has caused countless crossings of swords in doctrinal battles. Yet the present author has gone back of the controversies in which the subject has been so long involved, and has revealed truths hitherto left hidden, has set forth the old truths in new light, giving them new force and meaning, and has, withal, cast aside the weapons of strife and debate, and clothed the truth in the garments of love.

His plan has been to take the Bible and, with some aid from Greek literature on the one side and from the early history of the Church on the other side, seek to find out the original meaning, purpose, and nature of the baptismal ceremony, his supreme desire being to exalt its highest spiritual benefits, and demonstrate the essential nature of baptism as embodied and taught in the original ceremony in contradistinction to all attendant devotional rites and other ceremonies.

The author shows from the testimony of the Catacombs and from ancient literature that the original mode of baptism, without question, was by sprinkling or pouring. He shows how a change of mode took place through the adoption of Gentile superstitions and ceremonies, and of magnifying the assumed efficacy of baptism as a cleansing rite. With the Reformation of Luther a return was made to the primitive usage in the mode of baptism with the exception of the Anabaptists and the Churches derived from them. The book is one of the most sane and sensible treatments of this subject that we know.

and Christianity." By F. Translated from the Cincinnati: Jennings & New York: Eaton & Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

is written with that full-accuracy of scientific knowledge is so characteristic of physicists. It has remarkable for its exposition of the science if for nothing else. special purpose is to show creator and his creation in tradition one another; and the discoveries of science and ever will be, powerless at His word deceived man make clear the fact how science is hidden behind the and sounding words of and how little he himself of the material creation firms to be the only one, w that the Christian and ception of the universe is l, more harmonious, more ce with facts, therefore fic than all philosophies, materialistic and atheis- purpose has been fully nd conclusively carried out essive chapters on Pro- tion, and Modern Sci- tians and Science, Science ism.

ummond." A Biographical (With Bibliography). By t Lennox. Toronto: Wm. Pp. xvi-244. Price, 75c. net.

ummond was one of the most men of his age. He capti- asses of society, the college the man on the street, even nd toughs of the slums. A ure illustrates this—Drum- ollis Hill, the residence of en, with Mr. and Mrs. Glad- and Lady Aberdeen appear- ture with the distinguished s scientific learning enabled with authority to the men his evangelistic zeal com- a to the most zealous re- this life-story he is allowed to speak for himself. All ess and humour of the man is a concise and inexpensive l, we doubt not, take its place as *the Life of Drummond*.

"Poems and Translations." By Lewis Frederick Starrett. Boston: Rand, Avery Company. Pp. viii-219.

Mr. Starrett has made a special study of German literature, especially of the German poets. In this volume are included no fewer than one hundred and thirty-three translations from the most eminent, chiefly of the present century. It includes those great masters of verse, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Uhland, and many others. The German poetic literature is very rich and full and varied, and especially in such poets as Uhland and Herder is of profound religious significance. We know not where can be found so representative a collection from this rich poetic literature. The "Black, Red, Gold," and "The Free Press," from Freiligrath, stir the pulses like the peal of a clarion. Mr. Starrett adds a number of fine original poems, including a picturesque recital of the legend of the giant St. Christopher, such a favourite theme in religious art.

"Religion and Morality." By Daniel Carey. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 92. Price, 50 cents.

Religion and Morality—these great principles which God hath joined let no man put asunder. Yet one of the most unhappy features in the history of mankind has been their wide divorce. Paul, beholding the many gods at Athens, declared that its people were too superstitious, that is, too much addicted to merely outward religion. For even among that refined and cultured people iniquity abounded. The religious teaching of Zoroaster, Gautama and Confucius contained many admirable sentiments, but they have for the most part been powerless to change the lives of their devotees.

Unhappily this divorce of religion and morality has not been unknown in Christian communities. There are some who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, yet have not exhibited His meek and lowly spirit. Pride and anger, hatred and all uncharitableness have too often been exhibited by the professed disciples of Christ. St. Dominic and Torquemada thought they did God's service by haling men and women to prison and to death for their

religious convictions. This valuable book shows how religion and morality stand related to each other in the Old Testament and the New, points out the absolute need of their intimate relation, and the sweeping reforms which it will bring about.

"Freedom's Next War for Humanity."

By Charles Edward Locke, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 299. Price, \$1.25.

The fight for freedom, perfect freedom of the body and the soul, is not yet won, nor ever will be till the last strongholds of sin shall be destroyed and universal righteousness prevail. There is need in every age for the prophet and the seer to denounce the wrong and summon men to a holy war against the wrongs and wickedness of the times. Such a man is the writer of this book. He arraigns with impassioned words the great crime of the liquor traffic, and blows a bugle-blast for a crusade against this national sin. The book is written with fervid eloquence, it is logic set on fire, and stirs the pulses like the peal of a clarion. "It is," says Bishop Fowler, "a vigorous handling in the spirit of Christian faith of the social and economic problems of the hour that refuse to be postponed."

"Sanctification: Right Views and Other Views."

By S. M. Merrill. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 105. Price, thirty cents.

Notwithstanding the many books on this subject, Bishop Merrill's little treatise is not superfluous. "My persuasion is firm," he says, "that the founders of our Methodism apprehended and forcefully presented the scope and spirit of the Gospel with reference to the privileges of believers in their wonderful experiences of emerging from sin—death—into the full-orbed life of righteousness." This little book is published to call attention afresh to these old views, clear and cogent teachings of John Wesley, and that "it may aid in removing the reproach that has come to the doctrine through partial, superficial, and extreme teachings." The book cannot fail, if devoutly studied, to do much good.

"Atonement." A Brief Study. By S. M. Merrill. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 160. Price, 30c.

Many bulky books have been written on this important subject, but we know of none where it is treated so concisely yet clearly and satisfactorily as in this short study by Bishop Merrill. There are many loose and fallacious teachings in current literature on this subject. "There are scores of busy laymen, Sunday-school teachers, officers of the Epworth League, and even young ministers, whose duty it is to help others of less experience than themselves, who may receive benefit from its perusal." For such persons this book would be of great value.

"Selections from the Writings of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A."

Compiled and arranged with a preface by Herbert Welch. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 342. Price, \$1.25.

While a great many Methodists know a good deal about John Wesley, they may be hardly said to know John Wesley himself. There is nothing like reading a man's own writings to know the man. To read these sermons, letters and short articles is like hearing John Wesley preach or speak. His letter to a Roman Catholic will greatly raise our estimate both of the staunch Protestantism, kindly and liberal Christianity and broad Catholicity of the venerable founder of Methodism.

"The Convert and His Relations."

By L. W. Munhall, M.A., D.D. Author of "Furnishing for Workers," "Lord's Return, and Kindred Truth," etc. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 194. Price, \$1.

Dr. Munhall has had large experience as an evangelist, and he here embodies in a series of brief chapters wise counsels to the young convert on his relations to the Holy Spirit, to the Church, to the Bible, to the world, to the work, to the future.

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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"NAIPIHO." ALMA-TADEMA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1901.



"LATE."

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

BY BERNARD M'EVROY.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA (with the accent on the Tad), possesses the robust physical strength and nervous energy which seems to be indispensable, or nearly so, to great performances in art, or literature, or music. The Bohemian superstition that long limps are the invariable accompaniments of the artistic temperament is passing away. Commonplace virtues of self-restraint and regular appreciating—to use a
LIV. No. 5.

currency term—in the best art circles. Accordingly, when you meet Alma-Tadema in a London street, or near Regent's Park, where his residence and studio are situated, his short, virile, broad-shouldered figure, his clear eye and wholesome face suggest the idea of a pervading earnestness. As you look after him you find it easy to believe that he has painted 300 pictures, and that most of them are famous. He was one of the men who were thought of as possible Presidents of the Royal Academy, and he must be counted as one of the few really great painters of Europe.

His ancestry is Dutch. He was born in Donryp, Friesland, in the north of Holland, sixty-five years ago. The first step in his artistic career was getting a broad and



LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

liberal education at the Leeuwarden Gymnasium. He became especially interested in classics. At this time of his life he was so passionately devoted to Greek and Latin literature that his contemporaries might easily have supposed that he would make his mark as a scholar. Love of art was, however, in his blood. His classical education was to be used, but not in the ordinary way. The more he saw of the great triumphs of Dutch art, and drank into its traditions, the more he longed to

be a painter. He left the Gymnasium with honours, and became a student in the Antwerp Academy—one of the most famous schools of art in Europe—in 1852. There was living at this time in Antwerp, Baron Henry Leys, a history and *genre* painter of considerable eminence. He had a somewhat stiff and formal style, but he was a solid artist, and to his studio as a disciple Alma-Tadema went when he was eighteen or nineteen. He had shown in the Academy much pertinacious Dutch industry, and he carried the same earnest endeavour



“THE PICTURE GALLERY.”

studio of his new master. His genius was shown in nothing just that portion of Baron Leys' example that could be imitated by his own idiosyncrasy without disturbing his characteristic aims. A weaker man could have produced results which might have been called Leys and so on. As a matter of fact he

produced pictures that were Baron Leys plus Alma-Tadema. When he was twenty-five he got his first work accepted for the exhibition of the Antwerp Academy. The following year he exhibited at Amsterdam, was awarded a gold medal, and began to be known as a rising young artist who was sure to do something.



“THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.”

Mr. Gambart of the French gallery, London, was the first to bring Alma-Tadema's work before the British public. It made an instant impression, because it had characteristics which the public could appreciate. Here were things such as marble, and drapery, and curtains, and ancient furniture, painted so that it did not need an artis-

tic education to admire them. The marble looked hard, and one could see the polish on it; you could almost push back that curtain, and pick up that flower. The Dutch painters had long been celebrated for this realism, but the British public were not so familiar with it as might be supposed. Also the continental artists had exhibited



"A BACCHANTE."

skill on classic scenes. In- had brought the world face to with the daily life of old e. and other French painters as Hamon and Coomans had wed suit. Alma-Tadema made eciality of what had been with : painters only a branch of t. He brought to the task his

unparalleled archæological know- ledge and his classic learning.

In 1865, he sent to London his "Egyptian Games"; in 1866, "The Roman Dance"; in 1863, "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles." In 1869, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, his picture being "A Roman Amateur." Thence-

forward came, what have been well called, "the long variations of lovely work in sunshine, bronzes, mar-

One of the results of the welcome he received in England was that he made it his adopted coun-



AT THE MURINE OF VENUS.

bles, flowers and stuffs, tinted with refined colours, which the artist would seem to have created himself before he used them."

try, and London his home. He received letters of denization from the Queen in 1873. He has since steadfastly pursued the path of

ism, for which he was so fitly fitted by his education and luminous reading. He has it before us the times when, Rome and Greece, art and luxury went hand in hand; apparently so much because of the historical interest of the period, as that afforded a fine opportunity for the display of all that was beautiful and congenial to pure art. He uses the Greeks, Romans and Christians as they lived and entertained themselves; as a rule, without neglecting historical events that help him to make pictures

night where he fell. The cowardly Claudius has hidden behind the curtain, and the moment selected for the picture is when the Roman soldiers, in their zeal to exterminate the Imperial family, are searching the palace, discover the trembling creature, and, in mockery, hail him as the successor of him whose bloody corpse lies there before them. The cynical crowd look on and mock also. The colouring and exquisite beauty of all the accessories of this picture cannot be conveyed by the best reproduction in black and



"AUTUMN."

strong literary interest. If in the dim future some artist should paint the Canadians of the past two or three centuries in the same manner, he will select for his subjects "Montreal Snow-shoers," "Canadian Ladies Wheeling," rather than the "Landing of Jacques Cartier," or "The Battle of the Plains of Abascoenston Heights." For two or three times, however, he has been selected for this role. In his picture, entitled "A Roman Emperor," Alma-Tadema gives us a picture of a historic painting of tragic interest. Caligula has been murdered, and his body has lain all

white. Neither can those of the "Sappho." The Greek poetess sits in a rapt attitude, chin on arms, at her desk, on which lies her laurel crown. Behind her, on marble seats, are three of the pupils of her school. Beside her stands her daughter, the personification of innocent beauty. Sappho is looking intently at Alcaeus, who is said to have been deeply in love with her. At this time he is wishful to secure her aid in a political scheme. He introduces it apparently by gently touching his lute. It is all most poetical and artistic, and the

sunshine on the waves is enchanting. But the reproduction fails to convey the colour facts. Sappho is clothed in a lovely "dream" of pale green and gray. She has violets in her hair. Alcaeus prosecutes his mission in a rose-coloured garment.

The "Vintage Festival" is a marvel of drawing, of colouring, of archæology, and of splendour. It brings the ancient ceremonies before us in the most vivid way, and if it represents the festive people in rather subdued and "stained-glass attitudes," we must accept that as a phase of the master's art. He does not aim at dramatic intensity, he wishes to show us that the life of art and poetry was a life of calm and equable joyousness. Consequently the processionists are inexpressibly elegant and artistic. Painters rave about that picture. That and others have created quite a school of Alma-Tadema copyists, who try to paint marble and silken products of the loom, and graceful girls of the old Greek and Roman times, with as much accuracy and realism as he does. It may be said, by the way, that it is reported that commissions given to Alma-Tadema now are given with the distinct understanding that the projected picture shall contain at least a piece of silk or tapestry,

some of that marvellously painted marble, or a bit of mosaic. Mr. Alma-Tadema, by his excellent and prodigious skill in these directions, touches the heart of the *nouveau riche* as infallibly as he touches the heart of the artistic and poetical amateur, who only wishes he, too, could give him a commission.

Of "The Picture Gallery," may be said that it is crammed full of artistic sweetness and light. The Roman amateur who is looking at the picture on the easel is just the type of man we want in Canada. Rich, enthusiastic and impressionable, he is drinking in the beauty of that picture. The price? That is a minor consideration. And when this particular picture was first exhibited, all the women went mad with admiration over that silk cushion used as a footstool.

The position Mr. Alma-Tadema has attained in art has been widely recognized. He has won many honours. He is a member of the Royal Academies of Amsterdam, Munich, Berlin, Stockholm, and Madrid. He became an associate of the Royal Academy in London in 1876; a Royal Academician in 1879. He is an officer of the French Legion of Honour, and must have a whole cabinet full of medals.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY S. JEAN WALKER.

O, Lord, the Giver of our days
Of changing seasons as they move,
To Thee we offer prayer and praise,
Proclaim Thy mercy, power and love,
Our thankful hearts shall ever own
Our gratitude to Thee alone.

For loss we thank Thee as for gain,
For griefs our souls have sanctified,
For joy Thy love wrought from our pain,
For hopes our hearts have been denied.
Thy presence every day made bright,
And gladdened every sorrow's night.

Though tempests round our pathway rolled,
We felt Thee our defence and guide,
In Thy great goodness love controlled,
Thamesville, Ont.

Our every want Thy hand supplied.
Our souls from storm and conflict freed,
Rested in Thee our strength, our need.

When fettered, blind, with worldly care,
Thy sacred touch our vision cleared,
Our souls forgiven, rose in prayer,
The angel of Thy peace appeared
Breathing the gift Thy love imparts,
Calming our wild and wayward hearts.

Our feeble tongues for utterance fail
To tell Thy goodness, sing Thy praise:
But when we pass death's shadowed vale
A song eternal we shall raise.
And share in a new, wondrous way,
An endless, true Thanksgiving Day.

THE MARKHAM MENNONITES.

AN OVERLOOKED CHAPTER IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.



WHEN Toronto was merely "Muddy Little York," when the rude log cabin occupied the site of to-day's college, cathedral or club, and when the smoke curled lazily from the Indian's tepee on the spot where it is now vomited in volumes from the tall factory chimney, the Mennonites were already established in the neighbouring township of Markham. They are there to-day. About a century ago one of their number was despatched to this country to select the land on which Toronto has since risen was then sold at a York shilling (twelve half cents) an acre; and he would have had as much as he could get of it at that figure. He did not get such an ill-favoured piece of property, however, but poorly adapted for the purposes of his business; and counted it dear at any price. Passing onward to the west and east, he reached at length the higher lands. Here he found a country covered with an almost impenetrable forest, but offering promise for an agricultural people. Forthwith he purchased the saddled horse and four hundred acres of this territory; and, like a true

have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to the courtesy of The Outlook, of New York, for the cuts on pages 395, 396, and 398 illustrating this



AN OLD MINISTER.

Joshua, returned with a good report. This was, of course, instrumental in securing the immigration of the colony; and they acquired their freeholds with remarkable ease. That was the era when one fine farm in Markham was bought for a cow and a buffalo skin, while another cost but a barrel of whiskey. I am unable to approximate the value of the horse or cow of that golden period. But we know something definite about the whiskey. The barrel contained forty gallons, and was worth forty York shillings. That as the price of a farm of a hundred acres places its market quotation at precisely five cents an acre! But before many decades of the Mennonite tenure of these lands had elapsed they had appreciated at a ratio varying from a



TYPICAL MENNONITE.

hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand per centum.

There are many potent, grave and reverend seigneurs in Toronto who have long been engaged in the task of helping to consume the product of the orchard, field and dairy of the Markham Mennonites, but who as yet have never heard of the people themselves. They can, however, hardly be oblivious of the fact that some time or other they have seen a man in the street or at the market answering to the following description:

He is of a sturdy build, and of a serious mien. His countenance

bears the mark at once of a vigorous outdoor life, and of a deep seclusion from the world. He wears an immense, broad-brimmed felt hat, and affects a tonsorial style of an antique and homely character. Besides all this he dresses with much severity. The cut of his clothes does not conform to fashionable caprice, but follows a traditional pattern of marked regularity. He eschews all such superfluities as the ordinary watchguard and necktie, together with every coat button that is not positively needed to hold the garment in its place. Often indeed, he has shown a decided pre-

re for the more modest
and-eyes over all buttons
oever. And by this means
is sought still further to ex-
and emphasize his complete
ciation of all the pomps and
es of this wicked world.
bably he has been taken for
ratic rather than a type—for
itary faddist rather than the
ment of the views of an entire
nunity. To furnish some ac-
: of him and his people is,
fore, my present purpose.

left in doubt regarding the na-
tionality of those who bear them.
The free-and-easy salutation, "Wie-
gehts!" which they prefer to the
more formal idioms, will open
conversation for you in the speech
of the Palatinate and the Upper
Rhine. Through all the changes
and chances of successive genera-
tions the language has been kept
alive; and, in some homes, even
to this day, English, which they
all understand, and which the
young people read and parse at



IN THEIR MEETING-CAPS.

tour through Markham will,
reason of the plenitude of its
man patronymics, suggest the
land. Kurtz, Hoover, Flum-
lt, Schneider, Barkey, Burk-
r, Eby, Nighswander, Ree-
und Stouffer, or Stover, are
native of the rest. Some of
names have undergone a
modification, as Stouffer for
fer. Others, again, have con-
ded to the phonetic require-
s of the English alphabet, as
or for Risser.
t however the names may get
ised, you need not long be

school, is discounted, if not ta-
boosed.

Naturally speaking of them-
selves as Deutsch, the Markham
Mennonites have frequently been
set down as Dutchmen, or Hol-
landers, by those who were unac-
quainted with the name by which
our German cousins commonly
distinguish themselves. And, hail-
ing from Pennsylvania, where
their fathers first located on reach-
ing this side the Atlantic two hun-
dred years ago, their origin has
been rendered still more obscure
and enigmatical by the appellation

of "The Yankee Dutch." Again, their obvious lack of sympathy lately with our arms in South Africa was summarily attributed

stood so long and suffered so much.

All told, there are about a hundred and fifty thousand Men-



MARKET DAY AT STOUFFVILLE.

by some to racial feeling, when, as we shall see later, it was really due to the religious principle of non-resistance, for which, like the Quakers, or Friends, they have

nonites in the world; and over one-third of this number live on the American continent. The rest are resident in Europe. In the relative order of their numbers

found in Russia, Holland, Switzerland and France. In Switzerland they are called "Taufgesinnte," and in the Netherlands "Doopsgezinde." The name which they are elsewhere is derived from Menno Simons, a priest who renounced the Roman Church in 1536. However, he was not their

But as he had become a prominent man, popular sentiment in his name.

At times they called themselves "Brethren," like the Moravians, with them, traced back their origin to the remnants of the old Waldensian Church in Switzerland and Germany. Regarding that Church a Roman writer and author wrote:

Of all the sects there is none more hostile to the Catholic Church than the Waldensians (Waldenses). This is for three reasons. 1. Because it is the most ancient. Some say it existed ever since the time of the apostles, others that they date back to the apostles. 2. Because they are the most widely spread. There is scarcely a country where they are not found. 3. While other sects, by their denunciations against God, terrorize away their hearers, this sect of men shows forth a high degree of piety; before men they live a just life, all the goodness of God, and all the faith contained in the Apostles' Creed; only they blaspheme the Roman Church and its clergy."

The Mennonite Confession of Faith, which in its present form dates from 1632, consists of 28 articles. In the main it strikingly conforms with the principles of the evangelical faith which repudiate Calvinistic exceptions are found in articles eleven and fourteen. These relate severally to the Washing of the Saints' feet and to "Defence by the sword."

The former, like the baptism at St. Peter's in Rome, is based upon a lit-

eral interpretation of John xiii. 4-17; and provision is made for periodical foot-washing. This is performed immediately after the holy communion. The bishop, or other minister, reads the passage in question, and offers some observations. Then the deacons bring vessels with water, and the two sexes wash one another's feet, and wipe them with a towel. They then give each other the right hand and the kiss of peace, upon which one of them says: "The Lord be



DAVID STOFFER.

with us, preserve us in peace, and strengthen us in love," or similar words, and the other responds: "Amen." In some localities the sisters retire for this office to a separate room, and this is said by old ministers to have formerly been the general custom.

"We believe and confess," says Article Fourteen of the Mennonite creed, "that the Lord Jesus has forbidden His disciples and followers all revenge and resistance"; and it continues: "We are not to do wrong, or cause

offence or vexation to any one; but to seek the welfare and salvation of all men; also, if necessity should require it, to flee, for the Lord's sake, from one city or country to another; and suffer the spoiling of our goods rather than give occasion of offence to any one."

It can readily be seen that these postulates, unbalanced by a sober judgment, accepted, indeed, without qualification of any kind whatsoever, and sternly pressed to their ultimate logical issue, account for many of the marked features of

policy of non-resistance rendered them passive before their opponents. It served also to strike them helpless in the face of their persecutors. Multitudes of them perished. They were horribly ill-treated—tortured, racked and put to the sword. The stake and the faggot, the scaffold and the block were employed for their destruction. Their congregations were disorganized and dispersed; and red-handed Ultramontaniam triumphed in their discomfiture. The touching story of their long agony is also a demonstration of



METHODIST CHURCH, STOUFFVILLE.

the Mennonite history. For instance, their diminished numbers and their scattered condition may be thus explained. Early in the sixteenth century they were very numerous throughout southern Germany. One congregation at Augsburg alone contained eleven hundred members. They were also thoroughly established in Austria, as well as in Switzerland. In many places they might easily have gained the ascendancy, and even have had the affairs of government in their hands. But the

the weakness of their religious philosophy, and of the need there is for godly men to "contend earnestly for the faith."

The poet writes that:

"Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek;
It is not written what a man shall do,
If the rude caitiff smite the other too!

But for the fact that others have strenuously withstood the oppressor, and persistently fought for truth and righteousness, there

to-day be no place upon the earth in which the Mennonites could dwell in peace.* The first Mennonites landed in America in the year 1683. They first landed at Philadelphia on the 6th of October in a ship named the "Friendship." William Penn, the great Quaker, had been in America only a few years before, and had become acquainted with the Mennonites of the Palatinate, and had invited them to their congregations.

Therefore, he came into the Province of Pennsylvania by the charter of William Penn II., he made known to the King his purpose to use the country as an asylum for all oppressed

Considerable numbers of Mennonites soon arrived, and settled chiefly in Lancaster, the most western county of the State. Many of them had received large sums of money from their wealthy countrymen in Holland, as well as from the Society of Friends in England, to aid them in their emigration.

Mennonites have continued to come from Europe to America ever since the present time. In 1874 a large number settled in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. These came from southern Russia, to which country they had been invited by the Prussian king

Empress Catharine in 1786, who promised that they should enjoy unrestricted religious liberty. When they received, in the following year, the alarming intelligence that all the inhabitants of the country must become subject to the military service, many of the Mennonites fled to America. The promise was afterwards so modified, however, as to admit of the Men-

nonite valued contributor has a right to have his opinion here expressed. We are not, however, that the might of meekness and of martyrdom might not often be accomplished more for preserving and promoting righteousness than the sword. — Ed.

nonites being employed in forestry in lieu of serving in the army, and this admitted of the rest remaining in their Russian homes. The "Mennonitische Rundschau," the denominational organ in America, continues to publish correspondence from these Mennonites in "Rusland."

No Canadian "Clergy List" furnishes the names of the Mennonite ministers of the Dominion.* Yet they outnumber those of the Congregational Church, and are three times as numerous as those of the "Christian" denomination. Most of them are resident in Ontario, and chiefly in the counties of Perth and Waterloo, where their forefathers' settlement of the country synchronized with the advent of the Mennonites into Markham. About fifty are found in charge of the churches in Manitoba and the Northwest.

It would seem that in earlier times many of the ministers were learned men; but in these days they get but little academic preparation for their work. And, as they receive no salary, but must necessarily support themselves by the labour of their hands, it can be easily concluded that their pulpit studies are all too circumscribed and desultory. Hence they fail to keep up with the march of evangelical thought, or to be duly informed on the development of Christian doctrine. As if by instinct their younger hearers detect the outworn and anachronous; and, in both Markham and Manitoba gravitate towards the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

Of old time the Mennonites were, in thought and purpose, centuries ahead of their contemporaries. Now, in many particulars they lag far behind them.

* I think the Copp, Clark Company ought to supply this omission in the next issue of the "Canadian Almanac."

Unless an intellectual renaissance shall take place, it is too possible that the universal law of the "survival of the fittest" may ere long in some places decide the denominational fate of this truly pious and picturesque people.

The ministers and other church officers are commonly chosen by lot. After a solemn service on the day appointed, the deacons take as many books of the same kind as there are brethren to be chosen from, and retire to the council-room, where they place in one of the books the lot. This is a slip of paper, on which is written: "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is



BARBARA HECK.

of the Lord," Prov. xvi. 33; or, "Herewith God hath called thee to the ministry of the Gospel." The books are then taken into the audience-room, and placed on the desk or table. The bishop, with the whole congregation, kneels in prayer, and commends the whole work to God, saying, along with other petitions: "Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show which of these thou hast chosen." Each of the brethren then takes a book, and the bishop proceeds to look for the lot. The one in whose book it is found is considered chosen, and is required to rise (or, in some congregations to kneel), and the bishop ordains him.

The Mennonite church polity is both simple and rigorous. None but those who furnish unmistakable evidence of their conversion to God, and of their holiness of heart and life, are received into communion with them. Any lapse into worldliness or sin meets with timely admonition from them, and, failing repentance, with the ban. The excommunicated person is shunned by all the members of the church; although if he should be in need they confess themselves required to relieve him. "For we are in duty bound," says Article xvii., "to render him aid and assistance, otherwise the shunning of him might be rather conducive to his ruin than to his amendment."

They attach no special sacredness to any material thing, nor to any particular time or place. Their assembly is called simply the "meeting," and the house where it is held the "meeting-house," never the "House of God" or the "church." Meeting-houses are never dedicated by any formal service, and are not considered any more sacred than the ordinary dwelling-house of the worshipper. They are often of a quite austere appearance, and within there is usually a room partitioned off to which the matrons may withdraw with their babies. Here they will find the cradles, which have seen good service, and in which, perchance, they were themselves rocked in infancy.

True to their stereotyped exegesis of 1 Cor. xiv. 34, the Mennonites prohibit the women from speaking in any of their meetings. If they have any communications to make, they must transmit them through their husbands. And, though the women remove their stately and capacious black bonnets on entering the house, their heads are still covered with snow-

muslin caps. These are worn by all the females in the colony, even to the very youngest, in order to meet the requirements of I Cor. xi. 10. Mennonnets in question are not so different from the others, but rather unlike that familiar to us in the conventional costume of Barbara Heck,* and the white and blue livery. These are their plain black dresses, the Mennonite women, when seen together, might readily pass for the members of some religious order of sisterhood, for example, derived from a mediaeval St. Elizabeth or other pious founder.

Mennonite folk-lore is of great interest. I remember meeting a foreign health resort agent and obstreperous Yankee who inveighed against all theories of lunar influence over the errata of the globe. He had a special spite against the doctrine that the moon acted upon the human mind.

And nothing softened him. I remarked that I had read of the tidal phenomenon for years, and that the scientific explanation was irresistible. But the Mennonites, like their prehistoric ancestors and our own, find no such difficulty in according the moon a pre-eminent place in the affairs of the human race. She furnishes them with constant study. Like all other people, they watch for

— it is worthy of note that the mother of an American Methodism was of the self-same stock as the Markham Mennonites. The first of the Emburys, with other families, fled to the Palatinate in the time of Queen Elizabeth and found a refuge in the south of Germany. Here Wesley first met them in 1736 and speaks of them as "a plain, artless people." A few years thereafter many of them crossed to America, and their departure was the subject of a sermon concerning their departure: "I am amazed! Have landlords no sense or they have common humanity or do they will suffer such tenants as to be starved from them?" Barbara Heck's German Bible is preserved in Victoria, Toronto.

and welcome her light nights. They chronicle her changes, and thereby satisfy themselves regarding weather probabilities. But the moon is more to them than a lantern or a furnisher of forecasts. She supplies them with endless signs that are to be reckoned with, both indoors and out. Thus the moon's phases are consulted for the purpose of finding the proper time to perform duties of every class and kind, all the way from sowing peas or sticking pigs to weaning babies. Two Markham ladies, of different ethnic origin, were discussing their soap-making methods some time ago. "I boil mine in the moon," said the thrifty Mennonite. "Oh!" replied the other, stone-blind to the augural suggestion, and a little bewildered withal, "I always boil mine in the kettle."

Their "charms" deserve attention. They are of two kinds, and are used upon both man and beast. The first are quiet incantations. The second are rites of a very primitive character, accompanied by the recitation of certain formulae. In their transmission down the generations there is a "lex non scripta," which must be implicitly obeyed. Thus, a male must receive the tradition from a female, and conversely, a female from a male, or the effectiveness of the words employed is considered to be forfeited. There is a decided similarity between the phenomena they present and those furnished at Roman Catholic wells and shrines, or at Protestant "Bethshans." Indeed, some of those who operate them refuse to call them "charms." For as they partake of a religious or semi-religious quality, and are associated with the use of biblical phraseology, it is contended they are worthy of a less dubious and more exalted name. Many of them, in their "modus operandi,"

recall facts furnished us in the ever-absorbing story of the mythology and fetichism of our fathers. And coming, as they do, to Markham, via Pennsylvania, from the romantic and enchanted valley of the Rhine, they possess an interest all their own.

It would not comport with the well-known character of the Mennonites for any of their charms to be of a malignant nature. By their aid they ever seek beneficent ends. Distrustful of strangers, who might exhibit a scornful unbelief, they nevertheless recommend their friends to this man, for instance, that they may be relieved from asthma; or to that woman, that they may be cured of erysipelas. My repository contains some startling stories of benefits derived by persons I know from the exercise of the Mennonite charms, but my space is limited, and I must relate but one.

The case was that of a bright and well-informed lady, who had long been full of rheumatic pains, helpless and bed-ridden. As a last resort she was induced to try this treatment, which, of course, ignores the pathology and therapeutics of the schools, and which, consequently, she had previously contemned. Late at night parings were taken from the nails of all her fingers and toes and three hairs from her head. The whole was then wrapped up in a piece of white paper. Before sunrise next morning the paper was deposited in an auger-hole, which had been freshly bored in one of the apple-trees of the orchard. The necessary words, it is believed, were said, a plug was inserted, and the formality ended. At daylight she found her hands and arms singularly free from the excruciating pains she had suffered, and, commencing to move, discovered that ~~she~~ she was completely healed. She

rose, dressed, and went about her household duties, and, though that is years ago, she has never had any return of the malady. Of course, he who sees in man nothing but what the scalpel can get at, will say "Fiddlesticks!" at this narration. But he who grants that man is much more than an aggregation of "poor components," which "may be laid upon their proper shelf, each with its Latin label on," will look about him for some hypothesis.

Stouffville, locally pronounced Stov'lle, and formerly known as Stouffer's Village, is the market town of the Markham Mennonites. It covers part of the six hundred acres of forest land, purchased in 1804 by Abraham Stouffer, a Pennsylvania Mennonite. This old pioneer rests among his people in the rear of the Altona meeting-house, to whose "prediger," Mr. John G. Hoover—he disallows, like all his ministerial brethren, the prefix "Reverend"—I am indebted for many courtesies. The incorporation of the place only dates back a few decades, and its Thursday morning market but fifteen years. Yet it is estimated that the volume of its business in agricultural products, horses, hogs and cattle amounts to about a third of a million.

The market is colloquially styled "the Dutchman's picnic." For although it is attended by large numbers of other people, it is, next to the weekly meeting, the chief event in the routine life of the Mennonites. It is said that the whole family will turn out, even if they have but little business to transact, and only carry a basket thither with a few eggs or a bit of sauerkraut. Here you may witness that conservatism of the people which once kept them from utilizing spring vehicles, and even now binds them to the sartorial fashions of their ancestors.

may chance to find, too, that
 s beneath the calm exterior
 ng love of waggery. "Have
 ot your sauerkraut made
 aid one to the other a while
 "No; not yet," was the
 "What! None made yet?"
 the questioner. "Oh, no!"
 e response; "only a little bit
 kness—about two barrels!"
 rly half a century ago a
 dist mission was established
 iffville in charge of the Rev.
 ius Flumerfelt, who was
 f a native of Pennsylvania.
 ory of the truly unique and
 tic career of this venerable
 er I am pledged to furnish
 or the readers of this maga-
 In the sixties the Rev. J. C.
 i, this year's President of the
 'Quinte Conference, opened
 nmission there. At the pre-
 me Stouffville is the seat of
 ict chairman, the Rev. G.
 own, who hails from New-
 on-Tyne, and from the very

church where the British Confer-
 ence lately held its sessions under
 the presidency of one of Europe's
 first scholars, the Rev. Professor
 Davison. Mr. David Stouffer, a
 grandson of the old pioneer, has
 for thirty years filled the dual
 office of choir leader and record-
 ing-steward, while for over twenty
 he has had charge of the Sunday-
 school as superintendent. The
 church is a substantial structure,
 as the accompanying cut will
 show.

With the words of Menno
 Simons, the preacher and apostle,
 this sketch may fittingly conclude
 "I tell you, as true as God lives,
 that before Him no outward bap-
 tism, nor Lord's Supper, will help
 you as a saving power. Only the
 new life from God through faith
 manifesting itself by love, mercy,
 humility, peace and truth will
 avail for your salvation."

Claremont, Ont.



MUSSELMAN'S LAKE, NEAR STOUFFVILLE.

By courtesy of the Stouffville "Sentinel."

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE."

ponder and admiration,
 hold the starlit skies:
 and farther th' imagination
 s, and at last it dies

In the midst of a universe—
 Wandering, wondering,
 Believing, and knowing that God is All-wise.
 —E. S. Moyer.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

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FRANCIS DE SALES, Bishop of Geneva from 1598 to 1622, was one of the most prominent and influential men of that great Roman Catholic reaction which recovered so much ground from the Protestant Reformation. We naturally prefer to think of him rather as one of the saintliest and most lovable of men, and as one of the most wholesome and helpful of devotional writers.

He was born in 1567, at the Chateau de Sales, near Annecy, Savoy, not far south of Geneva, of an old and noble family. Both father and mother were deeply religious, and the mother devoted herself to the careful training of her son in the fear and love of God. She soon saw rich fruit of her labour in his childish efforts to serve God, and that in ways which prophesied his future career in the Church.

His school life began when he was six years of age, and was characterized by painstaking diligence and thoroughness. He was more anxious to know each thing accurately than to know many things.

* "St. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. By H. L. Sidney Lear. Longmans & Co.

"Introduction to the Devout Life." St. Francis de Sales. Longmans & Co.

"Spiritual Letters." Longmans & Co.
Article "Franz Von Sales." By Herzog in the *Realencyklopädie*.

Lear's book is well written, highly interesting, but rather too eulogistic, and quite too High Church to appreciate Protestant principles and to do justice to history. It is a curious thing to find in a book by a modern Anglican a reference to "the soul-destroying heresy of Calvin."

All his life he abhorred haste and superficiality. As his father desired for him a public career, and the family position and prestige warranted such plans, his education was that of a gentleman of the time, embracing accomplishments as well as essentials. Riding, fencing, and dancing developed physical vigour, agility, and ease of manner, qualities which were of inestimable value in his later life.

The education begun at Annecy was carried forward at the Jesuit College de Clermont, in Paris, where the studious youth rapidly developed both intellectually and spiritually. His own desire from childhood had been the office of the priesthood. When only eleven years of age he had received the tonsure, the first step toward an ecclesiastical career. In the midst of his study of rhetoric and philosophy he made time for theology. During his six years of student life in the gay capital, there came to him a time of severe spiritual testing, of doubt of his acceptance with God, of deep depression, but of final deliverance and of renewed and strengthened assurance of God's grace. Henceforth he became characterized less by introspection and more by simple trust and love and obedience.

As his father still intended him for law and a public career, he went to study jurisprudence in the University of Padua. Here he highly distinguished himself as a student of law; at the same time he studied theology under the Jesuit Possevin with eager relish, devoting himself to Holy Scripture and the Church Fathers. While at Padua he met Scupoli, author of the famous "Spiritual Combat,"

which was henceforth his necum," and which he recommends in his own

ugh a very devout young ancis was far from being a

Some of the dissipated ntious students of the uni-irritated at his purity and id failing in their effort to m to vice, one evening laid him and attacked him with es and blows. Francis ght to defend himself, drew rd, and laid about him so ily that he not only beat assailants, but compelled apologize! So much for r Christianity in the six-entury.

Francis took his degree most brilliantly, being one of the best students time. So at twenty-five age he stood facing life splendid equipment—an scholar, a polished gentle-devout Christian. What be his career? His own id the Church. His father law. Indeed, his father ide already chosen for him, plained that Francis was reserved when introduced Francis was firm in his re-at no such ties should im from his cherished de-erve the Lord as a priest. annot wonder that many, s the venerable Claude

Bishop of Geneva, fore-him a predestined and in-champion of the Church. uit Possevin had taught that one great weakness of ch had been the ignorance rgy, and that only a highly l body of men could again d the intelligent faith of d, and so stem the tide of nt success. Francis was e in person and manners, intellectual endowments, and accurate scholarship

—a powerful and winning person-ality whose probable service to the Church could hardly be overesti-mated. At last the honourable position of Provost, or Dean, of Geneva was offered to him, and the reluctance of his father gave way before the loving importunity of the son. "If it is indeed God who calls you, my son, I must be-lieve what you say. Do as He wills; what am I that I should fight against the Lord?"

In 1593 Francis was ordained priest, and entered with humble joy upon the duties of his office. The spirit of his whole career was seen in the tears of mystic and reverent emotion with which he ap-proached the solemn celebration of his first mass, declaring that he should be as pure as an angel whose prerogative it was to receive and hold the body of the Lord daily. While we repudiate such a theory, may we not desiderate such a reverent spirit in all who minister in sacred things? A perfunctory celebration of the Lord's Supper, under any ritual and under any theory, is one of the most deadening pieces of formalism to all concerned, and one of which we all need to beware.

Francis, from the first, took all parts of his work very seriously. He preached so often that his father reproached him for making preaching too common and too simple. He incessantly heard confession and bestowed pastoral counsel, and he was so eminently successful in helping those dis-tressed in mind that he was ap-pointed Grand Penitentiary of the diocese. Spiritual guidance of the individual, so often and so grievously abused, seems to have been throughout his whole career a peculiarly powerful means of genuinely spiritual work, leading very many persons to conviction of sin, to penitent faith, to a happy Chris-tian life. "The one greatest joy

this world can give," he said, "is to win a soul to God."

No amount of pastoral work prevented the young priest from diligent daily study of the Scriptures and of theology. His success was rapid and great, and soon marked him out for a piece of peculiarly difficult and delicate work.

The district of Chablais, in the northern part of the diocese of Geneva, had been for nearly sixty years almost entirely Protestant, and the free exercise of the Protestant form of religion had been solemnly guaranteed by the Duke of Savoy. The Roman Catholic authorities laid their hands upon the young De Sales as a man of unusual ability, energy, devotion, and attractiveness, and thus well adapted to the mission of recovering this district for the Church. In spite of his father's strenuous opposition to his appointment to such a forlorn hope, he gladly consecrated himself to the arduous task, and carried on the mission among the mountaineers of Chablais from 1594 to 1598. His simple goodness, his gentle and winning manners, his persuasive eloquence, gradually produced some effect, and gained him some converts. He thought that they who ministered in sacred things should have an apostolic commission, and that the Protestant ministers were utterly without such commission. The opposition of these same ministers to his mission he uncharitably explained on the ground that his success would take the bread out of their mouths. How hard it is for the best of men to be fair to one another! In truth, however, this whole Chablais affair reflects no great credit on Francis' generosity or justice.

The Duke of Savoy finally grew impatient at the slow process of conversion, and summoned Francis to Turin for consultation as to the best methods of expediting matters.

Some of the Duke's counsellors advised continuance in the path of steady spiritual effort, which would indeed be long, but would finally lead to the best and most abiding results. They insisted on the sacredness of the guarantee given long before for the tolerance of Protestantism in Chablais. Strange to say, Francis himself supported those who advised the employment of force. The missionary, who had boasted his apostolic commission, now read to the Duke a paper in which he advocated the expulsion of all Protestant clergymen, the confiscation of all Protestant writings, and the prohibition of the reading of them, the restoration of Catholic parishes, the establishment of the Jesuit College, and the restoration of the mass in Thonon, the capital of the district.

After some time the Duke of Savoy and a papal delegate came to Thonon. The male inhabitants were gathered together in an open square. The Duke addressed them, bidding all who would be faithful to their Prince and to God to stand on his right hand, and the rest on his left. The great majority were intimidated and yielded. Upon the few who remained faithful to their principles the Duke immediately pronounced sentence of banishment. Francis was present at this scandalous scene, and immediately plied the faithful remnant with the argument of worldly advantage so successfully that the most of these finally crossed over to the Duke's right hand. Similar methods gave Francis similar results in the Pays de Gex on the north-west shore of the Lake of Geneva.

But the converter of heretics was disappointed in his efforts to win over Theodore Beza, the most distinguished leader of the Reformed Church at that time. Specially commissioned by the Pope for this task, he arranged an interview with

with strong hope of success. In answer to his first question he said that hope, for the great saint frankly admitted that he had it possible to be saved in the Catholic Church. Thereupon he at once proceeded to answer to Beza the handsome reverend which would be granted him would enter that Church! he did not deign to reply, and he left off the interview. In spite of this one failure, the work of Francis as a converter of souls was great and widespread, and in the documents connected with his canonization he is reported to have converted no less than 100,000.

In 1598 Francis became the coadjutor Bishop of Geneva, associated with the aged Bishop Granier. Since the time of the Reformation in Geneva, Annecy had been the seat of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Geneva. Then, Francis settled down for the rest of his days, within a few miles of his father's castle. He gave a visit to Rome at this time and was treated with much distinction. He was a man of rare scholarship and equally rare piety. His work as coadjutor to the aged bishop was unceasing and incessant. In 1602 he went to Paris to represent the diocese of Geneva in certain difficult negotiations with Henry IV. During a long and painful delay, he was constrained to do much in the Royal Chapel, and excited the enthusiasm of the most learned and fashionable people of the capital, not by saying smooth things, but by earnest yet loving proclamation of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." Henry IV became warmly attached to the faithful bishop, and exclaimed, "What I like best in M. de Sales is that he does not know how to flatter!" All the efforts to induce Francis to

remain in France were in vain, and after a stay in Paris of many months, he gladly returned to his obscure diocese, the "poor bride" which he said he had married and could not forsake for a wealthier.

In 1602 the good Claude Granier died, and Francis became bishop in full, consecrating himself anew most deliberately and solemnly to the duties of his high office. "I am resolved," said he, "to devote myself to His service with the most earnest faithfulness possible to me: ever striving to live in His blessed presence with a calm but true spirit of rejoicing; remembering that nothing in this world is worthy of our love, which should all be centred on that Saviour who so loved us. All earthly happiness seems to me as nothing compared with this love, for which I would thankfully die, or rather, perhaps I should say, live wholly."

These last words ("live wholly") are the key-note of his life in Annecy. No ostentation of episcopal dignity, the plainest clothing and furniture, very few servants, a frugal table, but delicately appointed, frequent devotions, but without any slavish precision of observance. "I break my own rule without scruple," said he, in the true spirit of Christian liberty, "when the wants of my flock require it, for charity must prevail over inclination."

He gave himself up, as servant of the Church, to the most eager endeavours to glorify God in benefiting the people of his diocese, perpetually preaching, lovingly instructing the children, reforming the monasteries, purifying and inspiring his clergy, gentle, amiable, accessible to all.

While most desirous that the priests of his diocese should be holy men, he was also eager to promote the spirit of study among them. In a circular letter which he sent out to his clergy he said: "Those

among you who fill up their time to the exclusion of study, are like people who should refuse solid food and strive to live on such unsubstantial viands as do not yield needful nourishment. Ignorance is almost worse than faultiness in a priest, since it disgraces, not the individual only, but the whole priesthood."

Both in the pulpit and in the confessional, indeed in all his intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men, Francis illustrated not only the highest motives, but also the most skilful methods. Shrewdness, tact, insight into character, the utmost faithfulness tempered with unflinching tenderness, even a dash of gentle humour now and then, gave him a firm grip upon the people and made him dearly beloved by the little children. Nothing could be more admirable than his life-long labour of love in teaching individual converts, guiding them, forming their character, and leading them into Christian work. He said that the "guidance of souls was the art of arts."

The most notable instance is that of Madame de Chantal, who became, under his inspiration and direction, the head of a new religious order, that of the Visitants, whose great duty was not that of rigorous asceticism or of perpetual contemplation, but rather that of a good Samaritan, ministrations to the sick and poor.

In addition to all the spiritual work which he so loved, and which so occupied his time and energies, he faithfully attended to all the official duties of his position. As a bishop, he properly magnified his office, in the true Gallican spirit, holding that not the Pope, but a General Council, is the supreme authority in the Church.

So, amid incessant labour, touched not infrequently by bereavements such as the death of his ~~father~~ and of his mother, he fulfilled

his earthly task. In 1618 business of state carried him once more to Paris. For a year he remained in that city, and during this visit he preached no less than three hundred and sixty-five sermons, and privately ministered to the spiritual wants of multitudes of people.

In vain did King Francis and Cardinal de Retz press upon him the most flattering offers of offices and dignities and emoluments. Back to his beloved mountains and his meagre revenues he would go. As his strength began to fail, his brother, Jean Francois de Sales, was in 1621 appointed his coadjutor. Amid much physical suffering and many presentiments of approaching departure, he kept up his plans and efforts of work, on the principle that only by setting oneself more work than it is possible to do can one keep an active mind, while one must not set one's heart on doing more than if one were to die on the morrow. To one who prayed that he might be spared, he exclaimed, "I entreat you, do not so! Can you not rejoice in the thought of my rest; I am so weary, so weary."

In 1622, when on a journey to Avignon to be present at a meeting of the Duke of Savoy with Louis XIII., he was taken ill at Lyons, and there, after much suffering, breathed his last, patient, gentle, humble, trustful to the end. He was canonized in 1665.

It is doubtful whether the Christian Church can boast a sweeter and more charming personality than Francis de Sales. Handsome physically, vigorous intellectually, wholly devoted to God, sincere and simple, and always most approachable, admired by the learned and the noble, yet so humble and sympathetic that the common people loved him, he stands forth for all time a beautiful type of Christian character.

The secret of it all seems to have

his profound rest in God. He long schooled himself to the actual realization of the presence of God, and to doing everything in that presence. Hence, in his busiest times, when he not give long hours to prayer meditation, he yet "prayed without ceasing," and was kept in constant peace, his mind being fixed upon God. Calmness, tranquility of spirit, serenity of temper, a sunny smile which seemed to reflect the light of the face of God, as men noticed on John Wesley (see face), these were the result of living in God. He never hurried, he did each duty as if it stood alone and were his last.

He once wrote to Madame de Chantal: "Never be hurried; do nothing tranquilly and with a calm spirit; do not lose your inner-peace for anything whatsoever even when all seems to go wrong, for what do all these things matter, as compared with your heart's peace? Come all to God, and keep your soul calm and still in the bosom of God's fatherly providence."

One can best ascertain the source and secret of his power by studying his writings. The most important are the "Spiritual Letters," the "Introduction to the Devout Life" and the "Treatise on the Love of God." These works have been in enormous circulation, and have exercised a profound influence upon many of the noblest spirits, such, for example, as Madame Guyon, and Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. One of Fenelon's judges, on his trial for heresy, said: "You must either burn all the writings of Francis de Sales, or you must acquit the Archbishop of Cambray."

The style of these writings is simple, full, picturesque, concrete; not abstract, dry, or uninteresting; bounding in bright and helpful illustrations; and always refined

and in good taste. There is a delightful absence of that vulgar striving after startling effects by violent and extravagant expressions which offends us in so much modern religious writing and speaking. Here we feel not the exciting, then bewildering, and finally deadening shock of moral "dynamite," but the sweet persuasion of the still, small voice of the highest reason and the tenderest love. We are not driven, but drawn.

St. Francis is, in his writings, as in his life, the finished and courteous gentleman as well as the humble saint. The "Introduction to the Devout Life" sums up his conception of the Christian life and character, and is to be commended to all who love holiness and long to become conformed to the image of God's Son. This work is more in touch with ordinary human life with its ordinary temptations and difficulties, than the immortal "De Imitatione Christi" of Thomas a Kempis, for that great manual is meant for monks. I venture to say that class-leaders and preachers will find in Francis' "Devout Life" much to stimulate their own thought and move their own heart. Much that will be suggestive to them in dealing with those committed to their care, and that will give point and depth and richness to their exhortations and counsels. We need less glittering generalities about holiness and much more instruction and inspiration as to concrete graces and duties, such as we shall find in this book.

Of course in it we find much that is distinctively Roman, some objectionable references to the Virgin Mary and the saints, but not very many. Even the sacramentarianism which abounds is not of the most offensive kind, for St. Francis is spiritually-minded in everything. In the meditations, which are given as aids to self-purification, we find the weakest

part of the book, with a touch of the unreal and conventional, and they do not lay hold of one as the general and rational considerations of the body of the work. But formality or pedantry are not characteristic of Francis. He emphasizes gloriously the true inwardness of religion, even going so far as to prefer meditation to formal prayer. "If, while you are saying vocal prayers, your heart feels drawn to mental prayer, do not resist it, but calmly let your mind fall into that channel, without troubling because you have not finished your appointed vocal prayers. The mental prayer you have substituted for them is more acceptable to God and more profitable to your soul."

Francis is essentially a mystic, but by no means of an extreme or pantheistic type. His mysticism consists in his emphasis on the inwardness of religion and the true unity of all aspects of Christian life in the love of God. His was far from a mysticism which was indifferent to ordinary relations or duties. He was of the most affectionate and sympathetic temperament. Upon the death of his beloved father, he quite broke down in the pulpit at the conclusion of his sermon.

He most clearly recognizes the glory of a life in the world in which man or woman strives to do God's will faithfully and well. In the preface to his "Devout Life," he says, that while other writers have had in view those who have quitted the world, his "object is to teach those who are living in towns, at court, in their own households, and whose calling obliges them to a social life, so far as externals are concerned." He says, again, that "a different exercise of devotion is required of each, the noble, the artizan, the servant, the prince, the maiden, and the wife; and furthermore such practice must be modi-

fied according to the strength, the calling, and the duties of each individual." He bids us take patiently the petty annoyances and discomforts of ordinary daily life as means of spiritual discipline. And in one of his delightful "Letters" he encourages a gentleman who is going to court with the prospect of serving God even there.

What does "devotion" mean? The answer which Francis gives in one of his letters is this: "Devotion is neither more nor less than a prompt, fervent, loving service of God; and the difference between an ordinarily good man and one that is devout lies herein, viz.: that the first observes God's commands, without any special fervour or promptitude; whereas, the latter not only keeps them, but does it willingly, earnestly, and resolutely."

In another letter he says: "Devotion is really neither more nor less than a general inclination and readiness to do that which we know to be acceptable to God." And in the "Devout Life" he says that devotion is "neither more nor less than a very real love of God." I need hardly point out the resemblance between such teaching and that of Wesley. Some years ago, at a meeting of Toronto ministers gathered to listen to him, George Muller, of Bristol, drew a distinction between a Christian and a "happy Christian" which meant essentially the same as Francis' definition.

Francis is called a quietist. But his quietism is not inconsistent with action; it is rather the means to the most effective action. Love is, indeed, the soul of religion, but love is not a mere sentiment; it is rather volitional; it is the choice and doing of God's will. "Do not imagine," he says to one of his converts, "that such quietness and gentleness hinder a prompt and vigorous action; on the contrary, they rather tend to pro-

and confirm it." Through-writings there is great em-laid upon humility. He t have men speak of their y lest in so doing they cease humble." Humility is so re that it fears its own r, and can scarcely hear mentioned without the risk of He is especially averse to a humility, which either dis- itself that others may it, or shrinks from duty h fear of not equalling in the doing of it—self-love erading in the form of hu-

order to the development of a devout life, Francis de Sales ibes simple, sincere, intelli- onsecration to God, by a de- act of will, and then quiet, t, persevering continuance in doing. Although Roman lic writers do not say as much faith as the New Testament nts, nevertheless it is evident simple trust in the grace of in Jesus Christ underlies all aching as to the holy life.

Sales writes to one: "Be of cheer, my daughter. Let heart be warned this Lent. ust not doubt. Jesus Christ rs. As a little girl said the day to me, 'He is more mine [am His, more than I am my " Too great haste and ness after perfection he fre- ly reproves as hostile to h in grace. "I think you are nuch disturbed by an eager a after perfection. Let your- e led by Him, do not think uch of yourself. My rule ou would be to make a general tion to serve God in the best ou can, and then not to waste in subtle dissection as to what cisely that best way. . . . m quietly and in confidence. . . . I entreat you not to look uch hither and thither; keep eye fixed on God and your-

self, and you will never see aught save goodness in Him, unworthi- ness in yourself; but you will also see His goodness mindful of your unworthiness, and your worthless self the object of His goodness and mercy."

Again he writes: "Do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind, and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties, and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances."

Many and many a time he repeats the lesson of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." "Be content if from time to time you gain some little victory over your besetting sin. It is a duty to bear with other people, but first of all we must learn to bear with ourselves, and to have patience with our own imperfection." He acutely points out that much of our distress at our own imperfection has its root in pride, which is disappointed in its own failures.

The piety which breathes through these writings is a cheerful piety, content with its lot in life, earnestly serving God in prayer and meditation and in the use of all the means of grace, but, above all, in loving devotion to the needs of those who are about one and dependent on one."

