

not accommodate many more than a hundred people, but of the good feeling there is no doubt. Obeying the sign, I entered, and found myself in an oblong room fitted with open, varnished pine pews and having an aisle on each side. If the pews were all full, there would be eight rows of people with ten in a row; and a bench runs longitudinally against the wall in each aisle. There are three windows on each side having borders of colored glass. At the end there is a small speaking platform flanked on either side by a crimson cloth door. The balusters that form the front of the platform are also backed with crimson cloth. At the rear of the platform there is a slight arched recess, finished off at the top by a neat moulding. On Sunday morning there were fifty people in the congregation, about one-third being children, who behaved better than any youngsters I ever saw at church before. There were two ministers, one a tall, pleasant-looking, sincere, elderly man, between fifty and sixty, and one younger, whose face expressed nothing but serious devotéism. The younger man took the principal part in what was done, and gave me the impression of a Salvation Army preacher of the quieter sort. The elderly man bore on his face the impress of benevolence and kindness; of years of quiet living, and of an alert conscience. The other seemed rather a rigid religionist, whom no argument would have any effect upon, and whose cold eye and impassive face never varied from their intense seriousness. He had a good forehead, and I estimated that he might sit for the portrait of an Inquisitor or a Doctor of the Temple as well as for that of a Friend. In any case, unalterable conviction and determination would be portrayed upon his face. He would be the making of a picture representing the persecutions of the Quakers in early times, and might pose for, say, one of those whom nothing would keep out of Massachusetts.

As for the congregation, they were well-favoured, serious, respectable people of a high responsible type. In looking at Friends one is conscious that there are other reasons for their character than those which are purely of a spiritual nature. Most of them, with regard to their temporal affairs, are free from anxiety and carking care. The eminent business capacities, which they inherited from their fathers, they have assiduously applied. They have been singularly free from the wild impulses which hurl many a man to ruin or keep him ever on the stretch. Their ambitions have been judiciously checked. They are not men of like passions with the rest of us, for to them, if they are Quakers, has been handed down a heritage of cool self-command, which others toiled to attain in years gone by. They reap the effects of the strict self-government of their ancestors. Let no man think he can become a true Friend by the mere joining of their society. The Quakers, as we see them to-day, are the result of many generations.

There was no display of fashions. On the other hand I saw only one Quaker bonnet at all approaching the old type. After we had sat for a considerable time in silence, the younger minister knelt down and offered a rather long prayer. His utterance was very rapid, and he never paused for a word. His voice was loud and earnest. Afterwards, as after each exercise, there was an interval of complete silence. There was no division of the sexes in the congregation as is the case in some Quaker meetings. Then the tall, elderly man rose, and with a slow and somewhat halting utterance, spoke some words of counsel which were evidently from his heart. They were unadorned and earnest. There was no thought of effect, of "making points," or saying something attractive or eloquent. It is a grand idea that of Quakerism. Here are the scriptures, but the same Voice speaks through me. Holy men of old spake as they were moved. So do I. I think it was impossible for any thoughtful person to listen to what this man said without edification, if only from the charm of its unaffected sincerity. He began by saying very slowly "God is our King and Judge." His theme, so far as he had one, was that we were not thoughtful enough of our mercies, and the sins which had been forgiven us. It was not a speech—it bore every mark of not having been prepared. They were the words of a sincere man of slow utterance, who felt it his duty to utter the thoughts that were in him. Accordingly they were impressive. What is eloquence, what are prepared speeches compared with this?

After a long interval of quiet thought, the younger

minister announced a Moody and Sankey hymn from the familiar red-covered hymn-book—"I need Thee every Hour." One of the congregation started the tune, and it was very well sung right through. Silence again, and the younger minister spoke on a passage in Isaiah. His speech was of the voluble revival-meeting kind, it had not the mark of Quakerism. It was couched in the technical phraseology of the prayer meeting, and it was very evident that the speaker was used to speaking. Somehow, it did not affect me in the same way as what the first speaker said.

The next hymn was:

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed
And did my Sovereign die."

And after an interval of silence the younger minister made the announcements of the week, which referred to the Christian Endeavour Society, and the Children's Mission Band, the members of the latter being told to bring their mite-boxes. There was no collection. The minister said: "We will now wait before the Lord for a few minutes—perhaps some one has a word of prayer." Someone in the congregation then engaged in prayer for a short time; there was another short silence, and the service was over. I think you feel at Pembroke street meeting house that the Quakers are a "peculiar people" and they feel that they are in a manner set apart. The traditions of their sect cling to them. But the Quakerism there is not quite of the old type, and when I go to a Quaker meeting I prefer it pure. J.R.N.

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Canada and the Empire.

We want no flag in Canada,
Beside the Union Jack,
No fleur-de-lys, nor papal keys,
Nor harps, the crown that lack.
It flies, our testimony sworn
To all beneath the sun,
Canadians are British born,
Our Empire, it is one.

No rebel rules in Canada,
Nor France, nor Churchly Rome;
Leave tricolors to foreign shores,
Keys to St. Peter's dome.
Were that rule won by force of arms,
Or by the patriot's toil,
Cities and towns, and wilds and farms,
All, all are British soil.

No races fill our Canada;
Soon as they touch her shore,
In fealty they cease to be
The slaves they were before.
Canadians share our Britain's fame,
That scorns race lines to draw,
And, whatso'er their childhood's claim,
Are one in British law.

Out, out on schisms in Canada!
Down with each blatant fool,
Friend of the Yank, or Fenian crank,
Preaches of French home rule.
And let them lay this well to heart.
Each province, great or small,
Of Britain's Empire is a part,
And we are Britains all. C.

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"The Break-up of the English Party System" is the subject of a paper recently issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science in its series of publications. The author is Edward Porritt, formerly an English journalist and author of "The Englishman at Home." In the present paper, Mr. Porritt discusses one of the most interesting and significant of the features which have developed in English politics since 1885. He shows how the present House does not contain, as formerly, only two distinct parties, but is made up of no less than eight groups, six of which, if taken together, constitute what was formerly the Liberal party, and the remaining two the Opposition. He then explains how this system developed, and what a great influence it has upon legislation. One of the results of this development, according to Mr. Porritt, will be that what is known as the Liberal party will cease to be a legislative power. No person interested in politics should fail to read Mr. Porritt's very interesting paper.