for well nigh twenty years one of our missionaries to the Telugus, and now in America on furlough. Of great grandchildren in the noble calling, there are six to be named, Rev. Henry D. Bentley, son of Rev. Samuel Bentley, of Bristol, Rhode Island; four children of Rev. R. N. Archibald—Miss Mabel, a missionary to the Telugus, Rev. Wm. L., pastor at Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., N. S., Rev. A. J., at Glace Bay, C. B., and Rev. A. C., at Hutchinson, Kansas; and the sixth of these great grandchildren, the writer of this outline, now in his ninth year with the First Baptist church of Halifax. Not all these great grandchildren have been members of the local church whose story we are relating, but even such as were never upon its roll are much indebted to it through their parentage. Other descendents in other pursuits might also appropriately be named, but the way in which our article is growing is a warning to desist. But a great grandson in the Presbyterian ministry may be added. One of Mr. Newcomb's daughters married a Presbyterian elder, and one of their grandchildren is Rev. Henry Dickie, of Windsor, N. S.

Steadily through all the years, during Sabbaths when no preaching services have been held (and these have greatly outnumbered the others) the scattered company of disciples has sustained meetings for prayer and Bible study. Mid-week cottage prayer meetings have been ceaselessly kept up, visitors often testifying to their admirable quality and going their way refreshed. My attention was arrested in those quaint old records by a suggestive item which ran thus: "There was a resolution passed at this meeting, that every brother and sister residing within twelve miles of Upper Stewiacke, and not known to be sick, in case of absence from three successive church conferences, shall be visited by way of inquiry." Was there an over severity back there; and is there too great leniency now? Perhaps if our opportunities and privileges were fewer we might set larger value upon them.

Allowing my memory to run backward as far as it can, I vividly recall the cottage prayer services where the younger people were getting better training then they then had any idea of. I behold now the spacious pulpit in the old church with our warm-hearted uncle James Newcomb in it, his body swaying in the fervor of his uplifting petitions. I see, on one occasion, in that pulpit, preaching of a hot summer day with his coat off, that eloquent but very eccentric Presbyterian minister from the United States, Rev. Mr. Allen, the man who always carried a big umbrella and found it hard to get enough to eat. I recall the gallery in which, for once at least, I misbehaved during religious service when I ought to have been sitting sedately in the family pew below. But divine love continues to encircle the lads that are wayward. God afterwards granted opportunity to make amends when he gave me the superintendency of the Sunday school and then the teaching of a large Bible class. And some can understand the later joy I had during vacation seasons in baptizing quite a number of those I had been permitted to teach. Of those a few remain, while other loved ones are much missed.

Without fear of blame for invidious distinctions, notice may be taken of three departed laymen who stand out conspicuously in my memory, men who did grandly in the deacon's office in the church whose history is being traced, viz., Daniel C. Archibald, Charles L. Cox and William Bentley. Each, when he went, was sincerely mourned, and no marvel, since they were of the staunch and loyal sort, being indeed zealous for the progress of the kingdom. The familiarity of Mr. Archibald with Scripture much impressed me as a youth. On one occasion I remember being at his house over night. At summoning the household to family worship, and singing a hymn, the Bible this night was not taken down for reading, but the old gentleman smoothly repeated from memory a Psalm of considerable length. And this, I understood, he often did, and that too without restriction to a few portions of the Word. How the good deacon revelled in ancedote, especially of a religious nature. Let the theme be what it might, he had his apt story to relate. Mr. Cox, a son of the Charles mentioned earlier, was a man of gentle mould, a veritable peacemaker, and one whom we were wont as boys, and are now wont as men, to regard as presenting an exceptionally good type of Christian character, one whose profession and practice were in unusual harmony. He was a school teacher in the place, and did much also in circulating wholesome literature. Mr. Bentley, son of Deacon Noah, was particularly strong in social religious meetings, always taking his part in a strikingly intelligent and effective manner. As a Bible class instructor he was superior. Come and go who might, this brother was ever at his post in the church, year in and year out. It was a severe blow to the little circle when, about two years ago, he was suddenly cut off.