He writes to Madame Brulart: "You should not only be religious and love religion; you should make religion attractive, useful, and agreeable to every one around you. The sick will like your religion if it leads you to tend them. Your family will be attracted to it if they see you more careful in your duties, more patient, more diligent, more gentle in finding fault. If your husband sees that, as you become more devout, you also become more affectionate to him, more ten-

derly submissive, he will be won to your religion. In a word, let your religion be as winning to others as possible."

Most refreshing is the stalwart good sense with which he reprobates a morbid scrupulosity which is perpetually testing its own motives, harking back to its own failures, and distressing itself over matters of indifference. "Tell Marie," he once writes to Madame de Chantal, "to powder her hair if she will. Her intention is good, and the matter is unimportant. It is not well to entangle the mind amid all these cobwebs. This good girl's mind needs as much disentangling as her hair. That is why she worries herself. It is not good to be so punctilious, nor to distract oneself with so many little questions which do not concern the things of our Lord. Tell her to go on sincerely, holding fast to simplicity and humility, and to cast aside all these subtleties and perplexities."

How wholesome is this practical advice in the "Devout Life"! "Let us willingly resign the higher eminences to lofty souls. . . ."

Those who pretend to such great and extraordinary graces are very liable to delusions and mistakes, so that sometimes it turns out that people who aspire to be angels are not ordinarily good men, and that their goodness lies more in high-flown words than in heart and deed." He says of people who are perpetually interlarding their conversation with pious phrases: "Too often they imagine that they really are themselves as pious as their words, which probably is not the case."

But it is time that this paper be closed. One final extract from the "Devout Life" may help to define St. Francis' ideal of holiness and to indicate the path which leads to it: "Children learn to speak by hearing their mother talk, and stammering forth their childish sounds in imitation; and so if we cleave to our Saviour in meditation, listening to His words, watching His actions and intentions, we shall learn in time, through His grace, to speak, act, and will like Himself. Believe me, beloved, there is no way to God save through this door."

MY ALL IN ALL.

BY THE REV. J. LAYCOCK.

He is my life who died that I might live,
Eternal life through Christ we shall receive.

He is my hope who lives for evermore,
Who rose to light love's resurrection door.

He is my light who is the Light of Life,
Light of the world with wisdom's blessings
rife—

A tree of knowledge to make mortals wise,
Who eat the fruit thereof to win the skies.

He is my Saviour from all sin below,
His robes of righteousness with glory glow,
Robed in His seamless gown of purity—

Like Him from sin and guile I shall be
free.

He is my love, the fairest of the fair,
The Rose of Sharon blossoms in His hair,
Minnedosa, Man.

Fairest of all the sons of Adam's race,
All graces bloom like lilies in His face.

He is my friend, yea, more, my brother dear,
He loved me in my sins year after year,
His love, O mystery of grace divine,
Hath won me His to be who aye was mine.

He is my guide and shall be evermore—
Through life's long lane, at last through
heaven's door.

He is my crown of life and victory—
The fountain head of Immortality.

Thou Christ of God, Thou art my all in all,
Whom have I, Lord, on earth on whom to
call?

Or whom in heaven do I desire but Thee
To love—to worship through eternity?

SAILOR AND SAINT.

BY REV. J. G. ANGWIN.



HERE are few of the men who have given their lives for the propagation of the Gospel in whose history there is more of the romantic than in Allen Gardiner, sailor and naval officer and pioneer. Born of wholesome stock, and educated for a year on the quarter-deck of a battleship, where he served his apprenticeship with credit if not with distinction; and with preference for promotion before him this he deliberately laid aside his worldly ambitions and prospects consecrated his substance himself to missionary pion-

birthplace and early home town Gardiner was in the Berkshire village of Basil. The time in which he first came into the light was the leafy month of August, in 1794, when George III. was reigning. The period was not a "piping time of peace." France was in an uproar. The guillotine of Paris ran crimson as the guillotine cut short the lives of the best men and women of the time. The sunsets were blood-red and for all Europe. In such times the profession of arms was popular, and in early life we find young Gardiner engaged upon what promised to be a brilliant work. His first appointment was to the "Fortune" as a midshipman. The sea then was a sea of to-day. The ships were wooden, clumsy, heavily armed, carrying sometimes more than one hundred guns. Now the

leviathans of war are steel, steam driven, carrying, in small numbers, guns of precision whose limit of range is counted by miles rather than by yards. The general condition of officers and men, if we are to believe one-half of what we are told of these past days, was more than brutalizing—it was essentially brutal. Hard drinking, hard fighting and fast living governed all hands, from the officer on the quarter-deck to the cook's apprentice in the galley. Discipline was enforced by the irons, the cells and the cat-o'-nine-tails. The triangle and toddy tub were near neighbours on every deck.

That Gardiner went with his shipmates (the multitude) to do evil is not to be wondered at. That the Lord found and saved him is also not to be wondered at. Why should we be amazed at the miracle of grace by which a sinner of any grade is brought into conscious salvation? The miracle of the cross takes the element of wonder out of the salvation of any man. There would be cause for wonder if men for whom the cross was borne were not arrested, convinced, saved.

In the present instance the work was deep and thorough. When we write thus do we not put dishonour upon the work of God, which is always deep and always thorough? The differences are in the material wrought upon rather than in the work. Men are shallow or profound, weak or strong, and as the Holy Ghost finds men in these respects He leaves them. He can do no deep work in a shallow soul, no great work in a small one. This man's nature was a deep sea, and the

Divine touch reached its profundities. A letter from an elect lady and a record of the later months of his mother's life put in his hands at a period when his drift towards scepticism and infidelity were decided, were important factors in bringing about the crisis of his life. He was also much impressed about the same time by what he saw at Tahiti of the results of the work of grace in the hearts and lives of the natives, who but recently had abandoned their cruel and idolatrous practices for the worship and service of the Christ. There can be no doubt that the visit to the Pacific Islands had much to do with determining the character of his future life.

On his return home, impressed with the idea that he was called to the ministry, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society for special work in South Africa, but the Society, being then embarrassed for want of funds, did not see its way clear to accept his offer. At the same time he made an attempt to prepare himself for the ministry of the Church of England, but was disappointed, and for a period gave way to discouragement, and returned to the quarter-deck.

His entrance upon mission work may be dated from the death of his wife, which took place in 1833. At her bedside, and with her hand in his, he made his vow of consecration. As soon as possible he entered on his work, sailing from Plymouth for South Africa in September, 1834. At that time very little was known of this part of the Dark Continent, upon which, of late, the eyes of the world have been turned. Then, as now, the Boers were in evidence. English civilization and British law had made themselves felt in Cape Colony, and the Dutch had become dissatisfied, and were en-

deavouring to establish themselves in the country to the north of the colonial frontier. Captain Gardiner planned to set up mission stations among the Kaffir tribes, then under the sway of one Dingaan, a chief of great executive and military ability. To obtain the friendship and assistance of such a leader seemed to the pioneer to be of first importance. As may be imagined, this was no easy task. The suspicion of the chief and the jealousy of his sorcerers and courtiers were alike to be overcome. But all hazards must be taken and oppositions met to reach the person of the king. Journeys long and arduous were cheerfully undertaken. The conveyance used was the Cape cart, with its team of long-horned oxen, sometimes to the number of twenty or more to a single vehicle. Perils on the way were numerous. The rivers, in flood, were unfordable. False friends and treacherous enemies played their several parts in making advance slow and uncertain. The ready wit of the sailor was often useful in rescuing the traveller in times of perplexity and danger.

After many trials and difficulties Dingaan was so far won as to place at Gardiner's disposal land for mission sites. The gift was a right royal one, comprising not an acre or two, but all the territory from the Quathlamba Mountains to the ocean. This was the letter which Dingaan wrote to the King of England:

"All the ground on which the white people have settled I give to the King of England. I give him the whole country between the Umgani River and the territory occupied by Faku, from the sea coast to the Quathlamba Mountains."

Two mission stations were established on this ground, but they were not long permitted to

e in peace. Trouble was in
 : The first indication of the
 g storm was that Mr. Owen
 ummoned one morning to
 ng's presence to read a let-
 tich had just been received
 he Dutch farmers, or Boers,
 had come to settle in the
 ourhood. Dissatisfaction
 the English rule at Cape
 had led these people to seek
 sh home, and this letter
 l for an assignment of Zulu
 But the outbreak of hos-
 with the Boers, and the
 us war of extermination
 they had undertaken, as-
 by the English from Port
 speedily closed all the
 of mission work, and the
 tornado of a war of bitter
 relentless retaliation swept
 nd clear of the beginning of
 ian teaching, established at
 cost. For a time it seemed
 ll the heroic efforts of Gar-
 his sufferings by travel,
 st, and incessant toil, his
 uring endeavours to bring
 ild and cruel despot to the
 f Jesus—it seemed as if all
 vas in vain. But Gardiner
 one of those pioneers who
 live to see the fruit of their
 rs; and the changes which
 been wrought in the aspect
 : country during these inter-
 g sixty years prove that no
 for God can fruitless fall.
 ding his opportunity for
 in South Africa thus rudely
 ff, this earnest, one-purposed
 urned his thoughts to South
 ica as a field for missionary
 e. The history of that con-
 , so far as it has been influ-
 by its contact with the
 races, has been full of blood-
 and injustice. The conquest
 ru by the Spaniard and the
 ing of supremacy in Brazil
 ie Portuguese are chapters
 : cannot be read without a
 ler at the cruelty and selfish

greed of humanity, glossed and
 covered by an assumption of re-
 ligious zeal. While both Spain
 and Portugal obtained great in-
 fluence in South America, that
 influence has been more than
 questionable in its character and
 its results. The passions devel-
 oped by the example of the in-
 vaders brought forth the very
 worst fruit in the minds and lives
 of the native Indians. There was
 never any real attempt made to
 teach or civilize or Christianize
 the aborigines, but, on the con-
 trary everything, even the teach-
 ings of the altar, tended to their
 debasement and degradation.
 Among some tribes there was
 developed not only a hatred of the
 Spaniard, but also a determined
 dislike to the religion he pro-
 fessed, and of which he was so
 poor an exponent. So strenuous
 was the opposition that after
 months of fruitless effort Gardiner
 was reluctantly compelled to re-
 linquish his attempt to establish a
 mission in South America.

He now determined to sail for
 New Guinea with the purpose of
 ascertaining the ease or difficulty
 with which the work might be
 commenced among the Papuan
 tribes. Here, however, disap-
 pointment awaited him; when he
 reached his destination he found
 the Dutch were by no means pre-
 pared to appreciate his mission.
 "You might as well try to in-
 struct the monkey as the natives
 of Papua," said the Dutch Resi-
 dent, to whom he applied for a
 pass. Gardiner's reply was signifi-
 cant: "Monkeys in appearance or
 not, being men in reality they are
 not incapable of being instructed,
 for they are included in our Sav-
 iour's command to preach the
 Gospel to every human being."

Failing in the islands of India
 he once more seeks admission
 into South America, and makes a
 second attempt to force his way to

the Corderillas and beyond. A certain Friar Manuel withstood him to the face, spreading all kinds of absurd and mischievous rumours which were readily believed by the ignorant and superstitious people. The most damaging story of all was to the effect that the foreign bishop had stolen the wafer of the mass from the sanctuary. This created such intense opposition that nothing remained but to turn to the extreme south of the continent. In his diary he about this time makes the following entry:

"Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian population, where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the south. We propose to proceed to Berkeley Sound, in the Falkland Islands. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and to spend the summer among the Patagonians. Who can tell but the Falkland Islands, so admirably situated for the purpose, may become the key to the aborigines both of Patagonia and of Terra del Fuego!"

Then followed a painful but ineffectual effort to obtain a foothold in the south, and another as fruitless, with a Mr. Gonzales for a companion, to reach the Indians of Bolivia. One cannot but admire the pertinacity of the man as he makes effort after effort to bring the simple Gospel to those who needed it, but would have none of it.

The limits placed upon this article forbid any but a very hasty glance at the closing scenes of this devoted life. Captain Gardiner was at last, by the generosity of a lady of Cheltenham, able to gather a party of six besides himself, and thoroughly outfit it for a last attempt to form a mission on the bleak and desolate shores of Patagonia and the "Land of Fire." The outfit consisted in part of two seaworthy boats, which were, for a time at least, to

form the homes of the missionary party, and to preserve them in some small degree from the too great sociability of the natives. The voyage of the "Ocean Queen," the ship on which they had embarked their fortunes, was fairly prosperous, and the mission boats, "Pioneer" and "Speedwell," with their crews, were left to their fate. From this time onward the only sources of information regarding the movements of the party are the fragments of their journals, which were afterwards found.

The shore and people, which had proved inhospitable before, again failed to give a cordial welcome. The natives robbed when occasion offered. The winds and waves and hungry rocks made shipwreck of their boats, and despoiled them of their stores. Sickness came. Provisions grew alarmingly scarce.

The first of the little company to die was John Badcock, one of the sailors, who had for weeks been a great sufferer from scurvy. He was so patient and resigned in his last moments, and as life was fast ebbing out he summoned up all his remaining strength and sang in a loud voice Wesley's hymn—

"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

"He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace."

Only two of the party could now walk about, viz., Gardiner and Maidment, and they visited the cavern residence, to find that the sea had again rushed in with destructive force; and these losses by high tides had so lessened their

of provisions that Gardiner
necessary to still further cur-
ir daily allowance of food.

rice, two cakes of choco-
x mice, and one pound of
k comprised nearly all that
id left to subsist upon till
me.

by one they succumbed to
unger and exposure. The
ig is the last known record,
from the pen or pencil of
der:

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—The Lord
fit to call home another of our
mpany. Our dear departed
left the boat on Tuesday after-
d has not since returned. Doubt-
in the presence of his Redeemer,
served faithfully. Yet a little
id though . . . the Almighty
the praises . . . throne. I

neither hunger nor thirst, though . . .
days without food. . . . Maidment's
kindness to me . . . heaven.

"Your affectionate brother in . . .

"ALLEN F. GARDINER.

"September 6th, 1851."

A few weeks later the body of
Gardiner was found by a rescue
party lying beside one of the
stranded boats. The others were
not far off. Some may be dis-
posed to ask the advantage of
such waste of life. In this case, as
in many others, the blood of the
martyrs was the seed of the
Church. There are flourishing
mission stations in various places
in Patagonia, and many precious
souls have already been garnered
from her storm-swept shores.

Sydney, C.B.

NOUGHT BUT SLEEP?

BY MAUDE PETIT, B.A.

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is silence, darkness, yet 'tis rest,
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts, that weep,
For still God giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best." *

And if I thought this life went out in dark,
And there was nought beyond the grave but sleep,
No lasting shore to which life's parting barque
Rowed homeward o'er death's voiceless deep;

And if perchance I thought those words a dream
"I am the resurrection and the life,"
No waiting hearts beyond death's darkling stream,
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor even strife;

If, after all, I thought death was but sleep—
A calm, a nothingness, a grass-veiled rest,
With no loved voice to break the silence deep,
No seraph smile, no welcoming Saviour's breast;

And if—But, nay! these are but maudlin dreams;
Life is too good to bury 'neath the sod.
Think'st thou thy bosom that with young life teems
Will find a rest save in the living God?

"Twere better e'en the pain we suffer here,
The moaning anguish, and the bitter strife,
The hope that struggles in the face of fear—
Yea, all that made the old pulsating life,—

"Twere better these! Oh, give me aught but sleep,
A sleep that waketh not to hope nor love,
Nor even dreams within its slumber deep
Of all we hoped of endless life above.

But hark! a whisper from the deeps I hear,—
It comes again—a whisper soft and sweet:
"That death—that dumb forgetting thou dost fear
No sleep is, but a waking life more meet."

* From an inscription on the tomb of an agnostic.

THE COURT OF KING EDWARD.*

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.



HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



SHAKESPEARE puts into the mouth of "Touchstone" a fierce denunciation of ignorance concerning the court, describing those guilty of it as being in a "parlous state." The clownish philosopher's censure is a tolerably sweeping one; for while every one knows that monarchs have their courts, very few, on either side of the Atlantic, understand how courts are constituted and ordered, and for what purposes they are maintained. As there is no court where old-time pomp and ceremonial are so picturesquely blended with modern

* The sixtieth birthday of King Edward VII. occurs on November 9th, 1901. In commemoration of this event we have pleasure in presenting recent portraits of the King and members of the royal household and pictures of some of the royal residences, and in abridging from "Munsey's Magazine" the accompanying account of the Royal Court.—Ed.

usages and requirements as that of St. James', we cannot do better than to turn our attention to this particular establishment, the more so as it has recently been reorganized from top to bottom by England's new king, Edward VII.

The court, in the broadest sense of the word, comprises all the great officers of state, the cabinet ministers, the leading military and naval commanders, the great judicial functionaries, and all those through whom the monarch exercises his titular authority. The word, however, as used nowadays, applies more particularly to the household and personal entourage of the ruler.

In olden times there was little or no distinction between the officers of the government and the officers of the royal household. Indeed, the former were generally subordinate to the latter, and as late as in the reign of Edward I. it was to the keeper of the king's wardrobe that all taxes and revenues of the crown were paid. By degrees, however, the offices of the government were separated from those of the household. The former became more and more the servants of the Parliament and of the nation, rather than of the sovereign, and if to-day the lord high chancellor, the lord president of the council, and the other members of the cabinet are ranked as members of the court, it is in a figurative, rather than in an actual sense.

A Court's Influence for Good.

There always has been a disposition, especially in republican countries, to scoff at royal courts, and to regard them as hotbeds of

intrigue, of hypocrisy, of and of profligacy. To such extent is this the case that the word "courtier" has come to be used upon as a term of re-

tends to develop the vices mentioned, since the tenure of court offices usually depends upon a royal favour that is sometimes capricious and unstable; on the



, implying a fawning, dis-able, and contemptible dis-n. As a matter of fact, a very prejudiced and un-ew. While there is much atmosphere of court life that

other hand the existence of a court undoubtedly does much to main-tain a certain standard of morality, of honour, and of manners.

In mediaeval times all that was most brilliant, enlightened, and

intellectual centred about the royal and imperial courts, and their influence contributed to civilize the classes as well as the masses. To this day the knowledge that connection with any serious scandal entails exclusion from court is sufficient to constitute a very salutary restraint upon the behaviour of society in monarchical countries.



THE KING'S FATHER, ALBERT
THE GOOD.

The British Royal Household.

The English court may be roughly divided into two parts. The one consists of officials who only figure on ceremonial occasions and at state functions; the others have duties of a less decorative and more arduous nature to fulfil. Thus, the Duke of St. Albans, as hereditary grand falconer; the Marquis of Exeter, who is hereditary grand almoner; the poet laureate, the gold stick, the silver stick, and the black rod, while they figure in all state and

ceremonial functions, are not indispensable members of the royal household, as are the Queen's ladies in waiting and the gentlemen in attendance upon the King.

The royal household is composed of four separate departments, with several subdivisions. There is, first of all, what may be described as the King's personal staff, which is very small. Then there are the lord steward's department, the lord chamberlain's department, and the department of the master of the horse. Queen Alexandra, again, has a household of her own, the men being under the orders of her lord chamberlain, old Lord Colville of Culross, while the feminine portion is under the direction of the mistress of the robes.

With the advent of the present reign this last office ceased to possess a ministerial character. When Queen Victoria was on the throne it was considered to be endowed with so much influence as to necessitate its occupant changing with the administration; and each time a new cabinet came into office the Queen had to select a new mistress of the robes from among the duchesses belonging to the political party in power. This was due to the fact that Victoria was a queen regnant, whereas Alexandra is merely a queen consort, and the consequence is that the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry is likely to hold her post of mistress of the robes for the remainder of her days, providing she does not cease to please the Queen.

The Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Next in rank to the duchess, who is only to be seen by the side of Her Majesty on ceremonial occasions, are the four ladies of the bedchamber, who must be peeresses of the realm. They are at present the Countesses of Antrim



KING EDWARD VII.

Gosford, the widowed of Lytton and Lady The last is a member of of Baring, and an old id neighbour of the t Sandringham. Lady a sister of the Earl of , and widow of the poet) wrote so brilliantly name of "Owen Mere- who died as ambassador after serving a term as India. Lady Gosford is r of the Duchess of De- a sister of the late Duke ester and therefore aunt esent duke, while Lady a sister of the Countess wife of the Governor- f Canada, and, like her, r of that gallant and d General Grey, who ac- l King Edward on his e visit to Canada some s ago.

these four ladies of the er is expected to spend iths out of the twelve in attendance upon the t whatever place Her ay happen to be. They e Queen's visitors before

admitting them to her presence, entertain her guests, attend her when driving or at entertainments, and, in fact, relieve her of all unnecessary trouble and annoyance. Jane, Lady Churchill, lady of the bedchamber to Queen Victoria, was that sovereign's most intimate confidante and associate during the last twenty years of her reign; and there is no doubt that the sudden death of Lady Churchill, who was found dead in her bed last Christmas Day at Osborne, helped to precipitate the demise of her royal mistress. In emergencies the duties of a lady of the bedchamber are likely to be more varied, as may be gathered from the fact that the old Countess of Macclesfield was called upon to act in the capacity of physician and nurse in the absence of these important functionaries on the occasion of the somewhat unexpected arrival in the world of the late Duke of Clarence, eldest son of Queen Alexandra.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

At the time of writing this, Queen Alexandra has appointed only four maids of honour, two of whom are the lovely twin daughters of the late Lord Vivian, who died as British ambassador at Rome. The regular number of maids of honour is eight, and two are always in waiting. They carry the Queen's gloves, fan and flowers, attend her when driving, play the piano or read to her—in short, they perform those duties that would fall to a well-born "demoiselle de compagnie," or by a young girl for a mother to whom she was devoted. The ladies and women of the bedcham-



THE ROYAL FAMILY.

ber have a salary of six hundred pounds a year; the maids of honour receive four hundred, scarcely enough to pay for their dresses. When a maid of honour marries, the Queen gives her a thousand pounds to purchase her trousseau.

The masculine part of Her Majesty's household includes Lord Colville of Culross, who has been Queen Alexandra's chamberlain since her marriage; a vice-chamberlain, the Earl of Gosford; a treasurer, the Earl de Grey, who is the only son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon; an equerry, Colonel John Fielden Brockle-

hurst, of the Royal Horse Guards; and a private secretary, the Hon. Sydney Greville, younger brother of the Earl of Warwick.

Two Old Retainers of the King.

The King's personal staff consists of the keeper of his privy purse, General Sir Dighton Probyn, one of the Victoria Cross heroes of the Indian Mutiny, and Sir Francis Knollys, the private secretary. Sir Dighton and Sir Francis reside permanently with the King, to whose household they have belonged for nearly forty years, and have no fixed terms of duty. They enjoy the monarch's confidence to a degree of which no other member of his household can boast, and it is said of them that they have never made a mistake. They are of about the same age as the King, Sir Dighton being a little older and Sir Francis a few years younger. The general has the control and management of the King's private fortune and business affairs, while Sir Francis has charge of His Majesty's correspondence, all written communications, no matter what their source or origin, reaching the sovereign through him. It naturally follows that the King can have no secrets from his secretary. For his invaluable services Sir Francis receives a salary of two thousand pounds a year, a furnished residence for himself and family wherever the King happens to be, and all sorts of valuable perquisites in the way of the use of royal servants, royal carriages, and so forth. Sir Dighton has the same prerogatives and a salary of twenty-five hundred pounds.

The Lord Steward's Department.

The three great dignitaries of the court are the lord steward of the household, the lord chamberlain of the household, and the



THE KING'S SON AND HEIR APPARENT
OF THE BRITISH CROWN—THE DUKE
OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

white wand, which he carries himself when in the sovereign's presence; on other occasions it is borne before him by a bare-headed footman. His salary is two thousand pounds a year.

He has under his more immediate orders that part of the royal household not in the departments of the lord chamberlain and the master of the horse. The lord steward rules over a treasurer, who is now Victor Cavendish, M.P., heir to the dukedom of Devonshire; a comptroller, Viscount Valentia, an Irish peer occupying a seat in the House of Commons; and a master of the household, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, brother of the late Duke of Newcastle. This last official directs the purely domestic affairs of the royal household—all the servants below stairs, cooks, footmen, and so forth, are in the lord steward's department—and he lives under the same roof as the sovereign.

of the horse. The authority of the lord steward extends virtually over the entire

In former times he exercised the sole right of administering justice in the case of all offences committed within the precincts of any of the royal palaces and had the power of sentencing to death those who had been guilty of crimes meriting punishment. He still actually possesses this prerogative but his rights are delegated to a magistrate or judge whom he may select.

The lord steward is appointed by the sovereign, but changes with the sovereign, and, by virtue of his office, takes precedence of all other officers who are not of the blood royal.

The present lord steward of the household is the Earl of Devonport and Montgomery, one of the tallest and best looking of the members of the House of Lords. The emblem of office is a long



THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL
AND YORK.

In the absence of the lord steward he presides at the table of the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, and issues in his own name the royal "commands" to all those whose presence the King desires at dinner, or as guests at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral. The invitations to state banquets, state balls and state concerts are always issued in the name of the lord steward by command of the King.

The Lord Chamberlain and his Duties.

The lord chamberlain of the household, now the Earl of Clar-

ward de Martino; the royal barge master, the keeper of the royal swans, and the royal string band, which has been in existence for more than three hundred years, and consists of sixty performers.

The constable of Windsor Castle, who is the Duke of Argyll, brother-in-law of the King; the keeper of the crown jewels at the Tower of London, who is General Sir Hugh Gough, and the royal physicians, surgeons, oculists and dentists, numbering about forty all told, are likewise subject to the direction of the lord chamberlain. To the latter is also intrusted the licensing of all public dramatic



WINDSOR CASTLE.

endon, draws the same salary as the lord steward, and, like him, changes with the administration, and bears a long white wand when in attendance on the sovereign. He has under his direction the lords and grooms in waiting, the gentlemen of the privy chamber, the master and marshals of ceremonies, the poet laureate—now Alfred Austin, who receives eighty pounds a year for furnishing odes on the occasion of births, deaths and marriages in the royal family; the painter in ordinary, James Sant, of the Royal Academy; the marine painter to the King, Ed-

entertainments, and upon him rests the responsibility of acting as censor of the drama, heavy pains and penalties being reserved for those theatrical managers who venture to put on the stage pieces that have not received the seal of his approval.

It is he, too, who determines the qualifications of those who apply for admission to court. Presentations cannot be made without his sanction, which is given only when he has satisfied himself that there is nothing in the antecedents and character of the candidates for presentation to

er them from the honour. l Clarendon is exceptionally and exclusive, and the re- from him of the familiar s entitling one to presentation r at Buckingham Palace or ames', at a drawing-room or . is a kind of certificate of ion, character and antece-

s. though a layman, the lord iberlain has also subject to authority the prelates and y of the chapels royal. The of these is the dean of the els royal, who is invariably Bishop of London, and who

may arise concerning spiritual matters."

The remainder of the ecclesiastical establishment consists of forty-eight chaplains to the King, their duty being restricted to preaching before him once a year. They receive their appointments from the lord chamberlain. The choristers of the royal chapels are known as the "gentlemen of the chapel royal." They wear a queer, old-fashioned scarlet and gold dress instead of a surplice, and receive salaries of sixty pounds a year. It may be remembered that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, as a



TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

owledges no spiritual superior he sovereign. The more imate spiritual adviser of the ; bears the quaint title of clerk e closet, the office being now by the Bishop of Winchester, it may be remembered, furd the last ministrations of the ch to Queen Victoria. Be- the Reformation, the clerk of closet was the father confessor ie monarch. But since the lishment of the Protestant l as the state church of Eng- his duty has been, nominally, ast, "to attend at the right of the sovereign in the royal t or pew during divine ser- to resolve such doubts as

boy, was a gentleman of the chapel royal.

The lord high almoner, who must not be confounded with the hereditary lord almoner of the crown, is the Bishop of Ely. His duties are nowadays little more than nominal. In former times he was expected to assist the sovereign in washing the feet of twelve poor men on Maundy Thursday, but now he has nothing to do but to distribute the royal bounty on that day—Thursday in Holy Week—and at Christmas, to a number of poor people selected for that purpose. I should add that, besides the forty-eight chaplains in ordinary, the King

has resident chaplains at Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne, whose duty it is to perform divine service daily, morning and evening, in the private chapels.

The Lord Chamberlain's Subordinates.

With regard to the grooms in waiting, it must be understood that they are all men of rank and of birth, and that, in spite of their title of groom, their duties have nothing whatever to do with horses. They are, in fact, the gentlemen of the privy chamber. A groom in waiting and a lord in

neighbour of the King, and has been with him almost since his marriage. He is married to one of the Barings. The lords in waiting receive a salary of eight hundred pounds a year, and, as may be supposed, are invariably peers of the realm.

The master of the ceremonies is the functionary more particularly intrusted with the task of looking after the foreign diplomatic corps. At the present moment the office is filled by Colonel the Hon. Sir William Colville, and he has three assistants, who arrange all questions of precedence among the



BALMORAL CASTLE.

waiting are always in attendance upon the sovereign, standing behind him on all state occasions, remaining in his antechamber when he is receiving people in private audience, representing him at the obsequies of distinguished subjects.

The best known of the lords in waiting of King Edward is Lord Suffield. It is understood that he alone, of all the lords in waiting, will not change with the cabinet, but will hold his office permanently, as did Lord Bridport during the reign of Queen Victoria. Lord Suffield is an old friend and

foreign diplomats, and attend to their presentation. The master of the ceremonies wears a gold chain and medal as the badge of his office. Drawing-rooms at court are invariably opened by the master taking by the hand the peeress selected to present the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and leading her to the throne, where both the master and the peeress make a profound reverence to the sovereign before taking their places on either side of the dais.

The Master of the Horse.

The third great dignitary of the

is the master of the horse to the King, the Duke of Portland, in office, like those of the lord chamberlain and the lord steward, in ministerial post, the holder of a seat in the cabinet. He enjoys more privileges than either of the two dignitaries mentioned, and receives a larger salary, his pay amounting to nearly thirty thousand pounds a year. He is in charge of all matters relating to the sovereign's stables, horse-drawing establishments, and so on. Pages of honour are lads of the royal family, from twelve to sixteen years old, who attend only on

back at each carriage wheel, sometimes in frock coat and high hat, at other times in full uniform. They likewise fulfil many of the duties of gentlemen in waiting, the present King preferring to be accompanied, when out of doors, by the equerry on duty rather than by either the lord or groom in waiting. The equeries receive six hundred pounds a year, do about three months' duty in the twelve, and comprise among their number General Sir Stanley Clarke, Colonel the Hon. William Carington and Captain Frederick Ponsonby.

The master of the horse, alone



PRINCE CONSORT'S SARCOPHAGUS, FROGMORE.

occasions, when they carry the robes of the ladies of the family or of the sovereign, receiving a salary of three hundred pounds a year. In former times when commissions in the army were still obtained by purchase they were entitled to be promoted to officers in the guards after completing their service as pages; this privilege has been abolished.

The equeries of the King are military and naval men, a preference being conceded to the former. Whenever the sovereign is out in any kind of state, two of them ride on horse-

back at each carriage wheel, sometimes in frock coat and high hat, at other times in full uniform. They likewise fulfil many of the duties of gentlemen in waiting, the present King preferring to be accompanied, when out of doors, by the equerry on duty rather than by either the lord or groom in waiting. The equeries receive six hundred pounds a year, do about three months' duty in the twelve, and comprise among their number General Sir Stanley Clarke, Colonel the Hon. William Carington and Captain Frederick Ponsonby.

This constitutes but a brief sketch of the officials and dignitaries of the British court, who probably number, all told, about two thousand persons of both sexes.

THE STORIED RHINE.

BY H. A. GUERBER AND W. H. WITHROW.



NEUWIED—A MORAVIAN TOWN ON THE RHINE.

II.



ROSSING the bridge of boats from Coblenz, I climbed by many a zigzag between frowning walls, to the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. From 400 feet above the river one of the grandest views in

Europe is disclosed. Below, the turbid stream of the Moselle joins the clear current of the Rhine, and the whole course of the latter, from Stolzenfels to Adernach, may be traced as in a map.

Our own St. Lawrence, as seen from the citadel of Quebec, is as large as half a dozen Rhines.

As I stood on the ramparts, a regiment of spiked helmets marched across the bridge of boats, the stirring strains of the "Wacht am Rhein" floating up in the morning air. They marched with a spring-

ing stride up the steep slope—large, well-built, blue-eyed, full-bearded Teutons, far superior in physique and intelligence to the average French soldier. One gigantic fellow bore the eagle standard, with several bells and horse-tails attached. The uniform looked coarse, the knapsacks were of cow's hide, with the hair on; and some of the men wore glasses—there are no exemptions for shortness of sight. While hundreds of soldiers were lounging about in enforced idleness, I saw women unloading army stores from a railway van. "Woman's rights" in Europe struck me as woman's wrongs. Better endure a little civil disability than encounter the fierce struggle for unwomanly work with man.

Taking the steamer again, we stop at Neuwied, a Moravian town; Adernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers, and bastions, and its quaint legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the cross to do works of charity through the town; and Hammerstein, a place of refuge for the Emperor, Henry IV., who did penance

ee days in the snow at Canossa.
e view of Rolandseck, the lofty
mits of the Siebengebirge, or
en Mountains, and the tower-
peak, 900 feet above the river,
ere

landsbogen is a solitary crumbling
arch on a lofty hill, the sole relic
of the castle of the brave knight
Roland, the Paladin of Charle-
magne, who fell at Ronceval.
Another legend is that Count



CATHEDRAL AND
CLOISTERS AT
ANDERNACH.

castled crag of Drachenfels
wns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
ose breast of water proudly swells
ween the banks that bear the vine,
l hills all rich with blossomed trees,
l fields that promise corn and wine,
l scattered cities crowning these,
ose far white walls along them shine,

one of the richest in natural
uty and romantic association
any in this lovely land. Ro-

Roland, affianced to the peerless
Princess Hildegunde, joined a
crusade and was reported slain by
the infidels. The inconsolable Hil-
degunde became a nun, and took
refuge in a neighbouring kloster
of Nonnenwerth. Roland, though
desperately wounded, recovered
and returned to claim his bride,
only to find her lost to him for



FEUDAL TOWER AT
ANDERNACH.

ever. In his despair he built the castle of which only the crumbling arch remains, and there lived in solitude, catching rare glimpses of his lost Hildegunde passing to her devotions in the kloster chapel, or watching the gleam of her taper at the convent lattice. At length he missed the fair form and the faint taper ray, and soon the knelling of the kloster bell, and the mournful procession of nuns, told him that his beloved Hildegunde had passed away from earth for ever. From that hour he never spoke again; his heart was with the dead; and one morning he was found rigid and cold, his death-filmed eye still turned, as in its last look in life, toward the convent chapel. This tender tale of love and sorrow still speaks to the heart across the centuries with a strange spell; and we gaze with a pathetic interest on the crumbling tower and on the klos-

ter chapel, which still looks forth from its embowering trees.

At the ancient town of Bonn, the fine university, the largest in Germany, occupies the old electoral palace, 600 yards in length. On an old bastion is a bronze statue of Arndt, the author of the "Wacht am Rhein," pointing with his right hand to the storied stream that he loved so well. Here was born Beethoven, whose fine statue was inaugurated by Queen Victoria. It bears simply the inscription, "Ludwig von Beethoven, geboren zu Bonn, 1770"—nothing more. In the quiet "Gottesacker" sleeps the dust of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Schumann, Arndt, Lange, and other famous men.

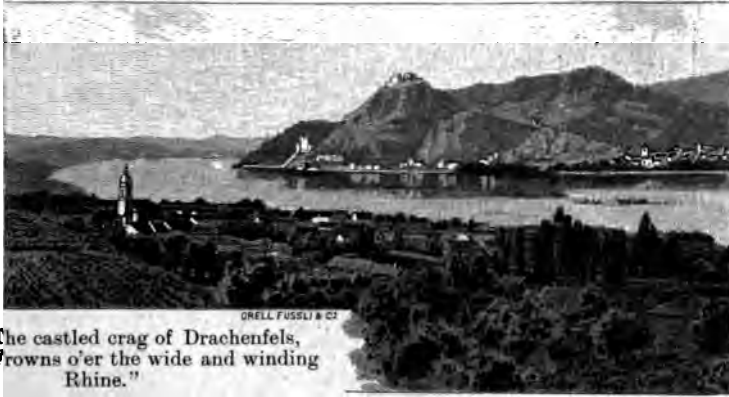
The crown and glory of Cologne is its wonderful minster. Its mighty mass seems to dominate over the city—a brooding



CHIEFLESS
CASTLES
BREATHING
STERN
FAREWELLS.

essence of sublime majesty. Its piers, turrets, flying buttresses, gargoyles, foliated capitals, and embayant tracery seem more like organic growth than a work of man's device. For six long centuries the mighty structure has been slowly growing, year by year, and but recently reached its late completion. Its vast and vaulted roof rises to a shadowy height of over 200 feet, and its sky-piercing spire springs, like a fountain in air, over 500 feet in air. But no mere enumeration of dimensions can give any idea of the magnificence and beauty of its exterior,

with the skulls and bones of the 11,000 virgin attendants of the English Princess Ursula, martyred here by the Huns in the fourth or fifth century—the legends do not agree which. The whole story is told in a series of quaint old paintings on the walls. Rows of shelves are full of skulls wearing satin caps and tinsel coronets, and some of peculiar sanctity rest in bejewelled velvet cases. Some are still crowned with soft flaxen hair, which, as a special favour, one may touch. Others have their names written on their forehead. The rest of the bones are piled up



"The castled crag of Drachenfels,
Frowns o'er the wide and winding
Rhine."

of the awe-inspiring solemnity of its vast interior. Arch beyond arch receded in seemingly infinite perspective, the deep-dyed windows shed their many-coloured light on capital and column, and the chant of the choir and roll of organ throbbed and pulsated like a sea of sound.

St. Gereon's, commemorating three martyrs of the Theban Legion, founded in 286 by Diocletian, said to be founded by the Empress Helena, very odd. The nave is ten-sided, and the skulls of the martyrs are preserved in the choir, which is sixteen steps above the nave.

The most notable relic church, however, is that of St. Ursula, aapidated old structure, crowded

by the cord, or strung on wires and arranged in grotesque arabesques. In the cathedral you are shown the bones of the Magi, or three Kings, brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and since then stolen and recaptured, and held at a king's ransom. Can anything be more degrading than this worship of dead men's bones, with its puerile imbecilities and its palpable frauds and lies!

After passing Cologne, the Rhine landscape grows flat and uninteresting and the current sluggish. In Holland the country lies below the level of the river, which here flows between huge embankments.

After dividing four times, and sending its waters into the Meuse

by the Waal and Leck and into the Zuyder Zee by the Yssel, the Rhine passes the historic towns of Utrecht and Leyden, and from a broad, majestic river dwindles down into such an insignificant stream that it is pumped into the sea.

Passing through different countries, the Rhine seems to partake of the character of the inhabitants. In Switzerland it is strong, free, and picturesque, in Germany alternately

Celts, who, fleeing before the Teutons, vanished from Germany about four centuries before Christ. The newcomers practised the Scandinavian religion, which left traces in literature and in our nomenclature of the days of the week. Incensed by Teutonic incursions, the Romans sent Caesar northward to drive them back. He established camps all along the Rhine, which was a boundary of the Roman Empire for two hundred years. Con-



SONNECK CASTLE—ON THE RHINE.

“Many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.”

useful and romantic, and in Holland slow, persistent, and strictly utilitarian.

Besides natural charms, the Rhine's historical associations greatly enhance its attractions. For convenience' sake this history is divided into four periods. The first includes the antediluvian, perhaps pre-Adamite, epoch, the time of fossils and of volcanic activity in the region between Mains and Bonn. During the second period the Rhine valley was inhabited by

nected by well-built roads, these camps ultimately became famous cities. The Romans brought thither their own culture and religion, and left frequent traces of their occupation. During the Christian persecutions a whole legion suffered martyrdom at Cologne, where their bones still deck St. Gereon's Church.

After beholding a cross in the skies near Mainz, Constantine transferred his capital to Byzantium, and a little later the barba-

began crossing the Rhine to homes elsewhere. The early Frisian kings, the Merovingians, overrun by the Huns, whose story is recorded in Germany's best epic, the Niebelungenlied, in many legends. The Huns followed by the Alemanni, Clovis defeated at Tolbiac, making his famous vow. During the rule of his successors, the Rhine country relapsed into paganism, whence it was rescued by Frisian missionaries.



"ALL TENANTLESS, SAVE TO THE
CRANNYING WIND."

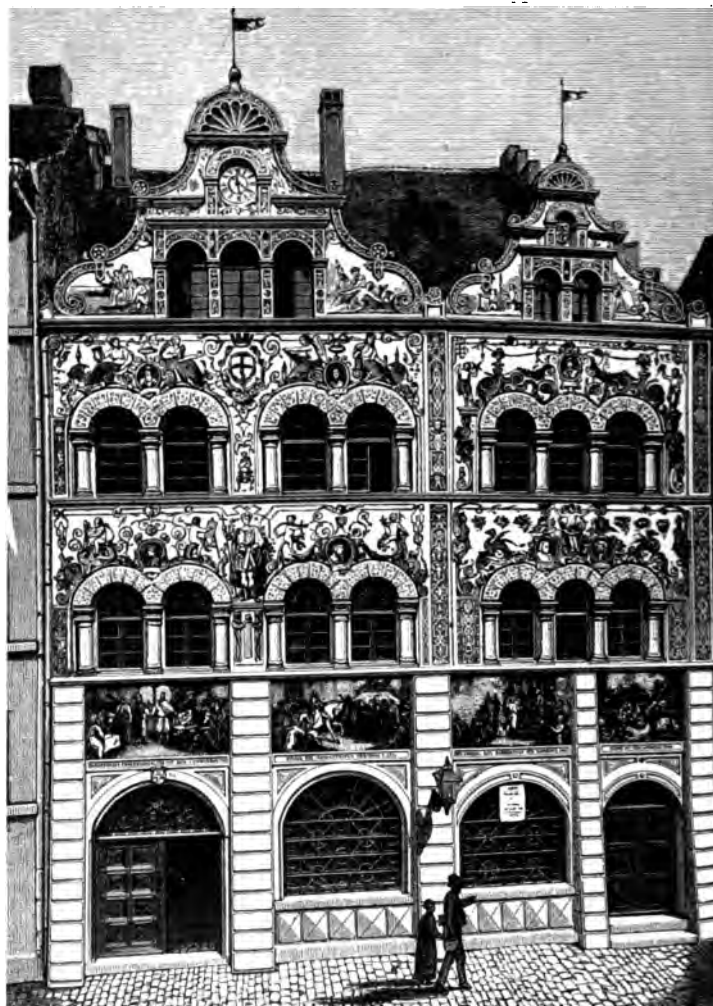
In the third period, the golden age of France and Germany, begins Charlemagne, who conquered the Saxons, destroyed the Irminons, and lived in turn at Worms, Reims, and Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), where he was buried. A mighty warrior, the prince of his fellows, and an enlightened monarch, Charlemagne is the hero of countless legends.

Charlemagne's work was undone by his successors, for his grandsons divided his realm into Germany, France, and Italy. As he had predicted, the Normans soon came up the Rhine, and they and the returning Huns left ruin and lamentation in their wake. The nobles took advantage of the incapacity of subsequent rulers to extend their power, and Hatto, of Rat Tower fame, the hero of Southey's poem, tyrannized over all the people. Emboldened by impunity, the nobles finally decreed that the German crown should be elective, and the second monarch of their choice is said to have witnessed the duel between Lohengrin and Telramund at Cleves. Utilizing in war preparations a nine years' truce purchased from the Huns, this king defeated them so sorely that they ceased to devastate the Rhine country, which again became a centre of culture.

When Peter the Hermit preached the first crusade the turbulent nobles gladly assumed the cross. It is estimated that during the following two hundred years about six millions of Germany's best fighting men went eastward.

Germany's favourite hero is Frederick Barbarossa, who, after warring against unruly vassals, transferred the relics of the Three Kings from Milan to Cologne, where they became the goal of pious pilgrimages. Although Frederick perished in Syria, the people refused to believe he was dead, and tradition claims that he is sleeping in his palace vaults, or in the Kyffhauser Mountain, to arise when Germany needs him.

Constant feuds between robber knights made travelling so unsafe except during the Truce of God, that the towns, having meanwhile attained importance, were forced to maintain private armies until the Hanseatic League was formed. All the knights were not pilferers.



CIVIC ARCHITECTURE IN AN OLD RHINE TOWN - THE CHANCELLERY,
CONSTANCE.

however, for along the Rhine they kept relays of horses and oxen to tow boats up-stream, and protected and entertained travellers in exchange for toll.

Although plague and warfare affected like a blight on the country, literature flourished, thanks to the Rhine paper manufactories, which

permitted the multiplication of favourite romances.

Baronial tyranny became so galling under the Hapsburgs that the Swiss revolted and fought until they won complete freedom. The romantic episode of William Tell belongs to this period.

The fourth period begins with

of Huss at Constance wars of religion in Germany. The first cannon having shortly before in Cologne, came into use, battering tresses hitherto deemed ble. When the Hussite d, Maximilian suppressed re, restored order, and en-commerce. He also fos-ning, which Gutenberg's iscovery was to make to all. Fust, at Mains, capital for the printing st Latin Bible, and when le saw how rapidly pre-nilar copies were turned whispered that Fust was with Satan. This report to the Faust legend im-d by Goethe.

st German Bible, printed s (1472), prepared men's or Luther's ninety-five hich were publicly burned ie shortly before the Diet s convicted him of heresy. s wars of religion deso-

Rhine region, leaving ruins besides the famous g Castle. The Thirty ar reduced the population rly seventeen to less than ons, and left the survivors raits that some resorted to sm. At the end of this blics were formed at the nd mouth of the Rhine, came the German frontier. ould not last long, how-

Louis XIV., not content e possession of Alsace, trassburg, which France urly two hundred years. s of the Austrian Succes-Seven Years also left in-arks on the Rhine region, which Voltaire passed on o visit Frederic the Great, is name carved on the the Strassburg Cathedral, is still legible.

XIV.'s extravagance, ately copied by Germans,

resulted in the French Revolution. Its first victims were the Swiss Guards, whose heroic death is commemorated by the Lion of Lucerne. Horror for this and similar outrages kindled war in Europe; but before the Germans were ready French armies took Mainz, Stuttgart, and Frankfort. The wanton cruelty of the invaders made the peasants rise in wrath and drive them back across the Rhine.

Although the whole left bank of this river was now conceded to France, Napoleon's ambition soon caused new wars, at the end of which the old German Empire ceased to exist, and many princes joined the Rheinbund. But Napoleon's career was not ended, and after the disastrous Russian campaign he was forced to face all Europe at Leipsic. Undaunted by defeat, he refused to accept the Rhine, Alps, Pyrenees, and the sea as France's boundaries, so the war continued. On New Year's Day, 1814, Blucher stood in the Pfalz Castle, watching his army cross the Rhine, and about a year later he helped Wellington at Waterloo, and won back the lower Rhine.

In 1817 the first steamship ploughed the Rhine, where free navigation was established only in 1869.

In 1870 a dispute about the Spanish succession provoked the Franco-Prussian War. To the surprise and dismay of the French, the German States, joining Prussia, sent their combined forces over the Rhine. Unprepared for war, and badly generaled, the French were completely crushed, and Napoleon III. surrendered at the battle of Sedan. The German army marched on to besiege Paris, and at Versailles the new German Empire was proclaimed, and William, king of Prussia, was hailed emperor. France was forced to pay a huge war indemnity and give up Alsace and Lorraine. The suffer-

ings this war entailed upon both nations created much bitter feeling, and even now, when asked whether certain towns in the ceded provinces are in Germany, a Frenchman invariably answers that they are in Alsace or Lorraine, as the case may be, rather than acknowledge that they belong to the Germans.

On coming home, and while crossing the Rhine, which had again become a German river, the troops heartily sang "Die Wacht am Rhein." Since then the Rhine country has been given up to ordinary pursuits, and in 1883 a peace festival was held at Niederwald, where the emperor unveiled a beautiful monument commemorating the unification of Germany. During the past few years it has been visited by tourists from every clime, who cannot refrain from hoping that the peace and unity the monument typifies may never again be broken.

The storied memories of this lovely stream are well characterized in the following fine poem by Herman Merivale:

- "By queenly Aix to pretty Bonn—
And then athwart the river,
In sheer idlesse we wandered on,
As fain to stray for ever.
- "In golden shine the royal Rhine
His dancing wave uplifted ;

The rafts by Loreley's mountain shrine
And song-famed reefs were drifted.

"The glory fell on wood and dell,
On ruined shrine and fastness,
Where the stream-spirit weaves his spell
Of legendary vastness.

"For still with murmur and with roar
Ran on the storied river,
As if each robber-haunted shore
Should haunted be for ever.

"Once more from his despairing height
Young Roland on his maiden
Gazed through the dim and mocking night
Bereft and sorrow-laden—

"While o'er the pale and broken nun,
With love-troth vainly plighted,
The Dragon Rock frowned sadly down
On heart and passion blighted.

"Once more the wild marauding bands
Broke law and fear asunder,
And wrought their death-work through
the lands,
For vengeance or for plunder ;

"And foreign force and foreign hosts
Brought sword and fire to pillage
The restful homes, the peaceful coasts,
The ingle in the village.

"The homes are gone—the hosts have passed
Into the great uncertain ;
The fateful pall is o'er them cast,
The impenetrable curtain.

"The harsh steam-whistle calls and wails
Their echoes shrill and lonely ;
The busy traveller, passing takes
Note of the moment only.

"But, storm or shine, the rushing Rhine
Flows on—the deathless river,
Whose harmonies, by grace divine,
Reverberate for ever."



ON THE LOWER RHINE.

THE MODERN BRITISH PULPIT.

BY THE REV. J. T. L. MAGGS, B.A., D.D.,

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GAIN and again the question has been propounded to me, as doubtless to others fresh from the Old Country, "Who are our leading preachers to-day in England?" Deep and wide is this interest in the pulpit of the English Evangelical churches. Men severed by thousands of miles of ocean ask in vain, "Who are your great preachers?" It is by no means an easy question to answer. What constitutes greatness in a preacher? Is it popularity or is it influence? Is it the power to draw a multitude or to grip and shape a few? Is it the number of converts and lives? The preacher's greatness to one man may be his reputation with his neighbour. The ambiguity of the question made the answer impossible. However, the interest in the subject will justify some remarks on the style and preachers in Eng-

land. The style of pulpit utterance has recently changed. A half-century since pulpit oratory meant a literary finish, long sentences, elaborated figures and a consciously grandiloquent utterance. With this were naturally attendant many abuses. To many preachers it meant sheer mere preaching till the mind failed beneath the unnatural strain, till it became a mere well-adjusted, working instrument for regaling and retailing sermonic matter, its native power to think and originate having virtually

died out. In many instances the elaborate finish became a repulsive turgidness of diction, and the oratorical delivery degenerated into a hollow, cold, hateful, and repellant example of pulpit declamation. Yet in its time it was the popular method, and it drew the people to the churches, and played an important part in the religious life of the third quarter of the century. To-day it is all but an obsolete style in English Nonconformity. The triumphs of those years would to-day be impossible. The younger men who became imitators of that school of homilists, and have not graduated in a modern school, are practically stranded. In some instances the limits of one lifetime will give the evidences of this great change. Archbishop Magee in his younger years illustrated the elaborate, gushing style of the period. His later sermons illustrate the change that had come over the taste of the church-going public in Great Britain.

The modern taste that has changed the old for a new style demands a shorter sermon. Elaborate descriptive periods, highly-wrought pictures of oriental life, the refurbishing in modern diction of familiar Old Testament stories that the Bible told in pregnant simplicity, became intolerable to an age whose reading, writing and utterance were being fashioned by the penny postage stamp, the postcard and the telegram. To-day the style of the preacher is simpler; his sentences are shorter, his parentheses rarer. He would rather strike with an epigram than astonish by the loud

discharge of a pyrotechnic. At times the utterance, in its reaction from the former stiltedness, seems to fall below the level of good English, and to come short of the dignity of the theme and service. But the effort of the preacher is to put the message he has to give plainly and unmistakably before his audience, and this must excuse much.

Still dealing with the outside of the sermon, the modern art of illustration will, I think, be found to differ from that of an earlier period. There is less garniture with illustration for illustration's sake. The illustration comes from wider reading of history, and especially of science, as giving analogies either of human life or of "natural law in the spiritual world." That which may be called "anecdotal," the conventional, uncertified story about somebody somewhere, probably among the five millions "in London," so exactly answering the moral it was to adorn that it might have been turned out for the purpose, is practically abandoned now. A fact from history, an incident from a classic legend of the Christian middle ages, an incident from high-class modern biography—still better, an excerpt from the preacher's own life-work—these are the elements which increasingly go to make up the anecdotal of the modern pulpit.

Compared with the earlier custom, the modern British pulpit, if it has not abandoned the "division," has at any rate departed from the artificiality of a half-century ago. This is not the place for discussing the pros and cons of sermon divisions. It is possible for a sermon to announce divisions, and yet not really to have any, and for another to have the most effective and logical divisions, scrupulously observed in the working out, though the preacher may

never announce them. But in the earlier period the ideal divisions were very formal, often artificially symmetrical, and frequently alliterative. It was told of an eminent preacher, famed for such divisions, that he could in this way "divide up" any subject, and for example would arrange a discourse upon a dinner table under the three "heads" of "Ducks Caught," "Ducks Cooked," and "Ducks Consumed"! Divisions on such a principle are comparatively rare. Those of the preachers of to-day are more natural, if less symmetrical. In very many instances the sermon is constructive in form rather than analytic, is an advancing tide of thought rather than a meeting of currents.

Passing from the form to the matter the listener will detect less, perhaps too little, of the dogmatic tone. Where this takes the form of indefiniteness of teaching it is a loss to the Church and the world. But the older method that was content to use Holy Scripture wherever it "seemed," though only superficially and traditionally, to support the opinions or threatenings or promises of the preacher is very rare. The scientific study of Scripture that thinks it an irreverence to a holy book not to strive for its exact meaning, and an act of violence to twist it to an end it would repudiate, has made the pulpit treatment of Scripture to-day such that, if quoted less, it is applied the more. So, too, there can be detected, not merely in illustration, but in method and substance of thought, the influence of modern training and of those branches of modern education which have grown to great importance during the past few decades. I refer to such matters as the bearing of psychologic laws of habit and conscience upon the personal life of man, and the relation of social and eco-

science to some of the and conditions of the Kingdom of God.

A careful student of the modern pulpit will detect the tone of reality. In some instances it is the tone of doubt, but nevertheless oftener of aspiration. There are heard breathings of men who are not yet content to profess an orbited creed, or are finding where there are matters on which aspirations of the soul must be laid before the tongue will speak with full confidence. But in many instances there will be the force of conviction as strong as that of a fact not stronger; the utterance of men whose preaching upon the intellectual and moral and experimental vicissitudes they have won. The appeal is not to the infallibility of a theorist or even of a book, but to the spiritual facts they have and powers they have felt.

