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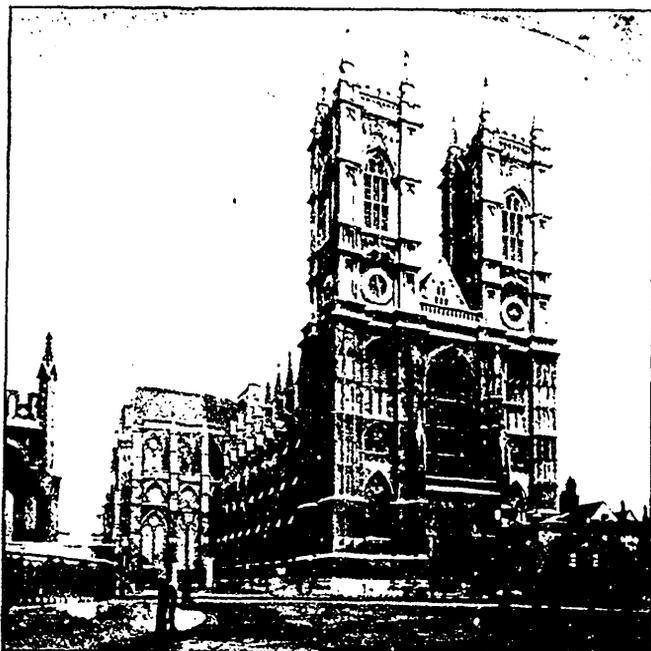
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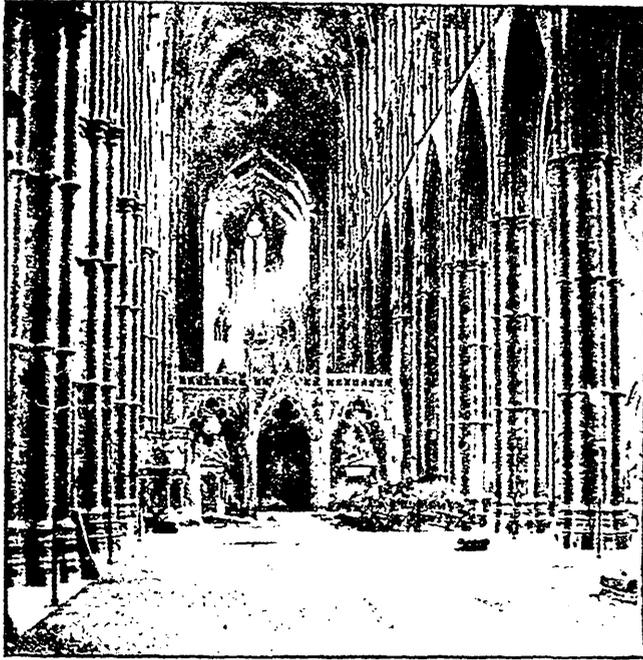
WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE CHOIR.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1899.

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ARCHITECTURE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SHORTT, M.A.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE NAVE.

Before saying anything whatever about the subject in hand, I must make it clear that I am writing solely for those who know less about architecture than I do. Should one who knows much about it persist in reading what I have to say, I cannot prevent his doing so; but I can insist that he should not consider it as being addressed to him, but to quite a different class of people. This class to which I refer is composed of

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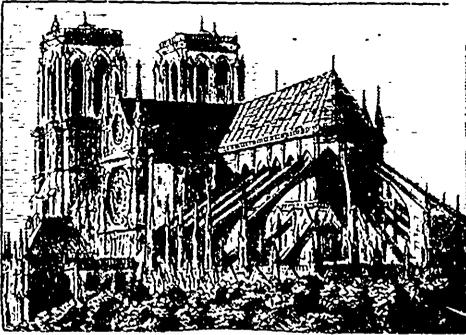
those who say that they know nothing of this "first of the arts," though they would much like to understand it. They have always thought it in some way out of reach, either as being difficult, as requiring a great deal of time, or as necessitating a teacher. Now, my dear reader, if you belong to this class, I am speaking to you; for though I admit that to be a practical architect you will require much time, much talent, and



CHAPEL AND TOMB OF HENRY VIII., WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

as good instructors as can be procured; yet in order to have within reach the great pleasure there is in reading architecture, and to be a real help to the advance of this great art in one's own country, one does not require much time, much talent, nor much assistance from anybody else. How is it in the case of any other art? Does one require to know all about fugue and counterpoint before he

can love Beethoven? Must a man be a Royal Academician in order to be allowed to admire Guido Reni? Should all but sculptors be kept out of the Vatican Museum? Are poets the only readers of Tennyson? Surely in the case of architecture it is important to have the "appreciative audience" quite as much as in that of any other art. There is much within easy reach of you.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS. FLYING BUTTRESSES.

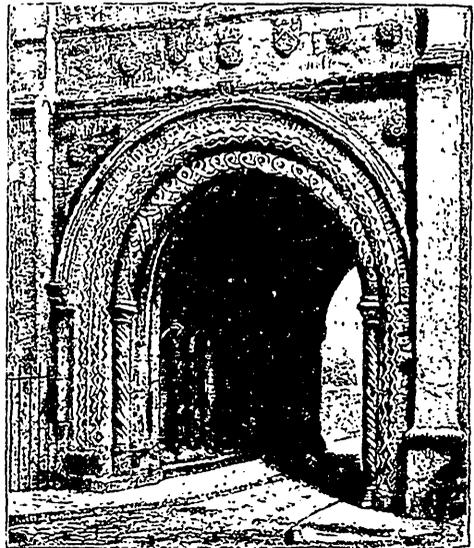
my friend,—more than perhaps you dream of. It is to you I speak.

The last time you were in England, you went, of course, to Westminster Abbey. Everybody does that. You were impressed mainly by three things there, viz., the interest of the monuments, the majestic dignity of the great nave, and the elaborate stone roof of Henry VII.'s chapel. You will go again perhaps before long, and in the interval you will have read up some architecture. As you round the dear old abbey to reach the west door (for that is the only way sensible people ever want to enter Westminster), your eye will light upon a pinnacle perhaps, an ordinary commonplace pinnacle, one of a long series. If you noticed it at all when you were last there, it seemed to you a mere ornament, nothing more; but now it is far more interesting, for now you know why it is there. You know that it stands as a deadweight to the big buttress below it, which in its turn receives the thrust from the flying-buttress above, and that this for six hundred years has been holding up the stone roof which more than anything

else gives the great nave its impressive dignity.

When you go inside the building, the vaulting itself has a charm for you, apart from its strength and beauty; for now you know what to look for there; you know the difficulty of spanning such a space with stone; you know the advantage of the pointed shape; you look at the way the ribs carry the weight. Every moulding, every minor shaft

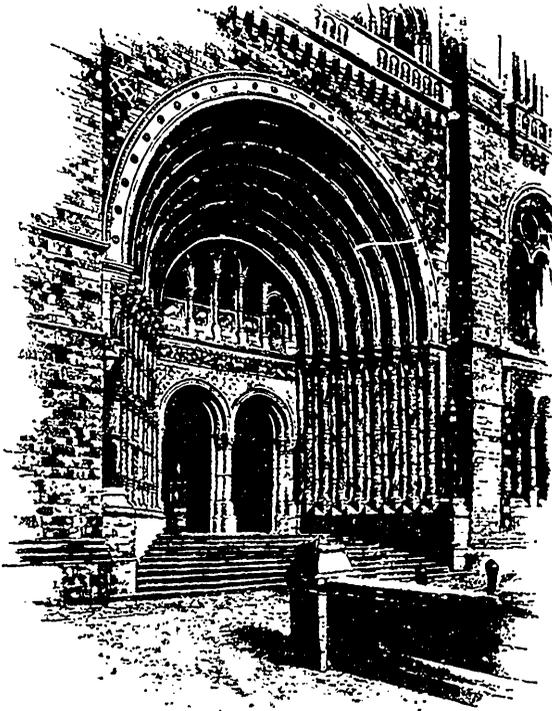
has an interest for you now, because you can see at once that the construction of the minster would have been wonderful had it been completed only yesterday; yet you know also without any guide-book that this was an old building when that saddle and shield and helmet of Henry V. were hung over there at the east end after the battle of Agincourt. But you also see at once that some of it is not quite so old as that; for



NORMAN GATEWAY, DURHAM.

the mullions in the west window tell you that they were not there in those days, but that the Wars of the Roses were nearly over when the west end was built; and you know that they must have been quite over when Henry VII. added his chapel to the east end and covered it with the roof of wondrous fair tracery. Yet people have been wondering at that

the stages of that evolution, back through the Decorated, Early English, Norman, Romanesque advances, until you dream yourself under a barrel-vault in ancient Rome, if not down in the very Cloaca Maxima, the possible parent of it all. When you are thoroughly impressed with the architecture of that chapel, go across the street and see it reborn in our own century. Look at it living again in Barry's Parliament Buildings.



ROMANESQUE DOORWAY, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

roof for the last four hundred years! You wondered at it when you were here before, and now you will find a starting point for much thought,—the Gothic vault, as it is, in full bloom. Like many a flower, it was far more beautiful in the bud, two hundred years before, when the nave was built; but here is the Gothic vault in its utmost development; and your mind will wander back through all

the stages of that evolution, back through the Decorated, Early English, Norman, Romanesque advances, until you dream yourself under a barrel-vault in ancient Rome, if not down in the very Cloaca Maxima, the possible parent of it all. When you are thoroughly impressed with the architecture of that chapel, go across the street and see it reborn in our own century. Look at it living again in Barry's Parliament Buildings. What you will now think of St. Paul's depends much upon your reading. If there has been much Ruskin in it, you will probably be too prejudiced against everything Renaissance to give Wren his due. But even then you must give him credit for great ability. People may call that cathedral Roman architecture as much as they choose; no ancient Roman could have built anything equal to it. Sir Christopher had the benefit of all the Gothic discoveries in construction, and he used them, even if he afterwards covered it all up with classical decoration. That ornament itself will interest you more than when you could not tell a Roman arch from

a Norman one; when you did not know how to classify the columns in their proper orders. You will feel that this Cathedral of the Stuarts has much to make up for its lack of antiquity. There never was a nobler dome constructed.

No doubt you will find yourself changed by your study when you cross again to the continent. In France you will find more to hold you in Amiens, Rouen, or Cluny

than in the gay capital. The German Gothic will charm you more than ever, but when you are in Cologne you will not allow the cathedral to take all your time, to the neglect of the Romanesque churches, as it probably did before.

In Italy you will like the Duomo of Florence more, and that of Milan less,—much less.

When you reach Constantinople. St. Sophia will be to you more than a great shabby mosque; for here also you will find some vaulting, far different from the English perpendicular, but descended from the very same ancestor away back, and by a most diverse line. What a space to be spanned! What strange vaults! like inverted saucers and half cups, all holding one another up so wonderfully for all those ages! When was all this marvel piled up here? Back in the days when our Saxon fathers were savage tribes, and the missionaries from stormy Lindisfarne were winning them tribe by tribe to the Christian faith, this "Church of the Holy Wisdom" was God's chief temple. It was three hundred years

old when Alfred ruled the English. Yet it stands, after fourteen centuries, strong and beautiful to-day.

I quite admit that your study will spoil some things for you. When, for example, you observe a pointed arch in the "house of Simon the tanner," at Jaffa, you will not take quite so much interest in it as you once did.

"Yes, but," you say, "that is all very well for those who can travel: but what if I have no chance of

visiting all these things? Can I do anything if I stay in Canada all my life, as probably I shall?"

Indeed you can, and you ought; for, after all, the building up of our own country upon the proper lines is most important of all. You can help that on in a very real way if you like. You have now within your reach photographs and photogravures of nearly every building under the sun; and more than that, you have some good original work



NORMAN PORCH, CANTERBURY CLOSE.

right here at home. The very last thing you must ever learn is to despise our own home work. We have the best and most varied building material; we have an atmosphere like Italy, and we have had, and still have, real architects; men who know what good work is, and sometimes have been allowed to carry out their plans. There is bad work, and there is despicable architecture, I admit, as there is in every land I ever heard

of; but when you are finding fault with it, take care to put the blame in its proper place. Sometimes it is the ignorance; or the conceit, or the dishonesty, or the stupidity of the architect, but not often. It is usually the doing of a crank millionaire, or a penurious church committee or an ignorant town council. There is no cure for the first of these; but the second and

music in our average congregation to stand it. O for the day when the older art will have such a hold on our people that they will know good work and support a good architect as they do a good musician!

Now, my dear musical friend, don't sigh. I know that your art is not in an ideal state in Canada, but you will admit that it is better



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

third may be educated out of existence. They are representatives, and can only do what their constituents allow. Once get a large proportion of the people appreciative of good architecture, and no committee dare perpetrate things such as we sometimes have to endure. How long would an organist be allowed to play discords in one of our churches? There is too much

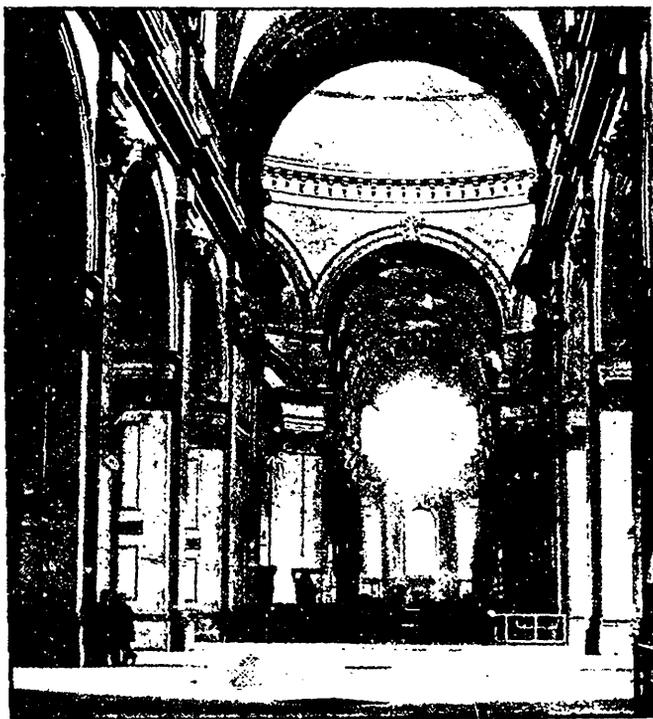
than it was, and far better off than architecture is likely to be for some years to come.

In spite of all discouragements, however, there is a lot of good work in Canada, and you may use it in your study with the greatest advantage. For example, you may want to know the effect of a Roman Ionic column. Osgoode Hall, Toronto, will provide you

with as good specimens as can be found—in one way better than the Roman Forum itself, in that they are not battered to pieces. If you desire modern Corinthian work, and cannot go to see the Madeleine, then look at the Montreal Bank, in Montreal, or the Court House in the same city for the Greek Ionic.

Perhaps you will have become

Law Courts, so you need not cross the ocean. You cannot see a real dome of stone, I fear, but if you want to see the effect of that greatest invention of the Renaissance you will find upon the new St. James' Cathedral, of Montreal, an exact copy in iron of the one which Michael Angelo raised over St. Peter's, at Rome. One need not go to South Kensington, nor even



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—THE NAVE.

interested in the Norman period, and would like something better than pictures; study well, then, the main building of Toronto University, for you will never find anything much better, travel where you will. Do you want to see whether Gothic can be used for secular purposes? The Parliament Buildings, at Ottawa, can teach you quite as well as Street's

to Boston, to find out the value of Romanesque, for our streets are full of it, good and otherwise. If the Legislative Buildings of Ontario be not sufficiently conspicuous, then the Toronto City Hall tower will not be overlooked.

We can study, too, the development of a new architecture in the steel buildings now becoming common. We watch with interest,



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

and will wait until time tells us, how really good the new method is. As architects strongly differ upon this point, we ordinary on-lookers may be allowed to say something. For one, I am quite prepared to believe that it is a real discovery, but that it will require much work on the part of artists to make it noble. Covering one construction with the ornament of another is surely weak. Does not ancient Rome warn us against that? There is nothing more beautiful than the modern steel bridge, and few things so interesting. If that sort of steel construction is capable of beauty, why not the "skyscraper"? We should insist on something being done to make this conspicuous object more ornamental. Garbett has well said that a building which shuts out the light from others and obstructs

the view, is a selfish intruder, unless it apologize for its presence by presenting a beautiful exterior. Citizens should not put up with a great ugly monster throwing all their other buildings out of scale. It must at least look as well as art can make it.

No, my amateur friend, please do not imagine that you must travel far or work hard at dry technical details in order to understand and applaud our architects when they deserve it. It is only a matter of reading a few interesting books, looking well at all the architectural photographs you can lay hands upon, and walking about our own cities with your eyes open. Try this, and I can promise that you will not find that you are wasting your time.

St. Thomas' Clergy House,  
Toronto, Nov. 1899.

O holly sprays that keep the winter green!  
O cruel spines that made His mocking crown!  
Thy coral fruit the glossy leaves between,  
The crimson drops of blood that trickled down!

## THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF SPAIN.\*

BY CHARLES E. FAITHFULL,

*Pastor of Chamberi Evangelical Mission Church, Madrid.*

DANCE OF THE CHORISTERS, SEVILLE.

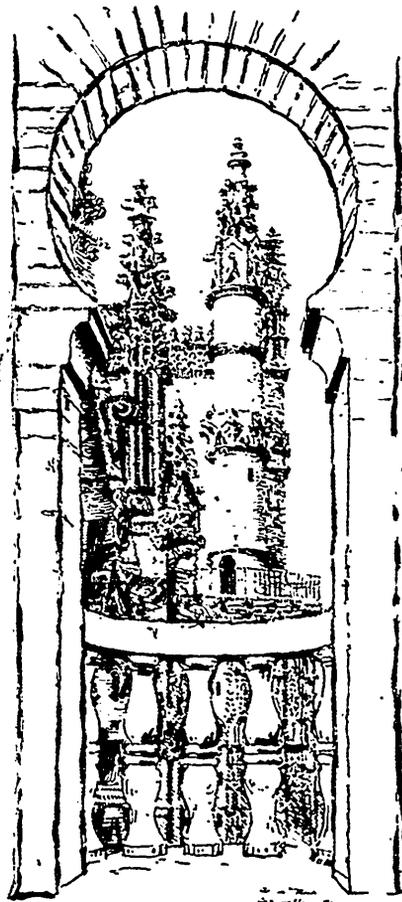
Spain is a country comparatively little known and still less understood by foreigners in general.

\* There is a strange blending of the sacred and secular in Spain. One of the most curious illustrations of this is the dance of the choristers in the Cathedral of Seville, shown in our first engraving. This is a very ancient custom which is observed on several of the holy days of the year. The choristers wear quaint and bright-coloured dresses and plumed hats. A stringed orchestra furnishes the music, which the choristers accompany with castanets and a stately kind of dance like a minuet, all performed with the greatest solemnity and decorum.

Nowhere in Europe are to be found more magnificent cathedrals than those of Spain.

The difficulties in the way of securing accurate information are particularly great in the case of the

For the most part they are pure Gothic, but sometimes with a quaint blending of Moorish influence and detail. The famous cathedral at Burgos is one of the most magnificent in Europe. It dominates the entire landscape as seen from afar, and on nearer approach it is seen to be enriched with the most elaborate Gothic detail. A noted feature of the churches is the swarms of beggars and cripples of every sort who gather around the church doors, exhibiting their deformities and importunately demanding alms. Our graphic illustrations are from the pencil of our accomplished townsman, Mr. G. A. Reid, the result of a recent tour through Spain.



BIT OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

missionary, for, with rare exceptions, he is confined to a section of the community that in no country fairly represents either its virtues or its vices. An occasional glimpse into other strata awakens a conviction that the usual opinion, as to the general condition of the Spanish people, is not so hopeless as some have depicted it. That the door opened to the pure Gospel in 1868 was of God, must be evident to the most superficial observer. Spain's religious condition is the true key to its moral status, for the religious standard of a country gives the tone to its morals and even to its customs.

The Roman Catholic Church, that many have supposed, erroneously, to be on the decline, still holds the consciences of the women with a firm and pitiless grasp, and, externally at least, a large majority of the men of the upper and middle classes, though, in the case of the women especially, this does not necessarily indicate deep religious sentiment. Nevertheless they form a potent factor in the religious element of the nation, strongly influencing the men, who, for the most part, have no religion, or have not either conviction or courage to take an independent stand. Doubtless some secretly adore the Saviour, and others look above and beyond the grosser forms of Romanist worship, and seek to adapt their lives to Christian doctrines, so far as their limited knowledge permits, but these dare not express their convictions, knowing full well the consequences. To the few who have had the courage to leave the Roman Church, braving all for Christ, merciless intolerance has been meted out, and practically all sympathy with such, even to the alleviation of physical sufferings or succour in old age, is systematically and determinately withheld. Imagine a country devoid of hospitals, orphanages, almshouses for aged poor, or for disabled soldiers and sailors, or kindred institutions for any but Roman Catholics! This is the deplorably sad condition to which Spain has been brought by the so-called Catholic Church after eighteen centuries of Christianity. When it is remembered that the majority of those declaring themselves to be evangelical Christians are exceedingly poor and almost devoid of influence in the "upper circles," this mournful picture is complete.

What a field is this for Christian philanthropy! The task of the missionary is, indeed, a continuous

"*via dolorosa*," a daily struggle with various elements, spiritual, moral, legal, and social, in order to retain what has been left of the so-called liberty of worship, that in practice has become, with few exceptions, only toleration.

Take, for instance, the law as to civil marriage. Notwithstanding the fact that, according to the statute, every citizen has a right to be married without ecclesiastical intervention, the Roman Catholic Church is unceasing in its efforts to influence the civil authorities so that almost endless difficulties are placed in the way of obtaining the necessary documents, which, for the poorest, cost at least six dollars. In addition to this she stigmatizes civil marriages as concubinage, thus intimidating many, and putting hindrances in the way of the free exercise of conscience.

A member of the Chamberi church was recently married without a priest. His father, a fervent Romanist, at first withheld his consent, and when he at length yielded, the judge before whom he went to make his declaration, officiously did his utmost to dissuade him, appealing to the religious sentiment in order to hinder his son's marriage. This is the general attitude of the authorities in a land where respect for private conviction is a scarce commodity, and where, in consequence, submission to such is at a premium. I am sorry to add that, even in the highest circles, bribery is most common and an easy mode to overcome difficulties and evade the law.

Thus much for the darker side of the picture. When, in 1872, my attention was drawn to the suburb of Madrid, known as Chamberi, education, even primary, was sadly lacking. So far as memory serves me, there was but one school in the district, and that entirely under ecclesiastical control. To-day there is here a numerous and flourishing



MORO-GOTHIC DOORWAY, OLD MADRID.

church; schools for boys, girls, and infants were opened, and have been maintained ever since, about eight thousand children having passed through them thus far. A great change has resulted. Schools, both higher and primary, public and private, paying and gratuitous, have sprung up on all hands. Still our numbers do not diminish, though the small fee charged at the commencement has twice been raised, and will yet be further increased so as to assist in supplying the teachers' salaries and other expenditures. When I add that our first aim is the spiritual well-being of the scholars, and that the eight Spanish teachers are all decided Christians, the preceding remark is sufficiently explained.

With increased education there has, of course, resulted the usual mingling of good and evil. Since the literature of Spain, especially that read by the lower classes, is almost exclusively of the most de-

leterious character, there seems to be little immediate fruit for good, except in the case of those who have come under daily Christian instruction in Protestant schools. The reading propensity, too, would seem to be much less developed than in more northern lands, for though Madrid can boast of a splendid national library, with a large and comfortable free reading-room, I have rarely found more than a few individuals enjoying its privileges. Doubtless some rather above the artisan class, and especially students of the various univer-

sities, avail themselves occasionally of the advantages offered, but rather from necessity than from love for reading.



BURGOS.

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The love of pleasure is the chief hindrance to real seriousness of thought, and so long as the national pastime is in the bull-fight, a radical change, either in character or temperament, can scarcely be expected. Notwithstanding the very grave condition of affairs generally, the carnival this year was exceptionally brilliant, possibly with the idea of diverting the people's attention from the real state of things. The following transla-

tion of an address delivered by the cardinal archbishop of Valladolid, will let further light into the two-sided question under consideration:

"All acknowledge that the actual situation of Spain is the most critical our country has passed through in the present generation, and can only be compared to that which preceded the French invasion at the beginning of the century. All know that we are in danger of a tempest from without, and that within a volcano is roaring underneath our feet. Notwithstanding, we hear of more preparations for public diversions than usual, noisy preparations for feasts, battles of flowers, bull-fights, masked balls, and the like; a paroxysm of the foolishness of carnival as out of place as it is exaggerated. In its nature carnival is a barbarous custom, nearly always immoral, and frequently sacrilegious and impious, especially so in these days of so much mourning for our insulted country, in addition to the grief of the Spanish mothers, whose sons have died in Cuba, and who, from the solitude in which they weep, can hear the loud laughter of vice as well as so much contemptuous blasphemy.

"It appears as if the people were to be diverted to prevent them realizing their condition, to be intoxicated with pleasure that they may not feel, to bring them down to the level of the Roman decadence. We see, with the most profound sorrow, that it is intended to make the carnival this year more uproarious and, on that account, *more immoral than ever*. How can this phenomenon be explained? If we look at it from a natural point of view, it is repugnant to all delicate sentiments to make so much ostentatious merriment in a country and at a time when so many tears are being shed, and where there is likely to be cause for many more. More sensible have been the places, sadly few in number, that have happily agreed not to celebrate the carnival this year. The money dissipated on this ostentatious



IN BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

luxury might be used for food and medicines for our poor soldiers, or it might help to construct machines of war, which would contribute to make our flag respected. We ought to reflect upon the repeated warnings which God has given to us, for has not the Lord's prophet said, 'The earth is desolate because no one considered.'

As to the political situation, we know not what a day may bring forth. The national pride, piqued by the Marquis of Salisbury's speech, in which he referred to moribund nations, has found expression for its wounded feelings in the press. One local paper, *El Imparcial*, expresses itself in a leader as follows :

"A country that has sent across the Atlantic to Cuba ten times more soldiers than England despatched to America to sustain her sovereignty in what are now called the United States, though surprised by a war with the stranger, and weakened by other surprises not less painful, has still many ages to live. This nation may be weakened by such a struggle, but, thanks to a strong constitution, it will recover. At the present time it is certain, as Lord Salisbury asserts, it is without eminent men or true statesmen ; but is it, therefore, logical to suppose that we shall not again have any ?"

It may be of interest to trace briefly the progress of Gospel effort since the year 1868, in which year it was my privilege to enter the field shortly after the event of September, known here as "*La Gloriosa*." Simultaneously several others, stirred by the remarkable events that culminated in the de-

thronement of Isabella II., commenced, in various ways, to make known the true and only way to God. Halls were rented and transformed into temporary preaching centres; the Scriptures were freely distributed; schools were opened; the British and Foreign Bible Society, and subsequently the Religious Tract Society, of London, began organized work. Nor were the British Isles alone in this Christ-like invasion, for Germany and America, and later on Switzerland and Sweden, all contributed their valuable quota of men and women, who have devoted talents, time, and means, some of them without any remuneration, to extend the knowledge of Jesus Christ as the only Saviour, the one mediator between God and man.

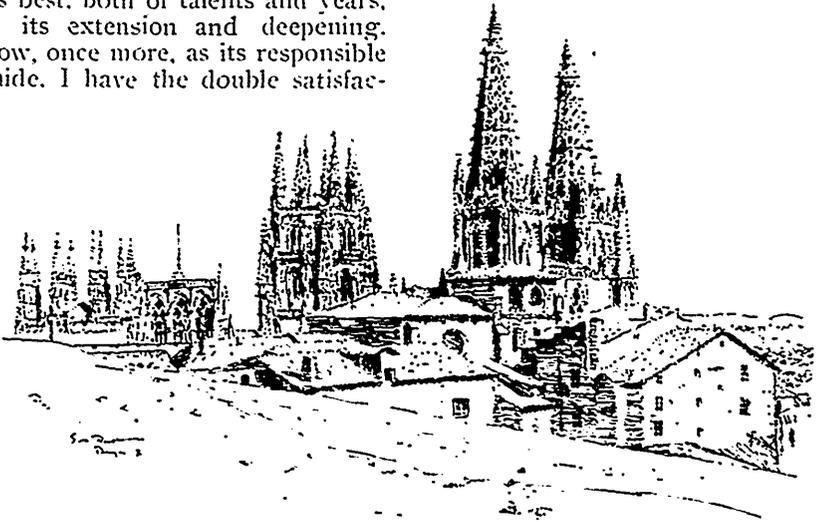
As the result of labours carried on in France and Switzerland previous to the revolution, a few Spaniards were ready to enter the open doors, and these were quickly reinforced by others as the fruit of efforts of God's servants, many of whom are now fallen asleep. The band that is left is small indeed, comparatively. Here in the capital, with well-nigh half a million inhabitants, the Protestant churches number but four, with a minimum of ministers scarcely aided by either evangelists, city missionaries, or Bible readers. Is it not time for a more extended movement, and may we not expect soon to reap still more tangible fruits to the large amount of precious seed sown in

the faith, and with many prayers and tears? These are questions which we are continually asking ourselves, and that are construed into the earnest supplication, "Breathe, O Lord, upon these bones."

I have referred to the suburb of Chamberi, where the work was commenced by me in 1873, and where the beloved and honoured Albert Fenn subsequently devoted his best, both of talents and years, to its extension and deepening. Now, once more, as its responsible guide, I have the double satisfac-

tion of entering upon his labours and seeking to go forward; but—where are the workers? Besides myself there is but one other labourer, a German lady, who for many years has filled an important sphere among the women, and yet the whole district, saturated, as it must be, with Gospel teaching, is open to us. One of the two male teachers lends me occasional aid in the services, as also a worthy carpenter, whose consistent walk for years must tell for good; but the whole pastoral work connected with a church of over one hundred communicant members, the supervision of schools, containing four

hundred children, guidance and arrangement, besides correspondence, etc., all devolve upon me. Well may one cry the brief but powerful petition, "Lord, help!" Of fruit it scarcely behooves me to speak, but to His glory be it said, there is a continuous stream, albeit small, of manifested blessing, and not a year passes without additions being made to the little company,



BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

despised, indeed, of men, but dear to Him who purchased them with His blood.

May the perusal of these lines result in further prayerful interest and increased practical effort in behalf of a country so deeply interesting both for its historical past and for its continued and apparently ever increasing misfortunes. We see but one remedy; full, unequivocal freedom of conscience, so that the glorious Gospel of the blessed God may be placed within reach of every creature. For the first we pray, while seeking daily grace and wisdom to accomplish the second.

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## LORD SALISBURY.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

" Few characters in English history are more noteworthy than Queen Elizabeth's noble Treasurer and faithful adviser, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. The maiden monarch delighted to visit the stately halls of Burleigh House, and was twelve times royally entertained by its hospitable owner for several weeks together with lavish expenditure ! As the Lord Treasurer was pointing out the beauties of the demesne, the queen, tapping him familiarly on the cheek with her fan, said, ' Ay, my lord, my money and your taste have made it a mighty pretty place ! ' And many a monarch since has graced the pageantry of its baronial halls.

" The park is seven miles in circuit, and the buildings, with their many turrets and chimneys, present a singularly picturesque appearance.

" The deer across the greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
The swan glides onward with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream !

" The visitor to Burleigh House is admitted through a massive archway to a great quadrangle around which are grouped the halls and corridors and chambers of the mansion.

" Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, with its great state bed hung with green velvet gold-embroidered tapestry, remains as when used by her maiden Majesty three hundred years ago. So magnificent were the appointments of the house, that even the stern iconoclast Cromwell respected their beauty and left them unharmed.

" What changes these time-hallowed walls have seen ! The white and red roses of York and

Lancaster contending for the victory, the long conflict between papacy and Protestantism, the rivalry of Prince Rupert's ruffling cavaliers and Cromwell's stern Ironsides, the license and riot of the Restoration, the intrigues and jealousies of the Revolution—all have passed like a stream beneath these walls, which, while dynasties rise and fall, remain unchanged.

