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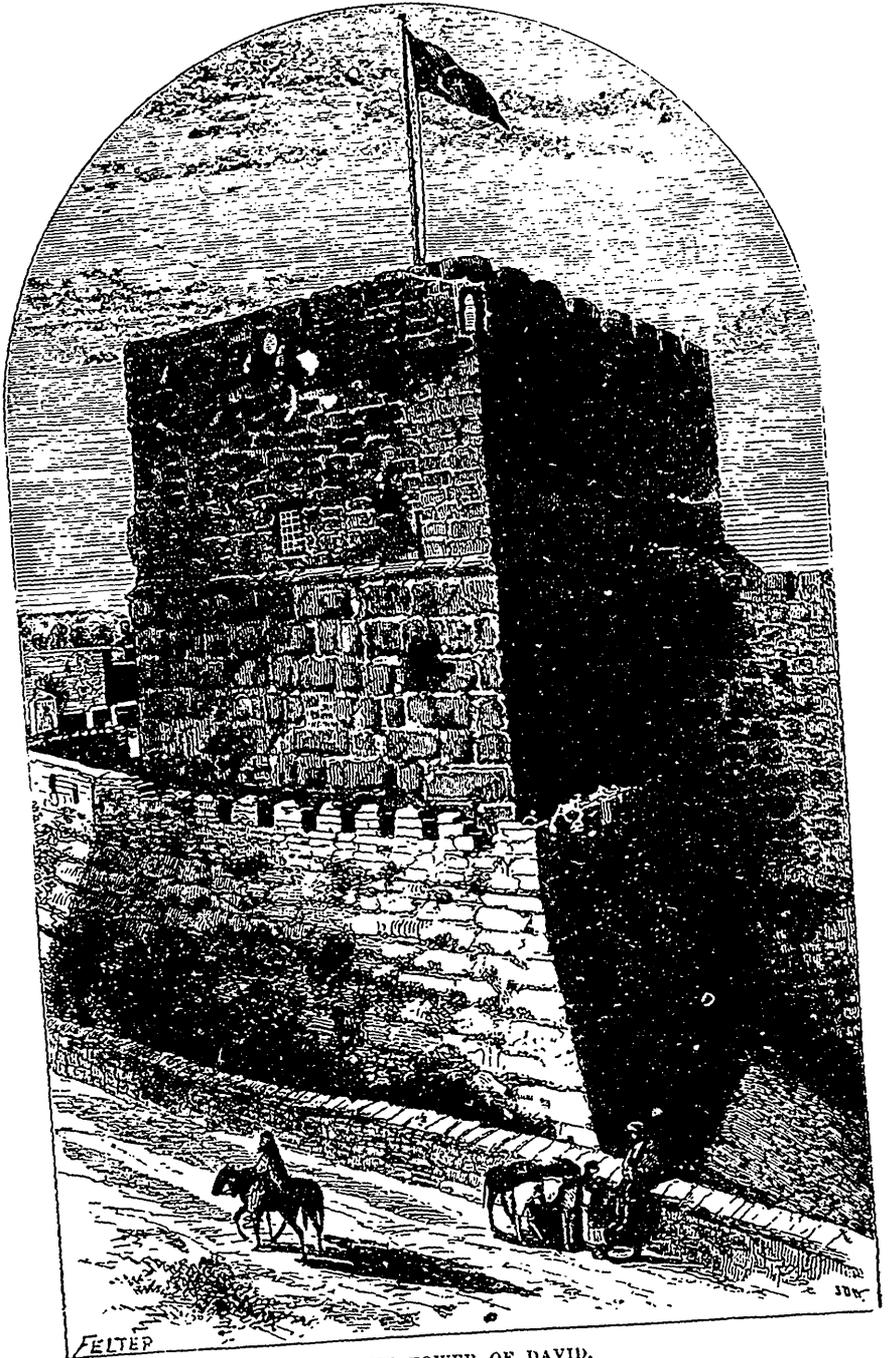
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THE TOWER OF DAVID.

THE Methodist Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1893.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

WOOD is so scarce in Southern Palestine, especially in the stern "wilderness of Judæa," that stone is almost exclusively employed for building purposes. When the new roof was placed on the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem the oaken timbers were brought from England and carried on the backs of camels from Jaffa. In Jerusalem the roofs are gener-

ally vaulted with stone and covered with cement. The floors are of stone slabs and the stairways are either iron or stone, hence the narrow streets, with their solid stone arches and grim-looking walls, as shown in our pictures, have a stern and sombre look.

The Pool of Hezekiah is a large artificial reservoir, 280 feet long by 138 feet wide. It is best seen from the rear gallery of a restaurant in Christian Street, or from the post and telegraph office.

Its construction is attributed to King Hezekiah. It was supplied by a fresh-water conduit; but the water it now contains is foul and muddy, and scarce fit for even ablutionary purposes.

While passing through the corn bazaar we were greatly impressed with an illustration of Scripture which took place before



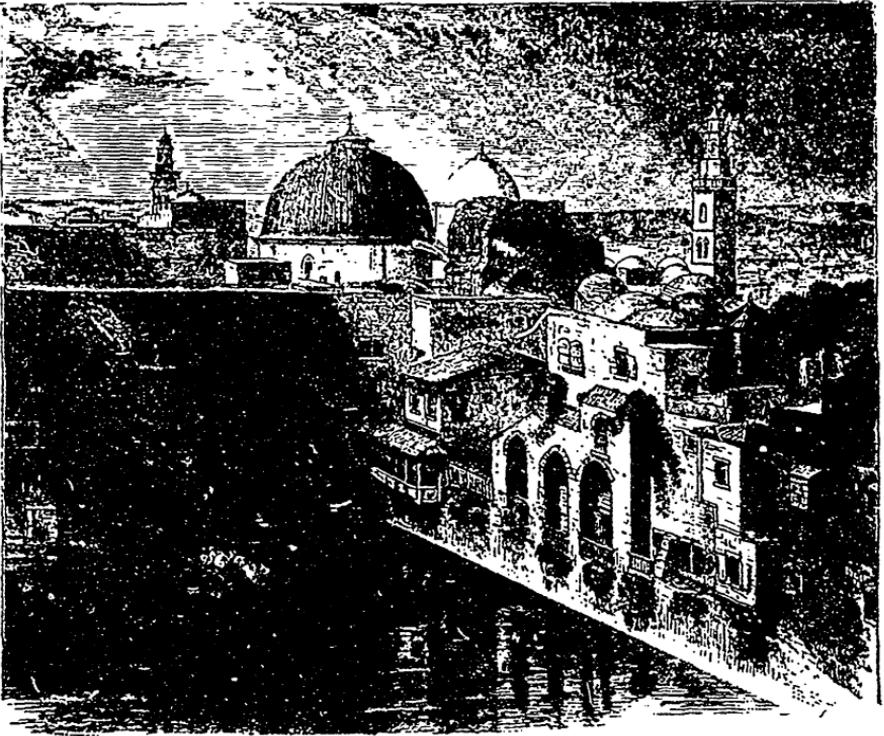
TYPICAL STREET IN JERUSALEM.

our eyes. The corn merchant, instead of striking off the measure even with the top, heaped it up and then shook the measure, pressed it down with his hands and poured on more grain till it ran over at the edges, thus obeying that Scripture: "give good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

As we were passing the court of the city magistrate, our

thoughtful Abdallah took us into the shabby little room where justice was dispensed, and introduced the Judge and the rest of our party to the turbaned Cadi who occupied the judgment seat. That functionary invited the Judge to share the dignity of the bench, while the rest of us sat below the rail. After exchanging a few compliments we mentally voted the proceedings rather a bore, and bowed ourselves out.

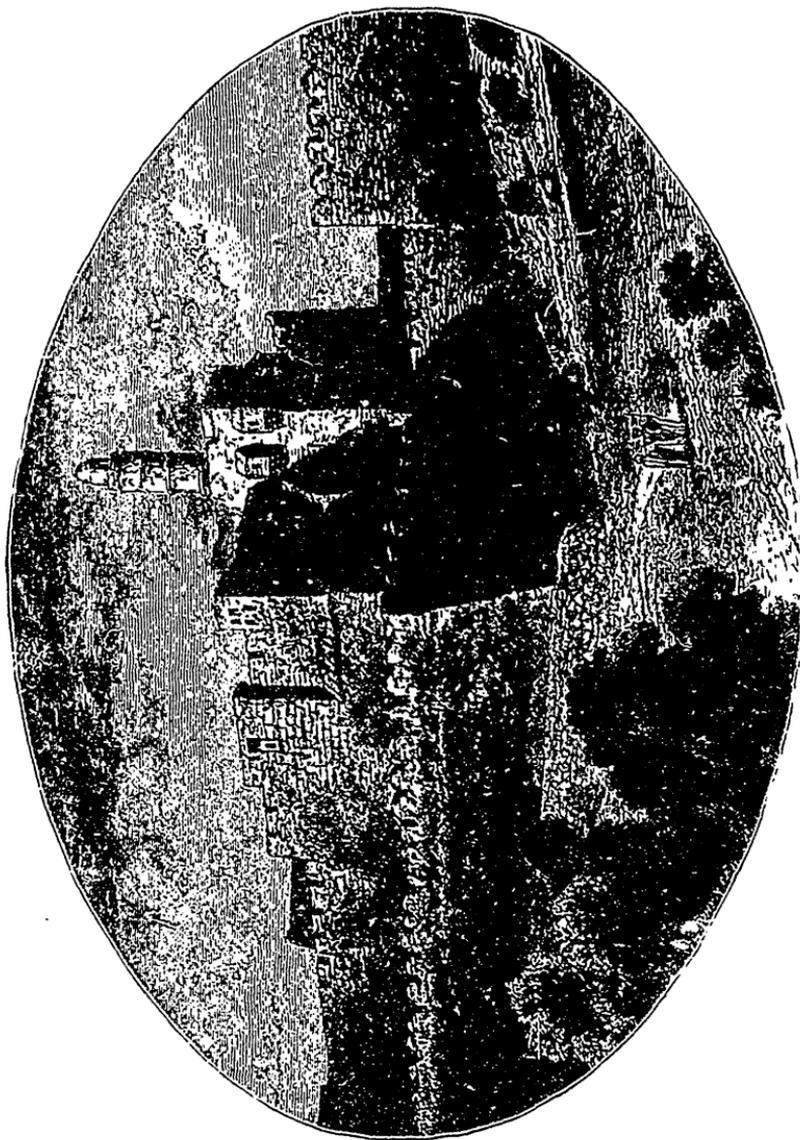
We went one fine moonlight night to visit the great grottoes under the city, from which tradition avers the building material



POOL OF HEZEKIAH.—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN BACKGROUND.

for Solomon's temple was quarried. The black shadows of the wall and towers flung themselves across the moonlit road, and the gray old walls looked wonderfully impressive in silhouette against the sky. A rude door opened directly into the cliff, here about fifty feet high, directly opposite the so-called grotto of Jeremiah. Crawling through the narrow opening and lighting our candles, we found ourselves in a vast cave about thirty feet high, with dim, mysterious shadows crouching around. Its floor gradually descended and extended for an unknown distance under the city. The roof was sustained by huge, shapeless columns left for

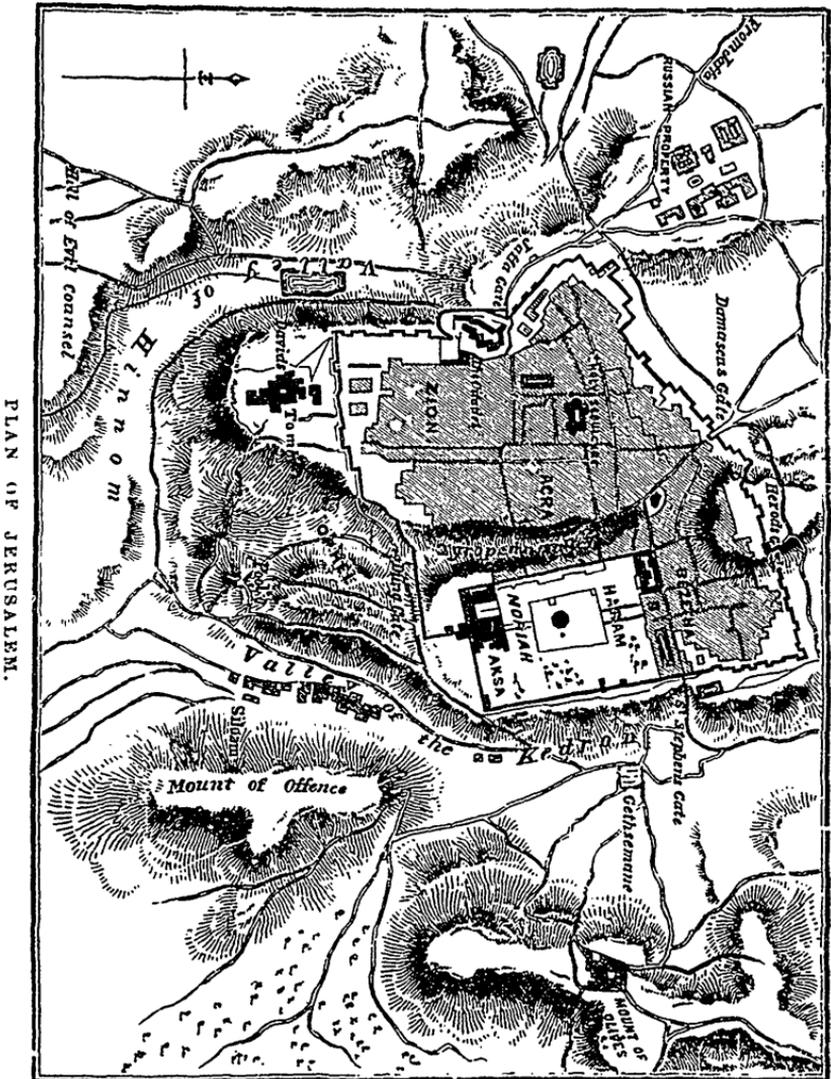
that purpose. Here and there great masses had fallen from the roof and others seemed ready to follow. The rock was pure white, of a firm texture, and walls built of this material must have had a brilliant effect in the bright sunlight.



CITADEL AND TOWER OF DAVID—FROM WITHOUT THE WALLS.

We wandered on and on in this strange quarry, looking in the faint light like shadowy ghosts in some dim underworld. In these quarries the workmen of Solomon had, doubtless, hewn and shaped the stones for the temple, as the carpenters of Hiram also prepared its cedar timbers, so that when they were brought

together there was "neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." We were glad to escape from the uncanny environments of the grotto to the glorious moonlight which flooded the city and neighbouring hills,



and to make our way back through the deserted streets to our home without the walls.

Opposite the Jaffa Gate rises the citadel or Tower of David,*

* We will be glad if our friends who do us the honour of reading the following description of the surroundings of Jerusalem will kindly consult the accompanying map. It will give a much clearer conception of the sacred sites referred to in the text. The names Jehosaphat and Kedron are applied to the same valley.



JAFFA GATE AND DAVID'S TOWER—FROM WITHOUT THE WALLS.

shown in our frontispiece—an irregular group of buildings surrounded by a moat. The lower part of this tower is built of drafted stones, sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees. This has been identified as the tower of Hippicus, described by Josephus.



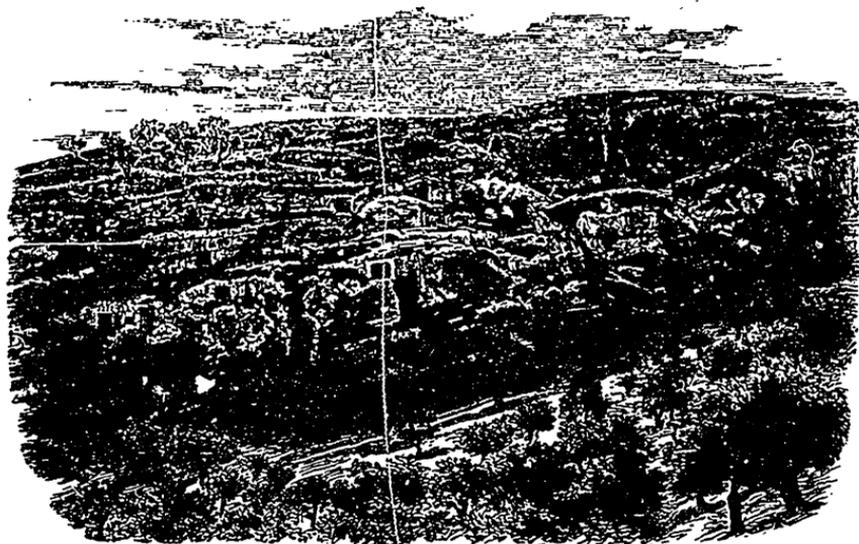
TOMB OF DAVID.

Titus left this tower standing when he destroyed the city. It received its name "Tower of David" from the tradition that that monarch once had his palace here. The interior is employed as barracks for Turkish soldiers, and is a dilapidated and ruinous structure with battlements and a few old cannon. From its summit a most magnificent view of the city, the surrounding valleys,

the hills beyond Jordan, and a glimpse of the Dead Sea may be obtained.

The Jewish population of Jerusalem and of Palestine, as a

whole, is much less than is generally estimated, and it is only very slowly increasing, and that chiefly in Jerusalem and in one or two agricultural colonies. The construction of the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem may, to some extent, stimulate settlement and create a mild boom in real estate outside the walls. It is difficult to present accurate figures. The following is the most accurate statement we have been able to find: Out of a total population of 41,335, Jerusalem has 25,322 Jews, while the Moslems number 7,960, and the Christians, 8,053. Dr. Thompson says that in 1833 it had only 12,000 inhabitants. The other Jewish settlements are Hebron, with 1,200; Jaffa, with 2,700;



ACELDAMA.

Ramleh, with 166; Nablous, with 99; Tiberias, with 2,900; Safed, with 6,120; Akko, with 200, and Haifa, with 1,640. Then the Jewish colonies have a contingent of 1,968, making a grand total of 42,315 Jews in Palestine.

We must not be misled as to the size of ancient Jerusalem by the multitudes which were at its great feasts and passovers. It is not likely that its population, in its palmiest days, exceeded 200,000. During the festivals, when the tribes came up to worship, many were encamped without the gates and in the open spaces within the walls, as is still, to a considerable extent, the case with pilgrims during the Greek and Latin Easters.

Without the walls on Mount Zion is the so-called house of Caiaphas, or the prison of Christ, now an Armenian convent.

This, it is alleged, is the very palace to which our Lord was taken from the house of Annas, and where he was arraigned before the court of the Sanhedrim. The trouble 's, that the identifications are so minute and circumstantial as to throw discredit



on the whole affair. The monks not only show the place where Peter denied his Master, but also the very stone on which the cock crew thrice before the apostate disciple had completed his miserable apostacy.



LOOKING UP THE VALLEY OF HINNOM TO JAFFA GATE.

More authentic probably, is the so-called tomb of David, now a large and irregularly-built Mohammedan mosque, with prison-like walls, having several picturesque domes and a single graceful minaret. We have the testimony of St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost, that the sepulchre of David "is with us unto this day." We know that he was buried in the City of David, which applies specially to the Hill of Zion. The tomb is still guarded by the Moslems with fanatical jealousy, and no Christian or Jew is permitted to approach. The most that is allowed is an opportunity to look through a screen upon a sarcophagus, covered, after the Moslem method, with gold-embroidered tapestry. This is alleged to be the spot where Solomon, with great pomp, buried his royal sire, and with him vast treasure, which was subsequently pillaged and plundered by Hyrcanus and Herod the Great.

Of more pathetic interest, however, is another identification connected with this mosque. This is the so-called Cœnaculum, or Upper Room, where our Lord partook "the last sad supper with his own." It is a large and dreary-looking room about sixty feet in length, and half as wide. This is also identified as the Upper



LOOKING UP THE VALLEY OF THE KEDRON—FROM EN-ROGEL.

Room where Christ taught that precious lesson in humility by washing His disciples' feet, and in which the descent of the Holy Ghost took place on the Day of Pentecost. There is nothing in Scripture either to warrant or preclude this supposition.

It is certain that a Christian church stood here as early as the fourth century, but it was not until the seventh that tradition combined the scene of the Last Supper and that of the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost. If we could only be certain of this identity, this surely would be the most sacred place on earth. But it is, doubtless, better that it should be in the custody of the misbelieving Moslem, than that it should be converted into a place of idolatrous reverence, in a superstitious veneration for "the letter that killeth" instead of "the spirit which giveth life."

On this Hill of Zion there is a most astonishing fulfilment of the predictions uttered by Micah seven hundred years before the Christian era: "Therefore shall Zion be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." This has been literally fulfilled, and the ploughshare has long made its furrows on this sacred

site of Jerusalem. "The praise of the whole earth" has become a mound of ruins, on whose accumulated rubbish successive cities have been built.

It was with no ordinary interest that we made an excursion round about Jerusalem; that we "considered her palaces, and marked well her bulwarks." Issuing from the Jaffa gate we glide down the deepening valley of Gihon, which to the further south takes the name of Hinnom and Valley of Jehosaphat, and sweeps round the city, and through the ever-deepening slopes of Kedron, to the narrow gorge which leads to the Dead Sea. On our left rise the massive and sombre walls of the citadel, while billowy hills roll westward as far as the eye can reach.



VIEW OF JERUSALEM—FROM THE KING'S DALE.

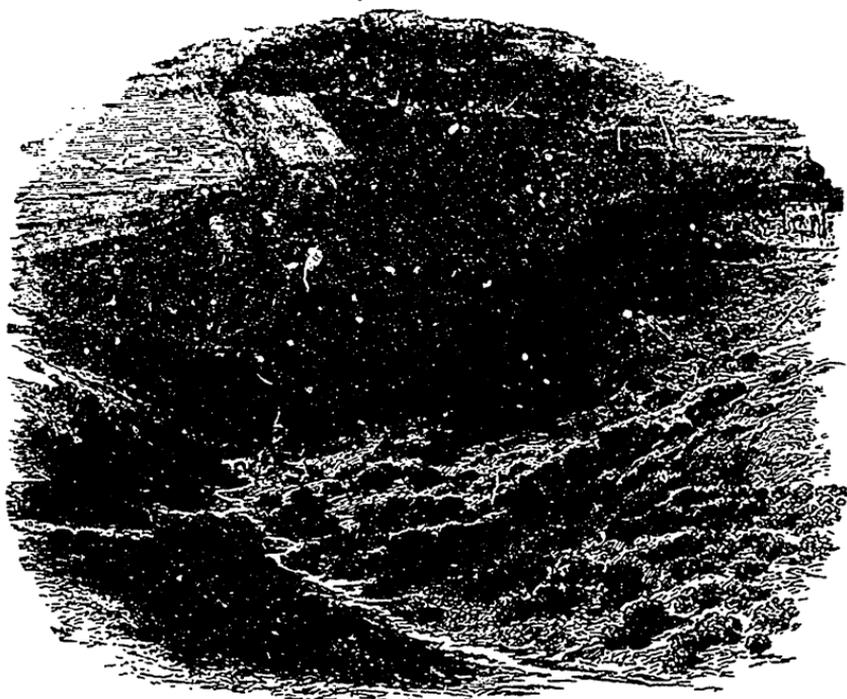
The Upper and Lower Pools of Gihon give evidence that ancient Jerusalem was not a barbarous capital, but the seat of a splendid civilization. These pools were supplied by two stone-built aqueducts from Solomon's Pools, many miles distant among the hills. One of these aqueducts still brings water to the city. The Upper Pool is 350 feet long, 200 wide, and 20 deep. The Lower Pool, known as the "Pool of the Sultan," is 525 feet long, 220 feet wide, and about 40 feet deep, with an area of over three acres. It was constructed by building two solid walls across the valley, and excavating the intervening space. Both of these pools are now, like everything else under the degenerate rule of the Turks, in ruins—empty cisterns which hold no water. These are the Upper and Lower Pools mentioned in Isaiah vii., 3; and xxxii., 9. At the Upper Pool was delivered the proud mes-

sage of Sennacherib to King Hezekiah, and at the Lower, Zadok, the priest, anointed the youthful Solomon to be king over Israel. "And they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, God save King Solomon! . . . So that the earth was rent with the sound of them," 1 Kings, i., 39, 40. It seems to make the old Bible narrative more vivid than ever, to gaze upon the very scenes amidst which these stirring events were enacted.



POOL OF SILOAM.

As we turn to the east the valley becomes more precipitous. On the left the steep slopes of Zion, crowned with its gray old walls, rise higher and higher. On the right are the rugged crags of the Hill of Evil Council, so named from the tradition that here was the country-house of Caiaphas, where he counselled with the Jews how he might kill Jesus. It is honeycombed with tombs, which look, from the road, like robbers' caves. In one of these, it is said, that the Disciples were concealed during the crucifixion of our Lord. Overlooking the ravine is the ill-omened



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

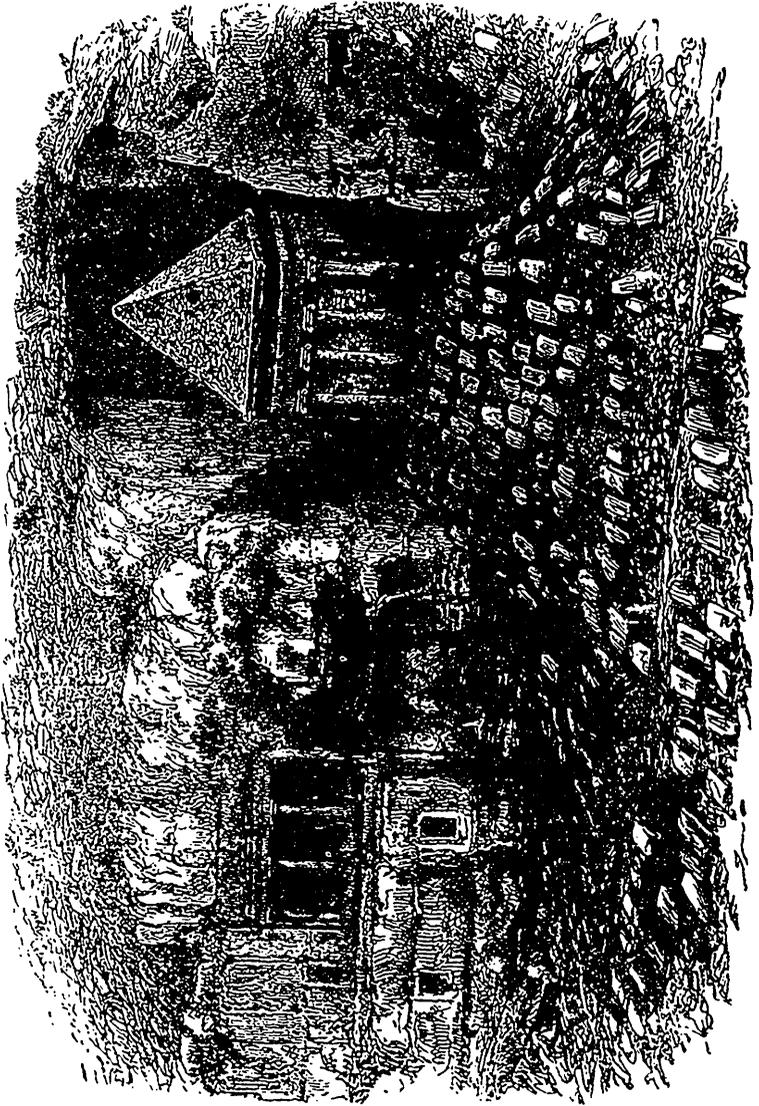
field, which still bears the name *Aceldama*, the *Field of Blood*. A ruined charnel-house marks this traditional spot. "The crimson flowers," says a recent writer, "that dot the eminence seem like drops of blood springing to life again every Paschal season, to cry out against the wretch who sold his Lord to murderers." A solitary blasted and withered tree still bears the name, "The tree of Judas."