That they have felt and seen with confidence they tell.

The tone of conviction and excellence is, I believe, deepening in the pulpit to-day. It is not easy to speak of the different preachers of the different churches. Here the personal opinion plays an undue part, and the mission of a name might be of a significance that was never reached. If Methodism to-day has a name standing out remarkably above all others in the history of her ministry, she possesses a group of preachers of various types able to occupy any position she has to offer with power and with acceptance. In the Anglican Church there still remains something of the older classical style in several of her preachers, among whom may be mentioned the Bishop of Ripon, Dean and Canon Knox-Little. At least some instances this is

due to the influence of foreign and Romish styles of pulpit oratory, from which, with some other Romish importations, the Anglican Church will do well to free herself. But it is noteworthy that one of her most influential preachers to-day, Canon Gore, is a man of plain and direct utterance and not of elaborated rhetoric. Dr. Dale and Mr. Spurgeon, no longer with us, were both preachers of great influence, the latter influencing more widely, the former more deeply; the latter teaching most as to the method of putting the message; the other, as to mastering the message to be uttered; the latter exercising a far-reaching influence among the laity; the former casting a strong spell over the ministers of all Churches. The two Dissenting Churches, however, still possess Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Parker and Dr. Maclaren. To no small extent Dr. Fairbairn is a rhetorician, but with a style so strong, picturesque and antithetical that it is no mere tinsel of verbiage. The writer once heard him hold a Methodist audience for eighty minutes, when every paragraph was marked by a sigh from men who had been too absorbed to breathe freely, and when the church all but rang with the plaudits of men held in the grip of a mighty argument and a not less mighty utterance. Dr. Parker's Thursday morning congregation, composed largely of ministers, is an evident token of the inexhaustible character of the great preacher's power to think, to illumine, to apply. A ministry of fifty years in the most crowded church of Manchester has not sounded the depth of Dr. Maclaren's power to bring out of his treasury the gold, frankincense and myrrh of thought and speech to offer to the Christ he adores. Perhaps as illustrations of artistic and well-wrought work in the

department of sermon-craft—if one may coin the word—nothing could surpass some of the earlier volumes of the great Baptist preacher, the three series of “Sermons Preached in Manchester.”

If there be any decline in church-going it is not justly attributed to any decay in the pulpit. The pulpit to-day is manned by those who are content to put their whole being into the work. Their message they would make one for to-day, and one from the heart. If their methods are not those of past times, their motive is the same, that the message of God's love in His incarnate Son may fall upon the ear and heart of their generation. In this work many of the older denominational distinctions of style and methods and

vocabulary have either died out or have been made the general inheritance of the Churches. The fervour of the evangelical revival and the enthusiasm of the Oxford movement have put a new energy into the Anglican pulpit. Her preachers freely read and acknowledge the writings of Nonconformist fellow-heralds of the cross. At the same time the new preaching of the Established Church has given a broader spirit and deepened historic sense to Nonconformity. So we may believe “God fulfils Himself.” And amid varying methods and in the fierce emulation of ecclesiastical work the occupant of the pew may say with the Apostle: “In every way Christ is proclaimed, and therein I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.”

ENOCH.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

“Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.”—Gen. v. 24.

“He was not.” God had taken him,
 No shade of death between,
 Over the pathway, gleaming golden-bright,
 Where angel-forms were seen.
 The man who long had walked with God,
 The man who pleased Him well,
 Had gone, at last, to see Him, face to face,
 And in His presence dwell.
 Heaven's gates had opened for his entering in—
 And not again on earth was Enoch seen.

By faith in Christ, the promised Lord,
 Did Enoch please his God;
 It was for Christ's dear sake God led him up
 The road the angels trod.
 We, too, would walk as Enoch walked,
 On earth our God beside,
 And see the gates of Heaven, at His command,
 Before our feet swing wide—
 That so we may, when dwelling here no more,
 Be found upon the everlasting shore.

Lord Jesus Christ, our risen Head,
 Victor o'er every sin!
 Grant us to gain, as did Thy saint of old,
 Through Thee an entrance in.
 We may not tread the same bright path
 Whereby he went to God—
 But though our way lie through the valley dim,
 Not o'er that shining road,
 Guided by Thee, Thou Star of death's dark night,
 We shall pass safely on to God's glad light.

Toronto.

THE SUPPLEMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY ALICE A. CHOWN.



THE men and women who are inspired with the highest educational ideals to-day are aiming to develop the latent powers of every individual without regard to sex. Realizing that life is a , and that education is the furnishing of the conditions to facilitate , they distinguish between educational systems which aim to develop the inward life of man through courses of instruction to in-crease his facility of action. Man learns facts by observing them and memorizing them. In the former case, his knowledge is practical and vital; in the latter, it is imitative and unproductive. Man is going to train for an education in which cramming is often the most effective way to secure a standing, but if he is aiming to develop his faculties—if he depends on clear observation, fine imagination, and logical power—his will enable him to observe and develop principles for himself; there is no short cut through popular or professional methods of study. Undoubtedly it does much to increase the usefulness of a man's working life, and may incidentally develop higher powers, but such is not their first object nor their result.

The Arts College stands for

the ideal of culture, the preparation of the individual for life, the development of the faculties as such; in their purity they have no place in their curriculum for professional studies. They tacitly say, Our object is not to train preachers, or teachers, or home-makers; it is to train men and women, to equip them so that whatever profession they may choose it will be enriched by people who intelligently comprehend its theories, and can modify and extend them to suit present conditions. The reason why we have so few leaders in any department of life is that so few men are educated to think for themselves. The Kindergarten and the Arts College, standing at the beginning and end of our educational system, maintain that education should not be the accumulation of facts nor the acquirement of processes, but the development of the faculties, the stimulus to creative individual work. The value of any work lies not in the close imitation of some rule or model, however perfect, but in the individual expression of some principle which the student has made such a vital part of his life that he finds an original mode of expression.

No teacher of physical culture can develop poses and gestures as effective as the gestures of a man who has a great thought to deliver, and unconsciously seeks the emphasis necessary. Thought makes expression necessary, but when expression is sought first it dwarfs all opportunity for thought. Thought is like a seed sown in good ground: it absorbs nourishment from the soil and the air; it

grows, and puts forth leaves, and finally culminates in the exquisite rose. The rose is but the expression of a long, continuous process of assimilation and digestion of the various helpful forces. If you seek it first you must make an artificial one, and the waxen beauty, no matter how perfect in form and colour, cannot equal the natural flower, which betokens life and growth.

The Arts College says to the student: Learn to think, travel the same mental paths which brought the thinker to his conclusion; when you have grasped the thought, the expression will be suitable to it. The measure of one's dependence upon professional instruction is the measure of the weakness of your grasp of fundamental principles. The man whose voice is defective should learn the secret of proper breathing, correct his faults, turn his attention to the deepening of his life and leave his voice to take care of itself.

Imitation and creation are the two opposite aims of divergent systems of education, and the schools and colleges, which succeed in imbuing their pupils with a love for principles, for the laws of life, leaving them to find application for those laws later, either individually or in professional schools, will do the best educational work.

These preliminary observations are called forth by the misconception of some of the friends of the higher education of women, who still cling to the old idea that woman should be educated with an end in view, that she should be educated for a livelihood first, and for life only secondarily. The two persistent criticisms against college education for women may be briefly summarized as, first, lack of social training and refining

influences; secondly, failure to prepare women for home-making.

The master of one of the largest girls' schools in the United States writes: "When you teach college women how to dress, give them training in manners: that makes them attractive women. My pupils will go to college. It seems to me that the college makes a great mistake in not giving women the opportunity to study the relation of aesthetics to life."

There is a constant temptation to meet the criticisms against college women by supplying this professional training. The exponents of the grace and attractiveness in women would add physical culture training in pose and gesture, even pantomime. It is the old idea of accomplishments for women forming the quick cut to culture, the tendency to rely upon externals and appearances, to educate women to simulate beauty rather than to give them time to love beauty until beauty becomes part of themselves.

The average graduate of the fashionable boarding-school leaves with a graceful carriage, correct poise of body and pretty manners. The outward result is good, but the demand that has centred her attention on outward refinement has left her little time for grasping the vital principles of life.

All true growth is slow. It may be long before the college woman will be able to develop beauty as a virile expression of her life. It requires patience and steadfast belief in the value of living principles to steadily nurture the college woman, when you might turn out scores of accomplished women who would appear well, by simply turning their attention to the externals of refinement.

At a recent meeting of women scientists and educationists Pro-

Atwater, the celebrated foodist of Wesleyan College, Connecticut, made the charge that colleges were educating women away from the home; and accordingly, almost instantly prominent voices, was that we have courses in Home Economics in our colleges and universities. While Home Economics has a claim upon the field of Practical Science, and its advocates must endeavour to give it the place which it has no place in the curriculum of an arts college. It is a misconception of the function of the Arts College and of Home Economics which makes its advocacy to be given in a college aim is culture. Public opinion will soon demand that professors treat the phenomena of the home and family with equal consideration as the phenomena of the other social institutions. All professional education of the home must be referred to the professional school of Applied Science. Home itself demands that the home should have the best preparation possible for life before leaving, that the arts colleges furnish us with women trained judgment and intellectual observation shall be able to fully grasp the spiritual values as well as the scientific of the home.

We need to emphasize constantly that the individual is more important work, that the preparation of the individual to attain her full possibilities is of more importance to the state than the education of any of its institutions—even the time-honoured English-Saxon home. The home is for women, not women for the home. The sphere of women at home—has been considered,

and is, of such great importance that woman herself has been overshadowed by her social function. The profession still means more than the individual. We have not yet outgrown the idea that woman was destined to the profession of home-making. To-day there is a gradual change of perspective. The home will only attain its highest possibilities as women, who are the directors of home life, have the opportunity for the harmonious development of all the powers that make the worth and beauty of human nature.

While women are to have the fullest and freest opportunity for intellectual development, there are two forces which can be invoked to influence them to carry their mental training back into the home, environment and personality. These two forces are so subtle and so illusive in their quiet working that we are oftentimes tempted to overlook their potentiality. The woman who comes to college boards wherever she can find a house in a convenient locality, and is often compelled by her limited purse to ignore the inharmonious carpet and furnishing, the discordant colours, the cheap, unmeaning bric-a-brac, the pictures, which are often the prizes given with the package of tea. She sacrifices through worthy motives her physical and aesthetical comfort for the sake of intellectual attainment, doing so continuously for four years. She must grow indifferent to her environment, because indifference is the price of comfort.

She may be more fortunate, and find a house where more tasteful furniture and more style is sought as the passport to improving the social position of her landlady's family, but rarely is she so fortunate as to find a home where cultured and harmonious surroundings are valued in and for

simply the environment of our youth, and to be a good home-maker is simply to be able to create a helpful, healthful surrounding. Therefore, all through her course the college woman should have the uplifting force of a harmonious environment, and her help, as far as possible, enlisted in creating and sustaining that atmosphere. In other words, a college residence.

The college residence does not imply luxury. Simple, inexpensive homes are often as tasteful as elaborate though inartistic ones, the difference in the money expended and the value received being due to the intelligence of the home-maker. One of the first effects of a college course on the most promising men and women, is to make them impatient with appearances. In their youthful iconoclasm they would ruthlessly destroy all forms and ceremonies, themselves. Home, with all its subtle sentiment and memories, is because they are so frequently a mask for hollowness.

The influence of the cultured head of a residence, who loves beauty for beauty's sake, who, by her gracious manners, her sympathetic interest in the students, and her broad interest in the wider world of human life, so often to students a sealed book, creates a daily atmosphere helpful to the growth of the student in ideals of life and beauty, cannot be overestimated. One has but to contrast the standards of the well-meaning but imperfectly educated average boarding-house keeper with the ideals of the cultured woman who knows not only books but life, to understand how important a part in the development of our woman students the residence with the right head may play in supplementing the purely intellectual training of the college woman, and helping her to comprehend more quickly that

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty.”

Kingston, Ont.

GRANT US THY PEACE.

BY EMILY APPLETON WARE.

Far in the west the day is slowly fading,
 Dark grow the shadows of the evening hours;
 Sweet o'er the senses steal the zephyrs, laden
 With the soft fragrance of the drooping flowers;
 Grant us Thy peace.

All through the day our erring steps have wandered
 Far from the path Thy sacred steps have trod;
 With broken vows and precious moments squandered,
 On humble knee we pray Thee, O God!
 Grant us Thy peace.

Dark grows the night, the weary world is sleeping,
 Darkness can hide not from Thy piercing light;
 Take us, O Saviour, in Thy gracious keeping,
 Safe from the terrors of the lonely night:
 Grant us Thy peace.

Grant us Thy peace when life's brief day is closing,
 Hold Thy dear cross before our fading eyes;
 Through the dark vale within Thine arms reposing,
 Till morning dawns for us in Paradise,
 In perfect peace.

WHAT HAPPENED TO TED.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

CHAPTER I.

SET ADRIFT.

HERE was a funeral in Sullivan Court, but the affair roused only a mild interest on the part of the inhabitants, a little group of whom gathered about the door, some with shawls over their heads, and some without even this on to popular taste. There were old and young faces; pale and sullen and listless; the marks of shame, and a sense of sin. But all a little with a sense of the dignity of the occasion or later the great month confers upon the weakest the basest.

The deceased had never made much mark upon the life of the Court, the few months of her residence. She had always been "sickly" seldom seen outside of her own home. Her dark, hollow eyes had the look of one who has already said well to the things of this world and turned her wondering gaze to the mysteries of the other-world. Her boy, Ted, who sat in the sunshine on the doorstep, waiting for his mother and her women, was much nearer to the heart of the Court; a quiet lad, with his mother's bright, dark eyes, and the look of that other-world which the denizens of this world have no object. The dead woman had been a nomadic in his habits, but generally understood to be a man with whom the law had something to do. His comings and goings were unheralded, and caused no remark. Residents of the Court took things for granted, and had the silent habit of not bothering themselves about the ancestry or history of their neighbours.

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"I allus reckoned that Mrs. Morelan' an' her man sot store by each other," said a woman with a shawl over her head to another with a basket on her arm; "it must 'a' been a satisfaction to her that Jim happened to be 'round at the last."

But however much satisfaction Jim's presence had afforded the silent sleeper, his affairs were not such as to permit him to stay and witness the interment of his wife. He had gone with his shuffling step and shifty glance, and got one of the neighbour women to leave her tubs and come and arrange the body for the last rites. She had also put the little room in decent order and hung a bit of bedraggled black cloth on the door and gone back to her work. After this, Jim said suddenly to the boy who sat with his face buried in his arms on the table: "Well, good-bye, Ted, I'm goin'."

The boy sat up, showing a thin, brown face, streaked with dirt and tears, and looked wistfully at the speaker.

"You goin', father?"

"Yes, I'll haf ter go." Then, still lingering with his hand on the door, and his eyes wandering away from where the boy sat, he said, hesitatingly, "I dunno but I orter tell ye, Ted, that I ain't yer father. Ye may be glad to know it some day. Ye were nigh onto two year old when yer mother an' me was married. She were a good woman, Ted, and deserved a better man than what I've been. I hope ye'll get along. The county ossifer'll take ye to the 'sylum, most likely, an' sometime ye'll get a good home. You'll be all right. I'd like to do for ye myself if I had anything to do with."

It was the longest and kindest speech Ted had ever heard from his lips, and he looked at him vaguely, trying to take in its meaning, until the man repeated, "Well, good-bye; take care of yerself," and was gone.

"The county ossifer'll take ye to the 'sylum"; the words startled Ted, who had scarcely thought before of what was to become of himself. He had thought only of the awful loneliness of being there with his mother, so cold and silent. But now a new

terror took possession of him. The impulse was strong to fly while yet he could from the hand of the law, typified by the "county ossifer," for he felt that it might be laid upon him in power, but never in love. But the white face upon the bed held him with its silent influence—so he sobbed and waited, while the other chief mourner was trying to drown his sorrow in a saloon several blocks away.

There was a shuffling in the hall; a sound of loud voices, a clatter of heavy boots, and the bumping of some burden against the narrow walls. Ted raised his swollen face as two men entered. They carried a long box of rough, unpainted pine. Two or three women from the group outside followed them, curiously.

"Hullo, kid! Is this your mammy?" The tone was not unkind—simply brutish.

They placed the box upon the floor and lifted the dead woman into it, a trifle more carefully perhaps because of that forlorn figure standing there, his face and lips growing white, and a cold horror clutching at his heart. Back again they went, the box striking against the door as they turned into the narrow hall, and down the steps to where a covered waggon stood waiting. Ted followed mechanically.

"Where are you going with her?" he asked, speaking for the first time. "I want to go, too."

"You can't go, sonny; it's too fur." They had lifted the box into the end of the waggon, sending it into its place with a shove.

"Couldn't we take him along, fur's the morgue?" asked one of the men in an undertone.

"Naw; how'd he get back? That ain't no place fer a kid, anyhow. He'd better stay here." His tone was but a low grumble, but Ted's strained ears caught every word. "Besides, there's two more stiffs we've got to get this afternoon, an' we might just as well take 'em on this trip."

They mounted the waggon. The little group about the door were already dispersing. The driver gathered up the lines, chirruped briskly to his horses, and the waggon rattled away with its dreary load.

Ted watched it until it turned out of the court, then suddenly started and ran after it. Dodging pedestrians, darting under the heads of the

he kept the waggon in sight

for block after block. But after many turns his dimmed eyes could no longer distinguish it in the tangle of other vehicles. He stopped, and striking his little clenched hands against his head, uttered an inarticulate cry, half-shriek, half-sob. But the sound was lost in the roar of the street. Two or three of the passers-by looked at him, some curiously, some half-pityingly, as if tempted to stop, but no one spoke to him. What was a child's cry in all that hurrying multitude, each with his own burden of cares and woes?

After a few moments of dazed irresolution Ted turned his face back the way he had come. Presently he began to run, not that there was any need to hurry, but the rapid motion seemed to deaden a little the pain in his heart. Guided rather by instinct than consciousness he kept on until he was once more on familiar ground. As he entered the court, he glanced fearfully around for the officer who might be come to take him, but no stranger was in sight. The inhabitants of the court were pursuing their various vocations as if nothing had happened. With childish bewilderment, Ted felt that sense of isolation which comes to many an older heart, seeing the busy wheels of life run on while into its life has come a great and bitter silence.

With the impulse of a wounded animal he hurried through a passage-way leading to the rear of the tenement that had been to him a home. Squeezing himself through an opening in a high board fence, he found himself in a tiny court about ten feet square, filled with boxes, barrels, and other debris. An old hogshead lay on its side, containing a sort of nest made of hay and rags. Into this Ted crept and gave way, in utter abandonment, to his grief.

Overcome at last with grief and fatigue, Ted fell asleep. Rats darted in and out among the rubbish, and once a gaunt, yellow cat tiptoed silently along the fence and paused to look inquiringly at the little intruder, yet he slumbered on.

Meanwhile the waggon, with its silent passenger, had jolted along. Two other boxes, both small ones, were added to its load, and then it turned toward the suburbs, and halted at last in front of a long, jail-like looking structure, connected with other buildings for the county paupers.

the black, heavy door was a waft of icy air swept out, seemed to taint the sunshine's charnel-house odours. The oxes were hustled in. The hurried back, rubbing their together, and as if glad to be heir burdens, climbed into the and rode away. Perhaps n body, after one more jolt, will find a quiet resting- the bosom of Mother Earth. a still more hideous Inferno it, and it will pay its last debt world—a bitter creditor—in the ng-room, an offering to sci-Sleep on, Ted; and thank the indness of a fate that hides our young eyes what it would ll your future to know.*

s growing chill and dusk Ted awoke. He crawled n his hiding-place, stretched mped limbs, rubbed his eyes s grimy knuckles and then ntiously back and tried the his mother's room. It was Going around he peeped in window. The room was npty and deserted. He sat n the doorstep and tried to

His father—no, it was not er—but Jim. Jim had said, care of yerself, Ted," and he gln at once. He could go the hogshead for the night, spite of grief he was with hunger and fatigue, had eaten nothing that pt a piece of bread which he 'ng on the table in the morn- ie might go to some of the ure—they were kind in their d there was sure to be a crust l for the asking; but quite they were in league with the ossifer," and the idea of be- osed of without his consent

r first draft of this touching story rton omitted the account of the f such it can be called, of Ted's On our suggestion that this omis- ld be filled up she sent these para- She tried to make the tale less . and consulted nearly all the leaconesses, and even went to an er, to see if it might not be made ly and still true to fact, but their were all the same. The dear es, God bless them, never permit sir "cases" to have such an un- rial. Some have even gone out ed money among strangers to se- stian interment for the poor.—Ed.

by persons whom he did not know, and who cared nothing for him, was full of vague terror to the child.

A smell of something frying, mingled with other less appetizing odours, was wafted to Teddy's nos- trils, and he began to feel very sorry for himself. The world was big and hard and lonesome to a little fellow who had no mother and was hungry. What had they done with his mother, anyhow? If he could only go where she was it would not be so bad as sitting there alone. A few big tears rolled down his cheeks, but he felt too miserable to even wipe them away. It was getting so dark no one would see if he did cry.

Mrs. Nellie Breen, hurrying home to get her husband's supper, noticed the drooping little figure on the door- step.

"I wonder if that isn't the boy whose mother died to-day?" she thought, and then she turned back and stood at the foot of the steps.

"What's the matter?" she said. "You in trouble?"

Teddy, looking down, saw a little woman in a shabby dress and hat, with wide, childlike eyes, and ment- ally decided that he had nothing to fear from her. So he brushed the tears from his face with the back of his hand and replied, "Mother's gone; she died this morning."

"And ain't you any place to stay?"

A shake of the head from the de- jected little figure.

The woman hesitated and looked down the alley with a troubled look, but only for a moment.

"Well, you come along with me. We'll give you something a little better'n sleepin' on the doorstep."

"But I'm goin' to take care o' myself," protested Teddy; "I ain't goin' to no 'sylum."

"Well, I don't run an asylum, and you can take care of yourself all you want to." Then kindly and coax- ingly, "Come along, ye'll catch cold settin' here; and you hain't had no supper, have ye?"

"No; nor no dinner, either," said Teddy, beginning to hitch down from step to step until he stood beside the little woman, who seemed not much taller than himself.

"Dear me, that's too bad," and she led the way out of the court by a short cut between two large build- ings into a narrow alley. Just as

they turned into the alley a woman coming down nearly ran against them.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, and then recovering herself, "Can you tell me where Mrs. Billinski lives?"

What a voice it was! rich and full and cultured, with little tender cadences in it that might become pitiful or caressing on occasion. Mrs. Breen strained her eyes to read the speaker's face, but could only see that she was young and rather pale, with large dark eyes, and that she wore a singularly plain little bonnet with something white and soft knotted under the chin.

"I don't know," she began hesitatingly, "I'm not much acquainted around here." But Teddy spoke up:

"I know; it's the widdler Billinski. She lives over the liv'ry stable. You go back 'round the corner, an' cross the other alley, an' there's some steps——"

"Thank you. I know the way up when I get there; but I think I was a little turned around for the moment."

"But, lady," interposed Mrs. Breen, "ain't you afraid? It's a bad neighborhood, an' there's drunken men all around there."

"Yes, I know, but I'm not afraid—at least, not much. Mrs. Billinski is sick, and I couldn't get around any earlier."

And the slender, dark figure turned up the alley and was soon lost to view. A voice out of the darkness was shouting a ribald song amid shouts of hoarse laughter. It suddenly broke off, and the laughter ceased for a few moments as the woman went on her way.

"Who do you suppose she is?" asked Teddy, looking after her.

"I don't know; a nurse, maybe, or a doctor; there be women doctors, you know."

"She's a nice talker, anyway," said Ted, confidently.

They went on until they came to a tiny brown cottage, scarcely more than a hut, set so close to the road of the alley, as were all the other buildings, that the flight of steps that led to the door had to be set sidewise, leaving only a narrow platform with a broken railing.

"Here we are," said the woman, putting her key in the door, and ending, bade Teddy follow.

CHAPTER II.

CASTLES IN SPAIN AND A HOME IN THE ALLEY.

When Tom Breen and Nellie Roby were married the most optimistic looker-on could scarcely have said that they began life with brilliant financial prospects. Nellie was an orphan and worked in a canning factory. Tom was a teamster employed by the same factory for the munificent sum of a dollar and a quarter a day, and had unbounded expectations of "a raise" and of ultimately becoming a partner in the business. Tom being an orphan, too, and homeless, it seemed quite the natural thing in view of his future hopes that he and Nellie should unite their fortunes, or misfortunes, and face the world together. By stringent self-denial Nellie saved money for a wedding gown, and Tom, after advancing a month's rent for their little flat, and setting aside a modest sum for the parson's fee, had ten dollars and thirty-eight cents left in his pocket, with which to face the world, and with Nellie by his side was as happy as a lord.

Tom would never forget how Nellie looked that day, in her muslin dress and a straw hat, with a most bewildering pink rose stuck under the brim and resting against her soft brown hair. Nellie's round face was a trifle freckled, and her eyes a light hazel, like a kitten's in the sunshine; and no kitten's could be more innocent and guileless in their expression. Her orphaned life had been full enough of hardness, and by no means free from contact with sin, but evil had no affinity with her gentle nature and slipped off easily, leaving only a perplexed wonder that such things could be.

The needful furnishings for their small home were bought on the instalment plan, and although Tom's raise of wages did not come, he met the weekly payments with commendable promptness. Nellie, having worked in a factory since she was a child, had never made cooking one of her accomplishments, but the little home nest seemed so good to both after their wide-world-faring that for a year they were as happy and care free as babes in a wood.

But when the baby came the little added expense brought them a week or two behind with the rent. Then,

the baby was three weeks old, and came out all one day in a heavy rain and came home at night wet to the skin, and so hoarse that he could scarcely speak aloud. The cold developed into a fever before morning, and for several days he was unable to go back to work. When he did, he found another man in his place, and it was several days before he could find another job. This made it necessary to go to the bill at the grocers'.

One night he came home looking very glum and miserable. The baby was beginning to tell a little about both, and Nellie did not ask anything that was the trouble, knowing how rough. But after supper Tom went out:

"Nellie, do you suppose we can get along in a cheaper house?" He was rocking the baby to sleep in his arms, and did not answer until she had placed the little warm, pink baby on the bed; then she sat by the table.

"Why, Tom? has Mr. Hardnecker been talking you about the rent?"

"Yes; and anyway, how are we going to get along? See here: only eight dollars for rent; and that's the best you can, Nell, but we can't board for less than twelve; twenty. The coal and lights cost about two; then we pay six a month on the things. That's four for our clothes and incidentals. When are we going to pay our debts? Can you see?" and he laughed a short, mirthless little

"Yes, I've known we ought to get some way; but what kind of a place can you get, Tom, for less than we pay here?"

"I saw a place to-day for four dollars a month. It wasn't much of a place, that's a fact, 'n the neighbour-hood worse'n the place."

"Where was it, Tom?" Nellie was looking at him with her innocent, trusting eyes. Tom could see them looking her way, as he answered desperately, "Down in McCorkle's Alley, on the west side. I'll be one thing, Nell," he went on hurriedly, "we could have a little house to oursel's, such as

you see, his face flushed, and a look of surprise swept over it, but she only said, "O, Tom!"

Tom sat still, drumming with his fingers upon the table and apparently busy in studying his figures. He

knew Nellie would "come 'round" after awhile. He was sorry, awfully sorry, to take her and the baby into such a place—for himself, a drunken fight now and then did not matter—but he really could not see any other way, and so he drummed and waited.

As for Nellie, certain little air castles were tumbling around her ears, and she must have a moment to readjust herself. "She looked at Tom; tall and rather loose-jointed, but what a dear, clean, honest face he had; never a stain of tobacco about the lips—and Nellie hated tobacco; and how hard he worked, poor fellow. There was a gray hair or two over his temples, and Tom was only twenty-two. Perhaps he was a

trifle easy-going, perhaps he was not going to conquer the world and win a fortune quite as easily as she had hoped, but how good and kind he was. Tom was a treasure, anyway. Was it his fault if people did not realize his worth just yet? So she spoke out like a true little wife:

"I don't s'pose it will make much difference where we live, as long as we're together; if the house is small it won't take so much to keep it warm."

Then, with a sudden gush of tears, for the thought of McCorkle's Alley had brought a vision of besotted men, and bleary-eyed, miserable women. "If you'll only be good to me, Tom, and won't never, never drink, I can be happy anywhere with you and the baby."

"You're the best little woman in the world, Nell," said Tom, bending over and giving her a kiss. "You know it's only for this winter; I'm sure to get bigger wages by spring, and when we get these little debts paid up we'll be all right. We'll have a nice little home of our own yet, Nellie."

The next week they moved into McCorkle's Alley. A narrow, dusty thoroughfare flanked by deserted sheds and three or four tall, crazy tenements, whose dark, rickety halls resounded with sluggish, shuffling steps, and whose rooms were foul and crowded; on one side was a row of little box-like, unpainted houses containing three rooms each. It was into one of these that Tom and Nellie moved. Facing them, just across the narrow waggon track, was a dingy two-story tenement, whose broken blinds hanging by one hinge revealed women's faces, haggard and brazen, peeping out from behind

shreds of dirty and bedraggled lace curtains. They had reached a stage on the road to perdition at which painted cheeks and other seductions of the toilet were no longer thought of. Vice in McCorkle's Alley disported itself unashamed and undisguised.

Old Moll, who occupied the little house next the Breens, was out for her morning's portion of beer, and a chorus of hoots and yells from the alley urchins, mingled with returns of scathing profanity and billingsgate heralded her return. "Old Moll McCorkle" was at once the pride and terror of the alley. The fact that she owned the house in which she lived with her daughter, "Drunken Madge," gave her the position and respect which landed estate always confers, and no one dreamed of disputing her supremacy in all those personal qualifications for which the inhabitants of the locality were distinguished. No one could drink deeper, no one was more ready with a foul jest or a scathing repartee, no one more ready for a fight with tongue or fists than she. Now she came staggering up the alley with her broken-nosed pitcher of foaming beer; a tall, bony figure clad in a flaunting cotton gown. Her white hair straggled in disorder about her temples, and a black bruise under one eye told the story of a recent encounter. About the lower part of the face and the long, brown, uncovered throat the shrunken flesh hung in flabby folds. Finding her way impeded for the moment by the wagon containing Tom and Nellie's household goods, a sudden torrent of anger burst from her toothless lips in blistering profanity that made Nellie fly into the house and cover her ears with her hands.

Days and weeks went by, and though Nellie kept herself away from the life around her as much as possible, her face grew white and horror-stricken. Eyes that have looked into the horror of great darkness, must for ever carry its shadows in their depths, and Nellie's eyes had lost their look of girlish innocence. And mingled with her terror of the sights and sounds around her, was an awful fear for Tom, lest he should come to look like those bestial men that haunted the corners and dark passages, and that she herself should at last come to be a drunkard's

CHAPTER III.

A WAIF FINDS A HOME.

As Nellie expected, when she and Teddy entered the house, Tom was already at home, and was making awkward attempts to quiet the baby, who had awakened from her nap.

"Well, I declare," he began, with his jocose little drawl, "I reckoned you'd gone off with a han'somer man, an' left me an' the kid to take care of ourselves. Who's this you brought home wi' ye?"

"I'm sorry supper's late, Tom, but there wasn't a bit of bread in the house, and baby cried so I couldn't get away till she went to sleep." Then, following him into the little "lean-to" that formed the kitchen, "The boy's Teddy Morland; his mother died this mornin', an' they've locked up the house, and he ain't any place to stay; he's hungry, too. I thought we'd let him sleep on the couch, can't we, Tom?"

"That's all right," said Tom, "I'll warrant you wouldn't see a dog goin' hungry, not if you had anything to give him. Only look out an' save enough for me."

The table was soon spread with what to Teddy's hungry eyes seemed like a feast. There was only bread and butter and potatoes and tea; the tea had a reddish colour, and the potatoes were a trifle watery, but none of the family were critical, never having been used to dainty fare. A little later Teddy curled himself up under Tom's coat on the couch, and thought comfortably of the empty hogshead with a wisp of straw for a pillow, and cats with gleaming eyes prowling around. Then he thought of his mother, and applied his knuckles to his eyes once more, and then at last he fell asleep.

"Well, kid," said Tom the next morning, "what you calc'late to do for a livin'? Think ye'll be an alderman, or toot a horn an' march in the band?"

Ted had not spent most of his life in the streets without learning to extract the hidden intent from tones and words apparently harsh; and Tom's quizzical face was kindness itself. So he answered promptly:

"I c'd black boots, but I hain't got no kit; or I c'd sell papers—"

"Well, w'at's yer capital for that?" Tom's hand was already fumbling in his pocket.

Teddy rescued his cap, which had

behind the couch, and extracted a ragged lining a single penny, and hid it in the palm of his hand busily.

"Oh," laughed Tom, "what a aristocrat;" and thrusting deeper into his trousers he brought out a handful of nails, a bit of leather strap, knife, and among them a quarter.

"That's the last of my spondulice," he said ruefully; "Nellie, can't this institution till next pay-out any more cash invest-

"This kid has got to have capital to set 'im up in business, never going to be a millionaire. Make this an' skip to Newsboy's as fast as yer feet'll carry ye; get the Mornin' Times—ye'll look lively, an' maybe thrash three fellers afore ye find a S'pose ye kin do it?"

Answer Ted looked up with a gleam and a flash of the clear, eyes from under their black and Tom felt approvingly that matter of "scrimmages" if it that, Ted would not be found

come right back here to—said Nellie; "t'wont cost to let ye sleep on the couch. Back just like this was yer and Ted flashed another at her—a smile behind a tear and went forth, a forlorn little knight, to do battle in the world.

At noon he was back again with a bruise under one eye, and a cut in his lip, one sleeve nearly torn off his jacket.

"By me!" cried Nellie, in dismay—"did you fight, Teddy?" and with the baby on one arm she bustled to get a basin of water to wash the injured eye.

"No," replied Teddy, sententiously—"The kids pitched on to me, I couldn't let me sell papers 'cos they belong to the gang."

"What mean! Were they all against you? What are you going

to do? Was five or six on to me at the time?" said Teddy, applying the cool compress to the swollen eye. "They danced around me, and one snatched my papers an' an' gave me a punch, an' I backed up against a wall an' told 'em I'd fight 'em if they'd let me have my way to do. So they picked out the fellow they said was a good

fighter—Scotty, his name was—an' we went down behind the s'loon an' hid it out."

"Did he beat you?"

"Not much. But Scotty's a good fighter, all right. I got 'im down an' give 'im one under the ear, an' all the fellers said it was enough. Then I told 'em who I was, an' they 'greed to let me into the gang, an' I'm goin' to sell on Pilcher Street. But they got most all my papers first, an' I ain't but fifteen cents. They'd a got that, but I hid it in my shoe. The worst of it is the coat," said this Knight of the Rueful Countenance, twisting his neck to see how far the rent extended.

"Take it off, and I'll sew it up for you, if the baby'll let me," volunteered Nellie.

She laid the child on the bed, but her small majesty, with a gasp of surprise puckered up her little pink face and set up a bitter protest.

"S'pose she'd come to me?" he asked; and then, as Nellie made no protest, he put out his hands to the baby, who ceased her wails and looked to see what would happen next. Thus encouraged, Teddy lifted her with the small brown hands that had given Scotty "one under the ear" as tenderly as though she were some rare and costly treasure. The baby, with enchanting inconsistency, looked wonderingly into his bruised and disfigured face and broke into a gurgling smile. Teddy's eyes filled with a sudden, tender light, and hugging the baby to the little aching spot in his own breast, he then and there, in his heart of hearts, swore eternal fealty to Nellie's baby, and by the same token completely won the mother's heart. Thenceforth Teddy's place in the Breen home was never questioned.

"O Tom," said Nellie that night as Tom wiped his hands for supper, "you just ought to have seen how the baby took to Teddy. I thought she'd be afraid of him on account of his black eye, but babies know who their friends are, don't they, Tom? Let's let him stay as long as he wants to. He'll be company for me, when you're gone evenings."

"All right; just as you say," answered Tom, carelessly. "He's a likely little chap, an' I'll make his way fast enough in a few years."

"But it's a bad way he'll make I'm afraid, living in this awful place," mused Nellie with a sigh.

(To be continued.)

DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN.

BY THE REV. S. HORTON.

Author of "To the Rescue," "Her Bonnie Pit Laddie," etc., etc.



THE Beckside Circuit was in a state of insurrection. It had not been allowed to have its own way in the matter of inviting a minister, and as it considered its own way the best, it refused to take any other way, and brought matters for a time to a standstill. The fact that the circuit officials had violated Connexional rule in inviting a man finishing probation instead of a married man, counted for nothing. They could see no reason for such a law, and therefore they were at perfect liberty to break it. And when the Conference, finding itself in a difficulty through having too many married men on its hands, put down for them an old man, instead of a young one, they rose in rebellion. A meeting was called to protest against what was called the high-handed proceedings of the Conference, at which speeches as foolish as they were violent were made.

There is nothing on earth more cruel than the cruelty of saints. There are things done in the name of religion that may well cause the angels to weep. The Rev. Adam Shipton was the man stationed by the Conference. He was a man of saintly life, and had once been a popular preacher and a great spiritual force in the Connexion. He had served the church of his choice unstintedly. Thrice he had tempting offers to enter other and richer communities, but he had remained loyal to his own people. But now he was getting old, and there was a perceptible waning of his energy; he found himself in the unfortunate position of being without a circuit, and was thrown on the Conference for a station. It had been very bitter to him, and the most humiliating moment of his life was reached when in the Stationing Committee a big, thick-skinned delegate got up and objected to his being put down for his station on the ground that he was "too old and worn out." "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I know

nothing against Mr. Shipton, but we don't want a minister we shall have to nurse, but one that can do our work. I am told that Mr. Shipton is over sixty. Well, my advice to him is to superannuate. Anyhow, we don't want him on our circuit." And he sat down. Then Adam was stationed for Beckside.

And his host wondered why he was so quiet at tea, for before he had been full of quips and cranks, and quaint stories. And when his hostess went to bed that night as she passed his door she thought she heard a sob and a low cry. And she told her husband that she was sure that Mr. Shipton was not well, and they both had a sleepless night in consequence. But when he appeared at the breakfast table he was as bright as ever, and so they thought that they had been mistaken.

Strange though it may seem, he had never before realized that he was getting old. His heart was young, and he had never greater joy in preaching than now. As he left the Conference he was joined by another of the elder ministers who had suffered even greater humiliation than himself, having been four times objected to on account of his age. "Come along, Brother Shipton," he said, as he linked arms with him. "We have got our notice to quit. I don't know what they can do with us unless they shoot us." It is questionable if there was a sadder sight on earth that morning than those two aged servants of God, as with bowed head and aching heart, they made their way to the railway station.

And the next morning's post brought the Rev. Adam Shipton a letter from the steward of the circuit to which he was located, saying "that the officials were up in arms against his appointment, and that a meeting had been called to consider whether they should receive him or not. He was sorry, but he was afraid that his going there would mean serious conflict, if not the wrecking of the station." And the minister who had toiled all his life for the good of the Church took and laid

etter before the Lord, and prayed it might never come that he d be a hindrance and a stum-block. Rather than that he i make the last sacrifice and give e work that lay so near to his . But some of the sentences at letter cut him like the lash uffalo-whip. And his days were r and his nights sad.

i the circuit had its meeting. It such times that all the worst nts come to the front. The orn and contentious get their e, and they take it. Moderate els are ignored. And so it d in this case. A few of the en stopped away, and those who present were outvoted. The ac- of the Conference was misrepre- d and misunderstood. And it fnally determined that the cir- would not receive Mr. Shipton, hat he be informed that he need ome.

ou can lead a horse to the water, ou cannot make him drink," said er Stocks, a man who had been trouble to the ministers than alf-dozen beside—a restless, un- ually-minded man, who hung o the skirts of the Church, not e he loved holiness, but be- he loved power. "They can us a man, but they cannot com- s to listen to him. My advice comes is that we lock the chapel and refuse to admit him."

l so the letter was sent, and the ter's wife wept all day out of assion for her husband, who went like one in a dream. "It will l right when they get to know she said, as at eventide they sat e fire. "You have always succ- d so well that you need not and she put her hand on his as was wont to do in the days when were first man and wife, and d up into his face with a smile was itself pitable.

od help us, Mary!" he said in "I have been a proud man r time, and perhaps a little hard onally on those who have not n as well as myself, and this is unishment. I have always said here was an open door in Meth- for any man who would work, ow I find every door shut st me. I never thought that I d come to be a preacher whom ly would want."

on't say that, Adam," she an- d. "You know that our people

here love you; and it was only last Sunday that Mr. Jones was saying that you were preaching better than ever."

"Ah!" he replied, "that is what makes the cup so bitter to me. I know that I can preach as well as I ever did. If the Master had spoken to me through the falling of my power of thought, or speech, that my work was done, no tired labourer at eventide would leave his toil glad- der than I. But I have been learn- ing all these years, and am now preaching out of a full and ripe ex- perience. I may have been a dull scholar, but I know my lesson now, and it does seem hard that I cannot be allowed to tell it to others. Preach I must, and preach I will, even if I have to stand at the street corners to do it."

"Yes, dear," said his wife, "and I will stand by you, as I did when you and I commenced the mission at Shockton. You remember how they pelted us with rotten eggs on the first Sunday, and how afterwards the ring- leader came and begged your pardon and gave you a sovereign towards a new chapel." And in reminiscences such as this she tried to divert his thoughts away from that fatal letter.

When the day came that they had to bid "Good-bye," to their old friends, it was with heavy hearts that they went to meet new and what promised to be sad experiences. After a hundred miles' journey they at length found themselves at Beckside Station. Not a soul was there to meet them, and tired and hungry they learned that they had a walk of a mile to the town.

But Adam Shipton, if as sensitive as a child, was as bold as a lion when difficulties had to be faced, and making arrangements about the lug- gage, he bade his wife be of good cheer, and off they set.

As they entered the town they met two young men and inquired their way to the chapel. As they moved on Mrs. Shipton heard one of them say, "That will be the new Methodist parson. I hear they won't let him preach. It's a bit of a shame. An old man, too."

She hoped her husband had not heard, but a glance at his face told her that her hope was vain. It was white and pinched, and there was a startled look in his eyes like that of a hunted animal. The iron had en- tered his soul. He, the man of elo-

DESPISED AND

BY

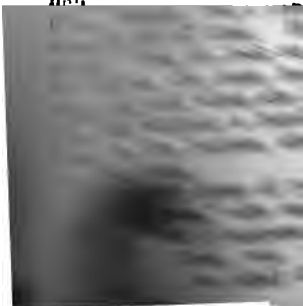
Author of "To the



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other way, and brought time to a standstill. the circuit officials the nexional rule in fishing probation ried man, counted could see no reason and therefore they liberty to break Conference, finding culty through he ried men on it. them an old one, they rose ing was call what was ceedings of speeches as lent were

There is cruel the are thing lligion the to weep was the ference life, preacher in the the ch. This other has



When Adam returned, and when a woman saw him she gave an expression of surprise and of indignation. "Why, I do declare," she said, "it is Mr. Shipton. You will not remember me, sir, but I knew you long ago. I set eyes on you. Do you remember, sir, once a little girl called on me at midnight to come and see her father, who it was thought was dying? It was when you were in the hospital, sir. And you came, and I found peace through your prayers and your words. And though he got better, he never lost his faith and our lives became like heaven, whereas before it was like hell. For my father was dying, and when he was intoxicated he was almost mad. But you know what a drunkard's home is. Well, he was all changed, and before he died he managed to save a few hundred pounds, which he left me, which I gave Aleck—that's my husband, sir—his start in business. He is a printer, and we are doing nicely. But I am talking and you are starving. Never mind the kettle now," she said, turning to the minister's wife, "you are going over with me to tea. I left the girl getting it ready when I came over. But I say 'Yes,'" she continued, as she saw that she was going to object. "I won't have a 'Nay.' We owe all we have to your husband, and Aleck and I have often talked about him, and said how we should like to see him, and thank him."

And so the first gleam of light broke through the dark sky for the weary servant of God, in bread cast upon the waters many days before. When he returned to him in the hour of his greatest need. On Sunday the church was neither closed nor empty, though the officials were conspicuous by their absence. But some had come out of curiosity, some because of the agitation there had been, and in the hope that they would witness a scene, and others from higher motives, so that altogether there was a very large congregation. And the Spirit of God lifted up his heart in thanksgiving, and preached like one inspired, as doubtless he was. And in the evening the chapel was full, and the preacher had the joy of pointing to five seeking souls to Him who is the Saviour of the world.

And the opposition smouldered and would have died out had not one man set himself diligently to do the devil's work, and to keep it alive.

old or ill, Edward Stocks hated defeat, and the more that the more he succeeded the more was he determined that he would get him from the circuit at the first opportunity. He was the only one who to the resolution never to preach, but he was present at official meetings, and endeavored to make things as uncomfortable as possible. But at length tired out the patience of even Shipton; and on one evening, when he was manifest on disturbing the meeting a preacher turned upon him and gave him a castigation that he forgot and never forgave. He never had given the mild, unimpaired old man credit for his power of burning denunciatory that he poured upon the head of the mischief-maker, under which he reddened and fumed, but had to contentedly. It was as when lightnings from a clear sky on a summer's day, and all the brethren sat struck. And when the minister finished by saying that unimproved his ways there were no provisions provided by the church of dealing with such as he, the obstinate man got up and left the meeting without a word.

It was the time came for inviting the minister for the ensuing year, Mr. Stocks heard of him visiting the places in the circuit, though the mission he did not know. On Sunday, when he was in the circuit, the steward brought him an announcement of an official meeting for the ensuing Thursday evening. "But I can't be there," he objected.

"It does not matter," said the steward, "we can manage without you. I think that you had better come."

It had been a less simple-minded man at he was he would have insisted on knowing the business, but the signs were going on smoothly, and the circuit prosperous, he did not go farther. Official meetings were ten necessarily held in his absence.

On Friday was a wild day, the wind drove the snow into huge drifts by the roadside, and making the roads in places nearly impassable. He would preach five miles from home, but his wife would fain have persuaded him not to go, but he had

great pride in the fact that for thirty years he had never neglected an appointment, and he said, he would not till he was absolutely obliged.

At half-past nine there was a knock at the manse door, and Mrs. Shipton, always apprehensive of evil, went to open it with a beating heart. But it was only Stocks and one of the officials who wanted to see her husband. She asked them in, and they sheepishly followed her into the parlour. "He is sure not to be long," she assured them, "she had been expecting him for the last half-hour. But the walking was bad, and he was not as strong as he used to be. He had complained about his heart lately, but he would not give in." And thus she chatted on while they listened, and put in a word here and there. But they seemed ill at ease, and when she insisted on making a cup of cocoa for them they looked perfectly miserable.

And no wonder, for at the meeting that had been held the vote had gone against the minister by a majority of one, Stocks giving a casting vote as chairman in favour of a change. And they had been deputed to come and tell the minister that after July his services would not be required. How that vote was obtained is written in the great book of God. But it was one of those things that a man little likes to remember on his death-bed.

And the deputation sat listening to the ticking of the clock and the minister's wife talking of the sermons of her husband and the converts he had made in other circuits, and prophesying that before long the circuit would rise to a condition of prosperity that it had not witnessed before. "Mr. Shipton thinks that there are signs of a revival at a number of the places," she continued. "He is quite delighted at the manifest improvement at Bigton and Sheens in particular. He talks of building a new chapel at Bigton next summer." Still they spoke but little, and thrice Brother Turner had to remove farther back from the fire.

Just when, weary of waiting, they, with a sigh of relief, got up to go, the door opened and in came the minister. He looked very tired, and was covered with snow, but when they would fain have gone he compelled them to sit down again.

"I have good news to tell you," he

said. "All the way to Blackstone I was tempted to turn back, for I thought nobody would come out on such a dreadful night, but when I got there the chapel was nearly full. There is a wonderful work of grace going on. Three men were converted on Sunday night, and two of the worst characters in the village came out to-night. Did you hear that, wife? And please God it will spread all over the circuit. I have sung all the way home. Oh! the joy of soul-saving. But now, brethren, I am keeping you. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Never did men who call themselves Christians find themselves in a tighter corner than Messrs. Stocks and Turner. The latter wished himself a thousand miles away, while the former shuffled out uneasily, and pulled at his shirt-collar as though it was choking him.

"I came to bear Brother Stocks company," said Turner as the minister looked at him, "he will tell you the business."

"Well, sir," said the minister, stiffening a bit. "What is it? Speak on, man."

Thus appealed to there was nothing for it but to get through as well as he could. At length he got it out: "That the brethren had held a meeting and had come to the conclusion that it would be for the good of the church that there should be a change of ministers in the following July, and that he and Brother Turner had been appointed to make him acquainted with the decision of the meeting." He gathered confidence as he went on, and by the time he had reached the end there was something of his usual insolence of tone and manner.

All the time the minister stood looking at him in a dazed kind of manner as if he did not fully understand.

His wife, however, had suddenly

turned, and with a woman's righteous anger, she exclaimed:

"That is your doing, Mr. Stocks. And now get you gone. Some day you will know——"

She did not finish the sentence, for a cry broke from her husband's lips of, "Oh, my God!" as he fell forward into her arms.

It was his last cry. The diseased heart had stopped, and the soul of the preacher had gone to its Maker. When he fell the two men rushed forward, but she drove them back with her hand, "Don't you dare to touch him!" she cried. "He is too good for you to come near. You have done enough for one night. If you have any pity, begone ere he comes to himself," for as yet she thought it was only a fainting fit. "Adam, darling, look up! It is all right, Adam, speak to me." But Adam heard not.

As the two men sneaked out of the door they heard a wail, sad and low, that haunted one of them for many a day to come. It was the cry of a desolate woman in the hour of her anguish. Four days after, she took her dead away from the place where they had treated him so cruelly, for she could not leave him there. She buried him among those who knew his worth and loved him.

Ten years after a tramp called to beg a piece of bread at a little cottage in which lived a woman with hair white as the snow of winter. And when he saw her face he uttered a great oath and fled. It was Edward Stocks, and the woman was the preacher's wife. And as she saw his rags fluttering in the wind she remembered the first text her husband ever preached from, "Be sure your sin will find you out." That day she did what she could never do before—she forgave him, and prayed for him.—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

Rest thou in Him—no need for fear—
Thou knowest not His plan for thee,
But well thou know'st that He is near,
Then rest in Him, rest quietly.
So much seems left of earthly joy—
But oh, thy Father knoweth best!
This latest word thy thought employ—
And rest.

Wait thou for Him—take what He sends,
Sure that His every thought for thee
In naught but love begins and ends;
Then wait for Him, "wait patiently."
For thee may rise—thou canst not tell—
New joys, e'en this side heaven's gate:
If not—*He always chooseth well,*—
Just wait.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.*

(SCENE: a field near Bethany. Lazarus is sitting on the edge of the grave, half-naked, with limbs still entangled in his shroud. He feels the quiver of life contending against the torpor of death within him. He sits motionless and speechless, gazing at the light as though half-blinded. Opposite him stands Jesus, erect, with uplifted eyes. A little farther off stand Martha and Mary, divided between joy and terror, not venturing to come nearer. The apostles form another group, and there is a great concourse of people. It is a bright, still morning in spring.)

Cries of the multitude.

Wonder unheard, unsaid !
Lazarus who was dead
Is there—is living, instead !

Martha.

My brother !

Mary.

My brother !

The Apostles.

There's life in the clay !
From the toils of the grave he is breaking
away !

John.

Aye, the flesh is alive !

Luke.

But the soul is afar—

Mark.

Nay, there's red in the cheek !

Matthew.

In the eye there's a star !

A man of the people.

Of all our words of amazement
Hears he not one !
Like a soul in utter bedazement
Beholds the sun.

A woman.

It gave me an icy shiver
When he rose from under the pall !
When the flesh began to quiver
And the white cere-cloth to fall !

A tottering old man.

Oh, mighty Jesus, hear me,
And mercifully be near me,
When the few days I have to live are o'er !
If Thou, when I am sinking,
Wert there, kind Sir, I'm thinking
Me, too, from death to life Thou might'st
recover !

A centurion.

A quaint old gaffer this—
Who would have more of such a life as his !

A mother.

Oh, Jesus, fail me not !
My son is dead—do what Thou here hast
wrought !

Another, with a sick child in her arms.

A lesser thing ask I ;
My little lad is ill—make him not die !

Martha.

Look on thy Martha, brother !

Mary.

Brother dear,
Look on the loving friend who brought
thee here !

*Lazarus, after gazing for a few seconds
upon Jesus.*

Master !

Cries of the multitude.

Wonder of wonders ! The knot's untied !
Fate is beaten, and death defied !
We hear him speaking—the man whodied !

Lazarus.

Oh, Master, what hast Thou done ?

The Apostles.

He hath raised thee, dreaming one !
Knowest not thy redemption ?

Lazarus, wearily, vaguely and disconnectedly.

Oh, Master, I obey
The eyes that urge me.
Speak, and make known Thy will.
Thee have I followed since I saw Thee first,
And follow still,
Meekly, Thy lightest sign.
But if thus docile I have been alway,
Wherefore that angry word ?
What deep offence is mine ?
Why dost Thou scourge me ?

The Apostles.

Alas ! he raves—the man to life restored !

Lazarus.

Wherefore, Master, awake me
Out of so sweet a sleep—
And all so well forgotten ?
Since first, mine eyes uplifting,
I looked on the hollow shifting
Pageant of earth,
Never did overtake me
Repose more deep :—
So sweetly had I forgotten
My human birth.

* We reprint the accompanying poem by Arturo Graf, an Italian writer, in the "Nuova Antologia." We give the translation made for the "Living Age." Notwithstanding the striking beauty of the poem, the author, we think, has misinterpreted the feeling both of Lazarus and of our Lord.—Ed.

Oh, Master, wherefore awake me?
 Around me, as I lay
 Creation swam undone:
 There was no night, no day,
 No time, no change at all.
 I heard no faintest echo of any tone
 From this dead vale, funereal.
 No vain desire disturbéd
 My trance, no memory turbid,
 No sorrow gnawed me here,
 No sting of sharp remorse felt I, no fear.
 Of so great peace
 Why wilt Thou me deprive?
 Why must I rise and wrestle
 Where the cruel sunbeams dazzle
 My shrinking sense,
 And the cries are an offence
 Of the tortured folk who live?
 Leave me, my Master, free of pain,
 Buoyed up by lovesome death, and light as
 air!
 Let me but nestle
 In my grave again
 Like a creature of the wild-wood in its lair!

*Jesus, looking fixedly upon Lazarus and
 speaking sternly.*

Man, but thy heart is cold, and, man, thy
 courage feeble!