" In the great picture gallery may be seen the portraits of a long line of brave men and fair women, who have borne a proud part in the history of their country. But before none of these will the visitor linger with a more fascinated interest than before that of the fair countess, who, dying at the early age of twenty-four, is immortalized in Tennyson's touching verse. The poet tells her story, with little embellishment. Certain it is, the bride, who bore the unromantic name of Sarah Hoggins, and her family had no idea of the rank and wealth of the wooer till the Lord of Burleigh had wedded the peasant girl. Equally certain is it, that the lady was soon bowed down to death by the heavy weight of honour ' unto which she was not born.' Let the sweetest singer of the time tell the touching story :

" In her ear he whispers gaily,  
' If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,  
And I think thou lov'st me well.'

" She replies, in accents fainter,  
' There is none I love like thee,'  
He is but a landscape painter  
And a village maiden she.

" They by parks and lodges going,  
See the lordly castles stand ;  
Summer woods about them blowing  
Made a murmur in the land.



Lord James, Sir M. W. Ridley,  
Joseph Chamberlain,  
Mr. Chaplin, Lord Balfour,  
Lord Halsbury,  
Lord Salisbury,  
Marquis of Lansdowne,  
C. T. Ritchie,  
Mr. Goschen,  
Lord Cross, Earl Cadogan,  
Sir M. H. Bence,  
Duke of Devonshire,  
Lord Hamilton.

COUNCIL OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

- “ Thus her heart rejoices greatly  
Till a gateway she discerns  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns.
- “ Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before ;  
Many a gallant gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door.
- “ And they speak in gentle murmur  
When they answer to his call  
While he treads with footsteps firmer  
Leading on from hall to hall.
- “ And while now she wonders blindly,  
Nor the meaning can divine,  
Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
‘ All of this is mine and thine.’
- “ Here he lives in state and bounty,  
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free ;  
Not a lord in all the county  
Is so great a lord as he.
- “ All at once the colour flushes  
Her sweet face from brow to chin,  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.
- “ But she strove against her weakness,  
Though, at times, her spirit sank ;  
Shaped her heart with woman’s meek-  
ness  
To all duties of her rank.
- “ And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such  
That she grew a noble lady  
And the people loved her much.
- “ But a trouble weighed upon her  
And perplexed her night and morn  
With the burthen of an honour  
Unto which she was not born.
- “ So she drooped and drooped before him,  
Fading slowly from his side ;  
Three fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died.
- “ Weeping, weeping late and early,  
Walking up and pacing down  
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,  
Burleigh-House by Stamford town.”

From Queen Elizabeth’s great Treasurer, William Cecil, has descended Queen Victoria’s still greater Prime Minister, Robert Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury. Ten generations of this distinguished family have succeeded one another in the stately palace, Hatfield House. Its present occupant is by far the most distinguished of them all.

Bismarck once said of Lord

Salisbury that he was “a lath of wood painted to look like iron.” He was vastly mistaken. His Lordship has neither the hypocrisy of the “paint,” nor the weakness of the “wood.” It is not of such stuff British Premiers are made, and least of all a man who rules successfully an empire a hundred times as populous as that of his famous ancestor, William Cecil, and more than a hundred times as difficult to be ruled, and the complexity of whose problems increases every day.

February 13th next will see the completion of Lord Salisbury’s seventieth year—an old man to bear the chief burden of the “weary Titan.” But England does not stop to ask the age of her statesmen if they are but to her mind, as the incarnation of her high ideals, bold aggressiveness and tenacious conservatism.

From Eton to Oxford was the well-beaten educational path the young nobleman took. The latter he left, in 1849, after graduating in Arts. This was supplemented by the customary tour abroad. But the young man of nineteen showed already the political bent of his inclinations by extending his travels over a large part of England’s foreign possessions, going as far as New Zealand. In the latter country he was the guest of the Governor, Sir George Grey. As the two walked on the seashore, the new constitution of the colony was the chief topic of conversation. The future Minister of the Foreign Office was here, as elsewhere, unconsciously laying in a stock of knowledge from personal observation, which has stood him in good stead many a time since.

On his return to England, in 1853, he was elected to Parliament for Stamford. His prospects at this time were not very bright. The younger son of a peer, his in-

come was small and his expenses heavy, and among his friends and relations he was not regarded as of much consequence or promise. About the only one who had great faith in his abilities was his sister. "Give Robert a chance," she said, "and he will climb to the top of the tree." He began his climbing by making opportunities instead of waiting for them.

His income he materially increased by writing for the press. He developed at the same time that clear, cogent, eloquent style which has made his despatches masterpieces of literary eloquence. First on *The Morning Herald* and *The Evening Standard*, and afterwards on *The Saturday Review*, he was one of that brilliant group of editorial writers, which included John Morley, Goldwin Smith, and Sir William Harcourt.

Lord Cecil delivered his maiden speech in the House of Commons on April 7th, 1854. Mr. Gladstone's graceful eulogy had in it a note of more than common earnestness, as he referred to the young member's first efforts as "rich with future promise, indicating that there still issue forth from the maternal bosom of the university men who in the first days of their career give earnest of what they may afterwards accomplish for their country."

He received a more substantial compliment to his powers as a Parliamentary debater, when, in less than a year afterwards, he was chosen to second Mr. Roebuck's famous resolution condemning the late Government for its disastrous mismanagement in the Crimean War.

To get a good hearing in the House of Commons is no easy matter. As one of its members, who lately visited this country, said: "The House does not want the academic note nor the Latin quotation. It desires a warm,

animated debate. The man who has humour will always get a good hearing. Ridicule your opponent, make his position and his arguments ridiculous, or be crisp and strong and ready, dealing with matters which arise in the debate. The habit is for the noted members to make running notes of the speeches as Mr. Gladstone did, and, on the instant, reply, knocking the argument of the opponent to pieces."

Qualities such as these Lord Cecil possessed in an eminent degree, and during the fourteen years that he sat in the House, there were few members listened to with keener interest than he.

In 1857 Lord Cecil was married to Georgina Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Hall Anderson, Baron of the Exchequer. In 1865 he became Lord Cranborne, by the death of his elder brother; and in 1867, on the death of his father, he took his seat in the House of Lords, as the Marquis of Salisbury.

During all these years he was steadily fitting himself for the position for which his genius, his personal choice, and his whole previous career seemed to specially qualify him—the management of the Foreign Affairs of the British Empire. Probably no British statesman of modern times has studied more profoundly the condition, necessities, and outlook of the Greater Britain of his day, or brought to the study a broader grasp, a more philosophic insight, and a more definite ideal of what he judges to be the true policy to be pursued. He seems to have laid deeply to heart the favourite aphorism of his great ancestor, Lord Burleigh, "War is the curse, and peace the blessing of God upon a nation."

As early as 1865, in a speech to his Stamford constituents, he said "In our foreign policy, what we

have to do is simply to perform our own part with honour, to abstain from a meddling diplomacy, to uphold England's honour steadily and fearlessly, and always to be rather prone to let action go along with words than to let it drag behind them."

The British Empire is the most wonderful national growth in history. By its successful wars, and much more successful diplomacy, its still more successful commerce, and most of all, its righteous treatment of subjugated peoples—it has absorbed almost a third of the world's population, and a fourth of the land surface of the globe. To consolidate these vast and diverse elements into one homogeneous and loyal Empire—to govern and direct its national and necessary expansion—amid the infinite varieties of race, religion, language, and temperament—is the loftiest task ever assigned the statesmanship of mankind.

Britain's national difficulties are stupendously great, and her international difficulties are, if possible, still greater. She could readily have a half-dozen great wars on hand with her neighbours, and another half-dozen great wars on hand within her own dominions—all at the same time. That she has had neither is due largely to the splendid policy of her statesmanship—a policy at once manly and yet conciliatory, as patient as it is self-reliant.

Of this policy Lord Salisbury is certainly one of the most illustrious exponents of modern British history. Such a policy does not suit the "jingo" element, of which Great Britain has her share. Nor does it suit a multitude of people, whose bitter criticisms deal with the mere surface of things, while they have neither time nor inclination nor ability to study the deep needs of the present, nor the still deeper needs

of the future of their country. Lord Salisbury's victories of peace have been far more splendid than many of the mightiest victories that war ever won. "Pin-pricking" France has been obliged to relinquish Fashoda, the Upper Nile, and the dream of French supremacy in Eastern Africa and Egypt. Amicable terms have been secured with Germany, and there will be no more sympathetic telegrams to Kruger. Russia has been bound—as far as she can be—by treaties which delimit her spheres in Northern China and on the frontiers of Afghanistan and India. England has secured the commercial supremacy of the Yang-tse-Kiang and its tributaries—the very heart of China—and if Lord Salisbury's "open door" is shut, it may mean in the end another addition to the British Empire in China, as vast and populous and well-governed as India. The United States has had time to recover from the insensate heat of the "Venezuela Boundary" jingoism, and that heat has been turned into the warmth of kindly regard by British magnanimity in the late war with Spain.

The dark cloud in South Africa is portentous enough, but not more so than many another which British patience, pluck and power have effectually dispelled, even during Lord Salisbury's tenure of office. The other nations may envy Great Britain—and even hate her—but they are compelled to let her alone. Her own children—stalwart young nations that they are—rally around her as never before, and at the first cry of danger are ready to sacrifice their blood and treasure in her defence.

For twenty years Lord Salisbury has followed the varying fortunes of the Conservative Party on these same lines, and while Prime Minister of State, still holds his favourite office as Minister of Foreign

Affairs. In personal appearance his Lordship is a man of large physique and majestic mien—an excellent type of the national sobriquet—"the British Lion." In private life he is genial, hospitable, and open-hearted. Queen Victoria, it is said, sometimes goes over, when in London, to the gorgeous home of her neighbour, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, and will say, "I have come over from my house, my dear, to have a cup of tea with you in your palace." The Queen might easily say the same to her beloved hostess in Hatfield.

Lord Salisbury was once spending a Sunday in one of the Midland counties in England. He dropped into a little Primitive Methodist chapel. At the close of the service a good brother said to him, "Won't you stay to class, brother?" "Not this time, thank you," he replied. His Lordship is a moderate High Churchman. His classification of the three great parties in the English Church is the "Sacramental, the Emotional, the Philosophical," and his idea is that, in some form or other, the same classification obtains in all Christian Churches. However that may be, these same three elements seem to enter very considerably into his own religious character.

Like many other British statesmen of the highest order, he is eminently a man of religious principles and Christian character. Like the peerless Gladstone, he can write treatises on religion, as well as political despatches. Such men are, after all, the highest expression of a nation's intellectual and moral status. That is the glory of England to-day.

It is not mean, unprincipled, selfish, un-Christian men England will tolerate as her rulers. She loves and honours her Queen, because she is the noblest of noble

Christian womanhood. She bows to her ruling statesmen, because they are men of the highest honour, character, and Christian manhood. Such a thing as the infamous verdict against Dreyfus could not occur in England. When France rises—as we believe she will yet—to the height of honour, where true Christianity alone can place her, she will blush with the most intense shame at that verdict.

Ours is an age of transition—rapid, radical, wide-sweeping. The dead past is burying its dead. With the new century, a new era in many respects, brighter and better than the old, dawns upon the world. In the eloquent words of another, "The poetry of Kipling, the speeches of Lord Salisbury, the march of Kitchener, the thunder of American guns, all have the sounds of both a requiem and a paean—a requiem over that which is passing away—a paean over the triumphant incoming of that which is to be."

The Peace Conference at the Hague was no failure. That it could be held at all, and that it could originate from the source whence it did, is an augury of good which the world cannot forget. Its practical effects may be little, but its moral effects may be mighty. It was something for the most powerful nation in the world, to say by the mouth of its ruler what Lord Salisbury did say:

"He assured the Czar of the cordial sympathy of the British Government. That sympathy is not confined to the Government, but is equally shared by popular opinion, which has been strikingly manifested by the numerous resolutions adopted by public meetings and societies. There are, indeed, few nations, if any, which, both on grounds of feeling and interest, are more concerned than Great Britain. The statements which constituted the grounds of the Emperor's proposal are but too well justified.

"It is unfortunately true, that, while a

desire for the maintenance of peace is generally professed, and while in fact serious and successful efforts on more than one recent occasion have been made with that object in view, by the great powers, there has been a constant tendency on the part of nearly every nation to increase its armed force, and add to the already vast expenditure on the appliances of war.

"The perfection of the instruments thus brought into use, their extreme costliness and the horrible carnage and destruction which would ensue from their employment on a large scale, have acted, no

doubt, as a serious deterrent from war, but the burdens imposed by this process on the populations affected, must, if prolonged, produce a feeling of unrest and discontent, menacing to both internal and external tranquillity.

"Her Majesty's Government will gladly co-operate with the proposed effort to provide a remedy for the evil, and if in any degree it succeeds they feel that the Sovereign to whose suggestion it is due will have richly earned the gratitude of the world at large."

Paisley, Ont.

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## THE NEW WOMAN AND THE TRUE WOMAN.

BY REV. PROF. REYNAR, LL.D.,

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We are often warned nowadays of a change and degeneracy in the character of our women. From the press and even from the pulpit come frequent notes of alarm. The New Woman is sometimes an object of mockery, and at other times an object of grave admonition; and it is observable that neither those who mock nor those who admonish seem to have any hope of escape from the New Woman. She is manifestly the coming woman, and those who cannot like her may at least thank God that she will not come in overwhelming numbers "in our time."

But as for those of us who are already husbands and fathers, and who expect to come to our graves in peace, under the love and care of women of the good old style,—we cannot help looking forward to the troubles posterity may have to endure under the reign of the New Woman. We may point out some way of escape, or, if there is no escape from the inevitable, we may perhaps help to make it endurable. It certainly is better to look a danger in the face whilst

something may be done to mitigate if not to escape it altogether.

It is but natural that we begin our inquiries concerning the new danger that is said to threaten us by asking, Who has seen the enemy, and is the report they give us trustworthy? The search for those who first saw the foe and brought in the evil tidings is very disappointing. Everybody has heard rumours of the danger and passed the word of alarm, but we cannot find out who first saw the enemy. Our grandfathers and grandmothers themselves heard of the New Woman and dreaded her approach. We go back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant and of all living witnesses and search in history, literature, and tradition, but even there the result is the same. The men and women of the good old times used to talk of the New Woman in their day and tell of her vagaries. But those new women over whom our great grandfathers used to make merry or grow angry were none other than the mothers and grandmothers whom we now revere.

In our oldest literature the same phenomenon is to be found. Chaucer, who stands at the source of our modern English literature, has many a gibe at the follies and extravagances of the New Woman of his day. In all ancient literature of the west and east we find the same old story of the proneness of the new women to do what they ought not to do and to leave undone the things they ought to do. It may not be much, but it is something to learn at the outset that complaints of woman in general and of the New Woman in particular are no new thing under the sun. They have been of old, and the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary. This consideration helps to lift the question out of the local and particular into a higher plane where broad, general principles are at work.

But there is another consideration which looks in the same direction. The fault found with the new is not confined to the New Woman. There is a certain conservatism in the mind of most men that looks with an initial mistrust on all things new; and in some minds the love of the old is so strong that the new is resisted to the last. Reason and argument may favour the new, but feeling and prejudice will sometimes hold out in spite of reason and argument. Accordingly, we have but to listen and we may hear on every hand the protests against the present and the praises of the good old times and things.

How degenerate, for example, are the servants of our day, and how often we hear of the faithful service rendered to our grandfathers and grandmothers. But those very grandfathers and grandmothers used to lament the degeneracy of their servants and tell how different it was in a former time. Even Shakespeare, who lived in the times of our great-great-

great-great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers, speaks thus of an old servant :

“ O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique mould  
When service sweat for duty, not for  
    need !

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion.”

As with the domestic servant, so it is with the workmen. The old were much better than the new. Who now can make a shoe like the old shoemaker, or a chair like the old joiners ? Who now can build like the old masons, or weave like the old weavers ? Who can sail a ship like the old seamen, or fight like the men of Waterloo and Trafalgar ? And, oh ! the good old times of husbandry, when only the sacred implements, plough sickle, and flail, were used upon God's earth and on the threshing-floor. But now the profane contrivances of steam ploughs and machine reapers and threshers are going up and down, and the fear of the old Northern Farmer has come to pass :

“ Summan 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi'  
    's kittle o' steäm

Huzzin' an' maäzin the blessed feälds wi'  
    the devil's oän teäim.”

Once more, who does not know, or think he knows, that the men of long ago were superior to the men of our own times, larger, stronger, and longer lived ? But when we look for the evidence and proof of these things we find that they are, for the most part, vain imaginations and the enchantment distance lends. There is much to show that the average man of long ago was not larger or stronger or longer lived than the men of the present, but quite the opposite. We know that the broad acres of the old time were very small as compared with those of the present, and that the work of the husbandman is, on the whole, much better done now than of old. We

hear and read of the bad as well as the good workmen of a former day. We have actually known servants as loyal and faithful as those who are praised in ancient story, and by all reliable report the men of Tel-el-Kebir and of Dargai were no whit behind the men of Agincourt and Waterloo.

It would appear, then, that the evil speaking levelled at the New Woman is by no means a new or a peculiar thing. On the contrary, it is only one special expression of the general disparagement of womankind by mankind, and one special expression of the general disparagement of the new in every form, masculine, feminine, and neuter, in comparison with the old men, women, and things.

But where there is so much smoke there is some fire, and when the complaints of the New Woman are so widespread and so long-continued there must be some grounds, real or supposed, for complaint. It is for us now to find out if possible the grounds of complaint, and the inquiry may bring us to a better understanding of the whole question.

Fault is found with the New Woman because, like all other miserable offenders, men being included, they "have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and they have done those things which they ought not to have done."

I will not stop here to ask if women are sinners more than others in these respects, but I proceed to show that charges of this kind may not amount to much even if proved, and that what is counted a vice may sometimes be a virtue, or at worst a virtue gone to seed. It is said that the women of to-day are not as good cooks and housekeepers as their mothers and grandmothers were. Our grandmothers could spin and weave the flax and wool and make

up the cloth into clothing and household linen, blankets, etc.; but their degenerate daughters cannot in some cases shape the finished stuffs to use. It must be admitted that this is true, and that the women of the present day must plead guilty of the crime laid at their door, if it be a crime. But is it a crime? Is not the change in these things all right and proper, and even necessary under the changed condition in which our women live? In primitive times, as in the savage life of the present, the capable women were women who could take game and fish brought in by the men and prepare it for food; who could take the skins and wool, etc., and prepare them for clothing, etc., who could raise the corn and grind it as well as cook the meal; who, in brief, could carry on the affairs of the home when the men were engaged in war or at the chase.

In a state of society more advanced, the pursuits of war and of the chase give place to those of grazing and agriculture and then a readjustment takes place and a new division of labour. The men take the care of the flocks and herds, and the women manage the dairy, and cook and spin and weave. The cultivation of the soil is on a larger scale and passes from the women to the men. The miller appears and then the occupation of the women as grinders of corn with the primitive hand-mill is gone. The men also take the place of women as weavers, and eventually as spinners too, and the old spinning wheels and looms become curiosities.

By this time the outcry against the new women is heard in the land. Then, too, it comes to pass that wives must often be told how their mothers-in-law used to do things. But the new women are already learning to do things that their mothers left undone, and to

do things in a way that was not possible to their mothers. This on a small scale represents the changes generation after generation has seen, from the dawn of civilization to the present day. From force of circumstances the women of old could be little but nurses and household drudges in times when the men could be little but hunters and fighters. But now, though the indolent and incapable and self-indulgent among women may live at ease, the true women add grace and charm to the lives that would else be coarse and dreary. It would be sheer waste of time and energy for them to spend their days in the slow and toilsome work of the earlier and less happy times. Why should a woman, or even a man, spend a weary while in kindling a fire by rubbing dry sticks together, or striking sparks from a flint, when by the use of a lucifer match the same work can be done in a few seconds and much time saved for other purposes?

But it is said that the New Woman does things that she ought not to do. Of course this is no worse than the uncharitable might say of the new men, and we ask for something more specific. We are then told for example that in our times women go to and fro and up and down on the earth in a way that would never have been thought of by the women of the good old times. It is true that the women of the good old times did not travel as our women do, but it is also true that they could not have done so even if they would. The improved means of communication in our times and the better police regulation make it possible for ladies to travel unattended in comfort and perfect safety from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth, whereas in the time of our grandmothers such journeys could not

be made except by armed companies and at the risk of hardship and exposure such as often proved too much for the strongest men. It would be most unreasonable, therefore, to say that our women should not take advantage of the privileges and opportunities of the present day because such privileges and opportunities were not in the possession of the grandmothers.

Another offence of the new women is their attempting to do work that of old was done by men. It is often asserted that women are crowding men out of the places to which men have a prescriptive right. Now, there is some truth in this statement, but it is not "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." One reason why women are taking up new work is that they have been crowded by the men out of some kinds of work which from the earliest times women have regarded as peculiarly their own. Spinning, weaving, cooking, washing, and even dress-making, in the most profitable lines, have been taken up by the New Man. What wonder then that the New Woman has to look about for something else to do? And what wonder if sometimes she finds herself engaged in work that may seem as strange for her as baking and dressmaking may seem for men. It is only after a series of mistakes that we sometimes reach success and find the places for which we are best suited, and in the readjustments of occupation made necessary under modern conditions there are perhaps as many men as there are women out of place. In the end things will be done by those who can do them best, though it may take time to discover who can really do the best work. Whims and prejudices will ultimately give way before common sense and economic law. And it may be

found best that men should take the place of women in some kinds of baking and sewing, and that women should take the place of men as machinists in some departments, as they are now doing.

But we gladly pass away from matters discussed so often in a spirit of banter or of bad temper and disingenuousness. Thank God there are many things to interest us in the woman's world of to-day other than the occasional extravagances and vagaries of the eccentric and foolish who have a chance to show their folly in new ways. Let us look, then, before we leave this subject at some of the new tendencies and activities that awaken pride and hope in all but morbid minds,—pride in the women of our day, and hope for the future.

Not long ago the Emperor William gave voice to the opinion of the Empress on the question of woman's sphere. He endorsed the saying of the Empress to the effect that the interests and activities of women should be as a rule confined to "Kinder, Kleider, Kirche und Kuche," (children, clothes, church, and kitchen). Whatever may have been the original intention of the saying, it would, fairly interpreted, be accepted by the vast majority of the women of our times. Indeed, the complaint of the best women is that they are not allowed to rule in the very realm assigned to them by the Empress.

In the first province of woman's kingdom, that of the children, we find that women are ignored and hindered by the men. The children are scarcely suckled when the school boards appear with the pernicious regulations of our much boasted school system. But if the women of the school district should desire to have something to say about the schools they are practically told that it is no affair

of theirs, and that it must be left to the men. And to what a state of perfection those men have brought the schools! And how they are kept up to the mark by the whole machinery employed! Are the schools and school premises ever thoroughly cleaned? By whom is the work done, and how often? Are the sanitary conditions of schools, the lighting, heating, ventilation, breathing room, colouring, the grading of the seats, etc., are these things done with the same care and up-to-date scientific provisions as would be expected, for example, in a first-class stable or kennel? Are the teachers selected with anything like the care, and do they receive anything like the encouragement and remuneration that would be cheerfully given, for example, to a man intrusted with the temper and training of as many young colts as there are children given to the teacher?

Let the women of our country look into these things and know and see for themselves what is the actual state of the schools, and let the men also get at the facts. They will find that there are many intelligent and painstaking school trustees and teachers, but they will also find that it is time for a change, and that there would be a great thanksgiving if the best of the new women should find seats on every school board in the Dominion to take the places of the old ladies in man's attire who are now sitting there and preventing progress and improvement.

In the course of time the children leave school and come back to the home. Every good mother will thank God kneeling if their children return from the schools clean and sound in body and in soul. Alas that ever the schools should be suggested by the appearance of near-sighted, narrow-chested, putty-faced and rickety-limbed

little forms. But again the children go out from the home, and since they are children still, they should, according to the conservative view, be still in the realm of woman.

Women should have much to say therefore, as to the conditions under which their children work. But what have they to say about it? Practically nothing. They are not rulers, but they are really, though not legally, in bondage to the employers. The hours of labour and the condition of the places in which the young people labour, may all be of the worst for health and morals, but the women have practically no power to compel a change. They may call the attention of the employer to the grievances of their children, and the employer may have the grace to hear them and to give redress. On the other hand, he may discharge the children of the complaining women. Some of the young sufferers have actually pretended to be well content with their treatment because they feared the discharge that would follow any expression of discontent. We conclude that there is still much to be brought under the realm of woman, and we are glad to see that the New Woman is already preparing her plans of conquest. God speed her.

The limits of this article will not allow a careful examination of the other three provinces commonly assigned to woman's kingdom, viz., Clothes, Church, and Kitchen, but it could be shown that a wide realm exists in each of these provinces where the sway of woman is not properly acknowledged. Much that belongs to art and beauty, much of the charm and benefit of social life, much of vital importance to manners and morals as well as to health and comfort, much, very much that bears on the

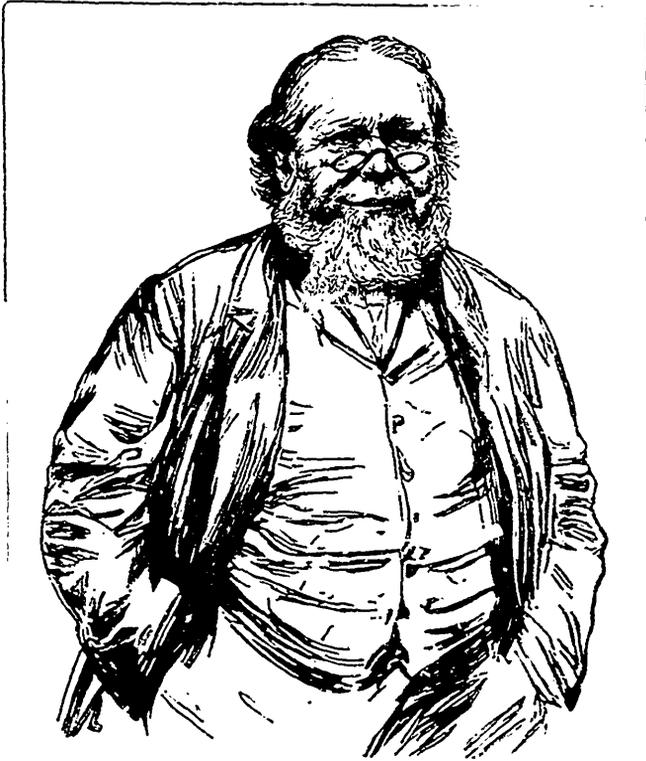
life to come as well as on the life that now is, falls naturally to the guidance and control of woman. But she is not as yet allowed to control. She is preparing herself, however, and God is preparing her by larger culture for the larger opportunities and responsibilities to come upon her.

Errors and extravagances have always marked the beginnings of great reforms. The religious and political and economical advantages of our times did not come at a bound and with the first attempts at improvement. There were excesses and reactions in those things, and so there will probably be in the movement for the emancipation of woman. But the truth will prevail, and a larger and sweeter and purer, as well as stronger age will come when women have cultivated and are allowed to exercise all the gifts and talents that are peculiarly their own.

This paper should not close without a tribute justly earned by the main endeavours and achievements that have marked the women of the present generation. No one can gainsay the wisdom and the force, as well as good feeling, manifested in some of the modern activities of women, such as their work as nurses in times of war and of peace, their visiting and caring for the poor and the sick, their efforts to establish Christian truth and morals at home and to extend them abroad. In these things the new women have shown themselves true women still, and in the large and generous and world-wide sympathies of such organizations as that in which Lady Aberdeen—we still would say our Lady Aberdeen,—has done such noble work, the Woman's Council, we hail the coming of a brighter and better day, not for women only, but for all mankind.

## JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.\*

BY REV. W. H. ADAMS.



JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.

I was greatly disappointed in Joseph Arch. We met in an English hostelry, where, with others, we chanced to be guests. As the first peasant that had

ever entered Parliament, one naturally expected to find him an interesting character. I was, however, promised an added interest in him from the fact that he

\*It is a striking illustration of the new democracy of England that this man, Joseph Arch, brought up as a farm labourer, should represent in the great councils of the nation some of the most ancient families of the realm; that, as Mr. Adams points out, the Prince of Wales and the ancient house of Warwick, the King-maker, are among the constituents of this sturdy Radical. More than that, the Countess of Warwick, one of the most accomplished and beautiful women in England, has written a thoroughly sympathetic introduction to Mr. Arch's remarkable autobiography.

We have pleasure in giving in connection with Mr. Adams' admirable article a number of striking illustrations of the old town of Warwick, said to be the oldest in the realm—built by the British king Cymbeline, destroyed by the Picts, and rebuilt by Caractacus—the Carleon of ancient times. The first Earl of Warwick was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table. The famous hero, Guy of Warwick, was, according to tradition, a giant nine feet high, who performed prodigies of valour before he became a hermit and retired to the caves of Guy's Cliff, where he died. His tremendous sword and

was at once an agricultural labourer and a Methodist local preacher. That very combination was suggestive. It was a synthesis significant of a man of special type. Methodism had taken hold of Hodge, and had turned him from a lump of stolid clay into a sentient soul. It had taught him to sing, to pray, and to aspire. His commonplace life was now irradiated by a genuine piety. His religion for him had made all things new.

Moreover, in those instances where Methodism had sent him forth on Sunday, with others of higher castes and classes, to preach the Gospel, he had developed amazing pulpit powers. His English was not the Queen's; his manners wanted polish; and his sermonic methods differed from those taught in any seminary. Yet, despite his dialect and his ungainliness, he was often made as welcome in the pulpit as the circuit minister. His homely expositions, worked out in the drain or on the threshing floor, appealed to those of his own social status; while they also blessed men of mind and culture. They suffered nothing, either, by a comparison

with those compositions, of the icily regular pattern, which were elsewhere drearily read, from conventional blue paper, by a circum-spect rector, or his callow curate. For, all the canons of criticism to the contrary, mankind's real partiality in matters homiletic is that voiced by the oft-quoted sailor: "I likes a man to take something warm out of his own heart, and shove it into mine."

These peasant-preachers were characterized not only by their warmth but by their other-worldliness. God, we are assured on high authority, has chosen those to be rich in faith who are "poor as to this world." These men came under that very category. It was not that they held material things as though they did not possess them. Beyond a few bare sticks of household furniture, they had no wealth on earth. Being free from all the weights that keep so many down, their spirits rose, and shot into the sky. Such levitating souls alone discover all the gain of godliness. In heaven they sought communion, and in heaven they built their home. With the utmost truthfulness and triumph they could sing the words which

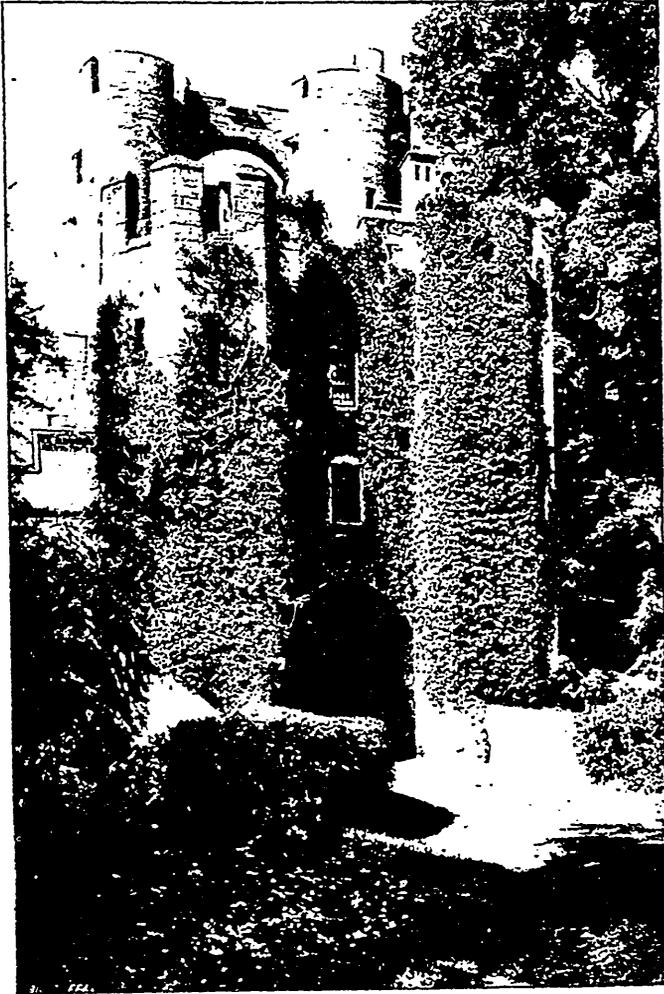
amour, in confirmation of the story, are shown at the castle.