We now enter the sombre and dreadful Vale of Hinnom, or Tophet, the "Place of Fire," 2 Kings, xxxiii., 10—the scene of the cruel worship of *Moloch*, described by the prophet Jeremiah, Jer. vii., 31, 32. The classic lines of Milton describe this worship:

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol—in the pleasant Vale of Hinnom,
Tophet thence,
And Black Gehenna called, the type of hell."

The Jews, cured of their idolatry by their seventy years' captivity, abhorred this spot, and made it their Gehenna, where,

in fires that were not quenched day or night, was burned the offal of the city—the symbol of the worm that dieth not—the fire that is not quenched. It became literally, as predicted by the



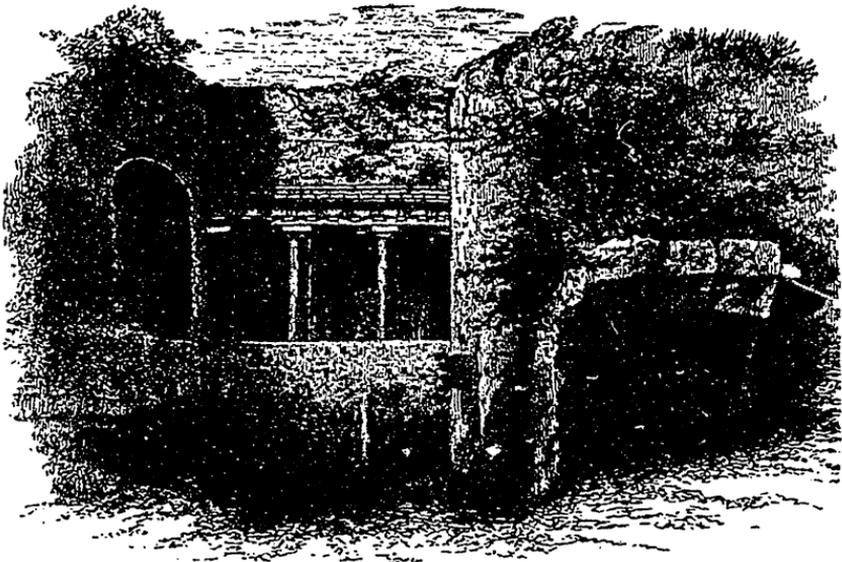
TOMB OF ST. JAMES AND ZACHARIAH.

prophet, a “valley of slaughter,” and during the last dread siege by the Romans, over half a million dead bodies filled the valley, until “there was no more place.”

Emerging from this sombre gorge, the valley opens into a smiling, fertile spot, known as the “King’s Dale,” or Solomon’s

Gardens. This was the most fertile spot we saw near Jerusalem. Great quantities of garden vegetables, including curly kail of brightest green, and Jerusalem artichokes, covered the spot. Dr. Thompson supposes that this may be the "King's Dale," where the King of Sodom, and Melchizedek, King of Salem, met Abraham after his return from the rescue of Lot.

A little to the south-east of the King's Dale is the very ancient well, En-rogel, the "Fuller Spring" mentioned by Joshua, Josh. xv., 7, as the boundary between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. It was here that Adonijah, son of David, assembled his partisans to crown him in his father's stead, 1 Kings, i., 9. This is also



TOMB OF ST. JAMES.

called Job's well. As the patriarch of Uz could have no connection with this spot, is it not probably a corruption of "Joab's Well," from the fact that here the great captain conspired against his king and forfeited his own life? The well is lined with masonry, and is 123 feet deep. Its surface is 325 feet lower than the temple area. A number of Arabs were laboriously drawing water for their cattle.

A little further down the valley is an old mulberry tree, said to mark the spot where the prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder by the order of the cruel King Manasseh. A few yards further is the famous Pool of Siloam, invested with so many hallowed memories. The whole region is offensive to both sight and smell. It is the last place in the world to inspire the poet's song.

A rippling rill still flows, "The waters of Siloah that go softly,"
as described in the words of Isaiah; the

"Siloah's brook that flowed,
Fast by the oracle of God,"



TOMB OF ABSALOM.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows,
How soft the breath, 'neath Zion's hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose,"

it was an utter disappointment to find the crumbling and ruinous structure shown in our cut.

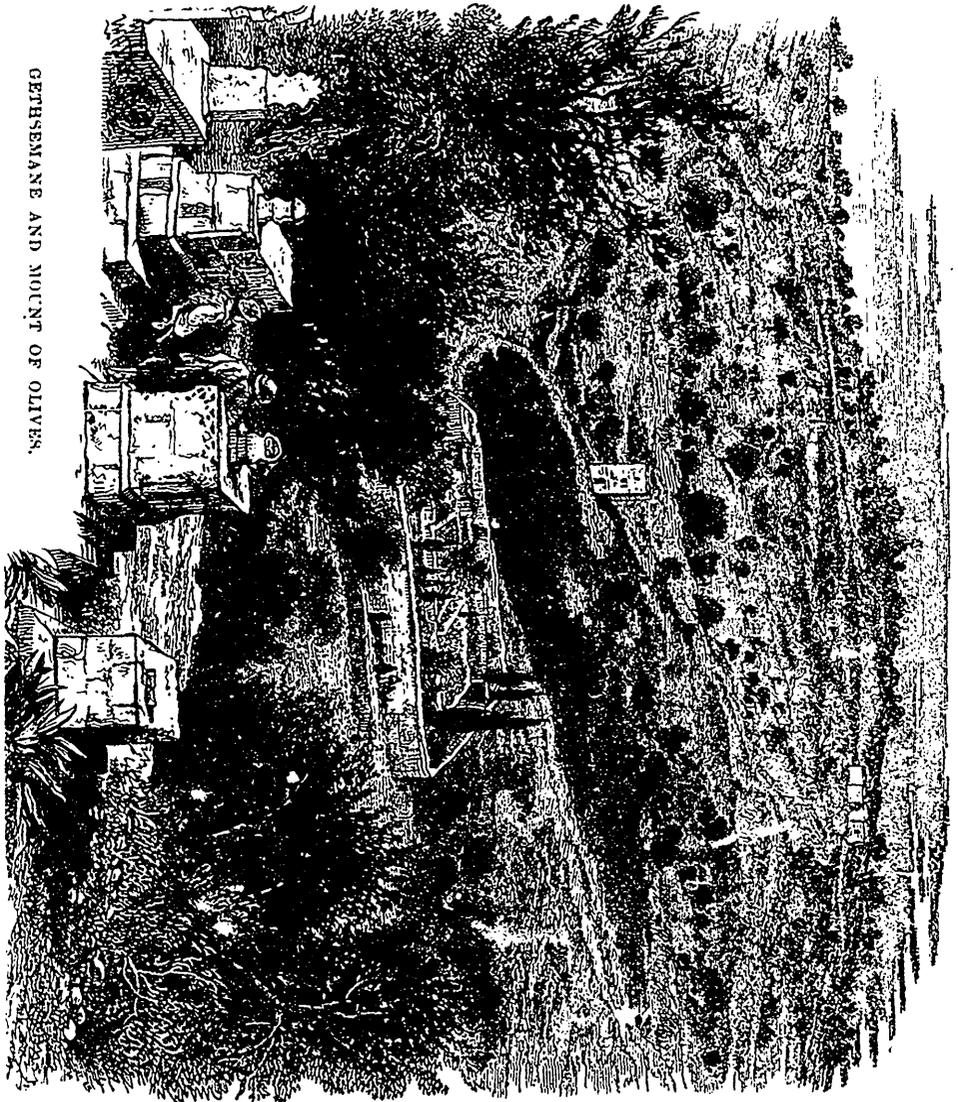
A few minutes' ride brings us to the so-called Mary's well, or fountain of the Virgin, because, according to Catholic tradition, the Virgin Mary here washed the swaddling clothes of the infant Christ. This spring is curiously intermittent, which the Moslems affirm is caused by the sleeping and waking of a dragon who has his lair in its depths. We climbed down the crumbling depths, some thirty steps, and found an Arab woman washing clothes beneath the arch.

Dr. Robinson suggests that this pool was really the ancient Pool of Bethesda, described in John v., 2-9. The intermittent character of the spring would explain the allusion to the periodical troubling of the waters by the angel, mentioned in the sacred narrative. It was, probably, also the same as the King's Pool, of Nehemiah, and Solomon's Pool, of Josephus.

The waters of this fountain pass by a tunnel to the Pool of

of Milton. The Pool of Siloam, an open structure 52 feet long, 18 feet wide and 20 feet deep, presents a picture of ruin and dilapidation. Nevertheless, the miracle of the healing of the blind man who was told to wash in the Pool of Siloam, invests the spot with sacred memories which can never die. With our mind filled with the beautiful hymn,

Siloam. Dr. Robinson and Captain Warren determined this by crawling through on hands and knees 1,700 feet. In one place the passage was only sixteen inches high, twelve of which were



GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

filled with water. Such are some of the pleasures of exploring the sacred sites. The place seems to be used as a scullery for the neighbouring village of Silwan, the ancient Siloah, clinging to

the steep slopes of the Mount of Offence,* scarcely distinguishable from the gray rock. This consists of eighty miserable houses, many of them part cave, formerly used as tombs or hermit cells. The thievish inhabitants live by farming and cattle raising, and some bring water from Siloah, or Job's well, on the back of donkeys, into the town.

We have now entered the Valley of Jehosaphat, the whole of which is one great cemetery. The Moslems declare that here Mahomet shall judge the world, an idea, perhaps, derived from the prophecy of Joel, "Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the Valley of Jehosaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. . . . Multitudes, multitudes, in the Valley of Decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the Valley of Decision," Joel iii., 12-14. It has been for ages the place of burial for both Jews and Moslems. Many generations sleep beneath the slabs which literally pave the ground. From very ancient times this valley seems to have been a favourite place of sepulchre. Here we have the tombs of Jehosaphat, Absalom, Zechariah, St. James and many nameless caves. The first we meet, facing the north, is the tomb of Zechariah, an isolated pyramid, thirty feet in height, hewn entirely from the rock, and bearing a number of Hebrew names.

Near by is the tomb of St. James, with two doric columns in front, and a number of chambers and rock tombs behind. Tradition avers that here St. James lay concealed after the crucifixion. His tomb in the fifteenth century was occupied by monks, but was afterwards used as a sheep pen.

The next is the tomb of Jehosaphat, with a broad entrance almost choked with rubbish. Then we reach the tomb of Absalom. It is a huge cube about twenty feet square, and about as many high, hewn out of solid rock. Above it is a low spire, about forty-seven feet in height. It is identified with the tomb mentioned in 2 Sam. xviii, 18.†

Around the base of this monument the ground is covered with stones, thrown there by the Jews in detestation of the unfilial conduct of Absalom.

* So named from the tradition that here Solomon set up his idolatrous worship. "Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon." 1 Kings, xi., 7.

† "Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the King's Dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place."

A few minutes' ride further brings us to the ancient stone bridge which spans the river Kedron. So firm is its structure, that it probably stood for centuries before the Christian era, and may often have been crossed by the feet of our Blessed Lord Himself. A few rods distant is a square enclosure, surrounded by old gray walls, above which wave the hearse-like plumes of the cypress and olive. This is the Garden of Gethsemane.



OLD OLIVES IN GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Here are the venerable, gnarled and gray-leaved olive trees, beneath which, ancient tradition affirms, our Lord knelt and prayed in agony in that dread hour of the power of darkness. Dull and insensate as the stones in these fields must be the heart which is not touched to tender sympathy by these sacred associations.

Two or three times we visited this sacred spot, but the most

impressive occasion was on the afternoon of Palm Sunday. After witnessing the gorgeous pageant of the Greek and Latin, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian churches, with their gold-brocaded vestments, jewelled mitres and chanted music, as they wound between a guard of 500 Turkish soldiers around the sepulchre of Christ, it was a blessed change to go forth without the walls and meditate in this quiet Garden of Gethsemane.

It is a little spot, and seems shut out from the noisy world without and consecrated to sacred thought. The gray leaves of the gray old gnarled olives whispered and shivered in the breeze, as if in memory of that fateful night when, beneath their shadow, the agonizing Saviour sweat great drops of blood. It was a fitting place to kneel in prayer, and, while the soul bowed lower than the knees, renew one's consecration to God.

In a distant part of the garden an earnest-souled young Latin monk was preaching with impassioned eloquence to a little company of sweet-faced Syrian women and girls, and thoughtful-looking men—pilgrims from afar to the scene of the world's redemption. They sang sweetly some pious hymns, and, moving slowly from place to place, knelt and prayed at several of the stations of the cross. A venerable and kind-faced monk, who acted as gardener, gave me a friendly smile and benediction, and a small bouquet of flowers from the garden, and I felt that beneath the wide differences of our creed, there was a deep and subtle bond of sympathy. Surely here on this hallowed spot, where our Saviour wept and prayed, Christians, of whatever name, should remember their common interest in our common Saviour and Lord. As I lingered, the words of Sidney Lanier's sweet poem haunted my memory :

“ Into the woods my Master went—
 Clean forespent—forespent :
 Into the woods my Master came—
 Forespent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to Him :
 Their little gray leaves were kind to Him :
 The Thorn tree had a mind to Him,
 When into the woods He came.

“ Out of the woods my Master went—
 And he was well content :
 Out of the woods my Master came—
 Content with death and shame.
 When death and shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last :
 It was on a tree they slew Him last,
 When out of the woods He came.”

LIGHT FROM THE CATACOMBS—THE MODE AND SUBJECTS OF BAPTISM.

BY THE EDITOR.*



ENTRANCE TO CATACOMB OF ST. PRISCILLA.

WE approach this subject, not in the spirit of controversy, but of scientific investigation. We have been often asked to state what is the testimony of the Catacombs on the subject of Christian baptism. We proceed, in compliance with this request, to state certain matters of fact which can be easily demonstrated, and which carry with them, it seems to us, their own inevitable conclusion. A few paragraphs are necessary at the outset, to describe to those unfamiliar with the subject, the nature of the Catacombs, and the validity and value of their testimony concerning primitive faith and practice.

These Christian cemeteries are situated chiefly near the great roads leading from Rome, and, for the most part, within a circuit of three miles from the walls. From this circumstance they have been compared to the "encampment of a Christian host besieging Pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches, with an assurance of final victory." The openings of the Catacombs are scattered over the Campagna, whose mournful desolation surrounds the city; often among the mouldering monuments that lie like stranded wrecks, amid the rolling sea of verdure of the tomb-abounding plain. From a careful survey and estimate, it has been computed that the aggregate length of all the passages is 587 geographical miles, equal to the whole

*In order to fulfil in the current volume the announcement of articles made for 1893, this number contains an undue proportion of editorial contributions

extent of Italy, from Ætna's fires to Alpine snows, and they contain between three and four million tombs.

In traversing these tangled labyrinths of graves, we are brought face to face with the primitive ages; we are present at the worship of the infant Church; we observe its rites; we study its institutions; we witness the deep emotions of the first believers, as they commit their dead, often the martyred dead, to their last, long resting-place; we decipher the touching record of their

sorrow, of the holy hopes by which they are sustained, of "their faith triumphant o'er their fears," and of their assurance of the resurrection of the dead and of the life everlasting. We read in the testimony of the Catacombs the confession of faith of the early Christians, sometimes accompanied by the records of their persecution, the symbols of their martyrdom, and even the very instruments of their torture. For in these halls of silence and gloom slumbers the dust of many of the martyrs and confessors, who sealed their testimony with their blood during the sanguinary ages of persecution; of many of the early bishops



ENTRANCE TO CATACOMB OF
ST. PRÆTEXTATUS.

and pastors of the Church, who shepherded the flock of Christ amid the dangers of those troublous times; of many who heard the Word of Life from teachers who lived in or near the Apostolic age, perhaps from the lips of the Apostles themselves.

The entrance to the abandoned Catacomb is sometimes a low-browed aperture like a fox's burrow. Sometimes an ancient arch can be discerned, as in cut on page 559. In all cases there is a stairway, often long and steep, crumbling with time, and worn with the feet of pious generations.

The Catacombs are excavated in the volcanic rock which abounds in the neighbourhood of Rome. They consist essentially of two parts—corridors and chambers, or *cubicula*. The former are long, narrow and intricate passages, forming a complete underground net-work. The main corridors vary from three to five feet in width. The ceiling is generally vaulted, though sometimes flat. The walls are generally of the naked rock, though sometimes plastered. At the corners of these passages there are frequently niches, in which lamps were placed, without which, indeed, they must have been an impenetrable labyrinth.

Both sides of the corridors are thickly lined with *loculi*, or graves, which have somewhat the appearance of the berths in a ship, or of the shelves in a grocer's shop; but the contents are the bones and ashes of the dead, and for labels we have their epitaphs. These graves were once all hermetically sealed, by slabs of marble, or tiles of *terra cotta*, on which were written the inscriptions.

The other constituents of the Catacombs, besides the corridors mentioned, are the *cubicula*, as they are called.

These chambers are from eight or ten, to as much as twenty feet square, generally in pairs on either side of the passage, and for the most lined part with graves. They were probably family vaults, though they were used for worship or for refuge in time of persecution. The chambers were lighted by shafts leading up to the open air, through which the brilliant Italian sunshine to-day lights up the pictured figures on the walls, as it must have illumined the fair brow of the Christian maiden, the silvery hair



GALLERY WITH TONES.

of the venerable pastor, or the calm face of the holy dead, in those early centuries so long ago.

But frequently "beneath this depth there is a lower deep," or even three or four tiers of galleries, to which access is gained by stairways cut in the rock. The awful silence and almost palpable darkness of these deepest dungeons is absolutely appalling.

Many of these chambers are beautifully painted with symbolical or beautiful figures. Indeed, the whole story of the Bible, from the Fall of Man in the Garden, to his redemption by Christ, is represented in these sacred paintings. In the cut on this page, it will be observed that the Good Shepherd occupies the position



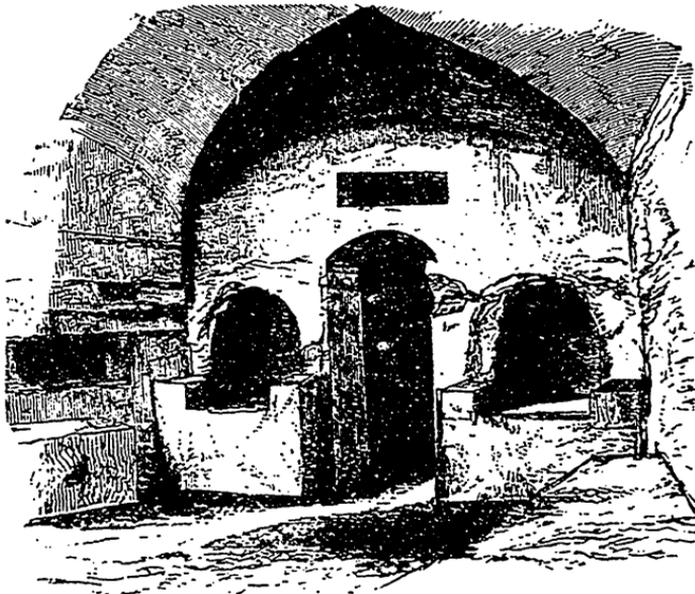
PAINTED CHAMBER IN CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES.

of prominence and dignity in the compartment over the arched tomb, balanced by Daniel in the lion's den, and the three Hebrews in the furnace.

The New Testament cycle, as it is called, depicting the principal events in the life of our Lord, and the miracles which He wrought, is very complete, especially in the sculptures of the sarcophagi or stone coffins, of which many examples are preserved in the Lateran Museum. In the fine example shown in the cut on page 564, which is of the fourth or fifth century, we have, first, Simon the Cyrenian bearing the cross; then Christ crowned, not with thorns, but with flowers, as if to symbolize his triumph; then Christ guarded by a Roman soldier; and in the last compartment he witnesses a good confession before Pontius Pilate.

The inscriptions of the Catacombs also throw great light on the doctrines and institutions of the primitive Church, and on the domestic and social relations, and conjugal and filial affections of the early Christians. The present writer has elsewhere treated this subject with great fulness of detail and copious pictorial illustrations.*

The humble epitaphs of the despised and persecuted Christians, by their rudeness, their brevity, and often their marks of ignorance and haste, confirm the truth of the Scripture, that "not many mighty, not many noble, are called." Yet these "short and simple annals of the poor," speak to the heart with a power



CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES, WITH SEATS FOR
CATECHISTS AND CATECHUMENS.

and pathos compared with which the loftiest classic eloquence seems cold and empty. It is a fascinating task to spell out the sculptured legends of the Catacombs—the vast graveyard of the primitive Church, which seems to give up its dead at our questioning, to bear witness concerning the faith and hope of the

* *The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity*, by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Cr. 8vo, 560 pages, 134 engravings. Price \$2.00. This book has reached its sixth English edition. From it several of the accompanying engravings are taken.

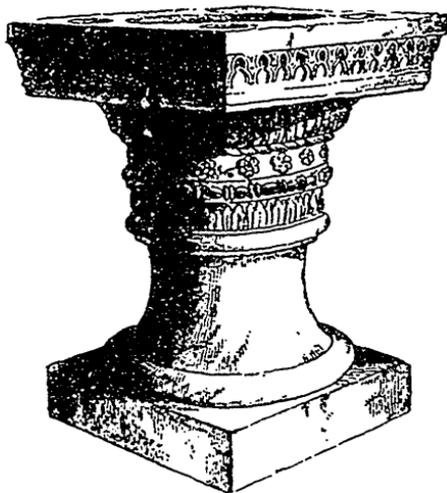


SARCOPHAGUS OF JUNIUS BASSUS.

Golden age of Christianity. As we muse upon these half-effaced inscriptions—

“ Rudely written, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ”—

we are brought face to face with the Church of the early centuries, and are enabled to comprehend its spirit better than by means of any other evidence extant.



ANCIENT BAPTISMAL FONT.

“ What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the primitive ages of the Church,” remarks Dean Stanley, “ can be compared with that afforded by the Roman Catacombs! Hardly noticed by Gibbon or Mosheim, they give us a likeness of those early times, beyond that derived from any of the written authorities on which Gibbon and Mosheim repose. He who is thoroughly steeped in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer to the thought of the early Church than he who

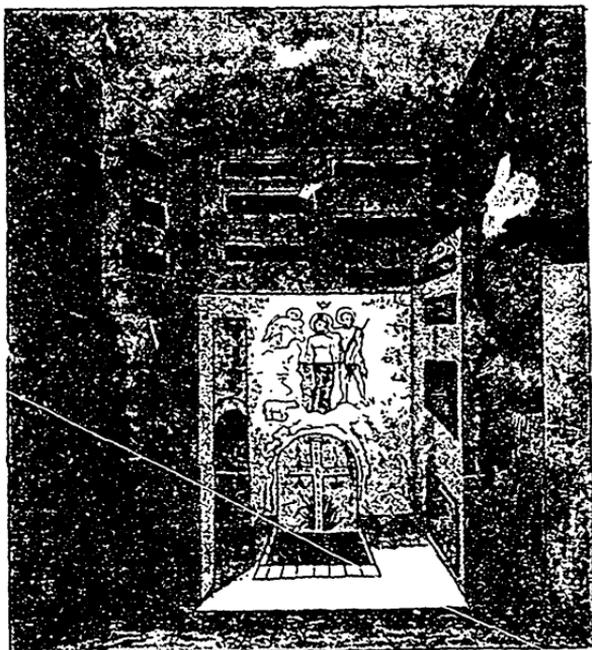
has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or of Origen.”

The inscriptions of the Catacombs lift the veil of ages from the buried past and cause it to live again, lit up with a thousand natural touches which we seek in vain from books. They bridge the gulf of time, and make us in a sense contemporaries of the

early Church. They give us an insight into the daily life and occupations of the ancient believers, of which no mention is made in the crowded page of history. The winding Catacombs are the whispering gallery of the bygone ages. Their humble epitaphs are echoes full of a deep and tender meaning, too low and gentle to be heard across the strife of intervening years.

The ordinance of baptism receives several illustrations from the monumental evidences of the Catacombs. There are numerous epitaphs of neophytes—a term applied only to newly baptized persons—which indicate that this Christian rite was administered at all ages from tender infancy to adult years.*

In course of time the rite of baptism degenerated into a superstitious charm, and was regarded as a mystical lustration which



BAPTISMAL FONT IN CATACOMB OF ST. PONTIANUS.

*The following *resumé* of the principal patristic evidence on the practice of infant baptism is corroborated by the testimony of the Catacombs. We omit the passages from Clement and Herraes Pastor, which imply its prevalence in the first century, as being rather vague. Justin Martyr, about A.D. 148, speaks of persons sixty and seventy years old who had been made disciples of Christ (*ἐμαθητεύθησαν*, the very word employed in Matt. xxviii. 19) in their infancy (*Apol.*, 2), and compares the rite of baptism to that of circumcision.—*Dial. c. Tryph.* Irenæus expressly speaks of “infants, little ones, children, youths, and the aged, as regenerated unto God,” which phrase he elsewhere applied to baptism—*Infantes et parvulos, et pueros, et juvenes, et seniores*—*Lib. ii. c. 39.* Tertullian, indeed, in the third century, recommends the delay of baptism, especially in the case of infants—*Cunctatio baptismi utilior est, præcipue tamen circa parvulos*—an indication of the Montanist heresy, into which he fell, which regarded post-baptismal sins as inexpiable.—*De Baptis.*, c. 18. The practice, however, continued, and Origen expressly asserts that little children were baptized

washed away all sin and was essential to salvation. This change probably resulted from a reaction against the Pelagian heresy, which denied the necessity of baptism, and from the rhetorical exaggeration by the Fathers of the spiritual efficacy of this sacrament. The church of the Catacombs, while duly administering the rite of baptism, did not, after the manner of the Church of Rome and other modern extreme sacramentalists, invest it with



CHRIST'S BAPTISM—WALL OF BAPTISTERY—
CATACOMB OF ST. PONTIANUS.

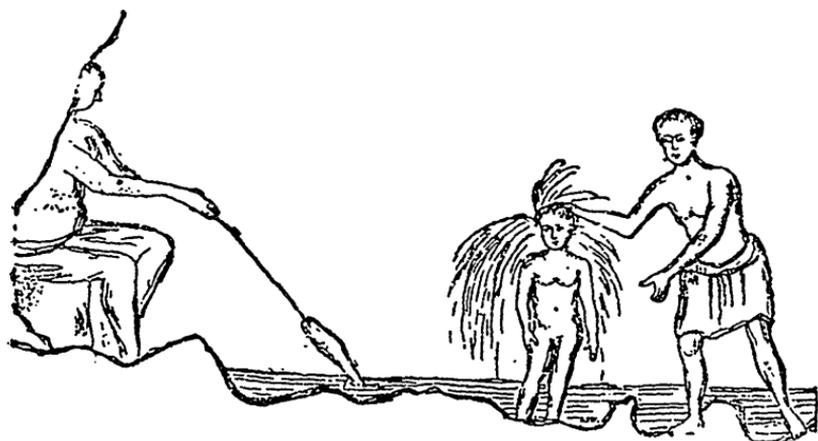
regenerative power, nor regard its involuntary omission as excluding the body from consecrated ground and the soul from heaven.