Base are thy words, and base is thy dis-
 tress.
 Art thou alone in the world? Is thine tac
 only trouble?
 Art thou, then, sisterless and brotherless?
 Who art thou, to have won the wages of
 peace already?
 Who art thou, to have loved, much as a
 mortal can?
 Loving, trusting on, with faith serene and
 steady—
 Hast thou then done enough, and suffered
 enough, oh, man?
 Why do the vain waves break on the cliff
 ascending sheerly?
 Why do the worlds revolve? Why do the
 minutes fly?
 Why does the grass of the field grow green
 and wither yearly?
 Why do kingdoms fall, and men be born
 and die?
 Mine is a call to light and life. So hear it!
 Call to valorous work, and the strife
 whereby men grow.
 Up, thou lingering, languishing cowering,
 pitiful spirit!
 Out of the grave with thee! Gird up thy
 loins and go!

THE THREE CALLS.

BY MANFRED J. GASKELL.

He called me, but I hastened on
 Lest He should stay my feet
 And I no more of pleasure taste,
 The bitter and the sweet.

He called again, I listened not,
 And with the worldling's pride
 Drank deeper of the foaming cup
 And floated with the tide

He called again, I bowed my head
 And lent a listening ear,
 But as a passing dream is gone
 I strove, but could not hear.

Pembroke, Ont.

Long nights of agony I spent
 Wrestling with God in prayer,
 My one and only cry, "Forgive
 O Lord, sometime, somewhere!"

He heard, and in the twilight drew
 The shadow of a Cross,
 Its fiery fingers lettered bright:
 "Redemption for the lost."

Its arms were stained with crimson blood,—
 I strove through tears to see;
 Thus God forgave my stony heart
 And pictured Love for me.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Gladness was thine! Of all the sons of song,
 None ever hailed me with a cheerier voice.
 Thou couldst rejoice with those who would
 rejoice;
 Or, pausing sorrow's weeping ones among,
 Couldst shed the furtive tear.
 To see the page
 On which dark lines irregular were traced,
 Unseen by thy dim eyes, is still to taste
 Friendship's old wine. The rhyme, the
 proverb sage,

The mirthful sally,—each bespoke to me
 A generous nature, manly and robust.
 Would thy quaint, joyous greeting still
 might be!
 Would I again might know thee, as of old,—
 That this long, lonely silence thou couldst
 break!
 But that benignant hand, which once would
 take
 The pen beneath Mount Royal's leafy gold,
 Is lying pulseless in the silent dust.

—*Pastor Felix.*

THE KINETOSCOPE.

BY GEO. S. HODGINS.

inetoscope is an instrument which familiar to the public, but there antecedent to it, and by reason of tence and perfection of which, it an actuality. The kinetograph is ary instrument and the one from number of other machines have eir being. As its name implies recorder of motion. It is used ing the photographic negatives, first place, from which the pic- afterwards developed. It is the ry machine, while the kinetoscope e which suitably presents to the he finished work of the former. iograph, and the eidoloscope, and ematograph, and the vitascope ply modifications of the kineto- These more or less fanciful names n to one family of instruments, operating the kinetoscope photo- throw them, life-size, upon a large creen, just as the old-fashioned ntern was able to do with its painted slides. These machines oadly speaking, the successful of the kinetoscope and magic-principles.

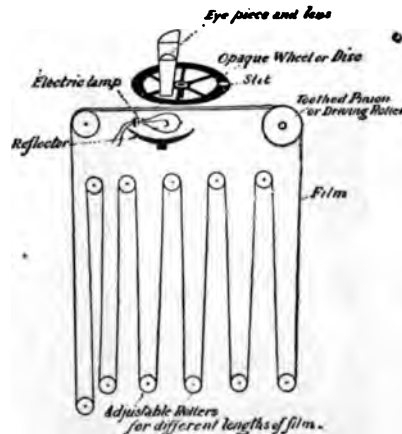
inetoscope itself is a very won- and very interesting piece of ism. After the general outlines onstruction have been studied, lmost inclined to say it is quite

The kinetoscope is an apparatus enables the beholder to "see " The name is derived from two rords—*kinetos*, moving, and *scopeo*. The machine, usually contained in l cabinet, consists, briefly, of a eye-piece, which is in reality a ring lens, capable of producing a apparently about two inches wide and five-eighths inches high. This ects the vision of the beholder

black, tapering tube which ter- in an opening seven-eighths of an ide, by three-quarters of an inch he exact size of the little photo-

The photographs looked at the lens are simply a series of e pictures, each one differing from eeding one by an almost imper- degree, yet no two exactly alike. gatives taken from this machine eloped one after the other on a ous band of transparent celluloid, easures one and three-eighths of wide. The edges are perforated

by a series of small, oblong holes, which are so spaced as to engage with the teeth of a pinion roller, or, as most people would say, with the projections of a small cog-wheel. This toothed wheel or roller when revolving is able to carry the band of celluloid along and pass it under the lens at a uniform rate of speed, so that a continuous series of pictures is brought under observation. The ribbon of photographs, if from twenty to twenty-five feet long, would contain from 320 to 400 separate pictures. If the two ends of the celluloid band be united so as to make an endless chain of photographs the film may be run several times under the eye-piece, and thus give a total of from 1,850 to 2,500 separate pictures. The speed at which the band moves in the kinetoscope is probably the same as that of the film



PLAN SHOWING MECHANISM OF KINETOSCOPE.

upon which the negatives were originally taken, viz. : thirty-four and a half inches per second. This speed would place forty-six photographs under observation in the same time. A person being entertained for three-quarters of a minute by one of the "moving pictures" shown by the cinematographe has, in reality, seen 2,070 views. At this rate a picture of varied life and movement, if it could be made to endure for half an hour, would require the illumination, obscuring and shifting of 82,800 separate photographs. In the kinetoscope the band of celluloid moves

without stoppage and is lit up by a small incandescent electric lamp of three candle power, which lies immediately below the picture in the line of the sight, and is reinforced by a small reflector on the underside.

The whole mechanism is operated by an electric motor, which derives its energy from a storage battery. The "nickel" dropped in the slot serves to make the electrical connection required to set the machine in motion. A storage or secondary battery is one in which the chemical union of its elements has been destroyed, or disturbed, each having been forced, chemically, apart by the action of an electric current previously applied. The



PORTION OF FILM.

elements remain in a state of separation so long as electrical connection is wanting between them. The moment "the nickel" is dropped in, it supplies the link and the current flows. The separated elements once more combining chemically, give off to the motor a current of electricity having a force nearly equal in power, though in opposite directions, to that of the current previously used to isolate the constituents of the battery.

Just here, however, must be considered a most wonderful piece of mechanism. If this series of separate pictures were simply to be drawn past the eye, as in reality they are, the effect would be that of blurred and undistinguishable confusion, neither showing picture, pose nor motion. There is an obstruction interposed between the eye and the

illuminated film which cuts off all light and completely hides the tiny scene. The obstruction is nothing less than a black circle of metal which is made to revolve over the views as they pass along. In this disc is cut one slit about the one-eighth of an inch wide, and as the wheel sweeps round there is given to the spectator one flash of vision for each picture. The time occupied by the motion of one photograph out of the field of view and another into the field is taken up by one revolution of the obscuring black band or disc, and the flash of light which reaches the eye is only that permitted by the small slit. This takes place when number two photograph has reached the exact position formerly occupied by number one. The disc is about ten and a half inches in diameter, measured to the centre line of the small photograph; and it is not too much to say, that for every picture seen the beholder is treated to nearly thirty-three inches of opaque metal and total darkness to one-eighth of an inch opening for sight.

So far, the skill and ingenuity of man has been taxed to bring about the wonderful result produced, but now the eye of the beholder also contributes its share. We are told by the late Prof. Huxley, on page 220 of his "Elements of Physiology," that "the impression made by light upon the retina not only remains during the whole period of the direct action of the light, but has a certain duration of its own, however short the time during which the light itself lasts. A flash of lightning is, practically, instantaneous, but the sensation of light produced by that flash endures for an appreciable period. It is found, in fact, that the luminous impression lasts about one-eighth of a second; whence it follows, that if any two luminous impressions are separated by a less interval, they are not distinguished from one another." Prof. A. E. Dolbear states the persistence of vision at about one-tenth of a second for impressions not exceedingly bright. It therefore would appear that the eye, having received an impression from one picture through the narrow slit in the disc, holds the sensation produced while the opaque wheel revolves, and at the instant that the second picture is presented the appearance of the first had not entirely faded away.

When looking into a kinetoscope the eye is in reality kept in absolute darkness for a very much longer time than that in which it enjoys the experience of

This play of light and darkness with perfect regularity, like night, but the duration of each is very short. There is, if one may so phrase it, 263 times as much night as there is for each picture seen. The eyes, however, not conscious of the break in the continuity of his sight. It is the alternation that his eye holds the impression made by one until the next is seen, and this has been called "the persistence of vision." It is by reason of this ordinary faculty that our organs of sight are actually able to bridge over, in the period of these infinitesimal; comparatively long kinetoscopic and retain, with unbroken luminousness, the sensations of its brief passing days.

The eye sees actually a picture, with inert and motionless, which is shut out of sight in complete

and absolute darkness while the moving mechanism shifts the scene. Again is disclosed another view with quiescent form, posed like a marble statue, without movement and without life, and again as quickly the image is blotted out in darkness, while eye and brain are busy. The swiftly moving panorama of lights and shades, rapid flashes and deep gloom, following each other with all the precision and exact regularity of which delicate machinery is capable; the scenes, so stiffly statuesque, and the frequent interruptions of sight flow on together smoothly and beautifully, obeying simply the laws of mechanics, of optics and of physics, so perfectly that one imagines he sees the graceful continuous motion of the figure, the sinuous movement, the rapid flash of moving arm and foot, and the endless flow of fluttering drapery, as a living, breathing being glides before us.—*Massey's Magazine.*

Science Notes.

THE AUTOMOBILE FIELD.

An instructive article on this subject in the *Canadian Electrical News*, we follow: The automobile is without doubt to stay, and we are upon all hands of the benefits to be derived therefrom, not only on the score of cheaper transportation, but in terms of cleaner streets, better roads, for city work the great desiderata of speed, frequent, flexible and cheap service, and the present electric systems have these advantages over older horse-car systems, for the reason the latter have been displaced.

In the automobile we have something at hand which will give at least as good and rapid service, and will be more flexible in meeting demands than the present electric lines service. Assuming that automobile lines were initiated and run in competition with the electric cars, what would be their advantages from the point of view of operating costs? The largest item of the cost of electric transportation is really that of motormen and conductors. This would probably not be reduced, nor would car inspection or maintenance, by the use of the automobile. The next largest item is the fixed charges of interest, depreciation, taxes, etc., which depend upon the investment, and



AUTOMOBILE CAB.

very slight consideration will readily convince the most sceptical of the smaller capital cost of the automobile. The electric line has a station costing about \$100 per h. p., a permanent way valued at from \$10,000 to \$50,000 per mile, depending upon the nature of the structure

and whether the paving is included, which is often the case; overhead construction costing from \$2,000 to \$10,000 per mile; cars and equipments from \$2,500 to \$4,000 each; and in addition probably a percentage of receipts is demanded by the municipality for the franchise. The franchise also has to be obtained at frequently great cost and trouble.

Against this, in favour of the automobile, no franchise is required, no permanent way, no overhead construction is needed. The busses will cost no more than the cars at the worst, and no station will be required unless the system be storage battery automobiles, and if required will be much less costly than for the electric cars both in total cost for the same traffic and for operating costs, the reason being that the station will be running at its full capacity at all times, thus requiring a smaller horse-power of plant, and having that plant operating at its highest efficiency at all times. In the case of steam or gasoline machines, no station whatever would be required. The busses would run upon any street and would never be blocked by interruption to the supply of power, street repairs, etc., and could be concentrated to meet sudden demands in a manner not approachable by the electric cars. Under these conditions the final triumph of the automobile for city transportation appears certain, the electric roads to be restricted to the inter-urban services where advantages may be had of greater speed over their own right of way than would be permissible in the case of an automobile line traversing the country highways.

It may be questioned whether automobiles will be available for winter service in such places as Montreal and Quebec, and the point will be well taken at the present time, but those who predicted the use of electric cars in those places ten years ago were laughed at, and it may safely be predicted that the winter difficulties will be overcome as were those of the electric cars. As to the system of propulsion adopted at the present time, it would appear that steam would be the cheapest, but has the disadvantage over electricity of being more noisy and complicated, and for many reasons apart from cheapness electricity has the most to commend it. A further advantage of the automobile bus line lies in the fact that the public will be guaranteed a fair competition with consequent reduction in fares, as no

monopoly can be granted, as is done at present. The automobile is in the same position as regards the city business as the electric roads were about ten years ago, and the next ten may see as great a change in this regard as the last.

ROLLING LIFT BRIDGES.

The rolling lift bridges which have been constructed during the past few years in Chicago and at other points in the United States, says Waldon Fawcett, in *The Scientific American*, constitute so distinct an advance over the types of movable structures heretofore utilized in spanning navigable waterways as to have aroused deep interest abroad. The development of the pivot bascule bridge—like the old drawbridge over a castle moat—led directly up to the invention of the rolling lift bridge, the latter type having been devised just as the Tower Bridge at London was nearing completion. The famous London structure was commenced in 1885 and completed in 1894. It provides a waterway 200 feet in width, and cost, all told, more than \$4,000,000. The advance which has been made in movable bridges of late years could not, perhaps, be better illustrated than by comparing the Tower structure with a rolling lift bridge of even greater span at the entrance to the Grand Central Station at Chicago. The weight of the iron and steel in the London bridge is 14,000 tons, while that in the Chicago bridge is but 2,250 tons, and the entire cost of the latter was \$126,000, less than the cost of the operating machinery alone of the Tower Bridge.

Trials have proved that less than twenty seconds is required for the complete operation of opening and closing the spans of one of the largest bridges. A most interesting record is that of the Rush Street Bridge at Chicago, said to be the most active movable bridge in the world. During an average season of lake navigation comprising a little over eight months this bridge is opened between 10,000 and 11,000 times, or fully forty times every twenty-four hours. Yet the power expense for the operation of this bridge by electricity does not exceed sixty-seven cents a day. Over another rolling lift bridge in Chicago the passage of trains aggregates 1,200 daily.

Current Topics and Events.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

"The law of worthy national life, like the law of worthy individual life, is fundamentally the law of strife." [Better say "Effort."--Ed.] "It may be strife civic; but certainly it is only through strife, through labour and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Theodore Roosevelt comes to his office in many respects better equipped than any of his predecessors. He was not a son of poverty, but was born to affluence, with its opportunities of education and culture. He has had a brilliant university career at

Harvard, was leader of the House of New York Legislature, was United States Civil Service Commissioner for six years, and was president of the New York Police Board, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Vice-President, and has had also military experience in the Cuban campaign. To

counteract ill-health in youth, he has lived much in the free life of a western ranch. His impulsive character has led, we judge, to an exaggeration of his "rough-riding" propensities, and the responsibilities of his office will doubtless steady and calm his character. His announcement of his determination to maintain the policy of President McKinley will give great satisfaction. His books on "The Winning of the West," "American Ideals," and "Life of Cromwell," stamp him as a writer of great vigour and ability.

The following extracts from speeches aptly indicate his attitude as a public man :

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife ; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shirk from hardship or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

"Money is a good thing. It is a foolish affectation to deny it. But it is not the only good thing, and after a certain amount has been amassed it ceases to be the chief even of material good things. It is far better, for instance, to do well a bit of work which is well worth doing."

A CAMPAIGN OF LIES.

Kruger's and Leyds' campaign of lies is about played out. An officer of the Boers was invited to visit the concentration camps, and found the concentrados well treated and content, better treated even than the British soldiers. The British are thus illustrating the Gospel revenge, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink," toward 140,000 refugees, besides 20,000 prisoners, are furnishing them with medical attendance, religious consolation, and schoolmasters for instructing the children. Were ever prisoners of war so treated before ?

The Boer officers have been deluding the ignorant burghers by saying that France and Russia had declared war against Britain, were invading England and bombarding Cape Town. This mendacity will surely overreach itself, and the most stupid and ignorant burghers will soon learn how cruelly they have been deceived.

Mr. Kruger has been raising a great howl against the importation of American mules into Africa, while the Boers have, from the very outbreak of the war, been largely supported by mercenary troops from almost every country in Europe. He was also prepared to authorize buccaneers of every nation to prey upon the commerce of Britain.

The pro-Boer critics, especially French and Russian, are lifting their hands in holy horror against the strenuous measures necessary for the suppression of the rebellion in Cape Colony, while utterly oblivious to the wanton and remorseless cruelty and perfidy wrought by France and Russia in Madagascar and Finland.

The traditions of British valour were never more signally illustrated than when two hundred men at Fort Itala resisted for nineteen hours two thousand Boers, although their ammunition was well-nigh exhausted, and even water to drink was cut off by their unchivalric foes. At Prospect Camp a little band of British, though greatly outnumbered, held at bay for many hours a vastly larger number of the Boers.

A guerilla war is notoriously a difficult war to suppress. Our American friends are finding this to be the case in the Philippines, where, by an attack of bolo men without a gun among them, a garrison of seventy-five was surprised, nearly all of whom were killed or captured—and this more than three years after the capture of Manila. These facts should restrain the criticism of the war in Africa, not with naked bolo men, but with the most skilled marksmen in the world, aided by soldiers of fortune from almost every nation of Europe.

Congressman Schaffroth writes that it costs seventy-five millions a year to hold the Philippines, and that their benefit to the United States will not materialize till a generation or two has passed away.

OUR ROYAL VISITORS.

The auspicious visit of our future Sovereigns to our country has greatly intensified the love and loyalty of every Canadian to the world-wide empire of which Canada furnishes two-fifths of the area. In crowded city and in rural hamlet they were met with the same demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm. These demonstra-

ulminated in the city of To-

The dismal weather but em-
d the loyal devotion of our
as, like Mark Tapley, we tried
as jolly as possible under dis-
g circumstances. The sing-
the six thousand children
g in the rain touched the
hies of our royal visitors, who
ringly bowed and smiled their
mid the rain through miles of
g crowds and decorated streets
City Hall and Government

lluminations were a vision of
the Foresters' and Manufac-
arches were a dream of beauty,
e loyal mottoes breathed the
ic devotion of our people. None
ore touching than that sur-
ing the effigy of Victoria the Be-
which bore the legend, "Not
ten."

r have we seen the Metropoli-
urch so crowded as at the ser-
the following Sunday evening,
our new pastor, the Rev. W.
g, preached a stirring, patri-
mon, and the royal chorus and
sang patriotic hymns. Mr.
g asked the audience to join
stirring words of "The Maple
or Ever," and that noble lyric
ng by the vast audience as it
e think, never sung before.
as followed by the sublime
jah Chorus, and "God Save the
the whole audience standing.

finest poem on the royal pro-
round the world that we have
; the following by a Canadian
:

BRITAIN'S "GRAND ROUNDS."

ve heard your sentries challenge
every seaward head:
ve found young nations growing
ever we sowed our dead.

ve felt the heart of Empire
e far lands throb and stir;
ve seen eyes flash a welcome
but late grew dim for Her.

ve learned how men forgotten
e time of need forget;
ve seen your builders building—
lives are the stones they set:

ve tried the chain that binds us,
you found its links unworn?
in that binds earth's wand'ring race
e home where it was born;

in that the children fashioned,
the love of early years,

Love inborn, tempered, tested,
By distance, and time, and tears.

You have heard—can you read the meaning
Of the voiceless cry, the throes
That shakes our camps from earth's red heart
To plains of the sunless snow?

If you can take the children's message;
"By deeds we do and have done,
"By the love we bear for England,
"By our oath to the great Queen's son;

"By the fame that we share in common,
"By the blood we were proud to shed,
"By those that sleep in God's keeping,
"Our own, and our royal dead—

"Hear now our heart's cry and help us,
"Great son of her royal son,
"Pray your father gather his people,
"And make of his nations—one.

"And if he needs soldiers, send us
"Seed corn from home we may sow;
"Since love comes of knowing, blend us
"Only with Britons who know."

So pass, "Grand Rounds," with this pass-
word,

While the world's way rocks and rings,
And your sea beasts bay a welcome
To the son of our sea-throned kings.

The links in the girdle of Empire—
Love, law, mother-tongue, Britain's fame—
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,
By us with his Mother's name.

—Clive Phillipps-Wolley, Victoria, B.C.

NO ANNEXATION.

Canadian papers, says The Liter-
ary Digest, are still touchy on
the subject of annexation. No in-
ducement will secure Canada for the
American Union, declares The Patrie
(Montreal), the chief organ of French
thought in the Dominion. "We are
neither to be sold nor rented."

The Saturday Review (London)
pooch-poochs the idea of any
considerable annexation sentiment in
Canada. It says: "It would be an
insult to Canadian intelligence and
to the memory of the Empire Loyal-
ists to imagine that the republic will
either coerce or cajole the Canadians
to surrender their birthright. Canada
would lose much and gain little by
absorption in the United States.
That is better understood in Ottawa
than in London. The bitterness of
some Americans when they discuss the
Canadian question is easy to under-
stand. What they could not do by
force of arms ninety years ago they

have failed to accomplish by fiscal expedients in later times, and all they have achieved has been their own discomfiture."



THE NEW AMERICAN INVASION.

JOHNNY CANUCK: "Fire away, Uncle Sam! I can stand any amount of this kind of thing. It's capital!"

—The Daily Witness, Montreal.

The late General Grant once asked the present writer if there was much sentiment in favour of annexation in Canada. We replied that there was not, that we were too democratic a people to wish annexation with the United States. The General laughed and asked us how we made that out. We rejoined that the Government was much more directly amenable to the popular will in Canada than it was in the United States, that if any Government in the Dominion could not command the majority of the Legislature it had to step out of power at once, whereas the President could not be deposed except by impeachment. The General laughed, and offered us a cigar (which we declined), and changed the subject.

THE STRIKE THAT FAILED.

The collapsed steel strike was one of the most disastrous in history. Seventy thousand skilled workmen not only lost the earnings of many weeks, but have been heavily burdened with debt. The total loss is estimated at \$25,000,000, but worse than this is the bitterness of feeling which has been engendered, and the widening of the breach between employer and employees. The walking delegate is often a walking nuisance, egging men on to strike against the better judgment, and as often as failing to secure the object at which they aimed. Surely the resources of civilization can provide some conciliation that shall prevent a disastrous civil war.

SAFEGUARDING CIVILIZATION.

The American press is loudly demanding the suppression of anarchists who are in the country, and the exclusion of those who seek to do harm. In this it is quite within its rights. The safety of the people is the prime end of government. Quarantine is established to exclude germs of cholera and plague, and more diligence should be observed to exclude the more deadly microbes of anarchy and murder.



PUT THEM OUT AND KEEP THEM OUT.

—New York Tribune.

THE SINGER.

How sweet in all her ways is she
Who sings me songs of chivalry,
Of love, romance and courtesy,

As, pausing oft, we wander by
Her lake, where birchen shadows lie
In mazes that repeat the sky!

She sings them all so well, I see
Their wildly-castled scenery,
Their towers looking down on me;

And I become her knight, and bear
Within my heart her image fair—
All deeds for her to do and dare.

She knows they have a charm for me—
Who knows but I was born to be
Alive to such old balladry?

But deeply would she blush to know
How much to her pure lips they owe,
Her eyes that glance and cheeks that glow.

—Ralph H. Shar.

Religious Intelligence.



CHAPEL, CITY ROAD, LONDON, WHERE THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE WAS HELD.

WORLD-WIDE METHODISM.

Ecumenical Conference has been the prominent topic in the religious world during the month. It was a very noteworthy gathering. In 1777, John Wesley laid the cornerstone of City Road Chapel, and he said from the words, "What could he have wrought?" Could he have had in vision of the representatives of millions of Methodists, scattered throughout the world, assembled in that chapel, he might have said these words with a profounder meaning. It was a unique contribution to the world of the unity and solidarity of Methodism on all continents of the earth and on all sides of the sea. The words of the poet could be used with a deeper meaning than ever said of by the Virgilian muse:

" Quis jam locus, . . .
Quæ regio in terris . . . non plena laboris?"
" What region of the globe is not full of our labours?"

The words of the prophet were again fulfilled, "Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth."

WESLEY'S CHAPEL.

This venerable chapel is itself a monument of the unity of Methodism. The beautiful marble columns which decorate the interior are contributions from the varied Methodisms of the world, Canada being represented by one. The stained-glass windows are another tribute of love and gratitude. The carved busts and the names engraved upon the marble slabs on the walls are memorials of



INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

the great and good men who have buildd their lives into the goodly structure of Methodism—the Wesleys, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, Punshon, Gervase Smith, and many others. The pulpit shown in our illustration is that from which John Wesley so fervidly preached. At the organ manual before it a grandson of Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, conducts the service of song with rare musical ability.

In front of this historic structure stands the new statue of John Wesley in his striking attitude of preaching the Word. On its base are the words, "The world is my parish." The white marble shaft to the right is the cenotaph of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, whose body sleeps till the resurrection in the Bunhill Fields cemetery, just across the road. Here, too, rest the remains of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan, the sweet singer, Isaac Watts, and Daniel Defoe, author of that immortal classic, "Robinson Crusoe"

—probably the three best known writers in the English tongue—and near by is the tomb of that sturdy Puritan, Richard Cromwell.

In the rear of Wesley Chapel lie the remains of the founder of Methodism. In the early morning, before six o'clock, six poor men bore his body to its burial, with no hearse or coach or escutcheon or funeral pomp "except the tears of those who loved him and were following him to heaven."

The sombre-looking brick house to the right of our half-tone is that in which Wesley lived and wrote and died. It is now a museum of Wesleyan memorials. The more ornate-looking structure to the left is the residence of the minister of City Road Chapel.

COURAGEOUS OPTIMISM.

The address of welcome by the venerable Ebenezer Jenkins was one of great serene Christian optimism. Standing near the close of a long and



THE REV. EBENEZER JENKINS, D.D.

useful life, with his face to the sunset, he speaks thus: My outlook on the future is a very cheerful one. I belong not to the gloomy prophets. It is true that this is a day of prevalent infidelity, but the respect in which it differs from the older scepticism is an encouraging feature of modern unbelief. Apart from that worldliness which is common to every age, it is more intelligent, more serious, more sincere. It does not abuse the Christian faith; its posture is rather that of silence and watchfulness than loud resistance. It regards the Christian movement as a whole, determining its character by its best form, not so much the creed upon which it is based as the work it is doing for mankind, its influence upon the best legislation of the world, the essential humanity of its best work, and the fruits of its missionary policy. It is impossible for men to bestow their thought upon the work and irresistible progress of the Christian religion irrespective of churches and creeds, without being attracted to the great Founder of the movement. There is an increasing number of men in the civilized communities of Europe and America who are drawn to the study of the Christ. They never meet with His professed dis-

ciples; the class to which they belong is not tabulated in any Church returns, and yet not a few of them are silently passing from admiration to reverence, and from reverence to worship.

The stirring address of that clever young Canadian, Mr. N. W. Rowell, attracted much interest. Mr. Rowell had the honour of being, we think, the youngest member of the Ecumenical Conference, as he was the youngest member ever elected to an Annual Conference or to a General Conference in Canada. We regret we have not room here for his address, which we print elsewhere.

METHODIST UNION.

A striking result of the previous Ecumenical Conferences has been the impulse given to the Methodist Union, first in Canada, next in Australia. Now, let us hope, in the near future, a union of federation between the varied Methodisms of Great Britain and the United States will take place.

The thrilling note of Methodist union sounded in the Ecumenical Conference, says The Northwestern, will reverberate throughout the Methodist



MR. N. W. ROWELL.

world. Many American delegates will return to their homes with a new or increased desire for a union of the various branches of Methodists in this country. The causes of divisions have, for the most part, been removed by time and changes in laws; and there is now no good reason why all Methodists should not be united in one body. The greater good which would result to the Church and the spread of the kingdom of God throughout the world dwarfs into insignificance the reasons for continued separation. With scarcely an exception the smaller bodies are suffering in numbers and in spiritual influence by reason of their independent existence, and if united in one body the single organization would possess a power which they are unable to exert by themselves. This is even more strikingly the case in Great Britain.

TAKING STOCK.

The Ecumenical gave an occasion for taking stock of the growth of Methodism in all lands. The wonderful results of the growth of a little over a century are shown in statistical tables prepared for The Methodist Times by the Rev. James Jenkins:

In 1791 there were 120,233 members or communicants; in 1901 there are 7,448,892. Adherents in United Kingdom increased in 110 years from 560,000, or one in 28, to 3 1-2 millions, or one in 12; the population grew 156 per cent.; Methodism, 525 per cent. In the United States adherents grew from 2-5 of a million to 23 1-5 millions, or from one in 13 to one in 3.3; while the population gained 1.329 per cent., Methodism gained 5.700 per cent. In Europe, the proportion of Methodists is one in 90; in Africa, one in 273; in Asia, one in 2,075; in America, one in 5; in Oceania, one in 82. The Church of England has at home and abroad 13 1-2 millions, while Methodism has 29 3-4 millions. The Anglo-Saxon Methodists number 21 1-4 millions; the negroes, 6 1-2 millions; the European contingent is 3-4 of a million; the Asiatic the same; and the aboriginal 1-2 a million. The total voluntary workers are 1,017,604, while the ministers number 45,731. The annual gifts to Methodism are £13 millions; the value of Methodist real property—churches, parson-

ages, colleges, etc.—is put at £100 millions. The estimated wealth of Methodism is £3,718 millions; its greatest earnings being £595 millions, its savings £148 millions, its givings £13 millions."

In addition to this great army, two millions of enrolled Methodists have joined the General Assembly of the church of the first-born above, beside many millions more, who were not technically members, have been brought under its religious power.

Very high praise is given to our Canadian delegates who took part in this Conference as "equal to any, if not superior to all." Dr. Potts, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Shaw, Dr. Stewart, N. W. Rowell, Joseph Gibson, Dr. Inch, and other representative Canadians, won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Detailed reports of the addresses of these honoured brethren are given in full in current numbers of The Guardian and Wesleyan.

EXPANSION OF METHODISM.

On this subject, The Methodist Times has a striking article, from which we quote as follows:

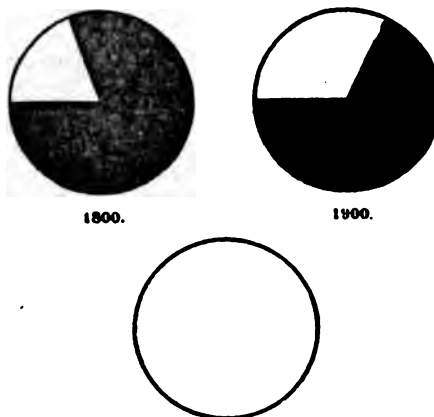
It is very gratifying to learn that during the last century Methodism in the United Kingdom has grown "at the rate of 369 per cent. faster than the population—a leap from one in twenty-eight to one in twelve."

In America the growth of Methodism has been even greater, and much greater than in the British Isles. There it has grown "at the rate of 4,371 per cent. faster than the population, having performed a leap from one in thirteen to one in 3.3." Indeed, America is the great stronghold of Methodism. The United States contain "seventy-eight per cent. of the Methodist family." A favourite sneer of The Church Times is that our immense growth is due to the adhesion of negroes. We are very proud that God has given us so much success among the African races. But Mr. Jenkins shows in his ethnological tables that while Methodism includes 6,500,000 of the negro races of all types, we have the adhesion of 21,250,000 of the Anglo-Saxon race. Indeed, a much larger number of Anglo-Saxons, all the world over, are Methodists than are Anglicans.

No other Church furnishes, relatively to its numbers, so many spheres of active service for its

ers. We have to-day, in addition 731 ordained ministers, 106,481 preachers, 120,000 lay class-leaders, 791,123 Sunday-school teachers, say nothing of trustees, stewards, choirmasters, temperance workers, Wesley Guild and Epworth Society officers. The total number of lay helpers cannot fall short of a million and a half, which is about thirty-three voluntary workers for every ordained minister. Nevertheless, we are still far from fulfilling Dr. Chalmers' opinion that we are all at it and always at it." The proportion of ministers to adherents all the world over is one minister to 650, and the great majority of these adherents do nothing at all. Each minister and his average of three voluntary officers do their utmost to rouse the 650 to active and renewed service. If that could be done the millennium would soon

be the earth's dark regions. Thus, by a strange anomaly, Britain is the greatest Moslem power in the world. King Edward VII. rules more Moslem subjects than does the Sultan of Turkey. Despite the colossal



WHEN ?

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD'S EVANGELIZATION.

The white in the circles shows the proportion of professing Christians.
— Epworth Herald.

Daniel Dorchester, the well-known authority on religious statistics compiled the following comparative statement of the condition of the world over, as remembered and travelling preachers in 1881, 1891, and 1901, the dates of the three Ecumenical Conferences:

| | 1881 | 1891 | 1901 |
|---------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Number of preachers | 4,999,541 | 6,503,959 | 7,833,456 |
| Number of converts | 32,652 | 45,283 | 47,041 |
| Total population | 5,032,193 | 6,549,242 | 7,880,497 |

THE WORLD'S CONVERSION.

The accompanying diagrams show comparatively slow widening of the area of Christian illumination in the nineteenth centuries still to a sad darkness covers the earth, and darkness the people. The inquiry "When shall the world be illuminated with the light of the Gospel is one of tremendous import-

ance. Nevertheless, the condition of things as we think, quite so bad as this would seem to show. The progress during the past century has nearly equal to that of all the centuries of the Christian era. Moreover, the Christian nations, especially the Protestant nations of the world, are the dominant powers, those that sway the sceptre of empire, and send the missionaries of the Gospel throughout large por-

tions of the earth's dark regions. Thus, by a strange anomaly, Britain is the greatest Moslem power in the world. King Edward VII. rules more Moslem subjects than does the Sultan of Turkey. Despite the colossal blunder, as we conceive, of attempting to exclude Christian teaching from the college named after that heroic Christian soldier, General Gordon, which commemorates his death at Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan, still the Christian influence of Britain is a factor of potent might over the Moslem peoples under her rule. The worn-out civilization of China, and the barbarism of darkest Africa, though of so little political or intellectual influence, make up the vast proportion of the dark areas of these diagrams.

WOMAN'S WORK.

By some singular oversight, the programme of the Conference had no place for woman's work for Methodism. To partially atone for this, a meeting was held in Wesley's Chapel. Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes said she was afraid the Church did not realize the great force there was in woman's work—one of the greatest forces in the Church to-day. She spoke of the work of the "Sisters of the People," their name expressing their close relations to the people they were trying to help.

Mrs. F. C. Stephenson, of Toronto, spoke on the work of the Methodist women of Canada in their great home field stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States to the North Pole; and of the foreign work in Japan and China. She told of an unusual state of finances in Canada, where their increasing income was all in before they met to decide how to spend it, and closed with a pathetic story of a little girl who, when dying, wanted her hands full of pennies, because she thought she would feel more comfortable to have some money with her for a collection.

Baroness Langenau, of Vienna, spoke very appreciatively of the Methodist Episcopal deaconesses in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. The doctors of Vienna declared the Methodist deaconesses to be the best nurses in the city. She also said the work of the Church on the Continent was a beautiful one. This is a valuable testimony coming from such a source.

A REAL DEMOCRACY.

It is gratifying to note that in old monarchical England a truer feeling of democracy prevails—the recognition of man as man regardless of the land of his birth or colour of his skin—than even in the great Republic of the United States. Bishop Gaines, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who for twenty-five years of his life was a slave, travelling with his daughter, joyfully reports that he was treated “like any other white man,” and passionately exclaimed, “Would God we should be treated in our own country as we were in Europe.” At the Conference we note that the utmost fraternity prevailed between all the delegates, irrespective of colour, and special kindness was shown those of African descent. They felt keenly the race prejudice against which they have to contend in part of the United States, and, therefore, warmly appreciated the fraternal spirit shown them in this Conference.

An English correspondent in *The Congregationalist* writes: “Looking at and listening to such men as Bishop Arnett, Bishop F. Lee, Bishop Derrick, Bishop Walters, and Professor Scarborough, and remembering attainments as preachers, educators, scholars, etc., one felt that

the differences are, after all, only skin deep. One of the most eloquent and passionate utterances so far was that of Bishop Walters, who, with tear-brightened eyes and glowing face, pleaded with Britishers to continue their friendliness towards his race, and not to give too ready credence to reports which put the negro in the worst possible light. He said that of 191 persons lynched in America last year only nineteen were accused of assaulting white women, and only eleven of those nineteen were proved guilty of the charge, and urged the absurdity of accusing a whole race when only eleven out of 9,000,000 people have been proved guilty of the crime within the space of twelve months.”

LOWELL ON PETER CARTWRIGHT.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, late United States Vice-Consul to Oporto, was calling on Mr. Lowell, then the United States Minister at Madrid. That gentleman apologized for being late. He had been at a State banquet the previous evening, and reaching home he picked up the life of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, the famous pioneer preacher. He was so fascinated with it that he did not lay it down till seven o'clock in the morning. It was, he declared, the most genuinely written American book ever written, a high tribute to the spell and power of this famous autobiography.

RECENT DEATHS.

A few years ago we spent a delightful afternoon on the Bosphorus in the company of Professor A. L. Long, D.D., Vice-President of Robert College, Constantinople, the report of whose death has just reached us. He discoursed with enthusiasm the story of the founding of that college by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, and its subsequent development is like a tale of romance. Dr. Long was a distinguished student of ancient manuscripts, and he discoursed with enthusiasm on the pleasures of hunting down rare manuscripts of which he had found a clue. He was a Methodist minister, who was for some years engaged in the Bulgarian mission. His wide and accurate knowledge of the languages of south-eastern Europe and the Levant led to his engagement in Robert College. He was on his way home on a well-merited furlough, after five-and-forty years of service.

ived a well-earned tribute and a "send-off" from the *American* at Constantinople. His d constitution unhappily lown entirely at Liverpool, in whose quiet cemeteries his remains lie awaiting the resur-

For many years he wrote ental Lesson Lights for The school Times, and almost at y hour of his death the follow-utiful tribute by Miss M. A. appeared in that paper :

with the wisdom of the West,
mellow with the Eastern lore,
with the young heart in thy breast,
safely to thy native shore.

er placid seas, O friend !
tide of love alone runs high,
nly steadfast stars attend
happy chart thou sailest by. . . .

while the sunset glories rest
romise on Sophia's dome,
buoyant heart sail east or west—
speed thee—either way is home !”

with no ordinary feelings of nal loss that we record the f Dr. W. H. Spencer, Secre- the Church Extension Society Methodist Episcopal Church of ted States. At the Epworth Convention, San Francisco, it he lot of the present writer to at the closing meeting in the ra Theatre on Sunday night. it speaker on that impressive i was Dr. Spencer. We never nore pungent, and persuasive for Christian decision than n his lips. Scores of persons for prayer, and several con- s took place. For two days our privilege to travel with ncer from San Francisco to e City. We shall never forget y and saintly spirit, his wise itty discourse. Though en- in the great affairs of the Extension Society, which is four or five new churches ry day in the year, with the) of toll and travall incident he found his special delight gellistic labour.

sponse to our request, Dr. epeated the story of the escue by his brother of seven- ves from a ship-wrecked on Lake Michigan, and the l inquiry of the poor storm- d hero who had saved so ves, "Will, did I do my best? o my best?" As the result

of this effort his health became permanently impaired, but his heroic example has been an inspiration to thousands, and should lead each one of us to earnestly ask, "Have we done our best, our very best?"

Dr. William M. De Puy, for many years assistant editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, passed away in his eightieth year. He was also the projector of the "People's Cyclopaedia," a work which made a very great success, also "Three Score Years and Beyond," and other valuable works. He was greatly honoured in the Methodist Church, and was to the end an indefatigable worker with his pen, and as far as strength would permit, in the pulpit as well.

By the death of Bishop Whipple, a distinguished missionary has passed away. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-nine years. His early life was devoted to business and politics. After his conversion he entered upon active Christian work, and forty-two years ago was elected Bishop of Minnesota. He was known among the whites of his diocese as "St. John of the Wilderness," and the Indians called him "Straight Tongue." He commanded the love and reverence of both alike. He was one of the best friends of the red men that they ever possessed.

Father Peat, the oldest Methodist in Winnipeg, entered into rest on September 8, at the venerable age of eighty-nine. This venerable saint had been ill for some months previous to his death, and at last, like a ripe sheaf, was gathered into the everlasting garner. He had seen in the progress of the Prairie Province the wonderful growth of Christian civilization, in which his beloved Methodism had born a very striking part.

The Rev. George F. Byam died in this city early in the current month. He was born in Niagara seventy-nine years ago. He was a son of the Rev. J. W. Byam, one of the earliest pioneer Methodist missionaries in Canada. He assisted in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and for many years was one of its active ministers. He, too, has witnessed this wonderful progress of the church of his choice and the land of his love during well-nigh four-score years.

Book Notices.

"An Introduction to Political Economy."
By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Political Economy and
Director of the School of Economics
and Political Science in the University
of Wisconsin. New York: Eaton &
Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye.
Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-
387.

The dismal science, as it has been called, has been made much less dismal by such books as Professor Ely's. It is a tribute to its remarkable merit that it has reached its thirty-first thousand. Sociology has been called the mother of the family of the social sciences, which includes among its children economics and politics. Economics is no longer the neglected Cinderella sitting among the ashes, but rather Cinderella come into her high estate. Society is recognized as an organism as never before. The grandest conception of society is that of the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of Man. It is this growing conception that gives such importance to the study of sociology in these modern times. We are learning that no man liveth to himself, that we are all so mutually related and so interdependent one upon another that no member of the body politic can suffer without the whole body suffering with it.

But it has been said that the science of sociology does not exist, that it is rather to-day a science in the making. Political economy, however, has already made great progress in all civilized lands and is thus the best introduction to the wider subject of sociology. Professor Ely sets forth the proposition that the "economic dependence of man upon man increases with the progress of industrial civilization. In this single phrase lies locked up the explanation of many of the complicated and distressing phenomena of our times." Hence a great strike will affect millions of people in many different and often unexpected ways. "We must believe that it was intended by the Creator of the universe that man should seek union with his fellows."

The economic life of a nation is the product of two great factors, land and man, the physical and the psychical or human. To the study of these relations the author then proceeds. He discusses the production, the transfer and the distribution and consumption of goods.

Under the first of these are treated the factors of production and their organization; under the second, money, credit, banks and regulation of commerce; under the third, rent, interest, profits, wages, labour organizations, profit-sharing, co-operation, socialism and monopolies, social problems and remedies for social evils. The concluding chapters discuss public finance and the evolution of economic science.

It is very gratifying that a work on this important subject by a great Methodist scholar has won such wide commendation from those best qualified to judge. Emile de Laveleye, Professor of Political Economy, University of Liège, Belgium, says: "It is, I think, the best elementary economic treatise that I have read. How clear and simple it is!" Professor Bowne, of Boston University, expresses a similar judgment, and especially commends the emphasis of the sociological and ethical aspects of the science. So luminous is the author's treatment that a distinguished educationist in a ladies' college says, "I can testify that no other branch of science ever awakened such a general interest among girls." Similar testimony comes also from Professor F. H. Giddings, of Bryn Mawr.

When the principles of political economy are better understood, much of the strife and antagonism between classes will pass away. Public resources especially shall be better distributed, the injustice of man to man, often unintentional, shall be prevented, and the greatest happiness to the greatest number more widely secured.

"A Bibliographical Contribution to the Study of John Ruskin." Compiled by M. Ethel Jameson. Cambridge: Riverside Press. Pp. viii-154. Price, \$2.00.

This is a unique volume, and one meeting a long-felt need. To the student of Ruskin it is invaluable, and to the general reader a work of great interest. It contains the most complete bibliography concerning Ruskin that exists, the result of the painstaking research of the compiler, a young Canadian of great ability and brilliant scholarship. The work was prepared as a thesis for the University of Chicago, and being found of very exceptional worth, was recom-

for publication by the Library Professors. The manuscripts read by Professor Elliot of Harvard University, who it to be indispensable to a study of the great art critic and reformer.

His interest is being awakened by the writings of this man who did his, not only for his own day, but whose influence—for refinement of manly—will be felt through the ages. Ruskin Clubs are being organized everywhere, and knowledge of the meaning and worth of Ruskin's work has aroused earnest thought in the part of thousands of students. In this bibliography of Miss Gifford's will be of great value.

In addition to the bibliography this volume contains an admirable biographical summary by the author, dealing with many rare and unusual bits of information regarding the life and purpose of John Ruskin. In the fifty pages she gives a very complete survey, often in his own words or those of his critics. Greater than any other art criticism is his treatment of Ruskin as a social reformer. Turner and Wordsworth are the former, Carlyle the latter.

He "humanized political economy," teaching that there is no health but life, "that the final end and consummation of all things is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed and happy-hearted human beings."

His life was one of great purity and nobleness. "He will rank," says Gifford, "as the greatest social reformer of his age, not merely because he told the largest number of important truths upon the largest number of vital matters, in language of great persuasive force, but because he made the most powerful and the most eloquent attempt to grasp and express as a comprehensive whole the needs of human society."

His art criticism, though an "over-estimate," did a splendid service to the appreciation of true art, while his estimation of nature, and opening of the eyes of mankind to its beauties and their meaning, cannot be over-estimated.

This book can be ordered from the publishers "The Windermere," Detroit, Michigan. Price, \$2.00, postpaid, and \$1.75, prepaid.

"Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language." New Edition with Supplement of New Words. Being the authentic edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, comprising the issues of 1864, 1879, and 1884, thoroughly revised and much enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Company. Price, \$13.50 in sheep, with thumb-nail index.

A good dictionary is an essential requisite of every intelligent household. It should be easily accessible and consulted in every case of doubt as to meaning or pronunciation or obscure reference. Thus only can accuracy of thought and language be secured. We have used successive editions of Webster for forty years, and found each one the best at the time of issue. Of course, in a living language like ours, with the growth of science, and introduction of new words from many lands and many tongues, a dictionary will, with the lapse of time, become out of date, and needs frequent revision and additions to keep it thoroughly up to the times. This the editors of Webster's International have secured. This twentieth century edition is printed from new plates throughout, with the addition of 25,000 new words, contained in a supplement of 234 pages, with many illustrations.

Among new words we notice many scientific terms, often illustrated, as aerodrome, coherer, Crookes' space, radium, telephotography, autohypnotism, Marconi system, etc., also such words adopted from foreign languages or referring to foreign affairs, as Tamale, kopje, Tabasco, Boxer, donga, Juramentado, Yiddish, yamen, and the like. Such slang and dialect words as fakir, frazzle, jambouree, and the like, also find their due place. The over 3,000 illustrations give a definiteness and lucidity to explanations otherwise impossible. The biographical and geographical dictionary, and the dictionary of noted names in fiction, are very full. The departments of agriculture, biology, astronomy, botany, chemistry, music, medicine, all the sciences, church terms, and the

like, have special editors. We note the statement of the late President McKinley, that Webster's is the standard of the Executive Department, and that of our own Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "If there is a better one than the latest edition of Webster's International, I am not aware of it." Such competent educationists of our own country as Professor Shaw, Superintendent Inch, Rev. Dr. Potts, Principals Dawson, Burwash, Loudon, Rand, Cavan, all give it their endorsement. The old phrase, "As dry as a dictionary," loses its meaning when applied to such a book. The study of words, their uses, derivations, variations, is one of fascinating interest. The thumb-nail index greatly facilitates the reference to words.

It may be well to call attention to the cheap photographic reprints of the original Webster's Unabridged, fifty years old, which are being foisted on the community. These are about as useful as last year's almanac.

"With 'Bobs' and Kruger." Experiences and Observations of an American War Correspondent in the Field with Both Armies. Illustrated from photographs taken by the author. By Frederick William Unger, late correspondent in South Africa for The Daily Express, London. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Pp. 412. Price, \$2.00.

The camera of the special correspondent enables us to be present, as it were, upon the very field of battle. It brings its horrors home to us as nothing else can do. One of Mr. Unger's pictures shows an enterprising photographer standing on the back of his motionless horse, taking stereoscopic negatives with his double camera. These vivid presentations make us feel, as cold words of description cannot, that "war is hell," and "hell is let loose" in South Africa. All the more tremendous is the responsibility of the wanton and wicked precipitation of this conflict by the truculent ultimatum of Kruger, and his invasion of peaceful British colonies and besieging of British towns.

... correspondent has been with
... as well as with the Brit-
... does not conceal his sym-
... with the burghers, yet the

camera tells the truth. On page 60, showing the battle of Spion Kop, is a photo which he says had the unique distinction of an attempted suppression by two governments, by the British because it revealed the terrific slaughter, by the Boers because they did not relish this evidence of their love of loot in rifling the unburied dead, turning their pockets inside out, and carrying off their boots. Another, entitled, "A Modern Ghoul," shows a German photographer piling up the British dead on Spion Kop, in order to make a particularly gruesome photograph. Another shows the Italian Dynamite Brigade in the pay of the Boers mining the piers of a costly bridge. Another shows a group of captured burghers all wearing khaki uniform. Masquerading in the uniform of the enemy is as distinct a violation of civilized war as the burghers use of the white flag. Still another photo shows the "Tommys" buying chickens from the natives at a shilling each. "Only a few," Mr. Unger says, "were looted from the Kaffirs."

Dr. Leyds, who was kept well out of the way of bullets, Mr. Unger describes as "the arch patriot or arch conspirator, as you choose to look at it, of the South African republics." A Hollander by birth, who drifted into the land with little money of his own, he urged the policy which provoked the war, and made it inevitable. "He carried with him," continues Mr. Unger, "two million and a half pounds in gold to expend at his discretion without being called to render an account. This feat places him easily at the top of the list as the most monumental and successful political adventurer of the decade," and yet he says of this "adventurer," "To him, and to all like him, I cry hail, may success follow in your path and lead your footsteps."

This strongly pro-Boer correspondent says in his closing chapter: "The war started as a result of a plot. A conspiracy to undermine and drive everything English out of South Africa, and entirely uproot the last vestige of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and plant in its place that of the Hollander-Boer peoples, which, while it may be just as good, yet is at heart everlastingly hostile to everything British." "The conspiracy elicits American sympathy," Mr. Unger says, "because it was a na-

tural movement toward the establishment of a United States of South Africa, for the same reasons that we ourselves exist as a nation to-day." The writer is deluded by a name—the name of "republic" misapplied to the oligarchy of Kruger, Leyds, and Reitz. By some strange hallucination he thinks this truer liberty than that which England gives to all her colonies.

With reference to the severe British defeats at the beginning of the war, Mr. Unger writes, "I heard a gray-haired veteran of our Civil War say, 'Why, these battles are only skirmishes. We lost more men at Fredericksburg or Gettysburg than the total number of men engaged on both sides in any of these fights.'"

One of the chief causes of the Boer hatred for Englishmen, Mr. Unger says, is the latter's alleged "lifting up the niggers and setting them on a level with white men."

When the war broke out the author was sick in the hospital in the Klondike. By dint of perseverance, in spite of many difficulties and disappointments, he made his way to the Transvaal. He has written a very vivacious book. His very pro-Boer sympathies make his testimony in favour of the British all the more valuable.

"Tristram of Blent." An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House. By Anthony Hope. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. vi-426. Price, cloth, \$1.50. Paper, 75 cents.

In this book Mr. Hawkins has given us, instead of a tale of mediæval chivalry like those by which he has won such fame, one of present-day life in England, with its delightful rural environment and occasional glimpses of club and social life in town, with sketches of the great political world and its leaders. The pride of possession of an old historic house has seldom been more strikingly set forth. This possession is imperilled by discrepancy between the Russian and English dating of time, which invalidates the legality of the claim of Tristram of Blent to his ancient inheritance. The strange incidents through which the rightful heir is confirmed in his title, yet wins in spite of many difficulties the lady of his love, forms a story of absorbing interest. The literary merit of the work is, we judge, a distinct advance on that of any of Mr. Hawkins' books with which we are acquainted.

"Gloria Deo." An Undenominational Hymnal for All Services of the Church. 8vo, cloth sides, leather back. Price, \$1.25. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This well-printed and well-bound book is a valuable addition to the hymnology of the church. Very many old favourites will be here met, but many more recent hymns are added. The mechanical make-up of the book is of marked excellence. It can only be furnished for the price by its very large sale. Every hymn in the entire work is given under the music, not separate from it. This enables many to sing hymns with which they might have no previous acquaintance; it saves a grievous strain on the eyes; it prevents the "dragging" often noticed in congregational singing; it enables the worshipper to fix the mind on the sentiment of the hymn by relieving the mind of the continual effort to couple the words with the music.

"Gloria Deo" provides a selection of the hymns and tunes which a twenty-year experience in church work has proven to be the best for both congregations and choirs. It is not quantity alone that we need, but comprehensiveness, adaptability to the various requirements of the church, and quality that will satisfy discriminative musical tastes, and train aright the tastes that are formed in many cases by the music of the church.

In this one volume are contained hymns suitable for the church, the Sunday-school, the Young People's Society, and other organizations, a feature which not only enables all to use the same book, but makes all, from the youngest to the oldest, familiar with the best hymns of the church, and enables the young people to join heartily in the regular church service of song. All children love to sing, and if they only knew the church hymns they would more willingly come and join their fresh young voices in the congregational singing. It is impossible to estimate the good that might come from this common use of the one comprehensive and adaptable hymn-book in all branches of the church. There are chants, responses, and glorias for choir use in this complete hymnal.

**BOOKS RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR NOTICE
IN THIS NUMBER.**

"Constantinople." By Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College, etc. With an Introduction by General Lew Wallace. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo. Pp. xvi-xlii-811.

"Footing it in Franconia." By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 261. Price, \$1.10, net.

"The Affirmative Intellect." An account of the origin and mission of the American spirit. By Charles Ferguson. Author of "The Religion of Democracy." New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Pp. 204. Price, 90 cents, net.

"Back to the Soil; or, From Tenement House to Farm Colony. A circular solution of an angular problem. By Bradley Gilman, author of "The Drifting Island," etc. With an Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Pp. xix-242.

"The Miracles of Missions. Modern Marvels in the History of Missionary Enterprise. By Arthur T. Pierson. Fourth series. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Pp. x-257. Price, 90 cents, net.

From the Wesleyan Conference Office.

"Books for Bible Students." Edited

by the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory, D.D. *The Development of Doctrine from the Early Middle Ages to the Reformation.* By John S. Banks. Pp. viii-266.

"The Dawn of the Reformation." By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., author of "The Church of the West in the Middle Ages." Vol. I. *The Age of Wyclif.* Pp. xv-310.

"Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience." By the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. Second series. Pp. 252.

These may all be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The latest issue of *The Religion of Science Library* (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, price, 35 cents), is "The Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy of Rene Descartes, 1596-1650," together with an essay on Descartes' philosophy. This translation from the Latin collated with the French from the writings of this distinguished philosopher furnishes the means of becoming acquainted at first hand with the writings of one of the ablest, strongest, clearest thinkers France ever produced. Almost better known than any other philosophical phrase is his dictum, "Cogito ergo sum." "I think, hence I am." This he explains is not intended as a syllogism, but as a demonstration.

Methodist Magazine and Review for 1902.