At present the flock is without pastoral oversight, Rev. J. J. Armstrong having resigned a year ago, after five years of appreciated labor. The officers at this writing are James Charles Johnson (who married a granddaughter of Mr. Newcomb, a daughter of Deacon Archibald) and James A. Cox, Deacons; Clement B. Bentley, son of Deacon William, Clerk and Superintendent of Sunday School; and George R. Chute, son of Rev. O. Chute, Treasurer and Organist. One of the oldest living members is Eliakim N. Bentley, who, like his brothers, James and William, has been devoted to Zion's welfare.

There are other persons and other things of which we would gladly write; but here we must stop. The subject itself will not attract many readers, perhaps, and the length of treatment is not inviting; but there are some, I know well, who will be pleased to review these paragraphs, and who will be blessed by this calling up of the dear faces and scenes of other days. And, if by these annals of a retired neighborhood, a few others are incited in their narrow spheres to a larger patience and steadfastness in places where there is but little outward incitement to well-doing, then the space which the editor has so generously granted will not have been unprofitably used.

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A Comparative View of the Ninth and Nineteenth Century.*

BY WILEY McC. MANNING.

We have just bidden farewell to the greatest century the world has ever seen, and, as we stand on the threshold of a new century a most fitting opportunity is given for both review and prophetic outlook.

An account of all the fulness and richness of the century just closed in respect to politics and religion, education and literature, science and art, social conditions and industrial pursuits, would but bring into clearer light the comparative barrenness of the ninth century. Time will only permit a review in outline.

The historic world was small in the ninth century. It included only South Western Europe, North Africa and Asia Minor. Today it embraces the whole world, all peoples, all climes. More striking still is the contrast between the ninth and nineteenth centuries in respect to national power and strength. The ninth was a century of weakness. Even England was a prey to foreign invasion. The English Alfred had to retire before the Danish foe and surrender half his kingdom to the Viking from the North. Now his successor holds undisputed sway over an empire greater than that of Alexander or of Cæsar, of Tamerlane or of Charles the Great.

The ninth century was marked by political disintegration, the nineteenth by political consolidation. The former on the continent witnessed the dismemberment of that vast union of peoples and states built up by the might of Charlemagne. In England the promise of unification under Egbert gives way before Norse encroachment. The time for empire building had not arrived. The nineteenth century witnessed the culmination of nationalizing sentiment in the consolidation of the German Empire, along the lines of race and language, in the unification of Italy, giving completeness in that peninsula to the natural expression of geographical design; in the two great North American federations, the genius of which is unique, and the progress and promise of which are without a parallel; and in the recent example in the closing year of this century of the great Anglo-Saxon union under the Southern Cross, the commonwealth of Australia.

In respect to government—to the dwelling place of power, the two centuries are quite divergent. The ruler of the ninth, great or small, the king of many people or the lord over few, strove for absolutism, to reproduce the ideal of imperial Rome, the sovereign everything, the people nothing. The nineteenth exhibits a complete reversal of the mediaeval type. The king is the sovereign people, the ruler—whether styled king or president, exercises delegated power hedged by constitutional restraints.

The most remarkable fact of the ninth century is the wonderful increase of the Papal power. Under Charlemagne, although the church was under the strict supervision of royalty, it nevertheless obtained several important privileges, as the tithe system, freedom from the jurisdiction of temporal magistrates, and exemption from taxation; under his feeble successors there were further acquisitions, till in the end the possession of vast domains caused the bishops to take a prominent place in the hierarchy of great proprietors, and to lead a largely secular life. They went from place to place followed by an armed retinue, they took part in the national warfare and even in the west undertook expeditions of violence and rapine against their neighbors. Thus all through this century we find the church with its well organized hierarchy too often interfering in temporal affairs, and gaining more and more power, until at the middle of the century so high did the Popes carry their pretensions, that John VIII asserted the right to choose the emperors, and exercised it in the case of Charles the Bold. The result of these acquisitions of power was what might be expected, great corruption in the head of the church, which spread through the whole organization. Now how changed is the ecclesiastical system! Church and state are no longer antagonistic, freedom of thought and action reigns supreme in one as in the other.