Warwick, the King-maker, maintained 30,000 vassals on his estates, and was the last of the turbulent barons who set up and put down sovereigns as they pleased. The famous old castle is declared by Sir Walter Scott to be the finest monument of ancient and chivalric splendour which remains uninjured by age. Its massive walls rise like a cliff in air, and dominate the whole town—a monument of the stern feudal tyranny of "ye olden time."

The present noble earl is a famous collector of art souvenirs and curios from many lands: these he generously allows visitors to the castle to inspect. Among them is the famous Warwick vase. The massy ivy, that festoons and covers with a garment of glossy green large portions of the mediæval masonry, adds greatly to

the picturesqueness of this ancient stronghold.

Nestling beneath the castle walls, as if for protection—a very necessary precaution in the old feudal times—lies the present town of Warwick, with its quaint overhanging gables and projecting stories. One of the most interesting groups of buildings is the Earl of Leicester's Hospital, one of the most perfect specimens of half-timbered structures in the country. As will be observed, the ancient chapel is erected over the fortified gateway in the city wall—a striking illustration of the blending of war and religion in the feudal times. The parish church is said to be the finest in England. The sepulchral monuments of the Earl of Beauchamp and the Earl of Leicester, the unhappy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, read their lesson of the vanity of earthly glory. —Ed.



ENTRANCE GATE TO WARWICK CASTLE.  
RESIDENCE OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

first fell from the lips of the chief apostle of Anglo-Saxon Christendom :

“ Nothing on earth I call my own :  
A stranger, to the world unknown,  
I all their gods despise :  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.”

To this distinctive type Joseph Arch did not conform. In the distance, and through the rose-

coloured medium of imagination, he had seemed its crown and glory. But close contact stridently enforced the “ lends enchantment ” maxim. In the parlour, and among other people, he appeared sour and self-sufficient, and like a lion let loose. You listened in vain for those terms and idioms, which glistened with such tell-tale significance, and all unknown to them, in the speech of other

peasant-preachers, and which they acquired in the discharge of their public functions as naturally as does the young medico the lecture-room technicalities which earmark him for ever. He eschewed not only all such shibboleths, but everything that verged upon the pulpit style. His was the boisterous terminology of the unregenerate and unrestrained. Not that he was by any means profane, but his conversation was full of fierce invective. At once you felt that his was not the soaring and triumphant heavenly mind, but one that was most militantly mundane.

same time a revelation and a vindication. It is a veritable apologia. After you have read those pulsating pages, you pronounce Joseph Arch a holy man and a hero. He is to be measured by a standard altogether different from that applied to others of his class. A man's thought and purpose make him, and, when they are not of the common kind, they work out his differentiation. Joseph Arch was no ordinary thinker, and he cherished extraordinary plans. Hence we have him as he is,—individualized, unique.

I have said the volume is a re-



INNER COURT, WARWICK CASTLE.

Plainly he was not an apostle of peace, but of the sword.

This was a disappointment and a shock. The revolving years brought no alleviation until the other day. Then, by good fortune, I stumbled on "Joseph Arch, the Story of His Life, Told by Himself," which, under the aegis of Lady Warwick, was lately published in Paternoster Row. At once, by the crashing impact of its words and phrases, the book proclaims its origin. The title-page is not belied; there can be no doubt where those coin were minted. But the volume is at the

revelation. That statement may need modifying, since some of its readers may have been able to properly interpret Kingsley's "Yeast," or may have been personally familiar with the conditions of life in rural England a few decades ago. But for those of us who have grown up with the present generation, or who have been disposed to deem Kingsley's novel somewhat overwrought, it is a horrible surprise. That the lot of the agricultural labourer could in this, "The Wonderful," century, have really been so hard and hopeless as is here described, shocks all

one's sensibilities. That England, which was the self-sacrificing friend of the negro, and the uncompromising foe of those who kept him in bondage, should yet have held some of her own sons in a hideous and inhuman slavery, passes comprehension. But the bald, bare facts are here thrust right upon us; and we see the nation, like the idiotic Mrs. Jellyby, exulting over the inhabitants of Borioboola Gha, while it is as blind as a bat to the nakedness and hunger of those who throng its own hearthstone.

"He slaved at farm-work from four a.m. to ten p.m., and often longer, and frequently not more than twopennyworth of victuals would pass his lips the long day through. Slave as he might, his tyrannical employer was never satisfied. Wages would run in those parts from six to seven shillings a week, and stop at eight or nine shillings. There were old men whose wages did not go beyond a miserable five shillings, and when they had paid one shilling and sixpence out of that for rent, they made a close acquaintance with half-starvation. . . . The ordinary breakfast would be tea-kettle-broth—that is, bread in the breakfast-pot with hot water poured on it; for dinner there would be a few potatoes, some bread, and occasionally a bit of bacon, but the bacon was most often seen on the father's plate while the rest had to feed on the smell of it; then for supper bread again, and perhaps a small bit of cheese. Here was high living for a working-man. The cottage accommodation was a disgrace to civilization; and this not only in Somersetshire, but all over the country. As many as thirteen people would sleep all huddled up together in one small cottage bedroom.

"The cottage loaf was mostly of barley . . . In the country districts, generally, potatoes were exceedingly scarce. In our own neighbourhood there were none to speak of; only one man near us grew them, and he hoarded them up. With corn at a prohibitive price, with fresh meat hardly ever within reach, with what potatoes there were hoarded up and not for the buying, what in the name of necessity were the people to do. They could not grow potatoes, they had no allotments, and the bulk of the labourers had no gardens.

"Well, these people—people, mind you, who were clearing and planting and filling the land, who were putting their very lives into it—in order to keep body and soul together were driven to steal the food they could not get for love or money. Yes, would-be honest Englishmen were forced to become common thieves. They stole turnips from the fields, potatoes when they could get them, and any other edible thing they could lay hands on. You see they were ravenous, they were starving. I have no doubt that if our Warwickshire earth had been eatable, some of these poor sons of the soil, like the Andaman Islanders, would have tried to nourish themselves on it, so hard pressed were they. They were rendered so desperate through hunger that they defied the law and its terrors every day.

"As they were unable to procure fresh meat honestly, they stole that as well. Poaching became so prevalent that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every other man you met was a poacher. It is my deliberate opinion that these men were to some extent justified in their actions. They had by hook or by crook to obtain food somewhere, in order to enable themselves, their wives, and their children to live at all, to keep the breath in their bodies. Necessity knows no law but its own. I have always been one for keeping the laws of the land and upholding them as far as possible; but how can I blame these men because they would not sit still and let the life be starved out of them and theirs? They would not; so they risked their liberty, the next dearest thing they had—though it was a poor enough liberty at the best—in their endeavours to obtain food. The horrors of those times are clearly and vividly before my mind's eye even now. It is as if they had been burned and branded into me. I cannot forget them."

The foregoing extracts, taken here and there at random, indicate as far as the limits of this article will allow, what an appalling picture of abject poverty and wretchedness is painted for us in the volume in question. The thought of it fairly makes one heart-sick. But the poor labourers were placed under a pettifogging espionage which added to their ills. By the provisions of the iniquitous Game Laws they might be assailed and searched by an offi-



GUY'S TOWER, WARWICK CASTLE.

cer at any hour; and atrocious injustice was often added to this hateful indignity. We are furnished with a case or two in point.

“There was a man arrested in 1866, within forty yards of his own house. He had got two or three sticks which he had picked up in the road going along. They had been blown out of the hedge and lay on the highway, so he put them in his inside pocket, for they were only bits. A policeman jumped out on him and caught him by the collar and said, ‘I have a strong suspicion that you have game.’ The man said, ‘I have no game.’

“‘What have you in your pocket then?’ said the policeman.

“‘You can soon see what I have got,’ answered the man, and he showed his inside pocket in which were the few sticks.

“‘The policeman then said, ‘You must go along with me; I must lock you up.’ . . .

“‘It had been the custom in our neighbourhood, ever since I was a boy, that if a woman was cleaning turnips in a field she might take two or three, once or twice a week. Farmers did not object, as a rule, and I have often seen women when turnip-cleaning put some into their aprons before their employer’s face; it was an understood thing. Farmers have made

such offers to me, and of course I have taken them. I no more thought of refusing them than I would have thought of not putting my week's wages in my pocket. After the Act came into operation the police set upon two women in my village—respectable, honest, married women—searched them, brought them before the magistrates at Warwick, and charged them with stealing turnips. The police prosecuted and gave evidence, and the women were fined. It was a very great shame, and the village people were very bitter and sore about it. If tidy, decent, hard-working mothers of families were not safe, who could be! . . .

"I saw a man who was made to pay £1 9s. 6d. because he was getting some liverwort for his afflicted wife. He went into the wood where it grew; it grows by the sides of dykes in woods, and I have often got some of it myself, and other herbs which are very essential to the health of a growing family. I have always used them for mine for years. No doubt the man should have asked leave, I grant that, but I dare say he never thought about it; he only thought of the liverwort. He went just inside the gate, and was picking the herb, when up marches the keeper, apprehends him, and summons him for trespass in pursuit of game. On that charge the man was tried, and he had the option of paying, or going to prison for twenty-one days.

. . . Why, I have been watched by a gamekeeper myself; regularly stalked I have been. After draining or hedge-cutting, when I have finished my work at night, he has gone right along my work and beyond, to see if I had put any game or traps there, and he has looked into every hole to see if I had committed myself. The keepers, as a rule, were men who wanted to get up cases, and they did not care where they got them from. That keeper, if he had put a hare in one of those holes beyond where I had not cut, and I had gone the next morning and begun my day's work and had unfortunately picked it up—although I had never put a wire there—he might have watched and come down on me and prosecuted. Keepers have been known to play such dastardly tricks on labourers."

The utter misery of the labourer's life was accentuated by the very efforts of those people who sought, in some places, to mitigate it. For the cast-off clothes, and the slops from soup-kitchens,

which they occasionally dispensed to these poor pariahs, only served to extinguish what little spirit might be left,—since, by receiving these wretched doles, they proclaimed themselves parasites and paupers. What was wanted was not this dilettante tinkering; but a statesmanlike and philanthropic effort which would end in their emancipation. Hodge and his interests, though, were not objects on which the philanthropist or statesman bestowed much thought. Those gentlemen had other fish to fry. At length, however, through the black Egyptian night, a great despairing cry went up to heaven from these crushed souls, asking for some Moses to deliver them. God heard the prayer, and raised up Joseph Arch.

By birth and training Joseph Arch had received special qualifications for the work to which Providence called him. True, he was born in the fustian; and he might naturally have been expected to trudge in the footsteps of his father; who, year in and year out, meekly bore the labourer's galling yoke. But his mother was not of this weak, servile spirit, and he inherited her pride and independence. She had, before her marriage, been in domestic service at Warwick Castle and was a well-informed and clever woman.

Barford, where the Arches lived, is situated near Stratford-on-Avon, and the county town, and is thus in Shakespeare's country. This high-minded woman was a great admirer of the prince of English poets. "She used to talk about him very often, and she was well versed in his works." Of an evening she would read selections to her son, just as on Sundays she read the Bible to him. And now, in his old age, that son remarks, almost in the words of the famed Archbishop of York: "Shakespeare

and the Bible were the books I was brought up on, and I don't want any better. I have heard and read a good deal since then, but I have never come across anything to beat them."

This capable housewife and mother supplemented the paltry pittance her husband earned by undertaking laundry work, at which she is said to have excelled. By this means she was able to furnish her family with more food than otherwise they would have been able to obtain. Not that they were always

shivering on an empty stomach, while the cold wind blew and the chill rain poured down in torrents and soaked me to the skin, I should probably not be living to tell this tale to-day. If I had survived, ten chances to one it would have been in the shape of a crippled martyr to rheumatism, or a wheezy victim to bronchitis: I should have been a broken-down, doubled up, worn-out old man. The sickly son of an agricultural labourer had as little chance of growing up to a healthy manhood as had the sickly son of a miner or a mill-hand: it was a regular case of extremes meeting in a vicious circle. If he got past the bird-scaring stage he had the carter and the ploughman to contend with, and their tenderest mercies were cruel. They used their tongues and their



BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK.

satisfied, but they were not almost starved. So when her son, at the crow-scaring age, took to the fields, he was better able to bear the exposure than were some boys of nine. He says :

"I must admit, however, that if this sort of work did not prove harmful to robust boys with a sound constitution like myself, it played havoc with the weakly ones, and set loose all too soon the sleeping dogs of disease, the fell dogs of consumption, bronchitis and rheumatism, which devoured them wholesale when they should have been in their manhood's prime. If I had been cursed with a rickety body, if I had been ill-nourished and insufficiently clad, and had been obliged to stand in a new-sown field

whips and their boots on him so freely that it is no exaggeration to say that the life of poor little Hodge was not a whit better than that of a plantation nigger-boy."

Beginning as a crow-scarer, Joseph Arch proceeded from one degree to another—as ploughboy, "gehoer," groom, and mower—until at length he graduated as a hedgecutter. He was now a stout young man, and in this work of hedging won prize after prize, until he captured a medal, and the proud title of "Champion Hedgecutter of England."

Now a marked evolution in the

man took place. In following his professional pursuits, a wider world spread out to him than he could know in Barford, for, unlike most men of his kind, he learned much by the broadening benefits of travel. The following excerpt will show how he was being prepared for the call when it should come.

“Soon after this ‘glorious victory’ (i.e. the winning of the medal), I went into different English counties, and also into Wales, hedge-cutting. I got good jobs and very good money, and was in great request. . . . I kept my eyes and ears wide open while going my rounds. I saw that there was a smouldering discontent among the different classes of agricultural labourers with whom I was brought into contact, but they did not make any effort to improve their position. I would ask the men who worked under me, whether they were satisfied with their condition, and their answers were almost always in the decided negative.

“But there it ended. Discontented as they were, they lacked the energy to better themselves. They would grumble and complain by the hour, but they would not budge an inch from the place and position in which they found themselves. The fact was very few of them could write a letter, so the majority were afraid to go from home, because they would not be able to communicate with their friends. This inert mass of underfed, overworked, uneducated men was stuck fast in the Slough of Despond. Practically they were voiceless, and voteless, and hopeless. I realized this, and I pondered over all I saw and heard as I ranged far and wide over the country on Shanks’ mare. I laid it up in my heart against the day of wrath to come; the day, still far distant, when I should find my voice and make of it a trumpet, wherewith to sound forth through the length and breadth of the land, the woes and wrongs of the agricultural labourer.”

Years passed on, during which Joseph Arch meditated on all these things; and at the same time developed that severity and self-confidence which characterize him, and which he would need for the herculean task awaiting him. His mother, in her day, had nobly

withstood the petty tyrants who, because of her lowly estate, insisted on domineering it over her. It is interesting to watch her spirit rise in the son. He was forced to fight. The parson and his wife—the latter a regular she-pope—would not let him rest in peace. They ruled the poor of the parish with a rod of iron; and they were mortified to find there one who frequented a Nonconformist chapel, and otherwise indicated that he had a mind of his own. They sought every opportunity to exasperate and crush him; but he always fought for freedom, and was not particular about the blows his truncheon made. Experience teaches; and at length this heavenly couple learned,

“though the mongrel’s hold may slip,  
That only crowbars loose the bulldog’s grip.”

But these tussles with the parson, and with other parish nabobs, were not all the battles which, at this stage in his history, he found he had to fight for the liberty of the subject. Every sort of abominable disease had been fastened upon the families of the cleanly poor by the blundering enforcement of the Vaccination Act. Among other things, he refused to have his children vaccinated,—“because they were healthy, and no hereditary disease could be traced in their ancestors for many generations, and he was not going to have their blood tainted now with the filthy matter which was too often used for vaccination purposes.”

On this score we find him fighting four pitched battles with the Bench at Warwick, and beating them every time. Happily for him, his little house was his own freehold, or he would probably have been bundled out into the street by those who had the power of evicting every other labourer in the neighbourhood. How fre-

quently he glories in the fact that his house was his own—that “no lean minion of the law had the right to lay so much as the tip of a parchment finger on it !”

Obviously circumstances compelled Joseph Arch to become more of a churl than a Chesterfieldian. He says :

“Of course all this disputing and contending with the high and mighty ones helped to spread my name abroad, and there was not a parson or a squire in the countryside who loved the sound of it. If they could have stuck a gag in my mouth, gagged I should have been in a jiffy. If they could have clapped a muzzle on me, muzzled I should have been

had to reckon with, that, if they tried to tread on my toes, I trod back with my hob-nail boots ; that I had a voice, and a hand and a head which matched, and more than matched, theirs.

“My neighbours found that I was no cracked bell ; that, whenever I was hit, I rang true for liberty and the rights of the people. They knew that, though I preached on a Sunday, I was no humbug on a week-day. If I told them in the chapel pulpit that I hated shams and loathed oppression, that I earnestly believed in the higher destinies of man in this world as well as in the next, and that I had a deep and tender sympathy with the sorrows, the struggles, and the aspirations of my fellow-men ;—if I told them all this and much more, in the pulpit, each working-day made it clear to



MILL STREET, WARWICK.

before I could say ‘Jack Robinson !’ But they could neither gag nor muzzle me. They gave me the bad name but they couldn’t hang me. They, and others of the same kidney, wrote me down a contentious brawler, a dissenting wind-bag, and a Radical revolutionary ; but not one of them could say I was an idler who neglected his family, and left them to shift for themselves.

“The fact of my being a steady, industrious, and capable workman was a stumper for them ; they could not get over that. My little house and garden were kept in good order—apple-pie order, I might say. The garden was choke-full of fruit and vegetables in their season, and I raised as many flowers as I could find room for. . . . The big-wigs found that I was a labouring-man they

them that these words did not come glib from my lips, but warm from my heart. I knew their difficulties, and the hardships of their lot, because I had shared that lot and faced the same difficulties. Yes ; I tried to practise on a week-day what I preached on a Sunday.”

It was on February 7th, 1872, that the call came to Joseph Arch. It was a wet morning, and he was busy making a box.

“Joe,” said his wife, “there’s three men come to see you.” They proved to be three labourers, representatives of others, whose condition, like their own, had now grown so desperate that, in order

to keep the breath in their bodies, it forced them to break open some door that would lead to freedom. Desperation was the mother of the Agricultural Labourers' Union that was born that day.

Arch went, at their request, to Wellesbourne, where they gathered hundreds of labourers together to hear him speak. Dressed in cord and flannel, he mounted an old pig-stool, and spoke to the poor white slaves who crowded under the shade of the chestnut tree near which he stood. He advocated their uniting to insist upon a fair day's wage for a fair

joy as the men came in to us! Here were some hundreds of my despised, crushed and down-trodden fellow-workers daring to stand up at last as independent men, and pledging themselves to look the farmer and squire in the face and say: 'Give us a fair day's wage and we will give you a fair day's work; if you starve us we will strike.' And any one who saw their faces and heard their words would never have had a doubt but that they meant to strike a stout blow for the cause, and not one blow either. 'Dogged does it,' and 'Strike or die' were their sentiments, and I rejoiced to know it."

The movement spread with lightning rapidity through the land; our hero was everywhere in



EARL OF LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL AND CHAPEL.

day's work. He outlined the plans, which he had long ago matured, and which, after a thorough discussion, commended themselves to the meeting. They passed a resolution to form a Union then and there, and between two and three hundred names were enrolled at once. Looking back upon that day he writes:

"In my opinion these horny-handed sons of toil who gave in their names for Union were like the old Barons at Runnymede, for they put their sign and seal as best they could to the Magna Charta of the English Agricultural Labourer. How my heart glowed and swelled with

request; and local unions of labourers were soon formed from sea to sea. It was now that Joseph Arch found the benefit of having passed through previous experiences that had rendered him pachydermatous, resolute and resourceful. He and the Union were symbiotic. He was the soul and the cyrosure of the whole organization. At him, therefore, were hurled all the poisoned shafts of those who found they had now not "a single serf to bully and crush," but had the rather to deal with "combined men, who, in union, were strong with the strength of a giant."

Arch was abused in person and through the press. The Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Ellicott) wanted him ducked in the horse pond. And, despite the fact that his great influence kept the movement (to quote the Countess of Warwick) "working always within the four corners of law," when it might easily have developed into bloodshed, rick-burning, and the like, he was dubbed the "Arch Apostle of Arson."

"Nothing succeeds like success." Joseph Arch redeemed the English agricultural labourer from bondage, and made him a man again. Spite of all reproach and misrepresentation, at length, too, he found his way into the Imperial Parliament, as representative for North-west Norfolk,—the constituency which embraces the Sandringham estates of the Prince of Wales. And now we find a cardinal and a countess making each the statement: "To couple my name with that of Joseph Arch gives me no displeasure. I believe him to be an honest and good man." And multitudes who read his "story,"—a story that will inspire many another soul to heroic deeds—unite in praising him who once was so earnestly execrated. Let the noble old man himself conclude this all too imperfect sketch:

"As I sit here in my little cottage at Barford and review the past, it seems at one minute a long look back; at another it seems but yesterday that my grandmother sat in the chair I am sitting in now—a chair which is over a hundred years old—and I stood by her, a little chap of six. I can see my good mother cutting the barley bread for us, with tears in her eyes because there is so little of it for the children who are so hungry. I can see my father step in at the door, come home from his work for a bite and sup of whatever is going. I can see myself tramp off in my little smock-frock, clapper in hand, to scare away the birds; then jumping the clods at sixpence a day; and so on, right away on to the great year of 1872, when I held that first meeting under the Wellesbourne chestnut-tree on the February evening which saw the birth of the Agricultural Labourers' Union.

"I know it was the hand of the Lord of Hosts which led me that day; that the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth raised me up to do this particular thing; that in the counsel or His wisdom He singled me out, and set me on my feet in His sight, and breathed of the breath of His Spirit into me, and sent me forth as a messenger of the Lord God of Battles. So I girded up my loins and went forth. It was from the Lord God of Battles I came, that there might one day be peace in the land. Only through warfare could we attain to freedom and peace and prosperity; only through the storm and stress of battle could we reach the haven where we would be. I was but a humble instrument in the Lord's hands, and now my work is over, my warfare is accomplished."

Claremont, Ont.

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#### NATURE'S CAROLS.

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas Eve  
 I went singing past the church, across the moorland dreary,  
 Oh, never sin and want and woe this earth will leave  
 And the bells but mock the wailing while they ring their chime so cheery.  
 The orphans moan, the widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,  
 Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas comes again.

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild birds on the mere,  
 Through the low mists, across the snow, like joy-bells gaily ringing,  
 And a voice within cried,—“Listen!—Christmas carols even here!  
 Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the skies and snows are singing.  
 Do thou fulfil thy task, but as yon wild birds do,  
 Thou wilt help to ease the pain and raise the angels' song anew.”

## HOLBEIN AND "THE DANCE OF DEATH."

BY THE EDITOR.



THE MADONNA OF THE BURGOMASTER MEIER,  
IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

The current year is remarkable for its anniversary of the birth of great men. In the sphere of art the most remarkable of these is the famous painter, Hans Holbein the younger. He was born in the old Swabian city of Augsburg in 1499. The elder Holbein was

remarkable for the ideal sentiment of beauty and mild yet warm and strong harmony of colour of his pictures. Sixteen altar-pieces by his hand in the Pinakothek at Munich give evidence of his genius. "In surveying these proofs of the vast industry of this

tireless master," says Prof. Wilhelm Lubke, "one is overcome by regretful astonishment on learning of the unpropitious fortune with which he struggled towards the very end of his life. Stories of legal executions repeated year after year, from 1515 to 1518,—when, for the most part, only the smallest sums were in question,—are painful to read. Even in 1521 he underwent a seizure for a debt of two florins and forty kreuzer (\$1.10.) In such a condition of affairs, it is no wonder



THE EMPRESS AND HER TRAIN.

Gracientes in superbia—Walking in their pride.

that his great son, so soon as his wings were plumed for flight, deserted the nest, and never again revisited Augsburg."

"The younger Holbein," continues Lubke, "was one of the greatest and noblest masters of German art, the sole northern painter of that day, not even excepting Durer, who attained to a free magnificent style." In 1526, at the instance of Erasmus, he went to England with a letter to Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas received him with the utmost cordiality, employed him to execute

many extensive works, among others portraits of himself and his family. He introduced him to Henry VIII., who took him into his service; refusing Sir Thomas' offer of one of his works, telling him that, "now he' had got the painter, Sir Thomas might keep the picture."

Holbein entered into the service of the king, who provided him with apartments in the palace, together with a liberal salary. The well-known portrait of Henry VIII. was painted by Holbein, who painted also the portraits of most of the notabilities of the court.

On the death of Jane Seymour, he was sent to Flanders to paint the portrait of Christiana, Duchess of Milan, whom Charles V. had recommended to Henry for a fourth wife. The duchess is credited with having sent word to the king that she had but one head—if she had two one of them should have been at his Majesty's service.

Holbein's "Ambassadors," now in the National Gallery, according to the opinion of connoisseurs, must be reckoned among the twelve greatest pictures in the world.

His most celebrated religious picture is the so-called "Madonna of the Meier Family." The Virgin stands in an alcove, and holds in her arms the infant Saviour. The woman with her head wrapped in linen represents the burgomaster's deceased wife. By her side kneel Dorothea Kannegiesser and her daughter with a rosary. The burgomaster kneels behind a young man who supports a sick child. Nothing could be more exquisitely touching than the infant Saviour, who has taken the child's sickness upon himself. He leans his head upon the Virgin's breast, and stretches out his hand in blessing. The sick child is

filled with astonishment as he looks at his fingers no longer wasted by disease. "The fervid devoutness and genuine sentiment of this picture," says Lubke, "will always endear it to all hearts as one of the most profound and truthful delineations of German home life."

Holbein's engravings on wood deserve particular attention. He began to try his hand at the art when he was but thirteen years old, and attained the greatest proficiency. He executed a great many wood-cuts for the publishers of Basle, Zurich, Lyons and Leyden. The most famous is a set of allegorical cuts engraved from his own designs known as the "Dance of Death." These are an austere and solemn allegory, or a grim sermon akin to that "Triumph of Death," by Cimabue, the father of Italian painting, which, after six hundred years, still proclaims its *Vanitas Vanitatis* in the fading frescoes of the Campo Santo at Pisa.

Professor Lubke thus interprets its solemn import: "No condition too rich or too mighty, no age too fair or too delicate, no destiny too high or too low; they all, in common, find their implacable conqueror. But to each one he appears in a different guise. One he approaches unperceived; another, with terrible power. He thrusts down the emperor's crown upon his head. Unrecognized, he gives the king the goblet filled with a deadly draught. He lures the empress from the midst of her glittering train into an open grave. He takes forcible possession of the queen, and pushes the physician aside with a mocking laugh. He creeps up secretly to the pope upon his golden throne. He merrily dances off with the bishop. He thrusts his spear through the warrior's armour. He steals in upon the priest in the

guise of the faithful sacristan. He tears the happy child from its mother. He adorns the bride with a necklace of horrible death-bones. He snatches the gamester from the very clutches of the devil. He arrests the robber in the very act. He presents himself to the blind man as a treacherous guide. Only one, to whom he appears as a Saviour, and who, weeping, begs for release from suffering,—



THE PHILOSOPHER.

*Indice mihi si nescis omnia. Show me if thou knowest all things.*

the wretched, leprous Lazarus,— he forgets."

This strange subject probably originated in some of the religious plays of the Middle Ages. The season of Lent was often introduced by a sort of masquerade in which a figure representing Death appeared during the closing revels of the carnival and danced with whomsoever he chose. These persons then disappeared from the scene as a symbol of departure from life. For three hundred years the subject was represented in rude paintings wherever people most did congregate.—in the market places and town halls, in the cloisters of churches, and es-

pecially in the arcades of burying grounds, as at Pisa. These paintings exhibited a strange combination of tragic pathos and grim grotesque. They were found in almost every country in Europe, accompanied by verses in the vernacular of the people.

The subject appealed to Holbein by the opportunity it offered of combining quaint humour with religious teaching. He repeated this theme over and over again both in painting and in the queer wood-cuts of which we give illus-



THE PHYSICIAN.

Medice, cura teipsum.—Physician,  
heal thyself.

trations. One of the most notable of these treatments is his series of frescoes in the Council Hall at Basle. Kings, popes, emperors, lawyers and doctors, lords and ladies, are all compelled to dance a measure with the grim skeleton Death. Quaint German verses enforce the obvious moral. The following are rude translations from those at Basle :

“ O Queen, for joy there is no room,  
You must descend into the tomb ;  
No gold avails nor beauty's sheen,  
To keep you from the world unseen.

“ My ladye, leave your toilette's care  
And for a dance with me prepare ;  
Your golden locks can't help you here.  
What see you in your mirror clear ?”

“ O horror ! what is this ? alas !  
I've seen Death's figure in my glass.  
His dreadful form fills me with fright,  
My heart grows cold and senseless  
quite.”

“ In Holbein's ‘ Dance of Death,’ ” says John Forbes Robertson, “ the reality is startling, the dramatic intensity fearful, the irony sublime. If there is anything in the whole range of art which awakens in us the sense of moral responsibility, it is surely when we gaze on the malicious delight of irresistible, inevitable Death, whom no earthly glory can dazzle, no rags and poverty induce to pass by on the other side, no semblance of sanctity cheat, no grandeur of soul overawe. Time and place are forever opportune with him, whether momentous or trivial, whether solemnly grand or sordidly plebeian. In his lack-lustre eyes ugliness has no repulsion, beauty no charm ; and their vacant stare falls alike witheringly on riant youth and all-sufficing manhood, on smiling infancy and drivelling old age. Sometimes he dangles for long a will-o'-the-wisp hope before the eager and credulous eyes of his victims and those dear to them ; at other times the moments of supreme and tender happiness—long wished for, long prayed for, at last happily realized, end abruptly in a shriek of terror or wail of unutterable human woe, when he draws aside the curtain of their joy, and with sardonic grin beckons on the loved one to rise and come away.”

Another remarkable series of paintings on this subject is found at Lucerne, Switzerland.—not by Holbein, but by a less skilful hand. Through the quaint old city rushes with arrowy swiftmess the river Reuss. It is spanned by four

bridges, two of which have long covered arcades, the spandrils in the roof being decorated with very strange paintings.

One series of 154 represents scenes from the Scriptures and from Swiss history. The other series represents the celebrated "Dance of Death." The paintings are accompanied by descriptive German verses. Death is represented by a skeleton, masquerading in a variety of characters. He arrests a gaily-dressed gallant going to a festival, while the guests wait in vain. He lays his bony hand on an infant in the cradle, while the mother, filled with trepidation, draws near. Dressed in plumes and velvet doublet he confronts a warrior on his horse. He appears as a spectre at a banquet. He holds aloft an hour-glass to a reveller. He tears a banner from the grasp of a mail-clad warrior, and rides victorious through a battle-scene. With a wicked grin he holds the train of a queen walking in a procession, and acts the acolyte to a priest at the altar. He appears suddenly to a king and his ministers at the council board, to a bride among her tire-women, and plays on a dulcimer to a new-wed man and wife. He snatches his spade and mattock from a gardener, and arrests travellers on the highway. He comes to a goldsmith among his jewels, to a merchant among his bales; he mixes the colours of an artist; he greets a proud court dame in her state, a magistrate in his robes, a monk in his cell, and a gay pleasure-party in a carriage. He snatches the sceptre from a monarch, and his red hat from a cardinal. With a wicked leer he puts out the lights upon the altar where a nun is kneeling, while she turns her head to listen to a youth pleading at her side. In cap and bells he dances with a queen, and leads a blind beggar into an open



THE ABBOT.

