

to revere their memory, which has, especially in late years, been loaded with contempt. And, above all, in reviewing such scenes as these, we cannot help being filled with gratitude to God that He hath now brought His Church back from the wilderness, and permitted us to worship within her walls in peace and safety.

(To be continued.)

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON ART.

By the Ethica of Art I mean its true relations to Religion and to Morals. We shall best be able to comprehend these if we note what it is that, in the first instance, Art does, or may do, for us. It is the function of Art to teach us to see. No one has expressed this better than Mr. Browning. "For"—such are the words which he puts into the mouth of Fra Lippo Lippi—

For, don't you see, we are made so that we love,
First, when we see them painted, things we have seen,
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted, better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

Now it is interesting to observe that, in the fulfilment of this function, Art is closely akin to Poetry. It is marvellous how little we do see. The open eye of admiration for landscape, for instance—what Humboldt calls the romantic love of scenery—is comparatively modern. Long generations of mankind seem to have lived with closed eyes. At any rate their literature, which is the unconscious revelation of their sentiments, shows little or no trace of delight in that autograph of loveliness which God has written so large over the works of His hands. In the Bible indeed we do find this delight in nature, especially in the Psalms which dwell on the works of God's hands, and the lovely description of Spring in the Song of Solomon; and in the New Testament in the discourses of our Lord. But in ancient Greek literature, with the exception of a passage in Plato and another in Sophocles, it is mostly conspicuous by its absence from the days of Homer to those of Theocritus, and in all the voluminous writings of the Fathers and the schoolmen there are but few traces of this romantic love of nature, except in St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nazianzus. And even in these days it is marvellous how non-observant we are. The old story tells of "Eyes and No Eyes," and most of us in most things are still in the condition of "No eyes."

Let me give two illustrations. You may buy for a shilling a little German picture which simply looks to you like that of a pretty young woman. But when you are directed closely to it you see it also to be the picture of an old woman; and when you see that you see nothing else. The old woman is there all along, but our powers of observation are so untrained that we might look at the picture a hundred times and wholly fail to discover it. The other illustration shall be very different. In Tennyson's "Maud" we read:—

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows,
And left the daisies rosy.

Now an eminent sculptor told me that a still more eminent critic to whom he was talking quoted this line with strong disapproval. "How could the girl's feet make the daisies rosy?" he asked triumphantly. "It is nonsense." "Non-sense!" said the sculptor, "it is an exquisite instance of observation! It means that the light feet of the maiden, bending the stems of the daisies, have shown their rosy under-surface. Have you never noticed that the under-side of the daisy's petal passes by beautiful gradations from rose-colour to deep crimson?" "No!" was the astounding answer of the critic. Well, if any of us have been equally unobservant, that line of Tennyson, or the

Wee modest crimson tipped flower

of Burns, may have taught us to delight in the exquisite fact, and a beautiful painting might have done the same. Both poets and prose writers have rendered us precious service in this way.—*Good Words.*

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN AUSTRALIA.

The origin of a literature is always a very curious study. Australian literature has had the unusual fortune of stammering its first lines in the abounding nineteenth century, and of thus reminding us, by their similarity, of the beginnings of Indo-European literature during the historic and barbarous periods. It is very curious to see Australian literature making its first appearance with the same stories of legendary brigands which one sees in the beginnings of previous ones. When we reflect that the surface of Australia is almost equal to that of all Europe, we see the importance of all that concerns it. To judge from the writings of Marcus Clarke, of Mrs. Campbell Præd, of Tasma, the Australians affect the short narratives and simple stories, devoid of incident, which characterize their novels. Mariot Watson, Hume Nisbet, Mr. and Mrs. Mannington Caffyn have published delightful stories of that kind, under the title "Under the Gum Tree." An equally peculiar character of that literature is that the drama lies rather in the mind of the artist than in the action; as in the ancient world, the catastrophe often takes place before the end of the drama. The romancers, everywhere in that new country, possess, even more than the poets, a freshness of imagination which is found nowhere else in the same degree. Among them the grand art of simplicity is no secret. To this they add

strength, as a result of the education which the free and easy life of the woods and the fields gives them. If one wished it would be easy to divide Australian writers into two groups, which could be readily recognized at sight. On the one side, those who live in the towns; on the other, those to whom the pastoral life offers its inducements. With the first would be connected Henry Clarence Kendall, the exquisite but melancholy poet, who is sick unto death with weariness and mournfulness; with the second, Lindsay Gordon, the equestrian bard, the singing centaur of Australia. At the rate which the world, and Australia in particular, is to-day travelling, a century is a period of infinite length; and one is glad to think that new nations should, in their early days, possess a literature, a faithful mirror of themselves, which will not allow a thankless posterity to forget or despise its ancestors.—*Public Opinion, from La Revue Des Revues.*