We are arranging the programme of this magazine for the year 1902. It will be, we confidently believe, the best we have ever announced. Among the specialties will be: Serial and short stories of a pronounced religious character by such distinguished writers as S. R. Crockett, Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, Ian Maclaren, Isabelle Horton, Lena L. Woodill, Maude Pettitt, E. R. Young, Jr., and others. Among the illustrated papers will be a large number on Canada, including "The Water-Power of Canada," by Keefer, C.M.G., C.E., "Path of Empire: Canadian Pro-" by the Editor; "Northern

Lakes of Canada," "Quebec and Its Memories," "Builders of Empire," "The People Called Quakers," "Logging in Canada," and "Canadian Poets," by Lawrence J. Burpee.

Full announcement will be given in the next number. Our friends will note that the November and December magazines, containing the beginning of Miss Horton's strongly written story, will be given free to new subscribers. Further developments of this magazine are in contemplation. May we not ask our patrons to kindly commend it to their friends, and endeavour to secure their subscriptions.

EMBER and DECEMBER Numbers FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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PROFESSORS AT TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1901.


OUR BROTHER IN BLACK.

*THE LIFE-STORY OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.**

BY THE EDITOR.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

 HE record of the life and work of Booker T. Washington is one of those tales of fact which are stranger than fiction. He is the most striking personality his race has produced in America. He was born a slave, he does not know when nor where, "but suspects," he says, that "he must have been born some time or

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somewhere—about the year 1838 or 1859." He knows nothing of his father, except that he was a white man. To the love and tenderness of his mother he pays most filial tribute.

"She will always remain," he says, "the noblest embodiment of womanhood with whom I have come in contact. She was wholly ignorant as far as books were concerned, and, I presume, never had a book in her hand for two minutes at a time, but the lessons in virtue and thrift that she instilled will never leave me."

Among his earliest recollections are those of seeing his maternal uncle cowhided on his naked back. His shuddering groans made an impression on the boy's heart which, he says, he shall carry with him to the grave. Although not a slave on the plantation could read a line, yet in some mysterious way they kept informed of the progress of the war, and that it meant their freedom. The "grape-vine telegraph" was in constant use. When Lincoln's proclamation was made known his mother whispered, "Now, my

* "The Story of My Life and Work." Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. With an Introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Commissioner Peabody and Slater Funds. Copiously illustrated with photo-engravings, original pen drawings by Frank Beard. J. L. Nichols & Co., Toronto, Ont. D. E. Hughes, Manager, Toronto. Price, \$1.50. Subscription only.

children, we are free." Soon came the chance to young Booker—which was all the name he had, he chose Washington himself—to go to school. To do this, the boy worked from four o'clock in the morning till nine, and after school hours. He early learned that most important lesson, faithful, honest toil.

He was sent to work in a coal mine, his mother hired some one to teach him to read at night, and he took his book to the mine and tried to read by the little lamp which hung on his hat.

Till he was a big boy he had never worn a hat, when his mother



LITTLE BOOKER AND HIS MOTHER
PRAYING TO BE DELIVERED
FROM SLAVERY.

made one of two pieces of homespun jean.

He afterwards hired out to a Mrs. Ruffner, a New England woman, and was so faithful in the discharge of his duty that before he left her service she trusted him with anything in her possession. He writes:

"The lessons that I learned in her home were as valuable to me as any education I have ever gotten anywhere since. Even to this day I never see bits of paper scattered around a house or in the street that I do not want to pick them up at once. I never see a filthy yard that I do

not want to clean it, a paling off a fence that I do not want to put it on, an unpainted or unwhitewashed house that I do not want to paint or whitewash it, or a button off one's clothes, or a grease-spot on them or on a floor, that I do not want to call attention to it."

One day amid his toil he heard of a school where black boys and girls could work their way if they had not money to pay for schooling. It was many scores of miles away, but he started out on foot to find it. For his outfit the old coloured people, born in slavery and utterly unlettered, gave him some a nickel, others a quarter or a handkerchief. His mother was in broken health, and he scarce expected to see her again. He was refused shelter in a village inn, and kept warm only by walking about through the night. This was his first experience of finding what the colour of his skin meant.

He reached Richmond, Va., hungry, tired and dirty, and wandered round the streets till midnight because he had nowhere to go. As half-starved he passed the food-stands "he would have promised," he said, "all he expected to possess in the future to have gotten hold of one of the chicken legs or pies which were exposed," but he crept under the sidewalk and lay all night upon the ground without a bite to eat. Next morning he earned enough by helping unload pig iron from a vessel to buy a breakfast, which seemed to him the best breakfast he ever had. He continued to work a number of days, still sleeping under the sidewalk. Many years afterwards he was tendered a reception in Richmond at which two thousand persons were present to do him honour. The hall was not far from the place where he had sought shelter beneath the planks. He could not help reverting in thought to his painful experience.

reached at length Hampton with just fifty cents in his pocket.

Unwashed and unkempt as he was he must have made a very unfavourable impression on the New England principal. At length she said "I might sweep the recitation-room." This was the chance of his

life. "I swept the recitation-room," he says, "four times. Then I got a dusting! I dusted it four times. When I reported to the principal a 'Yankee' woman who knew how to look for dirt. When she failed to find one bit of dirt on the floor, she quietly remarked: 'I guess you do not enter this institution.' It was as one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my first examination, and never did I pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave me the same genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the one I ever passed."

He earned his way by rising at five in the morning to make fires, sweep, and prepare his lessons. Only once a week did he have a slice of white bread. He used to wash his face and change his clothes at night, for no change of attire. He had heard of his mother's lessons which almost broke his heart, and the industry which she had put into his soul became the precious possessions of his life.

The dormitory crowded were the dormitories of the school, called for the students to live in tents during the winter. Nearly every student preferred to go, among them, were young Washington. He had been once in the bitter cold when the tent was lifted bodily in the wind, and they found themselves in the open air.



LITTLE BOOKER, A FAVOURITE WITH HIS MASTER, IS ALLOWED TO PEEP INTO THE PARLOUR OF THE "BIG HOUSE."

"I have spoken," he says, "of my admiration for General Armstrong, and yet he was but a type of that Christlike body of men and women who went into the Negro schools at the close of the war by the hundreds to assist in lifting up my race. The history of the world fails to show a higher, purer, and more unselfish class of men and women than those who found their way into those Negro schools.

"Life at Hampton was a constant revelation to me; was constantly taking me into a new world. The matter of having meals at regular hours, of eating on a tablecloth, using a napkin, the use of the bath-tub and of the tooth-brush, as well as the use of sheets upon the bed, were all new to me. I sometimes feel that almost the most valuable lesson I got at the Hampton Institute was in the use and value of the bath. I learned there for the first time some of its value, not only in keeping the body healthy, but in inspiring self-respect and promoting virtue."



READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. THE SMALL LAD WITH SLOUCH HAT, STANDING AT THE FRONT, IS BOOKER.

He never saw three or four hundred men and women so tremendously in earnest as the students at Hampton.

"Many of them," he writes, were as poor as I was, and, besides having to wrestle with their books, they had to struggle with a poverty which prevented their having the necessities of life. Many of them had aged parents who were dependent upon them, and some of them were men who had wives whose support in some way they had to provide for. The great and prevailing idea that seemed to take possession of every one was to prepare himself to lift up the people at his home."

On leaving Hampton he became for a time a waiter at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, where he was often in after years an honoured guest.

When about sixteen he became teacher of a Negro school near his native place. He taught both day and night school and two Sunday-schools. He induced his brother and many neighbours to go to the Hampton Institute. Three years later he had a chance to enter Wayland Seminary. The deep, religious spirit which per-

vaded the atmosphere made a profound impression on his life.

He was invited to return to Hampton as a teacher. He began a night class with men who had to work all day in the saw-mill or on the farm. This grew till it eventually numbered six or seven hundred eager students. He was a born teacher, and was placed in charge of seventy-five Indian boys. He learned that "the main thing that any oppressed people needed was a chance of the right kind and they would cease to be savages."

At the request of General Armstrong he went, in 1881, to Tuskegee, a place so small that he could not find it on the map. It was in the heart of the Black Belt, where the Negroes far outnumbered the whites. This was the great opportunity of his life. Here his best work was done. He had no money, but borrowed five hundred dollars to make the first payment on an abandoned farm. This subsequently grew to be an estate of 2,460 acres connected with the Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Washington insisted on enforcing

all things the important that the best help for the is self-help. Scarce a single family or individual in or Tuskegee did not contribute in money or in kind, at great sacrifice, towards the founding of the institute.

The only place that he could start his school was a dilapidated shanty near the coloured Methodist church, together with the church itself as a sort of assembly-room. Both the church and the shanty were in about as good condition as was possible.

Recall," he writes, "that during the months of school that I taught in building it was in such poor repair whenever it rained, one of the older students would very kindly leave his hat and hold an umbrella over me and heard the recitations of the others. My landlady, also, that on more than one occasion my landlady held an umbrella over me while I ate breakfast."

The thrift of the Negroes was not incredible. They planted only cotton, and bought sugar and bacon at the highest prices at the store. Sewing machines were bought on instalment for sixty dollars, showy for fourteen, although not a person in ten could read the

In one cabin there was only work among five people, and ainet organ which cost sixty dollars. But very seldom did a family eat together. The father would take his hunk of bread and start to the field, eating and walking; the mother took breakfast from the skillet in the corner; the children would be seen running round the yard with so many puppies. Every thing that was big enough to carry was sent to the cotton field, the baby was left at the end of the row to receive maternal attention at intervals. On Saturday the whole family went to—ostensibly to shop, but one

person in ten minutes could buy all that their money could pay for. The women sat around smoking or dipping snuff. The land and most of the crops were mortgaged.

The schools, of course, were wretched affairs. In one of these Mr. Washington found five pupils studying from one book. Many of the parents were born in slavery. He asked one



BOOKER STARTING FOR HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

man how many were sold at the same time with himself. He said, "There were five of us: myself and brother and the three mules." The teachers in these schools had very exalted ideas of book learning. The bigger the book and the longer the name of the subject, the prouder they felt of their accomplishment. Some had studied Latin, one or two Greek.

"One of the saddest things," says Mr. Washington, "that I saw during a month of travel which I have described was a young man, who had attended some high school, sitting down in a one-room cabin, with grease on his clothing, filth all around him, and weeds in the yard and garden, engaged in studying a French grammar."

Some were studying and taught after a fashion "banking and discount," when a bank account was the last thing that any one in the neighbourhood was likely to possess. While the girls could locate the capital of China on the map,



HOUSE IN MALDEN IN WHICH MR. WASHINGTON, AFTER LEAVING HAMPTON, TAUGHT HIS FIRST SCHOOL.

they could not locate the proper places for the knives and forks on the dinner table.

The chief ambition of some of the students was to get an education so they need not work. This is illustrated by a story told of a coloured man in Alabama, who, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton-field, suddenly stopped, and, looking towards the skies, said: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and the sun am so hot, dat I believe dis darkey am called to de heaven!"

Washington soon changed his mind. He found an heroic helper

in his noble work in Miss Olivia A. Davidson, who became his wife. While teaching in the South she closed her school to nurse a pupil ill with smallpox till he recovered. When yellow fever broke out in Memphis she offered her services as nurse. When she went to the Normal School at Framingham, Mass., it was suggested that as she was so very light in colour she might find it more comfortable not to be known as a coloured woman. She replied "under no circumstances, for no considerations, would she consent to deceive any one in regard to her racial identity." With rare enthusiasm she devoted herself to the uplifting of her people in the South.

The great work of building the Tuskegee Institute was one of faith. Mr. Washington began a building which cost \$8,000 with only \$200 in cash. He borrowed \$400 from a friend, to be repaid within thirty days. On the morning of the thirtieth day he was without funds, but the eleven o'clock mail brought a cheque for exactly \$400. Booker Washington spent much time in raising funds, sometimes speaking at five different churches in one day; and he records sleeping in three beds in one night.

At the end of the third year the Institute owned property valued at \$30,000. At the end of the fourteenth this had grown to \$80,000, and at the end of the twentieth to \$300,000. The following trades were taught: Blacksmithing, carpentry, brickmasonry, brickmaking, plastering, farming, stock, poultry and bee-raising, saw-milling, wheelwrighting, printing, mattress and cabinet making, sewing, cutting and fitting, washing and ironing, cooking and general housekeeping.

Mr. Washington's theory of industrial education is, we judge,

nly solution of the race question in the South. In an address at the University he said:

While many wrongs had been perpetrated on them in the South, still it was recognized by all intelligent colored men that the black man has far better opportunity to rise in his business in the South than in the North. While he was not permitted to ride in the first-class car in the South, he was not allowed to build that first-class car in the

Washington first came to the American continent before the opening of the Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta, in 1895. At that time the Negroes had a fair and exhibits of their own industries and art, including sculpture and painting, which, withstanding their social disabilities, was a great success. There were three Negro industrial schools in the city. At one of these, at the University, the present writer was present a week. On its lawn was a boulder brought from Massachusetts as a memorial of its hero. This is a type of the heroic devotion which led men and women of the finest New England culture to devote their lives to the uplift of the African

was a novel experiment to have a black man to address the entire white folk at a great public function. Alluding to the fate of the ship's crew perishing first when the fresh waters of the Amazon were all around them, he replied to the signal, "Send water," came the answer, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Mr. Washington made the appeal:

those of the white race who look upon the coming of those of foreign birth with strange tongue and habits for the majority of the South, were I permitted to repeat what I say to my own people, cast down your bucket where you

are.' Cast it down among the 8,000,000 Negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labour wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, built your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and with education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defence of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

"There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable ;

" ' The laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed ;
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to fate abreast."

" Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull against you the load downwards. We shall constitute one-third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third its intelligence and progress ; we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic."

Mr. Washington awoke next day, like Byron, to find himself famous. Not only were the Negroes and whites electrified by this speech ; its echoes penetrated to the remotest parts of the South,

and of the North as well. He received the autograph congratulations of President Cleveland and many of the foremost statesmen of his country. A lecture bureau offered him \$20,000 for a hundred nights' lectures. He replied that his life-work was in Tuskegee.

He addressed also throughout the country large audiences, including the Universities of Chi-



PRESIDENT ELIOT CONFERRING HONORARY DEGREE UPON MR. WASHINGTON AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, JUNE, 1896.

cago and Harvard, at which such men as the Hon. J. H. Choate, President Cleveland and President Eliot presided. In June, 1896, Harvard University bestowed upon him the degree of M.A., Bishop Vincent and General Miles being similarly honoured on the same occasion. At the Alumni dinner he said:

“Why you have called me from the Belt of the South, from among my people, to share in the honours occasion, is not for me to explain.

If through me, an humble representative, seven millions of my people in the South might be permitted to send a message to Harvard—Harvard that offered up on death's altar young Shaw, and Russell, and Lowell, and scores of others, that we might have a free and united country—that message would be, ‘Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain.’

“No member of your race in any part of our country can harm the meanest member of mine without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much, lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape—man drags man down, or man lifts man up.”

Mr. Washington was the first of his race to receive an honorary degree from a New England University, and Harvard honoured itself as well as the object of its distinction.

In the same year Mr. Washington addressed the Christian Endeavour Convention, which met in the capital of the nation, making the journey from Iowa to Washington for that purpose. The next night he addressed 2,000 teachers at Buffalo. He had an engagement for a five minutes' address at Atlanta, to fulfil which he travelled 2,500 miles, and was well repaid, because it was his first opportunity to reach two hundred of the leading ministers, legislators, judges and press men of the South. These long journeys were a severe tax upon the endurance of any man.

At the Peace Jubilee, in 1898, Mr. Washington addressed with stirring eloquence the immense audience in the great Auditorium at Chicago, and as striking recognition that “a man's a man for a that,” despite his black skin and slave birth, he dined twice with President McKinley's party. In the same year he invited the President to visit the institution at Tuskegee. He thought that the visit of the Executive of the nation to a Negro institution

do more than almost any- else to encourage the race. President, Mrs. McKinley, ers of the Cabinet and the Legislature of Alabama the Tuskegee schools, and met by a concourse of six nd people. Among other things the President said here:

egrity and industry are the best ons which any man can have, and an can have them. Nobody can m to him or take them from him. ot acquire them by inheritance ; ot buy them or beg them or bor- m. They belong to the individual his unquestioned property. He an part with them. They are a ing to have and keep. They make homes ; they achieve success in alk of life ; they have won the ; triumphs for mankind. They moral and material power. They ispensable to success. They are le. Every avenue of human en- welcomes them. They are the ys to open with certainty the door rtunity to struggling manhood. ment waits on them ; capital re- them. Citizenship is not good them. If you do not already em, get them."

eature of much importance nection with the Tuskegee te was the Negro confer-

Many hundreds, some- two thousand Negroes of ds and conditions, from all of the South, attended, dis- d their deficiencies, and l the advantages of thriit. y and economy. At one ence over a hundred re- that they had bought them- homes. "A heap of our ." said one delegate, "don't at part of the Bible which Six days thou shalt work: ust not sit down and trust if you do you will starve.) and go to work, and trust nd you will get rich."

r eighteen years' continu- work Mr. Washington's sent him to Europe for a

holiday. He was everywhere re- ceived with distinction. He ad- dressed a public meeting at the Crystal Palace, London, presided over by the Duke of Westminster, said to be the richest man in the world. He received much social attention from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Henry Somerset, the Honourable James Bryce, the American Am- bassador, and others of social eminence. He recounts with sad- ness and shame that within six years nine hundred persons were lynched in the Southern States, only a few hundred short of the total number of soldiers who lost their lives in Cuba during the Spanish-American war.

An illustration of the way in which he bridged the chasm be- tween the whites and the blacks is the fact of the social receptions tendered him by white and col- oured citizens at Atlanta, Mont- gomery, New Orleans and else- where in the South on his return. He pleaded earnestly for the social and moral redemption of his race.

"Here, in His wisdom, Providence has placed the Negro. Here he will remain. Here he came without a language ; here he found the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Here he came in paganism ; here he found the religion of Christ. Here he came in barbarism ; here he found civilization. Here he came with untrained hands ; here he found industry. If these centuries of contact with Americans have done this, can you not trust to the wise Creator, aided by the efforts of the Negro himself, and your guidance to do the remainder ? At this point, are you willing to cease your efforts and turn the work over to others for completion ? Your duty to the Negro will not be fulfilled until you have made of him the highest type of American citizen, in intelligence, usefulness and morality. The South has within itself the forces that are to solve this tremend- ous problem."

For foreign missions three de- nominations in the South give annually over half a million dol- lars ; for the Christianization of

the Negroes at their very door, only \$21,000. He urged the giving of not less for the heathen, but of more for those kinsmen at home. Ignorance, he says, is many-fold more costly for taxpayers than intelligence. He urged that training schools like that at Tuskegee should be duplicated in a hundred places in every State. He quotes the striking lines:

“ ‘ The slave’s chain and the master’s alike
are broken,
The one curse of the race held both in
tether ;
They are rising, all are rising,
The black and white together. ’ ”

The Tuskegee Institute comprises 2,500 acres of land and forty-two buildings, erected almost entirely by the students. One of these is an auditorium, with a capacity of 2,400 persons, in which are used 1,200,000 bricks.

A pronounced religious character is given the Institution by the Bible Training School, whose students preach and teach throughout a wide region. A choir and choral society, glee clubs and brass bands, comprising in all over three hundred persons, promote musical culture.

Much of the money for this great enterprise came from generous friends in the North, but much also was raised among the whites and Negroes of the South themselves.

“ It was often pathetic,” he writes, “ to note the gifts of the older coloured people, most of whom had spent their best days in slavery. Sometimes they would give five cents, sometimes twenty-five cents. Sometimes the contribution was a quilt, or a quantity of sugar-cane. I recall one old coloured woman, who was about seventy years of age, who came to see me when we were raising money to pay for the farm. She hobbled into the room where I was, leaning on a cane. She was clad in rags ; but they were clean. She said : ‘ Mr. Washin’ton, God knows I spent de bes’ days of my life in slavery. God knows I’s ignorant an’ poor ; but,’ she added, ‘ I knows what

you an’ Miss Davidson is tryin’ to do. I knows you is tryin’ to make better men an’ better women for the coloured race. I ain’t got no money, but I want you to take dese six eggs, what I’s been savin’ up, an’ I wants you to put dese six eggs into de eddication of dese boys an’ gals.’

“ Since the work at Tuskegee started, it has been my privilege to receive many gifts for the benefit of the institution, but never any, I think, that touched me so deeply as this one.”

At times his reception in the North was discouraging. One gentleman told him he would not secure enough money to pay his travelling expenses. Within four years that gentleman introduced him in flattering terms to a public meeting in one of the largest halls in New York.

One gentleman gave him on a cold winter day a very cold reception and a very small cheque, who afterwards contributed \$10,000 in a single sum. Another gentleman in New York did not ask him to sit down, but gave him in a gruff way \$2 as if to get rid of him. This gentleman also subsequently sent a cheque for \$10,000.

Mr. Washington’s noblest monument is the Tuskegee Industrial Institute. For its maintenance he has secured a million dollars, and is now seeking an endowment of half a million more. We consider that he has contributed more to the solution of the tremendous Negro problem in the United States than any man living. His work is more practical and telling in its results than even that of the brilliant Negro orator, Frederic Douglass. It is not by trying to convert the Negroes by wholesale into teachers and preachers, doctors and lawyers, however important that may be, that the race as a whole will be elevated, but by training their brawn and brain in the hard, commonplace, everyday work by which character as well as nationhood is developed.

The following sonnet by a negro

poet to a negro educator is significant of much:

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

The word is writ that he who runs may read.
 What is the passing breath of earthly fame?
 But to snatch glory from the hands of blame,
 That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.
 A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed,
 And from its dark and lowly door there came
 A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
 A master spirit for the nation's need.
 Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,
 The mark of rugged force on brow and lip,
 Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind
 Where hot the hounds come baying at his
 hip;

With one idea foremost in his mind,
 Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar,
 in *New England Magazine*.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

“President Roosevelt recently invited Mr. Booker T. Washington,” says the *Independent*, “to dine with him at his private table in the White House. Mr. Washington was thus entertained in order that the President might consult with him freely and at length concerning his race in the South. It appears that this is the first time a negro has been asked to dine with a President at his home; and the incident has caused a general outburst of indignation in the Democratic press of the Southern States. The *Memphis Scimitar* says:

“The most damnable outrage ever perpetrated by any citizen of the United States was committed by the President when he invited a nigger to dine with him at the White House. He has rudely hattered any expectations that may have arisen from his announced intention to make the Republican party in the South respectable.”

“Another paper says: ‘No atone-

ment or future act of his can remove the self-imprinted stigma.’”

What an irony on the assertion of equality in the Declaration of Independence!

In the North the President's course is approved by many well-known men. For example, President Elliot points out that Harvard University entertained Mr. Washington at dinner, and gave him an honorary degree; and Bishop Potter's comment is that Mr. Washington has repeatedly been a guest at his own table.

We congratulate the President on his Christian manhood in trampling on a wicked prejudice which would be impossible in England and should be impossible in the United States. These fire-eating editors are doubtless inferior in character and ability to the cultured college president whom they despise.—Ed.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
 I keep the gifts you brought;
 Long in my mem'ry dwell
 The lessons you have taught.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
 I hold the friends you gave;
 For them no parting knell,
 No unrelenting grave.
 Toronto.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
 You are a stepping-stone
 To the attainable,
 Alluring and unknown.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
 You die. I live. I pass
 To—where? I cannot tell.
 But you—Poor Ghost! Alas!

THE TRAINING OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAMILY.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.



QUEEN VICTORIA was great not only as the head of her empire, but also as the head of her family. The world was enriched by her noble example as a woman, and her highest wisdom as a woman was revealed in the training of her children.

Speaking of her own training, she wrote: "I had the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother." In this she was most fortunate. Much of her great wisdom, her deep sympathy, and her high character had their source in the personal influence and training of her mother.

The spirit of true motherhood is the mightiest agency in the evolution of a child's individuality. Until recently, tenderness was regarded as a synonym for motherhood spirit, but though affection must ever remain its most vital element, a cultured intelligence in regard to every department of the child's physical, intellectual and spiritual life, and the processes of his best development, must be united with tenderness in a true mother. Misdirected and indulgent mother-love may become the most baneful influence in the life of a child. The large number of mothers' congresses, parents' clubs, child-study societies, and kindred associations that have recently been organized, are evidences that conscious humanity is awakening to this great revelation.

The Queen showed discrimination by recognizing that her

mother was not only tender, but enlightened, and she wisely determined to become the most potent influence in the training of her own children, and to fit herself for this work which she recognized as her first and highest duty. Froebel chose as the most suggestive motto for parenthood: "Come, let us live with our children," and the motherhood of the world can never have a more perfect exemplification of this fundamental principle in child training, than was given by England's most illustrious monarch. The fact that the woman whose life was filled with more engrossing public duties and more serious responsibilities than that of any other woman, should yet find so much time for nurture and training and companionship of her children, is a most impressive lesson to the unconscious motherhood that substitutes imaginary obligations for the most sacred duties of intelligent motherhood, and entrusts the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual development of children to nurses, or governesses, or public schools, or Sunday-schools, or boarding schools, or any combination of individuals or institutions, and thus robs them of the supreme agency in their perfect growth in power and character.

Much as she desired to do so, the Queen was unable to devote her whole time to the guidance and companionship of her girls and boys, so she secured the services of Lady Lyttleton to assist her in the general training of her children. Notwithstanding the high attainments and superior wisdom of Lady

ton, the Queen gave her in g certain rules which she d to be carried out. One of rules specified that "the chil-were to be as much as pos-with their parents," and this as the fundamental principle e management of the royal hold.

other rule laid down for the nce of Lady Lytleton was re children should have a life simple and domestic charac-

She wished to avoid excite-and the introduction of cere-ils and conventionalities into periences of her children they were young. She was us that they should have full, genuine child lives, and thà natural child spirit should ue as long as possible. She

ted the law that "childhood d ripen in childhood." She stood the depressing and ng effects of forcing adult-in any form into young s and minds, and the evil in-e of undue and unnatural ex-ent on the undeveloped ner-systems of children, so she r prescribed "a simple and stic life" for her young

r. e Queen understood the great tive value of a close acquaint-with, and a genuine love for, e in early life. She was hap-herself when, away from the our of court life, she could the sweetness and inspiration e grand old forest and the t at Osborne, or the impres-natural beauty of her moun-ome at Balmoral. She loved e with her children close to eart of Nature that their intel-al and moral powers might sciously be enriched and lated by Nature's enchant-s of beauty, and symmetry, unity, and mystery, and life sses. God speaks more clearly e child in Nature than in anv

other way. Adulthood, when it is most like childhood in purity and in the receptive attitude of its life, receives the benediction of God's revelations in flower, or forest, or mountain, or ocean, most truly and most fully.

Each child in the Queen's family had a garden plot of his own in which he was allowed to plant his own flowers or vegetables, which he was expected to cultivate and care for personally. This is the most productive kind of Nature-study in its revelation of life processes, and especially in defining in the imagination and the heart the apperceptive centres of the highest and most practical conceptions that should become dominant elements in human character.

Froebel taught that "every child should have some garden spot of his own." The world is slowly comprehending this great thought. Germany is adopting it as an essential element in child training. England three years ago authorized school boards to rent or purchase fields in which the teachers and pupils may spend one-half day of the regular school time each week. In lieu of this work in gardening, teachers may take their classes to the woods or sea-shore for one-half day of regular school time each week. In America a few men, notably Mr. John Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio, have learned to give children the educational advantages of gardening, not only by providing vegetable garden plots for them, but by training them to transform their most unattractive back yards into bowers of beauty and aesthetic culture. In Canada two noble men have recently offered half a million dollars to Professor J. W. Robertson, of Ottawa, to enable him to establish large gardens in connection with rural schools in as many centres as possible throughout the Dominion, in order to direct the attention of edu-

cators to this important department of the early education of children.

When the child sows a seed which develops into a plant of life and beauty, he sows in his own life the germs of a great thought which God will awake to conscious growth in due time : I have power to help God; God and I may be partners.

When he waters a weak plant and helps it to a stronger, richer life more productive of flower and fruit, he gains an experience which someday will reveal the corresponding truth: I have power to help all life to a broader, higher, truer, more productive life.

When he transforms a spot, where only weeds would grow but for his efforts, into a place of beauty or of productiveness, he lays a sure, symbolic foundation for the comprehension in later life of the great conception: I should help to make barren hearts beautiful; and every heart has some spot that I can help to make more bright.

Lincoln said: "I want it said of me, by those who know me best, that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow."

No child should be deprived of its right to a plot of earth to use for gardening. The Queen's children were little gardeners.

They had also a museum of natural history in their Swiss cottage at Osborne: a children's house, partly a play-house and partly a workshop, which was a most important element in the training of the family.

In the Swiss cottage the boys had a fine workshop in which they worked under the guidance of their father, and the girls had a well-fitted kitchen in which they learned to cook. The boys were trained to make even the bricks with which they built individual play-houses for themselves. Whether

the Queen and her excellent consort understood fully the many economic, intellectual, and moral advantages of manual training and domestic science or not, their children had these advantages in their early life. The girls were taught sewing as well as cooking.

A most important feature of the home training of the life in the palace was the productive character of the recreations. There was plenty of rational entertainment, suited to children; there were long walks in the parks or woods, or up the mountains, at Windsor, and Osborne, and Balmoral; there were music, and drawing, and etching with mother and father during the leisure hours in the home.

Even what are called "innocent means of passing time" often inevitably lead to moral deterioration. Productive recreation is a department of family life that should receive wide and careful consideration. Children are naturally happiest when they are producers, when they are moulding or transforming things into new forms of utility or beauty. If they deteriorate into a destructive or negative condition, their trainers are to blame—not the children or God.

The physical well-being of the Queen's children received careful attention. The general laws relating to exercise, fresh air, cleanliness and plain food were faithfully carried out. It is said that one lady who for a time occupied a position in the palace wrote to a friend, that the children had not merely plain living, but "poor living." The food was really the best obtainable, but the cooking was "plain," and the number of courses limited.

One of the best features of the physical development of the children was their quiet, simple life. Serene nervous systems are the

ential elements of perfect culture.

of the greatest blunders the training of children, by the wealthy classes, ortening of the real child- orcing or allowing a pre- assumption of manhood or ood. There are too many like the little girl de- by Dickens in Martin vit, who "at the age of had arrived at such a pitch ebone and education she hing girlish about her."* tler's life of the Queen we that the Queen herself ffered to grow up accord- gracious natural growth, ed into premature expan-

The plan of her wise was carried out in the of her own family. er marked element in the of the Queen herself be- definite ideal in the devel- of her children. Charles in describing the absolute of the child Victoria, says, ing of the associations of princess with her mother: erry laugh was as fearless

ollowing verses on "Making a N. Waterman, show how not to is respect.—ED.

baby as fast as you can ;
i, worry him, make him a man ;
is baby clothes, get him in pants ;
on brain foods and make him ad-
ance ;
n, soon as he's able to walk,
nmar school ; cram him with talk.

or head full of figures and facts,
-jamming them in till it cracks ;
grew up at a rational rate,
evelop a man while you wait !
through college, compel him to
rab
nown subject a dip and a dab.

i business and after the cash,
time he can grow a mustache.
rget he was ever a boy,
| his god and its jingle his joy ;
a-hustling and clear out of breath,
wins—nervous prostration and
sath.

as the notes of the thrush in the grove around her."

The unfortunate children of many fashionable people are not allowed to take their meals with their parents, and many others are still obliged to conduct themselves in harmony with the barbarous maxims: "Children should be seen and not heard," and "Children should speak only when they are spoken to." The Queen was a noble example to all thoughtless or selfish mothers who train their children according to these degrad- ing theories. True freedom in the home is the only sure basis for a perfectly developed, happy, and balanced character. Children have a right to share in the home life freely. If they are not permitted to do so, they lose the many ad- vantages of complete participation in the most blessed of human unities.

When a mere child, the Queen startled her music teacher, when he told her in a peremptory manner that "she must practice," by lock- ing the piano, and calmly inform- ing him, "There is no must here, sir." There was a much higher law in her home to which she al- ways responded gladly. So will all children when parents thor- oughly understand "the perfect law of liberty."

The religious training of her children was attended to by the Queen personally, as far as pos- sible. She laid down rules in her memorandum for Lady Lyttleton that might safely be adopted uni- versally:

1. She wished her children to grow up with "great reverence for God and religion."

2. This reverence should be based on "devotion and love, not fear and trembling."

3. Death and the future state were not to be made alarming and forbidding.

4. They should not be taught

"differences of creeds while young."

5. They should not be led to believe that "prayer could be made only on their knees."

6. They should be trained in "a simple and domestic way."

7. "They should be as much as possible with their parents."

When the Archdeacon of London complimented the young princesses on their accurate knowledge of their catechism, and said they

must have an excellent governess, they informed him that "mother taught the catechism." Nor was her direct teaching the highest moral influence in their lives. The perfect sympathy of her daily life with her children was more full of religious uplifting than any mere teaching could be. Her teaching was thorough, and her life illuminated her teaching. Yet she was the busiest mother in the world.

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.—Luke ii. 20.

It was near the first cock-crowing,
And Orion's wheel was going,
When an angel stood before us and our
hearts were sore afraid.

Lo, his face was like the lightning,
When the walls of heaven are whitening,
And he brought us wondrous tidings of a
joy that shall not fade.

Then a Splendour shone around us,
In the still field where he found us,
A watch upon the Shepherd Tower and
waiting for the light :

There where David, as a stripling,
Saw the ewes and lambs go rippling
Down the little hills and hollows at the
falling of the night.

Oh, what tender, sudden faces
Filled the old familiar places,
The barley-fields where Ruth of old went
gleaning with the birds !

Down the skies the host came swirling,
Like sea-waters white and whirling,
And our hearts were strangely shaken by
the wonder of their words.

Haste, O people : all are bidden—
Haste from places, high or hidden :
In Mary's Child the Kingdom comes, the
heaven in beauty bends !
He has made all life completer ;
He has made the Plain Way sweeter,
For the stall is His first shelter and the
cattle His first friends.

He has come ! the skies are telling ;
He has quit the glorious dwelling ;
And first the tidings came to us, the humble
shepherd folk.

He has come to field and manger,
And no more is God a Stranger :
He comes as Common Man at home with
cart and crooked yoke.

As the shade of a cool cedar
To a traveller in gray Kedar
Will be the kingdom of His love, the King-
dom without end

Tongues and ages may disclaim Him,
Yet the Heaven of heavens will name Him
Lord of peoples, Light of nations, elder
Brother, tender Friend.

THE STAR AND THE SONG.

O Star that saw the Saviour's birth,
Still doth thy glory light the earth,
And not alone the wise men heed,
And follow where its splendours lead ;
From north to south, from east to west,
The weary nations join the quest,
And lift from longing hearts the plea,
"The world's Redeemer ! Where is He ?

O song of angels, clear and sweet,
The tongues of men your notes repeat !
Your heavenly promise soars and swells
In every chime of Christmas bells.
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men."
In deeds of mercy speaks again,
And love, with precious sacrifice,
Leads where the world's Redeemer lies.

—Emily Huntington Miller, in *Sunday School Times*.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SAVINGS BANK.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



HE savings bank, at least in its present form, like many another economic and philanthropic institution, is the creation of the nineteenth century. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, institutions somewhat akin to our modern savings banks existed in London, Basle, Geneva, Hamburg, and some other places. The one at London was caught by the covetousness of the First Napoleon, who carried away its coffers and its contents as well.

The true pioneers of the savings banks, as now understood, were a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Wakefield, of Wendover, and a British

Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, of Tottenham. The former, in 1798, started in conjunction with two of his parishioners to receive from the members of his congregation any sum from twopence upwards, to be returned at Christmas with one-eighth of the whole added in interest. The depositor might receive his money before Christmas on demand, and in cases of sickness or of employment his savings did not preclude him from parish relief otherwise he could obtain it. A Christmas dinner was also given to the depositors at the expense of three directors of the institution.

Curiously enough, Sunday was the time chosen for paying the deposits. This, no doubt, was in view of their motto, "Pay on the first day of the week —"

The Romance of the Savings Bank." Philadelphia: Granger-Bowie. London: Partridge & Co. Toronto: William B. Eerdmans. The present article deals exclusively with the British savings bank.

let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

Mrs. Wakefield's scheme was started in 1799, for the benefit of women and children in the village of Tottenham, and under her own immediate superintendence. The arrangement was that members should pay according to their age, certain sums per month, which entitled them to a pension after sixty years of age. In cases of sickness four shillings a week was allowed. In cases of extraordinary misfortune or death a certain amount could be withdrawn. Honorary members paid subscriptions, which went to meet deficiencies and current expenses.

Perhaps the most important result of these undertakings was to awaken a degree of public interest in the subject of some safe and profitable investment for the savings of the poor.

The most enlightened, able, far-seeing, and earnest advocate of savings banks who appeared at this time was Mr. Whitbread, a member of the British House of Commons. Malthus, in his famous "Essay on Population," published in 1803, had proposed the establishment of county banks, wherein the smallest sums might be deposited and a fair interest paid, to encourage young labourers to save their earnings in view of marriage; but Mr. Whitbread came forward with a comprehensive scheme, far in advance of anything previously proposed, and among other things suggested the connection of savings banks with the Post Office. In this latter he was more than fifty years ahead of his time.

Whitbread's "Poor-Law Amendment Bill" was introduced in 1807. In the course of the debate he

made an eloquent appeal, in which he stated that "so few are found to make any saving, may, in a degree be accounted for by the difficulty of putting out the little they can raise at a time." For lack of support, he was compelled to let the matter drop.

Mr. Whitbread's efforts were not entirely lost, however. The savings bank idea had struck deep root in many thoughtful and philanthropic minds. Before the close of 1808 several savings banks had been started, one by Lady Isabella Douglas at Bath, and the Hertford Savings Bank, and, later on, the Southampton Savings Bank and the famous Exeter and Devon Bank.

Up to the year 1810 the banks which had been established for savings were more in the nature of charitable institutions, supported by benevolent persons. To a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, is due the honour of starting the first savings bank in Great Britain of a self-supporting character. Dr. Duncan was a man of great abilities, whose heart was set on benevolent efforts for the benefit of the poor. He associated with such men as Dr. Buckland, Dr. Chalmers, David Brewster, and Thomas Carlyle, who frequently met the village pastor, to discuss with him various schemes of practical benevolence. The result was the establishment of the Ruthwell Savings Bank, which in turn led to the commencement of the Edinburgh Savings Bank, which has remained one of the largest and most thriving of such institutions in the country.

The directorate of the Ruthwell Bank was large, and the powers they considered it necessary for them to exercise were much larger still. Before a person's first deposit could be received, inquiries were made, as to age, the family ~~and~~, and the moral conduct of ~~the~~ proposed contributor. Accord-

ing to the report which followed, it was decided whether his deposits should be received, and if so, what rate of interest should be allowed. The usual rate of interest to depositors was four per cent., but to those of three years' standing, whose deposits amounted to five pounds, five per cent. was allowed, provided the depositor wanted to get married, or if he had arrived at the age of fifty-six, or to his friends in case of death; or in case the possession of the money should appear to the court of directors, after due inquiry, to be advantageous to the depositor or his family.

Crude as were the efforts of those early savings banks, they attracted such widespread attention that parliamentary recognition and protection could not longer be delayed. In 1815, the Right Hon. George Rose introduced a bill into the House of Commons which, after passing through its various stages, became law in 1817. The chief provision of this bill empowered the trustees and managers to pay over the monies received to the account of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. Interest on the money thus deposited, in the hands of the Government, was guaranteed to the trustees of savings banks at £4 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum.

Within a year after this legislation more than five hundred savings banks were established in the United Kingdom. The influence of the movement likewise spread over Europe, including France, Germany, Denmark, and Italy. Towards the close of the year 1817, in a town in the North of England, where a savings bank had just been opened, twenty thousand pounds were deposited in one day. It was soon found that the rich were making ample use of the new banks, because they gave a higher rate of interest than could be obtained elsewhere.

So great did this abuse become,

that fresh legislation became imperative. In 1824 the Savings Bank Act was passed, which limited the deposits of any one person to £50 in the first year and £30 for each succeeding year. It was under this Act that the well-known form of declaration was first introduced, on which the depositor has to declare, in presence of a witness, that he has no account in any other savings bank.

It was evident that the savings bank had come to stay, but not without much opposition. The "Times" in 1844 devoted several leading articles ridiculing the whole system, which Dr. Chalmers characterized as "most glaring."

Much, however, remained to be done to place the savings bank on an entirely satisfactory basis. A most serious defect was in the liability of the trustees. The money sent to the National Debt Commissioners was safe enough, but for all other funds remaining in the hands of the trustees there was no other security than the honesty of the trustees themselves. In most cases these men were upright and trustworthy, but in several notable cases tremendous frauds were perpetrated. In the Cuffe Street Bank, Dublin, the actuary, a Mr. Dunn, had been allowed by the trustees to manage the whole business for years, which ended in Dunn's defalcations to the extent of £40,000. The Hertford Bank lost in a similar way, through its actuary, a clergyman, £24,000.

Mr. Whitbread's idea, broached in 1807, that the savings banks should be placed under the control of the Post Office, was now taken up and earnestly advocated by Mr. Charles William Sikes, of Huddersfield. Mr. Sikes' proposals were found impracticable, but he succeeded in awakening a profound and widespread interest in the subject.

In 1860, Mr. George Chetwynd, a bookkeeper in the Money Order

Office, addressed a letter to the, then, Postmaster General, Lord Stanley, of Alderley, in which he outlined a plan for a system of savings banks, under Post Office control. This scheme embodied a number of the most important conditions, which have ever since been in use in the Post Office Savings Bank Department, and with which everybody is now familiar.

The Receiver and Accountant-General, Mr. Frank Ives Scudamore, endorsed the proposal, and it commended itself so strongly to Mr. Gladstone that he speedily brought the matter before Parliament. In the Commons Mr. Ayrton, Chief Commissioner of Works, opposed the bill, declaring that "the scheme of a national bank, however plausible it might look at the outset, would lead to the most serious consequences." In the House of Lords, Lord Mounteagle, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, viewed the measure "with great alarm and regret," and delivered a long speech against it. It passed both Houses of Parliament, however, and became law on the 17th of May, 1861.

So eminently and universally successful did the new legislation become, and with such beneficent results, that a writer in Dickens' journal, "All the Year Round," might well say, as he did: "If there's a philanthropist that's hard up for an object, I don't know that he could do better than go about distributing tracts setting forth the rules, regulations, and advantages of the Post Office savings banks."

In six months after these banks began to be opened, there were no less than 2,532 Post Office savings banks in existence in the United Kingdom. And by the end of the year 1865, 3,895,135 deposits had been received from 857,701 depositors—the amount being £11,834,896.

In the same year it was discovered that out of 500,000 depositors

there were over 280,000 females, male minors, and trustees; 140,000 mechanics, domestic and farm servants, porters, policemen, labourers, fishermen; 50,000 tradesmen and their assistants, and farmers, some 5,000 school-teachers, over 4,000 soldiers and sailors, with 30,000 clerks, males of no stated occupation, and professional men.

The legislation of 1861 provided also facilities for the transfer by certificate of a depositor's account from a trustee bank to the Post Office without the necessity for any cash transaction. Great numbers of depositors took advantage of this provision. So much so, that out of 638 trustee banks which existed in the country in 1860, almost 400 have been obliged to close their doors. Those that have survived have been the stronger institutions, and these have so vastly improved their facilities and, through fresh legislation from time to time, have become so thoroughly safe, that at the present time there are 1,495,900 depositors with the immense sum of £46,699,686 to their credit.

The closing of the old trustee banks has often revealed the curious fact that there are many persons who view the Government institutions with considerable disfavour. Many a time a depositor has been heard to exclaim, "Ah, I hope it'll be as safe as it was in the old bank." It is with an incredulous look he often receives the information that with his new bank book he can go to any of the many thousand Post Office banks in the United Kingdom and get his money.

It sometimes happens that an old bank depositor will have a larger amount to transfer than the Post Office can receive as a deposit. In such a case £200 can only be taken on deposit, but an extra £200 can be received for investment in Government stock.

Depositors are often but imperfectly acquainted with the nature of such investments. One old lady who, on being advised to invest her surplus savings in stock, replied that "she had no mind to do that, as she had nowhere to keep the animals!"

The smallest deposits permissible in the savings banks was one shilling. But it was quite evident that this debarred multitudes from making any investments at all. If the pennies of the poor could be taken care of, the pounds would take care of themselves, and the shillings as well. So penny savings banks were started. The first bank of this kind was opened by a Mr. Scott in the town of Greenock, in 1857. In the first year 5,000 depositors placed the sum of £1,580 in the bank. Next year the Rev. Mr. Queckett, a London clergyman, established a penny bank in connection with Christ Church, St. George's in the East, and 15,000 deposits were made in it during the first year. In 1859 the Yorkshire Penny Bank began, and before the end of that year it had opened 58 branches and received deposits to the amount of nearly £80,000.

The cardinal principle of these banks is to help the poor to help themselves. But besides that, it has brought many individuals of the community closer together. It has given them an object of common interest and created a bond of sympathy otherwise lacking. It has helped to soften and tone down the rougher element of society, and awakened that honest pride and self-respect so necessary to the success and general welfare of any community.

"In these districts," writes Mr. Peter Bent, one of the former managers of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, "everybody knows when John Brown buys a pig, or when little Sammy Short gets a new

ay suit, or Sarah Smart gets a bonnet or dress. "Dostas," one woman will say to another, "he's been saving money bank?"

August, 1859, an Act of Parliament was passed under which savings banks were enabled to invest the whole of their proceeds in government securities. Soon after, every savings bank of any importance affiliated penny banks.

From the earliest days of its savings bank business the Post Office, too, has afforded a fostering encouragement in the formation of savings banks. This it does by the gratuitous supply of books and information, and the investment of funds with the Government.

Up to 1880, the Post Office savings bank system had developed the original lines laid down, but in that year, the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett was appointed Postmaster-General. That distinguished man almost phenomenal proof of power of force of character to overcome one of the greatest of all physical disabilities, blindness. He poured his vast energies into the development of British postal facilities and especially the Post Office Savings Bank Department.

It had long been felt that the existing limit of deposit should be increased, but the additional cost of investment had hitherto proved surmountable difficulty. Mr. Fawcett, with the invaluable aid of Mr. Chetwynd, who was still involved the problem. The idea was a simple but ingenious one, and consisted merely in using postage stamps for the purpose of saving. A form was prepared, and when twelve stamps affixed it would be accepted for a shilling deposit at any Post Office savings bank in the United Kingdom. In little more than six months over 576,000 slips had been issued, and more than 223,000 accounts opened.

At the present time the amount saved in this way by postage stamps is between £90,000 and £100,000 a year. The plan has been extended to the children of the public schools, Sabbath schools and even the children of the Poor Law Union Schools.

In 1880, his first year of office, he carried through Parliament an Act to facilitate the transfer of deposits to Government stock, thereby enabling a large number of the poorer classes to acquire "a stake in the country."

Prior to Mr. Fawcett's time, much had been done to facilitate Post Office life insurance and old age annuities among the poorer classes. The system in use, however, had so many defects that but little business had been hitherto done on these lines. Mr. Fawcett set himself with characteristic energy to remedy these defects. He succeeded in devising a simple plan whereby the insurer or annuitant can use whatever savings bank office is most convenient to himself. He can pay his premiums at such times and periods as are most suitable to him, and in such sums as from time to time he can best afford. Any male or female, whose age is not less than fourteen years, or not more than sixty-five, can insure for any sum not less than £5 or not more than £100. Immediate annuities or old age pay—that is, deferred annuities—are granted for sums not less than £1 or more than £100. In either case, husband and wife are treated independently. Each can insure or purchase old age pay for an amount not exceeding £100. These and many other similar provisions have made it possible for almost any one, however poor, to secure a measure of insurance or a deferred annuity for themselves or their friends.

In 1861, one room in the old General Post Office building in

London was sufficient to accommodate the staff of the Central Savings Bank. Here Mr. Chetwynd, with twenty clerks, conducted the operations of the new system. At the present time the staff numbers more than \$2,500 persons, and the deposits have reached the enormous sum of £115,000,000. In 1880, a new building had to be erected—the splendid and spacious structure on Queen Victoria Street, London. It is an interesting and instructive fact that about one-half of the clerks employed in this immense establishment are women, and these are entrusted with the performance of much of the most difficult work required to be done.

Thousands of cases occur every year of depositors who have lost or mislaid their bank-books. Enquiries as to these bring out some curious replies: "My wife and me was having some words, and she broke the book in pieces;" "I dropped the book when I was milking the cow, in the shed, and when I found it the cow had it all chewed up, it was a maciated condition!" "Sir, I lost my book on Tuesday. Sir, it appears I had a little too much to drink."

Angry letters sometimes reach the Department. A lady depositor wrote in reference to the cost of some stock, that it "was a swindling concern, and no respectable firm would behave so." In a later letter, however, she acknowledged that she had written hastily, adding: "I dare say when you read my letter, in your own mind you said 'nasty, tiresome old woman (though I am not old), but tiresome I dare say I am.'"

Another lady wrote, thanking the comptroller for the care he had taken of her money for so many years, and said she believed there was about one shilling interest due her, which she begged the comptroller to keep and buy himself a

present with! A father, writing for his son, stated that "Of course his handwriting has changed in all these years, likewise the size of his boots and clothes—in fact he is now growing a moustache." A lady, in withdrawing a few shillings, said that she and her husband were badly in need of employment, and asked if some could be given them. "She could do knitting and other needlework, and her husband would like a captain's place."

A notice of withdrawal from a foreigner once came, which read: "Plas sand at wins dea muni, im goanewe on satate," but it was interpreted: "Please send the money at once; I am going away on Saturday."

Another wrote: "After my decease let my three children eqely share; if not, if my speret have any power, i will rise out of my grave to them that do rong."

One depositor asked that a certain portion of the money he wished to withdraw might be sent to him in gold, and the rest in tobacco. He offered, if there was any question as to his identity, to send his photograph."

Progress is still the order of the day in the Post Office Savings Bank Department of Great Britain; as witness the facilities provided within the last few years for "payment by return of post," and "payment by telegraph" as well as other improvements in various directions.

Certainly the history of this wonderful economic movement is as great as it is, on the whole, beneficent in its results, and presages even better things to come.*

Paisley, Ont.

* The United States Government is at length about to imitate the example of Great Britain in the establishment of savings banks for the poor.—Ed.

GLORIOUS GOSPEL TRIUMPHS.*



R. FITCHETT says: "Great as is the interest of the record here presented, the man is yet greater than the book. All through the seven-
 nies of Australia the name of John Watsford is, in a sense, a household word, and there gathers about it a singular degree of love and reverence. John Watsford is rated everywhere, and by men of all churches, or of no church, as a saintly piety, his fine record as a missionary and evangelist, his candour and honesty, his transparent unselfishness, his utter devotion to service of every good cause." It is not for one to hastily conclude that Fitchett is guilty of exaggeration when, with glowing pen, he describes his hero-saint—"fearless," "strong-fibred, clear-headed common-sense," "a man of pure convictions and exultant with a capacity for generous fiery anger against evil," "a disciple of patriarch and saint." The record abundantly confirms all that the apostle says of his master. There are many who remember the scenes of the great missionary meetings when John Watsford's great spiritual influence swept over crowded audiences as the wind sweeps over a cornfield in the autumn.

At this special moment, when people at home, irrespective of their varying opinions, are lost in admiration at the devoted loyalty and patriotism of the Australasian missionaries, it is well that the Chris-

Glorious Gospel Triumphs, as seen in Life and Work in Fiji and Australasia." John Watsford. With Introductory Notes by Rev. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

tian Churches should have the opportunity of reading a book written by a typical Australian, and written wholly from the Christian point of view. John Watsford in earlier days must have been an athlete of splendid physique, with a tender heart always, but no sentimentalist; too level-headed to be imposed upon by either rogues or cranks; quick to discern the need of the hour, and shrewdly understanding the times that were passing over him; reading accurately the signs of drift and destiny in the new nation into which he had been born, and how best the Methodist Church might serve; the Barnabas of Australasian Methodism—a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; a great missionary, an ideal evangelist, a singularly capable organizer of victory, a wise and fearless administrator.

This autobiography—for John Watsford tells his own story—and tells it with all simplicity and selflessness—unconsciously portrays a pioneer who has the good sense to see that in these new colonies a new Church must advance along several parallel lines. Fiji was his college, and no more fascinating story of a college career has ever been written.

In his early youth, with his brave young wife, he went to Fiji, supposing that he was entering upon his life's work, as he was in a true sense. How he fought against the inevitable, and how the Missionary Committee fought, he striving to stay in Fiji and the Missionary Committee striving to keep him there, is described with a graphic pen. Neither he nor any one else then knew that God needed him elsewhere, and that all his splendid and heroic service among the cannibals of Fiji was but his training

for a very different kind of work. It is, indeed, a wonderful story of providential call and preparation and driving forth—one of those stories which make us stand still that we may watch with awe the good hand of our God moulding the outline of His Church in lands where great nations are being born.

On his way to Fiji young Watsford fell under the influence of Daniel Draper, King George of Tonga, John Thomas, the Apostle of Tonga. In Fiji he was the colleague of Richard Birdsall Lyth—the little, quiet, intellectual, absolutely fearless Yorkshire doctor-missionary. He wrought side by side with that prince of skilled artisan preachers and apostles, James Calvert, and his heroic wife, Mary Calvert. He lived in the same house with John Hunt at the very time when John Hunt was preaching—there in cannibal Fiji—his "Letters on Entire Sanctification." One year—driven by the tempests of God, in spite of himself and all the will and authority of his Church—he spent with his wife, and without another white face, in the remote island of Ono—Ono, the Smyrna of the Australasian Churches, the idyl of modern Christianity. Another factor in his training was his intimate association with natives of force and individuality—men like Joeli Bulu, the noble Christian teacher and preacher, and on the other hand, Thakombau, in the days before his conversion. These were the tutors and these the influences used by an all-wise Providence in the training of young John Watsford for a career of varied and, one might almost add, unexampled usefulness in Australia and Tasmania.

The romance of the book will be found in the chapters devoted to Fiji. Justice has never yet been done to the story of the evangel in the islands of Tonga and Fiji. In reading the chapters devoted to

early missionary labours we could not refrain from regret that Mr. Watsford did not undertake the task. He has, however, made a most interesting and instructive contribution to the history that is to be. His stories of Fiji are thrilling, and, strange to say, for the most part delightfully thrilling. The most sensational on the horror side is the circumstantial account, written at the time, of the strangling of old Tanoa's wives by Thakombau, of which Mr. Watsford was an eye-witness. It was he who, at the risk of his life, made repeated attempts to prevent the massacre. How he went to Bau day after day during the last days of the old savage king; how he pleaded with Thakombau, and even tried to purchase the lives of the doomed ladies, offering all that he possessed; and how on the fatal day he went again, with his life in his hand, and actually saw the awful tragedy, he has told with inimitable pathos and self-suppression in this volume. Once, before the death of Tanoa, he shook the steadfastness of Thakombau so far that he acknowledged the missionary was right in warning him.

"You go, Mr. Watsford," said he, "and get the women to say they wish to live, and they shall live." I went and spoke to them. but I might just as well have tried to hush the ocean into a calm."