Sometimes, by a beautiful figure derived from its spiritual

for the remission of sins (*Parvuli baptizantur in remissionem peccatorum—Hom., 14, in Luc.*), which custom, he says, the church handed down from the apostles—*Ecclesia ab apostolis traditionem suscepit.—Id., in Rom., v. 6.* When the question arose, in the third century, not whether baptism should be administered to infants, but whether it should be administered before the eighth day, Cyprian and a council of sixty-six African bishops unanimously decreed that the rite should be denied to none, even in earliest infancy—*Universi potius judicavimus, nulli hominum nato misericordiam Dei et gratiam denegandam.—Cyp. Ep. 59, ad Fulum.* “And this,” says Augustine, “is no new doctrine, but of apostolic authority”—*Nec omnino credenda, nisi apostolica esse traditio.—De Genesi ad Literam, x.* The later Fathers abound in similar testimonies. The infant children of heathen converts were baptized *immediately*, and the older ones when instructed.—*Cod. Justin., I, II, Leg. 10.* Orphans, foundlings, and even the children of heathens, received this sacred rite. At an early period the eucharist was administered to infants, which was of necessity preceded by baptism.

significance, baptism is indicated as the palin-genesis, or new birth, of which it is the appropriate symbol. The following is a characteristic example of this usage: . . . CAELESTE RENATVS AQVA (*sic*)— . . . “Born again of heavenly water” (A.D. 377).^{*} This rite was also called illumination, and we find in the Catacombs the epitaphs of persons said to be thus “newly illuminated.”

The testimony of the Catacombs respecting the mode of baptism, as far as it extends, is strongly in favour of aspersion or affusion. All their pictured representations of the rite indicate this mode, for which alone the early fonts seem adapted; nor is there any early art evidence of baptismal immersion. It seems incredible, if the latter were the original and exclusive mode, of apostolic and even Divine authority, that it should have left no trace in



BAPTISM OF A YOUTH—CATACOMB OF CALLIXTUS, ROME.

the earliest and most unconscious art-record, and have been supplanted therein by a new, and as our immersionist friends affirm, unscriptural, and unhistoric method.

It is apparent, indeed, from the writings of the fourth and fifth century, that many corrupt and unwarranted usages were introduced in connection with this Christian ordinance that greatly marred its beauty and simplicity. It is unquestionable that at that time baptism by immersion was practised with many superstitious and unseemly rites. The subjects, both men and women, were divested of their clothing, to represent the putting off the body of sin; which, notwithstanding the greatest efforts to avoid

^{*} In a Christian epitaph from Aquileia, of date A.D. 734, we find the scriptural formula—*ex aqua et Spū renatus*—“born again of water and the Spirit.”—Muratori, *Nov. Thesaur.*, p. 1849:

it, inevitably provoked scandal. They then received trine immersion, to imitate, says Gregory Nyssen, the three days' burial of Christ; or, according to others, as a symbol of the Trinity. The rite was accompanied by exorcism, insufflation, unction, confirmation, the gift of milk and honey, the administration of the eucharist, even to infants, the clothing in white garments, and carrying of lighted tapers, to all of which a mystical meaning was attached.

But in the evidences of the Catacombs, which are the testimony of an earlier and purer period, there is no indication of this mode of baptism, nor of these dramatic accompaniments.* The marble font represented in our illustration, now in the crypts of St. Prisca within the walls, is said to have come from the Catacombs, and to have been used for baptismal purposes by St. Peter him-



BAPTISM OF A YOUTH, FROM THE "CHAMBER OF THE SACRAMENTS," CATACOMB OF CALLIXTUS.

self; in corroboration of which legend it bears the somewhat apocryphal inscription—SCI · PET · BAPTISMV · (sic). The tradition at least attests its antiquity; and its basin is quite too small for even infant immersion.

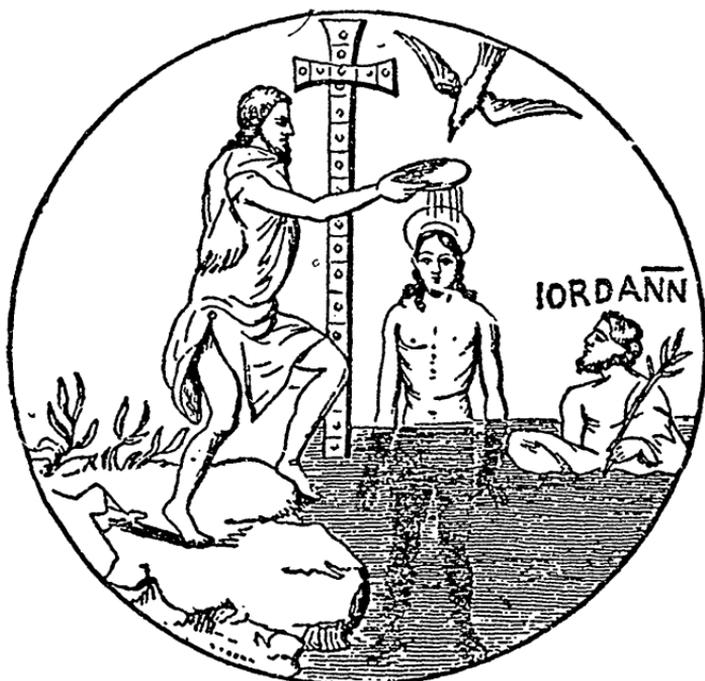
Other fonts have been found in several of the subterranean chapels, among which is one in the Catacomb of Pontianus, hewn out of the solid tufa and fed by a living stream. It is 1·45 metres long, ·92 metres wide, and 1·11 metres deep, but it is seldom near full of water. It is obviously too small for immersion, and was evidently designed for administering the rite as shown in the fresco on page 565.

Immediately over the font in the Catacomb of Pontianus is the

* Cyprian argues for the validity of baptism by sprinkling, when immersion is inconvenient, as in the case of the sick, prisoners, etc., as follows: "In baptism the spots of sin are otherwise washed away than is the filth of the body in a secular and carnal washing, in which is need of a bath, soap and the like. The heart of the believer is otherwise washed; the mind of man is cleansed by the merit of faith"—*Neque enim sic in sacramento salutari delictorum contagia, ut in lavacro carnali et seculari sordes cutis et corporis abluuntur, etc.—Ep. ad Magnum.*

elaborate fresco of the baptism of Our Lord, shown in cut on page 566. He is represented standing in the river Jordan, while John puts water upon his head, and the Holy Spirit descends in the form of a dove. An angel stands by as witness of the rite, and in the foreground a stag, the emblem of a fervent Christian, is drinking at the pure stream. The nimbus and other characteristics indicate the comparatively late date of this picture.

In a very ancient crypt of St. Lucina is another partially defaced baptism of Christ, attributed to the second century, in which St. John stands on the shore and our Saviour in a shallow stream,



BAPTISM OF CHRIST, MOSAIC FROM BAPTISTERY OF
RAVENNA, A. D. 454.

while the Holy Spirit descends as a dove. On the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus Christ is also symbolically represented as baptized by affusion. The rude examples on pages 567 and 568, from the Catacomb of Callixtus, probably of the third century, also clearly exhibits the administration of the rite by pouring. We see in these pictures how those who lived shortly after Christ and the apostles understood the baptism of our Saviour. They certainly understood it to be by "pouring out upon" Him of water.

In another group at Monza, of the seventh century, the baptismal water pours from a vase held in the beak of the divine dove upon the head of Christ. It is accompanied by a representation of Peter striking water from the rock, an emblem, according to Di Rossi, of the waters of baptism sprinkling the sinful souls that come thereto. A similar example also occurs in the cemetery of St. Prætextatus.

In ancient sarcophagal reliefs in the Vatican are representations of small detached baptisteries of circular form, crowned with the Constantinian monogram. These were necessarily of sufficient size to accommodate the number of persons who were baptized at one time, generally at Easter, and were placed outside of the basilica to indicate the initiatory character of baptism as the entrance to the church of Christ. In the early mosaics representing baptismal scenes, the rite is invariably administered by affusion, as in the baptistery of San Giovanni at Ravenna, in the beginning of the fifth century, in Sta Maria in Cosmedin, at Ravenna, and in the ivory relief on the episcopal chair of Maximinus, at the end of the sixth century. The mosaic of the baptism of Christ "with water" in Jordan, shown in the illustration on page 569, is found in the baptistery at Ravenna. This building was erected and decorated A.D., 454. This picture is the centre-piece of the dome. Our Saviour is standing "in Jordan," while John stands on the bank and baptizes him "with water," and the baptizing water is "poured out upon Christ." The figure to the right is a representation of the River Jordan.

So, also, a later example in the Lateran basilica represents Constantine kneeling naked in a laver, and Sylvester pouring water on his head. This is also the method indicated in several medals, bas-reliefs, frescoes, and mosaics, in almost every century from the fourth, through the Middle Ages, indicating a continuous tradition, even when immersion may have been practised, of a different mode of baptism. *Every* picture of our Saviour's baptism for 1,500 years after Christ, so far as we know after diligent and extensive archæological study, represents Him as standing in water, but baptized by the "pouring out upon."

WHEN Christmas comes, we hear the word
 Our Lord spake, listening back to His own birth,
 And forward until now, as if He heard
 His advent hymned by all the years of earth—
 "Except as little children ye become,
 Ye cannot in God's kingdom be at home."
 When Christmas comes, set in the midst is He,
 The Eternal Child, to show men they must be
 As children still, would they His kingdom see.

AN APPEAL FOR THE IMMEDIATE SUPPRESSION
OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

“New occasions teach new duties ;
Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.”

—Lowell.

“God give us men ! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.”

—Holland.

“All other issues before the American people dwindle into insignificance compared with the issues involved in the temperance question.”—*Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States.*

THE greatest opportunity to advance a moral cause ever presented to the people of this Province will be given on the first day of next January, 1894. On that momentous and historic occasion five hundred thousand electors, representing over two millions of people, will have the privilege and responsibility of answering at the polls the following question: “Are you in favour of the immediate prohibition by law of the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage?” The question does not refer to the prohibition of liquor for mechanical, medicinal, or sacramental purposes, but only to their use as a beverage. Neither does the answer settle where the power to prohibit resides, nor even that prohibition will be granted should a majority favour it. Still the question does not confine itself solely to the sale (which was all the Canada Temperance Act contemplated), but goes to the root of the matter, by including the importation and manufacture as well. Moreover, several subsequent and incidental questions, as compensation, and the date of prohibition taking effect, are for the time being held in abeyance, in order to discover, first, the mind of the electorate on the general question of the continued legalized existence of the traffic.

Admittedly great as are the evils flowing from liquor-drinking, in our zeal and impatience we must not expect prohibition to prove a universal panacea. Without the stimulus of alcohol depraved human nature is capable of sadly darkening life's pages with crime. Though a millennium of all the virtues need not be expected, yet it remains true that the suppression of this traffic would so revolutionize the face of society as to create if not “a new heaven,” yet “a new earth.”

It is here proper to observe that nowhere has prohibition ever yet been tried on a broad foundation. Even Maine, Kansas and Iowa are touched or surrounded by license States, with the possibility of having liquor easily "smuggled into them. Our own Canada Temperance Act (commonly called the Scott Act) dealt only with one branch of the traffic, out of three—prohibiting the sale only, but not touching either the manufacture in, or importation into, the country, and with no restriction upon the railroads or express companies; consequently at the best it was only one-third of a prohibitory measure, to be enforced under exceptionally difficult conditions.

I.—WE PLEAD FOR THE PROHIBITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BECAUSE ALCOHOL (THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT IN INTOXICATING LIQUORS) HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED TO BE UNNECESSARY TO THE HUMAN SYSTEM, EITHER IN HEALTH OR DISEASE.

"Alcohol is neither food nor medicine."—*R. Green, M.D.*

The London, Ont., Asylum, under Dr. Bucke, has for several years dispensed entirely with the use of alcoholic liquors, and this institution makes as good a showing in regard to low mortality as any other asylum in the Province, if not better. The same is true of hospitals in London, England, conducted on this plan. Dr. B. W. Richardson, the highest living authority on alcohol, after explaining its effects, says, "that alcohol is incapable of imparting any good is now pretty generally acknowledged. Until alcohol has produced an artificial constitution it does nothing that any one can construe into useful action."*

II.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE ALCOHOL IS INJURIOUS TO THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

"From my experience alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country."—*Sir Wm. Gull, M.D.*

"The intemperate man does not live out half his days."—*Moses Stuart, D.D.*

"If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and a large part of the poverty and unhappiness of the world would disappear."—*Edward A. Parks, M.D., F.R.S.*

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be called by, let us call thee devil."—*Shakespeare.*

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Proverbs.*

The Sons of Temperance, of London, Eng., in 1887, had a membership of 110,000. The members are total abstainers. So also are the members of the Rechabites. The Manchester Odd-Fellows

*Cyclopædia of Prohibition. Pp. 25, 26. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

and Foresters are not necessarily total abstainers. All four are benefit societies. In 1876, the amount of sickness per annum for each member of the Rechabites at risk was 16.2 per cent., against 20.53 among the Odd-Fellows. In 1884, the amount of sickness among the Sons of Temperance was 7.48, against 26.20 among the Manchester Odd-Fellows and the Foresters in each case.*

The deceptive nature of beer on health has been remarked, especially in recent years. Some time ago one of the largest and most conservative life insurance companies withdrew from business in Indiana because the deaths there *exceeded the tables of mortality*. By a detailed investigation it was shown that in certain counties beer drinking was carried to great excess, and there was where the unexpected loss of life occurred. Dr. M. H. Parmalee, of Toledo, O., testifies:—

“When one of those apparently stalwart, beery fellows is attacked by a disorder that would not be regarded as at all dangerous in a person of ordinary constitution, or even a delicate child or woman, he is liable to drop off like an over-ripe apple from a tree. You are never sure of him for a minute. He may not be dangerously sick to-day, and to-morrow he may be in his shroud.”

The extent to which intoxicating liquor is responsible for *insanity* is a difficult problem, as it is complicated with the question of heredity. In France 20 per cent. of insanity there is considered as caused by alcohol; in Denmark 12½ per cent., and in Germany 10 per cent.† Dr. Daniel Clarke, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum, testified before the Royal Commission that out of 6,000 cases of insanity he found 9½ per cent. produced by drink. The number of insane in Canada, according to the census of 1891, was 13,355. Taking the lowest calculation, that of Dr. Clarke, 9½ per cent. places the number of insane in this country due to alcohol at 1,268. It is to be noted also that the number of insane in Ontario is increasing faster than the population.‡

In regard to the death rate of abstainers and non-abstainers, some startling statistics are available. The death rate of the clergy of the Anglican Church in England is very low, and has fallen recently since that body has so generally adopted temperance principles. But the “Rechabites” (total abstainers) have a lower death record than even the clergy (two-fifths of whom are reported to be abstainers). Thus, between the ages of 25 and 45, clergy death rate 4.64, Rechabites 4.50; between the ages of 45 and 60, clergy 15.93, Rechabites 13.02.§

* *Homiletic Review*, New York, XIV., p. 274. † *Cyc. Prohib.*, pp. 153, 184, 189. ‡ *Government Year Book of Canada*, 1892, p. 506. § “*Temperance in all Lands.*” New York, II. p. 389.

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution has had a long and wide experience on this subject, covering twenty-seven years, with the following result:—

Comparison of death claims between total abstainers and non-abstainers :

Temperance Section—Expected deaths, 1866-1892, 5,504 ; actual deaths, 3,903.

General Section—Expected deaths, 1866-92, 8,050 ; actual deaths, 7,881.

Thus in twenty-seven years there were, in the Temperance section, 1,601 fewer deaths than expected ; and in the general section but 169 fewer. Out of 100 in the general section expected to die, 97.9 did die ; while only 70.9 died in the temperance section, an advantage of twenty-seven per cent.*

The *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, commenting lately on the fact that the liquor dealers of Illinois had organized a life insurance society, said : “Some such organization had become a necessity for the liquor dealers of the West, as many life insurance companies and friendly benefit associations are declining to take risks of men engaged in the retail sale of liquor.” No wonder such is the case, for, in the forty-fifth annual report of the Registrar-General for England, we find these words : “The mortality of men directly concerned in the liquor trade is appalling.” †

III.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE THE REGULATION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BY LICENSE, HIGH OR LOW, HAS PROVED AN IGNOMINIOUS FAILURE.

“The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change,
Then let it come : I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.”—*Lowell.*

“The liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy.”—*Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S.*

“As well try to regulate a rattlesnake by holding it by the tail as to permit, and then attempt to regulate, saloons.”—*John B. Finch.*

“Why should I arrest him, since by getting drunk he supports the Government ?”—*Answer of native policeman of India to a missionary.*

It is said that prohibitory laws cannot be enforced, and, therefore, we should be content with the license system, and regulate what we cannot prohibit. The fallacy of such reasoning lies in assuming that the license system actually regulates, whereas every one knows that it utterly fails to do so. In regard to sales to minors, to drunkards, and during prohibited hours, the police

* *Templar*, Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 20, 1893.

† Temperance in all Lands, II., p. 335.

courts could be filled with cases every Monday morning. For hundreds of years (dating in England from 1495) license has been tested, and to-day the liquor power stands as compact, as insolent and lawless as ever—a mighty menace to the best interests of society, a very serpent of Laocoön, crushing in its folds the spirit of public and private virtue.

By the Ontario law an applicant for a license must be a person of "good character and repute" (sec. 11). Were the subject not so sad, this would be ludicrous in the extreme. What good man, with all the fierce light now thrown upon the terrible evil, could sell liquor in this country? Not only churches, but lodges, fraternal societies and labour organizations are closing their doors every day to these persons of "good character and repute." But suppose such men held licenses, this fact would only aggravate the evil by casting an air of respectability over the business, thus luring our young men more readily to ruin.

The license-holder must not sell to minors. But is an applicant at the bar to carry with him his birth-certificate? Is a man to be fined because he guessed a little beyond the correct age? Neither must he sell to drunkards. But what is drunkenness, and when may a man be said to be drunk? When courts have wrestled long over this question, why should a license-holder's life be rendered uncomfortable by it? Neither must he sell after seven o'clock on Saturday nights. But why should he be considered as engaged in a legitimate business at 6.59 p.m., and be a criminal for continuing the same business at 7.12 p.m.? And if it is lawful to supply for pay food to eat on Sunday, why fine him for selling something to drink? And if his business was lawful and useful on Wednesday, why is it criminal to engage in it the next day—that being election-day? All these restrictions are purely arbitrary and founded on no principle. Little wonder the license-holder and many of the public see no guilt in breaking these restrictions. It is said that only pure liquor should be sold. Save the mark! As if pure liquor never intoxicated! Noah, and Lot, and Alexander the Great, and the mighty monarchies of ancient days fell by pure liquor.

It is further said, "Rigidly enforce the license laws to the last restriction and punishment." This is the very thing that must not be done, for if you kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, where is the revenue to come from? No! especial care must be taken that licensees are not so punished as to be unable to pay the license fees. The cry that law-breakers should lose their licenses, and the premises occupied be cut off from a license, is the very thing that will never be done so long as a Government has a

financial interest in the existence of the business. Last year the Dominion Government was a partner in the liquor traffic to the extent of one hundred and forty-one millions of dollars; that is to say, in order to produce the income of \$7,057,755, which was its dividend from the liquor business last year, it would require a capital of over one hundred and forty-one millions of dollars at five per cent. The municipalities of Ontario held last year over five millions of capital invested in the traffic, their dividend being \$289,485. The Ontario Government's financial interest was a capital of over six millions, their dividend being \$300,604. How absurd to expect Governmental human nature, except in immediate sight of its own political gallows, to enforce rigidly any law which would reduce its annual dividends. Until political extinction stares a party in the face, moral ideas on this question must necessarily be crushed to the wall, and crisp impatience manifested towards those "visionary, impracticable people" who are rendering themselves such a nuisance to the Government.

In its very nature the license system must forever be a failure as a remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic, because it has two ends in view, a moral and a financial end, and the more the financial end is attained, the less is the moral, and *vice versa*. The most important liquor organ of the United States uses the following striking language :

"We see young men becoming drunkards, but we offer no remedy ; we see old men turn to common sots, but we offer no remedy ; we see the scum of society all flocking into the retail liquor business, but we offer no remedy ; we see these men gain control of city governments, but we offer no remedy ; we see the retail liquor business dragged down to the level of the bawdy-house, and little hells are operated in public places under liquor licenses, but we offer no remedy."*

For the staying of evil, license is as the might of the spider's web across the lion's cave.

IV.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE THE PRINCIPLE, IN ITSELF, IS RIGHT.

"What ought not to be used as a beverage, ought not to be sold as such."—*Channing*.

"My liberty ends when it begins to involve the possibility of ruin to my neighbour."—*John Stuart Mill*.

So long as Robinson Crusoe remained alone on a distant island, he was an absolute law to himself, but the moment the man Friday appeared, the whole question changed, and the larger

* Bonfort's *Wine and Spirit Circular* (New York), Feb. 10th, 1889.

the community, the more complex the question would become. Even if an act is evil in itself, the State prohibits it, not for that reason, but because it produces evil results in society. For the same reason, actions right and innocent in themselves, are prohibited. Building a frame house within the fire limits, or a brick wall less than a certain thickness, or a depot for the storage of gunpowder, the shooting off of fire-crackers, the following of a useful but offensively odorous trade, or driving more than six miles an hour in a city, or carrying a concealed weapon, are all innocent in themselves, but prohibited. The subject of their "sinfulness," or otherwise, is totally excluded.

Legal prohibition does not directly affect any man's personal liberty. No prohibitory statute has been framed that proposed to treat with a man's personal habits or private appetite. Those who say to the contrary are either uninformed or uncandid. Prohibition attempts to deal only with a legalized institution in a Christian land, called "the bar-room." Under a prohibitory law a man can brew beer, or distil spirits, for his own use, and drink them. But if he makes it a business of barter or sale, the case becomes entirely different. If such barter or sale produce evil effects on society, it may be prohibited. Indirectly, it may affect a man's personal facility in procuring drink, but if in shooting a rapacious wolf a window-pane is smashed, that result is only trifling compared with the main issue sought.

The six great powers bordering on the North Sea entered, in 1887, into a prohibitory agreement respecting the liquor traffic among fishermen. In the treaty for the government of the Samoan Islands, signed in 1889 by Great Britain, the United States and Germany, a sweeping prohibitory liquor law was enacted. Sixteen Powers, in 1892, signed the Brussels Agreement strictly prohibiting the manufacture of, and importation of liquor into certain zones of Africa. Court after court in the United States has pronounced prohibition right in principle; the latest decision of the Supreme Court containing these weighty words: "There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of the State, or a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community it may be entirely prohibited."*

V.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE IT WOULD REDUCE TAXATION, AND ALMOST EXTERMINATE PAUPERISM.

"It is impossible to relieve poverty until we get rid of the curse of drink."—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

*Cyc. Prohib., p. 473.

"I have been watching for thirty-five years, and in all my investigations among the poor I never yet found a family borne down by poverty that did not owe its fall to rum."—*Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, anti-prohibitionist.*

In 1889, *The Voice*, of New York, asked the Probate judges of Kansas the following question: "In your judgment has not the loss of revenue been *more than made good* by the decreasing burdens of pauperism and crime resulting from Prohibition, and by the directing of the money formerly spent in saloons now into legitimate channels of trade?" No less than 90 out of 97 counties reported a decrease of crime and pauperism so marked as to *more than offset* the revenue.* The same question was asked the County Prosecuting Attorneys of Iowa, and 49 out of 58 attorneys answered affirmatively; seven in the negative, and two said they could not tell.†

VI.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE THE CAPITAL EMPLOYED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF LIQUOR, IF INVESTED IN OTHER INDUSTRIES, WOULD BENEFIT WAGE-EARNERS TO A MUCH GREATER EXTENT THAN AT PRESENT.

The liquor traffic notoriously gives to labour smaller rewards, on the basis of capital invested, than are bestowed on other lines of trade. If invested in legitimate forms of trade it would give employment to thousands more people than are now employed by it. On the basis of the United States census of 1890, \$3,504 invested in liquor manufacture employs one man one year, and pays him in wages \$448; the same amount invested in agricultural implement works would employ two men, giving them in wages for one year \$867; the same in woollen goods, three men, giving in wages \$942; the same in boots and shoes, eight men, and in wages \$3,287; the same in carpentering, nine men, and in wages \$4,408. According to the same census the amount returned in wages from the manufacture of liquor was 12 per cent. of the capital employed, and in eleven other leading industries, there was returned in wages 38 per cent.‡ Mr. George Gooderham, president of the Gooderham & Worts Distillery Co., Toronto, before the Royal Commission, stated that the paid-up capital of the Company was \$1,600,000, and the amount of yearly wages paid to workmen and officers was \$126,000. That is less than eight per cent. of the capital employed—smaller even than in the United States. He also stated that he was "not aware of any corporation with such a large capital employing so few

* Details in *Cyc. Prohib.*, p. 508. † *Cyc. Prohib.*, p. 515.

‡ For details consult *Cyc. Prohib.*, p. 386.

men.”—(*Mail*, Nov. 2, 1893.) In the one case is a diffusion of wealth, in the other a concentration of it, and yet a distribution of wealth among the labouring classes has been for years the dream of the highest statesmanship.

VII.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE IT PROMOTES THRIFT AND GENERAL BUSINESS PROSPERITY.

“What a man pays for drink he cannot spend for anything else.”

Hon. James G. Blaine, in a speech at Farmington, Me., September, 1888, said :

“Maine for the last thirty-seven years has been under a Prohibitory law. I think the State has derived great advantage from it. I think that the State is far richer and better because of the law than it would have been without it.”

After a year and a half of Prohibition in Atlanta, Ga. (population about 40,000), Mr. H. W. Grady in his celebrated speech, November, 1887, said :

“They (the anti-prohibitionists) said that we were going to be ruined, that bats and owls would fly in and out, and the real estate men have the renting of nine out of ten houses that are rented. They testified without a break, absolutely without a break, that they have fewer houses on their lists than they have ever had since they have been in the business. Two of them have advertised in the last few days for one hundred houses, and to-day Mr. Tally told me that he actually left the office because he was bored by people who wanted to get somewhere to live in this town. Mr. Scott says he could put tenants in five hundred houses in thirty days from to-morrow.”*

“Where are the people who used to buy a pinch of coal, and the hand-carts that used to haul it? They are gone! Mr. Wilson testifies, ‘There has been a remarkable change in my business. Men that used to buy fifty cents’ worth now buy a ton. I used to have twenty little hand-carts to deliver coal in; now I use but one, and I have doubled my two-horse teams.’”†

On the return of the open bar-rooms in Atlanta, in answer to the request of *The Voice* twenty-four out of thirty-eight retail merchants emphatically declared that their sales had decreased. One dealer in coal said, “When the bar-rooms remained closed I sold to the working-people at the rate of half a ton at a time, but now they buy 25 and 50 cents’ worth.” A dry-goods dealer wrote: “The working-people buy cheaper grades of goods.”‡

* *Cyc. Prohib.*, p. 545. † “H. W. Grady’s speeches,” Atlanta, Ga., p. 11.

‡ *Cyc. Prohib.*, p. 556, where further details are given.

VIII.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE IT WOULD PREVENT AN ASTOUNDING WASTE OF OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES.

To arrive at the exact amount of Canada's annual liquor bill to the consumers, is somewhat difficult. Estimates must be largely relied upon. In the following we have been guided, as to the cost of liquor to the consumers, by the estimates formerly made by the Hon. George E. Foster, now Finance Minister, and by those of Mr. F. N. Barrett, editor of the *American Grocer*, whose estimates were considered of such value that they were published by the United States Government Bureau of Statistics.

The following quantities are taken from the latest Government returns (1892), with our estimates annexed.

Table of Liquors Consumed in Canada, with Their Cost to Consumers, for the Year 1892.

