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	January 1st		
	1901	1902	Increase
1. Total insurance in force	\$9,226,351	\$11,236,700	\$2,010,350 21.8
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3. Reserves on Policies and Annuities	397,488	798,785	401,297 100.9
4. Annual Premium Income	319,860	395,170	75,310 23.5
5. Annual Income from Interest on Investments	36,273	53,502	17,229 47.5
6. Total Annual Income	356,133	448,672	92,539 26.0
7. Benefits Paid and accrued to Policy-holders and Annuitants	43,791	79,021	35,227 80.4

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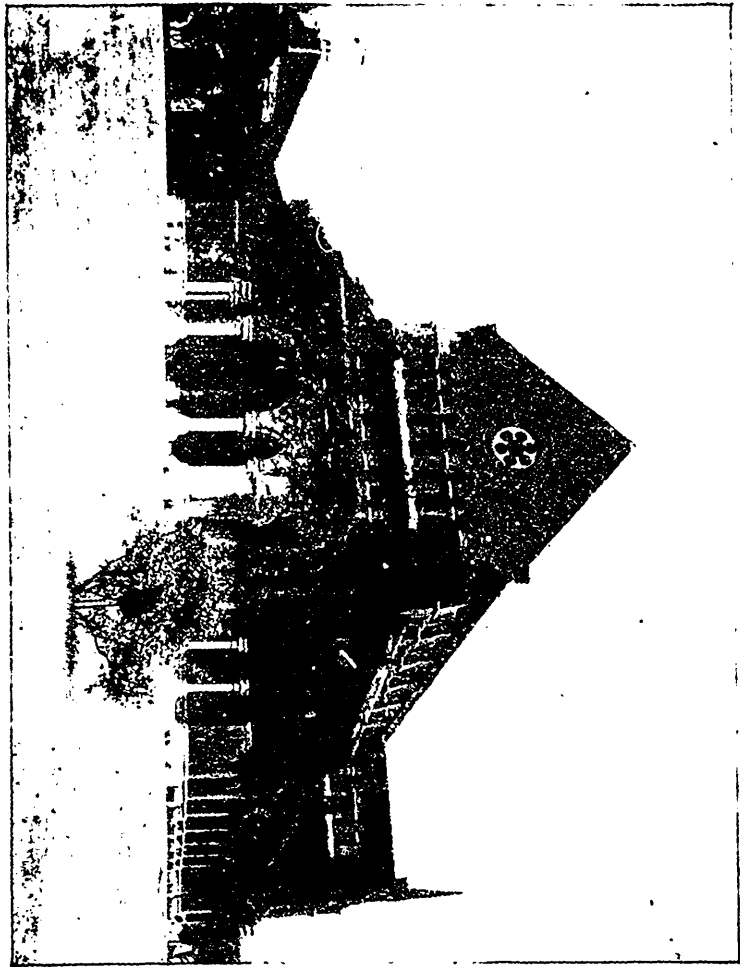
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CHRISTIAN CHINESE CONVERTS.



FOREIGN RESIDENCE ON BUBBLING WELL ROAD, SHANGHAI.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER IN CHINA.*

BY MRS. BRYSON,

Of the London Missionary Society.



THE news from China has told of terrible deaths by fire and sword, with barbarous persecution of native Christians and their teachers, almost eclipsing that which the early Christian Church suffered at the hands of pagan Rome. But when my thoughts speed back to that far Eastern land, I do not see, as most people do, a multitude so strange and unfamiliar that their sufferings can hardly be realized. Many a face which I have known and loved gazes out at me in dire distress and mortal agony, while some have suffered the loss of friends and all besides for Jesus' sake.

I will sketch but a few incidents from the many which came under my notice before I left China in the spring of 1900, and will relate a few stories of the heroism of converts who have sealed their testimony with their blood. These last are all gleaned from my husband's

* Mrs. Bryson has been for twenty-five years a missionary in China, and her husband was one of the few missionaries who was allowed to stay at Tientsin during the terrible days of the siege and after. We abridge this article from *The Sunday Strand*.

letters, since he was able to remain with the converts through the siege and prolonged bombardment preceding the taking of the native city, and afterwards had a large number of Christian refugees under his protection in the mission compound.

In China to-day, as in our Lord's time, "not many rich, not many great, not many noble, are called," and yet there are some of these. Tan-Zse-Tung, son of the Governor of Hupeh, a reformer, executed with six others, without trial, by the Empress, when in 1898 she usurped the throne, had written in an essay—one of the "Tracts for the Times," published by command of the Emperor—that "The Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, depending as it does upon communion with God, is of vast importance in the construction of character." The stepmother of this young man was a baptized Christian, who had erected a fine monument over the grave of a medical missionary through whom she had first heard of the gospel of salvation.

Some of the Government medical students of Tientsin, and others being trained in the Imperial University, were accustomed to use their spare time in going through the city streets, selling tracts and preaching Jesus, and several of our Christians in Government service



A CHINESE COURT SCENE.

have held fast to their faith through the fiery ordeal of official life.

Many people imagine that a Chinaman's Christianity is only an outer garment, and that he can have little knowledge of divine things. But missionaries know that hearts are touched by the Eternal Love and changed by the Spirit's power in Eastern as in Western lands. "Ah!" said one old Chinaman, who had been a Christian for nearly thirty years, and had sold his small patrimony that he might support himself while preaching the Gospel to others, "Persecution one can put up with; it is self that is our greatest and most untiring enemy, ever coming between us and our Saviour." Speaking one day, after the yearly examinations in which one of our Christians had obtained his degree, a native preacher

remarked, "When a man takes his degree, like Mr. Wang here, we all congratulate him and say, 'This is a sign of the Lord's goodness to you.' If he succeeds in business or prospers in any undertaking, we say the same. But I think the teaching of God's Word is, that the trials and sorrows of our lot should equally be received with thanksgiving. They are also proofs of the Lord's love for us and His desire that we should become better Christians and more faithful followers."

One young man, who was in Tientsin some time on business, heard the Gospel preached and decided to become a Christian. Upon his return home, he suffered severe persecution from his family because he refused to worship idols. At last in their anger they accused him before the magistrates of belonging to an insurrectionary

sect. "Is this charge against you true?" inquired the mandarin. "No, it is not," replied the accused. "I am a Christian and try to follow Jesus in my life." "What sort of a religion is that?" A holy one; may I tell you its leading doctrines and the Lord's commands, which we are bound to obey?" The official gave his permission. Then the prisoner preached Jesus before the assembled court, and repeated the ten commandments.

The judge was much impressed, and, turning to the prosecutors, said, "This is a good man, and if these are the teachings of the Jesus sect, it is a good religion." Needless to say, he dismissed the case.

One of our Tientsin Christians is the keeper of a public hall in that city. Day by day he noticed a man picking up pieces of rag and paper in that locality. At last he decided to speak to him, asking the thoroughly Chinese question, "How much money do you make daily by this work?" "Oh! enough to live upon," replied the poor man, indifferently. By degrees, however, they became acquainted, and the rag-picker told his story. "I have land in the country and a family there, but I was forced by persecution to leave them, because I became a believer in a new religion which I heard preached by a travelling foreigner. I decided to leave home and try to earn the little I need in the city." "Can you read?" "No, not a character!" "Have you learnt any of the Sacred Books?" "No, I am not a member of the sect of which I speak, but I am a believer; I know that I am a sinner and that the Lord died to save me, and I am trusting in Him." "Why, you are a Christian!" exclaimed the hall-keeper, gladly, "and so am I. You must come with me to the chapel to worship on Sundays!"

For many a day I remember the

poor man's earnest face as I saw him among the Christians at service. After a time, friends who had known him in prosperous days met him, and offered him a good situation, with food and a yearly wage. But he feared if he accepted any regular occupation he would be unable to attend the services of the church. When the offer was repeated, he hesitatingly inquired if he might be granted four days a month, that is, the weekly Day of Rest; but this was refused—so he kept to his work of rag-picking. "Are you not surprised you are left so poor when others are 'well off'?" he was asked one day. "Ah, no," replied the man, "this life does not last for ever. It is only a small part of life we see now. I am content." He died some months later of dysentery in a poor Chinese inn, a homeless wanderer, faithful to his Lord.

During that time of sore peril last year, when Tientsin was fighting for its life, and all communications with the outer world was cut off, one of our Christian converts volunteered at the risk of his own life to carry a message through. Half-way on the road he was attacked by Boxers, who, believing him to be a spy, searched him, but did not find his letter. They severely maltreated him, threw him into the river, and left him for dead. Bruised and worn out, he managed to crawl up the bank and return to Tientsin in the darkness. His letter was soaked to a pulp and undecipherable.

That same night another of our native Christians, notwithstanding his comrade's experience, came to the missionary and volunteered for the dangerous errand. The letter was this time written in cipher, on the inner lining of the man's Chinese sock. Accompanied by an English officer, my husband saw him through the lines and bade



A TYPICAL CHINESE MERCHANT.

him "good-bye" and "God speed," at the lower gate of the mud wall nearest Taku. Since then he has never been heard of, and doubtless perished in his brave attempt to secure help for others. The two little sons of this noble father, who are being cared for by the mission, daily watch for his return.

On the terrible 14th July, 1900, when, after twenty-seven days of bombardment, a furious battle raged all day, and 800 of the allied forces perished, Mr. Bryson asked for volunteers from among the converts to carry stretchers and go with him to the relief of the wounded. Immediately a large number offered their services, and although a great part of the way

lay across an open plain, where they were under fire, not one of them flinched. With water and other restoratives they passed from one to another of the fallen men, on that sultry summer night, moistening parched lips, and rendering kind services to the poor sufferers. Then they tenderly lifted them on to the stretchers, and spent the midnight hours in carrying them along the weary road to the hospital in the British settlement. Many of the wounded were Japanese, whose officers were loud in their expressions of gratitude for the help rendered by the Chinese Christians.

Just before I left Tientsin, I was speaking to my Bible-woman about the need of care in paying

her daily visits to various parts of the city to teach women in their own homes to read the Bible. "But is not our God stronger than all they that are against us?" she answered simply. "Is there not also greater need to carry the message quickly, since the time in which we can deliver it may be so short?"

Speaking upon the subject of our Lord stilling the storm upon the Lake of Galilee, as he walked upon the troubled water to the relief of His distressed disciples, one of our native preachers remarked, "So, if we continue to trust in Him, will our Master come to us, walking upon the troubled waters, and be assured no harm

can befall us. It may be the storm of persecution will cease, but if not, if it does its worst, immediately we shall be at the coast, whither we would go, and land upon the shores of the heavenly country."

Foreigners who were in Tientsin during the siege testify to the bravery with which native Christians bore themselves during that terrible time. "There was nothing they were not willing to do when all other Chinese had fled. They built barricades and other defences regardless of constant shell-fire and bullets. They acted as servants and helpers to every one, working incessantly from morning to night through the terrible din of the bombardment," writes one entirely unconnected with missions.

The United States minister, Mr. Conger, in a public letter to the American missionaries of Peking, wrote in a similar strain: "I beg in this hour of our deliverance to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of our diplomatic corps, the sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you, and the native Christians under you, have rendered towards our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning and the uncomplaining work of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible."

A similar letter was, it is said, sent by Sir Claude MacDonald to the British missionaries, but it has not been made public.

But some have been called to lay down their lives for the dear name of Christ. How many it is not possible to say as yet, for apparently in Tientsin only those who were able to take shelter under the care of the missionaries, happily a considerable number, were saved. One who has died for his faith was a man about whose baptism last year the missionary felt some hesitation, because his knowledge was



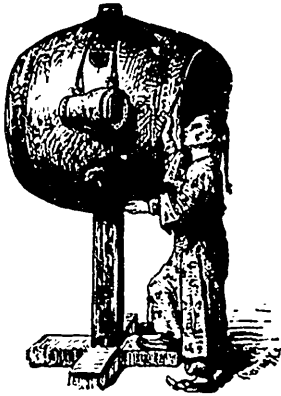
MISSION SCHOLAR READING LESSON.

small; but he was a simple, true-hearted believer, and chose death rather than denial of his Lord.

One bright young man was seized by the Boxers, who were determined that he should join them. He said, "I cannot yield to your wishes, for I will never let go my hold on Jesus. I would rather die than burn incense to the idols and practice your secret arts." Then his cruel assailants went a step farther. "If you still refuse to join us, we will not only kill you, but murder your mother with terrible tortures." They seized the poor woman, before the eyes of her young son, and commenced to carry into execution their cruel threats. The poor young fellow could bear the strain no longer. In an agony of grief he gave in, to save his mother, crying out, "I can't help myself, Jesus. I must let you go. I can hold you no

longer." How many of us in Christian England would have done even as well as this ?

Some who have won the martyr's crown, some years ago were students in the Theological College for the training of preachers and teachers in Tientsin. Several I knew well as pleasant, quiet young fellows, but probably would not have selected them from the rest as the bravest of the brave. One of them had charge of a country station, and when the Boxers were marching upon the town, he was urged to seek safety in flight, while there was yet time. "No," he replied, "I am here in charge of the Lord's work, and it is my duty to remain. I cannot feel it right to leave. If God wills it, He is able to preserve my life ; if not, I am ready to die at my post."



GIANT DRUM,
IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

The Boxers came and attacked the little church, and urged the young preacher to deny his Lord. But he stood firm; and there, where he had taught and preached, they bound him to a tree and hacked his body limb from limb, throwing the

mangled remains into the river which flowed near by.

Another of our Tientsin native Christians, who lived within the city, was constantly urged by his friends, when the storm first broke, to seek the protection of the missionaries. But he always refused, saying he trusted in the Lord, and he had no fear,—for without God's will no harm could befall him. The Boxers seized him once, but his heathen neighbours, who had been impressed by the man's noble life, pleaded for his release ; and the plea, strange to say, was granted.

Yet again he was arrested by the cruel enemies of all associated in any way with foreigners, and hurried along to the magistrate's yamen. In one of these magistrate's offices had been found, since the fall of Tientsin, a large number of receipts for money paid for the heads of Christians.

As they reached the entrance of the Brigadier-General's yamen, just opposite to our chapel, "West of the Drum Tower," where he had so often worshipped ; with a full heart he began to speak to his captors of the Saviour who had died for them, and for whose dear sake he was willing to die. At once they fell upon him with their swords, and he was cut to pieces and beheaded in the very act of confessing Christ.

Are not these Chinese Christians truly in the succession with the noble army of martyrs ? Is it not worth while denying one's self a little here at home ? Is it not worth while laying down one's life if need be, out there in China, to win such precious jewels as those to adorn the diadem of our Redeemer ?

He will give strength,—when thine is failing fast,
His shall sustain thee on the toilsome way ;
Till the wilderness be overpast,
Thou shalt go forward ever, day by day,
His hand shall hold thee up, shall lead thee on,
Till the good fight be won.



M. LOUIS PAULIAN.



M. PAULIAN AS MENDICANT.

THE BEGGARS OF PARIS.

BY LOUIS PAULIAN,

Secrétaire-Rédacteur of the Chamber of Deputies.



ALPHONSE KARR, one of the most sprightly writers of France, was asked one day if he favoured the suppression of the death penalty.

"I do indeed favour the suppression of the death penalty," he replied, "on condition that the assassins begin it."

The reply was a happy one; it was, however, only a sally of wit. But if Alphonse Karr was perhaps mistaken on the day when he thought thus to solve one of the greatest problems of our epoch, he gave two perfect definitions, when, treating of the question of mendicity and pauperism, he said: "If poverty is a condition, mendicancy is a position." It is impossible to speak more justly, and it is for not having made a distinc-

tion between the poor and the beggars at Paris that we have reached the strange result that the more we give as charity the faster the number of calls for help increases.

I had the curiosity to try to estimate the total amount expended by public and private charity in Paris for the help of the unfortunate, and without boasting I can well say that in so doing I took upon myself the greatest inquest which has ever been undertaken regarding this subject. I devoted a dozen years to the work. I began by totalizing the sums which were expended by the official budgets. I found the public assistance amounted to eight or ten million dollars a year. How is it that with a budget of charity so fabulous the number of beggars not only does not diminish, but steadily increases day by day? It is right here that we must apply



AN ABSINTHE DRINKER.

the definition of Alphonse Karr. The number of mendicants increases because in our days beggary has become a situation.

In fact it would be an error to suppose that in order to be classed as a beggar it is necessary for one to lean back against a wall and stretch out his hand to the passers-by. That was the custom of the beggars of forty or fifty years ago. But in our age of progress and of light all the world marches toward perfection; and just as there are schools of apprenticeship for all young people who aspire to some career, there are schools of apprenticeship and perfectionment for those who wish to make mendicity their profession, and this profession has become an excellent one through our fault.

Some years ago in Russia there was a district greatly afflicted by a singular calamity—an army of rats

made a sudden eruption into the country, ravaging everything in their course. The administration of the district, remembering the custom followed in France, where the municipalities often gave premiums to school children who destroyed lamsters, decided that a reward of three copecks (about a cent and a half) should be given to every person who had killed a dozen rats. As it was impossible to insist that they should bring to the officer the bodies of the dead rats, it was decided that in order to prove the number killed they should carry to him only the tails.

Immediately women and children took up the work, and a hecatomb of rats followed.

At the end of several months, the district had paid out large sums in the form of copecks, and still the number of rats did not seem to be diminishing. The mayor, in the presence of such a calamity, thought that everybody ought to help in the destruction of the pests, and in order to set an example, he



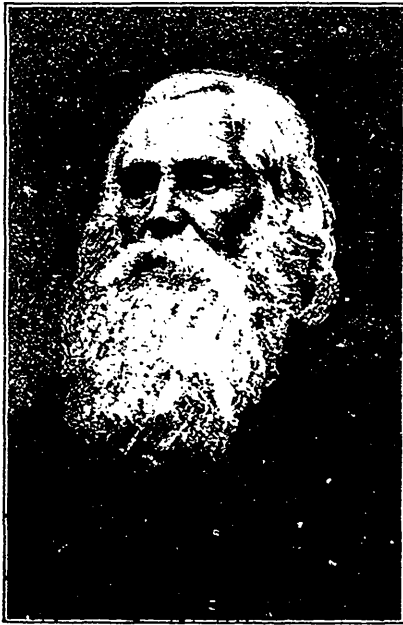
THE "TRAVELLER FROM PALESTINE."

himself fixed a trap in his own building. The next morning he hastened to see what had been the result of his attempt, and bounded with joy as he perceived a great number of rats ensnared, but on examining them he perceived that they were all tailless. He immediately divined the cause. The shrewd villagers who had been promised the three copecks for every dozen of killed rats were not slow to understand that if they really destroyed the animals they would kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, and so every time they caught a rat they simply cut off its tail to carry to the officer and let the animal go, in order that the race should not become extinct. So the system which had been adopted to bring about the destruction of rats resulted in the assiduous culture of the animals.

Ah, well! in France we are imitating this example, only we apply it to the culture of beggary, and



THE WOMAN WITH THE WOODEN LEGS.



AGED SIXTY ; SENTENCED FIFTY-FOUR TIMES.

we spend millions in order that beggary may not die out.

Instead of employing our alms to aid the worthy poor, we distribute it in the street and to the people whom we judge unhappy from their type, that is to say, from the apparent wretchedness of their garments, from their infirmities more or less real which they display in our sight.

What is a type? It is the ensemble of the distinctive characteristics of a race or of a profession. In order to have the type of a profession it is necessary to have followed it for a long time, to have experienced its exigencies, its habits, its consequences. Take an ecclesiastic or a soldier who for many years has fulfilled the duties and worn the special costume of his calling, and cause him to adopt the civic dress: in spite of the change of clothing his official char-

acter will be readily recognized. If, then, mendicancy is a condition, that is to say if it is of short duration, if it is the result of a passing cause, such as an accident or sickness, it would seem that the beggar under his rags ought to preserve the type of the vocation to which he had belonged. But he never does reveal a trace of any calling, therefore mendicity is not a passing condition, it is a definitive position, and the mendicant is of a



PIERRE C—.

mendicant type. The existence of this mendicant type ought to put us on our guard against this exploitation. By a strange anomaly it happens on the contrary that it is the very existence of this type which decides us to give the alms it asks of us. A man accosts us on the street, he holds out his hand, we look at him, he is of a mendicant type; that suffices; we conclude that he is unfortunate, that he is suffering, and that he is worthy of our charity.

Thus the beggars who know this false reasoning, of which we are every day the dupes, exert themselves to make all possible progress in approaching this ideal type, which will inspire in the passers-by a profound pity, and procure from them large receipts.

To make believe that he is suffering and, if he really suffers, to increase the appearance of this suffering, is the problem which mendicancy is solving. In this age of light, when the discoveries of science have permitted the debasing of all human industries, mendicants have not remained in the background; they have succeeded in debasing misery itself.

I have said that in our days at Paris mendicancy is a profession—in fact beggars have their masters and their rules, they have their restaurants, their clubs, and their places of reunion.

It is necessary to make a distinction between the beggar of the city and the beggar of the country. The latter is rather a vagabond. He is rather an unfortunate affected with the malady which a learned German physician, Dr. Benedict, has called claustrophobia—a hatred of confined places. The country beggar cannot remain in one spot; he constantly changes from place to place. Do not propose to him any work, even for lucrative returns, in the fields or in a shop. At the end of two days he will give back to you your tools. "It is necessary that I have a change of air," he will say to you, and he will set forth upon the highway. In France these beggars are called "chemineux," that is to say, the tramps whom one meets always on the roads (chemins).

These tramps are the terror of the country people. When they appear at the door of a farmhouse in the evening, and demand hospitality for the night, the farmer

dare not repulse them. He fears that they will revenge themselves by burning his crops. Besides, they never travel alone, but always in companies of three or four. They know marvellously well the geography and the resources of the places through which they pass. When they meet upon the highway, each will say to the other, "You will find a good place to sleep at such a farm, to eat at such another place. In such a place is a house at which the people will give you some money, at another place is a barracks of soldiers, which it is necessary to avoid."

I met at Antwerp, Belgium, a tramp who had traversed the whole of France on foot. He had in his pocket a memorandum book in which all of his wanderings were traced. During his travels he had modified his note-book, that is, he noted the changes that had occurred, such as follows: "In such a house they will no longer give anything; in such another, on the contrary, one is now well received."

The tramp who always asks for work but who rarely accepts it is easily transformed into a robber. He sees the plunder and lays his hands upon fowls, eggs, rabbits. Sometimes even, if he succeeds in gaining an entrance into a house and finds there are any objects of value—silver, watches, jewellery—he watches for an opportunity to steal them. If the objects have a definite value he will conceal them in the fields, then, having reached the nearest city, he will go to negotiate their sale with a receiver of stolen goods.

In fine weather these tramps sleep in the open air. Note the picture, which represents six of them who have just been disturbed during a siesta in a field of wheat. Do their faces represent suffering? By the bounty of the world they are tourists enjoying their travels.

All their lives they have been travelling and they have no trouble in meeting their expenses, for the farmers through whose domains they pass supply them with all the necessities of life.

The city beggar is an absolutely different type. In order to live he has no need to steal, he has only to lie.

The beggar of Paris serves a short apprenticeship in specially fitting himself either for "active" service, or for "sedentary" ser-



FATHER DROUHIN.

vice. Active service, as the name implies, is that which consists in begging from house to house. Sedentary service, on the contrary, obliges its followers to choose some good situation upon any part of the public highway and to establish themselves there for life.

The beggar of the active service, on first entering his calling, seeks entrance at all doors, including those of the butchers and the bakers. In this way he will succeed during the course of the day

in obtaining four or five francs and in collecting in a sack bits of food which he will sell to hostlers for their horses. But when he has taken a few lessons, when he has acquired some experience, when he comes to be master of the situation, he changes his proceedings. He is then an industrial, and for him time is money. Of what use is it for him to fatigue himself any longer in earning only four or five francs when he has the skill to gain double that amount in less time? That would be very silly. Henceforth he will call only at the houses whose inmates are in the habit of giving and of giving largely.

It is here that we see the first perfected appliances of that great machine which, under the name of mendicancy, has for its object the exploitation of the public. These first perfected appliances consist of two books called "Le Grand Jeu" and "Le Petit Jeu" ("Great Game" and "Small Game"). Beggars, who are philosophers, reason that just as there is needed a book of addresses for dealers and a book of addresses for people in society, so there is needed a little book for the use of mendicants. The directory of a new kind has been published under the name of "Le Petit Jeu" and "Le Grand Jeu." The former is a volume which gives the name and the address of some hundreds of charitable men. It costs three francs. The latter volume costs six francs, but it is more complete. Not only does it give a greater number of names, but it indicates the religion, the political opinion, the customs, of persons at whose houses the beggars may present themselves, and the means by which these people may be deceived. Let us open at random the larger book and read what we find :

"Mr. A.—A rich proprietor—gives readily a five-franc piece—

pays the rent in cases where expulsion is threatened.

"Mr. B.—Never gives money—ask for clothing.

"Mme. C.—Interests herself only in children. You can readily obtain anything needed by the baby or its mother, especially if you plead sickness.

"Mr. D.—A minister—is called upon to attend many weddings, baptisms, and first communions—consequently is always obliged to dress himself like new from head to feet. Ask for his old clothes or for help in the line of his calling.

"Mr. E.—An old radical republican,—present yourself to him as a victim of reactionaries and of the cures."

We see in this the part which a skilful mendicant can act from this instruction. He presents himself, for example, at the house of Mr. D. Once in the presence of its owner, he either tells him that he would like to make arrangements for his own marriage, or to have his child baptized. If the latter, baptism is expensive; he must have a robe for the baby, some clothes for the parents, and bread for the day upon which he cannot work. More, it is the custom to invite the godfather and godmother, if not to dine, at least to drink a glass, and, in a word, one is obliged, if he has any proper pride at all, to do a number of extra things or not to do anything at all; and this explains the reason why his child has not been baptized before.

The minister hears this pitiful story and promises to interest himself in the man; he gives help or money, some clothes, perhaps, for his wife and a costume for the child. Sometimes a beggar will play his role through to the end, and take the child to the church. I knew a woman who told me that she had had her child baptized a dozen times at a Catholic, and four times at a Protestant, church.

"What could I do?" she said. "The winter has been a hard one, and each baptism brought me twenty sous."

Look at the picture of the old man with the white beard. At the

a saint of the church. He knocks at the doors of all the cures, of all the convents, all the churches, all the pastors, and tells them that he has come from Palestine, where he visited the Holy Land. He knows



"THEY NEVER WORK, AND THEY LIVE IN THE GREATEST OF COMFORT."

age of sixty years he had been sentenced fifty-four times for mendicancy. This man had had his marriage celebrated in church thirty times.

Note this other, who resembles

very well the geography of the country in which he pretends to have travelled. He will give the description of Bethlehem and of the Mount of Olives. Where has he learned this geography? I do

not know. That which is certain is that this man, who is seventy-three years of age, has never left the centre of France where he operates. At the age of sixty-eight years he had been sentenced to imprisonment fifty-six times. You see that the prison had not reformed him. It is true that he arranged matters so as to be condemned only in the winter in order to secure shelter for the severest months of the year.



THE MAN WITH A CROOKED MOUTH.

It is not old men alone who live thus by begging. The trade is so good that young men eagerly engage in it. Here is a young man of nineteen years. He is a cripple, and he travels through the suburbs of Paris asking alms. If any one refuses to give him money he draws his crutch and strikes him. He has even had the misfortune to strike some of the police agents, for which he has passed several months in prison.

There are beggars who are al-

ways simply beggars; they never rob, but they never work. They have decided that they shall be supported by others, and they live up to their decision. They know that in contenting themselves with beggary they run the risk of only slight punishment (three months in prison), but they know equally well that in France they will not be allowed to die in the streets. A typical example of this class is one Pierre C., aged about seventy-two years. He has never worked in his whole life. He has been committed to prison thirty-eight times, and thirty-eight times some charitable society has placed him in some workshop, but he has never remained there more than one day.

Sometimes under the costume of a beggar there is concealed a dangerous man. This was true in the case of one named Drouhin. All Paris knew Father Drouhin, who pretended to have reached the age of one hundred years, and who exhibited in the streets the white rats which he had tamed. The school children, amused by the exercises of these trained rats, gave to Drouhin the sous which their parents allowed them for buying sweetmeats. They never suspected that the brave Father Drouhin was an old convict condemned to the galleys for having served the Prussians as a spy during the war of 1870.

Father Drouhin, showing his rats, had the appearance of practising a calling, and thus avoided the law in force for mendicity.

There are in Paris some thousands of individuals under the pretext of carrying on some business who are in reality living by begging. Sometimes one will run behind a carriage leaving a railway station and carrying any baggage, for a great distance, and when it stops, the runner covered with dust, perspiring and tired, will offer

his services in carrying the baggage into the house. If told that he is not needed, he will reply that he thought a signal had been given him to follow the waggon; he will speak of his misery and of his fatigue—in brief, he extorts a price of twenty sous.

Other mendicants hasten after carriages in order to open the gates. Others still content themselves with exhibiting some infirmity more or less simulated.

Here is a wretch whose mouth is crooked. He is horrible to look at. In the streets of Lyons where he is well known everybody gives him some aid. One day he was committed to prison, and it was not long before it was discovered that his infirmity was only a pretended one.

But to simulate an infirmity is an offence which exposes the one guilty of it to a severe penalty, so some beggars have found a very ingenious means of carrying on their trade without running any danger. They act very innocently while giving the appearance of being in great misery.

Look at this couple who every day frequent the great boulevards. The man carries upon his back the chest of a workman; the woman gives him her arm and leans against his shoulder. They appear very kind and loving to each other. They walk with very slow steps, and stop often to rest. They never ask anything of the people they meet, but they look so sad, so miserable, so good, so honest, that the coins fairly rain into their pockets. For ten years I have seen them thus; they never work; and they live in the greatest of comfort.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the types of mendicancy engaged in active service, however much one might wish to do so.