The following is one of the most striking illustrations we have ever read of the tremendous hold which faith has both upon a heathen and a Christian :

"When the rope was taken off, Thakombau, holding it in his hands, turned to me and said, 'Well, now, you see we are strangling them : what about it?' As well as I could for weeping, I said, 'Let no more die : spare the rest.' He replied, 'Only five have to die ; but for you missionaries there would have been twenty-five.' I pleaded hard for the lives of the three waiting to die ; but all in vain. Thakombau said, 'Are you not afraid to come here to interfere with our customs?'

replied, 'I am not afraid. I cause I love you, and I love these you are strangling.' 'Love,' he oh, we all love them. We are ig them because we love them.' s greatly surprised that there was y, no crying. All was silent as cept when, now and then, some essed her admiration of the ladies' or the king spoke to me or I to

should like to have extracted passages—the story of Ver- instance, and especially the ng description of the build- the Methodist church in he conversion of the last of athen there, and the weird of the Christian daughter chief, whom God, by a tempest, saved from an en- marriage with the notorious -yau, King of Lakemba. here there is so much that ncing, it is difficult to select. quieter, but not less instruc- in Mr. Watsford describes and work as a circuit min- He "travelled" in many in the three Colonies of outh Wales, South Australia ctoria. The story is, of a graphic picture of colo- ; but above everything else soul-stirring account of suc- preaching, followed up in- y and without weariness by ind faithful pastoral over- These chapters also abound icident. Although the pic- a Methodist preacher's life ay to day is unmistakably l, it is at the same time ghly English. The com- nse of the man is quite as nced and remarkable as his listic fervour, and his enthu- or the old Methodist doc- Entire Sanctification. You the time that the man him- s what he preached.

commend this volume to dent of modern church his- skinng him to consider these oints: (1) The fact that it evangelist trained among

the pioneers of Fiji who led the way in promoting higher education among the Methodist families and churches of Australia; (2) That this same trained and saintly evangelist prepared the carefully-organized plan of Home Mission work which made it possible for the Methodist Church, at a critical moment in colonial history and in its own history, to follow the "selectors" into the outlying claims and to establish among them those most potent instruments of civilization, Christian churches, and that for ten years John Watsford himself worked the organization; (3) That at another critical moment it was the noble spirit, the wise counsel, the fine instinct of brotherliness in him, of this same evangelist which made it possible for all the Methodist Churches to come together in that which bids fair to become a stable and a fruitful union.

It is an education in Home Mission work to read Mr. Watsford's account of his experiences and adventures as itinerant Mission Secretary. But the most extraordinary section comes almost at the end. The old evangelist is apparently quite worn out. Sickness has smitten him down in the midst of the circuit work to which, by his own choice, he has returned. He retires, and calmly, in a glowing sunset, awaits the coming of his Lord. And the Master does come, but not as the servant expects. He takes him by the hand and leads him forth, very gently, once more. He is drawn into evangelism. His strength returns. He passes through all the land preaching ceaselessly, holding conventions, conducting revival missions, gathering harvests of souls wherever he goes, rousing Christian men and women everywhere, welcomed by all Churches. It is wonderful. And the chapter in which this final episode, covering some years of a long and honoured life, is told, is simply headed in the

table of contents—"A supernumerary—Australia and Tasmania." An old man—a dear old man—who can write such a chapter, has won the right to give counsel to his sons in the Gospel, and to all the Methodist Churches throughout

the world, concerning the perils of the times and how we as Methodists may best meet them. Would that this last chapter of wise counsels could be read in every ministers' meeting throughout Methodism.—Methodist Recorder.

CHRISTMAS.—IN WAR TIME.

[The following poem was written by Henry Timrod, the poet of Carolina, at that period of the war when the Southern Confederacy hung in the balance, and while its fate was not yet decided. Its longing for the return of peace may find an echo in some hearts that now wait for the ceasing of wars and the rumours of war, in the various quarters of the world.]

How grace this hallowed day ?
Shall happy bells, from yonder ancient spire,
Send their glad greetings to each Christmas
fire

Round which the children play ?

Alas ! for many a moon
That tongueless tower hath cleaved the Sab-
bath air,

Mute as an obelisk of ice, aglare
Beneath an arctic noon.

Shame on the foes that drown
Our psalms of worship with their impious
drum,
The sweetest chimes in all the land lie dumb
In some far rustic town.

There, let us think, they keep
Of the dead yules which here beside the sea
They've ushered in with old-world English
glee
Some echoes in their sleep.

How shall we grace the day ?
With feast, and song, and dance, and an-
tique sports,
And shout of happy children in the courts,
And tales of ghosts and fay ?

Is there indeed a door
Where the old pastimes, with their lawful
noise,
And all the merry round of Christmas joys,
Could enter as of yore ?

Would not some pallid face
Look in upon the banquet, calling up
Dread shapes of battle in the wassail cup,
And trouble all the place ?

How could we bear the mirth,
While some loved reveller of a year ago
Keeps his mute Christmas now beneath the
snow,
In cold Virginian earth ?

How shall we grace the day ?
Ah ! let the thought that on this holy morn
The Prince of Peace—the Prince of Peace
was born,
Employ us, while we pray !

Pray for the peace which long
left this tortured land, and haply now

Holds its white court on some far mountain's
brow,
There hardly safe from wrong !

Let every sacred fane
Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God,
And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
Join in one solemn strain !

With pomp of Roman form,
With the grave ritual brought from Eng-
land's shore,
And with the simple faith that asks no more
Than that the heart be warm !

He, who, till time shall cease,
Will watch that earth, where once, not all
in vain,
He died to give us peace, may not disdain
A prayer whose theme is—peace.

Perhaps ere yet the spring
Hath died into the summer, over all
The land, the peace of His great love shall
fall,
Like some protecting wing.

Oh, ponder what it means !
Oh, turn the rapturous thought in every
way !

Oh, give the vision and the fancy play,
And shape the coming scenes !

Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland, and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales !

Peace in the crowded town,
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain,
Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,
Peace on the wind-swept down !

Peace on the farthest seas,
Peace in our sheltered bays and ample
streams,
Peace wheresoe'er our starry garland gleams
And peace in every breeze !

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter
roams,
Peace, God of Peace ! peace, peace in all
our homes,
And peace in all our hearts !

JAMES SMETHAM, THE ARTIST SAINT.

BY JAMES CAPE STORY.



JAMES SMETHAM was one of those few lofty spirits whose intensity of goodness, whose glistening whiteness of soul, illustrate for us the purity of heart which sees God. These are the High Priests of all time, who, passing into the Holy of Holies, return therefrom, bringing a message which are to be divine. If Matthew Arnold could speak of Marcus Aurelius and of Emerson as friends and equals of those who, in an intellectual sense, strive to live the life of spirit, so may we speak of James Smetham as called to a sim- service on behalf of those who would live in the spirit in every age, but mainly in the religious. We have known him in the flesh and it has been a rare privilege, this even Ruskin and D. Rossetti esteemed. It was, ever, a privilege shared by few. He was not a public man. He might not for public applause; even for public recognition. The volume which has made his name so honourably known was published after his death, and con- largely of letters not written for the public eye. In him truly the world entertained an angel un- der the guise of man. As to the outward record of his life it will suffice to mention a few facts. James Smetham was born at Eateley Bridge, Yorkshire, on the ninth of September, 1821. He was the son of a Wesleyan Meth- odist minister, and removed with

his father's family from place to place, among others to Nantwich, Congleton, and Leek, keenly observant of the beautiful pastoral country, the rolling hills, and lovely vales, in the midst of which these places are situated. He was apprenticed to an architect at Lincoln, and was set to draw the figures about the Minster. "I spent," he says, "a grand solitary year at this work. With a key to myself, I poked about every corner at all hours, and twice a day heard the organ music and the choristers' singing roll about among the arches. I sat on the warm leads of the roof and looked over the Fens, and dreamed and mused hours away there, and then came down over the arches of the choir, and drew the angels drumming and fiddling in the spandrils." In pursuance of his desire to be a painter, he was allowed to leave the architect's office, and went to study at the Academy; eventually becoming a teacher of drawing at the Wesleyan Normal School, Westminster.

The son of one Methodist minister and brother of another, he retained throughout his life his respect for, and use of, Methodist ordinances. For many years he was leader of a class at Stoke Newington. And what a leader he must have been! His members were mostly of the humble class, but he entered with deep sympathy into their experiences, and found in them many points of contact and similarity with his own. They listened to his wise and gracious words, revealing a wonderful depth of spiritual insight, and felt a delightful stirring of soul. They did not know him as a distinguished

man; no one did; they only knew that he was different from most men, that the difference lay in the fact that he dwelt on high, and that in thought, speech, and manner of life, he was above the world.

Ruskin, delighted with some work of Smetham he had seen, requested an account of his life. The charm of the letter written in response is in its diffidence and modesty. The ordinary artist's life did not attract him. Hence he became little known in the artist's world. He made a plan for his life which included, beside art studies, literature and religion. This plan he pursued diligently for twenty-five years. He would not subordinate the culture of his spirit to the following of his craft. On this account, professionally he was a loser, but in a wider sense he gained. Certainly he never regretted the choice. His pictures had in them a subtle suggestiveness, a poetry half hidden, half revealed, as in the case of one finely described by W. J. Dawson, representing an old man walking home through the country lanes in the still autumn gloaming, his face toward, but looking beyond, the sunset. For Smetham the conception, the thought of the picture was the greatest thing.

Some of his work was exhibited at the Academy, and received the encomiums of such men as G. F. Watts.

In an age like this how pleasing it is to find that simplicity and contentment have not altogether disappeared from amongst men! It had been suggested to Smetham that he ought to travel abroad, but to him English landscapes, flowers, faces and ways had an inexhaustible delight. "My difficulty is to appreciate our little back garden—our copper beech, our weeping ash (a labyrinth of drooping lines in winter, a waving green tent for my babies in summer),

our little nailed-up rose trees, and twisting yellow creepers, whose names I have been told a hundred times, but shall never get off by heart."

Smetham is conscious that many will regard his life as a failure. From a worldly point of view there might be reason for this conclusion. But that was not his point of view. Rather could he say with Paul: "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But hear what he says of himself. "I do think that I am a little sympathized with as a painter who has not got on somehow; whereas in my own secret heart I am looking on myself as one who has got on, and got to his goal—as one who, if he had chosen, could have had a competence, if not a fortune, by this time, but who has got something a thousand times better, more real, more inward, less in the power of others, less variable, more immutable, more eternal. . . . Be this as it may, his feet are on a rock, his goings so far established, with a new song in his mouth, and joy on his head—and four and sixpence this blessed moment in his pocket, besides some postage stamps."

As an example of a quiet, steady worker, cheerfully doing his daily task, and not vainly regretful because he cannot crowd into one day the labour of many, Smetham may be commended to all. He says: "Of all lives a painter's is perhaps most complete in this respect, deliciously complete. Monday's face, Tuesday's hand, Wednesday's foot, Thursday's flowers and foliage, Friday's drapery, Saturday's flying touches—all there, just as you thought them, counting for you the fled moments of the past, and destined to live in hours and moments when you have fled beyond all moments into the unembarrassed calm of Eternity."

n had his own idea of
s of friendship ought to
ays to a friend: "I wish
would believe that the
al detail of your life is
to me. I set you an
y giving you what is up-
ways; whether it be etch-
ainting, or visiting, or
, or bad temper, or any-
his is the only way to
riting letters."
y gather his thoughts
cism from the following:
t into the focus of criti-
ny men spoil their enjoy-
rt by looking on it as
to pull to pieces, rather
omething to enjoy, and
to enjoy nature, and
ature to enjoy God."
ally we are told that
gave up his professorship
at Oxford because he
make out history to be
issue of lies. That Nath-
thorne, when he saw the
the British Museum
aid: "Let us burn them
gin again." And Smeth-
ks on this: "How to hit
etween these two moods,
mood and the life-mood,
tion." There is an amus-
out Carlyle as a listener,
serve to remind preach-
rare occasions when they
s instead of speakers.
known impatience then.
says: "I went to Gil-
Saturday. Found him
t door to Carlyle, and to
mate friend of his. The
e he had gone with Car-
ar Ruskin lecture at the

Royal Institution. Carlyle kept
inquiring the time every ten min-
utes, and at last said: 'He ought to
give over now.' Ruskin is a fa-
vourite of his, or he would not have
gone at all, for he hates art in
reality; but Ruskin sent him a
ticket."

The serenely trustful spirit of
this man, his intense spirituality,
his near acquaintance with things
unseen, are, after all, what impress
us most in reading this volume.
"How could I be anything but
quite happy if I believed always
that all the past is forgiven, and all
the present furnished with power,
and all the future bright with hope,
because of the same abiding facts,
which don't change with my mood,
do not crumble because I totter
and stagger at the promise through
unbelief, but stand firm and clear
with their peaks of pearl cleaving
the air of eternity, and the bases of
their hills rooted unfathomably in
the Rock of God?" . . . "The
peace of God which passes all un-
derstanding, which baffles analysis,
which has an infinitude of depth
about it. As you cannot under-
stand remote stars, nor the over-
hanging vault, which you cannot
at all explore, but can feel as you
feel your life, so you cannot touch
this peace of God with your under-
standing. It lies around you like
an atmosphere. It dwells in you
like a fragrance. It goes from you
like an elixir vitae. 'My peace I
leave with you. My peace I give
unto you; not as the world giveth
give I unto you.' May God double
to you His peace!"—New Con-
nexion Magazine.

PRAYING AND HEARING.

h my hand and touch Him,
He be far away ;
my eyes and see Him
h darkness as through day ;
y voice and call Him—
This is to pray !

To feel a hand extended
By One who standeth near ;
To view the love that shineth
In eyes serene and clear ;
To know that He is calling—
This is to hear !

THE PARTING YEAR.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

Spectre ! that stealest by,
While midnight tolleth slow,
With frosty, tearless eye,
And torch inverted low !
Thy step was once so light,
Thy face so smiling bright :
Set free,—
Depart thou haggard soul, for none will
weep for thee !

Spectre ! thou wanest now !
Thou, too, so lov'd and fair,—
No more. . . . We crown his brow
Who treads morn's starry stair :
Thou, with face veiled in woe
Down midnight's postern go !
Pass on,—
Like ghost when the cock crows, before the
peep of dawn.

Thou didst shed many a ray
Of light through many a tear ;
And thou didst take away
The hearts that were so dear ;

The radiant souls revered
With thee have disappeared ;
The wise,
The tender and the true, thou gavest to the
skies.

Spectre ! thy hour is past !
Though love thy name endears,
Our face is set, at last,
To light of coming years :
Thy song was sweet—'tis sung,
Thy lute is now unstrung :
When o'er
Our prime of power then we can court and
charm no more.

Spectre ! whose hand did touch
My heart ! I prize thy lore
Thy parting robe I clutch,
I press thy hand once more :
For sorrow of thy worth,
Spirit ! I go not forth
To cheer
With youths who welcome in so blythe the
roseate year.

“ WHERE WAST THOU, O WORLD ! ”

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

“ Where wast thou, O world, what time I slept
In Mary-mother's arms ?
In the cave alone, on the straw-strewn stone,
Abuse her heart, Babe Christ she kept,
All sadly by Bethlehem ! ”

“ And was it thou, Son Christ, that maid f rlorrn
Hid in dim cave-stall ?
For a sign we sought, and a wonder wrought,
What day Judah's dear Lord were born,
To leaguer at Bethlehem ! ”

“ For a sign ye sought that ye did not hea
My mother sing in the cave ?
When the Star went by in a quaking sky,
And the cry of angels brake in the clear
White night over Bethlehem ? ”

“ Sweet Lord, for that thy maid-mother's sake
Hide thy loving eyes from me !
Yea, the ox and hind Christ-king could find
Whiles world waited the sound of a battle-cry
And trumpet at Bethlehem ! ”

THE DOUKHOBORS IN RUSSIA AND CANADA.*

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY.



THE cruel treatment accorded during the past century and a half to the Doukhobors of Southern Russia, seven thousand of whom have settled in Canada, is an- proof of the inhuman char- of the Government of the Wherever these people have in Russia, in Cyprus, in ca, they have impressed one, including the Russian with their fine qualities. gentleness, integrity, indus- eanliness, and good feeling, t the Government of Russia ever ceased to persecute because they take their anity seriously, really love enemies, and shrink from lea of slaughtering them. enets of this sect are very to those of the Friends, gh they seem to have it them out quite indepen- . They reject all outward onies. They have no fixed of worship, believing that all are sacred, but meet in other's houses to sing and The following is a speci- f the prayers recited at these gs:

w shouldst Thou be loved, O God? ou art my life, Thou art my salva- ry, and praise; for Thou art my my eternal treasure; for Thou hope and my trust; for Thou art my eternal peace. Is it better to love emptiness, or the un- or that which is perverse, perish- untrue, more than Thee, my true dged from the "Missionary Review World," from which by the courtesy ublisher four of the cuts are pro- Ed.



DOUKHOBORS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

life? Thou art my life, my salvation; and, therefore, in Thee alone do I place all my hope, my faith, my desire. To Thee, Lord, will I call with all my heart, all my soul, all my thoughts; deep into Thee shall I penetrate; to Thee alone shall I pour forth my soul; I shall wholly be in Thee, and Thou in me. I shall see and know in Thee, the true and only Lord God, Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. In Thy light shall we see light, by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit."

The name "Doukhobors," or "Spirit-Wrestlers," was first applied to them by their persecutors as long ago as 1785; but the only name which they accept is that of Christians. The quality upon which they insist the most is love, and they show their mutual love and confidence in their social and economic way of life, holding all things in common, each village or group having one treasurer, one granary, and one flock or herd, and each member taking what he needs from the common

store. They are very hospitable to travellers, putting all that they have at their disposal, and declining to receive any reward.



THE FIRST YEAR'S HARVEST.

It is their refusal to serve in the army which has caused most of their suffering. Early in the century many of them perished from persecution, and since then their history has been one long record of corporal punishment, imprisonment, and exile. They were first removed by the Government to the Province of Tauridi, and from there they were exiled in the forties to Transcaucasia. Their troubles increased in 1887, when universal military service was introduced for the first time in this province. This was a move which put to the test the strength of their principles. Some yielded and served their time; others refused, and were put into the penal battalions. At last, in 1895, the great majority of them determined to decline absolutely to offend their consciences, and, coming together in a great mass-meeting, they burned the arms which were their own private property.

Then began a duel between these inoffensive peasants and the whole power of the Empire.

Twelve of them who were already in the army, and now refused to serve longer, were condemned to join the Ekaterinograd penal battalion. In March, 1896, we are told that they were "so wasted in body that one can hardly recognize them." And this is not to be wondered at when we read of the treatment which they received. On one occasion the men "were laid down, and on each side of them were planted drunken men, who began to flay them like

ferocious wild beasts" "with thorny rods, five or six in one bundle." Each received thirty strokes. An eye-witness writes: "The blood spattered in all directions; the prickles entered into the flesh, and when they were pulled out, bits of flesh fell down." Remember that these victims were guilty of nothing but following their enlightened consciences. Three of the twelve gave way, after submitting to such tortures, and since then they have been overcome with shame and remorse for their weakness. They were still, at last accounts, in the penal



A WOMAN AS GOOD AS A MAN.

battalion. The nine others were sent to Siberia, and several of them have died.

But this is only one example of a consistent system of persecution. The animus of the authorities was shown when the Doukhobors assembled, as we have said, in June, 1895, to burn their arms. Under the false claim that this was a rebellion, and without endeavouring to ascertain the facts, although it was well known that these people altogether disapproved of the use of force, and never had recourse to it, the Cossacks were called out against them. While they were being driven away to the village of Bogdanovka to appear before the governor of Tiflis, they sang the following psalm:

“ For the sake of Thee, O Lord, I loved the narrow gate ;
I left the material life ;
I left father and mother ;
I left brother and sister ; I left my whole race and tribe ;
I bear hardness and persecution ; I bear scorn and slander ;
I am hungry and thirsty ;
I am walking naked ;
For the sake of Thee, O Lord.”



TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR DWELLING.

The Cossacks who accompanied them tried to drown their voices with obscene songs, and when eventually they were quartered upon them, treated them with the greatest harshness. Both men and women were cruelly flogged.

That these floggings are not mere matters of form may be judged from the fact that one man, **Vassia** Kolesnikoff, was flogged until his boots were full of blood!

Another Doukhobor, **Nicholas Posniakoff**, who was flogged, sang the following prayer three times while the Cossacks were inflicting the punishment upon him:

“ Lord, my Saviour, Thou art my light ! whom shall I fear ? The Lord Himself

watches over my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ? Though they bring my flesh to harm, my enemies shall be put to shame. Let mine enemies rise up against me, yet will I not fear this ; though a host rise up against me, my trust is in the Lord. My father and my mother deserted me in my infancy. My Saviour took me up and gave me life and prosperity. Place me, O Lord, in the way of truth by Thy holy law. Let not mine enemy trouble me ! I trust in the life to come, but do not leave me in this life, O Lord, to the hands of the ungodly. Cover me, O Lord, with Thy right arm from all lying slanderers. Let my head now be lifted up against all terrible enemies. I offer with my heart a sacrifice. I call upon Thee, O Lord, in the psalms of those that serve Thee. With my heart and soul I cling to Thee ; let me in truth not be confounded, for my trust is in God ! To our God be glory !

The position of the Doukhobors had at last become intolerable. They had the choice between yielding to the iniquitous demands of the Government or of being exterminated. At this juncture some kind-hearted Russians interceded in their behalf, and obtained from the Czar the immense boon of being permitted to emigrate at their own expense. The permission came none too soon. Out of one company of four thousand of them who had been driven from their homes, eight hundred had died in two years and a half. The interest of a group of English and Russian admirers of Count Tolstoi at Purleigh in



DOUKHOBOR FARM-HOUSE, CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

England was aroused, and the successful initiation of the enterprise of emigration and colonization is largely due to them.

Captain St. John, formerly an officer in the British army, who gave up his commission because he concluded that it was wrong to kill even in uniform, went to Russia with funds and set the movement on foot. He has written a most interesting account of his experience, only part of which has as yet been published. He was charmed by the unaffected piety

of the persecuted peasants. It was not long before the police were on his track, and finally he was expelled from the Empire, an officer being sent to accompany him to the port of Batoum. Visiting Cyprus on his way home, he selected that island as the site of the first colony, and a ship-load arrived there last summer. The climate proved to be unsuited to the immigrants.

The heat was excessive for people accustomed to the cold of the Caucasus, and there was much



PLOUGHING.

ness among them. These colists are still in Cyprus, but it has been determined to send them to Canada as soon as transportation can be arranged.

Meanwhile Aylmer-Maude, an English member of the Purleigh group, who had lived long at Moscow as a merchant, went to Canada to see what could be done to place the Doukhobors on

a free country, but in several respects Canada showed herself freer for these immigrants than we could have done. In pursuance of this arrangement three ship-loads of immigrants arrived in Canada. The vessels were especially chartered, and sailed direct from Batoum on the Black Sea to Halifax. The second party were in charge of Count Serge



IN SABBATH DRESS.

blic land in the Dominion. His land was skilfully managed, and proved completely successful. He secured the promise of 160 acres of excellent land in Manitoba for his family, and an allowance of one dollar per head for each individual. Temporary shelter was provided gratis in the emigrant buildings established at various points by the Government, and no oath of allegiance was exacted. The talk of the United States as

Tolstoi, the son of the distinguished author and reformer.

All the reports of these people which have reached us from Canada are most flattering. They are "sturdy, strongly-built people," we are told, "many of the men measuring nearer seven than six feet in height." They are strict vegetarians, and their appearance is a sufficient vindication of the merits of that diet. They are also scrupulously clean, and



INTERIOR OF DOUKHOBOR HOME.

this fact has impressed all observers. Clad in sheep-skins, like the conventional Russian peasant, the women wearing trimmings of bright cloth on their jackets, they presented a striking appearance on the quay at Halifax. Not one unfavourable comment upon their looks has come to my notice. And these Doukhobors in Canada are no exceptions. Those in Cyprus are of the same stamp. A lady in Cyprus writes:

"I hear from various acquaintances in the island the highest opinions of these people, and I must say that no peasantry ever produced the same impression upon me as they have done. The fine dignity of their bearing and expression, the clear, kindly acuteness of their eyes, the steadiness of their questioning look, the marvelous activity of their work—all are deeply striking. . . . On every face was a brightness and cheerfulness that amazed me when I considered their story and circumstances."

A Russian sympathizer gives an account of the sailing from Baoum of these Cyprus Doukho-

bors, and his opinion of them coincides with that of the lady in Cyprus. He says:

"From the deck handkerchiefs and caps were waved, and from the coast only four people replied—two Doukhoborts, the English consul, and myself. For a long time I could see Potapoff's dear, gentle, earnest face. It was a solemn moment; from the steamer one could hear the singing of psalms. I was moved as I had rarely been before; tears were choking me. Dear, gentle people! What will become of them? Why are they persecuted? How deeply insulting is all that has been and is still being done to them—insulting to all humanity!"

Seven thousand Doukhobors are now in the Northwest of Canada: the Cyprus band are to follow them, and there still remain at least one ship-load, and perhaps more, in Russia who desire to emigrate. The transportation of so many people has already cost a great deal of money. The Doukhobors were always thrifty and well-to-do, but the ill-treatment which they have received in

it years has exhausted most their savings. The Friends in and have contributed nobly their relief. Money is still needed to provide horses, ploughs implements for the summer's and houses for the settlers. summer is short in that latitude and the winter is severe, and time is to be lost in preparing it. The difficulties besetting path of strangers in such a country who come all unprovided with the first necessities, can only be exaggerated. The Doukhobors being very poor and unable to buy horses or oxen for their ploughs, and many men obliged to leave home to get money, the women draw the ploughs as the easiest and quickest way to break up the soil.

It is to be hoped that the influence of these people may make itself felt throughout the continent.

Their simple acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount, while it has lost all meaning, is like a breath of fresh spiritual air from the sea. May their salt not lose its savour, and may their light illumine the whole land. In a world occupied with war and selfishness, there is no lesson so necessary as the oft-repeated, oft-forgotten one, to love our enemies and to do good even to them who hate us and despitefully use us.

A few settlers who had occupied these regions before the Doukhobors came did not know what kind of people they were, thought they might prove to be lawless and dangerous. One man, who was about to make a journey and leave his wife alone in the house, just at the time of her arrival, went to the Doukhobors and by signs with his gun threatened them with death if they came near his ranch. The morning after his departure his wife had a knock at the door, and



A DOUKHOBOR BED.

she went with trepidation to the door, expecting to be assaulted. There she found a Doukhobor woman who smiled at her, for they could not understand each other's language, pushed her way in, took the milk pail, went to the barn and insisted in milking the cow for her hostess and doing other household work for her. She had taken this practical method of showing her good-will. This lady and her husband are now among the strongest friends of the Doukhobors. They have no children of their own, and would be glad to adopt a Doukhobor child, but these Russians love their children so that, notwith-

standing their poverty, not one child in all the settlements can be secured.

These people are anxious to become Canadians, and to be able to communicate with the Anglo-Saxon settlers around them. Knowing this, two ladies of Kingston, Ontario, Mrs. Varney, a Quaker, and her young cousin, Miss Nellie Baker, determined to establish a little summer school at one of the new Doukhobor villages at Good Spirit Lake. Mrs. Varney had already passed the summer of 1899 there, conducting a dispensary for the Doukhobors, who have no

periment, which has just been made to the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration, shows what difficulties she encountered. She found herself confronted by a tentful of boys and girls, with none of whom did she have a single known word in common.

"By signs and motions," she says, "I got them seated in rows on the prairie grass of the tent floor, and holding up a pencil said, 'One.' I could not detect any apparent comprehension. Then taking up another pencil I said, 'Two,' and added a third, 'Three.' Still no response, and my heart sank somewhat. However, I decided to repeat the method, and as I said 'One,' I noticed a look on a



BREAKERS OF THE SOIL—A LABOUR EMERGENCY OF THE FIRST YEAR'S SETTLEMENT.

physicians among them. They pitched their tents near three of the Doukhobor villages, a small tent for their residence, another for the dispensary, which was under Mrs. Varney's charge, and a third, 20 by 20 feet, for the school, over which Miss Baker presided, and for which work her studies at Queen's University had fitted her. Mrs. Varney had won the affections of the villagers last year, and they were not slow to send their children to the new school, some of them arriving before the ladies had unpacked their luggage.

—Miss Baker's report of their ex-

periment, which has just been made to the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration, shows what difficulties she encountered. She found herself confronted by a tentful of boys and girls, with none of whom did she have a single known word in common.

From this beginning the course of teaching proceeded. Some of the pupils walked five miles to school and five miles back every day. Miss Baker carried on this school for six and a half hours a day and for five and a half days a week, and as almost the entire time was occupied with oral teaching, some idea may be formed of the arduous character of her work.

She was naturally tired when the hour to close came, but the children were never tired. The favourite method was object teaching. They learned the divisions of time from a watch, to count money from coins, and so on. The children had a natural taste for figures, and at the end of the two months during which the school was open the older children had succeeded in

“Their needlework and embroidery,” Miss Baker adds, “is simply wonderful.”

At first the Doukhobors did not know that Miss Baker’s work, like Mrs. Varney’s, was entirely voluntary and unremunerated. When they found it out they sent a committee to her to offer her some compensation, although they were in need themselves. When she de-



A UNIQUE GABLE END.

getting through one-half of the multiplication table, and some of the more advanced pupils were in the second reader (Canadian). In writing, she declares that some of them equalled or surpassed the teacher. The children were anxious to have tasks assigned to them to prepare at home, and never were satisfied with the amount of such tasks; they always wanted more. Their clothing was scrupulously clean and picturesque as well.

clined it they told her that they thanked her “all the day and all the night.”

Some of the older boys, who did not know a word of any language but Russian at the beginning of July, after barely two months’ teaching, correspond with Miss Baker in “fairly understandable English.”

Upon the general character of the Doukhobors, Mrs. Baker writes:

“The dignified courtesy and hospitality extended to us in more than a score of their villages, the manly bearing of the men, the delightful sympathy and affection with which they regard everything connected with their homes—an estimation of the home that has little to learn from, and possibly something to teach to, even Anglo-Saxons—their dwellings, that already surpass in comfort and cleanliness those of any other class of settlers excepting those from older Canada and Great Britain, all testify to the desirability of the Doukhobors as settlers, who will, I believe, soon make good Canadian citizens. It does not require very keen perception on the part of one having had a welcome into hundreds of their homes to be assured that this is a community living up to high moral standards and holding tenaciously to the simple tenets of Christian faith. Of their day-break services of a Sunday morning, their impressive intonation of the Scriptures, their beautiful singing and harmonious chanting of hymns, one could write chapters. They sing much of evenings in the villages and in going to and returning from work afield. A favourite chant, freely translated, runs as follows :

“ ‘ You tell me, stranger, where you are going.
 With the hand safe in my Saviour’s,
 I will go over the mountain-side and valley,
 Over fields and prairies, I will go, my friends,
 To see the heavenly spring wild flowers ;
 I will go after Jesus,
 Over the hard sand, and the Lord (God be with me.
 He leads us on to Heaven
 In His paths of righteousness.

Straight, straight to the Kingdom of Heaven.”

A little story will add a touch to this picture of a noble people: A lady living twenty miles from one of the Doukhobor villages wanted a girl for a servant. A young girl went to her on trial for a month, but at the end of the period she promptly returned to her home. Her employer came after her, wishing to keep her, but on no account would the girl go. Urged to give a reason, at first she only replied that she “could not,” but finally she said, “I cannot go back; my mistress did not love me.” This little story throws a flood of light on the servant-girl problem. It is love that the Doukhobors want in life and which they freely give. It was love that prevented them from learning to kill their fellows in the Russian army, and it was their too great love that made the Russian Government force its best subjects to leave their native land. It will be Russia’s loss and Canada’s gain. If they can only teach us on this continent the folly and sin of war, the joy of loving even one’s enemies, and the impossibility of doing it with bombshells, their long pilgrimage and their years of hardship will not have been in vain.

AT YULETIDE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The Lord of Yule’s glad gift to thee,
 This Yuletide, be His heaven-born peace:
 So from the fret of earth’s unrest
 Thy soul shall find surcease.

Be Christ, Himself, thy Christmas guest:
 Thus, though from human friends apart,
 Thou shalt have dear companionship
 Of heart with loving Heart:—

And, while around the festal board
 Others in merry converse meet,
 Thine it will be with Him to hold
 Communion high and sweet.

Toronto.

D WIVES AND CHILD WIDOWS OF INDIA.*

BY D. L. WOOLMER AND W. H. WITHROW.

INDIA presents few sadder problems to-day than the condition of its child-wives and child-widows.

The number of widows in that country is twenty-three millions, and many thousands of these are mere children. Mrs. Fuller speaks of one who was married at six to a boy of six. Girls married in their cradle, whose husband for whom they are doomed to disgrace and shame and to be under the curse of widowhood, for they are doomed to the earth, especially of the her-in-law. This custom is followed for twenty-five hundred years, and is a tyranny stronger than caste itself.

For a widow, whose bereavement in Christian lands calls forth sympathy, is the cruellest wrong. She must eat one meal a day, must not wear a ring, must never join in feasts, her beautiful hair is to be cut, her bright garb replaced by sackcloth and ashes. The Government prevented the burning of widows on their

Wrongs of Indian Womanhood. By Mrs. B. Fuller, Bombay, India. Introduction by Ramabai. New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 302. Price, \$1.25.

In the courtesy of the publishers of this article, we are indebted for several of the illustrations which illustrate this article.



PORTRAIT OF RAMABAI
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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husbands' funeral piles, but the tyranny of ancient customs still oppresses the hapless victims. The well-known Pundita Ramabai was betrothed in childhood, but refused to accept the man chosen as her husband. She fought out her right in the courts. All India was roused. She had to pay two thousand rupees to her husband and bear the cost of the trial, several thousands more.

Of this lady a recent reviewer writes :

"A woman learned enough to receive the unique title of 'Pundita' from Hindu sages; practical enough to manage with admitted skill the finances as well as the inmates of large industrial homes, and spiritual enough to inspire scores of her

pupils with missionary ardour, is surely one whose work and name will be remembered in history. Some of the incidents in Pundita Ramabai's youth are sufficiently romantic to be repeated once more. Her father, a Pundit, instructed her in the Sanskrit learning, and commended her to a life of righteousness in the service of God. After some years of famine experience, in which she lost all her near relatives except one brother, and saw a good deal of high-caste Hindu home-life in different places, Ramabai began to lecture in Calcutta on the emancipation of women. Her erudition and

formed in many cities of the United States and Canada, pledged to give support for ten years to a school for high-caste widows. This school thus supported was established by Ramabai in Bombay, but soon moved to the healthier town of Poona. Its education was entirely secular, the object being to reach those who would on no account have entered a mission-school. In this Ramabai had hoped for the co-operation of the more educated class among her own people. But the difficulties of her position were greater than she had anticipated. She had found many Hindus who favoured her ideas of emancipation when she was herself a Hindu, though a freethinker. But she had since become a Christian, and though she did not teach Christianity in the school, she would not forbid the girls to attend the morning prayers in her room, which she conducted for the benefit of other Christian members of her household. This led, of course, to much trouble, as far as Hindu support was concerned. Many girls were taken from the school.

"About this time Ramabai seems to have made the startling discovery that while she had accepted Christianity as being better than Hinduism, and had been baptized some years before, she was still unsaved. She felt herself a lost sinner and rested not until she knew that her sins were forgiven. Later, she read the life of Amanda Smith, the coloured holiness evangelist, and realized her need of being filled with the Holy Spirit. She soon entered into her blessed life of spiritual power.

"In 1897, Ramabai's faith and energy in the work led her to seek three hundred girls from the famine districts, and a new home was established free from any restrictions as to religious teaching. The name of this new building was 'Mukti,' which means 'Salvation.' The old school 'Abode of Wisdom,' is still kept up and a rescue home, 'Abode of Grace,' was started in connection with the famine of 1899.

"In 1898 Ramabai revisited America and her work was placed on a new footing. The three institutions contained in 1900 about 1,000 inmates, and a very interesting feature of their management was that some eighty-five girls who formerly were pupils were employed as teachers or helpers in ministering to those less advanced. Others are being trained in



GROUP OF CHILD WIDOWS

From "Crongs of India Womanhood."

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eloquence were much admired by learned Hindu audiences. She was married very happily at the age of twenty-two or three—the uncommon wisdom of her parents had saved her from the usual fate of Hindu girls, a marriage in childhood—but was left a widow with an infant daughter about a year and a half later. As she belonged to the more enlightened circle of educated Hindus in Calcutta, she was not ill-treated on account of being a widow, but returned to her former occupation of lecturing.

"The 'Ramabai Association' sprang up in Boston in 1887, and circles were

laundry work, or equally valuable trades. Some go out into the villages as Bible-women. The enthusiastic spiritual tone of the whole work is not less marked than its strong industrial organization."

The wrongs of womanhood in India are vividly described in the story of Pundita Ramabai.* The missionaries have done much for the succour of Hindu women. They have invaded the seclusion of zenana life, and taken the light of the Gospel to many a dark home and sad heart. But both the Mohammedan and Hindu religions degrade women to a mere chattel, and only the power of Christianity can emancipate them from this ancient thralldom. Here

* "Pundita Ramabai." The Story of Her Life. By Helen S. Dyer. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 170. Price, \$1.25.



HINDU GENTLEMAN AND GIRL WIFE
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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A HIGH CASTE GIRL
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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is the noblest work in which Christian women can engage on behalf of their heathen sisters.

The help that India needs is largely self-help. The handful of missionaries cannot themselves evangelize its many millions. It is only by raising up among the people teachers and preachers that this great work can be done. Pundita Ramabai is one of the most successful illustrations of what can thus be accomplished. Herself one of that despised class, a Hindu widow, she has devoted herself to the salvation and education of that most hapless, helpless class of women in the world. The story of her life contains the record of her marvellous success. She has herself been led into larger religious ex-



A LOW CASTE WOMAN
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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perience, great institutions have been built up, many widows and children have been rescued from degradation and trained in useful Christian life. In 1897 alone three hundred girls were saved from starvation, and nearly seven hundred and fifty girls are now trained under over a hundred faithful teachers, all but sixteen of whom render their services, as Spencer says, "All for love and nothing for reward."

India is too large for vague generalities. Its population of 280,000,000 embraces nations and races of great variety. A Mohammedan, for example, has several wives; the Todas, the hill tribe of the Nilgiris, are ignorant of this evil, for among them a woman has

several husbands. Contrasts might be multiplied between Parsees, with their delicate features and olive skin, and the negro-tinted out-castes and slave-castes; or between the stalwart, noble Sikhs and those natives of South India on whose faces and character devil-worship has set its degrading stamp; but the Hindus themselves, who number three-fifths of the population, offer sufficient variety.

An Englishman bent on mastering the mysteries of their code of worship attended Hindu debates where the orthodox and the advanced school met together in discussion. "Can you tell me," he inquired at last, confused by the arguments and counter-argument tossed like shuttlecocks from one party



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET MARRIED?
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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to another, "of one single article of your creed which you all hold in common?"

"We all believe," one of them replied, "in the sanctity of a cow and in the depravity of a woman."

As a rule, they act up to this article of belief, or rather, they live down to it. Yet once upon a time, even in India, there seems to have been a golden age for women. Their present social condition is traced to the Mohammedan invasion. The country was harassed by irruptions of Arabs and Persians from the year 1000 until it was conquered by the Sultan Baber in 1525. The Moslems brought with them not only ravage and bloodshed, but many evils hitherto unknown in the country. The Hindu homes were robbed of their women and girls to fill the harems, or zenanas as they are called in India, and the Hindus shut up their wives and daughters in order to protect them. Only the higher castes could do this effectually. Stern necessity required that the poorer girls and women in India should work, and it offers degrees of liberty on a descending scale. The higher the caste the more complete the seclusion.

It is not from want of natural humanity that a zenana is the darkest part of the house and farthest away from the entrance into the street. A Hindu is very religious; it is said that he even "sins religiously." His sacred books tell him that a woman must be protected; that she must not be allowed to look out of a window into the street; that no man except a near relation must look upon her face, and, if she offends, she may be corrected by "a rope, a whip, or a cane." They tell him some things to her advantage, but more frequently the reverse.

One sacrament only avails for these, the unbeloved of the gods—viz., marriage. Through her hus-

band, a woman may obtain favour from heaven; therefore, neglect of the only means of grace is an infringement of the sacred law. For a high-caste girl of fourteen to be found unmarried in a Bengali father's house is a shame to her and her family.

But an ordinary marriage involves an expenditure to the bride's father of at least £60, and many daughters render him an object of pity and too often the prey of money-lenders. It may, there-



CHILD WIFE.

fore be easily imagined what care has been necessary from British officials to prevent girls being destroyed at their birth.

The earlier the act of giving a daughter in marriage, the greater the merit and the richer the reward in that vague, far-away condition where, after being born at least 8,400,000 times, a man may be absorbed into the spirit. Some infant girls, while still in their mother's arms, bear the marriage mark—a line of scarlet paint in the part-

ing of their hair, which is given at the initial ceremony of betrothal. Professional match-makers assist in finding a husband, and, when parents care for their children, the horoscope is usually consulted.

If the parents cannot afford much expense, or have not sufficient care for their daughter to trouble themselves with details regarding her future, they can find a cheap though religious alternative. Certain Brahmans wander about the country who are willing to marry



CHILD WIFE IN PROFILE.

as many wives as are offered to them. They obtain by this means free board and lodging in the houses of their fathers-in-law. The betrothal is accomplished, and the bridegroom goes on his way—perhaps never again to look on the face of his child bride, who, on her part, must all her life be faithful to him, and, at his death, become a widow. One Kulin Brahman in Bengal died not long ago, leaving at least one hundred widows.

In ordinary cases, the betrothal

is followed by a second ceremony, which takes place when the bride is from eight to fourteen—the age regulated by the orthodoxy of her relations. On the day fixed for the marriage, the parents formally give their daughter to her husband, and the priests pronounce them man and wife in the presence of the sacred fire and of their relations and friends. A small, high-caste bride is often very happy in her importance. What if she is so laden with jewels that she cannot stand up, is she not still the queen of the day? But night comes; then she is placed in a covered carriage or litter, which will convey her to the house of her father-in-law. Her childhood is over, though she is a child still in her abandonment of grief. Her mother knows better than she does that the sobs and cries are justified. The bride is going behind the “purdah”—an impenetrable veil. Time will bring her little change but signs of age. If her great hope of being the mother of a son should prove vain, her husband will take another wife, but, despised and neglected, she must live on in the zenana.

A missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society heard screams issuing from a house in Krishnagar. She asked a man standing at the door what was the matter. It was only a little “bow” lately arrived in the zenana. She asked permission to enter, and was led into the women’s apartments. In the dim light she could just discern a small heap in the corner, and plaintive moans told her that it was something living. She drew near and spoke, and a woebegone face appeared, to be instantly hidden in terror at the sight of a fair-complexioned Englishwoman. By degrees the sound of a gentle voice speaking her own language and the sight of a scrapbook inspired curiosity and confidence. The heap became more



VILLAGE IN INDIA.

and more animated as one picture after another was turned over before her eyes.

"What made you scream?" the lady asked.

"They beat me," the child of eight years replied, and she drew up her "sari," and disclosed wales which showed that she had had ample excuse.

"Why did they beat you?"

"Because I cried for my mother." And the face puckered afresh with recollection of lost love and care. And now that the new friend, whose tenderness had dried her tears, must leave her, what should she do! Before going away the Englishwoman pleaded with the mother-in-law not to punish the young wife again for the same offence.

"It is so natural that a child should cry for her mother," she urged. A smile was the only response. This was the young bride's honeymoon, and it was not an uncommon beginning of wedded life.

It is hard to find a bright side to

the picture of zenana life. The weary monotony is seldom broken. Even domestic duties are beneath the dignity of a very high-caste wife. She smokes, she sleeps, she chews, she plaits her hair, she counts her jewels; at last she dies without hope or comfort.

"I shall spend all my life in this narrow room," said one young wife bitterly; "then I shall die, and they will put me into a narrow grave, and that will be the end of me."

Another, who had begun to realize that there was a fair world outside the four walls of her prison, which she could enjoy if only she were allowed, looked with liquid eyes into the face of an English lady visitor, and inquired:

"Why are we so different from you? You are like that bird," she continued, pointing to a dove which flew past the window above her. "You are like that bird flying toward heaven; we are like the same bird, shut up in a cage, with its wings clipped."

Seven years ago a little girl of nine years of age was seen on the



THE TEACHERS AND NORMAL STUDENTS, GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL, MADURA.

parapet of a house in Bombay. A policeman, noticing that she seemed inclined to throw herself down into the street, entered, and found the reason why her life had become too heavy a burden to bear. Her husband, a man of forty-seven, who had been already married fourteen times, had bought her from her father for fourteen rupees a month.

Imagination fills in the dark outlines of this picture with still darker shading, and traces in the background the ghosts of fourteen miserable victims. Perhaps the story of Bluebeard is as easy to credit.

If the child-wife has a hard lot, what of the child-widow?

It is well known that for many centuries it was the custom for a widow to die on the funeral pyre of her husband, and through this sacrifice of life to win the honourable title of "sati"—a virtuous woman. In 1820, Lord William Bentinck made this rite illegal; but for many years the religious in-
of Hindus evaded the British

law. Carey and other missionaries were witnesses of the horrible sight, and neither their protests nor entreaties nor their threats of God's judgment availed to save the victim. In 1888 a native Christian in India showed some missionaries in the Godavery district the spot where his grandmother had performed "sati" in 1847. It is hardly a matter of wonder that a widow should prefer the short, sharp agony of the fire to the slow torture of a lifetime, which is often the only alternative. A Hindu gentleman writes: "To a Hindu widow, death is a thousand times more welcome than her miserable existence." The Hindu lady, Rukmabai, whose letters to *The Times of India* on "Child Marriage" and "Enforced Widowhood" roused a cry of indignation in England and America, writes:

"There are four principal castes among the Hindus, and of them all I think the third caste, the *Kayasthas* ('writers'), to which I belong, make their widows suffer most. When a husband dies, his wife



TRAINING INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS, AT PALMACOTTAH.

suffers as much as if the death-angel had come for her also. She must not be approached by any of her relations, but several women (wives of barbers) are in waiting, and as soon as the husband's last breath is drawn they rush at the new-made widow and tear off her ornaments. At the funeral, the relatives, men as well as women, have to accompany the corpse to the burning *ghat*. The men follow the corpse, the women come after, and, last the widow, led by the barbers' wives. They take care that at least two hundred feet intervene between her and any other women, for it is supposed that if her shadow fell on any (her tormentors excepted), she also would become a widow. One of the rough women goes in front, and shouts aloud to any passer-by to get out of the way of the accursed thing, as if the poor woman were a wild beast; the others drag her along. Separated from her husband, though she lives she is not alive.

"The English have abolished *sati*, but alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes; and Hindus not only don't care, but think it good. What! do not Hindus fear what such oppression may lead to? If the widows' shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken and overshadow the whole land with it? I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts, but there is no comfort for us."

What can be expected of a girl who grows up with the sense that

she is looked upon as an accursed thing? Every one is against her, and she has no hope of compassion or forgiveness from any one of the 330,000,000 gods whose property it is always to punish or torment. Small wonder if a child of five or six, realizing that she is a social leper, and credited with an inclination to all that is bad, should harden her sore little heart, and learn to justify her character. Here is part of a catechism taken from Hindu ethical teaching:

Q. What is cruel?

A. The heart of a viper.

Q. What is more cruel than that?

A. The heart of a woman.

Q. What is the most cruel of all?

A. The heart of a soulless, penniless widow.

Statistics are burdensome and hard to remember; but one fact proved by figures gives some idea of the load of misery laid upon innocent young shoulders. The last census showed that there were in India 77,918 widows under nine years of age. All are not treated with equal severity, for customs vary in different parts of India, and



WOMEN AT THE WELL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

humanity and natural affection often rise above cruel creed or custom. At the same time, the suffering of these children is beyond English conception. It shows a certain amount of enlightenment to allow girls to attend school, or to invite English teachers into a zenana. Yet, even in a Christian mission school, bejewelled little girls have been seen keeping a shrinking figure in a coarse white "sari" at arms' length lest her shadow should fall on them and bring ill-luck. Zenana visitors have noticed the cowed face of a widow standing apart and behind the wives, whose lessons she may not share, eagerly listening for some word of comfort.

"What have they against me?"

cried a young widow to a zenana missionary. Her complaint was not of her relations, but of the gods whom they had told her she had offended in a former existence. Many widows meekly accept their lot, and try to expiate their sin by following the prescribed rules of discipline. They must only eat one meal a day, and that of coarse food. They must fast, in some districts every eleventh day, in others once or twice a month, and during twenty-four hours no morsel of food must pass their lips, and it is a merit not to swallow a drop of water. They must not sleep on a bed, lest they cause their husbands to fall from a realm of bliss. In the Deccan, their heads are shaven once a fortnight, and in no case

may they be adorned with the jewels so pleasant to the Oriental eye. Life is often made unendurable, and a widow contrives to escape either by suicide or by taking up the disgraceful calling of a dancing girl.

But these are no longer her only alternatives. A brighter day is dawning. The righteous Judge of the widow and the Friend of children has opened a way of deliverance.

Labour amongst these women is not in vain, though their overpowering number and the barriers which hedge them round might easily discourage human effort. The end is sure, for, even in the shades of darkness and ignorance, many of them are crying to the great unknown God to plead their

cause. Can such a prayer as the following, written and used by a Hindu widow, fail to find an answer?

“O God, Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy, which is a vast sea, and remember us. O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot. Many of us have killed ourselves, and are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create within the hearts of men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, that, saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life. . . . O Thou Hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive, but we are too ignorant to know what sin is.”

Ought not a cry like this to reach the hearts of the nation to whom India has been given as a noble possession?

THE EVE OF MARY.

BY NORA HOPPER.

Sing out, and with rejoicing bring
Shepherds and neatherds to their King—
Their King who lies in stable stall,
With straw for all his plenishing ;
Who in His hands most weak and small
Doth hold the earth and heavens all :
Sing loud, the Eve of Mary !

Bring in the soft ewes and their rams,
And bring the little crying lambs ;
This stable's wide enough for all.
Bring hither all the bleating dams,
And bid them crouch around the stall,
And watch the wonders that befall
Earth, on the Eve of Mary.

This mother-maid with drooping head
Hath but a straw-heap to her bed ;
Yet, did she list, would angels come
And make a palace of her shed,
With myrrh and music bring Him home—

'Mid these glad mouths the one mouth
dumb—
Here, on the Eve of Mary.

But rather would she lie below
Thatched roof, and hear the north wind
blow,
And pattering footsteps of the rain.
Ay, rather would she pay her throe
And take her joy : to quit all pain
His lips are on her breast again—
Sing low, the Eve of Mary !

Sing low, indeed ; and softly bleat,
You lambing ewes, about her feet,
Lest ye should wake the Child from sleep.
No other hour so still and sweet
Shall fall for Mary's heart to keep,
Until her death-hour on her creep—
Sing soft, the Eve of Mary !

—North American Review.

THE CHILD.

When Mary sang to Him, I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she needs must stop her
song
To kiss and kiss again His finger-tips.

I wonder if, His eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mutely over Him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,

For very depth of love grow wet and
dim.

Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-
strewn street ?
And did she catch her breath and hide her
face
And shower smothered kisses on His feet ?

—Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in the Christmas Scribner's.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

BY ALFRED T. STORY,

Author of "William Blake: his Life, Character, and Genius."



It would be a hard saying to acclaim Sir Edward Burne-Jones as the greatest English painter of the nineteenth century, the number of artists of the first rank being so large; but it is in no way excessive praise to say that he stands second to none in the galaxy, not only for the uniform excellence of his work, but for the wealth of power and originality he has thrown into it. Nor, it is equally just to add, does any other native painter supply, in the output of his genius, a higher or nobler impulse and stimulus to worthy efforts and lofty and creative thought.

It is curious to note, too, in connection with the career of Edward Burne-Jones, that it commenced at a time when the scientific spirit in its worst and most deadening form was everywhere rampant, depressing and degrading, if not utterly killing, imaginative art in every department of its activity. Perhaps his appearance was but one of the many signs of a revival of what we may term a renaissance of the complete man. It was a protest from the side of the spiritual, that man shall not live and thrive by his appetites and passions alone—that all the meaning in the world did not come up from the brute; that if we do bear the mystic marks of a low physical origin on



SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

the one hand, on the other there are equally mysterious and significant signs and hieroglyphs, even in the house of life itself, telling of a hand and a power which reached down out of the dark, to lift the growing man up and bid him awake and inherit.

Thus is to be explained, perhaps, the fact that Burne-Jones never took his subjects from modern life. The actual appeared to have little or no charm for him. The life of to-day, with its multiplicity of aims, its low and vulgar ideals, its ugliness, its squalor, was, as would seem, repugnant to his sensitive nature. His life-dream was that of a bygone age. He harked back to a far-away past, to its myths and fairy-tales, to its heroisms and aspirations, for his themes. It was as though he would appeal from the bald realism—the cold matter-of-fact of to-day—to the wonder of a remoter time—to that sense of glamour which is an attestation of the mystery existing in the universe beyond the reach of mere intellect.

We have heard so much of this or that man's "message" to the world, when there has been no message, that the word has become something of a mockery; but we may use the term in regard to Burne-Jones without any suggestion of satire. If ever painter had message or mission to his age, it was surely this man, with his never-ending appeal—uttered in a thousand various keys—to that faculty of man's soul which allies him to, brings him in touch with, that which we call supernatural, because we cannot handle it with our hands and see it with our everyday eyes, but which is in truth only supernatural in the sense that it is at the very root and centre of all nature and being.

Herein lies the magic of Burne-Jones' art. Whatever there was of beautiful, or deep, or high in ancient myth and mediaeval legend, wherever there was a story or fable showing how the human spirit reached up towards that hand beyond the clouds, to that voice from out the dark—that he set himself to depict in such wise as to start men thinking afresh of the power and majesty of the unseen, of the endless struggle of the human soul with its enmeshments of the day and hour, of the beauty of sacrifice, and the might and eternity of love.

Look at it as we will, it is a wondrous story, and the life of him who told it to us anew is worth a few moments' study.

The leading facts thereof are soon set down. Burne-Jones was born at Birmingham on the 28th of August, 1833. His father, Edward Richard Jones, was of Welsh descent, and to those to whom the word "Celtic" spells all there is of precious in art or literature, this fact explains everything. Much has been made of the circumstance that his early surroundings were of a kind hardly likely to stimulate

the artistic bent. These things, however, do not come from the material environment so much as from the inner spirit. Thence comes all that is most precious in the man: chance, opportunity, do but point the direction.