— 1892 —	Gallons.	Per Gallon to Consumers.	Amount Last Year to Consumers.
Canadian Spirits.....	2,545,935	@ \$4 50	\$11,456,707
Imported Spirits.....	800,753	" 4 50	3,603,388
Canadian Beer.....	17,056,245	" 0 60	10,233,747
Imported Beer.....	455,171	" 1 00	455,171
Imported Wines.....	503,870	" 4 50	2,267,415
Total.....	21,361,974	\$28,016,428

There is another method of calculation which produces nearly the same result. By experts it is estimated that a gallon of spirits will make sixty drinks, and a gallon of beer, twenty. Estimating the cost at five cents per drink, the result is as follows for the year 1892:

231,033,480 drinks, spirits and wine, at 5 cents	\$11,551,674
350,228,320 drinks, beer, at 5 cents	17,511,416
Total	\$29,063,090

A carefully prepared estimate, made a few years ago by the *Toronto Globe*, made Canada's annual liquor bill at that date to be \$27,628,000. These estimates are close enough, and certainly the amount is appalling. Taking twenty-eight millions in round numbers, as our annual expenditure for intoxicating liquor, let us endeavour to obtain, if possible, a vivid idea of this enormous amount.

The Dominion Government granted twenty-five millions of

dollars to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. The amount was decried at the time as ruinous to the country. But the Company received this only once, while Canada spends three millions more than that amount for liquor every twelve months. The total amount received from customs duties from all sources last year, was \$20,501,359.* The leaders of both political parties consider the questions involved in this subject of sufficient importance to make it a primary issue at the next election. Canada spends yearly eight millions more than this for drink, yet on this subject politicians are dumb, or "have not given the subject consideration."

Canada's yearly drink bill could buy up all the occupied farms of the whole County of Frontenac at \$100 per acre, and leave ten millions of dollars surplus; or all of the occupied farms of Prince Edward county at the same price, with four millions surplus; or all Welland County, with twelve millions of surplus; or all Lincoln County, with eighteen millions surplus, or all Haldimand County, with five millions surplus; or all Wentworth County, with one million surplus; or all Halton County, with six millions surplus; or all Brant County, with three millions surplus. In the short space of six years our yearly drink bill could buy up all the occupied farms, at \$100 per acre, in all the above mentioned eight counties, and still leave a surplus of six millions of dollars.

IX.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE IT WOULD GREATLY REDUCE THE NUMBER OF OUR CRIMINALS, AND CONSEQUENTLY THE COST OF THEIR ARREST, TRIAL AND MAINTENANCE.

"Among all causes of crime, intemperance stands out the "unapproachable chief."—*Judge Noah Davis, Supreme Court, N. Y.*

"Except in some cases of violent tempers, all the crime with which he had to deal was traceable to the excessive use of liquor."†—*Judge Macdougall, Toronto, before Royal Commission.*

"I think more than half of the jails are empty."—*Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, 1889.*

It is surprising how nearly united in opinion judges are as to the proportion of crime due to liquor, confirmed as it is by the experience of countries where statistics on this subject have been tabulated. Lord Chief Baron Kelly makes it two-thirds; Lord Calthorpe, Judge Noah Davis, Senator Morrill and Sir Oliver Mowat, each three-fourths; Sir Matthew Hale and Belgium, four-fifths; Denmark, seventy-six per cent.; Dr. Elisha Harris, eighty-two per cent.; Canada, eighty-seven per cent.‡ During the Rev.

* Government Year Book of Canada, 1892, p. 154. † As reported in *Mail*, October 24th, 1893. ‡ "Crime in Canada," by Mr. Geo. Johnston, Government statistician.

Father Mathew movement in Ireland, between the years 1838 and 1840, the consumption of spirits fell from twelve millions of gallons to five millions. The number of prisoners in the Bridewell at Dublin fell in one year from 136 to 23, and one hundred cells stood empty. The Smithfield prison closed its doors. Take two illustrations from Boston, Mass. In November, 1872, at the time of the great fire, the order was given by the city to close the saloons. The number of arrests for ten days before this order was 1,169; for ten days after the number fell to 675.* Massachusetts by law, in 1889, ordered all saloons closed on holidays. Here is the result in Boston: Labour Day, 1888 (with saloons open), total arrests 212; same day, 1889 (saloons closed), total arrests 78. Arrests for drunkenness on this day, 1888, 179; same day, 1889, 58.*

In the years 1885 and 1886 the Scott Act was in operation over a larger territory, and was better enforced, than at any other period. In the years 1888 and 1889 the Scott Act was largely repealed, and license took its place almost immediately. The population was nearly stationary all this time. For the two years, 1885 and 1886, the total convictions in Canada were 67,743; in 1888 and 1889, 76,080,† an increase, as between these periods, of 8,337 convictions—when license supplanted the Scott Act. On this subject the words of U. S. Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, are pertinent, "Kansas has abolished the saloon. The open dram-shop is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. One of the most significant and extraordinary results is the diminution of crime in the State. Many city and county prisons are without a tenant."‡ Even Prof. Goldwin Smith (anti-prohibitionist), before the Royal Commission, admitted that "crime might be diminished by the abolition of the liquor traffic."

X.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE WHEREVER AN HONEST ATTEMPT HAS BEEN MADE AT ENFORCEMENT, THE MANUFACTURE AND CONSUMPTION OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS HAS BEEN REDUCED, AND SO ALSO HAS THE NUMBER OF CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Mr. Henry H. Reuter, President of the U. S. Brewers' Association, in his annual address at St. Louis, Mo., in 1879, after giving a tabulated statement of the beer production of the various States, said: "The most singular feature of this table is the falling off in the production in the State of Maine from 7,031 barrels to

* *Cyc. Prohib.*, pp. 526, 537. † *Government Year Book of Canada*, 1888, p. 369; 1892, p. 488. ‡ *Forum*, August, 1889.

only seven barrels, *owing to the local enforcement of prohibition.*" Next year (1880), he said: "The State of Maine with only seven barrels last year, and 7,031 barrels the year previous to that, *has now disappeared entirely from the list of beer-producing States.*"* According to the *Brewers' Journal* for March, 1889, the brewing business in Kansas, to use its own words, will "soon be among the industries of the past." Senator Ingalls says: "Kansas has abolished the saloon. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The brewery, the distillery and the bonded warehouse are known only to the archæologist. The consumption of liquors has enormously decreased. Intelligent and conservative observers estimate the reduction at ninety per cent.; it cannot be less than seventy-five." †

In the years 1885 and 1886 the Scott Act, as previously stated, was best enforced. In 1888 and 1889 the country returned to license. According to the Inland Revenue Report, 1892, p. xviii., the average consumption of liquors per head in the Dominion for 1885 and 1886 was 3.76 gallons; for 1888 and 1889, 4.06; an increase of .30. Apply this to the population (4,324,810) and the result is an increase of 1,297,443 gallons consumed. Estimating one-fifth of this as spirits and wine, and four-fifths as beer, and further estimating the spirits and wine at \$4.50 per gallon, and the beer at 60 cents per gallon, the country, by the abolition of the Scott Act, lost \$1,790,467 in that period. The consumption of liquor per head in 1890 and 1891 was higher still.

The Scott Act was in operation only in parts of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In 1885 and 1886 (the years when the Scott Act was best enforced) the number of convictions for drunkenness in these Provinces was 20,563; in 1888 and 1889 (when license was resumed) the number rose to 24,763, ‡ an increase, as between those periods, of 4,200 convictions. If prohibition "that did not prohibit" prevented 4,200 convictions for drunkenness in two years, what would it not do when it did prohibit?

Take the commitments for drunkenness in Ontario alone during these years. In 1885 and 1886 (the years of best enforcement of the Scott Act) the number was 7,251; in 1888 and 1889 (when license was resumed) the number rose to 9,248, an increase of 1,997. (*Vide Ontario License Report, 1892, p. 94.*)

A more convincing proof, in fact an incontrovertible test, is given in the following. It is to be noticed that a period of three years separates the figures in each case. In 1884 the following

* "Temperance in all Lands," II. p. 355. † "Forum," August, 1889.

‡ Government Year Book of Canada, 1892, p. 503.

eighteen counties or groups of counties, viz.: Bruce, Dufferin, Elgin, Huron, Kent, Lambton, Lanark, Leeds and Grenville, Lennox and Addington, Norfolk, Northumberland and Durham, Ontario, Oxford, Peterboro', Renfrew, Simcoe, Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry and Wellington were all entirely under license; in 1887 they were entirely under the Scott Act, and in 1890 were all back again entirely under license. The number of commitments for drunkenness in these eighteen counties in 1884 (under license) was 692; in 1887 (under Scott Act) the number fell to 186, a decrease of 506; in 1890 (under license again) the number rose to 506, an increase of 320. (For details see Ontario License Report, 1892, p. 94).

XI.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE PROHIBITORY LAWS IN MANY PLACES, AND DESPITE ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES, HAVE BEEN ENFORCED NEARLY EQUALLY AS WELL [AS OTHER CRIMINAL LAWS.

No law is ever wholly observed. No reasonable man, knowing the power of avarice, appetite and passion, ever expects it. We have laws against murder and theft, but no man is so insane as to expect that under their influence there will be no murder or stealing. Notwithstanding the existence of such laws these offences are of frequent occurrence, yet no one proposes to abolish them, or decries their original enactment. How is it that it is only when an attempt is made to stop the source from whence nearly all offences come that an argument so puerile and nonsensical is set up?

Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, formerly a sturdy opponent of prohibition, said in 1889: "The law has more friends in the State than it ever had before, and I am satisfied that no State can show results more gratifying. Our people are more determined than ever to make no compromise with the saloons."* In 1889 one hundred and fifty-three of the most distinguished public and private citizens of Kansas signed a declaration stating "these laws are as well enforced, and in many portions of the State even better enforced than other criminal laws."† Governor Chamberlain, of Maine, in 1872, wrote: "The law is as well executed generally in the State as other criminal laws;" and Senator Frye, of Maine, in 1890, wrote: "The law is not a failure; it has been, on the other hand, a wonderful success."‡

* Cyc. Prohib., p. 516. † Cyc. Prohib., p. 509.

‡ Cyc. Prohib., pp. 502, 504.

XII.—WE PLEAD FOR PROHIBITION BECAUSE IT WOULD HELP TO
WIPE OUT A BLACK REPROACH UPON THE NAME OF CHRISTIAN.

“An enormous proportion, probably three-fourths, of the vice which prevailed at the present day, of the crime with which they had to contend, of the lunacy, of the idiocy, the poverty and the misery of every kind, was owing to the foul evil of intemperance. When from one frightful cause such enormous evils resulted, it was no wonder that the humane, the benevolent and the Christian were excited in their endeavour to provide some remedy.”—*Sir Oliver Mowat*; originally uttered in 1868, and reiterated last April, after twenty-five years' further experience.

“Never shall my hand or voice be raised against so-called temperance fanatics. If ever a cause justified earnestness, the temperance cause does.”—*The late Bishop Phillips Brooks*.

“I charge intemperance with the murder of innumerable souls.”—*Dr. Guthrie*.

“ Within this cup Destruction rides,
And in its tide doth Ruin swim ;
Perdition in the bottom hides,
And Death is dancing round the brim.”

In the “Early Adventures of Sir H. Lazard,” quoted by Archdeacon Farrar, it is stated that at Shuster, on the Euphrates, the people were decent, clean and good, because (oh, shame upon us!) there were no Christians, and consequently no grog-shops. The following letter from Maliki, a Mohammedan king in the Niger district, to Bishop Crowther, is very touching :

“Salute Crowther, the great Christian minister. The matter about which I am speaking with my mouth, write. It is about barasa (rum or gin), barasa, barasa, barasa ! My God, it has ruined our country. It has made our people become mad. I have told all the Christian traders that I agree to anything for trade but barasa. I beg of you, don't forget this writing, because we all beg that the Bishop should beg the great priests (the Missionary Committee), that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land. For God and the prophet's sake, and the prophet, his messenger's sake, Crowther must help us in this matter.”*

All the missionary contributions of America, Great Britain and the Continent together, amount to \$11,250,000 annually. But Canada spends \$28,000,000 every year for intoxicating liquor. The whole yearly missionary contributions of Christendom would only pay Canada's drink bill for four and three-quarter months. The total of missionary contributions from all the denominations in Canada, amount to about \$400,000 yearly, which would only pay Canada's liquor bill for five and one-quarter days.

* Canadian Methodist Magazine, vol. 37, p. 249.

XIII.—WE WILL NOW PROCEED TO NOTICE BRIEFLY SOME OBJECTIONS.

(1) "*We object to sumptuary laws.*" But prohibitory liquor laws are not sumptuary laws. Let us not juggle with words. Sumptuary is from the Latin *sumptus*, cost or expense. Webster defines sumptuary laws to be such as "restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, etc." A sumptuous feast is an expensive or luxurious feast. Under the head of public economy, Blackstone speaks of sumptuary laws against *luxury* and *extravagant expense* in dress, diet and the like. Prohibitory liquor laws are not enacted to limit extravagant expenditure, but are a police regulation for the prevention of disorder, crime and immorality, and are directly aimed at the bar-room as a legalized institution in a Christian land. A sumptuary law is a law against luxury, but a prohibitory liquor law is a law to promote luxury amongst ruined and impoverished families.

(2) "*Prohibition does not prohibit.*" This is a self-contradictory statement, and to make sense, can only mean that prohibition does not annihilate. But neither does Divine prohibition annihilate murder, adultery, theft, false witness or Sunday work. In that sense even God's laws are a "failure."

(3) "*Prohibition is an unwarranted invasion of personal rights.*" A man has a natural right to throw stones, but is not permitted to do so at windows or travellers; a natural right to jump and shout, but he is not allowed to do so in a public assembly. Whenever a person becomes a member of society, he must part with some of his natural rights, should he desire to secure social advantages. Quarantine is an interference with a citizen's natural rights, but the protection of the community from cholera is paramount. It is objected that the State has no right to declare what a man shall eat or drink. But no representative prohibitionist has ever advanced such a proposition. Not private appetite, but a public institution, is aimed at. If by abolishing the latter it becomes difficult to gratify the former, there is no just reason for complaint, as private appetite should never be allowed to obstruct the public good. "Personal liberty must end where public injury begins."

(4) "*Prohibition will deprive the Government of millions of revenue which cannot otherwise be raised.*" Such heartless covetousness is rebuked by Lord Chesterfield, when he says: "Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people," and by Horace Greely, when he writes: "To sell drink for a livelihood is bad enough, but for a whole community to share the responsibility and guilt of such a traffic, seems a worse bargain than that of Eve and Judas;" and even

by the heathen Emperor of China, who, when the opium traffic was forced upon him by the English Government in 1842, said : "True, I cannot prevent the introduction of the poison, but nothing will induce me to raise a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

When Hon. W. E. Gladstone was waited upon by a deputation of brewers, and the word "revenue" was mentioned, he said : "Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue." Interesting light is thrown on this latter statement by the fact that, during the great temperance movement in Ireland under Father Mathew, the increase of imports for the port of Dublin alone in 1842, on tea and sugar, amounted to about \$275,000. The Hon. G. W. Ross, before the Royal Commission, thought that the Government would not be seriously embarrassed by the loss of the revenue from the liquor traffic. Last year Hon. George F. Foster, Finance Minister, took off a tax of \$3,500,000 on sugar alone, without embarrassing the finances of the Dominion. By simply restoring that tax, he could at one stroke provide for half the loss of revenue from liquor. Why, then, should this argument be continually thrown at prohibitionists, as if it were quite unanswerable. On this point, let us quote the weighty words of Canada's greatest finance minister, the late Sir A. T. Galt :

"I am quite prepared to establish before this audience to-night, that the Finance Minister who should succeed, by prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, in restoring \$16,000,000 now lost to the people of this country, and wholly wasted,—the Finance Minister who should succeed in doing that, and should also save the indirect loss that arises from the injury that is done to society by it,—I say he will have no difficulty whatever in raising the sum of money which appears in the first instance to be thus lost to the revenue. (Loud cheers.) There can be no doubt whatever about it. One of the bugbears about taxation with which we are met, is that of direct taxation. Now, I will venture to say this, that when you have educated the people of this country up to the point of prohibiting this traffic, you will, at the same time, have educated them up to the point of paying direct taxes sufficient to meet this deficiency."—*Extract from speech at Sherbrooke, Que., September 25th, 1878.*

In view of the above facts and arguments, which we trust will commend themselves to all intelligent readers, and of the far-reaching importance of the crisis now upon us, in regard to the sobriety, virtue and happiness of our homes, we earnestly plead for an overwhelming majority next January in favour of PROHIBITION.

THE LOST CHRIST; A CHRISTMAS STORY.

JOHN XX., 13.

BY THE REV. HUGH PEDLEY, B.A.

ONCE upon a time, and that time not very long ago, there lived in a large city in the Eastern States a man whom, for convenience sake, we shall call the Deacon. In New England the Deacon is an institution as thoroughly characteristic of the country as the monument on Bunker's Hill, the eating of turkey on Thanksgiving Day, or the general admiration felt for the Pilgrim Fathers.

This particular Deacon was, as is not uncommon with the order, a righteous man; nay, more, he was even a good man. He came of the genuine Puritan stock, and had little difficulty in tracing his descent, through a goodly line of God-fearing men, from a young couple who had actually landed on Plymouth Rock, having come over on the immortal *Mayflower*. Nor was he without the peculiar characteristics of this famous ancestry. He had a certain orderliness of life, a clear-voiced and sometimes despotic conscience, and a tendency to look at matters from the intellectual rather than the emotional point of view. But a good deal of the asperity and angularity of his forefathers had disappeared. His religion was not any sounder, but it was a little sweeter than theirs had been. He was more accustomed to begin his prayers with "Our Father, which art in Heaven," than with those long polysyllables of adoration which had formerly been the common exordium of supplication. Without being sucked into the Unitarian movement, which had received such an impulse from the sweet spirit of Channing, and the impetuous zeal of Theodore Parker, he had, nevertheless, been so far influenced by it that he was inclined to make much of the human side of Christ. There was no lack of reverence towards the Saviour, but the reverence was more that which goes out towards character than that which is exacted by authority. To him Christ was the life-centre, and all the tenderness of his strong nature went out to meet his Lord.

With this change in general religious tone came a certain relaxation in regard to the details of life. He was not disinclined to the beautiful in worship. He could see no sin in setting apart for the service of Christ a building of noble architecture and chaste ornamentation. That Christ was born in a stable was

no reason why there should be no room for Him now in palaces and temples. He was not averse to good music, though he hated with all the hatred of an honest heart the music that was ostensibly offered to Christ, but was really exhibited for vanity and show.

He was a Sabbath-keeper, but he sought, and not in vain, to make the Lord's Day a day of gladness in his home. He was even disposed to make a good deal of Christmas Day. He knew that his ancestors had been disposed to treat the observance of all such days as Papistical and leading to error, but the birth of Christ into this world had come to mean so much to him, that he could not endure that other birthdays should be commemorated, and this birthday, *the* birthday of all time, passed over in silence. It is true that at first his conscience rather rebelled against the observance of a day which, perhaps, after all, was not the actual anniversary of the Advent, but concluded that it was better to keep Christmas on the wrong day, than not keep it at all.

So it came to pass that Christmas was a right royal day in his home. It was anticipated with joyful impatience ; it was remembered with loving regret. Christmas Eve was a sort of high fever in the family—fever of preparation with the older ones, fever of excitement on the part of the younger generation. No wonder, then, that after the good Deacon had retired somewhere *between twelve and one o'clock his sleep should have been* disturbed by dreams, nor that being a man of orderly life, his dream should be characterized by a certain continuity and consistency. Let us leave him lying there in his comfortable chamber, the crib of a little child not far from his own bedside, and just across the hall, the bed-room, stocking-hung, where the older children are sleeping, and follow that dream-soul in its strange journeyings up and down the city.

He went out into the street, and as he looked about him, there was that peculiar mingling of the familiar and the unfamiliar which we experience in our dream-life. It was his own city, and yet it was not his own. It was his own street, and yet there was a strange something about it which he was unable to analyze. He saw faces that he had seen before, and yet there was a certain expression in them that he could not explain. He heard voices that he had been accustomed to hear, but there was a lack of something in the tone—a kind of hollowness—that affected him with an inexpressible sadness. Once or twice he was on the point of speaking to a friend, but was repelled in some unaccountable manner. At last he saw coming towards him a good Methodist brother, whose church was right across the way from

his own, and with whom he had often walked a block or two after the service, comparing notes about the sermons of the respective dominies. He made up his mind to greet him; so, as soon as his friend came within arm's length, he held out his hand, and said in his kindly fashion :

"Well, and how do you do, brother?"

"Brother!" replied the other, sharply. "What do you mean? I'm not your brother."

The Deacon couldn't help smiling at this unexpected turn of humour in his friend, who was ordinarily rather a serious man; but the smile evoked no responsive smile on the angry face, but rather blew the anger to a greater heat.

"What are you laughing at? If I were brother to such an ass as you are, you may be sure I wouldn't own up to the fact."

The Deacon's smile vanished. He was not angry, but he felt puzzled.

"Why," he said; "you know what I mean. I mean brother in Christ."

"Brother in what?" was the astonished retort. "What are you talking about?"

"In Christ," said the Deacon, and added gravely; "Come, brother, it's all very well to jest, but it is about time to stop our fun when we come to that name."

"That name!" said his companion; "who ever heard of that name before?"

"What!" cried the Deacon. "Did you never hear of Christ?"

"Never."

"Well, I'm sure you have heard of John Wesley."

"John Wesley! Who's he?"

"Come now, you are a Methodist, are you not?"

"A Methodist! I never heard of such a creature before. If you want to know what I am, I'm a Theosophist, and I'm just on my way to see a mighty Mahatma that came in yesterday from the Himalayas. So good-bye, whoever you are. I must hurry on, or I will be late."

To say that the Deacon was astonished, is to say very little. Never did the sky that overarches the city of Boston look down upon a man more dazed and dumbfounded than he was. He had encountered a wonderful phenomenon—a Methodist that didn't know he was a Methodist, a Methodist that had never heard of John Wesley, and worst of all, a Methodist who seemed absolutely and utterly ignorant of Christ. It occurred to him that his friend must have gone out of his mind, and he wondered whether he should not go to the proper authorities and see that he was

taken in charge. Deciding, however, that his delusion was not a very dangerous one, he concluded to go on his way.

After walking some distance, he found himself in front of a building that he knew very well. In it were the offices of the American Board of Missions, which he had often visited as the bearer of the contributions from the church and Sunday-school. He thought he would go up and see an old friend, and by a talk with him dissipate the somewhat unpleasant feeling left by his recent encounter. Coming to the general entry, he was rather surprised to see, instead of the time-honoured initials A.B.C.F.M. (American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions), quite a different set of letters, viz.: S. S.A.M.S.

"What!" he said to himself; "that's strange. It looks as if they had been amalgamating the Sunday-school Society and the American Missionary Association. But I never heard anything about it. However, I'll go in and inquire."

In he went, therefore, and found himself at a sort of counter, face to face with a man who was well-dressed and exceedingly polite, but whose face made a most disagreeable impression on his mind.

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning," replied the Deacon. "I see you have been making important changes here."

"In what way?" inquired the clerk.

"Why, these used to be the rooms of the American Board."

"The what?"

"The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—the A.B.C.F.M., you know."

"Honestly," said the clerk, "I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about. It's the first time in my life that I ever heard of any such society. It must be something new."

"New!" cried the Deacon. "New! Why, it's eighty years old. It's the oldest society of the kind in America. It's a strange thing that you should be in the Sunday-school and American Missionary Society."

"The what?" broke out the astonished official.

"Well," said the Deacon; "that's what the letters S. S.A.M.S. stand for, isn't it?"

"I should say not. But I'll tell you what they do stand for—Society for Supplying an Agreeable Method of Suicide."

The Deacon was astonished. He had read that in the palmy days of ancient Rome suicide had come to be looked upon as a kind of luxury by men who had grown weary of the world's pleasures; but to find this piece of paganism revived in Boston

astounded him beyond measure. He stood for a moment speechless, then exclaimed:

"Surely, such an institution cannot be tolerated in this Christian land."

"I don't know what you mean by a Christian land," said the clerk. "Never heard of that kind of a country, but I do know that this society exists, and is doing a splendid business. They thought they had got the thing into pretty good shape in old Rome, but I guess we are a little ahead of them in America. Look! There are some of our circulars. Read that one;" and with this he pushed over a very showy sheet for the Deacon's inspection.

The Deacon read it. It was a glowing account of the suicide of a fashionable young man who had been disappointed in a love affair, and instead of vulgarly blowing his brains out, had put an end to himself in the most refined and æsthetic fashion. There was a dashing heading.

"A BRILLIANT AND MOST RECHERCHE FINALE."

And then came the description of the way in which the Society had, in this particular case, turned suicide into a fine art. The affair took place in a magnificent chamber, and was attended by a splendid company of ladies and gentleman. There was music, dancing, refreshments and all the elements of a most brilliant social effect. The interesting victim of the evening, having finished his last waltz, was conducted to an ivory couch, richly upholstered. Silence fell upon the assembly. A young damsel, richly dight, came from a side door, bearing an amber goblet set with brilliants. Kneeling, she offered the potion. The young man took it, and as he raised it to his lips, there stole forth from an alcove at the opposite end of the room strains of the most delicious music. A look of pleasure was seen upon the young man's face, which grew in intensity, until his countenance was in a flame of ecstasy. In the very climax of delight he sank gently to a reclining position, and so breathed his last.

"There," said the clerk; "what do you think of that?"

The Deacon did not stop to answer. With a bewildered air he turned and made his way to the street. It was beginning to dawn upon him that all his life he had been living under a tremendous delusion, that he had been trusting in and loving a being that the world knew nothing about, and that, perchance, had never existed. It was a horrible idea, and shook him to the very centre of his life. As he walked along, he kept asking himself. "Can this indeed be a Christian city? Can this be a

Christian world? Can it be that the name Christ stands for a figment of my own imagination, and not for a great fact in the history of humanity?" The very question was a terror to him, and he was in the very height of his torture, when he noticed coming towards him a well-known professor from Harvard University. "Now," thought he, "there's an authority who will set my mind at rest." So, composing his features, and trying to appear as if nothing unusual were on his mind, he accosted the learned gentleman.

"Good-morning," he said; "it looks as if we were to have fine weather for Christmas."

The professor seemed a little puzzled, but answered with a smile:

"It certainly does look as if we were going to have fine weather, but may I ask what you mean by that peculiar expression, 'for Christmas'? What's Christmas?"

The Deacon's heart sank. He groaned in spirit. His worst fears were apparently to be confirmed, and on so high an authority as Harvard University. But he was not going to give up yet. He would sift the matter through. So he resumed the conversation and replied to the professor, who stood with a puzzled look on his face.

"Christmas! What's Christmas?"

"Why, it is the anniversary of the birth of Christ, our Saviour."

The professor looked none the more enlightened, but was too much of a gentleman to smile at the evident distress of his interlocutor. He replied, therefore:

"Who is this Christ, whose anniversary you have spoken of? I thought I was fairly familiar with the great names of the world, but this one must have escaped my notice."

"This," said the Deacon, "is A.D. 1891—Anno Domini, the year of our Lord, 1891."

"Indeed!" replied the professor. "That will be news to the people of Boston. To us this is A.R. 115—Anno Reipublicæ, the year of the Republic 115."

The Deacon was dumb for a moment. He drew a deep breath, however, and went on.

"Did you ever hear of Jerusalem?"

"Oh, yes; I've been there. It's rather a dirty place, too."

"Did you ever hear of Pontius Pilate?"

"Yes; he is on the list of Roman procurators, and comes in—let me see—in the reign of Tiberius, I think."

The Deacon's face brightened. Here was something like solid footing at last.

"Then," he continued; "you must have heard how one Jesus of Nazareth was crucified during Pilate's term of office in Syria."

"No," was the reply. "There were a good many crucified in those days, and, of course, there may have been one of that name, but I do not, at the present moment, recollect the name. If you like, though, I shall look the matter up when I go home."