There are among them some men very well instructed. I know an old professor who goes to a house leaves a letter with the doorkeeper, and goes away. This letter contains two hundred verses, which are not badly composed, and which end by imploring the master of the house to give into the hands of his door-keeper for the writer a piece of bread, which will be received with thankfulness and eaten with joy. One might say that two hundred verses for a piece of bread was very large remuneration. To this I would reply that the two hundred verses are always the same. The mendicant poet contents himself by recopying them and as he offers them only to men of letters he is certain that with the piece of bread will come also a piece of money.

The most curious type of mendicant poet that I have known is a person named Desire G., who also has made mendicancy a veritable profession. It is known that at Paris, where the apartments are small no one can—unless he is a Rothschild—receive even thirty guests at dinner. Every time that a large dinner is given it is necessary to go to a restaurant. There are several restaurants which make a specialty of wedding dinners. Desire G., who knows of this custom, has some employees whom he sends every day into all the mayoralty houses of Paris to read over the marriage announcements. In this way he knows both the surname and the given name of the persons to be married.

Other employees, always in his pay, seek information in restaurants concerning the wedding dinners. At seven o'clock, when all are seated at the table, Desire G. enters and presents to the bride upon a dainty sheet of fine writing paper decorated with flowers and

doves, a piece of poetry on her own name. Each line begins with one of the letters of her given name.

What follows is readily divined. The bride gives a coin to the complimentary beggar, who takes a carriage and orders the driver to go to another restaurant, where he pays another bride another compliment for which he receives another coin.

Chance discovered to me the home of this mendicant. I thought from its appearance I was entering the office of a homeopathic physician. On all sides are little drawers, and upon each drawer is the name of one of the saints of the Roman calendar. The acrostics are prepared in advance, according as they are to be needed. When the time arrives the beggar takes from the drawers one poem on Josephine, three on Marie, five on Marguerite, five or six on Blanche, etc. We can understand now how he can well afford to make his journeys in a carriage.

But let us pass to the sedentary service. I have already said that this consists in installing oneself permanently at some chosen stand.

All Paris knew the beggar woman with the wooden legs. For three-quarters of a century this woman had her station on one of the boulevards, where she pretended to sell pencils. She was so well known that the police, on their rounds, instead of making her move on, bade her good day. She had become "immeuble par destination" (a legal term signifying a person or thing placed on property by the proprietor for the use or enjoyment thereof).

Some one once proposed to her that she might sell papers. She replied, "If I sold papers I should scarcely earn three francs a day, and it would be necessary for me to remain here from early in the morning until evening, while by

begging I make several times more than that in a day of a few hours long." To-day this woman is living upon her income in her own little apartments. She is the owner of a house which she bought with her accumulations.

The fakir, so named because he remains for hours perfectly motionless, is also one of the marked characters in the sedentary service. Here is a jeweller who lost a leg in an accident. He is able yet to earn five francs a day by his work. "But," he said to me, "the day of a workman is too long. The day of a beggar brings in quite as large returns, and lasts only three or four hours."

Many beggars belonging to the sedentary service make use of little children. This is one of the most odious crimes that can be committed, and meanwhile it does not come under the jurisdiction of the penal law. There are seen mothers, who, with their babes in their arms, take their stand on the street on bitterly cold days. If they struck the children they could be punished; but they content themselves by killing them in thus giving them inflammation of the lungs and the judge is disarmed. Many women rent for a franc a day the children which they thus expose to the severities of the season for the sake of exciting the pity of the beholders. A great physician gave me one evening his experience. Out of forty-eight women who begged in his quarter, twenty-four had twenty-seven children from six to thirteen months old. The physician examined them one evening. Eleven had bronchitis, three pneumonia, one the whooping-cough, two hard colds, one the croup. Thus he found eighteen out of twenty-seven children who were exposed daily to the public view, were sick unto death. I know a woman who has thus successively

killed four children under pretext of begging in order that they might live.

Last year Mr. Dumay, a workman who had been elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, received a visit from a woman who solicited some help. Mr. Dumay interrogated her closely, took her name and address, gave her a small sum of money, and wrote a letter of recommendation for her to be presented to the Board of Charity.

The woman had scarcely departed when Mr. Dumay, who is a large-hearted man, and who knows the misery of the working classes, began to think over the sad story to which he had just listened. If this poor woman had told the truth—and he certainly thought her sincere—she must be suffering greatly. The money which the deputy had given her would be quickly spent, and perhaps help from the charitable bureau would have to be awaited for a long time.

"I was wrong," said Mr. Dumay, "in contenting myself with writing so brief a letter of recommendation. I should have written more explicitly, urgently asking for help for her. If any evil happens to her I should have to hold myself responsible."

This idea so stamped itself on his mind that the honourable deputy put on his hat and set out to find again his applicant in order to write with more insistence on her behalf to the president of the Board of Charity. At the end of a quarter of an hour he reached the street and the house which the woman had given as hers. He asked of the one coming to the door,

"Does Madam X. live here?"

"Yes, sir, on the fourth floor, room No. 38."

"Is the woman in poor circumstances?"

"Oh, sir, she is in the greatest misery."

The deputy mounted to the fourth story and sought room 38. The door was half open. The woman had just come in and was busy about her housekeeping. Suddenly a little boy who was upon the stairs entered the room and asked for something to eat.

"Mother, I am hungry, give me a piece of bread."

"Alas, I cannot, my darling," replied the mother, "there is nothing in the house but a very small piece of bread, and I must keep it for your father, who, if he has not found any work, will be very hungry when he returns this evening."

Mr. Dumay was moved almost to tears. How fortunate it was that he had come to see for himself. He entered the room, gave the woman another piece of money, and wrote the following letter to one of his friends, the president of the charitable bureau :

"My dear Friend.—I call to your attention a case of most harrowing misery. I have myself made inquiry concerning it. Give help to the woman X, and give it quickly, for her children are actually crying for bread."

Mr. Dumay went back home, his heart lightened because he had done a kind act.

Two days later he received a reply from the president of the Board of Charity, which ran as follows :

"My dear Deputy.—You have been most unfortunately and woefully deceived. You say you made a personal investigation. In that case you heard a child cry, 'Mother, I am hungry, give me some bread.' And the mother replied, 'I cannot, my darling. There is nothing in the house but a very small piece of bread, and I must keep it for your father, who if he has not found any work will be very hungry when he returns this evening.' The child is drilled for this comedy. He sits all day upon the stairs and as soon as he

sees a visitor on the fourth floor, he plays his rôle, which consists in asking for bread."

As for the door-keeper below, who answered the first question of the deputy, she shares in the alms received by the beggar.

Many people who live after this manner are helped at the same time by Catholics, by Protestants, by Israelites, and by public and private charity. They wear all masks in order to touch the pity of all societies.

And what about beggars of the church? There was buried some months ago Father Antoine. He was an old beggar of the church who from morning till night stationed himself under the porch of the holy temple. He was aged and a hunchback. Kneeling upon the cold stone, he aggravated his trouble.

One fine day he disappeared. He was sick, some said. He was dead, others affirmed. Father Antoine was indeed dead. Very shortly his nephew, who was a professor in Paris, presented himself before the tribunals as his nearest heir. An inquest was held, and it was discovered that the hunch of Father Antoine consisted of a box which served him as a money-coffer. In this coffer there were ninety thousand francs. Father Antoine was an old galley slave who on leaving the galleys, had become a church beggar. In fifteen years he had gained ninety thousand francs (about eighteen thousand dollars).

These cases show to what, in Paris, the business of begging amounts. This business I have studied thoroughly. In order to reach a correct opinion, I have

read all that has been written upon the subject; I have consulted every man capable of telling me anything of it. I have assisted in all of the international congresses in which this question has been discussed, and finally I decided to have recourse to the experimental method, and I became myself a beggar.

After a few lessons, I acquired great experience in my subject, and personated, turn by turn, a blind man, a cripple, a deaf mute, a paralytic, a workman out of work, a professor out of employment, an organ player, a strolling singer. I have been arrested only once, on May 24th, 1891, when in the presence of several journalists I installed myself under the porch of the church St. Germain des Pres. In fifteen minutes I had received sixty-three sous. The five women who begged regularly there accused me of taking the bread out of their mouths and began a conspiracy to have me arrested. Their plan was simple enough. Whenever the policeman passed, all five turned and gazed at me as if I were a criminal. This attracted the policeman's notice, and the women nodded approvingly as he approached me. I acknowledged that I was begging, but reminded him that I was under the porch of a church and therefore he had no power to arrest me. He shook me roughly, and bade me move on.

By begging I was able to secure everything that one could imagine; money, clothing, furniture, railroad tickets, medicines, linen, flour—absolutely all things.

These experiences have led me to propose a plan of reform which I have already commenced to apply on a large scale in Paris.

This low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

—*Browning.*



THE TRIUMPH OF THE KINDERGARTEN PHILOSOPHY.

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AMONG the many extraordinary developments of the century of progress that has just ended, there is none more remarkable than the rapid spread of the kindergarten and the revolution effected in the aims and methods of primary schools, high schools, and even of colleges and universities by the revelation of the kindergarten philosophy. Fifty years ago the kindergarten was proscribed by the government of Prussia, the land of its founder. Forty-five years ago it had only one great advocate in England, Charles Dickens, while in America its productive philosophy was intelligently studied in but two centres—by Henry Barnard and by Horace Mann and his family, especially by Mrs. Mann and her sister, Miss Peabody. Twenty years ago one American

city, St. Louis, had adopted the kindergarten as an organic part of its school system under Dr. Harris, America's greatest educational philosopher, who was fortunate in having the assistance of Miss Blow, one of Froebel's profound interpreters. Fifteen years ago the superintendents of schools throughout America were nearly all openly antagonistic or indifferent to the kindergarten; ten years ago they were becoming sympathetically interested, and five years ago, at the meeting of the Superintendents' Department of the National Educational Association it was unanimously resolved that the kindergarten should be made an organic part of every state system of schools. In Europe the kindergarten philosophy has overcome all opposing forces, and is recognized by the educational leaders as the highest, the broadest, and the most progressive educational philosophy.

The kindergarten has won its way against many resisting influ-

ences. It was proscribed by the Prussian Government because its principles were based on the recognition of the freedom of the individual. The Church at first opposed it through a misconception of its ethical teaching, and because of its claim that the old doctrine of child depravity was erroneous, and had been the cause of the most grievous wrongs that had been inflicted on childhood. Dogmatic adulthood opposed it, because it revealed a new philosophy of child-training based on the natural interests, the happiness, the freedom, and the self-activity of the child, and taught that the coercive, mandatory spirit of adulthood in the training of children is utterly wrong. Self-satisfied teachers opposed it because it revealed a new pedagogy, and by doing so intimated that school aims and methods had been narrow and imperfect. Except the theologians, no other class was so certain they were right as the schoolmasters, and they did not hesitate to ridicule the kindergarten without investigating it. They could not conceive that anything could be an educative process that made no use of the rod, the spelling-book, the reader, the copy-book, or arithmetical drill.

But the kindergarten triumphed, and to-day the philosophy on which it is based, and which it has been the means of revealing, has become one of the most vital elements in the educational, sociological, and theological philosophy of the civilized world.

What are the leading characteristics of the kindergarten philosophy that has given it such universal recognition?

1. It is a comprehensive philosophy. Dr. Stanley Hall says:

"Froebel's philosophy of education is to me, on the whole, the best we have, in that it brings out more elements and gives

them a truer proportion. The root and spirit of Christianity are in it; so is the spirit of Bacon and Comenius; so is the chief motif of the German idealistic movement with its seasoning of what is now sometimes called the higher pantheism. He recognized in full the value of the empirical and the deductive schools."

Dr. Harris says: "Froebel sees better than other educators the true means of educating the feelings, and especially the religious feelings," and Dr. Hall, in speaking of Froebel's recognition of the fundamental nature of feeling as the foundation of intellect and will, says: "It is a great thought that now dominates psychology."

Dr. Harris says again: "Froebel is the educational reformer who has done more than all the rest to make valid in education what the Germans call the developing method."

Mr. Courthope Bowen has shown that Carlyle's central truths regarding man's social and industrial evolution, the unity of humanity and God, and the revelation of God in humanity, were expounded by Froebel.

Mr. Hailman has called attention to the similarity of the teachings of Herbert Spencer and Froebel in regard to the law of unification.

In the recognition of God in Nature, as the life in it and behind it, and the evolutionary force in all things organic and inorganic, Froebel has only one twin seer, Wordsworth, who gave to the world in exquisite song what Froebel a little earlier taught in prose.

Even the religious teachings that at first led theologians to consider Froebel unorthodox, are now recognized as the most vital truths revealed by Christ. Froebel was among the first to free religion from the formalism and dogmatism that sapped its vitality.

2. It is a hopeful philosophy.

Froebel taught the theory of evolution. He says:

"It is unspeakably pernicious to look upon the development of humanity as stationary and completed, and to see in its present phases simply repetitions and greater generalization of itself. . . . God neither ingrafts nor inoculates. He develops the most trivial and imperfect things in continuously ascending series and in accordance with eternal, self-grounded, and self-developing laws. . . . The laws of the universe are the same as the laws of human education. Kindergartens form a stage of development in the culture of man out of which the succeeding stages will follow according to a determined law, as is the case in organic life."

Froebel designed the kindergarten as an essential department of the highest human culture, believing that, "in general, whatever of human education and development has been neglected in boyhood will never be retrieved."

He taught that each individual should rise through progressive and related stages in his intellectual and spiritual development, and that generation after generation men should have clearer insights and greater executive power. But his law of evolution was based on the principle that full development in any stage of a man's growth cannot be secured unless the development in all preceding stages has been complete, and of the character specially adapted to them. He became convinced that most of the failures in intellectual and spiritual growth resulted from imperfect or unnatural development in early childhood, and his great purpose in founding the kindergarten was to place all children in such conditions and surround them with such environment as would stimulate their own self-activity and thereby establish in their lives the symbolic, apperceptive centres of strong, altruistic feeling; clear,

comprehensive thinking; and independent executive willing. The philosophy of apperception—the mind's perception of itself as the subject or actor in its own state—is now recognized universally. We are restricted in every stage of our development by our previous development. It is impossible to understand a new thought or feeling unless we have already in our lives some elements of experience corresponding to the new thought or feeling. So the kindergarten was founded to fill the lives of children with the widest possible range of essential experiences, to prepare them for broad, thorough, and natural development in the later stages of their progressive evolution. The wonderful adaptation of the material and the methods of the kindergarten to this design is most manifest to those who have most carefully studied its philosophy, and applied it wisely in the training of children.

3. The kindergarten philosophy is the highest philosophy of individualism. The lack of a true reverence by each individual for his own individuality is the cause of most of the failures to achieve the best life plans. The revelation of the individual power of each child to those who train and guide him, and especially to himself, is the most inspiring thought yet given to educators so far as the development of individuals is concerned. Froebel believed that each child has some special power, and that the truest development of his selfhood can only be attained by the self-activity of this power. He taught that unless the free exercise of this special element of power is made the dominant characteristic in the education of each child, his best general education cannot be attained. The selfhood must have free, strong growth, in order that general culture may be

most effectively transformed into character, and that the child may not be made negative instead of positive by even the most energetic efforts to educate him. Arrested development results more certainly from attempts to educate without a clear consciousness of the child's individuality than from any other cause. The broadest possible culture fails to make a true man—with greatest capacity for personal happiness and highest power to aid in the evolution of the race—unless it has been acquired in such a way as to enlarge and enrich the active selfhood.



This philosophy led Froebel to the discovery of the practical law of self-activity, which is the fundamental process of true education. All the vital improvements in educational methods made during the last twenty-five years have resulted from a greater reverence for the selfhood of the child, and a progressive revelation of the comprehensiveness of the law of self-activity.

In all departments of the kindergarten work, Froebel planned to make each child independently self-active; not merely active under the direction of the kindergarten teacher, but active in the execu-

tion of original purposes. The thoroughly trained man must have been allowed to develop as fully as possible the three great elements of a perfect individuality: origina-tive, directive, and executive power. Froebel reveals this central truth not only by philosophic exposition, but in the practical work of the kindergarten. Whether the child works with brush, or pencil, or clay, or paper, or strips, or needle, or sticks, or slats, or blocks, or tablets, he is afforded unlimited opportunities for the free expression of selfhood, so that self-expression becomes at once the highest process in education, and the symbolic revelation of the highest power of human life.

4. The kindergarten philosophy is based on the fundamental law of morality—community. Froebel aimed to develop not only individuality, but altruistic individuality. He saw with clearest insight that individualism and socialism are not opposing principles, but that the highest individualism and the broadest socialism are perfectly harmonious; are indeed essentially complementary to each other. He taught that improved society must consist of improved individuals, each qualified to offer his complete selfhood as his part in the general unity; and that the more perfect society as a whole becomes the greater the needs and opportunities for the development of a grander individuality. The clear recognition of the perfect inter-relationship of individualism and socialism will stimulate to the highest individual effort, and will make manifest the true solution of the mightiest social problems. A young man can have no greater incentive to energetic effort in the development of his powers than the consciousness that he possesses special individual power, and that he must use this power in order that hu-

manity may reach its highest destiny.

Froebel, in the games, songs, and work of the kindergarten, planned to give the child symbolic revelations of the relationships, the interdependence, and the essential unity of individuals in society. The child who works with the "gifts" must use every part of each gift in constructing any object, and so gets a symbolized conception of the idea that each individual part is essential to the perfect whole. The child who makes a "form of beauty" with brush, or pencil, or tablets, unconsciously learns the relationships of parts to wholes, and also that the form is not beautiful so long as it is imperfect. The child who forms one of the group in making a "form of beauty" knows that, if his part is left out, the whole is incomplete.

The child who makes a church with his blocks, while another makes a school, another a blacksmith shop, and others houses for stores and other departments of trade, in order that all, when placed together, may form a town, is acquiring germs of thought that some day will qualify him for comprehending the philosophical basis of the organization of society and national life.

In these and other ways he gets in the kindergarten symbolic apprehensive centres for understanding clearly in later life the greatest human thought, that his failure to do his part well may mar the beauty and perfection of the universe, and that his duty truly done must aid in the progressive advance of the race.

5. The kindergarten philosophy is the truest philosophy of childhood. Froebel was childhood's greatest apostle and champion. He studied education from the child's standpoint. He had the head of a wise adult, with the heart of a child. He sympathized with

the child, not merely for it. He pleaded for the child's rights against the conscious and unconscious tyranny of adulthood, even against ignorant and imperious parenthood. One of the most noteworthy characteristics of the latter half of the nineteenth century is the recognition of the rights of childhood, and its legal protection against improper treatment by its parents and guardians.

The attitude of intelligent adulthood towards childhood has completely changed during the past twenty-five years. Formerly a boy was regarded as a member of a



class whose aims were evil, whose practices were dangerous, and whose characteristics should be repressed. It was taken for granted that he was in a stage of dangerous probation, during which coercive restriction should be the supreme element in his training. Training a boy was a solemn and an unpleasant duty. His opinions were not respected, his aims were treated with contempt, and his tendencies caused unsympathetic apprehension. Now training is positive instead of negative, sympathetic instead of coercive, stimulative instead of repressive, appreciative instead of indifferent, cheerful instead of gloomy, and the atti-

tude of adulthood towards boyhood is reverent, hopeful, and co-operative.

Froebel and Dickens did more to accomplish this great step in Christian civilization than all other students of education and child-training. Froebel's own motto was: "Come, let us live with our children." What a motto this is for the fatherhood and motherhood of the race! Dickens' central ideal was: "Let us do justice and honour to the nature of a child."

Froebel was the first great student of childhood. His supreme purpose in studying the child was to learn what the child can do in achieving his own highest development. His conclusion was that the real development of the child depends on his own self-activity.

In the kindergarten Froebel exemplified his philosophy of childhood in all its phases, reverent love for the child, profound respect for his individuality as the element of divinity in him, and freedom and self-activity as the conditions of most perfect growth physically, intellectually, and spiritually. To use his own beautiful phrase, he tried to make kindergartens "free republics of childhood."

6. The kindergarten has revealed the transforming ideals of modern education throughout the entire course from the primary school to the university.

It has changed the thought and practice of the civilized world in regard to child discipline. It made manifest the perfect harmony between spontaneity and control; it has shown the cruelty and the unnecessary character of corporal punishment, and the dwarfing, warping, deadening effects of coercion; it has proved that the child develops most rapidly, most broadly, and most thoroughly under conditions of happiness and freedom. Sir Joshua Fitch, who

for more than fifty years has been England's foremost Public School educator, said recently, in a report to the British Government:

"In watching the gradual development of the training colleges for women from year to year, nothing is more striking than the increased attention which is being paid in those institutions to the true principles of infant teaching and discipline.

"The circular which has recently been issued by your Lordships, and which is designed to enforce and explain these principles, would, if put forth a few years ago, have fallen on unprepared soil, and would indeed have seemed to many teachers, both in and out of training colleges, to be scarcely intelligible. Now its counsels will be welcomed with sympathy and full appreciation. In almost every college a special course of lectures is provided on the teaching of Froebel and Pestalozzi, and on the application of their doctrines to the work of the infant school. Attempts to treat the kindergarten as a separate institution, having aims and methods of its own different from those which should prevail in other schools, have often in America and in Germany proved unsuccessful. It is as an organic part of a complete scheme of juvenile instruction, as a preliminary training of those faculties and aptitudes which have afterwards to be developed when the time for serious application arrives, that the kindergarten is most valuable."

A large proportion of the children in the schools of the civilized world are now free by law from the evil of corporal punishment.

When more thoroughly understood, Froebel's principles will greatly modify the discipline even of universities, and make them free republics of manhood, as he made kindergartens "free republics of childhood."

The kindergarten has exemplified the law of self-activity which is now accepted as the fundamental law of method, and is the universal test of good teaching. It forced educators to recognize this law, because it presented it in operation, and not as a mere theory. Froebel's distinctive characteristic, as has been pointed out by Mr. Cour-

thope Bowen, is his ability to transform psychological theory into psychological practice. Other educators have seen the value of activity, but Froebel gave the child a system of training that made the exercise of independent origination an essential part of his work, and made him originaive, directive and executive as a result of his activity.

It gave the world new and infinitely higher ideals in regard to object teaching. Even Pestalozzi's ideal of faculty training by means of the use of objects was misunderstood by most teachers. Blinded by the misconception that thought-giving is the highest aim of education, they saw in object teaching but a more easy and more definite way of communicating knowledge. Pestalozzi aimed not merely to give more exact knowledge, but to enlarge and intensify the child's power of perceiving and conceiving. Froebel rose far beyond Pestalozzi's ideal in using objects. Froebel's dominant ideal was self-activity or the out-putting of selfhood, so he could not be satisfied with any educational process that ended with the development of the receptive and the reflective powers. He made the material environment of the child in the kindergarten a means of self-expression. By doing so he secured a more definite and more complete accomplishment of the aims of Pestalozzi, and in addition he made objective work aid in the unfolding of selfhood, and in the symbolic revelation to the child of the true function of man in relation to his material environment, which is to transform it in harmony with his best ideals into ever-improving forms of beauty and utility. All the highest educational results of object work in schools rest on the perfect understanding of Froebel's ideal by teachers.

Froebel's views regarding the

educational value of object teaching led him to discover and reveal the true function of manual training to be educative, not economic. In the kindergarten he gave the first clear conception of manual training as a vital educational process. He recognized the fact that manual training had many economic advantages, but he valued it and made it an essential part of the work of the kindergarten chiefly because of its adaptation to the nature of the child in providing for gratifying his tendency to transform his material environment, and for the exercise of his constructive power; because it aids in the thorough development of the brain and motor neurological system; because it trains so thoroughly in habits of accuracy in planning and in performing work, and thus becomes one of the highest moral agencies by giving the child the most definite symbolic, apperceptive centres of truth and rectitude; because it preserves and develops the productive characteristics of childhood that are usually lost or degraded into destructiveness through lack of opportunity for appropriate occupation; and because it dignifies work by making it self-expression, and thus tends to give the race the very desirable moral attitude of reverence for work and workmen.

The kindergarten makes play an organic part of school work without robbing it of its spontaneity. Froebel says: "I studied the boys' play, the whole series of games in the open air, and learned their mighty power to awaken and to strengthen the intelligence and the soul as well as the body." So he adapted the plays of children of all races to the life of the child in the kindergarten, and originated new games to give the child a greater variety of self-occupation of a free, creative, and energetic character, that the plays

of childhood might become "the highest phase of child development," and unfold "the germinal leaves of all later life." As these ideals become clear to the minds of educators, they make radical changes in their aims and methods. The wide and deep interest recently aroused in regard to the imperative need of playgrounds for children in cities, is directly due to the revelation of the educational value of play in the kindergarten.

It has given entirely new and higher conceptions of the value and method of Nature study. The old ideal taught the child to study Nature in order that he might love it at maturity; the new ideal trains him to love Nature in childhood that he may long for a study of its suggestive mysteries in the period of conscious development. The old ideal destroyed the life of the plant, the new ideal is based on the production of life and the nurture of Nature so that the life of the plant may rise to higher life. The old ideal of Nature study meant investigation and classification, the new ideal means revelation of life, evolution, unity and God.

Froebel's ideal of gardening by children was introduced in the German schools in 1860. The English Government recently passed a law authorizing English School Boards to adopt Froebel's plan by renting fields in which young children may spend one-half day of school time each week in gardening, under the supervision of their teachers. We, in America, shall pass similar laws,

when we have a clearer realization of the ethical value of Froebel's conception of Nature culture and Nature contemplation.

The kindergarten has not only changed the discipline and methods in the schools, it has been the chief agency in revealing the new aims of education. The battle between rival legions of educators is no longer fought to decide what the child shall be taught, but how he shall be developed; how his physical, intellectual and spiritual powers may reach their fullest growth; how he may be qualified for highest individual happiness, and for doing his best work for humanity.

Froebel taught us that all real education is from within, by "making the inner outer," and not from without inward. He had no faith in what George McDonald describes as "sandpapering a sinner into a saint." He led us to see the intellectual and ethical value of freedom in childhood, of the systematic culture of feeling, of the full development of the imagination, and of making the child's dominant interest the centre of correlation in his studies.

Froebel's philosophy became so quickly a dominant element in educational and sociological work because it was given to the world objectively in the kindergarten, and not merely explained theoretically in his writings. His insight was clear and true, but his most wonderful power was his ability to "transform psychological thought into psychological practice."



THE DUST OF EMPIRE.*

Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Karnak and the stones of Babylon,
We raised our pillars upon self-desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun.

A grandeur looked down from the pyramid,
A glory came on Greece, a light on Rome ;
And in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they passed like momentary foam.

There was no substance in their soaring hopes :
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry ;
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes,
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

A bittern cries where once Queen Dido laughed ;
A thistle nods where once the Forum poured,
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft,
Where once of old the Coliseum roared.

There is a Vision waiting and aware ;
And you must draw it down, O men of worth ;
Draw down the New Republic held in air,
And make for it foundations on the earth.

St. John beheld it as a great white throne
Above the ages wondrous and afar ;
Mazzini heard it as a bugle blown,
And Shelley saw it as a steadfast star.

GOD'S BURIED WORKMEN.

BY REV. G. J. H. NORTHCROFT.

God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.—Wesley.

As dips the sun below the placid sea,
His day's work done ; as the retreating wave
Lays down his load, and hastens to his grave
Sighing, yet well content some use to be ;
As the magnanimous rain, impartial, free,
Expires on field and forest but to save,
So are the lives of God's true toilers brave
Closed, yet continued through eternity.

In the high deeds they set themselves to do,
Though uncompleted here, their spirits live ;
Their patience checks our fancies fugitive ;
Their voices call us to a loftier view
Of God's great purpose, which alone can give
Strength to endure and courage to pursue.

Hopetown, Abaco, Bahamas.

* Lines repeated by Edwin Markham in closing an address at the State Conference of Religion, New York, 1900. They are a prophetic utterance like that of Ezekiel, which it would be well for this age to heed. They have, however, an air of incompleteness. Mazzini and Shelley are meagre representatives of the multitude of seers who, like Abraham, Isaiah, St. John, Augustine, Wycliffe, Luther and many another patient watcher of the dawn, saw afar off the city of God coming down out of heaven and were glad.



LESLIE M. SWEETNAM, M.D.

Born August 1, 1859. Died December 11, 1901.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

LESLIE M. SWEETNAM, M.D.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., L.L.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

HE lives of the greatest and best men often obtrude themselves but little upon the notice of the world. When a few weeks ago Dr. Sweetnam passed to rest and reward, only a limited circle knew the inner beauty of his life and the measure of the work which in that short life he had accomplished. But now that he is gone from us we may be permitted reverently to lift the veil and look upon the face which death only glorifies. Coming generations will be the better for knowing that such a man has lived.

Dr. Sweetnam was a Canadian of the Canadians, his father being born in the city of Toronto a little more than seventy years ago, and closing a life distinguished for ability, usefulness and Christian character a few months before his eldest son. The son was born in the city of Kingston, and until his eleventh year was brought up amid the influences of that city so well known for its loyalty to all British institutions, and for the conservative and English type of its religious life. The native gifts of large intellectual capacity which he inherited from his father, and of quiet, gentle dignity and refined taste which he received from his mother, were rapidly developed under the influence of parents who took a wise and practical as well as deep interest in both the moral and intellectual life of their children. Thus, when as a youth he removed with his parents to the city of Toronto, he was prepared to avail himself, with the keenest avidity,

of the advantages offered by the capital city of our province. Under the ministry of Dr. Potts, in the Metropolitan Church, his religious life ripened into full decision; and in the old-fashioned way, at the altar of prayer, he found the peace of God, and at once took his place as a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and presently as the associate leader of a class of young men of his own age. In this way, early in his career, duty, and especially the good of his fellow men, became the settled principle of his life, a principle from which we cannot find that he ever deviated. He died as he lived, nobly, fearlessly doing his duty.