Note the mitre on Death's head and the crozier on his shoulder.

grave. The sketches are full of character and expression, ranging from tragic to grotesque, yet all full of solemn suggestion.

Through the long gallery of death flows, unheeding, the stream of life—peasants, market-women, and school-children, who stood to watch me as I studied the pictures and jotted down the above notes.

Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend," graphically describes this remarkable series of paintings :

ELSIE.

How dark it grows !  
What are these paintings on the walls  
around us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macabre !

ELSIE.

What ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death !  
All that go to and fro must look upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,  
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river  
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,  
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,  
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls  
on it.

ELSIE.

O yes ! I see it now !

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician  
Leads all men through the mazes of that  
dance,  
To different sounds in different measures  
moving ;  
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,  
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,  
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneel-  
ing  
Turns round to look at him ; and Death,  
meanwhile,  
Is putting out the candles on the altar ?

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 'tis that she should listen  
Unto such songs, when in her orisons  
She might have heard in heaven the angels  
singing.

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,  
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest !

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her beloved lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad ! and yet perhaps 'tis best  
That she should die, with all the sunshine  
on her,  
And all the benedictions of the morning,  
Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray.  
Then into darkness !

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,  
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and  
me !"

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,  
A poor old woman with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her  
feet  
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,  
The inscription reads, "Better is Death than  
Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than life ! Ah, yes ! to thou-  
sands

Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings  
That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but  
follow

Whither he leads. And not the old alone,  
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'Tis the  
sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half full of  
tears,

Which are like crystal cups, half filled with  
water,

Responding to the pressure of a finger  
With music sweet, and low, and melancholy.

Let us go forward, and no longer stay  
In this great picture-gallery of death !  
I hate it ! ay, the very thought of it !

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you ?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,  
And death, and all that speaks of death, is  
hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a brief  
darkness !

Between the 7th of October and  
29th November, 1543, Holbein fell  
a victim to the plague which rav-  
aged England in that year, "and  
himself answered to the dread  
summons of that grim Death he  
had so frequently depicted."

## OUR OFFERINGS.

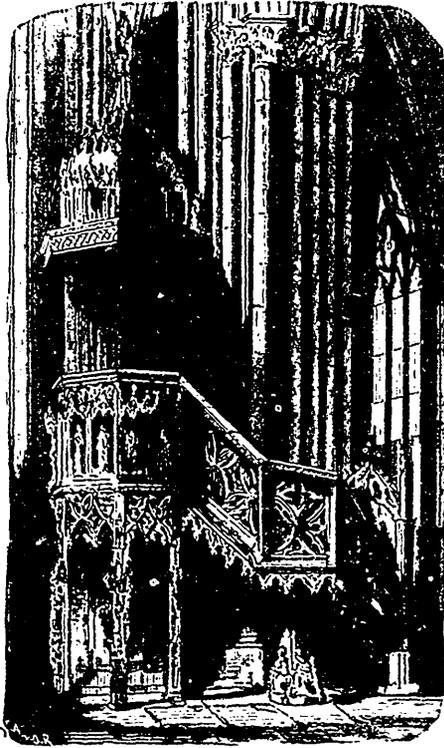
BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

They gave to Thee  
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;  
But, Lord, with what shall we  
Present ourselves before Thy Majesty,  
Whom Thou redeemedst when we were  
sold ?  
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce  
that neither ;

Vile dirt and clay ;  
Yet it is soft, and may  
Impression take.  
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst  
rather ;  
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make  
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine  
The beauty of the golden mine.

## JOHN TAULER.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,  
*Professor of New Testament Ecegesis, Victoria University.*



TAULER'S PULPIT IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

The life, the religious experience, and the teaching of this Dominican monk of the fourteenth century are of special interest to Methodists, even after the lapse of five hundred years. Tauler was the best of the mystics, and Methodism has something of a mystic strain in its own origin and tendency, in its emphasis on the subjective aspects of religion.

True religion is a matter of the whole man, the loving consecration of the whole man to God, thought, feeling, will, the outer and the inner life alike. But it is very

hard to keep an even balance between the various elements of true religious life and character, between outward activity and inward contemplation, between speculative, formalistic, and emotional piety. Lay exclusive or undue stress upon the principle of authority in religion, and you produce either high ecclesiasticism or dogmatic traditionalism. Lay exclusive or undue stress upon the office of reason in religion, and you produce rationalism, with its denial of all elements of religion which it cannot fit into its view of things. Lay exclusive or undue stress upon feeling in religion, and you produce mysticism, in grosser or finer form, with its tendency to ignore the authority of Scripture and to depend upon "the inner light" as the source of divine knowledge, to depreciate justification in the interest of regeneration, and to turn from the activity of a beneficent life to the subjective rapture of direct converse with deity.

It is not easy for us in this age of eager practical endeavour to judge the mystics sympathetically. But, in such moderate mystics as Tauler, the essential truths of utter resignation to God and of true religious life in union with God, do, in spite of fantastic interpretations of Scripture, appeal strongly to the Christian consciousness. In a true sense the New Testament teaches mysticism, the mystic union of the soul with God in Jesus Christ. Tauler goes beyond the New Testament, and, indeed, sometimes comes dangerously near Pantheism in his statements: but in general he is thoroughly



JOHN TAULER, SUCCOURING ORPHANS DURING THE BLACK DEATH, STRASSBURG.

Christian; and he stands out in the midst of an age of confusion and corruption, as a bright example and an earnest teacher of the inwardness of a true Christian experience—the purest and noblest of mystics, and one of the most admirable figures of Christian history.

John Tauler was born at Strassburg, of a wealthy family, about the end of the thirteenth century. About the year 1313 he entered the Dominican convent in Strassburg. The famous speculative mystic, Master Eckart, was then the ornament of the Dominican order, and early imbued Tauler with the theoretical principles of his system. At Cologne and at Paris the young Dominican continued his education. His interest, however, seems always to have been more spiritual than speculative, and the great aspiration of his heart was to find perfect peace in a perfect union with God.

Tauler returned to his native place and settled down to the routine of his order. But the times were troublous, and stern practical questions of duty had soon to be faced. It was the time of the Babylonish captivity of the papacy; it was the time of the fierce struggle between Pope and Emperor. The Pope excommunicated the Emperor, Louis of Bavaria, and in 1324 laid an interdict upon Strassburg and all other places and parts of Germany that adhered to the cause of Louis. No mass might be sung, no marriage celebrated in church, the very dead must be buried in unconsecrated ground, the churches were closed against saint and sinner, an awful shadow of death fell upon men. It was the privilege of Dominican and Franciscan friars to continue their religious services even when the ordinary ("secular") clergy were silenced by the interdict. But inasmuch as the Dominicans had

sided with the rival emperor, Frederick, and with the Pope, in most places they ceased their services. In Strassburg it seems to have been largely due to Tauler that at least a portion of them exercised their ministrations until the year 1339. Then the heads of the order commanded the monks to close their churches. In retaliation the town council of Strassburg expelled the monks from their city. Tauler and others went to Basle. This little city of the "Oberland," on the borders of Switzerland, was the headquarters of a famous secret society known as "The Friends of God." Many of the nobler spirits of the time, distressed beyond measure by the calamities which were befalling Church and State, flood, famine, war, pestilence, and interdict, had turned from things seen to things unseen, and had banded themselves together in this society for the one object of deepening the spiritual life of direct intercourse with God. They were far from being hostile to the Church; they were not all monks or priests; their circle was wide, especially in the south and west of Germany, and from them sprang that hand-book of religion, "The German Theology," which did so much to prepare the way for Luther in later days.

It was at this time, 1340, that there occurred that mighty change in Tauler's religious experience, which is often spoken of as his conversion, but which was rather a deepening of the religious life which already existed in him, and of which he himself left an anonymous account. Those who would refresh their own souls by the perusal of this fascinating narrative may find it in a cheap form, under the title, "Life of Dr. John Tauler," published by G. W. McCalla, Philadelphia. This little book is a reprint of part of the volume published in 1857 by

Smith, Elder & Co., London, "The History and Life of the Reverend Doctor John Tauler, of Strassburg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons Translated by Susanna Winkworth." It is to be regretted that Miss Winkworth's volume is out of print. In briefest outline Tauler's narrative is as follows: In 1340, when Tauler was in high esteem as a man of God and as a powerful preacher, an aged layman, Nicholas of Basle, the head of the society of "The Friends of God," came to hear Tauler preach. After hearing him several times, and having had intercourse with him as his father confessor, the layman finally had a memorable interview with Tauler in which he declared to the great preacher's face: "You are a great clerk, and have taught us a good lesson in this sermon, but you yourself do not live according to it. . . Sir, I give you to know that neither your sermons nor any outward words that man can speak have power to work any good in me, for man's words have in many ways hindered me much more than they have helped me. . . When the highest Teacher of all truth shall come to a man, he must be empty and quit of all the things of time. Know ye that when this same Master cometh to me, He teaches me more in an hour than you or all the doctors from Adam to the Judgment Day will ever do." Tauler took all this in good part, and begged his friend to proceed. Nicholas then charged him with slavery to the letter of Scripture and with Pharisaism: "In the life which you are now living, know that you have no light, but you are in the night, in which you are indeed able to understand the letter, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost; and, withal, you are a Pharisee."

"Dear son," said the startled

master, "I would have thee to know that, old as I am, I have never been spoken to in such fashion all my life." The layman went on to point out that, in all his learning and teaching, Tauler was trusting to himself and seeking his own honour rather than trusting in God and aiming at God. Tauler fell on his neck and kissed him, thanked him for his faithful admonition, and promised that by God's grace and the layman's help he would seek to change his life. The layman now became master and the learned doctor became scholar. After two years of silence and retirement, and a long and patient course of spiritual discipline, especially of meditation on the life and death of Christ, Tauler lay one night in a state of sore distress, grievously assaulted of the devil, filled with contrition for his lack of love to God and Jesus Christ, who had suffered for him, and cried out: "O merciful God! have mercy upon me, a poor miserable sinner, for thy boundless mercy's sake, for I am not worthy that the earth should bear me." Presently he heard a voice saying: "Stand fast in thy peace, and trust God, and know that when he was on earth in human nature, He made the sick whom He healed in body sound also in soul." Thereupon he became for a time unconscious. "But when he came to himself he felt within himself that he was possessed of a new strength outward and inward, and had also a clear understanding in those things which aforetime were dark to him." His friend the layman assured him that he had now for the first time received the gift of the grace of God, that now his books and learning would be of use to him, and that he ought to begin to preach again and to teach his fellow Christians the right path to eternal life.

The announcement was made that Tauler would once more preach. A multitude gathered to hear him. But he was so overcome with emotion that he could not check his tears, and was unable to utter a word. At last the people grew angry and cried: "Sir, how long are we to stand here? It is getting late; if you do not mean to preach, let us go home." And this he was presently obliged to do, dismissing the multitude with a request for their prayers and the promise of a sermon at some later date. The people departed indignant, and Tauler became a laughing-stock to the city, while the brethren of his order forbade him to again disgrace them by attempting to preach. Men thought that his brain was disordered. But his friend the layman still encouraged him; he was soon able to persuade his brother monks of his sanity; and he was permitted to preach in a convent of ladies. As he preached, a man cried out with a loud voice, "It is true!" and fell down as if dead. Under the one sermon no less than twelve persons were thus prostrated. Henceforth multitudes flocked to hear him, and extraordinary power accompanied his proclamation of the Gospel of union with God. He had attained to abiding peace with God himself and to the power of leading others into it. He had had his Pentecost.

In 1346 Tauler returned to Strassburg. The most dramatic episode in his life is his heroism amid the awful scenes of the Black Death in 1348, when 16,000 people perished miserably in Strassburg alone. The city still lay under the infamous interdict, the churches were still closed, and the clergy silent, and there would have been no voice or hand of Christian consolation to minister to the dying and the sorrowing but for Tauler and the few heroic monks who

joined with him in this disobedience to the Church in order to obey their Lord. The essential sanity of Tauler's mysticism, far removed from quietism, appeared at this time. He said: "Works of love are more acceptable to God than lofty contemplation. Art thou engaged in devoutest prayer, and God wills that thou go out and preach, or carry broth to a sick brother, thou shouldst do it with joy." Very noteworthy at this time are the grounds on which Tauler and his friends and helpers, the Augustinian monk, Thomas of Strassburg, and the Carthusian monk, Ludolph of Saxony, defended their defiance of the interdict. They addressed letters to the clergy, denouncing the iniquity of a measure which left the poor innocent people to die without the consolations of religion, simply in order that the Pope might punish their rulers, and summoning the priests to perform their sacred offices, inasmuch as Christ had died for all men, and the Pope had no power to close heaven against innocent men by his interdict. They even went so far as to appeal from Pope to Holy Scripture, and to deny the papal authority in affairs of State—anticipating by hundreds of years the principles on which we stand to-day. Under the ministrations of Tauler, and such monks and priests as followed his lead, the poor people of Strassburg were enabled to at least die in peace. But papal authority could not brook to be thus defied, even in the name of Christ and in the interest of humanity, the obnoxious writings were burned, and Tauler and his friends, Thomas and Ludolph, were expelled from the city.

The later life of Tauler is hidden in obscurity. He seems to have lived for a time in Cologne, later to have returned to Strassburg, and to have died in his native

place in 1361, after unusual and prolonged physical suffering. As he felt the end approaching, he sent for his dear friend the "layman," Nicholas of Basle. "And the man was glad that he found him yet alive, and said, 'Dear master, how fares it with you?' The master said, 'I believe that the time is very near when God purposes to take me from this world, for which cause, dear son, it is a great consolation to me that thou art present at my end. I pray thee take these books which are lying there; thou wilt find written therein all thy discourse with me aforesaid, and also my answers, and thou wilt find somewhat concerning my life, and the dealings of God with me, His poor unworthy servant. Dear son, if thou think fit, and if God give thee grace, make a little book of it.'" Then he admonished his friend not to mention his name in the book, "for thou must know that of a truth the life and works which God has wrought through me, a poor, unworthy, sinful man, are not mine, but belong to God Almighty, now and forever more; therefore, dear son, if thou wilt write it down for the profit of your fellow Christians, write it so that neither my name nor thine be named, but thou mayest say the master and the man." Hence the little book, "The History and Life of the Reverend Doctor John Tauler."

In the extant sermons of Tauler we may discern the sources of his power. His style is very simple and artless, but so rich in thought and so searching in spirit that they are easy reading at this day. Tauler is no pulpit *poseur*, no artful phrase-monger, but in every sentence the whole man speaks in utter sincerity of thought and feeling. He is neither ornate nor yet dry, he abounds in simple figures of speech, he is never impassioned, always calm and smooth. The

sincerity of his style corresponds to the sincerity of his peace with God. His analysis of character is often very searching. The one great and constantly recurring theme of his preaching is the union of the soul with God. In comparison with this he disparages all outward works and observances. Not that he discourages beneficence or inculcates quietism, but that he would have all outward activity spring from the inner life of the soul. The essence of religion is the contemplation of God and communion with God. In order to this blessed union, there must be absolute renunciation of self and all creatures, freedom from the love of earthly things and from all hope in them. Means to this great emancipation are found specially in the Lord's Supper, penance, and reflection upon God's love in the sufferings of Christ. *When the soul is thus freed from all worldly entanglement, and utterly devoted to God, then God is born in the soul, and man is made one with God.* So constantly does Tauler preach this mystic union with God, that his sermons become somewhat monotonous. Herder said that he who has read two of Tauler's sermons has read all. One cannot read them, however, without finding his soul drawn out in desire after such blessed consciousness of the love of God and of union with God as breathes through them all.

On the other hand, there are tendencies not altogether wholesome in these sermons. Tauler is not a pure Pantheist, but he comes perilously near to teaching such an absorption of the human soul in the bottomless ocean of deity as is inconsistent with a proper sense of personality in God and man. He is throughout unduly subjective. He does not deny nor altogether ignore objective redemption through the blood of Christ. But

the whole mystic tendency, in all ages, lays undue stress upon the Christian consciousness, and too little upon Holy Scripture, the atoning work of Christ, and justification by faith. Indeed, in Tauler salvation is considered almost exclusively on the subjective side as a dying to the creature and a living in God, not as pardon, but as communion. It needed Luther to recall Paul's teaching as to the way in which the guilty sinner comes into right relation to his God. But the theology of the Reformation, by force of recoil from such subjectivity, as well as from Church formalism, tended to do injustice to the subjective aspects. Wesley did much to restore the normal balance between the two aspects, in his clear-cut experience and teaching of justification by faith, and his emphatic assertion of assurance, regeneration, and sanctification.

But let us thank God for such a man as Tauler, who in the midst of externalism and corruption preached and exemplified the Gospel of God's love, of inward purity and communion with God, of outward activity in the service of humanity. Happy are we if we in any considerable degree realize Tauler's idea of the Christian life :

"The men who thus tread in His steps do become, in very truth, the noblest and most glorious of their race; and those who are thus born again into His life are the rich and costly jewels of the holy Christian Church, and in all ages they work out the highest good, while they look not to the greatness or meanness of their work, nor to their success or failure, but look only to the will of God in all things; and for this cause all their works are the best that may be. Neither do they look whether God will place them high or low, for the only thing they care for is, that in all things alike God's will

may be done. God grant that it may be thus with each of us. Amen."

The poet Whittier thus records an incident in the life of Tauler :

Tauler, the preacher, walked one autumn  
day,  
Without the walls of Strassburg, by the  
Rhine,  
Pondering the Solemn Miracle of Life ;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,  
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the  
same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of  
years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and  
heart  
Had groaned : "Have pity upon me, Lord !  
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am  
blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps !"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his  
path  
A sound as of an old man's staff among  
The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, looking  
up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father !" Tauler  
said,  
"God give thee a good day !" The old man  
raised,  
Slowly, his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee,  
son ;  
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake  
again,  
"God give thee happy life." The old man  
smiled,  
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid  
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray  
sleeve :  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words  
mean.  
Surely man's days are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,  
Our times are in God's hands, and all our  
days  
Are as our needs : for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike  
Our thanks are due, since that is best which  
is ;  
And that which is not, sharing not his life,  
Is evil only as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I spake,  
I find it in submission to His will,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty  
Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,  
 Stood the great preacher; then he spake as  
 one  
 Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting  
 thought  
 Which long has followed, whispering through  
 the dark  
 Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into  
 light:  
 "What if God's will consign thee hence to  
 Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be  
 it so.  
 What Hell may be I know not; this I know,  
 I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:  
 One arm, Humility, takes hold upon  
 His dear Humanity; the other, Love,  
 Clasps His Divinity. So where I go  
 He goes: and better fire-walled Hell with  
 Him  
 Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden  
 light,  
 Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove  
 Apart the shadow wherein he had walked  
 Darkly at noon. And as the strange old  
 man  
 Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
 Set like the white moon where the hills of  
 vine

Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and  
 said:  
 "My prayer is answered. . God hath sent  
 the man  
 Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust  
 Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful  
 step  
 The city gates, he saw, far down the street,  
 A mighty shadow break the light of noon,  
 Which tracing backward till its airy lines  
 Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes  
 O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,  
 O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,  
 Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise  
 Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
 In the noon-brightness the great Minster's  
 tower,  
 Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,  
 Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he  
 said,  
 "The stranger's faith made plain before  
 mine eyes.  
 As yonder tower outstretches to the earth  
 The dark triangle of its shade alone  
 When the clear day is shining on its top,  
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;  
 And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng  
 Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?  
 These are they who come with swift and shining feet  
 From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky,  
 As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?  
 The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afear'd  
 When, as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night  
 A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?  
 Three wise men from the east, who myrrh and treasure bring  
 To lay them at the feet of Him, their Lord and Christ and King.

What babe new-born is this that in a manger cries?  
 Near on her bed of pain His happy mother lies.  
 Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—  
 This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of kings.

Tell me how shall I partake this holy feast  
 With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?  
 Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet—  
 Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it at His feet.

## DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

*Author of "Arice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

## CHAPTER XX.

MR. NOAKES IS SET THINKING.

"Mary Pilgrim is ill," said Mrs. Noakes to her husband.

"Eh, what, my dear?"

The vicar of Longhurst looked up absently from his study table, on which lay two or three fishing-rods and a collection of flies.

Mrs. Noakes repeated her information.

"Mary Pilgrim!" ejaculated her husband in a regretful tone. "Then I suppose I must go and see her, and yet I have promised myself a day's fishing in the stream by Farmer Goodwin's house."

"She is very ill," answered the wife, throwing as much emphasis into her tones as she dared. The vicar was a good-natured man when not thwarted, but apt to prove ugly if crossed in any way. The Methodists in his parish had had opportunities of discovering this.

"Very ill?" The vicar took a fishing-rod in his hand and balanced it thoughtfully. "Then I will fish this morning, and go to see her this afternoon. That is more than I would do for any one else in Longhurst when I had set my heart on a whole day's sport. Give me a basket, my dear, and bring me some lunch."

The reverend gentleman resumed the task which his wife had interrupted. Having at last decided which was the best among his various rods, he took it in his hand, and started for the green meadows which fringed the stream on the other side of the village.

The day was hot, and the shade of the oaks and alders under which the vicar took his seat was very pleasant. The trees leaned far over the stream, and in their deep shadow and under the overhanging banks there were dim pools, where roach and pike loved to hide. The vicar likened himself to St. Peter, and felt quite apostolic in his occupation as he sat there hour after hour patiently trying to lure a fine old pike from his reedy haunt. At last he succeeded.

"A five-pounder, without a doubt," exclaimed the delighted fisherman, as he drew his quivering victim from the water and placed him triumphantly on the top of a pile of roach. "There's a good day's work done," he murmured, "and I am tired. I will take a little rest now."



THE VICAR OF LONGHURST.

The bank by the stream was soft with moss and leaves of the finest, most delicate wild flowers. It invited repose, and the vicar accepted the invitation. He lay back on the turf, and listened for a moment to the lullaby of the green boughs overhead: then sleep held him safe and fast. When he woke he looked round in dismay. The sun was sinking towards the horizon, and the mellow evening lay in shadow and stillness on grass and trees.

"Why, I have spent the whole day

in fishing after all!" cried the vicar, tardily repentant. "If it were any one but Mary Pilgrim, I would go straight home without seeing her. I wish I could."

But it was Mary Pilgrim, and her name struck a still resonant chord in Mr. Noakes' little used and decidedly rusty conscience. She was his old nurse, and had lavished on his childhood an amount of care and love which only a heart of extreme hardness could receive without some response. The boy was motherless, and at Mary's knee he had learnt his first lessons and found his consolation in all childish troubles. When he settled at Longhurst he had sent at once for Mary Pilgrim, that she might end her days near her beloved nursing. Her little cottage was the only one in the parish he visited regularly.

He took his way there now in spite of a good deal of inward reluctance. The cottage stood on a by-road, facing a plantation of oak and beech, and with many trees scattered around it. A trim little garden lay in front, gay with sunflowers and Canterbury-bells, and sweet with southernwood and lavender. The bees from Mary's carefully tended hives were lingering in the sunset over the flowers, and doves were crooning in the trees across the road.

"It is pleasant here," thought Mr. Noakes, as he took in the sweet tranquillity of the scene. "Mary has a happy home."

He entered the cottage without knocking, and looked around, expecting to see its inmate. Everything was neat, and wore the exquisite cleanness she loved to give it. But no Mary was to be seen, and presently he heard a faint voice calling him from the inner room.

"What! are you so ill?" he cried, hastening there. "O Mary, I did not dream you were like this."

The sick woman smiled peacefully in answer. She was lying back on her pillows, her face almost as colourless as the snowy hair that encircled her brow. She was in pain, as the look in her eyes and her hurried breathing showed, and so weak that the hand the vicar took fell feebly from his grasp; but, nevertheless, her expression was serene, almost bright.

"I am dying," she said, looking up at him calmly.

"No, no," he answered hastily; "you must stay with us a long while

yet. I cannot spare my old nurse, Mary."

She smiled faintly and affectionately.

"But we must go when we are called," she said, "and I am not afraid."

"Afraid! Of course not," answered Mr. Noakes, more hastily still. He disliked talk of death and the future, though sometimes dying parishioners would insist on it obstinately. "A good woman like you has no cause to fear. But you are not going to die; you must cheer up. I will send you some of my best French brandy."

Again came that patient, loving smile.

"I need nothing," said Mary. "I have all I want, now and always."

"Who takes care of you?" said the vicar, changing the subject, and noticing with surprise that, though the old woman was alone, her bed and room showed signs of the greatest care, even to a bough-pot of birch-boughs and red bramble-leaves that stood in the window.

"I have good friends," answered Mary, observing his look. "The kind maiden that lives at Squire Patter-son's comes every day and often twice a day, and puts my house in order and prepares my food. Then Hannah, from the same place, comes to sleep with me at nights."

The vicar turned and looked at her sharply.

"Mary," he said, with startling emphasis, "do you know what those women are? You are letting wolves in sheep's clothing into your house."

"They are more like angels," returned the dying woman softly.

"They are Methodists—hateful fanatics," answered Mr. Noakes, growing hot with indignation. "They will steal you away from the true faith, Mary, and corrupt your innocent mind."

His old nurse looked at him with shining eyes full of a strange brightness. The astonished vicar would almost have said full of pity.

"Mr. Noakes," she said earnestly, "do you understand the words you read each Sunday? Forgive my freedom. I am a dying woman, and your old nurse who loves you; who should speak plainly if not I?"

"Of course I understand them," answered the vicar haughtily.

"But you never explained them to us," was Mary's quiet reply. "I have often repeated in church—'I believe in the forgiveness of sins, the resur-

rection of the body, and the life everlasting"; but I never knew the beauty and the comfort in these words till Miss Edmonds showed me."

"Then she can make even the Prayer-book serve her proselytizing purposes," said the vicar, with an ugly sneer.

Mary Pilgrim's eyes flashed, and then changed to a look of greater tenderness.

"My dear," she said, unconsciously going back to the custom of long years before, when she never used any more formal appellation in addressing her nursling; "my dear, do you think you are right in holding such feelings against the Methodists? Are they not the steadiest people in your parish, the most regular churchgoers, the kindest neighbours, and the truest friends? What call have you to speak against them so?"

"But they are always telling other people of their duty," replied the frowning vicar.

"And would other people be the worse for heeding them?" said Mary, with quiet humour. "My dear," she continued, resuming her earnestness; "you have ever been kind to me as a son, but are you doing all you ought for the souls of your flock? Is it not the worst men in Longhurst who take courage from your example, and the pious people who have cause to fear you? I am very bold, I know, but you will lie dying one day as I do now; and oh, what bitterness to look back on a wasted life!"

Mr. Noakes moved uneasily. From no one but his old nurse would he have stood such catechising, and it took all his real affection for her and his pity for her present state to make him bear it now.

"I am no worse than others," he muttered in sullen self-excuse.

"But you might be so much better," pleaded Mary. "Oh! listen to your old nurse, my dear. Give up your drinking and other wrong ways, and learn better of the people you despise."

"I turn a canting Methodist! You are ill and weak, Mary, or you would not dream of it," said the vicar, rising in haste to prevent further entreaties.

He bade her good-bye with a carefully jaunty air, and marched off humming a gay tune. Meeting Matthew Larkins, the landlord of the Chough and Crow, he made an appointment to attend a cock-fighting in the nearest town, a recreation sure to be followed

by a heavy carousal. Going home, he scolded his wife, lectured his servants, and took a defiant pleasure for the next few weeks in treating with marked insolence every unfortunate Methodist he met.

Nevertheless Mary's words had gone home. There was a sharp little arrow of conviction rankling in the vicar's heart that would not let him rest. Mary Pilgrim died that autumn, and her happy death drove the arrow farther. The vicar missed her, too; from no one, not even his wife, did he receive such absolute devotion as she had given him. For the first time in his life Mr. Noakes began to realize that this world may not hold enough to satisfy all our desires.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### MR. LARKINS' ADVENTURE.

November, with gloomy days and long, dark nights, began to close in on Longhurst once again.

We are apt to view all things through an atmosphere of our own convenience. By most people November is not regarded as a desirable time of year. In the town it brings dripping eaves, muddy pavements, and fogs that enshroud one with a damp darkness calculated to chill the most ardent spirits. In the country leafless trees sigh in a despondent manner to limp and draggled hedgerows; and the sodden grass of the meadows is scarcely pleasanter to look on than the empty bareness of the reaped fields. The year is drawing near its death in November, and hope and cheerfulness are apt to sink with it.

But Mr. Larkins, contrary to most of us, hailed the approach of November with delight. He was rubbing his hands and chuckling as he talked to the ostler and general factotum, Ned.

"This is the time I have wanted, Ned; no use to stir before. That plaguy harvest moon in September does not give one a chance, and October was not much better. But now we can go to work."

"It is time," responded Ned, whose utterances were always laconic. "The cellar's nigh bare."

"It shall soon be full again, and with the best kind, too," answered his master. "But keep a still tongue about it, Ned; no one must know our business but ourselves."

"Trust me," Ned replied; and Mr. Larkins was fully satisfied with this assurance.

"Listen, then," said the master, dropping his voice.

They stood in the afore-mentioned empty cellar, a safe place for confidences; but Mr. Larkins thought he could not take too many precautions against being overheard. In the lowest of whispers he continued:

"I have word, Ned, that the barque from France is to be on the coast to-morrow night at ten o'clock; laden with a year's supply of brandy and Dutch spirits for us. You shall start to-morrow morning early with my horses and a waggon full of oats. I have sold them to a farmer ten miles away. You understand?"

"They have had a notice to look out for a ship six miles further down. Ah, Ned, for all they are so sharp I think I can manage them."

Master and man both laughed; then set to work vigorously to sweep out the cellar and prepare it for its hoped-for contents.

The wise reader will, of course, have guessed on what expedition the host of the Chough and Crow was bent. Mr. Larkins had long been in active partnership with a band of smugglers; and of the amount of spirits consumed in his inn only a very small proportion ever paid duty. The Custom House officers were well aware of this, and had tried again and again to intercept the cargoes that they knew must, at various



MR. LARKINS' ADVENTURE.

Ned gave a silent nod. Words were unnecessary. He had carried loads of wheat or oats to this convenient farmer before, and brought them back again when another and more valuable kind of merchandise was safely disposed of.

"You will stay at the farmer's all day; we must not overdrive the horses, you know," continued his master with a twinkle of amusement at his own fiction. Ned's eyes snapped in return.

"Then, at night," said Mr. Larkins, "we will go to the spot on the shore we both know, and we shall have ill-luck if we don't get all safe home that night."

Ned nodded again, then said, bringing out such a long sentence with visible effort:

"You are sure the King's men do not know?"

times, reach the inn; but they had never succeeded. Longhurst was only a dozen miles from the coast, and at almost every house, if need were, the landlord could find allies.

Half Longhurst did the same thing on a smaller scale. There was always a choice consignment for the vicar among Mr. Larkins' hogsheads and barrels. Squire Patterson had annoyed his neighbours in no particular more than this, that, from the time he had turned Methodist, he had steadily refused to receive uncustomed goods. His fellow-villagers resented this as a condemnation of their doings, and always lived in fear that the Methodists should turn informants on them. They failed to see, as the world still fails, that religion inculcates more, not less, honour among its followers; and that tale-bearing is a meanness from

which every honest man shrinks except when duty compels.

Mr. Larkins therefore stood in no danger from his Methodist neighbours. The next night was as moonless and dark as he could wish; so dark, in fact, that, though he knew the way well, he was obliged to give up the attempt to guide his horse, and, throwing the reins on its neck, he let the animal choose its own path. Under his coat, with its thick double cape, were a pair of pistols, loaded in case of need; but he had made every preparation so carefully that he had no fear of surprise to-night. When we are most lulled by a sense of security, danger is often nearest. But the landlord did not think of this.