"Never mind," said the Deacon, sadly. "A Jesus that had to be looked up in an old book would not be my Jesus."

"Your Jesus!" cried the astonished professor; "how could he be your Jesus anyway, if he was contemporaneous with Pontius Pilate?"

The Deacon saw nothing for it but to speak right out; and so, in tones full of emotion, he tried to explain to the professor who this Christ was, how He had lived, how He had died and risen from the dead, how He had come to men's hearts as the message of divine love and power, what He had been to himself and to his home; and, he concluded, the tears standing in his eyes, "I thought of Him as the Saviour of the world, and it seems as if it were all a mistake, and a dream."

"Dream it must have been," said the professor; "but a beautiful dream. It seems to me that life ought to be a different matter to us all, if this story of yours had only been a reality. Good morning!"

They parted, and the Deacon resumed his journey. All hope was gone now, and he felt as if he wanted to die; and yet he hoped against hope. Surely in the great city there was someone who had heard of Christ. He would walk on, and, perchance, without his seeking, the name would be brought to his ears. As he was thus meditating, he heard a confused noise in a house close by—a noise of struggling, scuffling, screaming and horrible bellowsings. Thinking there must be some foul play, he pushed the door open and dashed into the room from which the sounds came. There his eyes fell upon a startling spectacle. Two men had just been exerting their utmost strength to bind a raving maniac, while in a corner of the room stood a woman with face bruised and bleeding, and a group of children whose looks indicated the extremity of terror.

"What's the matter?" cried the Deacon.

"The matter!" said one of the men roughly. "This man is mad, and this is the fourth or fifth time within a year that he has all but murdered his family."

"Well," said the Deacon; "why in the world don't you put him in the asylum?"

"The what?" exclaimed the two men simultaneously.

"The asylum—the lunatic asylum. Every Christian country has lunatic asylums."

The men looked at each other. They looked at the Deacon suspiciously; then looked at each other significantly. At last one of them touched his head, and said something about "another of the same sort."

"Good heavens!" thought the Deacon; "they evidently think I am out of my mind!" and with that he rushed back into the street. After walking a little distance, he noticed the sign of a famous music store, and remembering that he intended to make a friend a Christmas present of one of the great oratorios, he went in to make the purchase.

"Good afternoon," he said to the lady clerk.

"Good afternoon," was the reply. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I would like to see some of the best editions of the Messiah."

"The Messiah!" said the young lady. "Is that a new production?"

"Oh, no! no! The Messiah—Handel's Messiah—the great oratorio by the famous German composer."

"Oh!" exclaimed the fair clerk. "You are a foreigner, I see. You had better go over to _____'s store. They make a specialty of foreign works."

This was quite enough for the Deacon. In Boston to be thought a foreigner because he had asked for the Messiah! The music of the world, and no "He was despised and rejected of men!" He began to see how much more than a personal calamity was the non-existence of Christ. It was a disaster to song. It brought an awfully beggary into the realm of music. It left every organ, every stringed instrument, every glorious human voice, the poorer. It meant eternal silence to the world's most majestic strains.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he found himself entering the poorer quarter of the city. He was passing a rather miserable dwelling, when a sad-looking man, evidently attracted by a certain kindness that never left the Deacon's face, caught him by the sleeve and said:

"Would you mind coming in here for a moment?"

"What's the matter?"

"There a young man here very sick."

This was quite enough. The Deacon went in, climbed a broken stairway, and was ushered into a bare-looking room where, on a wretched pallet, lay a young man in the first stages of a dangerous fever.

"Dear me!" said the Deacon; "this looks serious. Where are your friends?"

"In the Old Country," replied the sick lad.

"And have you no money?"

"None. If this man hadn't divided up with me, I don't know what I should have done."

"Well," said the Deacon, after a moment's thought; "the best way for me to do is to get a cab and send you to the hospital."

"And what's that, sir?" said the man at his side.

"Why, don't you know what a hospital is? It is an institution founded by benevolent people for the care of the sick. They are to be found in every Christian land."

The word "Christian" had scarcely passed the Deacon's lips, when the situation flashed upon him. No Christ, no hospital.

"I see you don't understand me. Perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps there is no Christ. Still, for His sake," said the Deacon, tremulously; "for the sake of what He was to me once, take this and spend it in the best way for your friend." And he handed the man a twenty-dollar bill.

It was nearly dark as he came into the street and pursued his journey. Soon he found himself in the lowest part of the city. Ragged women, ruffianly men, neglected children, swarmed on every side. Saloons were open in great numbers, and men and women crowded into them. There was a vile stench in the air—odours of bad liquor, combined with odours of unwashed humanity. It did not seem quite so strange that there should be the absence of Christ here, but the thought that there was no Christ to come here filled the Deacon's heart with sorrow. There was a tumult of cursing in the air. The Deacon had always had an intense dislike of profanity, but now he found himself listening with breathless eagerness to the chorus of blasphemy that resounded in the street. Epithets the vilest smote upon his ears. But still he listened. Maledictions the most horrible flew past him. But still he listened. Men swore by gods, and swore by devils. But still he listened. At last he gave a groan. "Then," said he, "there can be no Christ, for men don't even swear by him."

He turned wearily away from this hopeless Gehenna, and walked on, striking into a street that led to the outskirts of the city. He was quite unconscious of the direction he was taking, until he found himself at the great gate of the city cemetery. The sight revived the greatest sorrow of his life. He remembered how once, and only once, in the history of his own family, he had passed those gates as a mourner. His first child, the one

who had first opened the mysterious fountain of fatherly love in his breast, had died in her fourth year, and had been laid away in the greenest part of the great Necropolis. Many years had passed since that sad day, but all came up before him again. He remembered he had thought then that there was no sorrow like his sorrow, that it was not possible for a human heart to suffer more than he was suffering. Now, however, he felt that he had reached a lower depth. Then he had suffered as a Christian; now he suffered as one that had no Christ. He had cried then, but there had been a Christ to whom he could cry. There was no use crying now. His eyes were tearless, but his heart was breaking. By some means or another, he never thought to inquire how, the gate opened, and he followed the path until he came to the spot where his child lay buried. The night was dark. A great wind from the east came sighing up from the Atlantic, and swept by with a dreary, moaning sound. Gigantic cloud masses were rolling and writhing upwards to the zenith, blotting out the stars one by one, and leaving only the white snow to give light.

The Deacon had just noticed that one solitary star was still visible overhead, when he found himself at the grave. The stone was a simple one. He disliked ostentation anywhere, but most of all at the place of burial. He remembered that he had had engraved on the marble the words, "Jesus said, suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Here then, he thought, I shall find at least the name of the Saviour. He passed his hand over the face of the stone to feel the letters, when, to his dismay, he found that it was as smooth as if it had never been touched by a chisel. He was just putting his hand into his pocket to find a match, when suddenly, from the grave itself, there shot forth a blue phosphorescent flame that waved hither and thither, giving light enough to show that beneath the name of the child all was blank. The Deacon lifted up his eyes in despair, only to notice that the last star had disappeared, and then threw himself upon the cold, white ground.

But strange! It was not cold. It was soft and warm. He opened his eyes. There was dim light around him. Something white came gliding towards where he lay. A child's timid voice whispered :

"Papa!"

He was too astonished to make reply.

"Papa! Merry Christmas, papa!"

"Christmas!" he managed to stammer out. "Christmas! What's that?"

"Oh, you big silly papa. Don't you know what Christmas is? Why, it's the day that Christ was born on."

At that moment there came a clash of golden and silver bells from the towers of Trinity Church across the way, and the Deacon knew that it had been all a dream. A little hand now touched his face, and was suddenly drawn back.

"Oh papa! you are crying. Are you sorry that Christmas has come?"

"No, my darling, but I am so glad that Christ *was* born."

And indeed he was glad. All through the day his face shone with the glow of a great joy. His wife and children noticed it; so did the servants; so did the people on the street as he went to church that morning; for of course he did go to church. Indeed, I think if there had been no service that day, he would have borrowed the key, and gone into the church to have a service by himself.

The service he attended was a Union Service in the Methodist Church across the way, and it was worth a good deal to hear the Deacon sing; "Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes;" to see the intense interest with which he listened to the sermon, and the lively anxiety he showed, lest by any possibility the collection-plate should escape him when the offering was being made for the General Hospital. It may also be mentioned that on the way out he startled his serious Methodist friend, by saying to him in a playful manner, "You never heard of John Wesley, didn't you? You don't know you're a Methodist, don't you?" and then bursting forth with a vehemence not commonly vouchsafed to deacons; "But thank God, brother, you know who Christ is!"

WINNIPEG, MAN.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
 Let your songs of gladness ring;
 In a stable lies the Holy,
 In a manger rests the King.
 See, in Mary's arms reposing,
 Christ by highest heaven adored;
 Come, your circle round him closing,
 Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Hark, the heaven of heavens is ringing:
 Christ the Lord to man is born!
 Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
 Still the Child all power possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past;
 And the song of Christmas blessing,
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

JOHN G. PATON.

MISSIONARY TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON.

THE age of chivalry and heroism is not yet departed. All honour to the gallant leaders of a forlorn hope, the self-denying men, who volunteer to be the first to scale a fortress, and whose bodies, it may be, will but serve as a bridge for their comrades to pass onwards and upwards to a hardly-earned victory. All honour to the skilful mariner, who, braving a thousand dangers upon the cold, cruel sea, values not his own life, so that his vessel and passengers come through the storm unscathed. All honour to the heroes everywhere, who prize duty more than life. Well worthy are they of the rewards that a grateful people see fit to bestow. But what shall we say of those who, with no hope of temporal gain or worldly advancement, with no prospect of reward, save the glad consciousness of duty nobly done; but for the sake of Christ and Christ's redeemed, voluntarily exile themselves from home and kindred, and for long years suffer privations and perils, undreamed of by those of us who are nursed in the luxuriant lap of a nineteenth century civilization? Such an one was John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, who has but lately told us portions of his fascinating story with his own lips, and whose autobiography, unsurpassed among the romances of missionary life, and unexcelled as a record of devotion to the Master's cause, comes to us, in these days of intense mercantile and mercenary interest, as a rebuke to apathy and cold indifference, that should not go unheeded.

He was born on the 24th of May, 1824, in the parish of Kirkinahoe, near Dumfries, and singularly beautiful is the picture that he draws of his native village, his cottage home and his early life. He shows us his father, a godly man, in whose veins coursed freely the blood of the old Covenanters, who died for Christ's crown in Scotland's "killing time"; he shows us his mother, a descendant of the old Scottish Borderers, with a touch of their fire in her disposition, and we see the two ruling by love a family of five sons and six daughters, and bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He describes for us the scenery surrounding the hamlet, landscape such as Scotland only possesses. He sketches the manse and the village school, where rich and poor met together on equal terms, and they learned that brains

and character made the only aristocracy worth mentioning; and we fain would linger longer with these boyish memories, and look more closely into the manners and methods of that home life, for here was laid the solid rock foundation of our hero's religious life; here was first planted that seed which, in the after years, brought forth such abundant fruit to the honour and glory of God.

Space will not permit anything more than a bare recital of the facts which subsequently led young Paton, at the age of thirty-three, to offer his services as missionary to the New Hebrides. For many years he had laboured zealously in God's vineyard, among the slums and alleys of Glasgow, and to his great joy had received the appointment of City Missionary, with an annual salary of £45; but even while he preached and taught, and faithfully performed the duties of his office, there rang in his ears continually, the wail of those on distant shores who were living in the darkness of error and superstition, and the unspeakable loneliness of ignorance. With this hope burning in his breast, that some day he might be permitted to bring to them the grand old story of Fatherhood, Love and Redemption, he studied unwearyingly to fit himself for the office of the ministry, with special reference to the foreign field, and his patience and industry were soon rewarded.

The circumstances attending his call to the work were peculiar and impressive. The Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland had for two years been advertising for a helper to join Rev. John Inglis in the New Hebrides, but so far the appeal had met with no response. At length the Synod felt the claims of the heathen, so urgently pressed upon them by the Lord's repeated calls, that they resolved to cast lots, to discover whether in this way God would choose, or help them to choose the one most needed in the mission field. Each minister was to write the names of those whom he considered the fittest for the position. After a season of earnest, heartfelt prayer, the solemnity of which added much to the impressiveness of the scene, the ballot proceeded. Amid a strained silence, the papers were filled out and handed in, but the result was so indecisive, that it was felt that in no way had the Almighty declared His will, and here for a few days the matter rested.

John Paton had, with intense interest, watched the course of events. On more than one occasion he had been on the point of offering himself to the Synod as a candidate for the vacancy. He felt an overpowering desire to cry out: "Here am I, send me." But fearful of mistaking his own strong emotions for God's will,

and doubting, perhaps, his worthiness, he determined to spend a day or two in further self-examination and prayer. The battle, however, was soon ended, and with all doubts removed and a lightened heart, on the third day he visited Dr. Bates, the superintendent of Foreign Missions, and freely offered himself for the contemplated work. With tearful joy his offer was accepted. He was duly licensed, ordained, and, of course, married, and the 16th of April, 1858, found him on board the good ship *Clutha*, bound for his new home, knowing not and fearing not the future, for his Heavenly Father held his hand.

He and his wife were accompanied by Mr. Matheson, a missionary from Nova Scotia, and on August 30th, after a perilous voyage of more than four months, the little party were landed safely on the shores of Aneityum, a quiet resting-place around which clustered the Islands of the New Hebrides. By the advice of Dr. Inglis, and the concurrence of all the other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Paton were stationed at Port Resolution, in the island of Tanna, and after a few weeks of much-needed rest, and a few practical lessons in house-building, they moved to their new home, and in the name of the Lord began their life-work.

It is hard for us to fairly realize the difficulties of their position, and the numberless necessary tasks that would have to be performed ere the slightest progress could be made. To begin with, a house must be built, and also a mission station. Then there is the arduous labour of learning the language. This can only be done by keeping eyes and ears continually open, and gradually, word by word, getting familiarized with the distinctive sounds, for the Tannese had no literature, and not even the rudiments of an alphabet.

Picture their condition then, those of you, my readers, who take but scanty interest in the cause of Foreign Missions. Alone on this island, whose inhabitants were literally naked and painted savages, cannibal in their habits, evil in their passions, destitute of any knowledge of the true God, yet ceaselessly groping after Him, in trees and groves, rocks and stones, men and departed spirits; in fact, everything within the range of vision; alone, knowing no word of the language, with a people who, because of the harsh treatment they had received from the godless crews of trading ships, cherished for every white man an ever-increasing hatred. Read their story of buffetings bravely borne, and danger unflinchingly faced, of the cruelty and persecution that they endured, until it seemed, at one time, that light would be eclipsed by darkness, and God's day never would dawn upon the isle of Tanna. Study both picture and story faithfully, and

retain, if you can, the old spirit of apathy and indifference to missionary effort.

At the very beginning of his career, Mr. Paton and wife met with trouble. Their house had been built on low, marshy ground, shut in from the healthy sea breezes, and the malaria enveloped them constantly. On the 12th of February, God gave to them a little baby boy to render their island exile happier, but sorrow oftentimes treads upon the heels of joy, and before the end of March, mother and son lay in one grave, and Mr. Paton was left in loneliness, to carry the burden of life and soul-saving unaided. Though prostrated for a time by grief and sickness, he speedily recovered, and at once began, with the assistance of native teachers from Aneityum, active work. A portion of land was purchased, a mission-house built, and Sabbath services started.

The difficulties and dangers were many. At first the chiefs were inclined to be friendly, but they presently began to show decided signs of hostility. A few weeks of dry weather had told against the growth of their yams and bananas, and this drought was instantly ascribed to the Mission and its God. So the natives, far and near, met in public assembly to consider the matter. The next day, Nouka, the high chief, and Miaki, the war chief, called to announce the result, as follows: that unless rain should fall plentifully in the meantime, the missionary and his helpers should be put to death on the following Sabbath. However, as God willed it, just as they were assembling for worship on Sunday, the welcome rain fell in great abundance, and the superstitious natives, believing that it was sent in answer to special prayer, decided to allow "the worship" to go unmolested. But alas, so continuous was the rain, that fever and sickness followed, and again the little band of workers were blamed and threatened, and the peril of dwelling among a people so easily swayed by prejudice and passion daily increased.

The Tannese were almost incessantly at war one with another, the harbour tribes on the one side, and the inland tribes on the other. Battles were frequent, and the slain were invariably cooked and eaten by the victors, while the unfortunate widows of those who fell were straightway strangled, that they might follow their lords and serve them in the life that was to come, for everywhere in the New Hebrides woman was the down-trodden slave of man. But the influence of "the worship" was beginning to be felt. Already several of the chiefs had promised reformation, to cease wife-beating and fighting, and all practices that were degrading to their manhood.

Still the majority of the chiefs planned and plotted day and

night to destroy the whole mission. The manner in which these were, for the time being, foiled, is most interesting and inspiring, and is best told in Mr. Paton's own words. He says :

“The inhabitants for miles united in seeking our destruction, but God put it into even savage hearts to save us. Determined not to be baffled, a meeting of all our enemies on the island was announced, and it was publicly resolved that a band of men be selected and enjoined to kill the whole of those friendly to the Mission ; frenzy of excitement prevailed, and the blood-fiend seemed to override the whole assembly, when, under an impulse that surely came from the Lord of Pity, one great warrior chief, who had hitherto remained silent, rose, swung aloft a mighty club, and, smashing it earthwards, cried aloud : ‘The man that kills Missi must first kill me ; the men that kill the Mission teachers must first kill me and my people, for we shall stand by them and defend them till death.’ Instantly another chief thundered in with the same declaration, and the whole assembly broke up in dismay. All the more remarkable was this deliverance, as these two chiefs, both disease-makers and sacred men, were regarded as among our bitterest enemies.”

Despite a daily record of great peril, Mr. Paton toiled on with unshaken faith. Some days were bright, some days were dark—bright when a few men would come, as did Nicodemus of old, by night for instruction and conversation, evidencing by their earnestness in asking questions their desire to see light; but dark when blinded by error and superstition, or the vehemence of their own evil passions, the misguided natives would lie and steal, and threaten, until in despair Mr. Paton would turn to God, seeking a fresh supply of faith and energy. Perhaps the first token that was given him that the seed sown was not fruitless, was in the gradual improvement of the condition of the native women. For the sake of teaching by example, the missionary and his helpers would go for a mile or so inland on the principal pathway, cutting and carrying home a heavy bundle of firewood, and giving a small bundle only to each of the women ; and meeting many natives on the way, they would explain to them as best they could, that this was the only proper way for men to treat their wives and sisters. Thus their own habits and practices, far more, perhaps, than any words spoken, gave to this benighted people glimpses of the life to which the Lord Jesus was calling them. There were other hopeful signs which, to Mr. Paton's sanguine temperament, heralded the ultimate triumph of the Son of Man. He relates that one chief in particular came often to see him, and on one occasion said, “I would be an Awfuaki (*i.e.*, a Christian) were it not that all the rest would laugh at me; that I could not stand.” Methinks that in this our Christian land,

livi g in the bright sunshine of a free Gospel, there are, alas! multitudes who are thus "almost persuaded."

And now the shadows began to deepen ominously. The measles, a plague most dreaded by the islanders, swept off a third of the population, and all the native teachers, save one, fled. Storms and hurricanes came, destroying property and crops, and it was not difficult to persuade the credulous natives that "the worship" was the cause of all their troubles. Word had come from Erromanga, another port on the island, which fell as a foreshadowing of doom across our hero's path. The Gordons, husband and wife, patient and loyal workers in the vineyard of the Lord, had been mercilessly martyred, and the blood-craze was spreading. Already the natives at Port Resolution had sent congratulatory messages to their brethren at Erromanga, and the situation grew critical. The devil seemed to fill every man's heart, while open violence was frequently resorted to.

To know what was best to do in such circumstances must have been to Mr. Paton a source of great perplexity. He had, of course, acquired the language, and gained a considerable influence among the natives, and there were a number warmly attached to him and to "the worship." To have taken refuge in flight would have been to have sacrificed all he had gained. So, risking all with Jesus, he determined to hold on while hope of spared life remained. And for a time, indeed, a friendlier feeling seemed to prevail, and many began to recognize that the missionary laboured only for their good.

Some of the natives prepared an excellent foundation for a new church. The fences around the Mission House were renewed, and once more the work became encouraging. On the strength of this Mr. Paton sent urgent appeals to the missionaries at Aneityum for more teachers, but none could be found willing to return to Tanna. The measles had demoralized them. In the Mission school, a prize was offered, in the shape of a red shirt, for the first chief who succeeded in learning the alphabet. It was won by an Inakaki chief, once the terror of the community. Afterwards in teaching it to others, he would proceed as follows: "A is a man's legs with the body cut off; B is like two eyes; C is a three-quarter moon; D is like one eye; E is a man with one club under his feet, and another over his head, and so on." Truly there is comedy as well as tragedy in missionary life.

At present, however, the tragic element prevailed. The horizon darkened again. War, nothing but war, was spoken of. Fear sat in every face, and around the Mission House centred the fiercest conflicts. At last the crisis came. Mr. Paton's house was

attacked by a frenzied mob clamouring for blood, and he and his one faithful follower barely escaped with their lives, and sought a temporary asylum in a friendly village. It was long after this ere he managed to leave the island. Several times was he captured by his enemies, and regained his freedom only by what seemed miraculous intervention. At length in March, 1862, he contrived to obtain passage to Aneityum, and thus ended, disastrously to human eyes, his first mission to Tanna; and yet the seed was sown, though it was not his to enjoy the fruit. Thirty years and more have passed away, and all Mr. Paton's fellow-labourers in that field have gone to their reward, he alone remains.

Space will not permit any account of his subsequent labours, of his arduous journeying in Australia in search of financial aid for the furtherance of the New Hebrides work, or his residence and success upon Aniwa. He has lived, and still lives, to see upon the island of Tanna a Gospel church, a happy God-fearing people, old customs abolished, all passions subdued, and the old, old story of Jesus learnt and loved, and in this life he desires no higher reward.

As to the world which is to come, were I enriched with the gift of prophecy, I would glimpse the future thus: I see the Golden City, shining in all the glorious majesty of its undreamed of beauty. I see its ever-open gates of pearl, and passing through them countless multitudes of Christ's redeemed. I see among them hosts of those whom we on earth were wont to call the heathen, their swarthy faces shining with a light and love eternal, and at their head I see a little band of gallant men leading them on through all the jewelled streets to that bright goal of human hopes, the Great White Throne. I see the King Omnipotent, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, the Christ of all mankind, and in some pause of angel song I hear His voice Divine, in tenderness and truth forever silencing the selfish, and satisfying the self-sacrificing: "Insomuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

OSHAWA, ONT.

“THE high that proved too high,
 The heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the earth
 To lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God
 By the Lover and the Bard;
 Enough that He heard it once,
 We shall hear it by-and-bye!”

—*Browning.*

KAISERSWERTH AND ITS DEACONESSES.*

BY THE EDITOR.



THE CRADLE OF THE KAISERSWERTH INSTITUTIONS.

As one sails up the Lower Rhine, with its flat banks bordered by green meadows, and fringed with scattered poplars, he may see, a few miles below Düsseldorf, a strange flag floating from the tower of an old windmill. This bright blue flag bears, not the fierce and truculent-looking eagle of Ger-

many, but a white dove with an olive branch. This beautiful emblem of peace tells us that we are passing the village of Kaiserswerth, the birthplace of one of the most remarkable religious movements of the century.

In over seventy of the towns and cities of Germany there are stations of the Kaiserswerth deaconesses. In the poorest parts of these cities and towns the blue gowns, white caps, and calm, pure faces of these sisters of the people, passing on messages of mercy to the sick and suffering, are a familiar sight. In Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, Beyrout, Smyrna, Bucharest, Buda-Pesth, Florence, and elsewhere, there are also Kaiserswerth hospitals or schools. I was so greatly impressed with what I saw and heard of the work of the deaconesses in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Turkey that I made a visit in June, 1892, to the mother-house in Rhenish Westphalia.

Kaiserswerth is a small, quaint village, whose stone houses line a clean, well-paved street. The mother-house is a long stone building, three stories high, with about ninety windows in its rather unpicturesque façade. On the pediment are the appropriate words in German: "I was sick and ye visited me."

I was received by a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced sister, in a dark-blue dress and cape, with a white diaphanous cap which was not at all unbecoming. On the wall of the reception-room hung an engraved portrait of Pastor Fliedner, the founder of the Kaiserswerth institutions, or, as he preferred to be called, the reviver of the apostolic order of deaconesses.

One of the sisters accompanied me through the building and

* This article is reproduced substantially from the *Chautauquan Magazine* for November, 1893.

kept up a running comment on their purposes and their mode of administration. For this sketch I have also drawn freely on the printed report which the good sister kindly gave me. We went first to the chapel, where the deaconesses daily spend a "silent half-hour" in meditation and prayer. I was struck with the pious German inscriptions, not only in the chapel but within and without most of the buildings. Among these I noted as suggesting the inspiration of these pious charities the following: "He bare our sicknesses," "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye visited me," "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and others of similar character. On one side of the room was a plain communion table, over which was painted an *Agnus Dei*, with the words, "Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

The dormitory contained a number of white-curtained beds, the very picture of neatness and cleanliness. Flowering plants in the windows, which looked into a quiet court, and Biblical pictures on the walls gave it a very homelike feeling. Again the simple German piety was shown by the painted text, "The darkness and the light are both alike unto Thee."

Another homelike house, which bore the name of "Evening Rest," was a place of refuge and succour for the worn-out deaconesses who return from their distant fields of labour to spend their closing days in quiet in this mother-house. In one of these rooms is a beautiful fresco of our Lord, to whom a tired dove is flying for refuge. Below is the inscription, "There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

I was struck with the domestic character of the homes. They had little of the institutional air almost inseparable from such collections of persons engaged in common work. The gentle training of the sisters has been exceedingly successful in restoring to virtue and happiness the erring and lost. The motto of the order is "Pray and work." A most salutary mental and moral tonic is constant employment, especially garden work in the open air.

The touch of poetry in the Kaiserswerth organization gives it a special charm. For instance, the "Paul Gerhard" home for lonely and invalid women was opened on the two hundredth anniversary of the death of the pious poet. The rooms are decorated with comforting and inspiring verses of his hymns in gold-coloured letters.

When the bell called to prayer the sisters came trooping from all quarters for the "silent hour." Many were young and pretty, with bright eyes and apple cheeks, and all had a look of sweet content on their faces. The conference room, where they meet

every week for consultation, had a smoothly sanded floor and like all the apartments was scrupulously clean.

In the school for probationers every effort has been made to reproduce the conditions of family life. An old mill tower by the Rhine side has been converted into a pleasant home known by the patriotic name of "The Watch on the Rhine." A cottage among the hills near Kaiserswerth, where the overwrought sisters may retreat from time to time, bears the appropriate name of Salem. The schools for training family servants, of which there are several in Düsseldorf, Berlin, and elsewhere, are named "Martha's Home."

The many buildings of the institution make quite a village in themselves. On the huge brick barn, in which was stored a great quantity of grain, were the words, "Give us this day our daily bread." The farm waggons and implements were all ranged with military precision, like a park of artillery.

A place of special interest was the small summer-house in the old-fashioned garden, which was really the cradle of the many institutions established by Pastor Fliedner. It was a homely little structure only twelve feet square, with a steep, red-tiled roof and backed by a group of ever-whispering poplars. Here from the prison of Werden came one day, September 17th, 1833, a discharged prisoner named Minna, seeking help from the good pastor to live once more an honest life. He had no means of his own but he could not refuse her request, and placed her in this small house. She was soon joined by another penitent. There was no sleeping room except a very small garret to which there was not even a flight of steps. At night a ladder was placed against the attic window and the two women climbed to the room in the roof. This small house is now a sort of memorial chamber, and contains a beautiful bust in bronze of Pastor Fliedner, and an oil portrait of his wife, who died Good Friday, 1892, and who was greatly beloved by the whole sisterhood.