In the meantime, first at the model school, then at the grammar school and Upper Canada College, and finally at the University, his intellectual powers received rapid and thorough development. His tastes and proclivities were all in the direction of scientific studies. The schools without doubt gave both direction and impulse to his active mind, but the reading of books never became his ruling passion. Almost from the beginning he turned to nature, with his father's assistance constructing a laboratory in his home, and with boyish recklessness experimenting upon and investigating every form of animal life upon which he could lay his hands. College work only completely captured him when he found his place as an assistant in Prof. Croft's chemical laboratory. His educational career thus led to no university degree in arts, but was directed in its somewhat unusual course by this overmastering passion for scientific knowledge.

His learning was of things rather than of books.

Under the same impulse, to which was added the moral desire for a calling in which he could make the most of his life for the benefit of his fellow men, at eighteen years of age he entered upon the study of medicine, graduating at twenty-two with first-class honours. To competent judges the promise of his life was very soon manifest. Dr. Aikins was then President of the Faculty, and at the very height of his fame as the foremost surgeon of the country. To the remark of a friend one day that there was no one coming up to take his place when gone, his reply was: "Yes, there is young Sweetnam," and before the distinguished dean passed away, he had the satisfaction of seeing this prediction largely fulfilled.

It would be impossible to follow Dr. Sweetnam through the twenty years of his practice of his life calling. We can only illustrate here and there some of the elements of character and methods of work which led him, while yet only midway on the journey of life, to a foremost place in the hearts of the people as well as in the ranks of his noble profession. We need not dwell on his remarkable powers both of observation and of memory. These were gifts, cultivated, it is true, by constant exercise, but still gifts of Providence rather than attainments of effort.

The lesson of his life here is the wonderful improvement made of his gifts. If as nature's gifts he was entrusted with the five talents, they were so faithfully employed as to become ten. The same may be said of that power of judgment which enabled him to bring all the wide extent of his knowledge and experience to bear with concentrated energy on the case before him. We have seen him called in to a man whom he had never before

seen, of whose past history he knew absolutely nothing, who on a journey from England to Japan had been suddenly prostrated as a result of complication of diseases of long standing, and who was apparently in the last stage of collapse, unable to give any intelligible account of himself. Without the slightest hesitation Dr. Sweetnam diagnosed the case, wrote his prescription, in an hour had his patient out of the immediate danger, and in three weeks so far relieved as to be able to complete his lengthy journey. But such rapidity, accuracy and concentration of judgment was again one of those rare gifts by which Providence had fitted him for his work, gifts not given to all men.

But such gifts to some men prove but a snare, a temptation to indolence and presumption. To him, on the contrary, they were of priceless value, because of the moral qualities with which they were associated. Foremost among these was his indefatigable industry. From the very beginning of his career, when many young men would have spent a good deal of their leisure in the enjoyment of what are known as innocent social pleasures, he gave himself day and night to work. The broad, solid foundations laid in a thorough course of study were used only as foundations. He was never satisfied until he stood abreast of the professional knowledge of the age in the departments which he had made more specially his own. Once there, he kept himself there, often carrying his latest medical journals with him in his carriage, and reading them in the daily rounds of his practice. At the same time, his laboratory was never forsaken, and hours were often snatched from sleep to secure time for his efforts to advance the boundaries of knowledge in his profession by original investigation. Our greatest loss is

perhaps that, just as this fruit of his life-work was ripening to its perfection, he was taken from us, and his original work left so largely unfinished.

Another characteristic of the man was his minute, laborious, conscientious attention to details. It was with him a fact never forgotten that the difference between success and failure—or, in other words, between life and death—lay very frequently in some very little thing. It was this that made him so remarkably successful in the use of the method discovered by Lord Lister of antiseptic treatment. An assistant in the operating room once during the progress of an operation thrust his hand into his pants' pocket; he was instantly ordered out of the room. "His pockets," said the doctor, "are full of microbes, and that means death to my patient."

He would carry a heavy load of perfectly sterilized instruments and apparatus with him hundreds of miles rather than risk the accident of using things carelessly prepared or cleansed by others. We have known him to travel two hundred miles to bring in a patient under his own supervision, and carry with him a weighty air-bed, that every particle of strength might be saved for the critical operation which was to be performed. He would travel to New York or Philadelphia and spend two hundred dollars for the most perfect instruments for an operation for which his fee would be perhaps fifty. His aim was perfect work. To attain this, as far as is permitted in human things, no outlay of time, care, labour or money was spared. At his death his collection of surgical instruments was valued at ten thousand dollars, and pronounced by a high authority to be more complete than could be found in any institution or office on the continent.

It is not surprising that such a combination of genius, industry, and unsparing devotion to his work should result in the highest success in his profession. In later years patients began to pour in upon him from all parts of the country, and operations were multiplied by the hundred every year. His success was no less marked than the extent of his work; and fatalities were reduced to as low a percentage as has ever been attained either in Europe or America.

But this professional success is very far from revealing to us the inner character of the man in its true moral grandeur. It was that moral character which gave him such a strong hold upon the affections of all his patients, and it was this which was the secret spring of energy for his intellectual and professional work. We have known no man who carried on professional work with such utter absence of the merely professional spirit, or with such utter disregard of the merely financial and business considerations. In this he was doubtless unjust to himself, but it was only thus that the real moral greatness of the man appeared. It was this that made his life-work so Christlike. He forgot all else in the giving of himself to serve the suffering.

We have known him called to the home of a miserable drunkard in which a poor little woman, toiling night and day to keep a family of four or five little children together in food and decent home, was stricken down with fever. He knew well that there was no pay for such work. He probably would never think of even sending a bill for his services. But he at once enters into the spirit of the case with all the deep sympathy of his nature. "She is a little brick, struggling with the hardest of lots, and I am going to pull her through if I can." And so a professional

nurse is sent in at his own expense, and night after night at the mid-night hour, when the forces of life were most likely to fail, he was there watching with all the resources of his art to help her over the crisis.

Never have we known a man whose sympathies entered so completely into his work. To spend the whole night with a patient in the extremity of disease was with him no uncommon thing, and many a life was saved or prolonged by such an effort. We have heard many a physician say that they kept their sympathies in check lest they should be unnerved and unfitted for their work, and with most men this is probably a necessity. But with him his grandest work was done under this spur of deep sympathetic affection. He lived like a man every day battling with grim death, and snatching his victims by the score from the jaws of the monster, and living in a state of perpetual exaltation as he won victory over his foe.

But when at times he was defeated it made one's heart ache to witness his depression. Sitting with him the evening before his last, and to him fatal, case, he said: "I have had this year one hundred and nine capital operations, and have not lost one, but to-morrow I shall lose my case; the poor fellow came to me too late, and nothing can save him;" and as he uttered these words his tone and look were those of a man uttering the awful sentence of death. To him the most difficult and brilliant operation, work such as is attempted only by the greatest masters of his art the world has ever known, was no mere surgical operation. It was the saving of life. It was this deep moral spirit which placed his great talents as freely at the service of the poor as of the rich; and probably more than half of the heaviest work of

his life was done for the poor without other reward than the proud satisfaction of having helped his suffering fellows. It is not too much to say that such a life sheds lustre upon the profession to which he belonged, and more, that it glorifies our poor humanity.

Nor was it only in his professional career that this deep sympathy of his nature was manifest. His interest in young men, and especially in students, was unbounded, and few men exerted a wider or more beneficial influence upon the student life of this great city, now probably the fifth or sixth in student population of the educational centres of the continent. During the greater part of his professional life he was a member of one of the medical faculties of the city, and at the time of his death associate professor in the medical faculty of the University of Toronto. It is well known that the remuneration for this work is very trifling, in his case far from sufficient to meet the lavish outlay which he expended on it. But here as everywhere else his conscientious aim was the highest possible perfection. In the technique of his work and in the preparation of specimens and illustrations for his classes he was a master, and his apparatus for instruction was scarcely less valuable in time and money than his outfit of surgical instruments. When a friend rather chided him on the extravagant cost of a piece of apparatus for which he was paying some two hundred dollars, he replied, "No, it will be an object lesson to my class of the necessity of having everything perfect."

But it was especially to the high-minded, earnest, capable, but poor and struggling student that his warmest sympathies went out. More than one such has been nursed back to health and strength when sick in his own home, and

they will never forget the gracious and now stricken lady who presided over this part of his work.

Nor was he satisfied with professional services alone. Though not a wealthy man, his gifts to poor students would surprise the world if they could be divulged. But here, too, his method was characteristic of the man. No one knows how much he did in this way. Hearing of one such in straits in a distant city, he telegraphs to him, "Go to the express office," and there he found the relief he required. When it came he was reduced to his last twenty-five cents. Another, involved in serious debt for his education, and called on to meet his obligations, he sent for exacted a promise that he would never so involve himself again, then paid his note. He was not a society man, and seemed never to be able to snatch an hour from his exacting duties. But to the students he would find an evening at home, and devote himself most assiduously to their entertainment in the most delightful as well as instructive way.

On the great questions of religious life he was peculiarly reserved, and but few fathomed the depth of his religious character. But to those who knew him best his whole life was an act of religion, as well as moral duty. Living continually in the presence of disease and death, he imbibed no materialistic view of human life. Life to him was sacred. Upon it were ever suspended the awful mysteries of eternity, and the religious hopes and fears of his patients were to him as real as their bodily sufferings. We have seen how early in life his religious character was decided, and his consecration to religious service commenced. As he became involved in the exhausting duties of his profession, the religious activities of his younger days became impossible, but the

character and spirit from which they sprung was never changed. In the constant presence of the great mysteries of life, suffering, and death, it rather became a deep, all-controlling force of his being.

With the stricken and the dying he found an ever-present field for unostentatious, quiet, but most helpful spiritual ministry. None could break to the dying patient or to stricken parents the sad truth as well as he. In one such case a friend proposed that the minister should be called in for this office. His reply was, "No, I am a Christian man, and it is my duty." Then gently he stepped downstairs, in tender words delivered his message, then kneeling in prayer, commended them to the loving-kindness of the Heavenly Father. Thus by sympathetic manner, by counsel, and by words of deep, heartfelt faith, his presence in the home of suffering was always a spiritual benediction.

But it was not his lot to be only the sympathetic helper and comforter of the sorrow of others. The cloud rested upon his own life and the sword pierced his own soul. His home was blessed with one child, the pride and joy of her father's heart, engaging all the depth and fondness of his affections. After a brief absence from home he was suddenly called back to see her in a few days droop and die. After that experience, life was never again to him the same. For its common pleasures he had no relish; to its work he gave himself with the energy of one who had cast behind him all trifling things. And death to him was no longer the same. It had lost all semblance of terror. His coveted treasure lay beyond its cold stream, and henceforth a large part of even his human affection was fixed above.

A little later the hand rested upon himself, and the worthy am-

bitions of his life were henceforth to be chastened by the thought that life to him would be short, and its moments very precious. The last few years of his life were thus passed under the constant and almost overpowering influence of two great thoughts, the reality and preciousness of the life beyond, and the importance of making the most of the brief time here. But these were hidden things. They never appeared to the outer world.

If our conversation turned upon God, the mysteries of His providence, the eternal certainty of His love, the infinite perfection of all his ways, a reverent silence would steal over him, and his tones and simple brief words became those of a man whose heart was greatly moved by unspoken thoughts. He could not talk lightly or effusively of Divine things. They were to him the most serious and solemn of all realities. His religion was not one of ecstasies, but of deeply reverent feeling.

On the other hand, his was not a religion of fear, but of earnest, solemn faith. His profession placed him in almost daily serious risk of life. In his work the prick of a needle or the slightest touch of the keen edge of his surgeon's knife might be fatal. But his courage never flinched in the face of duty, even when his strength was

so exhausted that he fainted at his work. It was not the callousness of familiarity, but the courage of deep faith. He perfectly understood the dangers of his work, and faced them with the manly courage of duty.

During the few remaining days of life the one nearest and dearest of human friends was daily by his side, and to her he was always cheerful. His Bible lay open upon his pillow, and with her he discussed its promises and strengthened her faith as well as his own in the unfailing loving-kindness of the great Father in heaven. Once, when death seemed very near, he simply said, "I shall see Aileen." For a little while it seemed that the skill of science would triumph over the terrible enemy. Then suddenly the taper of hope was extinguished and a rarely beautiful life was at an end.

The story of this great and good man has indeed been briefly and imperfectly told, but such as it is, it is dedicated to the men of the noble profession to which he belonged, and upon which his life shed lustre. Especially is it commended to the young men entering that profession, and to young Canadians of every profession, as an example which all may safely follow.

GOOD TRIUMPHANT.

BY HARRIET WARNER REQUA.

The sky rains down her midnight sleet,
The streets with frozen lakes are set,
Boughs writhe in icy sheath—and yet,
Earth quickens 'neath her winding sheet.

Afar and near the tempests shock!
Yet somehow, somewhere good shall come,
Upon the thorn the rose will bloom,
And gold is smitten from the rock.

Who fells the forest, turns the sod,
Extends the mine or quarry's course,
Beaver Dam, Wis.

Finds truth stamped on each secret force,
And bush and rock revealing God.

Who smites with angry impotence
The adamant of sovereign law,
Sees truth still stand without a flaw,
The smiter fall without defence.

And still we know that God is good,
Howe'er the plague, or foemen smite;
Above, through all unchanging right,
And Love triumphant on its rood.

THE MOTHER IN THE CHURCH.*

BY LUCY RIDER MEYER.



It is not the purpose of this paper to trace in detail the history of woman's diaconate in the early Church, its wide scope, and later decay. It is enough to show, as has been done, that probably in the time of the apostles, and certainly in the years immediately following, when the Church, still directly under apostolic influence, was slowly crystallizing into organized form, the place of woman as an officer in the Church was clearly recognized and authorized, and that notwithstanding her exceedingly circumscribed social position.

Let us now turn to those conditions of human society in whose significant undertone we hear His voice speaking to His Church and saying: "In these needs also find your call to service. Let the empty mouths and the half-clad bodies of the poor, let the starving souls of the rich whom you never reach with your preached Gospel, let the moans of the uncared-for sick and dying, and the needs of friendless children be as the voice of the Son of man pleading with you for relief." In the light of such a call can we not see how pitiable is our inadequacy? The question resolves itself into simply this: Can the Church as at present organized—excluding the deaconess movement, which is hardly yet an appreciable force in our midst—meet all the demands of society that it ought to meet? Let it be dis-

tinctly understood that the efficiency of the Gospel message is not questioned here, but only the present sufficiency and adaptability of the means for conveying that message. And it is contended that there is an urgent need, not only of the administrative and teaching ministry of men, supplemented by such social and physical ministry as they may be able to give, but also of the characteristic ministry of women.

Childhood is God's special time of opportunity for inculcating religious truth. We mourn over the obduracy of the adult sinner and train all our strong batteries of argument and effort to beat down the hard walls of his habit and prejudice, while we neglect the low swinging portal of the heart of the child, ready to yield at the gentlest touch. But as the Church is now organized, with its unofficial women members, occupied so largely with social duties or blessedly busy with family cares, can it do more than the most fragmentary work for orphan and needy children?

But look in another direction, at the tens of thousands of not entirely abandoned, but criminally neglected children. The evangel of the public school is doing much for the general intelligence of its pupils, but there are hundreds of thousands of children in the great cities of the United States not reached at all by the public school.

But what of the moral and spiritual training of even that part of the children who are in the public school? The Government of Mexico, though it represents a reaction against the most common form of religion in that country,

* Abridged from the "Methodist Review," New York, Sept.—Oct., 1901. See editorial note.

has put into its public schools an excellent text-book on ethics ; but there is no required ethical teaching in the United States. Multitudes of children in our public schools are never found in any place of religious teaching. They never hear a prayer, and are in such ignorance of the bare historical facts of Christianity that it is easy to cite case after case where even the names of God have been known only as convenient bywords—blasphemy itself condoned by ignorance.

Moreover, what as to the industrial and social feature of these children ? Occasionally an exceptionally advanced public school touches the border of "manual training"—teaches a boy to drive a nail and a girl to sew a seam—but not one gives them a trade. Our trades unions make the old fashioned apprenticeship next to impossible. Our few manual training schools are far too expensive for the many, not to speak of the further complicating fact that the almost exclusive division of labour into "piece work" is greatly lessening the probability that even the boy who has a trade will be able to earn a living by it.

How are these children of the slums going to learn how to earn a respectable livelihood when the time comes that they must shift for themselves ? Has the Church of God no responsibility in this matter ? Has it no golden opportunity ? What if it has not yet fully thought through the problem, shall it withhold a present, practical help, even if partial, because it cannot make a theory of perfect eventual relief ? Shall it hesitate as to its own plain duty while speculating as to what the State ought to do ? What if teaching the industries and feeding the hungry is not the highest function of the Church ? Jesus Christ fed the hungry in emergencies. The apos-

toxic Church fed the hungry in emergencies. Perhaps the profoundest impression upon society made by the early Church was because of its feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.

Is there not an emergency now ? Let it be conceded that it is the State that should be charged with the duty of giving her children such a start in life that with honest labour they may gain at least a respectable living ; the fact is the State is not doing it. Moreover, till there shall be wrought a vast change of public sentiment on this subject, the State cannot do it. It has not the buildings, it has not the money to pay teachers. But the Church has hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of magnificent buildings, used now but six or eight hours a week. It has a great body of women, unemployed, or inadequately employed, who, once their eyes were opened to the need of such work, would volunteer to do it. Ought it not to throw open its buildings and establish and operate a thousand industrial schools, where cooking, and dressmaking, and housekeeping shall be so thoroughly taught to the girl of ten or twelve that she shall not at fourteen or fifteen be driven into the "ways that take hold on hell" by the bay of the gray wolf of starvation at her heels ? And schools where boys may learn to use their hands in such a way that in the swift-coming years they may not be forced into the life of a criminal for lack of food to eat ? And especially since the prosecution of this work opens up the most admirable opportunities for the moulding of character and furthering of spiritual development.

But look at still another great class of needs : those, physical and spiritual, when the body is laid low by sickness. Only within the last few years, and largely because of the sentiment which our few dea-

conesses have created, has the modern Church so much as recognized that it had the slightest responsibility in this matter. The early Church, with its great hospices," was not so blind. Our Lord's command was not only "Preach the Gospel," but "Heal the Sick." What a painfully imperfect understanding is that which makes it the duty of all ages to preach the Gospel, yet practically declares the duty of healing the sick to have ceased with the miraculous gifts of the apostolic age. Illness, like childhood, is a God-given opportunity for religious influence. When flesh and heart grow weak and hands are stretched out for help in mortal agony, when dear ones are passing into the vast unknown, and solemn thoughts of the life hereafter are forced upon the mind, or when long days of convalescence come and there is "nothing to do but think," then words concerning Jesus, and sin, and heaven are seed falling into good ground.

Do we not owe it to the world that wherever trembling hands are stretched out, groping in the dark, some agent of the Church be there, some representative of Jesus Christ with comfort and help? If we were wise to see and seize these opportunities, if we had trained, tactful servants of the Church ready to take advantage of them, we might in the first decade of the century just dawning win half the world for Christ. Yet the Church can never seriously undertake to care for the sick without the help of the official women. None other will have at her command uninterrupted time for such service, and none other will have the requisite skill, for this helper must be technically trained.

There was so much well-founded dread in Protestantism of the convent system as illustrated in the Roman Church, that all that was

done for centuries to reinstate the diaconate of women was some feeble attempt here and there to appoint a congregational deaconess, notably in the congregations of the Puritans and in the Reformed Church of Germany. It remained for the good Lutheran pastor, Theodore Fliedner, to bring about in Germany, in the first half of the nineteenth century, the true renaissance of the office of deaconess. He saw, as did no other of his times, the possibilities of the organized work of Christian women. The social status of women in Germany sixty years ago, the conservatism of our Teutonic cousins, and the lower moral plane of the Lutheran Church in Germany—which, for instance, even to this date permits the Kaiserwerth work to be aided by great lotteries carried on under the "mother house" roof—made it inevitable that the work of the Fliedner deaconesses, judged by American standards, should be limited.

Even at the present time, though their number has increased amazingly and their influence in philanthropy has been immense, yet we find Lutheran deaconesses mostly as nurses and as caretakers in orphanages and reformatories. But it is to be gratefully noted not only that Fliedner brought into the modern world a workable plan for a Protestant sisterhood, but that our present splendid system of nurses' training schools, the civilized world over, originated directly in his effort to train Christian women to care for the sick.

The deaconess movement in American Methodism is strikingly spontaneous. It is not a growth from the German root. Its workers bear the same name as those in Germany, and do in some respects a similar work, but it originated independently and on a far broader and more evangelistic basis. About the time Flied-

ner was founding his deaconess "mother house" in Germany, the women in England and America were organizing their missionary "Female Prayer Meetings," and one-third of a century later the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the Methodist Episcopal Church was struck out of the hearts of women white-hot with love and pity for the woes of their heathen sisters. A decade later the undenominational Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, affecting all classes very deeply. Then came the Woman's Home Missionary Society in Methodism, born out of a great desire to help the ignorant and godless of our own land. Women were not only going forward to meet their share of the responsibilities of the lost world, but they were rapidly learning wisdom. They were perceiving the tremendous advantages of organization. All these movements were prophetic of the organic innovation coming to the Church in the aptly-named Deaconess Movement.

There was established at Chicago, in 1885, a date which Dr. Abel Stevens says "will hereafter be commemorated as an historical epoch in American Methodism," the first centre in the Methodist Episcopal Church to which women believing themselves called of God for special religious work could gather, and in which they could receive preparation for that work. It soon became also a meeting-place for missionaries, and an institution in which women not intending to enter any mission field might nevertheless study the Bible and social problems. The spontaneity of the movement is strikingly illustrated by the fact that this institution, the Chicago Training School for City, Home, and Foreign Missions, was established, not in connection with any society, but by the personal efforts of a few

individuals. It was, however, promptly recognized by the Annual Conference within whose territory it was established.

Two years later the deaconess work proper of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America had its first informal beginnings in the Chicago Training School. With the preparation and oncoming of companies of women, and the increasingly loud call from the great city in the midst of which the school was located, the result was inevitable. Here was the need, here was the means to meet the need; they could not fail to come together. It was as if God had opened a door and thrust one through it.

The first deaconess institution in American Methodism* was the Chicago Deaconess Home, established in the building of the Chicago Training School, in June, 1887. It received the recognition of the Rock River Annual Conference, in which Chicago is located, a few months later.

Once given ecclesiastical recognition the deaconess movement immediately entered upon a period of development so rapid that it has been difficult to supply it with the necessary workers. In December, 1888, the second home was established, the great Gamble Home—and, later, Hospital—in Cincinnati. The year 1899 was marked by the opening of deaconess homes in New York, Boston, and Minneapolis. Wesley Hospital was organized in Chicago, the first in America under deaconess auspices. It was in this year also that the Woman's Home Missionary Society, at its annual meeting in November, resolved to combine with its growing activities methods of deaconess work. The first home

* The limits of this article do not permit mention of the much smaller work of the Protestant Episcopal and the Lutheran and German Methodist deaconesses in America.

under the auspices of this society was opened in Detroit in January, 1890. At the present time there are about eighty centres* of deaconess work in the United States, including three orphanages and Children's Homes, three Old People's Homes, and seventeen Hospitals. There are, including probationers, about eight hundred women devoting themselves to this work. Including the three hundred Methodist deaconesses of Germany and the sixty in foreign mission fields, for which this kind of work is admirably adapted, there are eleven hundred and sixty deaconesses and probationers in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The most characteristic feature of deaconess work in American Methodism is its spontaneity. Though greatly aided and strengthened by the recognition of the General Conference, it did not originate with that body. The women themselves had inaugurated the work, had mastered the initial difficulties, and had carried on the work almost a year before General Conference recognition. That recognition was, indeed, almost wholly because of the work. The real origin of the work in America was in the mother instinct of woman herself, and in that wider conception of woman's "family duties" that compels her to include in her loving care the great needy world family as well as the blessed little domestic circle. And the development of the work is satisfactory and expansive just in proportion as in its details and responsibilities it is laid directly on the hearts and hands of the deaconesses themselves.

As to the character of the work being done by deaconesses, the two original ideas in America were the

* Reckoning as "centres" places where not less than two deaconesses are at work. About thirty "stations," places at which a single deaconess is at work, are also scattered throughout the country.

religious visitation of the neglected in great cities, and nursing the sick poor in their own homes. But in the rapid development of the movement other work has sought these willing hands. Orphanages, hospitals, settlements, homes for the aged, even literary schools—all sorts of helpful institutions—have been established by deaconesses or have been put into their hands by a confident Church or by philanthropic individuals. Literary enterprises have been undertaken.* About two million dollars' worth of property and endowment is now being used in deaconess work. Land, private houses, school and hospital buildings are seeking deaconess ownership quite as fast as deaconesses can be prepared to take wise possession.

Among our eleven hundred and sixty deaconesses there are nurses, caretakers of children and the aged, matrons, singers, kindergartners, stenographers, financial agents, physicians, teachers in literary schools, editors, evangelists, and superintendents of homes and hospitals. Many women have left lucrative positions to devote themselves to this work. Some are using their own private funds to support themselves in it. There is nothing that a Christian woman can do, and that needs to be undertaken in the Church, which may not be done by the deaconess. She is free to do anything; she is trained to undertake with courage and devotion whatever may be put into her hands. She has no vow of service, but a loving will that is stronger than vows pledges her to move against the mountain of human sorrow and need, with the assurance that it will in God's good time be removed.

By far the most urgent need of the Deaconess Movement at

* A book on Deaconess Work has been written by a deaconess. A monthly periodical, with a circulation of about twenty-five thousand, is sent out by deaconesses.

present is more workers. In the Roman Church of America alone—including Canada—there are to-day more than sixty thousand Sisters of Mercy, a very large majority of whom are actively prosecuting the most practical forms of benevolent work. They educate and care for the youth, of whom they have considerably more than half a million in hand. They nurse the sick and aid in all sorts of reformatory work. They have charge of six hundred and ninety-five houses of mercy—hospitals, homes for the aged, orphanages, industrial schools—and are founding new ones almost every day. Their hospitals alone number one hundred and sixty-seven. Honour to them.

But does the devotion of the women of that Church, where entering a religious order means so often a living entombment, exceed that of the women of our Church in which to enter this office means a life of free and joyous service for Christ? Who does not know that the real work, the telling work, of the Roman Catholic Church in America has been done very largely by its women? It is their devoted service in hospital and yellow fever camp that has not only gained friends and converts to the Church by scores and thousands, but has created an enormous pub-

lic sentiment in its favour, and brought money by the millions of dollars into its treasuries. It is their quiet but unceasing work with the young that gains adherents by the hundreds of thousands.

The women of Methodism, breathed upon by a wind from heaven, are "rising up," "at ease" no longer, and are coming forward to do the same work—nay, a better, purer, more spiritual work for our beloved Church. Nearly eleven hundred volunteers in fourteen years—that is their record. And the number through two quadrenniums has increased at the annual rate of twenty-six per cent. Two hundred and fifty thousand religious calls made last year! Twenty thousand religious meetings held with mothers and children! A score of hospitals established and in hand, wherein were cared for by Methodist deaconesses last year more than ten thousand patients, not to speak of the half as many more poor sick ones given loving Christian ministrations in their own homes. Do we understand the significance of this already great work? Who can realize what it will mean to Protestantism when the Mother shall have been fully established again in her place in the Household of Faith?

LOWLY SERVICE.

Methought that in a solemn church I stood,
 Its marble acres, worn with knees and feet,
 Lay spread from door to door, from street to street.
 Midway the form hung high upon the rood
 Of Him who gave His life to be our good.
 Beyond, priests flitted, bowed and murmured meet
 Among the candles, shining still and sweet;
 Men came and went, and worshipped as they could—
 And still their dust a woman with her broom,
 Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to the door.
 Then saw I, slow through all the pillared gloom,
 Across the church a silent figure come:
 "Daughter," it said, "thou sweepest well My floor."
 "It is the Lord!" I cried, and saw no more.

—George Macdonald.

THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC.

BY THE REV. T. E. COLLING, B.A.



MAN'S mind is something like the central depot of a large town into which run five distinct tracks. Along the five senses are being conveyed, at lightning speed, the sensations which people the mind with images and sway the heart with emotions. Each sense has its own specific stimulus to carry to the brain. Sound always travels by the ear, steadily refusing to go by any other route. Now it thunders along with terrific noise, now it softly steals its way into the secret places of the soul. With sound as noise we have now no concern, but rather with that "concourse of sweet sounds" which we call music, the earliest and the latest of the arts. We say the earliest of the arts, for there was music in the inflections of the earliest human voice, in the moan of the first storm, in the dash of the first waves ever listened to by the ear of man, and before man appeared on the earth at all "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." We say the latest of the arts, for music, as distinguished from the various rude attempts of the past, is only about four hundred years old.

Music in Nature.