He rode up to the door of the farmhouse where Ned was waiting. The feet of his horse had been tied round with pieces of sacking, so that no sound betrayed his approach. He whistled low, and Ned, who recognized the signal, came out, as well as the farmer, at once.

"Is all right, and are the horses ready?" he asked.

"All is right," said the laconic Ned.

The farmer mounted his nag, and took the lead with Mr. Larkins. Ned followed with his steady team and the waggon. In silence, and as noiselessly as possible, the little party proceeded to the shore.

Wild and picturesque was the scene that then took place. The men there were intent on business only, and so the romantic side of the affair did not strike them. They had no eyes to notice the graceful outline of the barque, dark against the sky, or the dim curve of the receding shore, faintly visible by the glimmering starlight. Nor did they stop to listen to the placid gurgle of the tide, which, at its full, but ruffled by no wind, came swelling up the sand in regular, gentle rushes. The crew was ready for them, and had brought the barrels on deck. By the light of a dark lantern or two, suspended on the mast, or slung round their necks, the work of lowering the casks and lifting them to the waggon on shore, was performed.

"Steady there!" "Gently, mates!" "Quick, we have no time to lose!" were the only whispers that passed between them. The waggon was nearly full. Ned, Mr. Larkins, and the farmer were growing tired of pushing and pulling the heavy barrels. The men on the ship were the

same, and disposed to grumble at their long task.

"You must pay us double for the last hour," they muttered; and the landlord, afraid that morning would steal upon them before the work was done, agreed to do so.

"Only make haste," he implored, "the night is wearing."

"Hark, do you hear anything?" said the farmer, putting his hand to his ear.

"Nothing, what should there be," answered Larkins. "Quiet, Bess," as his horse, tied to a stake, began to start and tremble.

There came a little scuffle on board. "Take care, you clumsy fellow!" A great splash followed to explain the words. A barrel had slipped from the hold of the man that carried it, and fell into the sea.

"You must make that good to me," cried Mr. Larkins as he dashed forward, anxious and angry, forgetting caution.

"No such thing; it was not my fault," retorted the captain, when the rising dispute was unexpectedly stopped. Out of the darkness forms rose up suddenly, like phantoms; and a strong hand fell on Mr. Larkins' shoulder.

"I seize you in the King's name," said a voice.

The captain on the ship heard the cry. His cargo was almost all unloaded, and he had taken care to be paid for it beforehand.

"Hands aboard, and set sail, men!" he called; and to the intense discomfiture of the three struggling on shore, the barque was seen in a few minutes to glide away, leaving them to their fate.

Larkins grasped desperately for his pistols, but one flashed in the pan as he discharged it, and before he could seize the other his arm was pinioned behind him.

"Tie that man up," said a voice of authority, advancing; and the landlord's arms were seized in a stalwart grasp, and fastened with ropes before he could shake himself free.

The farmer was the only one to escape. He found his horse, and, flinging himself on it, rode off at a breakneck gallop through the darkness.

The officer held a lantern to Ned's face and his master's.

"Two men—not a bad night's work," he said; "and besides, we shall have a reward for capturing notorious smugglers."

The lantern shone on the officer's face and dress. To Mr. Larkins' astonishment the latter was scarlet instead of blue.

"Who are you?" he gasped in surprise. "And what are you doing, seizing honest men?"

"I am an officer, recruiting men for the king's service," returned the other, with a quiet smile, which made the blood run cold in the landlord's veins. "Have you a fancy for seeing foreign countries, my man? If so, it will soon be gratified."

"How dare you?" cried the angry Larkins. "I am a man of substance and repute. Take me to the nearest magistrate. Twenty gentlemen will speak for me."

"A man of repute—and a smuggler!" replied the officer, with quiet scorn. "We have seen enough of your honest doings to-night, my fine fellow. Also, our way does not lie by any magistrates. You will find yourself on shipboard to-morrow, bound for the Low Countries. The king's army needs filling up."

Vain were the struggles and protestations of the unfortunate men. Such cases of impressment were not rare in those times, as John Nelson's history and the experiences of other early Methodists tell us. The capture had in fact been a planned thing between the recruiting officer and the coastguards; for these were sharper than the landlord gave them credit for, and rejoiced in thus getting rid of an old opponent.

The cellar at the Chough and Crow remained empty a long time, while its master did unwilling drill in the Low Countries. The Methodists in Longhurst lost their chief persecutor, and Mr. Noakes his principal tempter to wrong-doing. A certain smart young corporal in the army, named Frank Edmonds, who received letters at times from his sister containing Longhurst news, could not forbear a smile of amusement when he saw Mr. Larkins forming one of the awkward squad, and heard from his companions how he came there.

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### THE SONG THE ANGELS SING.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
The glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
Two thousands years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love song which they bring;  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold,  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world gave back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

—R. Sears.

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There is silence high in the midnight sky,  
And only sufferers watch the night;  
But long ago there was song and glow,  
And a message of joy from the Prince of Light;  
And the Christmas song of the messenger throng  
The echoes of life shall forever prolong.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## THE COMMITTEE MAN.\*

A TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND STORY.

BY JOHN ACKWORTH.

The last building you pass as you go out of the top end of Great Barkin is Jonathan Tradger's workshop. It occupies, in fact, the extreme point of the diamond-shaped island formed by two great roads that run through the town and unite at the end of it. The shop is therefore triangular in shape, having a long side upon each of the roads and a blunt point at the fork.

The first glance through the open door suggests a carpenter's shop, for the floor is strewn with shavings and there is a joiner's bench against the opposite wall; but a second look shows that the shavings are old and dirty, and that the bench is littered with paint cans and rolls of wall-paper, whilst between the bench and the wall are stuck a gig umbrella and two ordinary ones, half hiding a plumber's soldering iron and a pair of tinker's shears which hang in a rough rack against the wall itself.

If you put your head inside you also observe, deep in the shop, a blacksmith's bellows, two or three disabled perambulators, and an old-fashioned bicycle.

The fact is, Jonathan, the proprietor of this shop, is the village Jack-of-all-trades; for Barkin, now a decayed village, was once a market town, and as its tradesmen were driven out of it one by one by lack of business, the remaining inhabitants fell back upon Tradger, who, as he was too disreputable and intemperate to care much, gradually slipped into the way of doing any sort of odd job that might be brought him.

Some sixteen months ago, however, Jonathan was converted, as the result of the visit of a *Joyful News* Mission car to the village, and since then he has been a consistent though demonstrative and unmanageably unconventional member of the Wesleyan Church.

The Methodists of Barkin are staid and highly decorous, and some of Jonathan's ways shocked and alarmed them; but he was so humble, so grateful to them for their kindly recognition of him, so eager in his desire to comprehend all the pecu-

liarities of Methodist doctrine and procedure, and so devoted to the welfare of the Church of his choice, that nobody had the heart to check him, and Mrs. Wilkins, the supernumerary's widow, who was the ultimate authority on all matters of church etiquette, was not without fear that the good folk would spoil him.

Jonathan was a sandy man, approaching sixty, a little below the medium height, with fairly regular features disfigured somewhat by a knobby red nose, due partly to pugilistic encounters and partly to the influence of drink.

"Wot's this?" he growled, in a voice that was now always husky, as he entered the shop one morning just before Christmas. As he spoke he pointed with the only whole finger he possessed on his right hand to the circular lying on the box of a sewing machine which he had been repairing the day before.

"It's a circular. You're a committee man now," replied Walter John, his only son and assistant, who was regarded by his parents as a perfect marvel of learning, and had consequently the right of opening and answering his father's correspondence.

"Read it," jerked out Jonathan shortly; and, turning to look through the open door, as he generally did when he wanted to think, he leaned heavily on one leg in a listening attitude.

Walter John left the dog-kennel he was painting and, putting down his brush, picked up the missive and read in a brisk business style, of which he was very proud:

"DEAR BRO.—I have pleasure in informing you that at the Quarterly Meeting held yesterday you were appointed a member of 'The Twentieth Century Fund' committee for this circuit.—Yours sincerely, GEO. WILDE, *Secretary.*"

Jonathan drew himself up; a look of grave importance came upon his face, a soft gratified light beamed in his eyes, whilst he pursed out his lips and screwed his mouth about, to conceal a tell-tale smile. Then he turned and had another long stare out of the door, and presently, giving his mouth a sort of covering wipe with the back of his hand, he picked up the circular which his son had laid down and examined it, back and front, over

\* From "The Making of the Million; Tales of The Twentieth Century Fund." New York: Hunt & Eato. Toronto: William Briggs.

and over again. In a wavering, meditative manner he scrutinised the document, and then, as if fearing to be caught in the act, he abruptly dropped it and resumed his staring through the door.

Walter John was perfectly aware that his father wanted to ask a question, but as it was always part of his policy to maintain his intellectual reputation by affecting a lofty indifference, he commenced to hiss a tune through his teeth, and became deeply absorbed in the painting of the kennel. Jonathan watched the operation out of the corner of his eye for a time, and then turning to the machine, he resumed his work of the night before, asking as he picked up his tools: "Wot's your committys for?"

And Walter John stood back and examined the kennel critically as he answered: "For talkin'."

Jonathan looked enquiringly at his son for a moment, and then bending over his work he applied an oilcan to the machine and gave the treadle an experimental touch with his foot as he asked: "But what do they do?"

And the youthful but unconsciously cynical libeller of these great modern institutions answered with a slight accent of contempt: "Oh, nothing, only talk."

Jonathan heaved a perplexed and protesting sigh, and was just about to address a remonstrance to his son, when a shadow fell across the sewing machine, and a deep voice behind him cried: "Mornin', boy, mornin'."

The new comer was a tall, thin man, with broad, angular shoulders drawn up into his almost invisible neck, for the morning was cold and nipping. His hands were thrust deep into his pockets, and his thin snipe nose and red eyes were moist with tears of cold. He was Jonathan's class-leader and chief mentor, and his name was Solomon Jurby.

Saluting Jonathan and his son as he passed them, Solomon strode to the far end of the shop, where there was a small stove and a disabled wooden cradle which, turned on its side, served as a seat. Squatting down upon this, he took the lid off the stove and began to stir the fire, grumbling the while at the weather. But Jonathan had something much more important than mere meteorological discussion on his mind, and so without further hesitation he commenced: "Sol, wot's this Cen-cen-tenary Fund?"

Solomon looked blank for a moment. "W-o-t? Oh, t' Centennery Fund thou means."

"Tchat!" interrupted Walter John,

with superior impatience. "He means that there Twentieth Century Fun'."

"O-h, that! Ah! that's somethin', that is! I know'd we should hev somethin' wonderful when that Hughes was President."

Jonathan felt himself growing bigger, but curbing his rising elation he asked: "Well, wot is it?"

"Wot is it? it's a reg'ler flabbergaster, that's wot it is! Huz Methodisses is goin' to subscribe *one million guineas*."

Jonathan's face expanded into a broad gratified grin, and he looked at his mentor with wondering delight. In a moment he ventured: "How much is a milliond, Solomon?"

"A million! a million's t-e-n h-u-n-d-r-e-d t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d," and Solomon sounded like a man who was struggling with the miserable inadequacy of human language to express the vastness of his ideas.

Jonathan's face was a picture, and, as wonder is one of the strongest stimulants to eloquence, Solomon plunged off into a detailed description of the great scheme, adding in his excitement details which were, to say the least, apocryphal. So stimulating, in fact, did he find Jonathan's wonderment that, having exhausted his own resources on the question, he sent Walter John to his house for the last issue of the *Recorder*, and when he returned Jonathan left his work and joined Solomon at the stove, listening with ejaculations of astonishment and delight as his learned son reeled off at express rate a long account of the great meeting at Leeds.

As the reading proceeded, he punctuated it with energetic nods; then he smote his hands together in keenest relish, and when at last with a rhetorical flourish the self-satisfied reader finished the President's speech, Jonathan leaned forward, and snuiting Solomon heavily on the back, he cried with emphatic conviction:

"Sol, t' Bank of Englan's *nout* to huz Methodisses."

Solomon smiled indulgently upon what he regarded as the pardonable extravagance of his friend, and was just about to make a reply when Walter John, now warm to his work, plunged off into a long account of the Historic Roll, and from that to a list of circuit subscriptions, in which, as Jonathan remarked, thousands seemed "as common as coppers."

When at last the great reader finished, out of breath and a little hoarse, his father was in the seventh heaven of delight and pride. As Solomon rose to

go, however, Jonathan had a sudden recollection, and checking his friend as he strolled towards the door, he asked abruptly: "Wot's committy men got to do?"

"Do? Oh, lead off t' subscriptions an' collect. Wot for?"

Jonathan pointed to the circular still lying on the sewing machine, and Solomon took it up, gave a little nod of surprise, and then assuming a very knowing look, as if to convey the impression that he had fully expected some such thing, he lounged to the door. He had reached the open air and was standing gazing down the road when Jonathan followed him, and drawing him by the button-hole still farther away, in order to be out of earshot of Walter John, he said: "Fancy, Sol! drunken Johny's name among all them million Methodys!"

All that morning as Jonathan went about his various occupations, his mind dwelt delightedly on the wonderful scheme in which so lowly a man as he was to have his part; as he meditated, the dark shadows of difficulties cast themselves every now and again across the brightness of his visions, but he put them away, as had been his habit far too much through all his life, and resolutely kept before himself the great glory that was coming to the Church to which he owed so much.

But when he had sent Walter John out with the now restored sewing machine, he stole to the seat which Solomon had so recently occupied in order to face fairly the hindrances which he could no longer hide from himself. To begin with, his wife was not a member, and had always had decided leanings towards the Church of England.

Moreover, to the great comfort of the family, she had always been the purse-bearer of the household, and they were very poor, having scarcely got out of the financial difficulties into which his intemperate habits had plunged them. He felt certain that Rebecca would not see the wisdom or even the possibility of giving away money, whole guineas at a time, and would be able to tell him of any number of claims upon their slender resources which, in her judgment, were both more pressing and more equitable than what he desired.

He fancied he could hear her repeating again one of her favourite proverbs, "Just before generous, Jonathan," and the very most that he could expect her to do was to offer to give a guinea for himself. But a committee man whose

family even were not included in the contributions would be an everlasting disgrace to the great movement.

And then there was that roll-signing. He had almost forgotten how to write, and his wife, even if she consented to subscribe, could not use a pen any better than he could himself, and their clumsy caligraphy would be a sad disfigurement to the great record. For somehow Jonathan had got it fixed in his mind that all who went upon the roll would have to sign their own names.

And then there was Martha Jane, who was in service some thirty miles away; she was almost as decided in her preference for the Church as her mother, and would not be able to come so far to sign, even if they were able to raise the money.

Once more, there was Walter John to be considered; he was a Wesleyan certainly, for he blew the little chapel organ and attended the Sunday-school.

Altogether, as Jonathan looked at the difficulties fairly and squarely, they appeared blacker and blacker, and when he was called to dinner, he left the shop in a very perplexed and anxious frame of mind. It occurred to him as he walked to the house to broach the question to his wife, as he generally had to do in his troubles, but the domestic weather seemed so threatening when he got indoors that he judged it better to defer the matter until a more propitious moment.

It came that very night, and Jonathan, finding his wife in a cheerful mood for her, told his tale; skipping characteristically the monetary difficulty and presenting to his wife's superior inventiveness the problem of the roll-signing. Rebecca heard him through, and ignoring altogether the writing question, she gently, but with remorseless logic, made it clear to him that the thing was entirely beyond them. Her catalogue of pressing needs and approaching payments made his heart sink, and he found himself, to his alarm, getting angry.

"But, woman!" he cried, when she had finished, "we're on the committee!" But Rebecca only shook her head, and as Jonathan was naturally passionate, and since his conversion had been haunted more with the fear of losing his temper than even slipping back into intemperance, he made a strong effort, choked back his resentment, and with a sigh of reluctant resignation went off to bed.

When he had gone, Rebecca, who had feared an outburst from her husband, and had watched with growing gratitude his successful effort in self-control, sat

glowering moodily into the fire. Once or twice she sighed and her lips moved as if in prayer, and presently she got up and took a small rosewood box from the mantelpiece. Opening this, she picked out a *Joyful News* pledge card and a Methodist class ticket, upon the former of which was scrawled in rude, uneven characters her husband's name. With pensive, musing face she turned them over, and then looking at them earnestly through moistening eyes, she murmured: "It mus' be done!—some way! Them two papers is worth a million, aye, a million apiece to me;" and putting them slowly and carefully back in the box, she made her way upstairs.

During the next few days Jonathan was greatly exercised in his mind as to how he should raise the money for his subscription, for though on the night of his conversation with his wife he had almost given up the idea, the new day brought new hope; but as nobody had told him that the money could be paid in small instalments, he was at his wits' end to solve the problem.

He overhauled the miscellaneous articles which had accumulated in his workshop in the hope of finding something salable, but as he had often done this before to raise money for drink, there was nothing left that would give him any help.

Then he debated with himself the possibility of selling the Christmas pig, or rather its carcass, for the animal had already been slaughtered; but as his wife generally managed that business herself, he soon abandoned hope in that direction.

Then it occurred to him to try to borrow something from his absent daughter; but, again, the remembrance of like transactions in his unregenerate days restrained him.

Finally, in his increasing perplexities, he fell back upon his old friend Solomon, and as they sat together one dinner hour over the little stove, he unbosomed himself. Solomon was very mysterious and taciturn for a while, but seeing his pupil's anxiety and knowing something of the official secrets of the Barkin Wesleyans, he at last took his pipe out of his mouth and said: "Johnnty boy, be content, whoever is left off that paper thy name will be there," and then he lapsed again into the most discouraging silence.

"But wot about the fam'ly?" asked Jonathan anxiously, and Solomon shook his head as if to say that they were in a very different category. And of course this conversation did not comfort Jonathan as much as it was intended to do,

for he somehow felt that the thing would lose much of its interest to him if his beloved ones did not take part in it.

One day in Christmas week, however, Jonathan received a surprise that almost reconciled him to being left out of the great achievement. As he was dressing to go to class and was struggling before the little glass trying to arrange his frayed necktie so that the place where the lining showed would be concealed, his wife came downstairs dressed to go out.

Jonathan looked at her in astonishment, for she seldom went out at night. "I'm thinkin' of goin' with thee to-night, Johnnty," she said softly, as she looked hard at the floor. And Jonathan eyed her over from head to foot as he asked:

"To class?"

"To class."

And then it flashed into his mind that his wife was going to class to console him for his disappointment about the great fund, and he turned hastily away and tried to swallow something. Well! it was a grand idea after all! She had chosen that one thing which she knew would be sweetest of all to him. Oh, what a wife she was! and for the next few minutes as they walked down the High Street towards the chapel he silently thanked God that they had ever heard of this glorious fund.

It happened to be fellowship meeting that night at the class, and so Jonathan missed the luxury of hearing his wife's first "experience." But when the meeting was over and the leader was marking the names, he said: "Glad to see Sister Tradger to-night; we won't press you to have your name down now; perhaps you would like to try some other class first."

"But I want it down."

"To-night?"

"To-night!"

Jonathan could have hugged his wife then and there, and as he went home he told himself that he should always love the Million Fund, and if ever he had the chance of giving to his beloved Church—

But next morning it took all his new joy to sustain him, for the post brought him a summons to the committee meeting, and with no chance of being able to contribute he felt that he could not go, and his absence might be taken for indifference; and he owed so much to Methodism that he could not bear the thought of that.

In the afternoon Solomon called at the shop, and was so full of the approaching

meeting that the carpenter had not the heart to tell him that he did not intend to attend; and when he went away Jonathan was more miserable than ever. As night came on he grew very restless and dejected; once he told himself to have faith in God and go to the committee; but that effort was too great to be sustained, and as the time drew near he seated himself moodily by the fire at home in fidgety distress lest Solomon should call for him, as he sometimes did.

Just then there was a sharp knock at the door, and he felt a chill creep over him as he heard a man's voice. But it was not Solomon, it was the circuit minister.

"Come, Brother Tradger, aren't you coming to the meeting?"

Jonathan groaned and answered sadly: "I can't sir; I've nothing to give."

Jonathan heard a stifled sob behind him, which he knew came from his wife; but the minister was speaking again.

"Never mind, come along! We must have you on the roll whoever is omitted."

"But that would be four guineas, an' we haven't one."

"Four fiddlesticks! Nothing of the kind; this isn't a tax, my friend, it's a free-will offering, and those who have will give for those who haven't."

"But I'm on the committee, sir."

"Of course you are; I proposed you myself; only some can give, but we must all share in the joy of it, you know. You must just give what you are able without

injury to yourselves, and that you can do by instalments."

"By what, sir?" (This from Mrs. Tradger.)

"By instalments--so much a week or month, you know."

Rebecca turned her back to the minister and marched hurriedly upstairs.

In a moment she came down with a strange glow upon her faded face.

"Can them go on the roll as is only just joined, sir?"

"Yes, of course! But you can't afford, Mrs. Tradger, you can't really."

"An' can children az isn't members be on, sir!"

"Yes, if they are the children of our people, certainly."

And then Rebecca, whom Jonathan was watching intently, put out her thin, worn arm and laid a guinea on the table.

"That's for the Church az turned a bad husband' into a good 'un, an' that," putting a crown piece near the guinea, "is a thankful offering from the poor wife az got that new husband'," and then, fumbling in her pocket, she brought out a shilling, and placing it near the other money, she went on, "an' that's sixpence a week for Walter John an' for the dear lass as sent her father's guinea."

The minister was overcome and tried to expostulate, but Mrs. Tradger insisted on having her way; the instalment plan settled everything, she said.

And so Jonathan went to the committee.

## THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Again, as of old, the shadows fold, and the midnight sky is clear and cold;  
Again, as when the shepherds watched, the peasants sleep with their doors unlatched;  
Serene and still over vale and hill, over palace gateway and cottage sill,  
In snow-white fleece lies the wintry peace, and the angels hasten to do God's will.

Ever they keep above our sleep a vigil tender and sweet and deep,  
But they waken us now, from the skies aglow, and the sound of their wings goes to and fro.  
Hark to the song of that seraph throng, who nearest of all to the throne belong,  
Hither they come to heart and home, with hail to the right that shall smite the wrong.

Glory to God! They send abroad harpings of heaven on earthly road,  
Lifting the Name on their fanning flame, as peace and good-will their notes proclaim,  
Sending afar without a jar, wherever our Father's children are,  
The word of grace from the Father's face, thrilling in music from star to star.

Sing to us, angels of Christmas, sing, while sweet in the day-dawn our glad bells ring;  
Sing of the Love that comes from above, brooding and soft as the breast of the dove,  
While we swift forget the pain and fret, and the pitiful things to which life is set,  
And leave at the manger all thought of danger, and worship the Child, God's children yet.

## DAVY'S CHRISTMAS.\*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

Yes, ma'm, of course I'll tell you, as well as I know how, but there ain't much to tell. As for the change you say 's come over Anderson, why, 'twasn't me that done that, you know.

You see, I was raised where they set a good deal by Christmas—the real part of it, I mean. All the children knew what it was kept for, and whose birthday 'twas, and why folks give presents that day. And we hung up our stockings at home, and had a tree for the Sunday-school, and carols and texts, and all that. Somehow I never knew, or, anyway, stopped to think, about there being other places where nobody done this, nor took any notice of Christmas at all. So, when we moved way out West to Anderson that fall, and I begun to look ahead and lay plans what I should do for Christmas, 'twas a big surprise to me to find none of the boys and girls knew what I was driving at.

'Twas a little place, anyway, you know, and there wa'n't many young folks. There wasn't a church or a Sunday-school there neither; but somehow that didn't seem to trouble me so much at first as the other thing—that they didn't have any Christmas. You see, I'd had it all my life, and I thought 'twas just beautiful. Why, 'twas almost everything, or, 't any rate, the beginning of everything. So I thought and thought about it, and when I'd got things a little straightened out in my head, I went to mother.

You know mother, so I needn't tell you how good she was about it, nor how she entered right into it with me. That's her way—ain't it, ma'am! She always enters into things so when you want her to. And she talked to father for me—that's one good thing about mothers, their talking to your fathers for you—and he come into it too. We was going to have a Christmas, a real one, for the folks there in Anderson.

Now we wa'n't rich, you know that; but we was pretty well to do, and we had a nice little home fitted up with all our things from the old place. I'd fetched along my books and cards and maps and pictur's, and the carols we used to sing; and I had some of the things we used to

dress the Christmas-tree with—bright little balls and shiny stuff and little bits of candles—so we could have a tree, and there hadn't anybody there ever see one. Mother had her melodeon, and she said she'd play the carols, and we'd all sing 'em together. And father, he promised to talk a little to the folks about the day, and what it meant to everybody. We meant to give presents too—just little cheap ones, o' course, but something, anyway, to every single boy and girl there.

You bet I did enjoy getting up that thing! I tell you, 'twas fun keeping it so secret, and thinking how surprised they'd be, and all. Father and mother helped, but I done most of it myself; for father had his regular work to do, and mother had the baby to 'tend to—little Joshua, you know.

But 'twas all ready at last. I'd picked out a real pretty little tree up on the hill, and father'd cut it down for me, and there 'twas now, standing up in the best room, all shiny with gilt and silver paper, and the little tin balls of various colours swinging on the branches. And there was red apples and pine-cones, and the little candles from home all ready to light. 'Twas dreadful pretty. There was little presents for 'em all, mostly things that I'd had give to me, Christmases and birthdays, and so on: books and pictur'-cards, and one or two little games, things I was glad enough to give away to them that had so little. So you see what a splendid Christmas 'twas going to be—just the thing to show 'em what it meant, and make 'em always keep it afterwards, some way or 'nother.

Oh, dear me! It's three whole years ago now, but it 'most makes me cry to think what happened, and how 'twas all, every single bit of that beautiful plan, spoiled! It's too dreadful to say much about. The folks was to come Christmas Eve for the treat, and just the night before that, the twenty-third of December, our house catched fire and burnt up. Every single thing was burnt, except the clothes we put on in a hurry, and we just saved our own lives—that was about all. As it was, poor father got hurt real bad trying to save things. His hands and arms was all blistered and burnt, and his

\* From "Dumb Foxglove and Other Stories." New York: Harper Brothers.

face scorched; and mother, she caught a dreadful cold, and 'most lost her voice.

At first I couldn't think of anything but the house and our furniture and things, and of poor father, and how glad I was we was all alive—mother, and little Joshua, and all. But after a spell it came over me all of a sudden—Christmas, and the time we'd been going to have for the folks! The tree and everything on it was burnt up. The house and best room, where the company was to be, the melodeon, and even the singing-books that had the carols in 'em—everything, every single thing—was gone; even the barn, and Jack, our dear old horse, went, too. Only the cow-house, that stood by itself a little ways off, didn't burn, and our little Jersey cows, Whitefoot and Buttercup, was saved—that was better than nothing.

It had been a house once where folks lived, but it got old and shakly, and some of it tumbled down, and the rest of it made a good place for the cows. There was a fireplace and a chimney to it, so we had a place to go to, such as 'twas. The people round there was all pretty poor, and nobody lived very near by. They asked us to come, and was pleasant enough about it, but we thought we hadn't better do it as long as we could take care of ourselves. So we settled down that night as well's we could in the cow-house, with a big fire to keep us warm, and some blankets and things the folks lent us.

Next morning, the very day before Christmas, you know, just as quick as I got a chance to talk with mother, I had to let it all out. I wasn't as big then as I be now, and I couldn't to save my life keep from crying like a baby when I spoke about the Christmas. I kept saying how could God have done such a thing, when we was just a-going to learn the Anderson folks about the birthday, and what it all meant. "Oh!" I says, "how could He do it!"

Well, mother she entered into it—her way, you know! She let me see she allowed for my being disapp'inted, but she said she knew I'd come round to seeing 'twas all right, somehow, if He'd done it; and she said He didn't need us nor anybody else to learn the Anderson folks about Christmas; He could show 'em Himself if 'twas best for 'em to know. And she said I must be a good boy, and give it up, and mebbe next year I'd have another chance.

I tried to be good, so as not to trouble her; I helped her with father and little

Joshua, and tried to make things comfortable. But I was thinking and thinking all day about the folks, and who they'd got to wait a whole long year to see what Christmas was. Come along towards noon I says to mother, couldn't I see if some one wouldn't let me have one of their rooms, and maybe their melodeon, and some of the people help me a little, and have just some sort of a Christmas time, if we couldn't have the tree and the presents. And she said I could try it if I was set on it. But 'twasn't any good. Folks was willing to come to a treat, but they wouldn't help get it up. I even went to the little tavern at the Corners, but they said 'twas full that night, and they couldn't be bothered.

I went home—if you could call it home—and I set down on the floor, and laid my head down on mother's lap—she's got such a nice lap—and told her all about it. She was real good, but she didn't know how to help me. She see herself I'd got to give the whole thing up. But she whispers to me, stroking my head, says she, "Tell God all about it, Davy." So I done it right there, just as I was, with my head in mother's lap.

When I got up, I says, "Well, mother, I've got to give it up, and I'm going to stand it like a man. But mebbe," I says, "some of the folks will come anyway—them that lives a good ways off, and hasn't heard about the fire." And she says, "Well, if they do, Davy, we'll be glad to see 'em, though this isn't much of a place to have company."

What do you think? Come evening, if the boys and girls, and the growed folks too, didn't begin to come along! You see, I'd invited 'em some days afore, and hadn't took back the invitations. And I s'pose, even if they knew we didn't expect 'em, they was cur'us to see what we'd do, and to look at the burnt house and all. Why, most everybody round there come, seems to me! 'Twas a real nice night; there wasn't any moon, but I never see the stars shining brighter. I rec'lect that, 'cause father'd been telling me about the stars that winter, and I'd took to noticing 'em. And as I come in that night I looked up, and see how bright they was, partic'lar one big one father called the evening star.

The folks didn't come in at first. They kind of stood round outside, and when I went out to speak to 'em, they said they didn't want to trouble us, but they was round that way, and they thought they'd just see if they could do anything for us.

'Twas pretty cold, and I couldn't bear to see 'em standing outdoors so long. So I run back inside, and asked mother if I couldn't bring 'em in. There wasn't any seats to be sure, but 'twas warm, and it seemed politer, anyway. Mother said o' course I could; let 'em come in; she didn't mind.

They was a little backward at first, 'peared to feel a mite bashful. But bime-by one after 'nother stepped inside. I felt a little foolish myself, and didn't know just what to say first off. But Jim Bissell, a rough sort of boy from the Corners, he begun to laugh, and says out loud, "Where's your Chris'mus, as you call it, Dave? What's it all about, anyway?"

And then—I don't know to this day how I ever picked up courage for it, but it come into my head I just must tell 'em something, it 'twas only the leastest bit, about the day that was coming to-morrow—I jest shut up my eyes one second, and then I wet my lips, and begun. I told 'em what I'd meant to do, and how 'twas all spoiled, and how dreadful sorry I was. I said I'd tried to get some other place to hold the meeting in, but I couldn't, and I'd tried the tavern at the Corners, but there wasn't any room for it there. And then I put it's well's I could, about how father was laid up and couldn't talk to 'em, and that I wasn't big enough to explain things myself. "But," I says, "I can read you about it, only I ain't no great a reader." And then comes over me, all of a sudden, that our Bibles was all burnt up. It just seemed as if 'twas meant them folks shouldn't learn about Christmas that year, and I'd better give up.

But mother says in a softly voice—she was just back of me—she says, "Don't you know some verses, Davy?" I knew I did, for I'd said 'em at a Christmas-tree the year afore. So I begun: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea"—you know how it goes. At first Jim Bissell laughed, and some of the others j'ined in, and whispered and made fun. But the others stopped 'em, and in a minute I see 'twas dreadful still, and only just my voice, pretty shaky, you know, going on with that chapter. I didn't know only the first 'leven verses. When I come to the last one—"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child and Mary his mother"—I heard a little gurglin' sound. I didn't dast to turn my head, but I knew 'twas little Joshua taking notice.