I was introduced to the son of Pastor Fliedner, a large, blond, benign-looking man who spoke English with a very piquant accent. I asked permission to make some notes of the good work accomplished by his father. This he cordially granted, but added, "Speak only of the work of God; not of that of man." These manifold charities are now ably administered by Pastor Disselhoff.

Of pathetic interest was the peaceful "God's Acre" where sleep nearly one hundred of the sisters, many of whom had returned from distant lands to die in the "House of Evening Rest," and to be buried in this quiet spot. The funeral slabs of the sisters were all of uniform size sloping to the east—the silent sleepers thus

awaiting the resurrection morning. Each slab bore simply a dove and cross, the name of the deceased, and the text from which her funeral discourse was preached. The grave of "Mother Fliedner," as she was affectionately called, was a mass of flowers, and her funeral text was Matt. xxv., 24. That of Pastor Fliedner bore the inscription, "Theodore Fliedner, through the grace of God, the reviver of the apostolic order of deaconesses; born at Epstein, 1800, died at Kaiserswerth, 1864. 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.'"

There are four large hospital buildings, one a handsome red brick hospital for children, in front of which is a statue of the late Kaiser Frederick III., a patron of the hospital, carrying a child in his arms. Near by was a beautiful children's garden in a glen with an artificial rockery, made, explained the good sister, to give variety to the rather monotonous landscape of the Lower Rhine. There is also a large lunatic asylum for women, with two hundred beds; and a very interesting orphanage for the children of deceased missionaries and other clergymen.

On the Rhine side at Kaiserswerth rise the massive ruins of the old castle of Emperor Henry IV., whose walls are built of hexagonal basaltic columns. I climbed its massive towers and enjoyed a charming sunset view of the winding Rhine. A company of gay picnickers—it was the Feast of Pentecost—swarmed through the ivied ruins and grass-grown courts. As I wandered through the dismantled halls and chambers, I felt that the work of Pastor Fliedner was more lasting than that of the ancient Kaiser, that he "buildded better than he knew." The good sisters are heroines of a nobler chivalry than that of the steel-clad warriors of old. On a large stone in the court is the rhyming inscription in monkish Latin:

*Anno ab incarnatione Domini Nostri
Jesu Christi MCLXXXI.
Hoc Decus Imperio Caesar Fredericus
adauxit,
Justitiam stabilire colens et ut undique
pax sit.*

Yet is the new Kaiserswerth in a wider sense a haven of peace and seat of justice.

The Kaiserswerth institute is emphatically a child of Provi-

dence. Curiously enough the old church seal of the town represented a sturdy tree with the inscription, *Gran. cynap. cres. arbor*, "The mustard seed becomes a tree." The story of its growth is one of fascinating interest. From the small beginning of that rustic summer-house have sprung not only the many noble charities of the quiet Westphalian village but nearly two hundred deaconess hospitals and institutions in four continents of the globe.

As is well known no vows are taken by the sisters. The deaconess can return to domestic life or to aged or sick parents at any time. She receives no salary—merely her dress and board and a small sum for pocket-money. She is not allowed to accept presents from her patients. But in case of sickness the institution provides for her wants. She has entire control of her fortune, if she have one, which after her death goes to her legal heirs.

The sisters enter the diaconate after due probation, of their own choice. The written consent of parents or guardian is required from every candidate. She promises to be true to her calling and to live in the fear of God according to His Word. The sisters accept of their own free will the post of labour chosen by the authorities. In case of infectious diseases or other laborious task they are asked if they have any objection to accept the work; but in no instance has a refusal been known.

The simple theology of the Kaiserswerth deaconesses has been embodied in a few rough metrical lines, which have been thus rendered:

"The only ground whereon we stand
Is Christ, and His most precious blood;
The only aim of all our band
Is Christ, our highest, only good;
The only word we understand
Is His own living, mighty Word."

The expenses of the Kaiserwerth mother-house are nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year. About seventy-five per cent. of this is derived from the patient's fees, the sale of books, and the circulation of the *Volk's Kalendar*, which reaches over one hundred thousand copies a year.

In 1864 Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem asked to have some deaconesses sent to him to nurse the sick suffering from an epidemic in that city. The sisters found their first home in the house of a Turk on Mount Zion, and soon hundreds of patients of many nations received treatment within its walls. In the beautiful *Talitha Kumi*, or children's home, on Godfrey's Hill outside the wall, nearly one hundred girls are trained in intelligence and piety.

In that crowded oriental city, Smyrna, the rendezvous of all nations, where seventeen different languages are daily spoken, a school and hospital have also been established. Another hospital has been opened in Alexandria. During the bombardment of the city in 1882 the sisters were obliged to escape by night with their sick and feeble patients, making their way in peril four miles through the burning town.

In 1860 all Europe was roused by the tidings of the massacre of 14,000 Christians at Mount Lebanon, by the Druses, a half Mohammedan and half heathen mob. Thousands of orphans and widows fled from the mountains to Beyrout and Sidon. In a few weeks ten Kaiserswerth deaconesses were on the spot. Their difficulties were great. They knew not a word of Arabic but their philanthropic purpose at once procured them friends. A home was soon provided and money raised for the maintenance of the widows and orphans.

I visited with special interest this charming institution called *Zoar*, in memory of the escape of some of the Syrian children from a calamity scarce less dreadful than the destruction of Sodom. A large, rambling, flat-roofed building, surrounded by an extensive and beautiful garden in which luxuriant vines entwine and almost conceal a trophy of ancient sculpture dug up on the spot, houses this interesting community. Its cool, clean alcoves and corridors breathe the very air of peace. Here over one thousand Syrian, Arab, Maronite, Greek, and Druse girls have been diligently trained by the kind-hearted, sweet-faced deaconess sisters. Through this training a great change has taken place in the women of Mount Lebanon. Nobler ideas of domestic life and duty have been inspired, and from near and far eager requests have come from the best families in Lebanon and Syria for the education of their daughters in Christian learning and culture. Pleasant it was under the escort of one of the sisters to explore the extensive premises, bakehouse, kitchen, laundry, dormitory, and school-room, all scrupulously clean, and the reception and school-rooms adorned with mottoes and decorative pictures.

There is also at Beyrout a well-equipped Kaiserswerth hospital where deaconesses nurse annually about six hundred patients of different confessions and creeds. Here I met a young man from Canada, nearing his end, but full of kind words for the gentle sisters who with Christ-like sympathy cheered his last hours. One of the deaconesses deeply regretted that at the call of duty elsewhere she had to leave "a dear English captain," who was very ill, but then, she said with a smile, "Sister Louise will take very good care of him."

The number of sick patients relieved by the Christ-like charities of the Kaiserswerth deaconesses at their various hospitals are many thousands. In Alexandria alone, in a single year, over twenty-two thousand indoor and outdoor patients have been relieved. In great national calamities, such as war and epidemics, the sisters have been ever ready with their aid. During the Franco-Prussian war Kaiserswerth sent one hundred and forty-five deaconesses to the battlefields, besides one hundred and twenty-five to the military hospital at home. During the outbreak of cholera at Hamburg last summer the deaconesses, like angels of mercy, hastened to the scene and ministered with fearless devotion to the sick and dying. They have been an inspiration to Christian charity throughout the world, and many similar sisterhoods on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and in the United States, have been organized on similar lines of Christian activity.

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“WHAT means this glory round our feet,”
 The Magi mused, “more bright that morn?”
 And voices chanted clear and sweet,
 “To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

“What means this star,” the shepherds said,
 “That brightens through the rocky glen?”
 And angels answering, overhead,
 Sang, “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

’Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
 Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
 We wait for Him, like them of yore;
 Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
 No time or sorrow e’er shall dim,
 That little children might be bold,
 In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round our feet shall ever shine
 A light like that the wise men saw,
 If we our loving wills incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds then,
 And kindly clasping hand in hand,
 Sing “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS—WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY COME FROM, AND HOW THEY LIVE—THE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.



“EXT-R-A-H ‘DISHUN.”

How shall one condense into one chapter the story of an army of newsboys in which each individual represents a case not only of “survival of the fittest,” but of an experience that would fill a volume? They are the growth of but a generation or two, since only the modern newspaper and its needs could require the services of this numberless host. Out of the thousands of homeless children roaming the streets as lawless as the wind, only those with some sense of honour could be chosen, yet what honour could be found in boys born in the slums and knowing vice as a close companion from babyhood up?

This question answered itself long ago, as many a social problem has done. The fact that no papers could be had by them save as paid for on the spot, and that a certain code of morals was the first necessity for any work at all, developed such conscience as lay in embryo, and brought about the tacitly understood rules that have long governed the small heathen who supply this prime need of the business man,—the morning and evening papers.

Most of us have never bothered ourselves about how the newsboy lives. We know that he exists. We are too apt to regard him only as a necessary evil. What is his daily life? What becomes

of him? Does he ever grow up to man's estate, or are his inches never increased?

Though it is by no means true that all newsboys are wanderers, yet most of those seen in New York streets have no homes. Out from the alleys and by-ways of the slums pours this stream of child humanity, an army of happy barbarians, for they are happy in spite of privations that seem enough to crush the spirit of the bravest. Comparatively few in number before the war, they increased manifold with the demand of that period, and swarm now at every point where a sale is probable. Naturally only the brightest among them prospered. They began as "street rats,"—the old name of the police for them,—and pilfered and gnawed at all social foundations with the recklessness and energy of their prototypes. Their life was of the hardest. Driven out from the dens in tenement districts, where most of them were born, to beg or steal as need might be, they slept in boxes, or under stairways, and sometimes in hay-barges in coldest nights of winter. Two of them were known to have slept for an entire winter in the iron tube of a bridge, and two others in a burned-out safe in Wall Street. Sometimes they slipped into the cabin of a ferry-boat. Old boilers were a favourite refuge, but first and chief, then and now, came the steam gratings, where at any time of night or day in winter one may find a crowd of shivering urchins warming half-frozen fingers and toes, or curled up in a heap snatching such sleep as is to be had under adverse circumstances.

Watch a group of this nature. Their faces are old from constant exposure as well as from the struggle for existence. Their thin clothes, fluttering in the wind, afford small protection against winter's cold, and are made up of contributions from all sources, often rescued from the ragpicker and cut down to meet requirements. Shoes are of the same order, but worn only in winter, the toes even then looking stockingless, from gaping holes stopped sometimes by rags wound about the feet. Kicked and cuffed by every ruffian they meet, ordered about by the police, creeping into doorways as winter storms rage, they lose no atom of cheer, and shame the prosperous passer-by who gives them small thought save as a nuisance to be tolerated. They are the pertinacious little chaps who spring up at every crossing, almost at every hour of the day and night, and thrust a paper under your nose. They run to every fire, and are present wherever a horse falls down, or a street-car gets into trouble, or a brawl is in progress. They are the boys who play toss-penny in the sun in the City Hall Park, who play baseball by electric light, who rob the push-cart of the Italian banana-seller, who can scent a "copper" a block away, and who always have a plentiful supply of crocodile tears when caught *in flagrante delicto*.

The tiny fellow who flies across your path with a bundle of papers under his arm found out, almost before he ceased to be a baby, that life is very earnest, and he knows that upon his success in disposing of his stock-in-trade depends his supper and a warm bed for the night. Though so young he has had as many hard

knocks as are crowded into the lives of a good many folk twice his age. He is every inch a philosopher, too, for he accepts bad fortune with stoical indifference.

Homeless boys may be divided into two classes,—the street-arab and the gutter-snipe. The newsboy may be found in both these classes. As a street-arab he is strong, sturdy, self-reliant, full of fight, always ready to take his own part, as well as that of the gutter-snipe, who naturally looks to him for protection.



GETTING POINTS FROM THE LAST EDITION.

Gutter-snipe is the name which has been given to the more weakly street-arab, the little fellow who, though scarcely more than a baby, is frequently left by brutalized parents at the mercy of any fate, no matter what. This little chap generally roams around until he finds some courageous street-arab, scarcely bigger than himself, perhaps, to fight his battles and put him in the way of making a living, which is generally done by selling papers. In time the gutter-snipe becomes himself a full-fledged arab, with a large *clientèle*, two hard and ready fists, and a horde of dependent and grateful snipes.

This is the evolution of the newsboy wherever he be found. Some of them bring up in penal institutions and reformatories, and no wonder. Their mornings are too apt to be spent in pitching pennies or frequenting policy-shops. They are passionately devoted to the theatre, and they will cheerfully give up a prospect of a warm bed for the night for an evening in some cheap play-house. Their applause is always discriminating. They despise humbug, whether in real life or on the mimic stage. The cheap morality current in Bowery plays, where the villain always meets his just deserts, gives them a certain standard which is as high as can well be when one lives among fighters, stealers, gamblers, and swearers. After squandering his earnings for an evening's entertainment of this sort, a convenient doorway or a sidewalk grating, through whose bars an occasional breath of warm air is wafted from underground furnaces in winter, are often the only places he has to sleep. This the boy who is the veritable street-arab, the newsboy pure and simple. You can see him early any morning hugging some warm corner or huddled into some dark passage, waiting for the moment when the papers shall be ready for distribution.

Their light-heartedness is a miracle. Merry as clowns, flashing back repartee to any joker, keen and quick to take points, they manage their small affairs with a wisdom one would believe impossible. Their views of life have come from association with "flash men" of every order, with pugilists, pickpockets, cockfighters, and all the habitués of pot-houses or bucket-shops. Yet Charles L. Brace of the Children's Aid Society, who knew them best and did most for them, wrote:

"The newsboy has his code. He will not get drunk; he pays his debts to other boys, and thinks it dishonourable to sell papers on their beat, and, if they come on him, he administers summary justice by 'punching.' He is generous to a fault and will always divide his last sixpence with a poorer boy. Life is a strife with him, and money its reward; and as bankruptcy means to a street-boy a night on doorsteps without any supper, he is sharp and reckless if he can only earn or get enough to keep him above water. His temptations are to cheat, steal, and lie. His religion is vague. One boy, who said he 'didn't live nowhere,' said he had heard of God, and 'the boys thought it kind o' lucky' to say over something to Him which one of them had learned, when they were sleeping out in boxes."

Almost forty years ago these were the conditions for hundreds as they are to-day for thousands, though philanthropy has fought every step of the way, as industrial schools, lodging-houses, and Homes bear witness. Chief among these rank the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses, in many respects the most unique sight to be seen in New York.

A thousand difficulties hedged about the way of those who first sought to make life easier for this class, not the least of which were how not to assail too roughly their established opinions and habits, nor to touch their sturdy independence. They had a terror of Sunday-schools, believing them only a sort of trap to let them suddenly into the House of Refuge or some equally detested place.

Even when the right sort of superintendent had been found, and a loft had been secured in the old "Sun" building and fitted up as a lodging-room, the small sceptics regarded the movement with great suspicion and contempt.

It was in March, 1854, that the new quarters were opened. A good bed, a bath, a supper, the first two for six cents, the last for four, was evidently a fact, but behind this fact what dark design might not lurk! They formed their own theory at once. The Superintendent was to their mind undoubtedly a street-preacher, and had laid this elaborate trap to get them into the House of Refuge. They accepted his invitation for a single night, which they concluded would be better than "bummin'," that is, sleeping out; but they planned to turn it into a general scrimmage in the schoolroom after they had cut off the gas, and end with a fine row in the bedroom.

Never was there a blander or more benevolent reception of such programme. Gas-pipes were guarded; the ringleaders were sent down to the lower floor, where an officer was in waiting; and up in the bedroom, when the first boots flew from a little fellow's bed across the room, he found himself suddenly snaked out by a gentle but muscular hand, and left in the cold to shiver over his folly. Mysteriously it dawned upon them all that authority reigned here and was getting even with them, and they finally settled down to sleep, suspicious still, but half believing good might be meant.

The night went on, broken now and then by ejaculations from the new tenants. "My eyes! Ain't these soft beds!" "I say, Jim! This is better'n bummin', ain't it?" "Hi, Pat! It's most as good as a steam gratin', an' not a cop to poke you up!"

A morning wash and a good breakfast completed the conversion. One and all they went out sounding the praises of the "Fulton Lodge," which soon became a boys' hotel, one loft being known to them as the Astor House. Often the boys clubbed together to pay the fee for the boy who wanted to try it and had no pennies saved, and each one came at last to look upon the place as in a degree his private property. No word as to school had yet been spoken, but one evening the Superintendent said:

"Boys, there was a gentleman here this morning who wanted an office-boy at three dollars a week."

"My eyes! Let me go, sir?" and "Me, me, sir!" came in loud voices from scores of excited boys.

"But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand."

Deep dejection among the boys, who looked at each other blankly.

"Well now, suppose we have a night school and learn to write," the Superintendent ventured.

"All right, sir," sounded from a dozen of the most unruly. Soon the evening school began, and the tired little fellows struggled with their copy-books and readers,—learning, however, with surprising success.

Already they had been taught to sing together in the evening, generally preparing for the ceremony by taking off their coats

and rolling up their sleeves, but no mention had yet been made of any Sunday meeting. A great public funeral produced a profound impression upon them, and the Superintendent for the first time read them a little from the Bible. They were astonished at what they heard. The Golden Rule they declared to be impossible for "fellers that got stuck and short and had to live."

Miracles from Holy Writ created no surprise, and they found great satisfaction in learning that a being like Jesus Christ was homeless and belonged to the working classes. Whatever gentle elements were in them seemed to find expression in their singing. "There's Rest for the Weary" was a great favourite with these untiring little workers, and "There's a Light in the Window for thee, Brother," they sang with deepest pathos, as if they imagined themselves wandering alone through a great city by night till some friendly light shone out for them.

The early days of those "Boys' Meetings" were stormy. The boys, as is well known, are exceedingly sharp and keen, and somewhat given to *chaff*. Unhappy was the experience of any daring missionary who ventured to question these youthful inquirers.

How to break up their special vice of money-wasting was the next problem, and this was accomplished by opening a savings' bank and letting the boys vote as to how long it should remain closed. The small daily deposits accumulated in such degree as to amaze their owners; the liberal interest allowed pleased them and stimulated economy, and thus was formed the habit of saving which is now regarded by all of them as part of the business. Often three hundred dollars and more are deposited in a month, and this has done much to break up the habit of buying lottery-tickets, though that remains a constant temptation.

The old building soon proved inadequate, and another one was taken at 49 and 51 Park Place, which was retained for many years. Its Superintendent had been in the British army in the Crimea, and was a man of excellent discipline, but generous in feeling and a "good provider." The house was kept clean as a man-o'-war's deck, and no boy ever left the table hungry. His wife was equally valuable, and many a man, once a newsboy, looks back to both as the closest friends his youth ever knew.

In 1869 and 1870, 8,835 different boys were entered. Many of them found good homes through the agency of the Children's Aid Society; some found places for themselves; and some drifted away no one knows where, too deeply tainted with the vices of street life for reclamation. In this same year the lads themselves paid \$3,349 towards expenses.

What sort of home is it that their money helps to provide? The present one, with its familiar sign, "NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE," on the corner of Duane and Chambers Streets, is planned like the old one on Park Place. The cleanliness is perfect, for in all the years since its founding no case of contagious disease has occurred among the boys. The first story is rented for use as shops. The next has a large dining-room where nearly two hundred boys can sit down at table; a kitchen, laundry, store-room,

servant's room, and rooms for the family of the superintendent. The next story is partitioned off into a school-room, gymnasium, and bath and wash rooms, all fully supplied with cold and hot water, a steam-boiler below providing both the latter and the means of heating the rooms. The two upper stories are large and roomy dormitories, each furnished with from fifty to one hundred beds or berths, arranged like a ship's bunks, over each other. The beds have spring mattresses of wire and are supplied with white cotton sheets and plenty of comforters. For these beds the boys pay six cents a night each, including supper. For ten cents a boy may hire a "private room," which consists of a square space curtained off from the vulgar gaze and supplied with a bed and locker. The private rooms are always full, no matter what the population of the dormitories may be, showing that the newsboy shares the weakness of his more fortunate brothers.

Up to midnight the little lodgers are welcome to enter the house, but later than that they are not admitted. Once in, he is expected after supper to attend the night-school and remain until the end of the session; and once outside the door after the hour of closing he must make the best of a night in the streets.

Confident of his ability to take care of himself, he resents the slightest encroachment upon his freedom. The discipline of the lodging-house, therefore, does not seek to impose any more restraints upon him than those which are absolutely necessary. He goes and comes as he pleases, except that if he accepts the hospitality of the lodging-house he must abide by the rules and regulations.

Supper is served at seven o'clock and is usually well patronized, especially on Mondays and Thursdays, which are pork-and-beans days. Every boy has his bed-number, which corresponds with the number of the locker in which he keeps his clothes. When he is ready to retire he applies to the superintendent's assistant, who sits beside the keyboard. The lodger gives his number and is handed the key of his locker, in which he bestows all his clothing but his shirt and trousers. He then mounts to the dormitory, and after carefully secreting his shirt and trousers under his mattress is ready for the sleep of childhood.

The boys are wakened at different hours. Some of them rise as early as two o'clock and go down town to the newspaper offices for their stock-in-trade. Others rise between that hour and five o'clock. All hands, however, are routed out at seven. The boys may enjoy instruction in the rudimentary branches every night from half-past seven until nine o'clock, with the exception of Sundays, when devotional services are held and addresses made by well-known citizens.

A large majority of the boys who frequent the lodging-houses are waifs pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or a father's care, and have no sense of identity. Generally they have no name, or if they ever had one have preferred to convert it into something short and practically descriptive. As a rule they are known by nicknames and nothing else, and in speaking of one another they generally do so by these names. Usually

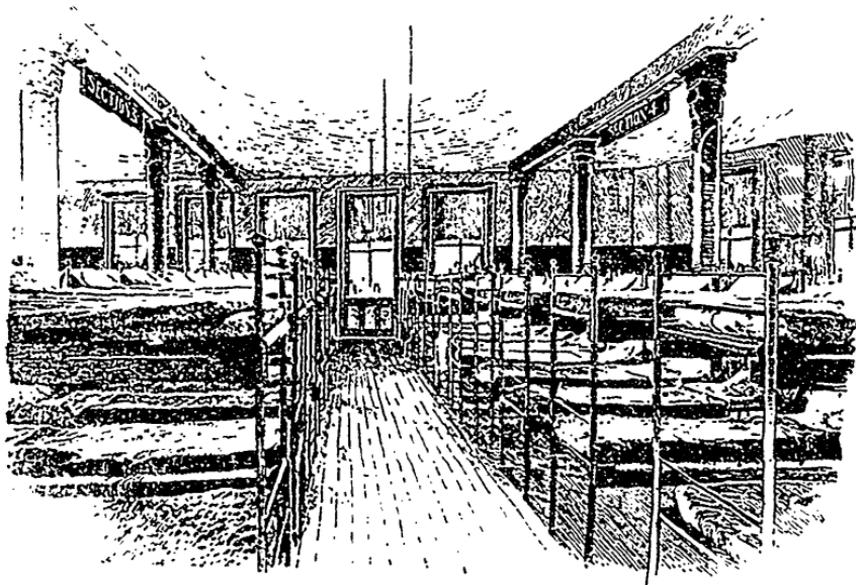
these names indicate some personal peculiarity or characteristic. On a recent visit to a newsboys' lodging-house, pains were taken to learn the names of a group of boys who were holding an animated conversation. It was a representative group. A very thin little fellow was called "Skinny"; another boy with light hair and complexion, being nearly as blonde as an albino, was known only as "Whitey." When "Slobbery Jack" was asked how he came by his name, "Bumlets," who appeared to be chief spokesman of the party, explained, "When he eats he scatters all down hisself." "Yaller" was the name given to an Italian boy of soft brown complexion. Near him stood "Kelly the Rake," who owned but one sleeve to his jacket. In newsboy parlance a "rake" is a boy who will appropriate to his own use anything he can lay his hands on. No one could give an explanation of "Snoddy's" name, nor what it meant—it was a thorough mystery to even the savants in newsboy parlance. In the crowd was "The Snitcher,"—"a fellow w'at tattles," said Bumlets, contemptuously—and near by stood the "King of Crapshooters." "A crapshooter," said Bumlets, "is a fellow w'ats fond of playin' toss-penny, throwin' dice, an' goin' to policy shops." The "King of Bums" was a tall and rather good-looking lad, who, no doubt, had come honestly by his name. The "Snipe-Shooter" was guilty of smoking cigar-stubs picked out of the gutter, a habit known among the boys as 'snipe-shooting.' "Hoppy," a little lame boy; "Dutchy," a German lad; "Smoke," a coloured boy; "Pie-eater," a boy very fond of pie; "Sheency," "Skittery," "Bag of Bones," "One Lung Pete," and "Scotty" were in the same group; and so also was "Jake the Oyster," a tender-hearted boy who was spoken of by the others as "a reg'lar soft puddin'." Every boy was proud of the fact that he "carried the banner," i. e., was in the habit of sleeping out-doors at night. Only the bitterest cold of winter drove them to seek the shelter and warmth of the lodging-house. An empty barrel or dry-goods box; deserted hallways, dark alleys, or the rear of buildings were the only sleeping places these boys had at night from early spring to mid-winter.

The sixty thousand dollars required for fitting up the building was raised in part by private subscription and in part by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars from the Excise fund, by the Legislature, it being regarded as just that those who do most to form drunkards should be forced to aid in the expense of the care of drunkards' children. This fund grew slowly, but by good investment was increased to eighty thousand dollars, and with this the permanent home of the newsboys in this part of the city has been assured. It is their school, church, intelligence office, and hotel.

Here the homeless street boy, instead of drifting into thieves' dens and the haunts of criminals and rougns, is brought into a clean, healthy, well warmed and lighted building, where he finds room for amusement, instruction and religious training, and where good meals, a comfortable bed, and plenty of washing and bathing conveniences are furnished at a low price. The boy is not pau-

perized, but feels that he is in his own hotel and supporting himself. Some are loaned money to begin business with; others are sent to places in the city or far away in the country. The whole class are partly redeemed and educated by these simple influences. The pauper is scarcely ever known to have come out of these houses, and self-help is the first lesson learned.

Since the foundation of the first Newsboys' Lodging-House in 1854, the various homes have sheltered nearly two hundred and fifty thousand different boys at a total expense of about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The amount contributed by the lads themselves during these years is nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Multitudes have been sent to good homes in the West.



IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

To awaken the demand for these children, thousands of circulars were sent out, through the city weeklies and the rural newspapers, to the country districts. Hundreds of applications poured in at once from the farmers, especially from the West. At first an effort was made to meet individual applications by sending just the kind of boy wanted. Each applicant wanted a "perfect boy," without any of the taints of earthly depravity. He must be well made, of good stock, never disposed to steal apples or pelt cattle, using language of perfect propriety, fond of making fires at daylight, and delighting in family-worship and prayer-meetings more than in fishing or skating.

The defects of the first plan of emigration were speedily developed and another and more practicable one inaugurated which has since been followed. Companies of boys are formed, and after thoroughly cleaning and clothing them they are put

under a competent agent and distributed among the farmers, the utmost care being taken to select good homes for all. The parties are usually made up from the brightest and most deserving, though often one picked up in the street tells a story so pitiful and so true that he is included.

Once a dirty little fellow presented himself to the Superintendent. "Please, sir, I'm an orphan, an' I want a home!" The Superintendent eyed him carefully; he saw amid his rags, a neatly-sewed patch, and noted that his naked feet were too white for a "bummer." He took him to the inner office.

"My boy! Where do you live? Where's your father?"

"Please, sir, I don't live nowhere, an' I hain't got no father, an' me mither's dead!" Then followed a long and touching story of his orphanage, the tears flowing down his cheeks. The bystanders were almost melted themselves. Not so the Superintendent. Grasping the boy by the shoulder. "Where's your mother, I say?"