Like every other good thing, music is of God. We hear its melody in Nature. Deep in the universe was music buried by the creative hand. Not all the composers under heaven, not all the splendid voices upon earth; could discourse one tone of thrilling beauty, one phrase of mental sweetness, one

chord of awe-inspiring grandeur, unless at the beginning the creative energy that gave its being to all nature had first put the potency of it into the qualities and relations of the air. In glowing language Joseph Parker says :

"God is the author of music. He who orders the winds out of their caves, and makes the ocean roar its hoarse amen, fills the air with birds of varying note, and makes the rills drip music as they fall down mountain heights, and sends the river singing to the sea, there to merge their liquid treble in creation's ancient bass ; He who put rhythm into the flight of birds and into the play of children, and melody into the hearts of lovers ; He who shakes the earth with His thunders, yet swings the globe so gently that He wakes not a babe from its slumber, and disturbs not a bird in its little nest ; He who caused the morning stars to sing together, and promises the new song of Moses and the Lamb ; He who dropped music from the heavens at the advent of the Saviour, and inspires the heart of the universal Church to send it back to Him again ; He whose voice is as the sound of the many waters, and whose presence awakens the song of the one hundred forty and four thousand, and thrills the harps of the innumerable hosts whom no man can number ; He who makes holiness to blossom into happiness, and righteousness to break forth into songs and everlasting joy ; He who turns the shadow of death into the morning, and makes music eternal in the heavens ; He, the Mighty God and Everlasting Father, He is the author of music.

Music in the Human Heart.

If we turn from the world without to the world within we find the same principle planted by the same Divine hand far down in our nature. The deeper thoughts and feelings of our hearts naturally utter themselves in song. Music touches and stirs emotions that

can be awakened in their fulness in no other way. The voice becomes melodious and musical, and language full of haunting rhythm and cadence when we utter our best thoughts and feelings. Speech intensifies into song when a great thought sways the heart and mind; all the national deliverances and religious awakenings of the past have been accompanied by bursts of song.

"Miriam clashed her cymbals to surprise
The sun between her white arms flung
apart,
With new, glad, golden sounds ;"

and

"David's strings
O'erflowed his hand with music from his
heart."

The Origin of Song.

The Russians have a legend to account for the origin of song. They say that in the beginning of the world the god of song came down from the sky and sat on a mountain-top, and all the creatures listened. Every part of creation caught a bit of the music. The woods learned their rustle and the waters their roar. The wind took up the shriller tones, and the birds caught the prelude of the song. But only man grasped it in its fulness and beauty. There is a truth in this legend : man is the greatest musician of all God's created works. The element of sound heard in its uncultivated state in nature has been subjugated and tamed and manipulated by man, and has become the most direct and perfect medium in all nature for the expression of his emotions.

It would be interesting to know how Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," received the first impression which led him to "beat his music out." Was it the twang of his bowstring when out hunting that led him to conceive the stringed instruments? Did the wind sighing through the

broken reeds at his feet suggest the possibilities of the wind instrument? We cannot tell; but the pent-up music of his soul "o'erflowed his hand" and on his harp and organ he produced those strains of melody with which man has for ever since sought to drive away the evil spirit from his fellows.

Music in Heaven.

Not only in nature and in man do we find music deeply imbedded, but all we know about the angels and glorified spirits indicates that music is their language. The glimpses men have had beyond the veil, from Isaiah's vision to John's, are associated with song and harp. The heavenly hosts do not speak when they can help it. Singing is their natural utterance. They stop it for a moment to suit their utterance to our dull ears and then fall back again into song. Music is the only art whose survival beyond the grave is assured. There may be sculpture, and painting, and oratory in heaven, but while revelation makes no mention of these arts, it refers repeatedly to the music of the angels.

The Pure Art.

Being the art employed by angels in the celestial land, can we be surprised that it is the purest of the arts known to men on earth. The sculptor may so shape his clay or his marble statue that it shall suggest evil thoughts. The painter may put upon the canvas the bacchanalian drinking scene and bring all the degradation of human life before the imagination. Even the architect, with the aid of subsidiary arts of decoration, may contrive to injure rather than to uplift mankind. But music can never be made by itself a means of, or a voice of, degradation. It may be mated to words that are degrading, and so be dragged down, but the voice of music itself cannot be

so perverted as to be other than a voice pure and clean and sweet.

The Voice that breathed over Eden.

Music comes into our world as sunlight streams into a room. The room may be full of notes, but the sunlight is still pure. We may, out of the evil imaginations of our base thoughts, fill the pure strains of music that float in the air with notes—aye, with grosser particles—but the music is still independent of them. "The voice of music," it has been well said, "is the voice of the three purest creatures God has made—birds, children, and angels."

A Universal Language.

Music is as universal in its language as it is pure in its spirit. There is no emotion that the heart is capable of which is not voiced by this divine art. Charles Kingsley considered it to be "a language by itself, just as blessed, just as divine."

The returning warrior, flushed with victory, is greeted by the martial strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," while the soldier dead on the field is buried to the throbbing of the muffled drum; alike for vanquished and victorious music is employed to do them honour.

The bride leaves her father's house to the vivacious strains of the wedding march; the dead child is carried out of the same dwelling with the funeral dirge wailing in the mourner's ear.

There are thoughts which cannot be uttered in words which may yet find utterance in music's universal language—mighty tones of the human soul, tones tender, mournful, jubilant, adoring, which can only be expressed in thrilling thunders of stormy music, or in moving cadences of whispered sound. Thomas Carlyle has finely said: "Music is a kind of inarticu-

late, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

In another sense, also, music is a universal language. It is speech which may be uttered and understood by all the races and nations of men, and it would seem also to be the language to which the very animals are responsive. The martial strains of the military band fire the steed with courage as much as the soldier who rides him, and the fallen rider's faithful horse will enter into sympathy with the mournful strains of the Dead March as much as the fellow soldier.

An art so pure and a language so universal may be expected to exert an influence and perform a ministry that is varied and far-reaching in its effect for good.

"Medicated Music."

Music has a gracious ministry to the depressed and despondent. Mrs. Browning touchingly alludes to—

"Antidotes
Of medicated music, answering
Mankind's forlornest uses;"

and Luther speaks of this "power of music over the sick and weary soul as one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts." One's mind naturally reverts to the story of Saul's evil spirit being subdued by the music from David's harp; as Hankinson well says:

"Priests would call
On heaven for aid; but then his brow would
lower
With treble gloom—Peace! Heaven is good
to all;
To all, he sighed, but one—God hears no
prayers for Saul.
At length one spake of music."

It has been a well-known fact in all ages that music exerts a pow-

erful influence over the mind. We have several instances in ancient Greek literature, where this influence is recommended to soothe the passions, or to heal mental disease. Esculapius, the physician, would often restore sick souls with music, and the Pythagoreans used it to dissipate the dullness of mind at first waking in the morning.

In modern times a well-known instance of this strange power over a troubled spirit is that of Philip V. of Spain, who, we are told, was restored from the deepest melancholy and depression by the sweet voice and words of Farinelli.

George III., in his fits of melancholy madness, was deeply sensible of the power of music to create atmospheres of peace and restore something like harmony to the "sweet bells" of the "spirit jangled out of tune."

The number of asylums in which music is systematically used in the treatment of the insane is on the increase, and gratifying results are reported. There can be no doubt that "if judiciously applied to a disorganized mind, music may be as powerful an agent as galvanism in restoring healthy and pleasurable activity in the emotional regions." With what healing and soothing power music comes to men and women feeling the force of life's conflict! It cheats the wilderness of its weariness and makes the daily burden easier to bear. It pours oil upon life's troubled waters and sets rainbows in its clouds. Verily God has created it

"To cheer the soul when tired with human
life
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent
And soften down the rugged road of life."

Music and Memory.

Consider music's power to revive buried good—to bring back

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

In the autobiography of Mark

Rutherford, Mardon, the sceptic, appeared to be dead to all that was said in favour of Christ and Christianity, but when his daughter sang "He was despised," he remembered it was the song his wife, now long years dead, used to sing, and memory, bringing back happier days, opened the fountain of his emotions and helped him to live over again that part of his life which had been Christian. George Herbert's line is true in the life of many who attribute their salvation to music's ministry:

"A song may catch him who a sermon
flies."

In the days of many men's and women's sinful career they have perhaps heard the hymn their mother sang, and as its cadences fell on their ears they have resolved to return to God and good.

"Only a song; but the music,
Though simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
The reckless roving feet."

A man in England embezzled money and ran to the Continent. He was led by his strong love of music to enter a cathedral. While listening to the music he resolved to return home and deliver himself up to justice. The music brought the man to himself, and from that moment he began to win back his self-respect. Music's "open sesame" swings back the doors behind which the treasures of childhood's innocence have long been concealed, and thoughts of holier and happier days lead us again to paths of peace. Music's service to memory not only rebuilds the vanished past, but is also a valuable aid in building the future; this

"Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gate of memory,"

has great educational value, for knowledge is much more readily acquired if music's rhythm and

cadence be employed. The children in China all study aloud. Missionaries tell us there are students in our mission schools who can repeat the entire New Testament from memory, while others perform more wonderful feats in the Chinese classics. The explanation of these remarkable achievements of the memory is that the Chinese child frames a tune, and then turns the New Testament or the classic into a peculiar song. Is it any wonder, then, that Confucius gave music a large place in his system of education and of morals?

We can with ease repeat hymn after hymn, but to recite the Scriptures is a more difficult task, and the explanation is to be found in the fact that in the one case music is our ally, whereas in the other we do not avail ourselves of its power to aid the memory. No wise teacher will neglect music's ministry in the education of the young.

I do not know where music's educational value has been more beautifully expressed than by Shelley :

" I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits
call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present
last
In thought and joys which sleep, but can-
not die
Folded within their own eternity."

Music Within the Home.

If music has a mission in the school, it finds a no less important sphere in the home. It is one of the most restful adjuncts for making the home life delightful. Nothing is more refreshing than a half-hour of song when the work of the day is done. The popular melody, the tender ballad, the sacred song, make a swift and tender appeal to the sentiments of faith, love and loyalty, and send all to rest with a benediction. These home

concerts shape the lives of our sons to finer issues, and our daughters grow sweeter and lovelier under their charm ; their memory, like a golden thread, twines through the coming years, hallowing old scenes and associations as nothing else can do. The memories of hymns that father and mother used to sing are always among the most treasured of mental possessions, cheering us through many lonely years. To many people music in the home is synonymous with a piano in the parlour. A mistaken notion, indeed ! No instrument can equal the human voice. The sound

" Of music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter to the soul than any
strain
The hand alone can make."

Music in the Nation.

Consider also the ministry of music in the nation.

Some great man has said, " Let me make a nation's songs, and I do not then care who makes its laws." The influence of a patriotic song during a national crisis is momentous. The struggle for British supremacy in South Africa has been carried on to the martial strains of " Soldiers of the Queen." Garibaldi's hymn, which raged like a fever throughout Italy during the Revolution, had a similar effect. Under the influence of the *Marseillaise*, the French soldiers trudged on, footsore and weary, knowing all the horror and the pain that was before them, and yet willing to conquer and to die. The feeling of the Northern States of the Union over the tragic death of John Brown found a scholarly and philosophical expression in an oration by Emerson. The oration was soon forgotten, but some unknown poet expressed the Northern sentiment in a song, and a musician set the song to music, to the strains of which the entire Union army

marched through blood and fire to victory.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in
the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

In times of peace, also, music's ministry is of great value to the nation. Who can estimate how much our loyalty and attachment to the British throne was strengthened by the singing of Britons everywhere for over sixty years, "God Save the Queen"? and all that is precious and true in the great Republic of the United States of America is more firmly established because

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

reverberates in waves of patriotic song from one end of the Union to the other.

Music in the Church.

Music finds the most exalted sphere for the exercise of its gracious ministry in the Christian Church. It has been well said that "the Incarnation gave birth to song." The Roman historian, Pliny, describes the primitive Christians as "the people who sing hymns to the praise of Christ." Only as the Spirit of God breathes on the musician's harp can it send forth the harmonies divine.

A Reconciling Bond.

It would seem, too, as though God meant music to minister to the unity of His Church. Through all the painful controversies which have repeatedly rent the Church asunder, music has been retained in common by all contending parties. When Christianity separated into the Greek and Roman Churches, music was retained by both. Similarly, when the Protestant Reformation took place, music remained with the old and went with the new branch, as if to be the reconciling bond.

How well it is exercising this

ministry may be seen from the hymnals used by Catholic and Protestant. The hymns of Faber and Newman are sung in Protestant churches, and Watts and Wesley have contributed to the enrichment of Catholic song. To many minds the readiest path to the reunion of Christendom is that of Christian hymnody.

An Aid to Devotion.

As an aid to devotion, music holds an important place in the Church. Coming to the sanctuary, the Christian finds looming up before him "the infinite Father in His infinite Heaven," a sense of innumerable mercies presses on his heart, and the vision of heaven steals in among the clouds of care that have darkened his mind. Speech is too poor to express his gratitude, adoration, hope and joy; but in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" he pours out his thankful soul to God. The music of God's house is also a medium of confession and prayer. An exquisite tenderness is infused into the most earnest supplication by being wedded to a beautiful melody which becomes, as it were, an alabaster cruse to hold the exceeding precious ointment of our sincere and humble penitence.

There are few who cannot testify to burdens removed, and sorrows healed, and purposes strengthened, by the ministry of music in God's house. Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his sermons, has given his own experience in this regard, which is so much akin to many others that it is well worth repeating :

"How many times have I come to church on Sunday morning jaded and somewhat desponding, saddened at any rate, and before the organ voluntary was completed have undergone a change as great as though I had been taken out of January and been plumped down in the middle of May, with spring blossoms on every hand! How many times have I

been lifted up out of a depressed state of mind into a cheerful mood by the singing before I began to preach! How often, in looking forward to the Friday night meeting, has my prevailing thought been, not of what I was going to say, but of the hymns that would be sung! My prayer-meeting consists, largely, of the singing of hymns which are full of prayings, and my predominant thought in connection with our Friday night gatherings is, 'Oh, that sweet, joyful singing.'

An Evangelizing Power.

As a medium for conveying religious truth or as an evangelizing agency, music is called as never before to put forth her powers. It is no longer fashionable to sneer at "singing the Gospel." Side by side with the preacher now stands the singer, and while around the preacher's pulpit there are those who say

"Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love."

The consecrated singer also hears the call—

"Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life."

What a field there is in the Church for the singer who can render inspired thought into the eloquence of music—for the pure man to pronounce pure words—for the soul to sing as well as the throat and the lips—to sing the world up to heaven's gate." It was said of Luther by Cardinal Categan: "By his songs he has conquered us;" and to-day the flood-tide of error may be rolled back and the rebellious heart subdued by sacred song. With redeeming love for his theme, and a golden harp

"Strung and tuned for endless years
And formed by power divine."

the consecrated musician can go forth on his evangel of love to a sinful world—the lost music will be restored, and he shall behold

"The tides of music's golden sea,
Setting toward eternity."

Manitou, Man.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Yes, trust Him, trust Him now and evermore,
Though dark perplexities distress thee sore.
If thy dim sight fails thee to penetrate
The gloomy shades that on thy life-path wait,—
Within His outstretched hand lay thou thine own,
And fearless walk with Him by faith alone.
And if thy tired feet well-nigh refuse
To bear thee o'er the road which He doth choose,—
Do thou upon His everlasting strength
Thy weakness lean; throughout the journey's length
He will sustain thee. Child, He loves thee well—
More tenderly than language e'er can tell;
And be thou sure that He would never bring
By ways of weariness and suffering,
Save for thy highest good. Couldst thou but see,
In its entirety, His design for thee,
Thou wouldst rejoice to tread this self-same road
From which thou shrinkest now. Oh! trust thy God,
Till, earth's bewilderingments all overpast,
Thou enter to the light of heaven at last.

Toronto.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.



OF one of the truest and most sincere poets that Canada has yet produced, Archibald Lampman, whose death created a gap in our literature which the lapse of time seems rather to have accentuated than healed, Mr William Dean Howells said :

"I can remember no poem of Archibald Lampman's in which I was not sensible of an atmosphere of exquisite refinement, breathing a scent as rare as if it drifted from beds of arbutus or thickets of eglantine, where he led the way. His pure spirit was electrical in every line; he made no picture of the nature he loved in which he did not supply the spectator with the human interest of his own genial presence, and light up the scene with the lamp of his keen and beautiful intelligence. He listened for its breath; its pulse; he peered into its face, and held his ear to its heart, with a devotion none the less impassioned because his report of what he saw and heard was so far from vehemence or straining. Sometimes in his transport with its loveliness he could not help crowding his verse with the facts that were also dear to him; but one knew from its affluence that not a scent, or sound, or sight of the Canadian summer was lost upon his quick sense, and one saw how he could not bear to forbid any in a world finding its way through his music into art for the first time. The stir of leaf, of wing, of foot; the drifting odours of wood and field; the colours of flowers, of skies, of dusty roads and shadowy streams and solitary lakes, all so preciously new, gave his reader the thrill of the intense life of the northern solstice."

And again, in a private letter, he said :

"To me he had greater charm than any poet of this continent since the great ones of New England went."

These are the words of one who is recognized as a sane and impartial, though always kindly, critic, and must inevitably have greater weight than anything a Canadian dare say of a fellow Canadian.



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

To those who knew him personally Lampman was revealed as the ideal poet, clear-hearted, broad-minded, sincere, sympathetic, and eminently lyrical. Without exhibiting an atom of affectation, he yet was always the poet, in his life as well as in his thoughts. His search was ever for the ideal in life and nature. The consolation, the peace that kind Mother Nature has in store for hearts weary of the stress and strain and sordidness of modern life, this was the prevailing note of a great many of his poems. In "The Comfort of the Fields," he asks :

"What wouldst thou have for easement
after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee
with despite,
And care sits' at thine elbow day and
night,
Filehing thy pleasures like a subtle thief?"

And his answer is :

"To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the
chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleas-
ant earth,
To roam in idleness and sober mirth,
Through summer airs and summer lands,
and drain
The comfort of wild fields unto tired eyes."

In one of the last sonnets he wrote, when the grim hand of death was pressing urgently upon his sensitive soul, he summed up his fine philosophy of life in words whose truth and beauty appeal irresistibly to one's sympathies.

Beneath the waves of storm that lash and
burn,
The currents of blind passion that appal,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it
all ;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our
light,
And the great soul the stronger for our
soul ;
To have done this is to have lived, though
fame
Remember us with no familiar name."

In the "Atlantic Monthly," some months ago, appeared a very striking poem in memory of Archibald Lampman. It was entitled, "The Bereavement of the Fields," and the author was one of Lampman's Ottawa friends, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell.

In this poem, which reflects equal honour upon the writer and the subject, Mr. Campbell thus describes the poet :

"Like some rare Pan of those old Grecian
days,
Here in our hours of deeper stress reborn,
Unfortunate thrown upon life's evil ways,
His inward ear heard ever that satyr horn
From Nature's lips reverberate night and
morn,

And fled from men and all their troubled
mazo,
Standing apart, with sad, incurious gaze."

And now he is gone—

"Leaving behind him, like a summer
shower,
A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the
chime
Of gentle and imperishable rhyme."



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell fills a place of his own in Canadian literature. He is more versatile than most of his contemporaries. His work has not much in common with that of Lampman, but the same serious purpose and high ideals animated both, and they were one in their devotion to the land of their birth and to everything worthily connected with it. With Lampman this devotion was ever present in the man, but did not become prominent in his verse. Campbell's poems, on the contrary, are frequently made a vehicle for the expression of his boundless faith in the high destinies of his country, and of the Empire of which it forms a part.

In his first book, "Lake Lyrics," Mr. Campbell sang the splendours of the Great Lakes, piling picture

review of "The Mother," called it "the nearest approach to a great poem which has cropped out in current literature for many a long day."

As an example of the wide range of Mr. Campbell's lyrical taste and achievement may be quoted the charming little poem, "Love":

"Love came at dawn when all the world
was fair,

When crimson glories, bloom, and song
were rife;

Love came at dawn when hope's wings
fanned the air,

And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and
slumber pressed;

Love came at eve, shut out the sinking
sun,

And whispered, "I am rest."

"The Vengeance of Sake" exhibits still another phase of his work. It is the passionate story of an Indian girl's jealousy and savage revenge, and it is told with the same intense passion and impetuous energy which belong to the work of the Indian singer, Miss Pauline Johnson.

Miss Johnson, by the way, tells of a conversation which she had a year or two ago, in London, with Mr. Theodore Watts, of the Athenaeum, in which the veteran critic is reported to have said, in reference to Canadian poets and poetry: "Ah! your grand young literature of Canada. The world will stand still and listen to you some day. Campbell, Lampman, Roberts, these names will get their dues before many years."

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's last published book of verse, "Labour and the Angel," contains some really excellent stuff. It is a small collection, thirty-eight poems in all, ranging in style from "Labour and the Angel," which is a fine piece of narrative in blank verse, to delicate song-quatrains. While in vividness and beauty these poems equal anything that Mr. Scott had pre-

viously produced, there will be found in them a certain maturity and vigour that is perhaps not so noticeable in his first book of verse.

"The Harvest," an ambitious word-picture in blank verse, is the finest thing in the book. Unfortunately the poem does not lend itself to quotation, except on a scale that is impossible here. Here, however, are a fragment or two from the title poem, which are fairly characteristic of Mr. Scott's matter and manner:

"And oh! in the cages and dens
Where women work down to the bone,
Where men never laugh but they curse,
Think you she leaves them alone?"

The poet is thinking of the angel that watches over Labour. He has already finely pictured the angel as a fair girl leading a blind man through sodden fields, the while he gathers his pitiful harvest of roots.

"There, where the pressure is worst,
Of this hell-palace built to the skies
Upon hearts too crushed down to burst,
There, she is wiser than wise. . .
She offers no Tantalus-cup
To the shrunken, the desperate lips;
But she calms them with lethe and love,
And deadens the throb and the pain. . .

One stanza might be added, to illustrate another side of the poet's character. It is from "The Canadian Home-Song":

"Oh, land of the dusky balsam,
And the darling maple-tree,
Where the cedar buds and berries,
And the pine grows strong and free!
My heart is weary and weary
For my own country."

"Northland Lyrics" is the work of three young Canadian singers, a sister and two brothers, all of the Roberts family. In the poems contained in this book is found that peculiarly fresh and inspiring note which distinguishes the work of so many of the younger Canadian poets, and has given them, as a group, a position of some value in the world of letters. There is, at

the same time, distinguishable in these poems distinctive qualities belonging to each of the three contributors. Mrs. McDonald's verses are marked with much tenderness, sympathy and sweetness; and through them runs as well a subtle note of sadness. William Carman Roberts more nearly resembles Lampman than any other of his contemporaries, though he lacks, as yet, the depth and maturity of the elder writer. His verse contains much of the delicate musical quality of Lampman's lines. There is also a picturesqueness about it



FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

which becomes very attractive. Theodore Roberts is perhaps more widely known than either his brother or sister. He had already done a good deal of work for the magazines before the advent of this book. His voice is stronger, more masculine, more assertive than his brother's, and his poems are less musical and sensuous than those of his sister. Mrs. McDonald's "The Wind-Cry" is, I think, one of the best things in "Northland Lyrics." It is characteristic of her best style.

"O weary wind, be still, be still;
Such bitter woe is in thy cry;
All the lost dreams of all the world
On thy dark wings go by.

"Thou voice of heart-ache, let me rest!
Lo, thou hast gathered up the tears,
The sobs and manifold despairs,
Of earth's unnumbered years.

"Art thou the voice of Nature's pain—
Or bearest thou, with dawning day,
The message of a lonely heart
Too many leagues away?"

The Reverend Frederick George Scott's new book, "Poems Old and New," contains at least some verses of more than average merit. His work as a whole reveals imagination, strength, and delicacy of touch. His sonnets are exceptionally good, nothing better having been written in Canada except those of Lampman and of that strange, sombre figure of a past generation, the dramatic poet, Charles Heavyside. Mr. Scott's longer poems, "Samson," "Thor," "The Frenzy of Prometheus," etc., show his dramatic insight, his grasp of strong situations and broad scenery, combined with a considerable command of lyrical expression.

There is an almost fearful impressiveness about this picture of Samson in his dungeon cell:

"Plunged in night, I sit alone
Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy, and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

"Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet;
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed."

In his utter dejection he cries:

"God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do Thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearst Thou the clanking chains? . . .

"Give me back for one blind hour
Half my former rage and power? . . .

"Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint."

It is a far cry from the restrained passion of this poem to the delicacy and pathetic sweetness of "At Nightfall":

"O little hands, long vanished in the night—
Sweet fairy hands that were my treasure here,
My heart is full of music from some sphere
Where ye make melody for God's delight.
Though autumn clouds obscure the starry height,
And winds are noisy, and the land is drear,
In this blank room I feel my lost love near,
And hear you playing,—hands so small and white."

Mr. Scott has lately published in an English paper a remarkable poem entitled, "The Burden of Time," one of the best things he has written, an altogether finely conceived and finely wrought-out poem.

Miss Agnes Maule Machar's "Lays of the True North," is divided into several distinct sections. The first, which gives its title to the book, consists of a group of patriotic and Canadian historical poems, dealing with such familiar poems as "Laura Secord," "Daulac," "The Passing of Glooscap," "Acadie," "A Prayer for Dominion Day," "A Song for Canada," "The Canadian Fatherland," etc. In the second section a number of nature poems are collected under the general title "Canadian Wood-notes." The third section contains poems touching more intimately the springs of human thought and action, gathered under the heading, "Echoes of Life and Thought." Here are several poems addressed to Miss Machar's old friend, John Greenleaf Whittier, written, of course, a good many years ago. The fourth division is made up of "Ballads of Love and Labour," and the fifth consists of a number of fairly good sonnets. The final section contains a long and not very remarkable dramatic poem, "The Winged Victory."

Miss Machar's poetry belongs, both in style and matter, less to the present than to a past generation. In its strong religious tone, as well, perhaps, as in an occasional tendency to become didactic, her work bears a resemblance to that of Whittier, though it lacks some of the qualities which lifted his verse far above the average didactic poem.

In "Our Canadian Fatherland," Miss Machar has well expressed that bracing spirit of patriotism which all true Canadians feel for the picturesque land of their birth.

"Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war,
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens now our growing life,
No line keep hand from clasping hand—
One is our young Canadian land."

There is a curiously sad and pathetic strain in the poems of Mr. John Frederic Herbin, contained in his last volume, "The Marshlands and the Trail of the Tide." Mr. Herbin's home is in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, within a mile or two of Grand Pre, the reputed home of Evangeline; and he claims to be "the only descendant of the exiled people now living in the land of his forefathers."

In "The Returned Acadian," he gives expression to a grief which, despite the fact that the subject of it dates back to the last century, is quite evidently sincere.

"The dykes wave with the grass, but not
for me;
The oxen stir not while this stranger
calls;
Where speech is strange and a new people
free.
No voice cries out in welcome; for these
halls
Give food and shelter where I may not
bide."

One of the sweetest of his sonnets—in nearly all of which there is found a haunting melody and romantic quality which is very charming—is on "Evangeline":

"Thou art the poem of that deathless fate,
Still told in every year of rustling hay
That greens the meadows, where thy feet
have stood.
When tides come early, or are lingering
late,
For ever will thy face be o'er Grand-Pré."

Many of his poems have a fine swing, a lilting music, which reminds one of the sea ballads of Bliss Carman. Here are a couple of stanzas :

"My sires were sons of the sea,
Where the waters were twin with the earth,
And they strove with the tides to be free
With the strength that they learned ere their birth.

"We have lived in the sign of the sea ;
We have loved, we have wept, we have died ;
In the marshal of shoulder and knee,
Is our life in the trail of the tide."



BLISS CARMAN.

Mr. Bliss Carman's poetry is nearly always pure and highly polished, but it is something more than this or it would not possess the value that it does. Mr. Carman is a Bohemian by nature, and there is a devil-may-care swing about some of his verses, especially those in the "Vagabondia" books,

which appeals to the savage in us. Yet there is in other of his poems an earnestness, a depth of feeling, a message, which puts his absolute achievement upon a much higher level than belongs to his Bohemian ballads. His artistic taste leads him to bring out his poems in small and beautiful volumes, and his last book, "A Winter Holiday,"* is by all odds the smallest and daintiest of any that travel under his name.

Mr. Carman is a master in the art of word-building. The faculty for constructing phrases which live, so markedly a quality of Lampman's, belongs also to Mr. Carman. In the very first poem, in his last book, one comes across such lines as these :

"The blue sea creaming on the shore,"

or this fine description of the surf :

"God's tattoo
Upon the round drum of the world."

Here again is the poet's definition of art :

"Art is a rubric for the soul,
Man's comment on the book of earth,
The spellborn human summary
Which gives that common volume worth."

Occasionally his gift for phrasing leads him to the creation of rather too daring expressions. The idea conveyed, for instance, in "one bobolincolned June" is too far-fetched even for the elastic bounds of poetic license. But we may turn to something much more satisfactory in such a poem as "Bahaman." Here are a few lines in which we may discover somewhat of the poet's outlook upon life :

"Never yet was painter, poet, born content with things that are,—
Must divine from every beauty other beauties greater far,
Till the arc of truth be circled, and her lantern blaze, a star."

One of the finest of Mr. Carman's poems is his threnody for Robert

* Since the above was written Mr. Carman has published some additional verse, of a different quality, in "Last Songs of Vagabondia."

And if Love build on rosy cloud—
To Love these are the solid land.

“O, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearl roof will rear,—
On cloud or land, or mist or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere.”

Here, again, is a fragment of fine figurative description :

“The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
His useless wampum, beaded with cool
dews,
Far from him northward. . . .
His wigwam of green leaves began to
shake ;
The crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like
squaws ;
The small ponds pouted up their silver
lips.
The pulseless forest . . . through its
dream
Brown rivers of deep waters sunless stole ;
Small creeks sprang from its mosses, and
amaz'd,
Slipped on soft feet, swift stealing through
the gloom,
Eager for light and for the frolic winds.”

