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## Lessons from a Dying Century.

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### A Study in Human Progress.

#### Turn the Furrow New.

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Turn the furrow new, turn the furrow true,  
See the fields of promise spread beyond the view  
Fields that through the ages never yielded wages  
Waiting, honest yeoman, now for you!

A new thing is stirring abroad,  
The fairest our fair land can show,  
'Tis the man o' his hands who is proud of his place  
With his feet next the soil, April's smile on his face,  
His eyes all aglow  
'Neath the calm eye of God,  
Breaking Twentieth Century sod.

Canadian, whatever your name,  
Your mission, your office, your aim—  
So that you be honest—be wise:  
Consider this man of the plow  
A new era opens for all,  
The future looms vast in our eyes.  
Heed the stir at your heart, heed the national call:  
'Neath the calm eye of God,  
In humility bow,  
Quit the sin that beseteth your own heart, and now  
Turn your Twentieth Century sod.

O'er poison-vines insidious, creeping, creeping  
(Sly parasites that sap your garden-plot),  
O'er blind moles in their burrows sleeping, sleeping  
(Slaves o' the past)—plow deep and let them rot,  
And turn the furrow new,  
And turn the furrow true,  
For 'neath high Heaven, the harvest given  
Depends at last, oh! honest man, on you.

You man of the pulpit, the bar,  
The scalpel, the mattock, the pen,  
You man of the ship, of the car,  
You man, the leader of men,  
You man of the mart, of the mine,  
You man of the sword that has smitten  
With valor supernally-fine  
The foe who fought against Britain,  
While the sands, the last sands of this century roll,  
Surveying the field, the vast field of your soul  
'Neath the calm eye of God  
Turn your Twentieth Century sod.

Turn the furrow new, turn the furrow true,  
See the fields of promise spread beyond the view  
Fields that through the ages never yielded wages  
Waiting, oh! Canadian, now for you.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Canada moves from the 19th to the 20th century on a wave of Imperial progress. Out of the blood-stains of beleaguered garrisons on the dusty veldt flowered a patriotism that drew swiftly together the sons of Britain from all around the world. As Chamberlain puts it, "The year 1900 witnessed the Empire born again in sympathy and aspiration." For Canada it was an hour of destiny. Despite geography and the cold calculations of philosophers, our national future was clearly defined with the Old Land across the sea.

When our kinsfolk of the United States were battling with a decadent power to force the release of her crushing clutch upon the Cuban, Blood, chilled for a century, rightly reasserted itself, and the attitude of Britain and Canadian killed forever the occupation of the political demagogue, who for generations has exploited himself as tail-twister-in-chief to the British Lion. The speeding century saw the birth of a new Saxon fraternity.

We flatter ourselves, as Tennyson puts it, that we are "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time," or even to quote the British Columbian, Clive Wolley: "There have been none like us, and none to tame our pride." But with the tragic Transvaal record of the past year before us, comes like a flash the realization that Rudyard Kipling had a prophetic vision when in 1897 (the Queen's Jubilee year) he penned the "Recessional" Hymn—

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

And have there not been in other departments of human effort eras just as remarkable as the 19th century? We have erected some amazing structures. But did not ancient Egypt build the ponderous Pyramids and embalm her kings by processes the permanence of which defy the centuries? Has the Victorian or any other age duplicated the splendors of ancient Grecian art and philosophy? Where shall we look for another Italian Renaissance, with its glorious achievements in architecture and painting? And with all our schools and books and learning, do we dream of another Elizabethan era in literature? The truth seems to be that in every age the waves of human effort ebb and flow, and, in one direction or another, expend their mighty energies; but beneath it all runs ever onward an oceanic current of progress.

The past one hundred years has been rightly designated a wonderful utilitarian century. Among its chief achievements we count:

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| 1. Railways.                             | 10. Gas and Electric Lighting.       |
| 2. Steam Navigation.                     | 11. Photography.                     |
| 3. Electric Telegraph.                   | 12. Roentgen Rays.                   |
| 4. Electric Motors.                      | 13. Spectrum Analysis.               |
| 5. Telephone.                            | 14. Anesthetics and Antiseptics.     |
| 6. The Phonograph.                       | 15. Abolition of Slavery.            |
| 7. Friction Matches.                     | 16. Enfranchisement of Masses.       |
| 8. Machinery and Science in Agriculture. | 17. Mercantile Combinations.         |
| 9. Refrigeration of Foods.               | 18. Expansion of Christian Teaching. |

As never before, our age has witnessed the diffusion of learning among the masses, and the harnessing of natural forces to do the work of man; but its crowning glory has been the unchallenged recognition of the beneficent application in human relations of the principles promulgated 2,000 years ago by the Nazarine, to whom, in the last analysis, must be traced the inspiration and initiative of the

very best the 19th century has done for the alleviation of human suffering (even amid the horrors of war), the redress of wrong, and the elevation of man. The world would now stand aghast at the flagrant debaucheries, crime, cruelty, immorality, and nameless horrors that dominated England a century ago. Despite the ebullitions of wars, precipitated by an unenlightened Kruger or Empress Dowager, industrial upheavals and reactionary outbursts, humanity moves forward to the goal of an eternal purpose. It is a significant fact that at the century's close the most truly popular, widely read and closely studied of all books is the Bible, and that the great heart of humanity loves to encircle with laurel the names of David Livingstone, Florence Nightingale, William Wilberforce, Earl Shaftesbury, Abraham Lincoln, William Ewart Gladstone, and Frances Willard.

Earl Roseberry, addressing the students of Glasgow University, bids the British nation gird its loins for the conflicts of the future. The 20th century, he said, would be a period of keen, intelligent, and almost fierce international competition, more probably in the arts of peace even than in the arts of war. In his view, the time had come to remodel the educational apparatus for the training of warriors, merchants and statesmen to battle for the Empire's existence. But it must be more than a mere struggle of the jungle in the mercantile arena! Someone has said that "a counting-house passes away, but a school remains." The 19th century has seen educational methods delivered from some benighted and benumbing features; but what the new century needs above all else in education is that the emphasis be laid upon character, so that men will not be in the pitiable danger of having more property than manhood. In wealth and outward splendor, Babylon had no rival in ancient times, but she placed no true estimate upon men. Her civilization centered in no faith. Her palaces and hanging gardens became the places of selfishness and sensuality, and as Dr. J. W. Lee records: "Over her history has settled the stillness of the desert, the gloom of eternal night." On the other hand, he says, Grecian life in a couple of centuries before 300 B. C. secured itself immortality in men, who have been teachers of the race:—Epaminondas, Pericles, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Aeschines and Phidias still live in the world's ideals of philosophy, literature, oratory, sculpture and architecture. But ceasing to emphasize men, thinking only of material results, and rent with discord and strife, Greece degenerated and became the pauper of civilization.

Old Imperial Rome, mistress of the world, relying upon military prowess, unsustained by the genius of liberty, bereft of manhood, filled with dissension, political corruption and moral rottenness, ignominiously perished before the barbarians. Has history, then, no lessons for The Greater Britain? While the 19th century is bequeathing to the 20th a legacy of splendid achievements, she sends on, in addition to the yet unregenerate millions, the peril of an excessive devotion to materialism, a proneness to the idolatry of gold, white slavery in industrial centers, great evils entrenched and legalized, unredressed wrongs, calling loudly to the reformative and constructive statesman of the COMING TIME, with its new duties, to which he must bring the security of deeper knowledge, the courage of a new vision, and the inspiration of new watchwords, "not," to quote the words of Lowell, "attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."