"Oh, dear, I'm a poor orphan, an' I hain't got no mither."

"Where is your *mother*, I say? Where do you live? I give you just three minutes to tell, and then, if you do not, I shall hand you over to the police."

The lad yielded, his true story was told, and a runaway restored to his family.

An average of three thousand a year are sent to the West, many of whom are formally adopted. A volume would not suffice for the letters that come back, or the strange experiences of many a boy who, under the new influences, grows into an honoured citizen; some of these have become college graduates and Christian ministers.

The stranger in New York can hardly find a more interesting sight than the gymnasium or schoolroom through the week, or the crowded Sunday-night meeting, where the singing is always a fascinating part of the programme. Thanksgiving Day, with its dinner, is no less amusing and suggestive. The boys watch all visitors and know by instinct how far they are in sympathy with them. They call loudly for talk from anyone whose face appeals to them. Often they make speeches on their own account. Here is a specimen taken down by a stenographer who had been given a dark corner at the end of the room and thus was not suspected by the boys.

Mr. Brace, whose appearance always called out applause, had brought down some friends, and after one or two of them had spoken, he said,

"Boys, I want my friends to see that you have some talkers amongst yourselves. Whom do you choose for your speaker?"

"Paddy, Paddy!" they shouted. "Come out, Paddy, an' show yerself."

Paddy came forward and mounted a stool; a youngster not more than twelve, with little round eyes, a short nose profusely freckled, and a lithe form full of fun.

"Bummers," he began, "snoozers, and citizens, I've come down

here among yer to talk to yer a little. Me an' me friend Brace have come to see how ye're gittin' along an' to advise yer. You fellers w'at stands at the shops with yer noses over the railin', a-smellin' of the roast beef an' hash,—you fellers who's got no home,—think of it, how are we to encourage yer? [Derisive laughter, and various ironical kinds of applause.] I say bummers, for ye're all bummers [in a tone of kind patronage]; I was a bummer once meself. I hate to see yer spending yer money for penny ice-creams an' bad cigars. Why don't yer save yer money? You feller without no boots over there, how would you like a new pair, eh? [Laughter from all the boys but the one addressed.] Well, I hope you may get 'em. Rayther think you won't. I have hopes for yer all. I want yer to grow up to be rich men,—citizens, goverment men, lawyers, generals, an' infloence men. Well, boys, I'll tell yer a story. Me dad was a hard un. One beautiful day he went on a spree, an' he come home an' told me, where's yer mother? an' I axed I didn't know, an' he clipped me over the head with an iron pot an' knocked me down, an' me mother drapped in on him an' at it they wint. [Hi-hi's and demonstrative applause.] An' at it they wint agin, an' at it they kept; ye should have seen 'em, an' whilst they were a-fightin' I slipped meself out o' the back dure an' away I wint like a scart dog. Well, boys, I wint on till I come to a Home; an' they tuk me in, an' thin I ran away, an' here I am. Now, boys, be good, mind yer manners, copy me, an' see what ye'll become."

The newsboys' lodging-houses are like the ancient cities of refuge to these little fellows, and yet there are cases which the lodging-houses never reach.

"Recently," said a gentleman, "I found a tiny fellow playing a solitary game of marbles in a remote corner of the City Hall corridors. His little legs were very thin, and dark circles under his big gray eyes intensified the chalk-like pallor of his cheeks. He looked up when he became aware that someone was watching him, but resumed his game of solitaire as soon as he saw he had nothing to fear from the intruder.

"What are you doing here, my little fellow?" I asked.

The mite hastily gathered up all his marbles and stowed them very carefully away in his capacious trousers pocket. Then he backed up against the wall and surveyed me doubtfully. I repeated my question,—this time more gently, so as to reassure him.

"I'm waitin' fur Jack de Robber," he piped, and then, as he began to gain confidence, seeing no signs of "swipes" about me, he added, "him as brings me de Telies (Dailies) every day."

"And you sell the papers!"

"I sells 'em fur Jack," he promptly answered.

I was glad, when I looked at the lad's attire, that he was protected for the time being by the comparative warmth of the corridor. Outdoors it was cold and blustering. Still I resolved to wait and see "Jack de Robber." Shortly after three o'clock a short chunky boy with a shock of black hair hustled through the

door and made in the direction of my pale little friend. He was struggling with a big mass of papers and was issuing orders in a rather peremptory tone to his diminutive lieutenant.

"Do you know this little boy?" I asked.

"Jack de Robber" gave me a look which was not reassuring. "Does I naw him? Of corse I naw him. What de——!"

"Why don't you send him home to his mother; he's neither big enough nor strong enough to sell papers?"

At this Jack gave utterance to an oath too truly original for reproduction; then he said, "Dat ere kid ain't got no mammy; I looks after dat kid meself."

I slipped a coin into Jack's hand and urged him to tell me the whole story. He dropped his heap of papers, tested the coin with his teeth, slid it into his pocket, and began:—

"Blokis is allus axin' 'bout dat ere kid, but you is de fust one what ever raised de ante. Dat ere kid don't naw no more 'bout his mammy'n me. Cause why? Cause he ain't never had no mammy."

Here Jack paused, as if determined to go no further, but another coin gave wings to his words.

"Dat ere kid," he resumed, "ain't got no more sand'n a John Chinee. He'd be kilt ony fur me. He can't come along de Row or up de alley widout gitin' his face broke. So I gives him papers to sell and looks arter him meself."

I asked Jack where the "Kid" and himself slept. "I ain't givin' dat away," said he, "ony tain't no lodgin'-house where you has to git up early in de mawnin'. De 'Kid' and me likes to sleep late."

The "Kid," however, was now eager to be off with his papers, and without another word the protector and protégé sped into the street, filling the air with their shrill cries.

This is one case of a class which the lodging-houses do not reach, and other instances might be given. One little fellow of six years makes a practice of frequenting the lobby of one of the big hotels after dark. As soon as the streets become deserted, and the market for his papers ceases to flourish, he pushes open the heavy swinging doors of the hotel and proceeds to cuddle his cold little body close to one of the heaters. No employé has ever shown any disposition to dispossess the tiny newsboy. His shrill voice re-echoes through the stately recesses of the hall whenever he thinks he sees a possible customer, but although on more than one occasion irate officials have come rushing forth to exterminate the offender, one and all have paused dismayed before the absurd proportions and wonderful self-possession of the little waif.

The brawny porter took the boy in hand one night and said with forced gruffness:

"Look here, young feller, what do you come in here fur?"

"I dunno," said the morsel.

"Where do you live?"

"I dunno."

The boy, however, finally admitted that he had a home, but

obstinately refused to say where it was. When he left the hotel he was followed. He was a most lonely little specimen of humanity. He spoke to no other boys and was accosted by none. In the end he went to sleep in one of the dark corners of a newspaper counting-room.

Instances of this class of newsboys could be multiplied indefinitely. These are the absolute Bohemians of their kind, who prefer a doorway to a warm bed, and the sights of the streets any time and all the time to the simple restraints imposed by the lodging-houses.

The newsboy's life is filled with the hardest sort of work. His gains are not always in proportion, for he must begin often before light, huddling over the steam gratings at the printing offices, and waiting for his share of the morning papers. He scurries to work these off before the hour for taking the evening editions, and sometimes cannot with his utmost diligence take in more than fifty cents a day, though it ranges from this to a dollar and a quarter. The period of elections is the harvest-time. A boy has been known to sell six hundred papers in two hours, at a profit of between eleven and twelve dollars.

Among over twenty-one thousand children who in the early years of the work were sent West, but twelve became criminals, and not more than six annually return to New York. No work done for children compares with this in importance, and whoever studies the record of the Children's Aid Society will be amazed at the good already accomplished. Twenty-one industrial schools, twelve night-schools, two free reading-rooms, six lodging-houses for girls and boys, four summer homes, and the Crippled Boys' Brush Shop, are the record plain to all; but who shall count the good that no man has recorded, but which has rescued thousands from the streets and given them the chance which is the right of every human soul.

BETHLEHEM.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
 When the star of the Lord shone bright ;
 To have sheltered the holy wanderers,
 On that blessed Christmas night !
 To have kissed the tenuous, way-worn feet,
 Of the mother undefiled,
 And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
 To have tended the Holy Child.

Hush ! Such a glory was not for thee ;
 But that care may still be thine ;
 For are there not little ones still to aid,
 For the sake of the Child divine ?
 Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
 To thy heart and thy home to take ?
 And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
 You can comfort for Jesus' sake ?

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

THE STICKIT MINISTER.

*THE RENUNCIATION OF ROBERT FRASER, FORMERLY
STUDENT IN DIVINITY.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.*

THE crows were wheeling behind the plough in scattering clusters, and plumping singly upon the soft, thick grubs which the ploughshare was turning out upon an unkindly world. It was a blowy day in the end of March, and there was a hint of storm in the air—a hint emphasized for those skilled in weather lore by the presence of half a dozen sea-gulls, white vagrants among the black coats, blown by the south wind up from the Solway—a snell, Scotch, but not unfriendly day altogether.

Robert Fraser bent to the plough handles, and cast a keen and wary eye towards his guide posts on the ridge. His face was colourless, even when a dash of rain came swirling across from the crest of Ben Gairn, whose steep bulk heaved itself a blue haystack above the level horizon of the moorland. He was dressed like any other ploughman of the south uplands—rough homespun much the worse for wear, and leggings the colour of the red soil which he was reversing with the share of his plough. Yet there was that about Robert Fraser which marked him as no common man. When he paused at the top of the ascent, and stood with his back against the horns of the plough, the countryman's legacy from Adam of the Mattock, he pushed back his weather-beaten straw hat with a characteristic gesture, and showed a white forehead with blue veins channelling it—a damp, heavy lock of black hair clinging to it as in Severn's picture of John Keats on his deathbed.

Robert Fraser saw a couple of black specks which moved smoothly and evenly along the top of the distant dyke of the highway. He stood still for a moment or two watching them. As they came nearer, they resolved themselves into a smart young man sitting in a well-equipped gig drawn by a showily actioned horse, and driven by a man in livery. As they passed rapidly along the road the hand of the young man appeared in a careless wave of recognition over the stone dyke, and Robert Fraser lifted his slack reins in staid acknowledgment. It was more than a year since the brothers had looked each other so nearly in the eyes. They were Dr. Henry Fraser, the rising physician of Cairn Edward, and his elder brother Robert, once student of divinity at Edinburgh College, whom three parishes knew as "The Stickit Minister."

When Robert Fraser stabled his horses that night and went in

*From "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men." By S. R. CROCKETT. New York: Macmillan & Company.

to his supper, he was not surprised to find his friend, Saunders M'Quhirr of Drumquhat, sitting by the peat fire in the "room." Almost the only thing which distinguished the Stickit Minister from the other small farmers of the parish of Dullarg was the fact that he always sat in the evening by himself *ben the hoose*, and did not use the kitchen in common with his housekeeper and herd-boy save only at meal-times. Robert had taken to Saunders ever since, the back of his ambition broken, he had settled down to the farm, and he welcomed him with shy cordiality.

"You'll take a cup of tea, Saunders?" he asked.

"Thank ye, Robert, I wadna be waur o't," returned his friend.

"I saw yer brither the day," said Saunders M'Quhirr, after the tea-cups had been cleared away, and the silent housekeeper had replaced the books upon the table. Saunders picked a couple of them up, and, having adjusted his glasses, he read the titles—"Milton's Works," and a volume of a translation of "Dorner's Person of Christ."

"I saw yer brither the day; he maun be gettin' a big practice!"

"Ay!" said Robert Fraser, very thoughtfully.

Saunders M'Quhirr glanced up quickly. It was, of course, natural that the unsuccessful elder brother should envy the prosperous younger, but he had thought that Robert Fraser was living on a different plane. It was one of the few things that the friends had never spoken of, though every one knew why Dr. Fraser did not visit his brother's little farm. "He's gettin' in wi' the big fowk noo, an' thinks maybe that his brither wad do him nae credit." That was the way the clash of the countryside explained the matter.

"I never told you how I came to leave the college, Saunders," said the younger man, resting his brow on a hand that even the horn of the plough could not make other than transparent.

"No," said Saunders quietly, with a tender gleam coming into the humoursome, kindly eyes that lurked under their bushy tussocks of grey eyebrow. Saunders' humour lay near the Fountain of Tears.

"No," continued Robert Fraser, "I have not spoken of it to so many; but you've been a good frien' to me, Saunders, and I think you should hear it. I have not tried to set myself to right with folks in the general, but I would like to let *you* see clearly before I go my ways to Him who seeth from the beginning."

"Hear till him," said Saunders; "man, yer hoast [cough] is no' near as sair as it was i' the back-end. Ye'll be here lang efter me; but lang or short, weel do ye ken, Robert Fraser, that ye need not to pit yersel' richt wi' me. Hev I no' kenned ye sins ye war the size o' twa scrubbers?"

"I thank you, Saunders," said Robert, "but I am well aware that I'm to die this year. No, no, not a word. It is the Lord's will! It's more than seven year now since I first kenned that my days were to be few. It was the year my father died, and left Harry and me by our lane.

"He left no siller to speak of, just plenty to lay him decently

in the kirkyard among his forebears. I had been a year at the Divinity Hall then, and was going up to put in my discourses for the next session. I had been troubled with my breast for some time, and so called one day at the infirmary to get a word with Sir James Simpson. He was very busy when I went in, and never noticed me till the hoast took me. Then on a sudden he looked up from his papers, came quickly over to me, put his own white handkerchief to my mouth, and quietly said, 'Come into my room, laddie!' Ay, he was a good man and a faithful, Sir James, if ever there was one. He told me that with care I might live five or six years, but it would need great care. Then a strange prickly coldness came over me, and I seemed to walk light-headed in an atmosphere suddenly rarified. I think I know now how the mouse feels under the air-pump."

"What's that?" queried Saunders.

"A cruel ploy not worth speaking of," continued the Stickit Minister. "Well, I found something in my throat when I tried to thank him. But I came my ways home to the Dullarg, and night and day I considered what was to be done, with so much to do and so little time to do it. It was clear that both Harry and me could not go through the college on the little my faither had left. So late one night I saw my way clear to what I should do. Harry must go, I must stay. I must come home to the farm, and be my own 'man'; then I could send Harry to the college to be a doctor, for he had no call to the ministry as once I thought I had. More than that, it was laid on me to tell Jessie Loudon that Robert Fraser was no better than a machine set to go five years.

"Now all these things I did, Saunders, but there's no use telling you what they cost in the doing. They were right to do, and they were done. I do not repent any of them. I would do them all over again were they to do, but it's been bitterer than I thought."

The Stickit Minister took his head off his hand and leaned wearily back in his chair.

"The story went over the country that I had failed in my examinations, and I never said that I had not. But there were some that knew better who might have contradicted the report if they had liked. I settled down to the farm, and I put Harry through the college, sending all but a bare living to him in Edinburgh. I worked the work of the farm, rain and shine, ever since, and have been for these six years the 'stickit minister' that all the world kens the day. Whiles Harry did not think that he got enough. He was always writing for more, and not so very pleased when he did not get it. He was aye different to me, ye ken, Saunders, and he canna be judged by the same standard as you and me."

"I ken," said Saunders M'Quhirr, a spark of light lying in the quiet of his eyes.

"Well," continued Robert Fraser, lightened by Saunders' apparent agreement, "the time cam when he was clear from the college, and wanted a practice. He had been ill-advised that he

had not got his share of the farm, and he wanted it selled to share and share alike. Now I kenned, and you ken, Saunders, that it's no' worth much in one share let alone two. So I got the place quietly bonded, and bought him old Dr. Aitkin's practice in Cairn Edward with the money.

"I have tried to do my best for the lad, for it was laid on me to be my brother's keeper. He doesna come here much," continued Robert, "but I think he's not so ill against me as he was. Saunders, he waved his hand to me when he was gaun by the day!"

"That was kind of him," said Saunders M'Quhirr.

"Ay, was it no'?" said the Stickit Minister, eagerly, with a soft look in his eyes as he glanced up at his brother's portrait, in cap and gown, which hung over the china dogs on the mantelpiece.

"I got my notice this morning that the bond is to be called up in November," said Robert. "So I'll be obliged to flit."

Saunders M'Quhirr started to his feet in a moment. "Never," he said, with the spark of fire alive now in his eyes, "never as lang as there's a beast on Drumquhat, or a poun' in Cairn Edward Bank," bringing down his clenched fist upon the Milton on the table.

"No, Saunders, no," said the Stickit Minister, very gently; "I thank you kindly, but *I'll be flitted before that!*"

WHAT SHALL WE BRING?

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

WHAT shall we bring the Stranger,
Born upon Christmas Day?
A star the heavens lend Him,
Angels with songs attend Him,
Turn not, O earth, away.

The souls of men are weary,
On blinding paths they go;
The nights hang murk and dreary,
All sounds are full of woe.
Yet high the herald splendour breaks,
The carol melody awakes,
For in the Christmas morn
Is the Deliverer born!

Draw near, ye sin-defiled,
Look on the sinless Child!
He comes to such as ye,—
Captive, to set you free;

Wounded, to heal your pain;
Lost, to reclaim again.

What shall we bring? our gold is dust,
His own always, ours but in trust!
Our honour to enrich His fame,
Who bears o'er all the highest name,
What can these poor hands bring
Unto creation's King?

Love He will own and take,
For His most holy sake;
He in whose boundless heart
Love's purest currents start,
Asks for each soul again its store;
Asks the one guerdon meet
Poured at His blessed feet,
Rich, for love's sake, Himself made
poor.

THE LESSON OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

"This is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."—LUKE ii. 12.

WE have often seen that sight, but has it ever been "a sign" to us, a "sign" in the sense in which St. John was so fond of using the word to describe the miracles of our Lord—the sense in which surely the word is used here? A manger, swaddling clothes, a babe! and these three constituting a "sign," an object-lesson, a parable in action, a great revelation of truth. What did they see? A manger, swaddling clothes, a babe! And each of these three was full of meaning. Consider what had just taken place. As a great thinker has well said: "The fountains of the great deep had been broken up, empires had been lifted off their hinges, all things had begun afresh." God, long expected, had come down to earth. Where was He? In a manger. How was He? In swaddling clothes. What as He? A babe.

Consider the first of these facts. He was in a manger, in a cattle-trough. What does that mean? It means that *money is no remedy* for human woe. We have probably never yet understood the meaning of the poverty of Jesus Christ. He was a man who would be much suspected by the police in any civilized country, because He had no home. During the greater part of His public ministry He was a vagrant. He would not have been on the list of Parliamentary voters. He had not even the simplest property qualification, and when one wanted to follow Him, He said: "Birds of the air have nests, and foxes have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." How emphatically has He taught us by this fact that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses"; for clearly if a man's life did consist "in the abundance of the things which he possesses," Christ had no "life" at all.

Jesus Christ being the child of a poor peasant girl, was at His birth laid in a cattle-trough; and all through His public life was never so rich as an agricultural labourer in Kent. We are very apt in this country to define a successful man as a man who has made a great deal of money. From that point of view Christ was a very unsuccessful man. When we talk about "getting on" we mean getting more money. Christ never "got on." How flatly these facts contradict many of our current ideas. How they annoy and irritate us. How wicked we think it of ministers to say such things in shockingly plain English. And yet some have accepted the teaching not merely of Christ's words, but of Christ's life; and there was one of these named Paul, who said in one of his letters, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am in, therein to be content." This is a most extraordinary statement; for Paul was often very poor, and often in great pain, and he was constantly misunderstood and misrepresented, hated and persecuted, almost murdered, and yet he was "content."

Paul also says in the same letter, "I can do all things in Christ"; and writing to Timothy he enforces the same great truth, "Godliness with

contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Yet we say a man dies worth so much. As a matter of fact every man dies an absolute pauper. Paul adds that "having food and covering we shall be therewith content." He is not unreasonable. He does not say a man ought to be content if he has neither food nor covering; but having food and covering let us be content.

There is no harm in being rich. Some of the best men who have ever lived have been very rich. Christ says it is an extremely difficult thing for a rich man to be good; but it is not impossible. I have never known any man who has lost his religion by being poor, but I have known many who have lost the greater part of it by becoming rich. If you desire to be rich you are standing on very perilous ground. If God wills that you shall be rich, and you are saved from the love of money, rejoice in the opportunity of having in your hands a mighty weapon by which you can do great good; but if you desire to be rich you will fall into temptations, and snares and lusts. "For the love of money is a root of all evil." By the love of money many of the rich "have been led astray from the faith and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows." Thinking they would secure happiness by securing money, they have on the contrary, become supremely miserable.

There is one other passage which we must quote as we stand by that cattle-trough. "Be ye free from the love of money, and content with such things as ye have."—(R. V). Of course you cannot be content if you have absolutely nothing, but the writer assumes that you have some food and clothing. Why should I be content with what I have? Because He "hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in anywise forsake thee." In other words, those who trust in God will not be tempted to trust in gold. You cannot trust in both. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Let us, then, cultivate such a real, living trust in God that we shall not trust in uncertain riches. This, surely, is the first practical lesson we should draw on Christmas Day.

It is an extraordinary thing that one of the great evils of society at the present moment is, that men try to appear richer than they are, and therefore they furnish their houses far beyond the limits justified by their income, and try to imitate all that is done by those higher in the social scale and with a larger income. How many men have found themselves in the Bankruptcy Court, or have been obliged to leave their wife and family penniless, because they kept up appearances in order to give an impression in the neighbourhood where they resided that they were rich!

It is a well-known fact that comparatively few rich men have done anything noteworthy for the cause of Christ and of humanity. Nearly all the benefactors of the human race have been poor men. For every rich man who has ever done anything that has made his name memorable in history, there are a hundred poor men. Clarkson, for instance, was a very poor man, he scarcely knew how to make both ends meet; and that noble American, Garrison, was also a very poor man. Nobody, however, was quite so poor as Christ. Why, then, should we wish to appear rich? If riches come to us honourably, without our degrading ourselves into mere money-making machines, let us by all means take them and do good with them, scattering gold on every side for the promotion of human happiness.

If Christ has made you rich, He means you to experience the secret of His great saying, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Again, while we pray God to deliver us from the desire to be rich, let us not, on the other hand, be at all discouraged because we were not born with a gold, or even with a silver spoon in our mouth. Do not say that if you had been born in a palace, or in a West-end mansion, you might have done something in the world. Christ was born poor and was always poor, yet that was no hindrance to His becoming the greatest benefactor the human race has ever had. Your poverty is no hindrance to the noblest and divinest life, if you are only filled with the spirit of Christ. That is the lesson of the manger.

As to the swaddling clothes, they teach us that *force is no remedy*, for they are the very symbol of utter helplessness. Christ was born a King, but He was physically helpless. Yet He has done more for the human race than all the men who have been at the head of armies. No great improvement in human affairs has ever been brought about by war. Of all the delusions that ever took possession of the human intellect, the greatest and the most disastrous is the notion that war is a blessing. There was a cynical old European diplomatist and statesman, Metternich, who had a very good saying about bayonets. He said you "could do anything with bayonets except sit upon them," by which he meant, that if you tried to buttress any government upon bayonets, you would find it inconveniently painful and ultimately destructive. Soldiers have had very little influence over human affairs, although most of your historians have tried to deceive you on that point. I suppose at this moment the three human beings who have the greatest influence over human affairs are Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus. In comparison with these three, what were such men as Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon?

We must thoroughly revolutionize the thoughts of men. All nations who use the sword shall perish by the sword. The peace and prosperity of a nation depends, not upon the sword, but upon great moral forces. Many persons would like to persuade us that the security of London depends upon the fact that we have some barracks near, and the Metropolitan Police. If there were no other guardians of order and liberty than these, London would be in ruins in six hours. If any one asked me what were the real securities for law, order, and peace in London, I should say the three principal ones were these: First, the London City Mission, whose godly agents go into every slum and alley, and find out the helpless and oppressed, and speak to them of the unselfish love of God. In the second rank I should put the late Cardinal Manning and his Sisters of Mercy, who do such blessed work amongst the destitute Irish poor. In the third rank of the great guardians of social security in London I should put General Booth and the Salvation Army. If it were not for these three great forces of law and order, and others like them, I assure you all our soldiers and policemen would not be able to do much. I make no reflection on the army or the police force, but I protest against the extravagant idea that any amount of physical force would secure law and order in the absence of these great moral forces of kindness and unselfishness which have their foundation in Christ.

Lastly. Just as the manger teaches us that money is no remedy, and

the swaddling clothes that force is no remedy, the babe teaches us that *learning is no remedy*. The wise men came from afar to this unlearned babe. He did not go to them. We are, I think, in danger of exaggerating the value of learning in our own time. In its right place it is inestimable, but it is a great mistake to suppose that high culture necessarily indicates either security or progress. Is not the University of Oxford, for example, the proverbial "champion of lost causes"? Have not both our great universities always been on the wrong side at every crisis in the modern history of our country? What is the use of shutting our eyes to these facts. The conclusion of the whole matter is found in the memorable words of St. Paul when he surveyed the practical effect of Greek culture. "The world through its wisdom knew not God."

Bear in mind that I do not disparage learning, for I entirely agree with Dr. South that if God can dispense with the learning of the wise men He can dispense even better with the folly of the fools. In its true place, as the servant of God in the promoter of human happiness, Learning is a precious treasure; just as I hold that Gold and Force also are, in their right places. But it seems to me that these three things—the manger, the swaddling clothes, and the Babe—were intended to smite great blows at the cardinal delusions of the human race. Why put our trust in money, in force, and in learning? God puts His trust in the innocence of childhood.

I have no time at present to refer to the positive teaching of this great event; but I would just remind you that when Christ wanted a model for His disciples He selected neither a rich man, nor a mighty man, nor a learned man, but a little child, set him in the midst of them, and declared that unless they became child-like they could never enter the Kingdom of Heaven. In one sentence, there are three qualities of childhood which must be reproduced in us before we can be of great use—humility, simplicity, and trustfulness. That great lesson of childhood is most beautifully and profoundly taught in a book which has been widely read, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I wish you could all read it. The moral of the book is the wonderful influence which a humble, trustful little grandson, brought up in the democratic air of America, had upon his cruel and aged grandfather, an earl of this country, who had never before learned the lessons I have named, but who was most happily taught them by his little grandson. That book strikingly illustrates the declaration of Isaiah that in the millennial age of Christ "a little child shall lead them." May God grant to you and to me the humility, the simplicity, and the truthfulness of childhood.

THE Holy Son of God most high,
 For love of Adam's lapsed race,
 Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky
 To bring us to that happy place.
 His robes of light He laid aside,
 Which did His majesty adorn,

And the frail state of mortal tried,
 In human flesh and figure born.
 The Son of God thus man became,
 That men the sons of God might be,
 And by their second birth regain
 A likeness to His deity.

—Henry Moore.

THE NEW WEST.*

A YEAR ago we reviewed Mr. Julian Ralph's previous volume "On Canada's Frontier," with its account of Indians and missionaries, fur-traders and explorers. Of this breezy, comprehensive narrative the present work is the complement. The strongest impression we have personally received in traversing the new states, provinces and territories of the great West, is of their vastness and their almost exhaustless resources and possibilities. They are well called, in Mr. Ralph's phrase, "New Commonwealths." Several of them are larger than many kingdoms, or even empires, of the Old World.

Our author diligently studied every source of information, trade reports, civic documents, etc., and personally visited each of the states and cities described. The book is published in the Harpers' handsomest style, with a number of beautiful engravings. One of the most impressive is that of the Indian canoe with its red-skinned crew and the silent, erect, solitary missionary peering out on the illimitable waves. For well-nigh two hundred years the French missionary was the pioneer explorer. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

We notice briefly some of the more salient points in this graphic narrative. "Central Chicago," says Mr. Ralph, "is more congested probably than any other spot on earth. In a district of 300 acres in extent terminates one-twenty-fifth of the railway mileage in the world. One building, the Rookery, has a population of 4,000, and 20,000 persons have used its elevators in a single day. Even the office girls are as

badly stricken with the 'St. Vitus Hustle' as the men."