And here is another passage, revealing the poet in an entirely different vein :

“Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all.
Dark matrix she, from which the human
soul
Has its last birth ; whence, with its misty
thews,
Close-knitted in her blackness, issues out,
Strong for immortal toil up such great
heights
As crown o'er crown rise through Eternity.
Without the loud, deep clamour of her
wail,
The iron of her hands, the biting brine
Of her black tears, the Soul but lightly
built
Of indeterminate spirit like a mist
Would lapse to Chaos in soft, gilded
dreams,
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun.”

These three selections are taken from the same poem, and if this article were not already far beyond the bounds of prudence, they

might easily be supplemented by scores of passages, illustrating the versatility, strength and maturity of this young singer's mind, and the rare music and distinction of her lines ; the passionate intensity of some of her poems, and the sweetness and fairy lightness of others. To me it is beyond question that Isabella Valancy Crawford more nearly approached the rank of genius than any other poet to whom Canada has yet given birth. Yet her poetry is absolutely unknown to all but a few curious readers in her own country. Only one of the Canadian poets who were her contemporaries recognized the high quality of her work—Mrs. Harrison, of Toronto, in whose book of lyrics, “Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lys,” is a generous and beautiful elegy to her memory.

It is difficult to do anything like justice to such a wide subject as I have attempted in this article, by means of a few brief and disjointed extracts, taken from the last published books of the poets in question. Yet I have endeavoured to show, and I hope with some slight measure of success, that our Canadian poets reveal in their work, both individually and as a group, such essential qualities as sincerity, seriousness, and freshness, with at least some measure of lyrical melody and charm. While such qualities as these are found in contemporary work, we may hopefully look forward to the advent of greater poets worthy to crown the battlements of that intellectual temple of which our living and past poets form the by no means contemptible superstructure.

His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

—Wordsworth.

THE CANON'S CHRISTMAS.*

BY KATE ANDERSON.

“ES, Sarah, we must think of the girls. Nell has taken our trouble too much, to heart, and seeing young Welby is up west, we must have a little Christmas gaiety on the child's account.”

“It seems,” said the Canon's wife, after a little pause, “that Mr. Welby proposed to her last summer when she was down east.”

“Yes?”

“And she told him that until Jim was either restored to us, or—or—the mother's voice broke—“we heard he was—dead—that only then could she listen to him, but in the meantime, if he cared enough to wait, he might consider himself under, I suppose, a sort of probation, while she did not want him to feel under any bonds.”

The Canon smiled sadly. “Very like a romantic and devoted young girl's idea. I wonder what practical result does she imagine this pathetic little bit of tragedy will accomplish. I suppose the poor child feels in some vague way it would be heartless of her to let herself be happy while her brother—” Canon Mcsely did not finish his sentence.

“Do you think they really care for each other?” he added.

“I do indeed believe it to be a genuine attachment. It seems young Welby has vowed to use his best endeavours to find Jim, if it takes him twenty years.”

The Canon's fine blue eyes softened. “Well,” he said, “young Welby's heart's in the right place, though I must confess he shows himself up to be an awful ass at times. On several occasions I have really lost all patience with him.”

“Oh, well, he is very young, and will get over these things. Youth is always prone to run to extremes.”

“Well, you and Nell make out a list of the people you want. I shall

write myself to young Ridout and ask him to remain a few days. By the way, my dear, there's a young man for your life!”

“We'll be glad to make his acquaintance. For pity's sake, Percy, don't go down town in that hat. I shall certainly burn it. Here's your other one.”

“And, papa,” called a voice from the head of the stairs, “don't, don't forget the potatoes for dinner. If you call on your way down they can send them up in time. And see”—rushing down-stairs—“let me tie this string around your finger so you can't forget.”

“How can I see it through these thick gloves, Nell?” asked her father plaintively.

“Why, I'll fix it tight, so it will pinch you, dad—then you'll feel it.”

The Canon pinched her ear and sidled out the hall door.

The Rev. Ralph Edgar Ridout, B.A., B.D., was in his shirt-sleeves, breaking open with a stout hatchet a huge packing-case which had arrived that afternoon from the east. Finally the last board was yanked off, displaying a tempting layer of current literature. The Rev. Ralph began lifting them eagerly—“Christmas numbers of The Globe, Saturday Night, Mail and Empire, Cosmopolitan Review, Harper's, Century—and, oh—back numbers of heaps of others. That's Winnie's work, I'll bet.”

A bulky package came next. The cords were quickly snapped, and a magnificent bearskin great-coat fell out of its folds. Ralph snatched the card which fell to the floor, “A Christmas present to dear Ralph, from father and mother.”

The young fellow's face worked. At last he dropped on his knees and buried his face in the soft, thick fur, while blessed emotions surged through his being, passionate, loving thoughts of the dear home so far away, of sisters and brothers, of the saintly father and tender mother thinking of their boy.

A slight movement from behind caused him to lift his head and turn.

“Here, come back, Brown,” he called to the young man who was turning away. “What's the matter?”

* This admirable story reached us too late for our Christmas number. We thought of filing it for next Christmas, but deemed it too good to keep so long and therefore print it now as a sort of echo of Christmas.—ED.

"I thought you were at your devotions, parson. They told me I'd find you here, but I'd concluded not to disturb you just yet."

"Well, perhaps it was a sort of devotion. In fact, my dear fellow, I was just flabbergasted, and had therefore flopped. Look here!"

The youngster—he was little more than a boy—uttered a cry of admiration.

"Here, on with it, old man, and step out. Say, it's a corker, and no mistake! Come by it honestly?"

Young Ridout delivered the youth "one in the ribs" with a well-trained fist, and a lively scuffle ensued.

"Here, youngster," he cried at last, "let up, and let's finish disembowelling this creature. Hello, what's this?"

Two carefully packed and well-preserved mince pies came to light.

"Just one apiece," cried Ralph.

It was well those young men's mothers were not by to be scandalized by the dire sight of each youth devouring a whole pie in almost less time that it takes to tell it.

Thus refreshed, they proceeded briskly with the unpacking. A large plum cake, a great pile of apples, pears and oranges, bottles of jam and pickles, raisins, nuts, and candy—a number of toys, pictures, gift-books, and useful garments—a well-filled medicine case.

"Hurrah!" cried Ralph, "what a Christmas we'll give at the mission! Don't you see Pudgy Williamson's eyes bulging already? And there's a dolly for every Doukhobor baby in the Triangle Settlement."

There were other things in the packing-case—dainty calendars, exquisitely worked trifles of all descriptions for a young man's room, a handsome pair of slippers, a gay lounging robe, a packet of the newest books.

All these Ralph laid aside to gloat over in private. and mayhap let fall a manly tear, as his homesick heart conjured up loving memories of the dear home fingers which wrought all this for him.

The younger man had picked up a card, and with wistful eyes read, "To Darling Ralph, from his loving sister, Vic."

Ralph stole a look at him.

"Yes," he decided, "now is the time," and raising a little prayer for divine guidance, he spoke, laying his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder:

"Brown, my dear boy, you know I have never tried to pry into your reserve, but it may be—there is a dear home, a loving sister, a grieving father, a heart-broken mother, watching and waiting for their boy to-night. If so, go home, and by so doing give them such a Christmas as will stand out as the most blessed day in all your calendars."

Great, dry sobs shook the youth's slight frame.

"You are right, parson, it's all true. But I can't, I can't. I'm not fit yet. But I will, I will, only not yet."

"Brown, you know it's nothing but your miserable pride holds you back. You don't want to go home on the Prodigal Son ticket, eh?"

"That's it, Mr. Ridout, that's the word."

"Oh, indeed. So to gratify your worthy and lofty ambition of waiting to return sporting a fine coat on your back, and jingling a little money in your pocket, you would have the home folk eating their hearts out in the meantime. Thank God, my dear boy, you have found and are holding the Pearl of great price, which is a passport, I'll be bound, into your earthly as well as your heavenly home. What matter about the externals?"

"Stop, stop!" cried the young man. "Don't I know all you say? Haven't I fought it all out with myself, times without number? I know it's my contemptible pride, but I confess it masters me. It's no use, parson, I'll have some fights on that score with the devil yet."

Ralph saw it would be unwise to say more.

"Oh, by the way!" exclaimed Brown; "I forgot what I came for. I brought your mail up from the ranch."

Ralph fell upon the letters.

"Oh, I say, old chap!" he cried some minutes later, "here's an invite for me to spend Christmas in town, and I declare, I'd like nothing better than to go. I wonder if it could be managed? Let's see, Christmas Day falls on Tuesday. I'd have to start Monday, and I could be back in time for Wednesday night meeting. You might try to get the boys together Sunday afternoon, and we'll have a Christmas talk, and if you'll see to the distribution of the children's treat, I'll count it as an immense favour. And, oh, I say, you might share up with the Rev. Fraser, and he'll give you a hand. I heard he got disappointed

in the box they were looking for. I'll see him to-night."

Young Ridout's face glowed with pleasure. He had had a lonely six months' roughing it since the last Conference, and the prospect of a little change among his social equals gave him more pleasure than he would have cared to own.

"I'll do all I can—wish I could do more for you, parson. You'll have a jolly time?" rather wistfully.

"You bet. No end of pretty girls, I expect—old boy has two daughters, he told me. But you don't know where I'm off to, eh? Well, it's to Canon Musely's, rector of All Saint's, you know, in R—. Uncommonly decent old chap—a real Irish gentleman, and one of the most downright pious souls I ever met. Made his acquaintance last summer when he was out here assisting at laying the cornerstone up at Christ Mission. He strained his horse, and I was enabled to lend him mine, and add to his comfort in other small ways during his stay in this district, and—Why Brown, are you ill? What's the matter. Here, let me get you something."

But the other, muttering with white lips something about having to ride to the blacksmith's before dusk, made a hasty exit, and leaped to his saddle.

Mr. Ridout stared after him. "It's the pie, I guess. Should have remembered that, unlike me, the boy may not have the stomach of an ostrich."

Mr. Ridout regarded Brown, as the young fellow called himself, as a special protege. About three months before, while holding a series of special meetings at Addison's Ranch, his attention had been attracted one night to an ill, shivering, unhappy-looking youth, cowering in the corner. When the meeting was over he hastened to speak to him, and drew from the lad a broken assurance that his heart had been touched and awakened by the minister's earnest and loving words. Mr. Ridout took him home to his own homely lodgings, and fed and warmed him, at last drawing forth a pitiful story of folly and waywardness, of subsequent flight from home, of the eating of husks—the old, old story.

The two knelt together, and the minister prayed, while great sobs of penitence racked the boy's frame.

"Pray, pray yourself," he pleaded at last. "Jesus stands waiting. His

ears are ever open to the penitent's prayer."

"I can't. I can find no words."

"Let me help you, dear boy."

"Pray again yourself, parson, then perhaps I can."

"Almighty and grac—" began the minister.

"Almighty and most merciful Father," echoed the lad.

Mr. Ridout paused, and the boy continued as if prompted:

"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the desires and devices of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. . . . and there is no health in us."

His voice broke, but he continued in firmer tones, "But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable—miserable offenders—"

A flash of some far-off memory came to the Methodist minister's aid, and he continued, with his hand on the penitent's bowed head:

"Spare Thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore Thou them that are penitent, according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord."

The boy continued, in ringing tones: "That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life. . . . Amen!"

They knelt for a time in silence, and then the minister prayed again:

"Lord Jesus, Thou hast heard this confession. Accept this true penitence, and fulfil now—this moment—Thy promises which we do believe. Amen!"

And this was the story of Brown's conversion.

Mr. Ridout found him work with Joe Addison, foreman of the ranch, and assumed a special surveillance over him. It took him but a short time to guess, despite the young fellow's extreme reticence—almost hauteur—that he had a good education and the manner and instincts of one born of gentle parentage.

Despite Brown's youth, and humble position, his dignity, and a certain stand-offishness, kept the rougher element of the ranch at arm's-length, while there were none who tried taking undue liberties with the "preacher's baby."

However, even in the short time Mr. Ridout had been out west, he had become used to meeting all sorts and conditions of men. He knew that

"Whiskey Bill," the greatest sot in camp, was the third son of a Scottish earl; that the mild-mannered, rather asinine little Alf Hewlett, trying to see what life in a Northwest ranch was like, was an Oriel "first," and the only son of a great and titled English statesman. And such incidents could be duplicated over and over by his colleagues.

The next Monday, as Ralph Ridout was bustling about preparing for his forty-nine-mile trip across the prairie, he received a call from young Brown, who was arrayed in a brand-new suit of "store clothes."

"Hello! blown in your bank account?" breezily inquired his friend. Brown grinned rather sheepishly. "Thought I'd make myself a Christmas present," he mumbled.

He hung around while Ralph struggled with his collar-button, and arrayed himself in his swellest garments, and then followed him to the stable and assisted him to hitch Nellie up to the trim sleigh which the ranchers had presented to their well-loved pastor.

Ralph could not help but feel there was something wistful, almost dog-like, in the glances and occasional remarks with which Brown favoured him.

"I say, Brown," he said, kindly, "I wish you were coming with me. I declare, I'd cheek it and take you along if I were going among my own friends; but, you see, I've never met Mrs. Mosely or any of the family—even the Canon is in reality but the acquaintance of a few days."

The young fellow stiffened visibly.

"Certainly such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment. What do you take me for?"

But somehow Ralph could not but feel uncomfortable, as he stepped into his cutter.

"Good-bye, old fellow. Merry Christmas, and God bless you," reaching out his hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Ridout, and—wait an instant. I've heard about this Canon Mosely, and I believe he is quite a connoisseur in these things. Would you mind showing him this? You won't forget?—and—er—getting his opinion?" and the young man tendered a little gold Roman coin, and went on hurriedly: "Have had it a long time—could never part with it through all my ill-luck—it was given me when I was a kid by—by some one who loved me then."

"I'll take right good care of it, old chap, and find out what I can about its worth and rarity. Good-bye again, and take care of yourself."

He reached R— by the close of the short northern daylight, and found a hearty welcome and nice supper awaiting him.

The young fellow was charmed to find himself renewing acquaintance with silver spoons and pretty china; to hear again the soft tones and sweet laughter of pretty girls; to feast his appreciative eyes on the graceful Miss Mosely, and her no less charming mother, while he thought fifteen-year-old Polly too utterly fetching. "Most as impudent, too, as sister Vic," he concluded, while his susceptible heart fell an immediate prey to the wiles of Nell's chum, a Miss Worcester, from Ottawa. Poor Ralph was always falling desperately in love with pretty girls. He once confided to his mother that it was a mercy they never seemed to find it out, and his mother regarded her young hopeful with a mother's adorably conceited and tender smile.

While mirth and conversation were in full swing, the door opened, and a tall, very slight, clean-shaven young clergyman, attired in the extreme as to every detail of Anglican garb, entered. He was warmly greeted by the little company, and on being introduced to Ralph at once recalled him as an old boyhood's schoolmate in Toronto. Having found a seat near Nell, and having refused the Canon's hospitable offer of a snack of cold roast, with a pained yet forbearing glance of reproach, he soon drifted into a desultory but persistent discussion on high church themes, in which he was not greatly helped out by Canon Mosely.

Ralph, who was blissfully employed in making himself agreeable to the ladies, did not pay much attention to the conversation, and it was not until the pleasant evening had worn well on that it began to filter through his somewhat otherwise engaged faculties that he, Ralph Ridout, eldest son of the Honourable Peter Ridout, K.C., and M.P., was—yes—was being, if not exactly snubbed, patronized by the Welby youth.

Ralph was hugely amused. He knew young Welby's people well. Welby's grandparents were poor in a worldly sense, but thoroughly respectable and respected, plain, old-fashioned, God-fearing Methodists. Many

a time had Ralph listened to the old saint's homely worded but sweet and stirring testimony in fellowship meeting. Arthur's mother, a pretty widowed daughter, and her boy, lived with the old couple. When young Arthur, a harmless, ordinary sort of boy, was about fourteen, his mother married again, making a brilliant match, so far as money went, as her new husband was rich and greatly devoted to her, though he had no social standing and no particular religious creed.

But the astute and ambitious wife soon mended all that. Her undoubted beauty, and a certain attraction and style stood her in good stead. She united herself with the most fashionable Anglican church in the city, cajoled her doting husband into doing likewise, and promptly despatched Arthur to Port Hope, where, under the wholesome and pious influence of a favourite tutor, his naturally goodish and thoughtful character led him to choose the priesthood as his calling.

But Ralph, with that quickness of judgment common to youth, set young Welby down as vain and shoddy, not to say downright vulgar. "But then," mused Ralph, somewhat uncharitably, "what else could you expect from his bringing up?"

It was not till the afternoon of the next day, while sitting with the rector in his study, looking over his collections of coins and curiosities, that he remembered Brown's commission.

"Oh, by the way, Canon!" he exclaimed, "a young fellow out my way, in whom I am much interested, gave me this, for me to find out its value," tendering the little gold coin.

The Canon took it and examined it, at first carelessly, while Ralph continued his scrutiny of some Flemish copper pieces. Presently he glanced at the old man, and was startled by the change in his usually ruddy features.

"My boy," spoke the old man, softly, "where did you get this? Stop! just one word—is he alive?"

Like a lightning flash the truth came to Ralph.

"Yes, yes, thank God," he cried, catching the old rector's hands; "alive and well in soul and body."

The Canon groped around and found his hat.

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To fetch my boy."

Ralph saw the dear old man was

dazed, and was hastening to call some one when the minister stopped him.

"I'm all in a muddle of great joy, Mr. Ridout, but wait, don't call any one. Can't we get him here, and surprise his dear mother? Ah, thank God, what a Christmas for her!"

Ralph was by this time metaphorically kicking himself across the continent as his mind recalled the events of the past week, and he unjustly credited himself with a most stupendous idiocy.

"In time, you know," pursued the Canon, gazing at Ralph with gentle, appealing blue eyes, "for our boy to eat his Christmas dinner with us."

Ralph groaned. Why, oh, why, he furiously asked himself, had he neglected until now his errand, such a pathetic, wistful little ruse to find out if there were really still left a home and a welcome for the poor, homesick, yearning lad's erring feet.

And forty miles lay between him and poor Jim Mosely, eating his heart out this Christmas Day.

It was now after three o'clock. Ralph calculated rapidly—there were no railroads, no telegraphs to the mission; with fleet horses and a change at the Triangle, they might have Jim back before midnight.

The Canon's gentle voice again broke on his reverie:

"His mother—wasn't it strange? she jellied the cranberries, though all of us but Jim like them best in jam."

A great sob rose in Ralph's throat.

"Oh!" he cried. "Let us pray."

"Why, to be sure," echoed the Canon, "Let us pray."

So he took off his hat and they both knelt down, and a prayer ascended to the Giver of all good gifts which reached right to the throne.

"Have you a saddle?" asked Ralph, when they arose. "I'll reach the ranch before eight, and, please God, you'll have your boy back on Christmas yet."

They were both on their way to the stable, when the maid came running after them.

"O, Mr. Mosely, sir; O, sir!" she gasped.

"What is it, Lizzie; what's the matter, my girl?"

"O, sir, you—you have company—I just let 'em in—"

"Well, call Mrs. Mosely. I am in a particular hurry, and can't see any one just now."

"You must come yourself, sir," per-

sisted the girl, doggedly; "I ain't goin' to let Mrs. Mosely in."

A suspicion struck Ralph.

"We'd better turn back, Canon."

"Let me go first, Mr. Ridout. Me-thinks our prayer is answered."

There were three people standing by the wood fire in the front parlour. The Canon walked straight to the slim, shrinking boyish figure, half-concealed in the shadow.

"Jim," he cried; "my darling boy—my only son—come to your father's arms!"

The old couple withdrew to the hall.

"Stop, good people! Don't go—er—call somebody. Ah, here's Polly, the very one."

Polly's shriek of joy as she made a dash for Jim, aroused the busy people in the kitchen.

"Father," gasped Jim, who was being throttled by Polly, "don't let them go, Mr. and Mrs. Addison. They brought me home."

An elegant young clergyman emerged into the hallway.

"Upon my soul! Grandfather and grandma, as I live! Where did you drop from? Did you come to see me? And what's the row in the parlour?"

Mrs. Addison kissed her grandson with a resounding smack.

"Praise the Lord, Arty dear, it's all His own doin's'."

"Hallelujah, that it is!" put in the old gentleman.

"Come in, come in," cried Arthur; "here, there's a fire in the study. Granny, let me undo that for you."

"What on earth is the row in the parlour!" cried Arthur again, starting to his feet as there came to his ears queer sounds, like sobs and laughter mingling, and Mrs. Mosely's voice crying, "Mother's baby—mother's boy—O Jim, Jim!"

"Praise the Lord," remarked Grandpa Addison, blowing his nose with fervour.

"Now, Arty, dear, sit down," urged his grandmother; "you're not wanted in there."

"Come, now, granny, tell a fellow something," wheedled "Arty."

"There's not such a long story to tell, my dear boy. About a fortnight ago your grandpa and I got to talking about your Uncle Joe. Well, the long and short of it was, we got homesick to see the boy and the new granddaughter, so we made up our minds all of a suddint to start out and surprise 'em for Christmas,

an' see for ourselves what a winter out here was like.

"Well, we got there along about noon yesterday, and found 'em all fust-rate, and tickled to death to see their old pa and ma. And the new baby, jest such a cherub as your ma was at her age.

"Well, you know your old granny was always great for nosin' about into other folks' business"—(Arthur smiled affectionately, and squeezed the old lady's hand)—"and almost fust thing my old eyes lit on wuz to note how their hired boy didn't seem in no Christmas humour. 'Peared like I was called of the Lord to speak a word in season, so this mornin' I see him start off to the barn with a fling, an' there bein' no one about at that moment, I jest put my hand on his shoulder, like, and spoke a kindly word. An' the poor lad all broke down in an instant, an' I jest put my two arms right round his neck, like I should round yours, Arty, an' pretty soon he was sobbin' such a pitiful story of homesickness, an' pride, an' anguish, as made me bawl right along with him. An' he told me who his pa an' ma was, an' I knowed at wunct he was the brother of that pretty young lady you come up West to see—there, there, Arty, young folks will be young folks—so your grandpa and I packs him in between us in Joe's sleigh, and here we be."

"Hallelujah, here we be!" cried grandpa, glad to get a word in edgewise.

"I say, come in here, old fellow," called Arthur to Ralph, who was wandering around alone, looking left out and disconsolate in the cold hallway.

Just then the Canon and his wife, with their boy between them, and the two girls in tow, entered the little study, and ensued such greetings and tears, and raptures and thanksgivings as makes me long for a pen of a Dickens, that I might tell it all to you.

At last the Canon said, "Friends, let us thank Almighty God for this happy day. Will Brother Addison pray?"

So the old saint sent up a prayer that Christmas Day that in homely and touching eloquence bespoke the overwhelming gratitude of these bursting hearts.

After which they all repaired to the dining-room and partook of the Christmas dinner of their lives.

DUST THAT SHINES.

BY OUBLÉE.

CHAPTER I.

"IN THE SLASHIN'."



WEATHER-BEATEN, unpainted house, it stood there on a sandy knoll, over-looking McCarty's saw-mills and "the slashin'." A small roof to shelter three generations, but such had been its mission up to the present hour.

You stepped over the threshold into no stately hall, but even the antiquated little "parlour" was forgotten as you looked round the picturesque little cobbler-shop. The rich glory of the West streamed through the narrow panes in a ruddy flood upon the scene—the old Grandfather Bernard, bending over his work behind the bench, his long, white beard almost touching the shoe on his knee. The big Bible, the last week's paper, and the old man's "specs" lay on one end of the bench, on the other a pile of half-worn shoes. The flames leaped cheerily in the little box-stove (for it was a crisp October afternoon), and the cat slept in the mar-let-basket. But your attention went back to the patriarchal old man. His brow looked calm—wonderfully calm—but a tear stole from the drooping lashes, and his lips muttered something.

"A clever head! A clever head! Yes, that's the trouble with 'em all, too clever for McCarty's Mills!"

And he paused in his work to look upon the piles of timber, the great heaps of logs, and the mill hands toiling away in "the slashin'."

"Yes, the lass's too clever for McCarty's Mills. It comes from the Forster side, her writin'. It didn't run in the Bernard blood; they were hard-handed toilers all. But the Lord's with her, bless His name."

"Under His wings," he murmured, as he worked.

But he paused again with a sadder look.

"Let's see, there's Fred that's gone to sea, and Arthur that's in Australia," and he began counting on his fingers, "and Elliot, that was killed

in the Philippines, and poor Bessie by her mother in the churchyard. There's only Hannah and me left, now that Reba, lass, has gone."

Then he turned to his work again, and there was only the hammer's tap! tap! tap! on Alick McCarty's shoe-heel.

Meanwhile, other hands were busy in the adjoining room that served the twofold purpose of kitchen and dining-room. It was the old man's daughter, Hannah, a grave-looking, middle-aged woman. She passed into a little room beside the cobbler's shop with a westward-looking window. It was evident "the bird from the nest was flown."

But traces of a former presence still lingered, the empty book-shelf swinging on the wall, the flowers in the window-sill, a half-emptied ink-bottle on the rude box that served as a table, and, stranger still, several abandoned sheets of manuscript, poems, sketches, bits of stories, etc. Aunt Hannah sighed and laid them tenderly away with a touch akin to mother's pride.

Meanwhile, down the old corduroy road that led out of the slashing, John Morris was urging his old grey horse toward, under the changing cloud and sunlight of the October afternoon. A young girl sat beside him, a huge trunk was crowded in behind.

"Who's that goin' to town with a trunk?" asked Farmer Mallot, of the two men to whom he had given a lift on his load of pumpkins.

They were just coming up the cross-road as the Morris vehicle passed.

"Oh, that's that old shoemaker—what's his name?—oh, yes, Bernard! It's old Bernard's granddaughter."

"What, Ducky Fo'ster! Where can she be a-goin' on this night train, I wonder?"

"Why, her aunt Hannah was a-tellin' my wife she was a-goin' to the city to make her livin' by her writin' this winter. She's got to be great at this writin', you know. My girl sat up half the night the other day readin' one of her stories. It's wonderful the heap o' learnin' she got piled in her head, walkin' three miles to high school, too. There's

Jim Crane's girls couldn't learn a thing. Seem'd as if it all jarred out o' their heads walkin' so far."

"An' she's goin' to earn her livin' writin', is she? That's queer. I heard she was to go out to India as a missionary."

"Naw, naw; you haven't neither on you got the straight on it," said Jim Burroughs from his seat behind in the waggon-box. "My wife heerd how she was goin' out as a missionary, but she's too young yet for a couple of years or more, an' she's goin' to go to the city an' go into the writin' till she's old enough to be sent."

The load of pumpkins reached its destination, while John Morris' little grey horse jogged on toward the nearest railway station.

The girl at his side rose once to look backward from the hilltop. Here was the last glimpse of the old slashing, where she had played as a bare-foot child. They called her Ducky Fo'ster then, but of late years they had been learning to stand somewhat in awe of Miss Reba Forster, which name her grandfather proudly showed at the head of certain columns of print. Just for a moment her eyes rested sadly on all that remained of the old mill district, a mere speck along the crimson clouds. Farewell to the little Ducky Fo'ster of the past!

"Good-bye, grandad, your little Ducky will make a name to honour you with, yet."

Then she turned her face bravely to the unknown. It looked like a dangerous experiment, a mere girl of twenty-one going into a strange city with a purse containing barely enough to pay for a month's room-rent and a few meals in advance. Her last story had brought sufficient for her railway journey, and they were very poor at home. So she had resolved to make her way in a strange city by doing hack-writing, reporting, journalistic work, or anything else that presented itself. It would at least bring a fresh knowledge of life. Her young heart feared nothing. The unknown was filled with allurements. Reba Forster had a heart of courage, and, better still, a childlike faith in God.

Then she thought of her other purpose. As a girl she had meant to give her whole life to literary work, but one night a Hindu missionary spoke in the little meeting-house near home, and she went out on the soft moonlit hills alone, and the air was

filled with the murmurings of a great people—a people that knew not God—dark faces in the moon beams—strange altars beneath the oak boughs—strange, wild melodies—living sacrifices, and ice-cold gods!

"But what are these things to me? I am a writer. I know my power, and the world will know it by and by."

Softer and sweeter came a voice:

"I gave—I gave my life for thee,
Give thou thyself to Me."

Long and bitter was the conflict. Night after night she went to the hills alone, and her cheeks flushed, and her eyes grew bright, and she said, "I will not."

But always that patient voice from within:

"Lovest thou me?" "Feed my sheep."

Yet, hark! In the same voice it said, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." "And of what use is an author's in the mission field?" she asked.

Again and again she asked the question. Then, one night, from the depths of her own soul, came the answer. She saw the dusky faces surround her once again, strange voices in her ear, strange shrines upon the hilltop.

"These are thy people. Go thou to them. Live with them. Love them. Paint their lives with thy pen, that the world may know and love them, too."

Then she thought of the thousands of missionary books written, and the thousands that lay unread, and the little one side of earth knew of the other side. The world would read Reba Forster's books, she knew. For, without one iota of conceit, she had that consciousness that genius often has of its power. The world will read fiction when it will read nothing else. And she had the power to paint India, not only in colours of fiction, but in powerful fiction, that would sell by hundreds of thousands. As Harriet Beecher Stowe had made men look at the down-trodden African, she could make them look at the Hindu. She was not a fool. She was a strong woman, conscious of her power. And she lifted her eyes to God in the solemn quiet of the night hills, and "laid her all upon the altar." And when she told her grandfather, without a sigh, he put his hand upon the brow of his last child, his orphan grandchild, and gave her to the work of the Lord.