THE MISSIONARY WORLD

ANOTHER LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Another letter from Rev. K. J. Grant, San Fernando, dated July 28, has, through the kindness of Miss Stark, been received for publication:—

Where shall I begin or what shall I say? Three days ago in company with Babu Lal Behari, I met a young, handsome, good-natured, intelligent Brahmin. He was not a stranger. He had often listened to the Gospel story. In a cheerful manner he stated, "Well, I have made six shillings this morning." In reply to our question as to how he got that amount he stated, "You know our people believe in the transmigration of souls, and I have a book by which I can describe the last three changes or transmutations of any individual if I hear his name." Now Maharaj, said my friend Babu, do you really believe such nonsense, and is it right for you to deceive the people who trust you as a Brahmin and an intelligent man? He replied: "I don't tell them my own opinion. I simply tell them what I find in the book, and I did not write the book. Hence I am not responsible." The Babu then asked him to tell of his former condition. After consulting his book he told the Babu that in the life immediately preceding the present he was born in a village named Narayanpore, south of Ayodhya in Oude; that in early life he and a young Brahmin became intimate, and having a taste for hunting they both went to the bush and after a time both died there. Not having been favoured with a Brahmin to perform the usual rites after death, he would in the present life be subjected to many trials, particularly of a domestic character, that his children would be sickly, etc., and that the only way to avert pending trials would be by large gifts to the Brahmins, and his next existence too would thus be made happier. But, said Babu, these statements are not confirmed by facts; my home is happy, my wife is healthy and good, my eldest child is in school and is doing very well. Quite so, replied the Pandit, but I am telling you what the book says, and I did not make the book.

The belief in transmigration is deeply rooted in the East Indian. He believes that in a former life a rat was a grain stealer, a monkey a fruit stealer, a cockroach an oil stealer, etc. The initiated profess to be able to determine, by the use of ashes, the animal which the departed spirit animates.

Every man shall receive according to his works. If we do well, maintain the rules of caste, live according to the ritual, in the next life we will reappear in a high caste, be exempt from many physical evils and enjoy honour, wealth, ease, etc. If, on the other hand, ill-doing mark our present existence, our next life may be in a lower caste, or according to the measure of demerit in the lowest form of animated being.

Let me tell a story illustrative of this. A Brahmin and his wife had an only son. When the son grew up he separated from his parents and was successful in life. His parents fell into distress, and had to borrow money of their son. The mother was anxious to repay the whole amount borrowed; the father was indifferent, put off, in fact had no wish to pay. The mother went to work with a determined spirit and paid the portion that might fairly be exacted of her. Shortly after this both parents died, and the son continued his agricultural work. The mother reappeared as an infant in a Brahmin's family. She was nurtured amid abundance. At her marriage she was borne in a palki to her new home. Whilst en route she passed her old home stead. The oxen at the time were ploughing in the field. One ox refused to work. He was goaded and beaten. She ordered the palki bearers to carry her to the place where the stubborn ox refused to work. Stepping up to the animal she whispered in his ear. The ox immediately started and continued his work, to the satisfaction of all. The marriage party proceeded on its way, and shortly afterward the owner of the field and the ox came up and was delighted to find that the ox that had given them so much trouble was now working so well. On hearing what had happened he went in quick pursuit after the company, and having overtaken the party begged the young lady in the palki to explain how she had succeeded in getting the ox to work. After very much reluctance she went on to reveal the whole matter. In my former life I was your mother and that ox there was your father. We owed you a debt. I paid my part, but your father was unwilling to pay his portion. I am now getting my reward and he has returned in the form of an ox to pay up what he owes. The son on hearing these words was greatly moved, and begged to be informed how he could relieve the spirit of his father. Go, said she, and, tak-

ing a lot of water, sprinkle it upon the head of the ox and pronounce the words: "You have paid it all," and the spirit will at once be liberated. Obedient to instructions, the son hastened to the field, and as the water was poured out and the words pronounced the ox fell dead and the spirit held for the payment of the debt was liberated to move in a higher sphere and in more congenial pursuits.

Were not the Gospel the power of God unto salvation we could do little, but in our feebleness and imperfections God is pleased to use and to glorify Himself by us. Already in this year I baptized nearly 100 souls.