And just then I heard another queer

noise, kind of a choky noise that was, and I see 'twas Cap'n Frink, the man they called the wildest feller about Anderson, though he come from New England, and was raised, I've heard, 'mongst real good people. There was something the matter with his throat, and he was coughing till the water come into his eyes, and then interrupted me a mite. But in a minute I went over to Luke, and I says that part about the shepherds and the Baby laying in the manger, on account of there not being any room in the inn, you know. Then I stopped, and I thinks to myself, oh, if I only had the melodeon, and the books with the carols!

Just then mother says, softly again, "Can't you sing baby's hymn, Davy?" Now I ain't got much ear for music, they say, and I was that scared my voice was croakier than common. I can't turn many tunes, but that one turns itself, I've heard it so many times from mother when she was holding little Joshua. I used to pick it out with one finger on the melodeon. I says to myself, "Here goes, 't any rate," and I let out:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

'Twas kind of dreadful to hear my own voice, and nobody j'ining in to help me, and I got scarier and shakier, till I was just going to break down, when all of a sudden I found some one was helping. There was a real nice, loud, sweet voice singing the words with me, and carrying the tune all right, only shaking a mite, just as mine done. And, of all the folks there, who should it be but Lucy Ann Wells, the roughest woman in the whole place, that 'most everybody was afraid of! She had a cross, sharp voice when she talked, but 'twas real sweet and clear and pleasant-sounding now. I don't see how she ever knew that hymn, but she did, and she and me sang it right along as far as I knew the words. When we got to where it says:

"When His birthplace was a stable,  
And His softest bed was hay."

I see that all the people was looking right over my head, and kind of behind me, and not at me at all. So when we ended up, Lucy Ann and me, and I dast to turn round, I done it.

There wa'n't anything uncommon there—just mother and the baby. She'd been a-holding him, and he'd heard us singing his fav'rite hymn, that he went to sleep by regular, and he'd thought 'twas bedtime, so he'd dropped off, and mother'd laid him down.

O' course there wa'n't any place to lay him but the hay. But that was real soft and comfortable, and he did look real cute laying there, with his pretty yellow hair all fuzzy round his little head, and mother with her nice, dear, motherly face, a-leaning over him.

Seems 's if there ain't much more to tell. To this day I don't get it through my head why they begun to have Christ-

mases themselves, after that, there in Anderson. If I'd 'a' carried out my plan, and had that tree and all, why, I could see how it came about. But when we didn't have any Christmas at all that year—no tree, no presents, no refreshments, no nothing—well, as I said afore, it beats me how they come to keep Christmas the very next year and ever sence.

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THE MANGER.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Come with me and stand beside Him,  
Bow before the mystery ;  
God in flesh, a helpless baby  
Needing human ministry.  
Sweetest child-like eyes beholding  
Things His might divine had planned ;  
All-creating fingers, folded  
In a woman's tender hand.

Baby need of human loving  
From the human hearts he made ;  
Of his glorious robes divested,  
Now in swaddling bands arrayed.  
Victoria, B. C.

Homeless, Lord of earth and heaven,  
Angels waiting his behest—  
Yet a helpless child reposing,  
Cradled on a woman's breast.

O how oft she gazed upon Him,  
Trembling with the fear of loss ;  
For upon His lowly cradle  
Fell the shadow of a cross.  
Yet beyond the cross a glory,  
Radiant, shadowless, doth shine ;  
Bought for me as well as Mary—  
Mary's risen Lord is mine !

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PEACE ON EARTH.

BY SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOU'.

Calm on the nations far and wide  
Falls holy hush of Christmas-tide ;  
Sweet floats from chiming bells to them  
The triumph-hymn of Bethlehem.  
"Glory to God !" the angels sang ;  
"Good-will to men !" their psalm rang ;  
"Peace, peace on earth !" the midnight sky  
Re-echoed back the glad reply.

The roar of cannon drowns the song,  
The glad fulfilment tarries long,  
From death-strewn battle-fields, in vain  
Earth listens to the old refrain,  
"Peace, peace on earth, the Christ is born,  
He brings to light the glorious morn  
Of immortality and life,  
Good-will to men and end of strife."

His sword may be His pioneer,  
The trump of war His herald clear,  
And where the marching legions trod,  
Lies straight the highway of our God.  
Each blow at tyranny and wrong  
Is chorus to the angels' song,  
Through cannon's roar there peals again :  
"Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men !"

A thousand years are in His sight,  
But as a fleeting watch of night.  
He waiteth long, shall we not wait ?  
For surely, surely, soon or late,  
Peace, peace on earth all strife shall still,  
Good-will to men all hearts shall fill,  
The song shall rise from every shore,  
Glory to God for evermore !

—Outlook.

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PEACE.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,  
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease ;  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and good-will to man.

Hark ! joining in chorus  
The heavens bend o'er us.

The dark night is ending, and day is begun :  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

—Whittier.

## HE'S COMING TO-MORROW.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

They shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, for your redemption draweth nigh. - Luke xxi. 27-28.

Coming! The Son of man really coming into this world again in power and glory! "Will this really ever happen? Will this solid, commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash, and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see Him coming?" So our minister preached, in a solemn sermon; and for moments, at times, I felt a thrill of reality in hearing. But, as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbour, Mr. Stockton, whispered to me not to forget the meeting of the bank directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaite poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Tuesday; and my wife, as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Pennyman.

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon! so solemn! My dear, by-the-bye, don't forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were all so on my mind, and that was so wrong of me."

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our life were unreal. We go to church, and the things we hear are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! If we are looking for that coming, we ought to feel and live differently from what we do! Do we really believe what we hear in church, or is it a dream?" After a pause, I said: "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas, and it should be authoritatively announced that he would be here to-morrow?"

That evening the thoughts of the waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream.

I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange, vague sense of something just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mysterious voices. There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stand at the corners of the streets and discuss an impending something with hushed voices. I heard one say to

another: "Really coming? What! To-morrow?" And the others said: "Yes, to-morrow."

It was night. The stars were glimmering down with a keen, frosty light, the shops glistened in their Christmas array, and the same sense of hushed expectancy pervaded everywhere. There seemed to be nothing doing and each person looked wistfully on his neighbour, as if to say: "Have you heard?"

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene and calm. Above the forehead was a pale radiance of light, purer than any on earth—so different from that of the street lamps. Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love, as I said: "Tell me—is it really true? Is Christ coming?"

"He is," said the angel. "To-morrow he will be here!"

"What joy!" I cried.

"Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many in this city it is only terror. Come with me."

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in the parlour of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness to boundless wealth. Gold and silver and gems and foreign furniture and costly pictures; everything that money could buy was heaped together; and yet the man himself seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow, and spoke:

"I don't know, wife, how you feel, but I don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything that I know anything about."

"Oh, John!" said the woman, turning toward him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you say so?"

"Well, Mary, it's the truth. I

don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off! What does He want of me? I'd be willing to make over three millions to found a hospital, if He'd be satisfied to let me go on. Yes, I'd give three millions—to buy off from to-morrow."

"Is He not our best friend?"

"Best friend," said the man, with a look of half fright, half anger. "Mary, you don't know what you are talking about! You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact, I hate them."

She cast on him a look full of pity. "Cannot I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he said, pointing to the papers, "here is what stands for millions! To-night it's mine and to-morrow it will be so much waste paper, and then what have I left? Do you think I can rejoice? I'd give half; I'd give—yes, the whole, not to have him come these hundred years." She stretched out her hand toward him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see," said the angel to me, solemnly, "between him and her is a 'great gulf fixed'! They have lived in one house with that gulf between them for years! She cannot go to him; he cannot come to her. To-morrow she will rise to meet Christ; he will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him—not because Christ hates him, but because he hates Christ."

Again the scene was changed. We stood together in a little low attic, lighted by one small lamp—how poor it was—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in one corner where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things—the air was so frosty that their breath congealed upon the bedclothes and they talked in soft, baby voices. "When mother comes she will bring us some supper!" said they. "But I'm so cold," said the little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a fire when she came in if that man would pay her." "What a bad man he is," says the oldest boy; "he never pays mother if he can help it."

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in, laden with packages.

She laid all down and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Joy! joy! children! Oh, joy! joy! Christ is coming! He will be here to-morrow."

Every little bird in the nest was up and the little arms around the mother's neck. The children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus. He had been their mother's only friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not He was coming.

"Oh, mother, will He take us? He will, won't He?"

"Yes, my little ones," she said softly to herself; "He shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom."

Suddenly again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was presented. I stood in a brilliant room, full of luxuries. Three or four fair women were standing pensively talking with each other. Their apartment was bestrewn with jewelry, laces, silks, velvets, and every fanciful elegance of fashion; but they looked troubled.

"This seems to me really awful," said one, with a suppressed sigh.

"Yes," said another, "and it puts a stop so to everything! Of what use will all these be to-morrow?" There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room, who now spoke. "We shall be forever with the Lord," she said.

"I am sure I don't know what that can mean," said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder, "it seems rather fearful."

"Well," said the other, "it seems so sudden—when one never dreamed of any such thing—to change all at once from this to that other life."

"It is enough to be with Him," said the poor woman. "Oh, I have so longed for it!"

Unsaved reader, "that One," who may soon be here, is only waiting to hear you confess and believe "He loves me and gave Himself for me."

To believe this is eternal life for you; and then you will rejoice when you hear it said: "He's coming to-morrow."

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

Temptations hurt not, though they have access;  
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingness.—*Herrick.*

## A SCOT INDEED

BY IAN MACLAREN.

He had demanded that afternoon to behold the truth, and the doctor, himself a young Scot, had told him plainly that he could not recover, and then he had asked, as one man speaking to another, both being brave and honest men, when he would die, and the doctor thought early next morning.

"Aboot daybreak," said the Scot, with much satisfaction, as if, on the whole, he were content to die, and much pleased it would be at the rising of the sun. He was a characteristic type of his nation, rugged in face and dry of manner, an old man, who had drifted somehow to this English city and was living there alone, and now he was about to die alone, without friends, and in a strange land. The nurse was very kind to him, and her heart went out to the quiet, self-contained man. She asked him whether he would like to see a clergyman, and said that the chaplain of the Infirmary was a good man.

"I've nae doubt he is," said the Scot, "and that his meenestrations wud be verra acceptable to English fook, but a've never hed ony dealin's wi' Episcopalians. He might want to read a prayer, and I cudna abide that, and mebbe I cudna follow the texts in his English tongue."

The nurse still lingered by his bed. He looked up to her and assured her he was in no need of consolation. "Saxty year ago ma mither gared me learn the wale (choice portion) o' the Bible, and they're comin' up ane by ane to ma memory, but I thank ye kindly."

As the nurse went back and forward on her duties she heard her patient saying at intervals to himself, "I know whom I have believed," "I am persuaded that neither life nor death." Once again she heard him, "Although the mountains depart and the hills be removed," but the rest she did not catch.

During the afternoon a lady came into the ward whose service to the Lord was the visitation of the sick, a woman after the type of Barnabas and Mary of Bethany. When she heard of the old man's illness and his loneliness, whom no friend came to see or comfort, she went to his bedside. "You are very ill," she said, "my friend."

"A'm deein'," he replied, with the exactness of his nation, which somewhat fails to understand the use of graceful circumlocution and gentle phrases.

"Is there anything I can do for you? would you wish me to sing a few verses of a hymn? some sick people feel much comforted and soothed by singing; you would like, I think, to hear 'Rock of Ages,'" and she sat down by his bedside and opened her book, while a patient beyond, who had caught what she said, raised his head to enjoy the singing.

"Ye're verra kind, mem, and a'm muckle obleeged to ye, but a'm a Scot and ye're English, and ye dinna understand. A' ma days hev I been protestin' against the use of human hymns in the praise of God; a've left three kirks on that account, and raised ma testimony in public places, and now wud ye send me into eternity wi' the sough of a hymn in ma ears?"

For a moment the visitor had no reply, for in the course of all her experiences, during which she had come across many kinds of men and women, she had never yet chanced upon this kind of Scot. The patients in the Infirmary were not distinguished by their religious scruples, and if they had some prejudices they turned on large and full-blooded distinctions between Protestant and Catholic, but never entered into subtleties of doctrine.

"Ye'll excuse me, mem, for I'm no ungratefu'," he continued, "and I wud like to meet yir wishes when ye've been so kind to me. The doctor says I canna live long, and it's possible that ma strength ma' sune give way, but a'll tell ye what a'm willin' to do."

The visitor waited anxiously to know what service he was going to render her, and what comfort she might offer to him, but both were beyond her guessing.

"Sae lang as a've got strength and ma reason continues clear, a'm prepared to argue with you concerning the lawfulness of using onything except the Psalm of David in the praise of God either in public or in private."

Dear old Scot, the heir of many covenanting tradition and the worthy son of covenanting martyrs, it was a strange subject of discussion for a man's last hour; but the man who could be true to the jots and titles of his faith in pain of body and in face of death was the stuff out of heroes and saints are made. He belonged to a nation who might sometimes be narrow and overconcerned with

scruples, but which knew that a stand must be taken somewhere, and where it took a stand was prepared to die.

The visitor was a wise as well as gracious woman, and grasped the heart of the situation.

"No, no," she said, "we will not speak about the things wherein we differ, and I did not know the feeling of the Scots about the singing of hymns. But I can understand how you love the Psalms and how dear to you is your metrical version. Do you know I have been in the Highlands of Scotland and have heard the Psalms sung, and the tears came into my eyes at the sound of the grave, sweet melody, for it was the music of a strong and pious people?"

As she spoke the hard old Scot's face began to soften, and one hand which was lying outside the bedclothes repeated the time of a Scots Psalm tune. He was again in the country church of his boyhood, and saw his father and mother going into the Table seats, and heard them singing:

"O thou my soul, bless God the Lord,  
And all that in me is  
Be stirred up His holy name  
To magnify and bless."

"More than that, I know some of your Psalm tunes, and I have the words in my hymn book; perhaps I have one of the psalms which you would like to hear."

"Div ye think that ye cud sing the twenty-third Psalm,

'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
for I wud count it verra comfortin'!"

"Yes," she said, "I can, and it will please me very much to sing it, for I think I love that psalm more than any hymn."

"It never runs dry," murmured the Scot.

So she sang it from beginning to end in a low, sweet voice, slowly and reverently as she had heard it sung in Scotland. He joined in no word, but ever he kept time with his hand and with his heart, while his eyes looked into the things which were far away.

After she ceased, he repeated to himself the last two lines:

"And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be."

"Thank ye, thank ye," he said, after a little pause, and then both were silent for a few minutes, because she saw that he was in his own country, and did not wish to bring him back by her foreign accent.

"Mem, ye've dun me the greatest kindness ony Christian cud do for anither as he stands on the banks of the Jordan."

For a minute he was silent again, and then he said:

"A'm gaein' to tell ye somethin', and a' think ye'll understand. Ma wife and me was married thirty-five years, and ilka nicht of oor married life we sang a Psalm afore we gaed to rest. She took the air and a' took the bass, and we sang the Psalms through frae beginning to end twal times. She was taken frae me ten year ago, and the nicht afore she dee'd we sang the twenty-third Psalm. A've never sung the Psalm since, and a' didna join wi' ye when ye sang it, for a'm waitin' to sing it wi' her new in oor Father's Hoose the mornin's mornin', whar there'll be nae nicht nor partin' evermore."

And this is how one English woman found out that the Scot is at once the dourest and the tenderest of men.—*British Weekly.*

PRINCE OF PEACE, THY SCEPTRE TAKING.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Prince of peace, Thy sceptre taking,  
Sway the nations as Thine own!  
Wherewar's ploughshare earth is breaking,  
Where hate's dragon seed is sown,  
Where are heard the shouts and thunder,  
Seen the garments rolled in blood,  
Rend the direful clouds asunder,  
Stem the devastating flood.

Speak, Lord, to the troubled nations  
With their armaments of flame,  
That their warships bring oblations,  
That they bear afar Thy name.

Wave with gold earth's harvest-acres,  
Honoured on her bosom broad  
Not war's captains, but peace-makers,  
Called the very sons of God.

Prince of Peace, Thy sceptre taking,  
Give earth's burdened soil release;  
Men, the art of war forsaking,  
Fostering the arts of peace.  
Gone for aye earth's lamentation,  
All her travail, woe, and pain;  
And fulfilled Heav'n's expectation,  
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

—*Christian Advocate.*

## THE OLD TESTAMENT UNDER FIRE.

A DIGEST OF DR. BEHREND'S BOOK.\*

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

## II.

One of the prominent assumptions, to which great emphasis has been given recently, is, that evolution has been scientifically established: and, therefore, that this law should be accepted as a canon of criticism. It has been invested with the authority of the multiplication table, and whatever does not square with it must not only be false, but so false that we need not trouble ourselves about it. The theory is assumed to be the one supreme law in the realms both of matter and of mind. There are no breaks in the process, nor gaps in the march. There are no interventions, no miracles, and hence all miraculous accounts in the Bible or anywhere else are scientifically absurd. Man has come up from the sea-slime and has been constantly rising. Sin is only the remnant in him of his animal ancestry. There never has been a fall from primitive innocence, consequently the first chapters of Genesis are purely fabulous; exquisite poetry, but historically false. But the principle is not logically carried out. Many who boldly cut out all miracles from the Old Testament dare not use their surgery on the New. They claim that from Moses to Ezra there was an uninterrupted advance, but dare not say the same took place from Paul to Luther. They minimize the miracles of Exodus, but grant that Christ was born of a virgin, and rose from the dead. Let us have thorough work. The fact is, evolution is historically false. It is not true in the line of steady improvement. It is not true of Greece, or Rome, or France, or England, or the United States. Homer never had a competitor. Shakespeare and Milton have not been eclipsed. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle are still unrivalled. Civilizations do not necessarily grow better. Turkey, India and China prove the reverse. Gibbon wrote of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Another assumption upon which the critics proceed is that by literary analysis and dissection they can fix the date of a writing, and determine its authorship, without reference to tradition, and in

direct opposition to it. But the date can only be fixed by comparison with contemporaneous literature. But in this case there is no contemporaneous literature with which to compare it. The Old Testament is itself the only literature in the Hebrew language which has come down to us from the centuries before Christ. The critics, however, are using this kind of argument with less and less frequency and confidence. Vernes insists that the argument from style is absolutely worthless.

The discovery of authorship by literary dissection is still more difficult. As an illustration, take the letters of Junius, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago. Every art of literary criticism has been used in vain to extract the secret of who Junius was. This shows the impotence of literary analysis. Ewald says there were seven writers of the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah, but he cannot tell the name of one of them. Meanwhile the Pentateuch is one unbroken narrative, in the course of which some things are positively declared to have been committed to writing by Moses, and the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah have always been bound up in the same book with the preceding chapters, and are found to have been attributed to him as early as two hundred years before Christ. Davidson credits Ruth to the age of Hezekiah; Robertson Smith says the language is post-classical; Driver says it is classical. The critics deny that Solomon had anything to do with what is commonly known as the Song of Solomon, but it has never been credited to any one else, and not one of the critics can tell who the author was, nor where, nor when he lived.

Genesis is supposed to be the work of not less than seven men, reduced to its present form by the redactor. Of course these men are unknown, and are designated by P, J, J', E, JE, R, and one who is not named, whom we may call X. The result may be judged by analyzing the story of Joseph, in the 37th chapter, containing one hundred and twenty-seven lines. The critics assign to it five different hands, and they distribute the parts as follows, beginning with the first line: Three lines from P, 3 lines from JE, 2½ lines gloss, 1½ lines from E, 7 lines from

\* "The Old Testament Under Fire." By A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., S.T.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

J, 1½ lines from E, 1 line from R, 9 lines from E, 2 lines from R, 4½ lines from E, 1 line from R, 6½ lines from E, 23 lines from JE, 6 lines from E, 1 word from R, 2 lines from J, 5 lines from E, 2½ lines from JE, 1 line from J, 3½ lines from JE, 1 line from J, 3½ lines from JE, 11 lines from J, 2 lines from E, 2 lines from J, 8½ lines from E, 6½ lines from J, 3 lines from E, 5 lines from J, and 2½ lines from E. Was there ever such a literary patch-quilt? Thirty pieces dovetailed together in a chapter of thirty-six verses, and in a story which constitutes a plain continuous narrative! The above is only one sample of what is done all through Genesis and in the other books of the Old Testament.

Well may we protest against what Prof. Sayce has called "the popes of the modern critical school."

Another assumption is that the non-observance of a law proves that it never existed. A lawyer was asked what he thought of that logic. "Why," he answered, "that is unmitigated nonsense, for there might be such a conspiracy among public officials and judges as to make it a dead letter." In France the laws and institutions by which Charlemagne had endeavoured to elevate and civilize the people disappeared. A study of the charters, laws and chronicles of France indicates, either an absolute ignorance, or an entire forgetfulness of such legislation. If such a state of things actually happened after the death of Charlemagne, why was it impossible after the death of Moses? Now the record shows this was what did take place centuries after Moses. Hilkiah's discovery of the roll was an event like Luther's dragging the New Testament to light in the convent at Erfurt. Even the priests had ceased to read it, and the people knew nothing of its contents. If the non-observance of a law proves its non-existence, then the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are not in existence now.

The four following items must be eliminated from the discussion until other matters are settled. 1. The design and method of inspiration. 2. The interpretation of any given book. 3. The authorship and date of the Old Testament books. 4. The problem of literary structure, as, for instance, whether the documents are composite or not. The first question of all is whether the Old Testament books give a true account of the times with which they deal, or whether they are a tissue of legendary tales, of literary inventions, of dishonest manipulation of facts, and of

deliberate and wicked forgeries. It is not a question of inerrancy, or of discrepancies in detailed description. It is not a question of geography, of numbers, or of chronologies. The claim of the modern radical school is that the history is fabricated from cover to cover, and that the real facts are the very reverse from the account given in the Old Testament. Why should there be an argument over the inspiration of what is a forgery? Why should anyone concern himself about the interpretation of something which is false in fact? Who cares who its author is, when he, or a half-dozen persons, wrote statements which are themselves fabricated?

The critics have never known what to do with the fourteenth chapter of Genesis. It has defied all analysis and dissection. It cannot be credited to E, or J, or to P, or to the redactor. Even Ewald conceded that it must be pre-Mosaic, but he treats it as legendary. The critics have proved over and over again to their own satisfaction that it is purely fabulous. This was maintained as late as 1869, but wise exegetes have abandoned the argument. The record is that of an actual military campaign in which Abraham was the conspicuous figure; and bricks have been dug out of the mounds of Assyria which antedate the birth of Abraham. And among them are some which give an account of early Babylonian invasions, with mention of three of the very names found recorded in the first verse of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, namely, Arioch, Ellasar and Chedorlaomer. The critical retreat has been steady and sure. First, all pre-Solomonic history was discredited; and even Moses reduced to a shadow: then a halt was made at Moses, but the entire patriarchal record was treated as unhistorical; and now the bricks of Assyria have compelled a further retreat to Abraham.

Let us consider next the general features of the new criticism. The critics proceed upon five affirmations.

1. They insist upon eliminating all miraculous elements from the Pentateuch. Very well. Let them cut out the same elements from the New Testament.

2. They insist upon the mythical character of the patriarchal narratives. But Abraham is now proved to be as real a figure as Moses.

3. They insist upon the legendary character of the Mosaic and post-Mosaic history, which they assure us was very different from what they represent it to be; that even Hosea did not know what he was talking about.

4. They insist that Deuteronomy was not written until nine hundred years after Moses, and that the addresses he is represented as giving are entirely fictitious. Ewald protests against the suggestion that Hilkiah, in the time of Josiah, forged the document, but the present critics are not so delicate.

5. They insist that the legislation which makes up the larger part of the middle books of the Pentateuch (Exodus, Numbers and Leviticus), and which is habitually introduced by the phrase "The Lord said unto Moses," was inoperative and unknown for a thousand years after the great lawgiver's death, and was really the product of Ezekiel and Ezra, about 450 B.C. But the concession of Driver and Briggs that the work of the priest in Ezra's time is but a compilation of ancient regulations is the thin edge of the wedge which will ultimately split in twain Wellhausen's theory.

Take next the history of the Old Testament as reconstructed by the critics :

The first chapter of Genesis down to the fourth verse of the second chapter is declared to have been written by P (that is, some priest), in Ezra's time. The question of when the Decalogue was given is left hanging in the air. There was no Covenant with Abraham, the calling of Moses is the fanciful sketch of a late age, the passage of the Red Sea is incredible, the manna never fell, the forty years of desert life a pure invention. The books of Joshua and of Judges are as unreliable as the Pentateuch. Firm historical ground is not reached, they say, until the time of Solomon, though even here authorities must be sifted. Monotheism was not the original creed of the nation. Though on its face the book of Job is located in a primitive state of society, yet because the theology of Job is high, and its monotheism pronounced, it must, in spite of its style and colouring, be dragged down to a late date. Proverbs and Ecclesiastes share the same fate. The monotheism of the Psalms leads the critics to push, not only the collection but the composition to the period of the second temple. Ewald leaves thirteen psalms to David, but refuses to credit him with the twenty-third and fifty-first.

But the writers of these books could not have been weak men : they could not have been false men : they could not have been dreamers and deceivers : they could not have been romancers and enthusiasts, for their words have made men strong and true, clear-visioned and intensely practical. Theology has been thrust into

Guelph, September, 1899.

the background, and the critic is now in the saddle, but he will not stay there long, for already the steed is becoming unmanageable. "To me, at least," says the author, "an assault upon the integrity and the historical credibility of the Scriptures is tenfold more serious than a denial of Divine inspiration. Give me a true book and I am content, but give me a book which, in whole or in part, is on a level with Æsop's fables, and while it may amuse me for an hour, I cannot take it seriously as a guide to heaven. The true designation to apply to the present criticism is destructive, and the new reading which it gives of the Biblical history is unworthy any serious man's consideration. It is tragedy for the earnest man : it is a roaring farce for the sceptic : it gives pain to the believer : it invites the scorn of the unbeliever : it tears the Bible into shreds and dumps the book bodily into the literary ash-barrel. It helps nobody."

Just fresh from the Leipzig press comes the first volume of the great Professor Harnack's book, "The Chronology of the Old Christian Literature." He is at present the great shining light of Berlin, and his influence in the leading universities of England and America is very great. He says, "The time will come, and is already upon us, when the historico-literary problems will cease to command attention, because it will be universally acknowledged that tradition speaks with authority. In the realm of *history*, not in the realm of literary criticism, lie the problems of the future." Attacks some years ago were made upon the New Testament, on the same lines as are now being employed upon the Old Testament. But not a nerve has been severed, not a drop of blood has been drawn. The edge of the knife has left no mark. And the surgery will prove just as harmless upon the Old Testament. The "supernatural history" recorded in it will have to be believed.

"The school of Wellhausen is twenty years old, and in former pages I have said" (here again quoting the words of the author), "that if I lived twenty years longer I expected to see this school laid out for solitary burial, with none to mourn its departure. From across the sea, and from the Royal University of Berlin, a new tone smites my ear, and it sounds like the tolling of a bell. Can it be that the end has come? It seems so : and it certainly cannot be very far off. And when the tolling dies away, the Church of God will prize her Bible more than ever."

## BOER AND BRITON.\*



From "White Man's Africa."

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## IN FULL CRY—A SCENE IN DURBAN.

Of the many books dealing with South Africa we do not know any that contains a more full, fair, and satisfactory account of the country and of the relations of the conflicting forces, Boer and Briton, than this. Mr. Bigelow was assigned the commission by the Harpers' Publishing House, to proceed to South Africa, traverse the country from end to end, and fully report the condition of affairs. He amply fulfilled his commission, went everywhere, saw everything, interviewed everybody, and writes frankly on the situation. He

\* "White Man's Africa," by Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Svo. Pp. xvi-271.

nothing extenuates and sets down naught in malice; but few things are more striking than the contrast he presents of the justice, righteousness, humanity of British administration, and the reactionary and oppressive administration of the Boers.

He pays genuine tribute to the valour and pluck of the Boers in their successive treks, and their conflict with the Zulus. But they lack the tact and skill of government. They oppressed and exasperated both the natives and the Outlanders. The sacred cause of human liberty, of the future civilization of South Africa, depends upon the supersession of the seventeenth century methods of the



From "White Man's Africa."

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## BOER TREK CROSSING THE DRakensBERG.

Boer by the enlightened nineteenth and twentieth century policy of the Briton. We quote a few of the salient paragraphs of Mr. Bigelow's racy and readable book, and present three of the scenery cuts by which it is illustrated. One of these shows a street scene in Durban, a society lady making calls in her private jimrikisha — one of the quaint contrasts between the consummate flower of modern civilization and the elemental simplicity of costume and custom of the native. The pass in the

Drakensberg will give some idea of the rugged nature of the mountain range which the Boers justly regard as their best defence, and the difficulties it presents for conducting military operations. Mr. Bigelow criticises severely the unfortunate Jameson raid, which gave the Boers excuse for arming to the teeth, while disarming the Outlanders, and for building forts to dominate Pretoria and Johannesburg. The last of our cuts exhibits the arrival in Pretoria of the captured raiders

Of the British Province of Natal, at present the chief seat of war, Mr. Bigelow says :

Natal is a magnificent monument to English courage and English capacity for administration. The blacks are treated with fairness, and they, in turn, accept the white man's rule as representing not only the best government they have ever known, but that of a great white Queen who is strong enough to be generous, because strong enough to scourge those who break the law.

Four hundred years ago, on Christmas Day, 1497, the great Portuguese navigator Vasco Da Gama sailed into the port, which he named in honour of the nativity of our Saviour. Port Natal was the name, subsequently changed to Durban, in honour of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a most excellent Governor of the Cape Colony.

I am ashamed to say that New York, with all its wealth, cannot show so admirably kept a park as the one at Durban. The Town Hall would do credit to any capital or continent.

The history of the Boers is one-third war against England, one-third war with negroes, and one-third civil war. So natural is it that the Boer should take up arms against his own Government that in past years the penalty for technical treason has been about the same as that for stealing a horse or being drunk and disorderly overnight.

Thanks to the enormous revenue furnished by the aliens at Johannesburg, the Transvaal has been able to erect a first-class fort overlooking Pretoria, equipped with the most modern and effective artillery. I was not allowed to visit the place, but from a distance it reminded me of one or two of the works about Metz. In fact, Pretoria bore all the outward signs of war fever—against only one possible enemy, namely, England.

It is a strange episode of history that England, the only country that has planted in Africa free and self-governing colonies, should be, in the eyes of the Transvaal, regarded as an enemy. The French, Portuguese, Spaniards, and latterly the Germans, have in turn attempted to colonize on this continent, but without material success.

The Boers tried to establish themselves in German Southwest Africa, but from what I heard in Pretoria they soon returned discouraged. Such of them as had formerly complained of English tyranny had no words with which to describe the administration of their friends the Germans.

The victory of Majuba was a surprise

to the Boers, so great that to this day they compare it to the wonderful actions described in the Old Testament, where Divine interposition frequently gave victory to the chosen people and completely destroyed the hosts of proud enemies. At such a moment England should have put fifty thousand men into the African field and demonstrated her capacity to conduct military operations. But England did nothing of the kind. The Boers obtained what they fought for, and on every Boer farm it was believed that one Boer was more than a match for any two Englishmen. The surrender of the Transvaal was an act creditable to the magnanimity of the venerable English statesman whose voice has often and eloquently pleaded the cause of distressed humanity. Politically, however, it was mischievous, because the Boers saw in this noble gift no generosity whatever, nothing but the gift of him who dares not withhold. The surrender of the Transvaal meant the surrender of interests which England had no right to abandon.

The political economy of Spain in the days of Philip II. was applied by Paul Kruger of 1896 to a community of the most modern and progressive manufacturers ever assembled together in one spot.

No important body of Johannesburgers has gone further than to demand the fulfilment by the Boers of their plain obligations under the convention with England, the paramount power. It is a monstrous anomaly that *bona-fide* alien settlers in such a republic as the Transvaal should be forbidden to carry arms and forbidden to exercise the franchise; that they should have to submit to a censorship in the matter of the press, and even private telegrams, that would be hardly tolerated in Germany. It is still more monstrous that the hostile legislation of this country should be guided not by Boers, or even Afrikaners of other nationalities, but by a governmental ring of Hollanders who are out of sympathy with the great body of white people in Africa, and who necessarily feel that their tenure of office depends upon the degree to which they can stimulate the fear of the Boer for his independence. The presence of so many imported Hollanders is another evidence of the Boer's incapacity for managing his own affairs.