The history of mediaeval thought is so closely bound up with the history of its religious development, that the two cannot be separated, for the thinking mind was almost completely controlled by religious ideas. This age is noted for the depth of ignorance in which it is immersed, all schools were confined to cathedrals and monasteries designed exclusively for religion and affording no encouragement or opportunities to the laity. The Latin tongue had given place to the Romance languages in the common vernacular of the people, but the newly formed languages were hardly made use of in writing, thus the whole treasury of knowledge was locked up from the eyes of the people, and the very use of letters as well as of books was forgotten. Charlemagne and Alfred established schools and gave an impulse to learning, and other great spirits in this age moved in the same direction. Alcuin, John Scotus Erigena and Hincmar, left their influence on the literature and philosophy of their century, but even they did not originate but simply compiled.

From a literary point of view the nineteenth century stands without a peer. So well known is it, that reference need not even be made to the extent and richness of its intellectual life.

In the Dark Ages, and especially the ninth century, the whole world in respect to art and science seems to have lapsed into barbarism. Few monuments remain that exhibit the smallest progress in art during many centuries. In architecture the only buildings of any pretensions were the monasteries and a few cathedrals; but the majority of the churches and houses of the nobles were still built of wood, low, rude and uncomfortable, with the roof consisting of branches of trees, covered with thatch. In the sciences, the knowledge of chemistry, medicine and surgery was most meagre and elementary.

Now, what a change! Let me in imagination stand on a pinnacle overlooking one of our great cities of to-day. Far as the eye can reach, stately buildings—the temples of commerce rise on every hand. Could a man of the ninth century have seen in vision the changes of the past century—its marvellous inventions, its application of science to the natural forces, the steamship taking the place of the sailing vessel, the railroad train of the wagon, the reaping machine of the sickle; could he have heard the throb of the engine, that, in obedience to human will and for the satisfaction of human desires, exerts a power greater than that of all the beasts of burden of the earth combined; he would have seen that which his wildest fancy had never conceived. Yet these, and much more, are the products of the nineteenth century.

Never in the history of the world has there been such a distance between nobles and common people, between rich and poor, as in the ninth century. On the one hand we have a few thousand nobles owning all the land and exercising all the power, while on the other, we have the great mass of people, ignorant, illiterate and superstitious, who till the land and are hardly mentioned in the records of the times, except they are enumerated as so many pieces of property, in the inventories of great estates, nor do they count as factors in the political, military or social movements of the time. To-day liberty, equality, and fraternity ring out on every hand. The chief and almost only industry of the age was agriculture, but even this was extremely primitive, commerce was limited and chiefly confined to Venice, Amalfi, and Genoa.

Among the wonderful developments of the nineteenth century, none is more marvellous than that of commerce. From the exchange of a few articles of luxury carried on the backs of animals or in slow sailing vessels, it has expanded until it now interchanges the products of all lands and all climes, with a speed never before dreamed of.

And, what of the outlook? Have we reached the zenith of our glory and are we now to retrograde, as the great inspirers of ancient times? Can we equal the marvellous advancement of the nineteenth century? In church and state, in education, in literature and in science, shall the face of the world be transformed by discoveries and inventions in the twentieth century as in the last?

Already great minds are expectant, waiting at the very doors of truths, great and glorious, which when revealed promise to obscure the wonders of the past.

In the appeals for a closer union of the Empire, in the suggestion of an alliance between England and America, in the calling of the Hague Conference, in the prevailing sentiment against war, and in the proposal of a permanent court of arbitration to settle international disputes, everywhere we see the ever-increasing tendency to sweep away the barriers of custom and prejudice which separate man from man, and to make war, especially aggressive warfare, a thing of the past.

Nor will the march of progress stop

"Till the war-drum throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

*Graduating oration at Acadia, June 5, 1901.

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How often we would like to dictate to our Heavenly Father, choosing the methods of his aid! And how miserably we should fail if he allowed us to put our hands upon the reins of power! His help is both intelligent and far-reaching. It has regard to growth as well as present need. Sometimes he supplies a prop, that we may not slip and fall. Sometimes he takes away a prop, that we may learn to stand and walk. But however little we may understand its working, it is always the highest intelligence in the service of the most perfect love.—I. O. R.