The boy was of so thoughtful a disposition that his father designed him for the Church, and with that object in view he commenced his studies at the age of eleven, at King Edward's School in his native town. Here he remained for eight years, and then, winning an exhibition in Exeter College, he went to Oxford to follow the usual course of study preparatory to taking orders. This was in 1852, when Ruskin's influence was already making itself felt in the university, as well as that of the young iconoclasts in art who had challenged the derision of the world by calling themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Oxford had distinguished itself by the encouragement it gave to the new movement. Millais had received several commissions from Mr. Wyatt; and two of Holman Hunt's most characteristic pictures, "The Light of the World," and "The Christian Priest Escaping from the Druids," were purchased by Mr. Combe, the Director of the Clarendon Press. The same gentleman had recently also obtained possession of one of Rossetti's most beautiful drawings.

These works, but especially the little gem of Rossetti's, seemed to have fired the imagination of the young divinity student, who resolved there and then to devote himself to art instead of to the Church.

Burne-Jones was seconded in this determination by William Morris, who had entered Exeter College at the same time as himself, and with the same intention. Similar in tastes and aspiration, they had become fast friends, and



THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

- E. Burne-Jones.

their friendship was now deepened by a common resolve; for Morris, too, made up his mind to devote himself to art. Both kept their intention to themselves for the time being; but during the Christmas vacation of 1855, Burne-Jones ran up to London with the express purpose of seeing Rossetti. They and so struck was the latter by the younger man's earnest-

ness and talent that he advised him to quit Oxford at once and go in for art at all cost.

The advice was not thrown away, and the beginning of 1856 saw Burne-Jones settled in lodgings in Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, with Rossetti for his teacher and friend. Morris followed him to town in the ensuing year, when the twain took lodgings together at 17, Red Lion Square, Holborn, so long associated with an art movement whose influence was felt to the ends of the earth. That, however, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story. It must suffice here to follow—in broad outline—the career of the limner of the "Star of Bethlehem," "The Days of Creation," and "The Golden Stairs," the last named representing a troop of girls with musical instruments in their hands descending a winding flight of stairs. There is, so far as I know, no legend connected with this favourite picture. It is, as Blake would say, an invention pure and simple, but an invention of so delightful and suggestive a character that it deserves a story all to itself. May we not conceive that the artist had in his mind the conception of a fair heavenly host, a tuneful crowd of angels, descending the golden stairs from above to heighten and sweeten the lives of men with strains of celestial music?

Rarely has an artist of the first rank taken up the pencil so late in life as did "Burne-Jones. He was twenty-three when Oxford and its hopes were given up, and at the age of twenty-five he was complaining that he had still to drudge to acquire the facility he ought to have gained at fifteen. To this circumstance is due the awkwardness and angularity of much of his early work. But though thus imperfect in line and deficient in facile grace, there is

such evidence of thought, such manifestation of power, in these "first begettings" of his genius that they are full of undefinable charm.

Two visits to Italy during those early days did much to stimulate and ripen the artist's powers. Perhaps the first, in 1859, was the most productive. In that journey he visited Florence, Siena, Pisa, and the treasure-rich cities of Tuscany. How he revelled amid the visions of beauty created by Orcagna and Angelico, and the other painters of the great age, need not be told here. He returned with renewed inspiration, and was soon busy in the realization of many dreams. Amongst much other work that cannot be enumerated, he designed a window for the church of Waltham Abbey, the subject of which was the Creation—a subject which again, at a later period, engaged his pencil. In his "Days of Creation" we have one of the amplest and most original fruits of his splendid genius.

All the resources of his art are lavished upon these six winged angels, beautiful in their calmness and solemnity, who bear in their hands a crystal globe, wherein the successive acts of creation are depicted. Each is a separate picture in itself, and yet each is linked with each as day to day. The first angel holds a sphere in which we see the ordering of chaos, in obedience to the command, "Let there be light;" the sixth shows us a sphere in which are seen our first parents with the tree of knowledge, and the serpent coiled round its stem, in the background.

Those who remember the first exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in the summer of 1877, will recollect the sensation caused by these canvases, and their companion pictures. "The Beguiling of Merlin," and "The Mirror of

Venus." Nothing like it has stirred the art world since that day. But of the three subjects, that of the successive acts of creation touched the general and more serious-thinking public the most. There has, indeed, been very little in the realm of art in these latter days that has touched the public sentiment so profoundly as the depiction of those Six Days, wherein is shown, as it were, the six notes of creative might, which were followed by a seventh in G, marking a pause, in a contemplative and worshipful rest.

The same love of allegory which led Burne-Jones to picture the days of creation caused him to body forth in colour and form many other beautiful abstractions, such as the Seasons, and Day and Night. Few men have shown a nobler gift of thought in this direction.

Hope is the second in the trilogy of Christian virtues, and we see it personified in the guise of a beautiful woman fast bound in prison walls, yet gazing upward with serene and steadfast look, reaching out one hand towards heaven, whence comes all gladdest cheer, and holding in the other a bough of apple-blossom as type of earth's sweetest promise. Faith is represented as a grave-faced figure, walking amid shadows, and bearing an ever-flaming lamp in her hand.

In 1862 Mr. Burne-Jones was again in Italy, this time accompanied by his wife. Going with Mr. Ruskin to Milan, they afterwards proceeded to Venice, where the artist spent some time copying works by Tintoretto and other favourites of Mr. Ruskin; his own favourites, however, being Carpaccio and other older Venetian masters.

It is curious to note that it was Burne-Jones who discovered for the supreme art-critic of the age

the pre-eminent qualities of Carpaccio, whose excellences Ruskin had not hitherto seen or been impressed with, so preoccupied had he been with lesser men. In a



HOPE.

—E. Burne-Jones.

very characteristic letter Ruskin acknowledges his indebtedness in this respect to his friend. It is dated "Venice, 13th May, 1869," and is as follows:

"My dearest Ned,

"There's nothing here like Carpaccio! There's a little bit of humble pie for you! Well, the fact was, I had never once looked at him, having classed him in glance and thought with Gentile Bellini, and other men of the incipient and hard schools, and Tintoret went better with clouds and hills. But this Carpaccio is a new world to me! I've only seen the Academy once yet, and am going this morning (cloudless light!) to your St. George of the Schiavoni; but I must send this word first to catch post.

"From your loving J. R."

Shortly after his return (February, 1864) Burne-Jones was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and in the following May he sent four drawings to the Society's exhibition in Pall Mall. They were all notable works, but two in especial call for mention, partly because they mark the influence of his Italian sojourn, and in part because of their subjects.

One of them was that of "Christ Kissing the Merciful Knight," based on a legend well known to those who have visited Florence. According to the fable, a knight rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death, but put up his sword and forgave the murderer when he prayed for mercy in the name of Christ, who had died on the cross that day. The same evening, as the Merciful Knight knelt before the crucifix on the hill of St. Miniato, the Christ bowed to kiss his cheek. The subject was so striking, was so startling, that many were repelled by the idealization of so crude a superstition, though, at the same time, none could doubt the power and originality of the painter as therein exhibited.

More generally pleasing was "The Annunciation" picture, which, in colour and design, forms an interesting contrast to Rossetti's well-known "Ecce Ancilla Dom-

In later years the artist again returned to this subject, and in 1866 exhibited his great "Annunciation" at the Grosvenor Gallery.

It is painted almost wholly in chrome, its effect, therefore, depending entirely on design and composition. The pure and simplicity of the composition, the loveliness of Mary's face, as we may say, the homeliness of the whole, while recalling somewhat the manner of the Italian masters, strike a note which is quite modern. Nothing, in fact, can make us feel that Mary is an Eastern woman.

It is essentially an English woman, one, as we may say, from the very-day walks of life, and free from any mere idealism or abstraction—in other words, not a saint, but a mother—the mother that was to be of Jesus of Nazareth. In this, too, there is a characteristic of the painter.

He did not go ranging about the world for his models, but took for his men and women the types he met about him, the men and women of the life of his day and country, whom he had grown up and more or less identified in effort and endeavour since his boyhood. It is this fact which makes Burne-Jones's pictures go home so deeply to the English people.

Another work, produced about the same time as the above, and now exhibiting the painter's sympathy with mediæval art, is a panel entitled, "Dies Domini."

It was exhibited in the exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. It explains the artist's conception of the Christ who is to judge the world; but the original must be seen to appreciate the beauty of the fair angel looking through a maze of plumage, touched with silver and rose, of those who bear Him through space on their mighty wings. Alike for strength of im-

agination, and power and beauty of design, this water-colour ranks among the artist's noblest works.

To the next few years belongs a rich array of world-known and as widely admired pictures, "The Wheel of Fortune," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," and the "Chant d'Amour," among others; but it must suffice here to refer more fully to the "Morning of the Resurrection," so impressive a rendering of the Easter story. Two winged angels, with flame-diademed foreheads, keep watch by the rock-hewn grave where the Lord has lain. Each raises finger to lip in token of silence as they perceive the risen Christ approach, clad in His long blue robe. As they do this, Mary Magdalene, who has been peering into the empty tomb, turns suddenly round and fixes her sorrowful eyes on Him she will presently acknowledge for what He is.

The sacred theme is very powerfully handled, and we cannot but wonder at the mystery and solemnity with which the artist has invested the scene. The only criticism we would venture to make on the picture is to note the too square head of the Saviour.

"The Morning of the Resurrection" was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, and the same year saw the artist's first and only exhibit on the walls of the Royal Academy. He had been elected an Associate the previous year, and he now sent to Burlington House a picture entitled "The Depths of the Sea," representing a mermaid carrying her mortal lover down on to the sand and shell-strewn bed of old Ocean. Seven years afterwards Burne-Jones severed his connection with the Academy, as he had previously his connection with the Society of Water-Colours. Hence it arose that this latter-day master, whose fame amongst the few rose year by

year, was, if not wholly unknown, little more than a name to the many. Hence, too, it came to pass that so striking a series of pictures as "The Briar Rose," was first given to the eyes of the world in a



FAITH.

—*E. Burne-Jones.*

private gallery. It is hardly creditable to the Royal Academy that such a thing should have to be recorded of it. While numbers of inferior men find their way into the

ranks of the Forty, such painters as Burne-Jones, who leave the impress of a large and fruitful personality upon their age, are either kept outside or admitted only to the partial and discriminated "honour" of associateship. And how many there are—men of highest achievement—who, during the past half-century, have been denied the hospitality of recognition by their fellows of the R. A.!

This took place in 1890. In 1891, at the New Gallery, was exhibited a picture, if not greater than the "Briar Rose" series, at least one which will hold the world with a deeper grip and surer delight. I refer to "The Star of Bethlehem," painted in water-colour for the corporation of his native town, and now in the gallery of the Queen of the Midlands. The Mother of Jesus, with the Babe on her knee, is seen seated under a pent-house, wearing the blue and pink robes of early tradition. Tall white lilies blossom at her side, roses festoon the wattled fence, while numberless flowers of varied hue gem the grass at her feet. On her right, and a little in the rear, stands Joseph with a faggot of sticks under his arm, watching over the Desire of Nations and His Mother. Fronting the two are the Three Kings, led by a stately angel, holding aloft the star which has guided their course from their homes in the East. The picture is one that takes fast hold of the memory, and will not be forgotten. It is worthy of note that "The Star of Bethlehem" is one of the largest water-colour drawings ever painted, measuring, as it does, twelve feet by eight feet.

Two other pictures of the Nativity were painted for the artist: about the same time for the Church of St. Michael, at Torquay. In one of them the Mother and Child are seen lying on a low bed of straw under two birch trees

thatched, while three angels approach the foot of the hill with their offerings. In the distance two angels are seen con- versing; the one a king, the other a shepherd, to "where the young king lay," the path leading through the same wood in which the manger-nativity is laid, and so connected with it in subject and sign.

It is impossible in a short article to speak of all the various phases and asteries of an artist's gift. The art is found in one man, and as it were, with so many hands.

He worked in oils and in water-colours; he painted cabinets and decorated pianos and organs; he applied designs for stained-glass windows, as well as for tapestry and needle-work, and he him- self executed panels in metal work and mosaic. Indeed, there is hardly a department of decorative art in which his hand did not adorn and

his mind illumine. In him, more than in almost any other of our time, did Ruskin's doctrine of art be ennobled by being devoted to moral and spiritual ends find a true and wholly fitting exponent, and to none more fitly than to him do Mr. Swinburne's lines apply:

" In a land of clear colours and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers,
In woods where the Spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers,
For these is their place ?

" Though the world of your hands be more
gracious
And lovelier in lordship of things,
Clothed round by sweet Art with the
spacious
Warm heaven of imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh faint-
ing,
For the love of old loves and lost times,
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes."

—*The Sunday Strand.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Have dwelt in Bethlehem
Under the star of the Lord shone
Bright !
Sheltered the holy wanderers
At blessed Christmas night !
Kissed the tender, wayworn feet
The mother undefiled,
With reverent wonder and deep de-
light,
Have tended the Holy Child !

Such a glory was not for thee ;
That care may still be thine ;
There not little ones still to aid
In the sake of the Child divine ?
Are no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take ?

And are there no mothers whose weary
hearts
You can comfort for His dear sake ?

Oh to have knelt at Jesus' feet,
And to have learnt His heavenly lore !
To have listened the gentle lessons He
taught

On mountain, and sea, and shore !
While the rich and the mighty knew Him
not,

To have meekly done His will !—
Hush ! for the worldly reject Him yet,
You can serve and love Him still,
Time cannot silence His mighty words,
And though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love divine
Speak to your soul to-day.

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day ;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

THE METHODISM OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY THE REV. G. R. HOLT SHAFTO.



RUDYARD KIPLING.



T has often been pointed out that a special and personal interest for Methodists attaches to "the most popular literary man living," in that he is essentially a product of Methodism. In one of his short stories, "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin," Kipling sketches a young agnostic who per-

sists in airing his views to all comers, of whom he whimsically says, "his grandfathers on both sides had been Wesleyan preachers, and the preaching strain came out in his mind. He wanted every one in the club to see that they had no souls, too, and to help him to eliminate his Creator." Now, though this is by no means Kipling's creed, it has become a matter of common knowledge that both his grandfathers were Methodist preachers, and as his genius matures

and more of a virile "preach-ain" becomes apparent in *Prophet of Things As They*

Though no one would that his style is that of the lecturing or the pulpit, it to the present writer at any at the very pith and core of g's teaching is Methodist

Prophet of Things As Are may be a descriptive ut it is by no means an ex- e criticism. It certainly nts one aim of the writer, larly in his earlier work, and as it goes is true of his gen- rpose. He writes of life, and human nature as he ; and with an eye like to a graphic lens for accuracy of

At the close of a century, much of contemporary litera- nd art was effeminate and nt, Kipling reinvigorated the s thought. In his tales he obed many of the sordid ele- of life and character, and ed for us men and women o mean, cowardly, and un- : actions; but he has never d his moral sanity to be ned or overclouded by the l and unclean. The spirit is work has been essentially y and manly; better by far thè mawkishness which s pruriency instead of repul- by its half-glozing, wholly ul hints at evil. "I am en- a man about town, and sick- s no word for my senti-," he writes, after a descent Hong-Kong inferno, where es to "see what they call with a Capital Hell." The iness and staleness of it all is ssive; the reader also feels, is be Life, give me a little t death without the drinks ithout foul jesting."

word, the purpose and effect ed by Kipling's art is ever

the right one. We do not find fault with the Bible for recording downright immoralities; we know that they are there to warn us of the repulsiveness of vice and its evil consequences. So many folk who are emphatically not among Kipling's admirers bear the highest possible testimony, unconsciously, to his art and motive. He certainly does not make vice, mean- ness, or cowardice attractive; the Unlawful is never painted to ap- pear the Desirable; evil is never gilded or sprinkled with rose-water. A cleanliness perhaps like unto the smell of the disinfectant; but not entirely or unnecessary for an age that has heard the hideous, uncer- tain voice of the sex-novel and the problem-play. In the preface to a collection of short stories, Kipling says that they "ought to explain that there is no particular profit in going wrong at any time, under any circumstances, or for any con- sideration. But that is a large text to handle at popular prices; and if I have made the first rewards of folly seem too inviting, my abil- ity and not my intention is to blame."

It is precisely because he does not make the first rewards of folly too inviting that some people characterize such stories as "horrid." But this method is strictly biblical, and may be easily paralleled from the Old Testament. We cannot abolish evil by ignoring it; and it is necessary that we realize the hor- ror of vice sometimes, in order to learn the more strenuously to avoid it. The vileness of sin and the virtue of obedience to law are ever Kipling's gospel: the gospel of the prophets and of John Wesley ap- plied to our life of to-day."

The sense of the presence of God in all the affairs of life, which im- pelled Wesley not only to the preaching of the Gospel of Repent- ance, but to the spreading of Scrip-

tural Holiness, is with Kipling in all his work. We have it in the Envoi to "Life's Handicap":

One stone the more swings to its place
In the dread temple of Thy worth:
I thank Thee most that, through Thy grace,
I saw nought common on Thy earth.

But the finest and most glorious inspiration to the duty of our work, and at the same time a reminder of its truly religious aspects, was the "Recessional," where the old Methodist leaven in his blood has full course, and where Kipling lays aside the barrack-room concertina to write to nobler strains. We have had Byron and Burns and Swinburne, with a fruitless gospel of anarchy and license; poets on whom had fallen not exactly a mantle but the futility of the Red Cap, preachers of liberty without any particular definition, and printed for the most part to an accompaniment of notes of exclamation: in Kipling we have an older note, the gospel of law and obedience, of duty and work. The old Scots engineer, McAndrew, hears it when his engines

Fra skylight-lift to furnace bars, backed,
bolted, braced an' stayed,
Are singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy
that they are made:
Now, a'together, hear them lift their lesson
—theirs an' mine:
"Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedi-
ence, Discipline!"

This same reverence for the laws of God shows itself also in a reverence for the things of God. His description of a Sunday service in Chicago recalls Wesley's severe stricture on the "pert, self-sufficient animal, with neither sense nor grace," who will "get up and bawl something about God." Kipling speaks of a place "officially described as a church," where to the assembled congregation there "entered suddenly a wonderful man completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated equally, and exploited very

much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But, unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he and not He was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction room, he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold and all the plate-glass diamond), and set in the centre of it a loud-voiced, argumentative, and very shrewd creation that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was apropos of some question of the Judgment Day, and ran: 'No! I tell you God doesn't do business that way. . . . Yet that man, with his brutal gold and silver idols, his hands-in-pocket, cigar-in-mouth, and hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself spiritually quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians.'

A few days later, in the same trip, he visits Musquash, and rejoices in its peace, order and decency. "But what went straightest to this heart, though they did not know it, was that they were Methody folk for the most part—aye, Methody as ever trod a Yorkshire moor, or drove on a Sunday to some chapel of the Faith in the Dales. The old Methody talk was there, with the discipline whereby the souls of the just are, sometimes to their intense vexation, made perfect on this earth in order that they may 'take out their letters and live and die in good standing.' If you don't know the talk you won't know what that means. The discipline or *discipline*, is no thing to be trifled with, and its working among a congregation depends entirely upon the tact, humanity, and sympathy of the leader who works it. He, knowing what youth's desires are, can turn the soul in the

on of good, gently, instead of envenoming it savagely towards the light. . . . It was all immensely interesting—the absolutely wholesome, sweet life that gave reverence to the things of the next world, but took good care to play enough tennis in the cool of the evening; that concerned itself earnestly and thoroughly with the daily round, the trivial task of that same task is anything but trivial when you are ‘helped’ by the American ‘help’) as with the mission of the soul.”

Kipling Helder tells his Maisie, “Success is not got by sacrificing to the gods, but by sacrificing yourself to living under orders and never worrying about yourself.” It seems to me that the gospel to preach, and a man is one to live—to labour that he may enter into the fruit of his labours; but it is a principle since the times of Jesus Christ, which never had its charm for noble men. It is Kipling’s own ambition to put his best into his work, and he owns that he is given to self-questioning as to how free of unworthy motive there may be in it, how often the knee has been bowed “in the house of prayer,” to use a favourite quotation of his. Time alone can answer that satisfactorily. Meanwhile we cannot but rejoice that a man who has won the ear of the English-speaking peoples is one who shows more and more of the true and worshipful spirit, who is free, strong, and gra-

phic style appeals to the man in the street in language whose clean-cut terseness he has acquired in all corners of our empire. If he does not in so many words proclaim the gospel of the Cross, yet surely it is no small thing to be a forerunner proclaiming righteousness of life and a practical application of the Christian ethic as essential to well-being.

Abler pens than mine have demonstrated how the leaven of Methodism has worked for the uplifting of the spiritual life of the Churches; and in these days of many-sided activity it should be not without thankfulness that we recognize its working through other, yet mighty, channels to the same fulfilment of that ideal of a regenerated society which Christ set before His people. The call to noble ideals of empire, whose ultimate aim is service rather than glory; imperialism whose purpose is the uplifting of all to the same level, not the exploitation of the conquered for the mere extortion of tribute,—this call to international fulfilment of that Scripture which proclaims that “he who would be the greatest must be the servant of all,” comes through the leaven which it has pleased God to make of our Methodism—a leaven which truly fulfils itself in many ways; and for its expression in the realms of secular literature we owe also our debt of thankful acknowledgment. — Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Lo! we have travelled from a country far,
Through years of failure, deserts sad and wild,
And, even as of old came Eastern kings,
With costly treasures, led here by Thy Star,
We, too, would bring Thee our poor offerings,
O Word Incarnate! Bethlehem's Holy Child,
Accept our gifts and us of Thy great grace—
Myrrh for our Sorrows, Frankincense for our Faith,
And Gold for Love that is more strong than Death!

—*Christian Burke.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO TED.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

CHAPTER IV.

DARK DAYS, AND A FRIEND.

Pretty Nellie Breen, with her wistful eyes and her child face, was in sore trouble. Even the baby knew it, and felt called upon to abjure her afternoon nap and see if she could fathom the cause. She lay in her mother's lap looking up with troubled wonder at the tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lip, and then, as if the cloud on the mother's face had dropped its chill shadow on the baby heart, she put up her own little coral lip and uttered a remonstrant wail.

"Don't cry, dearie—don't cry. There'll be crying enough for mamma and baby, too, by and by."

But for baby's sake she brushed away the tears and smiled as well as she could for the ache in her throat. The baby, concluding that perhaps it was all right after all, contentedly thrust her small pink thumb in her mouth and rubbed her chubby feet together, still watching her mother's face, however, as much as to say, "Now, I'm willing to be good if you are; but, really, if you cry I'm going to cry, too."

Three weeks before Tom had been laid off indefinitely. The dull season was coming on, work was scarce at the factory, and, according to an unwritten law, the last men hired were the first to be dropped, and Tom was among the last hired. Winter was at hand, and the chances for a steady job decreased every day. They had been living on bread and black coffee for a week, and money for the rent was not in sight.

Worst of all was the change in Tom. He had grown gloomy and morose. It seemed to Nellie as if he could not bear even to look at her or the baby, and would scarcely stay in the house a moment longer than was necessary.

There were meetings that he attended, from which he came home more gloomy than ever and full of bitter words about the injustice of capital, the oppression of the poor, and dark hints of something desperate and direful about to be done—threats that oppressed Nellie's heart like the sulphurous stillness that pre-

cedes the bursting of a thunderstorm. The meetings were held over Downey's saloon, and more than once Tom's breath betrayed that he had been drinking. Teddy, too, was different. He sold his papers and dutifully turned over his small receipts to help in the household expenses, but he was much with the "gang" in the evenings, and Nellie was positive that there were enterprises connected with their association which he kept carefully concealed from her.

It seemed to Mrs. Breen that all the forces of evil were shutting down on her and hers with a deadly, fiendish grip, and she was so alone—so helpless—so ignorant. The impulse was strong upon her to take the baby in her arms and fly away from this awful place, which was certainly given over to the powers of darkness. But then came the thought of Tom and Teddy.

Twice since the night Teddy came she had seen the woman in black—the woman with the sweet voice; and each time her heart had gone out to her in a way that she could not explain. Once she had met her coming up the alley and though in the woman's face was no sign that she recognized her, it seemed as though her eyes spoke to her. And they were such kind eyes, tender and pitiful, like her voice. Then one other day she had heard a voice singing, a rich, sweet, strong voice, that came floating out among the miserable sheds and reeking tenements, until children hushed their chatter and men their curses to listen. And she had listened—straining her ears to catch the words—until the voice ceased, and it seemed that something good and pure had died out of the world. She knew the voice even before the door opened and the woman whom she had seen twice before came out and walked swiftly away. Nellie had treasured a snatch of the words, repeating them over and over lest she should forget:

"On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe.
Oh, Love Divine, for ever dear.

And smile at pain if Thou art near."

Now in her distress she decided

that if she ever saw this woman again she would go to her and say—just what, she did not know—but it seemed that when she should look into her face the words would come.

The baby had fallen asleep, and Mrs. Breen's head sank on her breast. She felt too miserably hopeless even for tears. Then there came a knock on the door, and she started up, wondering what new calamity was at hand. Hastily laying the baby on the couch she opened the door, and stood face to face with the woman in black—the woman with the voice.

The little woman looked up brightly and smiled.

"This is Mrs. Breen, is it not? I am often about here, and I thought I should like to call and get acquainted," she said in her sweet voice. "I am Miss Westcott, deaconess for St. Paul's Church."

And now poor Nellie was quite dumb. She set a chair for her visitor, feeling that she was in a dream. If she had announced herself puttiwalla for a Mahratta of Benares, it would not have meant less to Nellie, who had never heard of a deaconess, and who knew St. Paul's Church only as a convenient landmark. All her words and her wits were gone, and she was saying foolishly to herself: "She is not pretty after all. It's just her voice and her eyes."

Miss Westcott tried with much diplomacy to loosen the stupid tongue, but Nellie could only look volumes and answer in monosyllables. The caller had almost decided that she should have to give it up for this time, when a shrill whoop outside, followed by a clamour of boyish voices, started a new and prolific topic of conversation.

"I saw a boy just outside the door—a bright little fellow, with dark hair and eyes. Is he—surely he cannot be yours?"

"That's Teddy. He lives with us; he hadn't any home, and we've taken him in."

"Oh, I wish he would come in. I'd like to ask him to come to our Sunday-school."

Nellie stepped to the door only to see three or four pair of flying heels disappearing in a cloud of dust down the alley; but now at last her tongue was loosed.

"Oh, Miss Westcott," she burst out; "if you could only do something for him. This is a terrible

place for a boy, and he hasn't any other home. And he's such a bright boy, and so good to the baby and me."

"Does he go to school?"

"No, his clothes arn't fit to go. We're—we're—my husband's out of work. just now, and we can't do much for him that way. I don't s'pose he'd go to Sunday-school, neither, but couldn't you talk to him?"

"What does he do? What does he like best? Does he read?"

"He sells papers and reads them sometimes. But he's mostly with a lot of boys I don't like, and there's a house where they go—I hear Teddy talking about it—they call the woman 'Mother Tooley.'"

"Mother Tooley, on Bannock Street?" The deaconess spoke quickly, almost sharply. Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "Does Teddy have much money? That is—does he do well selling papers?"

"Not so very well; he brings home some money. I don't know how we could do without it, now Tom is not working."

"Mrs. Breen," said the deaconess, decisively, "Teddy should be in school at once. He can sell papers nights and mornings. To spend one's time in these streets with nothing to do but mischief would ruin an angel. I know something of 'Mother Tooley'; more than I dare tell you now. Would you mind, Mrs. Breen, if I brought him a few second-hand clothes—enough so that he could go to school?"

A red spot burned out in Nellie's pale cheeks. "Oh, I couldn't—I'm sure Tom wouldn't like it."

"Now, see here, Mrs. Breen; Teddy is a little fellow, not old enough to take care of himself, and you are doing what you can for him. I believe that any boy that God has sent into the world has a right to enough to eat and wear, and what he needs to make a man of himself. If he hasn't a father on earth, we have all the same Father in heaven. Why isn't it as much my right as yours to help care for him? Have you a sister, Mrs. Breen?"

"No; nor a brother, nor nobody. I was bound out when I was little, and have taken care of myself ever since I was fifteen."

"What a lonesome little woman. Now, let me be your sister, dear. I will help you and you shall help me

—there are many ways in which we could help each other—and we both will help Teddy. Is it a bargain?" and the deaconess' hand was laid coaxingly on her arm.

Nellie's eyes were swimming with tears, and she could not trust herself to speak, but Miss Westcott read the unspoken answer.

"Then it's all settled. I'm coming again to-morrow, and I'd like to see Teddy, if possible. Good-bye, dear," and she was gone.

Nellie turned to the couch where the baby lay and kissed the sweet face of the unconscious sleeper half a dozen times. Then she fell on her knees, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed as if she could never stop. She had never consciously prayed in her life, but it seemed just then as if something had come near to her from that world of better things of which she had dreamed, and her whole nature was stirred. She had not told the visitor a word of what had been in her heart. She had not asked her a word about that "Love Divine for ever dear" of which she had sung; but she was coming again; she had found a friend; and the burdened heart was well-nigh breaking with the sense of relief. From that day Miss Westcott was a factor that counted on the side of good in all the equations of the Breen family.

CHAPTER V.

NELLIE FINDS A FRIEND.

Mrs. Breen watched for the deaconess' coming the next day with eagerness not unmixed with dread. She was eager to see her again, eager to have her meet Teddy. But in spite of all she had said, she dreaded the bundle of clothes, dreaded that even "Old Moll" and her drunken daughter, and the peeping faces across the way should see this lady visitor at her door with that badge of poverty and dependence. She could drink her coffee without sugar and eat her bread without butter, but she shrank from this that seemed to place her on a similar footing with those around her, in poverty, if not in shame.

But when the deaconess came she had in her gloved hand only the little testament and note-book, without which she was seldom seen. They had been talking but a few minutes when the back door opened and she stepped shyly in and seated

himself gingerly on the corner of a chair, as if poised for instant flight, should the humour take him. The deaconess turned to him brightly.

"Oh, this is the boy who told me the way to Mrs. Billinski's that night. Are you acquainted with Mrs. Billinski?"

"I know the B'linski boys, and Mis B'linski's brother is policeman on Pilcher Street, where I sell papers," replied Teddy, with growing assurance.

"Oh, I am glad to know that. Is that a good corner for papers?" and Teddy was launched into a little dissertation on the newspaper business in which he could give Miss Westcott valuable points.

"But, of course, you don't expect to sell papers all your life?" suggested the deaconess presently; "you want to be getting ready for a larger business when you are older."

"Yes," said Teddy, following the lead unsuspectingly. "I want to go to school and get an education, an' I'm goin' as soon as I can get some better clothes."

"We were speaking of that yesterday, Mrs. Breen and I," said the visitor gullelessly, "and I had some clothes at our house that I thought might answer for a little while, until you can get some new ones; these are not new, but whole and comfortable. I left the bundle at Pitkin's store, as I had an errand in another direction. If you would run down for them now it would save me a walk, and we could see how they fit."

Mrs. Breen breathed a little sigh of relief, and Teddy flew off with the very wholesome impression that he was conferring a favour on the "Christian Lady," as he had dubbed her in his own mind. In the measuring and fitting and planning that followed Teddy's return Miss Westcott really seemed to slip into an elder sister's place, and it seemed altogether right and natural for her to say, "Now you'll be able to start for school right away, won't you?"

"You bet I will," said Teddy, complacently settling himself into a gray jacket patched but clean.

"And how about the Sunday-school? We have a nice class of boys there about your size."

"Is it St. Paul's Church?" said Teddy, doubtfully. "I know the kind of fellers that go there; they are reg'lar swells. They wouldn't want me."

"Well, there's a mission on Warren Street, and the boys there are not swells."

"Do you teach there?" said Ted, with a half-mischievous upward glance.

"No; I wish I did. But the Sunday-school is the same hour as ours, and I cannot be in both places."

The mission without Miss Westcott failed to arouse any enthusiasm from Ted, and the deaconess was forced to content herself for the time with the assurance that Ted would begin school the next day.

Days went by. Ted kept his promise, and was becoming interested in his studies. Nellie heard less of Mother Tooley and the gang, and more of fractions and history lessons. Sometimes Ted would report, "I saw the Christian lady to-day. She was just goin' up the stairs at Gallo-way's," or "She was comin' round the alley corner," and somehow Nellie felt better just to know she had been near.

But with Tom matters grew no better, but rather worse. Nellie had spoken of the deaconess' visits, and once ventured timidly to express the wish that he might meet her, but Tom had replied with something as near like an oath as Nellie had ever heard him use, that she could "take up with her" as much as she liked for all of him, but he wanted no "canting church hypocrites" around him, and if she commenced preaching to him he'd soon tell her so. Since then Nellie had not mentioned the subject. A chance day's work for Tom now and then, and Teddy's papers, kept them from starving. The deaconess, too, seeming to divine how matters stood, sometimes managed to put into Nellie's hands a package of rice, or a piece of meat, or some other luxury. But Nellie could feel her own strength waning on the meagre, unappetizing diet, and she knew that Tom even more than she, felt the need of nourishing food. The smell of liquor was often on his breath now, and if she expostulated he became angry.

"What's a fellow goin' to do when he's so used up his head swims like a hornet's nest when a feller comes and asks him to take a drink? And if you buy it, it don't cost but five cents an' you get an egg or an oyster or suthin' besides. And, I tell you, Nell, it justr puts life into a man, and stops that awful gnawing in his

stomach." And Nellie, who knew something of the "awful gnawing," was silent, saying to herself, "If Tom don't have something to keep up his strength he can't work, even when he gets it to do."

Even the baby's soft cheeks were losing their colour, and growing white and pitiful looking, and she cried more than ever before in her life.

One day the deaconess had spoken to Nellie about coming to the church, but she only shook her head.

"I use' to go sometimes before I was married. We generally went to the Catholic Church. There was always nice singing there. Tom's folks was Catholic, but he don't believe much in any church now."

"Catholic or Protestant does not matter, if we only know Christ as our Saviour."

There was a little silence, and then Nellie said with an effort:

"I heard you singing once, and I allus thought I'd give most anything to hear you sing that same piece again. It was something about 'Love Divine, for ever dear,' and somebody being near when you was in trouble. Seems if that's what I need. Now, when you're here, Miss Westcott, I could stand most anything, but you have a lot of folks just like us, I expect, to go and see, an' sometimes it is a good many days I don't see you at all. If there was somebody like you sung about that was always near, I know I could stand things better."

"That's it—that's just it," said Miss Westcott eagerly. "The Lord Jesus is just such a friend; always near—within call. Ah, better than that. He will come and abide in our very hearts if we will open them to Him. I think this must have been the hymn you heard; it is a favourite of mine." And the rich contralto voice rose with the words:

"Oh, Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pain, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
And smile at pain while Thou art near.

"Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No pain we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near.

"On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
Oh, Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near."

The singer's voice was full of sweet, triumphant assurance, but the listener's face was full of troubled longing.

"Oh, I wish I had such a friend," she murmured.

"Why, you have, dear. He is as much your friend as mine; He is as near to you; He loves you as well. I know He is knocking at the door of your heart, and asking you to recognize Him and let Him in," and then followed the "old, old story," and never had the sweet voice seemed so full of tender pathos. Then she said, "Let us pray," and both slipped to their knees, and the pleading voice went on as if speaking to someone very near and dear:

"Heavenly Father, we bring Thee this hungry soul; she is looking for Thee, and Thou art not very far away. Give her the knowledge in her heart that Thou art her ever-present friend—her loving Father."

And then Nellie heard her asking that Tom might find work and that Teddy might be kept from evil influences. All the things that her heart longed for were in the petition, presented with the sweet assurance of a child speaking to its mother. It was unlike any prayer Nellie had ever heard, though, to be sure, these were not many.

"I'd like to pray like that," said Nellie, wiping her eyes, "but I ain't educated; I don't know how to say things in fine words fit for Him to hear."

The deaconess did not smile, but said, with a simplicity like Nellie's own, "Never mind the words, dear; words are nothing between your soul and God. Go where you are alone, and just let your heart reach up to Him. He will understand all you want to tell Him, if you don't say a word, because, don't you see, He is spirit—thought—Himself; and He doesn't need words to make Him know what is in your soul. If words come, let them come, but if it is only love and longing desire, be sure He understands. Oh, I am so glad I can leave you with such a Friend."

For answer Nellie lifted the hand she had given her to her lips. Her heart was too full for her to trust herself to speak.

"There, none of that," smiled Miss Westcott, and taking the quivering face between her two hands kissed her as one would a child;—and was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

A PROVIDENTIAL MEETING.

One raw day in December, Tom, who had been out at five o'clock morning after morning, on a vain hunt for work, remained in bed until eight, sullenly declaring that there was no use in trying any more. There was not an atom of coal in the house, and Ted had started for school without his breakfast, leaving a few pieces of dry bread scattered over the table. Nellie was feeling faint and weak, but she could not eat. Her head was full of a project which she had been revolving all night. With trembling hands she pinned on her hat. It was the one with the pink roses under the brim, but the rose was crumpled and faded, and the hat had a bedraggled and disreputable appearance. Then she put on a rusty black jacket, a relic of the factory days.

All the time she had been thinking of the Friend—she would like to tell Him, and ask Him to go with her, but she dared not kneel before Tom, who now sat glowering before the cold stove, elbows on knees and chin in hands. So she went to the bed where the baby lay, and sitting down on its edge, buried her face in the baby's neck and "let her heart speak to God" as the deaconess had told her. The words were very few and incoherent: "O Love Divine—O Love Divine—living or dying, thou art near;" but her whole being was a cry out of darkness and loneliness, a cry for help, and somehow she felt strengthened and calmed.

The piercing air revived her at first, but she shivered and wrapped her bare hands under her arms as she hurried along. A walk of four or five blocks brought her into one of the principal business streets. The great windows, filled with holiday goods, sparkled with gems and glowed with colour.

Once she paused at the window of a great silk store feasting her eyes on the wonderful tints. Her own world was so colourless and dull. There was one piece of pale blue silk—blue of the hazy, melting tint that skies take in October, and over it trailed dim, pink roses and pale buds and leaves, so perfectly wrought that one might almost smell their fragrance.

As Nellie's wondering eyes drank in its beauty, a clear, laughing voice close at her side exclaimed: "See that blue embroi-

dered silk. Isn't it lovely. I'm going to tell Tom that nothing else will make me happy but a dress of that for the Heatheringtons' ball."

Nellie turned to see what manner of woman this might be whose "Tom" could clothe her in fabrics fit for an empress. As her eyes fell upon the fair, aristocratic face, superciliously unconscious of her own presence and regard, some of Tom's—her Tom's—bitter words came to her mind. Was this woman one of the idle rich, who fared sumptuously every day and lived by oppression and cruelty? A bitter pain tightened around her heart. Was it all a cruel lie about the "Love Divine," and was the world after all in the hands of a blind, cruel, relentless fate?

She walked on with dragging feet, until she came to a tall building over whose arched doorway was inscribed the letters, "Loan and Trust." She paused, about to enter, but as if her heart failed her she walked on aimlessly. This time a baker's store arrested her steps. Great heaps of pink and white confections, toothsome pastry, and luscious fruit that would tempt the appetite of an epicure was spread before her famished gaze. Fierce hunger blazed up in her eyes, and she walked resolutely back toward the stone doorway. But just then, among all the hurrying footsteps one paused close by her side, and a familiar voice spoke her name.

"Good morning, Mrs. Breen. I hurried to catch up with you, but I thought you were going to escape me."

"You here, Miss Westcott?" exclaimed Nellie, feeling strangely lost and bewildered for the moment.

"Yes; I saw you just as I got off the car. Are you going my way? Shall we walk together?" She drew Nellie's hand through her arm, and through Nellie's head flashed the impression that all unknown to herself at the silk store and at the confectioner's, she had been waiting for this woman, who was also hurrying to meet her. And with this came another impression that the things that were right and good were the real things after all.

"I was going into the Loan and Trust Building," stammered Nellie. "We've got to do something, and I thought that—maybe—we could borrow some money on our furniture."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Miss Westcott, and the clasp of her arm tightened a little. "Tell me all about it."

"There isn't any fire at home—and we can't starve. Tom has tried everywhere for work, and they say that after the holidays it will be worse than ever. If we could raise twenty-five or thirty dollars it would help us along for a while. Of course, Tom'll get work some time, unless—" but the "unless" suggested an alternative so dreadful that Nellie could not put it into words. She had never spoken to Miss Westcott of Tom's lapses, but she knew that every visible sign of dissipation and poverty was lessening his chances for honest work.

"And in the meantime," said the deaconess, "there will be the monthly payments to meet. Do you know how much they will be? Come, I will go up with you."

They had once more passed the stone doorway, and turned back.

"Oh, thank you. I was so afraid to go alone."

They entered: the deaconess led the way and stood by Nellie's side, as she timidly explained her errand to a sleek and prosperous individual who sat at a desk filled with papers.

"Um—m—m"—finishing some writing and pushing away the paper before he wheeled about to regard his customer. "You want to raise a loan on some furniture? About how much?"

"Twenty-five dollars, if you please."

"And what is the furniture?"

Nellie enumerated the articles that had formed their simple outfit.

"Been in use long?"

"About two years. We got them new when we went to keeping house. They cost us seventy-five dollars."

"M—m—m, yes; bought them on the instalment plan, I suppose, which means that you paid about fifty per cent. more than they are worth. Well, I'll send a man around to look at the things, and you can call in again tomorrow."

"To-morrow?" Nellie's face fell. She had hoped for a dinner to-day. "Couldn't you—" she began hesitatingly, but the deaconess interposed.

"Will you please tell us again just what your terms are?"

"Well," replied the man with easy condescension, arranging his papers.

with a white, plump hand, on which glittered a huge diamond, "You can read this contract. The payments will be made by coupons, two dollars and fifty cents monthly, payable in advance. The debt can be paid in thirty or sixty days, or it can run longer, providing the monthly payments are kept up."

"And if they fail?"

"Why, then we take the furniture," was the easy response.

"Two dollars and a half a month is thirty dollars a year. Isn't that pretty high interest on twenty-five dollars, with a security at least double the debt?"

"Those are our terms. You are not obliged to take them if they don't suit," he answered stiffly. "We don't call it interest, however."

"Mrs. Breen, I don't believe you'd better have him send the man; let's talk it over between ourselves first," and half-relieved, half-distressed, Nellie followed Miss Westcott, who left the office with her head very erect, and once in the street took Nellie by the arm again.

"Now, dear, you are coming home with me to dinner, and we'll see what can be done."

"But there's Tom and the baby!"

"Tom won't leave the baby till you get back. We'll take a car, and you can be at home again in an hour and a half," and Nellie gratefully submitted.

They stopped before a plain, brick building, bearing the words, "Deaconess Home" on the brass door-plate. Nellie was ushered into a comfortable parlour and bade to warm herself at the steam radiator. Half an hour later she and Miss Westcott were sitting by themselves at a table spread with viands which, with a cup of fresh and fragrant tea, seemed to Nellie luxurious indeed. And while she ate, Miss Westcott was talking and planning for her.

"I know a place where a boy is wanted at once, and I think Teddy would do nicely. Do you think he would take it? The wages are only three dollars a week, but that would be something to depend upon. It's a pity to take him out of school, but he could learn a good deal at night school. I'm afraid there isn't much hope for Mr. Breen to get steady work before spring, but he can certainly pick up an odd job now and then, which will help some. And

you—can you sew, Mrs. Breen?" Nellie was confident that she could do plain sewing very satisfactorily.

"That is good. I'm sure I can get you a little work occasionally, and that, too, will help. Of course, it's going to be a hard pull for the next three or four months, but if you can only keep out of debt and don't lose heart—that's the main thing—you may never have such a siege again. And, by the way, you have remembered to take this to the Friend of whom we were talking the other day, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have tried, but sometimes He seems far away."

"But He isn't far away, you know; no matter how it seems." And listening to the confident ring of the speaker's voice, Nellie wondered how she could ever have doubted it.

"I believe He put me in your way to-day just to keep you from loading yourselves down with a terrible debt, which for people situated as you are, is an absolutely fatal thing. Now for the present emergency; I was caught out in a heavy storm the other day, and the dress I had on is nearly ruined. It will have to be ripped and cleaned and pressed, ready to be made over. If you will undertake this for me I will pay you in advance, because of the present distress. I told you there would be ways in which you could help me. No, you don't need to thank me, and you shall not do it for nothing. It's no more unlawful for me to pay you in advance for work, than for you to have paid those money sharks interest in advance as you were going to do."

"What delicious bread!" said Nellie a little later, as Miss Westcott urged a third slice upon her.

"Yes; it's home made. Can you make bread? No? Of course not: you always worked in a factory and have had no chance to learn. But, dear, you know, home-made bread is far cheaper, more wholesome, and more appetizing. If you like, I'll come in to-morrow and give you a lesson in bread-making. I used to be a 'master hand' at it at home. And some time we'll have a lesson in soup making, too. You don't know how many nice, wholesome dishes can be made out of very little. And, don't you know, dear, that you can do more to keep Tom from going to the saloon by giving him good, nourishing food, and keeping a tidy, cheerful home

than by all the scolding and crying in the world?"

"I never scold," said Nellie, "and I do keep the house clean; but I couldn't help crying, sometimes."

"You've done bravely, little woman. And of course, one can't do much when one has nothing to do with. But it is going to be a little better if Teddy gets that place, and we'll commence to-morrow with a sack of flour and see what can be evolved out of it."

What a day that was in Nellie Breen's life! She had left home with her face set toward misery and debt and despair; she was returning full of plans for the betterment of their condition, and of courage and hope with which to face the ills that must be endured. She felt as though she had been taken by the shoulders and turned squarely around.

"And it was all that blessed woman," said she to herself; "how did she do it?" But the "blessed woman" had thrown herself upon the bed in her little room, feeling for the moment that the last atom of virtue had gone out of her.

And soon as Teddy returned from school he was told of the prospective job, and seizing his cap he shot off like an arrow from its bow, only to return an hour later with downcast face. The man had just engaged a boy, he explained, slinging his cap with unnecessary violence into the darkest corner of the room.

"I could 'a tol' ye that 'twant no use to go after a place two hours after 'twas advertised," grumbled Tom, and the gloom went round.

But with the next morning came the deaconess, flushed, smiling, and out of breath with her rapid walk. Teddy was to have the place after all. The man had called upon her early that morning to say that yesterday's boy had proved a dismal failure, and that he had liked Teddy's "modest manner and gentlemanly address so well"—this with a smiling glance at Teddy, which he acknowledged with a blush—that he had decided to offer him the next chance. Ted had not left his address, but fortunately had given the deaconess' name as reference. The man had come to her, and she to avoid possible mistakes, had come herself to tell Teddy that the place awaited him if he could go at once.

This time all went well. Ted was

engaged at three dollars a week, and grew perceptibly in dignity and inches, for upon him now devolved the principal maintenance of the little family at No. 13 McCorkle's Alley.

One evening shortly thereafter, Ted confided to Nellie as the result of mature deliberation, that the deaconess was a "brick," she had a "lot o' common-sense," and "didn't pester a feller all the time about goin' to Sunday-school and bein' good."

"But you know, Teddy," ventured Nellie cautiously, "that that's what she wants you to do after all." Then, with a violent effort, she went on, "I do wish you'd let her talk to you about Jesus, Teddy. She's done me a world o' good. I couldn't never 'a' stood what I have if it hadn't been for what she taught me about Him and His always standin' by to help us."

"Oh, bother," grumbled Ted. "That's all right if you like it, but the churches ain't for the likes of us, and Tom and me we know it. I'm goin' to bed."

But a few days later an event occurred which completely revolutionized Teddy's relation to society. A brown paper parcel was left at the Breens'. It bore the label of one of the leading clothing firms of the city. Opened, it displayed a natty brown wool suit, knee pants and jacket and a smart cap to match. They were just Teddy's size, and a card within was addressed "To the Principal Business Man at No. 13 McCorkle's Alley." Nellie looked on, her face radiant. "Oh, Ted, I know Miss Westcott is at the bottom of it," she exclaimed.

But Ted sat down regarding the new clothes in utter stupefaction. Then he took them up cautiously and measured them, holding them against himself; then he gazed upon the creases which advertised them as brand new store clothes—the first he had ever handled—with something akin to awe; and at length at Nellie's suggestion he went into the little bedroom and arrayed himself in them. He returned transformed, a little gentleman, a princeling. His eyes glowed, his hands trembled a little. He surveyed himself in the smoky glass over the sink and finally said, in a low, suppressed tone, "Say, I'm goin' to the deaconess' Sunday-school next Sunday."

(To be continued.)



THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY F. CHARLTON.



NE of the exquisite surprises nature keeps in store for us is snow. She loves effects — transformation scenes—like the eternal child she is. Nothing pleases her better than a new dress. Her autumn splendours, the yearly riot of colour in which she indulges, are over: woods, lately brilliant, stand bare to the blast. Frosts have nipped the last flowers in the garden, hollyhocks and dahlias are a draggled ruin. A few evergreens, and those foul-weather friends, the faithful pine-trees, alone remain green. It is a sad sepia-coloured world, brooded over by pallid skies. But the great queen will not long

go in home-spun. She is preparing herself a robe of "white samite, mystic, wonderful." Who has not felt keen delight at the wild, almost articulate, cry of the wind which presages a heavy fall, and, listening intently in the night, has distinguished the characteristic swish which tells that, not rain, but snow, is driving against the panes? It is a refinement of voluptuousness to know that a fierce snow-storm is wuthering without when you are snugly cuddled down in bed. If you are an epicure you give the reins to imagination, dwell with luxurious enjoyment upon the thought of all the unfortunates who may be exposed to the inclement weather. You picture solitary travellers across desolate moors, stumbling along in the teeth of the blinding drift until they sink down benumbed, unable to fight longer against the dread sleep that knows no waking—hapless seamen frozen stark in the rigging

whilst their ship drives upon an iron coast. A delicious shiver steals down your back as you pull the clothes more closely round you. If you are wise you will not remember that you have to turn out early next morning, but will console yourself, as did Browning's rejected lover, with the reflection: Who knows but the world may end to-night? Then you stray down the road to dreamland, devising for yourself a paradise of cosier, if less sensuous, delights than the Mohammedan—eternal repose in the drowsy ecstasy that comes between sleeping and waking, while a sublimated snowstorm of more than earthly violence for ever rages outside.

Perhaps the first snow of the year falls in the day-time. It is a grim, still day, the earth locked fast in the grip of a black frost. During the forenoon a few stray flakes wander about erratically. But it seems almost too cold to snow. Early in the afternoon, however, the air grows thicker—a grey woolly atmosphere; and presently the descent begins in earnest. There is hardly a breath stirring, no wind such as blowing over wide spaces pulverizes the soft down into dust as fine as sand in the desert. Large, white feathers fall unbroken. We go to the window and watch the bewildering whirl with dreamy pleasure. The children crowd round, shrieking with delight when we tell them that the old woman is plucking her geese. Fascinated, they press their faces close to the glass and gaze upwards into the depths of air peopled with myriads of eddying flakes. Faster and faster it snows, and the gloom deepens. Nothing can be seen now from the window but that soft riot of flying, fluttering, falling snow-petals. And we turn to the fire-lit room, the warm hearth, the snug chair, with enhanced enjoyment.

The morning after a heavy snow-fall it is as though a new heaven and a new earth had been created overnight. The leaden sky of the day before is gone; the faint-red chimneys, snow-covered roofs and spires, stand out from a background of pale turquoise. The air is refined to thin purity; it steals into the blood like an elixir. Silence—the silence of trance, not death—muffles the world.

The usual noises sound faint and far away. The "mesmerizer snow" has put the earth to sleep.

The most familiar landscape wears a strangely different aspect. Landmarks are blotted out, the valleys are literally exalted, the hedge is hardly distinguishable from the field it encloses.

Our garden is transformed into a grove of white coral, each branch, each little twig, a crystal fantasy. Common things are idealized into beauty, or distorted into grotesque. There is something freakish and fanciful about the snow, as if it were a game of nature's in which she displays roguish and madcap humours. It may be her substitute for the sand in which children revel so. So she banks it up over the garden mounds for castles, turns the posts in the yard into snow-men, powders the roofs and windows of the houses with it in wild caprice, and sometimes, just to show what she can do when she has a mind, decks the clothes-line along its entire length with a tracery of inch-deep fairy white.

What a pity it seems that her airy fancies should have to be demolished, that we must go out and sweep off the lovely bloom with which she has veiled our sordidness. And yet what occupation is more exhilarating than shovelling away snow? We owe to it a sensation of fresh piquancy. The middle-aged man whistles like a boy over his task, and even, laying down his spade, sends a surreptitious snow-ball at his opposite neighbour engaged in the same occupation. The wonder of dazzling whiteness in which he stands rejuvenates him unawares. To quote from the little known poems of Robert Bridges:

"For now doors open, and war is waged
with the snow;
And trains of sombre men, past tale of
number,
Tread long brown paths, as towards their
toil they go:
But even for them awhile no cares en-
cumber
Their minds diverted; the daily word un-
spoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow
slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets
them, for the charm they have
broken."

THE GOSPEL OF THE INFANCY.



THE HOLY NIGHT.

-By Bouguereau.

We do not refer to that apocryphal book in which are recorded many signs and wonders connected with the birth of Jesus, for which there is no Scripture warrant, but to that perpetual gospel of gladness which is preached to all the world at Christmastide. This blessed gospel of God's grace has been made the theme of sacred art from the rude carvings of the Catacombs down to the latest Christmas magazine. The great painters of all ages have brought their choicest gifts, the gold and frankincense and myrrh of their art, to lay at the feet of the Divine Child. For Raphael's exquisite Madonna and child the British nation paid the sum of \$350,000, for the Sistine Madonna it would gladly give much more.

Of this gospel of the infancy Dean Farrar beautifully says: "The story of the birth and childhood of Jesus the Christ, told with such wonderful simplicity and purity in the gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, has made a most profound impression upon the heart of the world. It has created new ideals of taste and conduct; new forms of grace and beauty; yes, we may even say that it has created a new kind of love and a distinct type of loveliness. It has given a new theme to poet and painter—a theme of which ancient art and literature knew comparatively little, and showed but few and faint traces. Childhood has only begun to 'come to its own,' in the works of art, as well as in the deeds of charity, since men have heard and believed the story of the Christ-child."

We present a few examples out of the many hundreds in existence of these pictures of which the world will never grow weary. The second of these is the quaint and odd little picture by Giotto, one of the earliest of the Italian masters. It is almost infantile in its character. The sheep are decidedly wooden, the figures are very



THE NATIVITY.

-By Giotto.

The Gospel of the Infancy.



THE NATIVITY.

—By Le Rolle.

stiff. "But the sentiment of the picture," says Dean Farrar, "is perfect, and it is expressed with the simplicity of genius. The young mother is reaching out her arms to lay her newborn babe for the first time in his strange cradle. There is a tenderness of love, a wondering of solicitude, in her face and in her touch, that none but a poet could have ever conceived. Three of the angels above the stable are lifting up their hands in adoration — 'Glory to God in the highest'—one of them is stooping to tell the shepherds his glad tidings of 'good-will to men,' but the fifth angel bends with folded hands of silent reverence above the holy place of the Nativity, and we feel that here indeed is 'peace on earth,' a peace of which every mother's heart knows something when she looks on the face of her firstborn child."