Such was the girl facing the un-

known world to-day. She was too young yet for a work so great. She must perfect her talent, win fame, let the world see what was in her.

"And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown
And at Thy feet to cast it down
O Master, Lord, I come."

The October night was passing, and the train stood waiting at W—— Junction. It looked very much like other trains after midnight, the ladies slept leaning on the seat backs, with dishevelled locks, the old men dozed in their velvet caps, a group carried on a game of cards in the rear of the car, a Japanese slept curled up in front of them.

"What're we waiting for?" asked a petulant-looking youth, rousing from sleep.

"For the passengers from that other sleeper," answered his neighbour.

"What time is it?" he growled.

"4.30 a.m."

"Phew! And only at W—— Junction!"

"Humph! No wonder! They stop at every old red barn."

"Takes them long enough to get out of that sleeper. Must be having their breakfast in bed."

There was a movement outside just then, and the passengers from the other train came in with the bewildered gaze of people rudely awakened from slumber.

A girl in an ill-fitting suit of blue serge put down her grip, looked about her for a moment, then, as if reassured, put her head down on the chair arm in an awkward position, pulled her walking hat over her face, and sank to sleep. The jar of the train made her hat slip from her face gradually, and revealed an unusual type of beauty. To be sure, she lacked that genteelly cultivated beauty that belongs to the fashionable party, and the five o'clock crush. But there was a freshness, a vitality, a power far more impressive in the face of the sleeping girl. Her luxuriant hair was drawn back in simple waves from a brow almost too massive and powerful for that of a girl, but there was a look of child-like trust upon it as she slept. Her complexion, too, had a suggestion of the freshness of the forest and the breezes of country lakes. She was none other than our friend, Reba Forster.

It was the dark hour just at the dawn of a cloudy day, when she

awakened and found a pair of black eyes fixed upon her—the eyes of a stern-faced man. He drew back quickly behind his newspaper. But she did not sleep again. There was something in those eyes that awakened her—made her wonderfully awake. She stole a timid glance backward as she arose. She saw that it was the face of a younger man than she had supposed at first—a powerfully-built man, perhaps little past thirty, and with a queer mixture of the worldly and the clerical in his appearance.

She was not a silly girl to indulge in station-house flirtations, or believe in railroad romances. But with a writer's instinct, she sought suggestions everywhere. And this face was interesting, with its story of conflict, of self-will, of fierce determination. She looked back again as she rearranged her grip, and saw, too, a certain element of tenderness about the mouth of the reader. She saw, too, a peace upon the brow that overshadowed those determined eyes. The name of God was stamped upon his forehead.

She turned, quite satisfied; she had a fresh face for her next story; she could make either a heroic saint or a desperate rogue with a face like that, and she was quite satisfied with her own thoughts as the train moved and stopped, and stopped and moved.

It was daylight before she realized it, and engaged in a stubborn contest with a shutter that refused to go up. A hand stole over the seat back to her aid—a powerful-looking hand, but fair as a woman's, and with a suggestion of refinement about it that extended to the very coat-sleeve. Her cheek crimsoned, and she became strangely conscious all at once of her ill-fitting serge, and home-made shoes.

"Thank you," she said, without so much as raising her eyes, and the next moment the rustle of the paper testified that the stranger was absorbed in his reading.

"Hallo, Chester! How are you, old fellow?"

"Why, where on earth did you spring from, Giles?"

"How's business," etc., etc.

Some one passing through the car had thus fallen into conversation with Eric Chester, the stranger behind Reba.

"Well, and how's The Evening Fireside flourishing now, old boy?"

"Fine! Increased its subscription four thousand this fall."

"Four thousand! Well done, old

boy! Well, sir, I was afraid for you when I heard what kind of paper you were going into. I had so much of that fine sentiment myself before I was editor of *The Blackbird*, but I tell you what it is, my experience has been that to make a paper sell you had to suit the world's tastes, and the world's tastes don't run very high in the literary line, nor the religious, either, for that matter."

Reba Forster's ears were open in spite of herself.

"That's all right enough, too, Giles. No one knows better than I about catering to the world's tastes; the dear knows, I've done enough of it, but, after all, the reading public has a taste for better things if you can only waken them up to it. You would be surprised at the letters I get from my subscribers. I attribute the success of *The Evening Fireside* solely to the fact that it has a higher moral tone than most of its contemporary dailies. Think about it, yourself, as a father. Do you want your boy to get all life's froth and scum in the daily paper he finds on your table?"

An animated discussion followed, and Reba almost forgot the glories of the sunrise breaking over the mountains, through which they were passing—the huge boulders glistening on the heights—the rugged trees clinging to the brinks of the precipices, and down here, right along the railway, the silvery river washing and seething around the rocks in its bed. There, they were crossing the river now, on the great iron bridge. She could see the engine ahead yonder on the curving structure, and the train seemed dipping downwards in the waves. Great flocks of birds rose from the opposite shore, flapping their black wings against the morning sky.

"But how do you manage, Chester, about getting such talented writers on your staff so early in the history of your paper?"

"Oh, that's a point," he answered, with a knowing laugh. "I believe in catching them young, and bringing them up the way they should go. We pride ourselves at the office in being able to catch a genius in embryo when we see one. There's Marquet, Shallet, Montrose—we found them out before the rest of the world dreamed of such people. And I tell you, authors, for the most, are a grateful set. They don't forget the editor that makes them. I've known Marquet, with requests for stories from five and six of our leading journals, to lay them all aside, and jot down a column for

The Evening Fireside. As for Shallet, our paper hasn't a better friend. I find it pays to encourage young authors when you see there's anything in them. If there isn't, the sooner they're discouraged, the better.

With such conversation, Reba Forster drew nearer to the city of her future struggles and her dreams. Once or twice some passing scene reminded her of the mills and the old slashing, and just a wave of homesickness passed over her. But it was life—new life, ahead. Ducky Fo'ster was no more. She was Miss Reba Forster now.

They were approaching the suburbs of the far-famed city of X—; the train was slowing up; the passengers were gathering together their wraps and parcels.

Reba looked round her; she longed to introduce herself to the great, kind-hearted editor of *The Evening Fireside*. Here already was a representative of that world she had come to enter. She felt sure she could get into his columns if he only knew her work. But a certain timidity silenced her. The train stopped. Eric Chester passed out without so much as a glance at the girl whose face he had been so earnestly studying in the lamp-light of the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEAVING OF LIFE'S BILLOWS.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, went the pen of Eric Chester, as he sat at his desk in the editorial rooms next morning. The door opened unceremoniously, and a girl, clad in dark blue, stood before him. He smiled slightly.

"Hah! The face I saw in the train," he said, under his breath.

"Pardon me, but—er—are you the—the—?"

"Yes, I am 'he.'"

"Well, I have some manuscripts here if you could find time to read—"

"Stories?"

"Stories, a sketch, and a short poem."

"Poems as a rule don't count for much these days."

And the worthy editor, in spite of the opinions he had aired on the train launched into a discouraging tirade on the ills and disappointments of authorship, poor remuneration, overcrowded profession, etc. It was part of his policy to first try the metal of young writers in this way.

"You would be surprised to learn how many young women there are in this city trying to make a living by writing."

"But I don't intend to try. I intend to succeed."

Mr. Chester smiled, and launched again on the disadvantages of an unknown name

"But my name is not entirely unknown."

"What is it? What have you written for?"

"Reba Forster. I write for *The Morning Review*."

"Oh, Miss Forster! Indeed! I am very delighted to meet you, Miss Forster! I read your 'Among the Snow-drifts.' I admire your style very much. Yes, if you will leave your manuscripts with me, I shall be pleased to look at them."

She was thinking how changed he looked as he talked from the man she had seen in the train. He had one of those faces that do not yield up their all at first sight. There was a wealth of tenderness in those eyes she had not seen at first—an almost womanly delicacy of feeling. But there was a something peculiar, you hardly knew whether it was in the face or in the manner that gave you the feeling that he bore the scar of a deep sorrow. It might almost have been the scar of a deep sin, but she knew, as he talked of his paper and its aims, that he was a most devoted Christian—one that would sacrifice to the life-blood.

"And you must go, Miss Forster?"

"Yes, I'm in a hurry this morning. My address is 603 Barlow Street."

"Well, possibly I may find some occasion to talk to you about this manuscript. When would I be most likely to find you in?"

"I expect to be in and at work as a rule every evening. I know no one in the city, consequently no fear of a multiplicity of engagements."

It was the following Saturday night, and Miss Reba Forster sat curled up on the foot of her bed looking rather more thoughtful than happy. She had been out most of the afternoon trying to dispose of her remaining manuscripts. She had left most of them in editors' hands, but with very little encouragement. The paper for which she had been writing before coming to the city was "full" for a few weeks. A month's room-rent in advance, and a little store of provisions (which, by the kind permission of the landlady, she cooked on the kitchen

stove), had made her purse uncomfortably flat. The room was bare as room could be—a bed, a chair, a pile of books in the corner, and a box with pen and ink. Altogether it looked as if she were going to have an evening of uncomfortable ruminations.

A knock at her door.

"Zere's a shentleman down-stairs, miss, to see you," said the landlord.

She descended the two flights of narrow stairs, while the frozzly head of the bookbinder girl peered down over the railing at her, and the open door on the second flat revealed three men guffawing over their cards.

She glanced through the railing into the little gas-lit parlour, as she came down. A fair but massive hand and a dark coat-sleeve rested on the table.

"Good evening! And how is Miss Forster to-night?" asked Mr. Eric Chester.

"Very well, thank you; and how is Miss Forster's manuscript?"

"Business-like girl! Well I have read everything you kindly submitted to me. I was particularly pleased with the story of the 'Broken Bridge.' I shall use that right away. I'll send you a cheque early next week. However, there are one or two paragraphs I should like altered."

And he proceeded with several corrections, criticisms, etc.

"You say you are devoting your whole time to literature?"

"Yes, Mr. Chester."

"Well, could you have this manuscript ready by Monday evening?"

"I think so."

"All right, I'll call for it then. I'll use it in one of the next week's issues."

The object of his call was apparently accomplished, but still he lingered.

"Do you know, Miss Forster, I have felt that I knew you ever since I read your 'Among the Snowdrifts.' I have wanted to see you. I was on the point of writing to you several times. I wondered what kind of struggles you had had."

There was something so sympathetic in his face and manner, she forgot the little box of a parlour where they sat, she forgot her ill-fitting serge, and her home-made shoes, she forgot even the bodily presence of the man beside her, and before she knew it she was telling all of her past life and surroundings. She told him of her first writings, her struggles and her rejections, and

the rapture of her first success. Then her heart grew warmer still, and she told him of her home, of the mills, and the slashing, and the little cottage on Sandy Knoll, of the westward-looking window, with its view of the quiet lake; the gorgeous sunsets, the forests, and the hills.

"Oh, it's beautiful! Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Go on! Tell me more. I can see it all. I can hear the whistle of those quails. You bring back the very breath of the country."

He shaded his face with his hand as he listened, and she showed him the little knolls aglow with trilliums, and the hollows with the violets, the stars among the pine-top, the mill-stream by the meadow, and, overshadowing all, her beloved Ben Hor, with its rugged slopes. Then she told him of the saintly and patriarchal old grandfather, but she did not tell him he was McCarty's cobbler. A sudden pride checked her. After, when she knew better the nobility of his heart, she wondered why.

It was late when Eric Chester rose to go.

"Do you not find this place a little rough, Miss Forster?"

"Well, I hardly see anything of it. I am a roomer, not a boarder, you know."

"Bohemianism with a vengeance!"

He dallied a moment with the glove in his hand.

"You are all alone, Miss Forster. If you are ever in need of a friend or a friend's advice, I shall be honoured if you will feel free to look upon me as such."

"Thank you, Mr. Chester."

"And have you any special evening at home?"

She had not, but she made one on the spur of the moment.

"Thursday evening."

"Good night."

"Good night."

There was a young lady in the third flat of 603 Barlow Street, who forgot the barrenness of her room that night, and fell asleep with a quiet sense of protection, human as well as divine. The church bells next morning had a familiar tone. She walked alone, but she was not lonely. Some one walked beside her in her thoughts. In the great crowded congregation of strangers, some one sat beside her, some one's soul soared with hers as the music bore her heavenward; as she worshipped and listened another soul was stirred. But no one saw that

being. He moved only in her thoughts. Once or twice she roused herself with a startled air. What means this? These strange new thoughts that come to her? She was a girl with a purpose—a purpose in which all these thoughts could have no part. Yet the thoughts were sweet, and she fell to thinking them over again.

Monday found her hard at work all day. But at evening her task was done, and she was left to draw her hair back in some stylish fashion. She even fastened a ribbon on her neck with an almost coquettish air, and was wondering how she would look in a soft, pearl grey like the one she had seen to-day, and with costly furs about her neck, when the landlord announced a "shentleman below."

The frozzy head of the bookbinder girl was again visible through the creaking doorway, and there was a smothered te-hee-heeing as Reba descended the stairs.

"Manuscript ready, I see?"

"Yes, some hours ago, Mr. Chester."

"I wonder if you will develop into one of those facile penned creatures such as the editor of the Z— paper tells about? He boasts of a woman on his staff who, if called on for a poem, produces a poem; a story, produces a story; a character-sketch, and the sketch is forthcoming."

"I don't think I have such wide-spreading talents. I feel more and more that I ought to give my time wholly to stories. Poetry is only an avocation with me, though, I believe it is a higher art than mine."

"I wish I had time to write myself," he said, with a sigh, "but I suppose it is not my mission, that is outside the editorial columns."

"You do write, though, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally, but not as a man who gives his whole soul to it. I wish you would tell me more of your plans for the future."

And she told him of her call to the mission work, and her plans in that line. She was so sure of his sympathy; he was so good, so consecrated, so noble. But a strange expression settled on his face as she talked. He rose, paced the room restlessly, without looking into her face.

"Do you know you are a fool?" he asked, stopping before her abruptly. A silence settled on the room for a moment. Then she laughed awkwardly, not knowing what else to do.

"Don't you know you are a genius?"

"You called me a fool a moment ago. Are they the same?"

She looked for a laughing reply, but he was in no mood for trifling. That brow was dark and stern.

"But I thought you were so interested in missions, Mr. Chester."

"So I am. I devote a column of our Saturday number solely to missions. I have been severely criticised for it. I subscribe a hundred a year to the work. More than that (and he lowered his voice to a tender pitch), I pray daily for God's blessing upon it. My best friend is a missionary in the heart of Persia. With few exceptions, I have prayed daily for that man for years. Do not mistake me. I am not talking against missions, but against Reba Forster (pardon my using your Christian name) being a missionary."

"But what better is Reba Forster than other girls, that her life should not be sacrificed?"

"She is a woman with a wonderful gift, and the world needs her right here. Her own country is crying for such a woman with such a consecration. We have writers, and many of them, but consecrated pens, at least pens of power, are few to-day. Look around you. See the labour slaves in our streets. They are slaves, do you believe it? See the downtrodden of our city, the outcast woman, the wronged child. Lift your pen for these. You can use this beautiful English language like a lute. Play it—play it till the world weeps at its melodies. There is a mighty work for you here. Believe me, it is part of my life-work to study young authors, and put them in their place. I see your place better than you do yourself. You would make a Frances Willard in other fields. And here you give yourself to India! Think of the Saxon race. It's the race that will rule the world."

"But if everybody stays here, what of the unsaved heathen? Jesus himself said, 'Go.'"

"Yes, and it is terrible to think how we have misunderstood the Redeemer's message. The Jews misunderstood the nature of His kingdom. They sought purple and scarlet and worldly thrones, and we have misinterpreted His command. We say all should go or send. I say all should go. So long as there is an unsaved man within sound of my voice, it is my mission to go to that soul. But the 'Go' does not necessarily mean to Persia or Africa. I know God called me to go to North America. I be-

lieve there are men called like my friend to such fields as that of India, but I do not believe God calls a literary genius to that work. I was preaching a missionary sermon last month at—"

"Oh, are you a minister?" she interrupted.

"A—well, yes—I left the ministry under very sad circumstances, though I sometimes preach still."

A strange look crossed his face. It was as though he had been dealt a blow that marred his handsome countenance, as though a wild beast suddenly struck him on the brow, and left the print of its claws.

They talked on; he told her of the monotonous life of the missionary, of how she would lose her freshness and her power ere yet it was developed. And she found no words to oppose him. There was something about this man that baffled her, silenced her. She forgot to bring out her best arguments. She forgot to argue at all, and was still. If he were only a wicked man, she could lightly turn him away. But the very sincerity of this man startled her.

Eleven! Twelve! One! Two! struck the city clocks that night, and still Reba Forster tossed restlessly on a sleepless pillow. A strange something hot and wild went pulsing through her veins—something that bounded and beat and throbbed. Was she mistaken, after all? Was there a great work here she was leaving neglected? Was it only youth's fevered dream? After all, she had been young two years ago, a mere girl of nineteen, to weigh the world's needs, and decide her place in it. Did her own country really need her? She had never thought of it in that light before. She had only thought of staying at home to be famous and wealthy and successful. She had never heard the need of her native land pleaded as it had been on those lips to-night.

Yet what means all this? She had been told dozens of times before that she was throwing her life away. Others had protested, "Let people of different ability go, they will do the work better." But she had not heeded these things. Indeed, she scarcely heard them.

But now one man came, one pair of eyes looked into hers, one voice pleaded with her for an hour, aye, perhaps but a half-hour, and she felt herself waver in her trust, doubt, wonder, question. The very ground

under her feet seemed breaking into yawning chasms, the earth moved, and she was drifting—drifting—drifting, whither?

"O God, save me, and show me Thy way!"

She tried to stop thinking and sleep. One! came from the church clock in the tower of Carmel Street. The dark eyes were looking into hers—that face, deep, mysterious, unfathomable. Then a thrill made her shrink and tremble. Why was he so interested in her future? Would he come some day and say, "I love you, Reba, I love you?"

Ah, she had shut those things out of her life. "There are other women to love," she had said. "Let others marry, let others plan pretty homes, let others light their lamps at evening, and lull their babes to rest."

She thought she had shut these things out of her life, but the truth was, they had never come into it. And

now, if it should come, would it be her duty to stay at his side? She felt, without knowing why, that his place was here.

Thus she tossed and wondered, and wondered and tossed, till she was wider awake at two o'clock than she had been at twelve. Was she really the same Reba Forster? How changed she felt in a single week! If it were any other man, she knew she would not be tempted. But this man was a genius. He understood her. No one else had ever done it. She would never know his like again.

She knew it was fire she was playing with. But, oh, the fire was so alluring! She longed to touch it, lave in it, bathe in it. Why should she not drink of the waters of love? There was no harm in tasting it while she lived there in the city. Afterward the forgetfulness, the sacrifice, the pain.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S LEADING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Not by the sunlit way which fondly once
I hoped to tread,—
The way where sweet flowers from the roadside smile,
And overhead
Joyous the carols sound of blithesome birds,—
Am I now led.
Shadow and silence brood above me, while
Of tangled weeds
A wildering mass, across the pathway spread,
Each step impedes;
And I am weak and worn: yet o'er this road
'Tis Love that leads.
Yea, Love doth lead: and yet joy after joy
I leave behind,
Still to toil on where still at each new turn
New griefs I find;—
Strange, strange this seems; but Love can never be
In aught unkind.
He ne'er can be unkind, whose very Name
'Is tenderness.
He wounds to heal; He takes that He may give;
He chides to bless;
And feels, Himself, with deep, compassionate pang,
My least distress.
O Love! O Heart of sympathy supreme!
What great, glad thing
Shall I attain by reason of this path
Of suffering—
That Thou canst bear over its weary length
My feet to bring?
Nay: answer not. What needeth there that more
Revealed shall be?
The way is Thine, the end Thine own, Thyself
Art leading me,—
And Thou art pitying Love. It is enough:
I trust in Thee.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD STILL EDGED.

THE APOLOGETIC VALUE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

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I.

It is the mark of a wise apologetic that it notices and understands the tendencies of its time. There are currents of thought which may be utilized, drifts of feeling which carry towards our goal, winds of doctrine, in other departments of thought, which may fill our sails. And there are currents against which it is a waste of energy to row, winds of doctrine which can only be utilized by the most skilful intellectual seamanship. There are cycles of thought, of intellectual tendency, of susceptibility to certain intellectual influences. Sometimes we are in the syllogistic age, sometimes in the intuitional, sometimes in the critical, and again in the constructive. So it is our wisdom to detect the cycle that is present or to come, and to lay aside the argument that would have suited only an age that is past.

Γίνεσθε τραπεζίται δόκιμοι—"Be ye approved money-changers"—discreet, skilled in your business—is perhaps the best attested saying of our Lord outside the canonical books. Let us be such in distinguishing true from false, the coins of sterling value from those which are but counterfeit.

But a wise money-changer will not merely detect a fraud, he will not heap upon the market and put into circulation at a loss a depreciated currency, that may yet recover its value; nor will he fail to put out the currency or the bonds that will command the present mind of the market. Let us be discreet money-changers. There are coins of truth which to-day may be depreciated, of genuine metal, but out of favour; let us withdraw them till a day when they can be circulated at their face value. There are arguments to which the present is susceptible; let us meet the tendency with such arguments from our treasury as it can most ap-

preciate and accept. Be ye "fishers of men"; but to be such successfully we must use the bait belonging to the month in which we fish.

In the defence of the Holy Scripture the changed methods of modern thought have necessitated a corresponding change. Much of our forefathers' evidence is to-day a depreciated currency, and may be laid aside, not as though worthless, but as waiting to recover value.

No one to-day makes his defence of the Old Testament rest, as did our fathers fifty years ago, on the miracles contained in the books whose authority is disputed, nor on the minute details of the prophecies they contain. I am disposed to believe we may yet value these things more highly, and find for them a more important place in the scheme of truth. We may shrink from regarding these things as mere impediments to be abandoned on our forward march. But we are living in an age that is marked by a critical, not to say suspicious, historic spirit, whose philosophy is evolutionary, and which seeks the verification and explanation of things material and immaterial, vital and non-vital, intellectual, ethical, religious, under the suppositions involved in the terms development and law. And in the spirit of that true servant of the Lord Jesus who could say, "I think I have the mind of Christ," and became "all things to all men" that he might save some, the modern apologist ought so to present his case that it may the most effectively appeal to the men of his own generation and to the spirit of his time.

I propose to set before you some of the reasons which may lead us, apart from any accepted opinions on matters of authorship and date to regard the much disputed Old Testament as the product, record, and embodiment of a supernatural revelation, and as having in itself proofs of this contention that are not inapplicable to the thinkings of to-day. Then one may glance hastily at the bearing

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of this permanent apologetic worth in its relation to the truth in the Lord Jesus.

It is not my purpose to argue from the New Testament to the Old on the assumption that the former is inspired. We will seek to avoid assumption. Judaism and its record stand on one side. The person of Christ, the Church as a living system, and the Christian records stand on the other. These are two groups of facts as to which, for the present, we make no assumption, though we may later ask the cause of any discovered connection between them. Each canonical collection is to be regarded as the literary embodiment of an impressive system of faith and conduct, but neither is to be the guarantee of the inspiration and authority of the other.

Let it also be borne in mind that in such a review of the Old Testament the emphasis will lie on the book itself, and not on the many literary problems associated with the book. The question, "Does the Old Testament convey to us a revelation?" is of far deeper significance than the question whether this came through a particular person and at a particular time. Moreover, the questions of date and authorship are too rarely placed before us on the simple basis of the Old Testament testimony as to these matters. They come to us through the tradition of the Christian Church, and beyond that there lies the uncritical tradition of the Jewish Church. To unite the question of the Old Testament as a divine revelation, with a witness in itself, to the whole body of Jewish tradition, is to undertake not only an impossible task, but also to expose the main and only really important contention to a risk of temporary unbelief and rejection, a risk to which no mortal has the right needlessly to expose a truth. It is not the intention of this paper to accept as essential or indisputable either the critical or the traditional positions as to date and authorship. I believe that nothing that criticism will permanently establish is likely to make dubious the revelation, or to endanger its proof.

It must also be borne in mind that as in Christianity, so in Judaism, the system preceded the literature. Even in a higher degree, in consequence of the cruder literary conditions, did the facts of Hebrew history and the ritual

of the Mosaic economy play an important part in the discipline of the people. We to-day are so immediately concerned with the literature, and are so remote from the system, that we are in danger of making the issue exclusively literary. In the course of this inquiry it will be impossible to entirely isolate the literary from the historic and ritual, for the reason that we are not dealing with an abstraction, but with a growth.

It will follow from these conditions that to some the argument will seem cold, jejune, and uninviting. This follows from the conditions laid down for the investigation. There might be a more glowing presentation if the assumption of the inspiration of both Testaments were freely conceded. But there are reasons why the case of the Old Testament should be stated upon independent, and, so far, on undisputed grounds. The modern tendency has been to regard the Old Testament as practically dependent for its evidence on the backward reflected light of the New Testament, and to cut off the Old Testament as not having an immediate power of conviction for our generation.

This position has been too easily consented to. What if the New Testament should be assailed? Must it withdraw its support from its dependent, or is the Old Testament an independent ally, with forces of its own? I am not sure that such a condition of things is not approaching. And I believe it will serve the interests of the Gospel to argue—though the argument should seem cold—to argue that, without making any claim on the inspiration and authority of the New Testament, the Scriptures of the older dispensation have an inherent and permanent apologetic value of their own. The argument may not be mathematical and demonstrative, but moral and presumptive. That is the most that can be claimed for reasoning on the majority of subjects. Yet a moral and presumptive argument may, as the great Bishop Eutler proved, be enough to influence conduct, to enlist just consideration, and to arrest judgment.

II. Looking, then, at the Old Testament as claiming to be the record and embodiment, and so far after generation the channel of a divine revelation, how far may its champion find the evidence of these claims within the book itself? He may justly

assert that to an extent that probably no other book can approach—the New Testament alone excepted—the Old Testament arrests attention and produces, if not a conviction, yet an impression of its more than human character. The influence of the scriptures of the great ethnic religions may be admitted; there is no reason to detract from such elements of truth, of rays from "the Light that lighteth every man," as they contain. The fascination they have exercised upon certain classes of modern minds—however artificial and transitory it may be—there is no gain in denying. But the hold of the Bible has been not merely upon the generations of Jews and Christians, but upon other races; even those possessed of their own scriptures are receiving it, while their own sacred books are yielding. This is a phenomenon demanding explanation, and the explanation will not lie in the plane of merely natural or literary causes.

There are three elements in this connection on which we will dwell.

1. The apologist will be justified in contending that the views of God which this book presents are not such as are of merely human conception. They are more exalted than man in his weakness would be able to conceive, higher in their character than man in his moral disorder would desire to conceive. Of this, more later.

2. So, too, the Old Testament bears a relation to man in his individual and ethical life that is suggestive of supernatural elements. It knows man in an extraordinary degree. It understands and voices man's need of God, and this need it causes him ever more deeply to feel, while it helps him more earnestly to express it. This could arise only from a sense of something greater for which man was created, and of some power needed to satisfy those needs. To-day this book is still responsive to and expressive of these depths of man's nature.

The ecclesiastical system in which the Old Testament arose, and which at the same time it created, is, in the judgment of the Christian world, passed, superseded by its fulfilment. In any case, that system has been modified by the facts of history, and controls but a small section of the human race, while the book, and the Psalter in a superlative degree, exercises a wider influence than ever; still responding to man's inmost being, revealing to man his own heart, giving

form to his otherwise unshaped hopes, giving an utterance he could not fashion to his highest spiritual desires and intensest spiritual aspirations. In Coleridge's famous word, the Bible "finds" man; is akin to him; while it is greater, not merely than anything of his creating could be, but greater even than himself. It has this strange witness, internal and undisturbed by any literary criticism, wider than the limits of age or race, of station or culture. One may speculate upon its influence over an unsullied and unweakened nature, with what light it would glow, to what harmonies it would touch the chords of life. But its power over our sin-stained and indurated natures is among the broad-based evidences of its divineness.

When a book that is the embodiment of a revelation treads upon the stage of human history, it must submit its claims to a new investigation, and the Old Testament need not shrink from this test. It moved through the stretches of human history, and found its goal in a new and higher system, of which it claimed to have been the preparation. The history of the people to whom this revelation first came is explicable on the theory of such a purpose and destiny; best explicable, if not solely explicable, in this light. The religious system of the Old Testament is vitally connected with the separating of the Jewish people from the surrounding nations and their heathenism, and in leading them from a vague theism to a true ethical monotheism, whose God is sole, self-existent, holy, and gracious. The course of that spiritual development included the sojourn in Egypt, the isolation of the desert, a residence in the comparative seclusion of Palestine till the land was opened and became the battle-ground of great world empires, the transportation to Babylon, and the recall of the people to the land of promise.

Yet through all these varied and seemingly contradictory processes the people was being fitted for its connection with what is at least a great fact of the world's history, the origin of the Christian Church. History, whether blindly and through a fortunate stumbling or under a divine control, was producing suited conditions for the inauguration of the new era. Even the very blunders of men seemed subservient to this re-

sult, as the blindness of the Rabbis led to the crime of the crucifixion, but also to all the impulses and forces—emotional, ethical, spiritual, call them by what name you will—which flowed from that great cardinal fact, and issued in the world's conquest by the cross.

It seems to me impossible to stand, say, at the dividing line marked by the reign of Augustus, to look back at the interlocking of the Hebrew Scriptures with the history of the Jewish people, and then to mark the interlocking of the two systems which stand on either side of that dividing line, without admitting either a divine control of history and a divine influence upon the book—or else, assuming the blindness of the world's history, being confounded by its seeming wisdom, resourcefulness, and masterful issue, and by the insoluble problem of such irrational intelligence and skill.