Hand in hand with the craft of Dr. Leyds and the ignorance of the Boer goes the newspaper press, which is managed mainly by imported adventurers, who outstrip even the Hollanders in daily abuse of anything and everything English. At the capital of the Orange Free State,



From "White Man's Africa."

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## BRINGING THE RAIDERS TO JOHANNESBURG.

for instance, is a newspaper edited by a German who does not sleep well if he has failed to print at least one anti-English article daily. When I reached Bloemfontein I found that respectable business men laughed at him, and that the President did not even receive him socially.

England's faults are focused in the Jameson raid. Against the individuals who fought in that raid the Boers feel no anger. But they are smarting under the injustice done them in London. They hear that the money for this raid was subscribed in England: that the man

chiefly responsible was Cecil Rhodes; that instead of being punished he was received as a hero.

The flag of Great Britain represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond that of any flag on the high seas, and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough and generous enough for our purposes. It guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence. It is, in short, the only flag which to-day makes possible our dream of a white man's Africa.

## THE TRAMP PROBLEM.\*



"Tramping with Tramps." The Century Co.  
JOSIAH FLYNT.

JOSIAH FLYNT, AS RUSSIAN TRAMP.

It is a strange comment on our end-of-the-century civilization that its highest development exists side by side with its deepest degradation. There is a whole class of social parasites living upon the labours of the industrious. Sometimes these rise in revolt against society and

\* "Tramping with Tramps." Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life. By Josiah Flynt. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo. Pp. xiv-398.

swell the criminal classes whose suppression and punishment entail such great cost in the maintenance of police and the administration of justice. They are the modern Ishmaelites, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them.

The writer of this book has made the natural history of these parasites a special study for years. He has lived with them, travelled with them, shared their haunts, their "dosses" and their prisons. He knows them better than they know themselves. He estimates that there are not less than sixty thousand tramps in the United States alone.

"Every man of this number, as a rule, eats something twice a day, and the majority eat three good meals. They all wear some sort of clothing, and most of them rather respectable clothing. They all drink liquor, probably each one a glass of whisky a day. They all get into gaol, and eat and drink there just as much at the expense of the community as elsewhere. They all chew and smoke tobacco, and all of them spend some of their time in lodging-houses. How much all this represents in money I cannot tell, but I believe that the expenses I have enumerated, together with the costs of conviction for vagrancy, drunkenness, and crime, will easily mount up into the millions. And all that the country can show for this expenditure is an idle, homeless, and useless class of individuals called tramps."

Worse than their cost in money, and the economic loss caused by their idleness and waste, is the loss of manhood, the moral degradation, and physical and intellectual degeneracy that they represent. Your typical tramp, the Weary Willie of the wandering foot, or of the tomato-can brigade, is a reproach to his kind, and is inferior to the ox and the mule that have no understanding. He is a menace to the commonweal. The physical and moral filthiness of the tramp brigade is one of its most odious features.

The amount of lying, fraud, and petty theft that the tramp will perpetrate for a meal is enough to make one lose faith in humanity. Mr. Flynt gives a typical example of an old "jo" in our Epworth League Convention city of Indianapolis:

"The first house I struck was a parson's. At first he didn't want to feed me at all, but I got into his settin'-room, 'n' gave 'im a great story. I tole 'im that

I was nearly a-dyin' with hunger, 'n' if he didn't feed me, the s'ciety agen' cruelty to animals 'u'd prosecute 'im. Then I begun to reel a bit 'n' look faintin'-like, 'n' purty soon I flops right on the floor as ef I was dead. Then the racket begun. The parson called 'Wifey!' an' the bc'h of 'em peppered 'n' salted me for about ten minutes, when I comes to an' looks better. Then they couldn't feed me fast 'nough. I had pie, cake, 'n' a lot o' other things 'fore I was done, 'n' when I left the parson give me the sinker [a dollar], 'n' 'wifey' the poke-out [supply of food]. Hope to die ef they didn't. See? That's the way ye got ter catch them parsons—right in the eye."

The old-clothes beggars dress as shabbily as possible, and often have a cellar where they keep their goods.

"Breeches. We kin sell 'em every time. 'Ats does pretty well, too, 'n' ef we get good shoes we kin do a rattlin' business. One o' my pals made seven hob for a week jes out o' shoes. Wimmenses' togs hain't up ter the men's; an' yet we does fairly well wid 'em, too. In 'ats, fr instance, we does fairly good, 'cause the gals knows where we lives, 'n' they comes right 'ere instid o' goin' ter the dealers. Petticoats is next best."

An old German Jew says: "They spoil our business right along. They get their stuff for nothing, and then undersell us." In Berlin a clothes beggar had two homes, one a cellar in the poor quarter, and the other an aristocratic flat in the West-end. Here she and her two daughters lived in real luxury, and one of the "young ladies" was about to marry in high society when the ruse was made public.

Sometimes the rough becomes the tough. These often hunt in gangs, and are a terror to the countryside. The tramp is the hungriest fellow in the world. His appetite is invariably ravenous. "No work," says Mr. Flynt, "has ever made me so hungry as simply idleness." The tramp can eat nearly twice as much as the ordinary labouring men.

Tramps, it is alleged, are the result of the civil war. Thousands of s' Jiers accustomed to adventure and out-of-door life could not settle down into dull but honest industry. This we think a libel on the patri'ic soldier. It is thirty years since the war was over, and the tramp army is greater than ever. They traverse the country from Maine to California. They are a terror to the railways, whom they cheat, says Mr. Flynt, out of \$60,000 dollars a day for free transportation. Multiply this by a hundred days a year, which is about the number they travel, and you have \$6,000,000.

Tramps have their clubs—the "Wild-cats," "Old Bucks," "Kids," and the like. They have their "hangouts" near the freight stations, where they recruit their ranks from the open-mouthed village boys, who listen with fascinated interest to their tales of adventure.

Mr. Flynt has studied the tramp abroad as well as at home, especially in England, Germany and Russia. In Germany, says Dr. Berthold, there are two hundred thousand arrests a year for begging, half of whom represent irreclaimable vagabonds.

Tramps are the hardest problem Russia has to deal with. They march in bands of ten to twenty through the country demanding alms "Radi Krista," "for Christ's sake," even Mussulman tramps. The Russian name for tramps is "Gorions," or "victims of sorrow." Their professional look is very lugubrious, but when off duty they can be very hilarious. They are often employed as torch-bearers or mourners at funerals, twenty or thirty of them at a time. The religious tramp is another variety. He is generally a pilgrim to some sacred shrine, and carries a cross. Sometimes nuns beg for their convents, and receive a large percentage for themselves. The special curse of the Russian tramp, as of every other, is a passion for drink.

The tramp problem is the most difficult that confronts society. Giving money but confirms him in his vice. Archbishop Whateley used to say that he would have one pleasant reflection on his deathbed, that he had never given a penny to a beggar. Yet his life was one long labour of philanthropy. In giving help, a good rule is to apply the labour test of St. Paul: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

In an article in the *Independ.* of November 16th, Mr. Flynt quotes a friend who is "in the police business" as to the difference between American and Canadian methods of suppressing crime, as follows. "Take New York, for instance. I could clean up that city in a week if the people would stand by me. They wouldn't do it.

"See how things are up in Canada! I have just come back from there, and I can assure you that there is no such sneak work going on up there as there is with us. Their police courts are as dignified almost as is our Supreme Court, and if a crook gets into one of them they settle him. How many crooks get what they ought to in this country? About one in ten, and he could get off with a light sentence if he had money enough to square things."

## THE FINEST CHURCH IN METHODISM.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

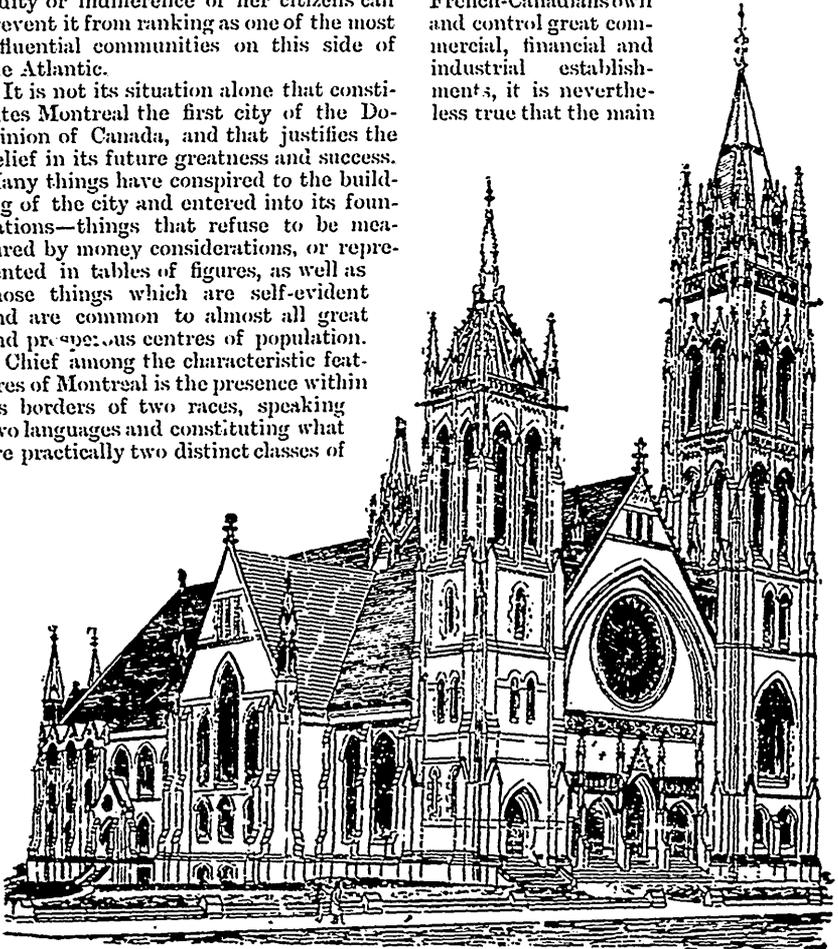
*ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL, OPENED JUNE, 1889.*

Montreal is the commercial metropolis of the Dominion of Canada, and one of the largest cities on the American continent. Situated at the junction of ocean and lake navigation, it naturally draws to itself a vast tide of commerce, and by reason of its splendid natural position it possesses all the potentialities of greatness. The future of this constantly growing centre of population and trade is well assured, and nothing but the stupidity or indifference of her citizens can prevent it from ranking as one of the most influential communities on this side of the Atlantic.

It is not its situation alone that constitutes Montreal the first city of the Dominion of Canada, and that justifies the belief in its future greatness and success. Many things have conspired to the building of the city and entered into its foundations—things that refuse to be measured by money considerations, or represented in tables of figures, as well as those things which are self-evident and are common to almost all great and prosperous centres of population.

Chief among the characteristic features of Montreal is the presence within its borders of two races, speaking two languages and constituting what are practically two distinct classes of

the population—merging into one another at every point of contact, yet each retaining, as a whole, its individuality and character. The French-speaking people of Montreal constitute nearly 200,000 souls, the English-speaking nearly 100,000. Yet there is little or no friction—the people have learned the lesson of tolerance and forbearance, and on the whole the kindest feeling pervades all classes. Whilst the French-Canadians own and control great commercial, financial and industrial establishments, it is nevertheless true that the main



ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

business of the city, especially that carried on with other portions of the country and with distant lands, is in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon.

But Montreal is something more than a mere hive of industry, a busy mart with its favourable situation, its peculiar population, its cheap and unlimited power and remarkable transportation facilities. It is a great religious centre as well. The air of ecclesiasticism pervades the city in almost every direction. The Roman Catholic churches are among the most magnificent in this or any other land. The Protestantism of this great metropolis has always been distinguished for its earnestness in the spiritual life, its gravity, sincerity, and progressiveness in its spirit and aim.

Among the most powerful of the Protestant forces of Montreal Methodism is readily conceded a very high place. Its story of over ninety years of consecrated toil has many an inspiring page for which many thank God to-day.

In the year 1802 the first Methodist class of ten members was formed in this busy city by Rev. Joseph Sawyer, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. For the first few years the young society was supplied with ministers from this quarter; the war of 1812-15 led to the withdrawal of the American ministers and the sending of missionaries by the British Wesleyan Conference. A noble list of thirty-four ministers supplied by the British Conference filled the pulpit of the old St. James' Church from the year 1814 to the year 1851.

Before the division of the original St. James' Church, in 1851, into three separate circuits the membership was as high as 880. Since then the mother church has grown from 250 to 590 members.

The present noble sanctuary was opened for worship in June, 1889. It is built of stone, and its present value to Methodism is estimated at \$500,000. The total length of the building, including the annex containing the lecture hall and school-house, is 228 feet. The church has a frontage of 100 feet, and the length of the inside is 120 feet. The height of the largest eastern tower is 192 feet. There is accommodation for a congregation of 2,500 people, and frequently on Sunday evenings the large building is full. The lecture hall is in itself practically a church of good dimensions, being capable of seating some 1,500 people.

Everything in the plan and construction of Methodism's finest shrine is truly admirable, and, best of all, it is a grand centre of Christian activity and a tower

of strength to the Protestantism of Canada. Under the joint pastorate of Rev. Dr. Williams and Rev. W. Sparling, B. A., the church is enjoying a period of rich spiritual blessing. It is, then, a cause of very great regret to every loyal Methodist that this splendid sanctuary of St. James', in some respects the pivotal church in the Dominion of Canada, is at present in great financial straits. Through a series of most unfortunate occurrences extending over some eight or nine years, this magnificent structure is engaged in a life and death struggle—a struggle which for some time threatened its very existence as a centre of Methodist and Protestant activity and influence. When the congregation of St. James' found it necessary, ten years ago, to move from the old site to the present location because the congregation had moved uptown, it was deemed expedient to erect a business block on the site of the old church with the expectation that it would help to carry the new church enterprise. Those expectations have not by any means been realized. The total indebtedness on the new church and the business block was, some time ago, over five hundred thousand dollars! It is, however, the expectation of the trustees that the business property will bring about half of the indebtedness, and measures are in progress to accomplish this desirable end.

Dr. Williams, the senior pastor, is making a supreme effort to place the whole property on a sound financial basis. It is the general opinion that Dr. Williams is the man to devise and carry forward the plans for its deliverance. It is felt that the surrender of St. James' and the eclipse of all the hallowed influences which for so many years have been associated with it, would be not only a blow to Methodism, but to Protestantism in this country, from which it would take many long years to recover.

Appalled by the impending disaster the whole Methodist Church from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been stirred to its depths, and a strong effort in every Conference and circuit has been made to save the church from the ignominious fate which has threatened it. From reports so far received, we are confident that this cathedral church of Methodism, in the past so generous to every Christian cause, so representative of every great and noble movement, so blessed in her ninety years of Christian service, and so dear to the hearts of thousands, will be saved, and go forward to accomplish the work for which she exists to-day.

Bathurst, N. B.

## BISHOP FOSTER ON THE DOCTRINE OF SIN.\*

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

We have just received from Messrs. Eaton and Mains the sixth volume of Bishop Foster's great theological work. The present volume treats of the doctrine of sin, the previous volumes covering Prolegomena, Theism, The Supernatural Book, Creation, God—his Nature and Attributes.

The learned author of these studies has in a long life covered a wide range of ministerial work. In early days he was one of the foremost exponents of the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian Perfection and other subjects of Christian experience. He next occupied for a time the chair of Systematic Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary. Thence he was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Now he is spending the quiet days of age in these immense Studies in Theology, covering the field with a minuteness of exhaustive treatment not hitherto attempted in the Methodist world.

We are inclined to rank the present volume as the best of the series. From the beginning of his work as a writer, Bishop Foster has manifested the clearest grasp of the ethical side of Christianity, and by so doing has entered into the true spirit of Methodist Theology. A clear, unmistakable doctrine of probational responsibility lies at the foundation of our entire system, excluding any intermixture of necessitarian or pantheistic philosophy.

The foundation for such a doctrine our author lays in his definition of sin as follows: "Sin is something which the individual man does; it is an act. There is no sin where there is not a sinner; and there is no sinner where there is not an act committed by him which constitutes him a sinner."

It will be seen that this definition raises two questions, which our author discusses at length: 1. Does sin consist simply in action? or does it include states of the soul antecedent to action? To this he gives the answer of Müller, that "the law regulates not merely the conduct of man, but also his *being*, as it proceeds from the

inward act, the disposition of mind." 2. "Does evil denote that only which positively contradicts the law, or that also which fails to satisfy the full claims of the law?" In other words, is imperfection sin? To this the answer is that the perfection which is placed within our reach is demanded by the moral law, and as failure to reach it is due to ourselves such failure is sin.

These examples may seem to indicate the lines of discussion and the methods of this work. The methods are philosophical and rational rather than exegetical. This naturally raises the question of the relation of our author to the scientific data which touch upon his field of study. In an investigation of man's origin and moral history, the modern science of anthropology can scarcely be ignored, especially by one who is seeking to construct a rational doctrine of sin. The effect of rational methods and of modern thought is clearly seen in our author's views of the nature of the first man, "the Adam," as he terms him. The contrast in this respect to Richard Watson, or even to Dr. Minor Raymond, is quite marked. In answer to the question, "What was the degree of knowledge with which he was endowed?" he at once replies, "None whatever. Knowledge is acquired, not created." Another striking assertion is, "There is no evidence that Adam ever became righteous, or that he ever did one virtuous or holy act."

"It will be seen that such positions leave a pretty clear field for the operation of development. Yet none of the scientific facts which lay the foundation for a study of the development of man's moral nature are taken into consideration. Not even the facts which might be gathered from a scientific exegesis of the Old Testament are collated. The whole question is discussed from the starting point of the most popular traditional interpretation, and by the aid of the facts supplied by the writer's own inner consciousness, which becomes in fact the principal source of material. It is scarcely necessary to say that such a method cannot meet the wants of the present critical age. And yet the work is valuable and able, and its conclusions generally rational and just.

\* "Studies in Theology."—VI. Sin. By Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 308. Price, \$3.00.

## DR. DEWART'S NEW BOOK.

*THE BIBLE UNDER HIGHER CRITICISM.*

Dr. Dewart's new book possesses strong claims to be widely and carefully perused by all who feel an interest in the burning questions he discusses.

Whether one agrees with it on every point or not, it cannot be denied that the book presents facts and arguments, and not mere indiscriminate denunciations of all Higher Criticism. There is no denial of anything that has been fairly proved. It is shown by the statements of eminent scholars that students of the English Bible can understand and judge the theories of modern critics. Dr. Dewart's book illustrates this, by its plain, untechnical discussion of the whole subject. It is a book for the people, as well as for ministers, and they should read it and judge for themselves. Some common misapprehensions about the position of biblical scholars, who do not accept the evolutionary theory of the Old Testament, are corrected, and the actual points in dispute clearly set forth.

It will be found hard to deny that this work makes good what the author in his prospectus undertook to prove. It is

shown that the evolutionist school of critics, against whose views this book is written, build very largely upon unverified conjectures—That leaders among these critics use methods that are unscientific and unwarrantable—That the main grounds for assuming late dates for the Pentateuch and other books, viz., (1) the alleged silence of historians and prophets about the Mosaic laws, and (2) the assumed illiteracy of those early times, are contrary to well-attested facts—That the serious contradictory differences of these advanced critics greatly discredit their methods and conclusions—That it is an error to say that these are mere literary questions for "scholars," which do not affect faith in the divine authority of the Scriptures, as they have a direct bearing on the inspiration and trustworthiness of both the Old and New Testament.

This is a book not merely for scholars, but for the "man in the street," for busy people who wish to know and study the true message of the so-called "Higher Criticism."

## ADESTE FIDELES.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

This is that Holy Night!—O World, be still!—  
Surely, if we but listen we shall hear  
That Song that all the luminous dark doth fill,  
The choir of Angels chanting soft and clear,  
"Glory to God and on the Earth Good-will!"  
Now with the eager Shepherds let us run  
Across the starlit plains, 'mid shadows dim,  
To that poor shelter where the Mother Maid  
Ere break of day her first-born glorious Son  
Within a narrow crib adoring laid,  
Because His people found no rest for Him.  
O mighty Love, that we requite so ill,  
How often wilt Thou deign to seek thine own,  
Who give Thee yon bare manger for Thy throne!

Come, all ye faithful!—let us watch a space:  
Mary and Joseph will for us make room,  
That we may look on Him whose radiant face,  
Like some fair flower in all its lovely bloom,  
With light and glory fills this lowly place:  
Lo! we have travelled from a country far,  
Through years of failure, deserts sad and wild,  
And, even as of old came Eastern Kings,  
With costly treasures, led here by Thy Star,  
We, too, would bring Thee our poor offerings,  
O Word Incarnate! Bethlehem's Holy Child,  
Accept our gifts and us of Thy great grace—  
Myrrh of our Sorrows, Frankincense for Faith,  
And Gold for Love that is more strong than Death!

## Science Notes.



LAYING A MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINE.

The latest discoveries of science are enlisted in the service of war. Thus the British have war balloons, field telegraph, wireless telegraph apparatus, pigeon post, and everything that can facilitate field operations. The accompanying engraving illustrates the manner in which field telegraph can be strung through a wooded country almost as rapidly as a horse can trot.

The address of President Loudon, at the recent convocation of Toronto University, discusses a very important subject, namely, Technical Education. The value of this, especially in a young country like Canada, where so much depends upon the development of its resources and their employment in the arts and sciences, can scarcely be overestimated. Dr. Loudon points out the way in which technical education is helping the industrial development of Germany and other continental countries. We have ourselves been surprised to see the great prominence given it in Geneva, Zurich, and other places not half the size of Toronto.

## TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONY.

Mr. Thomas Edison thinks that he has solved the problem of telephoning across the ocean. To a representative of the *New York Commercial* he is reported as saying:

"Contrary to the general impression, we have found that it will not take a very powerful current to send a message across the ocean. We have taken more than 3,000 miles of wire and subjected it to the same pressure and same conditions as nearly as possible as those of the ocean, and we found that our devices were successful. We submerged the spindle on which the wire was and subjected the wire to a heavy pressure, and at the same time made the spindle revolve at the rate of ten or twelve revolutions a minute. It was found that the sounds were carried very distinctly. Of course we do not expect to send a message straight across without any delay, for that would be impossible with our present conditions of electrical devices. It has been decided that one relay station in the ocean will be sufficient, and there the message will be resent by a mechanical device."

It will be noticed that in the above interview Mr. Edison does not state how

he proposes to overcome the difficulties that have heretofore made long-distance ocean telephony impossible. It is understood to be automatic. With but one relay station, located in mid-ocean, a message would have to travel a distance of about nine hundred miles, whereas, up to the present time, owing to static induction in long submarine telephonic cables, which, as is well known, changes the quick, short sound waves into long, slow vibrations, impossible for the human ear to detect, it has been found impracticable to make use of telephone cables over thirty miles in length. Possibly Mr. Edison has discovered a new force, or some property of electricity heretofore unknown.—*Electricity.*

The daily press tells us that Mr. Edison has just perfected a scheme in the shape of a new ore-concentrator, for making old gold mines pay. Mr. Edison is reported by the *Press*, Philadelphia, to have said of his new invention: "It is the biggest thing I have ever done."

#### A FLY'S EYES AND WHAT THEY SEE.



A MAN AS SEEN BY A FLY.

It is difficult enough to put one's self in the place of a fellow-man—to try to think as he thinks and to see as he sees; but when we try and do the same for an insect as small as a fly, the difficulty becomes almost insurmountable. The task is essayed, however, by a writer in *La Science Illustrée*, M. Jacques Davia, who, arguing from what entomology and optics

tell us of a fly's visual organs, proceeds not only to describe what the creature sees, but gives us what we may term a "fly's-eye view" of a man. Says M. Davia: "It has been proved by experiment that animals instinctively measure the dimensions of objects that surround them by their own dimensions.

"It is then easy for us to imagine the visual sensations of a fly that is 4 millimetres [ $\frac{1}{6}$  inch] high and about 6 millimetres [ $\frac{1}{4}$  inch] in average circumference, when it stands on the ground, at a distance of 25 centimetres [10 inches] from a man of ordinary height—say 1.7 metres [5 feet 7 inches].

"The toes of his shoes, about 6 centimetres [ $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches] wide, will appear to it as sheds 9 metres [30 feet] wide would to us, jutting out about 6 metres [20 feet] with an approximate elevation of 8 metres [26 feet] above the ground.

"Looking up at the man it will see what to a human being would appear to be a colossal statue 700 metres [2,300 feet] high, diminishing in apparent size from below upward, till its head seems quite minute. The folds of his trousers up to the knee appear huge, while in the distance his hands, his waistcoat, and his moustache are barely visible.

"But when our fly spreads his wings and lights on a man's hand—then the wrinkles of the skin look to it as ditches would to a human being. Here and there are fatty granules that are for the fly so many appetizing morsels."

#### STEEL IN CONSTRUCTION.

At the foreign export exposition in Philadelphia the most impressive and complete exhibit was that of the famous Pencoyd Iron Works, A. & P. Roberts Company, of that city. This is the firm that furnished the Atbara bridge for the Soudan within six weeks, when no other firm in the world could construct it so promptly. The exhibit contained great sections of bridge construction firmly bolted together. The tensile strength of their steel was shown by the manner in which great bars were twisted like a wooden shaving without rupture. This firm issues the most complete handbook that we know on "Steel in Construction," giving convenient rules, formulae, and tables for the strength of steel shapes used as beams, struts, shafts, etc. This is the eleventh edition of this handbook. It has numerous tables, diagrams, specifications, and is, we deem, simply indispensable for students and engineers engaged in steel construction or investigation of its problems.

## The World's Progress.

### BRITAIN'S ANSWER.

We do not want your Fatherland,  
Your starry veldt, your golden Rand ;  
We have an Empire stretching far  
Beyond the evening, morning star ;  
And all within it like the sea,  
Majestic, equal, living, free.

Once ye were noble, men who died  
Sooner to crouch to tyrant's pride ;  
For desert isle, for Marken sand,  
Content to quit your Fatherland,  
Ye shook the Spaniard's world-wide throne  
One strip of earth to call your own.

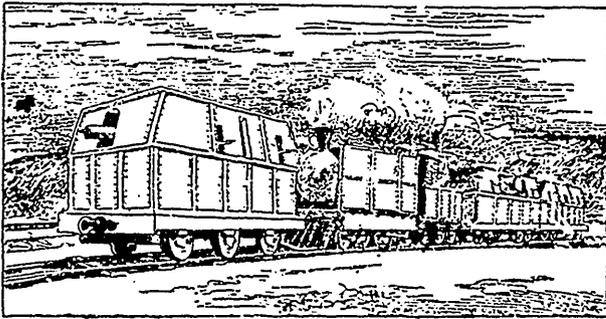
Why are you altered ? Can it be  
That freemen grudge another free ?  
Ye gag our voices, hold us down

Beneath your fortress' savage frown.  
Was it for this we freedom gave,  
Ourselves to dig our freedom's grave ? . . .

What do we ask ? To use the tongue  
That Hampden spoke, and Milton sung ;  
To shape the statute, share the power  
That clips our freedom ever hour ;  
Proud of a sovereign right to own  
No liege, no lord, but law alone. . . .

Our hands, once weak ! Now one and all  
Are joining. Hark ! an Empire's call,  
That says, " Not ours the blood, or race,  
To brook ignoble hireling place."  
A stain on us is stain on them,  
Besmirching England's diadem.

—*The Spectator.*



ARMOURED TRAIN USED BY BRITISH IN DEFENDING KIMBERLEY.

The British have several armoured trains in use at the seat of war in South Africa. One of them was destroyed by dynamite at Vryburg, midway between Kimberley and Mafeking, several weeks ago. The others have done considerable execution, and have been quite a disturbing factor to the Boers. One of these armoured trains is at Kimberley, another at Mafeking ; another was wrecked near Estcourt, Natal.

#### AN HEROIC SPECTACLE.

The world has seldom seen anything grander than the heroic manner in which the little British communities at Kimberley and Mafeking, most of them civilians, including a number of women and children, with a few hundred volunteer and regular troops, are holding the fort

against the assault of three or four times their numbers of well armed veteran Boers. Though relief is far distant, and is long delayed, though the Boer forces push their trenches closer and closer day by day, yet the British garrisons bate not a jot of heart and hope. They reject with scorn the demand for surrender, and ever and anon make a bold sortie at the enemy that makes him crawl off like a wounded lion growling into the jungle. The meagre despatches by pigeon or Kaffir post seem to indicate that they will be able to protract, till relief comes, one of the most heroic defences in history.

At Ladysmith similar heroism is exhibited. Day after day the ceaseless rain of shells continues. Food reaches famine prices, the beleaguering trenches creep closer and closer, but the brave garrison still keeps the foe at bay, while



GENERAL BULLER.

the world waits with bated breath for tidings of the assault in force, or of the triumphant advance of the relief corps.

Amid this tremendous tension the British Government remains calm and undismayed. The mobilizing and shipment of troops and stores goes on with machine-like accuracy. The confident words of Lord Salisbury at the Guild Hall banquet greatly reassure the whole Empire. One cannot help contrasting this dignified calmness with the mad frenzy by the Seine when disaster befalls the forces of France. This is not a mere matter of contrast with the perfervid Celtic temperament, but is an evidence of conscious right and conscious might of Great Britain.

#### AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

In another way the war has shown the powers of Europe the might and majesty of Britain. Three years ago she seemed in a condition of "splendid isolation," yet unafraid. To-day the magnanimous sympathy shown the Americans when they, too, were menaced with the intervention in the Philippines of an allied Europe, has brought its reward in the warm sympathy shown by the American people in Britain's time of trial. Nothing has more touched the heart of the nation than the gift of a hospital ship with a corps of trained American nurses, presented by American women for service in South Africa. This is but one of the many evidences of sympathy.

It is true that some of the "yellow journals," that sought to rush America into war with Britain three years ago, are again at their old tricks, but the nation has learned in the meantime that Britain is not their

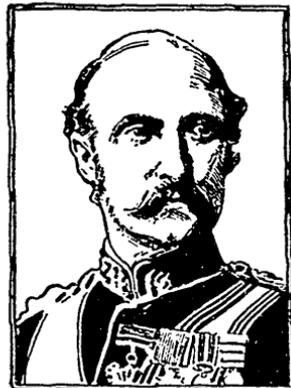
hereditary foe, but their best friend. The tail-twisting process awakens slight response. The Irish and the Dutch in New York and Chicago avow their sympathy with the Boers, but so also do the Irish in Dublin, utterly estranging their best friends, who have sought to procure for them the Home Rule for which they show themselves unfit.

#### THE KAISER OF A BETTER MIND.

Most significant of all, the German Emperor, whose ill-timed telegram to Kruger three years ago called out the flying squadron, ostentatiously exhibits his sympathy with Britain. The Paris boulevardier gnashes his teeth in helpless rage, but his hostility counts for little more than that of the "dying nation," Spain. All the forces of absolutism and anarchism are profuse in their admiration of the despotic Boer. The great freedom-loving Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic nations, with Britain's colonies around the world, are in strong sympathy with the struggle for equal rights and justice for all men, white or black, maintained by Great Britain, the mother of constitutional liberty.

#### CARPING CRITICS.

We have said that the sympathy of the American press, especially of the religious press, is very largely with Great Britain. There are a few exceptions, which make this general sympathy the more apparent. The *Christian Herald*, edited by Rev. Dr. Talmage, pursues a course of eulogizing the Boers and carping at Great Britain. "If Great Britain," it says, "has made up her mind to absorb that country for the sake of the gold



GENERAL WHITE.

mines, it is on the principle that might makes right. Certainly, we are fighting no such battle in the Philippines. The Boers are maintaining a republican form of government, the Filipinos are rejecting the one this country offers."