Our first picture is by Bouguereau, a modern French artist. All the light

in the painting comes from the manger-cradle of the Divine Child; shepherds bring their humble offerings, the firstlings of the flock, and kneel with adoration on the blessed ground of Bethlehem.

Still more primitive in its conception is the Nativity, by Le Rolle, another French artist. The scene is set in the rudest kind of shed, where, upon a bed of straw, which is shared by the Virgin and the ass, the Lord of life and light is born. What a contrast between the outward seeming and the meaning of this sublime event! The old legend reads that the very stars in the firmament stood still to sweep around the axis of the world. The heavens themselves emptied as "suddenly there was born the angel a multitude of the host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace, good-will toward men.'"



THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

THE NATIVITY.

*Novus rex, nova lex,
Nova natalitia :*

Night of wonder, night of glory,
Night all solemn and serene,
Night of old prophetic story,
Such as time has never seen :
Sweetest darkness, softest blue,
That these fair skies ever knew.

Night of beauty, night of gladness,
Night of nights—of nights the best,
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest :
Holy midnight, beaming peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Blessed, blessed Bethlehem !
Least, yet greatest, noblest, rarest,
Judah's ever sparkling gem :
Out of thee there comes the light
That dispelleth all our night.

Now thy King to thee descendeth,
Borne upon a woman's knee ;
To thy gates His steps He bendeth,

*Novus dux, nova lux,
Nova fit luttitia.—Old Hymn.*

To the manger cometh He :
David's Lord and David's Son,
This His cradle and His throne.

He, the lowliest of the lowly,
To our sinful world has come ;
He, the holiest of the holy,
Cannot find a human home.

All for us He yonder lies,
All for us He lives and dies.

Babe of weakness, child of glory,
At Thy cradle thus we bow ;
Poor and sad Thy earthly story,
Yet the King of glory Thou :
By all heaven and earth adored,
David's Son and David's Lord.

Light of life, Thou liest yonder,
Shining in Thy heavenly love :
Naught from Thee our souls shall sunder.

Nought from us shall Thee remove.
Take these hearts and let them be
Throne and cradle both to Thee !

—*Horatius Bonar.*

LITTLE PETE'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.



LEASE, lady, gimme a flowah."

"Cah'y yo' sachel, lady? Do it fo' fi' cents. Oh, please, lady."

Besieged on either side at once, I surrendered at discretion, yielding my hand-bag to the author of the business proposition, and my bouquet of late goldenrod and purple asters, in toto, to his companion. The former was a wee picaninny, the broad brim of whose straw hat surrounded his little black face like a halo, and whose absurdly short legs were suggestive of nothing so much as a veritable brownie. The girl wore her kinky hair in a braid that curved outward and upward like the handle to a piece of grotesque ebony bric-a-brac. Her faded calico hung limply about her thin figure, stopping just short of a pair of broad, flat feet. she took the flowers, evidently surprised at her success, and glanced into my face, her elfish eyes eloquent with delight.

"Where do you live?" I asked, by way of being sociable.

"Jes' down yeah in Peck's Coah't," she said; then, with a sudden access of confidence, "You be's de lady what comes to see Viny Petehsen's mammy, be'n't yeh?"

"The identical one," I replied. "So you live near Vina Peterson, do you? Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No'p; wha' fo' we go to Sunday-school?" she answered, diplomatically.

"Oh, all children ought to go to Sunday-school. They learn to sing and to march, and ever so many things. They learn about the Lord Jesus there, too. Do you know about Him?"

The "brownie," struggling manfully along with my hand-bag, looked up suddenly from under the big hat.

"Be yo' a Jesus lady?" he asked, solemnly.

"I try to be," I answered.

"Dah was a lady tole us 'bout Him once in the mission."

"La, yes; me'n li'le Pete use to go to de mission. Dat was much as

ten yeah ago—cr sax, moah like. But sence we live down hyah we doan go no moah."

"That's a pity. I'll come some day and talk it over with your mother, and see if you can't begin again."

But alas for promises recklessly made! Thanksgiving work came on apace; sick calls multiplied; demands for work of all sorts kept heart and brain and hands busy, and days and weeks slipped by. It was in late December, and the air was full of flying frost-flakes, when I walked again in the vicinity of Peck's Court. Suddenly I spied a familiar figure, and heard a softly insinuating voice.

"Please, lady, has yo' got any mo' of dem yellah flowahs?"

It was Phyllis, but she was alone.

"Why, bless you, child, the goldenrod was gone long ago. Where is little Pete?"

"Li'le Pete's sick, lady. He's mighty awful sick, an' ma'am doan know what she's gwine t' do."

I paused, taking a rapid mental inventory of the day's doings—finished, on hand, and still to be done. But this might be urgent.

"I'll go and see him, if you like, now—with you. Show me the way."

For answer, she took my hand, and I felt the chill of her bare fingers through my warm lined glove. She led me into the Court, where the whirling wind mingled dust and soot and flying papers with the pure snow-flakes. We climbed a rude flight of outside stairs, and pushed open a door which hung loosely upon its hinges. I saw a tumbled bed on the floor in the corner, and upon it little Pete, his cheeks burning with fever, and his dark eyes heavy and languid. A look of recognition brightened them as I entered the room, and he murmured:

"Lady—has yo' got any mo' dem—yallah flowahs?"

I knelt on the floor and stroked the hot forehead. "Do you want some flowers very much, little man?"

But eyes and thoughts wandered again, and he only muttered and moaned uneasily. There were no sheets on the bed, only a ragged patchwork quilt, and Little Pete wore the clothes he wore in the street.



"PLEASE, LADY, GIMME A FLOWAH."

"Isn't your mother at home, Phyllis?" I asked.

"No'm; she stayed to home sence li'le Pete got sick tell to-day, but dis mawnin' dey wasn't nufin' to eat in de house, an' she had t' go to work. She 'lowed she'd come home eahly an' bring sumfin' to eat, an' like as not she'll get us sumfin' fo' Christmas. Dat's to-morrow, you know."

It was three o'clock, and quite dark already, for over against the one window rose the dingy wall of a higher building. The little room was cold and bare, but clean. An antiquated

glass, stood against one wall. On another, at about the height of the children's heads, was tacked a highly-coloured lithograph, in which bedizened beauties of the vaudeville order played an important part. Bless the innocent hearts that see only the grace, and eliminate the gracelessness! Beneath the picture a box covered with gay chintz did duty for a table, and on it stood a bottle holding two or three stalks of goldenrod, faded, and fluffy, and dry, but still retaining some hint of its autumnal glory. It was evidently the children's corner—their pitiful altar to that

for which their little starved
earned.

At the chill of the room, I
“Haven't you any coal,
”

“; ma'am 'lowed she'd get
al to-night, if she got her

That precious one day's
which must buy food, and coal,
mf'n' fo' Christmas”!

“His,” said I, “I'm going out,
must stay right here with lit-
till I come back. Will you?”

“I will,” she replied, duti-
id I hurried to the nearest
re and telephoned for a phy-
nd also to the Home for
nd pillowcases, and a flannel

Then to a grocery, where I
d some needful articles of
ying for them from the small
“emergency money” I had by

hen I halted before a florist's
—a perfect bower of roses,
nilax, Christmas violets, and

worth their weight in gold.
d the cards on which prices
rked, and then examined, with
ng eye, the contents of my
all pocket-book. I could not

gency money for such un-
y luxuries as flowers at
is time, but, nevertheless, a
ey should have. Was it not

ned who said, “If I had but
loaf of bread I would sell
it and buy a hyacinth to feed
”?

And a greater than Mo-
had said, “Is not the life
an meat?”

cted three “Gold of Ophir”
elr yellow cups half-open, and
d-red Jacqueminot. Then I

k, impatient of every step that
d me from the stairway in
Court.

ere, little Pete,” I cried, tear-
the voluminous tissue paper
gs, “these are for you; take
ght in your hands, if you want

ok them weakly, and the
quid eyes flashed a look of
s gratitude into my face, and
nce the price I had paid for
ers seemed pitifully small and

ou a Jesus lady?” he asked
olemnlly; and again I replied,
“I hope so, dear.”

Phyllis,” I said, “I'll stay
d you go and tell your mother
home as soon as possible, and

not to stop to buy food or coal. I
have ordered enough for a few days,
and she will need her money, for she
must not leave little Pete again while
he is so sick.”

“Yes'm,” and almost before the
words were uttered she had vanished.

An hour later, when the mother came
hurrying home from her work, I had

my little patient resting between
snowy sheets in a clean, warm gown,
a wet cloth on his throbbing head, and

one yellow rose still held in his weak
fingers. I was quite ready to resign

my charge to her care, but she took
my hand in both hers.

“De Lawd bless you, lady! You
fix up my boy like dat, an' you give
him such cos'ly flowahs, jes' lak rich
folks. My chilluns, dey's wild about
flowahs; de roses'll make Chris'mus
for all us, fo' suah.”

But little Pete was nearer the end
than even I anticipated. Next morn-
ing, while the Christmas bells were

ringing, and the yet unsoiled snow
clung to gable and cornice, I hast-
ened back to the Court. The mother

met me with swollen eyes. The doc-
tor had been there and had given no
hope. He should have been called

three days earlier, he said. The
child was evidently sinking, but he

knew me, and murmured something
about “Dem yallah flowahs.” I placed
them in his hand again, the gold and
the blood-red, and he smiled drowsily

as his fingers closed over them. A
few minutes later he opened his eyes
wildly and threw up his hands.

“Mammy!” he cried; “mammy,
I'se afraid.”

She bent over him, sobbing.

“Don't be afraid, little Pete,” I
said; “I think you're going to see
Jesus. But mamma is here, hold-
ing your hand, and the Lord Jesus
will come to meet you. You won't
be afraid with Him, will you?”

There was a flickering, convulsive
smile on the babyish face, and he
murmured:

“I'll give Him—de—yallah flowahs.”

“Yes; give Him the roses, dear
—with my love.” and the little voy-
ageur was gone on his long journey.

There were festive scenes in many
a fair home that day, and the Christ-
child was honoured in grand cathed-
rals, but I think heaven and earth
came nearest together in that little
room in Peck's Court.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

BY IAN MACLAREN (THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.)



PERHAPS the most complete definition of God in all theology is contained in the Catechism of the Scots Kirk ; and it runs, "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being ; wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

According to a pleasant story, the divines of the Westminster Assembly were so overcome with the majesty of the subject that they besought God by one of their number to illuminate their minds, and the Scots minister who offered prayer used those very words in calling upon God. They were accepted, so the story runs, as a direct inspiration, and it may safely be said that by the standard of theology there could not be a more perfect description of God.

And yet, if one should dare to criticise this noble utterance, it has one defect. It satisfies the intellect, it does not touch the heart ; it is theology, a study in pure being ; it is not religion, for it barely suggests a person. With all its careful selection of attributes, it does not from beginning to end mention love—the word which of all others one would have expected, and which embraces all attributes. When one desires to exercise his mind, he can find no better guide ; when one's heart is broken, he will find this answer a marble pillow on which to rest. Why did not the learned divines, if one may venture to criticise such eminent and pious personages, inquire of that apostle who once laid his head on Jesus' bosom and felt the heart of God beat ? Suppose they had taken the words of St. John, and written "God is love" ? What ailed them at his description, who had lain in God's bosom ?

Suppose they had heard Jesus, and had written "Our Father in heaven." Would it not have made a difference in many hearts and homes if generation after generation of children had been asked, "What is God ?" and learned to answer for their life long, "God is love." No doubt the God of the Catechism and of the Gospel is one, just as the Matterhorn is one mountain from its summit to the valley beneath ; but the lofty peaks of
 ...tering snow are not for any save

the trained climbers of the race, and even some of them have missed their footing and been dashed to pieces in the perilous ascent. Many of us cannot breathe at such an altitude, and find ourselves at home in the clefts of the everlasting hills, where, in some sheltered place, the sun shines warmly, and the pure mountain flowers are blooming. We would lose our heads in speculations regarding the being of God, but we hide ourselves in His protecting and encomforting love, who is to us more than father and mother, husband and friend.

THE HEART OF GOD.

After a glimpse into the divine heart we know also that we have a sympathetic God. It is hard enough in any case to pray unto One whom we cannot see, and it is beyond our faith if we imagine Him sitting far withdrawn in His heaven, and untouched by this world's agony, which breaks beneath His feet as the spray of a storm upon a cliff. How can a transcendent God understand us, any more than we can enter into the feelings of an insect on which we placed our foot this morning ? But a God immanent in us, who is affronted by every sin and wounded by every ill-usage, draws out our heart. He knows, He feels, because He has shared and has suffered. He also stretched out His hand and no man regarded ; He has been betrayed and put to shame in His own house ; He carries upon Him the burden of this world's care ; He has had prodigal children, and been broken-hearted by His own friends ; He also has been misunderstood, deserted, persecuted, insulted.

What trial of man has not also been the trial of God ? What sorrow has not been felt by God ? What sin has not been committed against Him also ? Behold ! before we pray He has heard us, not only because His ear is open to our cry, but because already in our affliction He has been afflicted.

"Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
 And thy Maker is not by ;
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,
 And thy Maker is not here.

"O He gives to us His joy
 That our grief He may destroy,
 Till our grief is fled and gone
 He doth sit by us and moan."

A NOBLE LIFE.



WALTER E. H. MASSEY.

With the death of Mr. W. E. H. Massey has passed away one of the best friends of Canadian Methodism. For a man so young (he was only thirty-seven) he had accomplished a great deal of work. Had God spared his useful life, he bade fair to accomplish vastly more. But God saw otherwise. His short life was a singularly happy one. Some men, born to affluence as he was, would have sought a life of ignoble ease, or of more ignoble pleasure. Not so Walter E. H. Massey. His life has been one of strenuous toil up to and beyond the measure of his strength.

From a wise father he early learned the dignity and blessedness of work. Having a love for literature and scientific research, he entered on a university course at Boston in his nineteenth year. On the death of his oldest brother, Mr. C. A. Massey, he relinquished these cherished dreams, and in his twentieth year entered the great business with which the rest of his life was to be so intimately associated. On the death of his father, in 1896, he became president of the Massey-Harris Company, and took an active part in the management of other great manufacturing industries. Even his leisure and recreation were turned to useful purposes. He created near Toronto a beautiful

model farm, which he stocked with the finest grade of cattle.

In Walter E. H. Massey the man and the Christian were more than even the merchant and manufacturer. He grew up in a Methodist household, surrounded by the best and sweetest associations of Christian family life. The sons of the household used especially to delight in paying their tribute of affection to a mother's love and a mother's devotion. As a young man Mr. W. E. H. Massey became identified with Sunday-school and church work. While making a business tour of the world, and especially while visiting the sacred scenes of the life and labours of our Lord, he found time to write home a series of very interesting and instructive letters to his Bible-class. His interest in young men never ceased. For ten years he has conducted a young men's Bible league in connection with the Central Methodist Church, which has grown to a membership of nearly one hundred. To this league his best thought and study was devoted. In addition to their religious instruction, he promoted in every possible way the social and intellectual welfare of the members of the league. His beautiful home was generously thrown open to them, and he gave many instructive lectures and entertainments in their behalf.

Another object in which he was intensely interested was the Fred Victor Mission, the memorial of a deceased brother. This busy man of affairs, with many large business interests on his hands, still found time to give much personal attention to this Christian enterprise, and to give occasional lectures for the instruction and social betterment of the poor. He was an expert photographer, and found great pleasure in illustrating his lectures with stereopticon enlargements of his own photographs.

Mr. W. E. H. Massey was a generous giver, but more precious than the money value of his gifts was the sympathetic and kindly spirit in which they were bestowed—the gift of his time, his toil, himself, to these manifold philanthropies with which he was connected. The kind-hearted letter which accompanied his munificent gift to the Twentieth Century Fund is an

illustration of the enhanced value of such gifts.

Mr. Massey was a sagacious and prudent counsellor, and a man of courage and enterprise in the councils of the Church as well as in great commercial affairs.

Upon the sacredness of his domestic life we may not intrude. Never has the sweet idyl of the home been more beautifully illustrated than in the private life in which, amid the manifold cares of business, he found solace and joy. It seems a strange providence that so useful a life should be so soon cut off, that his sun should go down at noon-day, but God's ways are past finding out. Like the Psalmist we can only say, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because thou didst it." His noble life is not ended. Through his personal influence and example he still exerts a benign and potent spell in moulding the life and character of those who came within the sphere of his influence.

Seldom have the tributes of the press given more unstinted praise than those bestowed on Mr. W. E. H. Massey. The Daily Globe makes the following reference to his noble life:

"Mr. Massey's name was widely known and respected not only by reason of his prominent connection with the great manufacturing industry which has spread its operations over every continent and among the islands of the sea, but it was beloved and revered among those engaged in the work of evangelization in every part of the empire because of the deep interest and practical sympathy he displayed in every movement for the uplifting of his fellowmen."

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

A peculiarly impressive service was that when over a thousand of the workmen of the Massey-Harris Company, and many mourning friends, filled the Central Methodist Church, in which Mr. Massey worshipped.

In his admirable address at the funeral, the Rev. W. H. Hincks said: "As a key to his character let me mention that he was pre-eminently a

man of prayer. This was so marked in his life and was one of the secrets of his calm amidst the strenuous life he lived in the business world. Many of you knew him as a man who administered the largest manufactory of its kind in the British Empire, touching from his desk Australia, Germany, France, Austria, Great Britain, and this vast Dominion. We knew him in the evening at his home, and at his prayer service, where in the church he touched the throne of God in simple, direct, earnest prayer. About his prayer there was always a deep, earnest humility, tenderness, reverence, and self-effacement. He greatly prized the privilege of ministering to others in eternal things. The Bible-class on his Dentonia Park Farm, at which some seventy of his employees and friends gathered every Sunday during the summer, was an example of this.

LESSONS FROM HIS LIFE.

"Mr. Massey put home before wealth; business never starved out the lover in him, business never starved out the father in him, and never starved out his communionship with his family. You see him with the swing of commercial victory, conquering in all his business and philanthropic enterprises. I see him standing in the bedroom of his sleeping children, with his wife by his side. He revealed the unspoiled heart of fatherhood, untarnished by business and worldly honour, as he said, 'This looking at my children asleep is one of the luxuries of my life.' Amid the rush and roar of commerce, the faces of wife and children were ever before him, and were second only to his love of God and truth.

"The great lesson to all business men from Mr. Massey's life is: Put first things first; put Christ before even business; put wife and little children before business; put your health before business; stamp every dollar you have as perishable, and to be used for God and man; and, while you can live to use it, do good."

Come sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!

—*Sir P. Sidney.*

MR. STEAD'S NEW CRAZE.

Mr. Stead seems never so happy as when prophesying evil against his own country. His latest craze in this line is his character-sketch of President Theodore Roosevelt, in the October number of *The Review of Reviews*. He has found in him the paragon of all the virtues, the man who has not a peer in Great or Greater Britain. the man who, if Mr. Stead's vaticinations are correct, is destined to become the head of the whole English-speaking world.

To show that we do not exaggerate we quote Mr. Stead's own words :

" We have no one, crowned or uncrowned, who can compare as a popular hero with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. . . . Mr. Roosevelt has in him the stuff of which popular heroes are made, genuine stuff without any stuffing, whereas in this Old Country we have only such sorry substitutes as Colonel Baden-Powell and the Earl of Rosebery.

" Seriously speaking, it is quite possible that the democracy of Great and Greater Britain may come to regard with more personal liking and genuine admiration the new American President than any of our home-bred sovereigns or statesmen. . . . We have only Edward the Seventh at Windsor. Whereas, at Washington, they have for the first time a President young, ardent, magnetic, successful, and full of fire and 'go.' . . . When to the attraction of the superior magnitude of the United States there is added the magnetic attractiveness of the new President, who can venture to predict the result ?

" It is probable that the first to feel the full force of this new factor will be the colonies. . . . Mr. Roosevelt stands before all these new Commonwealths as the proved type of virile energy, of fighting efficiency, and of administrative success." Is it not rather premature to speak of his " administrative success " before he has been a month in office? " How long will it be before they will begin to wonder whether, after all, it might be more to their interest to stand in with the bigger concern and to follow the lead of Roosevelt rather than dawdle

on any longer with the supe old Grandmotherland ?

" If such reflections shou the hearts of our colonists, is certain. They will m reciprocal advances from t House. Mr. Roosevelt h made any secret of his convi there, is no room for John B western hemisphere. . . . it be pretended that Theodo velt is a man to shrink from sword to carry out his politic

" It is true that the Monro ' at present ' is not held to n giving instant notice to qui Bull from the American . But it might easily come to did, Mr. Roosevelt would fi moral justification for a wa Canada from England in th of the Canadians."

Let Mr. Stead speak for hi not for Great or Greater Brit British commonwealths thro world have just shown the in their loyalty to the great r nations from which they hav The royal progress around t of their future Sovereign, l them the opportunity to p devotion to the crown and the King. The blood of Fr English-Canadians, of Austra New Zealanders, shed upon t veldt of Africa, has cemented pire as nothing has ever do The Premier of the Doml just stated that no more deputations shall wait on tl ington Government seeki procity. We look to the M for the development of our l the perpetuation of our ins The Honourable John Charl ber of the late Internation Commission, has just told York merchants the same th suppose the ignorant Boers, v Stead has been stuffing with two years, are willing to a rot, but no other men in tl outside of a lunatic asylum so. President Roosevelt an gent Americans would be th scorn and scout the mad ma of Mr. W. T. Stead.

Current Topics and Events.

THE MILLS GRIND SLOWLY.

The prolonged and difficult work of wearing out the Boers by sheer attrition goes wearily on. "British troops are piteously ambushed, ingloriously sniped, cruelly derailed, shot down in some ragged skirmish" by men who often masquerade in British uniform. "The colonial troops and mounted troops spend themselves in desperate rides hunting down an enemy that ever divides, escapes, vanishes, reappears." But despite the cost of war in treasure and in blood the fixed resolve that "never again" shall such an attack at Britain's suzerainty be possible, abates not a jot.

The action of the great powers anticipates to some extent the verdict of history. Notwithstanding the international jealousies of Great Britain, the ceaseless activities by Boer envoys, at every chancellery in Europe, and the racial sympathies for the Dutch, no nation has ventured to impeach the justice of Britain's position in this unhappy conflict. An envenomed press, it is true, in large part suborned by the enormous secret service money of the Boers, pursues its loathsome campaign of lies. The London Daily Mail describes the mendacious methods by which the Groebiers, the Fischers, the Leyds, inundate the continental press with stories of British atrocities and British massacres. It is amazing that otherwise reputable American papers, even religious papers, will print and often endorse this tissue of lies. The ignorant Boers are still further deluded by talk of intervention, now that Russia, and now China, has declared war against England, that the King is a fugitive, that Cape Town is captured.

An Associated Press despatch states that in the course of the last year about 7,000 soldiers, both officers and men, from the armies of Europe have joined the Boer fighting forces in South Africa.

Add to these the scum and scoundrelism from the slums of European cities, attracted by the Boer gold, and some explanation of the prolonged conflict will be gained.

Mr. Kruger, when asked what he would do if an arbitration went

against the Boers, is credited with saying, "We should take up arms again. We should never never submit to the results of arbitration if they were unfavourable to us."

Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary for War, states that everything possible is being done for the refugees, but no Government can secure the inhabitants of a country from privation when a small number of desperate men are sparing no means to render it uninhabitable.

FOREIGN METHODS.

German students are bitterly protesting against Mr. Chamberlain's reference to the cruelties of the Franco-Prussian War, which they utterly deny. They had better read the confessions of the man of blood and iron, whom they so much admire, Prince Bismarck. In the secret history of the Prince by his secretary, Dr. Busch, with wearisome iteration he describes Bismarck's truculence.

"The proper strategy," he says, "is in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace and force the Government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep over the war."

Speaking of the franc-tireurs, or un-uniformed peasant fighters, "It will come to this," said Bismarck, "that we will shoot down every male inhabitant." Whole towns and villages were burned, and at Bazeille many of the inhabitants.

When it was rumoured that Garibaldi and thirteen thousand of his volunteers had been made prisoners, the Prince grimly remarked, "That is really disheartening. Why have they not been shot?"

"There is no doubt," he writes, "but for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed, and would not now have been mourned by parents, brothers, sisters, and widows." Bismarck complains that the sentimentality of the Queen of England, and the interference of Queen Augusta, delayed the bombardment of Paris.

Dutch and Belgian papers bitterly denounce the British, while Holland has carried on for twenty years a ruthless war against the natives of its ancient

Current Topics and Events.

colony of Java, and the savagery of the Belgians on the Congo is, an American writer in *The Outlook* affirms, "one of death-dealing cruelty and wholesale burning of villages." In one raid two hundred native villages were burned. Kitchener, it is true, burned Boer farms which, under protection of the white flag, were made an ambush for sniping at the British, and for concealing combatants and weapons, but he never swept the scythe of destruction over such vast areas as did Sherman in his raid through Georgia.

"GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD."

Every humane instinct recoils from the suffering endured alike by Britain and Boer, but single battles in the Franco-Prussian and American Civil Wars slew many more men than the whole South African campaign.

We seek not to minify this suffering, but to point out the injustice of the accusations of the bloodthirstiness of the British. War is at best a cruel thing, the last and most dreadful appeal. All the more wicked is its wanton precipitation. But never was war waged with greater clemency to the conquered than in South Africa. The British long for peace, and are eager to bestow upon the Boers ampler liberty than they ever had before—save only in the right to oppress alike blacks and Outlanders. For such a peace great numbers of the Boers equally long, and such a peace they all may have as soon as the irreconcilables lay down their arms—not before.

We share the feeling expressed by Canon Holland: We may cherish the memory of that scene which Mr. Paul Bull has recorded in *The Chronicle*, when Boers and British stood together, in the clear morning light, round the graves of two English lads slain in fight, and sang the English hymn that was familiar to both—

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide."

May we not hope that the two peoples may yet stand round the open grave of the war, into which they will have cast for burial all the bitter thoughts of hatred and of strife; and may join hands, and hearts, and voices, in prayer to God to pardon all that has driven them so fatally asunder?

A GREAT EXPLORER.

Mr. Peary's sledge journey on his last expedition, says *Opinion*, resulted in another conspicuous addition to our knowledge of arctic geography. Greenland is the largest island in the world. With the neighbouring islands geographically pertaining to Greenland land mass comprises probably nearly half of the total area of all the arctic islands. The coast of Greenland, extending for thousands of miles, have not been outlined, except the comparatively short stretch between Inglefield Bay, discovered by Peary in 1897,



LIEUT. R. E. PEARY.

ago, and Cape Bismarck, on the west coast. In addition to his coasting, he has travelled 2,400 miles inland ice cap. Two expeditions have attained a higher latitude in the western part of the Arctic than in the less eastern part of the Arctic, but whether or not Peary will do so next year in equalling or surpassing the approach to the pole made by the eastern hemisphere, he will all the same be known as the pioneer who has made the far larger additions to our knowledge of the extreme northern lands of the world than any other explorer.

LI HUNG CHANG.

With the death of Li Hung Chang has passed away the most prominent man in the Celestial Empire. He has been described as the greatest statesman China has ever produced.



LI HUNG CHANG.

a man to be ranked with Bismarck and Gladstone. With the former he is perhaps comparable in his capacity for duplicity and truculence; but he has slight resemblance to the high-minded British statesman who "reverenced his conscience as his king."

THE TIGER TAMED.

The crushing defeat of Tammany is an omen of brightest augury for civic righteousness, not only in New York, but in every place where the power of the saloon and gambling den has clutched the keys of government and despoiled the people of their rights. The long fight maintained by such men as Reis, Parkhurst, Roosevelt, and other lovers of their kind, against bossism, corruption, and fraud, has achieved a signal victory. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The Tammany tiger is very tenacious of life. The spoils of office are a tempting bait. The modern problem of civic government is one of the most difficult of solution. But the civic reforms that have been won in Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, and even in that modern Babylon, London, show that an aroused public opinion, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, and strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, can conquer selfishness

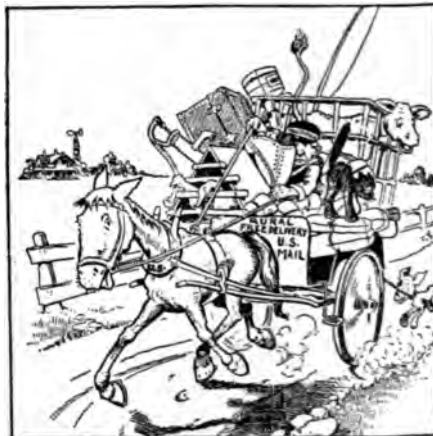
and greed, and enthrone justice and righteousness.

Mr. Reis shows us how the provision for the schools and play-grounds of the poor, and even for the protection of common decency in the tenement barracks, has long been frustrated by the greed of Tammany. What a picture we have in the prophecies of Ezekiel of civic righteousness in the description of boys and girls playing in the streets of Jerusalem, and what a city, whose streets are fit to be their play-ground.

PARCELS POST.

A German manufacturer can ship an eleven-pound package from Germany to any State in the Union cheaper than it can be shipped from New York City. England, which has a parcels-post treaty with nearly every civilized nation on earth, exported \$20,500,000 worth of merchandise through the parcels post last year.

There are many millions of people in the United States who live at a distance from any express office, and, consequently, when anything is sent to them they must go for it in person or procure the services of some neighbour or friend. In rural localities, where excursions to railroad stations are not an every-day occurrence, it often proves very aggravating to be compelled to suspend the performance of important duties, and make a special trip to a distant express office for one little package, which, perchance, is very much needed.



UNITED STATES PARCEL POST.

YALE BICENTENARY.

The victories of peace are more glorious than those of war. Yale University has just celebrated its bicentenary. In two hundred years it has cost less than the creation and maintenance of a first-class ship of war. Yet what incomparable service it has rendered the country—what a potent influence upon national life! Four of its graduates were in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, three are to-day on the Supreme Court, and many hundreds have been trained within its walls to higher thinking and nobler living.

"Yale," says the Chicago Post, "ceaselessly searched for truth; with untiring energy she forced her way into the homes of the land, into the counting-room, the factory, the market, and the shop; with unwavering determination she fought for the best in citizenship, in government, in learning, and at the fireside."

Our colleges and universities are the best bulwarks of our national greatness.

It is reported that the 600 school-teachers recently sent to the Philippines took with them a lot of revolvers, and twenty thousand rounds of ammunition. One facetious writer describes the schoolmaster as carrying two or three revolvers, bowie knives, and a mountain howitzer. "Verily," he adds, "they are well prepared to teach the young idea how to shoot."

We refer elsewhere to the bitter criticism which President Roosevelt has received for the crime of dining with the foremost representative of the coloured people of the United States. This criticism, by a rabid section of the Southern press, seems

all the more absurd since attention has been called to other distinguished occasions on which Booker Washington has been entertained. In his biography, he says, in England, at Windsor, he and his wife were the guests of Queen Victoria. He was also the guest of Bishop Potter, President Eliot, of Harvard University, and entertained at his own table President McKinley. President Roosevelt and Mr. Washington can both afford to treat with contempt the rabid criticism of a few fire-eating Southern editors.

The generous gift of \$10,000 by Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, to Toronto University, the recent gift of \$50,000 to Trinity University, the generous donations to Victoria and Queen's and McGill, and other great gifts in Canada, and still greater in the United States, are demonstrations that the sense of stewardship is being more widely felt among wealthy men. This spirit of broad human sympathy, of generous altruism, was never more strongly shown than in these later days.

We regret that the beautiful spectacle of the Pan-American involved a loss of about three million dollars. We are glad to know that the Glasgow Exposition netted a gain to the thrifty city on the Clyde of about the same amount. We note, as a coincidence, we do not affirm as a cause, of this discrepancy, that our friends at Buffalo outraged the Christian sentiment of the community by keeping the Exposition open on Sunday. The city of Glasgow, whose pious motto is, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," religiously closed the exhibition on the Lord's Day. There may be a more intimate relation between these facts than the scoffer and the scorner will admit.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Round the table, in the firelight, as the shadows come and go,
Fair and bright as are the angels, do our Christmas roses glow:
Our children's happy faces, our own smiling boys and girls,
With their eyes as bright as jewels, and their wealth of sunny curls.

God bless our "Christmas roses," our tender human flowers!
We thank Him who has granted such treasures to be ours.
God bless our "Christmas roses," from His own garden given,
To link us erring mortals with the golden gates of heaven!

Religious Intelligence.

MISSION BOARDS.

In the glorious month of October, when all nature is transfigured and bedecked with purple and gold, the great Missionary Societies of our Church have their annual assemblies. The General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church met in the town of St. Mary's, October 10. It held a very successful session. One of the most encouraging features was the report of the tidal wave of revival which is sweeping over the great empire of Japan. Many thousands of persons are inquiring the way of salvation, and there are being added to the church daily such as shall be saved. Steady progress towards the unity and solidarity of Methodism in the presence of a consolidated heathenism is being made.

The great disasters which befell mission work in China through the Boxer rebellion affected our own Church less heavily than many other Churches. While our missionaries were compelled for a time to leave their work, yet their property has been preserved intact, and the missionaries are already returning to their posts. The venerable Dr. Hart, who has thrice gone as leader of Methodist missions in that land, and has thrice been expelled from his field of work, though impaired in health, is as full of missionary zeal and energy as ever. The mission press, which he recently planted in Chentu, has already achieved a marked success. It has distributed many millions of pages of Gospel truth, and is capable of a very great expansion. His appeal on this behalf, recently published in The Guardian, should stir every soul and lead to the more vigorous support of this important propaganda of religious truth.

The income for the year is \$270,312.29, an increase in every item except that fluctuating one of legacies. Dr. Sutherland announced the rallying cry of the Church, the purpose of raising half a million for missions.

MISSIONARY FINANCE.

This seems a large amount, but the irrefragable logic of figures shows that this result may be accomplished by the trivial sum of a cent from each member of the

Church. The only difficulty is to get all to do their share—to arouse the multitudes who do little or nothing from their guilty apathy, to induce them to feel the luxury of doing something for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. The cent a day should be minimum—all can give this. Many now give ten times as much, and some give in our own Church a hundred, two hundred, three hundred times as much; and among our richer neighbours in the United States there are men who give over \$100 a day to the cause of God.

The New York Independent, speaking of the M. E. Church of the United States, says, "The financial resources of the Church, with its nearly 1,800,000 communicants, are scarcely touched. They never can be adequately reached under the present system or lack of system. Fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year would not be too much to expect from the Church if the Church had an opportunity to know its privilege and duty."

Money is poured out like water for the gratification of men's appetites or for frivolous pleasures. Men who spend from ten to fifty dollars a year for tobacco often plead that they cannot afford to give a dollar to save the world. The drink *bum* of Great Britain and the United States alone is \$1,450,000,000 a year—with twice as much more as the cost of the traffic—while the contributions of all the Protestant Churches of the world, for the conversion of the heathen, have never amounted to \$10,000,000 a year. The value of kid gloves imported into New York, says Mr. Croil, is ten times as much as the amount given by all the societies in America to foreign missionaries. In that city, it is said that \$7,000,000 are expended annually in theatre-going and kindred amusements, and that \$125,000,000 are expended annually in silks, satins, laces, and other fancy goods. There is money enough and to spare.

During the last ten years, the conversions, in proportion to the numbers employed, have been thirty times more numerous in heathen than in Christian lands. Lo! the fields wave white unto the harvest; let us pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into the harvest.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Woman's Missionary Society is unique in this respect, that it has its income all in hand before it spends a dollar. Indeed, during the last year it received in bank interest \$819. The General Society, on the other hand, has to pay out a very large sum in bank discounts in order to pay the claims of the missionaries. A large proportion of this could be saved if subscribers would only pay their money before Christmas, instead of many months later. What more appropriate Christmas offering could one make than to bring our gifts of gold, with the incense of frankincense and myrrh, the prayers of faith, to the feet of the world's Redeemer?

The past year has been the most successful in the history of the Woman's Missionary Society. Its total income from all sources was \$50,972.58; an increase on the previous year of \$8,410.30. Nearly \$4,000 of this increase was from the special Twentieth Century Fund offering. What a marvelous growth from the small beginnings of this Society only twenty years ago.

The W. M. S. has shared the benefits of the revival in Japan. Almost all the 255 Japanese scholars in the schools have expressed their strong purpose to become Christians, and 61 have been baptized. Over 7,000 missionary visits have been paid, and access has been obtained to 117 new homes.

Four faithful women agents of the Society are now in Chentu, Western China, taking up the work which they were so reluctantly compelled to resign during the Boxer rebellion. We note with special satisfaction that a deaconess has been appointed to work among the French population in Montreal. In that city there are hundreds of Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church, who devote their lives to teaching, nursing, ministering to the sick and poor. Methodism will now be represented by what we believe is a much better type of woman ministrant. We believe their work will be found so helpful that the number will be soon increased, and the Methodist deaconesses become a factor of much importance in aggressive work of our Church in that great commercial metropolis.

The address of Dr. Maud Killam touched all hearts. Speaking of the need of China, she said New York

has for its two and a half millions of population four thousand physicians, while for the same number of people in China there is only one. In no way can the hearts of the natives be reached with such a spell of power as by Christly ministering to their bodies, as well as to their souls, in their hours of sickness and sorrow.

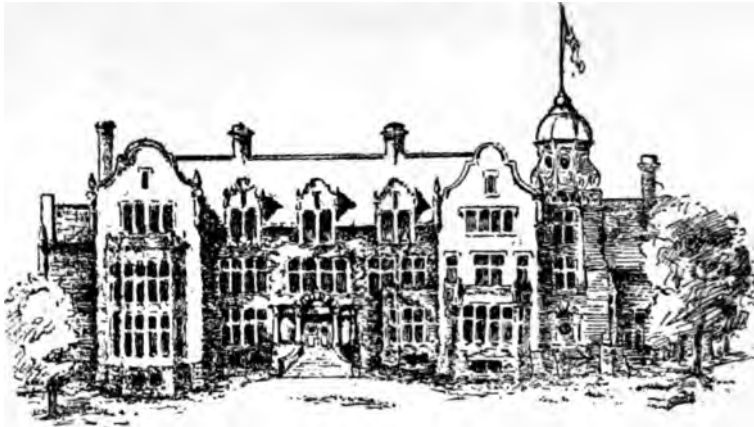
While the Society exhibits marked progress, still it expresses regret that there are many thousands of women in Canadian Methodism who are yet unidentified with its beneficent work, and that there are so few candidates applying for work in the the foreign fields. The missionary zeal of any Church is no unmeet criterion of its religious prosperity. The practical methods for diffusing missionary information of the W. M. S., the prayerful spirit of its gatherings, the zeal in their grand commission of its members, is one of the most helpful signs for the future of Canadian Methodism. Again, as in the times of the Psalmist, it is true, "The Lord giveth the Word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host."

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Provincial W. C. T. U. has also held its convention in the town of Stratford. It is carrying on its noble work of moulding opinion, maintaining the standard of civic righteousness and social reform, and watching with Argus eye the infringement of the law by an unscrupulous and aggressive liquor traffic. The story of the heroism of Mr. Leck and Miss Sproule, the agents of the Union, in visiting the six hundred lumber camps, employing probably 40,000 lumbermen, throughout New Ontario, and in promoting among them the interest of temperance and morality, stirs the souls of all who heard or read the report.

OUR COLLEGES.

Our colleges have again opened their halls to the great company of young people who are seeking better equipment for the battle of life. Never were these institutions so well fitted for their great work as they are today. The impulse received from the Twentieth Century Fund will be felt.



WOMAN'S RESIDENCE, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

At Sackville a splendid new building has taken the place of that recently destroyed by fire. At Montreal the principalship of Professor Maggs has been marked by vigour of administration and success all along the line of college work. The visits of Dr. Maggs to Toronto, and other centres, have won for him golden opinions from all sorts of people. Dr. William Jackson was formally inducted on October 24 into the George Douglas chair of theology, endowed by the late Mr. Hart A. Massey, of Toronto. His inaugural lecture receives very high commendation, and in this important position Dr. Jackson will doubtless do the best work of his life.

An advance step is made at Victoria by the inception of the new Woman's Residence, provided by the liberal bequest of \$50,000 of the late Hart A. Massey. To this the Barbara Heck Association have contributed several thousand more for the purchase of land and equipment. The new building, as shown by our cut, is of that Elizabethan architecture which seems so appropriate to an academic building. The architects are Messrs. G. M. Miller & Co. It will meet a long-felt want in providing a home where the richest culture, social refinement, and intellectual training shall go hand in hand in developing the noblest type of Canadian womanhood.

A pathetic feature of the meeting of

the College Executive was the report of the late Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who gave his best thought to the completion of the architects' design for the erection of this memorial of his late lamented father. It was his own last work for the Church which he so greatly loved and so faithfully served.

OFFICIAL PRECEDENCE.

In connection with the royal visit to this land came up again the vexed question of official precedence. This is a question which should never be raised in Canada. The non-recognition of this fact called forth vigorous protests from Dr. Potts, Dr. Herdridge, and others. At the funeral of Sir John Thompson at Ottawa Dr. Carman's vigorous action procured a due recognition of the rights of Methodism. But why should there be need of protest? The people who arrange these court functions should understand once and for all that there is no privileged Church in Canada. Methodism asks no favours of the State, but she demands that her rights be recognized, and that no unjust discrimination shall be made against the most numerous Protestant Church in the Dominion, and a Church as loyal to the core as any in the wide Empire.

Rev. Professor Shaw has published an open letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which irrefragably sets forth the injustice of the present order, and urges a much-needed change.

Book Notices.

"The Modern Mission Century." Viewed as a Cycle of Divine Working. By Arthur T. Pierson. Author of "George Muller," "New Acts of the Apostles," etc. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-517. Price, \$1.50, net.

In the religious world no aspect of the nineteenth century is so marked as the growth of Christian missions. It is, more than any that precede it, the missionary century. Dr. Pierson has made the subject of missions pre-eminently his own. It becomes, he says, with each new stage more attractive and instructive. This book is not so much a history in detail as a general survey, "as one seeks from some commanding mountain-top to glance over the whole horizon." "Such studies," he adds, "give new nerve to all holy endeavour. To find God's plan, and take part in God's work, is to mount his chariot, and, with Him, ride on to the final goal of the ages, conquering and to conquer."

Due prominence is given to woman's work in this wonderful century, and generous tribute is paid to the great Christian Queen who did so much to elevate her sex. "The Victorian era," he says, "coincides with that of missionary expansion, and, especially, of woman's epiphany—her emergence out of her long eclipse. Like Esther, Victoria came to the kingdom for such a time as this. God had a design in putting such a woman at such a time on the throne of the leading Protestant missionary nation; and, by her hand, for nearly two-thirds of the century, modifying, if not moulding, many of its great events and issues."

Her timid politicians, after the Indian mutiny, wished to make neutrality their attitude on the subject of religion, the Queen erased the phrase and added one, declaring her firm reliance upon the truth of Christianity and gratitude for the solace of religion. "Thus," says Dr. Pierson, "this Christian Queen, who was also a humble believer, fed on the Word of God and devout books, a woman of prayer and a lover of missions, sought to declare herself and her sceptre as in alliance with the King of kings."

The author notes the grand result of woman's work for women during the Queen's long reign. This includes the zenana movement, which revealed the fact that over a hundred millions of women and girls in India were shut out from all approach by missionaries, a million of them being widows, fourteen thousand of whom were under four years of age. The chapters on the martyrs of Jesus, the signs and wonders, and miracles of missions, the growth of mission literature, the translations of the Scriptures, the many examples of missionary heroism, are an inspiration to the reader. The book will have special value to mission reading circles. It is one of the very best that we know in its portrayal and interpretation of the great facts of Christian missions.

"Lives of the Hunted." Containing a True Account of the Doings of Five Quadrupeds and Three Birds. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "Trail of the Sandhill Stag," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. 360. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Seton-Thompson, though not a pioneer in animal stories—we have to go back to Aesop for that—has yet made the field emphatically his own. No one, we think, has so well described the life and interpreted the feelings of our little brothers clothed in fur or feathers as has he. The secret is his wonderful sympathy with the subjects of his study. Not even St. Francis, who preached to his brothers of the air and field, or Cowper, with his tame hares, more fully entered into their feelings. In the animals he finds the virtues most admired in man, as constancy, fidelity, mother-love, love of liberty, and the like. There is only one way he says to make an animal's history untragic, and that is to stop before the last chapter. Almost all die deaths of violence. In this we must not arraign the wisdom of the Creator. Better this than to die of starvation or cold. And have not the animals as good a right to prey upon one another as we have to prey upon the sheep, the ox, and deer? One thing at least the animals are not guilty of, they do not

hunt for the fun of it, and destroy life in wanton sport; that is left for your modern Nimrod. This Mr. Seton-Thompson unstintedly denounces. These tales have an extraordinary fascination, all the more so to us as the animals described in this and Mr. Thompson's other books are mostly good Canadians. He describes our country and its environment with a wonderful fidelity. The humour of the story of "Johnny Bear," and of "The Kangaroo Rat," of "Tito," the coyote, relieves the tragic pathos of much of animal life, as that of "Krag, the Kootenay Ram." Two hundred engravings by Mr. Seton-Thompson are wonderful delineations of animal life. The author pays a generous tribute to the assistance of his accomplished wife in the preparation of this volume.

"Johnny Courteau and Other Poems."
By William Henry Drummond.
Author of "The Habitant," etc.
With illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-159. Price, \$1.25.

Dr. Drummond has proven his claim to be the laureate of Canada. No Canadian poet is better known abroad, and no Canadian book of poetry has ever before had the sale of 25,000 copies, reached by Dr. Drummond's "Habitant." The present volume exhibits the same rich vein of humour, the same fine sympathy with the French-Canadian people, and the same patriotic sentiment. The very names lend themselves to poetry better than our prosaic English ones. The Victorine and Zephrin, the Ursule and Louise, the Toinette and Hercule, the Camille and Euchariste, have a music of their own. The very names of the railway stations in French Canada are like a page from Catholic missal.

The tribute to the pious cure and devoted doctor are etched with the delicacy of a cameo. Most of the poems are in that French-Canadian dialect which Dr. Drummond knows so well, but not all. The "Strathcona's Horse" is a stirring lyric.

" 'Tis the voice of Empire calling, and the children gather fast
From every land where the cross-bar floats
out from the quivering mast ;

" For the strong young North hath sent us
forth to battlefields far away,

And the trail that ends where Empire
trends, is the trail we ride to-day."

It is an heroic tale, that of Madeleine Vercheres defending the little fort for six long days against an overwhelming assault of the Iroquois.

" ' And this is my little garrison, my brothers
Louis and Paul !
With soldiers two—and a cripple ! may
the Virgin pray for us all."

" And six days followed each other, and
feeble her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and
the flash of the carabines' flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye,
even when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and
told them to fight, fight on."

Small wonder that the rescue party

" Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly
standing there,
And they fired a volley in honour of Madeleine Vercheres."

The echoes of Britain's conflicts on Dargai's lonely hillside, and on the brown veldt of the Transvaal are heard in these stirring poems. The very spirit of Canadian life finds expression here. The bright summer days, the brighter days of our Canadian winter, the romantic adventures of the voyageur in his red canoe, of the lumber camp, of the log jam, of the Indian Windigo, are all kodaked with photographic fidelity. The numerous engravings by Mr. Coburn, a Canadian artist, catch admirably the very spirit of the text.

"The Affirmative Intellect." By Charles Ferguson, author of "The Religion of Democracy. 12mo. cloth, 204 pages, 90 cents net. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author undertakes to show that Christianity in its broadest aspect is simply the attempt to supersede the old-world social order, governed by economic necessity and external authority, by a new-world order, governed by the human ideal—the faith of the affirmative intellect. He preaches that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. His philosophy deals not with the dead past, but with the pulsing present and the near future. The primal and spiritual impulse he finds in faith—the faith of the affirmative intellect. Its outward manifestations he sees, in

), in three social organisms : church, the Political Party, and diversity. To the university as intellectual element of this common of heart, body, and head, is the obligation of leadership. It is to train our youths in citizenship, not that they may passively benefit conferred, but that they actively extend the blessings of and civilization to all classes and conditions, as well as to all people of nations, that are in the world.

Eternal City. By Hall Caine. Author of "The Christian," "The Workman," etc. Toronto : George Morang & Co. Pp. 638. Gilt. Price, \$1.50.

I began this book with a prejudice against it, a prejudice created by Mr. Caine's adverse review. We should remember that Mr. Stead read all Caine's last book meanings the author utterly repudiated, as, we believe, amerced in damages. The Methodist Times has a leading article to "The Eternal City," shows its earnest moral and religious significance, an estimation which the author in a copy of *The Times* certifies as correct. The story is, in its way, a prophecy of things to come. The events of the future. The story of Italy, rendered restive and lonely by the pressure of crushing taxes and social wrongs, the entire social order. Their hero is David Rossi, who seeks to establish a government on the principles of the Lord's Prayer and the Golden Rule.

His protagonist is a cynical, unscrupulous prime minister, becomes dictator of Italy, and by fraud and guile and treachery, long time frustrates Rossi's effort, and even suborns his wife to betray his life. But a just retribution overtakes the dictator in the hour of his triumph, the King abdicates his throne, and a republic, based on Rossi's high ideals, is established. The book affords a striking character of the reigning Pope Pius X., in a dramatic scene, resigns his papal authority to become a great power. The tragedy of the day gathers round the wronged and his wife of the revolutionary who dies in her husband's arms in the hour of his triumph. Never more ennobling, transforming, purification of a noble affection been vividly portrayed.

"Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience." By the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. Second Series. Pp. 252.

These studies have all the quaintness, the subtle humour for which their author is so well known. The very themes selected have an aptness that arrests the attention, such as "The Might of Mediocrity," "Sick Pearls," "Blue Distances," "The Apology of the Sneak," "Petrification." A sentence from the latter paper will indicate Mr. Watkinson's manner. After referring to the Knaresborough petrifying stream, he says, such streams "threaten our spiritual life, and unless duly resisted, steal away our vitality and leave us with the coldness and hardness of stone."

"The Dawn of the Reformation." By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., author of "The Church of the West in the Middle Ages." Vol. I. The Age of Wyclif. Pp. xv-310.

An introductory chapter shows the need of the Reformation. It is devoted to the "Seventy Years' Captivity" of the Papacy at Avignon. That city became more corrupt than Rome itself. All the tales of Assyria or Egypt, in the words of Petrarch, became fables in comparison with the vices in the abode of Christ's vicar on earth. A study of the noble character of Wyclif, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," follows. Then a chapter of intense interest on the English Lollards. The book is a terse and strong treatment of an important subject.

"Light Through Darkened Windows." A "Shut-In" Story. By Arabel Wilbur Alexander. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176. Price, \$1.00.

This is a tender tale of God's leadings through illness and suffering and sorrow.

The October number of *The Bibliotheca Sacra*, the oldest religious review on the continent, being now in its seventy-first year, has, among other able articles, a trenchant and forceful article by the Rev. Dr. Dewart on "Some Characteristics of Current New Theology," an admirable article.



THE INTERESTING SERMON ON THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE PENTATEUCH.
 "The hungry lambs look up and are not fed."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Methodist Magazine and Review for 1902.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the splendid programme for the year 1902, which is announced in part in our advertising pages. Please note the special prominence given to Canadian Methodist missionary, social and religious topics. We are making arrangements for more sumptuous illustration of this Magazine than it has ever had before, and in addition to the articles already announced, for many others of great interest and importance. We hope to retain every one of our present subscribers and to greatly increase the number. We specially solicit our friends, tried and true, many of whom have been subscribers from the first number of this Magazine, issued twenty-seven years ago, to aid in extending its circulation and influence. Speak of it to your friends; ask them to help you and us in building up a native Canadian and Methodist literature, a literature that shall be loyal to the loftiest ideals of life and conduct and character. We all aim at developing in our beloved Dominion a nationality that shall be true to the traditions of British liberty, of British

institutions, of religious principle, of denominational loyalty, of broad-minded Canadian patriotism. Let us have an increase of, at least, a thousand subscribers, and we will surprise our friends with the marked advances that shall be made in this Magazine and Review. We shall endeavour to make it still more worthy of Canada and of Canadian Methodism.

It is gratifying on looking back over the year to note that we have more than fulfilled the promises made in our last announcement. The death of our beloved Queen, and the accession of our new Sovereign, caused the appearance of several well illustrated articles which had not been announced. This pressure has crowded over to a future number two or three articles already prepared, and a couple which have been promised have not been received in time for inclusion in this volume.

Copies of our illustrated announcement will be sent free to any one willing to promote the circulation of this magazine.

November and December Numbers, 1901, FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS



Illustrating "The Psychology of the Kindergarten." By James L. Hughes.

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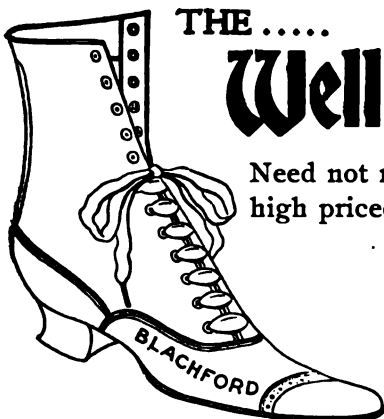
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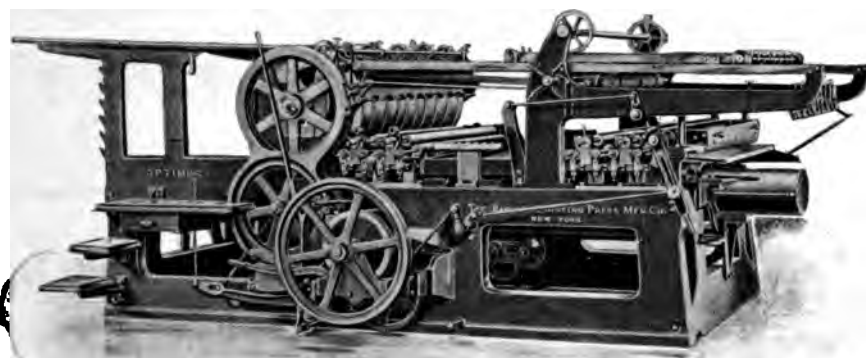
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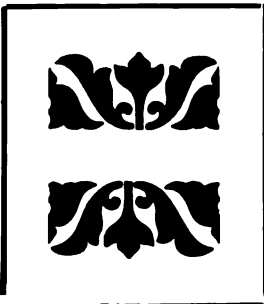
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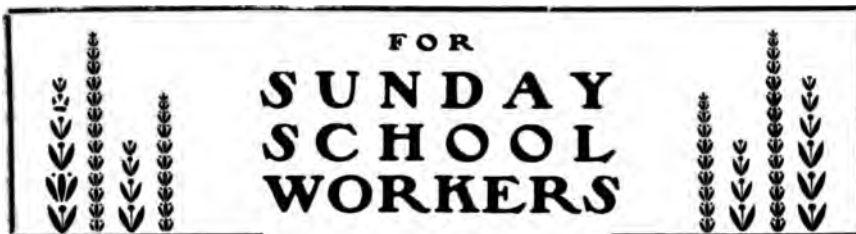
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