III. It is usually regarded as a fair test that a man should judge a movement, a system, or an institution—and the Old Testament, with its associated religion, may be regarded as each of these—by the nature of its development and the character of its influence. Does it contain forces inducing improvement or degeneration? Does it permit its environment to master it for its ill, or does it rise superior to its environment? Has it resources by means of which it moves forward to a higher plane of vision and wider sphere of activity? And are these forces and resources such as proclaim the connection of the system either with a transcendent or immanent supernatural life? A verdict upon an institution—be it book or philosophy or church—which was decided by such inquiries, could not be lightly impeached. And to such tests the Old Testament may be submitted with confidence.

The inquiry may take two lines, which may be called the doctrinal and the ethical.

Consider first the relation of the Old Testament to the fundamental question of all religion—the conception of God. Now, the idea of God was not imparted at one gift, by one revealing act, to the mind of man. The opening words of the Epistle to the Hebrews that God spake, *πολυμερως και πολυτροπως*—"by divers portions and in divers manners," are the expression of a truth wonderfully exemplified in the Hebrew religion. Now and

again a believer in Christianity caught the significance of the principle so laid down, as did Irenaeus when he wrote "non pauci gradus qui ducunt hominem ad Deum"—"the steps which lead men to God are not a few." But till the advent, of much quite modern thinking the significance of the inspired assertion was generally overlooked. From dimmer to clearer, from more rudimentary to more developed, from material figures to spiritual conceptions—such has been the direction in which the movement of thought has lain.

To attempt anything like a proof of this position, with the needed quotations, would demand a treatise, not a paper, and only the barest outlines of the argument can be here sketched. We find at first a general conception of God as powerful, probably the earliest and most widely diffused. "El, Elohim, Eloah," are the words expressive of that mightiness which spoke in the thunder, the tornado, and the torrential tropical rain. To the patriarchs He was known as Elyon and El Shaddai, names expressing the exaltedness and almightiness of the God who was the friend of Abraham. The name Adonai suggests a further development of thought, a conception of God as not merely powerful and exalted and a strong friend, but as one ruling and controlling, sitting as Lord, and ruling in His might, One to whom the interests of His creation must be known and are an object of concern—a deeper conception than was involved in the previous names.

At the time of the Exodus there emerged into the light of a fuller recognition the great covenant name of Jahveh, or more euphonically, in its older guise, Jehovah, the God whose revelation was wrapped up in His name, "I am that I am." As Dr. Davidson (Hastings' Dict. Bib., Vol. 2, p. 199) reminds us, this could hardly have been an absolutely new name, but one now receiving a deeper significance. It is hardly described fairly as the name of the national God, as though it were the outcome of national needs and culture; it was rather the name of a God who had become national by His own choice of the people, and by the covenant He had made with them. He was not merely invested with physical and administrative attributes, but with metaphysical and ethical ones. His name becomes associated with the very idea of existence. Either He is to be regarded as a God

whose existence is not caused, but essential, before all cause and the root of all being,—He is that He is; or else a God who will be eternally and unchangingly true to the people He has chosen, and the purpose that He wills—He will be what He will be. Upon this base the later revelation rests. Before long He is known as Jehovah of Hosts, a name expressive of the breadth of His dominion and of the multitude of the executors of His purpose, whether the hosts be the armies of the covenant people, of the stars that fight in their courses against His foes, or of the hosts of heaven, “thrones or dominions or principalities or powers.”

There lay beyond this another conception of God, deeper, more philosophical, more ethical, given in that later name of Scripture, “the Holy One of Israel.” God was holy, i.e., separate—separate from the works of His hand, not involved in the universe He had created—separate from the personal existences He had called into being, yet personal as they were—separate from the evil of the world that had entered contrary to His design, holy in the deepest ethical sense as being separate from all evil, “of too pure eyes to behold iniquity.” Such was the Holy One of Israel. This conception of God was of One transcending the infirmity of our personality, and separate from all evil, and yet it regarded Him as the God of a nation so compassed with error, infirmity, and transgression as the children of Israel.

This marked an advance of doctrinal conception which, from one aspect, is not surpassed in the region of Old Testament theology. There had been an earlier distinct and noteworthy movement when the truth was learned that Jehovah, the Covenant Lord, was not merely one who would champion Israel's cause in all circumstances. That is the conception of a national God. But the prophet has advanced from that to the idea of an ethical God, to whom righteousness is sacred, and they had correctly interpreted the blows and punishments that had fallen upon the people in the times of their rebellion and apostasy. God was not an unrighteous God, of whom the children of Abraham, His Friend, were the pampered clients who found defence in all circumstances, of right or wrong. And His dealing with other nations rested on the same basis of righteousness. He

held in abhorrence, as Amos so strongly asserted at the beginning of his prophecy, the oppressions and cruelties of other nations. He was God and Judge over them, and treated them, as He treated His chosen people, on the principles of righteousness. Therefore He was not the God of one people, but of all, of the Hebrew, but not less of the Gentile. That was a great advance in the theological thought of the human race. But it was the complement and fruition of this truth that still, to the people of His choice, the executors of His saving counsel, He stood in a yet closer relation, though not less ethical; He was the Holy One of Israel.

Now it may be contended that all this may be accounted for on the theory of a merely natural, evolutionary development of human thought. It must be confessed that a religion capable of rising to such high conception must have contained within it forces, intellectual and spiritual, of no common order; pointing, it might be contended, to no simply human origination. Granted the existence of these powers, had there been an environment favourable to their development, such a theory might at least have claimed consideration. But the day is long since passed for attributing this development to an innate tendency to monotheism in the Semite mind. This family of the human race equally with others tended to polytheism, and the descent of Israel thereto was only prevented, and that with difficulty, by the prophetic ministry and a divine and painful discipline. This exalted theology was not the issue of a race tendency.

So far from the tendency accounting for this clarifying and exalting of thought, it simply emphasizes the supernatural process. The religion of Israel maintained and perfected its existence in spite of environment. It separated itself from the polytheistic idolatry of Mesopotamia. It was unvanquished by the polytheistic worship—with so much that was impressive in its theory of the after life—which for generations surrounded it in Egypt. It entered upon an inheritance in Canaan, where every high hill seemed devoted to some local deity, and where a multiplicity of nations brought a multiplicity of gods, many associated with rites only too attractive to human nature and the hot Semitic blood. Yet in spite of this

environment, stage by stage to greater purity and luminosity, step by step to an ever-widening outlook, the Old Testament conception of God proceeded. A book which recorded and embodied, which alike mediated and is the outcome of this great development, has a permanent apologetic value of its own.

And there vibrates within the book a yet further revealing of the Eternal. The book has elements which point, at any rate, in the direction of distinctions within the Godhead. I quote the words of Dr. A. B. Davidson. While repudiating the use of the Old Testament as an authority by which these distinctions can be proved, he holds there are passages which "are suggestive, if nothing more. The angel of Jehovah is at once identical with Jehovah, yet different from Him. In Ezekiel and later prophets there is a movement toward hypostatizing the Spirit of God. The 'Word' of God is sometimes spoken of as if it had an objective existence, and possessed a native power of realizing itself. . . . Wisdom is His architect in creation, for creation is only the Divine wisdom realizing itself. And as one work of creation arises after another embodying it, its self-realization is as if it 'played' before Jehovah, and this play of self-expression was most joyous in the moral economy of man. Whether the 'servant of the Lord' be a true being, or only a conception

personified into a being, he may be defined as the Word of God incarnated in the seed of Abraham. And if even the loftiest Messianic conceptions of the Old Testament remain short of the idea that God 'became' man, yet in Isaiah ix. 1, 7, Jehovah is manifested in the fullness of His being in the Messianic King."

I do not propose to regard these words as a demonstration of the Trinitarian doctrine in the Old Testament; that is not the apologist's task. Nor do I argue from the New Testament on the assumption of its inspiration that this seeming preparation is therefore divine. I would take each set of writings as a mere expression of religious thought. But I do so to ask how can we, on a purely naturalistic basis, explain the fact that two religions, with a gulf of centuries, of language, and largely of race, between them, do so answer to each other? How strange is it, on a purely rationalistic theory, that these suggestions, lying latent for so long, should in a later age and on the soil of Greek speech and philosophy, take the form, so full of spiritual and devotional force, that they do in the Christian system. That the system of the Old Testament should be palpitating with such undeveloped thought is a phenomenon that is haunted by the possibility—may I not say, the probability?—that the system and the book are divine.

THE WISE MAN'S ADVANTAGE.

A PARABLE FROM KRUMMACHER.]

VERSIFIED BY LEWIS FREDERICK STARRETT.

With his favourite pupil, Sadi, Hillel walked one pleasant night
In the cool of early evening when the moon was shining bright.

And they passed a man who, sitting on a new-made grave, did weep.
"Canst thou tell me who," said Sadi, "doth so sad a vigil keep?"

Hillel answered, "It is Zadoc, who is mourning for his son;
He was blessed with many children; now, alas! he hath not one."

Sadi said, "Yet men esteem him as an upright man and wise;
Cannot, then, the good man's wisdom solace for his grief devise?"

"Sorrow," Hillel said, "respecteth neither station, sex nor age,
That which cometh to the simple cometh also to the sage."

"But if both of them be subject to the same relentless rule,
What advantage," questioned Sadi, "hath the wise man o'er the fool?"

"Though his tears the earth do water," Hillel answered, "notice how
Up to Heaven's bright vault above him steadfastly is turned his brow."

Religious Intelligence.



JOHN WESLEY AT 60.

WESLEY'S BICENTENARY—HOW SHALL WE CELEBRATE IT?

On the 17th of June, 1903, will be celebrated throughout the world the bicentenary of the death of John Wesley. The historians agree that no work of the eighteenth century was more fruitful of grandest results than his. If you ask for his monument, look around. The thirty millions of Methodists who rise up and call him blessed and the many millions who have gone home in triumph to the sky—these are the result and the reward of his labours.

In what way can this epoch-marking event be best commemorated in Canada? It occurs too soon after the close of the century to repeat the mighty movement which laid a million and a quarter of dollars as a thank-offering on the altar of God; but some worthy commemoration of this event should take place.

One form of it we think should be such a study of the life and character of this great man as will make him more real to us, especially to the young people among us, than he has ever been before. It shows the march of the world onward and upward towards a higher civilization that not any of the great warriors of the times, not a Marlborough or a Wolfe, is chronicled as its greatest man, though crowned with the laurels of an

empire and dowered with a dukedom and eternized in bronze or marble in Westminster Abbey. Not these, but this plain Methodist preacher who never owned a hundred pounds at one time in his life, yet gave away thirty thousand pounds earned with his pen; who, like his Master before him, had scarce a home to call his own, so ceaseless were his journeyings. He is the man whom historians and philosophers like Macaulay and Lecky delight to honour as the greatest moral force of the age.

MISSIONS AND COLLEGES.

But we should not let our enthusiasm evaporate in talk. We should aim at some practical result. Two great objects stand out conspicuously before us—Christian missions and the endowment of our universities. Neither of these objects received the aid which was expected from the Twentieth Century offering. That was largely directed to the payment of church debts. The result of this is felt in the great saving of interest and emancipation of the churches from the death grip of the mortgages by which they were fettered. They will now be able to take part in another forward movement.

The best bank of the Missionary Society is the perennial sympathy and co-operation and good will of the Methodist people of Canada. On this they can draw with ever larger results year after year. But if a reserve could be created which would enable the society to carry on its work like that of the Woman's Missionary Society, with funds in hand, and thus save a large expenditure of interest, it would be an unspeakable blessing.

Our colleges and universities failed to receive the help from the Twentieth Century Fund which was hoped for, which they urgently needed and richly deserved. Here is an opportunity to come to their aid, to create such an endowment as shall enable them to pay their debts, to more adequately meet the demands of the opening century, and to expand with the expansion of our country. They cannot expect a large annual offering of hundreds of thousands like the Missionary Society. They need some great

concerted movement to create a permanent endowment. What better time for such a movement than the bicentenary of that great man, one of the foremost scholars of his age, who gave to Methodism its origin in the first university of Europe.

It is not too soon to forecast what form this celebration shall take. We shall be glad to receive suggestions from our brethren, clerical and lay, on this important subject. Our General Superintendent is profoundly impressed with the importance of the occasion. The subject is worth the consideration and action of the approaching General Conference. But much thought and prayer and comparison of ideas should be given it before the meeting of that assembly.

METHODISM AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

One form that has suggested itself to us is an adequate and worthy representation of universal Methodism, especially of Methodism in Canada and the United States, at the approaching World's Fair in the city of St. Louis in 1903. It is intended that a great building shall be specially erected for an exhibit of the religious progress of the world during the nineteenth century. Our Methodist friends in the States are proposing a special Methodist department.

An adequate exhibit of the century's achievement in missions, in education, in publishing, in church extension, in Sunday-school and Epworth League work would be an eye-opener to the millions who will throng that great assembly. It would be such a demonstration of the unity and solidarity and enormous development of our beloved Methodism as the world has never seen before. Our own modest exhibits at the Paris World's Fair have already brought us wide recognition. The exhibits of our Sunday-school and other publications procured the diplomas for marked progress in the higher life of the nation. But still grander results will flow from a more adequate presentation of the vast and varied work of Methodism in the approaching assembly of the nations of the world.

FULFIL THE PLEDGES.

It was a very influential deputa- tion that waited upon the Ontario Government to urge upon it the duty of fulfilling its pledges to enact prohibitory

legislation so soon as it was shown to be within its province. The speeches on that occasion gave no uncertain sound. After, on behalf of the Temperance Committee of the Methodist General Conference, citing the pledges made by the Government. Dr. Brethour read its respectful request, viz., the fulfilment of the Government's promises by the introduction at the approaching session of the Legislature of a bill to prohibit the liquor traffic to the extent of its ascertained powers."

No less pronounced is the opinion of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as follows:

"We respectfully demand that as soon as possible the present Government honourably redeem the promises referred to and place the leading Province of this Dominion in the position she desires to assume on this question."

SHALL MAJORITIES RULE?

The opinion is expressed by some good and wise men that, after the numerous popular declarations on this subject, still another vote should be taken, and that this to be valid should at least have a majority of two-thirds of the votes cast. We fail to see either the wisdom, or righteousness, or propriety of this view. Under our system of popular government majorities must rule. If a bare majority can overthrow a government, can change an entire fiscal system, can adopt far-reaching political or commercial policies, why should not a majority of the votes decide this great moral question? Must the barest fraction over one-third of the voters defeat the expressed wishes of all but a fraction of two-thirds of the voters?

"The purpose of good government," said Mr. Gladstone, 'is to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong.' Certainly this is the object of the temperance legislation. Shall the liquor traffic, the cause of three-fourths of the pauperism, and crime and vice of the community, be the only privileged institution in the country that must be fenced around and guarded by a provision that one vote in its favour is as good as two votes against it? We know that the liquor traffic, with its greed of gain, with its base and venal allies, will fight for its life, and enlist every means, fair or foul, to defeat temperance legislation of any and every sort

—partial restrictions as well as total prohibition. It endeavours to evade the law as it is. Illicit sales, even with liberal license, cannot be prevented. It will endeavour to evade prohibition, and would endeavour to do it were nine-tenths of the vote of the country in favour of it. By all means create a Christian conscience on the subject, but do not handicap and hamper the efforts of the friends of temperance who wish to save their country, and its boys and girls, God's best gift to Canada, from the pernicious and destructive temptations which, under the protection of the law, assail them on every side.

THE SUNDAY CAR VOTE.

When the quiet of our Christian Sabbath was filched from us in Toronto, and hundreds of our fellowmen were compelled against their consciences to work long hours upon the Lord's Day, the Sabbath did not get the protection of a demand for a two-thirds vote in favour of Sunday cars. On the contrary, a greedy company was permitted to bring on the vote at a season of the year most favourable to their designs, and it is notorious that much fraud and guile were employed to carry their ends; and the snap verdict once obtained could never be reversed. No, let us stand by that palladium of British liberty, the just and equal principle, that 'majorities must rule.' If the liquor interest can command the majority of votes in their support, the temperance people must submit. If the friends of temperance can command a majority, and the larger the better, then their rights and their demands for the protection of home and fireside should be respected.

We know no other criterion by which the public questions can be decided in this free Canada of ours. If majorities shall not rule, who shall decide what percentage of the votes is necessary, whether three-fifths or two-thirds or three-fourths or nine-tenths or what? Any principle but that "majorities must rule" seems to us to involve insuperable difficulties.

FORWARD.

The eyes of the world are fixed upon our country at this crisis. Manitoba and the other provinces are waiting to see what the premier province of the Dominion will do. Our statesmen have such an opportunity as seldom comes to any man or nation.

They may, like Moses, speak to the people that they go forward and lead them from a bondage worse than that of Egypt into a liberty greater than that of Canaan. They may, like Caleb and Joshua, say there are giants in the land, there are fenced cities to be taken, the Anakim are there, but we be well able to go up and possess the land. Or they may, like the recreant and craven spies, report that the enemy are too many and too strong for them, and our country, having come to the very borders of the promised land, may be condemned to wander in the wilderness for long years. We believe the Government will fulfil its pledges to the people, will live up to its promises and its forward temperance policy. We have no reason to doubt or distrust it till it refuses.

A MORAL VICTORY.

We heartily rejoice in the victory gained for temperance and morality in the defeat of Mr. William Maclean in his candidature for the mayoralty of Toronto. We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Maclean, we speak of him only on his public record. For many years *The World* newspaper, of which he is the editor, has been, in our judgment, the enemy of all righteousness—has been on the wrong side of every moral question.

Mr. Maclean during his campaign made the following boast: "The World got the people of Toronto Sunday cars. The World, single-handed, has practically beaten out the prohibition craze within the past month."

The verdict of the people on January 6 was his answer. A more crushing defeat has seldom been given any public man. It is pretty certain that the entire liquor interest, with all the roughs and toughs associated therewith, did their best to elect the editor of *The World* mayor of Toronto. But Mr. Maclean declared that the preachers were all against him. We are willing to accept his statement. His tremendous defeat can show what the moral sentiment of Toronto can do. Let temperance workers take courage from this verdict. There are yet many thousands who have not bowed their knee to the Baal of the liquor traffic. And when the great fight on the prohibition question comes, as come it will, we have confidence that no combination of *The World*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil* can defeat the temperance sentiments of the Province of Ontario.

MRS. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The Deaconess movement has early allied itself with the powerful aid of literature. For several years it has had its own organ, *The Deaconess Advocate*, an ably edited and well illustrated monthly, which has much the largest circulation in the world of any similar periodical. The original contributions, tales and sketches of the editor, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, and the assistant editor, Miss Isabelle Horton, give this a literary character rare in such periodicals. Mrs. Jane



MRS. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

Bancroft Robinson, Henry Wheeler and Mrs. Meyer have published admirable books on the Deaconess movement. Mrs. Meyer, in the article which we reprint in part from *The Methodist Review*, has contributed the first review article by any deaconess upon this great movement. But Canada has been first, as usual, in presenting this subject by admirable articles by Miss Mary S. Daniel, B.A., and more recently by Miss Horton in this magazine. A new book on the Deaconess movement has also just been issued by the Methodist Book Concern of Cincinnati. Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer,

whose portrait we present herewith, has the high honour of being the mother of the Deaconess work in the United States. Only fourteen years ago this great movement was begun, and to-day there are in that church eighty-two Deaconess Institutes and twenty-eight stations, centres of work but not of training, with 786 deaconesses and probationers.

The first part of Mrs. Meyer's article recites the history of the Order of Deaconesses in the Primitive Church in the Roman Catholic and Reform Churches, and more recently its revival by Pastor Fliedner, Kaiserswerth. As these aspects of the work have already been succinctly treated in this magazine, we beg to refer our readers for Mrs. Meyer's fuller treatment to *The Methodist Review* for October-November, 1901.

In the death of Dr. James Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the Northwest, our sister Church has lost a faithful and devoted servant. His untiring zeal has contributed greatly to the extension of the Gospel throughout the great Northwest of Canada. Dr. Robertson in one of his reports spoke of a missionary who walked every Sunday seventeen miles on the railway ties. Another, hearing of a new settlement, got blankets and food, and packed them on his back seventy miles over a rough mountain trail to minister to the wants of his newcomers. Another, who could preach only fortnightly on account of the enormous extent of his field, printed his sermons and sent them to all the families whom his voice could not reach.

Our Presbyterian friends are following our Methodist example in the way of organizing deaconess work. It is proposed to use the Ewart Training Home in this city for that purpose.

On the last Sunday of the year in every Wesleyan church and Sunday-school in the United Kingdom collections were taken up to complete the Million Guinea Fund—\$500,000 was needed for this purpose; \$400,000 is already reported. The million guineas will soon be reached, the largest sum ever collected by any Church in England, and only surpassed by the \$20,000,000 Twentieth Century Fund of the M. E. Church of the United States. \$15,000,000 of which has been already pledged.

A SAINT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. W. E. ROSS.



THE LATE MRS. JOHN ROSS.

“ How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

“ Lo ! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.”



EARLY all the friends who early journeyed with the late Mrs. John Ross, of Brockville, having reached home before her, it remains with me, her daughter-in-law, to bear loving tribute to her memory. This I do, not merely because I loved her and admired the strength of her character and the beauty of her life, but because she was one of the remarkable women, one of “the elect ladies” of the past generation, who helped to make the

Church and the womanhood of the Church what they are to-day, and whose name should have an honourable and abiding place in the annals of our Methodism.

In a little sketch, prepared for the satisfaction of her children, she writes, “I was born in July, 1824. My parents were Christians of the most decided type. Two or three years after my birth the first Methodist church was built in Brockville, which was then but a small village. While in course of erection, services were held

in the second story of my father's commodious dwelling, which had been left unfinished for the purpose. My father was very active in church duties, holding the positions of local preacher, class-leader, choir-master, and Sunday-school superintendent.

"Learning to read fluently at four years of age, I was early taught the Scriptures, and was so young when I first found Christ as my Saviour, I cannot remember the time when I became a child of God. I can recollect well, when I was very small, my mother taking me into her bedroom, where I joined in her prayers that I might early be numbered among God's people."

This was the beginning of that beautiful Christian life which grew and developed with her natural powers. Many years after this, when almost broken-hearted over the loss of her little daughter, she again writes: "While listening to that man of God, the Rev. James Caughey, I felt there was a higher life to which I had not attained—a rest of faith, and so I sought it diligently. When conscious that I had consecrated all to God, I seemed to hear whispered in my ear, "Peace be still," and suddenly there was a great calm. I felt that God had spoken and given me his peace, which has never left me. I shall never be free from mistakes and innumerable imperfections, but not being intentional, the death and merit of my Redeemer continually avails in my behalf."

Mrs. Ross inherited, from an educated ancestry, a love for knowledge, which was fostered by her parents, who gave their daughters the best education the country afforded. She and her sister were among the first pupils who attended "Upper Canada Academy," which had just been opened under the auspices of the Methodist Church. The scholarly and cultured Dr. Matthew Richey was then principal. It was a great disappointment when, in 1841, the Academy changed to "Victoria College," and ladies were excluded; however, she returned to Cobourg and entered the boarding-school opened by the talented wife of one of the professors. So highly were the advantages of the Academy prized that in after years it was a satisfaction to send her sons to the old school where friendships had been formed which had enriched her whole life. Of those who were with Mrs. Ross at

the Academy, I only know of two who are still with us—the Honourable Senator James Aikins and Mr. James Adams Mathewson, of Montreal. The following, written at this time, is indicative of much: "As my dearest friend lived in Halifax, our correspondence had to be very limited, for a letter to that distant city cost half a dollar—too much for school-girls to spend very often."

Soon after returning from school she was married to Mr. John Ross, of Brockville, a Christian gentleman and a prosperous merchant. Of like tastes in music and literature, their home-life for twenty-five years was almost ideal. "Given to hospitality," the family were seldom without visitors, but the Methodist preachers, whether from the city or the backwoods, were ever the guests of honour. At four or five Conferences Mrs. Ross entertained, with great pleasure, six and eight ministers during the entire sessions, among them such men as the Rev. Dr. Hannah and Dr. Jobson, delegates from England, and Dr. Robinson Scott, from Belfast College, Ireland.

Soon after my own marriage, the Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, our own never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Nelles, the saintly I. B. Howard, and dear Father Douse, were guests, and my father, the Rev. Dr. Williams, added to the number when he could steal away from the duties of the entertaining pastor.

At that time the Church was confronted by many and difficult problems, yet they were a merry company. What keen argument, pleasantry, and wit flashed to and fro through the dinner hour or at night, when the work of the day was over. The beneficial effects of their visits, educationally, were much prized for herself and the family.

All too soon the happy, unbroken years passed, clouds and tempests began to gather. In 1868 and 1869 Mrs. Ross was called to part from her beloved husband and second son, a lad on the verge of manhood. She writes of this time: "How little we know how much the heart can bear and not break." The thought is again repeated when, some years later, she lost her youngest son. Yet her confidence in God remained unshaken.

It is impossible to write of the many activities, which brought forth abundant fruit in many lives. The important positions of class-leader, president of Ladies' Aid, Woman's Mission-

ary Society auxiliaries, W. C. T. U., and kindred societies, she filled with distinguished ability and success.

For ten years she belonged to the great army of "shut-ins," being confined by rheumatism to a wheeled chair, yet she was never idle, always working for others, either with the needle or the pen.

Devoted to the interests of the Woman's Missionary Society, she was ever seeking to extend its influence by organizing auxiliaries or increasing the circulation of its periodicals. Mrs. Ross had been early trained to prize the church papers, for The Guardian had been a visitor in her father's home from its first publication.

Especially interested in missionary work among Roman Catholics, she wrote many leaflets, such as, "Why Are We Protestants?" "What Do Protestants Believe?" "The Virgin Mary," and others of like nature. With the help of friends these and thousands of spiritual tracts were distributed during these years of shut-in life. St. Francis de Sales writes: "The one greatest joy this world can give is to win a soul for God." This joy she had, for now and again she would hear from those who had found Christ through her written words.

This joy was necessary to support and comfort her through the long wearisome days and nights of pain, and she would often recite the lines:

In that gracious after-season
I shall know,
When the clouds that now enfold me
Outward flow,
Why it was the way was thorny
Rough and steep,
Leading often through the darkness
And the deep.

Alas! once again the depths were sounded in the passing of her oldest son, on whose strength, love and devotion she had leaned for so many years. Of this crushing blow she writes: "So confident had I been that God would answer my prayer, that he might be spared to me, that when he was really gone I could pray no more. I felt that prayer was useless, but I came to see that while I had only asked for him life, God had granted him life everlasting."

For three years longer Mrs. Ross remained with us. Always busy, always bright and cheerful, but ever longing with a great intensity for the time when the Master should say, "It is enough." Almost the last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." On the second day of October, 1901, the longing was satisfied, the heart's desire granted, "she sweetly fell on sleep."

"Thy years of heaven will all earth's little pain make good."

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

Launch out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair:
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there;
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom—away,
Beauty and youth in stern unruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye;
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.
His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And whenever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal word.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power.
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for me!

"AN EPIC OF EMPIRE."
*LORD LORNE'S LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.**



From "V. R. I." Copyright, 1901, by Harmsworth Brothers, Limited. Published by Harper & Brothers.

OUR LATE BELOVED QUEEN IN 1840.

At last we have an adequate and authentic life of our great and good Queen. To all Canadians this book will be one of special interest. For five years Lord Lorne and his accomplished wife, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, represented her Majesty in this Dominion, and won the hearts of all Canadians. Lord

Lorne had the rare advantage of having access to the details of the Queen's private life. Frequently occurs the phrase, "The Queen used to say."

This is not merely a life of the Sovereign, but an outline history of the British Empire for sixty years, and, from the intimate relations of the Queen to foreign Governments, a history of Europe as well. It is written, not in the stilted historic style, but with an easy grace, abounding in incident and anecdotes of the great English statesmen, from Lord Melbourne down to Gladstone and Chamberlain. A strong note of im-

* "V. R. I. Queen Victoria, Her Life and Empire." By the Marquis of Lorne (now His Grace the Duke of Argyll). New York and London: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-379. Price, \$2.50 net. Illustrated by thirty-two full-page half-tones.

perialism runs through the volume, as well as of hearty recognition of the Queen's noble qualities, and the guiding providence of God. "Most noble, most regal, and most womanly has been the Queen's example for the space of the lives of two generations. God be thanked for this! Under the sway of our dear mother He has allowed this nation to be strong in commerce and in colonies."

A graphic sketch is given of the condition of England at the Queen's succession. As a result of the long struggle with Napoleon, taxation was high, even windows being taxed, with the result that many were bricked up and houses darkened to escape its incidence. When George IV. visited the Duke of Argyll, the King of the realm was regaled with contraband whiskey.

The life of the Queen and of her grandfather, George III., covered a hundred and sixty years, the most important in the history of the realm. The Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, who spent several years in Canada, is described as "sober almost to a fault." When commandant at Gibraltar, he shut up the wine shops, and insisted on sobriety. When he came with his newly-married wife from Heidelberg to England he drove the carriage the whole way to the coast himself. The young couple were assigned rooms in the historic Kensington Palace, the home of William III., in which Queen Mary died. Here the Princess Victoria was born. She is described as having a very strong will, and a very strong won't, of her own. When her music teacher said, "You must practice like everybody else," she locked the piano, put the key in her pocket, and said, "Now, you see, there is no 'must' about it at all."

Our Canadian tourist party in 1899 visited the old palace, and saw the Queen's extraordinary collection of dolls, one hundred and thirty of them still remaining, most of them representing historical characters. but a very shabby and playworn lot.