We have been favoured this year in having visitors from Canada in thorough sympathy with our work. Amongst these were Mr. Mackie, of Kingston, and Professor and Mrs. Marshall, of Queen's University. We regretted the very short stay of Mr. Mackie, though Mrs. Marshall addressed our Sabbath school, and we were all delighted.

Professor Marshall, with our new seminary before him, touched very briefly but in a most interesting and attractive way on several of the many subjects that are taught in the University.

We all feel benefited by their visit. To us it was like an inspiration.

MEETING OF PRESBYTERY OF HONAN.

A regular meeting was held at Lin Ching, on May 6 and 7, Dr. Smith, Moderator, in the chair. Mr. MacGillivray reported the settlement of the Ch'u wan looting case and the resumption of medical and evangelistic work there upon the return of Dr. McClure from the coast. Dr. Smith gave an account of a tour in the Wei hui Fu district, in which he had been accompanied by Messrs Goforth, Mackenzie and MacVicar. Many signs of friendliness were observed, especially at Hsin chen, and in some instances the spirit of enquiry manifested by natives afforded considerable encouragement. Negotiations to secure mission premises at Hsin chen were still in progress, and the Moderator and Clerk expected to return immediately to the field with a view to completing arrangements. The understanding arrived at with the China Inland Mission regarding the co-occupation of North Honan, in the light of further correspondence, was considered thoroughly satisfactory.

A preaching helper for Dr. McClure and a medical assistant for Dr. Smith have been secured from the American Presbyterian Mission, and a very cordial vote of thanks was tendered to that mission for their many and great kindnesses in thus supplying native workers. The question of a division of labourers came up for careful consideration, and it was unanimously agreed that in view of the present circumstances and prospects of the mission, Mr. Goforth, Mr. MacGillivray and Dr. McClure labour at Ch'u-wang, while Dr. Smith, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Macdougall, and Mr. MacVicar assume the work at Hsin chen, should a settlement be effected there as expected. The Foreign Mission Committee was petitioned to grant an appropriation of \$10,000 for the purpose of securing adequate accommodation for the work at both stations. The treasurer reported the receipt of \$169.80 for famine relief, raised principally by Rev. A. B. Winchester, of Berlin, Ont. As the work of famine relief had been closed in the Tientsin district, to which the suffering through floods was almost altogether confined, the Clerk was instructed to write Mr. Winchester, thanking him for his efforts and requesting him to notify Presbytery of his wishes regarding the disposal of this sum. A vote of thanks was conveyed to the British Consul, Mr. Brennan, for his important and freely-rendered services in the settlement of the Ch'u-wang looting case.—J. H. MACVICAR, Pres. Clerk.

HAY fever takes a prominent place among the maladies that go to make life uncomfortable during this month. Through the use of Nasal Balm the sufferer will experience immediate relief and rapid cure. No other remedy equals it for the treatment of hay fever and catarrh. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. and \$1 a bottle). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GENTLEMAN in the city has received a letter from Mr. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music, who is now travelling in Europe. The letter was written in Nuremberg and contains much information of interest to Canadians. The military bands of Berlin and Hamburg impressed Mr. Torrington very favourably. "Cavallerio Rusticano," by Mascagni, the opera on the wave of popularity throughout Germany, was heard at Kroll's Gardens, a magnificent pleasure resort in Berlin, and an institution Mr. Torrington would like to see duplicated on our own island. At the Hoch School of Music, which is under the direction of the famous Joachim, Mr. Guest Collins was found. At Leipzig the Canadian was well received by such eminent musicians as Jadassohn and Krause. At a musical evening at the house of the latter, Mr. Field, of Toronto, was among the players. Mr. Nikisch, the leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was also present, and, during his conversation with Mr. Torrington, told him he intended taking back with him to America ten of the leading solo instrumentalists of the principal orchestras of Germany. Mr. Keys, of Toronto, was also met with in Leipzig, and in company with him Mr. Torrington attended a "Kneipe," which seems to be an annual festival of the graduates of the universities. Church music in Germany, so far as it has come under the Torontonians' notice, is at a low ebb and cannot begin to compare with the standard maintained in either Canada, England, or the United States. Before leaving for London, by way of the Rhine to Cologne, Mr. Torrington intended hearing "Parsifal" and Tannhauser performed in the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth.

"Why, now I cannot get enough to eat," says one lady who formerly had no appetite, but took Hood's Sarsaparilla