It is the veriest nonsense to speak of the Government of Kruger as a republic. It is a despotic oligarchy, which refuses the common rights of man to the people who have created its wealth and enabled it to arm to the teeth to crush out the very semblance of liberty.

This same Dr. Talmage we have seen deliberately insult the British flag in his own church at a religious service on Memorial Day. Dr. Peeke, a native Hollander, in Chicago, declares that "The Boers wanted freedom, the British wanted



GENERAL JOUBERT.

gold and diamonds. The Boer Government stood for God, the British Government for gold. It was a conflict undertaken by the Boer for conscience and right, and by the Briton to rob him of his land and his liberty. The free American citizen should see but one end desirable by the triumph of a civilization with God in it, and the godless power of the British Government forever broken."

To the valiant Doctor the Rev. H. A. Reed replies in the *Christian Uplook*:

"It seems to me that the Boer is a wily liar, a bigot and a brute. During the civil war, the only absolutely safe place for the negro was under that hated British flag. The Boer was about the last fellow to abandon slavery—and then only at the compulsion of the British—even as his forefathers were the first to sell slaves to British colonists, which they did in Jamestown in 1619.

"It is a significant fact that of all the defenders of Great Britain's policy in relation to her dependencies, there are none more enthusiastically commendatory than the foreign missionaries from the Churches of America."

#### JUST APPRECIATION.

In contrast with this petty nagging, we note the following expression of admiring sympathy by the foremost organ of Methodism in America, the *Christian Advocate*:

"England has a great army journeying six thousand miles over the seas without disturbing the traffic of a single steamship line. Parliament has just adjourned, after voting fifty million dollars to pay the war costs, without adding a penny to the present taxation. Each British colony insists upon sending its contingent to the front at its own expense, and there is some growling because it can't be allowed to send more. England, with her command of the cables of the world, switched off all Europe from telegraphic contact with half the African continent, and, as a writer who sums up these with other things, says, 'All the while her navy remains unfettered, practically with steam up, to maintain supremacy on all the seas.'"

It goes on to quote the utterance of the Rev. F. G. Scott on the departure of the Canadian troops from Quebec: "We have taken a step, a step on the threshold of another century, which is destined in time to put an end to the distinction of colony and motherland, and will finally give us a voice in the conduct of the Empire."

"We have always supposed," continues the *Advocate*, "that the talk about the Dominion and this country being united had little foundation. Canada has practical freedom now."

#### THE STRENGTH OF BRITAIN.

On this subject the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser* remarks: "Though there is a strong personal note in the impressive serenity of Lord Salisbury's Guild Hall speech, it is singularly expressive of the calm power of the mighty Empire whose mere agent he is, and, in a larger sense, of the high, cosmic nature of the mighty business for humanity and civilization of which that Empire in turn is only the agent. It is a vast operation that is going on in South Africa, and it gratifies the sense of dramatic proportion that it should

have found such fit instruments in this potent engine of world politics and in the clear-seeing, cold-blooded, steady-nerved statesman that is directing its energies."

#### THE COST OF LIBERTY.

Still the costly libation of human blood is being poured out both in the Philippines and in South Africa for the extension of constitutional liberty. The casualties in the Philippines in fourteen months is 10,076, the death list reaching 6,619. And the end is not yet. In view of this sad loss of life, with all the domestic sorrow which it entails, we may well respond to the appeal of the Evangelical Alliance for Christians in all lands to pray earnestly, in private and in public, that all these events may be overruled for the Divine glory; that God's people may be preserved from error, greatly revived, and drawn into closer fellowship; that their brethren in all parts of South Africa may be kept in the secret of His peace and love, and the war soon brought to an end.

If the Boers, with their great superiority of numbers, the advantage of being on familiar ground, near the base of supplies, and furnished with immense stores of the best and most modern equipment in arms, have made so little headway in the whole month against the scattered British forces, eight thousand miles from the Mother Country, we may safely assume that when all the British troops arrive they will make a speedy end of this rash and reckless war. Under British administration, South Africa, from the Zambesi to the Cape, will enjoy a reign of peace, prosperity, and constitutional liberty akin to that of the Dominion of Canada, or of the confederated provinces of Australia.

#### THE SAMOA QUESTION.

By the partition of Samoa between the United States and Germany, and the cession to Great Britain of an equivalent in the Tonga, Savage, and Solomon group, a vexed question has been settled to the mutual satisfaction of the three powers concerned. France and Russia we may be sure, would gladly seize the chance to push their claims in China, or elsewhere. But the alertness of Japan, and the refusal of Germany to take part in such a movement, will doubtless frustrate their aims.

#### THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

It is strange that the elections of judges,

sheriffs, mayors, and other officials should have the political forecast that they have in the United States. We think the complete severance of the administration of justice from party politics in our own country is an inestimable benefit. The American elections seem, on the whole, to have gone in favour of the McKinley Administration, and of its policy of expansion. In his native State of Nebraska, however, Mr. Bryan received so large a vote as to insure his being a candidate for the next presidential election.

#### METHODISM AND THE BOERS.

The *Methodist Recorder* prints a map of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, on which Methodist missions are indicated to the number of eighty. It is exceedingly instructive to notice how widely these missions are distributed over these countries as well as in Natal. Cuts of the handsome Wesleyan chapel at Pretoria and mission-house at Mafeking are also given.

The report of the missionaries, published not amid the heat of the present contest, but fifteen years ago, shows the oppression of the natives, and the gross injustice inflicted upon them by the Boers. A typical example is that of a Boer farmer who, having no mules with which to plough his fields, inspanned the black women of the estate, and so overcame the difficulty. A native chief, when England ceded the Transvaal to the Boers, said: "We have no heart to talk. We have given ourselves to the English ever and for all, and will not retrace our steps. Our bodies, on hearing that we are to be given back to the Boer rule, began to ache again in the old scars. We do not know what has become of us, but we feel dead. It may be that the Lord may change the nature of the Boers, and that we will not be treated like dogs and beasts of burden as formerly; but we have no hope of such a change, and we leave you with heavy hearts and great apprehension as to the future."

The Americans are continuing to bear the white man's burden in the Philippines. Aguinaldo and his migratory capital have disappeared from Tarlac into the far interior, where it may cause much trouble to find it. The Tagalos, however, are not the fierce fighters that the Boers are, but will, like them, be compelled to yield to the onward march of civilization.

#### THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The French have given hostages to

fortune in their great Paris Exposition. They will sedulously refrain from any warlike movements that would interfere with its success. The Exposition buildings are rapidly approaching completion. The Exposition will register the high-water mark in the achievements of the arts and sciences at the end of the nineteenth century.

The Editor of this MAGAZINE, who has

successfully conducted several excursions to Europe, will take charge of another leaving Canada about the middle of June. Comfortable hotel accommodation will be secured in Paris within a short walking distance of the Exposition before leaving Canada, a matter of very great importance in view of the crowded state of the city and congested condition of street traffic during the Exposition. For programme of travel address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

### THE DISASTER.

[Ladysmith, October 30th, 1899.]

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Toll for the grief  
Of the soldier who has failed ;  
For the grim despatch's woe  
Where the soldier's pride was veiled,  
For the words were writ in blood  
When he wrote the message home—  
Home!—where wives and mothers waited—  
Not the blood of those who stood  
With a courage unabated  
When they faced the wily foe,  
But in blood that was his own,—  
“ I, responsible, alone ”—  
Did he write disaster home.

Toll for the deeps  
Of a trusted leader's pain,  
When the plans have gone amiss,

And he stands alone, apart,—  
Never missiles' cruel rain,  
Not the bullet when it leaps  
To the centre of a heart,  
Could assault a soul like this.

Yet, as you weep.  
Wreath a laurel for his brow !  
Is his fame the dimmer now  
That he sowed and did not reap ?  
For a soldier is the same,  
And the same is bravery,  
Though it bear another name—  
Blunder, failure—so it be  
But of courage all is well,  
And the plaudits of the free  
Meet, and drown the wailing toll of the bell.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

### PROGRESS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

The response to the appeal to the Church for a million dollar thank-offering has been most hearty. It is a cause of profoundest gratitude that already, within a few weeks from the inauguration of this great movement, nearly one-half of the sum asked for has been pledged. The figures reported by Dr. Potts, General Secretary of the Fund, up to November 15th, are \$455,481.00.

It was anticipated that the raising of this fund would demand a long and vigorous campaign. And so it will. But the success already met is a guarantee for the triumphant completion of this great movement. It will, however, require a long pull, and a strong pull, and above all, a pull altogether, before the last man, woman and child in Canadian

Methodism has been reached, and the last of the million dollars has been paid.

The memorial character of the Historic Roll becomes more and more apparent as the weeks pass by. Not only the names of the living, but the names of the honoured dead are being inscribed upon it. This is as it should be. The makers of Methodism in this land, the men and the women whose names are written on the tombstones of the pioneers in many a lonely graveyard, should be recorded also in this memorial to be laid up before the Lord. If aught on earth can gladden the spirits before the Throne, it would surely add a thrill to the joys of heaven to know that they are permitted thus vicariously to take part in this great thank-offering for the mercies of a hundred years—in this preparation of a highway for the Prince of Peace as we enter a new century.

It is specially important that the regular contributions to the great benevolences of the Church shall not be impaired. It would be little advantage if givings to the Twentieth Century Fund crippled the income of the Missionary, the Educational and the Superannuation Funds. Every effort should be made that all these, upon which the general and imperative activities of the Church depend, should be kept at high-water mark.

We are glad to observe, in our own and the Presbyterian Church, the generous contributions of the ministers to this fund. In many cases out of a slender income they give largely and liberally to this, as they do to many another worthy object. The largest sum we note contributed by any of the ministers, is that of the Rev. T. S. Linscott, of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, for some years a member of the publishing firm of The Bradley-Garretson Company, Ltd. Mr. Linscott contributes \$1,000 to the Fund, the special beneficiary being Victoria University.

#### THE COMING REVIVAL.

The Canadian Temperance League is accomplishing a great work for the greatest social reform of the age by its gospel temperance meetings, which promise to fill the largest hall in the Dominion week after week. The visit of Ira D. Sankey, who has sung the Gospel around the world, was an occasion of great interest. He is as evidently called of God to his singing mission as Mr. Moody is to his preaching. The pathos of his "Ninety and Nine" and other hymns, carries the Gospel to many a heart impervious and obdurate to other influences. Mr. Sankey speaks of "the coming revival" in all the Churches as something that may be already seen by the eye of faith, and which will, he predicts, soon sweep over this continent. He urges the preachers, in his homely phrase, "to go in for the conversion of souls." They preach better than Mr. Moody, he says, but do not get into such close quarters with the unsaved. The latter with all his might presses home the appeal for instant decision. He urged the ministers of Toronto and Canada to gather their forces together, to let this be the reaping time of the century. "Is not this," he asks, "the will of God, even the revival of His Church, and the conversion of the world."

#### A LESSON FROM CANADA.

Under this heading the *New York Independent* draws an important lesson in favour of Christian union from the example of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in this country as follows: "In Scotland the lesson has been accepted, and the new century will begin with the union of the Free and the United Churches. It has been a quarter-century of happy experience for the Canadian Churches. They have been distinguished by 'freedom from strife and dissension over questions of creed and criticisms.' Canada is grateful for continued peace and harmony, which is 'not that of ignorance or indolence.' There is room in the Canadian Church for men who hold different views on questions of criticism, but not room for disturbers of the peace, whether heretics or heresy hunters. Why cannot Presbyterians in the United States follow their example?"

"Now, cannot Canada set us one more example? Her Presbyterian Churches have united; so have her Methodist Churches. Now will she not give us the exhibition of a federated, if not a united Protestantism? Canada, we see, is setting us our pace. Let Canada, which is a quarter of a century before us in the union of its Churches within the limits of the different polities, show us how these polities may be joined at least in a confederated union. Then we shall consider whether it might not be more reasonable to talk of Canada's annexing the United States than of the United States annexing Canada."

The annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Christian Unity goes far to set this example. The volume just issued from our Book Room, by the Rev. H. Symonds, M.A., on "Christian Unity," is an augury, let us hope, if not of organic union, at least of a Christian federation that shall link the moral forces of our country into closer union for promoting the glory of God and the welfare of man.

#### FRATERNAL DELEGATES.

Our American friends have been electing their delegates for the quadrennial Conference which will meet in Chicago in the month of May. The fraternal delegate from the English Wesleyan Conference is the Rev. Thomas Allen, D.D., Governor of Handsworth College, and in 1897 chairman of the Birmingham District. Mr. Allen last July received a

very large vote for the Presidency of the Wesleyan Conference, which is doubtless a prophecy of his election next year. He was for six years chairman of the important Skeffield District. He has won distinction as probably the best-read man in Methodist history now living, and has made a magnificent collection of Methodist literature.

The delegate from our own Church to this Conference is the Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter. Of the Doctor a portrait and brief biography appeared in a late number of the *Epworth Herald*. Dr. Hunter will worthily represent Methodism on the important occasion on which he speaks on her behalf.

#### METHODIST UNION IN AUSTRALIA.

The legal documents by which the three Methodist Churches in South Australia—Wesleyan, Primitive and Bible Christian—became one on January 1st, 1900, were recently signed at the city of Adelaide. On that occasion Sir Samuel Way, D.C.L., of Adelaide, a member of the Queen's Privy Council, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, and Chief Justice of its highest court, was introduced to the meeting as "a circuit steward of the Franklin Street Bible Christian Church." He said that this movement is a practical commentary on the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Said the Chief Justice: "Every Methodist is, of course, loyal to the Queen, and I hope to Methodism. For myself, I am loyal to my father's memory and to the Bible Christian Church." His father was a pioneer Bible Christian minister.

#### METHODISM IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Rev. C. W. Mowson, who has laboured for ten years in the Transvaal and Swaziland District of South Africa, gives an able summary of the present condition of the District as compared with the condition of things in 1890:

"During the past nine years our churches have grown from 46 to 142; our preaching places from 97 to 296; ministers and assistant ministers from 21 to 43; our paid lay workers from 41 to 113; our unpaid workers from 374 to 1,128. We had nine years ago 2,292 full members of our Church; to-day we have 8,794, an increase of 6,495, which is no mean increase for one of the daughter churches of our

mother Church. We had 620 members on trial then, but we have to-day 3,506; we had 2,514 scholars, but to-day we have 9,784. Nine years ago we ministered to 11,000 worshippers in our churches; to-day we minister to no less than 46,000 persons. The increase in the past two years, I venture to say, has been the most remarkable increase which any of our Missionary Districts has ever had to report. We have added to our membership in the past two years over 2,100 full members. We have to-day no less than 12,300 class members. I speak of them as class members because so many of them are members on trial, but they are members who have served one, two, three, four, or five years, and are still serving their probation in order that we may be perfectly satisfied that they are fit to receive the Sacrament of Christian Baptism, and to be admitted to the Table of the Lord Jesus Christ."

#### THE SOCIAL UNION.

In the United States and Canada the Methodist Social Unions have performed a very important work in bringing the official and other members of the various Methodist churches into closer contact and more intimate acquaintance. They have thus been enabled to take concerted action for the relief of distressed churches and other common objects. The *Western Christian Advocate* raises the question whether there is not the danger of these becoming rather exclusive social functions than broad and democratic Methodist rallies. "What is needed," it says, "is something that will bring together upon a plane of Christian fraternity all our members, rich and poor meeting together, gentle and loving children of one Father; where the rich and the learned, with no hint of a patronizing air, with no suggestion of pride and station, exchange social amenities with the humblest communicants: so far as lieth in them doing good unto all."

Methodism has comparatively few dress-coats and evening costumes. Her ranks are recruited largely from the middle classes and the common people, with here and there a representative of Cæsar's household. Her members are one family in the Lord, and the Church, as such, cannot afford to patronize any entertainment from which any member is virtually excluded.

Simplicity of dress in our public worship and in all the services of the sanctuary would go further than we think to

win the common people, and to fill our churches with eager hearers.

It would be well for us if we gave all men to understand that Methodism catalogues souls only, not descent, nor estate, nor position; that the coal-heaver is the Christian peer of the millionaire; the humblest domestic, of the stateliest mistress.

Once let this spirit animate the Church and the sneering boasts of infidelity will again be drowned in the swelling shouts of new-born souls.

The Cincinnati Social Union is working on these lines, and with great success. We had a similar meeting in the Metropolitan Church last year, when the great church was filled. Let us have more of them.

We are glad to notice that Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, those successful evangelists of our Church, are announced to begin a series of revival services at St. John's Church, South Boston, in November. The prayers of our people should go up to God that His presence may go with our brethren, that great grace may rest upon their ministrations.

We are glad to learn that the Revs. H. J. Indoe and T. P. Darby propose preparing an illustrated history of Methodism in Newfoundland from the landing of Lawrence to the Oecumenical Conference of 1901. This will be a story of heroic endurance and endeavour, and will be of great interest to all Methodists in the Dominion.

Principal Caven, of Knox College, has had the place of honour at the recent Theological Conference of the Seminaries of the United States at Princeton, N.J. His paper on "The Teaching of the Seminary in Relation to the Spiritual Life of the Student," it is said, was the best read at the Conference. It quite captured the hearts and heads, we are told, of professors and principals from many of the Theological Institutions of the United States.

The old John Street Church, New York, the first Methodist church on this continent, erected through the faith and zeal of Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, Captain Webb, and other makers of Methodism in the early time, now surrounded by the whirl and excitement of the adjacent stock, corn, oil, and cotton exchanges, recently celebrated its 131st anniversary.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. David Wilson, well known to many of our readers, recently passed from labour to reward in his eighty-fourth year. For over half a century he was a faithful minister of the New Testament. He was born in Roxborough, Scotland, and came to Canada in 1840, entering the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His field of labour was chiefly in Eastern Ontario. He served as a presiding elder and delegate to the General Conference, and for seventeen years as a superannuated minister, labouring in the Gospel as health permitted. He brought forth fruit in old age, and, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends," entered joyously into rest.

One of the most indefatigable defenders of the Scriptures, the Rev. Horace L. Hastings, of Boston, has just passed away at the age of sixty-eight. He has been preaching the Gospel since he was eighteen years of age in highways and byways, by roadside and wharf, wherever opportunity offered. He has had the honour of being imprisoned for preaching on Boston Common, where Jesse Lee first unfolded the banner of Methodism in New England. His hymns have been sung around the world. For over thirty years he has been publishing a series of Anti-Infidel tracts, of which it is estimated that eight hundred tons have been distributed. Two car-loads of his tract, "Will the Old Book Stand?" were distributed by Moody during the World's Fair at Chicago. Few men have done braver service for the cause of truth than Horace L. Hastings.

In the death of Sir William Dawson Canada mourns the loss of one of her most distinguished citizens, and a great Christian scholar. His best monument is McGill University, which he helped to raise from poverty to affluence and success. A more adequate tribute to this great Canadian will be paid in our next number.

By the death of Lady Salisbury, the Prime Minister of Great Britain has lost the true helpmeet of a lifetime. She assisted him bravely in his early years of comparative poverty, and graced the years of his success as one of the wisest and most successful statesmen of Europe.

## Book Notices.

*The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America.* By JOHN FISKE. 12mo. Vol. I. Pp. xvi-294. Vol. II. Pp. xvi-400. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$4.00.

By his series of books on the beginnings of the American colonies, Professor John Fiske is doing for the history of the United States what another distinguished American, Francis Parkman, has done for the history of Canada. These volumes are an instructive combination of the philosophy of history and the interesting incident of the chronicler. They give us not only broad views of great movements, but that insight into personal character and detail of narrative which make the past live again. The opening chapters are of peculiar interest at the present time, when the Briton and the Boer are locked in deadly conflict, as recalling the historic kinship between the English and Dutch and the many traits they have in common. Our author traces the influence of the Dutch in the industrial and fine arts, in scholarship, in general and biblical literature, in social and political development, in the growth of guilds and civic institutions, and in love of liberty. All these had their influence in the settlement of the New Netherlands on the Hudson and the New Amsterdam at its mouth. The author contrasts the sluggish rule of King Log—Wouter Van Twiller—immortalized by the veracious chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker, and his successor, King Stork—the aggressive William Kieft.

The commercial conflict between the Dutch, who three hundred years ago built up a colonial empire four times the size of France, and the British is of long standing. "These English think they own the earth," said a Dutch merchant at Manhattan in 1623, "but we taught them how to behave." The irrepressible conflict was approaching, and Peter Van Stuyvesant—he of the wooden leg—began the defence of New Amsterdam by building a wall or stockade across the island, which is still commemorated by the name of Wall Street. This was, however, of little avail, as without firing a shot the Dutch garrison surrendered to overwhelming odds.

Much as the Dutch loved liberty, they hated to see any one else enjoy it. They shamefully persecuted the poor Lutherans, Baptists and Quakers who found their

way to the colony. The passive resistance of the Quakers to the scourging, torturing, and starving by the Dutch at Manhattan aroused the noble protest of the town officers of Flushing. "The law of love, peace and liberty, extending in the State to Jews, Turks and Egyptians, forms the true glory of Holland; so love, peace and liberty, extending to all in Christ Jesus, condemn hatred, strife and bondage. Should any of these people come in love among us, therefore, we cannot in conscience lay violent hands on them. We shall give them free ingress and egress to our houses, as God shall persuade our consciences."

The second volume of Professor Fiske's history is chiefly devoted to the romantic story of George Fox, William Penn, and the Quaker founders of Pennsylvania. "O how sweet," writes Penn, "is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of woeful Europe."

The Quaker conscience, says Professor Fiske, was aroused on the subject of slavery at a time when other Christians could see nothing wrong in it. Quaker prisons were the best in the world. Philadelphia had the only lunatic asylum in America that was managed upon something like modern methods. Unstinted credit is due to the Quakers for their justice in dealing with the red men.

A lurid light is thrown upon the early history of New York by the account of the Great Negro Plot of 1741. It was a melancholy instance of panic, like the witchcraft delusion at Salem, or the Titus Oates' miserable "Popish Plot" in England. Upon the accusation of a disreputable woman one hundred and fifty-four negroes were arrested for an alleged conspiracy to burn the city. Eighteen of them were hanged and fourteen were burned at the stake. By a revulsion of popular feeling, within ten years the negroes of New York were admitted to the franchise.

An interesting chapter is devoted to the migration of the sects—Jews, Huguenots, Palatines, Scotch-Irish, etc. Among these were thirty thousand Palatines, who formed such an important element in the settlement of the United States and Canada.

Professor Fiske's volumes are made more lucid by numerous early maps. Some of these are very quaint, with hunting scenes, and strange creatures of the sea and land.

*Library of Biblical and Theological Literature.* Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., and JOHN F. HURST, D.D. Vol. IX.—The Foundations of the Christian Faith. By CHARLES W. RISHELL, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Historical Theology in Boston University, School of Theology. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Large 8vo. Pp. xxviii-616. Price, \$3.00.

The splendid Library of Christian Theology projected by the Methodist Publishing House, New York, and edited by Bishop Hurst and Dr. Crooks, is approaching completion. This latest volume by Dr. Rishell is one of the most important of the series. We have all heard of the sturdy Methodist who declared that religion did not need any apologies, and he, for his part, did not see the good of them. But in the more accurate use of the word it is still necessary to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.

In this volume the author has sought to treat clearly and helpfully the questions at issue between faith and unbelief. "The conflict with atheism, agnosticism, pantheism, deism, unbelieving science, skeptical historical criticism and opposing ethical and religious systems, has not been shunned, but fought out: and in every battle Christianity triumphed. The great fundamental facts and postulates of Christianity, considered as a revelation, are examined with painstaking care; and Christianity has not failed to sustain its positions. Tested experimentally it fulfils all its rich promises, and affords to those who need it an indubitable proof of its divine truth." Above all, the person and work of Jesus Christ, the centre and fulfilment of all prophecy, "the majesty of His character; His power to win the affection and undying loyalty of the strongest of mankind, all of which have given Him a power over individuals, societies, and nations which, in spite of the most strenuous opposition, grows greater as centuries roll on, prove Him and His religion the highest gift of God to man."

*The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.* By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON, Naturalist to the Government of Manitoba. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

The hero of Mr. Thompson's book is a sportsman after our own heart. After following the trail of the Sandhill stag over the snowy hills of Manitoba for three years, when he came face to face with the

monarch of the plains, the majesty and beauty of the magnificent creature so overcame his hunting instincts that he had no heart to fire. "A change came over him, and every thought of murder went from Yan as they gazed into each other's eyes—and hearts. Yan could not look him in the eyes and take his life. 'I will never harm a hair of you. We are brothers.'"

The story of the three years' hunt is told in Mr. Seton-Thompson's sympathetic and fascinating style. When the hunter was himself stalked by wolves, he says: "Now I know how a deer feels when the click of a lock is heard in the trail behind him." As the trail of the Sandhill stag grew hot, the wild beast in the hunter's heart did ramp. He wanted to howl like a wolf, and he felt the thrill of the murderous instinct that made the hair bristle on the spine of the wolf.

The sixty drawings in the text and margin are full of life and character. Mr. Seton-Thompson is our Canadian Landseer. No one among us can paint animals like him. Though born in England, he received his education chiefly at the Toronto Collegiate Institute, and made his home for many years in Canada. His work upon the zoology of Manitoba is a classic in its way. He was selected by the Century Company "as the most capable draughtsman in America" to illustrate the birds and mammals in their great encyclopædia. He has exhibited in the French Salon, and his picture, "Waiting in Vain," shown in the Toronto Art Gallery, haunts the memory like a spell. The publishers have made this book, with its coloured frontispiece and rubrics, a gem of art.

*The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Alfred Tennyson.* Household Edition. With one hundred and twenty-seven illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-960. Price, \$1.50.

The publishers of this volume are rendering an important service to students of English literature by their Cambridge editions of the great poets at \$2.00 each, and especially by the several editions of Alfred Tennyson, in prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$6.00. The student of most limited means can procure the complete works of this greatest poet of the century at an almost nominal cost. The volume before us, in the "Household Edition," containing his complete poetical and dramatic works, with fine etched portrait of the poet, a biographical sketch, and one

hundred and twenty-seven engravings by such artists as Millais, Rossetti, Birket Foster, Maclise, Dielman, Vedder, La-farge, and above all the wonderful drawings of Gustave Doré. At \$1.50 it is a marvel of cheapness. The text is clear and legible, the binding is strong and handsome, and the cut printing brings out distinctly the artistic beauty of the drawings by these great masters.

*John Seldon and His Table Talk.* By ROBERT WATERS. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

Seldon's *Table Talk* is one of the books that is more talked about than read. Almost everybody knows its name, but we confess that to Mr. Waters' book we owe our first acquaintance with its text. This is a remarkably well edited book. The editor gives an account of the previous books of Ana and gossip, from the Scaligerana, or Sayings of Scali-ger, down to Boswell's Johnson. The learned Seldon wrote a great deal—chiefly dry-as-dust law and antiquarian research, but, by a strange paradox, he is best known by a book which he never wrote, and which lay neglected for years after his death. There is a strong, clear, terse character about his sentences that arrests the attention and fixes his phrases in the mind. This "*Table Talk*," by its wit and wisdom, reminds us of the apothegms of Bacon, and many of them are as well worth remembering.

*Lectures on Christian Unity.* By HERBERT SYMONDS, M.A. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax. 12mo, pp. 174.

Mr. Symonds adds an important contribution to the subject to which we refer editorially in this number, a subject which is attracting much attention in all the churches. We had the pleasure of reading this book in manuscript, and regard Mr. Symonds' book as a sympathetic and generous discussion of this subject—although we would not be understood as standing sponsor for all the conclusions reached. The very appearance, however, of such a book, and the meeting of the Christian Unity Society, held in this city in November, at which representatives of the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches all took part, is an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace which is drawing the hearts of God's people in the different communions closer together.

*Science and Faith, or Man as an Animal, and Man as a Member of Society, with a Discussion of Animal Societies.* By DR. PAUL TOPINARD. Translated by THOMAS J. MCCORMACK. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 12mo. Pp. vi-374.

This book is defective in one of its premises. Man is more than an animal. "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." Therefore, any philosophy which is based merely upon man as a physical evolution from the ascidian, is a defective one. With this abatement, and it is a serious one, Dr. Topinard's book is a very interesting and even instructive one. His thesis is how has man been changed from an egocentric to a sociocentric animal. The factors and conditions of this evolution, political, religious, and social, are successively considered. The title of this book seems rather a misnomer: "because," says the author, "science and faith mutually exclude each other. One is knowledge, the other is belief." But in a higher unity they may be harmonized, and with Tennyson we may say,

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell."

*Pocket Companion.* Containing useful information and tables, appertaining to the use of steel, as manufactured by The Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, Pittsburg, Pa. For engineers, architects and builders.

The story of The Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburg, Pa., reads like a romance. Many years ago a poor Scottish lad found employment in that city, and by his diligence, his fidelity, his business ability, became the head of the greatest steel manufacturing establishment in America, if not in the world. Growth in wealth did not narrow his sympathies nor harden his heart. He became one of the greatest philanthropists of the age, and many cities, both in his native land and in America, have enjoyed his benefactions. An illustration of the scope and variety of the output of the Carnegie steel works is seen in a handsome printed manual filled with diagrams, tables and calculations concerning the steel plates, rails, girders, and other kinds of steel manufactures of this great firm. It cannot fail to be of the greatest possible use to persons engaged in steel constructions, whether of bridges or of steel framework of the modern sky-scraping houses.

*A Year's Prayer-Meeting Talks.* By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D. 12mo, cloth, pp. 297. Price, \$1.00. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

The prayer-meeting service is one of the most important institutions for extending church influence. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, the pastor of the First Methodist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, has been unusually favoured in this department of his work. His evening meetings have attracted large congregations, and many new members have been added to the church. Dr. Banks' prayer-meeting services have been so noteworthy that ministers of various denominations have urged him to publish the series of talks which accomplished so much good in the Cleveland church. It is in response to these requests that the present volume has been prepared. Such talks as these are calculated to attract large congregations, and to make the meeting helpful to all who attend.

*Paraphrases and Bible Stories in Verse.*  
By REV. A. M. STOCKING, A.M.  
Cincinnati: Western Methodist Book

Concern Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

These verses are of more than usual merit.

#### THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, will publish in December the only authorized American edition of "The Expositor's Bible" in twenty-five volumes. The nature of "The Expositor's Bible" is indicated by its name. It is a commentary that *expounds* the Word of God. This colossal work of 21,500 crown octavo pages consists of expository lectures on *all the books of the Bible*, by the foremost preachers and theologians of the day. This edition will be the *original, unabridged, authorized edition*, the only edition which should be recognized by preachers and students. The English publishers, Hodder & Stoughton, London, and the heretofore only authorized American publishers, A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, have issued an appeal to the clergymen of America, urging them to discountenance any and all unauthorized abridgments or reprints.

## Methodist Magazine and Review for 1900.

We beg to call the special attention of our readers to the announcement in this number of the partial programme of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW for 1900. We think that it will commend itself to their judgment as the best we have ever issued. Please note the prominence given to specifically Canadian and Methodist topics. The series of papers by Sir John Bourinot on "Canada During the Victorian Era," will alone be worth

the subscription price. We hope to conclude the fifty-first volume of this magazine and round out the century with an increase of a thousand subscriptions. With the kind co-operation of our present patrons this can readily be done. We ask for the prompt renewal of each present subscription, with, if possible, that of some neighbour or friend to whom our readers can commend our connexional monthly as a high-class family magazine.

#### AN OLD CHRISTMAS SONG.

Toe sorrise thynges there be—  
Ay, three;  
A neste from which ye fledglynges have  
been taken,  
A lambe forsaken,  
A red leaf from ye wyld rose rudely  
shaken.

Of gladde thynges there be more,  
Ay, foure;  
A larke above ye old neste blythely syngyng,  
A wyld rose clyngyng  
In safety to a rock; a shepherd bryngyng  
A lambe, found, in his arms,  
And Chrystmesse bells a-ryngyng.  
—Burton.