The last words of her father, the Duke of Kent, addressed to his wife, were, "Act uprightly, and trust in God." In this spirit the young Princess was trained. The touching story of her vow on learning her nearness to the crown, "I will be good," of her pious prayer when called to the throne, of her offer of herself to her cousin, Prince Albert, and of her ro-

matic and ideal marriage are duly recorded.

Curious anecdotes are told of the imperial and royal visitors.

When the Czar Alexander II. left England, a large bundle of straw was carried on the steamer, on which the Emperor preferred to sleep, leaving his suite to use the beds. A strange story is told of Sir John Lawrence, the saviour of India. While resident at Lahore, when a riot was feared, he said to the treasurer of the state jewels that he would take care of the Koh-i-noor, and carried it off in his pocket. He forgot all about it, and when the Rajah asked for it, the treasurer referred him to Lawrence, who denied having ever had it; but was at once chagrined and delighted to find it in his private drawer.

When Louis Philippe was in exile the Queen writes: "He told me of the time when he was teaching in Switzerland at twenty pence a day, having to brush his own boots."

One of the Queen's first visits abroad was to the home of Prince Albert's childhood, where they found the palace full of cousins, and received their cordial welcome. The devout spirit of the royal family is shown in the infaring of the new home at Osborne. The Prince quoted a quaint prayer of Luther's to God, "To bless our going out and coming in, our daily bread, and all we do; bless us to a blessed dying, and make us heirs of heaven." The Queen was passionately fond of Scotland, and is described as "the last of the Jacobites." On her first visit she found the oatmeal porridge and Finnan haddies very good.

The World's Fair of 1851 the Prince hoped would inaugurate an era of peace. The Prince writes: "I am more dear than alive, from overwork." Alarmists declared the influx of foreigners would create a revolution, murder the Queen and himself, and proclaim a Red Republic; a plague was certain to ensue, for which the Prince would be responsible. But it proved a brilliant success, though it failed to bring in the era of peace. The royal reception was very informal. Court etiquette was much relaxed. One man kissed his hand to the Queen as he went up, which sent her Majesty off in a fit of laughter.

A vivid sketch is given of the Crimean War. The genius of Todleben

bade defiance to three allied armies through two long winters. The war added the immortal names of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, to the bead-roll of British victories, but it was a huge mistake, after all. The mismanagement was incredible. Cattle that could have marched to the front were killed at the port, and the wretched roads prevented their transport to the starving troops. At Inkerman 60,000 Russians were defeated by 8,000 English and 6,000 French. At the fall of Sebastopol 7,000 cannon were captured, and enormous stores. "Not even discomfiture, far less disgrace, fell on the banners of England."

The brightest memory is that of Florence Nightingale, the angel of the hospital, "in which dying men sat up to catch the sound of her footsteps or the flutter of her dress, and fell back on the pillow, content to have seen her shadow." The Queen conferred medals on the veterans. "Noble fellows!" she said, "I own I feel as if they were my own children; my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest! They were so touched, so pleased—many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them, for fear that they should not receive the identical ones put into their hands by me. One must revere and love such soldiers as those."

In 1855 the Emperor Napoleon visited the Queen. "How strange?" she wrote, "to think that I, the granddaughter of George III., should dance in the Waterloo Room with the Emperor Napoleon, nephew of England's greatest enemy, now my nearest and most intimate ally, and this ally only six years ago living in this country an exile, poor and unthought of."

Soon after the Queen returned the visit. As they drove through Paris, "pointing to the Conciergerie, the Emperor said, 'Voilà ou j'étais en prison!'"

The tragic tale of the Indian Mutiny is succinctly told. It was attributed to the use of greased cartridges, violating the caste of the soldiers, to the interference with their faith in permitting Hindu widows to remarry, or a man to change his religion. Lord Grey, at the Cape, and Lord Elgin, in China, without orders, sent troops to India, and saved the dependency. The heroism of Lawrence, Havelock, Clyde

added new lustre to British annals, and the name of "Clemency" Canning, given to the Governor-General, is the noblest tribute to the benign character of British rule.

On the marriage of the Princess Royal the Queen writes: "The second most eventful day in my life as regards feelings. I felt as if I were being married over again myself, only much more nervous, for I had not that blessed feeling which I had then, which raises and supports one, of giving myself up for life to him whom I loved and worshipped then and ever."

But the shadow of the cypress soon followed the fragrance of the orange-blossom. The Queen suffered the immedicable loss of him to whose memory the remaining forty years of her life was one long homage. The passing of the Prince was as heroic and knightly as that of Arthur, Britain's blameless King. His daughter, Alice, sang for him that psalm of his childhood, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott." As he lay in pain and weariness he gazed at the favourite portrait of the Queen and said, "It helps me through half the day." "It is your own little wife," she said, and he gave her his farewell kiss. The words and music of the Queen's chief solace in her sorrow, "Peace! Perfect peace!" are given.

Then followed the journey of the Prince of Wales to Palestine, under the distinguished guidance of the Queen's good friend Dean Stanley. They spent Good Friday at Nazareth, Easter by the Sea of Galilee. "I am thankful," writes the Dean, "that it was there, and not in Jerusalem, amid the clatter of the contending churches."

The marriage of the Prince brought new joy to the desolate heart of the Queen. She was glad to devolve some of her formal state duties on the Prince and Princess. "The Queen has laboured conscientiously," she wrote, "to discharge those duties till her health and strength, already shaken by the bitter and abiding desolation which has taken the place of her former happiness, have been impaired." But to the end, notwithstanding increasing infirmities, she took part at public functions at a cost to herself which the public can never know.

Then followed the Franco-German War, during which Bismarck became

bitterly hostile to the peace-loving Queen and her daughter, Victoria. But compensation was found in the greeting of gratitude from the French people, signed by 12,000,000 of names, for succour given the starving Parisians on the raising of the siege.

The Marquis of Lorne makes slight allusion to his own marriage with the Princess Louise. For the first time since the fall of the Stuart dynasty a Sovereign's daughter was permitted to marry in her own country. There had been some opposition in Parliament to previous marriages of the Queen's children, but in this instance, says the Marquis, "It dwindled to the adverse vote of one man, and he was a personal friend of the bridegroom, and unfortunately blind!"

When Prince Alfred married the Grand Duchess of Russia at St. Petersburg, the Queen's choicest presents to the bride and groom were two beautiful prayer-books. The ceremonies were magnificent. Dean Stanley celebrated the marriage at the English chapel. The Winter Palace, with 1,600 rooms, had 4,000 guests. At Moscow the functions were even more gorgeous. Few thought that the terrible and tragic end of the Czar Alexander in the streets of his own capital was so near at hand.

The royal progress of the Prince of Wales to India was the most stately function even that land had ever seen. The new title of Empress appropriately defined the overlordship of the Queen over the many kings and satraps of the Indian Empire.

The next break in the royal family was the tragic death of the Princess Alice.

The two jubilees of Queen Victoria were beautiful celebrations of her long and glorious reign, so marked by the growing betterment of the condition of her people everywhere. The donation of over £1,000,000 for the great hospitals, and in aid of the poor

of London, was its most conspicuous note.

The failure of all attempts to maintain peace with the South African Republics was a bitter disappointment to the Queen, as well as to her people. "We had with us," as Mr. Balfour said, "the conscience of the Empire, and it was a glorious satisfaction to her Majesty to see her loyal subjects in Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Natal, and Canada, willing to shed their life's blood for the continuance of the institutions through which they themselves had grown to manhood, and had found freedom in union."

Her visit to Dublin was the aged Queen's last state journey. Her hearing the Mendelssohn's "Elijah," was the last of many great musical fetes which she enjoyed. In July she attended her last public function, a garden party at Buckingham Palace. By special favour of the chief of police the present writer and his Canadian party had an admirable opportunity to see the venerable Sovereign, and join in the cheers for her loyal subjects. Almost her last public utterance was one of welcome to Canadian troops under Colonel Otter: "I am very glad to see you here to-day, and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadians."

Her last Christmas was quietly kept. Then followed the saintly passing of the mother of her people at her island home of Osborne. Never was such funeral pageant as that when, with the sound of a nation's lamentation, she was born to her rest beside him whom she had mourned and loved so long.

"Then last we laid her down, where love
With her dear Prince had been,
And prayed our earthly love may prove
A splendour caught from God above,
Like hers, who reigned our Queen!"

SHARON'S ROSE.

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume,
Its odours scented all the room.

"What art thou?" was his quick demand:

"Art thou some gum from Samarcand?
Or spikenard in a rude disguise?
Or other costly merchandise?"

"Nay, I am but a lump of clay!"

"Then whence this wondrous sweetness,
say?"

"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the Rose!"
Meet parable; for will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose!
Distil sweet scent o'er all around,
Tho' poor and mean themselves be found?
Good Lord, abide with us, that we
May catch these odours fresh from Thee.

Current Topics and Events.



LISTENING TO THE BAND IN A BOER REFUGE CAMP.

This illustration is a curious commentary on the wild statements made by pro-Boers about the treatment of Boer women and children in camps—and especially of the odious caricatures of the German press.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

With the opening weeks of the year the situation in South Africa is decidedly improving. The Boers indeed celebrated the Christmastide by a midnight attack on a British camp, slaughtering the officers as they rushed from their tents; but that has proved a futile victory. The guns were recaptured and the assailants severely punished. The burghers are surrendering in increasing numbers and are giving loyal assistance to the British in policing the vast regions of the veldt and employing Boer "slimness" to defeat the Boers. The block-house cordon is closing in on the irreconcilables, who find it impossible to break through its grip of steel. A year ago train-wrecking was a daily event, now it is impossible. Business at Pretoria and Johannesburg is resuming, the burghers welcoming the returning prosperity.

The rebellion in the Cape is well-nigh suppressed, largely through the valour and fidelity of the loyal colonists. Britain's clemency is being vindicated against the unspeakable slanders and mendacity disseminated by Dr. Leyds and Mr. Stead. The truth about the refuge camps is becoming known. There are more Boer children under instruction in British schools than there were in the whole of the Transvaal before the war. Dr. Franks reveals some of the causes of

the infant mortality. Boer mothers fed their children of tender years with biltong, or dried beef, and sardines, and employed embrocations and internal remedies too disgusting to mention. They also covered sick children with green paint with the exception of their faces, and several died from acute arsenical poisoning. The Boer prisoners, The Times writer affirms, refused to help split the wood or fetch the rations or medicines of the sick women unless paid for it.

The British prohibit under severe penalties the sale of liquor to the natives and protect them from wrong and oppression. The Boers supplied in unlimited quantities both liquor and oppression. They have recently attacked the native tribes, killing the cattle-herds and stealing 60,000 head of cattle.

An American Methodist missionary writes: "If they tell you Britons are cruel to their prisoners tell them they are in error. The burghers are well fed and well hutted. They fare better in rations than the rifle-armed guards who patrol outside the barbed wire stockade." Let the remnant of murderous brigands who keep up the hopeless contest but accept the generous terms of peace and the forty thousand exiles may return to their homes, for the British offer to rebuild and restock their farms; and the wives and children may rejoin their

husbands and fathers who but prolong their sufferings by their futile resistance.

Their "slimness" and perfidy maintain their evil repute to the end. "Don't shoot, we are Pilcher's men," shouted forty Boers, as they rushed a little post of four lone Englishmen, adding to the enormous disparity of numbers the crime of lying and treachery. Again and again they are proven, contrary to the Geneva convention, to have only too successfully deceived the British by wearing the khaki uniform.

All that is left of the Boer Government and archives is being dragged around the Transvaal in a cart. DeWet and Botha are being harried from kopje to donga, in which they hide only to make a midnight raid on a sleeping camp, kill all they can and skulk off again. Paul Kruger, the chief cause of all this wanton bloodshed, is living in ease in Holland; Dr. Leyds is using what is left of the enormous secret service money in suborning a venal foreign press, which outrages decency by the venom and vileness of its lies.

THE CANDID FRIEND.

The Colonial Secretary has an unfortunate manner of exasperating the feelings of foreign critics, now by saying of Russia, "Who sups with the devil needs a long spoon," then by irritating the susceptibilities of the Germans, who are conscious of the very good grounds of his criticism. Your candid friend may tell the truth, yet make himself very unpopular all the same. With greater tact Sir Edward Monson, the British Ambassador at Paris, defended the methods of Great Britain, at the same time mollifying the sensibilities of the French.

It would seem that the German critics, unable to wag their tongues against the Kaiser under penalty of lese majeste, make up for it by abusing King Edward VII. The so-called comic press disgraces itself and the nation by its vileness. A ruffian said to John Wesley, crowding him off the sidewalk, "I never make way for a fool." "I always do," said the great preacher, and passed by. Would it not be better to treat with silent contempt the vulgar insolence of the gutter press than show by wincing that

its pin-pricks hurt? Mr. Chamberlain seems to prefer the method of Zophar the Naamathite, Job xi. 2: "Should not the multitude of words be answered? And should a man full of talk be justified?"

FOREIGN ANTIPATHY.

Commercial depression in Germany in peace time compared with the prosperity of Britain after two years' strain of war exacerbates the feeling of hostility. In Berlin 35,000 persons are out of work, and throughout the empire sore distress prevails. Chancellor von Buelow would do well to pour water instead of oil on the smouldering discontent. The cancelling of large orders from India should show that courtesy to her best customer, purchasing \$200,000,000 worth a year, is a wiser policy than slander and nagging. In the Reichstag Herr Bebel, Socialist leader, bitterly denounced the "hunger duties" which are imposed upon the food of the poor.

The French have lost enormously by their pin-prick criticisms of England. The then Prince of Wales and court conspicuously abstained from visiting the Paris Exposition, and the vast coronation expenditure is being chiefly retained at home.

A VOLUNTEER ARMY.

Not only has the British policy been one of the greatest humanity towards its foes, but the British army is the only one in Europe which is a purely volunteer force. This should protect it from Kipling's gibes. In every other country, from Finland to Turkey, there is a levy en masse. Every man must spend two or three years of his life undergoing severest drill. The Prussian martinets are men of ruthless austerity. In the grand manoeuvres scores of men fall from the ranks, some never to rise again; scores more have committed suicide to escape the tyranny of the drill sergeants, while hundreds of thousands have fled from the country to escape the military yoke. Yet, notwithstanding Bismarck's famous colonizing policy only 9,400 Germans are reported as living in Germany's foreign colonies, which cost the empire vastly more than they return.

HOME RULE.

The Roman Catholic faction in Ireland but prove their incapacity for Home Rule and make now impossible concessions which Mr. Cladstone offered by their embittered hostility to Great Britain. Can they possibly think they will increase their influence in the English Parliament by electing the gasconading braggart, "Colonel" Lynch, who went to Africa ostensibly in the Red Cross service to succour the wounded, and treacherously joined the foes of the empire? Let our Roman Catholic Irish friends emulate the industry and loyalty of the Protestants of the North that have made Ulster one of the most prosperous provinces in the realm and Belfast one of its greatest industrial, commercial and manufacturing cities.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

The American Senate has very promptly, by an almost unanimous vote, adopted the Nicaraguan route for the Isthmian Canal. The press, however, seems largely in favour of the rival route. New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Chicago papers strongly urge constructing the canal at Panama. The Chicago Record-Herald says: "From a purely engineering point of view it seems like a piece of consummate folly to dig a canal 190 miles long, utilizing a lake whose sand bottom is shifting and uncertain, when another route only 46 miles long, in which 40 per cent. of the excavation has been done, is offered upon terms that will insure this Government absolute ownership and control of the waterway and at a price which will keep the total cost within the estimated expenditure of the longer route."

SOUTH AMERICA.

The chronic insurrections of South America still maintain their record. De Castro, an opinionated and obstinate tyrant, plays the role in Venezuela of Ajax defying the lightning. He will probably be soon deposed, and Venezuela's honest debts be collected, peaceably or otherwise.

Argentina and Chile declined to accept the arbitration of the United States, which they seem to distrust, but have accepted that of Great Britain. British commissioners have pro-

ceeded to study the delimitation question on the spot.

Some American papers are trying to show that the act of Germany in collecting its debt is an invasion of the Monroe doctrine, but The Brooklyn Eagle sensibly replies that "the Monroe doctrine is not an aegis for thieves, even though they masquerade in the guise of volcanic republics."



A POLITE CROWD.

Each to the other: "You first, my dear friend, you first!"

—The Minneapolis Journal.

RECIPROCITY.

Our cartoon shows how many of the American trade interests are in favour of reciprocity in the abstract, but against it in the concrete. They are very polite in giving precedence to the others. An article in The Outlook shows how their Chinese wall policy will be fatal in the long run to a commerce like that of Great Britain, who carries half the tonnage of the world in her ships. It says: "If we become a commercial nation, we must take as well as give; we must receive the industrial products of other communities as well as sell to them our industrial products. Promotion of commerce and prohibition of imports cannot be maintained at the same time; for commerce is the exchange of exports for imports." Sir Wilfrid Laurier says: "We shall look no more to Washington." The overtures must now come from them to us.



COLONEL JONATHAN J. BULL;
Or, what John Bull may come to.
—Punch (London).

LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

Mr. Stead has been writing again in *The Cosmopolitan*, a magazine to whose anti-British articles we referred last month, on the Americanization of the world. *The Outlook* more sanely remarks: "The belief that we are now a creditor nation has been sedulously stimulated in stock-booming circles for the past four years, with nothing to support it except the fact that we have each year exported \$500,000,000 worth of goods more than we imported. We have before had occasion to note that most of this \$500,000,000 doubtless went to pay the interest on our securities still held abroad, the expenses of American travellers, the freights on our ocean commerce, etc., so that relatively little remained to buy back more securities."

It is British gold which has very largely built American railways and financed great American enterprises, and British investors still draw enormous interest from these sources. There is life in the old land yet. The output of the Clyde shipyards for the past year was the largest on record. For the first time it totalled over half a million of tonnage. The total ton-

nage in the United Kingdom for home, foreign and colonial service in 1901 shows an excess of 151 vessels and 260,922 tons over the figures for the previous year.

"TOGETHER."

We greatly rejoice at the growing rapprochement between Great Britain and the Great Republic, the two foremost nations in the world. The true affinities and fellowships of these Anglo-Saxon peoples are with each other, and not with the Slav or Teuton or Latin races.

If these but stand together in the spirit of the English laureate's poem, they can give peace to the world.

Queen Victoria's birthday was lovingly celebrated in New York, and Washington's will be as heartily kept in London on February 22. Frederic Harrison, the distinguished critic, has said that Washington is one of the great English heroes, as Alfred the Great is one of the United States'. The death of the Great Queen and the Great President drew the nations together in a common sorrow, as they were never drawn before. Perish the hand and palsied be the tongue that would stir up strife or bitterness between these kindred peoples.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born Feb. 22, 1732. Died Dec. 14, 1799.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Book Notices.

"Twixt Sirdar and Menelik." An Account of a Year's Expedition from Zaila to Cairo through Unknown Abyssinia. By the late Captain M. S. Wellby, 18th Hussars. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxv-409. Price, \$2.50.

The officers of the British army, especially the Engineers, have been among the most daring and successful explorers. Conspicuous among these is Captain Wellby. Twice before had he visited and mapped out much of the then untrodden Somaliland. Subsequently he traversed the highlands of Thibet and China from Kashmir to Peking. In December, 1898, without a single white companion, he began his hazardous journey of seven months' exploration through the unknown parts of Abyssinia. His tact and skill and kindness won the good will of Abyssinians, Arabs and Negroes alike.

It was just after the disastrous defeat of the Italian troops by Menelik and the smashing of the Mahdi by Sirdar Kitchener's victory at Omdurman. Much of the country was a Noman's-land, but he greatly increased the prestige of Britain's power and influence throughout the region which thirty-four years before had been traversed by a conquering British army of Lord Napier of Magdala. A common bond of union was the fact that the English and Abyssinians were Christians, the latter dating their conversion from that officer of Candace converted by Philip—one of the most ancient of the Christian Churches.

An arduous journey it was. The money-loving merchants whom he met could not comprehend why he should encounter such perils instead of enjoying the sweetness of life. Much of this journey was made on foot, sometimes marching eleven hours a day in the keen and difficult air of a mountain plateau a mile and a half above the sea. Despairing mothers brought their sick to him to be cured. His black cook, he says, was most appropriately named "Hash."

At the capital he was kindly received by King Menelik II. He com-

municated, amid state ceremonies, a message from Queen Victoria, which she had spoken into a phonograph. The words came clear and firm from the phonograph and were received with a grand salute of eleven guns.

With indomitable pluck our explorer faced and conquered the difficulties of travel, till after two hundred days he reached a frontier fort held, not by the French, but by a single British officer and one hundred and sixty black troops. The British were everywhere supreme—at Sobat, Fashoda, Omdurman and Khartoum.

His faithful followers, who had brought him many hundreds of miles untrodden save by the feet of naked savages and wild beasts, were sent safely back to their homes.

Few pages are more touching than that in which this British officer describes his sorrow at the loss of the devoted little fox terrier which had accompanied him through all his wanderings. His own courage and endurance are illustrated by the fact that having incurred blood-poisoning in his hand he marched for many days in intense agony, keeping it erect all the time, yet concealing his pain so that his followers should not lose heart.

The tragic death of this intrepid explorer gives a pathetic interest to this volume. Returning to England, he immediately rejoined his regiment in South Africa, enduring the long-drawn-out suspense and suffering of the siege of Ladysmith. After the rescue of the gallant garrison by Buller, in a reconnaissance at Mertzicht, with his small force Captain Wellby was surprised and shot to death by a large body of Boers.

"So long," writes Colonel Harrington, "as England has sons prepared to die as he died, she may look confidently to the future." The death of this accomplished explorer and author is part of the great price that Britain pays in maintaining the rights and liberties of British subjects wherever they are menaced.

This large and handsome volume, with its sixty-five excellent engravings, is remarkably cheap at the quoted price of \$2.50.

"Newman." An Appreciation in two Lectures; with the Choicest Passages of his Writings selected and arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. The Appendix contains six of his Eminence's Letters not hitherto published. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 254. Price, 3s. 6d.

A book by a Presbyterian divine upon a great English scholar, who was for forty years a Roman priest, including correspondence not before published, cannot fail to be of great interest and value. Dr. Whyte is an intense admirer, and at the same time a severe critic, of Cardinal Newman. He regards the forty volumes of his writings as among the most precious contributions to English literature. He says: "Every preface of his, every title-page of his, every dedication and advertisement of his, every footnote, every parenthesis of his, has a stamp upon it that at once makes you say—that is Newman. He is simply inimitable. He is simply alone as a writer, and has no fellow." And this estimate he vindicates by copious citations from Newman's works.

Some years ago Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson presented the present writer with Newman's great poem, "Gerontius," and years before we read with enthralled interest his "Apologia Pro Sua Vita." From these and many other books are culled a rich anthology of the most stately prose and verse in the English language. On the august themes of God, God the Son, The Word, The Infinite, on Man and Conscience, on David, Paul, on Athens and Rome, he writes with a majesty akin to that of Milton, a beauty akin to that of Ruskin. We marked a number of passages for quotation, but to give them would more than exhaust our space. This is especially a book for preachers, indeed for all who love high thought and noble expression. The sermon on a Lost Soul before the Judgment Seat is one of tremendous power, akin to the majesty of Macbeth; that on his leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome is one of tender and loving pathos.

"Proceedings of the Third Ecumenical Methodist Conference, held in City Road Chapel, London, September, 1901." With an introduction by T. B. Stephenson, D.D., LL.D. London: Wesleyan Methodist

Book Room. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xlv-579. Price, \$1.50.

By means of this verbatim report we can attend the Ecumenical Conference and get as much good out of it as its own delegates. No one could take in, understand and digest these addresses and discussions by merely hearing them. From the limits of time they had to be highly condensed. The papers are here given in full, as revised by their authors. We have here the best thoughts of the best thinkers of Methodism. Our Canadian contingent come well to the front and make us more than ever proud of them. The references to the Boer war were very much magnified, as usual, in the cable despatches.

Many papers of great and permanent value, of deep and intense spirituality, of missionary zeal and enthusiasm, are here printed. It will be for many years a treasury of information and inspiration to world-wide Methodism. The Conference was not without its humour. One good brother, when rung down, exclaimed:

"Oh! the bell,
It sounds my knell;
I leave you to think
What I cannot tell."

"Like Another Helen." By George Horton. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 379.

Mr. Horton has lived much in the Levant, and understands Greek and Turkish character better than most men. He has not only the seeing eye, but a wonderfully graphic pen, which makes his readers see what he describes. Those glorious isles of Greece, the sunny Cyclades and scattered Sporades, are the home of romance and patriotic heroism. He reproduces the spell which we ourselves have felt as we sailed for days amid these enchanted scenes. He describes the intense and bitter racial and religious hate between the Turks and the Christian population of the East, ever ready to flame forth in pillage and massacre. The story gives vivid pictures of the late revolt in Crete—almost too vivid, as in the description of the leper settlement, of the truculence of the Turks and heroism of the Greeks, and the gallant intervention

of the British to bring order out of the Cretan chaos. Only those who, like the present writer, have been spurned and spat upon and stoned as "dogs of Christians" by enraged Moslems, can appreciate the fanaticism of the bloodthirsty ruffians. The blind devotion of the Turks to their ruler finds expression in the words:

"Look at our most glorious Sultan, the light of the world, and the defender of the faith. Has he not been keeping all Europe at bay for the last ten years? There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

"The Divine Pursuit." By John Edgar McFadyen, B.A. (Oxon.) M.A. (Glas.), Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis, Knox College, Toronto. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Pp. 209. Price, \$1.

We have read with great pleasure and profit Professor McFadyen's papers contained in this volume. They are instinct with profound religious feeling, and at the same time are characterized by a distinguished grace and beauty of style. They in no small degree fulfil the desideratum expressed by Charles Wesley:

"Unite the pair so long disjointed—
Knowledge and vital piety."

"Moses and the Prophets." An Essay toward a Fair and Useful Statement of some of the Positions of Modern Biblical Criticism. By Milton S. Terry, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Garrett Biblical Institute. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 198. Price, \$1.00.

The high position and wide learning of Dr. Terry give great weight to his words of wisdom in this book. He maintains the Protestant privilege of the unrestricted study of the Word of God. It is a constructive and conservative treatise. We wish that biblical criticisms were always as reverent, as lucid and luminous as this.

"In and Around the Grand Canyon." The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv-346. Price, \$3.00.

This is a very sumptuous and handsomely illustrated volume on the grandest natural phenomenon on this continent. We have never seen more admirable half-tones than those presented in this book. They remind us of the expression of Hamlet, "Seems, madame—nay, it is." We seem actually to behold the magnificent scenery here presented. The text is worthy of the illustration. This volume is of such importance that we shall make it the subject of a special article in our next number.

"Why Not, Sweetheart?" By Julia W. Henshaw. Author of "British Columbia Up-to-Date," etc. Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co. Pp. viii-246.

Our Pacific Province is the scene of this stirring story. Its striking social contrasts, its magnificent scenery, its adventurous life, lend themselves well to dramatic treatment. The graphic account of the landslide on a mountain road, and the heroism of a dying man, touch our keenest sympathies. The new imperialism plays its part in this story. One of its actors, a brave Canadian soldier, meets his doom on the brown veldt of the Transvaal, "and the blood spilt," says the closing sentence of the tale, "by that brave man of Strathcona's Horse will help to keep Canada for ever green in the heart of the British Empire."

Mr. Andrew Lang, an English critic, says American literature is swamped with the novel. Yet Mr. Lang has issued half a score of books of fairy tales, pink, red, yellow, and blue, and many other colours. We wonder how much better are these than the "historic novel."

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.

—Owen Meredith.

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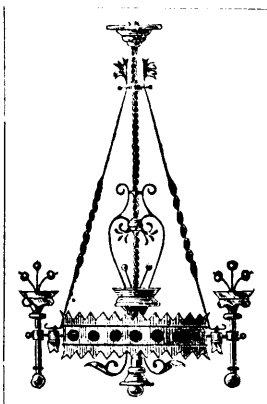
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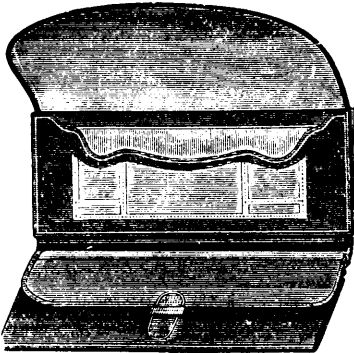
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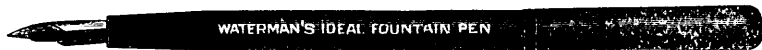
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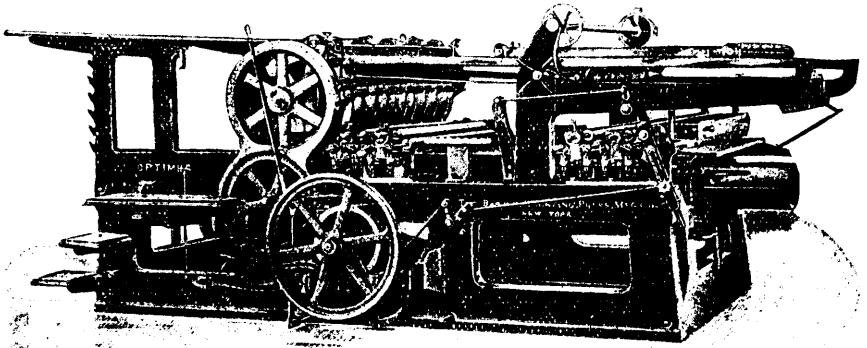
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