The finest aspect of Chicago life, however, is the influence of public-spirited women on behalf of philanthropy and civic righteousness. There are in fact two Chicagos; the hustling, bustling, and even reckless and unscrupulous wheat, and oil-gambling fraternity, with, as an extreme left, its godless, hard-drinking and anarchist foreign population; and the other, its high-toned, moral and religious community, as typified by the city churches, and by Mr. Moody and his fellow-helpers in his evangelistic labours. Nowhere on earth are these forces of good and evil brought into sharper contrast. The Woman's Club and Advisory Board of the Police Department, represent an important wing of this better half. "The chief matron of the latter society," says Mr. Ralph, "is Mrs. Jane Logan, who came to Chicago from Toronto." Associated with her are some of the foremost society women, as Mrs. Potter Palmer and others, and such Christian workers as Miss Willard and many more, who have organized the Woman's Protection agency, and other means for succouring poor and helpless women and children of the city. Free kindergartens, homes for boys, free baths, the Hull House, a working girls' club and home organized by "Saint" Jane Adams, a crèche for the convenience of working women, a volunteer committee for street inspection to promote public sanitation, and the like, are the outcome of this organization. Miss Sweet found police waggons the only vehicles for conveying the sick and wounded. She ceased not her efforts until in three years twenty ambulances were employed. The foremost women in

* *Our Great West. A study of the Present Conditions and Future Possibilities of the New Commonwealths and Capitals of the United States.* By JULIAN RALPH, author of "On Canada's Frontier," etc. Illustrated. Pp. xii-478. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

Chicago visited the police stations during trials of fallen sisters in order to suppress the ribaldry of certain chartered libertines of the bar.

A number of very graphic pictures illustrate "the Brother to the Sea," as the Indians style Lake Superior with its 1,500 miles of shore. The enormous trade passing through Sault Ste. Marie, or "Susan Mary" as it is often called, is astounding. The great lock will be one hundred feet wide, twenty-one deep and 1,200 feet long. It already locks through more vessels in seven months than pass through the Suez Canal in twelve. "The Americans" says Mr. Ralph, "have been neither so liberal nor long-sighted as the Canadians, who have a series of waterways or canals wherever navigation is hindered by nature."

"So rapid is the development of this new West, that the wolf blinks in the gleam of the electric light, and the patent stump-puller and the beaver work side by side."

Our author tells us that one effect of liquor prohibition in Dakota was to drive thirty-six saloons out of Fargo and transform a brewery into a flour mill. In the Red River valley, on both sides of the line—"there is no use in lying about the crops," say the natives, "the truth is so good—even though it is sufficiently cold in winter to freeze the fingers off a bronze statue." This fertile valley is the great "bread-basket of America." Even with the evasion of prohibition in Dakota "the harvest hands get only a thimbleful where they used to get a quart of rum." Montana is the wealthiest and the wickedest State in the Union. It is in mining that its greatest fortunes are made and lost. The Whitlatch Mine has pro-

duced \$20,000,000 in gold. Jim Whitlatch made and lost three huge fortunes, and died a poor man.

The stage fare from Omaha to Southern Montana was at one time as high as \$1,500. A Mr. Hammond, a poor boy who came from New Brunswick to Montana twenty years ago, now employs 125 clerks in his wholesale store.

So intense is the loneliness of the herdsman's life that it is a surprise if the herder remains sane any great length of time. Montana has a saloon for every eighty inhabitants—and such saloons, where every wickedness is rife, where the "frescoed faces" of the women, the quick-shooting revolvers of the men, and reckless gambling and frequent murders, make a pandemonium. The collapse of the silver boom and failure of the Northern Pacific have, however, cancelled much of its wealth. Among the elevating influences are noted the Epworth League, W. C. T. U., King's Daughters and Christian Endeavour Societies.

In Denver, Mr. Ralph noted a quarter-of-a-million-dollar church and a bar-room with onyx walls and floors set with double eagles. The one-lunged army consisted of 30,000 invalids, generally men of wealth, cultivation and taste from the East who seek this mountain sanitarium.

In Wyoming, where woman franchise prevails, "the women go avoting on election day precisely as they go shopping elsewhere. There is no doubt that female suffrage has an improving effect upon politicians and their manners."

A graphic sketch is given of a week with the Mormons, and of the wild, free life of the West, ossifying in California and the older States into a remarkably fine type of civilization.

"O SILENT land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!"

—Whittier.

OUR ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1894.

GOOD as our programme for 1893 was, that for 1894 is still better. This MAGAZINE is now entering upon its twentieth year, its thirty-ninth and fortieth volumes. No other Canadian Magazine has survived nearly so long—none, we think, half as long. The volumes for 1894 will exhibit some new departures, which will make the MAGAZINE, we trust, even more acceptable to its patrons and friends than heretofore.

The great questions of the day are social questions—how to further the building up of God's kingdom in this world, as well as to prepare for the world to come—the promotion of civic righteousness, peace on earth, good-will to men. Hence a corps of able contributors have been engaged to write upon the principal phases of social reform now before the country. The Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary of Ontario (the author of the Bill for the protection of children), will write upon that important theme, as will also the Rev. J. E. Starr, Secretary of the Children's Aid Association, Toronto. Prison Administration will be treated by Dr. M. Lavell, the successful Warden of the Provincial Penitentiary, and Prison Reform in Ontario by the Rev. R. N. Burns, B.D. In like manner the training of the blind and deaf-mutes will be treated by gentlemen who make a thorough study of the subject, the Revs. W. L. Rutledge and E. N. Baker, B.D. The Rev. John Hunt, for many years a regular visitor at the Toronto General Hospital, will describe the internal life of that institution. Robert Hall, the efficient Toronto city missionary, will recount incidents "with the Gospel Waggon." The Rev. Dr. Galbraith, E. Gurney, Esq., and others will write on labour questions and kindred topics. The illustrated sketches by Mrs. Helen Campbell on Mission Work among the lowly, which have attracted such attention, will be continued. Our own country will not be overlooked, and papers

on "The Greater Canada," "Canada's Extreme Northland," "Grand Manan," "A Little-known Portion of our Eastern Territory," etc., will be fully illustrated with pen and pencil.

A special feature of the MAGAZINE will be its beautiful engravings. If these be compared with *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, or the *Century's*, they will be found to be much clearer and better engraved. They are specially made for us by a great house in Zurich, in Switzerland, where some of the best engraving of the world is done.

Special prominence will be given in the future, as in the past year, to the field of missions, and valuable papers will be contributed by Dr. Carman, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Rose, and by a number of lady contributors on mission work, especially as affecting our own Church in its Home and Foreign departments. Specially prepared papers on Popular Science, Character Studies, and the like, will also be presented; more "Diamonds in the Rough"—crisp Cumberland sketches—by the Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D. "How the Gabbites came to Green's Cove," and other Newfoundland sketches, by that accomplished writer, the Rev. Geo. Bond, of Halifax. High class religious serials and short stories, illustrative of quaint phases of Methodist life in Scotland and Cornwall, will be attractive features.

Of special importance to every Sunday-school teacher and Bible student will be the splendidly illustrated series of papers on Palestine, describing the scenes made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord, which will be the special study of the Sunday-schools for 1894. We beg to call attention to the Palestine article in this number, as a specimen of the mode of treatment. Anyone who will consult the map, and follow the pictures of that article, cannot fail to have a very fair idea of the immediate surround-

ings of the city of Jerusalem, invested with so many sacred associations.

These papers will describe with pen and pencil Bethlehem, Hebron, Bethel, Samaria, Nain, Cana, Galilee, Tiberias, Dan, Caesarea-Phillipi, the northern limit of our Lord's journey, and will be more fully illustrated than any other narrative of Palestine travel that we know, with one or two high-priced exceptions, and will be of important service to every Bible student.

We are exceedingly thankful to our readers, both clerical and lay, for their kind co-operation, which has made this *MAGAZINE* so successful in the past, and earnestly solicit their hearty efforts in securing a much larger constituency of readers for the future. There are many households in our Church which would be the better for its monthly visits. It will keep our young people in touch with the great religious movements of the world, and especially with the missionary and other operations of their own Church.

We ask our patrons, first of all, to remit promptly their own subscription. Almost all the subscriptions expire with the current number, and the rules of the Publishing House require either a renewal, or the intimation that the subscriber intends to renew, before the name is entered on the list for 1894. In consequence of overlooking this fact, many subscriptions have lapsed, very much against our desire as well as against the wishes of the subscribers themselves, and have only been renewed after many months, or perhaps, not at all. Please hand your subscription to your minister who is the authorized representative of the Publishing House, or inform him that it is your purpose to renew. Please also show announcement for 1894 to your friends, and endeavour to secure their subscription. As the circulation increases, the *MAGAZINE* will be still further improved. We would like to increase its size one-half, and thus find space for the more adequate treatment of a greater variety of topics.

BETHLEHEM.

THOUGH poor be the chamber, come here,
Come and adore ;
Lo ! the Lord of Heaven
Hath to mortals given
Life for evermore.

Shepherds who folded your flocks beside you,
Tell what was told by angel voices near,
To you this night is born He who will guide you
Through paths of peace to living waters clear.

Kings from a far land draw near and behold Him,
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come ;
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal enfold Him ;
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.

Wind, to the cedars proclaim the joyful story ;
Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar ;
The night is gone ! Behold ! in all its glory,
All broad and bright, rises th' Eternal Morning Star.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

A group of seven ladies was recently sent to the mission fields of India and China. At the valedictory service, held in Wesley's Chapel, Mrs. Owen addressed the ladies, relating her own experience in China. She stated that on one occasion, when passing a crowd of excited and threatening Chinese, she seemed to hear the tune of *Dundee* to the words—

“Fear Him, ye saints, and you will
then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.”

The Missionary Society still carries a debt of more than \$100,000, though progress is reported from all parts of the field. The missionaries and assistants number 346, there are in all 2,295 paid agents and 4,783 unpaid agents. Forty missionaries were sent out last year, and ten died at their post.

Much concern is felt respecting the small increase of the membership, which last year was only 2,741, but the wear and tear is very great, for 44,283 members were received during the year.

Another memorial window has been erected in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, by the Wesleyan Reform Union.

Open-air preaching has been attempted in several places in Ireland during the last summer. At Arklow the ministers who went into the highways and proclaimed the Gospel were sent to gaol, but were soon released, and resumed their work immediately. At Courtown Harbour Rev. W. Harrison was rudely assailed by “lewd fellows,” who used tin cans, foghorns, etc., to drown his voice ; but he persisted and received

an ugly wound in his head from a stone.

The report of the London Mission has just been published. In the six branches there are 3,995 members, an increase of 455, with 1,005 on trial, and 818 meeting in junior society classes. There are fifteen ministers, twenty lay-agents, over sixty sisters, and hundreds of unpaid workers.

Manchester Central Hall has grown from forty-two members seven years ago, to fourteen branches and sub-branches, including cottage and slum missions. Many drunkards have been reclaimed and thousands of homes in one way or other have been blessed.

Rev. Dr. Lunn, whom the *Methodist Times* pronounces “one of the ablest and most accomplished ministers ever ordained by the British Conference,” has been received by Bishop Vincent and the Italian Conference into the Methodist Episcopal Church. He will be transferred to the Swiss Conference, and will take charge of a Swiss “chautauqua.” He is editor of the *Review of the Churches*.

The number of declared Wesleyans in the British army and navy is nearly 20,000.

Miss Stephenson (Sister Dora), only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, one of the ex-presidents of the Wesleyan Conference, took part in several services in connection with the World's Fair. She also visited Toronto and several cities in the United States, where she gave most interesting accounts relative to the Deaconess Movement in various parts of the world.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Bishop Newman says respecting South America, “I found that our Church has property worth \$700,000.

From fifty to seventy-five men and women are engaged in teaching or preaching. There are 4,000 communicants, and about 15,000 adherents, of the Methodist Church. In Buenos Ayres one Sunday I saw 2,000 Spanish children at a Methodist Sunday-school taking part in the exercises of Children's Day."

Dr. Goucher has established 120 schools in India, fifty in China and Japan, and he sustains them all by his own money.

There are about 200 in the Epworth League connected with the Italian Mission in Boston.

During the past three years thirty-six missions have been established, and thirty-one new churches have been built, under the direction of the Chicago M. E. churches.

During the last two years 40,000 converts from heathenism have been received into the Christian Churches.

In excavating for the foundation of the Methodist Church and Publishing House building, in Rome, the workmen had to go forty feet below the street level, in doing which they came upon the remains of an ancient Catholic church, which, in its turn, had stood upon the remains of a pagan temple.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

When Vanderbilt University opened her doors in 1875, 307 young men presented themselves; the last year 703 names were on the roll. The endowment is more than \$900,000. There is a teaching force of thirty-eight including fourteen professors, six adjunct professors, nine instructors and nine assistants.

Preparation is being made to celebrate the jubilee of this Church next year—1894.

More than 3,000 churches have been aided by the Church Extension Society.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Annual Missionary Report is full of valuable information which will interest all the friends of the society. The slight deficiency of

income is a matter of much regret.

The meeting of the General Board, held at Hamilton, was a very harmonious one. The social reception in the parlours of Centenary Church, and the entertainment given the Board by the Hon. Senator and Mrs. Sanford, were seasons of real Christian enjoyment,

The French Methodist Institute, in Montreal, has had a prosperous year; eighty-four pupils were in attendance. The expense account amounted to \$6,284.24.

Miss Lizzie Hansel, of Vancouver, has offered to devote herself to the spiritual welfare of the Chinese lepers of British Columbia. For two years she has acted as a trained nurse and cared for smallpox patients.

The Woman's Missionary Society held its annual meeting in October and reported a membership of 3,293, being an increase of twenty-three. Income \$10,431, an increase of \$531.28.

Since our last issue, the cornerstone of Jarvis Street Mission, in Toronto, was laid by Miss Ruth Lilian Massey, grand-daughter of the donor. This institution is a memorial of the late Fred. Victor Massey, and will cost \$50,000.

An interesting gathering assembled in the chapel of Victoria University, on October 31st, to witness the unveiling of the portraits of the late Hon. John Macdonald, senator, and William Gooderham, Esq., both of whom were valuable friends and liberal contributors to the funds of the University.

The first Epworth League organized in Canada was that at Barrie, in 1889, and was formed by Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A. There are now more than 1,000 Leagues in Canada. The institution was recognized by the General Conference of 1890. Last year the Leagues contributed not less than \$8,000 for church purposes.

The corner-stone of a residential building in connection with the Mount Alliston University was lately laid by Principal Alliston. The new building will accommodate about 120 pupils. Several ministers and laymen took part in the proceedings.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Robert Eaglen was in "the active work" of the Primitive Methodist Church for thirty-six years. He was never known as a brilliant man, but was always a plain, earnest, successful Methodist preacher. One Sunday morning, in January 1850, Mr. Eaglen preached from "Look unto Me and be ye saved," etc. A young man was there who has hundreds of times said that he *looked* that morning and was saved. The young man was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, through whom thousands of others have been led to look unto the same Saviour.

William Smith, D.D., London, England, was trained for the bar, but at an early period he forsook legal studies and turned his attention to classical literature. He was the author of several valuable books, but will be best known by his dictionary of the Bible, and other Biblical works. For many years he was connected with the London University. Since 1867 he was editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He died in the eightieth year of his age.

Rev. George Prentice, D.D., was for many years a member of the faculty of the Wesleyan University, Conn., but died October 10th in California, whither he had gone in search of health. Dr. Prentice spent a few years in the pastorate, but most of his life was given to teaching. He also wielded a vigorous pen and was a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

Rev. Mr. Thornton, of the American Missionary Society, was murdered at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, August 20th. Three natives were the murderers. They had been pupils in the school, but were expelled for bad conduct, and the murder was an act of revenge. The murdered man was a rare linguist, and was engaged in writing a dictionary and grammar of the Esquimaux language. In his last letter home, the deceased missionary wrote that the natives were peaceable when not under the influence of liquor; when intoxicated they are dangerous. The scene of the murder is 1,300 miles

from the nearest telegraph station, so that news of the sad disaster did not reach California until October 3rd.

Phillip Schaff, D.D. This distinguished man died in New York, October 20th, in the 75th year of his age. "Few in our century have accomplished so much as he toward the Christianization of the world." He was a distinguished Bible scholar, and few were better versed with Church history. As an author he was voluminous. Dr. Schaff was born in Switzerland, but came to America in 1844, since which time he has led a busy life, sometimes as the occupant of a professor's chair, and all the time preparing books for the press. He attended the "Parliament of Religions," in Chicago, where he read a paper on "The Reunion of Christendom." This journey was undertaken against the advice of his physician, who told him that he was risking his life, but "he felt that he could not lose the opportunity to speak once more to the world on behalf of religious toleration and religious liberty."

The Rev. E. Botterell, a well-known, much-respected and venerable minister of the Methodist Church, was knocked down and crushed by a trolley car in Montreal. For this sudden call he was prepared as few men are. Mr. Botwell occupied many important positions in the maritime conferences and was stationed in Upper Canada in his early ministry. At the time of his death he was in his eighty-third year, his long life was marked by his saintly devotion to the cause of his Master. His sons, Mr. Henry and Mr. John Botwell, and his daughter, Mrs. Lamb, have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends throughout the Dominion.

Rev. John Williams, of Guelph Conference, died at Mitchell, October 15th, in the eighty-third year of his age and the fifty-seventh of his ministry. He attended church in the morning and spoke at the class-meeting, and in twenty minutes after returning home he expired. He was not, for God took him.

Book Notices.

The United States, with an Excursion Into Mexico: A Handbook for Travellers. Edited by KARL BAEDEKER. 17 maps, 22 plans. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker. Toronto William Briggs. Pp. 616. Price 12 marks.

Baedeker's guide-books are the best in the world. We have practically tested a dozen of them in most of the countries of Europe as well as in Egypt and Palestine. They tell the traveller just what he wants to know, the things best worth seeing and how to see them, the rates of travel and of hotels, cab tariff, and that important feature in Europe, the proper amount of "tips" and fees, and even which side of the train to sit to enjoy the best views. We would travel in no country without Baedeker's guide-books, if such books were in existence. They will save many times their cost in the prevention of fraud, avoidance of mistakes, and in the small economies they suggest.

By a remarkable condensation, into a handy pocket volume is compressed a complete handbook of the United States and Mexico. It gives 108 plans of tours, describing everything of importance *en route*. A funny feature is the glossary of American words and phrases for English readers. It tells all about "scalpers," "limited" and "unlimited" tickets, and all the other mysteries of travel. Two score of folding maps and plans clearly printed in colours enable one to thoroughly "do" any place without local guide. The twenty-two pages of closely-printed index will indicate the fulness of treatment. To complete the usefulness of the book, short papers on American Politics, by John Bach McMaster; Political Institutions of the United States, by James Bryce, M.P.; Aborigines, by O. T. Mason; and special articles on

climate, fine arts, education, etc., are given.

This book is prepared with German thoroughness and accuracy. We are glad to note that a similar handbook for Canada is being prepared and will appear shortly.

Pulpit and Platform Sermons and Addresses. By REV. O. F. TIFFANY, D.D., LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The visits of that silver-tongued orator, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, to Canada made his presence and eloquence familiar to a very large number of persons. In reading these pages we seem to feel again the spell of his matchless oratory. Each paragraph is clear-cut as a gem and sparkling with genius. The selection from his papers has been judiciously made by the Rev. J. Wesley Johnston and embraces such vital topics as "The Cross," "The New Birth," "The Silence of Christ," "One God in Nature and in Grace," "Jacob's Vision," "Thanksgiving," "Christmas," and similar subjects. The platform addresses are on Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, National Character, and "The Yosemite."

With the great men of the nation Dr. Tiffany had intimate relations, and was frequently the honoured, and sometimes the only, guest at the White House. He gives us interesting incidents in connection with President Grant. When the occupant of the White House he declined to ride to church, giving this reason: "When I was a poor man, long before I ever thought I should have a servant, I made up my mind that if I ever did have one he should have his hours of Sunday for worship. No servants or horses are ever called into use by me upon that day for my personal convenience." Bishop Hurst in his introduction says, "This

book bears to us on every page the clear proof of the tropical splendour of the author's genius, the breadth of his great heart, and the real depth of his spiritual life."

Humanics, Comments, Aphorisms, and Essays. Touches of Shadow and Light, to Bring Out the Likeness of Man and Substance of Things. By JOHN STAPLES WHITE. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Cloth, 12mo, 25pp. Price \$1.00.

This book is made up of short, crisp sentences on a great variety of subjects. With some of the aphorisms we cannot agree, others are very shrewd, suggestive and stimulating. A new version of an old saw is "always put off till to-morrow what you can do better than to-day." The following partial list will serve to indicate the range of subjects treated: Animal, Civilization, Consciousness, Death, Evolution, Faith, Genius, God, Heaven, Happiness, Human Nature, Humanity, Language, Law, Love, Man, Mind, Money, Nature, People, Politics, Sin, Scepticism, Soul, Spirit, Style, Trade, Whiskey, Will, Woman, Work, etc., etc.

Outlines of Economics. By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D., LL.D. Octavo, pp. 432. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The subjects of industrial and social economics are year by year attracting more and more attention. Every strong University has a chair for their study, and one of the most accomplished professors of political economy is Dr. Ely. Of this his previous books are ample evidence. He here treats systematically the entire subject. First, is the historical introduction, tracing the industrial revolution in England and the United States; then the elements of production, transfer, distribution and consumption of goods; and lastly, public industries, expenditures and revenues. The questions of money, rent, wages, profit-sharing and co-operation are fully treated, also useful and harmful

consumption, state participation and regulation of industry, public expenditures for security, for education, for commerce, for the poor, etc., taxation, public debt. These are questions which come home to every man's business and bosom, in domestic expenditure, in daily employments, in buying and selling, in hiring and renting; indeed, almost everything a man does is affected by the economic considerations discussed in this book. When this science, for science it is, is more fully studied, we shall have less crude legislation, less disastrous speculation, fewer strikes and lock-outs, more harmonious relations of society, and the evolution of a higher civilization.

The Pentateuch and Isaiah. By HENRY WHITE WARREN, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

In this small volume Bishop Warren gives an outline study of two of the most important sections of Holy Scripture. It by no means professes to be exhaustive, but suggestive. The prophet Isaiah Bishop Warren characterizes as the "early evangelist." His predictions are so exact and minute in their details and so perfectly fulfilled, that no sagacity of statesmanship could foresee, nor happy guess anticipate. The writer has no difficulty in accepting the Messianic predictions in this evangelical prophet. The book will be an important aid in the study of the Pentateuch and Isaiah.

Christ in the City. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Many of our readers will remember Mr. Bamford's charming books, "John Conscience," "Elias Powers," "Father Ferrent," etc., and will be glad to welcome another volume from his pen. This book is not, like those mentioned, a combination of allegory and story, but consists of a series of meditations of city life, the result of his appointment to a charge on the banks of the River Mersey.

He finds everywhere suggestive themes. In the street, on 'Change, in the market, on the landing-stage, the reading room, the art gallery, the Court of Assize, and the city streets by night. Mr. Bamford is the master of a singularly fresh and racy style, and the book is saturated through and through with profound and earnest spirituality. It is very handsomely printed, with red line margin and red edges.

Other Essays from the Easy Chair.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo. Price \$1.00.

In this dainty little volume are embraced some of the finest contributions of Mr. Curtis to that department of *Harper's Magazine* which he made so distinctively his own, that for him no successor was found. The limpid purity of thought and style and fine ethical sentiment of the author of "Prue and I" breathes in every page. Beneath the light and airy touch of the writer is felt the moral earnestness of the man in such papers as "Christendom versus Christianity," "The Pharisee," "The Golden Age," "Emerson," "Beecher," "Tweed," who "was a magnificent rendering of Fagin and his pupils," and others. It was well to place these essays in accessible form in this volume of little classics.

The Rebel Queen. By WALTER BESANT. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 389.

Although "novels with a purpose" are largely discounted now-a-days in favour of "art for art's sake," yet the stories of Mr. Besant have given an impulse to caring for, and doing for, the poor, and correcting abuses, not excelled since Dickens satirized the Court of Chancery and Dotheboys Hall. The present volume takes up a theme which is fully treated elsewhere in English only, we think, in George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda,"—the social and other relations of

the Jews. A race with the background of the oldest history in the world, with its patriarchs and prophets, its sages and seers, presents fine possibilities for dramatic treatment, of which Mr. Besant does not fail to avail himself. "The Passing Soul," says the heroine, "has become part of the Eternal Drama, in which I, too, play my part."

The Hanging of the Crane and other Poems. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Not since Spencer's dainty "Epithalamium" has so sweet and pure and strong a marriage song been sung as Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane." It here receives worthy embodiment in the dainty white-and-gold series of the *Cambridge Riverside Press*. The other household poems are "The Golden Milestone," "The Children's Hour," "Maidenhood," "Resignation," and others which make us sigh,

"O for the sound of a voice that is still
And the touch of a hand that is gone."

Ten dainty photogravures embellish the volume, which is a veritable *edition de luxe*, with its thick paper printed only on one side. It is an appropriate Christmas or birthday present.

Thoughts on God and Man. Selections from the works of FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, "of Brighton;" edited by JOSEPH P. BURROUGHS, M.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

Prof. William Robertson, during his short life of thirty-seven years, made a profound impression on the religious thought, not only of Great Britain, but of the English-speaking race. Dr. Burroughs has selected a number of brief readings for each day in the year from his classical writings. To have some of these high thoughts to ruminate upon each day is in itself a liberal education and a spiritual uplift.

Essays in London and Elsewhere.

By HENRY JAMES. New York : Harper Brothers. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 305.

This genial essayist is one of the finest masters of style in the English language. He possesses the grace and elegance of an Addison, with that touch of modernity which Addison lacked. The essay on London is quite in the vein of that gentle humourist, Charles Lamb, and his subject is one after Lamb's own heart. The other essays are a series of discriminating and critical papers on James Russell Lowell, Frances Anne Kemble, Gustave Flaubert, Pierre Loti, Henrik Ibsen, Mrs. Ward, a fine tribute to Browning, and a dramatic sketch of light and airy touch on books and critics.

On the Road Home. Poems. By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. New York : Harper Brothers. Toronto : William Briggs.

The name of Mrs. Sangster, the accomplished editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, has become familiar to the readers of all higher class religious periodicals. Few writers are more widely quoted, and few better deserve to be. There is a sweet domesticity about her secular verses, (and some of these are "for six days out of seven,") and a tender grace in her

religious poems which touches every heart. This little book is not like the great cathedral to which Longfellow compared Dante, but is rather like the little wayside oratory. The Christmas and Easter poems are of special beauty.

Life in a Country Manse, and other sketches. By J. M. BARRIE. New York : Lovell & Co. Toronto : William Briggs.

Mr. Barrie is writing too much. These sketches exhibit a decided falling off from the admirable "Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister" by which he won fame. The humour is laboured and heavy, and the whole thing is a weariness to the flesh. It is a great misfortune to a writer to strike such a high note in his first books that he is unable to maintain the strain in his succeeding ones.

Minutes of the Spring Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1893. New York : Hunt & Eaton. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

This closely-printed octavo of 273 pages gives condensed Minutes of 52 Conferences in the United States, Asia and Africa. It is a striking index of the remarkable growth of that branch of Methodism.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth !
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin, [still,
Where meek souls will receive Him
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray !
Cast out our sin and enter in ;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell :
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel !